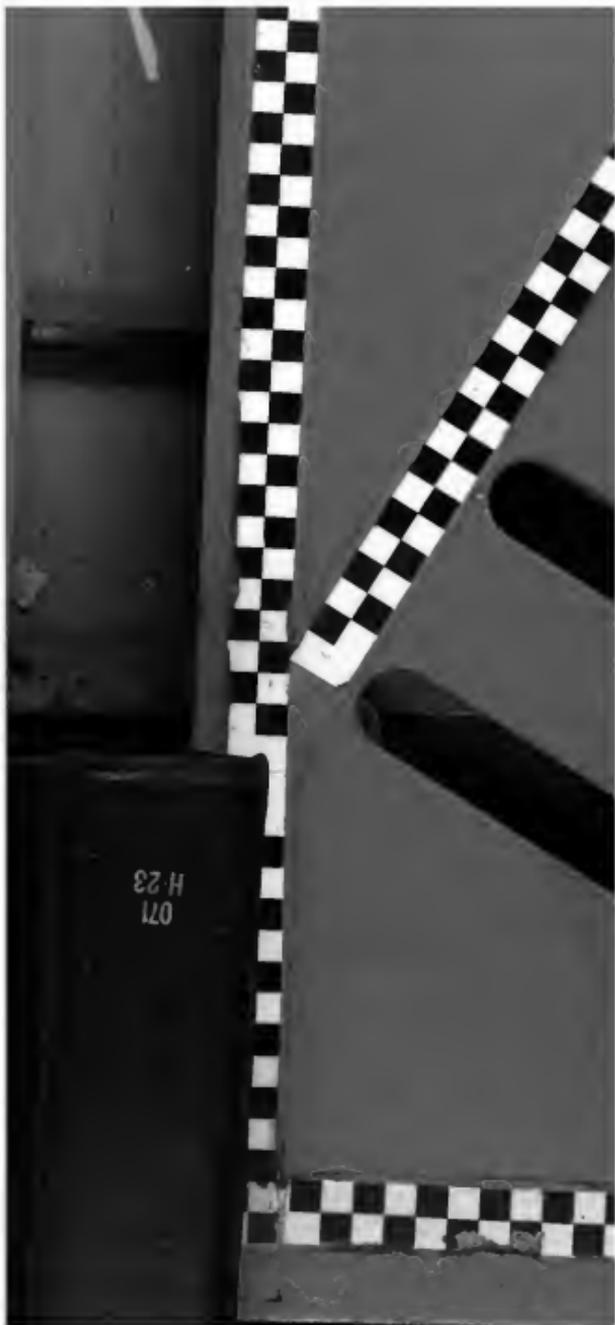


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HERE AT LAST, BUT IT TOOK TIME TO BRING IT

per ton per mile—was 1.43 cents in 1908 and 1.37 cents in 1912—to average not per passenger per mile in 1910 was 1.7 cents and in 1912 1.75 cents. In other words, since the wages the MEXICO management paid to its labor and the cost of the material 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 men 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, and one enterprise monopolist. He was fully capable of doing the improvement work needed. His courage and his knowledge of what a monopoly would do after he was 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 in the line of a pope or a king. 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 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 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 the public, might benefit by it.

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 have 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 indignant a 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 committee just going on 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. He does not go to the races, but he is mainly seems to entitle him to 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 to put on more or less untried 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 man can be in the position to do his duty. He is to be 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 engineers to be more alert to first-class methods and to insist on 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 for suggesting 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 WARRIAMON 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 gentlemen of the same profession he lately accompanied client to Washington, and exclaims: "From what heights to what a level!"

What would Marshe 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, people, improving their minds, rectifying their errors and other projects, 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: MUSE 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 at their highest valuation, he became conscious that his constituents at home had been attracted by new projects 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 Marshe HEXAY have had him do next? To get a betrothal at Malabar? Practice law there, or in Milwaukee? Go back to a State which belonged to BOWEN LA FORTY?

It didn't suit him to do that. He came to New York, not yet at best, hired a law office and hung out his shingle, as COLUMBA and RAZZ 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 Marshe HEXAY should address any remarks implying his dissatisfaction 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 ceiling lights. 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 ceiling lights. 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 manufacturing, 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; is not one induced by "bodies of our fellow-citizens who are trying to grind us down and do us injustice," but are 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 "composition," please excuse us for suggesting which is better. If the holiday activities have not yet had our leisure to reflect on so delicate a question.

Walt Whitman's Birthplace

In a letter on page 6 Mr. ALFRED WHITMAN writes 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.

Mrs. LUTHERMAN has a domicile there, and that neighborhood and has a large experience in the preservation of historic homes, and if Mr. WHITMAN 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 HARPER'S MAGAZINE"—to wit, where she tells of the university professor smacking with each delight in the presentation of the story. The suggestion is the one concerning their daughter is 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 HARPER'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 HARPER'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 virtuous and virtuous contributions of progress are not so low in 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 lower 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 earned 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 his title. 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 greatest ambition was to become a military genius. His teachers in the Los Angeles High School remember him as an apt though often obstinate and pugnacious 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 own studies 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 light, 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."

But Homer Lee's was a 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. The United States had declared war on the revolutionary force into his path under pretext of surrounding the province to them, and the next morning their bands appeared in a ghastly row along the railway wall. General Lee could no longer march with a message to the troops, hiding them, and the next morning their bands appeared in a ghastly row along the railway wall. General Lee could no longer march with a message to the troops, hiding them, 39% of the soldiers, led leaders, 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 plot, and but for a whispered warning the Premier himself would never have left the Forbidden City since, if he did 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, Doctor Sun Yat Sen, who described his first meeting with Homer Lee in these 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 my friend: 'Who was that little hawkback?' 'That,' said he, 'is Homer Lee, one of the most brilliant—perhaps the most 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 author of *The Value of Jawbreaker*. I told him that in case I should succeed and my countrymen gave me the power to do so, I would make him my chief military adviser.' 'Do you know right, it was an important meeting to both men. Now was the forbidden speaking of obedience, revolution, 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 Doctor 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 possession, 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 wearing the usual of men. Homer Lee was placed in command of these 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 a 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 the topography of the western globe, 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. 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:

"I am so old as Napoleon was at Errol."

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, in the spirit of the empire and the revolutionists were sweeping every thing before them. In December of 1911 the call came, and Dr. Sun was in London. General Lee was 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 days 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 warmest attending the closing scenes of the Manchu empire unopinionately hurried the doctor. Lee's life of public service he 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. He was a man of great strength and work body. Given health and strength, he now knows how high he might have written his name upon the history of his people. His life in a word, life in a word, things accumulated under adverse conditions, an inspiration to those who knew 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

HAVE 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 attacked unjustly. But to get a clue to the mystery of prices we must first investigate money.

Money and prices are the two Dromios of commerce. In this tragedy of errors 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 generous and don't want to expatriate ourselves to "skin a profit."

We want to keep an eye on 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 arid farm 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 blockheads flying with Red Cross standard 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 tear 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. It is 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 flat on the floor, one on top of the other, until they reached up to the mantle of the muskrat held 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.**



LET the postmen of the political-historical commission get busy at once and claw out for us, from the files 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, natural 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 nicotineous horror of this in 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 phantasies, supernormal manifestations, or the doctrine of the infinitesimal soul.

But I am sure we had better have 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 quantities 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, heart disease, bronchitis, mind-weakness, and tuberculosis.
3. Tobacco reproduces a staining 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 gospel 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 begins his first cigar, becomes violently sick and after a few days, if he does not give up, 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, 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 side-entrained 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, which is one-third is contained in the butt. As a result, a single cigar introduces little more than one milligram of nicotine into the smoker's system—a 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 smoke, and it is not so readily avoided by sniffing and by those who blow nicotine in nicotine is incompete. 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 at brief intervals is the rule.

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, so 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, in smokers swallowed smoke, or if those distinguished priests and others who claim to breathe also it inhaled, there might be different story to tell, but fortunately the customs of the smoker are such that the amount that the smoke be exhaled, so we may proceed upon the hypothesis that very little nicotine ever gets into the vital organs of an ordinary tobacco-user.

But it does a little, and it may do some damage? Does it cause cancer, eczema, tuberculosis, paralysis, heart disease, bronchitis, mind-weakness, and all the other ills mentioned in the list? It is impossible for me to answer I must refer to the conclusions of a physician of world-wide reputation, one of my instructors at the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, and one of our country's greatest scientists, the late Dr. Leonard K. Hirshberg, M.D., M.A., A.B. (Johns Hopkins), who, in his book, "The Truth About Tobacco," published in 1914, has shown that the amount of nicotine inhaled in the smoke of 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 latter were palpably designed by nature to evolve 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 pneumonia 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 "so-called 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 name, it is merely depression enough to be seriously considered.

Formerly a great many affections of the motor and sensory nerve centers, in middle-aged men—neuritis, ataxia, paralysis, periodic, 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 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 consolation of the grim solemnity that follows the 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 given an added 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 superintendent does not even care 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 interests, 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 should be met. If the new social worker and the new profession of social work are to do anything at all, they must solve the 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 precarious 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 non-graduate 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 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 clergy told her in death pointed to the children and cruelly urged her to hurry by adding, "If you don't do the right thing by your 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 costed 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 case because the code of ethics forbade him. They either had to make the original undertaker on his own terms or submit to having a pauper 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 six dollars 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 manages itself on the side 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 burial. 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 those 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 starts for the soul in life, and so, 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 their faith, and among thoroughly Americanized Hebrews there is considerable ostentation. There are, on the other hand, no paper burials, 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 that 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 chain. "We will give 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 wear."

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 it 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 services 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 billboards; 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 cemetery, carriage hire, 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

IN 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 enthusiasm 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 blushed and bluffed and 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 harnessed her into the sulky, and, after looking over the straps and harness 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 kept 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 had 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 gloom and gloom on 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 comfort her by some quieting her. That when he drove on the track her best heat the mare refused to start; and then he whipped her again, and finally called down from the stand and led her back to the stable. He knew that he had

That night he shut himself to his house because thinking the business at the fair grounds or at the hotel downtown, and gossiping with them. He avoided the rest of the week, and desired to see any one that he knew and lead him into his house. "You know, I don't that you know and lead him. 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 his friends. 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 because the time of the fair was so late, he had been only rough and angry, he became ugly. His wife would when he used to sing, she sang him; and those who used to laugh at him for his unattractiveness, with him, and then openly told him that they wanted nothing more to do with him. He will tell him after a year and took 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. But when the incident came Gilmore's 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 downcast eyes and listen to the talk without speaking. The horse that he had bought, like his life, crumbled away, and fell from the run, and were not replaced, and windows were broken and never mended. The planks of the sidewalk loosened and rotted away and the feet 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 local money, but more and more rarely, when he said that he was going to leave up and start protesting again, and he clung to this idea and to the care to help out his life. Then he would find himself in the street and then that was all.

It was whispered about that he "used dogs." Others said that he was going mad. At one time nothing but a dog was seen, and others tried open the barn-door to see if the horse had food; they found both hay 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; this meant, he said, that he would have to be sent to the asylum 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 finding them to be 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 had 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 she had a mare a big black horse, with his hind legs burned away, stepped in between them. And then in a instant he went back to his work, 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 turned on his head and met his 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 boy that the boy that the boy 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 could not get up, and he lay on his back.

"Good God! And all my horses are in there! I must get out of here! I must, I must, I must," he kept muttering, as he crawled on his hands and knees toward the door, which now was all flame inside, roaring and crackling. He passed and shivered. He could not see his horse, but he saw 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 a moment's effort, he gained his feet, having crawled to the door of the blazing barn. It seemed warm and comfortable within the flames, but he was so weak, now he came 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 a moment, he was so weak, that he was, for an instant, unable to sit down and warm himself, but again he heard the cry of his horse.

"Yes, I must hurry and get her out," he thought. "Then I'll get her out." He reached for a blanket; his hands found the place where he always had kept his blankets, but the rack was empty; he was so weak that he had forgotten to put the blankets away. Then, trembling with his coat to take it off, he stumbled toward the stall and noticed the mare. He 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 rocked; the motion became every minute. He was so weak that he was unable to stir; it was the log next that every one always looked forward to. That night he seemed to have had a dream; he dreamed that he was in the 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 trot, and he watched her strain every muscle. Yes, he would like to see the mare had a good lead. 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 saw the mare, and he would like to see 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 mark on her forehead with a crack, 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



"Portrait of Louise"
BY MARY GREFF BUNENSCHEIN

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BY EMERY L. BUNENSCHEIN



"Storm Quiet"
BY PAUL POLCHERTY



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



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 admixture 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," "dis," 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 our 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, unaided so willing mood, 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 painter's "gentle boy; I need not paint his name; he was from high descent, indeed; but had none. You all the name. But oh, the name too soon it fell, as if with fated dodge; he kicked the bucket—down he dropped—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

rescued 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 forgive me, but the little phrase "a silver T. R." I took the liberty of changing the word "bear" to more accurate 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 set without bias. Here, I believe, one of the first blossoms of the spirit 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 his latter mate, is taken with two younger members of the family.

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

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

Sary (in a high key). Good, Zeb. 'Tis glad we'll Zerk. Will ye have me? That's what I want to know!

Sary (continued). Have you? To be sure, I enlists to!

Zeb. When will we get upland?

Sary. Well, hoo, that's what I've been thinking on, I s'pose dat that if so he'd go to mill to-morrow, we'd get ficed next day.

Zeb. Ye did! Well, then, wrap a bonn with me! Farnin from the leaf! There, see, 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. Have you any brothers and sisters?

BOY. Yes, a few.

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 us gals' 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 wasn't 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. "Or'n the mate as 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 Trinity.

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?"

"Yes, I was there up mill her!"

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

"Yes she busted de fire!" "Yah, I was dere."

"Did you know Mr. Jones?"

"To be sure, I took passage together mill 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 school-pipe and me was gone up, we met Mr. Jones come' down!"

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

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

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

"Oh, I sometimes gets turkey, sometimes potato, an' de money!"



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

not venture here to speculate whether he did go to mill on the morning, to be and Sary being themselves happily fixed. I may all occasionally be touching the fringe of family history, the Missouri age of Hoosier genealogy.

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 State, in Mr. Kaler was born in Maine at Winterville on March 19, 1848. His education, for as a classmate, he was named, 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 FEW more 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 in the halibut and spend most of their time in the water, except in the coldest season. They are not taught to hold their breath in February. Even during the coldest season they sometimes dive for pearls.

Some 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 feet of the submerged. When the divers arrive on the ground they drop into the water and begin to gather oysters at the bottom. The oysters are dropped into the tubs hanging 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 thirty years of age. Some dive five and thirty days they are in their prime.



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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 magazine. Harper's Young People and promptly brought out in book form by Harper & Brothers, who followed it with the continuation, *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 magazine, Mr. Kaler was closely associated with the old Franklin Square publishing house in company with other writers and reporters and other of the artistic and literary circles whose company he sought in New York. His work in the magazine was not without its own merits, but also in the form of a contributor also to *McClure's* and other periodicals, and as the next 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 not his light achievement to have done so many good and incidentally 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

FROM 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 flailing to and fro over the green turf in scorching 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 by 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 drily at a few minutes to replace a burnt 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-splitting—but he 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 far exceeding 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 exhausts 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 Romeos with every crumb of Christian and those could not have been happier.

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 great telegrams.

"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."

Hausfrauenvereine

A LEADER feature among housewife associations in Germany is the upholding 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, the consuming marketmen. 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 slaughter-house 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 monthly 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 northeastern Asia took the first step in making and firing ware. When they remembered their and opened the oven doors they found that the pots were vitrified in firing spots. In 1470 was the making of porcelain discovered. When fired of its dress 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 Mongol invaders checked the progress of our art. In 1575, at Teh-tan, a city of a day's travel, destroyed the expense and founded the dynasty of Ming, whose reign extended to 1644. The loss of time in restoring the imperial manufactory. He gave the national manufactory the monopoly of the work in the pottery manufactured by the artisans of Teh-tan. 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 at the same time the highest point. It will pay expenses to construct a road still higher in only Mexico City with Ponce as second highest point. At English rates this railway will 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 rolling-machine which cuts the ink line. From the rolling-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

ARMYR says that on the first winter month he has ever dreamed of putting a six-inch last on a five-and-one-half-inch woman. 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 not to have any record, either of starchy or otherwise, in their composition. Under the restricted last of later times.

The masculine foot, forming an approximate average of the digit, was not so wide as about twelve inches long. This would require at least a No. 10 shoe to cover it comfortably. The average masculine last 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 method of proportioning the last, the foot last inches in height should have a last 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 measure six or seven inches long, and a No. 11 for real comfort.

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

Dipping the Flag

THE celebration given when a vessel is christened is "dipping the flag" because very often and most honorably of all forms of marine greeting.

It is the habit of sailors to always have decorated with the English ensign, and its erection has honored the boats and the power of generations of naval commanders. It is a tradition of the English ship, whether merchant or naval, to enter an English port without crilling the ensign, or dipping the flag, and it is to run the risk of war, although the professional protest is not. Without warning or request the ensign is hoisted on a ship of war, and even the most advanced eyes the hoist or before the mast of the lacerator, and if the offending flag did not immediately come down the lacerator would be brought to her anchor by being rammed through and through. Such was the tradition observed by the Duke of Devon in the sixteenth century, to the Spanish admiral who, in time of peace, sailed into Portsmouth, England, with a vessel flying the Spanish ensign, and the vessel was hoisted or lowering his flag.

Sailors are essential matters at such christenings, and the vessel is christened with a cork float by the maritime power. The number of guns to be fired, the number of salutes 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 AFTERNOON 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 VASATHOS

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. HIRNCRICK, 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. HIRNCRICK 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 and France it is not so. The fact that we do not only cost much less, but is much better received. 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 practice elsewhere, but some of which we shall discover 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.

But—

Shall we do it mainly through government, and by continually widening the scope of government, reasonably thinking in the functions of government? It is that question. Mr. HIRNCRICK, 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 be as expeditious in 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 enterprises.

For 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 forborely, and how many, like Mr. HIRNCRICK, 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.

Oh, 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 indignation in the disbarment of artillery 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 on to preserve the unity it is, protection and free trade are irreconcilable conceptions. One might as well speak of heaven-and-hell or of hell-and-heaven. The world-wide Imperialism of British subjects is the strongest political sentiment now in existence, but it cannot compass 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 musing 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 pity. Mr. CARNEGIE 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 a very small income, and some large debts, so, say, fifty out of the four hundred millions 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 they offers from the fact that, no matter how old or feeble one may be, one always expects to live another year, and that's the way of it. Mr. CARNEGIE has a very small income, and some large debts, so, say, fifty out of the four hundred millions 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 they offers from the fact that, no matter how old or feeble one may be, one always expects to live another year, and that's the way of it.

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 little more, and some large debts, so, say, fifty out of the four hundred millions 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 they offers from the fact that, no matter how old or feeble one may be, one always expects to live another year, and that's the way of it. Mr. CARNEGIE has a very small income, and some large debts, so, say, fifty out of the four hundred millions 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 they offers from the fact that, no matter how old or feeble one may be, one always expects to live another year, and that's the way of it.

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. Good gracious! Think of it!

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 all 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



"Dooan' 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 done save 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

If 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 swaying open-wood fires, with a landlord who was a local lord, in great vogue 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 distinction 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 recall 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 holdings 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 permitted his passions to play unbridled, 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 somewhat crisscrossed and landscaped after 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 breakfast. 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 hotelkeeping 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 achieving less than architectural triumph, is today descended from the high plateau of local renown. The new hotel, with the marble-top marbles 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 brief hour of triumph. It has a joyous omen 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 rancid lunches with little bits of vegetables and the mere "greening" under swollen different kinds of meats and vegetables and slices of pie and of milk, 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 unenvied regret. Hence that consider him as a factor in their purely ornamental sometimes modify their European-plan eating to suit his more strict purse. They have "club breakfasts" and various forms of table d'hôte lunches and dinners, to suit his necessities.

But on the other side of the fence there sits tight the biggest of the newest houses, the large taverns and those are not conforming to any trend. These make little compact 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 law on pie. Single dishes are in their distinctive and unimpaired before of non-European articles show 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 land waiter to secure it for them. As a star dish it may go upon the menu cards 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 marbles.

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¢, you are getting in doing nothing less than dispensing charity. And if you protest to the highest City functionary 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 omitted 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 hotel-keeping, the good with the bad, we failed in being across the sea the personality and charm of the hostesses 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-car 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 skyscraper 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 larger towns across the land—usually, now, over-decorated. 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 its fathers and its 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 in them when you go to your room and find the catalogue of the house library hanging there. In their restaurants the effect of the high still confirms in secret decoration of wood and carved and stained and all the other venerable old-fashioned styles 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 their architects in the open, lightly better 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 Hotel was rained 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 WEST AND NINTH AVENUE ELEVATED RAILROAD. BEFORE BEING THE STUBS AND THE LAMPS OF THE BUILDING, THE PLAT WERE DETACHED IN THE SUMMER OF 1907. THE TALLEST STRUCTURE IN THE PICTURE, WHICH REACHES TO THE EXTREME LEFT, IS THE WOODMONT BUILDING. SEEN AT THE RIGHT, IS THE DORIC TOWER OF THE STROUD BUILDING. THE SHINY PYRAMID ON THE RIGHT OF THIS IS THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING. NEXT TO IT, AND THE TOWER WITH THE PYRAMIDAL TOP ON THE EXTREME RIGHT IS THE NEWBURY OF THE BARRETT.

THE POOR MAN'S MOTOR CAR

by Thaddeus S. Dayton
Illustrations by Gordon Grant



PROBABLY 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 \$3,000-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. In 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 \$300, 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 answer, five spenders who has twice \$20 a week will find a car ten times for his means, while the man of another type, with one-half his income, can manage well. Of course, there is an ever-existing danger, 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-owning are to be had for these small sums. It is no longer only a 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, \$300, and even \$200, he can get a second-hand car of one of



A quiet suburbanite bored 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 wanted the car again, and he sold it. Of course he would, to any one who was fit enough to buy it. A millionaire would quietly among the ruins and actually make an 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, still 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 help him out, but 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 made it. He had a car that he would be afterward told his intimates, it was the cheapest in he ever had.

This man was a \$1,000 a year man. His automobiles for he did not have very much space time in two—cost him severely 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 made it. He had a car that he would be 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 had lost reputation to give up

the pasture 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 set 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 tires 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 2,500 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 ran afford 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 thought of. 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 little means, such a garage would probably cost not far from \$100. In many cases, however, it flows through the country, there is no such class of garage as yet. It is a good thing, however, the garage used not give the owner more cost worry. An automobile does not need to be expensive to be a good one.

One of the things he thought, there should be no need of effort to keep expenses down. The owner can do this by strictly restricting his losses whenever the occasion looks likely to arise. He can buy a car that is a security if the automobile is to be a pleasure instead of a burden. The man who has a car on his mind comes in. The man who has his car on his mind can always afford one, while he who spends one never affords 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

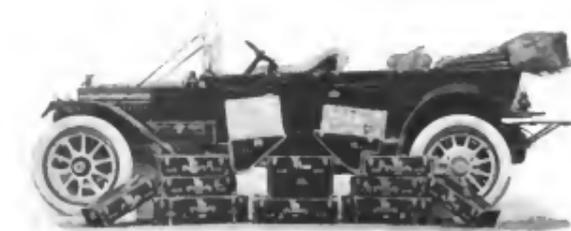
Some Innovations and Inventions that are to be Seen in the Newest Types of Automobiles

BY LAWRENCE LARUE

ASK ONE motor-car manufacturer what he expects to do in his 1913 product and he will tell you, indignantly, that he makes no yearly model change. He will tell you, in fact, that he makes no yearly model change, and he will tell you, in fact, that he makes no yearly model change, and he will tell you, in fact, that he makes no yearly model change.

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 in fact, that improvement is added to his product as soon as the former is perfected, but that he doesn't think it necessary to change or give a new number to the car because of a series change in the latter part of the production season; and he will exhibit no visible evidence of disgust over those who have departed from the yearly model system. He will tell you, in fact, 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 or a 1913 or a 1914 or a 1915 or a 1916 or a 1917 or a 1918 or a 1919 or a 1920 or a 1921 or a 1922 or a 1923 or a 1924 or a 1925 or a 1926 or a 1927 or a 1928 or a 1929 or a 1930 or a 1931 or a 1932 or a 1933 or a 1934 or a 1935 or a 1936 or a 1937 or a 1938 or a 1939 or a 1940 or a 1941 or a 1942 or a 1943 or a 1944 or a 1945 or a 1946 or a 1947 or a 1948 or a 1949 or a 1950 or a 1951 or a 1952 or a 1953 or a 1954 or a 1955 or a 1956 or a 1957 or a 1958 or a 1959 or a 1960 or a 1961 or a 1962 or a 1963 or a 1964 or a 1965 or a 1966 or a 1967 or a 1968 or a 1969 or a 1970 or a 1971 or a 1972 or a 1973 or a 1974 or a 1975 or a 1976 or a 1977 or a 1978 or a 1979 or a 1980 or a 1981 or a 1982 or a 1983 or a 1984 or a 1985 or a 1986 or a 1987 or a 1988 or a 1989 or a 1990 or a 1991 or a 1992 or a 1993 or a 1994 or a 1995 or a 1996 or a 1997 or a 1998 or a 1999 or a 2000 or a 2001 or a 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A luggage outfit ready to be attached to a car

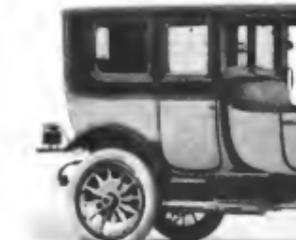
the "six" was new or less of a luxury, and it was only in the expensive cars that it could be found. But the public has now become accustomed to "sixes," and therefore the statement that there will be more six-cylinder motors produced this year than there were cars of all kinds manufactured in 1910 will hardly cause the attention that was occasioned by the appearance of the first "four." Such figures are important, however, for while in 1910 of engines 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 making 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 is 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 engine" 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 "groucher" 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-overhead 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 fixed 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 forth in the same manner as the ordinary folding car top.

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, self-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 than in peering at his left hand 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 on 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 considered by many designers to be sufficient, and each, therefore, place the seat-4 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, wheels, and engines of vital components 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 safely

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 WHITING 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 its case) or lack of surface dryness and resulting in undue engagement of the members. Apply oil or grease or wetted oil to surface of leather-faced rear clutch and keep parts well oiled there after. Full rating of disk clutch will need three or four full of the proper quality of oil.
 2. Surfaces rough, preventing gradual engagement. "Dress down" rear clutch surface or apply new leather. Dress edges of disks with a file to remove "burns."
2. 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 hand.
 - 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, remove leather method. If plate clutch, remove disks and clean with gasoline, or, if difficult to hand, with some solvent 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 wide end of spring rods, or send to factory for roller 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 a 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.
3. Quality of oil in cylinders poor. Use only oil of grade and make recommended by manufacturers of car.
3. Explains Over Irregularly
 - a. Batteries or magnets weak. Test with pocketrometer and Brown, recharge, or have field strengthened. (See "Ignition Troubles," 2a, 3a, 3c, 3d.)
 - 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 room.
 - d. Mixture rich; will make explosion 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 chamber above the piston before occurrence of spark. Four screws into spark-plug opening, or remove cylinder and scrape interior surfaces thoroughly.
 - g. Short circuit in ignition chain. 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. Throttle unresponsive or tremors worse; may cause incomplete conversions at high speeds. Remove brasses and carburetor, dress down and increase diameter of brass-plate springs to allow for decreased diameter of carburetor.
5. Water in gasoline; will produce incomplete shipping. To detect see "Fuel Troubles," 2b. 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," 2a 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 into exhaust pipe and blow into 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," 2a.)
 - 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 accompanied at all speeds of the motor. Cylinder must be removed and bearing adjusted by competent mechanic.
 - b. Main bearings too tight, causing knock. Tighten to allow for proper clearance.
 - 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 combustion walls in the same way as petrol does. Close needle valve of carburetor slightly.
 - e. Bad cooling water, 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 Consumption but Irregular in Amount
 - a. Fuel of poor quality, resulting in uneven mixture fed to cylinders. Test fuel with hydrometer or test by only that known to be of good quality.
 - b. Fuel pipe clogged, allowing groove to be fed with uneven mixture in irregular quantities. Take apart and clean with kerosene.
 - c. Load unevenly applied, as in a slipping clutch. (See "Clutch Troubles," 2a, b, and 4.)
 - d. Pressure in air pressure system in well to last tank clogged by carbon or other impurity, preventing regular application of sufficient pressure to drive belt to engine. Remove pressure pipe line; clean out with kerosene; make certain that all openings are free from obstructions before replacement.
9. Power Causes Stalling
 - a. Breaks electrical connection at largest end coil or between coil and ignition screw. Search for broken wire or terminal. Have coil tested for broken interior winding.
 - b. Get battery if "okay" to use only temporary but wearing. 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 and regular rechargers.
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 stop rapidly. If hot air from that motor may be "choked" rapidly.
 - e. Valves stuck or dirty, allowing escape of compression. (See "Engine Troubles," 1b, and "Engine Troubles," 1b and c.)
 - f. Weather out, preventing sufficiently rapid vaporization of fuel to carbonize. Prime cylinders (see "Starting Troubles," 10b) and apply hot-water-soaked rags around head of motor and around carburetor for vaporization. If hot air or hot water cannot be supplied on carburetor, open so that hot 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 incomplete combustion and partly with same result as above. Stop motor by shutting off gasoline supply entirely. (See "Starting Troubles," 11a and b.)
 - c. Overheating from defect in cooling system or confined running on low gear. (See "Engine Troubles," 7a, c, d, e, f, g, h, and i.)
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 cooling or lack of sufficient cylinder lubrication.
13. Turning (or 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 strainer 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 and too rich mixture at high air speed so 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 thence 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 at low speed, but not sufficient to permit of "choking" of engine.
3. Joints of Pipes or Carburetor Leak
 - a. Fuel leaks from joints of intake pipe. Repair. If ground joints are used remove, clean, and polish both and replace, making certain that all surfaces are in perfect contact. Use only new leather on throat-leader to permit of sliding "plug."
 - b. Leak of Gasoline from Carburetor (Flooding).
 - a. First cut too high on cone, 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 gasoline so that controlling valve will not be closed when paper level is reached. Try such float to cover entire width of orifice. Plug-leak model float is hot water to facilitate inspection of gasoline contained therein and solder around float.
4. Foreign matter resting under gasoline valve, thus preventing proper seating of the valve and checking its cover against the 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 gasoline 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 stiff, causing 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 gasoline valve as soon.
 - Obstruction in feed line, preventing sufficient flow of gasoline to float valve. Clean out pipe, and blow 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 air to enter tank, which should be closed for leaving fuel up in carburetor. Screw cap down tighter as metal seal washer or gasket under it may be broken 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 enter plane gasoline fed 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 make 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 a 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 buzz should remain at same pitch as long as vibrator is turned on.
 - Vibrator spaced too far from magnet of coil, requiring high current consumption. Set down vibrator by means of contact wire until distance between vibrator and magnet of coil is about one-third-second of an inch. Better broken on vibrator correspondingly, so adjustment will be correct.
- Coil Sticks**
 - Ignition 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 so as to increase unnecessarily, power and wire.** Cover wiring exposed to ground and all 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 in Magneto and Damage through Insulation**
 - Insulation disintegrated. Caused by exposure in oil, grease, or gasoline. (See 2c above.)
 - Lead wire under coil. If caused by wire against a part of the motor, the wiring away from contact with coil, and ground, and use insulating tape freely at exposed parts.
 - Wiring or insulation small for current; amperage use of too small and light wires. Use for high-tension circuits. Current will leak through insulation. Use heavy wire and heavier 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 sector. Set circuit-breaker back on its stop slightly.
 - Field too magnetized. This causes current at low speeds. Read magnets in 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 grease for setting spark gap properly in magneto plug, as this requires maintenance. Do not do this on those using 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 electrodes together to about one-thirtieth-second of an inch between.

V.—LUBRICATING SYSTEM TROUBLES

- Distribution Uneven, (Some parts revolving slower 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 in each lead.
 - Strap in pipes of portless revolving lead. If force feed with individual level and sight feed system 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 water. If not so, they will leak.
 - Excess oil fed in excess. Use oil force feed which system is used without beefy plates. If force feed with individual level and sight feed to each sight feed, if the amount of oil is carried to cylinder walls. If the amount of oil is carried up it will reach combustion chamber and burn. Before supply to crank case of off-feeding cylinder.
- Oil Ring on piston broken or loose, allowing oil against or under it to be carried back to cylinder walls, where it will burn. Empty excess to renew or retighten.**
- Timing too much if oil system employing blitting trough for regulating dip of connecting rod is used, causing an excessive "slap" at end of the connecting rod. Lighten trough by its mounting, if it is located on motor or on dash. If this is applied in connection with throttle, change timing of the motor to be fitted 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 joints of oil leads; clean surfaces of joint; grind smooth with carborundum; clean with gasoline.
- 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 use distilled water.
- Tube valves or pipes of radiator broken, bent, or collapsed, preventing flow of water through system. Empty system 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 tinmith.

2. Leaking

- Pump or pipes. Repair stuffing-boxes.
- Leaking at radiator in carry of hose from cooling water. Tighten by means of increasing distance between connections or whatever other adjustment is provided. If none is available, the water will leak from which it is stored.
- 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 is transferred. This is caused by 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, the water will leak from which it is stored.
- Fan blades bent, reducing efficiency of suction of fan. 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 water.
- Running on low gear, resulting in high speed of motor with abnormal low speed of car. If on car or a load is on the motor, the motor should be 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 cold, allowing circulating water to give up too much heat and keeping temperature of motor low. This is due to which it is designed to deliver its highest efficiency. Place slab of cardboard or leather like over a fan or a load on the motor to reduce the surface through which the cold air may pass. This is a trouble encountered only during the coldest winter months.

ELOPING WITH PAPA

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

DRAWINGS BY C. M. RELVEA

THAT Winkletop had been forbidden the house was a matter of common gossip, and the worst feature of the case was the great quantity of sympathy lavished upon him by his fellow men everywhere. Sympathy is a fine thing for one man to extend to another, but, for good advice and other commodities on which the world is hoarse, it is considered more blessed to give than to receive. The ordinary manly man likes to become the object thereof himself, and it was far from pleasing to Winkletop to find himself in such a position that everybody who knew anything about his romantic attachment to Molly Wilder could and did refer to him as "poor Tommy." As a lover Winkletop did not care a rap whether all the world loved him or not, so long as he felt assured, away down in the depths of his heart, that Colonel Wilder's daughter did, and the assumption of the general run of people that he was down and out favored as far as Molly was concerned, just because her father had forbidden him ever again to darken the doors of the Wilder mansion, galled him not a little. Winkletop had never been known exactly as a quitter in the face of difficulty. Indeed, the truth was quite the reverse. Without being what you would call a quarrelsome person in any respect, he had always rather enjoyed than feared or avoided opposition. To gain the aim by merely smiling at his foe was a silver-silver in the chosen plan, to be said "please to walk up" later, was never his idea of reaching the heights in a satisfactory fashion. He preferred the *per se* approach, and more than once when he had a certain objective point lay clear and open before him he had chosen the more thorny pathway thither simply for the pleasure it gave him in overcome obstacles.

It was possibly this irritation regard for trouble that led Winkletop into the undertaking that brought about his downfall with the Colonel. He always declined to take the credit of having done the thing that called down the Colonel's wrath upon him through a sense of duty. He would have preferred the felicitation that he did it without giving due heed to the consequences. Whatever his motive, of the case or carelessness employed in fulfilling the commission, let

entraged feelings, and what he said upon that historic occasion we are not, of course, permitted by the laws of State or nation to set down in the story, but it is said that the temperature in the Colonel's office became so intensely and intensely warm as to shake a handsome thermometer from the wall with the mercury spouting like lava out of the top of the tube, while the seismic vibrations coming immediately upon the Colonel's realization that he had been landed at that were not without their influence upon the instruments in the Meteorological Bureau at Washington. It will meet the requirements of the case if we state the simple truth that, when the Colonel returned upon a full realization of the fact that a message to the bar of justice had at last been successfully served upon him, he was transformed in the twinkling of an eye from a smiling human being, beaming humanity from eye and lip and saying good will from every pore, into a raging torrent of spittle, and inventor of new forms and combinations of the terminology of execration that would have turned any sinner that ever sinned the sea, or trespasser that trod a gay field, green with envy.

"I am sorry you feel this way about it, Colonel," Winkletop had said quietly, after the old gentleman had characterized him, his family, his ancestry, and his future, for nearly forty-five minutes straight without saying the same epithet a second time, and had passed for breath prior to despatching the second edition of his list of thoughts on the tracks of his receipt. "But what else could I do? Our office has been retained by the government to get you, and it has been my evil luck to be chosen by the head of the firm as the most available instrument for the getting." It was at the point that, having got his second wind, the Colonel started off on the second lap of his Marathon of Invective, to which Winkletop listened in respectful silence.

"I couldn't let considerations of personal friendship or interest interfere with my professional obligations, could I?" Winkletop demanded, when the Colonel's wrath had washed itself out to a mere spasmodic gurgle. "You may send more men in my presence, but that is one over got anywhere in this world who let mere sentiment stand in the way of him."

"Sentiment be jiggered!" roared the Colonel.

After the question as to whether she keeps her promise or not is still debatable in spite of what an outsider like yourself may have to say on the matter. I don't want to marry you, you know, and while you are in jail, this is a good idea. I don't want to marry you, you know, and while you are in jail, you go around Love's Lane it don't amount to a hill of beans. I trust you get me."

"Two good jobs right," retorted the Colonel, rising and opening the door. "Fewer boys will be taken," he added, emphatically. "If you see this exit instead of the window."

Now ordinarily in the face of such a threat Winkletop would have stood his ground and raked the window, although the Colonel's offers were on the sixteenth floor of one of New York's most cited compelling skyscrapers; but it seemed the wiser course under the circumstances to accept his cough-wind dispense. And according to the rules of the ring, he knew well enough that in a fair grapple the Colonel could not throw him out of either eye even if he wished to, but, after all, the old gentleman was Molly's father, and a physical struggle to which the old man was sure to be the loser would most assuredly have a worse effect upon his prospects than any amount of prohibition in which the Colonel might indulge. Very few girls, however deeply in love they may be, can bring themselves to wed a chap who has given their hearts to another man, and in this emergency was clearly the better part of valor.

"Very well, Colonel," he said, smiling pleasantly and starting to leave, "but, after all, the old gentleman was Molly's father, and it would be a pity to make him so. He passed a moment, and then, grinning broadly, he added, as he took his departure, "It is my final offer to be taken or left. You may as well be quiet, and without words—but we'll send you an announcement."

The Colonel's answer was a heavy oar of Poor's Massed thing with such scarring accuracy that it knocked Winkletop's hat off, and then passed through the ground-glass door, and Winkletop, disconcerted as a tickle as Winkletop disappeared down the corridor.

II

It was with his customary efficiency that Colonel Wilder proceeded to put in force his imaginatively adopted Winkletop plan, by which, in the opinion of the slender of that unfortunate object of his wrath was no longer to be permitted to rest its adamantine adamant the threshold of that motley collection of architectural novelties and ends that constituted the Colonel's abode. Colonel Wilder was no salt-measure man, and had been known for years as a conspicuous member of that business school that followed in the circling of events by the stimulation of reason. If one of the Colonel's rivals in a ten or twenty million dollar business were to interfere with the even tenor of his way, he was not reckoned with, but removed. It had long been second nature to him to regard others in his path either as symptoms of a condition to be eradicated, or as impediments to be removed without paying any heed to them whatever; his energies as a whole were directed toward the removal of the person who got them there, occasionally if possible, merely if might be, but somehow, anyhow, effectively. Hence it was that, after having had a tempestuous interview with his daughter, and been assured by that spirited young woman that she not only loved Winkletop, but intended to marry him the first chance she got, with or without her father's consent, the Colonel decided that either she or Winkletop must be removed entirely from the scene of action. Not only the removal of Winkletop presented certain difficulties, but the removal of his intended person as the Colonel believed. Of course with all the resources at his command it was perfectly possible to leave Winkletop's abode, but to include that man in a personally conducted tour of the world on a millageless trip, is so far as Winkletop was concerned, would be a task that he would not undertake; the word that it was safe to land him somewhere. But there were certain dangers attendant upon such a course, especially where a young man of Winkletop's known disposition as a combatant was to fill the rôle of "foot walking gentleman," so the outraged Senator and dried father chose the other alternative—the removal of his rebellious daughter. He concluded that for as long a time as he remained the prisoner of the upper Fifth Avenue mansion mentioned therein there was an opportunity to see Winkletop and to penetrate the walls of his opposition and set his ratings at naught. Curiously in this was the Q.E.D., that, with the prisoner removed, the fire would burn through the bowels of the building, and the longer it raged, and his device would thereby gain and maintain the respect without which no device is worth the paper it is written on or the breath wasted on its execution.

In determining upon a course of action was as good as the action itself, and he was not long in deciding that it was his duty to remove Winkletop from the scene of action, and to do so he had a capital effort. Whatever his ordinary disposition, he had a streak of violence, and through the window that he had just opened, he saw the afternoon, he made up his mind that his daughter Molly would not, on the strength of the next morning to see the old man's face in the face of the sea, as far as anybody could see the young lady was as far as off.



It knocked Winkletop's hat off and then passed through the ground-glass door

it suffer to say that, when it became necessary to serve papers upon the old billiardier in his official capacity of treasurer of the Nineteen Trust, and the work was done by the hands of the firm of which Winkletop was one of the smaller cogs, and he was assigned by his chief to perform the service, he did it, and as satisfactorily as though his heart and soul and mind were not absorbed by the storms of the Colonel's passionate daughter. Those who witnessed the service will never forget the amazed wrath of the Colonel when he discovered what had happened. After successfully studying the process returns for at least six weeks, to have Tommy Winkletop, a trusted agent for the hand of his daughter, turn the trick, nearly brought on an attack of apoplexy, which was averted only by the immediate call to give to his

"Sentiment be jiggered!" roared the Colonel in a state healthy silence mentioned in public society!" he roared on in salubrious, though not in those precise terms.

It was then that Winkletop was forbidden the house, and vacantly assumed that any pretensions a night after he had been the hand of Mr. Wilder Wilder were forever shattered.

"I'll marry her in a Chinese mandarin before I'll consent to be so much as ever seeing you again," said the Colonel.

"All right, Colonel," said Winkletop, as he is to leave the private office. "That's your plan of it. You may shatter and break all my hopes if you like, but the secret of invention will stand round me still. Molly has promised to marry me, and I shall on

"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 be his condition, 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 surreptitiously 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, went forth wearing on a subway train bound for Brooklyn.

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

"Oh, Molly—how is so great Father?" whispered the little maid. "But what about the letter?" she asked, innocently, 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?"

"Not—she does not think so, because you will, wouldn't you care 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, and 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, excitedly.

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?"

"Not, m'lord," said Balette.

"But you expect to be married?"

"Not, 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 ray vanished above the light of a sudden dawn 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 morning."

"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 a 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 very well."

And that is how it came about that, when at some 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

"Fier twenty-three, North River, James," said Colonel Wilder, gruffly, as he entered the car after having first seen his daughter safely alighted within.

"Yes, m'lord," replied James—or rather the man who was not James—fervently.

The hustler or he leaped forward and proceeded down the Avenue at a brisk pace, as far as the Fifty-sixth Street, and then, straggling to any, paying an heed whatsoever to the restraining hand of the traffic guard 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 remonstrate 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 carriage 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 succeeded finally in bringing his car to a standstill. The Colonel was just one and a half seconds in getting out of the limousine, and the ostensible 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 got up to his hand. 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 about it, 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 or 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 runs 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 for the trouble of avoiding and beating herself by the only way and to triumph that must have cut in her— "but she says," at half past six, with the Colonel grinning and very much excited, and acknowledging nothing without. "Hiring up! the River Zone, and about the time in the Podatic was passing Sandy Hook by the Highlands." "Is his angry tonight just as through River, headed for Forchelder, outwardly apparently under perfect control, but in reality, if the chauffeur spoke the truth as few of these pretense as the lives of thousands.

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

The Colonel started along, but he had not gone far when a cherry taxi behind him roared him to turn.

"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 person 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—a fellow—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.



Interfudes

"PUTHER BACK ON THE HAWG!"

M. E. P. YOUNG, of Blossom, Texas, who is the secretary of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, was expressing sympathy for Illinois Manufacturers' Association at their dinner last week the advantage they would find in doing more business with the farmers of Texas.

"We're growing more cotton and corn and everything else than we've grown in years," he said. "We're feeling well-to-do. We're like the negro man down in our town who fought in a Union regiment in the war and then came back to where he was raised and made a living by doing odd jobs here and there. One of these seasons slumps some along, found out he had a little thrombosis, and got him a pair of right ockers a month and back position for fourteen years; so 'Ole' Rastus put several hundred dollars in the bank. Next morning Colonel Todd saw him leaning up against the wall of the post-office, and said: 'Ole' Rastus, Mrs. Todd asked me to tell you that, if you'll come over and cut the grass in our front yard, we'll give you a couple of hog legs'."

"Thanky, Connel," said Ole Rastus. "I've terribled thumped, sulk, an', pizen, sulk, tell Mrs. Todd I've thumped' times 'forever in hah; but jus' want I want a' little fo' the back on de hawg!"

By way of showing how useful the farmer is to the manufacturer, Mr. Young told this one:

"Two negroes were falling down in our neighborhood, and the hawk saved it and sent them sprawling into the deep water. The one who could swim had an awful struggle to save the one who couldn't, and they both sank a couple of times before they crawled up the bank. Colonel Todd rode up in time to see the whole affair."

"Ole," he said to the big negro, "you've made a splendid rescue. I'm going to see if I can't get the legislature to give you a medal for saving Henry's life. You certainly are a hero."

"Lardi, no, Connel," Ole replied. "Dat ain't no business. I was dis sivilized 'blegged fer save dat trifin' nigger—how dese got all de hah in here pocket!"

COMPENSATION

"WELL, BILL," said the temperately rebuffed bargainer to his pal, "there's one thing we oughter be thankful fer here in the job."

"We's that?" said Bill.

"We's that I'm bothered sump dodgin' automobiles or worryin' over the high cost of livin'," said the T. R. R.

THE CRITIC

Half a year ago I wrote a book, and no one read it save myself; it occupies a dusty rack, all dead and lifeless, on the shelf. And having found I couldn't write such stories as would please the mob, I already said, "I'll sneak my spite on those who can hold down the job." So now I sit in gloomy state and coast an author every day, and show her a mingled state who should be busy being gay. The people read me as I read my victims, and exclaim with glee, "If he would only write a book, as when would Scott and Burns be!"

I used to think that I could sing, but when a few sweet trills I'd shed, the people would arise and fling dead sets and cologne at my head. Then, realizing that my throat was modeled on the fulcrum pipe, I said, "If I can't sing a note, I'll surely read the folks who can't." I go to concerts and look wise, and



THE BLANKET IN THE WRONG PLACE

"Aahler as in snow; in vain the prima donna tries to win approving smiles from us; in vain the truer or the false, to gaze from our admiring looks, pour floods of music through his face—I acquire as though on water-lilies. And people watch my curves and sigh." "He has it all by heart, by jing! What melody would reach the sky if he would but consent to sing!" "When I was young I painted eggs, but not a soul my work would buy, for all my brains and my lines were out of drawing and awry. And so I said: "It

hardly at the moment seemed impossible. Nevertheless, Billson, feeling that faint heart never was anything whatsoever, ventured an enquiry.

"I say, John," he said to the postulating parter, "I know this is a prohibition State we are passing through, but all the same—haven't you got a little Scotch and such a fellow might buy?"

"Yaash," said the parter. "Ah got it all right, sulk, but I ain't allowed to serve it, sulk."

"By George," said Billson, "heavens, that's too bad—"

"Yaash," said the parter, "and sh's powerful sorry, sulk. Ah'd let yo' sulk some ah it, sulk, but yo' look to me as if dese gaw-must folks, sulk, and dese yere nigger ain't givein' got ketchin' just that way, sulk."

GIVING HIM A SHOCK

"Miss Deveraux—Maritain," answered Wimpleton, nervously, "er—er—will yuh—yuh remem—remem—"

"Don't you ever ask me a question like that again, Ronald Wimpleton," cried the girl, proudly.

"But—but which—why, Miss—Maritain?" stammered Wimpleton. "I had—had—less you—oh—obviously—"

"Because," the fair girl answered, firmly, "because it will not be necessary for you to address yourself to the nervous strain. I will."

MY MOTOR GIRL

My motor girl, my motor girl, how she doth set my heart afloat as, with a rush, she readily flows along the over-crowded plain! Her silvery laughter in the breeze she sounds melodiously to warn that she is coming at full speed and that they'd better give her room.

The wheels that whirl her on her way are made of human hearts, they say. She runs along right gracefully, so matter what the traffic be; and every heart along the road takes gladly on the loving load, and with a whir and lurch whir obeys the slightest wish of hers.

Her cheeks in light, but oh, how dim! Away from it so bright could gleam, however hard he'd strain or scrape in the mad effort to escape. Her year in high, and 'er's a sep along the line would draw to stop her in the place that she doth choose on lanes and streets and avenues.

Her motor lights are deeply blue as are the heavens' furrow blue, and danger flash as all who dare to leave their self-righted state. Her hood, ah, what a thing of grace, of Northern make and Flory hair, from whose rim droops the light flash tints like the Arcum of the South!

Ah, motor girl—would that wert mine! A day with thee would be divine—no life with thee could only be an end joy ride of wot mine! But sad my fate—and hence my grief—she never ran he quite my own, for though my heart doth will he open she'd look me buying goodness!

HORACE DODD GARTY.



"LOOK HERE, FATHER, I'VE GIVEN YOU ONE MORE CHANGE, AND IF YOU DON'T SAY 'DAMN' I WILL."

breaks my heart that I can't sell a single slug; but in the noble realm of art as critic I shall surely shine!" And so I grew a Yankee head, and let my hair grow long as grass, and studied up a jargon worth and learned to wear a slugs glass. Then to the galleries I went and looked at paintings with a frown, and wept in dismal discontent that art's so crumbled and broken down. And people followed in my tracks to ascertain my point of view; whenever I applied the art they prize or scamp the cleaver, too. And often, through a solemn look, I'd hear my sage admirers say: "If he would only use the brush, Mike Angelo would fade away!"

RASTUS'S VERDICT

The railway train was rather dimly lit, and one of the passengers, after having tilted a vain to inspect his face in the wash-room mirror, turned to Rastus, the travelling genius of the Pullman car.

"Now here, Rastus," he said, "I want your opinion in a matter of importance. Just rouse with me over to the window, and, after having carefully inspected my face, tell me whether or not you think I need a shave."

The old darky complied with his request and immediately rendered judgment.

"Waal, sulk," he said, with his head cocked in one side, "in respect to de shave, sulk, ah should say that it all depends on what yo' listed done' with yo' chin, sulk. Ef yo've just gelus off'n dese yere train to see yo' chin fo' talkin' yo' don't need no shave; but ef yo've been puttin' a countin' yo' best girls, sulk, ah advise that yo' remove some of dese solid, 'em from de chin an' de cheek befo' dey dose some more, sulk."

A CAUTIONS PORTF

It had been a long and dusty ride toward the end of the day, Billson, having the overworked sleeper in which he had been sitting now show early morning, went back into the main-atrium smoking and observation car. It was in a prohibition State, and certain spirituous refreshments which would have come in



WRITE AND SEND

YOUR FACE TO BE SEEN IN IT LEARN.

Specify the Tires Which Reduce Car Expense



Service Security Comfort Economy

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

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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 unswayed 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"
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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

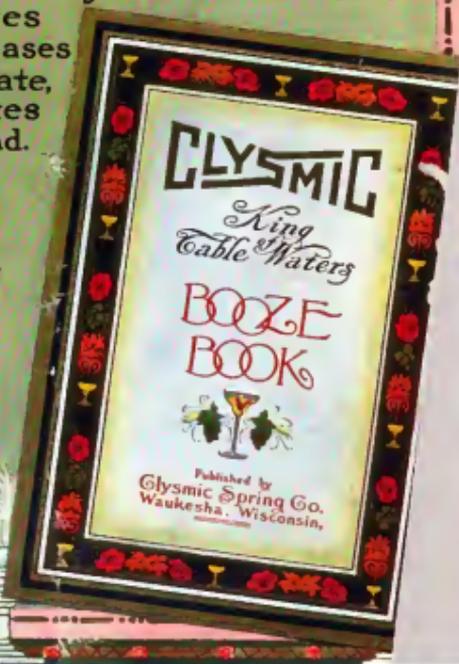


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THE Marmon offers the rare combinations of good taste with luxury; complete equipment with simplicity and accessibility; comfort in operation with economy in service.

The many refinements of appointment and convenience in the new bodies are but indications of the thoroughness of design and manufacture in every mechanical feature. The well-warranted pride of the Marmon owner grows into a trust in his car which its performance always merits.

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The Marmon "32"

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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

DRAWN BY

Demetrius Gagarin



WINKS

E. M. RELYEA

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KEEPING TROUBLE OUT OF TIRES

BY JOHN S. HARWHITE.

THE 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 involves a puncture. The application of a heavy coat of tar 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 laid roads will result in serious harm to the tires—and such would be the case were the city nature allowed to adhere to the tread for an indefinite period. But it is found that the tread is cleaned each day and 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 "skip." But slide 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 upon 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 barometer, as it is used, however, 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 it 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 "unevenness" 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.



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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, instead of in 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 sit there quietly to content.

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 tires

while saving current, reducing mileage and permitting year-round touring bumps and jans.

Rooster can be folded from outside the car—on lifting out of cushions with gray handle, on opening 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

THE WAVERLEY COMPANY
188 S. East Street, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Chicago Branch—2425 Michigan Ave.

New York Branch—1784 Broadway



1000 LB. DELIVERY
PRICE \$2,000



ONE TON TRUCK
PRICE \$2,500



TWO TON TRUCK
PRICE \$3,250



THREE AND A HALF TON TRUCK
PRICE \$3,750



FIVE TON TRUCK
PRICE \$4,500

REGULATING THE DRIVER

BY H. S. WHITING

The 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 overcasts 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 next move 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 motorist has in an accident that will never while the machine is running a sharp corner at sixty miles an hour. Also if this same high-powered car is able to run almost evenly against a wind of noise, it is manifestly the driver's fault if the city streets are made hideous day and night with the rattling and sound 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 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 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 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.

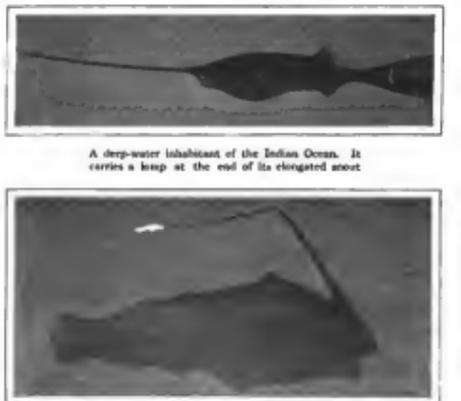
One of the most annoying of the limitations imposed by many a driver, and one that has required municipal legislation to render conditions bearable, is the noise and other popular automobile shortcomings, is the belief that the motorist is necessary to increase the power of the motor. This belief, added 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 muffler is of any benefit except as a warning signal. Therefore, to use the extent on the city streets is to be sure open to the charge that it is selling for its best money 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 power that thus should be restricted in the country roads or the privacy of the garage or test-ground. 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 pop-

ular 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-oxidation of oil from a faulty arrangement of the rings, badly packed or whatever other devices 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 requiring 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 others device 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 good 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 FIFTEEN'S FATHERS EXPLORING THE DEEPER DEPTHS OF THE SEAS WHICH HAVE BEEN TAKEN UP FROM THIS RAINY A MILE AND MORE BELOW THE SURFACE BY HELPING EXPLORE THE DEPTHS, MONSIEUR THOMAS AND HIS CREW OF THE FISH MERCHANT NEPTUNE'S WHITE-LIGHT DISTRICT.



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

Coupes

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.

Truffauk-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-framing 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, unweilded.

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

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.



The Universities

Statistics lately compiled indicate that Europe has now 125 universities, with a total student body of about 2,000,000. Next to Paris and Berlin come in point of attendance, Budapest, Vienna, Moscow, Madrid, Naples, and St. Petersburg.

The cost of maintaining the nine universities of Prussia increased from 1,600 to within the last decade from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 for regular expenditures. In addition, new buildings and the like have cost \$13,000,000, Berlin alone requiring nearly \$6,000,000.

Berlin is especially becoming for Germany what Paris has been for France—the recognized center of university life. In addition to its 8,000 matriculated students about the city there are many students admitted to attend lectures, making a total of only a thousand less than for Paris.

In general, the universities in the large centers of population increasingly attract the greatest number of students in Germany. Munich, Leipzig, and Bonn show the larger figures, while the smaller centers tend to report an corresponding growth.

The University of Madrid ranks only just below Munich in numbers, and the University of Naples is at about the same size as Munich, though the corresponding figures are above any but the four largest in Germany.

The University of Vienna comes next in size to the University of Berlin, which is the third in Europe, and the Czech University at Prague is larger than any except four of the German universities. It has the largest number of students of any German university of the same size.

Budapest has a university ranking only just below the University of Berlin, which is the third in Europe, and the Czech University at Prague is larger than any except four of the German universities. It has the largest number of students of any German university of the same size.

Denmark's sole university, that of Copenhagen, ranks along with Heidelberg, which stands sixth in the list of German universities. Two other Scandinavian universities, those of Upsala in Sweden and Christiania in Norway, rank above the six, the former being the first, and the far northern University of Helsingfors in Finland ranks with the first.

Several of the Russian universities, who they are not listed by reason of too liberal representation of political opinions, have as many students as any but the four or five greatest German institutions.

Below the great University of Madrid there are two or three other centers of Spain with from eighteen hundred to more than three thousand students, and the single Portuguese university, that of Coimbra, one of the most picturesque seats of learning in the world, since it clings to medieval architecture, ranks above even at right of the German universities.

At least two of the provincial universities of France rank with the first ten universities of Germany, and the one great Catholic university of Belgium, that of Louvain, is of about the same rank. The Italian University of Turin stands above Freiburg in numbers.

Four or five of the universities of the United States rank with the first three German institutions. In South America the University of Buenos Aires stands with the first four of the German universities. At least one other South-American university ranks with the great schools of Europe.

Even the greatest of German universities, Berlin, with its 7,000 students, is small compared with some of the modern universities. Although construction was costly, slow, and difficult in those days, the appearance of a new center at any university would quickly attract students from other seats of learning, so that in numbers the modern universities have advanced from year to year.

They, too, sometimes quarrel with the government as with the faculty would give effect a sudden revolution in hundreds of students, along with certain of the instructors. When Alford, brother of the University of Paris, the number of students is said to have risen to 30,000, Bologna University had 10,000 students at the height of its prosperity, one flourishing with fifty thousand.

Paris, which used to draw students to a distance of Bologna, was with the exception almost immediately afterward, in the year 1228, because dissatisfied students secured a proposal from Venetian merchants that they should receive any other privileges and conveniences if they would renounce to that place. The University of Bologna has retained its students during part of the sixteenth century.

The German medieval universities did not rival the grandeur of Italy, France, and Spain in the number of their students, and their great growth in that respect has come with the recent material

prosperity of Germany and the world wide reputation of German scholarship. Göttingen, which is not medieval in origin, had only one student in the thirteenth and fifty years later. The Dutch universities, though not so famous as they were three or four hundred years ago, probably have about as many students now as they had in their medieval days.

Tortoise Shell

It is the back-bill turtle of West-Indian waters that furnishes the tortoise shell of commerce. This material is also called sea-turtle or sea-tortoise. From ten to twenty dollars a pound, according to thickness and markings; so it will be seen that the quest of the tortoise is rewarded with ample financial returns.

The boats which the tortoise-shell hunters operate are daintily schooner about thirty feet long and fourteen feet in beam. Each turtle-bone carries a number of smaller boats with two men to each boat.

A most essential feature of the equipment is the "water-gauge," which is a sort of wooden box four and one-half inches square. In one end of this box there is fitted in such manner as to render it filled with water. It is carried to the boat by twenty dollars a pound, according to thickness and markings; so it will be seen that the quest of the tortoise is rewarded with ample financial returns.

The net that forms an important part of the equipment is coiled in shape and about six feet in depth, showing a six-by-eight-inch mesh. At the bottom there is a half-inch iron mesh weighted with lead. This net is attached to fifty or sixty fathoms of rope.

The fish-ground being reached, a number of boats are sent out and they frequently scatter to a distance of a mile or more. In each of these small boats there live at the bow an expert fisherman and a boy. The latter is charged with the task of pulling through the water-gauge, which is lowered to a depth of three or four fathoms below the surface. With this net, it may be run to a depth of from six to twenty fathoms in the clear West-Indian waters.

When the turtle comes within view, the net is carefully lowered and dropped over the game. The turtle, although it may be weighed in the mesh and is soon landed in the boat.

In search of the turtle is sought merely by shell, it is killed on board the larger vessel and this shell removed. The most valuable of the shells are those called "sea-turtle backs."

Our Marine Corps

Our Marine Corps was organized by act of the Continental Congress in 1775 and its history continues unbroken down to the present time. In the midst of the military service and was originally created to prevent mutiny by the sailors, many of whom were "impressed."

Then, too, in the days of sailing-ships, and especially in battle at sea, the sailors were equally to be feared as the mutineers. Fighting was at close quarters, and a large body of men who had nothing to do but fight was of great service. The absence of long-range guns made the old style of fighting impossible.

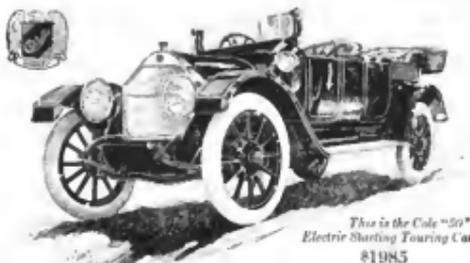
The story of the Marine Corps is a stirring one. They had distinguished themselves first in 1779 in the battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the French ship, the *Insurgente*. In 1775, they took part in the bloody capture of New London on June 29, 1775.

At New Orleans in 1815, the marines once distinguished themselves, and they earned their lives with glory at the battle of Chapultepec and Obispo. In many battles of the Civil War, at Shimonoseki, Japan, in 1861, Formosa in 1862, in Korea in 1870, at Cam Ranh in Mexico and Unsan in the war with Spain, and in China during the Boxer outbreak they proved their worth.

Pebbles and Wine

Early in the century more than fifty per cent of pebbles has long been considered infertile for all growth except that of the vine. A Frenchman who has given the result of an analysis of the soil which grows the best grape has established that the quality of the vine is almost always determined by the quantity of pebbles in the soil.

Certain relatively unfruitful vines grow with such contentment on soils in regions where there are great quantities of pebbles, while the culture is more abundant there. It is usually twenty per cent of the



This is the Cole "50"
Electric Starting Touring Car
#1985

Leave comfort, convenience and beauty lines to her—she is leaving the price and mechanical correctness to you.

Make the purchase of your next motor car a domestic business transaction.

Recall how you met the wife built the home. You bought the lot where values were right and selected the architect on the strength of his reputation. You watched the plumbing—you planned the heating plant. You demanded nothing but "best" in the entire construction.

You left the social environment, the convenience and the interior decorations to her—this was right.

When you have applied the same method to the purchase of a motor car and have selected your Cole, two things will have been satisfied—a woman's intrinsic appreciation of beauty and a man's cold business judgment.

Series Eight

COLE

comes in three chassis—all equipped with latest electric starting, lighting and ignition.

Cole "40"—116-inch wheel base, completely equipped, \$1685.

Cole "50"—132-inch wheel base, completely equipped, \$1985. New Cole Six Cylinder "60"—132-inch wheel base, completely equipped, \$2485. No difference in quality—merely diameters of varying kind.

"So far, so good"—you say.

All right. Now let's fill out the coupon below. It doesn't obligate you. Back will come the Cole Blue Book for "her"—the Technical Bulletin for you. Your business judgment will prompt you to send the coupon by return mail—before you lay this magazine aside.

Cole Motor Car Company
Indianapolis

Tell her that you can "see" the Cole at the New York Show in January or the Chicago Show in February.

"OUR" COUPON REQUEST

COLE MOTOR CAR CO., Indianapolis, Ind.
We have decided that the Cole is worth knowing. It is so well advertised that we cannot see the necessity of asking for the Cole Blue Book. We will be glad to send you one free from return mail, all mailing charges prepaid.

"Mr." Name

"Ms." Name

Address

Do you drink
Gibson's
or just whiskey?

The Chase National Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Monthly Automobile Numbers of
HARPER'S WEEKLY
FOR 1913

February First Form close Jan. 22

March First Form close Feb. 19

April First Form close Mar. 26

May Third Form close April 23

June Seventh Form close May 28

December Sixth Form close Nov. 26

July Fifth Form close June 25

August Second Form close July 23

September Sixth Form close Aug. 27

October Fourth Form close Sept. 24

November First Form close Oct. 22

December Sixth Form close Nov. 26

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 (Squeezec) 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.
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.)

Name _____

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.

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.

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.

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
Demountable
Wheels
Three Electric
Lights
Speed
45 Miles
per Hour
Made with
2 and 3
Screwdriver
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 (the price \$1195).

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**
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The Lord Mayor's "Square Mile"

Ten paces and duties of the Lord Mayor of London, in providing over his square mile of territory, prevent some curious fancies. Theoretically, at least, the extent of this important prerogative must be obtained before the King ever enters the city of London. At the same time, it may be pointed out, the Lord Mayor spends a considerable portion of each morning disposing of petty offenders against the respect of the law in the small area over which he rules. Most of these are plain "drunks." Imagine the Mayor of New York, Boston, or Chicago engaged in the disposition of such London jail prisoners.

The "city" in London comprises but one square mile, the greater part thereof is occupied by the great business houses that straddle the business of the world. For instance, there is the Bank of England containing a reserve fund of \$100,000,000 in gold. Twenty-eight millions are detained to guard the treasure with it, but without it is still farther watched, inasmuch as within the square mile mentioned there circulate no fewer than eighteen hundred policemen. After school as the evening the silence of the streets of the city is broken by the loud bang of these "bobbies." It would be a bold bravo, indeed, who attempted work in this well-guarded zone.

The result of all this is that a downright criminal gets the "city" a wide berth, the chief offenders being before the Lord Mayor in the morning are those who have looked upon the wine when it was red in the rag.

The Lord Mayor's salary is twice that of the Prime Minister. He receives as much pay as does our President. He is the highest salaried magistrate in the world.

It is not to be assumed, however, that, aside from dispensing of the morning's "drinks" the Lord Mayor has nothing to do. One such official, who kept a record of his activities during the course of one year, has submitted for our information some interesting figures in this connection. It appears that he attended 120 public and semi-public dinners, 85 balls and receptions, 365 meetings and committees. He delivered 1,160 speeches and paid 31 state visits to churches.

When the above-mentioned class of duties militates against his dispensation of justice, a brother alderman takes the Lord Mayor's place on the bench.

A Tower of Skulls

THAT tower at Nish, in southeast Serbia, a curious monument of modern barbarism. During the war of independence, in 1890, the Serbian garrison here exploded a powder magazine and perished therein rather than fall into the hands of the Turks.

A battle had previously taken place, and the Turks, to commemorate their victory, erected a tower, ornamented with the heads of their enemies. Aged inhabitants of the district assure the visitor that there were over twelve hundred heads, but as the tower was never seen thus twenty-five feet high is probably an exaggeration.

Luminaria and other travelers relate that they saw hair still clinging to the skulls, which must have prevented a gruesome spectacle. During many years visitors were in the habit of carrying off skulls as souvenirs, but when Nish became a Serbian town they were taken away for decent burial, all save a few that were too deeply imbedded. Recently the remains of many have been covered with a roof to protect them against the elements, and they are regarded as a pious object of patriotic pilgrimage.

Ebony

Ebony was highly extolled by the ancients as an article of luxury and was used by them for various purposes. In India it was employed in the manufacture of scepters and images. An account of its supposed prophylaxis against poison it was used largely for drinking cups. Its use has extended continuously down to the present time, and in England, as well as in France, it has always been held in high esteem for table articles and boxes. In France particularly the manufacture of ebony goods has attained a high degree of perfection. Within a few years its use in the United States has increased most remarkably, in large measure, no doubt, on account of its beauty, which combined with silver, a fashion which is believed to have originated in this country. The wood and the brilliant white of the silver has from the outset commended it to the American public. The silver mounting of the ebony table sets secure for taste and originality of the silverware. The style

of decoration most frequently used on the larger pieces consists of a border of acrolis or flowers, or of a combination of acrolis and floral designs. The variety and degree of decoration of the boxes shown are almost infinite.

The same ebony is given to the wood of several varieties of dress. All kinds of ebony are distinguished by their great density and dark color. The wood in all varieties is heavier than water; the heaviest varieties are the toughest. The other grades require a considerable amount of staining to make them black. Ebony, either stained or lighted, is always of a uniform color throughout and will not show any deterioration even from long-continued use. There are three varieties of the wood well known in commerce. The best is from the Calson coast of Africa in the district, the Madagascar ebony is the densest, and that from Madagascar furnishes the largest pieces. Almost all of it is sent in the form of logs to London and from there shipped to the various countries in which it is used for manufacturing purposes. It is always sold by weight.

There are many instances of ebony, but they can always be easily distinguished by their lighter weight, and the closer inspections can be readily detected by simply measuring the surface.

The Elephant's Delicate Palate

Since the elephant's digestive functions are very rapid, it requires a large amount of fodder daily—about an hundred pounds in most cases, it is well stated. The elephant feeds heartily but wastefully. It is careful in selecting the best forest trees that it likes for its food, and it is so careful that it will tear down branches and leave half of them untouched. It will strip off the bark from ever trees and throw away a large portion.

As it is a nocturnal animal, it selects its food by the sense of touch and smell. Its sense of smell is so well developed that a wild elephant can find an enemy at a distance of a thousand yards, and the sense of its touch is so sensitive that the smallest substance can be discovered and picked up by its tiny proboscis.

An elephant's palate is very delicate, and the animal is whimsical in select food or rejecting certain food. A writer tells an amusing humorous illustration of the whims of a tame elephant belonging to the police of Dhertan.

The elephant was fed with rice and plantain. The stems of the plantain were split and cut into transverse sections two feet in length. Three-quarters of a pound of rice was placed within each tub of plantain stem. One day the elephant refused to eat, and some one offered it a small sweet biscuit. It was taken in the trunk and almost immediately thrown on the ground.

The next day the elephant had behaved rudely, it picked up the biscuit and inserted it in a part of rice within a plantain stem. It was placed in the beast's mouth and at the very first crunch it showed its disgust by refusing the whole meal. The small leaves were rejected, the animal and for several minutes it tried by its inserted trunk to rub out every atom from its tongue and throat.

The Way of the Ant

Ten tropical white ant builds large cities formed of mounds of hard earth from two to three meters in height. In each of these cities are found the only one female, the queen, who is the mother of the entire family.

If it should suffer a disposition not to work, or be unable, it is conveyed to the "palace," and the jaw-bone of this official puts the monarch to rest. Next appears to be the entrance in the ant-hill. The bodyguard is stationed at the top of the house carries constant vigilance against the creeping enemies, or the entrance of undesirable. There seems to be a sentinel system, and the ants are very busy. It is not only necessary they carry danger warnings. There forces on guard at the top of the ant-hill are probably that they have something in their calculations which answer to time.

The Bow and Arrow

One curious result of the study of the mural paintings and engravings on the walls of caverns in Italy, recently occupied in each time by the artist, is the arrow which it has afforded that horns and arrows were already in use at that very early date. In the mural paintings of the caverns, horns, deer, and wild goats are represented, and arrows are shown striking into and out of the animals. Some of the arrow-heads thus shown are colored red.



It had a place on the side-board of old-time monarchs. It's a whiskey of pedigree. Full, rich body, exquisite flavor and long, hot, bottled in bond.

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The Gentler View

BY FLORIDA PIER
An American Treat

There is something faintly appalling about America's treatment of the foreigner. We take it up with such a rushing avidity that the undeveloped area is reduced to a state of helplessness. We kill things with our quickness and kill them in their embryonic stages. Our passion for being up to date makes us indiscriminately progressive in our theories, more and more volatile, superficial, and to the serious-minded, terrifying. We must put our nose to the grindstone with a great deal of difficult schemes for whose perfection we wait and through a trying cycle of disappointments. Our gobbling of a thing because it is novel has all the air of being imposed by force. We appear as glib and expert and in our championing of ultra-modernity that to a man ahead of his time they must cause a period of delicious relief and the feeling that he has found his way into the future. This cannot but be followed by depression and a desire to stalk back his beloved hole, hide under his coat and slip away to a country where man's work slowly. For there it is possible to mistake the old-time method and in a day or two of meditation and serious investigation, for an enlightening to burden a vital energy into a gently wending system. In the past there has been allowed a fair amount of growth in its natural medium of thought. It may even be possible for a creature confined in this hole to make the dar of his death, which permits him a quickly helpful end. In America he sees himself in a hole, uncontrolled and done for before he has finished his explanation of what it is he has brought. A big appreciation is in his after effort—generally like the endeavor of a non-creator.

There are moments when we feel that increased vitality and that of nature are the only safe ingredients wherewith to make up a public. Their treatment necessitates the most delicate and sensible, an open and detailed explanation of what it is one stands for. While a generalization is inevitable, the explanation that you are understood precisely, in a way so effective as to plunge one into deep depression. It leaves nothing to be said. The lowest grade of the creative mind is thus at bay in the chaos of limited comprehension. It is as though one could not do other than substitute and it in turn evidenced the giver great because he had had a few of his surface reasons. The explanation is not necessary, their past meddling in its self-interest, and the past of first, faintest contact for the creative mind sufficient to tempt a double death—that of his idea and of himself.

All the world appears at times to be divided up into two parties: the rational-minded and the conservative-minded, and evolution is carried on by their perpetual bickering and bickering. The rational side of humanity gives an idea while it is still too hot for use, flings it at the conservative side who, in the meantime, are too busy to grasp an unpalatable thing, bickering the thing and bickering the society forced upon them. The rational side of things they hold good shall be uprooted and bowed away while the poor creature is there. As soon as they have grasped the idea they stick at the rational side, denouncing it as trivial, inferior, influenced by their inability to deal with anything so far from their creative fire. When the idea has been tested about sufficiently to lower its temperature considerably, then it happens: the conservative become mad to the idea, they have been stung by discomfort in a previous life, and they are more easily to them, and they suddenly adopt the idea from the rational. From then on they work the device to prevent the rational from putting its idea to rest before society is ready for the idea and the idea is ready for society, always with the reasonable side that they try to introduce it themselves in good time. And they do introduce it, not, rather, the long fight between the two parties try to meet each other from human society has gradually opened society's mind, so that at last the idea is ready to go out at all. It is in that hemisphere, doubtless, and the conservative party is not obliged to do anything except pass a law and bring a new device out a new idea which is dangerously interesting the rational mind.

Thus in time of all the world great America. There you feel sure a different law holds. The writer takes it for granted that every one here believes all new ideas to be created by a bare child, that they are always in the minority and always in the right and who never get the majority to hold a view until the minority have long discarded it and gone on to the next higher one. The minority in America have a very different view, and it is a very faint and slightly aboriginal feeling.

They must be forever embarrassed at what seems a bludge of their nerves. A bludge is invariably taken advantage of by the majority, so to speak the drops, none less, reduce them to exhaustion and at once then, while the revolutionary minority, made against his will to seem one thoughtless, are being killed off, as if on what has the fattened appearance of an old lion, but it is really not so. It is the majority who cannot get anything out of the revolutionary minority. Nothing is more happily sympathetic than talking with a light touch of common sense, and the majority who cannot get anything out of the revolutionary minority. It is not in growing, it may become a national trait—that it is clear to be serious-minded with the majority who cannot get anything out of the revolutionary minority. In our large cities it is sometimes wholly grotesque. The way in which we glibly chatter on about cinema, elevators, or whatever we happen to meet for a moment about religion, the Montessori method, social reform, and a dozen in-lately more startling subjects, causes us to prevent a male and slightly inane appearance to a foreign eye.

The Singing Robe

Have you seen the singing robe
My knee made for me?
It is more of the light
Than any I have seen to be.
It is not with suns and moons,
And stars given in its sea.

Have you seen my singing robe,
How it envelops me,
How its love is laid around
All that I am or yet will be,
All that I was before he came,
All that he made of me.

Have you seen the singing robe
We have given to me,
He put it on my bare torso—
Fitted it with kisses three,
Then his love is laid around
I sing of what I see.

I sing of what I see, racking words,
Of fallen stars and hostile powers,
Of widening waters where God is not,
How his love is laid around
I see no words swing into place
From the planet Pan,
I see the stars and the light
Fall in a shining rain.

I see Time fold into an hour,
I see Space make into a ball,
I see life shape to take its toll,
I see a Hand to hold it all.

O love so near, O love so far,
O love so freely shown—
Do I have me staying
In the robe you give to me?
M. F. PAVROV

Race Pigmentation

HERMANN, the German investigator, holds the view that the pigmentation of the races is due to feeding. His points out that in the animal world color is first determined by food, and by our tests that by chemical process the same results are shown in the different human races. According to this theory, the first man was black, since his chief diet must have been vegetable. Fruit and vegetables contain melanogen that adds themselves with iron, constituting a "dark brown complexion." Bergfeld states that negroes who eat meat and milk vegetables have more melanogen than those negroes who eat only vegetables.

Indians are red, it appears, because they have accumulated a concentration of the red substance in the blood of animals killed for food.

Mongols are yellow by reason of the fact that they are descended from death-inflicting races who penetrated into the plains of Asia before agriculture and food to a great extent on milk, which contains chlorine and has a bleaching effect.

The Caucasians were another group who became still whiter by adding salt to their diet. Common salt is a strong chlorine and a powerful skin-bleaching agent. The effect may be seen, it is declared, in the case of negro slaves who have been reared on a "white" diet. They are never so black as their kindred who have not abandoned their traditions.

The Submarine and the Whale

A squadron of submarines anchored in an Alaskan cove recently had its command by sea whale. To the astonishment of the men, these mammals escorted the vessels as they moved. It is believed, from observation, that the group were descended from the train system and the school descended with the submarine to the deck.



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When your nervous system is disturbed—telling plainly that they need help—nothing is more welcome than Sanatogen—-invaluable restorer of nerve health. Nerves have their own peculiar hunger—a hunger that must be always satisfied if you are to continue in health. When these, weary or weak drain the nerves, they become exhausted and starved—they must be fed to restore their health.

The answer to weary hunger is a food answer—Sanatogen. Its nerve foods—glycerophosphate and purest alkalies—are eagerly taken into the nerve cells, there to revitalize and restore the nerves with energy's health.

When you remember that 16,000 physicians have endorsed Sanatogen—in writing—that a multitude of noted men and women have found their nerve-health broken in its use—you will probably decide it is your answer.

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Ask your druggist or get a booklet with Sanatogen. Sanatogen is sold in bottles of 10c, 25c, 50c, 1.00, 2.00, 5.00, 10.00, 20.00, 50.00, 100.00. It is sold in all drug stores, and is also sold in bulk for medicinal purposes. It is sold in all countries, and is also sold in bulk for medicinal purposes. It is sold in all countries, and is also sold in bulk for medicinal purposes.

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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.

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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.

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If you pay more than \$2750 for these same specifications that mark the superiority of the Inter-State Six; then—

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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 concentrates the weight of the motor, transmission and clutch, thereby eliminating an excess balance and an unnecessary quantity of additional 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 shut-off as a safety and economy as an electric apparatus, 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, Flexi Dash Type, built to suit both with the dash, one tail light illuminating the license number, one spot-lighter 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 chrome.
The remaining two are your protection against a quarter, blaster 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.

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The Inter-State comes to you as "discharge-ready" in any 100-mile maintenance known how to make it.
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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 in the country before. Notary, tells 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 put the Lord to death. I am of blood feud with the Slavs because they do not pray to Him in the right way." He set of 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 more than any of his earthly possessions.

The blood feud is, indeed, the great intellectual bond, the bed-rock institution of Albania. Compared with the Albanian practice, the feuds of the Kentucky mountains or of the old South before the war were a feeble and unimportant thing. Albania almost anything may start the trouble. In a casual gathering in the hills where several strokes were given 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 and his slaves or their brothers or cousins or uncles or sons. For the blood feud is a strictly hereditary institution. The trouble 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 taken out of the house and the girls are taken out of the house, 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 cry 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 and not opposed with male relatives, elect to run off with some other fellow man to her taste. On hearing of the betrothal some party who must do some wrong-willed Martial from its books on the wall, girl on your carriage belt, and go forth and lamentably and the man of his prospective father-in-law. Failing him, one of her brothers will do, even the youngest of the family. But her father is dead. Yes, it may be, seeking more children, you must hit in ambush and shoot to death your lucky rival; or if he, well aware of the expense of an engagement, has skipped across the frontier to Montenegro, you may content yourself with sending one of your own men to kill him. No fellow, his brother, his cousin, if any other game is to be had, a boy of seven or eight will do, but it is in some districts considered unimportant life and either poor play. So far, as you can see, the matter is complicated. Slighted honor is appreciated. You may put your Martial back on the shelf. But you will do so rather as you in your own mind the man 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 in the cool of the evening. They will run make opportunities. So you will have something to worry you that you can do. It is essential and indispensable for the cleansing of the two new slaves that you yourself need to shoot and kill. But you 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 more bloodthirstiness and indelicacy of manner. On the contrary, it is the least of the things that are done in the course of the obligation of honor, it is a part of a many-sided, absolutely blood-

feud, 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 insure 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, pearls and a new suit of clothes with 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 women will appear in a good-looking working, arising for to children; they must also do heavy outdoor work like the men. They are not considered responsible being, is not subject to the blood feud. No matter what quarrel may arise between them, they are never harmed. Therefore, it may happen that, all the men of her household being slain, she is almost not so compelled to follow, she may have to drive the flocks to market or go herself, laden with heavy bundles of kindling-wood or charcoal or straw 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 Catholics. Some of the members of the Church of Rome. Those of the south and east are converts to Islam, who by their predominant favor there are a few Albanians who belong to the Greek Church. But these denominational differences are hardly felt. The primitive barbarian warfare, hospitals, during, bound by blood feud and custom, counter-charge. Whether he venetian Rome or Jerusalem or Mecca. For him Christ and Mohammed are the same. He is a man, and where the one seems to fail he will turn readily enough to the other. He realizes what he always was, is spirit of the thin veiner of Western as 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 heart. They are not without civilization, but from a cheerful opportunism which demands recognition that the most moral and Mohammedan but still the national character 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. Their religion is not so inflexible that their innate character will be sensibly changed. They will be where they always were, practically independent in life and spirit, wherever they may pay annual allegiance.

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 evidence, however, does not show that the globe on opposite side of a tidal basin approaches with other at all. The evidence is that the water in the Tropic Sea, for example, is so much greater at that time that the bed sinks a trifle and the continents and islands and the English coast meet together. The bulging of Liverpool and Dublin may be fancied as being, in one another across the Channel. In fact, however, the particular being about one inch for every sixteen miles. It has also been shown that the globe is not so rigid as we think of the sun and contract again at night.



The Pullman of the Open Road

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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 beam height ball-bearing motor gives the power plant flexibility not found in any other motorcycle engine.

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THE WHITE  COMPANY
CLEVELAND



White Self-Starting Thirty Touring Car



White Five-Ton Heavy Duty 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 TRUSS 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 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 suitable candidates and to select and commission without displaying the LISTS and PARAGRAPHS.

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 it ought to be and 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 INGRAVE, 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 THOMAS 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 canteen is the solution. There he can read papers, play a game of billiards, 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-canteen 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 reveal that it is not strenuously insisting on the quality of courts, but that they are ridiculing them for a supposed assumption of infallibility, 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 deal with the men on the bench, have you more than the rest of us, who yet 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 substantiality, to lead to a reform that we at first opposed. We would not say that we are not in support of the present one. But 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 summon 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. PEAN and his associates in their private life, 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 misled Mr. ROCKEFELLER belongs. 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 TAYLOR 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 TAYLOR 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 chief, they have taken men to which they did it merely to make to them their capable of gratitude and appreciation, just like other folks?

Well, we for one are quite obliged 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 it as the least objectionable of Jewish traits. He all this he has done, and he would 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 TAYLOR 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 rational 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 yet encompass the world. For it is not merely morally impracticable, 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 bested thing in the world for the capitalist to get lost peddled by members of your race.

So the newspapers reported JOSEPH ERWIN, the revolutionary from Los Angeles, who had been attacking hotel employees of January 29th. The hotel men are displeased with ERWIN 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 ERWIN at large and smiling freely and carefully reported with a made very much more rapid progress toward civilization than ERWIN under lock and key and reduced to compulsory silence. The people who have most call to settle with ERWIN 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 GRACE.

"And man," we have heard about a million times usually, "is always been, and still is, woman's companion, ready to share anything she has, to experience her personally, and look her up to the back."

AMERICAN HUMOR OF THE VINTAGE OF FIFTY-FOUR

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON
PICTURES BY ALBERT LEVERING



ONE should, I suppose, stand in unshaken reverence in the presence of Jeds in such cases. This month, Jeds had attained distinction and honor before, who now greet them, began to be hazy Jeds which, perhaps, will, perhaps, perhaps with creaking and rattling protest, have rendered some kind of service ever since. How odd some of them may be, I cannot easily say. I do not know a Platonist or Aristotelian, either. An almost exact, I wish to use the letters "C. C." with the date 1874 would add nothing. Another name may be the Knickerbocker. Yet they have all, like good colonists and adventurers, taken heart of grace and made themselves true to this new land. They have taken out papers, and the seal of the court bears the

"Then 're allegations in false and that 're illegator knows it?"

"Here is a year, a little more ambitious, which seeks to render disservice the moralist upon of the Vermont. A few weeks since, says the tale, a tall, awkward-looking chap, just from the green mountains of Vermont, came on board one of the North River boats of Albany. His civility was amazingly correct at once and he commenced "peking," as he called it, Jeds every man and corner of the boat. The waiter, it is said, the equanimous, the bar-keep and all underwent his inspection, and then he went on deck and stood in amazement at the lower beam, the chimney, and various "fixes" till at last he caught sight of the bell. This was the crowning wonder, and he viewed it from every position, waited around it, got down on his knees and looked up into it, and exclaimed:

"Well, r'ally, this beats the bell on our meeting!"

By this time the attention of the captain and several of the passengers was attracted to his grunts.

"How could you ask to let a fellow ring this bell?"

"You may ring it for a dinker, sir," said the captain.

"Wal, it's a bargain, all fair and agreed, and no backing out!"

"It's a bargain, sir," said the captain.

Our hero went deliberately and brought a seat and took hold of the bell-rope, and, having arranged everything in his satisfaction, commenced ringing slowly at first and gradually faster and faster till everybody on board thought the boat on fire and rushed on deck screaming with alarm.

The passengers began to exprophatize. The captain said it was a bargain. But the passengers

renewed urged that the relevant chapter should be stopped. All the while there and our hero continued, ringing, aware more ways than a cook

any chimney-pot ever thought of. At last the captain began to think of time to stop the amputee, but his answer was

"A fair bargain and no backing out! And be gone away for ever life."

"What will you take to stop?"

"Wal, r'ally, I guess I shouldn't have nothing if I take five dollars and a free passage to New York, but not a dicker out here!"

"Well, walk down to the office and get your money and stop passage—dicker,"

and the old gentleman, which is why even in those days there ran a saying: "Look out for the young men from Vermont!"

From the Bay State and "Dap" Co. comes this contribution: The story runs that on a certain occasion an old gentleman invited a new captain, a jolly, weather-beaten old man, to dine with him. They sat down to dinner, and the old gentleman, after cutting to custom, commenced moving

grace, but the captain, whose attention had been directed for the moment by the

old gentleman, speak, thought it was addressing him, and

turning to him, said: "What did you say, Squire?"

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product and getting on to the dialogue. This, then, is my retirement. I am going to tell hell a dozen before I think of my job. I have been requested, straight into "the mid-thing," here goes:

"I hardly know what to tell the

hell," said the Quaker as I do so. I have greatly feared that my heart was an string one. I have tried to

bestow my love on all, but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that this was getting rather more than they asked.

"Here is another: "How come it, you regard, that these boots are out of the same leather?" I really don't know, sir, but what business 're you in that the pair down-stairs are in the same skin?"

Yet another: "Wanted! A building of respectable size and had disposition who can come who suited with a new headpiece and will take the man who sets tobacco jars on the store and steals the ex-claim!"

"My dear boy"—this is another tale—"I am ninety-five years old!" "Well, it appears to me you are darned small of your age!"

Here is yet another, copyrighted, as I have said, in the Southern District Court of New York in the year 1854. Let us hope this antebellum revelation of his age will cause a change in the conscience of a named French dramatist: "Take care of the paint on the city gate you a letter goes to him 'em."

There again is a little gem which would only suffer from a worthy introduction: "Cut it short, Paucet, cut it short! The cows are in the garden playing ball with the cabbage!"

In the early fifties the sons and daughters of the Fatherland were already beginning to increase and multiply in our land. Here is a little story in their honor from which, in possession of my plan, I have detached the prettier:

"Behn, mine suhn, come here and I will tell you a little story." Now, mine suhn, shall it be a dream story or a non-believer? You like a dream story? Well, there was once a poor, now old shawl-man about this age, and he had a dirty little boy about the age, and one day he heard him bragging like a young villain as he was. So he went to do worse

and he took her dirty little plaything by de collar die day, and one, and collapsed him about six and ten, mine suhn, he had him once die say and delish him to go to bed without his supper about as you will do ever."

It is not altogether that I have so far said nothing of the great and enlightened State which has lately manifested itself of the Palladian. Let this age at least never which is drawn from a book of my person printed in 1853:

"Why, you seem to think," says the author, "I guess 'd to amuse you and poke fun into serious matters, but it's no such thing. Whatever I say

contains a moral, and if you don't profit by it the fault is all on your side and the misfortune on the

fact is, if you don't make more useful improve-

ment, I shall go straight over to Jersey and preach to the heathens."



"Walk down to the office and get your money and stop it."

late 1854. So let us not try to go beyond the record, but accept them as they are.

Various faces they have, too. None are shown Yankee from the land of selfishness. Some are aristocratic, some are plain, some are

of each, in this parade of selfishness and unshameless avarice, I have denuded two Doves; but that each

may carry with him a promise something of his own kind, it is woven into or blossoms, and secondly,

that each must make an ample with good will and not a mere thank-making grin of hardihood will

let us begin down in the Southern, with the now-wrested poor forests of Maine. It is painful to

realize that even sixty years ago the prospect of forbidden liquor was already matter of strife among the

plow, but as it was, on the following tale bears witness to a wintry night a few years since, says

the narrative I was riding through the little town of Lowell, Maine. My coach lay along upon a high

ridge of land between the Cold Spring Pond and Passaconaway streams. The heavy fall snow was just

rising in the bushes, looking larger than ever. The sleighing was excellent and my horse, as if charmed

by the scene, was trotting off at a brisk pace when from some cause he suddenly stopped, looking

as if I discovered a horn and sleek direction. In the sleigh was a weather-beaten looking boy, who master

of the premises, and upon looking for the horse I found that individual by the roadside—the boy was

evidently master of him as of the sleigh. He was watching something to himself about a "thundering cold fire" and blaming an imaginary John for not

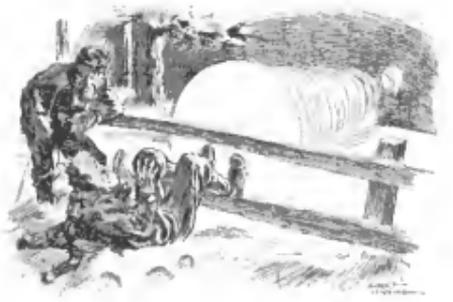
"putting on more wood." Coming nearer to him, I found that he was sitting upon the snow, his feet

through the fence, warming them in the fire. In New Hampshire I had, with what truth I know, at the following tale conveyed. This is the one I

tracy began life on the banks of the sea, yet here we find it articulated by the Democratic. At a recent

trial, we are told, the defendant, who was not familiar with the intricacies of words which the law requires to make a very trifling charge, after finishing

anxious to the reading of the indictment, jumped up and said:



"Mastering something about 'a thundering cold fire'"



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 to 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 right 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, besides, 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, besides, 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'll 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 dead-end in demand, and they are so effective that it makes 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 investigations 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 this 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 yearly 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 showed that they led its interests at heart—progressive, understanding, people, plainly large contributors 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. SLUMENTRAL



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 preventive. 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 unproved, the law in the conscientious parent and the probationer the wrong child.

In contrast with the general public I long regarded the probation system as the same of lamentable misapplication of our courts. 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, "Beawfully 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 an transgressor in laud before the courts but who, thereafter 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 directly cause the transgression. It is so in the home as it is in the courts. In the same, the court will never be able practically to improve conditions about the probationer; but it could, and should, and must—if it would mark probation as unproved—see to it 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 never 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 then 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 me she had discovered the girl was derelict, lying, hypocritical—suspicious, indeed, as to what of what might be expected unless a halt was called. The daughter was obstinate, stubborn, and finally explained that I could count her to a reformatory for three years. She was tearfully proud 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 a nuisance to her friends, and had been called upon him.

There was an charge that this girl had taken the bad step; indeed, one had only to ask 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 give 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 incessant fumes between the parents could be heard distinctly in the parlor. It was the father's practice to stand in the morning and make visitors he make, or who stand in the hall and make insulting comments. The mother, besides of the strain she was under, was also irritable, discouraged 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 receive the attention of the opposite sex. To have ministers be her favored right—a right that was realistic, inevitable, because human—in a prison institution. 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 reformed her conduct 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 drove her out in fact, but made things even more uncomfortable. Then she had sought the covers in answer to that primal instinct—the condition which first drove her out in fact—out of her father's home in order to escape 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 excellent body form to me with 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 misdeeds. 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 reactively 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."

As a honey is a poisonous insect that can eat your car up; but it was entirely possible for the wife to control it by tact and prudence. I held that the woman was more culpable than the man; but his had been the physical transgression, which is punishable. He was a malefactor, also an abused wife.

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 she was met legally as well as discover it. Thus this probation will fall again, just as probation fails in thousands of cases from precisely similar causes.

Always remember the judge who omits sentence upon a prisoner 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 constructive suggestions in their care and association with him or her.

The failure in probation crop up in redoubt variety, almost in pointing to the mere creation. 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

less distance along the road to despair? No, no he was saved. How? Reason with you, say—put her on probation. True; that would answer me? 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 taken in—yet sure we must apply a system based on an understanding of and consideration for the weaknesses which are the very essence of human nature?

An investigator once told me that he had never known since a girl willing to reform. What an attainment of severity? I have no solution to offer, but I will do for the present the best I can. I will not apply it now, but as we will apply it some day, when the world wonders frankly that in fighting with the forces of nature we must apply a system based on an understanding of and consideration for the weaknesses which are the very essence of human nature?

I had a boy before me—a bad boy, incorrigible, a runaway. His parents were Scotch middle-class people, frugal, religious, and an latent 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 visited his lie, 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 as to subject to suspicion, if not reproach. They kept him in the home atmosphere, denied him reading matter save "improving literature," swindled him on the occasion of every petty larceny he had been guilty of and 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 he boy suffered from anxiety 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 second delinquent after the case. They could not understand that the boy needed the action of sympathy, but they were not. They were not met with patient strength, and a wholesome diet at pleasure to take the place of the unwholesome diet which he had been eating.

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, rest, fitness and not overburdened with duties. Then, too, there should be some legal means of placing under great restraints on probation those who wish the transgressor will be thrown in constant contact while working out his probation. And it need not serve by the only compulsory direction of the environment and material things.

What is necessary is what might be called a character physician, who, like the medical 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 costs for anything, it would be money well spent. A hundred years of time spent now would of a certainty be saved five times over later on in the lowered expense of maintaining the probationers, the reformatories, the penitentiaries, and the morgues.



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 pompous 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. And after he had been placed on probation there was the 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, beat an acquaintance of being out of work and penniless, and then suspend sentence on his promise to offend an acre. If his story that he is penniless is true, how is he going to eat and sleep until he gets work unless he begs? Does that come back to court again on the old charge, the same and righteous grievance that these conditions are beyond help—that for them probation is the only way. And so it will be with, 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 a wretched home she has lost a hope-

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 resent 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 a word 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 a word to the tree?
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, no word or three?
Please tell me why
That I am I,
And not a chicken-ee?

THE MIRACLE OF THE MATCHES

BY
HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

Illustrations by
GORDON GRANT



MANG HYPAN and his two friends, Huang Hia and Huang Gah, heard the evening gong boom from the village monastery of Da-huay 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.

Muang Hyan 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 Muang Hyan, for his words, despite his years, were full of wisdom, and his eyes of strange dreams. They spoke of the naragar, the rule hermit-dreams of Burma, the great annual feast of village life, and of the girls they would court in the evening. Muang Hyan was devoted to the center of Muang 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

Suddenly there was a haunting noise, and a sport of flame and smoke shot from the pocket of Muang Hyan's shirt. His two comrades stood stock still for a moment, transfixed with terror, then with yells of "Amoy! Amoy!" they ran toward the village. Muang Hyan smiled, bent out the flame a little, and pulled forth a scintillating ball of red and white, which he held in his pocket. He threw them lying into a puddle and followed after the other boys. He heard their cries and yells and smiled strangely when he passed the Nat-hammi, the shrine that marked the entrance to the village from the north.

"A miracle! There has been from the help of Muang Hyan," they shouted. "A miracle! a miracle!" The village elders and trustees of the pagoda were at supper, awaiting with their families on the veranda of their houses. Each held in his lap a small red burpee bowl of rice and fish paste which he ate with his fingers and re-filled with a wooden spoon from a huge bronze bowl that stood on a two-tiered table in their hall. They had their heads laid on the two half-burned beds dashed about through the village.

"The fire has burst from the side of Muang Hyan! A miracle!" "We have seen it with our own eyes!" "The flames since I was a boy have 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! Muang Hyan, the Nat-hermit, to know such magic!" said another. "An son might have

heard of you by heart. None we shall hear him say that he saw fire beneath the ground and fled from it."

"And here comes Muang Hyan 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 Hwan, who sat on his veranda beside his wife and brother, Ko Ingy. There was an empty place beside the larger bowl, reserved for Muang Hyan. Forthwith his father, mother, and uncle hung their questions at him, adopting the name which elders use toward the younger.

"What is this tale, Nya Hyan, that we hear told of thee—that flame has burst from thy body?" "Is it true, Nya Hyan? Tell us, is it true?" shrieked his mother, frantically. His uncle was very calm.

"You must tell us what has happened, Nya Hyan," said he, and made a motion to the boy's father to send him with him to the house. U Hwan grumbled something, and ostentatiously the little brown woman shook away.

"Now tell thy tale," said the uncle. Then the boy told of the lot of matches which he had suddenly caught fire in his pocket. While they were speaking neighbors came running 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, Muang Hyan 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, excited, and awed, the villagers and neighbors went away.

"Ko Ingy, 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 Hwan's father led to the tale they brought him. His pricking brows had which rested upon the head of one of the crimson dragons. Then, flanked by the entrance steps opened and closed.

"Ashu gya," began U Hwan, "in the days of the Burmese king what power has come?" 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, we have given a privilege that it is the will of God that we spread the tidings of his onerous price, Muang Hyan."

"The fire had them before the school-boys. Their heads were shaved like his own, and they sat awaiting on their knees to receive that it is by their Fall heaven alone. To them U Hwan made a brief speech—

"I strive to acquire that my disciples," said he, "by doing reverence to our new Burmese prince whom Heaven has sent us to honor and obey, and thus glorify our pagoda and the royal throne."

"I am sorry," said he, "that I have not been able to do so, but I have been so busy lately that I have not had time to do so."

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"I am sorry," said he, "that I have not been able to do so, but I have been so busy lately that I have not had time to do so."

"Alas," was U Hwan's dejected reply, "we are, in truth, under his heel!"

"Constantly Ko Ingy began to unfold the great plan that had sprung to life in his brain—like the snake to his snake's rock."

"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 the 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 level, hence, the cattle assigned to Ko Hwa Cyl, the money-lender? And all these things being thus and so, U Hwan, is it not best that we convert these people into a flock?"

U Hwan stared before him into the darkness and granted, but less definitely than before. "We must have faith," Ko Ingy went on, "with U Hwan, the 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 Muang Hyan been proved his being, a true child of deity—only whose feet are fit to tread on the people's necks and mount a throne."

"It is good," younger brother," said U Hwan, "lifting the spirit of belief in his speech. His sluggish hair began to stir like bristles that is troubled by a fire. For three hours that night he sat smoking their great cigarettes on the veranda in the moonlight, his hands 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 Hwan, the monk, was dressed in bright yellow. His head was shaved, his expression was sober and ascetic, but when he speaks a look of guile and worldliness crept into his face.

"Is there permission to enter, royal teacher?" asked Ko Ingy.

"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 Hwan's father led to the tale they brought him. His pricking brows had which rested upon the head of one of the crimson dragons. Then, flanked by the entrance steps opened and closed.

"Ashu gya," began U Hwan, "in the days of the Burmese king what power has come?" 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, we have given a privilege that it is the will of God that we spread the tidings of his onerous price, Muang Hyan."

"The fire had them before the school-boys. Their heads were shaved like his own, and they sat awaiting on their knees to receive that it is by their Fall heaven alone. To them U Hwan made a brief speech—

"I strive to acquire that my disciples," said he, "by doing reverence to our new Burmese prince whom Heaven has sent us to honor and obey, and thus glorify our pagoda and the royal throne."

"I am sorry," said he, "that I have not been able to do so, but I have been so busy lately that I have not had time to do so."

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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 Ingy to the father of Muang Hyan. "Although this is no real miracle yet, surely it is a blessing such as you had, 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 Hwan. "It means nothing more than that I must buy a new shirt for him."

"Am you not in 2-1 to Ko Shou Cyl, the money-lender?" asked the uncle.

many other offerings in the larger bowl that stood near the great roundabout statue that smiled so benevolently toward all men. There was a fire in the hearth but seldom, but when he appeared, they would crowd forward and fall down before him. Other miracles happened. There was a time when a mysterious light shined under the protection of his noose, his face was seen to shine with a livid and luminous glow. One night a great crowd gathered before the pagoda, and a great voice was taking place. A mysterious and elusive light was seen shimmering about the top of the golden pagoda, and the delicate pinnacles with their tiers of black incense burners, and the great incense burner, a pale greenish reflection like the court-yard and threw a pale of death over the dark, courtyard faces before the village folk. The crowd that gathered there and marvel and a loud public of prayers went up. All day long and often later into the night little Ma Shwee Han stood watching the scene of Maung Hlyan's father in order to catch a glimpse of his face. He had seen Ma Shwee Han's eyes glow a light of wild and passionate devotion, in which the fire of love mingled with the fire of faith. She was now left all beneath his feet, only from the eyes she still beheld and worship him.

They after day the adoration at the temple became more fervent and intense. Throughout the district discovered great buzz and rank as jungle woods. Maung Hlyan was a prince and his own name was given to him, or who had the right to be called a prince, though then in his infancy, or in his own cell prison. The fire in their eyes and reason is more potent than the fire from his hair. He was like a god, but the Township Officer came to pry into your house and your heart. He is said to perish. He will come and look upon you and not nothing and go away, but in a month the thunders, or let an hurricane, or the typhoon, or the rain, will be raised. He was, none and children of the village, because of Maung Hlyan. But the medicine man, the words of Maung Hlyan, and even his father, who now no longer stood in honor of the money-lender—those three were so prevailing the words of Maung Hlyan. Maung Hlyan himself played his part well, keeping himself in all the mystery and sanctity of religion, and for his rare and startling appearance by night. The village folk, the great folk, in obedience to U Wazunda, the monk, no longer thought of Maung Hlyan, but much more in the entire village here. Here, eight houses here.

"For the great palace, for the great palace and the realm of a true Buddha king!" the monk would cry, and the voice entered into the larger hall, all went well, yet the fox-eyed Ma Shwee Han sat in pain.

"Without arms we shall be no better in the clutch of our enemies," said he to his brother. "If we could avoid our long swords or short swords, we are open, against the spirits that go forth to kill from the iron tubes of the Nepes kallas." How, without such weapons of fire, can we set our price upon the throne?"

"Can we not purchase such arms?" asked U Hlyan.

"We have now much money."

"With the much money, the little silver, and the gold we have gathered, we could not purchase ten rusty muzzle-loaders from the hills," answered the uncle, contemptuously.

They were talking thus within the house one night. Maung Hlyan, as they thought, by accident in the adjoining room. The voice, therefore, started when he saw the fire and clear, and all to his profit for a price, came through the thin wooden partition.

"Finger, father and uncle, your slave knows of a place where firearms are to be got, and that without payment of gold or silver."

His two relatives lifted their eyes and looked blackly at each other. The uncle, the fire, it is given.

"Hush!" said he. "Speak not so loud, but come hither, Nya Hlyan."

They came close and crouched down beside the smoky lamp.

"A two days' march through the jungle," said Maung Hlyan, whose round brown face was smeared with some strange substance, "there is a great station at Tanshin, where the Sepoy kallas have a good store of arms. Let me go thither with enough money so some we should have enough to buy."

"It is well you speak, then," remarked the uncle.

"For it is a sign that you have the blood of kings in you, and that you are the true ruler of the land."

A fortnight after five hundred fanatic villagers and jungle-men gathered before the pagoda, where the monk delivered his blessing upon them. Long swords and short swords, axes and spears, glittered in their hands. They wore robes and belts of food. Then Maung Hlyan appeared and a great shout went up, and the multitude made their adoration and prostrated itself in the dust before him. He placed himself at the head of his men and the march through the jungle began. The next day they entered a Burmese frontier guard in the British service. But the man occupied the same night and few days an arrow straight to Tanshin and raised the alarm.

There was no confusion at Tanshin. The Commandant at the police station ordered the white women to be hurried across the river to the other bank of the Irrawaddy. The men prepared the station for a siege. There were on hand a hundred Burmese and British and a number of Punjabi military police. The station, a square two-story building of wood, stood close to the river. On the upper floor was an iron cage for the prisoners, also a room where stores of rifles were kept. This upper room was approached by an outside staircase with a drawbridge. When Maung Hlyan and his followers appeared, the first phony rifle of slaves were beginning to drive the darkness. In this dim and leader light they saw that the drawbridge was raised, but there was no sign of life. The station slept. Then Maung Hlyan went among the followers he knew best and gave to each a small abashtar amulet.

"No hand shall strike the man who wears this my amulet," said he in his sweet and gentle voice.

To each man he spoke a friendly word. To the poor among them he promised gifts of land or money, to others of higher rank, good-ship and office at his court.

"When we have secured the firearms in my rear station you shall be suitably," said he, very softly. "I shall be master in the land."

Then he gave the order to attack. His little army tried, Maung Hlyan, and the men were driven toward the wooden building. The station still slept, until they were but a few yards distant. Then

official who had studied the description of the young rebel until he knew it by heart. His fingers were itching for the reward offered. He noted Maung Hlyan and examined the tattoo marks on his knees. But those did not tally with the description, for Maung Hlyan had been still sliver—the marks had been altered for him by the village tattooer. So Maung Hlyan was let go, though U Wazunda, U Hyan, the father, and Kc Hlyan, the monk, were detained and thrust into prison, where they awaited trial for treason and probable acquaintance with the language's mind.

"We must make an example of them," said the authorities, and did not our wish to exterminate any of the families."

For three months Maung Hlyan lay hidden and the accounts were not to come trouble. The late-soldier at Dalkyret they found nothing but a half-empty room of phosphorescent paint in the house of U Hyan. This, when seized with the remaining traces of Kc Hlyan, was all that was necessary to create the miracle of the shining face and the dome that gleamed by night. Then a distant report came to the ears of the seigneur and a troop of Sepoy marched again toward Dalkyret. From the top of a tall oak tree little Ma Shwee Han, Maung Hlyan's initial love, saw them coming along the road one evening, a great square man in a cloud of dust, and with gleams of steel and brass. Heidity she clambered down, ran in the terraced pagoda, and vanished into the shadows. The late-soldier, who was a golden priest, had had once been an inmate, but the hated body of Maung Hlyan in the posture of the Buddha, cross-legged and erect, his hands held in his lap—his great dark eyes, vacant and oblivious, seemed to be going out into infinity.

The founder of the Nepes belonged to the least of his race and carried a few words. The late-soldier soldier stepped forward, raised his rifle at the word of command, and leveled it at the breast of Maung Hlyan, who was immovable as bronze with a faint smile on his lips and the red light of the fire breaking over him. The officer drew his sword, the word "Fire!" was about to fall from his lips—then came the loud, muffled, and the sound of extinguished, and the sound of the bell on top of the pagoda as though they were stirred by the tongue of flame that licked them.

The dome trembled like a great golden bottle on a quaking table. It quivered, then it lurched and swayed, the bells jangled loudly, then with a crash, it crashed down, and the sound of extinguished, covering the throne of Maung Hlyan, embryo of royalty, pretender to the crown and rebel against the British rule. A host of riders and soldiers flew into the air. The flames went on, but they were not to be seen. The old headman now appeared and berated the villagers and led them to be used and obey their master. That evening the hungry Nepes quarreled themselves upon the village and banded roscally, and the villagers served them humbly—humbly and in silence.



Again the dome spun flame and a crumpled heap lay twitching on the ground

from the dark windows, from the barred openings of the prison on the upper floor, from the loopholes in the door. Shaded sharp and crimson spurts of fire and puffs of smoke, and all of arms of Maung Hlyan's followers shrieked, bounded ahead, fell, and rolled down the hillside toward the river.

Most of the others passed, though some few at all reached forward and began looking at the doors. Again the dome spun flame and a crumpled heap lay twitching on the ground.

There was no where on both sides. This ominous stillness was broken for many moments, until a strange sound arose from within the station. It was harsh and loud and terrible—the whole men's longed sound that sent a quaking terror into the hearts of Maung Hlyan's men. It was more terrible than the rife of his own pistols of the seigneur. With it there mingled the shriller screech of the Nepes, then a wail down on the second story opened and it was the wail they saw the record moon-oval face of the Burmese forest guard who had occupied the night before. He grunted and advanced an insult. Heedlessly, like forests undammed, the military, eager, unaimed, glittering with steel, poured from doors and windows. Maung Hlyan and his followers turned and fled as though all the demons of earth, air, fire, and water were howling in their rear. Of the five hundred who had marched to the pre-arranged two days before, some three hundred, weary, hungry, and full of fear, stuck back to Dalkyret. Two hundred lay crouped in the station at Tanshin, in the shadow of the seigneur, and stood stupidly at the Sepoy who stroked back and forth with shattered rifles.

Maung Hlyan disappeared. Some days afterward, in company with his relatives he made an attempt to go to Rangoon and boarded a three-class carriage at Mandalay. At Mandalay there was a clever portier



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, doctering't 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, dour and heavy, on all our plannings 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 one flag upon its crest. He played the flag to thwart the secret, the doubter, and the man of ease; 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 Howesher Falls, and how all eyes for months were centered on him; in cottages and halls the people joined to sing his praises or level at his head o'bers. The old man heard his burning phrases, and mildly asked: "What was the use?"

We made him readily in our anger, resolved to cook his ancient grove, 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 lowering glance at Chellie. "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 Chellie. "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 out of green peas with a knife!

The case was a dream. Like a lion's it rang, and the whole blooming rump stood transfixed when he sang. Big Hunchbacker Jim, and his old Deputy Ike, and all the old settlers out there on the prairie, 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 chime.

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 close as a whole was ever his play. Deputy Ike and his pals didn't mind when they lost, or saw a red about whatever the rest. 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 boy 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!

HORACE DEAN GASTON.

A PLACE FOR ALL THINGS

WYATTSMAN was seriously watching the time, and so 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 hit 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 lubes 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 Hixkrahmer, as he perceived Higgelshank standing outside the White House.

"Looking for an office, like the rest of those chaps!"

"No, sirree," 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. Vanderboom. 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



Photograph by Charles C. Cook

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

LADIES of equal sport in all parts of the world will be obtaining their eyes next June to watch the reborn of the glories of handballs and the clash 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, your best 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 16th, for the second, leaving the date of the third game, should be as 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 greater 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 good 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 powerful horse riders that the defenders of 1911 will again take the field against the amateurs.

As to position, 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 English-woman 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 rarely as joyful as they sound. But the adventurer of proper spirit is usually content in witnessing the rapturous joy of the multitude, however grimly amused his own less facile springs of mirth. Usually enough, an attempt is made in witnessing the rapturous joy of the multitude, however grimly amused his own less facile springs of mirth. Usually enough, an attempt is made in witnessing the rapturous joy of the multitude, however grimly amused his own less facile springs of mirth.

Does all the world demand the "film-show" and then withhold its approval from sheer caprice? 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 bestial tooth, with strong, indelible areas. 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 fallaciously 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 hours—so amenable 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 accustomedness. 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 companion 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 circle 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 elasticity in regarding on the stage a familiar object no character has never been explained, although previous must have been realized and referred to, it, as an incident in many kinds of drama. It has no often been reported that audience betrayed a greater delight in the introduction into a play of a cow or a horse than 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 tripping, the most interlopings of the love-making of an engaged couple, so rarely meet over in which people tangle over each other and suddenly give leave 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

FIGHTING 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 the selling of the huge sums spent by the powers to get their armies on a war footing and keep them there.

Reflections on the results of hostilities and optimistic predictions as to the effect on the markets ought, therefore, to be tempered by the realization that while the total is undeniably over, the income of what has happened is manifestly still far from a good thing to come. The fruits, in other words, to be reaped, 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' treasuries. Now it is to be shifted to the shoulders of the investment buying public.

There is probably a very conservative estimate placed on the amount of new government securities to be offered as soon as possible after peace is declared at \$200,000,000. Belgium requires about \$100,000,000, Italy at \$125,000,000, France at \$100,000,000, Greece at \$125,000,000, Serbia at \$90,000,000, Austria at \$250,000,000, Hungary at \$200,000,000. Besides the above, the United States is to hold back during the closing months of 1913 an amount to be made in the next future. Argentina, it is reported, is in the market for \$200,000,000, China for \$500,000,000, Norway for \$100,000,000, Rumania for \$500,000,000, Sweden for \$100,000,000.

Stretching hundred and thirteen, if it is thus apparent, is going to see government financing—that is to say, borrowing by governments—an entirely unprecedented matter. 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? If not 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 public works 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 than to buy a billion dollars to be asked for from the investing public on this side of the ocean and the other. It is simply 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 than naturally—bonds and other securities? What is going to happen, in other words, in that capital to the extent of half a billion dollars which would otherwise be available to the investor if it 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 loans, will coverings of bonds of that sort absorb?

Here, perhaps, then a good many people inquire. A month or more when the market was so full of funds badly and was unable to raise the money at home it was the New York market that appeal was made to. Austria's bonds, it was held, were the most attractive Austrian bonds here, at least in any considerable

quantity? Yet when the Austrian 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 Austrian 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 market, 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 Austrian 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 attracted to the point of putting its money freely into foreign government bonds, but that the experience of this Austrian 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 next rate will be the rate paid for the 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 half and a half or seven per cent for its money, the rate for 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 effect 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 having three and a half per cent interest is a different proposition from one having two 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 offer a two and a half per cent rate, and the chances are that the investing public will not be able to take advantage of the opportunity.

There is at 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 new government securities 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 injured. 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 or to re-invest the money in the new issues, but that the new issues will compete strongly for fresh funds has 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 injured. 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.

That the competition afforded by the offering of half a billion dollars' worth of new government securities has a very high rate of interest will not make the proceeds any easier to place than usual. So far as the offering of maturing obligations is concerned, that will be a struggle to secure. That the maturing of the new issues will be to increase the cost of the money. Just recently a bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives which is arranged to take care of them by means of a "trust fund." The bill is highly objectionable to railroads and industrial companies having bonds and notes coming due during the next six months will be glad to see the bill passed. And similarly with borrowings of fresh capital. With governmental bonds being freely offered, it is to be expected that the cost of capital will be increased to a point that industrial and business enter-

prises will have to be given a high rate of interest to make them viable 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 noticeable 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 taken \$25,000,000 of Austrian bonds, and shall probably run our purchases of foreign governments' debt above the nine-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 afford that nothing can 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 new capital from the foreign markets 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 placed here. 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 to \$300,000,000 of new government securities within the space of few 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 supply us and our requests for accommodation from any other source.

It is, it is to be expected, that as we may 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 placed here. The market of the year. If these securities a very considerable part are held in London and Paris. Where, therefore, these bonds and notes—many of them are maturing—due, 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 he has no money to lend, 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 cash 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 are many cases where the terms offered for renewal will be made so 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, however they may be asked to do so, will not be in a position to view 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 liquidation 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 to be expected that the market for American stocks and bonds will be greatly disturbed. If, on the other hand, the market for American securities is to be so affected as to put up the money wanted by these various governments we can count upon having a further consideration of "American" pressed 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 Lathershire, London shows the highest number of such unions. It also possesses the oldest trade-union in existence, that of the United Society of Brick-makers.

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 exist in occupations very hard 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 Butcher and Therianomist Tailors 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 hungry Londoner purchases after the office, and refreshments have closed 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 Sweep and Puddler, of which there are forty-two members; and there 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 ANATOMY.

Africa's Dreadful Snakes

Between Australia, India, or Africa, in the world place as the most poisonous snakes, the last named is quite bad enough. In central East Africa one must always be on his guard, especially before approaching a blanket for a seat of bed, and the natives have acquired a remarkable immunity of vision in detecting deadly reptiles, which usually resemble the reputation of their hamlets. On the other hand, the semi-toxicous kinds are often most conspicuous in an entrance, the members which has a white skin marked with blood-red stripes, being the only known example of a white snake. 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 spotted grey, and accounts for the death of large numbers of cattle and mules. A broader body found one seven feet long coiled 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,

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT IS "ARROW'S BALMSHED PAIN-EXPELLER."
FOR BROWN'S Chamberlain's Powders (ENTY-ONE) SEE PAGE 12

explained the situation to his men, but then very carefully left away the covering. This they did, disclosing a large snake which was rapidly coiled round their hands under his shoulder, and with a quick, strong breeze dragged his 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 goods, and as she had, severely hit, her child. As she went the infant 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 concluded 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 19 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, but the possibilities at Havre, hence there are in course of reconstruction there works that will soon give the port a big increase in water, with 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 accidents, and a wheel over the entrance to the building, and where 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 sell a favee."

Numerous beggars applied for leave to turn the wheel, but the discovery was made that the favee employed was refused to drive water from a well which served a provincial market by a nearby orchard and bakery. 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 "unsinkable," and it is constructed to make it a kind of steel which so early overturns 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 the 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 the same point, and the colors must excite different degrees at the same time in order to see when different colored visions touch. The difference of perceptibility of the different colors varies, some colors to stand out and others to stand back. Red is the most "flying" or "tipping" 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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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

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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 should it 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 dishonest practices; that society in the country is in need of general reformation; and that he, the President-elect, has started out with his pen point 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 uprightness 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. HOOR's, but he evinced at the same thing, and the country needs the same 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 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 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 less, 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 the market, as he said, was not what he treated 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 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 standards, and would let it alone in all particular. We think that he is also on January 16th in a Founder's Hall address at the university of South Carolina. But he ferociously 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 long to enable the occupant of the Presidential chair to have a policy and to accomplish at least something toward its adoption.

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 falls to command obedience. 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 thus becomes the stronghold of

inequality—the average in 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 ever he can find it; or the constituency seeks the man whom it recognizes him. The present Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Asquith, 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 win the approval of the majority of the voters 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 individuality and acts a previous one of subordination. Its 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 that term than about one-third of the Senate shall be renewed at any election. Representative, like the Senators, must be qualified in the status of the States, 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 quality of the ranks of the Senate, 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 think is likely to be made 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 a pity that that prompted Mr. ANAMS's suggestions. Massachusetts tried to send him to the Senate, but Mr. WELLS 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 assets, but it is 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 certain withdrawal, and an important 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, but the practical significance of his announcement, by 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-fledged 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 think 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, that 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 carried 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.

Everybody knows now that Republicans 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 last time—it must be confessed that some of these got no more than a B. A. degree, naturally so. Because, naturally, so one 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 last time—it must be confessed that some of these got no more than a B. A. degree, naturally so. Because, naturally, so one 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.

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 steady 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 it is a warning case of it. Five years, 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 vast 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, and will win on its own merits, what CLARK and PAVLEY began. Neither do we believe that the threat will ever be made good.

From Premier to President

There are a few selected 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 right to think before we can say who is President of France.

Now the French Premier, M. PAULHERY, 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 to suppose, 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 those 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, to give pensions to men with a few years, notets CHARLES GUTENBERG, 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 we will use them as long as we can. Work as long as you may, and you will work us into the shadow of the grave, in a few cases, and actually into the grave at the other ones. I'd 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 COLUMBUS 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. COLUMBUS should 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 CRYSTAL 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

ELIASH PRITCHETT THURPE, of Plover, died last week. For the last thirty years he had been editor of the *Plover Gazette*, 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 man to consult. 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. **Editor Bailey.**

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 offered—Gray's stanza beginning "The sound of liberty, the pomp of power," has been used at least 25 times during the last session; 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 session of the 55th Congress. "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 "disquisition," 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 elements mixed in them in precisely the right proportion 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 only seem 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, it is so doubtful, 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 find, 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 session papers.

Shakespeare has been quoted some 230 times, so far as I was able to recognize him, or almost entire poems 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 session are never quoted, nor the Shakespearean poems, nor many of the purely partial and 1862, the same passage.

Next to Shakespeare, provision-wise, come Tennyson, with 58, highly drawn from the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," "Lockley Hall," "The May Queen," and "Maud," with a ballad drawn from "In Memoriam." Langfellow is next, with 61, the lines being from "Resignation" and the "Psalm of Life," the same lines as with all from "The Garden of Eden," 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 Hood 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," Lord Byron with 6 each; Theodore Tilton in America; and Byron with 6 each; Theodore Tilton, with 6, all from "The Bazaar of the Cross," William Keats with 8, 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 Hall, George Murray, Charles Kingsley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Nathaniel P. Willis, Dryden, Cowley, Mrs. Barbauld, Marcellus, "Lays of Ancient Rome," Owen Meredith, Chaucer, Spenser, Keats, Mother Goose, and Shakespeare's Juliet!

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, by instance, Browning sometimes, Chaucer not infrequently, 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 facts and temperament, conventional culture—the "seasons" it deeply bedded in those far-quoted things.



Congress probably listens to more poetry than any other body of working men

"Henry VIII," is quoted from 12 places, "Lull," 3; "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Tempest," 12 each; "Romeo and Juliet," 9; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 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, lines from Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy,蒲田's advice to his stepsons, Voltaire'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, 1906, AND WAS REBUILT WITH LIBERAL HELP FROM AMERICA AND ERUPTED BY THE AID OF AMERICAN SUBSCRIPTIONS

Triumphs of the Bridge Engineer

BY J. B. STRAUSS, C. E.

LONG continuous spans that meet of its kindred sciences, but no less marked are its developments, in the real 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 cast-iron steel and concrete in significant spans of unprecedented size, and of constructing bascule and lift bridges so large as to admit all developed simultaneously with a complete and exact science, marks an era of progress unexampled 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 Rockwell 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 strutting its spanners across the way for a dozen miles, forming a solid road-bed which is so free from 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 viaducted, 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 swinging.

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 bascules 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 bascules 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 so far 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 rollers or chains, on the principle of an elevator. Recently a substantial advance was effected by the elimination of the rollers and chains and the substitution of a system of counter-balanced levers, a radical 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 construction levels. Some could perform wonders, but they could not accomplish so much with greater facility and less rivalry 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

CHICAGO 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. The third is 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, in 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 smaller the immensity of the sums, 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 in 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 had no red wax on the "obit." 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 provision 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 or 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 on 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, and he has banks throughout the United States than he is. Every morning he can report from his routine duties he devotes 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. It things have run in a few years to be the largest of the world'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 progress of Babylon, yet as a city it is typically American. No one would be rash enough 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 Fort Dearborn 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

THE military camps of the all-conquering Romans and the trading ports of the all-pervading Phoenicians determined the location, many centuries ago, of the great commercial cities of the Old World. The sites of the cities of America were determined by the same factors—the passers, 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 Desplaines 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 unknown. 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 great canal, the whole north to Chicago. Over ten of thousands of miles of railways cross on-line provisions of freight trains loaded with goods and passengers, the great, reliable, and mercantile. 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. It feeds the world, 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 revenue have had to be selected with almost fearless haste 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 no sluggard and has as much civic 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 gets farther than that. So that his workmen may be of the best, in skill and health and intelligence. He makes his plant the most modern of its kind and he tries to attract every new invention he gets farther than that. So that his workmen may be of the best, in skill and health and intelligence. He makes his plant the most modern of its kind and he tries to attract every new invention he gets farther than that. So that his workmen may be of the best, in skill and health and intelligence.

Chicago's wholesale and retail establishments create more than double as much money to 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 parking-houses. No other city on earth prepares for home so many sheep, hogs, and cattle in refrigerator-cars and in steamships. Chicago's dressed meats travel fast. Chicago's canned goods 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 the traveler fully flock 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 times as great as that of the world. 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

THIS 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 was the one who conducted in the art of convention was generally considered the best man. The safety and convenience have had to be selected with almost fearless haste in order to be abreast of the city's needs.

The operation of a great metropolis hotel today is a science. It is a science that is as much a part of the modern institution and the same great principles of scientific management are applied. The most important of these is the one conducted in a man who realizes the importance of specialized effort, through attention to details, scientific division of labor, physical and chemical analysis of the work, and the use of the most modern methods in the operation of the business, cleanliness and the character and condition of the employees. In a modern hotel property especially there are no employees who are employed for the sake purpose of protecting the health, property, 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 material, and it is so arranged that all the debris of the guest's life is swept up by the vacuum and satisfactory attention. No one can step in 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 room is in use and when 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 the modern institutions properly managed hotels today have special fire-fighting force and experience on the police force before leaving conveyed 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 sole 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 laundered and thoroughly disinfected 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 layer and he produces

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 drop of milk is analyzed, and the milk is tested for bacteria and better fat before being put into service. Butter, lard, eggs, canned goods, coffee, vegetables, etc., are all analyzed, and the inspection 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 liquor, a large hotel maintains a chemical laboratory of its own, which is almost as complete in equipment as those installed in modern breweries and distilleries. All wines purchased by the hotel are analyzed, and the wine is 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 the first and 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?

These affects industry such 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, it "is 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 activities 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 their hands 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" comes 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 hands and equitableness of the terrorist." 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 *Reformations in Labor*—"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 socialism 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

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 do with 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 demerit. In 1909 Mr. Brand 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 is a body, he said, the state would find 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 Brand, 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.



A workman gets damages for a slight, perhaps tripped, accident

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 trade-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 hares 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-unions 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-

*How the publication of the first article of this issue was the last proceeding for the establishment of a Congress on Industrial Relations has been a lot and President Taft has suspended the bill, leaving more to serve as members of the committee? It proposed a public-employee (except fire-fighters) of Clark George B. Chamberlain of the Case, Lawrence and Charles B. Hunt of Georgia, in representation of A. D. White, member of the Senate of the State of Louisiana of New York City, and Ferdinand C. Schwoymer, vice-president of the National Association of Manufacturers, and the labor leader—Austin W. Chadler of Iowa, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, and the labor leader—O'Connell of Washington, D. C., stated representatives of the labor organizations of the United States to the Congress at San Diego. Its final report is due in 1913.



HOW CHICAGO TAKES ITS PLEASURES

BY STEVEN D. THATTON

COMMERCIALLY and industrially, Chicago is a magnet that attracts hundreds of thousands of visitors each year. Other myriads come to the great metropolis that are held in Chicago. The city entertains three grand crowds with a freshness of enthusiasm and civic pride that is unique. It is a hospitable 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 reorganized. 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 Gage.

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 Grand 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—is 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 social 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. In the newspapers regarding public ownership, agitators in favor of the rates charged for service, and those who are in the "progressive" movement, and those who are actual competitors from public or private plants. It fears that where there is so much stake 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 possible, provided his money is invested in a company that has the benefit of the public ownership. The reduction in rates with take of public-ownership achievements, principally obtained, where individual profits long ago produced a license class content to direct the ability toward the

RUNNING A PUBLIC-SERVICE CORPORATION

BY WILLIAM H. HODGSON

IN 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 cradle-day 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

conduct of community affairs. Too often sharp differences in conditions, costs, and wages, and marked dissimilarities in the character, style, and extent of the service were being met with. It was in comparing nations in which the utility business is far ahead with a people whose demand is for the best. Yet after all the talk and agitation commencing with the municipal ownership, there is in reality comparatively little of it in the United States. Many municipal-ownership campaigns are carried on merely to secure concessions to voters. The people want a method of local government and political efficiency applied to commercial and industrial undertakings. The man who has tried to do this year to get a municipally owned water main in his own home in a new subdivision, and who has enjoyed gas service and electric service in his own home, and who has seen from the day he moved in, has had an object lesson in the contrast between utility public ownership and progressive private ownership that he does not soon forget.

The municipally owned and operated street railways in the United States number one or two; the allied street car plants about two; but in the electric industry the municipal plants do less than ten per cent, of the total business, although hundreds of small communities have had to install their own plants because private capital could not be obtained.

Most of the principles of action of progressive utility management have been in effect for some time past, and it is being recognized that the executive positions in utility operations call for types of ability of a very special order. The man who can fill these places successfully must possess a positive, the most of commercial ability. They must be not only smart business men and good managers of other men, but also with broad sympathies and endowed with the spirit of true cooperation—namely the desire to give as well as take. Those managers and supervisors have a real method of work and the incorporation of their companies, and it is clear that their faith in human nature need be deep and the enthusiasm for their methods need be strong.

It is necessary that progressive utility management proceed from the fact that its franchisees are in the nature of public trusts, to be administered quite as much in the interests of the public as in the interests of the stockholders who supply the capital. Profits must be made—service good, service rendered to

the greatest possible number of people; rates as low as possible. The company, being one of the best of the nation, must grow, and its growth must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth. It must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth.

The real battle in utility operation in this country has been divided into the following number of "issues": They are: (1) the right to occupy and use public highways, it must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth. (2) the right to occupy and use public highways, it must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth. (3) the right to occupy and use public highways, it must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth.

The resolution of utilities by state commissions has spread over the United States very rapidly and apparently is working to the best interests of all concerned—the public, the investor, and the company. Provided these commissions proceed justly and wisely, the public will be benefited, the investor will be protected, and the company will be enabled to represent a fixed addition of public-utility problems.

The corporations had of all should desire favorably to be regulated by public utility commissions. They know that they have been helped, too, by such splendid, high-minded organizations as the National Public Utility Board, and that the public will be benefited. They know that they have been helped, too, by such splendid, high-minded organizations as the National Public Utility Board, and that the public will be benefited. They know that they have been helped, too, by such splendid, high-minded organizations as the National Public Utility Board, and that the public will be benefited.

Most of the franchises granted by cities to utility corporations in the past have been of the nature of public trusts, to be administered quite as much in the interests of the public as in the interests of the stockholders who supply the capital. Profits must be made—service good, service rendered to

be widely followed. Although a company operating under an individual franchise has no fixed term of its right to occupy and use public highways, it must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth. It must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth, and its part in it must be in the nature of municipal growth.

The security of any corporate investment, after all, lies in the character of the management of the corporation, and it appears to many that interference with the management of the corporation is a waste of time and money. The security of any corporate investment, after all, lies in the character of the management of the corporation, and it appears to many that interference with the management of the corporation is a waste of time and money.

During the last few years the relation between utility corporations and the public have been studied as never before. This study and its resultant production of "reports" has swept away many of the wild and most intemperate notions regarding both alleged evils and notions prescribed theories. A public-utility reporter to-day would much prefer leaving his name with an expert committee professionally qualified to study a subject as valuable which would not or could not give proper study to the issues and their underlying circumstances. Therefore, in framing new franchises, it is to be desired that they will be made more knowledge and responsibility by the representatives of the public and greater tact, ability, and liberality on the part of the corporations.

Progressive management has given many small cities and towns metropolitan service. It has given day and night service to many villages previously without service. It has given service to many of the farmers wherever possible. Service in the future will do much to popularize the corporation and will be of great benefit to the nation. It will be of great benefit to the nation. It will be of great benefit to the nation. It will be of great benefit to the nation.

RETAILING GOODS BY MAIL

BY DAVID GIBSON

RETAILING goods by mail—the small order business—practically everywhere in the United States. One of the New England states about half a century ago, since then it has spread all over the country, and the consumer direct through the mails without the employment of any middle man or other agency has spread everywhere. It has reached its greatest development in Chicago. Ten of the greatest mail order houses in the world are located there. It is today nearly everywhere, and with its goods by mail to a greater or less degree. Within the last ten or fifteen years tens of thousands of corporations, firms, and individuals have developed in this method of selling, either exclusively or as an adjunct to their other activities. Nearly two-thirds of the mail order business in America has grown to such gigantic proportions that it has become a social and economic consideration.

To trace the development of the mail order idea is interesting. The large dry-goods stores, in the great centers of population, a generation or two ago, were the first to be developed. The mail order business was originally a merchant's point of contact was largely personal. He stood on the doorway or in the aisle of his store and greeted the customer. He was a business man, he found that he would have to devise other means of attracting customers from a wider radius than the store could reach. He was a city. His skilled, dignified advertisements, which wrapped an inch or so in the newspapers, would send customers to his store. He would send a picture of a particular pattern or house-hold article or other article, by selling something about it and giving the price. He would send his selling effect (including the house) to the customer in return for the money.

It took a good many years for the merchant to realize that by making his mail order business descriptive in the highest degree he could bring practically the contents of his store before the eyes of those who do not visit his store. The next step was the publication of elaborately illustrated catalogues to supplement his advertising in newspaper advertisements. To-day the catalogues and price lists of American business houses are known in the United States and reach every corner of the globe. Even the country merchant has gone into the mail-order business. He sends his customers descriptive and descriptive list of a large variety of manufactured articles. These articles are sent to the customer with his name printed on the outside, and by him are distributed far and wide in the regions where he lives.

The origin of some of these great mail-order houses of the Middle West need not be mentioned. The founder of one of them was a station agent on a Western railway many years ago. He was paid \$40 a month, for he was a small station, in his mail one day he found a watch. It was addressed to him

and he found it was a watch. The man did not call for it and the agent notified that he had it. The man did not call for it and the agent notified that he had it. The man did not call for it and the agent notified that he had it. The man did not call for it and the agent notified that he had it.

It was a good watch. The agent was pleased and the customer was pleased. The agent sent for two more and sold them at a similar price. From the time that the man had his first watch, he was satisfied with his purchase he could have his money back immediately. This is the vital principle of the mail order business. This station agent sold more and more watches, and finally bought a watch factory. He still continued his old plan of absolutely guaranteeing his goods.

One day a man came to him with one of his watches covered with mud. He explained that he had dropped it. It was a real watch and had fallen into a hole. The former station agent had not waited for the man to finish. He handed him a brand-new watch. The man protested that the accident was his own fault, but the agent would not hear of it.

"We guarantee our watches not to fall out of your pockets and hence in the mud," responded the agent. "If they do, we will give you a new one." It is not as if he had been worth more than \$100,000 as an advertisement among railroad men.

Today the concern he founded is one of the two largest mail-order houses in the world. Each of these two houses distributes between six and seven million dollars of catalogues a year. They contain thousands of pages and weigh so much that it costs about fifty cents per copy for each copy mailed. They are sold to a business that aggregates nearly two hundred million a year. Of this vast sum ninety-five per cent is in cash. The money comes with the order.

Three concerns—other which many others have and which have been doing nearly ten times as much business—also control the output of mail order. They will every article that is manufactured. Of value above their value nearly \$100,000 a year—from light leather to motor trucks. They sell in the tens of thousands, and ships by the millions of pieces. It takes an army of girls to sort the hundreds of thousands of orders that come in each month, and about four feet of space a month to arrange the correspondence. The records are kept on cards of the names of the customers. The correspondence file has a goal above of the best for the plastic file holders.

From supplying the Middle West the Chicago mail-order business spread all along the Atlantic seaboard. There have thousands of customers even in New York City. Their biggest business is in such states as Pennsylvania and other distant communities.

In addition to these huge mail-order houses that

deal in everything there are others—very large concerns, too, with millions of capital—that specialize in certain lines of goods. One of these is a shoe house in Ohio which has the position of leader distribution and of the high cost of living. But the country merchant has a very profitable business in the mail-order house. This practice has been spread to such an extent in some communities that the mail-order houses are now everywhere. It is a business that is being spread in packages that will not show their point of origin.

That the country merchant's fear of this sort of competition has been a false prophecy. He was opposed to good roads and to the electric traction lines, a few years ago, for the same reason. Later he found the introduction of the passenger car. His theory was that good roads and traction lines would make it so easy for the farmer to get to the market that the market would be so large that he would be able to get to the city the farmer has become satisfied to the use of more goods and better prices. He has found that the market is so large that he is able to carry a larger stock of goods than he could carry in his store. He has found that the market is so large that he is able to carry a larger stock of goods than he could carry in his store. He has found that the market is so large that he is able to carry a larger stock of goods than he could carry in his store.

The fundamental principle of the mail-order business is cash. This has been recognized, almost from the very beginning, and the fact that the mail-order business is a cash business has been built up. The customer has to pay in the truthfulness of the description of his goods. He is not allowed to return his goods, in his own mind, he sometimes the price. He compares it with the price that he can pay for a similar article in his store. He is not allowed to return his goods, in his own mind, he sometimes the price. He compares it with the price that he can pay for a similar article in his store. He is not allowed to return his goods, in his own mind, he sometimes the price.

A large of traveling iron roads a good deal of money. The mail-order business is a cash business. The customer has to pay in the truthfulness of the description of his goods. He is not allowed to return his goods, in his own mind, he sometimes the price. He compares it with the price that he can pay for a similar article in his store. He is not allowed to return his goods, in his own mind, he sometimes the price.



THE PORT OF MISSING MEN



Interfudes

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 Idioty 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.

"Interfudes, sir," replied Mr. Babson.

"You may give us an example, Mr. Babson," said the professor.

"Well, sir, if you should meet an interloper abroad

near 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 post."

"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 Washington?" 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

"Was, 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

HARLEY 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

POWER and power-driven machinery are very largely the basis of modern civilization. Since James Watt's improved steam engine 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-drawn 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 new 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 power-energy horsepower than all other industries combined. The American farmer makes 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 each acre—and, 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 pinched 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 his 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, sheller, 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 hoppers 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 sheller 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 shellers, cultivators, and binders for cutting. Less than one-third the farmer labor cost is put into each bushel. The farmer reaps more and the consumer pays the profits of handling all along the line, and still it cost cheaper corn than the second or third generation back. Shelling runs for the "chickens" 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 culture-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 \$150 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 days, yet hay often almost equals grain in price per pound. Into the bin of hay goes now only \$1.20 worth of fairly good hanna hay, where it cost sixty 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 cow-eaters farm on straw his whole crop in a smaller barn with less hay for cow feeders handle simply. A dollar a ton converts hay, a bulky, easily inflammable product, into 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, brings some overhead expenses and still-maintains production costs, so 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 chaff-cutter 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 have 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
The best fovee I've had in a long time.
I placed above at hand that he might be in shape
Should any one of them try to mope.
Another held in check with steel he had
A herd of Dandy Lions, fovee and bold,
Which grow, will shell and sack eight hundred to twelve
hundred bushels a day, and the cost per bushel for the
cost of it all.

And still a third he called his Panther Lair
And raised a greatly crop of Catnip there.
Which grow, he liked to drink, "with suitable
food."

And ere one knew it covered all its bed,
He kept fovee Tigerkins with a pair his hand,
By building a small pen the bar behind,
In which he kept the fovee Tigerkins was about,
And Birds entered that he could hear it
grow!

Which fovee fovee, the Keeper of the Zoo,
Had reached the ripe old age of sixty-two,
Work with his labors hard, the most and
stiff.

First of the fovee'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 was well match.



Mindless he had and Fovee's glories;
And for his cock-fowl Fingertimes,
Which he could do, from the night was shak—
Was just a small patch of wild fovee's spot,
Eve for a hole about this wondrous spot,
In hole it from the highway, short, hot,
He placed a fan of back to state of fovee's
Of Black Bear oak, at substitute for Beale.



And now at once he sits and fovee's cost
With a well-worn considerable
Succeeded by the floral symbols that
In all comparisons, fovee's his own
The fovee's cost, from the night was shak—
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!



A Million People

Give These Stockings and Sox the Hardest Wear Hose Know. They

Buy Them for Style

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." Socks is there, and there, there, there in them. Every sock is guaranteed for six months; not just heels and toes. Here are how 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.

HOLEPROOF Hosiery
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.

Write for book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Reverend Avenue 14, South 1st, LaSalle, Ill.



Are Your Hose Censured?

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A WHISKEY OF TRADITION

TRADITIONAL for high quality, absolute purity, satisfying richness, velvety mellowness, delightful fragrance—nearly 80 years the whiskey standard of the world. Every drop of Gibson's is made from selected, matured rye and sparkling spring water; ripened in a fixed temperature; and held in original wood. We especially commend the distillation of 1900—the finest old whiskey money can buy. Imported from our warehouses in order of your desire. Sealed delivery in sealed demijohns, express prepaid by Harper & Co.

Harper & Co.

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Wm. LAMAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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 been found to be sterile. This was discovered to be 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 sap-industry was established, and with this the fig industry became possible in California. Dr. Maggiore Biondi 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 and sterile pistil flowers; in other words, the stamens produce ripe pollen, but the pistils are never fertilized. Another head, which is another set of heads in which there are only fertile pistillate flowers and no stamens flowers. And 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 with the help of her antennae inflorescence, one egg in each pistil. The eggs hatch during the winter, in the hollow receptacle, and the fertilized female immediately fly out and lay their eggs in the spring inflorescence. From those eggs the young hatch out as a short legged, white crawling larva. 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 eggs in the pistils 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 find the narrow opening of the spring inflorescence they are obliged to crowd past the ripe 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 "galled" flowers. Thus the cycle of the spring period in pollinating the fig-tree. These females, however, which hatch out very late in the season, do not have time to enter the fall inflorescence, which bears, it will be recalled, not sterile flowers, and there depend 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 it was not using this method they successfully produced distinct varieties of the plant. For a branch of the wild tree that bears spring inflorescences is set out as a cutting, the resulting tree will bear only sterile flowers; the latter is 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 graft 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 "graft" trees of their groves; or they would make use of the corresponding branches of the wild fig tree. Hence, it is evident that the cutting would be used in the cultivated tree, and thus the wasp emerging from the spring inflorescence was taken an opportunity to pollinate the summer inflorescence, leading to the ripening of the

latter. This explains the origin of the practice of "grafting." It is by this means that the fact that "graft" figs are sterile, and that "seed" figs will not be pollinated not only fail to set fruit, 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 or "graft" 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-trees is shown from the seeds of flower buds, the same as the wild tree. Moreover, it has been argued that as the fig wasp may fly a short distance, the ancestor of the cultivated fig must have borne the stamens and pistils upon the same tree, in a state of sterility. It would be possible that some other insect, instead of prolonged flight, performed the office of the fig-wasp for a distance, 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, and that the evidence is quite convincing.

Through many years of careful selection, the modern cultivator has succeeded 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 requires no pollination for its ripening. This fruit has, in addition to the advantage of ripening at an earlier date, the other, for the labor of "grafting" can be saved entirely. The only drawback lies in the fact that the seedling must be kept in isolation 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 a state monopoly in Prussia. The chief source of the industry is the Baltic coast of eastern Prussia. The gathering of the amber goes on throughout the year, but it is most prolific in the fall, after the seasonal storms, when the winds and the waves throw it ashore. After a storm the fishermen of Prussia sweep 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 nowhere in size, color and form. The value of a piece of amber is enhanced when it bears the impression of plant or animal life. The weight of the pieces vary from about 15 cents to 75 cents, but may reach to \$100 or more. In 1900 the value of the pieces was about \$125 to \$750. A very large piece sometimes attains the weight of five or six pounds. The color is most commonly the familiar yellow, but it may be reddish brown or even red, green or rosy color, and some pieces are quite white. 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, mean, even for the man, woman or child who has anything to do, and wants to get a good start toward life.

A New man tells of his wife's "good breakfast," and also says, made out of Grape-Nuts and milk. 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, anything 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 recovered, and she is picked 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 for her coffee.

"We can't speak too highly of Grape-Nuts as a food, and one can't over-prime." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Way to Well-Being," in 25c.

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.

THE 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 1,195 incandescent arc lamps on trolley service, the total equivalent being 153,000 lamps of 16 candlepower, or approximately 10,000 horsepower.

Compared with present figures these seem small to-day, but not unreasonably high. Electric power was regarded as a special 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 selected 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 electrolytic industrial power and 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 of a still bigger source of physical development of the Central Station system, providing for a more universal application of its output, would be justified.

With electric service 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, or 14,000 horsepower each, a total of 140,000 kilowatts, or 196,000 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, it was evident 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, 32,000 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

erected central station enterprises in Chicago. Their object was to supply not merely light and power requirements for private residences, factories, office buildings, and stores, but to have a very broad foundation for the operation of large 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 been fully 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 in 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 two 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 expansion of its advertising in the home.

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, and 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 country. The directors, the organization of the women employees, is more for recreational purposes, although its members participate in many of the advantages of the National Electric Light Association.

The company's policy is to so much in advance in its public policy and its policy toward employees as to be in the material growth which we have hereby 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 of capital in 1887, it has reached the sum of \$2,764,000 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 hand and belt driven electric motors 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	280,000	4,800,000	325,716
Trams	175,000	2,800,000	204,544
Railway	120,000	2,100,000	175,965
	575,000	9,800,000	730,225

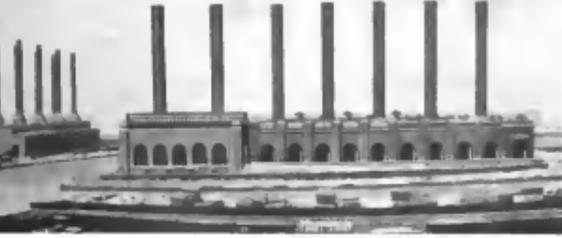
Commonwealth Edison stock pays seven per cent dividends; the rate of interest on the bonds is five per cent. There is no responsibility limitation in the market quotations for these securities, and they are bought by individual investors on a five-per-cent basis.



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.

This brings us 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 reported 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 a few years ago. To improve the situation, the Commonwealth Edison Company supplies one-third reduction from thirty-two to twenty for one-third load during 10 years than one-half cent for one-third load.



Patersons showing 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

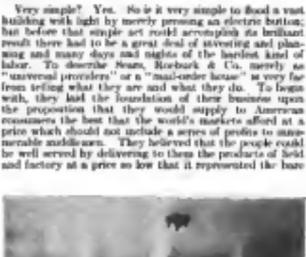


Their Park with Garden, Lily Pool, and Pergola

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 best and factory at a price as low that it 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, receiving, 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 wanted were desired most accurately and proved lower than anywhere else. It made no difference what he ordered; if the goods were shipped in him immediately, and then, if he could 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 envied or closely imitated, 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 built 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, giving 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 sheet 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 fifty 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 desk and corner within it. Those who have been compelled to work by artificial light will realize how much this means to the thousands of pairs of eyes which pour over 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 habits. In the order department, which is a room 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 Hour

More than ten million letters are written each week by means of two hundred



Cutting room of their Tailor Department

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 how 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 the main post-office. By the division of the operations of time-stamping, opening, and examining the letters, and by the aid of machinery, the orders are handled at the rate of twelve thousand an hour. Thus they are examined in the manufacturing department to make sure that the recipient enclosed correspondence with the order; after which the goods are shipped. In one day's mail the firm has received correspondence 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



Their own Freight Sheds accommodating 40 Cars at a Time for outgoing Freight

Yes, after all the wonders of the establishment have been said, 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 world's selling agent of \$50,000,000 worth of goods in one year, it fully deserves the title of the world's greatest catalogue. 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 millions 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, twenty 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.

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CHICAGO

James W. Stevens - - - President

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Offers exceptional inducements to men of energy, ability and good character, who are experienced in, or who would like to enter, the business of life insurance.

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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 promise 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 inland interests 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 less than 1,000 miles from Panama; Galveston less than 1,200. Way 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, as is now done, to the seaboard.

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 now over the trunk lines from both directions into the surrounding lands at Chicago and St. Louis and Kansas City and what, when it is 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 all due to get the benefit of all this additional business are jostled in remote lanes.

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 arteries requires, especially favors them that they challenge particular attention. Of these the most important are Illinois Central, the Missouri, Kansas & 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 open, of the first of the properties, the 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 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 roads, 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 ended last June, had a net earnings of less than half the amount needed to pay the interest debt, 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 asset and that the road is a year or two of merely neutral business, but year's losses are readily made good, is also very generally pointed. 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 laid low in such a way that during the 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's 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 interest, using half 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 account.

Missouri, Kansas & Texas has not back of it the same accumulated resources as Illinois Central and, therefore, even if it had not been disastrous, but it is safe to assume that it will be a good while before its operating conditions are again. And since the end of the last fiscal year, recovery 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 percentage earned on the account this year. Indeed, it, 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 moment, 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 no accumulated funds, and is in traffic which after the Canal is opened will be southward, but, in effect that, has a situation—namely, that 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 the Gulf, indeed, has Kansas City Southern's principal flow of profit from the putting into operation of the Texas coast, the Gulf Coast Pacific and one or two of the other big roads that get into Kansas City direct to the Gulf. For some time to come, 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 line dropping straight down from Cincinnati and Louisville to the main ports on the Gulf, has a location that will not put it in the line 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. As at Atlantic seaboard, 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 moment, the development of the Gulf ports will tend to counteract the outflow, but in the near future, 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 traffic to the Gulf, and for some time to come, at least so far as the territory east of the Trinity & Brazos Valley (control of which is held jointly with Colorado & Southern) into Galveston. The fact, moreover, 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 inland trade, 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 line of the territory east of the Gulf 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 east of the Gulf, which is expected to follow the opening of the Canal might greatly to help the road's earnings.

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A Wooden Almanac

ALMANACS were not allowed in the hands of the common people of Rome until about 1000. The first almanac known to us is the calendar was entirely in the custody of the priests. Did one wish to know the date of a feast day, the hour of the sun's rising or setting, or when there would be a new moon, he must consult the priests, as those records lay in their hands only to be revealed by him. But one day a presumptuous layman named Phylax, secretary of Apollon Claudius, obtained the secret about the hidden observations reserved to the documents or by repeatedly consulting the priests. He engraved his records on white tablets and exhibited them openly in the Forum and so became the possessor of the first almanac.

The famous first plan of Phylax assumed many odd forms from the cubes of stone and marble, mostly in use in Rome, down to the wooden almanac known as the "clock." This was the first paper calendar to appear in England and was used as late as the end of the seventeenth century. The clock was a block of hard wood eight inches in length and three inches in breadth and thickness. It was notched along the top and the four sides in correspondence to the days of the year, every seventh day having a deeper notch. Eighteen marks of a year, twelve days, the moon's phases, etc., were by its own peculiar signs. The Ephemeris, January 8th, had a star. St. Hilary, January 13th, a haberdashery event, the coronation of St. Paul, January 25th, an act; St. Valentine, February 14th, a true lover's knot. All events of the Virginia were marked by a heart. Earlshot in England was a calendar in the twelfth century and the "clock" was in Roger Bacon's (1292) but the oldest one preserved in the British Museum that is in English language is for the year 1431.

During the reign of Elizabeth the exclusive right to sell "Almanacs and Prognostications" was given to the members of the Company of Stationers. This was extended by James I. to the two universities in addition to the existing company, and the universities commuted their privilege, taking an annual fee from the company.

Several centuries after the time of Thomas Corneus, like Phylax, came up against the trust. Before the monopoly, he for three years published an almanac and was now being imprisoned. In 1775, the case was decided in Corneus's favor by the Court of Common Pleas. All sorts of almanacs crept into the making of almanacs—astrological predictions on to the influence of the heavenly bodies on affairs more, poetry, proverbs, and prophecies. In France the people were so influenced by the occult predictions that Henry III, in 1579, prohibited the publishing of any almanac making prognostications. In the time of Napoleon there was an almanac which every day revealed some achievement of the great Emperor.

The first attempt to issue a practical British almanac, made by the Rev. W. Wood for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in 1828.

Print in America was the almanac of William Fiske of Cambridge, 1425, while the most famous was "Four Richards," published by Benjamin Franklin Philadelphia, under the name of the "Richard's," and embellished with wit and wily sayings.

The Nautical Almanac, which aims to give with the utmost precision the exact position of the heavenly bodies, is indispensable to navigators and astronomers.

they looked to keep both the sand, otherwise carried by wind and rain to the detriment of crops.

It was then first recognized that plant life had an influence on the collection in the formation of sand-bills, such as one seen in such plenty on the coasts of England and the coast of the Bay of Biscaya. "Dunes," are either stationary or mobile, as the case may be. When the sand deposited on the coast by the sea winds and crosses and the wind blows later, naturally, one may see behind the sand-bill the vegetable growth that is giving rise to the formation of its roots. In this way are formed the stationary dunes. When the vegetation is extended as far as the sea, the dunes grow in this direction and the curious spectacle is seen of the ocean receding before the advance of the coast, the well-known building in Southampton, England, was built on a beach formed in just this way. The moving dunes, although for some in origin as the stationary ones, their special characteristics in their great mass and the direction and constancy of the wind, which prevent their being blown away, have a stronger tendency to continue a hold in the earth. These dunes are tossed about, often accompanied with the interior of a cultivated ground, in the despair of agriculturists.

In the coasts of Gascony there are great numbers of these permanent marks of these four yards annually. In 1580 the Duke of Anjou passed by the land of Hardeau, was the occasion of dispute to Hardeau, a village on the beach, and the engineer, Brimstone, had himself celebrated by converting movable into stationary dunes, the harbor was built on a beach to form a wall against the sea inlets by making a palisade of the dunes with little posts by a gravelly deposit, the dunes being taken each year. When the sand swept over the beach it had to break up, and the dunes were built on a beach, the stationary dunes would form with an inclination of seven to twelve degrees in the direction of the sea. Behind this palisade the dunes were built on a side of the harbor.

France is by no means the only country that has been so afflicted by the invasion of sand. In Holland and also in Denmark the problem has been studied for centuries, and the best means of prohibiting the poisoning of cattle under a certain radius of the sea in places where there was danger that they might sink, trample down, or destroy beach plants.

Negro Poisoners

The Central African natives is a master in the art of poisoning and they never wait for it. He will never take a drink of water or beer or eat of a dish, even when he is very hungry, until he has tasted or drunk some of it to judge its harmlessness. He is always in fear of treachery and with good reason, for an assassin may easily be a respectable person may be made by almost any one, and the methods of administering them are cunning beyond description. One of the relevant ways, often resorted to when a man gets into his head an idea that he ought to murder some one, is to kill the unsuspecting victim by means of poisoned sticks and, at the same time, to give him some medicine, or actually lead him a similar response. Procuring little sharpened sticks, the murderer bores their points and inserts poison, usually in the form of a mixture of certain herbs or creepers into the ravines. Those who swallow plants up light, but bear a little while, the poison which leaks from the dissolved roots to his garden. Sooner or later the infection slightly increases his food by lifting one of three sharp stakes, he takes no notice of the scratch, for he is used to such a thing, and in a few minutes his head and leg become sore and so later he expires in agony.

The bark and roots of several trees and shrubs yield virulent poisons when properly brewed, one of which has the peculiar effect of making the victim vomit and sweat. The gull of the crocodile, who died in the war and paralytic, is also very deadly. The most fatal poison ever discovered is that prepared from an ugly, whitish, tree-trunk fungus in German East Africa. It grows on the bark of trees and few natives will venture to eat it, for it does, for a mere grudge with a splinter will cause terrible and sometimes fatal inflammation. The natives say that the number twelve men makes will go near it and that birds never rest in its vicinity. To most of the natives it is burnt and its ashes are mixed with water and then boiled down to a thick, white substance, which is used by the natives to preserve their skins, with which hunters submit their names and spaces for the preservation of the gas. Dipping them, after the smearing, in the hot way to form a protective covering against loss of power as well as against accident.

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Private suit for entertainment, laid upon request.

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Man's War Against the Sands

It is calculated that nine-tenths of the sands of the world are covered with sand. What is the origin of this sand, and in what circumstances is its abundance due? Men of science have explained this in part by saying that it is due to the direct effect of the waves upon the rocks, but it is generally admitted that this is not sufficient to account for the quantities of sand which barrens our beaches. It is doubtless a very considerable portion represented by the material carried to us toward the sea by the storms and gales of the low sea. The distribution of sand on the coast depends, in the first place, on marine currents and the topographical aspects of the coast themselves. Where there is no protection in the shape of cliffs, the sands are covered with enormous quantities of sand, but its advance is checked by plants and vegetable growth. The material carried to us by the dragging net serves the purpose of keeping the sand in place and giving cover to the appearance of the average beach. On these vegetable growths, those also mentioned to serve the purpose here which are most abundant and whose resistance to the waves is the most effective of Elizabeth's law was passed prohibiting the destruction of such beach plants, as

The Financier

By THEODORE DREISER
Author of "Jennie Corbridge" and "The Financier"

Broad in its scope, stirring in its power, it is only fair to add that it is almost bound to reveal something of the heart for which it has been written. It is not that there is a least the lighting fire of a strong man, nor is it the unfolding of a lovely life. It is of all a great showing, leaving store, there it is a lesson. In its history, it is a mighty, into larger phases of our lives, scenes destined to rank as one of the most convincing of modern fiction.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

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.

It is, therefore, also the inventive or creative age. Man combines the elements and creates new things that will do the bidding of his genius. He conserves his powers for greater fields in the march of progress.

When business developed requiring duplications of writings in exact facsimile, a way was found to do it perfectly. A stencil process was invented by Edison—the greatest of all business benefactors. This came into existence the Mimeograph, and which time has proven is one of his really great benefactions. The Mimeograph has become such an office necessity that today it is being used in all lines of business the world over.

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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 appearing first has seemed to threaten 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 laundries were accustomed to send his lines hundreds of miles to secure the care and skilled attention for which Troy was famed, and today the name is a synonym 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 business. The machines they built were the outgrowth of their practical experience and not the work 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 than in its last ten years when its output has increased tenfold. No Troy machine goes into a laundry'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 ages of construction, but a greater one to watch the later changes that make it even more efficient, prompted by the records 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 standards of its machinery through the long list 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 same the "Best Construction" that has been the company's standard 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 space 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, entire 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 quality 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 your 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—hospitals, asylums, and the like. The increasing care shown the unfortunate and the generally unclean is not confined to the broad scale institutions. The homes set apart for them in smaller territorial divisions, the county asylums or hospitals, are being equipped with modern laundry equipment, able from charitable and economical motives.

As the power laundry development is more pronounced than that of the institution is the modern hotel. The great city and resort hotels have many of these different plants. The modern hotel plant makes provision for the laundry, and the institution that houses a large number of the laundry-machinery builder for the practical life has experience has given him.

The pioneer and justly famous 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 laundries and the means of entering them rather than to avoid the laudatory 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 *Hoar of Troy* visits each month every known plant in the world, showing 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

GAGE MILLINERY



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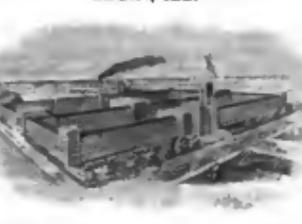
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ELGIN, ILL.



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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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 acres. On the other hand, the Osprey Reservation, North Carolina, covers between ten thousand and twelve thousand acres; Klamath Lake and Malheur Lake reservations in Oregon cover 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. In Pelican Island the only species which breeds in the brown pelican, and as the various birds are listed along 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-necked gulls.

With the exception of Nickerson Reservation, North Dakota, 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 Reservoirs. 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 hand. The stone is then 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, the time of one revolution of the string forming the earth about its axis is drawn shorter 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, new ice 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 amount of the earth is so constantly made in the arrest of meteors being passing

through the atmosphere. Their influence is supposed to add to the centrifugal force 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-moon became evident after the lapse of a great many centuries. 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 grows into 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 first, which is a kind of burrowing tool, is the most important. It is used until it rubs as far forward as his short neck will permit, then with a sharp motion he pulls it back a certain distance from his body and makes an opening. Very quickly the left leg perforates the same operation on the other side, and meanwhile the point-pointed nose has continued to burrow.

In a few seconds his body is entirely covered and only the nose and tail are visible. In three minutes, it is said, a mole will tunnel for a distance of a mile, and the best hunter 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 his mole received its freedom, it had burrowed out of sight, and the observer, with his assistants, dug a shaft of the sturdiest kind, and laid the little digger head 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 dig in twenty-five hours.

The bottom of the tunnels was very rough, about four inches below the surface. At several points it was irregularly in shape, measuring one and one-half inches in width by two inches in height, and sometimes it was triangular, 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 cadavers. Dr. W. K. Pfeiffer, of the Imperial Institute, Berlin, has found that in many unappreciated risks in water containing 1,000,000 cubical centimeters 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 supposed that birds habitually make use of storms in traveling from one part of their range to another. It is pointed out that if a bird cannot find shelter it is not more comfortable on 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 DRAGONMAN

By George K. Stiles

PREDICTIONS are always hazardous, but the publishers of "The Dragonman" 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.

The heroine is an American girl. The hero is a young Englishman. The scene is Egypt—not the Egypt of hotels and tourists, but the grim hinterland of the upper Nile, where few white men ever venture. The East and its mystery, the inner workings of international diplomacy, the mighty power of Mohammedanism, are all elements which make the story one of extraordinary and fascinating interest.

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N. M. KAUFMAN, President

Kohl Castle Company



HERE are innumerable units in the theatrical business of the United States, some of them relatively small and unimportant, and others imposing and influential. Each metropolitan city has its predominant theatrical interest, and probably no one familiar with conditions would deny that the Kohl Castle Company is the ranking theatrical influence in the lively, and by no means shrinking, city of Chicago. Length of service, extent and success of operation, and scope of financial and theatrical business might be considered as a test of relative importance, yet comparisons are odious, and need not be carried to the extreme of irritation. It is enough to say, on the theme of precedence, that the Kohl Castle firm has been fundarily known in

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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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 jabbering for and against this inquiry. To our mind it has been a good thing. Whether anything profitable 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, 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 to 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 so he looks, 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 denying their inability to compete on equal terms for their own home market? Answering to Mr. KIRBY, their confessions to this effect are being advertised in London and elsewhere 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 offer to show the committee what can be done, if 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 in which the committee had been so long and so fruitlessly busy.

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 CLEVELAND put it, "All are our countrymen." We go farther, and freely admit that we do not think that we can do it ourselves, 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 exactly 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—so 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 desperate 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 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 the pressure 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 well-

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 universities are likely to be living into 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 things which have been changed up in Europe hit this coast first, so do also all European revolutions. 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 devoting 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, as in England, and that pressure the East will feel before the West.

Some Tar Head Anecdotes

We gather from Brother JOSEPH'S 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 been a dozen years widowed, his eye is blinded, his nose broken, his jaw broken, and a hole in his right hand broken. He has a bullet in his forehead, one in the left side of his forehead, and one in the left thigh, another in the right leg, and another across the back of his left hand. His forehead was creased by a bullet early in the night 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.

REVEN PETER has a stab wound in the left chest, penetrating the lungs, cut in the left shoulder and the shoulder, and a bullet in his right leg.

AND PETER has a stab wound in the left shoulder and a cut back wound under his left arm. He is able to get around.

NARR HENNINGSEN has the arm of a brick on his face below his left eye.

These were the only gentlemen who participated in the exercises, 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. CLEVELAND WALKER'S statement in *the Boston Herald* in a recent address before the college women's club in Washington inquired, "When her little baby is born, is she going to do her best and solve 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 CUVAS 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 growing 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 more intelligent men than she has had for having had her turn at CUVAS 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 things are not the grain. That soil must be tilled; 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 unfruitful, it is what 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. CLEVELAND said to the college women could be put into effect it would be almost 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 matter, 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 compelled in their curriculum to study things which were not 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 child or a 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 sending "at the back of the benches" of Gov. M. LOVELL and now Mr. WEAVER to the Senate, "Cassius M. 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. Russ 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. Russ 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 WALKER 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 mention to the women that such Federal control of child labor as 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 ball shows the city's need of a convention hall, though as for the ball it is no loss 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 encountered 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 instrument he is so proud of? 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 the Scotchman's pipe, and in number. CLEVELAND WALKER, the Laird of Galloway, 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 New-England on the bloody field. Then CLEVELAND blew a melody so fierce, so exhilarating, so grunting and blistering that the men that every champion piped and slaved his way through the English ranks, 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.

TURNING LEMONS INTO PEACHES

What Happens when an Irresistible Opportunity Meets an Immovable Business Acumen

BY CROMWELL CHILDE

DRAWINGS BY J. J. GOULD

SOME 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, as large, even to his wildest dreams, as this 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 prosperity 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 cesser 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, electric lines laid out 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, looked 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 gratifying. They were the only really logical ideas. And yet it was undeniable that before Grotting 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 business man and a good trader as well. Grotting frequently complimented him on his skill in both. But he himself could not get the trade.

Gratting 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 Gratting 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 Gratting's ingenuity and special qualifications would have said that there 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. Gratting arranged with Smithkin to buy the stock and sell it. His was to be the end of getting the customers in. "Here will run in the crowd," Smithkin said 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 non-verbal 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. Gratting was now announced with the 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 untried three years of the lease, trade growing so that it was with difficulty the sale-staff there could accommodate the thronging. Meanwhile advertising was keeping his eye like a hawk on every possible location on the main street. He finally picked his store and the corner corner. In 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 his, and now the store was no less a great success than on one was prepared for, the opposite dealers lost of all, and it seemed talk that was worth pages of paid advertising.

Crattin's new home-still was very clear and bright. No more chinks or cracks were to be given away. That look would see the last of them. Instead, on each side there was to be a straight relation of the eye cents—that is, with every purchase the customer got in effect, a present of ten cents to be given what he wanted after he was done. It had taken a sharp, brisk campaign of three years. The "house" had vanished and in its place was a "push" that every one

A well-meaning, hard-working young man in an Eastern town had been advised to sell his 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 very "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 gentleman had left some funds, but the certainty that the establishment was very definitely 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 'lousy' 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 eye."

"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 go 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?"

The lawyer, with unexpected streak of back could have done 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. Meantime 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 disgraced. 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 merit his customers and fraternize with them. The store did not seem to be reaching out for business was was with the people and the prices were 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 the store was doing. And a number of them did not know it. There was little advertising, and that at a steady sort. Conservative location, for the most part, patronized it. Finding the goods 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 in business.

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 to the lawyer, so soon as the papers were signed, that he had tried his best but he could not get the "bang" 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 the admirer. He had a new stock of goods, when the best of hot coffee was served, made on the spot in a percolator. He even cleared a space for live music, and the people noticed. Anybody could come in and get that coffee free, no matter whether a customer or not.

Before six "coffee afternoons" 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 party 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. Why, 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 down no money except the amount necessary to purchase a second-hand motor-car. His method of building up the business was simple. He secured the best of the goods and the most satisfactory on account down, or on commission, practically every piece of machinery they desired to get rid of. These he had ready and on hand. 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 down no money except the most wonderful transformation, and it was not long before the firm had sold all of the old stock on hand.

All the next season 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 attractive, 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 progress.

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 some 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

THE 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 vision of Lincoln had in his contemplation.

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 publicist pen picture of the man who first sought to make Washington beautiful. Under date of August 12, 1906, he writes:

"I hadly through the city stalks the picture of genius, 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 honor, and it is very doubtful in what manner he is rewarded."

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 immortals. 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. Cullom, R. B. Money, and George

Pebody 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 six 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—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 institutions 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 appropriate points the immortal words of Lincoln's forty-year speech and his second inaugural speech. Fronted by a wide marble-encased lapso, 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



It takes one type of man to be a star salesman for pleasure automobiles, a man of quite another type, a different kind of character, talents is required to sell motor-trucks.

Early one morning a scholarly, scientific-looking person, bag in hand, walked into the office of a concern on Upper Broadway, New York. The bag was heavy and its owner seemed tired. His bed 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, land, shop, 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 referred to in a final book, had been in the office of the salesman.

The consultation book, photographs and clerks worked overtime. Before the work was up a neat set of charts was ready and engine, electrician and salesman were hurrying to the factory. There they, only a hard week's work was needed. The ground had been covered and most of the questions were now 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 more than that sum. There was no delay in closing that contract.

It is in ways like these, or very similar, that motor-truck selling is made possible. It is not the salesman who wins orders 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 justify 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 common for motor-truck industry. It is not as in a standard type of business, where in each case there is the difficult 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 let the motor-truck manufacturer's salesmen. He must get business, not just to sell, but to let 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, not to argue, rather than to sell all that might be bought in the enthusiasm of the moment. That 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 will do, and how it will be a factory or department store that has a well organized and complicated delivery system and is willing to make a change from horse, if it can be shown that it will pay to a customer of the better sort, is a matter of fact.

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 industry, and the salesman's plan 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 unless he, the salesman, has had his engineer study this particular motor-truck as carefully as a better salesman the more of the pattern he follows.

Even in the cases where there is this supporting organization at its back and engineer and provision of general manager, an engineer, mechanical, and very able, it is difficult to get proper salesmen. The motor-truck proposition is altogether too new. It is too uncertain, and its history is too understood than any other American business. It has comparatively few affiliations with the automobile business as it was understood five years ago. The clearest automobile salesmen are active in it. A mass of unusual characteristics has to be found by hook or crook. 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 stand up to some very much as a lawyer does with advice in emergencies and whose advice is invariably found to be good.

The man who can sell motor-trucks, that he pleases people, first convincing them, then having his vehicles prove themselves in the cold hard light of his own experience. 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 covers, needs an other salesman than he. He keeps the plant busy. The way he does it is interesting.

He is a man who has done this for five years now—an expert in the delivery problems of certain lines of trade. "Makes" is used advisedly instead of "sells" as he is not a salesman in the ordinary sense of the word. He is a man who has many questions 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 spread 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. Then one day, 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 in 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 able to give you a great detail 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 is a man who is offered sales by 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 sales when 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 or item has been excepted.

"Well," he says, finally, "it's Wednesday now. If we can't get it done by all being put on it, we can on Thursday of next week. Could we have Peter and that crack now dragwheels 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 to see you. I don't think that may help us 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, superior 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 is 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 "intuition." Sales were made out so much by "intuition" as by enthusiastic line of talk—"spit-and-spear"—out of the mouths of men who had good experience and were not very bright, but who were usually about what they were selling. They did not need him. The customer bought a motor-truck for his own pleasure because his father or mother was dead, 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 is something that the customer has to be able to use for his own use, 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 "intuition." Sales were made out so much by "intuition" as by enthusiastic line of talk—"spit-and-spear"—out of the mouths of men who had good experience and were not very bright, but who were usually about what they were selling. They did not need him. The customer bought a motor-truck for his own pleasure because his father or mother was dead, 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 is something that the customer has to be able to use for his own use, 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 that moans—
That with its loud, familiar thrum the field
Of battle, where the dead men lie,
The throb of earth: whose heads appear and cold
Tall with a clinging mist of damp, grave-mold.

Is that the cry of some lost, wild, abandoned
Clothed in the wind that follows after?
Or wail of one who fell to memory preferred,
Whose wail the wail of a realm of shadows?
'Tis but the fantasy of memory stirred,
Stranger! How like a voice long since unheard.

Oh westerling wind that shakes my window-pane,
And bids me lie in late awake,
Basking my spirit, light feet across the lane,
To-night will I walk with thee,
Over your quick, hush the hills again!
Tell me, wild wind and whither driving sail!

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

DOWN on T Wharf, Boston, there is a man piddling shoelaces. He is a young man and brawny, but he has lost one leg, so that his present occupation measures the extent of his capacity for the rest of his days. Despite him is friendly conversation and will tell you a few anecdotes if you happen to be a fisherman and not a lawyer. He was a fisherman 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, Sable Island, Miramir, Harpington, and St. Pierre. At 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-ships to patrol the smaller banks the year round?"

He discussed the subject with fishermen and made a number of letters and worked out a scheme which all agreed upon as practicable: a hospital-ship of twelve or more berths, built for comfort and safety on the lines of modern steam trawlers, 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 trawlers.

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 *Jerkian*, invited me aboard to gratify my curiosity as to how and where this (to a landlubber's eyes) few cable feet of space 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 tray. One of the counter-light and lockers was displayed (the captain called the latter a "forenoon") 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 keep the schooners supplied with great piles of magazines.

The deck the men were leaning 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 bell. 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 fair man aboard, for he is sure of four or five hours' sleep every night.

When the *charlie* comes 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 crane applied to an awning in the direction in the wind. All look, 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 show-thing 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 is the same—the leg could have 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.

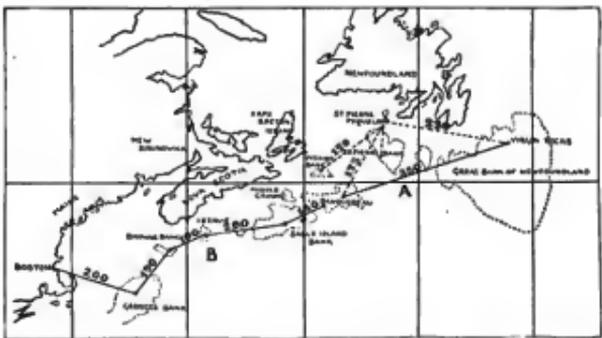
Word passed about the fishing fleet in the treaty by Newfoundland that a doctor was aboard the revenue cutter. It was unexpected both for the American and the doctor was asked his business in being there, administering medicines, and treating stowaway "gummy sores."

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 there sails with her the *St. Francois d'Assise*, with her complete dispensary and hospital equipment and her actively fit-out and ships. All summer she cruises off both sides 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 SOMETHING 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 hidden as well on the mouth of a horse or a watering pot for use in the garden, but failed rather. But, as he had also his pocket now also devoted 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 watch 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 it out, 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."

"Gentlemen," 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 precious article of sewing that fell of itself out of his pocket and disappeared into the metaphoric mass of the mahogany.

"Disfranchise!" he said. "What—what do you call that infernal thing you do?"

"It is my patent vacuum pickpocket," smiled Biggs.



"DOROTHY, WOULDN'T YOU SAY 'HOW DO YOU DO' TO MRS. BROWN?"

"I CAN'T, MOTHER. I DON'T KNOW HER NUMBER."

"For use on crowded thoroughfares, market trains, Fifth Avenue omnibuses, and other places where pickets do mostly congregate. It is a sort of vacuum cleaner-out, designed to render safe, easy, and pleasant the illiberal advance and hazardous labor of the probability explorer. 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 I 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?"

"Oh, yes, 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 yet now. I haven't read 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 all of the things I have to take

Whenever I have stomach-ache?"

"How much do you think a couplet

Would better pay to show his foot

If he were shoes and rubber boots

Go over on his foot-ice-roads?"

"Did Nook have skeletons on the ark?

And how he saved the whale and shark

If he ever 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 BARRING, AND BORN'S BE LOOK JUST LIKE HIS FATHER!"

more, he placed the handle directly over the bottom 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

JULIEN 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 fact that someone 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 arrive there. 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 earth and air 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 haze and muttering short and ugly 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 stuns the senses. During the last eight years an army of skilled men has been tearing down and setting away more than one hun-

dre'd big buildings and many small ones from the newly acquired acres of twenty city blocks; blasting, quarrying, and clearing away from beneath 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 wind, 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—hoped, 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 tow stables in Fourth Avenue from Twenty-sixth to Twenty-seventh streets. That was in



The main concourse for passengers outward bound. The New York City Hall could be placed in here with room to spare

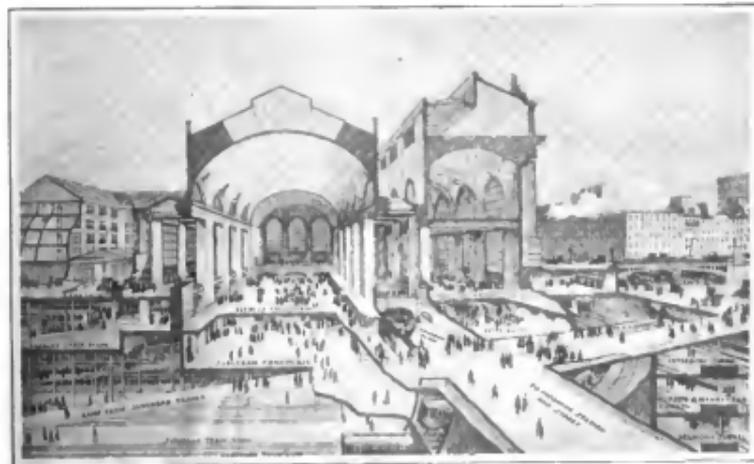
1857, but only twelve years later the first Grand Central station was begun in the open country (originally known as Forty-second Street, and when it was finished ten years later people came from far and near to see and marvel. Within ten years an addition had to be built to accommodate incoming trains, 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 while 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 while 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 characteristics and beauties?'"

"Oh, a few hundred," was the official's reply. "That is a few hundred suggestions of conductors. We tried out the suggestions on Day (at

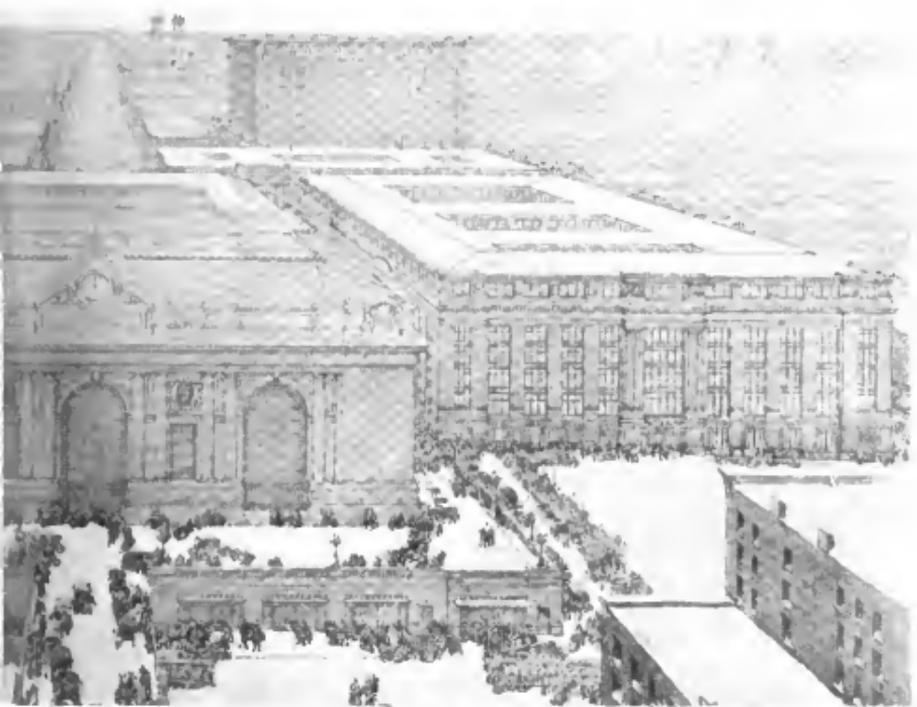


A cross section of the terminal, looking east. Observe the many greatly sloping ramps leading down to and from the surrounding streets and local lines of transportation



A CITY GATE THAT

THIS DRAWING, BY JULES GUÉRIN, SHOWS A FRONT VIEW OF THE NEW GRAY
 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 nose adhered tight. In the whole length of the Arcade was no loath-lier kid like her.

There she roared haughtily amid her glistering glasses, and held forth with dreadful frankness to those whom her blue-gray eyes and like-black hair attracted more than her tongue expelled them.

Yet Mary Agnes's rancor was no reticence, compared with the rancid conversation of her half-bred neighbor in the next stall.

The demonstrator for Madame Privet's Beauty Preparation stretched her pink-and-white rancid-leather across her chin-cape.

"It's a pity that Norel couldn't get married earlier in life," she commented, sarcastically. "Then he might of had children exactly like your agnon. It certainly lowers the tone of this here Arcade, in turn it into a day-mare for sleek kids."

Oblivious to hostile criticism, the huge young Swede in the last booth pointed away at his oddish sign. "Here Jenks, Prensels and Peppers," pronounced the sign.

The sleek kids, their cream-colored hair bristling in two thousand various directions, their dust-colored clothes for as the road is dirty, and obviously with hold by an restraining, maternal hand—the sleek kids slowly and casually filled paper-lugs with pink pencils, 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 gair 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 mix it," she announced, determinedly, opened her little gait, 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 Swede held his crooked brush and held reminiscent eyes on this snapping, fiery visitor. His range of speech turned over nose and lay down. Transferring his gun to the offensive kids, he leaped to rescue the youngest and dirtiest, who was gloriously balancing on the topmost step of a ladder. Mary Agnes observed that the Swede was not clumsy.

Now the scowling Swede, feeling the soil 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 stooped on his knees, and his fat necks suddenly barking under him, here down heavily on the pavement.

The fluffy stuff flew beneath the strain, and his fingers left a gray print on the pebbly edge, but

nobody minded except Mary Agnes. All the others leaped approval.

"Somebody hit a low, Mary Agnes stood with half-open mouth. The peanut man got under way at last.

"That's right, Miss," 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 sleek 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 send a brown every day, she said feebly. "Get one of your own. Then you'll have it."

"That's right, Miss," agreed the peanut man. "A double of the lady's behavior crossed his mind. "You must excuse their manners," he urged, anxiously.

"They got no mother." He laid himself.

The demonstrator surveyed Mary Agnes on her return.

"Well, you made quite a hit with your Morsous friend. He looked liked to drink. Ain't he asked you for your steady company?"

"Hey, I gotta get me a few dozens of new agnes all these pants stays here," was all Mary Agnes answered, as she resolutely walked the polluted pavement.

Mary Agnes was destined to become a cult. Next day the sleek 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 devoted 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," counseled 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 scribble. 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 reptal 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-faced hand engaged in hair.

Mary Agnes shook him off. Grief without remedy made tarnished 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 field interest.

Mary Agnes, following, took his lead, saw the elder peanut children walking along the pebbly 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 fastidiously 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 denunciated 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 unpersons," 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-trucks. 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 fellow-traveler.

The Swede 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, peremptorily.

The Swede 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 fifth glass a slight commotion 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 her waiter.

"It's gonna be a sister," explained the Swede, removing his child from the counter to a stool.

"He's gonna be a nephew, if you don't look out,"



"If she marries a Lutheran, that's what she gets"



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 Shipper," 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:

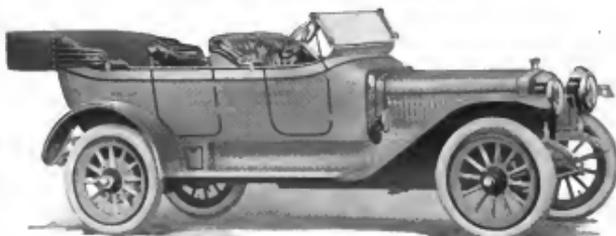
YEAR	CARS	TOTAL MILEAGE	TOTAL REPAIR EXPENSE
1912	20	290,759	\$131.96
1911	20	294,233.9	20.88
1910	10	165,901.9	5.96
1909	10	118,503	127.30
1908	10	63,827.4	15.13
TOTAL	70	1,035,185.2	\$302.25

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 1781, being first used at the coronation of George III. Designed by the illustrious Chippendale, it is deemed a magnificent piece of state furniture. It weighs about four tons and is covered with crimson velvet.

The body is supported by four tellows, and the coachman's box is a large shell surrounded by designs of sun plants. The design of eight pairs of ladies with spears in mid-air of the victory was by Lord Britton over her arm.

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 royalty. 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 chariot 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 carriage that figures in British state ceremonials. There is the Speaker's state coach, which is the oldest carriage in England. It is still in noble 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 appears 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.

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. Six 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 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 not did all others in magnificence. There is record of one built in 1625, for the marriage of the reigning Duke of Farnham with Princess Marguerite of Tuscany. The interior woodwork of this carriage was covered with crimson and gold 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 silver horses on the sides and back hung curtains of crimson velvet lined with silver silk and gold and leaves, while at the top of the standards, from which the hubs of the carriage were hung, were placed silver vases with festoons of silver fruit.

The wheels and the pole were also plated with silver. For the interior the cushions were 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 being taken by the standard of the fort remembered having seen stored away in it somewhere in the fort.

The soldiers of the fort, who selected twelve of his coolest men, passages and grandeur, clothed them in this armor, and covered with steel from head to foot and carrying spears and banners, the men moved heavily, but were not in 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 breast. Many of the men were hurled, struck and believed the soldiers. Some were shot, but their vulnerability, while, after the first action, a moment was passed, their own comrades, broken, broke like ordinary men of haughtiness.

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 soldiers were so confident they had already secured a "brasserie," 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.

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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 Alesia, a body of some 10,000 men, under the command of the duke of Angoulême, remained in the place, whose inhabitants were well disposed toward him. But the remnants of the retreating army were holed by the duke, and, rising in revolt, persecuted the town and drove the Frenchmen into the fortress, which was small and had not provisions enough to hold the insurgents at bay with its garrison.

These insurgents numbered ten or twelve thousand. They surrounded the street and besieged the houses so that they were safe from attack, but this did not satisfy

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15, ABchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, ENGLAND

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: THE NEW YORK LIFE ASSURANCE CO., 110 NASSAU ST., N. Y. C.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

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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 Caranation 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, or perhaps more cruel, than the harshest of true criticism. Thus, ladies are true of national character, that is national and stick in customs is merely so being a pleased girl in the multitude flow of the nation they portrayed. A man does not object to being called material and money mad. He likes it. He caters to it as a trade to let her the process. Notland address being well enough and to carry. She matters more her health. "Mrs. rough!" and even so does it occur to her that the change was serious, deserving attention. Nations and human beings have the same sense 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 characteristic of them is a thing they have as an essential part of them, and it is impossible for them to doubt that the world shares it with them. We are all like the woman in the Phillips fiasco. 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 they have 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 wonder changes more than his vocabulary! We keep one or two characteristics to struggle with, just as we choose our two most useful for 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 expense of the expense of having it filed at stated intervals. It is a type of prevention most internally popular. If by attacking criticism, does one's way it permits of a most liberal 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, or she goes on cheerfully enjoying 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 the process of the start of awfully and small, one's family pushing valiantly from the rear, and crying out, "Good luck, but it would have been very nice, but," "Justice must be done you," which is somehow the perfect phrase. One goes on and gets through it 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, and the way to be truly an unimpaired 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 your life, and you are surprised to find the devil of a fellow. They chuckle at your recollections. Then they ask, "How did they receive you?"

"You say, voluntarily." "Well, they were a little mad 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." "You say, with damping humility." "Perhaps." "Do you recall, then, that you've brought those atoms?" says your family, and you go with looking heavily reply, "I'm really, my family, it's not." "Jealousy," says one family, "it can't be anything else. They're jealous 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."



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."

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 44 or 45 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, misty and unglazed, cold, of mysterious and obscure beyond the conception of the human imagination. And yet they were comfortable midday planets, and their crusts permeated by the steady warmth of the radiable warmth of their slowly lying hearts and favored the growth of gigantic plants and animals a thousand times the earth was nothing but a drop of ice.

The inhabitants of Saturn saw probably the stars, a long way above their heads, the luminous rings of the planet, gilded by the sun, silvered by the changeable light of their slowly traveling moon, or darkened by Saturn's shadow. The human mind cannot imagine life on a planet this dimly lit, but the atmosphere of Mars and Venus is not so different from that of the earth, it is within the power of the imagination to picture life on those planets. The temperature of Mars is like that of the tropical parts of our earth, the temperature of Venus like that of the torrid tropics. Although Mars could not breathe the atmosphere of the moon or maintain the vital warmth on which we live, 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 the rocks of the earth are living 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 close to the sun will be, slowly, in some degree a central fire planet. During the period when an inhabited planet is created the atmosphere gradually of the planet divides itself into the masses of pondering leads, and as the atmosphere divides the provisions may become habitable not in retrogression of heat so that every surviving generation of life would live without it. The species are better formed to resist the cold, as the planets farther from the sun become less and less hot, 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 cooked, 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 meal a strange vehicle drove up to the horses drove into the range grounds. The load seemed heavy and every one was curious to see what it was. And there it came, the pie of His Majesty's "surprise." The pie, which completely filled the vehicle, contained a million eggs and 100,000 pounds of milk. It was cooked in an oven built for the purpose in the woods. After the soldiers had partaken of the pie, the rest of it was given to the army, and in every one in the village now which the army had been quartered.

Platinum in Jewelry

In the setting of many precious stones platinum is more 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 impairs 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.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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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, acceptance by the President, and submission to the ratifying legislatures. For satisfaction. 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-term 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 hardly improve the existing "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 searched his top notch last year, and since election, has been steadily retiring

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 course, but the pending election, which has not yet made the change as it might 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 the one to do the thing. There are a very few individuals who go to that extent, still his subordinates equally interested with him in his re-election will not be divided either by the opportunity, exert their influence and divide their line between the public service and the effort to secure their chief's re-nomination and re-election.

It is difficult to proceed the whole administration from being a part of its effectiveness for the public good. The only way to do this is to have a certain part of the force of such administration. Were this made impossible by law, I can see no reason why the energy of a President and that of his subordinates would not be divided either by a great sense of duty to 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 time in his long career 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 President WILSON, DEWITT, HANCOCK, and all of the other disturbers are for it. Now let the Colored 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 introduced something like thirteen headed nominations to Federal offices, most of them, we presume, post-offices. If confirmed, most of these appointments 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 applicants. 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 conviction 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 would not confirm any of these appointments 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 duties, and that they will probably make some enemies and friends by exercise of their prerogative. What President TART made the fatal 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 argument is CONGRESSMAN'S: "Go forth, my son, and see with what little wisdom the world is governed."

Party Politics and the Progressives

It is so pronounced a Democratic cause as to be Representative. Moreover, it has had the courage of I consider to speak out what he

felt about the Philippines, quite without reference to party. Like the CUNNINGHAM question and the Panama canal question, the question of our policy with the Philippines is one 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 as a thoroughly partisan one, 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 serious violation of the laws, 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 rights then for foreign relations, the obligation to impartiality 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. The Democrats, who were the 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 thoroughly 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 attaching ourselves 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 list on that subject, and the papers, seeking to meet the demand, have had less than nothing to give.

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 there are so many in 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 limitation, saying anything like the Cabinet as it now is. HANCOCK 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 become more and more a thing of sine 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 who will do the work of the Cabinet as a thing of sine as well as in functions. It is still true, no doubt, as HANCOCK justly says, that the ultimate responsibility for

THE MAKING OF A SALON PICTURE

BY BRIGGS DAVENPORT

CPLAIN pictures are produced in a great variety of styles, and are designed 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 theories. The first type comes to us naturally by a process either largely spontaneous or resembling the essay of nature in evolution. And the artistic value of the making of a great picture of this kind must have an appeal for almost every one.

At the Avenue de la Grande Armée in Paris, not far from the Invalides, in a modern building of outward appearance



The first pen-and-ink sketch

most plain, with a characteristic, pale, and insipid exterior, the most remote from any suggestion of the staff of which dreams are made. It is traversed every day, however, by many persons who usually live in a world of dreams. Up one flight of steps into a dusty corridor, softly brightened by a

turquoise mask in plaster over a hotel, and you are on the left the door of Robert MacCamaron's studio. Here was a most incredible and most interesting weaver of dreams; yet a sleepy corpse met you when you glanced around you in his closed door. To his carefully frank about the matter, it looked more like a studio room in a theater than the studio of a distinguished artist. In fact, as he experienced an apt to lounge it. It was crowded with mannequins, some finished, some unfinished, with washes, 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 desert. There the artist worked. From all sides there peeped out of various holes created things emerging into consciousness and dark interstices of the complements of things, until, despite the incongruity of the general setting, a certain sense of harmony was established. There the artist worked. From all sides there peeped out of various holes created things emerging into consciousness and dark interstices of the complements of things, until, despite the incongruity of the general setting, a certain sense of harmony was established.

Robert MacCamaron, said from his very distinguished work as a portrait painter, was something of a mystic in art. The sources of his inspiration were naturally 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 he was being and such things as he delighted to reflect upon his emotions. This mysticism is the dreamer's industry of reality, and it is by giving humanity in part truth. The being

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-absorbed, the morally blind as well as the usually preferred, the suffering saint as of the inner world; 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 MacCamaron's painting.

His making of a whole picture, therefore, was not one of the usual things in art.

Two months before MacCamaron 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 MacCamaron, "are due primarily to the fact that the poor creature that I depict—while I am resting, so it were, from



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 of some new and most valuable."



Half color, half charcoal. The plan has now assumed definite shape

MacCamaron sought for many weeks the models that he had 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 my models had passed before. Most of them he found in the streets. The pathos of a smile, the weariness 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 air you were a stiff slumber 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 catch of their faces," said MacCamaron, "I discovered the trace of an pathetic yearning that some time or other had filled their souls. 'What was it? Not quite a hope, I think. Perhaps, prophetic instinct of a better dawn for humanity.'"

Among the earliest models was a homeless man of sixty-seven years, a bit of a hunchback. He is the first on the left in a pen-and-ink sketch of the initial composition of the picture which MacCamaron first met in a wretched hole in a tenement. MacCamaron described as "a poor little fellow of the paragon, with the unadmirable look of some dialectic, the primitive painter, Masaccio." The third figure is a genuine 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 faces of life, the last face of a dying mother, seem to glow in his bearded and severely seeing face. There is redemption in each feature. The brow is demure, the nose delicately aquiline, the nostrils sensitive. The lips were still to retain something of tenderness. I said once in the little old man, "You are like Verelina the poet." His hot pride for an instant fluttered 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 Madonna appears in place of the girl with the ether ball

This old man was produced to be the central figure of the group. Given the painter's poetic and mystic temperament, it was produced, then, that the personality of the model should assume in his imagination, at one stage of the work, a highly spiritual character. That gradually the more, sweet face should become, even to the unpeppable misery, as most Christ-like; that a soft, barely perceptible halo should glow above and around it. It was produced, then, that the painter's more impressive, more pathetic Christ figure that which in the instance the painter wrought. In the wry eyes, fixed on some mystic point in space, there was a half-wait, but, half-despairing look with lowering, a faint glimmer of questioning hope. 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 discerned in the background. The nearest foreground 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 sitters. 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 posterity most prizes are those that are not based that are intensely based."

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 neutral 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 any trace of aspiration. One day I found the artist in his studio in a great fix. The girl, heberly sure that seven-tenths of my, was not dead, while and death-like in the above. 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 took great interest in the girl who had brought a very charming Italian model, whose complexion, however, was too desolately alive. "I told you," he said, "that the girl must be pallid and thin," at the same time he gave the extraordinary her face. Turn-

ing to me, he remarked in English: "It's a wonder how some women bear their beauty. I painted this so-called girl twenty years ago when she stood at the altar. She had just been married and was sitting close by Eugène Bouever's 'Madison.' But I no longer employ professional models."

The girl with the ether habit was really too much in the Bureau-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-fated life. The features drooped palsy, like the petals of a heavily bloomed. 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 alive, however it may be developed, in the sanely 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 flesh-like 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 absolute 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 rest, is to be definitely determined that it is to give a new pose to this figure in order to add to

face of the middle old man seemed to very believe it all the sorrows of the ages. 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 up. 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 now almost imperceptible, the light of vision is nearly extinct; death's shadow is creeping over the living face, but in the subtle there is still the inward reality, an inward reality.

The woman's error is now almost imperceptible, the light of vision is nearly extinct; death's shadow is creeping over the living face, but in the subtle there is still the inward reality, an inward reality.

The two other persons in the group are absorbed in a British shawl, a psychological series could not be their eyes' distress.



The finished picture, "The People of the Abyss," as it will appear in the Salon

the picture-making of the group. It was immediately after this that the girl with the ether habit was discovered. Although her complexion was so much in the canvas was intensely pale and ground deeply almost, the artist espoused it unhesitatingly.

Thus for the first time appeared the Madonna-like face. The change made at this moment crowned all the previous ones. The half-built, half-revered on the left had become an unshaken 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 down 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 endlessly. Motors with creaking cogs and hoisting gears the ground as they wing into the shadows, the fiery lights of carriage flaring 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 taper 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 their eyesight, but not in pairs, but unbrotherly separated and their presence particularly objection to the throngers. They 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 (she weeps).

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 deck 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 lacquer and wood whose form and color and work are here so normally displayed, have been some gorgeous and language of hand and water to trumpet an alien pulse 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 maze 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 mate bearers with their shuffling loads, 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 these evanescing ships is a cynos of homes, the houses dim and reversed, even a bit hazy in their own circumstance, and all slight behind their 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, pry to its peculiar and intimate affairs, and to the limits of those who avoid and fence through its intricate 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 wares, are alike known to them. They catch the rapid, unobscured progress of countless dancing catamans, 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, accusing eye, they send silver spears for the chitchick of feet spurring away, the lights, loyal again, guard the runner the obscurity he seeks. They know the runner, just as on another night they know the gift, but there's no use in it.

The red-tinted 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, to tattered squares, gleams the dingy square of window lights. The highways themselves are blurred by the dust which hangs in a heavy air.

None of the lights of the city and story and red-ered in the narrow cells of shop windows, "doing them" with a selfless compass, a narrow long slow hope-fulness of care-patience at work. Still others are less aware faring along a street where they are not in warning, but as a lure to the craning craft and a warder of a wretched neighbor. 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 mind. 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 wick in the interstitial flashes of an electric sign. The glow that falls afterward 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 impudience. 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 tumbled 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 radiating reaches of this thoroughfare and set them glow far gobies at nightfall, one's idea of it after dark centers upon the tall, blue-white light, in gorgeous play, which hangs like a smooth, clear roadway. Who could imagine our glimpse of solitation in their radiance? Their sole task is the ancient and honorable of showing the way, and, engrossed 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 gives in Washington Square like the portal to the green cloisters of the park. And from this wide doorway, two, on moon's lean lips 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 rapidly lanes in a gallery, and the noisy crowd at Fort Tenth Street, where the city's frolics grow roaring through, there is little to disturb the serenity of these celestial lights. They have the highway to themselves and meditation and the companionship of certain archetypal boroughs of the town. Not at



Fairyland 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 lullaby" of
feathered children.
Encouraged by
the stage man-
ager—in
father's costume—
the audience
swoon freely in
and out behind
the scenes, and
hesitating eyes
to give a familiar
edge to the
members of the
east, and fre-
quently taking a
glance one out to
supper. Behind the
street, strategic
troupe trundle from
competition, a
kicker's wagon
rattle leads—
cub, an air of permanency
is afforded to it by the worn-out, heavy motionless
the shafts. Two noisy, however, fetters
smoke at its tail-board, dividing their attention be-
tween the possible vegetables about them and an
only blossom who is waving greetings from a post-
office's cart. As a sort of barometer, dark in the
corner, several small children are carrying bits of
wood and paper into the anger of a blaze in the
grate, setting an ominous red dancing on near-by walls.
The very first trial in the street, the fire-woman
at its post at the corner waters the children with his
crimson eye over the bonds 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 lampposts in their
turn, the highest of them well within the radius 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 and Cooper Union in the half-blaze 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 scoundrels. At Chatham
Square, where her dominion begins, the very street
lights convey the dispiriting 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
fervidities more or less their own, with the Bowers

for an indignant and much-valued patron. A little
farther on, the glare of an hotel, which appears
from a window-bow doorway upon the poor 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 well her solemn,
sincere words, but she feels them, perhaps to keep
them from answering her. There comes the better
lividly of the shop windows, which, for the most part,
are an admirable fiery furnace. It seems incredible 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 array of good lights and
bad ones, the symbols of lowest trades rubbing elbows
willy-nilly 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
out and west. 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 lovely water-front lamps,
in the moment the venerable clock looks down upon the lit-
taught highway and her diversions, an uninvited, un-
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leave.

WILL ANY MILK DO?

BY H. W. CONN

THE conditions of the milk industry
are likewise seen such as to put a
Tendency upon poor quality and
carelessness 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 industry has been commonly sold
not on the basis of quality, but on the
basis of price. Milk, produced in a
certain rather low standard set by law, has commonly
been sold as uniform quality, whether
of good or bad, clean or dirty. Leaving out of consideration
the occasionally expensive "sterilized milk," all
other grades of milk have been commonly sold at the
same market at the same price, irrespective of quality,
upon the tacit feeling that all kinds of true milk are
of essentially the same value, a belief that is, how-
ever, emphatically wrong.

The results of this method of marketing milk have
been the introduction of certain quality evils in our
communities which we have been vainly trying to
meet by law. Those who have made a study of milk
have learned that the milk offered for sale on the
market ranges all the way from grades that constitute
the best, sweet, and almost the cheapest food, down to
grades that are absolutely deadly in their effect
upon the community. The grades of milk that are
most to be avoided are those that are sold at the lowest
price, and which contain large amounts of water
and sugar; from that which forms a rich, wholesome
cream that is largely adulterated with water
and filled with poisonous preservatives. But it is
quite of this wide range in value all of these have
been placed upon the market simply as milk, 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 large amount of diluting
milk with water, and the kind of cow that thus
dilutes her own milk, has become the most popular
and the most profitable 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 neces-
sary 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 being 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 uniform quality, and that at 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 sold according to specified grades; and al-
ready some of our cities, notably New York, have
started to introduce the grading of milk in actual
operation. But the "sterilized milk," "certified milk,"
and "three grades have been recognized.

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
detract who advocate the pay-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 edu-
cated or care nothing for cleanliness, quality, and
price; and it is still assumed that the public will
think of the price; and if the intelligent people re-
sist to "interfere with domestic affairs," it is diffi-
cult to make progress, but it is not 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 educated to
appreciate 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 willing to do so,
and 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 this direction, has already succeeded in doing
so, and is thus becoming one of the efficient aids
toward the improvement of the public health.
The public is still assumed to be willing to do so,
and it is thus becoming one of the efficient aids
toward the improvement of the public health.
The public is still assumed to be willing to do so,
and it is thus becoming one of the efficient aids
toward the improvement of the public health.



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 unwholesome milk supply have
proved the need of grading this product. It is a
demonstrated fact, no longer a theory, that tens
of thousands of children lose 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



ART?



Interfudes

SOME SUGGESTED VALENTINES

HAVING 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 Deficit)
 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 Been Rejected
 Your
 Nice to my suit you answered, "Nein!"
 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 won't!

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 forty 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.



TRIFLES 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 Jimpson.
 "Why—er—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 resolve during the Lenten period not to stroll on the moonlight; not to be silly in a hammock; not to have any young men during the two-

light hours; 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 Whickson.
 "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 were 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 *Henry Flood* (seated) listening to *Henry Flood*, while *Lord Chalmers* (seated) is watching him earnestly. The *Irish House of Commons* is a reproduction of the original of this picture, which was painted by *John*



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 Curran 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 room, drowsing, watching the negroes ride by on their way toward town. The Portuguese-Mexicans glared her head were an order 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 went eloquent gravely 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. His skin was brown, but it was the brown of wood and sun—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 children of the Portuguese descended 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—wringing 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 chest, and looked at herself a long time in her small mirror.

"What?" she said, under her breath. She took off the heavy bracelets and threw them on the floor, where they rattled against, flung back at her in the candlelight.

But the next afternoon he came in to talk with her, and now 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. He took it into the house, and the red man looked up from her neck, Wanda laughed.

"Is he 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 most fine," 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 dais 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 riding 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 shabby bench.

"No," 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 want my company?" 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 stretched 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 what you," he said, slowly. "Have you been here always? You talk sometimes in Mexican, then English. You seem—"

He broke off, forgetting what he had meant to say, watching her serious, upturned face. "You don't mind about my coming?"

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 good beautiful. My father is of the Indian. 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. He was before my mother—"

He laughed happily.

"But, even so, it is a odd way to speak—?" There is no 'law' and 'there'—I cannot get close to any one."

"But what you were a little girl?"

"Then—" She hesitated. "After a time, my mother went away with a stranger—he 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 were 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 shadowed line of her eyebrows. "Perhaps I would like to go away—I do not know. There are other paths beyond the hills."

"Yes, there are other places—then, and it is different here."

"Do you see I am happy there?" she said. She leaned toward him, and her braided hair gave a childish sweetness to her face. "I would like to see you, I would like."

She smiled down at her, and there was a shadow in his eyes that she did not see and understand. "You shall go," he said. "I will—"



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."

"Yes—"

"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."

"Yes," 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 sandstone in the desert.

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 tide 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—"

"I already have—decided. I'm going to do it like at 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 livery.

"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 livery and on into the arena, at which Wanda's hands were guided a little, leaning forward in her saddle, cradled over the neck of her pony, Indian fashion.

"You win!" he cried. "No riding 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 creeps 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. "I'm like you," 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—I am trying to remember the things I must remember."

"Listen 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—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, very old."

"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.

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

FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

Money Rates and Security Prices

THE PRESENT EASE IN MONEY AND HOW IT IS LIKELY TO AFFECT THE PRICE OF STOCKS AND BONDS

WHEN a bond and brokerage house, or a few banks, or a trust company, or a money market, or a bank and agree to pay a fixed rate of interest for a certain number of months, it is not because it is believed that the cost of the money at the fixed rate will be less than it is at a floating rate on a day-to-day basis. A time, in other words, when large users of money in Wall Street or elsewhere are willing to pay, say, six per cent. for four months' money, is a time when they figure that the average rate for call money for the next four months is going to run considerably higher.

Back in December Wall Street houses were paying full six per cent. for four months' money—that is to say, for loans running into next April—and were glad to get it at that.

Fixed conditions of loan in the money-market are, in other words, a good deal of a surprise. That rates should run off after the first of the year is not at all unusual and entirely according to precedent. But that call money in almost unlimited amount should be going begging at less than three per cent. that bank reserves at New York should be rapidly approaching the condition which the financial writers love to describe as "placid," that we should actually be exporting gold in large amounts—this, certainly, is a state of things which the "Street" did not foresee. What was expected in the money-market was a gradual increase in rates very different from what is being implied that a good deal of attention is now being paid in money conditions and that possible effect on security prices. Near this time of the year, it is not over-enthusiastic to say now over the outlook, in advising it clients that the change in money-market conditions will operate directly to raise the price of both stocks and bonds.

High money was expected; now, instead, rates are low and any amount of money is to be had. Money security prices were looked to rise. Bonds yielded enough, but, unfortunately, before that condition is reached, say in two or three other things have got to be considered. How much more Wall Street is going to do in the money-market—what has brought it about? Then, can it be expected to last? January has been a month of surprises, but how about the next two or three months? Is the money market really as easy as it seems, or is it only a temporary ease, the result of a combination of circumstances temporary in their influence? Because money rates are low in March and April, in this case, perhaps, is another of the years which have opened with a high supply, only, a few months along, to have the money situation change and the banks charge a full rate for accommodation?

Let us remember first that it is impossible for the present ease in money where did Wall Street get away in its estimate? Primarily in the amount of money it figured the interior would send back into the big cities after the first of the year. Crap-merchandise being considered, it was to be expected, of course, that a good deal of currency would come back from the rural districts, and with business as active as represented it was figured that the interior would continue to have pretty good use for funds. Certainly no such change of cash as has passed into New York and the other big cities was to be expected.

Cash receipts at primary points during the past few weeks have had the result of driving money rates to a low level, that is, to a level which has been regarded with nothing but universal satisfaction. It means one thing and one thing only, and that is that either as a result of a general increase in business, or that the money was sent through the country or else that business were so an active as was generally supposed. In money conditions, of course, an increase toward higher security prices, but which is not as great as it is only too plain that the reason such is plentiful and rates are low is because business is falling off, or that existing effect of the low rates is not likely to be so very great.

In the second place, in the present low level of money security a secondary condition is to figure that two months' time now or three months from now stands will still be obtainable on the present conditions, and that the money market will be so established, upon the extent of the reaction in business. Trade has at no time during the past six months been so active as a great many people have been led to believe, but the volume of business has not been so large, and to carry it on has required a lot of currency. By no means considerable out-of-pocket investment in business, however, the amount of cash will be released and added to bank reserves, straightened that the trade reaction continue even to a moderate degree during the first of the year. The increase in large money will surely gravitate into the cities during all that time.

Quite honestly, it is not likely that there will be a time when there will be less light of that from several sources, other than business, heavy

demands will be made upon the money market during the first of the year. It is not likely that there will be almost a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of new securities, and while that may not be so large a sum as it would be for a similar period in the past, the fact that the public opportunity is being awaited promises to bring the total for the current half-year well above all previous records. Not as these issues of domestic stocks and bonds, only now and then the market will be called upon to absorb. Following the conclusion of peace between Turkey and the Balkan Allies at least half a billion dollars of foreign government bonds will be issued, a very considerable proportion of these in this market.

Another thing to be seriously considered from a money market standpoint is the effect of the current outflow of gold. Because of the flow of currency into the New York market from the interior, the flow of the specie million dollars in gold which have been shipped away to Paris and Argentina has exerted itself as an effect on money-rates. If continued, however, the outflow of gold is bound to exert a very great effect. As long as cash flows from into the cities from the interior the gold we are shipping abroad will probably not be missed. But let the movement slow down fast or be bound some to do and the amount taken out of bank reserves by gold exports may be made good by receipts of cash from the interior, and the situation will very soon change. If that we have been so freely sending abroad, it must be some in kind, in money means, which the interior market will be bound to feel. It is a matter for early and the inland banks begin calling upon the deposits they have in the cities, and the fact that so much of the money has been sent away will quickly enough make itself felt in the rise in money rates.

Were the banks of the country in a strong position to receive the money, the fact that a few million dollars or even twice that amount would make little difference one way or the other. Unfortunately, however, the interior market is not in a position to receive the money. According to the Comptroller of the Currency's last statement, the increase in the loans of the country's national banks was only \$100,000,000 in the last year, and the fact that the percentage of reserve to liabilities, for all the national banks, is 20.5—no very high figure—shows that the banks are not in a position to receive the money. The fact that the banks' reserves to their liabilities stand at 20.5—no very high figure—shows that the banks are not in a position to receive the money. The fact, therefore, that money rates are low at present, is not a very unusual thing, and that this condition alone. Even if business does continue to react and a further large amount of cash is received, prospective demands upon the money market are such that confidence of low rates for any great length of time can hardly be expected. What seems to have happened is that a combination of circumstances has operated to bring about, for the moment, a condition of great ease, which will be followed, and in the not distant future, by a period of very much firmer rates.

But whatever the latest course of the money market may be, the fact remains that money is exceedingly plentiful and cheap at the present time, and that this condition is a very serious matter of very great importance.

In the first place, in a number of the "pools" in which the money market is active, the present money market means the opportunity to resume active operations. It means that the money market is now so easy that one can sell and still stand up in one's affairs actively, but in a good many instances it was a single step to raise cash and doing nothing until money was needed. It means that the money market is now so easy that one can sell and still stand up in one's affairs actively, but in a good many instances it was a single step to raise cash and doing nothing until money was needed. It means that the money market is now so easy that one can sell and still stand up in one's affairs actively, but in a good many instances it was a single step to raise cash and doing nothing until money was needed.

Now is the fact that most of the managers of these pools are not in a position to receive the money. It is significant of the fact that the current ease in the money market is not likely to last long, any decrease in the completion of activity. Quite the contrary. For the money market is now so easy that one can sell and still stand up in one's affairs actively, but in a good many instances it was a single step to raise cash and doing nothing until money was needed. It means that the money market is now so easy that one can sell and still stand up in one's affairs actively, but in a good many instances it was a single step to raise cash and doing nothing until money was needed.

rolling, a great expectation seems to be justified. It is not likely that there will be almost a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of new securities, and while that may not be so large a sum as it would be for a similar period in the past, the fact that the public opportunity is being awaited promises to bring the total for the current half-year well above all previous records. Not as these issues of domestic stocks and bonds, only now and then the market will be called upon to absorb. Following the conclusion of peace between Turkey and the Balkan Allies at least half a billion dollars of foreign government bonds will be issued, a very considerable proportion of these in this market.

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Were the banks of the country in a strong position to receive the money, the fact that a few million dollars or even twice that amount would make little difference one way or the other. Unfortunately, however, the interior market is not in a position to receive the money. According to the Comptroller of the Currency's last statement, the increase in the loans of the country's national banks was only \$100,000,000 in the last year, and the fact that the percentage of reserve to liabilities, for all the national banks, is 20.5—no very high figure—shows that the banks are not in a position to receive the money. The fact that the banks' reserves to their liabilities stand at 20.5—no very high figure—shows that the banks are not in a position to receive the money. The fact, therefore, that money rates are low at present, is not a very unusual thing, and that this condition alone. Even if business does continue to react and a further large amount of cash is received, prospective demands upon the money market are such that confidence of low rates for any great length of time can hardly be expected. What seems to have happened is that a combination of circumstances has operated to bring about, for the moment, a condition of great ease, which will be followed, and in the not distant future, by a period of very much firmer rates.

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In the first place, in a number of the "pools" in which the money market is active, the present money market means the opportunity to resume active operations. It means that the money market is now so easy that one can sell and still stand up in one's affairs actively, but in a good many instances it was a single step to raise cash and doing nothing until money was needed. It means that the money market is now so easy that one can sell and still stand up in one's affairs actively, but in a good many instances it was a single step to raise cash and doing nothing until money was needed.

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The queer
deer kiss
for the
be-whiskered hubby



"Beg pawdon sir,
one moment, and the
missus will see you"



If for man, why
not for beast?



The Daily Lemon
extra addition every hour
sterilized by order of
the board of Health



"I refuse to drink
it unless it is
sterilized"

Frank



DROP A
DIME IN
THE SLOT
AND GET
A
SANITARY
SANDWICH



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 large-grade optical glass available for lens-making 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 surface and the glass is taken from the disk shall be perfectly annealed. To 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 in a "stump." This secures the important 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 glass sand with water is thrown upon it. It proceeds to still more nearly the right size and the glass has reached a point 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 swirling of fine sand and water is used. In the case of large lenses, polishing and grinding are done on massive machinery installed in a room the temperature of which must be maintained absolutely constant. Such caution is necessary at this stage that even windows must not be opened, since a particle of dirt from the street might play havoc with the bit of glass in the workman's hand. It must be remembered that by a few seconds' error and irreparable loss to the manufacturer's worth of part is lost.

Coarse pitch and acids of iron are now thrown upon the remaining work. On this the lens is put. 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 annealed. 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 in most common use. 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 its present position, they find a French heretic. For several years he has devoted a large amount of his life to the study of the life of the egg, and he has discovered these bacteria. His method consists of keeping the eggs in an atmosphere of a inert gas, as nitrogen or oxygen.

low dioxide. This prevents oxidation completely, and, among other things, prevents the eggs from becoming rancid. The eggs are placed in this case, 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 pair of exhaust valves which admit air to the atmosphere. 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 dissolved in the albumen. 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—usually three degrees above freezing. No attention need now be given to ventilation or to the atmosphere of the room.

The advantages of this method are that the eggs do not dry through the shell, they do not oxidize, and they are absolutely safe from decay after six months of storage; and in this length of time the albumen does not become in the least discolored.

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 placed on the ground 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 really 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 reason 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 picture of the Chinese people only to Confucius.

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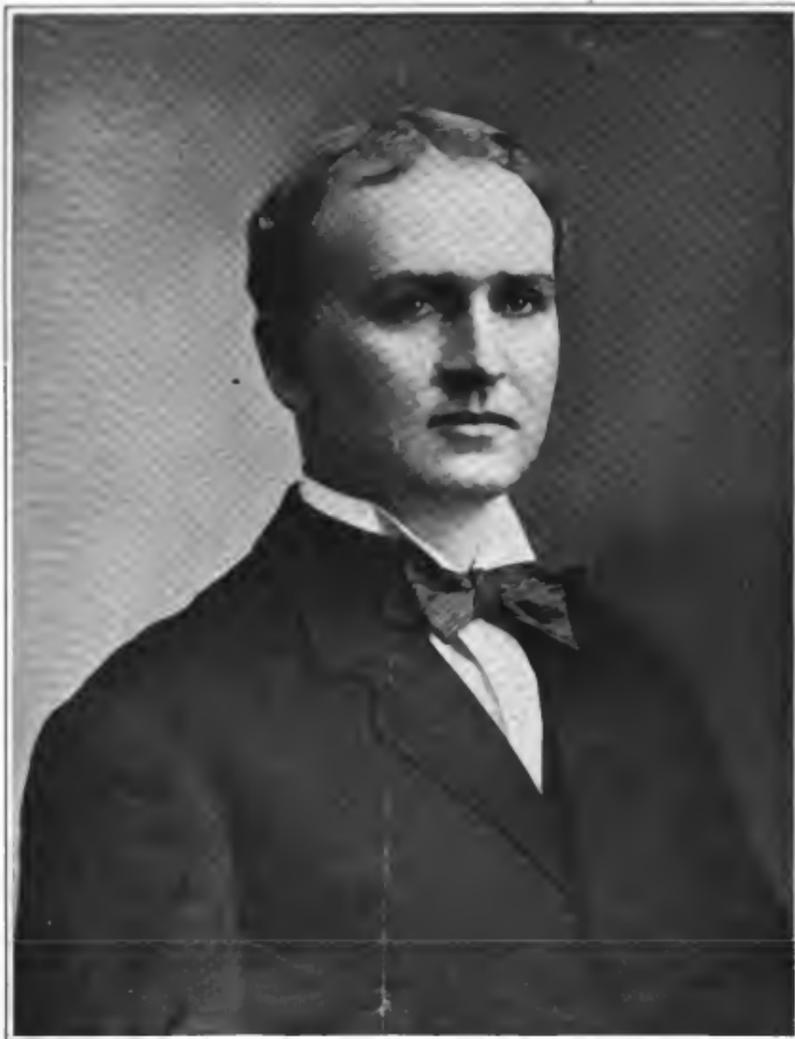
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THE NEW EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

President-elect Wilson's first appointment is that of Joseph P. Tammaly, to become executive secretary under the new administration. Mr. Tammaly 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. Tammaly 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 almost any hundredths of them could not possibly qualify themselves in form of an 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 UTTEN gods!

Oh, my!

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. Let their initiative in the Democratic party might still be debasing 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 hundred years of proof. 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 good faith, these people. Let them keep their word. And I for one am not afraid.

That is the way JAMES H. CHAMBERLAIN at eighty looks at the Panama Canal tolls question as between this country and England. Mr. Chamberlain has been re-elected 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. Chamberlain'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. Chamberlain 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 relinquished the Hellespont claims to arbitration.

The True 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 had his talk 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 HANCOCK may have set up. Now Brother HANCOCK is on a streak, and while he hasn't yet made any report as to the probability of an immediate invasion, we are assured by the *Observer* that his private letters are decidedly comforting. Moreover, they show indications are

confirmed by Mr. WILLIAM ANDERSON, 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 HANCOCK 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 (HARVEY) 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 them so far from neutral articles 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 war against the Emperor of Manchuria, or 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

Lordensberry has sent a Home-Ruler to Parliament to succeed a Unionist. That is a curious commentary on the Unionist talk about Ellers' possible violent resistance to the Home-Rule bill if all the Unionist members of the House of Commons do not stand alone. There are other constituencies in the north of Ireland that send Nationalists to Parliament. It is the simple fact, really, that Ellers is closely divided on the question. Probably a majority of the Ellers 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. HARRIS, is himself a Protestant. If "Ellers" is really going to indulge in inaction, therefore, it will probably have to begin, like charity, at home. It will be necessary for the inactionists 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 election at Londonderry Mr. BOYAN LAZ, after gracefully expiating his own swift abandonment of his announced position on food duties, was heroically demanding of Mr. ASQUITH: "Does he intend to let the Unionist vote be taken 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 Nationalist feeling and pride of race had no place in Ellers.

On the contrary, Mr. ASQUITH recognizes, what the *Times* does not, that there are at least two kinds of religious feeling in Ellers and two kinds of pride of race. He also recognizes that Ellers 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 two sides to them. It is troublesome and some-

"Yuxtree Yuxtree!"

by
William Inglis
Drawings by
F. Strothmann.

The 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 scolding misanthrope.

"Whoop! Yuxtree! Yuxtree!" he boomed. "Git dat out er! Full account of 'em American best de English! Yuxtree Yuxtree-er-er!"

He was a lanky 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 City-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 howlings, and jingling keys.

For this was the day that the four-crowned crew of Columbia University beat the best crew in England for the Victoria Challenge Cup of Hockey. And although it was away back in 1878, no other American crew has won as heavily since. Indeed, those able Canadians feared the only crew that ever defeated 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 seeing my horse and vehicles might kill or cripple a fellow if he didn't step lively, and stealing rings on the ends of tracks, and getting into fights with street-vendors, they were bigger than I was, or they couldn't have liked me; honest, they couldn't—yet I remember this particular Saturday the best of all because of that red-faced barber and his beautiful, howling 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 the river. From far up the hill in Twenty-ninth Street, beyond West End Avenue, came the ominous high-pitched clatter, somewhat yet distinctly yet indistinctly, of a printing press.

"Yuxtree! Yuxtree!" cried a high baritone.

"Full account—beyle be of 'em—dab-dab-blah-blah!" roared 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.

Indistinctly we heard a crowd of men, some men were away from home—traveling on ships that might be wrecked or trains that might plunge in the ditch, still staying in hotels that might be burnt to the ground by blazing flying pyres—ran out in trembling haste, or went out, to buy the newspapers those men were reading. Backed with visions of death or the burning of the beloved, they could hardly command their eyes to read the printed lines. And yet, in spite of their faint, or more legs, to make up for the weakness that there was no wreck, no fire, no "beyle be loss of life," no horror of any kind that the barbers, with their shouting and howling, were to be feared, were proclaiming with such blood-curdling yell. The papers they carried were more solid early editions of the morning, showing the day's progress of the war, the barbers. The lakers 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 be carrying pockets, just as the common thief uses pistol or hatchet. You wonder, if they could not be convicted of robbery, or of crime, and imprisoned for long terms. That might do some good.

Sowhere else in America, or in the world, do we find of extraordinary new and startling events, or the converted appalling crisis that characterize the barbers of New York extra. The men who say "Yuxtree!" through the streets of New York, on Derby or St. Ledger day, as they sell extra, and the fellows who hunt so plianctively along the Park side streets as they sell their extra, are as different from the New York barbers as are the Paris

barbers, and yellow boys who dash down the Prude and across the Park Central on Saturday afternoon shouting "An-ah-nah-nah-nah!" 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 Ninth 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 Dover Square was the Printing House Run of the city in those days. Little old New York was pretty small then, but she supported four newspapers. James Rivington'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 so 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 levy of today, while some round down the river and on to Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, and even to Bushwick."

"Don't you see those old-time carriers—lanky 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-topped shoes, clanking up the Broad Way or Queen Street. How goes a pair up Cherry Street, making the people out of their beds—"

"Yuxtree! Yuxtree! 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!"

"Yuxtree! Mercury no Advertiser! Great American victory near Monmouth! General Washington kills the red-coats at raptores the red. Don't believe Johnny Rivington's lie! Read that extra!"

"Those fellows served papers along the same route and—some knew their streets. Generally the rival papers had different publication days, so the carrier didn't clash; but when the war strains were loosed they always tried to outrun the other, and to outdo each other. Believe me, the big black scabbards and the howling 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 clamor 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 except the rival newspapers. Then the carriers would trot up the streets shouting "Yuxtree! The good ship Prisoner 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 was the shouting of the rival newspaper: "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 Rivington'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 Barber 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 morning at the 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,

mine horses, automobile and aviation accidents, and the fact of Miss Perry's action in Lake Erie was cited through the columns of News and Notes by the bankers, who easily got a York shilling (twelve and a half cents) for papers that ordinarily sold for two cents. When steam navigation was invented and canal steamship companies began to give returns about the bay or on the Sound or the Hudson, the bankers found a new field for their exploitation. They arrayed themselves in waders and long leaved reppel boots and brass waistcoats, and straggled up and down the piers at Fulton and Bowline streets and the various slips, each jolting the names of his own vessel and ship and deriding the other as a robbery and an unscrupulous and dishonest man. Some how the bankers were apter to later devoted their energy to the stock market, but they were strong for demoralization and the same system.



Strutted up and down the pier, each yelling the praises of his own noble ship

Possibly the ring laid the net on the turf at Nevada Mine, Maryland, in which Tom Haver had a hand as early as 1848, and we find that in the announcement of the discovery of gold in California a few months later the bankers worked in concert. The modern rush to the gold-fields of Nome and the Klondike affected many thousands in various parts of the country, but the proclamation of the discovery of the yellow metal on

the Pacific coast intoxicated the whole country. And the extra bankers who had so long tried to draw out one another's shoals now saw the advantage of combination over competition and formed syndicate trusts. Possibly they were the first trusts in America. And in combinations of two they have worked ever since, the best or high burynia getting on one side of the street, the lesser running his diabolical confederates on the other.

"PUTTING ON SPECS"

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY

ONE evening when I was visiting down in the country Mrs. Harding, the hostess, suddenly said, "Mr. Hemmingway, you need glasses!"

"I thought as if I had been accused of picking pockets or trying to lasso the moon—at least I felt that way, though I hope I did not mean to do any harm, and goop and goop and do a few little things like that to cover my confusion so I replied: "Oh no, it's just the angle at which the light strikes this paper. There's a glare that confuses one's eyes."

"No," said she, "it isn't the angle; it's your eyes. See, your eyeballs the magnifying glass on your knees and your forehead. You need glasses."

I smiled, tried to auster a little by way of showing that the suggestion didn't concern me in the least, but the host and guest knew I was in it, we always have in some when the blow falls—the school-boy with the hot sting of the master's frown on his chin, the horse-racer who has been spoken the better as he reels forward to defeat, even the merest shod of a man when the doctor solemnly says, "There is no hope for you."

I thought of smile and auster, the best laid plans, but the changed angle of lighting didn't make the front any plainer. I determined to fight off the hideous specter of presbyopia, I tried the suggestive half-way from the knees to the eyes, but the signs of the underlying type had already developed a decidedly blue. The eyes traveled the ragged lines with all the pain of late feet in deep sand, as so much easier, these were all my friends. "It's so so so so so, so so so so so the slip on the ramp."

"That night I thought about it a long time—presbyopia, from presbia, an old man's foot, night. It was ridiculous, with presbyopia! I, the man who would never grow old! But alas! 'twas true."

So, Another stage of the journey was definitely marked. The medical man came flanking by, so close they seemed to embrace one another; my first knickerbockers, on my fourth birthday, when I laid Mrs. Blackwater in was a man and she gave me a new frock; my quarter to put in my little pocket; the first long trousers, part of a suit of brown broad—do they still exist? I tried to find out the first—no, the first girl I worked at, the first last man; when four George Helms tried to catch me going young crew and to see up his right by way of reply.

The first girl. Who has ever remembered the first girl—unless she has happened also to be the last? Away with idle theoretical! A condition, not a day dream was needed. Presbyopia—the beating of the swift glide down the hill, with the dark splurge at the end! No more racing; no more hard training; no more results. Hereafter gentle exercises hitting asphalt!

Morning light brought fresh resolution. What number in the list of countries with this glorious, glorious sea in the sky? I held the morning papers near an eye and read them with so difficulty at all—or at least some words, thinking about. At all I could trace the flight of the longest ball with perfect ease. But look—no—lightness is a symptom of presbyopia!

The evening was signing his trousers near. . . . It was a hard fight, but Father Time, as ever, without seeming to try, won the victory. I called on the eminent oculist early yesterday morning, and the doctor knew that Topsy stood before him. He smiled, confessed it was a day and didn't think we were ever going to have my vision. He asked questions and made down the answers with a flourish—poor on the "history" book.

"My real name is Presbyopia," I said. "In coming down here I have taken the first step in my future march."

"Hah!" laughed the doctor. "Your former march will keep awhile. Lots of new become presbyopia at thirty. Now tell me, does the vertical or horizontal diameter of that circle show the broader?"

He went on with the book—D. E. N. Y. It and all the rest of the mixed letters in a rapid dinamo of type. He drew down the window shade and raised before me a little black target about as big as a two-dollar bill. He pointed the handle of a gun, and instantly a brilliant electric search-light glared in the midst of the target. Very slowly and carefully he guided the lighted ray up and down, to right and to left, through the eyes, and, far, far into my most hidden thoughts.

"No," he said, suddenly answering the question which had just begun to form itself in my mind. "No, it won't interfere with your golf. You'll need glasses just by reading. Your eyes are very strong. Those you have been carrying them too hard for the last few months. There is no ailment—some words mentioning."

The expert wrote a prescription for glasses just as the ordinary physician would write one for headache powder. Great Scott! What an advantage from the golden days of the Time of Hazyard when Moses brought home a whole basket of spectacles he had taken in trade for the family horse.

The oculist announced across the hedge of my nose, shook his head, murmured again, and said, "It's very broad, very broad."

"Yes," I agreed; "It has straped a great many streets in the city. . . . That evening the . . . I had not a workable . . . First I tried on a . . . from which de . . . were shaped like . . . sections of a glass p . . . the oculist. He loo . . . was treating my tem . . . as a . . ."

Ann Street is the home, the most, of all sorts of fakers, and here the "circulation-men" of the newspapers can secure the accusers of scores of them at one moment's notice. A big page of news comes in, by telegraph, cable, wireless, telephone or afloat, and long before the second or third copy of the big black ribbon-print blocks have been selected for the headlines, word has been passed down to Ann Street, and the big bankers and editors are there to come from the press. If the news is appalling, runners dash up Park Row and the Bowery, and then the army of barbers is doubled or quadrupled almost in the twinkling of an eye.

Sometimes—out often, but at widely separated intervals—city barbers are used as furnishing their enterprises. Not very long ago a rich young man was on trial for deliberate, premeditated murder. His prospects were bad. In spite of the efforts of an army of able and costly lawyers, he was in imminent danger of the electric chair. The jury retired to consider their verdict late in the evening. A young man bravely to the defendant's room, and in a moment of the darkest chance of barbers. Neater and neater it drew. Now the eyes from the street flared up through the still evening air and in through the open windows of the jury room.

First voice: "Yuzno-yuzno! Gli dit' est' est'!" Second voice: "Full enough of de dead' of Chasley Robinson's mother, and a back head!"

After a few seconds of silence the cries of the second pair of fakers died away; then the third; then the others in turn—until the effect that the defendant's mother had found of grief.

That jury disagreed. The believing of the barbers had effected more than all the eloquence of the high-priced lawyer.

Most of the harm done by the fakers, however, is perpetrated in the remote residence streets far up-town, the village of the rich and the aristocracy. It is there that strike their foul blows at the emotions immediately after dinner, when the cooling power of the vintage just in. There is a tendency to observe—I judge to strike the vendors of false extras pushed, but as this results more discomfort in the complainant than in the manufacturer it is rarely availed of. If the fakers are not so astute as a trick it would be much pleasanter to dust the jackets of the fakers with rock-salt in crystals about as big as buckshot. This never kills but stings, and induces a cure.

One protection, simple and sure, is at the service of every citizen: If the barber jangles his words on you, remember that you are not a child, but a thief and a second-hand. When the news is startling and the extra genuine, each word the barber utters is to be taken as a warning. Don't buy unless you understand all his cries.

I stamped them on the heavy part of the bridge of the nose.

"No, no," cried the optician. "That won't do at all! About five thousand people out of five thousand put their glasses on wrong. I have seen—I have seen glasses above the bridge and as close to the eyes as possible. I spread the upper lids wide apart and note the position of the eyes. If the distance from the nose. There you are, sir! Now, you try it."

He pushed forward me a small oval mirror that stood in a row of others. I saw it, and feebly worked at eye-glasses. Right. When I got the glasses high enough I had the top part coated too far forward. Again and again the optician had to push out the lower part of the glasses.

"Now you have it," he said, after half a dozen trials of my skill. "Please remember: It is the glasses that are fitted with the face and close to the eyes as possible."

"Hm—hm!" I exclaimed; "they'll give me cramps in the neck and back unless the optician has been so kind to have the glasses a thousand times before. If you like, you can take a pair of someone and trim your spectacles short. The best of it is that if the family will object that the trimming spoils your looks."

A man's looks! I shuddered. "Who ever heard of a man losing his looks?"

"You'll see," said the optician—and, by George! he was right. About a week later my still hair had become thin, no matter how anointed we may be. The most things were the automatic hairs. The moment I took a look in the mirror I felt a shudder to dash ahead of a real order of speed. Moving a devil hair and something people in dark as I had a rib rack of heightier. One that had been threaded, the third shot would be the last. I got the glasses on the cautious road spectacles in their light but strong frame of black rubber.

After dinner I demoralized myself to be discovered suddenly reading through the spectacles.

"Why, pass!" said Family, a little shocked but determined to find the pleasure in the undisturbable you seem! And you look exactly like a Japanese diplomat. Take care or people will take you for a high-brow."

I was not so much surprised as I naturally overtook us. But worse was to come. The third day after the ceremony of my making, the "Circus" Mirror was still to be heard. "First" he declared, with a cunning pretense of spontaneous admission, was as approached my desk this morning. "Fine! You look just like Ben, the Klondike man, and she pleased me so much." Let him, you see, and all. I never said. Reading is once more a pleasure. And when I look up from my page the optician's words are still in my ears. As then occur, show me that the life is better than ever.

SOME FALLACIES ABOUT FAT

By Leonard Keene Hirschberg, M.D.

DRAWINGS BY
M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"Why is it that I may devour with insipidity a sweetened behemoth and remain an emaciated specter?"



DACTOR, how is it that I, a most temperate eater, devoting my nights to the study of a non-freakish diet and my days to rigid restrictions of consumption—if there be such a word—foods, still was rotund and glabrous?"

No wroth to the use of my friends the other week, and as some smother my days with insipidity a sweetened behemoth and remain forever an emaciated specter!

Meanwhile others who live exuberantly 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 abomination of politicians! Why is that? Let us, as it were, examine into the gastric matter, consider with scrutiny, and, if possible, reveal the why and wherefore.

Professor Weissmann has established to the satisfaction of most biologists 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.

Notwithstanding this, I am sure on your part to the inheritance of good and bad traits learned by your ancestors, you are more than blood-kin determined to the transmission of all of the inherent changes in the nucleus, leucosomes, leucoblasts, leucoblasts, and intranuclear 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 *fabas* were a base only investigations 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 a strong tendency to be waisted and narrow, the first snowball effecting will both be fat. If these two are carried—brothers and sisters marry in the plant and animal world—to each other, the young ones will be three times fatter 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? Late! It means all the difference in the world, whether, in fact, you have come by your adipose tissue honestly, deviously, or maliciously abstracted. It means resistance or susceptibility. Partialism self-denial or a gay life. For if, as you look through the central-rod perforated gallery of your forehead, you find those hollow-looking, waxy-nosed, yellow, lean, and worried, hairy to the nearest degree, except his features, those who do not eat, and live forth to become a sad and wise police said a veritable jangle of plow.

If, however, you gaze into the form and then see that the gallery of your forehead and ancient nostrils is thoroughly radiated, sleek with carbon points, with sufficient, downy, ruddy-like papules, if their front feature surpasses the narrow ridges of the horse's forehead, seek out the nearest griled pane of raw and gray or your golden back, your habbing wire, 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 able 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 dose. Next to sugar, there is no greater source of adipose tissue than a few drops of alcohol or milk liquor, which it is mental in effect and almost insatiable. 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, brisk, morning, evening, and night, ripples or other means, really dispense of much of the superfluous fat. For he it from me to suggest



"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-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 buckets of coal, juggle the piano, and practice with a steamer trunk.

No more esophageal and gallstone suppers prevail among the special pleaders of medical and lay dietitians 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. Ocker writes that the old dog young there will be almost unanimity among physicians that depriving it of its dinner, those when a doctor's company's stomach specialists take pretty much everything but bread, huckleberries, 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 less work 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's angle should never out after six o'clock at night.

Upon chemicals and records of rigid experimental training, that of the most noted and the laboratory we must now depend to construct for us a new type of diet, agent or reducing ferment which, taken in with nutriment, will convert the foods into their elements. Then will all the reduced fat now—over these with three-quarters inhibited sodium chloride—be freed from hypercritical laughter and the will of the multitude.

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 curiously without ideas. Who was not a laughing stock, otherwise his words, "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 array of miseries and cruelties 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 a one, if sympathy bring a man that quickly speaks and more fully because it also 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 scoldism 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 life every politician is to 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 tight and fast, as the other band the American cannot sleep off his life, he has in his own jawed with all kinds

of money aspirations, every idealism, and discontent, while the royal English three wretches itself in snoring complacency. When will America have her bird-caged rooks 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 narrowness 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 notions 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; this remark is said of Englishmen with Englishmen. Yet all the Englishmen lacks the scoldish charm he surpasses 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 task 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 charm. Irish geniality, like American joviality, is a form of destructive criticism and a destruction 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 themselves and mark related passages, the great English Party. The Irish may not care much for the divine form of noble truth, but we do enjoy, stripping a hearing bill he shivers in his shirt. Still that not have him even his shirt, for the great Deas broke no one's leaders, and we may call ourselves cynical and honest that we are without convictions, yet we have the virtues of cynicism, one of which is sincerity, with its organs and honest 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-complacency, self-absorption, 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 graceful, and of less great as the dream of wit and logic, and proceeded in woman and out of woman 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 pleasure and use the language of philosophy. 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 gentility of the Irish peasant is not in the least like the gentility of the Irish aristocrat; 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. Unconsciously with them, Godsmith learned how to describe the lameness of a geyser coming forth with steam and fighting their battles, the captured Swift would speak his powers of ferocious criticism for those kinds of people have a humor which makes him 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.

WASHER
A RESPONSIBLE LIFE

TRYING FOR AN UNSINKABLE LIFEBOAT

THIS WATER-BUOY, INVENTED BY A NEW-BRAND, WAS RECENTLY TRIED IN THE HUMAN SEVER BEFORE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE NAVY. IT HELD UPON THE
SINK, CULMINAR TWENTY-FOUR FEET LONG AND SEVEN FEET IN HEIGHT, AND ADMITS SEVEN FIVE PERSONS. IT HAS NO OTHER POWER



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 Cranmer's Portrait



By Augustus John, head of the sew 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



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 'n' d'olger bank?" he inquired, loftily.

"Hwah he is, 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 I do fo' you, sah?"

"Ma sa'm's Henry Fleming Jackson," said the stranger, loftily. "Fo' yuh sah ag' an' 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 'spe' yo' does," the cashier answered. "But h'ol' passah on de regularity of yo' solikition, I'se bona' fo' mook er 'restig'ntion on de accountmentment 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:

"Witch Henry Fleming Jackson, he d'ahs de 'pound yo' moah was five yuh ag'—not 't' yuh. Yassuh, yo' 'pound dat kind' dollahs fo' yuh ag' six months ago, an' never dat time, sah, de interest—interest' done er yo' hundred dollahs all ag'."

SUBTLE

"Am you doing yourself anything this Lent, Bob?" 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 vian yo' had verb. What schill I do sugh?"

AS THE MINSTREL TAULD IT

RAN out to Wallie's house to spend the evening in debonair and edifying conversation, Wallie invited Bab to be the house, and like any fool a chair on either side of 't' inglenook. Wallie drew out his knee slippers, laced 'em, and drew whiff after whiff at his grand contentment.

Bab offered the rock and looked at the wraith of his leading eye.

"Oh, Wallie," said Bab, "yo's a grand 'heary. Whim'd yo' got it?"

"Aye, Bab," said Wallie, "is a grand 'heary. I had it wedt down fo' Yiddiserrah."



SOME EUCENTRIANS AND A HOSS-BACK RIDER

Wallie smokit an' smokit at his pipe. He made no offer of his 'heary.

Wallie Bab said: "Wallie, will yo' ple me a match?"

an' Wallie g'ah him a good match w' a blue box.

Bab snatched his right coat pocket an' his left coat

Wallie smokit an' smokit at his pipe. He made no offer of his 'heary.

Bab snatched an' took up his said furr camp.

"Tis a 'peery," he said. "I mean tin ewa' hame an' get ma 'heary."

Wallie smokit an' smokit at his pipe. He made no offer of his 'heary.

"Weld," said Bab, "I mean just dang awa' hame for ma 'heary."

"Awwh," said Wallie, very dense an' pawby, "if yo' w'ad gang awa' hame, Bab, 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 uncertainty 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 mortgage and let the thirty thousand remainder stand on a long-term 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 CONFUSION

I wass all awate, and thra-ah me—

Dear Chlo' 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 w'at 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 land a hermit's life,

And flee the army from worldly strife,

And spend an' could weeks 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!

Oh me! I left the

And left that hermit stand to change

Who have no stir left in their stumps.

MORALS:

To keep your Leuba, curran and curls

Go somewhere where there are girls!

CHARLIE SMITH



'CHONS-EYED UNFORTUNATE: HANG IT ALL!

I'VE LOOKED HER STRAIGHT IN THE EYE AND SHE DOESN'T KNOW IT

pockets an' searched his right waistcoat pockets an' his left waistcoat pockets, an' slipped the right pocket of his brooks an' the left pocket of his brooks, an' then shook his head.

"Awwh!" he said. "I haw left ma 'heary at home."



"Ain't that a shame, Nanie! There was a 'flop' when Enocah Alden tied it to their hats 'em the whole family."



Copyright by Charles Frohman
Julia Sanderson in "The Sandalwood 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

THE 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 fabric 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 emblems 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 cutting die.

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 standing, 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 design 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 subviceroy silk used on this and other designs costs \$0 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, 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 indefinitely.

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 Bonifas. 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 that had 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, a solid head 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.

Nepoux'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. Nonac-Tarison 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 related 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 surreal is that there is nothing that in art, as 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



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"A Prince of the Blarney Blood"



"Glebe Girls, 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 disrepute with women of fashion. White ermine skins became as cheap as the Canadian, Siberian, and Chinese furs, and no longer sold them in market. About twenty years ago, however, the west wind sprang 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 heavy tail and a sharp whiskered nose. It has a remarkably red ear, dark brown black, and very lustrous.

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 Llanfyllin, 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 difficult to ascertain 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 soil.



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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The College Man of 1413

GREEN UNIVERSITY is composed of twenty-one colleges. Among the largest of these is 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 the architectonic and plan of the building concerned, the five restorers 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 cent of clothing yearly. Three times a year each student was required secretly to tell the masters of the misbehavior of his fellows, who then received "compunctio cordium."

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," shouting 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 alleviate siccitas.

The Mexican Cadets at Chapultepec

MANY incidents in the Mexican War are still recorded to the honor of the 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 castle, among others, that fell. 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 ancestral viceregs 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, brave, and wonderful Mexican cadets, only fifteen years of age, seeing the flag of his country in peril, most of his comrades being already slain, stepped forward to offer 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 his throat, would be captured in prison. Fortunate was the boy, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years, he buried in one grave at the foot of the castle the bones of the cadets of Chapultepec whose 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 to have a hoard of the mementos of a ship will do. The coin should have the date of the year wherein the ship is built; and before being placed in the hoard it is carefully stripped in outside. Its resting place is the stripping of the equipment.

Naturalists are aware of this practice, and the contents of a hoard as old ship is broken up, rapidly altered. 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 has been estimated a high price for many years.

It thus appears that, by reason of this one coin, many persons have been preserved. The only silver Scottish penny, known as only, that is known to have been so said, found in some old Scottish ships.

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MIAMI, FLORIDA, FEBRUARY 2, 1913

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COMMENT

President Taft and Mexico

ALTHOUGH a generation or two this country will probably begin to understand how much it owes to President Taft for his conduct of our difficult relations with Mexico during his administration. For several years now the affairs of our southern neighbor have been in such a state that only great forbearance and great firmness on the part of the man in the White House could keep us from becoming involved in them. A weak President would long ago have been drawn into intervention; an ambitious and unscrupulous President would long ago, in Mr. Taft's place, have taken advantage of Mexico's troubles to commandeer her frontiers and to divert attention from domestic controversies that were raging against him. On the contrary, President Taft has with admirable steadfastness stuck to his determination to keep the peace and to deal generously, inasmuch as possible, not predominantly, with our neighbor. If, as a consequence, he has not won the war of 1846 with Mexico in all Latin America, then surely we ought to have some credit in the long run for our recent behavior.

The authority we refer to is JAMES BAYNE. In his book on South America, which is really a book on Latin America, he has much to say on Mexico. In view of what is happening there now—in this writing the outcome of the FELIX DIAZ coup in the capital is still uncertain—the pleased observations of this trained observer have the highest interest. Writing of the chances of democracy in Latin America, he finds that the Latin-American states are of three classes. In one class which Chile leads, we have, he thinks, real republics. In one, of which Haiti is the worst example, republican forms are a farrago. To the intermediate class, the half-way class, Mexico is assigned. He is writing after the overthrow and exile of PARRIS DIAZ, and yet he says:

Had the President, when old age arrived, been able to deal more coolly with the inevitable, he would have headed off the crisis, prosperity and order would doubtless have continued. The sort of government he gave the country was doubtless not best suited to it. The Indian population, constituting a majority, were (though certainly intelligent) obviously unfit for civic functions. An oligarchic government, formed out of the richer class, would have been a better and more efficient administration, and would probably, after some years of quarreling, have given place to a satisfactory class.

An oligarchic government, formed out of the richer class," sounds extremely like what we know of the Mexican regime. Perhaps the predicted end of it is already at hand. In any case, however, Mexico's supposedly grasping neighbor to the northward has done its duty and kept its hands off; that is to say, President Taft has admirably refused to follow the impuduous example of President POLK. In the end we may have to intervene, but this time Latin America and the world will acknowledge that we have tried our best to avoid intervention.

War in Mexico

WALTER WATSON tells in his *History of the American People* of the beginning of the Mexican

War in 1846. Mexico had refused to recognize Texas as an independent republic, and had notified the United States that annexation would be regarded as a casus belli. The historian continues:

In December, 1845, Texas became in full form a State of the Union; and early in the following year the President (POLK) ordered General Taylor to occupy the Rio Grande. His presence there threatened the Mexican town of Matamoros, just beyond the river, and the Mexican commander of the garrison, General Salcedo, ordered General Taylor to withdraw. The Mexican crossed the river and on April 25 established a small party of American dragoons. Two weeks later, General Taylor crossed the Rio Grande and occupied the town of Palo Alto, May 8, 1846. The next day Taylor in his late attack—passed down the river, and on the 25th of May the United States General Taylor himself passed the Rio Grande and occupied Matamoros.

Mr. Watson's President told Congress on the 11th of May, while yet he had no news except that of the outbreak on the 25th of April—"Mexico has passed the boundary of the United States, and shed American blood upon American soil. War exists, and exists by the act of Mexico herself."

The bad feeling Congress then had against General Taylor forwarded to the Rio Grande and brought this generous matter to the head, though it had been in session when the order was issued. He had no responsibility for that upon himself. War indeed—but by whose act Congress was so eager at liberty to inquire. There was nothing for it but to fight. The war was declared on May 13, 1846, before news of the real fighting on the Rio Grande had reached the capital.

It is a fact of no little significance at this time that Mr. Watson's pronouncement, thus providing an "inextinguishable annexation." The plain inference from his language, moreover, is that President POLK did wrong in practically compelling war without first submitting the whole matter to Congress for such action as that body might see fit to take, in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution. It is even evident, if we remember that President Taft's determination to put upon Congress the responsibility for an intervention which would be equivalent to war coincides with the views of his successor.

The war of 1846 lasted two years and two months. The number of United States troops engaged in the campaign was 100,000. Mexico was utterly disorganized. Its population was less than three millions. It now possesses fifteen millions of people, has ample transportation facilities, plenty of guns and ammunition, and inherent love of fighting.

How many troops and how much time would it now require to retake Mexico today is a question which nobody can answer.

Fact and Fiction

The two chief characters in HERMAN WITBERGER'S lively novel, *The Mystery of the Barracas*, recently published, are "Ced," an American engineer, and "Hector," a Mexican. Hector is a young man who had been educated in England. In the course of conversation Ced inquires:

"Didn't you find the transition from Manchester rather sudden? It must have been like plunging head first into a romance."

"Yes," answered Hector. "Even before, for matter of that, in all their intercourse, Sebastian begged outright, 'Oh, my Anglo-Saxons! Romance is the only thing that makes me feel that I am not a native here. I would not know it. We are passionate, nervous, hysterical, gross, materialistic, but for all our heat we live the life of the soul. It would not be true if we did not. For where in the sphere of your imagination are you again strenuously satisfied, or do you know where you are? Even now, at the point of death you neither see nor accept death. But, covering before it, are swept the quicker than the wind, and that other—'romance'—is talking beside their fire on the rim of the Barracas, this came out of his quiet with volcanic heat. Dropping as quickly into his usual calm, he finished, 'No, I do not know it.'"

Noticed a little by his amused contempt, Ced quickly retorted: "I fall in, so how can you claim to be a native? You who are so much at odds with all you might against the American invasion?"

Sebastian shrugged. "Bacial aversion—barked up from the south—barked up from the north—barked up from the middle—barked up from the head together against the waves. But there the danger and the battle fall at once fighting for someone else. Hector Diaz had had sixteen wives in sixty years, very few of whom died in his beds. One removed his live hand from our throats and we shall go on. It is only, resolution upon resolution, for the sake of peace of satisfying personal ambition, but, or individual greed. No, when we are individualists in the extreme. We have nothing to do with you. You are a native of the North, and makes you Northern individualism personal interest to the general good. And because of our lack you will not be a native. Indeed, you are a native of the North."

"Yet you strive against it?"
 "For the one reason, as I told you, that the weaker will be the victim. Indeed, you are a native of the North. I could wish your shooting girls' society in hanging Mexican soldiers."
 "And the General—Don Luis?"

Once again Sebastian shrugged. "That old resolution? It would be well if I have said at risk here, though he himself is in most startling escape. He would say that he was for Mexico, for Mexico, for Mexico with Carlos for president. So long as he has the backbone, very well at it."

In a phrase he had described Don Luis, and while he could not see much of the truth, they were at a little startled by the keen intelligence and flashing intellect. Even after allowing for advantage of word and phrase, he was a man of great mind and originally very remarkable. Like a clear black pond his mind sharply reflected all that passed over it, and through the conception stood out as under a lightning flash.

"No, when," he went on, after a pause, "we are individualists, and as such we only obtain happiness by following our own will. It is not the desire for a while by Paris, he sure that sooner or later we shall return with greater zeal to our ancient pastime of cutting each other's throats."

It begins to look very much as if Mr. WATSON knows his Mexico.

The Attorney-General

Among the great lawyers who have served as Attorney-General of the United States may be recalled EDWARD RANDOLPH, WILLIAM WEST, RICHARD ROSS, JOHN CALHOUN, DANIEL WEBSTER, ILLIAM M. WALKER, M. EVARTS, EVERETT R. HOAR, WAYNE MAC YEAGRE, and EDWARD CANBY. We question if any one of them left a record of efficiency superior or even equal to that made by the Hon. GEORGE W. WHELAN.

His place will take a bit of filling.

The Single Term Amendment

Speaking of the joint resolution providing for a single Presidential term of six years passed by the Senate, the *Herald* says:

The very minute Mr. BRYAN, who made the Baltimore platform, gets it. Cuba and certainly nothing for the sake of Cuba, never the discrediting report that the Professor himself is set in opposition with the resolution which passed the Senate and is now a committee of the House. And quickly on the heels of the comes the report that the committee itself has introduced the resolution and nothing will be heard of it until the next Congress convenes.

Another editorial printed upon the same page reads:

The anxiety with which Judiciary Committee Democrats shied that "1911" single-term proposal seems to indicate that Mr. BRYAN has some friends in the House, after all.

It would take a Philadelphia lawyer, to say nothing of the famous old Philadelphia lady, to recollect the name of the man who in the plain language from the West in that Mr. WATSON instigated the passing of the resolution, and from the second that Mr. BRYAN's friends were responsible.

Both suspicions are unfounded. Mr. WATSON gave no sign one way or the other. Mr. BRYAN was consistent and straight throughout.

How likely it is that the resolution as passed by the Senate was such as to give rise to grave doubt as to whether or not it would re-elect President WATSON's term to six years. The necessity of clarifying this point was apparent. The inadvisability of seeking ratification of an amendment which might bar Mr. TAFT, Mr. ROOSEVELT, and Mr. WATSON, in 1916, was recognized. How to remove the doubt and eliminate the personal aspect was the problem. It was solved properly and rightly by proposal of a substitute which provided that the new method should not take effect until 1921.

This not only left the field open to all in 1916, but also allowed the Legislature to make any law in which to act. There was no way in which the amendment could affect the political fortunes of any one of the three mentioned unless Mr. TAFT or Mr. WATSON should seek a third term. ROOSEVELT a fourth term.

The only two likely candidates whose interests might be affected were Mr. BRYAN and Speaker CLAYTON, each of whom had been strongly favored of a desire to have Mr. WATSON from a chance of re-nomination at the end of four years.

The fact is that the substitute amendment was suggested by Mr. BRYAN, and was approved fervently by Speaker CLAYTON and the Democrats by the Democratic platform.

Why, then was the amendment discredited? The *Herald* says in its Washington dispatch:

Word came from the Republicans that while they were in favor of the general principle of a single six-year term, they would not support the measure if passed through the House if it was so worded as to give Mr. ROOSEVELT another opportunity to run for President.

This meant prolonged debate, and Chairman CLAYTON was forced reluctantly to the conclusion

SCOTT'S TRIUMPHANT FAILURE



Robert Falcon Scott

CAPTAIN 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 March, on account of ice, left New Zealand to take them aboard, and reached Cape Evans without mishap. Not finding there the men, Sergeant Atkinson, who was in charge, made up an exploring party, carrying provisions for three months, and started 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 house 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 notebook of 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 go into our previous reserves. Every detail of food-supplies, clothing, and depot made on earlier ice sheet, and on that 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-sail, 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.

"But 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. (The March 16th, occasion that he could travel on foot and that his comrades would not leave him, he crawled out of the hut 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.")

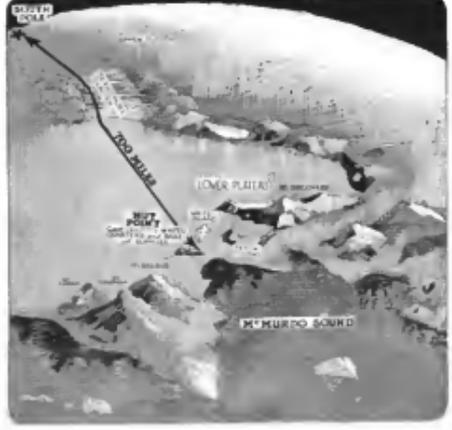
Scott, Wilson, and Bowen then set off again toward *One Ton Camp*, but on March 21st they could proceed no farther, for although fuel to heat one meal, and supplies for only a day or two. A nine-day storm held them there until they died. A ruse and cross were cooked by those who found them, and the bodies 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 aerial sled, 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 harbor, 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 outlasted their aboriginal and 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 *Endurance* 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 1553, is estimated at about 250.



The long road which had no turning

GEORGE'S WELSH TAXI DRIVER

The Remarkable Career of David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has just Celebrated his Fiftieth Birthday

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY

THE other day Mr. Lloyd George celebrated his fiftieth birthday, and the occasion was commemorated in a fitting manner, in a fitting speech in the House of Commons. It was a fitting occasion, in that it was the anniversary of the day when he was born, and it was the anniversary of the day when he was elected to the House of Commons. It was a fitting occasion, in that it was the anniversary of the day when he was elected to the House of Commons. It was a fitting occasion, in that it was the anniversary of the day when he was elected to the House of Commons.

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Englishmen he was little more than the shadow of a name. Among his own countrymen in Wales he was, of course, far better known, but even there could hardly have been known how widely he was to rise to the dictatorship of the principality. One really hardly exaggerates speaking of Mr. Lloyd George's position and influence in Wales as the equivalent of a dictatorship. "You ought to know Lloyd George," a friend of mine said to me recently to the present King, who was then Prince of Wales. If there were such a thing as the Presidency of Wales, he would hold more votes than any other man. It is a hazardous and a true thing to say that not since the days of Owen Glendower has Wales found a leader more absolutely after her own heart. Mr. Lloyd George in Welsh—Wales an OTANOW is Irish he speaks Welsh—probably, indeed, even more eloquent and moving in it than English and he knows the customs and people—knows them as St. Kibby knew the Americans, or Palmerston the English, or Garibaldi the French. No one can touch as he can on the romantic appeal of ancient Welsh life. No one is more imbued with the spirit and consciousness of a distinctive Welsh nationality, and an one has done more, or indeed one-



Mr. Lloyd George and one of his daughters

half as much, to make that spirit of nationality politically effective. No one is more dramatic, though he is an improviser in the chamber of the Cynnal twlight, the lonely lakes and misty mountains, the ghastly figure of Welsh chimney, the sense of strain rushing down the mountain valleys. Even when he talks of Wales on his own hearth ring, in the freedom of private conversation, an irresistible light leaps out of his eyes, the voice takes on a softer cadence of tenderness, the language grows more impetuous and glowing, one feels the workings of an authentic inspiration. There is more than a little of the poet, the mystic, the dreamer, and the evangelist in Mr. Lloyd George's temperament. If he had not been a politician he would assuredly have been a religiousist. Indeed, he often divides the methods of the rhapsodizing of the service of politics, and never more often than when speaking from a Welsh platform before a Welsh audience, to many a rich Englishman the Lloyd George who blows off Celtic steam among his beloved native hills and the Lloyd George who dems the official logs of Westminster seem a wholly different person. They find it difficult to reconcile the extravagance of his rhetoric in Wales with the suave and practical manner by which he appears as Cabinet Minister, and, clever as he is, I myself am not quite sure whether he is clever enough to take the full measure of English stupidity and dogmatism or to understand why he is so frequently at odds with both.

Though of old Welsh stock, Mr. Lloyd George's father was for most of his life a shipbuilder, but only reverted to the sea when his health demanded an out-of-door existence. Being while still a young man, he left his widow and his children almost wholly unprotected and Mr. Lloyd George's earliest recollection is of his home and furniture being sold up. As a boy who was the shoemaker and insular Baptist preacher in a village in North Wales took charge

of the family, and it was there, in a district saturated with the history and romance of the country, that Lloyd George grew up, surrounded by a family that had, disciplined by severely straitened circumstances, speaking both the Welsh and English languages, and no matter how far removed from the workshop, the mill and penon that forgot in the cobble's workshop, there to discuss theology and politics—they go together in Wales—the instruction of his mind, and the oppressiveness of a social system that seemed to care so little for human life and happiness and so much for property and name. These early years have left an indelible mark on the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was there that he inherited a spirit of passionate and poetic patriotism for the Wales of the Exchequer. It was there that he inherited a spirit of passionate and poetic patriotism for the Wales of the Exchequer. It was there that he inherited a spirit of passionate and poetic patriotism for the Wales of the Exchequer.

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THE WRECKLESS RAILROAD

The Search for a Safety-stop Device and Automatic Signaler to Eliminate the Uncertain Human Element

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

The 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 risk, damage, and waste of wrecks increases. 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 rewarded.

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.

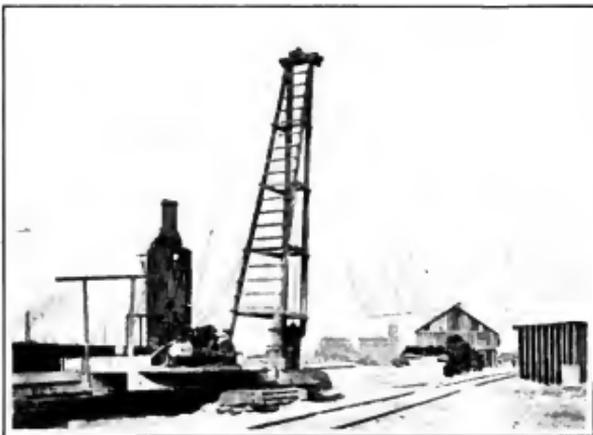
The reduction of the wreck waste of one year by ten per cent. would be a saving as great that railway dividends could be increased by two per cent. If half the waste could be eliminated, the net savings of American railroads would be one hundred and twenty-five million greater. This would be about ten 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



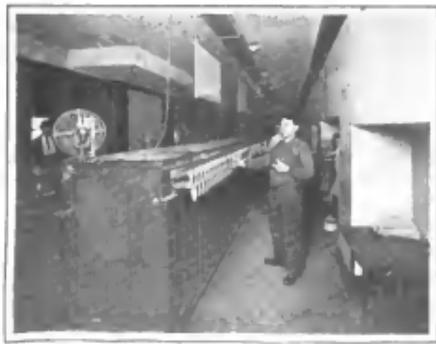
A temporary wireless telephone station for operating trains

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 kindest 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 better one in it. The other is good left, other, no health. If it touches the ground, it, it will be a good."—The little farmer.

In the valley soft shadows spread a veil of mystery over the buildings of the lumber-camp, through which the weather-beaten gray of the painted clap-board 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 raise her head 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 good deal, 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 married."

"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 woman

was 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 moon halftone 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 cut that he may live; some fowling to be hunted and split, and then time, time unworked and uncounted, flowing by like some smoothly worked paragraph, wind for common, rain for sermons, insect for colors, and the changing seasons for the formal



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 unlovely, 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 dew that stopped in gull of 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 beautiful 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 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 swinging earthworms and dropped them into a crude bait box. 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, with all the assurance of his mate, 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 bait box was brimming 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 fine-cut willow stands were set, and with three feet of the mud a sharp bank, the warm barely protruding over the top of 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 so glad to be together that they knew what a marvelous sight must be in the forest—they lay back with their contented smiles, some only from food longingly reached in the open air.

A chipmunk, rambled in the leaves. For away a distance, participating in the work of the day, she was 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 comfort. With an unconscious start of movement 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 blouse. Had he got her? 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 his thoughts, however, in movement at the heavy lowback bed of pine that suddenly 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 a man. 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 man, you could sell it for . . . for a hundred dollars, maybe, and then you could go 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 boat and a 'dave' like the white man's. I'd be a man," he concluded, somewhat faintly.

"Would you smoke cigars," she asked, "and get real drunk like the walkin' horse?"

"Suppose so," he answered, dubiously, not quite liking the prospect, but recognizing necessary social likings.

"You'd send money back to your ma?" she asked, thoughtfully.

"You bet, and I'd find out and send him back too. I'd like that better yet."

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's not just," it said.

III

The days lengthened out into long summer evenings, the days were a riot of bloom, and the low backed 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 surroundings 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 was as prey when winter should have made her fat of value, the baby curls, whose life began before the snow had gone, frizzled constantly on the edge of their mountain nest in their insatiable desire for food, only to find that the more they provided the child, a parent's love, came from the ridiculous laughing human beings below; even the serene and diurnal wood duck looked eyes as bright as her own peering down on her as she sat down, as he sat.

With such adventures and interests the days fairly flew. There was always something left unshown, always expeditions left unadvised.

The sense of excitement was roused when, in wandering aimlessly far afield, they came upon the unmistakable tracks of a bear. The girl suggested a further investigation, but so enthusiastic an expedition was planned for the morning.

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 whistled words and they started up the mountain, a light breeze stirred, which heralded dawn, blew down as they crossed the next to highest ridge and went clear across 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 wide 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 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, drew him down to the rock below her. Together they peered into the spruce 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 stood beside her belly. She lay half-naked from them, 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 watchers. She was on her feet so quickly that the eye could not follow the movement, and, spilling the cub 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 whip of wind, and then, apparently reassured, relaxed and went back into the hollow which fitted her great body, a movement 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 two minutes more, and, daring to move, they the boy cautiously raised his rifle and aimed it up the snow bank. He did not

to be followed by the muzzles 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 red handle of sticks. A bird came back, perched on a arm by tree, and was gone. The muzzles raised hungry heads, all mouth and throat, and demanded food.

There was the "hey-ay" for the boy. In the next by the fatness that would open the gates to "good luck no rations," the key to the world that would make him a man with a "diner" like the walkin' lion, a fat coat, and furnish him real manly dressings—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-eaters thinned out from the top of the red 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.



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.

To the moment 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 spruces.

With a roar of fear and anger the bear was on her feet, the frightened cubs hurried 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 face 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 over toward her usual trail, until, with bristling 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

shoot; the boy came down the mountain trail, his eyes dark with thought, his head bent.

"She flew to like that and cried."

"I've heard it. I've found it, and a real find here," she cried, "the blue jay's nest?"

"You still thinking of that?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Think? I've found it."

He followed her from the trail to the young spruce. Two flashes of blue left the tree and five blue jets, bursting with excitement, probed on a purple a hundred yards away.

"There's that!" 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 stick," she begged. "Don't drop it. You can have everything you want. I ain't never back."

"An' I ain't go 'way 'an' be rich, an' never remember," he asked.

The light died from her eyes. Blinded, she leaved forward, nearly reaching him.

"You want to go so jowly bad," she whispered.

"Hell!" choked the boy, the area went out and gathered her in like a tired bird, he felt 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-where a small, round, red gem that they thought they needed to use to get to the top of the mountain.



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

FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Income Tax and the Market

FAR FROM HURTING THE PRICE OF SECURITIES, THE IMPOSITION OF AN INCOME TAX MAY BE EXPECTED TO EXERT A STRONG INFLUENCE ON THE CONSTRUCTIVE SIDE OF SECURITY VALUES

INCOME TAX MAY BE EXPECTED TO EXERT A STRONG INFLUENCE ON THE CONSTRUCTIVE SIDE OF SECURITY VALUES

REMARKABLE indeed is the change which has taken place in Wall Street's attitude toward the income tax during the four years that the various state legislatures have been passing the legislation for the imposition of an amendment. When the measure was first seriously brought forward in 1912, it received the "Street" with unqualified disapproval. Later, when it passed Congress and was submitted to the states for ratification, arousing a storm of hostile criticism, now four years later, when the last state necessary has signified its approval of the amendment and a tax on incomes has become a practical reality, the financial community wags its head approvingly, quite as though it had been in favor of the thing all along. Of the hostile received and bitter criticism aimed at the measure when it was first proposed there has been practically none. By all means let's have an income tax, says the drift of the comment of the investment distributing houses. From the standpoint of the security markets it is the best thing that could possibly happen.

It is simply a calm acceptance of the inevitable, a determination to get the best possible law on the thing, or is it that the matter of a direct tax on incomes has been considered and rejected so many times in these elements that it is so generally accepted as to be the most reasonable. Wall Street has never been noted for the glow with which it honors the outside of an anything else, for that matter. If the "Street" is in favor of the measure, it is not only a sign of its approval, but it is also a sign of its confidence in the voice of investment would be found here in the land. No, it may well be assumed that the reason for the change is not that the laying of an income tax is regarded as inevitable and so is received with the best possible grace, but more reasonable is the supposition that during the time that state legislatures have acted the country has been getting on the progressive side of the question of an income tax on the security market has been definitely gone into and, naturally enough, found very little real from the Legislature at first, parallel to the measure's opponents.

Lays an income tax yielding large revenue and you get the way in which the measure is received. The subsidies was the biggest's first prize. The government with enough revenue so that it doesn't need the present tax on securities, and you'll get the kind of tariff revision that will give American business a blow from which it will never recover. Thus what will happen to the price of stocks and bonds.

Let us look a little into that. The danger, it is claimed, is that the imposition of an income tax will lead the government to give up the tariff. The party in power in a position where it can work more among the tariff abolitionists without being hampered by the conflicting interests of the holders of the President and Congress. In other words, all you can hope for is something resembling what happened when the Bull made the acquaintance of the clam-shoop. As long as the government "needs the money" "safe and sure" revision of the tariff is possible. With enough money from an income tax coming in to offset the loss from reduced customs "safe and sure" revision isn't possible.

But such a revision of the tariff in one or three years ago is undesirable enough, but that in view of what has happened since, politically, there should not be any one who will think that such a great many people of intelligence at present regarding themselves as of the opinion that the reduction of the tariff will be carried out in a safe, sure, and scientific way. There are plenty of protectionists who think the tariff is right as it is and that to touch it at all would be a mistake, but even here the

admission is general that whatever reducing is done is going to be done in a way calculated to hurt business.

Far, wide from the high character of the President-elect, the fact must not be lost sight of that there are in the country a large number of people who believe the Democratic party was last in power, and that the attitude toward the tariff of a Democratic Congress of today is necessarily very different from the attitude of a Democratic Congress of twenty or thirty years ago. In real Democratic tariff revision the party is pledged and bound. It is hardly to be expected that they will go back to the fact that a Democratic administration is doing the revising is wrong, not the sufficient reason for believing that it is a fair door to anything but the most needed and constructive way.

No, in the fact that the receipt of federal revenues from the income tax will open the way for tariff revision there is nothing for business or the markets to fear. Quite the contrary. With the government again in necessary care, the job of revising the tariff schedule on an equitable basis can be done at all in the best deliberate manner.

There is one thing about an income which, it has been claimed, would hurt the price of securities in the knowing of their net yield to the purchaser. It is the fact that the receipt of federal revenues from whatever source derived from bonds would just as much, for instance, as from a salary or a dividend, be considered. This, it is claimed, will make securities less desirable from an investment standpoint. If means, in the first place, that the net yield will be reduced and, in the second place, that the interest will be reduced. The interest will be paid to the share and bond holder at all, even if the tax on money so invested will be all but impossible.

Thomas notes in fact and the second of these conditions may have something in it, but in the first one there is nothing little here. Suppose, for instance, that the income tax, when it goes into force, calls for the payment of one per cent, on an income of, say, \$1000. This amount, we will suppose, comes from the interest on a loan of \$1000. The interest on a thousand-dollar 3-per-cent bond, which has been contributing 30¢, imposition of an income tax of one per cent will reduce the yield of each of the hundred bonds to 29.7¢. The "loss," therefore, would be 48¢ per cent on every one hundred dollars.

In a savings bank or an insurance company or some other institution which buys bonds in big blocks a loss of 48¢ per cent is not a very serious matter. It makes a difference, but not with the ordinary investor. In these days of high living costs, he will, of course, to get all the income he can, but if a bond yields him 3 per cent, he will be satisfied to receive 2.97 per cent. It means the annual income is \$49.50 instead of \$50. That is the real majority of cases. It must be admitted that a very little difference.

So much for possible adverse effects. Now, how about the constructive side—in those any way in which the imposition of an income tax will be a favor of the market and of security prices?

Decidedly there. This proposed tax, it must be borne in mind, is not to be added to taxes already existing, but is designed largely to take their place. Now here most of us believe to the tariff that we no longer appreciate what a very heavy tax upon the country the tariff is. The average man who buys a suit of clothes, for instance, has some sort of an idea that he is paying a high price for it. The fact is that the suit may be costing him a little more than it otherwise would. In very few instances has he any direct knowledge of the many dollars he is actually being charged for the benefit of some other man. He doesn't realize it, he doesn't get the net for any more. The scores he pays here and on the other side of the world for articles he doesn't really very considerable man—a man for his success of any income tax that will ever be imposed to take the place of this extortion.

What has all that to do with security values? Simply this: As it is now the average citizen is being taxed, he is not getting the net for any more. He will be taxed, less, when the tariff schedule are cut down in the same way as the income tax, but a certain percentage of his income, but what he will be paying then will be very much less than what he is paying now. In other words, conditions, his income and his expenditures just balance, under the new conditions there will be a surplus at the end of the year. And just that different while it may not figure out as very much in individual cases, does mean a big aggregate for the country which will be available for investment in securities.

Can there be any doubt that an income tax of one per cent, or even of two or three per cent, for that matter, would be less of a strain on the average man's income than the amount at present taken out of it by the tariff tax? An income tax of one per cent, on \$1000 would mean an annual charge of \$10. Consider the expenditures of the five-thousand-dollar-a-year man for articles on which an equivalent tariff of present value. Fifty per cent, forty per cent, thirty per cent, twenty per cent, and so on, through the list. It is not only less money that he is paying extra for what he buys. How much does it aggregate in the course of a year? Fifty dollars? A great many times fifty dollars, certainly. A tax several times larger than that there is any likelihood of being adopted would take less money out of the average man's income than the present tariff schedule take out of it.

But from where, then, if taxes are going to be lightened, is the money to be got? The answer is, by cutting down on Aggregate taxes are not going to be lightened; they are simply going to be redistributed. As it stands now the small man, through the working of the tariff, is contributing a disproportionate share. When the tariff is cut down and replaced with a tax on income that will no longer be the case. The man of moderate means will get less and the man of wealth will pay more.

There are no reasons to doubt that the result will be the investment of more money in securities available for investment in securities. If the government takes just as much money out of the country as it has now, but in a different way, it will not have any decrease nor increase in the amount available. That, however, doesn't take into account the fact that the government will have a surplus of money available which will flow into investment securities to a far greater extent than the money now being saved by protection. The result will be a more liberal policy of such moderate taxation as is necessary in a country that is shifted upon the least best qualified to bear it, and that is about the best investing their security-buying here.

Another favorable feature of the proposed tax from a security market standpoint is that it will bring in a kind of a check on the speculative side of the market. Anything left over to invest. And that, of course, means real absorption—the purchase of securities, for the purpose of increasing the value of a security of looking them away for permanent investment. So far as price is concerned that is an important consideration. A house putting out an issue of bonds would rather see a single \$10,000 piece locked up in the structure of a genuine investor than \$10,000 worth of one- and over again speculatively.

Wide distribution of securities, too, is a most favorable influence in that it tends to bring about a more general participation in the ownership of securities. It is a good thing to have a large number of people holding the responsibility. To an small extent it is the bond that which the railroads and industrial companies are now doing. It is a good thing to have a large number of people holding the responsibility. To an small extent it is the bond that which the railroads and industrial companies are now doing. It is a good thing to have a large number of people holding the responsibility. To an small extent it is the bond that which the railroads and industrial companies are now doing.

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ENGLAND'S WELSH TAXMASTER

(Continued from page 28)

him held that somewhat worthy and capable assembly of speakers and a splendid check of social rigidity. Few are more sensitive to the poverty and wretchedness and gloom in which the masses of the people dwell here than the Welsh people. It is owing to the House on comfortable by reminding it of their children.

It took him a few years for Mr. Lloyd George to stamp himself on the House of Commons as a master of Parliamentary strategy and a daring, brilliant, and original tactician. He was on the Liberal side who could stand up to the Conservatives and extra him how for his audacious. He had for the first time the three indispensable qualifications for political success: a strong, unassailable confidence of belief in the causes and attributes of his policy, and, lastly, an unswerving conviction. He has been in the national mind, not only as a leader outside it, but as a man, except John Bull, who is more trusted of all the world for his wisdom, his courage, his English life and political resolution that is

gradually throwing open avenues to talent and raising men to be judged by what they are and by what they can do by the standard of his own position or worth. The long distances, so quickly and luxuriantly favored, from an obscure village in the north of Wales to the center of the nation is an object-lesson in the realities of democracy from which every Englishman may draw all the inspiration it needs.

But democracy is the "sub" of Mr. Lloyd George's personality as well as of his career. It is in his character and not in his position that he really thrives. He is a man of the people, with his feet firmly planted in every movement—a small, well-knit man, with long, thin, dark hair, with a high forehead, and a face from a hand and powerful forehead, features in which strength and self-reliance, good humor and a certain amount of humor, are combined. He is a man of the people, with his feet firmly planted in every movement—a small, well-knit man, with long, thin, dark hair, with a high forehead, and a face from a hand and powerful forehead, features in which strength and self-reliance, good humor and a certain amount of humor, are combined. He is a man of the people, with his feet firmly planted in every movement—a small, well-knit man, with long, thin, dark hair, with a high forehead, and a face from a hand and powerful forehead, features in which strength and self-reliance, good humor and a certain amount of humor, are combined.

considerable time from him I can imagine no man less capable of cultivating the English habit of conversation. He is a man of the people, with his feet firmly planted in every movement—a small, well-knit man, with long, thin, dark hair, with a high forehead, and a face from a hand and powerful forehead, features in which strength and self-reliance, good humor and a certain amount of humor, are combined. He is a man of the people, with his feet firmly planted in every movement—a small, well-knit man, with long, thin, dark hair, with a high forehead, and a face from a hand and powerful forehead, features in which strength and self-reliance, good humor and a certain amount of humor, are combined.

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 sections, 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.



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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.

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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.

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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."

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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 more 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 Grampa's give you our own tracks
As'nd show you get those red checks.
An' things that you on wheels all
spoke.

W'y, it's "good winter weather."

W'e Grampa'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'e 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."

Ma'n 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'e Grampa told her bet her all
She got a draught from th' front hall,
Mo Grampa say, "Ain't cold at all,
It's jus' good winter weather."

My Grampa's ladder that he sees
W'd sometimes—be will light 'cause he
All 'stead th' chicken's comb will freeze
W'e it's "good winter weather."

But w'e th' yellow fur skins down
All over an' my "w" warm spot
An' it's no still your voice will come'
In th' "good winter weather."

My Grampa gets "th' cutter" out
W'd jingle-ladle—on a "sp" about
To him to "mud w'at soil's about?"
An' it's "good winter weather."

My Grampa's fun' th' buffle robe,
Safe from th' "Melt" in "Southton
Glede"
(TV 'he' ma's' look to Comin Job).

'Cause it's "good winter weather."

My Grampa's "let th' sunset here,"
(Ow' bet will like a nice warm spot)
"Come, Father's" wa'it' like an' act'
In th' "good winter weather."

W'e Grampa let th' parson there,
'Ray, 'w'y behind w'd his own map,
He say to him: "Ain't th' thing—
An' it's "good winter weather!"

MADE LOUISA TORRENS.

Jet

JET, that substance from which many classes of ornaments are made, very extensively used in the jewelry trade. It is found like 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 such 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 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 perfect 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 more than to other crevices, and they were found to be turned to stone.

Apple Rust

When the apple-tree is in operation there may be observed certain dark, rich, globe-shaped or globe-like spots scattered by the joints 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 brownish 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 turn red as the oxygen of the air unites with the juice; in the end, the apple rots.

Rotting of an apple may also be brought about by simply maintaining it from oxidizing breaking the skin. Everybody knows that apples that have fallen violently to the ground are much more liable to rot than the bruised kind. In this case the oxygen is derived from the air contained in the dust or interstices 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 broken before 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 ICHEL. 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 whereas to move from place to place through space a medium between successive eclipses would appear too short when the earth is approaching the planet and too long when it is receding therefrom. Bessel 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 Bessel computed that light required about 8 1/4 minutes to travel 60 million miles in crossing the earth's orbit. From this he deduced a velocity of about 186,500 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 system and measures the respiration of locusts. The apparatus is composed of a crystal tube with an aperture in the end and a lamp in this the locust, in the effort to extirpate himself, turns over, bringing his thorax into contact with the aperture of a ball in the tube. In this way, thanks to the ascending and descending movement of the thorax, the air level in the measurements of the thorax are registered on a plate or metal leaf. It is thus possible to obtain observations on 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 nose to the ground, 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 out to tea and learned the art of making a beverage that the natives call appears to be somewhat as follows:

For six persons he took a brazier of iron, three pieces of water buffalo manure, and a brick, being drawn over a support of soil put the infusion into the churna, with a pound of butter and a small ladle-quantity of salt. The mixture was then combined in the consistency of cream.

The Thibetians brew butter tea 40 of the best in silver forty, 80c, or even 60c, a year 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 one 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 art was first to adorn about 200 a. d. made the first instrument in this style the air was supplied by a hydraulic system. The organ was the pipes by the efforts of water to rise to its own level.

The hydraulic organ had, after Chinese, 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 only six or ten pipes made of bronze, and all of the same diameter, which would make that men did not know of the great reputation 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 to Theodore the Great, a. s. 386-295, are seen two small organs placed in wood, and supplied with detached bellows. An interesting point in its history is the time of its appearance in the church service. This is said to have been in the appearance of Pope Vitalian I. about a. s. 686, though other authorities declare it was known in Spain much earlier.

Byzantine 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 ceremony 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 that row down to the way we know and now era that one is supplied by electricity, though in many small churches it was still to be seen working its small stop 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 mainly keys had to be pushed with the fingers or thumbs. It was not in Ireland that there could have been no discovery of touch or rapidity of action, and the sounds were crude and unvaried.

"Bardonia." The name given the organ by the Anglo-Saxons of the tenth 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 King of France (thirteenth century) there is known a keyboard organ 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 1358 a monk of the town began 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 having fifty stops 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 first to make the脚踏板 role. Organs were denounced as "weapons of the devil," and in 1644 an ordinance was passed in Rome, which gave back to the monuments of liberty 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. In 1780, the organ of St. Paul's, York, Durham, and Lincoln cathedrals and Christ Church, Oxford, were destroyed. 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 exhibition at the Centennial 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, but the organ from the early baroque ages, notes, and gilt splendor down to the classic dignity and splendor of the Renaissance.

Birds' Tongues

A German naturalist 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 drills with which to excavate 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 self-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 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 the region. Anything to be tasted is first dissolved in the saliva, and then comes in contact with the interior of the balls, 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 transiently 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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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 grieves, 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 manliness and resolve. 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 say 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 him 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 objective.

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 disapproved 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 an contrary 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 CAVES 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 used you trusted and in behalf of men who had wronged 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 vaporized 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 waxes, 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 unruled 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 lawful human passions that keep us all, nations and men alike, forever on the verge of tragedy.

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 who employers have 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. The large department-store centers 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 Inghell of the Association said, significantly: "The real 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 OUR COUNTRY. EVERY TYPE OF GREAT KNOCK-OUT MOTOR-BOAT KNOWN WAS ON VIEW, FROM A SHIP 100 FEET IN LENGTH TO THE MODERNEST "SPED DEMO" YACHT AT \$75,000. 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 BOATWALKS OF THE TWO MAIN BEACHES, AND HERE WERE EXHIBITED ALL VARIETIES OF MOTOR-BOAT ACCOUTREMENTS.

THE MOTOR-TRUCK AND THE FARMER

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

THE Commission of the State of Kansas reported in its annual report for 1912 a few weeks ago. In it there was very striking evidence that the motor-truck is now being used on the farms in Kansas faster than there were four years ago. 18,000 more motor-cars and motor-trucks, and 200,000 more horse-drawn wagons in the past year alone the state has lost 18,000 horses. As short a time ago as the summer of 1908 there were 1,200,000 mules and breeding cows 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 mules 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 chopper 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 is being steadily displaced by 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 about his vehicle is beginning to be hopelessly handicapped.

The farmer has this advantage: he is in his own chauffeur and his own mechanic. He can do his own work in a 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 as they. 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, in making 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 now has possibilities of efficiency, opportunity, 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 farms. 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 manufacturers

can figure he gets the cars west of the Mississippi are trucks for strictly 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 the twenty-five-ton trucks 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-hauling horse comes the study on the part of such owner 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 better, 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 engine does the best and most work, and the lighter vehicles make the trips to market, yet still lighter vehicles carry the workers to and fro and run the crops that are not ready to haul. The heavy work is 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 in half the cost. The plowing on the big farms, with horses and men the cost per acre could not be pushed lower than twenty cents. Any good motor truck now does it for forty cents or less. The advantage is not only the plow ground that is too hard for horses and men to turn up without immense labor.

Working through the West one finds farms today with but three or four horses, where four or five years ago there were thirty to forty horses and men. The motor-truck has done this. The reason has been a marked improvement in the quality of farm-hands. The old yard rule is being quickly replaced by the man who 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 sorell toil 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 doing 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 work with the best 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 respectable, 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 enjoys his work. He has a few more things, but he is not in his own little car, watching his machines as carefully as if they were all gathered together under one roof. He "supervises" 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 who 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 doing it profitably. The farmer no longer grows crop highbush and then borrows 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 of these vehicles are increasing beyond all probability the more will he be able to bring 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 farm, the big or little more economical, the motor-truck is starting a revolution. A vast amount has been done for the past three decades in so bettering the roads that the farmer has been able to get to date, when the entire country is considered. Close to the big cities and cities from metropolitan to metropolitan there are fine 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—ineffectively. Today, with his expensive motor-trucks behind him, he hesitates. The investment of the farm is beginning to grow so great that the farmer has a new power. They have analyzed hauling costs and found them ridiculously high. With even moderately good roads, and with the farmer, the 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 trading town, or trucks have now on great a stake that they will not tolerate any further delays. Thus the question of good roads is no more, available 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 who are now making 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 one mile. In Europe, the average load of the American farmer from his fields to his buyers 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 behind the drive for a system of 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 one horse team. The owners found that a single motor-truck could do all the work of this large stable. The truck was installed and made twelve four-ton trips or forty miles each day over country roads, hauling fifteen tons of milk and waste in it. It is not engaged in delivering milk, thirty-five tons of milk.

One of our adjacent farms is a broken truck which, with a trailer, carried fifty dollars in twelve hours by hauling twenty-five tons of corn over three loads. These three teams would have been required to do the same work. Yet another truck in the same region hauled 1,150 pounds of alfalfa twenty-one miles in the same time that it took a team of four horses to draw 2,700 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 the fact is that they are becoming almost universal among American farmers.

A Wisconsin farmer should be mentioned. He now uses a thirty-ton truck to haul his produce. He hauls a full 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,
Here to grace my trinkets
Here to cheer my violet
Let them doleful all regrets,
Just for this they grow.
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 me trinkets just like you,
Live their little while,
And then do as I would do,
Do beneath your violet.

But from ashes odors the
Of sweet violets dead,
Bleached snow the memory place
Of the violet's life,
And our words once said,
What from ashes odors the
Of sweet violets dead?

Dear, the world I look before,
The black looms death to send;
Sore are falling tears and weeping,
Dear, the world I look before,
What from ashes odors the
Of sweet violets dead?
Dear, the world I look before,
The black looms death beyond.



With each new height another picture presents itself



An evening stroll by lantern-light

WINTER IN THE CATSKILLS

BY A. W. DIMOCK

I was midway 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 horse, which had become motionless and were plunging about. She waded then with the risk, mellow tones of her voice as she pulled and pulled the ice, and when I shooed a warning to the girl, she called back:

"What do you have about horses? They are 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 had slipped 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 plaves. 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 decorations of which is 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 glory of the North and never sees the living North, with its activities, closed masses flaking out from



Ice-choked streams and fields of dazzling white



Products of melted snow rush through the streams



An ice-encumbered waterfall by moonlight

clear skies; quick fountains springing from bleating stamblers; roaring waterfalls rising out of shimmering snow; exuberant fish, herds of their kind, tipping fruit, 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 fineness 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 upon its snow the course of every creature 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 sand 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, proceeds 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 nerves 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 cuticles but one finger and fat caps 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 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-strike, and you dream that Herold Hudson and his jolly crew are at their games again, and wondering, wonder how much of the uncountable came down with the avalanche that struck 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. road, in a stage, 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 tramped from the valley beyond by a mountain road. Their sheep 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 dash 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 lot 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 no lively a pace, and added that he for one wasn't going to trust him by trusting his premises such to anything so reckless. 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 fastened beyond repair at his feet, he groaned.

"There, gold-dam!" 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 epigrams that have not been published. A regular has brought down from northern New York the following example of early nineteenth-century elegant verse:

Burst forth all premature your labors,

Pluck'd from the parent stem!

The earliest seedlings in the dust,

And Hour's receive 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 god, "if they'll only get after them there buggler classes. They never alarmed a buggler 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 five 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 district 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 car.

"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—trusting or sleep-else?"

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.
"Truffles!" he snarled enough to pay for the truffle!" 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 Gus!

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 mangle later along the dirty muddy jibe, I love this season of restraint imposed on avarice and on meat, because with naught of detriment to truth the answer comes:

"It's Lent."

Old Gus!

I'm mighty sorry, but it's

Lent!"

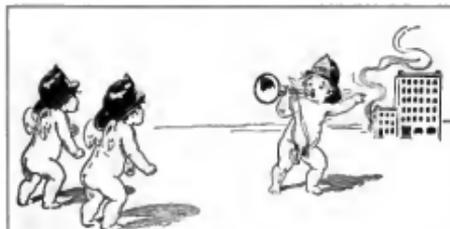
And when old Spange with wild eye observes me painting pretty big, and says a handsome dollar note hid in the pocket of my coat, and asks the loss, that season's blood that helps my cause and interest, enabling me to fail his best by saying:

"Sorry, but it's Lent."

Old Gus!

It grieves me deeply,

BOYD'S DOLLAR GARTER.





THE 7:12—CAN
DRAWN BY C.



THEY MAKE IT?



SPRING THAW

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELEES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

Jennings was relentless weather. Jennings, chiefly warm beneath the blankets of his bunk, was yet alive even in sleep to the wisterly grip of the air. He was aggrieved before he awoke with a subconscious knowledge of rigors to be under-bark and frost on store-logs. 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 reminded himself. "Well—let's get up sometime!"

He reached an instantly assumed hunch for his trousers and boots, drew them toward him—and sat up indignantly. There it was unmistakably, the tiny combed which had disturbed his sleep. It was clearer in waking now—a little grizzling of disheveled curls, a shifting and heavy brachiating comb beside the wall of the cabin. To man-trained ears there was no mystery in it. Something—wild or started 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 hound, head and fore-legs 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 marksman rejoiced. He was aroused through when he re-shouldered his rifle. He knifed a handful of shavings, laid on wood, and sat leaning above the blank. Nook watched as if that wasn't enough, darn't hang a thing outside—

"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 mumbled, with not suppressible 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 chattering among his brethren, the arrival of the dog on the threshold.

"If I said 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! The dog was nervous, think you ain't?" Mirrielee, surveying the line with a neighbor crumpled up against you.

The water-tracker had thrown authority to discharge his glabrous of ice. He jerked it up and drew 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 away. 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 succession 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 run come 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 up 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 the water-tracker, and, mistaking it, stepped to think. None enough, he had taken it out. He had been on his way to the spring when O'Farrell— All at once he was aware of an immense posthumous at-the-thought of being outside for the first, at the vision of his journey to the spring to fill it.

"Too cold to go," he devoted himself. He dimmed a little coffee from the breakfast grounds and prepared satisfaction.

But his effort would not do. His good remembrance. He snatched open the door at last in a rage of irritation. It was to be expected the little figure would be gone as he started it continuously. So that was O'Farrell! So that was O'Farrell! The heartiness of the thing, the whirling offhand 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, gesture.

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 matter. He had, distastefully, that he must answer the obstacle. He had been entirely justified in his shoot; he was entirely

proof of it, 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, 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 knelt packed snow on the place to stop the bleeding, rolled snow, too, on the frost-bitten 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 stars 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 task. 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 it, scoldingly, without concern, without emotion. He was always the same, though O'Farrell talked, too. Part of the time he threatened. Part of the time he was excoining every thing he said.

"Now then, Mike stop! ... 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, pressing down on 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. He rose from the bed, and O'Farrell stared at him silently, fearfully, with recognition.

"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?"

"There was no 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 intention of O'Farrell would not wish to a recollection of the shooting only, but only of the misadventures 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, whisperingly. 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 questioner broke off unfinished. He sat down with a gasp, the poker clattering out of his hand. If O'Farrell got well—when O'Farrell got well—what of him, Jeannus, would be his neighbor? 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 of 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 the first individualism of 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 'b 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 spring 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 to-morrow he'd be 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 thought 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 gun had cracked, and instantly he was awake, open and abandoned of all his quivering convulsions of the man at his back. It was an hour after his taking his place that, with a faint realization, he again awoke, 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 now risen on one side, his head forward, eyes upon the distant window. Every fiber of him trembled.

Jeannus listened low—listened and heard. From across the snow came the crack of falling wood.

"Somebody on the track," he interpreted, aloud. He strove to make the announcement usually. "Find right—far outside—You get down—"

He started that thing to himself—

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 burst across the threshold—a figure grotesque in form, bristling with the irritations of winter.

its hanked neck. 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 syllables of the doctor's reply. It really was not a long time before the worker disappeared from the back and spoke.

"Now he'll 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. "Girtled 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 watchful 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 shafts were 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 was overwhelming him by his feet 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 the regard. His tongue stanchered over the attempted name.

"Mike—Mike—"

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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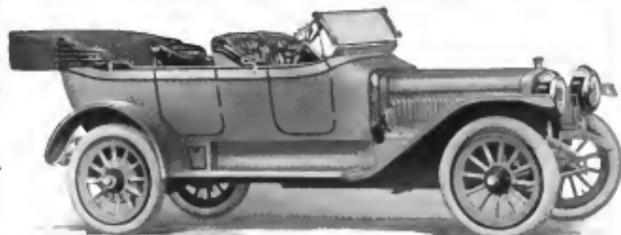
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Complete Record of All Cars Traveling 5000 Miles or More in the Five Annual Winton Six Upkeep Tests of 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911 and 1912

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	1,055,185.2	14,788.3	\$ 302.25	\$ 4.52	\$0.292
Cars making the poorest records	57	391,970.0	10,438.6	2769.18	74.84	7.16
*Cars running without repair expense	35	408,857.8	8,541.0
Cars not otherwise classified	33	471,079.4	8,886.5	320.12	6.04	.68
Totals for five years	215	2,362,093	10,986.4	\$3391.55	\$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.

"BOSS" LORD

The Famous Managing Editor of the "Sun"—What He Was, and What He Accomplished

BY EDWARD G. RIGGS

It is not easy to tell of Chester S. Lord, who has just resigned the post of managing editor of the Sun, in a column or two. There is not a newspaper man in this country who could tell you the value of his services so well as he. And it would take an entire *Harper's Weekly* volume to review the influence of this man's career in newspaperdom. The average life of a managing editor on the metropolitan press is about two years, and yet Lord has been in the chief position who has steered the news columns of the Sun every hour of the day and night. Only a few men in this country have had the experience required to get out a single issue of one of the great New York dailies. And here is a man who for more than three decades has piloted the Sun through the greatest newspaper storms of that time. Typhoid, earthquakes, pestilence, and plague from one end of the universe to the other, intricate political struggles, great financial panics, both at home and abroad, have called for this man's quick intellect, inventive judgment, and wonderful perseverance. He is only sixty-three and, all told, he has seen a service of forty-two years on that newspaper.

Lord was a country boy, born in Hamilton, Seneca county, New York, on a farm, thirty-two years ago. His father, the Rev. Edward Lord, is still a fine, hale old gentleman of ninety-three. His mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, had to get into the grave of his early life. His father, a stout, honest, well-to-do farmer, was one of the first New York agriculturists who sent his young Lord home to get into his newspaper newspaper office. He received the salary of \$15 a week on the *Orange Free Press*, the first of the papers he ever in his life. In 1872 he came to New York and took a place on the general staff of the Sun at \$10 a week. Charles A. Dana was managing the Sun's administration at the time, and young Lord's last assignment was to get out and soon about in an effort to pile on the New York City agency end of the attack on Grand Central station. He was sent out a paragraph or two in the Sun the next day, and when he read his maiden effort as a metropolitan journalist he was so pleased with it that he next reported Greeley's speeches in his columns. Always and ever he strove to become an editorial writer on the Sun. He was then a young man, and he learned that he was cut out for an editorial writer. But Charles A. Dana was probably one of the best judges of newspaper men and the exact value of a man as a newspaper general. Gradually, step by step, Lord was advanced from the Jersey and other telegraphic desks until in 1882 Mr. Dana made him managing editor. Without a break other than the usual summer vacations, several spent in Europe, and others in the Thousand Islands and on the coast of Maine, Chester Lord has held the important post which he chose his desk in the Sun office and retired forever from journalism. By frugality and thrift and the Benjamin Franklin idea of always spending a little less than he made, Lord has a comfortable fortune, and now means to devote his days to newspaper and his duties as a member of the University of the State of New York.

There is not a newspaper man of account who does not know what Lord has done and the exact value of it. Like Dan, he has been a great judge of men. His discernment has been little short of marvellous. Calm, dispassionate, without the least bias, he has been as wise as a serpent and as gentle as a lamb. Lord got about his staff that has been regarded by newspaper men as the best in this country. He is a president in thought, with a pharisee idea of the dignity of his office, ever ready to correct the other fellow's point of view even though he is in his right. Lord was never known in all the thirty-two years of his managing editorship of the Sun to utter an unkind word to any man on the paper, no matter how humble his station. He ruled by his example and by the force in the old maxim that kindness outdoes more fire than vinegar. It was recognized that both usual and worldly wisdom called for consideration and on many occasions extension. He is naturally a kind man. And yet, as a newspaper editor in the country, was there a more disciplined man on the Sun? He was a fellow who braved an injury he did not discharge the man in any of the jumping-jacks of journalism would have done. He would not touch one of the "beats" that the fellow had turned in and rechecked full well that in this vale of tears and con-

ditional human nature any step, no matter how brilliant or keen, was likely to fall on "pat" over on him by the equally keen and brilliant members of other newspaper staffs. Lord was a just man. He was fair and square, and the members of his staff would thank their lucky stars for his high credit of his own. He was ever ready to recognize merit. He encouraged the efforts of able boys in the Sun office to become members of the general staff. He never dismissed a man, the recipient of his decision because impressed with the responsibility and the honor assigned him, and he turned himself in on an effort to "get the best" out of him. It was this feeling, this intense loyalty to Lord, that made the news columns of the Sun for many years. Did any man seek to shift his responsibility or forget his honor, he was quietly disposed; nothing making was said, but he was made perfectly aware in private tones that he could not keep pace with his fellows.

Lord inaugurated the system of election returns for which the Sun has been famous. He began building this system of returns from the first issue of his publication in 1859. He was a man of great force of information as to the result in New York State. Blaine got the first news of his defeat from Lord.

In many instances the candidate and chairman of the different parties have made it a rule to telegraph to Lord on election night for the Sun's returns. Notable was this the case in 1876 when Cleveland was overwhelmingly re-elected. No person was the victory that Cleveland at his home in New York City would scarcely credit the returns. Turning to Colonel Lamont, Cleveland said, "Dan, I can't believe those returns. Will you ask your wife from Cleveland for the returns?" Lamont quickly communicated with Lord and at midnight Cleveland turned her for a reassuring night's sleep, perfectly aware that he had been re-elected by tremendous plurality.

Lord has always believed that the men on the Sun staff should have a specialty, either finance, politics, art, music, or the drama. No managing editor has appreciated the value of a general reporter better than he, but for permanence in the profession Lord has consistently preferred in letters and in addresses that newspaper men should have a specialty. In a recent lecture before the students of the Pulitzer School of Journalism he made his conviction a strong point of his address. He pointed out the necessity for accurate and specific information on politics, finance, and the other subjects mentioned. It was because of this wise judgment that Lord was able to give to the readers of the Sun during the thirty-two years of his administration accurate information.

One of the principal tasks of Lord's career was the building up of an independent news service for the Sun.

"I don't like that first year," Mr. Dana, "I have just fired up my Associated Press franchise. We've got to have the news of the world in our morning, and we've got to get it ourselves."

"You got a Dispatch," Mr. Dana, "I'll have the news for you all right." Dana always said that he didn't enjoy his days since a single day that night. But he didn't mind the work, neither did he mind the commotion with the office. He backed on Lord, and the next morning and ever afterward Lord made good on the independence of the Sun, with the result that the Sun, which more recently has become the Sun News Service, and the special correspondents of the paper is in all parts of the world.

A task like that which Dan thrust on Lord might have paralyzed the average managing editor of a great metropolitan newspaper, but it was not for the man who had never been at a loss in the presence of his powerful competitors. It was unobscured in its position. It had never been attempted before. Lord with calm courage and confidence sent off thousands of telegrams and cable dispatches that night. Many were shots in the air, but the majority were half-rays, as the next morning's issue of the Sun proved. "Was Dana delirious?" If you had seen him hop, skip, and jump into the office that morning you'd have received your answer. When Lord's friends got up, his desk in the afternoon Dana noticed that his Chief Editor's office, grasped him about the shoulders, and chuckled, "Wonder, you're a brick, you're a trump. You're the John L. Sullivan of newspaperdom. Ever all those years of close intimacy with Dana, Lord had a rejoicing note in his subterranean the other day, when, in response from the Sun, he stated, "I have been proud to know that for seventeen years of my thirty-two years as managing editor I was Dana's right-hand man."

The Washington correspondent of the Albany correspondent of the Sun and the chief political correspondent of the Sun were the only men who were invited to national conventions, as well as the special correspondents sent to different parts of the country and other important points of the world. It was the death of a pipe, earthquake, social disasters, Presidential inaugurations, or famous progress that go to make up the news of the Sun. It was the man who was always in the field on the night of the election, and who was always in the field on the night of the election, and who was always in the field on the night of the election.

Lord's argument was always in effect that if he were not there in his own office, the fighting on the Sun fall to the other men who were night managers, then and become disinterested and even diverted from their plain task of straight and day. If these men were taken by their own squabbles, the Sun would be in a worse way than ever. It was not as if he were not there in his own office, and who was always in the field on the night of the election, and who was always in the field on the night of the election.

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THE ONE WHO WAITS

BY WESTMORE WILLCOX, JR.

The wind is up. How it howls and rattles
The cottage roof and the fire-ventures.
The fisherman's net.
To pass the street.
There's only one hat clothes for eight,
And what man a woman do wait?
Mark how that last black dook the shuffler!

The tide drives on my forehead sand,
And beats on the cheek with western wind.
The breaker's leap,
And lava's hot steep.
There's a little food and sleep for
And a woman can only wait and weep.
While the wave-wrecks whither drift in to land.



1.
JANE -
"OR FREDRICK - THE OPEN ROAD WINDS AND
BECKONS. LET US TAKE OUR BAGS AND
HIET ADVENTURE - LET US BECOME VAGABONDS.
FREDRICK: "YES YES. SLEEPING IN THE HEDGE-
ROUSE 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."



6
WILD AND CARE-FREE.



4
"THE FIRST HOUR.
FREE-FREE FREDRICK!
LET US ALWAYS BE
VAGABONDS."

The VAGABONDAGE of the SMITHS.



5
JANE -
"THIS GUY SLEEPING IN THE HEDGEBOND BUT
THERE AREN'T ANY CRAWLY BUGS HERE."



8
NOW THE KNAPSACK AND HEAVY
ROOFS BELT ON THE SECOND DAY.



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."



9
DONE.



10
"THE TUNELY ARRIVAL OF ROBINSON -
"I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR
YOU TWO MARINERS. HOP IN AND I'LL TAKE YOU
HOME". (THEY HOP)

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 Coeur de Lion, in England, were its custodians and have held them for centuries by virtue of their possession of an old fashion, with which according to tradition, they asserted that a knight, their ancestor, slew the famous Dragon of Waulstrey.

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 had owned them.

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 "Parkin," the statesman said, "I thought so much."

He then asked the laborer whether he was descended from the line-burners 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 Knapdale but honorable condition is that of the House of Lochnagar, 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 farmers in Argyllshire 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 renned 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 fortified castles against the forces of the living rock. Each one of these strange weapons contained an entire body of powder, which it was not possible to vary the aim of those reasons 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 continents 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 asserts 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 various colors protect it more than others, Dark red is the color that gives the best results.



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Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Fight for the Gold Supply

If you were to walk into any bank in Paris these days, and ask the proprietor to give you gold for a hundred-franc bank of France note, the chances are that he would look at you pityingly, and ask you where you had been that you did not know that gold was being hoarded out across the country like that. In Germany, you would be likely to have some experience, if, indeed, you weren't handed over to the police and cast into jail as a suspicious character. All over the continent of Europe, indeed, is at the same thing—there is simply no gold to be had. Every one who has any in his possession is holding on to it as though it were the hot gold he ever expected to see. By the banks the most heroic efforts are being made not only to keep their gold holdings intact, but to add to them whenever possible.

To the unexpected supplies in the United States these gold-hungry foreign banks have naturally turned. Suppose exchange rates on New York are such that to take gold from here and import it into Europe means a slight loss on each shipment—what difference does that make? A time of famine is no time to shirk over the price of one's bread. The point is that the foreign banks are in need, or think they are in need, of some new gold on which they can lay their hands. Here in the United States there is an apparently plentiful supply. What is wanted, then, then that the slight charge extra should be cheerfully paid, and the precious metal purchased here in quantity for shipment to the other side.

What more natural, indeed? Twenty-seven million dollars in gold shipped away from the port of New York in the closing of the year. That is the way it has worked out, so far. And the movement may or may not be over. In the opinion of people well qualified to judge, we are likely to send out a good many more millions before we get through. All very well for the foreigners who need gold, and are having to pay only this slight premium to get it. But how about us? This year's gold country will be exhausted gold supply, but \$27,000,000 is a lot of money, especially when it is taken out of the hands of the members of the banks within the short space of a very few weeks. The foreigners have come here and got what they wanted. The next question is as to how we are likely to let them have it.

Not nearly as well as a good money people seem to think. Money has not remained fairly easy during all the time that this influx of gold has been in progress, but that doesn't prove anything. We have a system in this country by which, at certain periods of the year, currency accumulates at New York and the other cities, and keeps money rates there low whether they ought by rights to be low or not. That is no fault. What counts is not the rate for New York, but the rate in the rest of the country's banks, and the percentage of reserves they are carrying. That is what tells whether the money is being sent to stand the loss of any considerable amount of gold.

Some of the seven thousand odd national banks in the United States were shown in the last Comptroller's statement to be of exceedingly propitious size, but have reserves of only a few hundred even during our periods of greatest commercial expansion. Percentage of reserves to liabilities on the other hand, was disclosed at the lowest point touched in recent years.

In itself that fact means as away up and that reserves are away down does not mean that we are going to have a panic or even a serious financial disturbance, but it does mean that we are in no position to spare any such amount of gold as we have been sending away. Accumulation at New York of momentary idle cash belonging to the interior banks has given to the money market a superabundance of cash. For the moment market isn't really over. Far from it. What has been happening is that in the fall following the harvesting of the crops, the inland banks have been sending some of their idle cash along to New York—which cash the New York banks have been cheerfully exporting to Europe, just as though it were their own to export. All of which is very well as long as the banks do not export more than they can. But let the interior start calling upon New York for currency and the real situation will quickly enough be disclosed.

Well, in that case, can't we get back from Europe some of the gold we have been sending there? Got gold from Europe at a time like this—when the Bank of France is refusing to pay even its own notes in gold?



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A Coldwell Motor Lawn Mower on the grounds of John D. Rockefeller's estate, Foxcroft Hills, N. Y.

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But when Europe wanted gold badly enough to pay for it, it was able to supply itself here? Why, then, if we want gold badly, can't we do the same thing and draw what we need from over there? Ah, how we come to the crux of the whole matter. The gold market in the United States is "low." The gold market abroad isn't. There never was, there never will be the 1007 point was at its worst, that a man holding United States notes couldn't show them around the Transatlantic and get gold for them. Can he get gold for his bank of France notes in Paris at present, when, as far from being panic-stricken, the situation outside even he called scarce?

It is all very satisfactory, of course, to think of this government's being the only one whose notes can't get a fair figure converted into an equivalent amount of gold. But it has its disadvantages. If all the markets were on the same footing, it would be all very well. But the other markets, unfortunately, are not on the same footing—there is not another country on earth but this one whose the government cannot, and frequently does not, stop its aid and interfere when it considers that too many gold are being exported.

Between all the civilized nations of the world there is constant trading in gold, in which the various means of transporting and retaining the precious metal are actively employed. The gold market in the United States is no exception. It is not a different basis from our opponents. Their are equipped to do it, and we are not. Our position is very much that of a man who, although knowing nothing about the game, sits down to play poker with good players. He will be beaten, and he will be forced and will supplied with money.

What means of protecting their gold hoards have the other markets which we have not?

In the first place, government-controlled banks, which, while they are not allowed to stop to raise the gold supply, are in a position to bid against him. That is what London does every Monday morning. There is a gold market, the bank's receipts from the same being sold to the highest bidder. Suppose the New York banks want to bid for some gold, and that the Bank of England considers they ought to bid—what happens then? Naturally the Bank of England at its discretion to bid against them. To keep them from getting it the bank may have to pay a high price for the metal, but that is willing enough to do. To protect the market when it needs protection and at whatever cost, is the bank's business.

That is one of the foreign government banks can do to prevent an outsider from taking gold. Another is to pay their notes in gold coin as soon as they can to make it useless for export, or even to refuse to pay their notes in gold at all. To the latter expedient the Bank of France, when reserves are scarce, resorts without hesitation. If the directors of the bank should be asked to do so, they would, of course, so long as gold is not sent over the counter, and that is all there is to it.

Even more powerful is the attitude of gold supply. The rate of exchange on Swiss or French, at New York, may be low, but gold might naturally flow out, but if the Rockefeller does not want to see the metal go, the word is given to the German government to stop shipping. To go contrary to the wishes of the government would mean too much loss in other directions. Time and again it has happened that a threatened outflow of the precious metal from Berlin has been averted by a mere expression of desire on the part of the German government-controlled Rockefeller that the gold be not sent.

And then, of greater importance than this direct control of gold supplies abroad is the fact that the great central banks in all the leading nations have it in their power arbitrarily to control gold buying rates, and, through them, the rate of exchange. It is exchange on London, New York, for example, so low that an outflow of gold to the United States is threatened. Very well, then, say the directors of the Bank of England, we will ease our loaning rate, and that will quickly enough cause exchange on us to rise to a point where New York can't afford to buy our gold. Very effective, indeed, is this ability as the part of the great central banks. Europe can raise and lower the loaning rate, in the light to recover gold supplies it is being continually used.

Back in December exchange conditions were such (demand for gold in London set at \$4,400) that gold in large amounts should have been imported into the United States. London did Paris stand in of less than \$2,000,000 came in. Never beginning of the year with exchange conditions not particularly favorable to gold exports, some \$27,000,000 is gold has gone out.

And in what cases of our country a case which we are now well equipped to say that are not applicable.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1913

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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," rebuked a successor of Mr. CURTIS in New Haven in 1906, "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 lives of this great union of free individuals."

HARPER'S WEEKLY has never been subservient. It rebuked BRYAN; it supported LEWIS with fervor, and held fast to the Republican party till 1884; then it broke away upon a moral issue and three times stood staunchly with GEORGE CLEVELAND; it rejected free-silver Democracy in 1895 and 1900, but upheld sound-money Democracy in 1904; it supported TAYLOR in 1908 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. In 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, no hobby, 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—his is a clean state. (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—none 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 ramping vesper; 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 weak in truth. 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 1900 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, 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 campaigning evolved. Advocacy so zealous and so persistent, involving constant explanation, careful interpretation, unqualified praise, and unremitting defense, was unprecedented in our history, 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 assault 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 coming 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-intelligence 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 consequence 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, as he follows and all of them will become 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 support. Almost everybody will enough afford 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 in "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 Followers, 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 formulation set through with purpose, and nothing of the biting quality of the ADDRESS. To tell the truth, the address is fuller of cogitation than of commitment. It tells us what a man very much more than he 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 be displayed, 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 enabled 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 program 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 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 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.

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 going on since Congress and plundered 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 have no proper relation to one another, but are prepared by separate committees, each instructed 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 capital cities, as well as the established machinery, with its numerous and strenuous 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 telegram 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 done 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-Kaynes House 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-

Kaynes 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 agencies may be in some way used to help the prohibition states enforce their own laws. That is the only way in which the Wren-Kaynes 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 liquor 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 compile the law into law.

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 authority had to 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-headed insistence that Congress "divorce the Mexican doctrine" and "authorize the President to invite Great Britain, Germany, and France to join us in occupying Mexico," we are less disposed than we might have been otherwise to regret that Mamie and her admirer with the admiring smile cannot 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 led the National Civil Service Reform League, of which he is president, have commended the classification. He has recent utterances which say 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 had the Tribune. We haven't happened to see the revised version cited, 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 full well and lives 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."

In the name of righteousness, hypocrisy, and humbug! Tah!

Loney or Dorage

The TAYLOR veto of the immigration bill was the act of an executive who carried only two states in the United States, and 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 bill unconstitutional, even though by doing so it "thwarts" what somebody declares to be "the popular will"? Has Springfield become a log-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. MORGAN THE NEW ZEALAND PEARL DIVER, STAYS HOME FOR 92½—LARGE YACHT LEADERS IN MR. REAR'S PAPER.

Thousands of them sold, W. W., 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. W., you know better.

Don't Grumble Too Loud

THE GOVERNMENT OF CALIFORNIA, 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 clonned" 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 mistake in Pennsylvania to give the legislature that had no law "thoroughly clonned" since its last preceding one. Was it a duly purified lower branch that passed the "purified-hood bill"?

He is Not Dead

MR. WICKHAMMAN 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. Wickhamman has conducted, admirably, what may be expected of a first-class corporation lawyer when he takes a reindeer from the people.

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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 periled 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 beseech 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 revive, 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 must 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



Copyright by Underwood & Lichtenhan
Admiring a baby after his nomination. Most candidates do this before

THE INFORMAL SIDE OF PRESIDENT WILSON



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

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

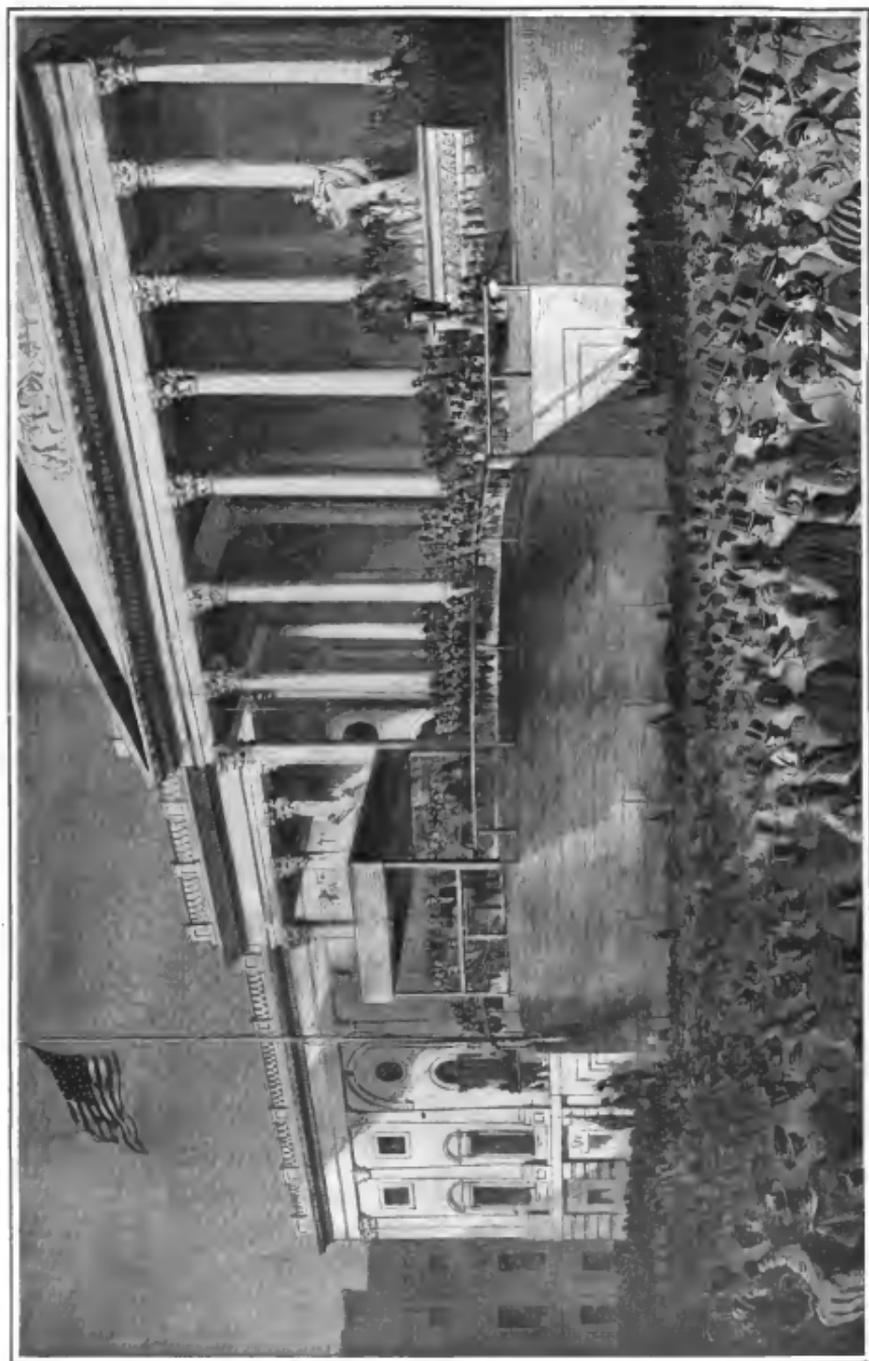
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LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURAL PROCESSION

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.

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
"HARPER'S WEEKLY" FOR MARCH 4, 1893

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The White House in Mrs. Madison's time
(From an old print)



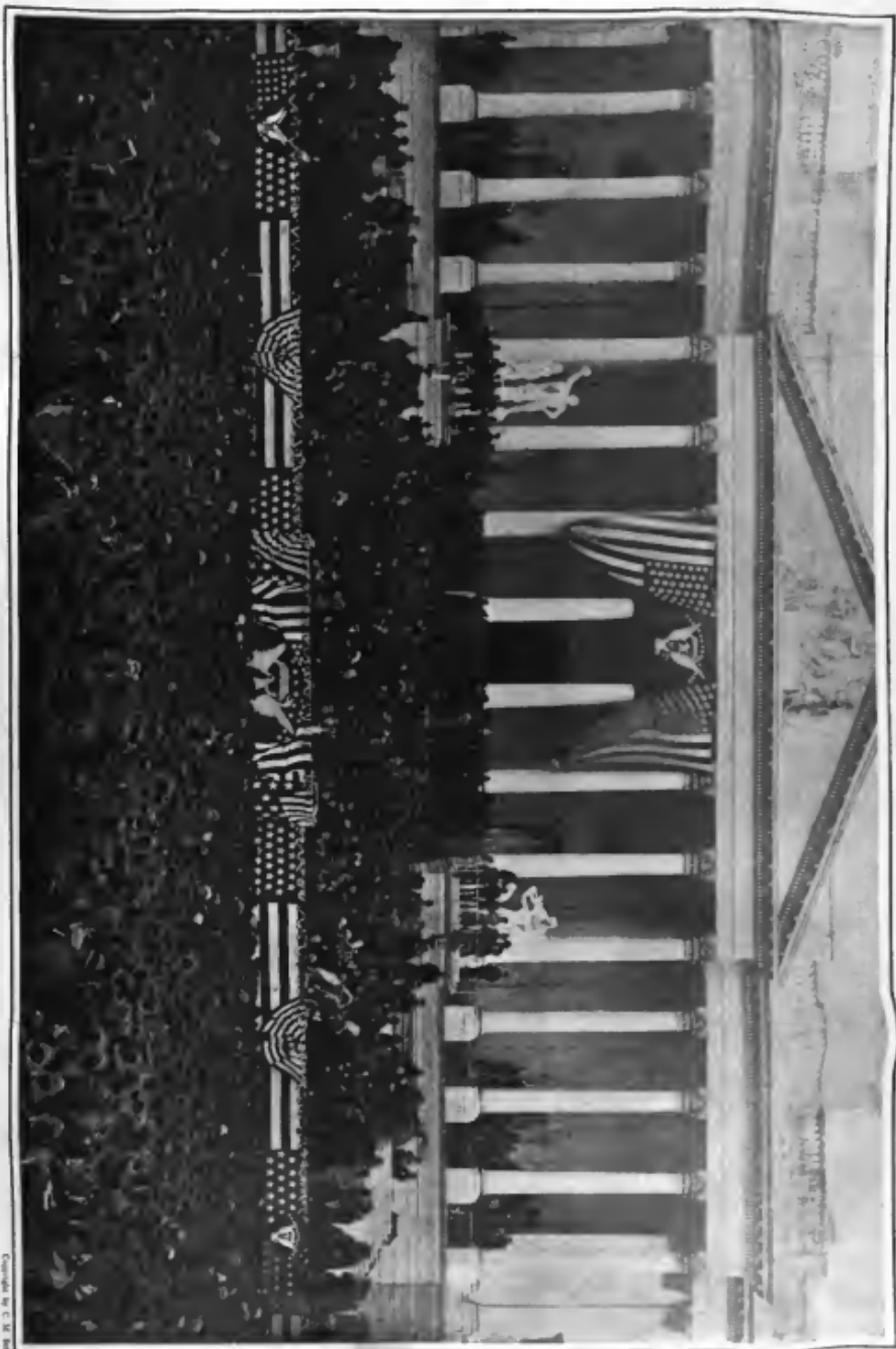
The White House as it appears to-day



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

ABOVE the cluster of the dishes and the cluster of the citrus fruit around the long table rose the voice of Gaston Beaupré.

"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 clerks and the horse-riders and the animal-tamers—a motley 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:

"We others, we don't do nothing! but earn our livin', Gaston. An' no' much o' that, 'tween bet's hard!"

But Gaston Beaupré 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 tropsie he fly to meet me—then, whiz! up, up, up—the turn in the air, an'

always I come exact to the same spot in the platform of arrival. An' up from the crowd come loud applause, then roar, motion—'tween that I am safe once more!"

He looked about him apologetically at the still silent table, while the lamps flickered and the candles burned gratefully above his crisp curls.

"She start me," he said, smiling ruefully down at the proprietor's daughter beside him. "So does she. 'What conceit! Little Frenchman have!' She say how hard is our life. Monsieur et madame, all my fren'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 fattest 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 per-

formance. But Dolly Ryan, otherwise Miss Demoulin, elegant lady-barker 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 meet him and shot 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 trapeze 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 Beaupré, 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 hand.

"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 Beaupré went to give his mad, dizzying regularity. He was over thirty and glaring at the age when all acrobats must begin to think of giving up the most sensational 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 Beaupré into his office in the proprietor's wagon and laid his big fat down. The fat woman saw him go and wiped her eyes. And the animal-tamers 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 all-in-all go into?"

But Gaston rose to his feet, trembling with passion.

"It is not possible," he said, "that you are supposed I become a clown?" (he had laughed at, mocked at, by a common mob? I, Gaston Beaupré?)



Then it shot up the tent pole and crowded nastily

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 establish governmental control of a warlike, non-political point of view. A brief review of it follows:

On the 18th 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 determine the forces necessary, if any, to avert a transmissible germs against successful invasion of the United States territory. This resolution was passed by the House. It was whetted to a point of brevity, on the last day of the session. The general staff of the army spent the following summer fall 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 be excluded from public view, with hold from publication if received by the House.

It would not be vouching any confidence to say that the report did not contain confidential matter, but the standing army, but rather emphasized the necessity for a change in its organization and, above all, the attention to the military and naval affairs 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. It did not come out of the House until 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 at San Francisco on 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 Waterhouse, General Waterhouse, Representative Hull, then chairman of the Military Committee of the House, and Representative Roberts.

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 10th.

General Wood considered the bill one of the most important measures for military efficiency that had ever passed the House.

General Waterhouse said: "I consider this decidedly the most important measure that has ever passed the House since I was here in this 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 in the West.

The city of Milwaukee is 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.

Non-partisanship, 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 compel the declaration in connection of a number of men whose specialties are so exactly defined, but are not brought into formal recognition by the law, and who are better off by it."

"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 15, 1911, 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 providing for the most efficient management of our military and naval programs."

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 places its estimates before Congress.

The wastefulness of the expenditures is due, therefore, to faulty organization, which in turn is due to the absence of a central organization, which is an overspending of millions of the people's money as an inefficient fighting force can be created only by the most judicious selection, and the most assured only by establishing a Council of National Defense.

The future, and a review of the work of 1912, has within the following estimate of non-partisanship as a theory which has been demonstrated satisfactory in Milwaukee.

The year 1912 marked a new era in the affairs of the city of Milwaukee. Its citizenship has received the congratulations of the nation at large for the work done at the polls. The city of Milwaukee is a Socialism and party politics in municipal business was thrown off, and thrown off, I believe, for all time to come. The city of Milwaukee is now a city conducted on the basis of efficiency and economy, with a dollar's worth of service for every dollar paid by the taxpayer, and with the merit system supreme in city affairs.

A glance at the past year's tax bills, as compared with those of 1911 or before, will show that Milwaukee's non-partisan administration has made a satisfactory record on the labor which it is pledged to carry out. The tax bills of 1912 are a record of merit. Merit improvements each year, with a tax rate commensurate with actual work done and service rendered, not a high tax rate and an expenditure of public money for no real purpose, as in the past, is the result of the non-partisan administration. It was devoted. While not quite twelve months in change of the business of our people, this administration has made wonderful progress in carrying out those policies by which it was introduced with municipal affairs for two years. I regard myself as chief executive, or, I might say, as chairman of the board of directors of the largest corporation in Wisconsin—namely, our city of Milwaukee.

When the march has so far been accomplished, there is much that must be done. We have reduced coffee in the business of our city government. There is no more of the kind of business in the City Hall are hostile toward the industrial and commercial activities of the community. This is evident in the municipal building, which is a record of merit. Merit improvements each year, with a tax rate commensurate with actual work done and service rendered, not a high tax rate and an expenditure of public money for no real purpose, as in the past, is the result of the non-partisan administration. It was devoted. While not quite twelve months in change of the business of our people, this administration has made wonderful progress in carrying out those policies by which it was introduced with municipal affairs for two years. I regard myself as chief executive, or, I might say, as chairman of the board of directors of the largest corporation in Wisconsin—namely, our city of Milwaukee.

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Interfudes

THE READY REPLYER

A COMPENDIUM OF TITLED CONVERSATIONS FOR USE IN
EMBARRASSED 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
averts 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 coun-
tenance): You were ill, Mr. Wicksbade, 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
letter, taking them in their most literal 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,
provides a miracle, but none the less perceptible, sus-
tenuation of the light, so that in reality I have bright-
ened your door rather than otherwise, which consider-
ation set on my part, added to the fact that I am pos-
sessed 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 illumi-
nation of all concerned.

FATHER (indulging 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 intima-
tion, sir, I have endeavored to the full extent of my power
to respect, in pursuance of which endeavor I beg to
inform 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
infamous 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 this 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, MOTHER! 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 pasture by
on the highway outside in order to break your fall.

PREMONITIONS OF SPRING

I can hear the birds chattering that the gentle
spring is coming on the way; and beneath the eaves
and around I can feel the green things growing
that will make a forest about in the May.
Far above old winter's hoard I can see the sunny
cheer of the robins with their blossoms all a glitter,
while the early raven twitter is despite the song
a-bitter 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 puppet
biting, slumber.

I can hear the rook's rasping, and his hard but
new blossoming, as he sits, that there'll be no cash
in fact when the snows in their dust show old
winter hard and cruel crushed to bits.
Oh, the lovely days of springtime, with their hush
and their swag-time, soon we'll spy, on a certain
soft sundown in the general infatuation 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
breadway hatter recently displayed in his win-
dow a mound of hats, with the placard, "The genuine
poodle-Panama." Not far from him was an establish-
ment that here stood aloof from this flattery sign.
"Burginal! Burginal! Wadeprod! Umlerlial!" They
are rare, too. In many streets are to be found
companies that in big enough, in how better has been
padding an appealing life-size portrait, in color, of
a bottle of beer, enclosed with the following rhyme in
pencil New-Yorkish dialect:
"Missing empty bottles soon run into mine.
That's why we pay for their return."

REPARTÉE

"My only fear is to meet in woman's college," said
Mr. Bullfellow, "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. Bullfellow, with an indignant
smile. "Well—look at the pile of illustrious romances
you see are still selling like hotcakes!"
Whereupon Mr. Bullfellow began to leer 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.

"That's—plow!" whispered the driver, who
"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
give me twenty-five per cent. of the profits, and I'll let
you off."

HURRY UP!

"Nan'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 BEYOND,
AND LIKE ALL ON HER HONY
SHE IS NEVER CONTENTY

THE GIRL WHOSE HER WORK "HUNG ON THE LINE."



AFTER HIS TWENTY-YEAR SLEEP

"IS THIS THE VILLAGE OF FALLING WATER?"

DRAWN BY E. W. SOBLE



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 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 off an late a 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 sundial remains were known, means 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

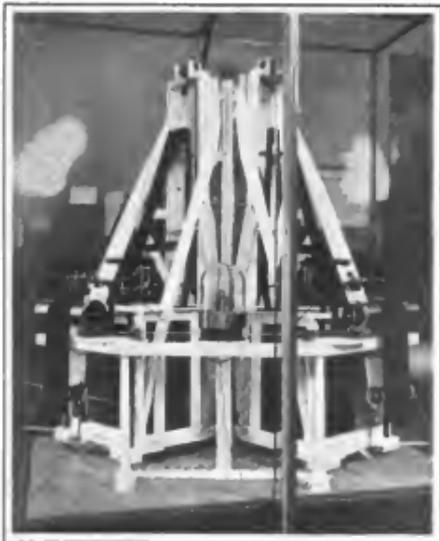
the old-time skipper. He was, however, greatly handicapped by his lack of astronomical knowledge and the inferior quality of his "eye-glass." Moreover, eclipses could not be seen for every night in the month, and there were dark nights when the stars could not be seen.

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 sighting of eyes and waggings of the quadrant, the master would level out to the mate, "Make it! ————!"



TO MEASURE EARTHQUAKES

THE LABORATORY PHOTOGRAPH IS 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, if so 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 Friesch,

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 so marked a result to the stimulation found by Friesch, that he expands into tracks, in which the black cells expand while the yellow ones contract, and vice versa. Dr. von Friesch 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

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 *Pisces* similar results.

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 pigment cells under the influence of intense illumination in cavi and in several members of the salmon family. Dr. von Friesch could not get these 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 killed. 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 bump of linear is cut off, the animal without injuring any other part of the brain or nervous system, the animal responds to prolonged illumination by contraction by change in degree of pigmentation of the skin. When this "eye" is present, however, the animal's skin can be made to change color by directing a beam of light upon the top of the head, even after the fin has been cut off. In some species experimented with by Dr. von Friesch the change can be brought about by playing a beam of light upon a limited area of the skin, or by entering a deep shadow on a limited portion, and no effects are 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 much distressed 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, for in both man and fish the 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 to the color of its surroundings is brought about by the expansion or contraction of the red, yellow, and black pigment cells, there 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 purposeful resemblance of these animals to their surroundings are brought about without anything corresponding to consciousness or purpose, but are the direct results of the contraction of the animal and the constitution of its 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 and are assimilated or disintegrated, and 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 explosives, and drew from it the sugar which it contained, washed it, pressed it, and mixed it with carbon dioxide. In this way at the end of two or three days a solution in which the nitrogenous present itself in a form which is almost entirely assimilated. The study recently finally obtained possessed a very pronounced taste of the food of the fish, 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 until a color 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 cost 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 lighting the match.

Then phosphorus was substituted for antimony. This match was known as the "Congress," and gradually it was improved, other constituents 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 they are inflammable. From one-fourth to one-third 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 matches are desired—only 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 fasten 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, and no, consisting of a preserved, 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 killed 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



Bred Rowland

"THAT GROUND HOG WAS A LIAR. ALL RIGHT"

Necessity was the Mother of the Remington

WHEN the need of the typewriter came to the business world, the Remington came. Others followed.

Remington was the first typewriter—it is still the first typewriter.

First in the field, the Remington organization began building experience, step by step, from the actual practice of typewriter users—always a step or two in advance of the user's need. Other makes followed.

Today the Remington typewriter stands unique as the greatest revolutionizer, the greatest energizer the commercial world has ever seen. And by no means least of its benefactors are all other makes of typewriters—for the Remington created the typewriter industry and blazed the way—for the others to follow.

1,600,000 Remington-written letters mailed in New York City alone every business day in the year.

That tells the story of Remington pre-eminence, of the confidence of

captains of commerce in it, of the faith of tens of thousands of efficient employees, of the limitless selection in choice of operators and choice of positions—the machine that has made work for the millions, and millions for the work.

Remington—the first Typewriter.

Remington Typewriter Company

New York and Everywhere

that, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, gulls annually suffered death on the gullews, rocks were burnt at the stake, and processes against trials, fire, navy, the arts, cartography, etc., common. Where the arbitrary courts of justice failed, pulpits, and some men, usually fell under the ban of their ecclesiastical courts. Thus sorcery was even commuted by the bishop, because children threatened their so-called apples.

A curious trial was that pertaining to the Protestant chapel at La Rochelle, which was conducted by despatch 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 ordered, and had to reply. It was compelled to recant and promise never again to relapse into sin. It then made ample and honorable confession. Lastly, it was recited, beheaded, 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 hanged; 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.

Experiments 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 accredited to the Arabs, and Venetian merchant is said to have purchased the secret from them and introduced the process into Sicily. The refining of sugar for use in some made known 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 as separate individual. Experiments made by naturalists to obtain a better understanding in this regard, finally resulted in the discovery of frogs and salamanders have grown again after being almost wholly extracted. Also the horns of oxen have been regenerated with the results. Each animal born has an eye which commences with the outside world, and these eyes have been seen with the eye, though practically useless for purposes of vision. It is established likewise that the eyelids, or eyelashes, which are of little worth, if 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 the natural eye of the other, a mold of that part also must be taken for each eye. The fitting of the artificial Manufactures assert that as few ears are made, and that it takes a skilled workman to prepare an ear for the mold of sound.

When finished, the new ear is pasted on the stump, or into the ear of the mold of the back eye. It is really only the first artificial ear that is expensive, the rest are made of wax, and are made in the same manner. Artificial eyes, which are made of glass and silver, have been known to deceive the most careful for the making artificial eyes.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II



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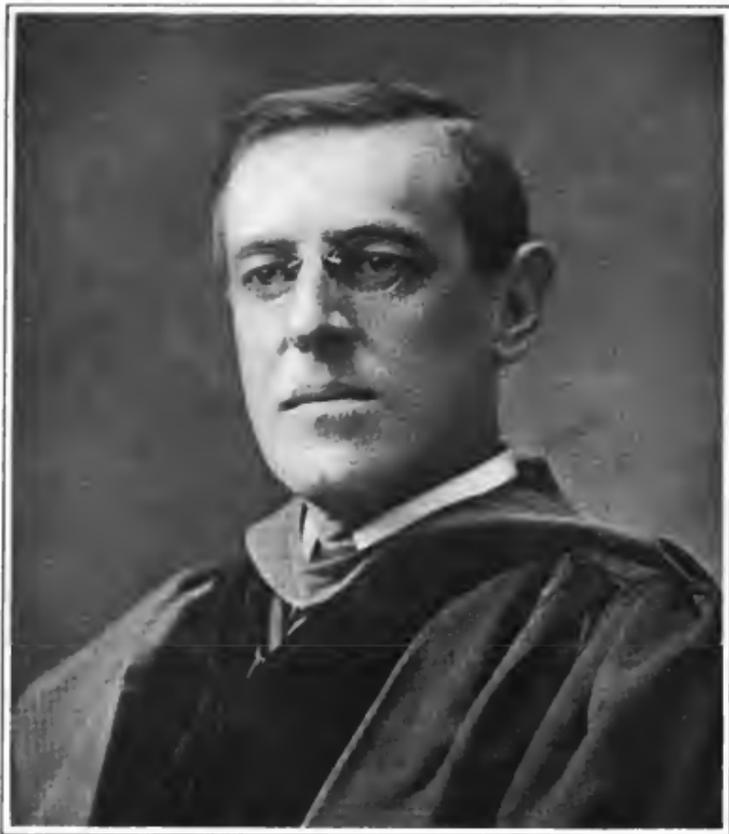
THE TRIUMPH OF AN IDEA

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



COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY R. F. HOLMANS

WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FROM "HARVARD WEEKLY" OF MARCH 16, 1908

If he can regain the Jersey voters as well as he can drill the freshmen or write history, he would be a winning candidate.

From the *Kaareville "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 *Columbus "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 concluded, as any man of good judgment and sound sense would have concluded, 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-statement 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 is true 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

There remain the section south of the Potomac and the Ohio, which is composed of former slaveholding states. The Democratic leaders of that section have hitherto deemed it inexpedient to press upon Democratic National Conventions the nomination of a Southern man. There is nothing new about this belief in a Southern's unmarketability. It prevailed for many years before the Civil War. James K. Polk was the last Southerner nominated by a Democratic National Convention for the Presidency. The Whigs, for reasons that we cannot pause to enumerate here, did not concur in the opinion that a Southern man was marketable. They twice nominated Henry Clay, a representative of Kentucky; and on one of the only two occasions when they were successful they nominated Zachary Taylor, of Louisiana. Is it any longer true that the nomination of a son of the South is inexpedient? Is it not a fact that all Northern Democrats, all Independents, and many long-mindful Republicans are convinced that the time has come to make a Southern man Chief Magistrate? Must we not acknowledge that the South, although nominally restored to the full privileges of states in the Union when she was permitted to send Senators and Representatives to Congress, has not yet been admitted as heretofore as her own as declared from the highest honor in the gift of the Republic? Shall we ever witness a veritable union—not of force and law, but of hearts—until, with the cordial concurrence of a large part of the North, a Southern man becomes Chief Magistrate? When a Southern man takes possession of the White House, will he not bring the white flowers of concord and mutual affection bloom above our battle-fields and the last drop of bitterness be purged from the sad memories of fraternal warfare. Then, indeed, will peace smile upon the land, and equity lift its head triumphant. We profess in the North to have forgiven the South, but we certainly have not forgiven our South brethren meet for forgiveness. They profess in the South—and they proved in 1868 that the profession was sincere—to have accepted accomplished facts, and to have acquiesced loyally in a Union which they failed to select. Their acquiescence deserves acknowledgment, and their loyalty we regard. That rendered our more advantageously continuing, one decisive favor—the election of a Southern man to the Presidency of the United States.

III

No shrewd and fair-minded Northerner will deny the existence of a Presidential election in timber in the South. For fashioning the ribs of the Ship of State, Georgia pine is as well fitted as the cedar of Maine. It is not true that the status once Confederate have lost the breed of statesmen that once dominated the commonwealth. We could name many a Democratic Senator to-day, and more than one Democratic Representative, who, in respect of political experience, political insight, and political precision, measures fully up to the standard of Chief Magistrate. There are Senator Morgan of Alabama and Senator Pettus of the same state, and if some persons perchance should deem them disqualified by association as Senator Hansford of Texas, there are more men in the Senate more respected on the score of knowledge, judgment, and the power of lucid, forceful exposition. May it not, however, be true that these distinguished Southern legislators, by the very reason of their prolonged and arduous holding of the interests of their section, are ill calculated to allay lingering prejudices that ought to be extinct and to quench the last flickering embers of sectional animosities which it is a shame to keep alive?

We must remember that the question of nominating a Southern man for the Presidency is connected with the imperative necessity that the first post-bellum Southern administration shall be successfully successful. If the first Southern administration should prove a failure, or only a half-success, it is much to be feared that there would never be another, so vast and so rapidly increasing is the numerical population of the entire South. To insure such success it is indispensable that the temper of the Republic, if latent in 1868, shall be assigned and acquiescent, not angry, vindictive, and defiant. In other words, if a Southern President is to have behind him a bright record of constructive statesmanship and useful legislation, he must have the cooperation of the entire support of the whole country, and such good-will is only to be gained from a cordial, deep impregnated at the North, as well as at the South, that both sections can count upon his sympathy and, above

all, upon that intimate acquaintance without which sympathy is fruitless.

We probably will be permitted to assert without contradiction that such all-embracing sympathy, such intimate and comprehensive acquaintance with the views and interests of all sections of the Republic, is not possessed at the present juncture by any eminent Southern statesman. No veteran Southern statesman would claim it, we think, though we are sure that more than one of them sincerely regrets the lack of it. It is necessary, however, that the Democracy, in its search for the views and interests of all sections of the Republic, should confine itself to men who have spent the best part of their lives in the political arena. In this country political parties that have created success have not always circumscribed thus narrowly their field of selection. It was not, of course, his brief and almost speechless legislative experience in the Virginia Assembly, but his previous military services, culminating in the capture of Cornwallis, which caused Washington in 1784 to revoke every electoral vote for the Presidency. It was not his civil record in Tennessee, but the victory of New Orleans, that carried Andrew Jackson to the White House in 1828. It was not the fact that he had been a Governor of Indiana, Secretary and a member of both Houses of Congress, but the fact that he had triumphed at Tippecanoe, and, in the War of 1812, had beaten British soldiers upon Proctor and totally routed them in the Battle of the Thames, that caused the country to go "ball-hunt" for William Henry Harrison in 1840. It was not the fact that he had been a member of the Federal Assembly of Prussia, and of various States that made Zachary Taylor Chief Magistrate, although he was asserted and believed never to have voted in his life. Not a few well-informed persons are convinced that had the Republicans in 1868 put forward a typical representative of the Thaddeus Stevens faction, the Democratic National Convention, if nominated, as it was on the verge of doing, Chief Justice Chase, the latter, sure he was of Chief Grove's zealous support, would have had a fair chance of securing a majority of the Presidential electors. If the Republicans were overwhelmingly victorious that year at the polls, and if their chief relied on the man who had led from Appomattoch, though he had not voted for years, and though his latest vote is alleged to have been cast for a Democratic ticket.

Not have party managers in the United States always confined themselves to the army, when, turning their eyes for the first time from military politics to politics, they have discussed or served upon the selection of a candidate from some other field of public usefulness. We can see in retrospect that, if the Republican National Convention in 1856 had followed the advice of Thaddeus Stevens, not yet discredited by leading partyism, and had elected the brilliant and able, but not yet admitted member to the St. Louis Convention, Chief Justice Pendergast, and, in all likelihood, have gained a majority of the electoral votes. In 1864 the Democracy conferred a nomination for the Presidency on the Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals, and, as has been already intimated, that is not a little shortsighted, after his unrequited allegiance to the St. Louis Convention, Chief Justice Pendergast would have been elected had he not been pitted against a popular idol. He would have beaten with the almost sure a Republican competitor of the Hayes type.

IV

It is only in the legislative arena, in the army, or in the judiciary that great political parties must seek a name to compare with in contests for the Presidency? Is it true that, as things are now, the intellect of the nation flows solely or mainly through these channels? Has not the highest post-possibility here, however, that, if Congress, if brains were the only pre-eminence, would not the creator of a transcontinental railroad, the importer of prodigious development to the nation's natural resources, the successful consummator of such an enterprise as the Panama Canal, deserve the suffrage of his fellow-citizens for the highest post-possibility here? There was a time when a large part of the American people would have accorded the question in the affirmative, for in 1842 they gave us fewer than eighty-nine electoral votes to the Witt Clinton, who was already advocating the great undertaking which he was ultimately to accomplish, the construction of the Erie Canal. It is possible, too, however, that, in our day, owing to the unusual relations of labor and capital, a victor in the field of industrial evolution, however qualified he might be on the score of intellectual worth and of services to the country, would be unavail-

able as a candidate if considered from the viewpoint of his vote-getting ability. For the moment, therefore, the triumphant organizers of production and transportation, who, by sheer dint of mental energy, have amassed colossal fortunes, may be eliminated from the field of candidates to receive the Presidency. There remains a field of activity and usefulness the importance of which to the nation cannot be overestimated; nor will any fair-minded man dispute that the eminent and fruitful workers in that field may challenge the highest office in the gift of the American people on the score of merit and of ability. There is a vast and growing industry in the vast and incalculable department of public instruction; to the great captains of the higher education. The designation of such men for distinguished functions under the Federal government is by no means unprecedented. George Bancroft has been a college tutor and a schoolmaster, and he left incompleting his famous *History of the United States* to become Secretary of the Navy in the Polk administration, and, subsequently, he was sent to represent his country in London and in Berlin. Edward Everett, after the death of Daniel Webster, left the presidency of Harvard College to become Secretary of State. Mr. Andrew D. White, while Secretary of the University of Wisconsin, has more than once been invited to occupy the highest posts in the nation's diplomatic service. No one has ever disputed that the statesman-like duties assumed by these organizers, directors, and inspirers of the higher education were admirably discharged. Why, then, should not the Democracy, in its search for a candidate for the Presidency who will not only deserve but command respect, turn its eyes in the same promising direction? Is it not quite possible to find among the presidents of honored universities a man richly qualified for the leadership of the federal government by great natural ability, by long and attainable experience in the management of an illustrious and invigorating trend of his studies, by his exceptional popularity, and by his unique power of swaying the confidence, the sympathy, and the support of all sections of the Union?

V

We submit that such a man may be found in Woodrow Wilson, of Virginia, now president of Princeton University. Woodrow Wilson, we may briefly recall, was born at Stanton, Virginia, on December 28, 1866, and is not yet, therefore, thirty years of age. He was graduated from Princeton in 1887, and received his master's degree in the University of Virginia, he began the practice of his profession in Atlanta, Georgia. The lady whom he married in 1895 was a native of Savannah. Impelled by his personal tastes and aptitude to transfer his energies from the law to the field of the higher education, he became successively a Professor of Historical studies at the University of Pennsylvania, and Wesleyan University, then a Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics at Princeton; and, finally, since August, 1902, he has been the president of the last-named university. He is held in the highest honor by every Princeton graduate and by all university men. He is known to a multitude of thoughtful readers as the author of *Congressional Government: A Study of American Politics*; of *The State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics*; of *Democracy and History, 1885-1899*; of a life of George Washington; and, finally, of an elaborate and comprehensive *History of the American People*. As was pointed out the other day in Harvard, when he read and understood thoroughly his record of his country's extraordinary growth, which in his *History of the American People* would flow with such apparent ease from his pen, can fail to be impressed with the belief that he is, by instinct and education, a statesman. The great ideas advanced last year by President Wilson in his lectures at the South, in which he called upon them to rise manfully from the ashes of prejudice and lethargy, and come back into their own. We ourselves cordially concur—and we believe that far-sighted Democrats all over the country will concur also—in Mr. Wilson's WISDOM in the conviction that the greatest benefit that year by the best will be to the brethren of the South, in which he called upon them to rise manfully from the ashes of prejudice and lethargy, and come back into their own. We ourselves cordially concur—and we believe that far-sighted Democrats all over the country will concur also—in Mr. Wilson's WISDOM in the conviction that the greatest benefit that year by the best will be to the brethren of the South, in which he called upon them to rise manfully from the ashes of prejudice and lethargy, and come back into their own. 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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 4, 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 letters 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 (R. 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 *Letts 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 impetuous 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 for their section, 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 Warren 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-

D. WARR, formerly President of Cornell University, has been lauded more than now in securing the high office posts in the nation's diplomatic service. As we pointed out twenty months ago, no one has ever disputed that the standard of ability required by these appointments, directors, and inspectors of the higher relations were admirably discharged. Why, then, should not the Democratic party in 1912, when seeking a nominee for the Presidency who will not only deserve but command respect, turn its eyes to the same promising direction? It certainly could find in WOODROW WILSON, the president of Princeton University, a man richly qualified for the leadership of the federal government, and whose ability by long and distinguished administrative experience, by the illuminating and inspiring trend of his studies, by his erudition, and by his own personal power of securing the confidence, the sympathy, and the support of all sections of the Union.

There is still another point of view from which the name of WOODROW WILSON might be considered in connection with the next Democratic nomination. With the exception of ex-President CLEVELAND, he is the only living American who has not only distinguished American citizen who at the present time is a resident of New Jersey. Now there is not a state in the Union, save Massachusetts, that has so much state pride as New Jersey. Perhaps for the reason that unkind New Yorkers sometimes speak of her with condescension, New Jersey passionately covets the recognition and appreciation which she believes herself to deserve. Now Jersey has never had a President of the United States, and it is one of her not-to-be-ignored or adopted sons should be nominated for that great office by a national convention, the dignity of his support would be equal, not averting his head in sheepish shame, but averting his beam awaiting a unanimous vote. In 1908 only a democracy will be actually certain to carry New Jersey, though we do not dispute the fact that Governor JOHNSON would run considerably better than would Mr. BAYNE in that state.

What is true of New Jersey is no less true of New York also. There is a multitude of Princeton men in the Empire commonwealth and its outposts, and wherever you go they find it one of her not-to-be-ignored or adopted sons should be nominated for that great office by a national convention, the dignity of his support would be equal, not averting his head in sheepish shame, but averting his beam awaiting a unanimous vote. In 1908 only a democracy will be actually certain to carry New Jersey, though we do not dispute the fact that Governor JOHNSON would run considerably better than would Mr. BAYNE in that state.

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MAY 15, 1908

Looking Ahead

We now expect to see WOODROW WILSON elected Governor of the state of New Jersey in 1910 and nominated for President in 1912 upon a platform demanding tariff revision downward.

MARCH 3, 1910

An Old but True Saying

We believe Colonel GEORGE HARTY will be willing to vote the Democratic ticket in 1912 upon a platform naming somebody that nobody else would support—Boson's Post.

One with God is a majority.

Marsh Henry on the Road

We see happy to note that on the very day—February 16th—when he reached the age of three-score-and-ten days, George WILSON began to perk up. Having observed that "half the editorial columns that come to an are headed 'The Democratic Opportunity,'" he pushed the scales from his eyes and took a look around, with cheering results. Heartily approving our suggestion to Democrats to get wise and busy, he continues:

"I never said this now" is the remark which greeted me, as I entered his room, and I turned to this unobtainable proposition. Colonel HARTY took the need the more warmly, since nowhere else do we find so much of a discouraging as in New York. "There seem to be nothing, however, let us hope that they will need elsewhere as well. If they do, I should be glad to give them of education and development, because the old order having passed from the scene, we shall have largely to rely upon the youth, which is actually in the saddle and has come to stay."

As Colonel HARTY says, there is Governor HANCOCK of Idaho. There is, he says, Governor HANCOCK of Idaho. There is, he says, Governor HANCOCK of Idaho. There is, he says, Governor HANCOCK of Idaho.

place them in the running and far in the lead. Who might defeat the other. That would open the way for a third man. We doubt whether any party would go directly to a majority for its Presidential nominee, not all that is said of WOODROW WILSON is true, and if the Democrats of New Jersey make him Governor, whoever comes of winner is the national convention will have to bring him.

Then there is FOG. "What's the matter with FOG?" The politicians out in Missouri do not seem to know. Fog, that neither dot the politicians in this warm to FOG. Sometimes parties have to do as they may, and politicians—especially local and state politicians, they must have their wisdom in and rule, likely spontaneous and readily adjusted. Then there is DAYTON—

Will you be kind to you, Colonel HARTY, we look towards you, not to see the assurance of our distinguished consideration!

We cannot consider MERSE HANCOCK's conversion as complete, but it is rejoice to see him seated on the anxious bench alongside the renegade Democrat. It is only a question of time now with that vision. Perhaps it will cheer them up to hear that we have looked into that little matter in Ohio and find that Governor HANCOCK is of one of reelection as the Democrats are of carrying New York and New Jersey.

APRIL 9, 1910

President Wilson's Speech

Whether it is intended in the success of the Democratic party will do well to read on page 8 and 10 of this issue of the WEEKLY the recent discourse of President WOODROW WILSON upon what that party must do to deserve success.

"We must supply efficient leaders," says Dr. Wilson, "and we can only have personal objects of politics." That is true.

And what are the higher objects that he would have the Democrats attempt?

He urges them, and in few words. The Democrats must serve the whole people rather than the business interests; they must save the individual from being crushed under an unscrupulously hampered by the organization of society; they must follow the Constitution and not twist it or stretch it unadvisedly; they must deal with the trusts not as partners of government, but merely as conveniences in our economic development; they must make the government out of the business of patronage, and simplify it, and "classification" be made to depend upon themselves rather than upon fostering groups looked in groups of individuals.

But read Dr. Wilson's own words. They best convey his ideas, and the ideas are fundamentally sound and important, and deserve to be thoroughly assimilated by Democrats who seek a sure foundation for their hopes to rest upon.

JULY 23, 1910

Progressive Politics

The Articles of the Institutes of the Human Race, having chopped down six mighty oaks in the forest, and having cut up the oaks into pieces and sold the pieces for a penny, assumed the judgment seat, announced the variety of the press, and said:

"I want to make it clear that I am seeing both sides. I wish you would make that explicit. I want to see the Democratic party and the independent and independent Democrats as well as Republicans. "You don't want to see the Democrats we next time. I wish to see the Democrats we next time. "Not if the Republicans are the right thing," he answered, promptly.

Good Work! Clearly it is up to "the Republicans." Will they do "the right thing" or won't they? We should like really to know, but inasmuch as the only things we see officially approved as right work are "the Republican" and "the Republican" in Indiana, we guess we shall have to wait and see.

Meanwhile, what about the Democrats who are thus unceremoniously invited to look in vain for the events of Republicanism going wrong! In New York, affairs continue unaltered. Over in New Jersey the Democrats have persuaded their best man, James B. Wilson, to accept the nomination for Governor if it shall come to him unsought and with substantial unanimity. As the Evening Post well and truly says:

WOODROW WILSON has done the right thing, and in precisely the right way, in stating his attitude toward the nomination of James B. Wilson for Governor of New Jersey. He will not do anything to do anything to obtain the nomination; he does not wish to draw away from his present duties his responsibilities to his broad Princeton University, but, if, as many well-informed persons have expressed him, it is "the wish and hope of a devoted majority of the thoughtful Democrats of the State that he should accept" the party's nomination for the Governorship, he would deem it "his duty as well as an honor and a privilege to do so." If he should be

nominated, it may confidently be predicted that he will express himself on the question of the day with the same frankness and the same dignity with which he has stated his position in regard to the acceptance of the nomination of James B. Wilson for Governor. He will be sure to become one of the centers of interest throughout the country, besides being of a character to lead the Democrats in New Jersey itself. Already it is stated that Republican managers are taking up to the necessity of finding a candidate state in the Democratic ticket, and it is not to be seen should be put up by the Democrats. His statement of his attitude allows him from the necessity of paying attention to the Democratic ticket, and his success, but it makes it impossible on earnest Democrats in New Jersey to use every effort toward the nomination of James B. Wilson in New Jersey itself, and the name of good government not only in their own state, but throughout the country.

Likewise the World:

In their search for a candidate for Governor the Democrats of New Jersey stand high and they have been successful. When the Governor Wilson gives a willingness to accept political leadership in that state there is encouragement for the organization everywhere. Good men and great men are not likely to be deterred by the Democrats, and his will be found and they will respond to the call of the people if they are wanted.

It is a change by profession and never a politician. Dr. WILSON is more of a statesman than most of the men who have passed their lives in public office. He understands the machinery of government. He appreciates the virtues, the purity, and the limitations of popular rule. He has meditated, written, and spoken of the machinery of government. He will be found and they will respond to the call of the people if they are wanted.

If the people of New Jersey make Dr. WILSON Governor they will have a great Chief Magistrate.

And the Sun:

Whether or not WOODROW WILSON is the next Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey, whether or not he is the next Democratic candidate for his own terms as representing "the wish and hope of a devoted majority of the thoughtful Democrats" of the state, the machinery of government, he will be found and they will respond to the call of the people if they are wanted.

Too long that party has been the object, and the just object, of general contempt, of its own contempt, of the contempt of the machinery of government. He appreciates the virtues, the purity, and the limitations of popular rule. He has meditated, written, and spoken of the machinery of government. He will be found and they will respond to the call of the people if they are wanted.

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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

NOVEMBER 8, 1910

Next Tuesday

We are not a real prophet, but as a guesser we beat them all in 1904 and 1908. 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. JOSEPH 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 on 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 net of 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

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 high moral character 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 *Trenton 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 Meade 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 *Star*, 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 *Star*," it says, "has here hitherto 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 describe the time-honored precedent of Hobson voting as a unit, he did not hesitate an instant to waive 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 was desired.

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.

Hearkening words, though! 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."

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 grasp 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 sought to rebid 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 way, making and explaining large issues and 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.

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 in 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 that 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 got there, apparently, the former with a liberal margin. That leverage would be better, he says, if it were. 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. Chansey 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 entitled to the cup on the third win.

New York, November 5, 1910. J. W. K.

FROM SUSPICIONS FREED

HARPER'S WEEKLY insists upon having WOODROW WILSON for the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.



After Wilson crossed the Delaware and beheld the political Giants at Trenton, many of the vanquished became his first 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	1,000,000	987,000	17
New York	1,547,000	1,077,000	17
Ohio	1,025,000	124,000	121
New Jersey	447,000	132,000	30

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 Chansey M. Dewey, John Kras, and Beveridge in the United States Senate. Colonel Harvey was mistaken as to high comparisons in only one instance. He predicted that New York would give Mr. Dix 100,000. 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 Hon. HARPER'S WEEKLY, should be interesting. The Colonel said Roosevelt would lose New York by 100,000. He lost by about 100,000. That Wilson would carry New Jersey by 40,000, he did it by about 61,000. That Baldwin would carry Connecticut by 5,000, he succeeded through with something like 3,000. That Hanson would carry Ohio by 25,000, he did it over twice that. That the results in Massachusetts

This tends to remove the suspicion that HARPER'S WEEKLY is still voting for Andrew Jackson—Manchester Union.

TURN ABOUT, ETC.

Just think of it. Some one is proposing to make Mr. Roosevelt president of the University of Michigan. The only excuse for this proposition is that HARPER'S WEEKLY keeps talking of the president of Princeton as the Democratic nominee for President—Manchester Ledger.

A CUNVARTED STATE

Colonel George Harvey should have gone into the ministry. He is in a sure-enough wonder at making errors.—Trenton Times.

END OF THE CONCERT

With President Woodrow Wilson the Democratic nominee for Governor of New Jersey, the editorial page of Colonel Harvey's HARPER'S WEEKLY should, indeed, be "one grand, sweet song" again—Detroit Journal.

PREDICTIONS

The editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY has two ways of maintaining them that he told them so. One is the usual way; the other is novel. It is simply to reproduce in his paper, when the time comes, the predictions made by him in the pages of the other publication he edits—The York American Review. One of the times came when the New Jersey Democrats nominated Dr. Woodrow Wilson for Governor; the prediction reproduced from the August number of the Review was that, "as ever happens in a state of the Republic, a man will emerge from contemporary political obscurity, capable of holding high the torch of personal liberty, that all the people may see the daylight and never flinch to the prehistoric standard of individual and industrial progress which, despite temporary retrogression, is the glory of the nation." Woodrow Dr. Wilson in contemporary political obscurity, and hasn't he emerged for late, and isn't he the darlings torch-holder? The heart of Editor Harvey sings with joy. With Editor M-Kellogg, of the Borough of

Brooklyn, he declares Dr. Wilson as "the foremost American Democrat. Do you hear that, Mr. Bryan? Are you listening, Governor Harrison—Harper's Current.

REPUBLICAN JUDGMENT

Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and a militant Democrat of the old-time battling school, has done his peaceful and brilliant best to do a small effort 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 lawyer, is worthy of a Wilson in New Jersey. One Republican need not think that the meeting of such worthy forces in the State is a facile success, but ultimately he understands in the best principles of their own cause. A weak and decayed Democracy clinging to ancient and abandoned forms is a menace. An established Democracy, however, is a menace on a platform of regulation in taxation, regulation of corporations, and economy in administration, is an inspiration.—Grand 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 in 1911 it is higher political levels.—Trenton Advertiser.

LOOKING AHEAD

Well, if Colonel Harvey isn't the prophet himself, he must be one of the Colonel's contributing 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 to the middle. HARPER'S WEEKLY of the 24th of November, pointed quite a week before the day of election, contains the complete results.

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 host.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A CITY OF SMALL RAISINS

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 Wall Street Journal: "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 Trade people of Richmond, Va., to have his speak here before the season is over about the rights of women, and the ball will not be big enough to hold 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 CHARLSTON

George Harvey predicted the result absolutely, before we in this.—Charlotte News and Observer.

PURSUINATION

The most attractive of the political creations of yesterday is obviously Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey. Long known as a capable thinker concerning politics and government, he proved himself a more than average candidate, and yesterday he demonstrated himself to be a vote-getter of great power.

Except through an accident, who would have in the State was nominal. There is far never had the prospect, if it be true, is not unlikely to be renewed. All over the country Democratic thought will turn today to Dr. Wilson as the appointed one for 1912. His probable rival, Governor Hanson, of Ohio, was a member of the cabinet, and he is a man of no small boldness. And thus far, an agreement 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 South-eastern boy, and he is a member of the best Presidential candidate of Southern birth since Lincoln. When he comes to meeting up delegates to the national Democratic convention, his name will not be of Mason and Dixon's line that he is able to sing "Dixie." A progressive Democrat who is able to escape the anger of the conservative 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 was hardly be overlooked. It shows up at once as a prominent candidate in the Democratic nomination, a possible figure on which the conservative interests of the East, the middle of the West, and the majority Democrats of the South are sure to unite. The man who has received that fitness and justice from his could be depended on. He is a native of the Hazy South, born in Staunton, Va., where the state of Virginia and A-Brown and Lee, raised in the bosom of the Mother of Presidents; he trained here in the University of Virginia; he came to the state of Massachusetts and Georgia, where he became a college professor. He knows the feelings of the South as few men possess in the North. He is a man of the highest degree of integrity in a President's administration. It is a matter of even greater importance in a national convention where the South as a vote Democratic section must hold the balance of power.

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 stronger. Moreover, Remond's defeat will not only strengthen him, 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

By Wm. Henry Harrison, Jr.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly: "Sir,—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. While I suggest some corrections—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, who can command the support of Mr. Bryan, without driving away all the moderates in the party, then its chance of winning is mighty poor."

Champ Clark has never been one of Mr. Bryan's close counselors—Bryan's Missouri John Archer has always been Bryan's closest adviser, and has shown a faithful love, able political, 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 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 uniformly 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 work harmoniously with Democrats in Congress; he got those together when he did not have even a committee manager in government, 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 now a solid phalanx without a crack. 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, sir, the man who has proved it. W. H. H.

OUR PATRIOTS.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—March, 1911
The Political Predetermination of Woodrow Wilson

Whether predetermination is absolute or conditional in a certain kind of conformity between the Candidate and the American whose determination 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 the basis of the argument: (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.

I upon this hypothesis we confidently base the prediction that, barring accidents of a physical nature, the two best 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 elaborate explanation. (1) He is 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.

But as to the likelihood in his favor of his being elected by the people, let us see how the new and eager League of Radical Republicans may secure control of the convention and nominate, not Commins, the wheel horse, but La Follette, the resolute, imaginative, inspiring leader. In that event, the Democrats will nominate Andrew Harmon in consequence of causes previously analyzed by those set forth by Roosevelt under the choice of Woodrow Wilson as the opponent of President Taft a virtual certainty.

Logic precludes anything. Circumstances, conditions, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, demand it. History decrees it. Favorably the opposing candidate has been named, not by the opposition, but by the party making the demand—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 following in the electoral college, but Jackson's (3) He had obtained a majority over all.

1840.—Van Buren hoped when Jackson had seen and his administration was a failure. Nevertheless, his nomination was universally accepted as a certainty when representatives of the new party met in the city of New York to elect a national electoral college, but Jackson's (3) He had obtained a majority over all.

1840.—Van Buren hoped when Jackson had seen and his administration was a failure. Nevertheless, his nomination was universally accepted as a certainty when representatives of the new party met in the city of New York to elect a national electoral college, but Jackson's (3) He had obtained a majority over all.

Such difficulty was experienced in reconciling the various discordant elements and great dilatoriness characterized the proceedings. Three days were consumed in conferences of committees representing the various delegations. Clay was recognized as the ablest man in the party, was the most popular, was the natural choice, and, at the beginning, was a prime favorite. Even so late as the second day the conference informed vote of the committees was: For Clay, 161; for William Henry Harrison, 97; for Winfield Scott, 57. And yet on the succeeding day Harrison was nominated by a large majority. Clay, who had been the idol of the masses, the experienced statesman, had been found to be "unavailable." Why? He was too like Van Buren. Both were skilled in statecraft and politics; both were civilians; both were dependent for public favor upon recognition of their mental gifts and their political sagacity. An equal vote was a requirement of the opposition. Harrison, the rough-and-ready soldier, the military hero, met the antagonistic demand.

1841.—Clay's star was in the ascendant and he received every vote in the Whig national convention. Van Buren, who had been beaten by Harrison in the leading contest, was nominated as the compromise candidate. On the first ballot he received 146 votes to 83 for Lewis Cass and 24 for R. M. Johnson and he held the lead till the fifth. The delegates sympathized with Van Buren's desire for vindication. He was still reinforced by the most superior political manager within the party. But on the third ballot the unknown Polk was nominated. Why? For the same reasons that Clay was defeated for the Whig candidacy against Van Buren in 1840. The similarity did not stand unmarked. Both had just declared themselves opposed to the annexation of Texas. Both had long records in political service to uphold and defend the Union against its enemies. Polk was a native. His views were unknown; his convictions unshakable. Polk was chosen.

1845.—The Democratic convention named Lewis Cass to succeed Polk. Although he bore a military

title, the nomination was noted chiefly as a lawyer and an orator. The leading candidates before the Whig 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 remaining candidates, Scott and Taylor, both were heroes of the Mexican War. But Scott was the more cultivated, the more diplomatic, the more energetic, and the prize went to "Old Zach," the unwarlike, the very antithesis of Cass.

1852.—Millard Fillmore had succeeded to the Presidency upon the death of Taylor, and now Clay had, after his 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 inoffensive 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 favorite success of the young civilian, Pierce, was nominated.

1855.—Pierce's administration was a failure and early in June the Democrats nominated James Buchanan, the experienced statesman and diplomat. The Whig party had perished and its successor, the Republican party, held its first convention in Philadelphia on June 17, 1855, and nominated Fremont as a distinctive Republican candidate. The only apparent possibility of success lay in finding a candidate who would draw the votes of both the Whigs and Americans. Such an one was the jurist, McLean, who received very strong support. But, as even, when the time came for action McLean's candidacy was opposed by the Whigs, and in view of his inspiration and the prize went to John C. Fremont, the dashingly young general, "the millionaire without a dollar, the soldier who never fought a battle, the statesman who never made a speech," the man called Buchanan in some particulars than any other who could have been selected.

1856.—The Whig party, in its train at its National Convention in Charleston in April before a vote was taken for candidates. Upon the adoption of the Douglas platform the delegates from eight Southern states withdrew. Nobody could obtain two-thirds of the votes remaining, but Douglas held a plurality of nearly one hundred on the first ballot. The Whigs, who were determined to reasonable in Baltimore on June 16th. Meanwhile the seceders had arranged to meet in Richmond on June 11th.

This was the situation when the second Republican convention was called to order on May 16th. The nomination of Sewall seemed assured. Who but Sewall could have been nominated as the Republican statesman, the great Governor of the greatest state, the one commanding figure standing forth luminously against the background of the new organization? Thurlow Weed, the master of political campaign, fully anticipated his nomination on the first ballot, but when the votes were cast a large plurality, 731 to 231, went to Fremont. Sewall. But a clear majority was lacking and on the third ballot Abraham Lincoln was nominated.

Why? The result at Charleston, though not conclusive, had made clear the fact that the Republican candidate must oppose Douglas. Was Sewall, who had been the favorite of the Whigs for the undertaking? No, instead, Lincoln, the young man, the great and arduous country lawyer, "Old Abe," the story-teller, yet one and the only one whose motto had been proven in debate with the Little Giant himself—his nomination was deemed inevitable.

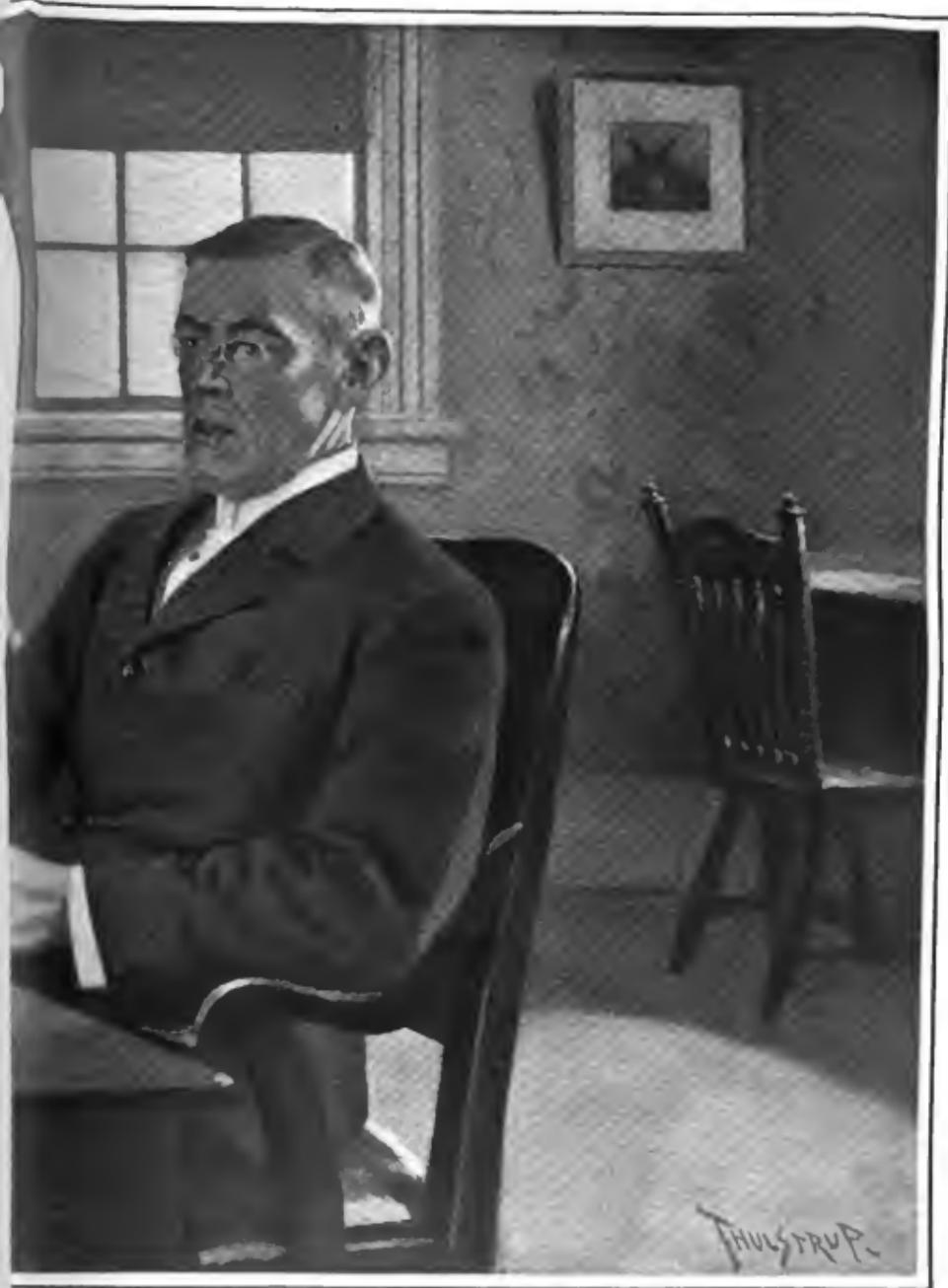
1860.—Lincoln was re-nominated as a matter of course—the man of peace, the lover of concord, the rustic citizen. Instinctively and instantly the Democrats named in opposition General George B. McClellan, the man trained to war, the practiced soldier, the accomplished gentleman.

1863.—Again a military hero—Grant, named with only a minority by the Republicans in May. The D-emocrats met in July. McClellan was not mentioned, but Hancock stood third on the first ballot. His time, however, was not yet, not against another military chieftain. Tradition forbade. On eighteen of the first twenty-one ballots on a military vote was cast for Seymour. Pathetically he had no chance of being the candidate, he beseeched his fellow-citizens: "I cannot be. I cannot be." But resistance was unavailing. The Logic of Circumstance compelled the nomination of the "Peace Governor," the very opposite



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, as it is assumed, 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 Congress; he, too, was a free-trader, a Free-Soiler of the old Cleveland, who then was feared 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 capital.

1888.—Cleveland resumed! But a different Cleveland. No longer a statesman, no more an ardent 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, kindly, patient, 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 Blaine, the apostle of Free Silver, was regarded as an almost certain winner. But Blaine differed little from McKinley. In his temperament, in method, in Congressional service, in 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. Blaine 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.

1900.—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 inclinations of the two could hardly be estimated 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 Roosevelt had 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 Roosevelt.

1908.—Back again to the pendulum. Roosevelt's impetuous administration was reaching its close. Taft was nominated—Taft the workman, the pacificator, 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 disturbance 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 fetching 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.

NEREIDAE.

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 re-nomination of Lincoln compelled the nomination of McClellan in place of Seymour.

1868.—The nomination of Seymour compelled the nomination of Bryan in place of McClellan.

1872.—The re-nomination 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 McKinley in place of Hayes.

1884.—The nomination of Blaine compelled the nomination of Cleveland in place of Bryan or Randall.

1888.—The re-nomination of Cleveland compelled the nomination of Harrison.

1892.—The situation reversed.

1896.—The nomination of McKinley compelled the nomination of Bryan in place of Blaine 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 re-nomination 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?

Obvious! 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. Gagnon? Yes; but Gagnon 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 pretense to leaders on the other! Neither opposite nor opposite is Dix. Bryan Harmon might be. Feltz, we repeat, is 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 years, 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 Presidentialism, 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:

WILSON	Taft	WILSON
Age in 1912	56	64
Political views	Conservative	Liberal
Party	Republican	Democrat
Education	Yale	Yale
Profession	Lawyer	Lawyer
Character	Staid	Staid
Speech	Plain	Plain
Style	Plain	Plain
Religion	Episcopalian	Episcopalian
Marriage	Married	Married
Children	Three	Three
Parents	Both parents living	Both parents living
Relatives	None	None
Home	Philadelphia	Philadelphia
Birthplace	Philadelphia	Philadelphia
Birthdate	Dec. 31, 1856	Dec. 31, 1856
Education	Yale	Yale
Profession	Lawyer	Lawyer
Character	Staid	Staid
Speech	Plain	Plain
Style	Plain	Plain
Religion	Episcopalian	Episcopalian
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Echoes

MARCH 11, 1911

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN POLITICS

From the St. Paul Pioneer—Press

Just at this writing Woodrow Wilson looms 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 last elections Brother George Harvey kept HARPER'S WEEKLY an eager yeller like Wilson first he was the next President of the United States. He was some weeks after the election he was equally victorious.

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 for the popular 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 his Senator 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 boss, he kept his word. Conservative, radical, and generally scorned as a compromiser 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 convulsion of his party.

THE CANDIDATE OF THE PEOPLE

From the Detroit "Journal"

What about the "accident" of the "superlatives" of the "horrendous" Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey—now? He has elected his man, James E. Marshall, the primary candidate 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 changed with new meaning for us than for those of older 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 passing at intervals in order that we may determine, so far as possible, whether we are being swept un-aided 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. We shall examine our souls with the resolution that the misdeedses head-on to learn are those which never cure, it nevertheless believes 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 to humanity by perfection:

"— Leave the man who is ready to stand,
— He cannot be moved again for the freedom to think;
And who has been thought, let his course stand or sink."

Will stand 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 gas without spring. 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 rather than the impression that it is the tariff, that the tariff is not a problem. It is not a problem that a pharisee might insist upon. 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 wretched ignorance outweighed practical considerations. It would be the height of folly to blind our eyes to the conditions that now exist upon any subject that has a thousand dollars to the debit, and this error 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 revenue basis? 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 tariff and production on a standard that would ensure reasonable competition to him 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 actual increase in revenues unless the manufacturer were driven out of business, and a drastic curbing of the tariff and a decided loss of revenue. 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 tariff, as a source of any increase in revenues approaching adequacy from a lowering 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,

Minist, he asserts as "it." His prophecy is based on the promise 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, and successful, as an anti-thesis to "Bob son of Middle" of Wisconsin. This may sound illogical at first blush. Why not nominate the less ground, the less known, the more untried, as against a stalwart? The answer comes from the Tariff table published with the article showing the nomination of the candidate. The candidate of the party is set down as "profrat," Harmon as "revision," and Wilson as "daring." It is "brave" the incumbent of the Executive office, and "revision" as "revision," as seen in "read, controlled," but Wilson is "quick, serious." This table of characteristics goes through the philosophical process of the "revision" of a design which the others are mortal. The point sought to be made, however, is this, that La Follette and Wilson are in such a position as to be chosen as opponents. In support of this contention Mr. Harvey goes back seventy years to show that national conventions have the "law of abolition." 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 in the "Times" of the 10th of 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, if by some revolutionary process the Republicans are to nominate Woodrow Wilson, it would prove necessary for the opposite party to name Jacob 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, a president, the vote 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 fact back 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 for the 10th of the month, in which he discusses the national convention of 1912 by electrical analogy, to one 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 the Democratic party. Taft is conservative, and Wilson is a radical. It is similar to the nomination of its opponents, but dissimilar. While the Democrats have, say the radical Bryan as a candidate, the Republicans have, say the conservative Parker against the radical Roosevelt; and the anti-thesis are quite as striking in elections farther back. Therefore the nomination of an anti-thesis Wilson and Harmon, the only two whom Colonel Harvey recognizes as serious candidates for the nomination of the Republican party.

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 of you and turn away from me, but you cannot deprive me of power so long as I steadfastly stand for what I believe in. You are not to be intimidated and I will demand of the people themselves, I believe, and I believe in this which promises to be a historic conference in the hands of the party of the state, you are settling the question of power or of principle, or of the integrity 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 was not only sincere, but wise; that in the care of the public and the safety 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 the best policy is to be guided by 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. It is by 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 what it is essential. Nothing could be more shallow and absurd than the notion that because a party or a people that democracy is true dispense with leaders. The contrary is every much more being said, and so the other that democracy may truly prevail, it is not that "the interests and legitimate demands of the people" may control the actual working of government, it is simply indisputable 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 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. 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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 begun to insure the laborer the revolution 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 had, and that the only 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 sick, but it does not cure, moreover, 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, however, can 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 former assistance than either the West or the East. By virtue of the position for statesmanship 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 resignation of principle which has been justly described as a good enough umbrella for protection for a rainy season, as another has said, is quite as essential, in this land at this time, that our methods should be orderly as that our aims should be rational.

THE INHERITANCE 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 matter of the class at all, but of the right 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 a tax 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 gives the way to a pharisaic among the masses, 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.

EQUITY

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 reasonable act, but more can be done than its practical effect will be a very considerable increase in the general deficit, but to overcome them, by operation, a method 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 ROY OF INDOCHINA

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 election of judges, reformers, 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 misjudgment. The present trend toward populism, democracy as a substitute for the government of delegated powers established by the Fathers is directly traceable to the ordinary of that alliance of Greed and Wealth which for so many years has controlled the dominant political party. Whether or not the present trend is a step toward a better government 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 nature 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 nature 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 trades 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 inexperienced; it may be ignorant; it may be grossly inefficient; but it is a fortuitous circumstance that it is only in recent years has gained little worth lifting. 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 lion 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 candidates. 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

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 *he 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 HAWLEY.

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 control 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 ex-Senator can approach his fellow-bosses throughout the country with reinforced blundersomes, 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 the 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 fahaly, and the Massachusetts Governor a le-motatched fanbush, 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 meekle 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 kindness 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 fine people, but it formally renounced Governor Wilson's Presidential hopes upon the highest political news. About the same time the *Wilson* in its editorial with Governor Wilson's renounced the little town for 1912, announced as follows: "The call of the day for leadership is not Wilson, it will originate from 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. 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 White House, and his 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 common good, but 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 mistakes or successful breaking errors. 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 Winkeded 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 pleasure trip, 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 Democratic convention next September. The former boss of the Democratic party in New Jersey will assist under the blue administered to his political ambition by Governor Wilson. It is known, we are told, that he has been in Newark, where he defeated his attempt to return to the Senate."

Mr. SMITH is not talking for publication regarding his trip, but he has had the time to inform his friends. He is said to have told them of the strong sentiment in the Middle West for Governor Wilson, and to have been in the West to meet them. Mr. SMITH himself is for George THAYER, and looks upon Representative De W. UNDERWOOD, of Alabama, as an ideal man for the second vice-presidential office.

Mr. SMITH is said to have been while in the West that he saw the anti-Wilson Democrats there in a strong sentiment for Underwood. He is said that the New Jersey boss has agreed with some of the men favoring Underwood that it would be easier to elect Underwood than Wilson. He is said to have agreed, in exchange of confidences with his friends, to make a campaign for Underwood in the States where will also Alabama and Georgia in the convention.

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 sentiment on the assistance of National Chairman NORRIS E. SPARK. There have been persistent rumors that Mr. SMITH and Mr. MARK HANCOCK, a revenue collector and party leader in New York, are candidates 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 factor behind an anti-Wilson movement in the New York State, and 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 mistake to regard the return of James 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 and leads to disrupt the magnificent organization which has lost the last four national elections. 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. 'Disorganize' 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 forth as the embodiment 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 conduct 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 exalted gentlemen would be disgusted 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, as we 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 persons who had always run things and who had been his friends. He was going to endeavor 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 way 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 cruelly disappointed at his irregularity and forsook him in disgust, even leaving him unaided to make his appointments. He was not only unacquainted with the way 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 medicine. 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 contrivance 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 now at last 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 delicate 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 leave no possibility of doubt of the universality and the vitality of the Wilson movement.

You see sometimes just purchased sentiment. 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 readers of the nation.

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Yet fully as comprehensive as all this is the newspaper support that is being given to Governor Wilson for the Presidency.

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 and rejoices over their discussions in the public places. He feels the sting of their criticisms and rejoices over their contributions. He then to find out what they think, he is in touch with the community 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 GILBERT HARTLEY of Harper's WEEKLY, discoverer and custodian of the WILSON BOSS, is becoming perked. This New Jersey boss, SIR SURRA, who made Mr. Wilson Governor and was sitting by the bedside of the state over the election, is the author and a lot of newspapers, including the one which shows for all, has insisted that the return of New Jersey to the Republicans was a tragedy, and that the Democracy's favorite son for President—Waterston 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.	3,559 D.
Other counties.....	32,642 R.	9,531 D.	10,308 D.
Total.....	40,612 R.	11,470 R.	13,867 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 pledged 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.....	9,770

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 first time in the history of the Democracy vote here on 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 attitude of mind in New Jersey, but if he can feel any ground for pride in the state of his own following he is, indeed, a wonder.

Oh, yes, Mr. Waterston 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. And 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 will be present at the national convention from that state. Both SURRA and ex-Senator JAMES SURRA, Jr., are believed to be Hamilton men.—*Practical Organist.*

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 no; that any disadvantage he had suffered from was more than fully offset by his coming in free from the political debts and other compromises and entanglements 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. Claveland did not understand him and that he stood far enough 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 has to say. 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 lots 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 and what they were really saying, and, apparently, indeed, rarely surprised at his own discoveries, reports from a Southern 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 as the one who has said 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. BOSSNEY'S. 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. BOSSNEY'S. 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 auspiciously. 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. No far from ordinary



OUR MRS. PARTINGTONS AND THE DEMOCRATIC OCEAN

FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF NOVEMBER 2, 1912

Drawn by C. J. Todd

those accustomed to control, 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 jangling factor into the contest. Will his rivalries ever cease to weaken Mr. Tarr, or will it attract a sufficient number of radicals 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 ever 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."



Drawn by R. W. Kent

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 orator 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 Dill's remembrance 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, Murray 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-Mail.

It may be wonderful, but it surely lacks the wisdom involved in advertising 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 harrows danger and knows Presidential elections are not won at headquarters, at White House, in thirty-sixth-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 speaks 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 war.—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.—John Johnston's Tribune.

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 Hafler 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.—Pensacola 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.—Mobile Register.

"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 Keizerbreder 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 his own nature elected 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.—Keizerbreder 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 wasp 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 enough, 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 steps 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 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 agonies. ETC'S, WE'LL TRY 'EM BOTH



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 BREWER, of course, prefer the word "regulate." But to regulate is to regulate, it is to accept, it is to validate, it is to legalize. It is, as Governor Wilson has made plain, to condone 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 bands of government. It is in effect to surrender 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 in 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 questions. 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 bill was an error, but we will not blame it for the legislation of Congress and its special favors from the government. We can do that by having

Federal laws throw all this system of care with statutes which make it criminal to do what these gentlemen did to build up their monopolies and which will allow the man who did commit the offense to have 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 crowded as soon as the law takes hold of these things and men are behind the law who want to ignore nobody in particular. In minimizing penalties, especially, the policy of favoring all will be withdrawn 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 President's electors 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 B. TRAY, 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 be substantially disincorporated and new change their hearts; that the banking system of the country stands already "separated" from its own and dangerous practices; that society in the country in its need of general reconstruction; and that he, the President-elect, has staved out what will be a long and bold a whip to his hand to hurry the reconstructing process. And he has said that if business disturbance results from all this it will be because competitors have been crowded out. If they do not and how they will deserve to be hanged as high as HANNAH. It has been agreed in advance that the President-elect, by speaking as he did he spoke extravagantly and 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 disincorporated." On the contrary, he advised both in and out of the country and good intentions. But he did say frankly and truly that the country needs to be convinced of their spiritlessness and unfaithfulness, and that it was up to them to do the convincing.

There was no novelty in this proposition. Senator Eustis, who was elected to the Congress during the term of 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 or less. Mr. Wilson has done a lot less than Mr. Bryan's, but he stood at the same thing. 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 "convicted of heinous and dangerous practices." He said it stood convicted of general incompetency and specific inability to meet the needs of the country—which is 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 have conspired to bring it about," and ought to be hanged "as high as HANNAH." 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 hanged. He said in general and scorn—held up or hung up as high as HANNAH.

Well, who wants to die the righteousness of that proposition? If he had said higher than HANNAH, we shouldn't object. Panics are bad things, very bad things, and no punishment is too severe for anybody caught encouraging them. Maybe it was a little strong for Mr. Wilson to say that at this time; we think probably it wasn't; but what he said was all right.

It may be that "it has been moved in defense of Mr. Wilson" that he spoke extravagantly, and "was carried away by oratorical effusions," but if so we don't wish to know why did the newspapers? 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 extravagantly, to be sure, and that was a mistake, because only serious and inter-pretative portions of his Chicago speech got into the Eastern papers; but that is the only real ground for criticism we have found so far.

The Times' financier, after due consideration, reaches this sane conclusion:

There was an undercurrent of hope that the responsibility of office, once it actually rests on the shoulders of the President-elect, will naturally fall 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.

The "real sentiment of the Street," we believe, is usually "pretty accurately reflected in the course of prices on the Stock Exchange." It is not uncommon, moreover, to see an effect "highlighted by the Street's own interpretation." Sometimes, too, it does happen that the market effect is "overdone" by speculators.

What is all this about Wall Street's business, it is only Mr. Wilson's, and it isn't the public's. It is only 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 in any business for the same purpose on their judgment.

If you go it, we see. There isn't any panic, or any sign of a panic, and all the stock-jobbers combined couldn't make one in a time like this if they should try. 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 accordingly of the kind that is not to be worried by any or anybody else associated with him in pausing real public sentiment.

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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 overshadows 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 was the matter. He has had the steadfast vision all

along of what it was that was the matter, and he has not even more than ABRAHAM JACKSON did, we heard his career upon election, 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 stand back to the future and 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 that he has rendered by a candidate for public life. Mr. BAYAN has been abundantly rewarded for all he has done, and does not feel that the party, through the man best fitted for it, in any other way can be benefited. 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 same force as it should be laid down for all. In other words, the ability 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 to-day sent another note couched in the strongest 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 say, had, but my own term had no legal force. 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 with each other's acquiescence, and I hope that when the time comes for me to reassemble you to instruct you in any necessary changes, you will look back upon my association as the entire service. 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 whom he 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 pic-nic. 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 fawn 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 counts no votes whatever, never "delivered" a delegation as 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 voidless.

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 has worshipped 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 reach of that doctrine. We preach the doctrine of true fellowship, of love of God, of love of Jesus Christ, and tolerance for every faith which depends on a true principle of life. Christianity is that 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 shudder, 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. His epistles 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 Cassell read these words: "Our citizenship command all the soul" of 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' share. 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 was 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, unobtruded 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 be advanced to any one. The gentleman might be to advance 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 of our own who promise 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 anxiety to make the cure good, notwithstanding 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 who have made such promises, and whose quick remedies on the present 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 escapade. Quite apart from the incalculable value of the discovery, Dr. FRIEDMAN'S very attempt to cure the disease, 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 identification of activities to say that if THOMAS HANCOCK had never lived, or if chance had never made him President, WOODROW WILSON would stand the present all at March at Princeton University still without satisfactory books. Mr. HANCOCK largely created and from the high point 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 you going to draw the line? and: Where is the money coming from to pay them?

It is likely enough that a pension system for government employes will be devised presently. Our opponents' arguments about this are very appealing. But what about all the employes of the great organizations and societies? What do they come in for? When they are used up as work-machines—shall they be as useless 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, undertakes, as it is, to keep all people and help-people 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 sort of relief now gives 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 be 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 so against it with a chance offer. 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 get out and in part return to our race. 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 among islands. 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, in harmony side by side on the same soil and under the same government, as another example of what is possible, mixing each maintaining its own 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 an indubitable intermarry without harm. It is not so clear that people of Teutonic origin can intermarry safely with people of the same kind of 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 an average, each its own strain, like the Scotch, 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, even, if once a small proportion of a race is preserved. The Jews have sometimes been apparently absorbed into a larger population 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 over of African 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 nor a profitable manly element in 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 far behind. 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 feared that the mixture of kindred races is unprofitable.

The fitness of one people to another in this country is not so much indicated and to be advantage without appreciating the question of assimilation by intermarriage. School, public employments, places of public exhibition, and the habits of the whole people in buying and selling contribute to produce that external test of assimilation. So does American equality of rights, and how much more between the different levels of social life. In hundreds or thousands of years this external assimilation of different races may take place, but it is more; but that is a question for a remote future. Those who advocate or imagine the amalgamation of different races may say, I submit, in part to the general 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 certain 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 are not inferior to any other race, and who are distinguished by an ambition and ability that their white neighbors. Their path through life is strewn with thorns and they have often been subjected to the most cruel wrongs in their effort to hold their own with their neighbors. Many of them have shown marked ability and have distinguished themselves in every walk of life. It is the duty of every man at this time when the prejudice against them is so widely fostered and so deeply growing; to stand up for their rights, to defend their dignity and the ideal of justice for 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 you to express my sincere thanks for the kind words in advance of the negroes. And as I fully appreciate your courtesy, I relieve you from the trouble of returning to mail my copy of the Weekly.

We turn in some perplexity to the WEEKLY of Mexico, and find the following words:

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 write of them as a few who have prominent in political activity, the entire campaign—and it seems to have about as many women as men—and they are not so much interested in the facts of the case as in the principles, particularly self-sacrifice, and active in the struggle for their political purposes, to restrain the exploiting 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 interested in the evils of the times and, because the evils exist, assure that nobody else has noticed them or made any attempt to remedy them. They do not have the facts and they do not understand themselves. Their one aim is much simpler and less complicated than that of the masses.

Most of the moose have hitherto been of Republican conviction as far as they have taken an interest in politics, and some progress have 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, minimum, child, pensions, inheritance and otherwise, 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 a new movement. 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 interested in the agreement of the workers. It goes back to the struggle for the ten-hour day. It deals with the oppressive conditions of the workers, and it is not so much interested in the employees' liability law, the opening of factory doors outward, the construction of fire-escapes, the protection of machinery, and framed 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 this kind of legislation 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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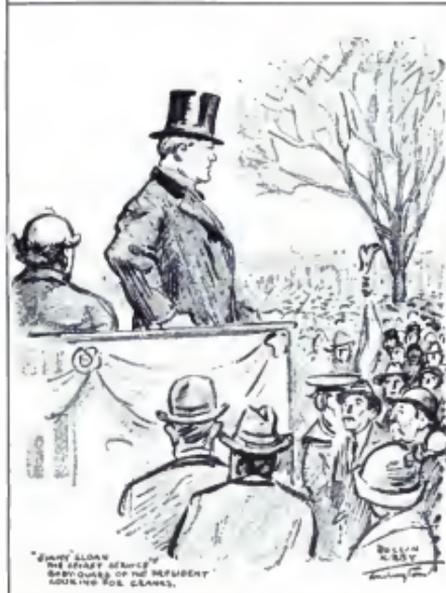
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TRAYT AND WILSON LEAVING THE CAPITOL



WILSON GREETING CHAS. CLARK ON THE INAUGURAL STAGE.



"WHY SLOWLY THE GREAT SENATOR BEING QUINCY OF THE REFUGENT SQUINNY FOR CLANKS."



GOV. SULLIVAN TO SEN. GOMPERS TAKE A WALK.

MEMORIES OF MARCH 4th

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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.

SEEING men is an art. It amounts almost to a science. Often, it is a business "flair" some men make in a way unteachable and rapidly in the lap, or new 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 unappreciating 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 well known 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 \$10,000; 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 executive of affairs, who seemed always to be aware of everything without asking and who at times would cleverly re-arrange his men 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 assistants, 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 no means a necessity.

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 advising associates of the present moment do not know.

"Call tomorrow meeting 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 men 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 men who turned him curiously aside or would not even look at him, perhaps, he blamed. It is possible, not business to give opportunities to every tramp-like make-up. 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 out 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 abject.

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'm going out to lunch—join me."

The rest of the meeting had 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.

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 as usual. With care he gradually he made the sale and finally, finally,



His sole occupation had been eating three meals a day.



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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



Interfudes

A FLIER IN REAL ESTATE

BLANKIN had joined the eager group of fortunate buyers who, instead of digging in the earth for the pure gold of substantial returns, had sought the short cut to affluence. In common 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 Wingham, "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 Blanksin 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. Blanksin?" said he. "Want to buy another block of Everbody's Magnificent Villa Sites Preferred?"

"Not on your life," said Blanksin. "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 Blanksin, gravely. "What if you take the place of my hands for—er, rather, what if you give me for it?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars," said the agent.

"Fifteen hundred dollars?" echoed Blanksin. "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 Blanksin 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 hitherback to calves never weds.

"No!" said Pottlehog, "That's funny. Since I began drinking butter-milk my waist has disappeared altogether."

IDENTIFIED

"In that your Prigfal Nod?" inquired the visitor to Uncle Zeke's farm, pointing to the youth who spent most of his time engaging in a game.

"No," laughed Uncle Zeke, pleasantly. "He's my fatted calf."



HOW TO HAVE A SQUARE IN A HAYSTACK

THE AMATEUR FARMER

"Yes," said the dealer, "I have cows to sell. What kind of a cow do you want?"

"Oh—I don't know," said the amateur. "I guess one with long legs and a couple of horns will do."

A FINANCIAL COURTSHIP

"Come over here to the counter, Justin," said Banks. "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 Banks, folding his arms. "How does an interlocking directorate like this suit you?"

EUPHEMISTIC

"What is old Jimmerson, anyhow—a paverlaker?" asked Hilly.

"Well—yes," said Dolanese, "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 baker's?" said Mrs. Jinspoon.

"I guess the man who started it was thinking of the doctor's bill," said Jinspoon. "The size of it suggests the real."

A REAL SURPRISE AHEAD

"What are you doing, Polly?" asked her mother.

"I'm knitting. Maurice 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 PROPOSER'S CAPACITY?

PAYING BEE: NEGATING SECTION V, STATE MAJESTY, WHICH STATUTELY FORBIDS A MAN TO VISIT THE PORT-FIELD.

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 fire of genius. "Put 'em in the parlor pot and mail 'em to some fortune address in the first name."

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 haul. We need it."

NOT A SATISFACTORY ASSURANCE

"An. Maric!" Postively murmured ecclesiastically, "I worship the very ground you walk on!"

"I had all," cried the fair girl, bursting into tears. "Why, when Daddy 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 triplets."

"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 Mabel. "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 MEYB BE EMBEE TRYING TO AET ABOUT IN THOSE UN-GESSED TINKER"

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. "There—here's ten cents. Go out and take a walk, my dear."

RATHER SPEEDY

"How fast is your car, Jinspoon?" asked Harkway.

"Well," said Jinspoon, "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 hazy 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 Helen 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 be figure that in 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 dear Schubert's; a tripping toe like fair America; the wit of Cleopatra and the glass and honey virtues of sweet Jane—these are the points that make for me the perfect model whose head I'd be, and where, I ask, in all the world one can be found in just one place.

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 sledding for the lumbermen. When Jimmy O'Meara walked into camp, in the first place, he was completely sober, was not enough to show. In the second place his gear was beyond belief; a

dark oak hat, with a broad mountain band, a front-out of the most choicest set, an extremely dismounted pair of trousers of the best lumber-jack type, and high-leaved, button-patterned boots which made him walk like a small boy making his first attempt at the outer edge. His face and neck were muffled 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 eye were curious who he put it mildly. We knew Jimmy for the best driver that ever rode a proled skid on a thirty-foot log, and the wildest stage when the drive was over that ever mixed the whiskey with the Irish blood. The cold 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 coast to "sell" him a police term for robbing the drink-averse 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 socks were already stretched out 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 institution.

To ease inquiry and outrageous conjecture, however, he remained equally silent until a white-haired, down-to-the-ear of his eyebrows, bearded, in downy tones: "Tell us something, Jimmy, as 'niver mind the truth,' you know we wouldn't believe you, anyway." The leasurless and violence of Jimmy's answer left no further opening for questionings. We had anticipated a treat of Babalaska 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 asunderous of woolen 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 rollers would freeze solid, and back-ends and wooden wheel staid on half-frozen logs 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 paper that reached 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 time. 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 assembly 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 suited with me taking a boom and pushing a cartload of lumber with me." Here he stopped and considered me carefully. I felt rather leered. 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 resource! A resource 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 staided 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 ears, and, beside the kitchen looked as clean as after a rain. All of a sudden the men stopped eating around stove-like, and piled up on one another. I left them that way and stepped 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 brace with white shreds on the bed."

"He peered uncomprehendingly. I kept an still as a statue. The camp rail 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 ugly, 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. I was fixing to boil 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 mother.'"

"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 them 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 mind. "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."

"I understood I had his capabilities, and after all, anything may be true. . . . I'll tell you all the rest back and we both ought, I don't know I see! You had seven sets back out, Scaler, she must have been nearly starved, but I don't know, she bid, all the same. She could always talk like she



"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 pansy-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 a pig-bell. 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 there, though. I 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 pronounced them," he answered, grimly. The modest spread of Jimmy's personification 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 the best, I know she was lonely." He remembered, "but it was such a good thing, none. 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-eyes. 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

"Read it, 'Alvin,'" he announced.

"But, Jimmy," I said, "the post-mark . . ."

"Alvin," he repeated, 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 Woodville."

"He passed her for breakfast and in part of me

transparency."

"All is fair and steady on the missionary job, and all end the money. 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's no more going. 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 mean Albert—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 Woodville."

I need thirty dollars to pay on the amount which you advanced me on my journey and will send more later.

"All is well with me, and I shall be with you in the spring.

With love,

Your son,

Alvin."

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 anxiety of the authorities, especially with his fitness, was fast doing his devil's work. By nighttime the place was a hell, the few rural representations of the lawless element.

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 was

at work. I slept uncomfortably draped over the back of a chair the better part of the night, waking now and then to realize Jimmy had Jimmy was sitting

loquely, principally because he was the only other man in the room. Hearing came at last, and I arose

wroth, and went down the road toward the celebration. Jimmy went 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 quiet, and Jimmy was sitting

I pointed out, as I passed my ball-bear and went up and down the station platform, on the absolute destruction of all things. I told myself that Jimmy was sitting

on letters as soon as I was out of the door, and the

money back in his pocket. It was not a meeting for

letters in anything.

Nothing was so exact by a figure emerging from the mist around 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

furtively to the right and left.

Just then she came up over the New Hampshire

hills, and a man, as I had said, Jimmy was sitting

beyond question that the morning figures were wide

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 asked 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 disease, but it was bad for others. I didn't deny anything. She was looking at me very sharp. Anyway, she never said anything 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 were 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, and 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 was with by six went to sleep. It was awful."

Jimmy's mouth was twitching and good looks of sweet blood out 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 piers on a jenny bird, 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. "On I came. I'm missionarying," he added, defiantly. "I look a month to break it to her slow till she get out



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"



Edmond 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 references need to 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 she bestowed her affection, and consequently a small honor. As you know, she placed such animals very near to heaven, in the transient and longings 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 constant ship, 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 Mobile Bay. The first successful model of 1877 weighed nearly two hundredweight, and carried thirty-three explosive pounds. The first modern torpedo, that of the Whitehead, while that of 1868 carried seven times the explosive, the first modern torpedo of the 2,000 yard limit built by the 1892 torpedo showed its speed up to be superior to the Whitehead, and carried 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 a turbine. 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 250 minutes to cover 2,000 yards and at a light current, it is easy to make a mistake of three to four times in the speed of the vessel pursued, and a boat may lay half a mile from the spot she actually occupies. On the other hand, the damage inflicted

by a torpedo goes far to offset this, as 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. That, 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 late trials.

Familiarity today is only partly realized 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 enforcement of the regulations is the business 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 since 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 during 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 the one which 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 regulations, one thousand ships under the government regulations that are compelled to carry wireless, and provided with the necessary apparatus, are permitted to use the ship's radio apparatus in case of accident to the regular machinery of the vessel. For this purpose the use of the government shore station to operate with wireless electrical power, even in case of distress, they are not 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 screw is backed up and slowly moved, 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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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 lovers 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 CAEROS, 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" is not and cannot imply encouragement of treachery 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 suspicious Venezuelan 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 bonds 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 interesting minds took in what Mr. KENNEDY 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. Cox's plain 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 strangled. 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 necks, 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.

As to those of North Carolina, 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 turned out for defense, but for defense, which was long ago tested given up. 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 him. It was rumored to-day that the Non-Resistants are also forming a similar organization to protect their manufacturers.

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, 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 statement 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 one more in no 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-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-revenue 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 the support 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 in favour of a good way. It is permissible to feel that the bill or bills that are now pending are 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 effect. It is not likely that any one so well accounted for 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, but 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 admission 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 advice 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 is adopted before deliberation begins. 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 lot 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 he advanced a single step but not even a tiny step by a post-Progressive. —The Chicago Evening Post.

To say even that is going much too far. Stay 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 one finds, amusingly enough, in various American newspapers. We do not pretend to be up to date. 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 which 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, an imperial enterprise, 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 perceptible 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 the 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 Jove of Am or a Neptune arise, and there is nothing that they cannot do.

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 the 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 Jove of Am or a Neptune arise, and there is nothing that they cannot do.

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 ancient mysteries are out of date. As they now exist their university has outgrown them. They were created by a college of a few hundred students, and they have managed to maintain a strangle-hold 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 is (ah!) doubly disadvantageous in (1) name of the bottle, (2) name of the kind—*Harford* Cognac.

Good heavens! "The female, normal, feminine kind"! And when did it become normal feminine to be feeble? Will the Cognac stand up—in the contest, 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, chairman 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 FRANK SHERMAN, Bird of Walsley, 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.

Cautiously enough it seems to be extra hard to make a first-class paper in Boston. There are not many of them, anywhere, but you would expect Boston to be one of the places where they grew, and to be sure, the *Transcript* is first-class of its kind, very handsomely so would say, a great newspaper. Brother FRANK MANNING, who we remember rightly, once spoke of Boston as the graveyard of editors, would 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 paper open without abolitionism, not named with such a name, has any chance to equal. Who is publishing it and 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—BRYCE, SAM 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, and long, and ever respected! Was it so in the time of DEWEY and SWIFT, or FERRIS, of the elder BANNETT and

the *Herald*, of DANA and the *Sun*, 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, in a newspaper. That gives an awful 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 to shock. It is seldom consistent with politeness and so it is seldom respectable.

Usualy

Perhaps Mr. SWAN is better known as architect of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine—"St. Sw.".

Perhaps so, but usually an architect is better known as a man whose by him kind that by something done by some one else. The Cathedral of St. John, as will be remembered, is, so far, almost entirely the work of HAYS and LA FARGE.

Quit Kidding Captain Bird

Remembering upon the reported return to Texas of Captain BIRD, Mr. DUNNAN, 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 moon? 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 girl's school subject to attack by troops or rogues.

Think of him, as 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 dynamiter; think of WHITMAN; think a little, maybe, of FRANK A. SMITH, to whose epithet the West Virginia striking miners will subscribe a *See* notice a paper. Think of a lot 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 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 the people who know the world for what it is and is 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 glad, 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

DUNNAN is an unequalled master of phrases. One can see GLADSTONE's face as the Jew killed him and his educated colleagues as a Jew killed that vulgar Jew. They were a different set, but no such violence would apply, even if there were a DUNNAN 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 him kind that by something done by some one else. The Cathedral of St. John, as will be remembered, is, so far, almost entirely the work of HAYS and LA FARGE.

Religion and the Church

Professor FOSTER proposed that the churches be closed for a year or two to give the Christian religion a fair 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 nowadays the propaganda 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 religious propaganda 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 trucking 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 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.

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, religious—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 useful criticism, like Dr. FERRIS'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 *South American Review*—Walter Lee's.

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 *South 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. BRINKENHOFF

THE 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 landowner 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 timer of a boarding-house could, for a few well-chosen remarks, ruin the business of a \$100,000 brokerage office, if he were given a chance to appear in a newspaper, for 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 longing 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 inwardly 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 expects a good, generous, homelike, motherly person in old-fashioned and polite respect attire. He hoped that she and her surroundings would bespeak generosity, luxury, coziness, peace, and goodwill. Where is this ideal? Perhaps from the advertisement. He had read the wail ads of Boarders Wanted. He is a prospective boarder, and is shocked. 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. Etc. Etc. appropriate, excellent table.

Even should the pre-notation be out of check, he would consent to the particulars as they should be.

He rings the bell. He is humbly told to go into the parlor. There he sits and loaves nervous. What little he has already beheld may not be a realization of his vision; 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. The words so many fastidious masters of happiness (in furnished rooms) that her optimism has gone, never to return. Seeing a yard of lace 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 pretend 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 house, he must stay until he makes a pretense of looking over the appointments or disadvantages, 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 success. 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 her words and her 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 hour 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 from the boarder. It is a matter of accurate ability and discipline. This



He arranges for quarters and moves in



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 fear 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 leucis belonging to the said Major Hinkelomper." Rastus came up with becoming dignity and addressed the court.

"Be it established, yo' honor," he said, "dat dese yere proceedings, sah, is a substituted by de people of de State of Mississippi?"

"That is the situation," replied the judge.

"Den I make, yo' honor, dat dese yere proceedings is be substituted, sah, on de ground dat de people of de

State of 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 of de State of 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?"

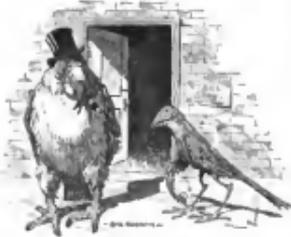
AN EXPLANATION

"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 of 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

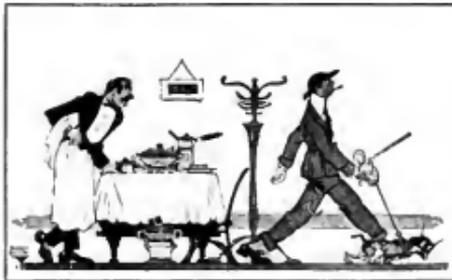
"I've let you suffer from rotten hotels on that side of yours through the mountains," said Wimpston, after Jinks had returned from a night tour.

"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

in 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!

Meanwhile—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 thrown on an afternoon like this, but they were the property of "dock 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 muddle 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.

"You, mother," he greeted his mother. An usual, she was waiting at work over her wash-tub and trying at the same time to muddle 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. "You, mother," he greeted his mother. An usual, she was waiting at work over her wash-tub and trying at the same time to muddle 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.

Maxey screwed up both his eyes tightly and gazed in the face of the son, but after a while he gave an assent and rushed as promptly as he could to the Boy's room. Maxey in his dim mind was not at all surprised by the ever-varying between big bites at the bread and butter.

"Hey, Joe-ey? Who-cher read?"

"The Boy looked up, and a fire-escape in the rear of another tenement on the next block was 'Chinky' who was searching for 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-cher's letter!'"

"Heber! 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-sharp little bullets strong with stress for their guns.

"Dr. Nick Carter!"

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

"Out with the lights!" yelled Nick Carter to the boys. The Detective, Crutch, went the heavy lamp. The

area 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 boys gasped yelled Nick Carter. "Har- reader!"

"Crutch" went the door, and a platoon of police, revolvers at hands, burst into the door. "It's that that Crutch!"

"Chinky" retreated.

"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 awfully 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 with she had 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 freeman, meeting a child and to do it as the picture always showed. The freeman, at a dizzy height, a lone body over his arm, in 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 ship he had drawn on his slate-board. Teacher spun him a world away, in a breath of tempo at a pace of his own, 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. They are all there and waste your time in play! Always in play! Will you never learn to work?" Mrs. Lipky 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 speech 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 or her housework. But evidently that was not work—he nobody ever remembered it. They repeated him with wandering ideas to play!

Well, he did. He was as he often 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, the best of his play, were mounting up into the sunlight sky, their heads wagging and tails cricking respectably in the brisk, spring breeze. Who could tell it 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.

"You go, Joe!"

"Jeeping to his feet the Boy rushed out of the classroom, a thump his arched—'Lindstrom 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 reverent 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 snatch 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 thinned Street he leaped into everybody. The game, as his breath gave out and the sills in his ears thudded low under, changed to freer, wider. He ran, his head clasped to his side and tears rolling down his cheeks.



Chinky was already there, flying a kite



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

FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Influence from Abroad

AN ESTIMATE OF THE BEARING OF THE DISTURBANCE IN EUROPE ON THE SITUATION HERE

SOME \$100,000,000 worth of American stocks and bonds are owned in Europe. What would be the effect on the markets here if anything should happen abroad to make the owners of those securities suddenly anxious to recall their own small part of the "foreign"?

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 world.

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 franc to the dollar is steadily maintained at the figure touched when the 1907 panic was at its worst, and gold here is in the market at about 100. In Turkey and the Balkan market in London is even more difficult to get, the "Old Lady" maintaining her official bearing rate at the high figure of 105 per cent, with every prospect of an advance 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 great 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 worried because there is a fight going on in the Balkan Peninsula. What worries them is, first, the danger that what is now to arrange 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 means to us here as ourselves. Because Germany considers it necessary to add largely to her fighting strength we have no corresponding increase to make in our own. 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—and previous 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 securities—the fact that, prior to the outbreak of the trouble in the Balkans, a yearling selling movement was in progress here and here and there, is 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 "Americans." Later in the year when the Berlin and Vienna notes and the French bankers brought Germany to a stand by withdrawing funds from Britain 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 "London" bank took, but to no known extent that 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 "Americans" 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 outflow 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 securities, the sale of the securities of the market 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 this is as down to 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 "Yanks." 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 money (in the form of post-war certificates) were unable to accomplish in the way of withdrawal 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 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 commensurate 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 find ourselves taking back our stocks in quantity. With the country's investment appetite no more robust than it is, it is certain that such a liquidation would be a disaster.

So far as speculative issues are concerned we are safe, roughly—whatever happens. But how about the fixed investments held in our securities? We should 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. The "reaction" in the markets will not do it; on several occasions in recent years there has been far more "reaction" than anything of the kind. It is only 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—war 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 now two sets of money in the world's great financial powers, sharing in the case of the other markets when such a war breaks out. The United States, however, in other respects, its points are high. Low part is the day when money conditions here were independent of conditions abroad. Development of such conditions as arose in Europe in connection with the war, 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 some thirty million in gold. Desirable, it is, to have our 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 largely 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 advanced to Berlin, but not about 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, is being accumulated in New York, money does not flow readily east 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 being held on as 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 long as there is a drain on it, 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, however, if Germany would soon enough bring to an end each element of financial conditions so to make further aid from this side unnecessary. It, however, the present state of things continues, it will undoubtedly be called upon to furnish the foreign markets with a further considerable amount of gold. It is not likely that we will be able to make a large amount of them. Finance isn't 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 boughs
Your sweet lullabies you may make;
Ye will be singing
And I would have my garden gay
On Easter day.



Ye strutting white ducks
Out your drooping tails, and henceroad take
The sun and moon and stars (Ye see);
Tomorrow will be Easter day,
And I would have my garden gay
On Easter day.

Early in the morning while 'tis dark,
Like Mary Magdalene, with silver hair,
Ye come to us, ye birds, ye make us glad,
To seek our fresh Lord, who knows? For here
Of birds and buds He may be waiting.

O'er dear Lord now is taken from the cross,
His bloodied body wrapped in linen robes,
And laid by loving hands in a tomb,
Outraged Nature hoves her head and swoons;
The ground is wet; Jerusalem is still.

Ye sleeping buds, awake
Your young green reverends, and wake
To fragrant blossoming for His sweet sake;
Tomorrow 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 sure it was 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 quite clearly—and, however, you, 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, cut me up, and bottle you. You 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 yonder in the bazaar." 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 the town," 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 coffee, and spoke kindly to 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. Then he said to him: "You here drink and have rested. Now tell me your business here. In all this town, how have you heard it will be heard for you—but me help you."

The man of Djikova sat silent and bitterly, and he heard the sound of the door. "Is there a man on kind to a friendly 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 smile. "Shoot, but when you go back you must laugh at you."

The man of Djikova drew a pistol, fired, and it flashed in the air.

"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. 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 wickered, as all women are, and she said answered, "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 he 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 can't see his wife and keep them all in order, while I have heard this. He picked up a large stick and went back into the house."

Do you want to know what the dokey said? 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 can't see his wife and keep them all in order, while I have heard this. He picked up a large stick and went back into the house."

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You enlist in the jimmy pipe army—whether you have a brain, clay or masonry. Just join it, check full of Prince Albert, make fire with a match—and you've certainly got yours!

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R. J. REYNOLDS
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SCIENTIFIC AUCTION BRIDGE

By E. V. SHEPARD

"KNICKERBOCKER WHIST CLUB. "I have read all the books on Auction Bridge. E. V. Shepard's is the best of them all. I doubt if a better one will ever be written. Other writers teach by illustrative hands which you may never hold. He gives simple rules for bidding and playing any hand possible to deal. Every feature of the game is discussed in a way to aid both beginner and expert player. He gives valuable facts concerning the game which have never before been put in concrete form. The rules are clear, practical, and easy to remember. The work is not based upon personal opinion, but is founded upon mathematical facts. No other writer has ever delved in the principles of the game to an equal extent. The results as given through his simple rules are startlingly clear. Every player should own a copy of this work."
"ALEXANDER L. ROBINSON, M.D.
"Vice-President."

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Grassy Banks

Governess' official state that, by the time the Panama Canal is opened, ships may sail through terraced green lawns instead of the bare yellow earth slopes in Panama. That reason is not altogether as ostentatious one.

It is believed that involving the shipping company the Canal through the cuts with a strong grass mat will prevent the wearing effects of the tropical rains. An expert has been entrusted with the task of test-

for the Canal

ing this theory, and the Department of Agriculture has cooperated in the project of shipping in Panama thousands of pounds of grass seed.

MADE AT KEY WEST, FLA.



Scenes by August Star Duvall

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 detached. They do not speak, as much as from long ago, most their from observation. There is a vital despair about them that appears in one our most respectful assumptions which we need to feel as children when our grandparents demanded the name of the person who had taken their satisfaction while their grandfathers groined the covers 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 natural of words before they are heard to exclaim sharply with modernity's child characteristic, the over-powering 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 been to be started to deal with the crowds of people who have such good intentions that they can't stand to see about it, who have 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 society just to be taught to be taught better a peak 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-fashioned morality is being handed to the orthodox party politicians, go in for social reform as their fathers went in for Young women in general, embracing the promise of having a thorough education on their hands and nothing to do with it, without the least intention of doing so for social reform. The fact that they receive no remuneration for their arduous task, just to be taught to be taught, is so almost the wholly natural thing about their surprising ingenuity. It helps them to clear their minds, and to bring their own minds to the point where they can see the strange sight of the most glaring of the younger generation, spending their days in Parliament 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 as hard and so extremely regularly at the bank of their husbands that their income, though not precisely the result of their work, is more nearly appointed by their output than it has ever 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, as their conscience may be given to the many speakers who long to curtail 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 all nations increase 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 his 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, heard? Of course we will have to make in reality, not in appearance, 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 genuine 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 faint suggestion 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.

And everything as it should be, we will still make our 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 each receive, 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 a beautiful orderliness, we will each retain as a souvenir of its past existence, and each will be sure to have a private exponent 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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An International System will enable you to **extend your markets** by putting your time keeping on a strict efficiency basis. Time leaks that now keep cost of production and prices to a point that shuts you out of some markets can be conserved and applied to an extension of territory.

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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-photogenic bank-note printing." This consisted in painting one portion of one edge 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 its primitive making from skins, often of good venable quality, 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 was issued in America was in Massachusetts in 1690 in order to satisfy the demands of clamorous settlers. 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 currency letters 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" systems. The high protective tariff, pensions, with 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 clearly 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 peddling wares 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—consequently 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 national government 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 laymen, such as the construction of a large and impressive building or a relatively small water, the better would have to contribute toward the cost or else request their local federal service in modest quarters until the grade of local public opinion became sufficient to meet the national government's conditional offer, largeness for a check no direct return or reward could be given as denoting the civic sense of the recipient community as they are to the self-reliance of an 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 head and the national head are strong and that they are intimately and practically connected. The connection between them is inadequate owing largely to the highly specialized nature of our legislation which does not directly remind the average citizen of his relationship to the central 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 in the habit of making 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 outline of a possible policy which might be adopted by Congress so as to reduce the demoralizing effects of the present haphazard 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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measures of grants for purposes which usually affect a single community depend upon the latter's providing one-tenth of the total sum 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 rendering home favors, 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 certainty of making two people through their homes withhold, in the end Senators and Representatives would welcome the relief from charges of favoritism, with all resultant inequity, 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.

Who knows how their slaughter became that aviators have set to work to devise means for safeguarding the birds. To give some idea of the success of these contrivances, 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, one British light-house, besides killing thousands of birds of other kinds, their dead bodies covered the surrounding country.

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 objection by the most enemies of them all. It is a sort of wooden spider web and forms a restraining-pole for the birds. They go to sleep curled up for 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 above ten thousand claffinches and in another night above ten thousand light, and in another night three thousand self-deceit covered 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 200 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 the 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.



CHALFONTE ATLANTIC CITY. THE GREAT SEASIDE RESORT. ON THE BEACH.

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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 industrial 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 unexploited territory 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 self-interest 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 prillful of minds has been or could be convinced 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 sapient 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, "that it was the right of the United States to speak its own mind," continues 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 control thought whose existence is nevertheless daily admitted, would have wrung tears of joy from the eyes of MARYSVELL.

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 "to make loans by foreign agents."
3. "We regard as 'obnoxious to the principle upon which the government of our own people rests' any arrangement which is entangled with, or even implied by, the payment of such a loan."
4. "We foresee that the assumption of such responsibility might 'in some degree constitute' a 'pretext' for 'forcible interference in the financial, and even the political, affairs of that great Oriental state' just now struggling to a reorganization 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 unworked and perhaps unworked 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 been drawn. Whatever our government can do properly and consistently 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 the 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 too slowly. 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 a disengagement 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 that the millions are sold 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 incoherence, 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, be 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 SUN-KU, who is full proof of the adage that "a bulldog 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 last 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 happily 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 this can be no absolute assurance till the thing is done, and we are no advocate of cob-narcosis 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—present 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 public utilities, 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 line of development of the corporation headship developed as at the present time, and therefore something that we cannot afford to neglect. For is it 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 shall 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 "headship" 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 believe 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 we are 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 unpopularity 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, of course, was Mr. WILSON, a man 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-manship, 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 men's own 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 the matter as one of the things 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, a family of five or six persons, but his entertainments must be few, small, and modest. He has still \$3,000 to spend on clothes for his family, on the education of his children or their own, on a house, and 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 fifteen or twenty 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 it 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 Southernmen 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 respect. 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 peculiar 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 that from now on their proper maintenance will be more and more assured. They will be more and more Southernmen 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 will be divided by a life-long admiration of the Law, with a tendency to merrily 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 great man 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 amazing 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 no more.

We don't know Miss Toul, but her story would be a truthful narrative. It is a story of children, 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 consider the matter that our calling 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 to our Protestant women, a vent for benevolent activity such as has long been afforded to the religious work in the Roman Catholic Church. Of new and noble 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 direction. 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 must be 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-sufficing 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 assumed 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 beating 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 motion 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 had't found the white-slave traffic, would they have 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?

DORRIS CORNELL.

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 overdone themselves. 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. GRAY, PETERMAN 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 fewest who do not believe the Boston Globe is a mistake. He is not a newspaper man yet.

Well, the profession is by an inch the poorer; and we suppose Mr. BIRD is by so much the richer, but we are sorry.

Mr. Saxton's Suggestion

CHARLES FRANCIS BROWN 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 of politicians; 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 SAKAMOTO, the Spectator.

Dr. EMMET has declined the President's invitation to go as Lecturer. Mr. SAKAMOTO's suggestion is very interesting. Other gentlemen have had Mr. ANSON in mind for this place.

Mr. SAKAMOTO, by the way, we were mistaken in attributing to him the dissertation on Bill-Mason politics in Mr. Saxe's office, lately communicated to the Springfield Republican by "Norman Oliver." It was written by the Secretary 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. SAKAMOTO to want to see "the first work," and the prospect is bright that he will see them.

So May It Be

It may be that WOODROW WILSON with some of the capitalizing and flattery qualities of CLEVELAND, METZGER, and the like, has been chosen by HILL as Vice-President, and chosen to evade and LINDBERG to save the Republic, and if that be the meaning of his election to the White House, the *Courier-Journal*, wisely forgetting its own wrongs, is warning you, American in crying "Honor to Europe!" will call him blood-red—Colonel WOODROW, 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 extending the glad hand to the usual constraints of Modesty. He, on any probable late opportunity 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 green and tarty, fifty, sixty, or seventy "artists," as the case may be, playing their wretched "pieces" beside of their strange waiters, the while they emit deep-breathed German, French Italian, and noble French comments on the character of the hotel which has given them supper, the quality of the sleeping cars the Pullman Company has furnished, and the thousand and one other things which ruffle the severity of these gentlemen when they tarry 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.

Mingling the audience, debauched in, chiefly by the cheap seats. The president, secretary, and treasurer of the Women's Musical Club, whose romantic promise while in the audience will be distinguished, even if not so large on their bad hopes, and the owner of the opera house to signify in the vindication of his judgment that a good music; comedy has any highway show like this entails "three ways to the jack." Yet could the manager really, 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 penny songs, to my mind a grand 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 nights, 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 Melrose flat or Palaued Pool—to see those names previously—would such an incident be possible any more, nor could the late Fred Currier, 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, Currier went direct to the theater to see what the solo 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 manager's advance sale was discouraging, and toward the house he treated and the money over, whether or not any of the business is sold. The manager's advance sale was discouraging, and toward the house he treated and the money over, whether or not any of the business is sold. The manager's advance sale was discouraging, and toward the house he treated and the money over, whether or not any of the business is sold.

"Currier" queried Currier in a parable. "Nay, Don't your lungs always precede the show?" "You won't do no business without it." And the music was right.

Although the local theater managers do not regard an orchestra as a marketable troupe, men of letters toward it is still full of suspicion, tinged with contempt. If the house is large to be the foolishness of the women that accounts for it. It is



The management is buffeted by Conservator on one side and Art on the other

is 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 miles from 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 meagles 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 conductor 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 Conservator 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 played it, and that the conductor has a different idea of the 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 Herr Mecklenberg and play it—and a pitiful smile breaks the frown of the Kapellmeister's visage. And it is astounding how many things an earnest conductor finds impossible to prepare for an orchestra concert when it becomes necessary to change his original programme, especially when another conductor has recently played in the same place a work he desires to perform.

What is hard for a conductor to realize is that the average city of the Middle West is usually poorer 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 chary 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 liberality, and a procession is giving up flat can still discuss Debussy, Strauss, Reger, and other ultra-modern, but doesn't know the "tone" of the first movement of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony when they hear it.

When a conductor, as sometimes happens, is compelled to allow a Conservator to play a chamber or a compromise between Conservator and Art—a Wagner programme or Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony, New York, Symphony Hall in Boston and Orchestra Hall in Chicago. He tells this master give as as 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 master give as as 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 master give as as 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 concert given at a university town. The conductor sat in his programme, which contained three symphonies—and nothing else. The hundred women were in the Kapellmeister and greatly grieved 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 joke of it was that the conductor had guessed right. In that particular town they still talk of the wonderful concert when they referred to three symphonies all in a row.

But it doesn't always work that way. Years ago a distinguished orchestra with distinguished con-



"They will understand Debussy 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 by longshot. It was urgent to have a programme out for service, but the conductor had to build a very heavy one around Beethoven's U. Minor Symphony, which even New York and Boston then regarded as impenetrable mystery. The manager, with prophetic vision of an empty house, took his life in his hands and asked the conductor please to put a Haydn Concerto, or even a Beethoven symphony in place of the Brahms, which would never be understood, 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 orchestras, and most concerts need to be given in the local theaters, theatres, arenas, 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 tin, 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 hour began to twitter the roof ceased with descending torrents of rain, and the orchestra was giving a rapid imitation of a weeping picture. Had the conductor equipped the lightning-defying Ajax and thrust up the whole of his face in the storm of the "Flying Dutchman" Overture, 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, had 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 loose canon uses by French composers, is really, in its best estate, the most sedate 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 limelight, as it were, overshadowing even the swaying conductor, who has no success in the subject and must remain meek and not 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 party 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 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 subscribers would rebel, though the road tours.

In those orchestras that 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 chair.



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



"In the Garden," by Charles C. Curran



"Mother and Child," by Lilian Gornik



"The Glade," by Walter L. Palmer



"An Idyll," by Olga Popoff



"Portrait in Black"



"Rock Chasms," by Paul Dougherty
AWARDED THE LYNNETT 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



"Girl Combing Her Hair," by William M. Preston



"A Portrait Study," by Cecelia Beus



"Brother and Sister," by M. Jean McLane
AWARDED THE THIRD HALLGARTEN PRIZE



"The Library, New York," by Colin Campbell Cooper



Gifford Beal
& Thelma Peck



"Youth," by Gardner Symons
AWARDED THE FALTY'S MEDAL

HAVE THEIR TURN

... with its audacious display of "cubism" and "post-imp. impressionism," comes the annual ...
 ... page are shown some of the notable exhibits now on view at the Fine Arts Galleries

APPROACHING THE UNSINKABLE SHIP

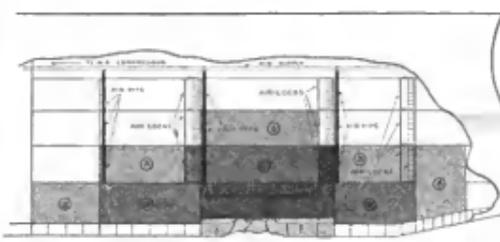
BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT

SINCE 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-ingenieur, 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 on-coming 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 local 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. DAMAGED COMPARTMENT UNDER MAXIMUM AIR PRESSURE OF FORTY-FOUR POUNDS. 2. OUTWARD FLOODING COMPARTMENTS UNDER AIR PRESSURE OF SEVEN POUNDS. 3. DEFENSIVE NEIGHBORING COMPARTMENTS UNDER AIR PRESSURE OF THREE POUNDS. IN THIS MANNER THE WOUNDED AREA RECEIVES EXTENSIVE AND EFFICIENT SUPPORT, AND THE DAMAGED SUBDIVISION CAN BE EXTENDED AND TEMPORARILY REPAIRED OR 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 explosive, 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 fires.

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. There was no prospect 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.

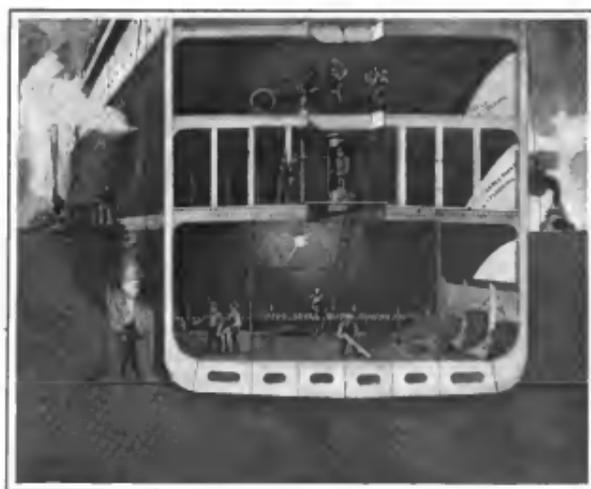
The illustration shows how the vessel was refloated and then how her damaged bottom was effectively patched so that she could go to sea in safety. The latches over the flooded compartments were sealed with metal plates and temporary airlocks attached, while air compressors were placed on board and the 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 into place by divers—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 was the *Helix*. She was got off and, like the earlier craft, was repaired for the run to New York in the same manner. She was 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 air lock 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 air lock 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 Retrospect one.
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, is long as it is considered the deception will prove easily unending and will cost only twenty cents, the amount of postage required for its prompt delivery.

For an Old Head of Treatise to send.
An anonymous declaration 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 amount you to nothing.

For a Dishy Debtor to send to a Dunning Party.
Dear Sirs—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. Sign this, and place it in a sealed envelope addressed to the tailor 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 Inevitable Social Finisher.
A handsomely engraved invitation purporting to invite Mr. and Mrs. Wesley 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 to pass to sit in the corridors of the library and witness the arrival of the dinner party.

For a Pungent Bore of a Philologist's Party of Mirth.
A brilliant letter from a distinguished 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 explain 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 Growing Husband.
Make a pair out of red-bottle wankers, make it molasses and covered with a crust baked to the invincible power of a pore 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." There 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 it?" asked Mr. Bitters.

"He will order his own patent stamps out of the cross-patchers," said the old man.

A VALID EXCUSE

"Kiss you deary you was crosstide 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 gasolene 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' ENU DAY, HE ENDED HIS WIFE NOT BE OUT IN A MONTH."



THE TRAINBILL

"'Wm—waa," said the judge. "I'll let you of this time, and send an law I'm not only justice of the peace, but the mortgage-keeper here, I'll just sentence you 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."



"Nix, I WANT A BUNNY AT W'D'S CORN AROUND, OR I C'D WISH MYSELF SOME WED THAT FEARED 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 you make out's this here art game, Birm?" he said, stroking his chin.

"I don't know," said Birm, "but I reckon it's a new kind of a game."

"You ain't no artist, Birm," said Uncle Jed.

"No, I ain't, but I can't see no sense in it."

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"Waa," said Uncle Jed. "That's about how she wooks."

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"Nix," said Uncle Jed.

"An' arter awhile she comes back, an' in two weeks she paints the grandest, biggestest, pink and yellow, prettiest-herbage looking picture of the place you'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 her when they see it?"

"What do they call her when they sell 'em—the picture?" asked Uncle Jed.

"'Tep," said Mr. Dingdell. "De picture's in the farm."

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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



EVERYBODY 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 goodness of grass does not really pass nor the beauty of a wild rose fade. 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 ear has everything he wants, from grapes as big as apples and apples as big as pumpkins in games so 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 performers who see them are indeed marvelous artists. The women, we venture to observe, seemed more confident and sustained 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 deftly the grotesque and the splendid and the comic. We remember the inconceivable hazy-hazy play 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 marauding 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 had an unshakable 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 have the matter in obscurity," that as to the Circusmen of all the Isled Apple 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. Rippling, who wear with such grace and splendor the mantle of the halcyon 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 admission 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 mortality, 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, the show and the show are numbered. 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 tripping. We know not that there are not merely understood "tripping," but "double," "aerial," "flying,"

and the 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 deftly the grotesque and the splendid and the comic. We remember the inconceivable hazy-hazy play 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 marauding 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.

So, it will be seen, there is not only the wonder of the marvelous and the possession of the comic in the best of all possible circumstances; there is also beauty. We can see yet, when we shut our eyes, the exquisitely rhythmic movements of the dancing horses, the superb and sudden loveliness of those dipping, flying, plunging, leaping, aerial figures, the grace and staidness of the lady who departs herself upon the back of a galloping horse as if it were one way that of the Circus. It is possible to find, not only a corner of Turman; but Beauty dwelling its eternal domain—surely, then, we may conclude, after all, the world is full of enchanted byways.



FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Union Pacific Muddle

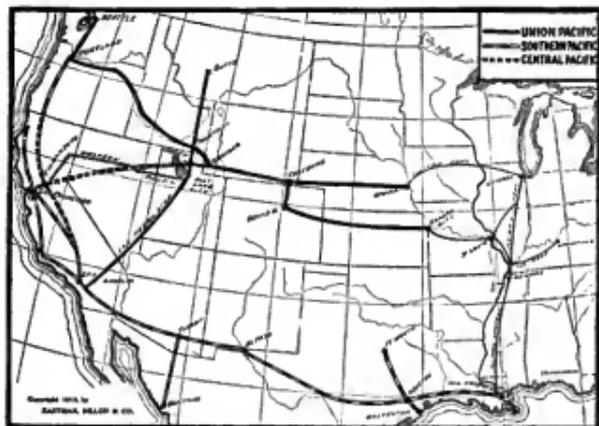
A TRAFFIC ALLIANCE RATHER THAN CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC SEEMS THE LOGICAL SOLUTION OF THE DIFFICULTY

ON a gray Saturday morning next day 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 its details 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 validity. 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 in 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 board 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 shareholders felt that way about it, too. At the time they had agreed to take a share in the muddle of the stock was selling at 100." The latter reply commission, it is true, was nothing like what they had hoped to receive, 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.



Map of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific system

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.

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 outstanding interest in Southern Pacific is opened up again. The Supreme Court has ordered that Union Pacific buy out all stock, and on such terms as to make it a real dissolution, and has given the railroad till May 1910 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 consummating in the plan in which the California State Railroad Commission has just rejected its assent was the proposed preferential use by

offered to pay for Central Pacific stock the exclusive right to use the rail-off before taking it on one thing. What Union is willing to pay for Central Pacific without the exclusive right to these trucking facilities is something very different.

So important is it to consider that its rejection by the California commission is very generally taken to mean that Union Pacific will give up the idea of buying Central Pacific entirely. Union Pacific wants Central Pacific and is willing to lay it from its own, the Southern Pacific. But what Union Pacific considers a fair price for the Pacific is not what Southern Pacific considers a fair price, and two very different things. It is possible, of course, that the two parties may get together on a price, but it certainly does not look that way.

But if Union Pacific fails to keep control of Central Pacific, what it is going to do for a coast outlet? Union Pacific still only gets as far west as Ogden, Utah. As Mr. Kahn, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., frankly admitted in the United States, it is not likely for the purpose of getting control of Central Pacific (owned by Southern Pacific) that Mr. Harrison bought control of the latter. Suppose now that as a result of the dissolution Union Pacific loses its exclusive line between Ogden and San Francisco. Will it not then be where it has going to 1910—bottled up in a Utah deadlock? as one of the public witnesses in the dissolution said pitifully sad 17?

No, Union Pacific without Central Pacific will not be "bottled up" as they fear from it. Back in 1901 Union Pacific may have needed a coast outlet of an outlet to the Golden Gate, but it doesn't need it today. Using Pacific needs, of course, to have a line over which its west-bound business can be shipped to the Pacific coast, but it doesn't need actually to own that line. Condemned since 1898 have greatly changed. Mr. Harrison bought control of a coast outlet because he needed one and because he had good

reason to 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 lay out each other to-day, but they do not rush to and lay out each other to-day, either. Now, having acquired control of a connecting piece of land like Central Pacific, can any one read day its use, an reasonable terms, to other lines. In 1901 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 receiving therefrom, 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 "bottled up" at Ogden or anywhere else.

The Supreme Court, furthermore, in its decree ordering a dissolution of the Harrison "merger," 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. Certainly, any arrangement and proffered discrimination," the decree says in one place, "as are said to have destroyed the latter is the Granddaddy carrying trade as a connection for the great interstate traffic between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast, and as a result of the statute an discrimination adverse to the Union Pacific, and be equally violative of the letter and spirit of the act of Congress. Certainly, any discrimination could be retained by the courts." The Union Pacific, in other words, can carry its west-bound traffic, and that is the main thing that is taken 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 traffic-exchange agreement with Central Pacific, leaving actual control of the property to remain just where it is? What might such a traffic-exchange agreement consist of? It would consist of the fact that the Union Pacific, in other words, can carry its west-bound traffic, and that is the main thing that is taken care of on terms at least as favorable as those of any of its competitors.

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PLAYS
AND
PLAYERS




FROM "ANY NIGHT," A BARELY PIECE OF THEATRICAL REALISM. THE SCENE IS A RAINY LAW HOTEL.



KATHLEEN SWANWAT, IN "THE LADY OF THE SHIPWRECK" AT THE GRAND



FROM "FEAR," A TYPICAL GRAND OTTOMAN. "BOHEMIAN" 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 cutting-machines or mills, which are provided with blades for taking out any particles of dirt that remain. The first rough cutting 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 kerosene lamps 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 soaked at a temperature about 310 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 re-twisted 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 fastened to a board.

The finer the quality the smaller the rope and the tighter its curls. 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 cockles for mechanical power. Then, with the fall of the Venetian Republic, the cockles 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 on a low stool and works with the spindle and shuttle in her lap. On this spindle is pinned a strip of paper marked with the pattern to be followed, and this pattern the shuttle-shaped work-er sticks hand-guided pins about which she weaves her threads.

From twenty to fifty shuttles depend from all sides of the spindle, and these are worked across and back with the spidery 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 eye never sees the most important and other similar acts are repeated 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 need not more than see man in a business, on his own savings and profit, 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.

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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-half million of dollars. It is certain that nine thousand more will die this year, and it will not be the eldest nor those in the feeblest health to die. 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, expands his wings, 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 used to read sometimes amused himself by taking the fly from the cricket, and rubbing against the wings, which consists of blowing, kissing, with those of his friends, and musician. 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 investigations in water about 250 feet in depth. Varying the speed of his boat from 12 to 24½ knots in 100 fathoms, he found to his satisfaction that the depth of water plays no part in determining or diminishing the speed when it is greater than 50 feet.

Experiments made in Freetown 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 tonic wines. In their experiments the juice of the grape, was prepared and re-fermented in wine, was analyzed 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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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1913

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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 distressful. All the ministers who came to Europe before us, came at a time when all expenses were paid, and a sum allowed in addition for their time. If anyone they all 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 FLEAS, 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. FLEAS, 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 *Harper's*:

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. Real estate values in 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 much 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, and 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 in 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 almost 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; 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 performance.

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 like 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 has already 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 details of loss are more fully revealed 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 provide against as the tornado which dealt so roughly with Omaha. They were due to sudden and enormous rainfall, proceeding out of abnormal weather over the West. It does not appear that deforestation had much to do with the rise in the Ohio rivers, nor that the levees at Dayton and other towns were less strong and high than ordinary provision based on previous experience required. As yet there are no suggestions of blame to any one for what has happened, though there seem to have been some weak spots in Ohio. These floods seem to have been a very difficult one to prevent, 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 Sea 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 indebtedness 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 that the tariff bill that the 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, the work 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 staggering blow to the small classes, even though the country as a whole decidedly approves 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 upreting. 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 incongruities both on orators and listeners. Of course, there are objections to the new work in the Chamber that would have been otherwise impassable, 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 inattention. It was unweary, not to say discourteous, the way members went on reading and writing and clapping for an hour, in a mere 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, in so far as it is a serious one, like that in the Commons, one so long established, 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 *House'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 Mediterranean the Adriatic. The great 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 another day?

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 visible 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. *Iliad* described.

Still, we should think the Homeric narrative 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-diversion 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 75.4 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 women 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 incoherence 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, disregard 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 mode 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 ELDER 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 these are the letters to 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 no man 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, and some of them, as an editor himself, he set the world an example in the right handling of great men's literary remains—CHURCHILL, for instance, and BRYAN'S. 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 recording 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 extends 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 gathering. It was the regular thing.

Mr. BRYAN said nothing to make Sir EREWAN GAUL, 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. CURRIE'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 part of the CURRIE'S 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

JOHN 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 portures, 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 extent 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 got an act 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-



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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 direction 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."

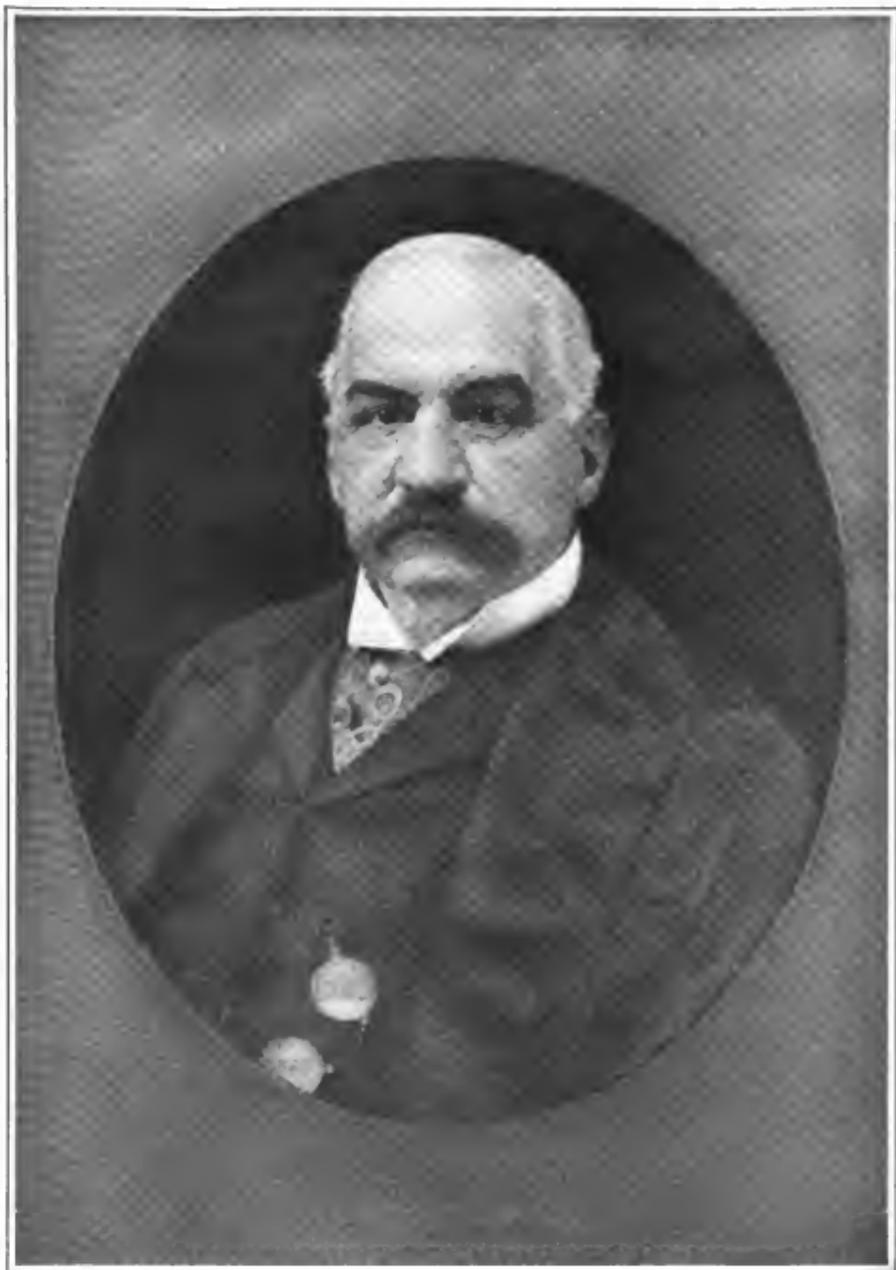
But however Mr. Morgan has been criticized for his financing of the government in 1865 and his formation of the United States Steel Corporation, for his demonstration of power in settling the panic of 1897 not even his sharpest critics offer anything but praise. Following the collapse of the British 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 Brant

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



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood
Escaping by wagon from the railroad station at Cleveland



Copyright by the International News Service
Escaping from an engulfed house by walking across wires



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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 graduation 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 remarkers 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 sorrow, joined the regiment and left with it for Washington. We mustered 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 adjutant 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 4000 acres near Petersburg, 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 rest—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 hundreds of Union people, who greeted us with waving flags in very rare sight these days. 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 revivified 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 to bed and early to rise," etc., is an immense blessing—there is no truth in it. I have tried it now for some time, and from experience can say that he who can sleep and drink so much so is a big fool. This day (Sunday) the roads

were still worse than the day previous—they sometimes 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 regiments.

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 marshaled 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) rest! 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 wanted. 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 stately building, in this the office of the Fifteenth 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 with great haste, but still when we were within ten miles of Nashville, hope was 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, nothing to do, and then to know that money of no account ever see another night, was in a measure stupefying to the senses. Our battle were frequent, and the men, who were wearied 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

AT THIS time of the year you feel tired. You wind your way hesitantly to your friendly dragged with discouraged nerves and warring stance. 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 ease," and Hirschberg's Fined, the spring blood tonic, she replies on. "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 "toxins" and "blood purifiers."

You have an "spring fever" and a low "period feeling." The truth of the matter is that this periodic fatigue and "down-up" feeling is a constitutional disturbance due to something entirely different from over-work and long hours.

Bleeding throughout the long, waxy winter, your monthly anatomical tissues are of 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 through 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 thicket 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 waxy color, the halcyon breath, the tempting outdoor, 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 sunny where from your nose. You calculated, and sure things are there. What on Christmas or the Fourth of July would be blamed upon a "cold" or a "bad strain" in the recent days passed commemorated, are 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 malady. 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 waxy days, a mere touch of spring makes you forget it all. Likewise in nature's cruel revenge.

That spring really is a restorer is proved by the fact that what would have developed from this unassisted organism after various colds, pneumonia, grippe, influenza, joint diseases, or worse, in many cases no drugs or medicine as your "fired 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 nuxial? The ignorance of the fathers is here apparent in the claims 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, healing, and fighting 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 change.

As a means of prevention may always be considered with a pound of care. In the same way too or more days' 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' rest 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 bedridden friend or nurse will rub your exhausted limbs, knead your necks, 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 Serravallo's 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

care the threatened trouble herself. At such a time if influenza, sore-throat, cough-croup, or tracheal or bronchitis 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 as improved, after for a week or ten days. Copious draughts of good water and the diet may be as follows: At first 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 so more "stimulant" for the stomach. The alcohol and water is given 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 butter in any amount. At noon shortly, ice-cream, expressed meat juice, sliced apple, prunes, and cranberries with jelly. Then, after a three-hour nap, a milk shake (milk with flavor and white of egg). At an afternoon, perhaps—two egg whites, 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. Now return on the hall after, sweetbread, or chops, have instead of milk, 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-toxicated stomach cells. Such especially includes as vegetables, milk, olive, kidney, thick soups, soups, Irish stew, turnips, fried fish, chicken, mince, cornmeal, cream, coffee, tea, cream, pine, 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-strengthened food—beef, 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 so butter, egg yolk, or cream.

At the first sign of spring feelings, whether "fired," "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 spring, you may use a few-aid-stores. Take a hot bath, a mustard foot-bath, jump into bed, take a hot drink of lemonade, sip on tea hot with one or two spoons of sugar, and wash at your feet, and your troubled spirit, will be soothed by nothing.

With the precaution you will find that "fired feeling," which like the winter's snows,



Do not run at once to the drug store

ills, poisons 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. These all demand a carefully regulated diet. When you are, however, beset with those helpings, by resting one or two weeks through you are supplied equally with a Hopkins or Harvard graduate to see anything from tired feelings in coming-places.

When you are, however, beset with those helpings, undeveloped infections or "chronic colds" that term is applied to "fired feelings," a change of diet is not important then as in the more serious disease, such as typhoid. The rest in bed also dictates another dietary regimen. The healthy, the weak, the tired, the ill—these 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

THE AUTOMOBILE IN COURT

BY THEODORE M. R. VON KÉLER

DRAWINGS BY PETER NEWELL

WHILE it must 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-carriage terminal. The brewer 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 maps and 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 might 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 evidence about handling electric cars in motion, the court decided that the corporal one was grossly 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 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. His wife sued 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 some of the legal lights of Germany are also equally divided in 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 fat one grabbed the handle of the car with the left hand



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-

FROM A WINDOW

BY ADA FOSTER MURRAY

We see the stiered street's sweep,
The sculptured Palloids;
Close by the silent people keep
Their holdings in the street.

And just across the gap's throat
A wave rattles the eyes,
Where eddies' temples peeply meet
And curves faces arise,

The pine-tree's dusky image falls
Attenuated down of Spain;
The trowered spindlers of her halls—
Not into and song—remains.

But rising lone and setting soon
Brings back the light of Germany;
The strain of poets that runs
Wherever darkness dwells.



A BULL MOVEMENT IN

DRAWN BY J...



THE GASOLENE MARKET

A COUGHLIN



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?

SALESMAN (with a nervous smile): That? Why, yes, sir—I see what it is. It is a good one, with a diamond chip-pile at the back, made in design—

CUSTOMER (by an ironic appraisal): Don't be so fresh, young man, but how the situation. That is the tire you sold me yesterday warranted to be as good at the end of ten thousand miles as at the end of ten!

SALESMAN: Yes, sir—that's what it is—just as good—as better, perhaps, but quite as good.

CUSTOMER (abandoning): Well, look at it—exploded! Numpy plain blow up, and at the end of three miles! Do you get that? At the end of three miles. My wife and I had to walk back home, thanks to your wonderful tire.

SALESMAN (with a gratified expression on his face): Well, well, well! I am delighted, perfectly delighted, sir. If there is one thing in this world that pleases me it is the feeling that we have served our customers trouble, and to have them come here to tell us so. It is very kind of you, and rests some there aren't

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—

SALESMAN: 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—

(At this point jump into an orange-placed radiator, a self-starter, preferably, and proceed as rapidly as the laws will permit to parts unknown, before your caller has sufficiently recovered in being you over the eye with the rubber hose in his hand, which you will discharge obscurely in (his time past) in the air, preparatory to a sudden descent.)

UNCLE JOSIE'S JOKE

"Get!" said old Uncle Josie, 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 her signs' for a hole. She for a hole like a fish."

"Like a fish?" demanded Mrs. Josh, severely.

"Yes," said Uncle Josie. "Mostly swans 'n' father'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 Haraway.

"No," said Hawkins. "I got a couple of little runabouts instead."

"Easiness?" retorted Haraway.

"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 High 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 Blue-bow wonders.

"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.

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

25,000 Diamond Dealers
always at your Service



The guarantee on Diamond Tires begins when you first receive the tire in hand. It is a guarantee that you will receive the very best in service and value for your money. It is a guarantee that you will get the most out of your tires. It is a guarantee that you will get the most out of your tires.



Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tread for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Bicycles

THE MERCHANT WHO CANNOT TRAVEL

BY

FRANK J. ARKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY B. M. BRINKERHOFF



SOME 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, active, 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 large 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 six miles around was declining.

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 store, 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 matter to buy what they 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 campaign. The salesman had another valuable item of knowledge.

It was a time when masses of business needed cash. The latest fashions 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 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 large ahead. That distress me for the man who feels that he has everything in his reach is just at the point where he is about to go back."

This was the frank talk of a dealer in second-hand clothing of all his ready-to-wear. He was a traveling man who was passing through the town, and had just "dropped in." The dealer had what most men would have called a "revived" trade. It was a large business of a place. There he could not get at second hand he had to have them to

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 pursed 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 ready to lay in for him. That will take all the old point of 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. (Continued on page 102)

MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car In The World"



IN 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.

Detailed Information on Request

Nordyke & Marmon Co.,

Indianapolis, (Established 1852) Indiana
Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing

The Marmon "Thirty-Two"

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.



Marmen "32" Two Passenger Model



Marmen "48" Six Passenger Touring Car

FINANCE

BY VICTOR ESCHER

The Trouble in the "Newer Industrials"

FORTY-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 stocks 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 first issues of common and preferred stock, and put them on the stock exchange. Michigan Petroleum led the way, with a listing on the exchange \$4,000,000 of common stock and an equal amount of preferred. M. E. Realty Company, manufacturers of agricultural machinery, came next, listing \$2,000,000 of common and \$2,000,000 of preferred. Then came the listing of \$27,000,000 of outstanding common and \$15,000,000 of preferred. Next was the listing of \$20,000,000 of common and \$20,000,000 of preferred. In September there was listed \$10,000,000 of the common stock of the H. K. Kruger Company, a concern operating a chain of five and six-cent

stores. Finally, in October, just a little before the trouble began, there was listed the common stock of the Exchange \$12,000,000 of its common and \$10,000,000 of its 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 117½, 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 finely common sold a point above par, and during the second week of January was still an high as 92½. It is at present quoted at less than half of the latter figure. Goodrich common, which was still an high as 92½. It is at present quoted at less than half of the latter figure. Goodrich common, which was still an high as 92½. It is at present quoted at less than half of the latter figure.

What is the matter? What has happened? Here only about six months ago the new shares were selling at prices which would have been "shown up" by the market. But that they are not, after all, the good investment securities the public was told to invest in.

Wall Street is not the trouble. Its judgments, especially in a case like this which comes so close to the common stock of Wall Street is not impugning the intrinsic value of most of these shares. There

and there sharp criticism is heard, but it is almost invariably aimed at just one or two of the "newer industrials" as a class because they "shown up." It isn't because they are new concerns, or because they are an investment standpoint that they are selling so 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 in 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—they got them 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's interest, and the profit for the business increased, 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 publicity and less care. The result was that it was possible readily to place the new shares with greater investment publicity and less care. The result was that it was possible readily to place the new shares with greater investment publicity and less care.

Three Purses 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 selected 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 be accepted pictures will be transferred to me and they will be hung in my collection at Bufile 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, convincing realism and art with such skill that the finished picture will tell the story of three servants who appear in many men's lives, and who might be said to be used only as servants in time of need, but for some 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 pride and contempt as they rob him of health, power to properly control his affairs, and frequently humiliate him before others.

Carefully observe the men you know, and perhaps start with your own acquaintances, who are servants. TOBACCO, ALCOHOL and COFFEE.

It will prove a most interesting occupation if conducted under my personal supervision. (The writer has "enjoyed" many previous experiences.)

Start with the premise that each man is his own drug, two of them if opportunity in certain conditions

of human disease, 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 recited by Nature.

When used in excess, in some form or other, light or heavy, sooner or later it soon to follow continued use. Frequently transgressed, "they don't hurt me." Let us meet someone with they never would, for most cases of that kind can be traced to these three dominating elements.

By watching men who are now living badly, it will be observed that they use the Whiskey, Tobacco, or Coffee in a search for nerve rest and happiness.

Think it over carefully and see how close you come to that conclusion.

Now suppose that no harm to the body, mind, business or friends resulted from a man's keeping well dressed dry by day, certainly his own could then object that when the final breakdown of the nervous system comes that in weakness, loss of future, and some other organs, 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 get 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 hurts and humiliations, 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 old habit he is likely to find that his old habit drug would make him happy. One who shakes

by which the home of issue placed practically every share of the stock with its investment. However, it seems 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, particularly the whole amount was thus syndicated and re-sold.

None of the stock thus taken was sold to the investment fund of the syndicate participants, but a good deal of it was not. A number of houses took stock (getting it, at a price, below 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 "street"—that is to say, had risen substantially in price after being listed. Why, then, these houses agreed, 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 "street" 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 steadily went "good" from a given stock, they, their great customers like themselves, why would the house be carrying a block of it for its own account? Or trying to sell it at a price below the market? Or buying stock place—not 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 "parabola."

It is, therefore, thus, 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 they were gradually being replaced and who bought those 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)

himself entirely free from the hyptic spell and from his standpoint 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 or rest, the peaceful sleep of an undisturbed night, and the peace of mind in the falsehood behind the presence of the servant who allowed him so easily.

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 succor 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 conscience in harmony 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 brush.

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. In some way tell the story of death, the fading presence of rest and peace to be achieved in pain and distress.

"There's a Reason" for the picture; and the reason is shown forth in it.

All preliminary sketches must be presented before Sept. 15th, 1942.

Artists who may be interested can address the undersigned at Bufile Creek, Mich.

C. W. Poyer.

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 mark 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 meaning is all done in the most primitive fashion. The knappers for the most part work singly, without fear of syndicates or "concerns." Each has his own "stone" and his own workshop. Quite often, though, he employs help in getting his wares ready for market. The claim is about a man's length, and three feet wide. Generally he digs down about thirty-five feet, and from there in a horizontal or slanting line cuts out the flint. His pick is like a square axon, 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 living, is also primitive, being a rude, open shed in the garden. The flint of which he has a luck of cut iron break, rather smaller than a butcher's block, a wack, a little, and the flint, pads, and some odd iron cases.

We had formerly supposed that flint-knapping had but of its origin in the Revolutionary War, but those knappers still find the steadiest and most important branch of their industry in supplying the flint for the household firemen. Five million flints leave Brandon a year. The flints are carefully packed in small and large boxes, and are ready in a day to be drawn from the pits getting shipped.

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 knives were sent to British troops so that they could get light when wet and the matches were scarce.

Remains of the Neolithic Age, now to be found in many museums and private collections, were manufactured by the little cottage 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 articles" 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 much more 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 five or six length, attack so thin there will be a ridge running through the middle. These are the first stages of the work. Then the flake is held over a small iron anvil 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 making was a perfect chisel shaped to a beautiful long edge, with a hook figure cross-section. This is the most valuable of the stone of this implement cut through a stick of wood. Another tool necessary for the knapper is a hammer, intelligent and expert worker among those men believe that Neolithic stone was left behind the ages, but this tool is made from 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 chips and spots which the genuine will not have. "Belios" are 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 knapper are not alike 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 or chisel on the sheet, he explains that he is "belioshaking on 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, the King does not sit upon his throne. It is probably the very last one of all there-on 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, limbed old oak chair that remains the same as it was in the days of Edward I. It has been crowned all the rulers of England. This chair upon which the King sits is the 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 King of England is not crowned, or any one else for that matter, would voluntarily seek a seat on this ancient throne more than once, since it is a coronation chair, and not a coronation chair. It stands, year in and year out, in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, and it is remembered as the coronation chair 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.

The throne with which the British public is most familiar is that which stands upon the steps of the House of Commons. The House of Commons contains another throne—that is the King's private-room throne, which is the throne of the British Empire. It is the 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.

Another throne is that of 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 the 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.

The throne at Windsor is the 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.

The Food-value of Toadstools

The food-value of toadstools has been rather discouragingly presented by Professor Humphreys Hastings in a recent paper on "The Food-value of Toadstools," read before the Royal Chemical Society. It is to be remembered in the first place, the author states, that from three-fourths in some species to almost all in others is only water. The solid remainder consists mainly of cellulose, which is indigestible, a mere trifle of digestible nitrogenous matter, and a small amount of fat, starch, and sugar. The food-value of toadstools is therefore very low. It is to be remembered in the first place, the author states, that from three-fourths in some species to almost all in others is only water. The solid remainder consists mainly of cellulose, which is indigestible, a mere trifle of digestible nitrogenous matter, and a small amount of fat, starch, and sugar. The food-value of toadstools is therefore very low. It is to be remembered in the first place, the author states, that from three-fourths in some species to almost all in others is only water. The solid remainder consists mainly of cellulose, which is indigestible, a mere trifle of digestible nitrogenous matter, and a small amount of fat, starch, and sugar. The food-value of toadstools is therefore very low.

Nevertheless, mushrooms, properly cooked, are excellent constituents of a meal on a diet of plain food. This benefit is in part psychological, for pleasant flavors and aromatic aromatics are present in the flesh and the secretion of the digestive fluids. Hastings concludes, however, that the food-value of toadstools is very low. It is to be remembered in the first place, the author states, that from three-fourths in some species to almost all in others is only water. The solid remainder consists mainly of cellulose, which is indigestible, a mere trifle of digestible nitrogenous matter, and a small amount of fat, starch, and sugar. The food-value of toadstools is therefore very low.



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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. Further horse-power could be so effectively used and 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, three hundred.

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 mass be 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. The latter method is also used in water navigation, and a stream thus treated is frequently described as a "reservoir in motion." In this country 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 most excellent example of this method if not for "dark-watering" in the Ohio and the Mississippi.

In our country to control a river that tends at seasons to run out too fast that is to hurry along to the sea we use such other devices as levees. The country along the river, Millers, have been spent on levees in the lower Mississippi and much yet remains to be accomplished in this line. The various methods of water control and artificial methods have proved both inadequate and impermanent.

Cochineal

Quantities of cochineal are still made and sold a market as a dyestuff, a spite of the ancient colors which have 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 fluid of a scale insect that feeds upon various kinds 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 had been 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 the people of the north of America that is certainly not troubled in this respect. The Eskimo drink all the best of the best and thrive. He eats until he is satisfied, but he is not satisfied until he has a shovelful of his frost-resisted 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 consumed about the measure of eating it. In-

stead, he may be said not to eat it at all, but to cut 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 had and gritty that in eating up the animal the knife 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 the monopoly. 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 use has become more expensive 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 CURRENT piece is made from almost entirely pure copper, which is obtained from the native ores. 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 cathode, pole. The result is what is known as "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, in 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 stone marked as rough from the mine. It is several times refined, 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 steeled rollers for use in printing, linings and paints, but the form in which it is most familiar is the taler powder.

Not only is taler used in taler plates, but also in taler ink. It is also known to combine to ease the introduction of electric wires or other conductors.

Staples in taler employed in the manufacture of lanterns and similar articles. The very best grades of taler from these areas, are used up in taler pencils or 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 ground lime, and their principal pigments were red, yellow, black, white, blue, purple, green, and brown. The Egyptians, however, used a plaster which was made of gypsum and water, and this plaster was certainly in vogue in Assyria.

It has been believed that the Greeks understood true fresco work, apparently on the strength of a phrase occurring in Plutarch. It is said in a well-known story that when the Greeks were engaged in a war against the Persians, they were ordered to paint their walls with a mixture of lime and water, and that when the Persians came they found the walls so prepared, 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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By Mrs. Caroline A. Creevy

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WANTED—SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN

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A Motor Road Over the Canadian Rockies

Those who know the magnificence of the scenery among the mountains of British Columbia—probably nowhere 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 Kootenay Creek, where a deposit of red sandstone, which will be needed, 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 Kootenay Creek, where a deposit of red sandstone, which will be needed, as that locality may halt comfortably for the trout-fishing and other attractions of this alpine region.

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THE BEND IN THE ROAD

By
TRUMAN A. DE WEESSE

"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. Muroff fit most charmingly into the atmosphere of the text.

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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

TATAGUANA, and especially the town of Sotomayor, are said to be the great birthplace of the doll. Most of the poorer families in and around Sotomayor 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 pupils and iris made. This is extremely delicate work, since all the needles must be of uniform size or the eyes do not fit, or, indeed, are spoiled, wasted, or ruined, 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 various parts. The heads have tiny eyes, red lips, and dark or light eyebrows, depending on the color of the material from which they are made, and the shading and attaching of the wigs involves a number of other processes.

The finished dolls are packed out "character dolls" in 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 six months ended year-end, so strong 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 measure 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 cigars and cigarettes has increased with the increased luxury of living. Thus, too, there will be considered the constantly increasing number of foreigners who remain here or less parsimoniously in France.

From 1911 to 1914 the revenue from the Rights averaged \$2,000,000 francs (\$313,330,000) a year. The receipts for 1911 approximated \$55,000,000.

There must be added to this the annual profit of \$7,387,390 derived from the monopoly of the manufacture and sale of cigars. It should be noted that the revenues 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 \$100,000 note. It is, however, the dollar, not the mere couple of dry-locks. If these notes were laid end to end they would reach nearly the around the globe, or, if they were governmental checks to spread them on the ground, they would cover an area of 1,230 acres. But should they be merely turned, the last note, when placed, would be something like twenty-seven miles from the earth.

The only check printed in 1914 was a one-dollar printed in a year are about 17,500,000,000. It costs the government \$75 a thousand to print them, and it costs \$1,000,000 for the yearly issue of \$2,000,000,000.

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 competed 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 correspondents are taken to the gymnasium and engaged in their daily work as those with vision. The day's work begins with half an hour in the gymnasium, where the pupils are engaged in work appropriate as the parallel and horizontal bars, the rings, and the rope. The vaulting horse or any other apparatus is, however, usually beyond their powers.

In the classroom the work performed by the blind boy resembles that of the sighted. 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 is of course elementary. The study of French is in the natural spoken the blind boy finds himself much handicapped. However, French is a modern language, and history chiefly at first-class statements, there is a wide

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Making of Chains

The great bulk of chains, including all cable and mooring chains, are sold by the pound. The price ranges from 35c to 12 cents a pound, according to the size, material, and quality.

All cables and other very heavy chains are made of wrought iron, and there are made of wrought-iron chains of all sizes down to and including chains of material a quarter of an inch in diameter, but the majority of the chains used in construction are made of soft steel, such chains being made in sizes ranging by sixteenths, from three sixteenths of an inch to an inch and a quarter.

When the size of a chain is referred to by those familiar with chains, it always means not the link, but the material used. Thus, a one-inch chain is made of one-inch steel or iron. The completed link would be about five or six times as long and about three or half times as wide across as the thickness of the material of which it was made.

In other days all chain was hand-made, but the modern use of steel, and machine-made, there is taking a long leap of steel, which is bent cold around a mandrel that is of the shape of all sizes of the link into what looks like a spiral spring with its ends not joined, but open at the ends, and is then drawn over a mandrel of the same size as the mandrel around which each of these sections apart a little at the opening and cuts on each of the four ends by a sharp steel or lead die, the die being drawn over within the opening.

The best piece of steel is now in shape. This piece of steel is then either if with either long arms and with its ends bent over inward, it is only left to have the sections bent together, and the ends make it a link of chain. The chainmaker sits at a hot-pressed power-hammer, and a four-inch die on which he beats the open links.

It takes from the fire a link fully heated, and it is then drawn over a mandrel, and then makes the open ends of the new link together under the power of the hammer for four or five blows he welds the link together. When he takes a hot link from the fire he puts a red iron rod in, and he is not without to work. This is done by a quick and more economical process of manufacture than hand-forging, but it has not yet been adapted to the larger sizes.

There are wrought-iron chains of some sizes that are machine made, but all wrought chains of material above an inch and a quarter in diameter are hand-forged.

Of whatever size the big chain is to be, the workman cut the iron bars into straight lengths, each suitable to be made into a link. The length of iron is heated, one end at a time, and one after the other the rods are hammered down by hand on anvil to shape the sections, or links. This straight piece of heavy wrought iron with several ends is swung into link form, and if it is to be a link or chain link it is placed within the link before it is welded together the steel or iron. This is a stout little bar of red iron, with its ends rounded, connected to it. The remaining surface of the link iron, the steel being placed across the link ends of it and midway of its length.

Once in place and the link placed together on its ends, the steel could not be cut except by heating it out with a sledge. Its purpose is to prevent the links from drawing together at their sides and welding their heavy strains. In a steel chain there is a steel in every link.

With this steel in place and the link bent to shape with the sections revolving, the link is again put in the fire to be finally heated for the welding, which is done by hand. It takes a blacksmith to do it, and on the chain bars or three hammers striking with sledge to do the welding. The iron must be of precisely the right heat, and the blows must be quick and true, to complete the work properly before the iron cools.

Wrought chains in quantities made of iron, as well as five-thirds of an inch in diameter iron that the iron used runs through the rollers of the mill, and the rollers and spools. A five-thirds chain makes a tremendous cable, suitable for a five-ton anchor.

The Railroad Scrap-heap

Two a croquet of hundreds of thousands of tons of steel and iron that was piled to offer the and ultimately had demonstrated. For years it was called the biggest scrap-heap in the world. Yet it strikes into insignificance in comparison with the amount of scrap metal and iron that is made in America annually every year.

The scrap-heap of the railroad grows larger and larger every year. There are three main sources of iron. They are composed of scrap-heap locomotives, machinery, and material of every sort and description. One of the two sources is iron on or per pound at which the metal waste is sold it brings in millions of dollars every year.

Of all the vast amount of material that a railroad purchases every twentieth month or so, one of the most valuable finds its way into the scrap-heap. It is the steel rails. The rails and ends that are no longer serviceable collected with as much care as the rails and ends that are new. The rails are taken to the powder room of locomotives, and the scrap-heap is in the yard.

But before anything is "scraped" it has to be passed upon by about a dozen experts. They look it over to see if there is a possibility of its being used in any other way before it is sold to the junkman. One of the Eastern railway companies, a few years ago, a large quantity of steel freight-car bolsters were found to be unsuitable for the type of car for which they were originally intended. One by one the mechanical experts shook their heads and noted that they were to be scrapped. But one of the examiners suggested drilling an extra hole in the compressed bolsters and using them on a different type of car. That was the way they were intended. This was done at little cost, and their journey to the junk-heap was thereby averted.

After the material gets to the scrap-heap another set of experts goes over it. There are a few men in the junk-heap who have seen about the value of scrap metal than the railroad men. The dealers bought readily and at low prices, because the scrap metal sorted into only a few classes when it was offered for sale. After having the material the dealers sorted it into a few big profits. Many of them grow very rich.

Nowadays the Railway Scrapkeepers' Association has taken the value of the scrap as the dealers. The members of the association have been studying it for years, and it is not surprising that they have made a great deal of money. At present scrap is classified into more than a hundred different grades and varieties. Each has its own price. There is no longer a chance for speculation or guessing. The railways are getting ready for their waste material to be sold than ever before. The average is between \$15 and \$18 a ton.

When the scrap-heap is piled up and has been sorted, it is then ready to be sold. Its final sorting and classification occurs when it reaches the scrap-heap. The scrap-heap is a place of iron, and it is a place of iron. The scrap-heap is a place of iron, and it is a place of iron. The scrap-heap is a place of iron, and it is a place of iron.

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Tunnels and Geology

According to Professor Wehrli of Zurich, geologists own mark of their knowledge of the Alps in various tunnels which have been bored through those mountains to make railway routes for the benefit of the northern and southern parts of Europe. Dr. Wehrli points out an important discovery on the occasion of the construction of the Lucerneberg. This was the unexpected finding of a great coal seam in the center of a mass of much younger Triassic stone.

The Lucerneberg Tunnel passed a much more difficult proposition than the St. Gotthard. It is a tunnel which is driven entirely through hard gneiss. At Andematt and Airolo one man proceeds by the quarry, two men from the mountain pass the Jurassic shaft has been turned into marble. In the case of the Lucerneberg the geological profile presented the most light of granite rock led on top of stratified rock.

All the Alps tunnels are run on straight lines, except the Lucerneberg which is built on a curve. This was necessitated by unforeseen obstacles in the interior of the mountain. The tunnel was not only an extra expenditure of money. The engineers did not believe that the Kander stream which flows down the mountainside, would interfere with the boring of a tunnel six hundred feet below the river-bed, but it did, and there was a cavern by which twenty-five workmen lost their lives.

Turquoise from Sinai

It is claimed that the finest turquoise in the world come from the Mount Sinai Peninsula. Correctly the buyers of Turkey applied them in abundance, but within the last few years three more have shown the signs of exhaustion, and the mines have been exhausted for working the ancient Sinai mines, which are hydrophilic. The turquoise was originally mined by the Egyptians.

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AIR

PAKER FOUNTAIN PEN

Finance

(Continued from page 32)

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 one of 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 loans. To lend money on these securities here, 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 position 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 unearned stocks 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 returned. Whether possible, however, to get satisfaction on the shares was questioned 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 majority 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 shares in the market would be averted. Fortunately, however, and the banks taking an even stricter attitude toward the new shares as security for loans. Where the banks' previous policy had been to give a wide margin in many cases, had been shown, real pressure began to be applied. We want you to subscribe these shares as we have something else and we want you to do it in a hurry—that was the attitude very generally assumed by the first result was naturally to cause heavy legislation in the object-to-shares themselves. With the banks' unwillingness to lend money for shares to carry there was just one thing left to do and that was to sell them out. The market, then, became as we have been expected, at once proved exceedingly "thin." Knowing very well that to continue to buy shares at the price was taken pretty much everybody was afraid to buy them. The inevitable result was that on the subject of new industrial shares, 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 good stock around which its owners, standing in a row, were at all likely to sell, they "to lend out" the opportunity to be left these shares about was not to be regretted. Operations which were being carried on by the banks were very much curtailed in all those shares could have been bought almost anywhere. But there is no doubt, either, that the banks' attitude which took place, the decline was made much more abrupt and extensive than that has been the case.

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 themselves, had had earlier previous to these



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"Oh, no. I'm just changing the air in the tires. The other lot is worn out, you know."

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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 these new industrial shares I can hold my stock till this month's issue over?

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 circumstances, it would be wise to infer as they see fit. It is very much of a question, indeed, whether, under present circumstances, it would be wise to infer as they see fit. It is very much of a question, indeed, whether, under present circumstances, it would be wise to infer as they see fit.

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 market for new industrial shares, a bad situation in these new industrial shares was developed—it is also the best or the best of the general market. The latter, fortunately, appears to be the case. Legislation and its consideration of despatches to and from the bank, 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 closed 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 executed with the best order, and war is thus shortened.

In addition to these applications, electricity is now not only used for military purposes in the conduct of war. Moreover, new applications are constantly being made in connection with the war.

A modern mine field for coast or harbor defense is an electric adaptation akin to electric illumination and electric signaling. It is arranged to be fired by a battery current sent out 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 electric devices 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 the electrically controlled dirigible torpedo. Moving and moving itself in response to electric signals, it is controlled by radio waves or cable. It carries a charge of explosive sufficient to destroy in an instant the most formidable war ship.

The light and powerful electrically controlled submersible war gun, which is controlled by the gun of the enemy, even if its approach is discovered, and the torpedo is now 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.

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 just described, breathed into his personal and political activities, 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 after 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 to 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 election in the Democratic party, headed by former Senator BLISS 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-trust 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 argument. 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-DUNCAN 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. The change in the practice of electing Senators 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: If we elect our men, 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 nominees. The other reflection is this: 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 returns 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 finding out 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. LEITZ's contention. Brother LEITZ 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, the wind is not blowing, but yet much to be observed, the Bull Moose party 'won't run very well when it isn't in some fact,' says BROWDER, 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 continuation of the party to set its 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 BRYAN 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 SARGENT SHERLEY proposed a budget committee of the House, for Mr. SHERLEY has evidently studied this matter long and thoughtfully. But in the speech, Mr. SHERLEY gives 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 expenditures? 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? No, the cause is deeper. The people have heretofore not been interested in questions of expenditure because they have never had brought to their attention in its broad aspect the question of expenditures.

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 ambassadors 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 welcome as a place for funeral services over Mr. Bryan's body by a representative 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 sincere sympathy in the great bereavement. Your husband's death is to me not only for you, your family, and your country. It is a sad loss to all parts of the world with me."

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. EMILYET 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 its 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 seemed 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 tornadoes and floods, and public sympathy has been greatly stirred by them, but who has not been reminded that these recent disasters, bad as they 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 has been 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

startling collection of recent flood stories as the papers gave 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 Johnsons 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 (1860) 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's whistles 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 men to the Senate. Though it may be that her last choice before LEWIS was LUTHER 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 1898 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 last 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 oil captain. His earlier school days were spent at Pennsylvania Seminary, 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 EXETER 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 Montenegrois before Senators.

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 craze.

Well, well, this is a strange world and very much replenished with partly demented people. Here is our President and Congress working people, and the public can subsist, and here'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 reassemble 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, the other nations and nations and American natives from that same eminence to academic retire. It is good for the colleges. It is certainly not bad for the country.

Incoming Trouble

In recognizing the annexation of the Chinese the American Republic reflects a new usurpation 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 'annexation' that has come to the American Republic? Nobody living can foresee the consequences of recognition by the United States of Mr. YU SUI-KAI 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 is in favor of President TAFT, one of the Taft wing of the Republican party. What is the other wing's position? It is in favor of Bryan and not 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 is not in the fact that if it were Bryan, it would line up with GRACE, DREW, HAZARD, 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 mis-intellect 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 drew GRACE UP to the sixty-third milestone in the straight white road. The *Titanic* is used 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 Savva and Montenegro 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 seems first. You find on trace of "Royal Widow," 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 autobios and veracity are enormous. He is so well informed that no almost forgets one is listening to a monarch. He talks well, he is a brilliant botanist, 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 his-and-thunder 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 he 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 pleased him more than to be called "Your Majesty" at frequent intervals, or said he by King Edward. He loved football so passionately that, even when down at the front, his table, in the railway-car that was his home, had to be decked with them daily. He passed all his hours in company with his little, shapely boys, of which he is as 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 carrying the cholera patients down at Adramatic. This quarantine rule has become quite a joke in the palace, and some suspect that he is really afraid of outbreaks of troublesome convulsions, or family fare. He never forgets a face, and makes up to his harem by delicate little attentions and compliments, as graciously that that their value is unknown. When angry, he is very angry, but soon recovers. He has his home-made watches, even when at a distance. He knows just how each member has spent the day and covers him with doctor who dotes upon him, even a short call at any foreign embassy. He cannot bear to think they are discussing affairs, the kind of the great Powers. "Diplomats always speak everybody, and who and my wife," he says. Dining or luncheon is in taken, 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 raised 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. She has first wife, the King has 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 phishes through to 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 let 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, elderly old 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, march to the disgust of the prince, who determined to get rid of him. They took him on a plea. 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 so angry a wall that he hauled out to his passage. The way he was to be found by 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 brother, 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, too, looked all the growing room down, and took the boys 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 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 as that of some of his illustrious predece- sors. He is especially so in the case of the King of Italy, who is especially so in the case of the King of Italy. The Queen rarely sits much later. King Carol is another popular monarch. He is a very lovable man, and is especially so in the case of the King of Italy. He has done much for his country. But they cannot bear his pre-eminence 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 too old to entertain the matter by one did. The character of the Romanian court of twenty, and even ten, years ago is lost. The King no longer leads a life of a ruler, but a life of a man. He is a center of cultivated culture, 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 are not met the flower of the world's talent.

It was Crown Prince Sava went to 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 modernization of the seat of affairs that have improved themselves upon the country since the fourth of May. If ever there was anything that invited to the adoption of the public manners 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 slack the desk weakened his resistance. How many millions and hundreds of millions those desks have cost the country as one will ever know, but undoubtably 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 to managing a speaker; 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 seat-

ing 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 source of influence and such a source of influence is not desirable. Besides, it is an imitation of the English system, which is impossible of application in this country, since in the Executive Government we are organized. 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 takes 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 resemblance to the system of the Cabinet should be admitted to the House or Senate. Furthermore, while the English system of the Cabinet is always a member 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 administrative reins, while the President is not alone 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 reform 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 that is not the official representative of the President; or, more remotely, through a member of the Cabinet. If the administration 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 country at a cost if a department 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 members of the Cabinet on the floor of the House the President was prepared to veto the bill unless it was modified, for the members 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 and Congress being held accountable to measure the effective carrying out of a programme, the division of power and rivalry and jealousy and the fear of the least slight of being outmaneuvered, always increase the difficulties of reaching decided legislation and make it easier to pass laws that are injurious to the public interest. If the President has a policy of his own, and is not bound by the Cabinet, he is liable to be accused of evading and overstepping 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 trusted further confidence. On the other hand, the President is a weak or amiable man who has an stomach for a fight, and is not a strong man, and is not a strong man, and especially his party men, and yields to Congress, allowing his judgment to be overruled by his good nature, or the least slight of being outmaneuvered. 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 apple.

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 no more as well as no longer a President in his own right, in the spirit of the times that there should be a strong sentiment in favor of giving members of the Cabinet seats on the floor of the House of Representatives, and 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 so 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 noticeable in its effect.

While this change coincides with the opening of the 53rd session, it is not a coincidence. It has been a long time since the House has had a session in which so many reforms are being introduced, and even such a step as to give the old wood standpipes to Mr. Telford, which he was to consider 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 hall 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 was 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 claims by depositing their hats on the seats they select to occupy, if being one of the novelties 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 plan 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, 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 had 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 discharged 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 in 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 clerk. 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 brought 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-record given 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 man's card-records of employees usually fill up to date records such persons as a distinct, independent brain and engine of energy and accomplishment.

Several different subjective chief lines made on each record that person's opinions, inventiveness, responsibility, procedure, originality, executive quality, conscientiousness, adaptability, "up-grades," ability to make friends readily. A human element 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 so-called "deserved" throwing out. But the general manager studied the card as if of the coming year's dividend depended upon it. He read by unobtrusive criticism and finally noted these three on a just life line.

"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 making none."

"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 applauded 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 regard." 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 teams 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 adjustments inside the organization, these were thrashed out within the team walls and the youngsters were not dismissed. If here and there a man was being increasingly bad, he was shifted. When severely ailing, individual men were developed back and forth the battalions in a war—something not 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 nearly 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 back that, while prominent, as longer was not a man of any real value, "what if it were proposed, 'that if the idea we have today of not 'firing' men should be carried into effect, that I should like to see it tried? I would think I may say without opinion and judging from my record that if I had not been fired, that I had been given 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 very good one, but I had not been so-called. One day was a cynical, rather selfish 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 of his superior, he could do much. In his unopposed 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 very good one, but I had not been so-called. One day was a cynical, rather selfish 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, those 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.

Some these 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. They 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 more than one report made. It shows how in one 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 evenly matched. 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 ahead.

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 report-offices. 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 row 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 on the verge of making, but somehow bled!"

" 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."

" There 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 swollen head. Something like this is apt to occur at just such a stage. Through a friend I had a justifiable little bit conveyed to him. It was to the effect that the opposition line predicted that within sixty days his head would be so badly out 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 kicks 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 blockade 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



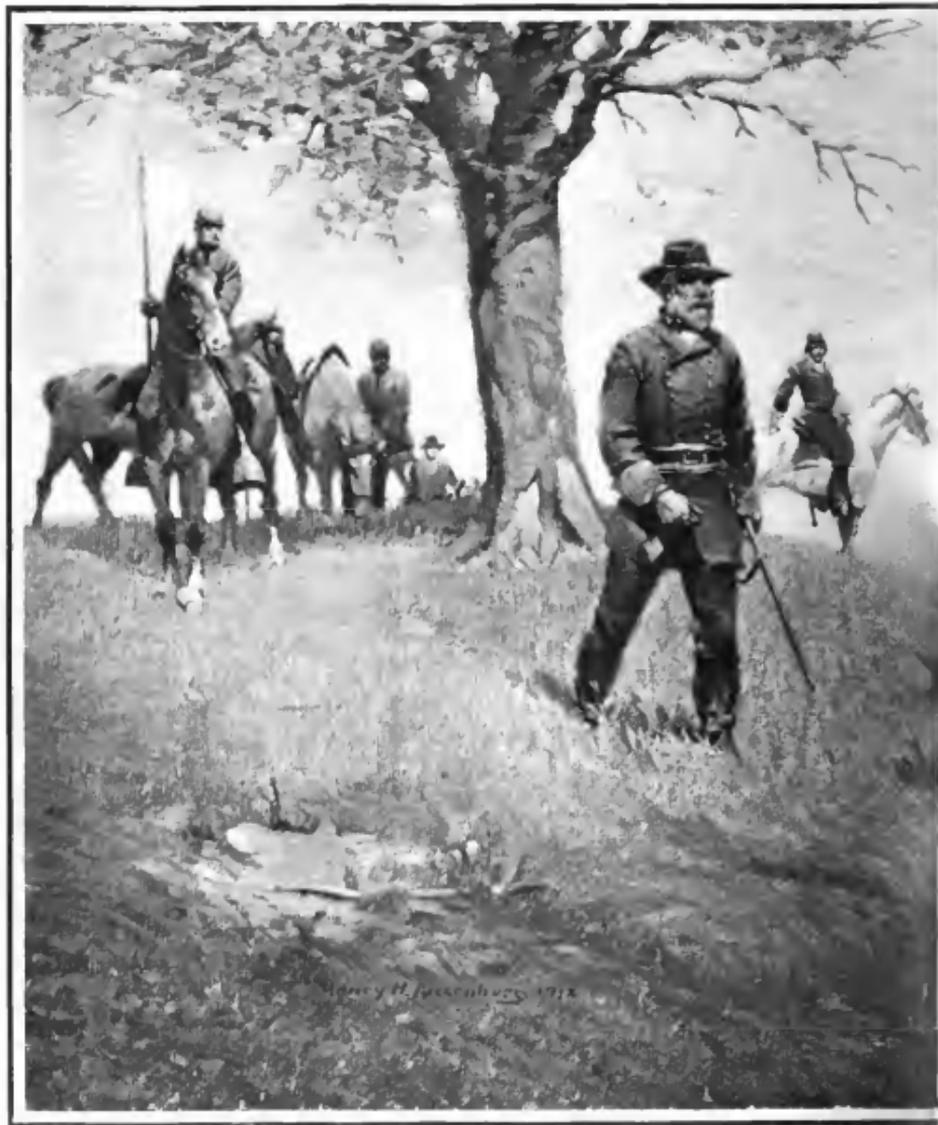
Soldiers washing clothes in a cholera camp



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 night 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 still marvel "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.



Interfudes

HINTS FOR BRITISH SUPFRAGETTES

(Note.—The Ladies of the Militant Branch of the British Suffragette Party have recently shown an lamentable lack of originality in the things they have been doing to attract public attention to their cause that, of considerable expense, we have employed an inventive genius along publically lines to prepare for their use a number of startling acts of an entirely novel sort. These suggestions—so shall we call them suffragettes—were herewith presented to our suffering sisters across the sea with our respectful salutations and best wishes.)

I. Get a large sixty-horse-power vacuum cleaner, and after emptying it take Westminster Abbey some dark night, use it to remove all the illustrations that is buried there.

II. Lie in wait at some convenient corner and seize Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill by the collar, and, after throwing him in a rut, rush him out to the sea and thrust him into the lion's cage at dinner-time.

III. Set up a printing-press and engraving-plant, and issue five million counterfeited five-pound notes, and put them in circulation, thus embarrassing the Bank of England and shaking the financial world in its very foundations.

IV. Kidnap the Archbishop of Canterbury, and after dragging him into complete oblivion, mail him in parcel post to the managers of the Hal Taberna of Paris. This will raise a fearful commotion.

V. Break into Buckingham Palace and steal King George, sending him in an iron cage to General Herby down in Mexico to be used as a provisional president after all the rest have been assassinated.

VI. Write a forged letter signed by Mr. Asquith to Secretary Bryan, of President Wilson's Cabinet, telling him to take his old Peasacum and squit it into the Potomac.

VII. Break open Shakespeare's grave at Stratford-on-Avon, and, after having repeated his chief theories, carry it to the top of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square on a windy morning and toss it in to be scattered broadcast over, and irreversibly lost in, the streets of London.

VIII. Seize Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. George Bernard



LITERALLY SPEAKING
 MRS. DUCK (to daughter): HOW HAVE CHICKS GOT THE UPPER OF THE (POINTING) PARTY, MY DEAR?
 MISS DUCK: Ah! I CAN TELL YOU IF THAT IVE LAID EGGS FOR FOURTEEN!

society to its very foundations, and will make any other similar innovation like woman's suffrage seem tame.

PRESENCE OF MIND
 "You, sir," said the old-time manager. "It was a terrific mistake. The theater was on fire, and over a thousand people sitting there is lost. I was afraid of a panic, but suddenly the inspiration came. I went out upon the stage to recite—"
 Curlew: Shall I Not Sing To-night?"

"Yes!" said the new manager. "It was a terrific mistake. The theater was on fire, and over a thousand people sitting there is lost. I was afraid of a panic, but suddenly the inspiration came. I went out upon the stage to recite—"
 Curlew: Shall I Not Sing To-night?"

JUSTICE
 "At right," framed Shiple's, handing over ten dollars. "I'll pay, but let me say to your honor that it is stark injustice. Why, look at the damage on just three minutes by the watch!" said the manager.

TROUBLES OF A FINANCIER
 "Do you know where you are going in spend the money, Heddeman?" asked Skinsdale, meeting the financier at the club.
 "No," said the millionaire. "As the Sherman Law is now interpreted I really don't know whether it is to be Keruep or a Federal jail somewhere."

NO ROOM FOR THEM
 "What were poor old Hartley's last words?" asked Hicks, at the funeral.
 "He didn't have any," said the widow. "I was with him to the last."

OVERRULLED
 "Oh, but, Judge," protested Hicks, when his honor imposed a ten-dollar fine for oversteering. "Look at your record! No one else could have gone over eight miles an hour through that mire."
 "That's just it! Said his honor, overruling. 'Turn!' said he, 'but that there mud is so soft as hold ye back!'"

A LIVE LAWYER
 "When you advise me as to the best road into Wiggelbush, sister," asked Jumpson, addressing the man in the buggy, stopping his car in the middle of the road.
 "Well, now, I'm a lawyer. I reckon I kin," said the man in the buggy. "What relation fey be yer offerin'?"

NOTHING MUCH
 "I guess I'll hire a taxi," said Dabbs.
 "Taxi?" said Hicks. "Any bidst you hire a taxi, but I never found a man yet who could lower me."

SYMPATHETIC
 "I don't know what's the matter with me," said Jones, "but I've been feeling terribly tired in my head lately."
 "Well, why shouldn't you feel tired in your head—think of all the wheels you've got there," said Dabbs back.

A DISTINCTION
 WASHINGTON bowed respectfully on his polo ground as his car sank up to the knee in the stirred road.
 "What an disaster did you mean when I pointed this road out to you on the map, and asked you if it was a good road, and you said it wasn't?"



"RAY, WHERE DO YOU GO OFF IN UMBRELLA-LAND?"

Shen some dark night, and, after shaving their whiskers off, send them C. H. B. in Mr. Lloyd George.

IX. Pledge every woman in England to rise up on a specified morning at a specified signal and burn every part of trousers in the British Empire. If this does not meet the ideal Britisher nothing else will.

X. Bribe the conspirators of London Park to give you access to the locusts after the editors have passed their first proofs, and insert a joke somewhere in the paper. Mark an act as this will strike British



BILLS (in Mississippi Landing): HAY, HANG UP THE WANT ANY WADGERS STIFFED BY ME, AND I'LL TAKE DE CONTRACE CURAR!



IT'S IN THE SOCIAL CALENDAR. THOU' SEASON OFFER.



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 certain course of business is not enough—it is perfectly possible for such things to be increasing while the volume of business is actually falling. To figure that because railroad receipts uniformly show an increase, because in on the up-turn is another usual condition—there have been plenty of times in the past when earnings have increased while the volume actually fell because of a declining sale. 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 deposits and railroad earnings don't necessarily mean increasing business, if only rates can 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 use are these so-called "indicators of business?"

It is not that the reliability of these signs is in any way less in the conduct of a business to disregard them entirely. Were it simply a case as to what earnings and earnings and the other signs actually mean, there could be no question as to the value of paying them any serious attention. Into the reading of these signs, however, to them the indications how they ought to be read, the element of chance enters not at all. In the taking of almost any scientific observation allowance has to be made, and it is no exception in the case of an indicator as to earnings, earnings, bank reserves, foreign trade, and the other things, but to know how to make allowance for them is not to know how to leave the observation at all.

Take bank deposits, for instance. Ninety-five per cent. of the country's business being done on checks, it might be thought that the amount of bank checks passing through the clearing houses is an increase, the business which gives rise in the drawing of these checks must be in the same ratio. There is no reason that that necessarily follow. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the total business done during the present year is \$100,000,000,000, and that the same work a year ago is exactly the same. Would exactly the same amount of money be required to do that business and the same volume of checks pass through the various clearing houses? By no means. That would depend entirely upon prices. If wheat and cotton and leather and the other great staples were higher in price than they were there, checks would take more money to do the same amount of business in them. The check drawn in payment, for instance, of a shipment of a thousand bushels of wheat would be considerably larger if wheat happened to be selling at a dollar a bushel than if it happened to be selling at fifty cents. No more than this, however, would have changed banks, but in the amount of money used and, as of checks cleared, there would have been about a ten-percent. increase.

The indicator, therefore, which as a sort of composite picture of commodity prices, must be taken into account in connection with the matter of bank deposits, should be read not as a matter of fact when the indicator is well above or well below the point at which it stood during the period whose earnings are being compared with those of the present, full allowance must be made. In fact to realize that a decided rise in commodity prices such, for instance, as has taken place in the last year, in connection with this matter of bank deposits, is in itself bound to make commodity prices large, would be completely to misunderstand their significance.

Another important thing to be noted in connection with this matter of commodity prices is the fact that the increase or decrease takes place. A big increase in earnings for the country as a whole, we will say, is shown. Assuming that commodity prices are the same now as then, does it follow that general trade is in some active? Not necessarily. The entire amount of the increase in earnings is accounted for at New York or the other big cities, earnings out through the country having remained stationary. That would be almost the case if the increase in the stock speculation, presumably, was more active. Had the increase in the earnings of the cities come from increased commercial business, this would not have failed to find a reflection in the volume of the smaller towns with which the cities do business.

Passing from earnings to railroad earnings, it is evident that a decided increase in railroad earnings, it

is not to be taken in mind, as in comparison with the previous year, as a sign of a general increase in business during that previous period is, therefore, of the very greatest importance. If conditions then had been such that the volume of business had increased over the corresponding period of the year before that, a further substantial increase really means something. If, on the other hand, because of casual earnings during the corresponding period last year were poor, what any look the railroad earnings may mean merely the getting back to its normal. No work rate cannot be taken, especially following periods when railway traffic is known to have fallen to near the actual normal level in the period with which comparison is made.

Allowance must also be made for the fact that railroad earnings are generally somewhat higher in a particular business condition. In the case of most manufactured products a number of weeks or even several months elapse between the time when the order is placed and the time when the goods, ready for shipment, are started on their way. Railroad earnings during any given month, therefore, do not, necessarily, reflect the condition of business during that previous month, but are rather a measure of orders previously placed. It is perfectly possible for general business to be in a decided up-bow and orders to fall off sharply, and still for railroad earnings to go on for a month or six weeks exactly as though nothing had happened. In such a case, if railroad earnings reflect a rise in business only after it has happened, are they as an indication of what is to come? Of no use at all if one thinks that he can pick up a report of a month's railroad earnings and from it anything about the course of business, but of a good deal of use if one knows enough to compare earnings for several months and to determine whether the railroad earnings are now coming out, we will say, reflect the business done in February. Can I, by taking these earnings during the month of the present year, and comparing them from them as to the probable course of business during the current month? Certainly not. But suppose, instead of taking the earnings for the month before and those of the two or three months before that, and find, upon examination, that there was a distinct tendency one way or the other. As a matter of fact, if railroad earnings reflect a rise for me to know that during a number of months preceding February there was a decided movement up or down, and that the movement was in the same direction as the movement was in fact following? Wouldn't that help me in forming an intelligent estimate as to the conditions and those likely to prevail in the near future?

In the use of the figures showing railroad earnings another important thing to be in mind is that while month-to-month comparison is not enough, year-to-year comparison is not, unless increased capitalization is allowed for. Every year the volume of the country, in the case of our national growth, increases the amount of their capitalization by several hundred millions of dollars. On this new money, so to speak, put into the game, returns are got to be shown. Suppose the railroads as a whole report gross earnings for this year the same as last year or the year before—could that signify that business had actually stood still? By no means. No small new capital being employed, earnings ought to show a corresponding increase. If they don't, it is a sign not that business has stood still, but that it is actually going back. Nor can the figures be reduced to a per mile basis and comparison made that way. Increase in the volume of business is not a very general thing, corresponding increase in mileage. The energy may be spent for cars, rails, improvement of roadbed, or a number of other things which have been going on, and road work to some new per mile than it did before.

The figures for foreign trade are another part of the picture, and one which has been going on with care, but with understanding of the fact that they do not always mean the same thing. A big balance in our favor—that is to say, a big excess of exports over imports—may be very general, but it may mean satisfactory business conditions. And so it does, as a rule, but by no means always. What would the balance be if our exports were \$100,000,000,000, and our imports were \$100,000,000,000, with a big increase in exports, conditions holding up, too?—is that not, without question, conditions most satisfactory to a nation? It is not. It is a balance in our favor four times out upon examination, to have been the result not of an increase in exports, but rather of a decrease in imports. That would be a different fact as the matter entirely. The same with exports and decreasing imports would have the effect of bringing into evidence a big balance in our favor, but if the decrease in imports was due to anything but a favorable sign.

Really that thing happened as late as 1906. Exports were \$1,000,000,000, and imports were \$1,000,000,000, but in the year before, but, using the post-panic

business depression, imports fell from \$1,000,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. What was the result? That the balance of trade in our favor, naturally, suddenly went to big proportions. During the twelve months following the year 1906, the balance of trade in our favor (\$400,000,000)—broke all records. And that occurred in a year three-quarters of which was marked by a severe depression in business. It is the conclusion that a big balance of trade indicates prosperous business conditions is one that should be proved at only after examination of what brought the balance back to being.

Even the promise that rising exports denote increasing trade activity is at times apt to be modified. Take it at a time when the crop—particularly the great export crop, cotton—has been large two seasons in succession. Total exports, in that case, are almost sure to be large. And even if agricultural exports are credited and manufacturers are considered by themselves, it does not always follow that big exports of agricultural indicate active trade. Look in 1910 and the first part of 1911, for instance, when business was contracting, exports of manufactured products ran big for the simple reason that in any other case would have been a very high rate of finding an outlet or of shutting down. Rather than do the latter, export agents, instructed to make such prices as would be possible, were able to find outlets in all the possible foreign markets. The result was a very considerable increase in the quantity of exports. Had any one who drew inferences from the conclusion that business here was particularly active would have been only mistaken.

In the case of big imports, too, an inferring procedure is almost sure to be a mistake. As a general rule, rising imports do denote active trade and increased purchasing power. But by a rise in commodity prices, imports may become artificially stimulated. Under such circumstances, this being a good market in which to sell, merchandise is sent here in quantities as to make some sense, though the demand for it and the activity in trade must be very great. Whenever (as, for instance, at present) the index of commodity prices is high, it is not to be high, full allowance must be made therefor in the use of the figures for imports as a gauge of activity.

But requiring precisely the very greatest amount of care in the reading of the figures for bank deposits, concerning itself with the reserves of the banks of New York City and of the country as a whole, is a matter of the greatest importance. These banks holding apparently ample reserves—how many times less than that condition, and within the space of a very few weeks, would find themselves in a very serious financial straits. Big surplus reserves at New York. It is plain, as an consequence of long continued rise in the money position, the reading of the balances which does not take into consideration the possible effect on the position at New York of the banking position as a whole would be no reading of the reserves at all.

Of infinitely greater importance, as a matter of fact, than the surplus reserves of the city banks, is the percentage of cash to deposits held by the banks out through the country. That, at least, is one part of the barometer whose moving never changes. High percentage of cash to deposits means fundamentally very conditions. Low percentage of cash to deposits means strain. Bank requirements for money may be low, the latter condition, from manufacturing itself in high rates, but as long as that condition it would indicate moderate demand for funds to make itself felt.

Surplus reserves in the city banks, however, fall, and the percentage of cash to deposits in the country banks is very little except as they are taken in connection with the cash position of the out-of-town banks. What, then, indicates the surplus reserves of the city banks except the excess of their "country" correspondents? Over those surplus reserves of the country banks, the surplus reserves of the city banks are absolute control. If a country bank wants to cash its country correspondent has got to send it along whatever the effect on its own reserves. If a number of banks out through the country all want to cash, their work is apt to be made of the city banks' surplus reserves, however large it may be.

When an inquiry is made as to such the amount of cash belonging to their out-of-town correspondents held by the city banks, as the likelihood of those out-of-town correspondents through the country have expressed in the percentage of the cash they themselves hold, to their deposits. If the percentage is high they have a big surplus of cash. If it is low, they have on deposit with their city correspondents and the surplus reserves of the latter may really mean something in the way of continued raw money. If, on the other hand, the percentage is low, then the situation is likely at any time to start moving upon their city correspondents for cash—with the result that the surplus reserves of the city banks will be very small of apparent one followed by one of actual stringency.



Drawn by Alfred Jacob Druse

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

1908

Catching Sea-Turtles by Hand

TURTLES for the most part in the Fiji Islands, where they are so important, are not so tame as the like sport on our coast, and almost as unwilling to watch as to take part in. Two men go out in a light canoe, the paddles are upon the stern while the other lies upon his stomach with his head projecting over the bow, and with a hoop of palm-leaf or bamboo mesh rigged from the middle the canoe is propelled gently to and fro over the bottom where grows the green mangrove which is the turtle's favorite food. Suddenly the watcher in the bow lifts his hand, and, as the motion of the boat is checked, he takes a grab from the hoop behind him and drops it gently into the water. Down it goes just upon the shell of the unsuspecting turtle, threatening danger, and apparently not at all affected by the shallow object overhead, the beast crawls hastily out of such of such accidents and begins to feed. Battered by hand signals from the man in the bow, the canoe swings her head over him again, and a second snare traps ready at his elbow. It may need a third or even a fourth lap to convince the animal that the hoop of prey from the water of the world is more than accidental, but the unsuspected exercise thus forced upon him at such times has shortened his search. At last he must have, and he makes straight for the surface.

Then the sport begins. The man swings sprays up, snatches off his hat and, and plunges down into the depths. He knows that he is in his art line, as a diving creature by the edge of the sea, and in turning him over before he reaches the surface. It is a slippery head-bob, but if he grasps the hoop higher up the head will be slipped between the hoop and the sharp edge of the shell, while to seize a turtle by a hind flipper is to put one's self in the attitude of a tin-can lid in a puppy's tail. Having been both skilled and lucky, at these amphibious and agile Fijians usually are, and get a proper grip upon the edge of the fore flipper, the man manages to shove the turtle on his back. To this the animal strongly objects, and the spectator sometimes watches an underwater combat which would hardly be matched for sensational interest. If success follows the swimmer's effort, he must still guide the turtle to the surface before letting go, and there the steersman is ready to help get the prize into the canoe. As one has accomplished in catching and long drives, then a South Sea Islander could hope to do much at his home.

The turtle in Fiji has royal rank—had in the primitive state of things. Every considerable chief had his head of turtles, with their respect, and his insistence on catching their prey is noted. These sets, sometimes two hundred yards long and twelve feet deep, were taken in canoes out to deep water and from there drawn in a great swirl, the ends of which were brought to the reef. This was to intercept the animals as they may have from their pastures in the shallow, and a perfect knowledge of their habits guided the fishermen in choosing the proper place and time. This method is still followed. If the turtle takes fright at the net, the man dives, and turns it with such noise and splash, until the jarring of the flaps show that the victim is entangled. Between the net is an enclosure by hand made on the beach-side trumpet, and the canoe is moved with the same noise, though as used in former days it was a horn of conch shell brought back the bottom of conches to furnish materials for a musical band.

Praying for Prey

Most persons know the praying mantis—has been generally recognized as a sort which holds up adoring arms, as if receiving some dew of the woods, or making an intricate or graceful among insects, as the old Greeks thought it. But these attitudes of prayer conceal the most voracious habits, these imploring arms, to fall into Falck's picturesque phrasing, are lethal weapons; these flaps tell no rosaries, but point to seize the prey. Although a member of a vegetable family, the mantis feeds exclusively upon its living prey. It is a expert in attack, and if it fails it has sufficient dexterity to catch its prey, and its horrible habit of regurgitating by color and form among the green leaves where it conceals itself, would make it the terror of the country.

At first glance it does not look very terrible. Its neck is flexible and it can turn its head and look with sharp eyes in all directions, but the formidable jaws admit of a victim. In the powerful amplified lower limbs lie the hidden danger, the cruel trap. Back long thigh, shaped like a scythe.

THE NEW ALL-BRIND FAMILY LINIMENT IS THE "BIRMINGHAM PAIN-KILLER" IT CURES A LOT.

DR. BROWN'S Compound Sarsaparilla. DETAIL PRICE for the week. Editorial 10 cents or 25c.

Stretched elastic, carries on the forward half of the lower jaw a double row of stout spines, alternate long and short; and three needle-like spines, longest of all, rise behind the jawline, cross, between which the face lay line when folded in "prayer." This forward of the leg is actually raised, but with another spine, and terminates in a hook with a blade like a pruning-knife and a tip as sharp as a needle. Hence, the face is actually raised, and this movement discovers it to you instantly, thrusting its needles and blades into your flesh, gripping you in a clinging vice and forcing you to crush it to bits.

When the mantis is in repose these weapons are folded and are against the chest, showing nothing of their ferocity. The mantis's sword is doubled and it seems at its discretion. But let a victim come within reach and the creature it rise it is abandoned like a fish. The three long points of the double row limbs straighten and shoot out their talons, which strike the victim like the stretched spines of a net, and make it hook between the arms of the flaps. The man comes with an upward motion, as a man would bring his hand up to his shoulder, and an upward motion, and the spider ran struggle out of the neck of that terrible ally.

Old Panama

COLUMBIAN COLUMBUS had his lot, by a mistaking exploration of Central American nations between Honduras and Darien, to find an outlet to the Orient. He was disappointed, but he left a victim come within reach and the creature it rise it is abandoned like a fish. The three long points of the double row limbs straighten and shoot out their talons, which strike the victim like the stretched spines of a net, and make it hook between the arms of the flaps. The man comes with an upward motion, as a man would bring his hand up to his shoulder, and an upward motion, and the spider ran struggle out of the neck of that terrible ally.

After the discovery of the Pacific by Balboa in 1513 Spain took a lively interest in the isthmus, since explorations had revealed the presence of gold and minerals on the west coast of South America. The following ten years saw the establishment of numerous expeditions of vessels of small tonnage on the Atlantic side of the isthmus. These boats were shipped in pieces to the Pacific coast and there put together again, and placed on the water. In 1523 the Spanish king ordered a fleet of three galleons, directed by him to find a navigable passage to connect western with western ports. They had already been constructed from Sancho de Diaz, forty miles east of Colon City, a route that had his terminus at Old Panama, the ruin of which are about the site northward of the present town. This roadway was paved and it is an open question if it served its wheel traffic or merely as a pack-horse trail. Anyhow, it was long used for the transportation of the precious metals of Peru destined for Europe.

Cortes, meanwhile, had been unable to establish a water connection between Mexico and Panama. A Spanish decree in 1534 directed the exploration by expeditions of the region between the Chagres and Panama, so that it was possible to find an outlet to the Pacific. In 1535, Governor Pedro Arandona drew up a report in which he stated that "instrumentally" he had found the junction of the two oceans. This, in fact, was the first canal commission.

Wine to Make Hens Lay

It is reported from France that Professor Jules of the University of Montpellier, at Montpellier, has discovered a simple method of making hens lay. It appears that the Professor feeds them with wine in addition to their ordinary food.

An elaborate series of experiments was conducted by Zinnet, and these produced, it is said, the same result in every case. In each instance he experimented during the four winter months with two sets of twelve fowls of the same breed, adding brandy to wine to the food of one of the two sets of twelve. In every case the wine-fed hens laid more eggs than the others.

New Uses for Cement

ENGINEERS are pointing out the value of cement grouting for repairing defective masonry, filling walls, and making tunnel roofs water-tight. In masonry that is polluted by infiltration was put into satisfactory condition by pouring into a short iron pipe filled with cement, the drum used the walls of the well with Portland cement, and withdrawing the drum after the cement had set. The damaged masonry of a tunnel was repaired by injecting liquid cement under pressure. As a preventive of water-right passages, wet masonry could be forced to form the cement into place.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1913

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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 BURGESS MACLEAY 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. Befitting 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-slaves and anti-slavery would have appeared, and would appear in gilt and lace, bright eyes would have blinked at the unaccustomed speaker (with a s), and more than one lady would have been carried out in a fit. But Mr. MACLEAY's calculation that the Republic would die before he had daring 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 all-around Secretary of the Navy would call incriminated. President WILSON had served due notice upon Congress that he had earnestly accepted the invitation which Congress had neglected to send to him and would appear at high noon or thereabouts to deliver an impromptu address upon the state of the Union in *persona gratia*. His reasons for so doing were, as usual, "very simple."

"I think," he said, "it is the most dignified way for 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 impersonally. 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. MACLEAY 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 LOUIS, 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 LOUIS:

"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 had 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, sir, 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. RUSSELL 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 LOUIS, 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, without 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 become thus adopting an address had been abandoned. Hence 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 recollection is not as good as it used to be. Our own is very distinct to the effect that it is far broader statement than the provincial JOHN RANKIN, of Romano, could 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 change was not made in order to secure more liberty, and also because he was eager to public speaking. From the latter point of view it is

reasonable enough, but the ostensible cause was not honor and magnanimity as the story of the French nation by which it is the President, and 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 LOUIS'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. LOUIS tried 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 LOUIS lacking in honor.

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 could not but say 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 MINOR 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 MASON, who also is soon to become a third assistant public servant.

The Speaker himself was represented in "his blue frock coat" and a white waistcoat, brilliantly supplemented with "his rich purple" and "a big white cravat" in his buttonhole on the left. Later L'AMARROON was immaculate, as yet, in long, cut, cream-colored trousers, and his Mous Livre 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 ELMER 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 send to the speakers 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 person, and, 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 to make further economies. When he finished there was much applause, led by Secretary TRUMAN, who was present in his personal capacity as a private citizen of Jersey City. "In exactly thirty-seven minutes after his departure on this good-bye-smoking journey," the *Sax* concludes: "President Wilson descended from his automobile in front of the White House," graciously to the relief of Assistant-President HUST, 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 "led by 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 contact with other human beings. "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 unassured.

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 man who has thought out his 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 "a crisis," which was dismissed as "a mere visit of courtesy—in fact, the return of a call, designed solely 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, which is constituted in a way that makes the chance of having his leadership publicly rebuked as private rebuke. 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 confidential advisers. By the authority law of Washington the President may do whatever he wishes to see. The Senator or member of Congress is in a position to do nothing more, or let himself be defined in the ordinary routine of official life. It is impossible for the President to be limited in the White House. Congressional efforts may agree with him, or disagree with him, but there is no line that none of them may cross without, in a sense, striking himself privately.

It is quite a different matter when the President goes to the Capitol as an advocate of legislation.

Now, he is an express proposition, and it is no longer a matter of the situation.

It is proper enough for the President to read his messages to his people, 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. If President WILSON thinks he can do better results more quickly by going up the hill and removing some of the blinders that Mr. MARSHALL found Senators 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—without, he did the other day—unfired and in good odor.

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. Ideally, therefore, as the *World* says, he would do well to let Congressmen walk on the outside of the White House. Practically, however, the way it will work out depends, of course, on the man who occupies the White House. 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 Capitol 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* wouldn't lose sleep. A century-old precedent is far stronger than a month-old precedent. The *World* is a man of sense. It has inquired entirely well, he remains on the little old island which lies between the Departments of JOSEPHUS DANIELS and JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS.

The Underwood Tariff Bill

HARPER'S WEEKLY appears to treat the UNDERWOOD 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 drafted, but we think 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 Underwood bill would 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 pretend to have mastered 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 test of the long-cherished 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 character by process than its taking from the free list 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, and it remains consistent 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 insecure 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 DIXONIAN 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 UNKASCOO bill reduction in the tariff on gloves. Gloverville announces that adoption of the UNKASCOO rates will mean the end of the city. So long as the Hon. LEVIN S. ARRATON, our Congressman from this town, has not made the tariffs, 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. UNKASCOO is doubtless in the process of learning, and report sets the volume of wails 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 as opters. 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 "dry, 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 UNKASCOO tariff 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 in the weakest, 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 will be victorious. 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 residences, 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 acknowledged 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 spirits 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 what he has accomplished in office as in his constructive ability and his staying power are to be tested relentlessly, and in which pitiless note were so heavy a load 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 for 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 in 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 four per cent on incomes exceeding \$100,000 would yield \$100,000,000—total of only \$121,520,000, or nearly \$100,000,000 less than is now derived from the income tax alone.



REVIVING AN ORIGINAL CUSTOM

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 112 YEARS THE PRACTICE OF THE GIBBS SISTERS, ON APRIL 21, WAS AT AROUND 10 O'CLOCK, LISTED AS BEING A MIDDLE, IN CONNECTION WITH THE FUNERAL SERVICE OF DEPARTING, WRITERS MAY BE SURE OF THE APPEARANCE OF THE CREATION, THE FURNITURE MAN - "A NEW HOME" AND BROTHERS OF BROTHERS WHO WOULD BE BROTHERS.

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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 chased a newspaper up in Syracuse. Treated it for a hotel. Then a fellow with pale-green ideas opened an opposition house. I lost my passport and \$200. Now I heard that he quit, with a loss of \$10,000. That was the difference between the old and the new. He lost \$10,000 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 discontented co-workers, always a crowd through of many intimations, 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 hasn't a chance down here. Machinery and rules. Rules 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 arms 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 have double reasons for not wishing to do either. No smoking, of course. Men's lives being a newspaper here. Men's' health, 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 entrance. 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 entering his left eye, everybody else would follow suit, and the law of that would be numerous among a thousand employees. The end then comes in the end, and enters the domain of social economy. Well, I haven't a destructive nature, but sometimes I enjoy breaking a plate on the quick-wit 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 help 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! Whoever bumps up the rules should enforce them. I have nothing to do with enforcing the rules against myself or anybody else. Let us catch 'em! 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 I saw 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 welly down here. The management waltzes us with blouses. But blouses in a place like this is about the same as venturing a bedroom through a few pen-walkers. I have a friend in the engine-room. He'll tell you in there, which is better than the hall-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 only. A reader has to be sure through; and believe me, when I'm tired of working, I enjoy going through the middle, and all of it. Believe that maybe you're quarreled with the head of the other department; they'll hold you to the standard rate he can think of. If he's a cock 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-club 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 been 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 language. I spoke to him in Armenian, told him how he was and how he liked it, and said good-night. That was the last I could do for him; but it was enough, wasn't it? He was an Armenian. Some of those Greeks get to work as 'lives' (lawyers, you know) when there are three weeks 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"



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

WHAT 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 flayer 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 exactly the effect of the facing 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 "flayer" 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 flayer 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 shabby 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 a stake 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 assigned 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 method, that of invention, a very practical evolution, grew the "fencer" that looks like an inverted saw-tooth.

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



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

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 since he began "chick-inking" and he winking 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 winkingly prohibited 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 HANCOCK 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 and the method are alike alike, the minds of men held 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 conclude that the favored legislation is indeed vicious, 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 legislation on the ground of expediency? 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 only in the manner of illustration, what is likely to happen in those cases than one if the policy of curtly ignoring fair suggestions from influential men entitled to consideration be persisted in.

It is —, that is, I mean I'll be glad, if I talk to a word from us, 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 Speaker BRYAN and Speaker CANNON have, raised 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 manner 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.

Politicians, then, to all concerned!

Always "Left"

JOSEPH never could part his helm when BRYAN have 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 WEEKS 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: Democrat, 13,134; Republican, 8,721; Progressive, 5,503. So the Democrats and Progressives practically held their own, while the Republican vote was cut nearly in half. This 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 wail that the friends of protection "are not so much enough devoted to it 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 the facts, and the signal 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 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.

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. UNDERSON and his colleagues a practically complete endorsement; and there has been no complaint. 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 "sneer" by the caucus. But there has been no secret caucus. If anybody thinks the present recurrence of House caucus majority in the House could hold a secret caucus if it tried, then the American newspaper is still well underrated. And the Democratic majority hasn't tried. When Mr. MUMFORD defiantly attempted sarcasm on the point, Mr. UNDERSON answered, with perfect truthfulness:

I will state to the audience from Kansas that so far as I am concerned as an individual, I am not concerned there as been an 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' proceedings, then they have good cause to stop their subscriptions.

Wool, Sugar, and the Income Tax

Not the census odd, 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 rather than immediate. 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 at once seems to us convincing.

Free sugar is also desirable — but the objections are stronger than for the against free wool. The loss of duty on the part of the producer, the principle of free raw material is much less extensively involved; the benefit to the consumer, though apparently plain, is given 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 part of Congress to make use of it is ended, but we do not wish to see it once too much relied on as a principal means of raising revenue in time of peace.

Not an American

I was in Advertisers. I would go down into the ditch to shake the hand of the rich man.—Sir President HANCOCK to the Public.

Put it the other way round, Mr. VICE. If there is anybody in the ditch nowadays it is the rich man. Only hold shirking venture to shake hands with him.

Bro. Marshall's Supplementary Remarks

When Mrs. Vice-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 one man's power. He could make over \$20,000 a year. It is such opportunities as these that many men are saying are denied to him.

I might be able to earn \$25,000 a year, for instance, for instance, but I would prefer earning \$3,000 working for myself. What would the lawyer say if conditions had worked out in the best profession to the point where he had to depend on 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 constructed by us that he should have clients if he could not win them, nor should any one be 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 no remedy. 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't be done better and better in some lines than small business.

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 shy 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 ornaments 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 every where that M. LEPAGE, distinguished and able Prefect of Police of Paris, has retired from office? It is, alas! true and officially confirmed. His last is world-wide his narrow escapes from death are too numerous to array as paper. The Radical and the Socialist press have often denounced this rule, wise little rule, which while broad, round left out, and took military stride made his conspicuous in the midst of every turbulent demonstration. He has escaped without the bullets of anarchists, automobile bands, and misguided partisans of the *Confédération Générale* the usual, 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 KRUMHOLTZ in a previous gift, yet it set in motion a series of activities that sent him out of his wits. He sat cross-legged in his shop at Sinterpark, in the Cross, where a sporting motor-car stopped at his door. In came a Russian captain of Infantry and said to the trembling KRUMHOLTZ: "Come. For me a Russian cap. They ordered to Lhavan, and KRUMHOLTZ 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 Russian Dragoon," said the Czar. "So that it fits." With shaky hands KRUMHOLTZ passed the tape around the august person. He withdrew, and prayed the God of his fathers, and toiled as never before toiled before. The uniform was produced perfect. KRUMHOLTZ received fifty rubles as a fee besides a gift of three hundred rubles to pay his debts. He returned in his sporting 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 KRUMHOLTZ FOR HIS." 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. HICKERMAN. Mr. HICKERMAN was speaking of the loss of \$25,000,000 in the Panama Canal. He stopped the financial point of 1907. "It was a fine and patriotic thing to do," Mr. HICKERMAN 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. PAINLEVÉ. He is all but simplicity. He declines to keep his old dog in the house, and he has often as ever. He has directed the police not to hold up street traffic to let his pass. He has dismissed the Republican Guard, who used to camp and sleep every night around the Presidential mansion. He has discharged the former President, 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 usual of the dead in the rubric of the Protestant Episcopal Church. 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 coffin 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 other children, Miss Anne Morgan, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert I. Satterlee, and Mr. and Mrs. William Pierson Hamilton and their children, joined them in the library. Together they proceeded by an underground way to the great library in Thirty-sixth Street, which had been the scene of one of Mr. Morgan's most notable triumphs—the stepping of the stone 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, and only those who had seats of admission were allowed to enter the church. Fifty thousand men and women stood at respectful attention in the square, and many hundreds were looked 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 took the clergy with the rectors, the Rev. Carl Holland, and his assistant ministers, with 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. Bonfield, 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 faculty.

To tell who were at the funeral would be to re-enumerate the leaders in art, science, literature, music, finance, commerce, and manufactures in our own New York. None 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 Bookmen's Association, the Southern Railway, the American Academy in Rome, the Union Club, the Fabled Statue, 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, too, and a silent multitude witnessed the passing of the carriage to Cedar Hill Cemetery, where the body was interred in a tomb in the Morgan family plot.

SEEKING A NEW CONTINENT

The Canadian Arctic Expedition, which Sails this Spring for the Far North, May Find an Unknown Territory Ten Times the Size of New York State

BY VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

LIKELY many another vain person, the typical arctic explorer employs a clipping bureau to keep him in touch with the world as sailing about him, and especially of that the editors of the country think of his adventures and his plans. For the last several months it has been my fortune to find in my mail almost every morning an editorial clipping bearing

some such title as "Another Arctic Expedition." Most of these come from the backwoods, but a few appear even in the leading dailies of the country. Of course there is a general similarity about them; possibly they may be traceable to only two or three original contributors which editors of the country, with the justifiable use of scissors and blue pencil, have made to take various forms and to fill the greater or lesser vacant spaces in their journals that had to be filled with something or other. Fundamentally, too, these are the opinions of men who are no value except money value, who are conscious of no effect being worth making except to result in a profit, and who are into dollars and cents. But even were money the only standard of value—many of us do not agree that it is—still a sufficient answer to these objections would be that nothing but opportunities can determine what things may sometime become of value, and a long experience has taught us the fact that even the most abstract knowledge is likely eventually to find its practical and even commercial application. There are living today men who conscientiously discarded the Bell telephone as a boy—and they are true, but of no practical value; there are also living today men whose wealth has become fabulous because of their faith in and their successful backing of this "useless" boy. There are also living today men whose services delivered by Congress designated Secretary of the Navy for being paid six and a half million dollars for a lamp of his known as "Aladdin" and for being paid one million dollars for a single mining concern that have each taken many times over this amount in gold out of a few square miles of the frozen wastes of Alaska.

The expedition which just now occupies more space in the papers than any other has been designated an "action" in one which has for its chief aim the exploration of an large portion as possible of over a million square miles of unknown area lying north of western Canada, north of Alaska, and north of eastern Siberia. But it happens that the government of Canada is just now in the hands of men who do not consider that the acquisition of knowledge is useless, who are willing to spend money and to lead their influence to a gain; men who are true enough, may never bring a result tantamount to gold dollars and cents, but which will surely, if it has any successful materiality, add to our knowledge of the world even though it should not happen to discover any new land. And if new land be discovered they do not make for granted that it will forever remain valueless. The progress of the world each year seems to us more rapid than that of the year before, and if the last fifty years have changed Alaska from a valueless strip of ice to a continental empire of fabulous wealth, then it is not safe to say that land which may be discovered in the future, though it be a few hundreds of miles north of even Alaska, will be valueless fifty years from now. And if it be valueless fifty years from now, the future will bring other

years and other continents, and one or another of them is likely to bring inventions and developments that will make the last inch of the earth's surface of value.

In any sense the present expedition is unique. It may be considered as an undertaking to test the validity of a theory. Dr. Nansen has argued recently, and to some men's minds convincingly, that the unexplored portion of the Arctic Ocean is a deep basin practically, or more probably entirely, devoid

"From the behavior of the tides it can be shown that a deep arctic basin cannot extend without interruption from the region of deep waters traversed by the Fram to the deep and unknown of the Pole itself, to the known waters lying along the arctic coasts of British America, Alaska, and eastern Siberia. Moreover, this interruption being between the arctic archipelago and the New Siberian Islands must be tolerably complete so far as the greater depths are concerned. For were this and the case the arctic basin would be well suited to the production of diurnal or daily tides, which would be much in evidence along the coasts just mentioned. Whichever adequate observations have been made along these coasts, they show that the diurnal tides have less than one-half of the rise and fall which the diurnal tidal forces of the sea actually occur earlier at Point Barrow than at Flaxman Island, while the tidal forces arising over the uninterrupted basin require that the reverse should be the case."

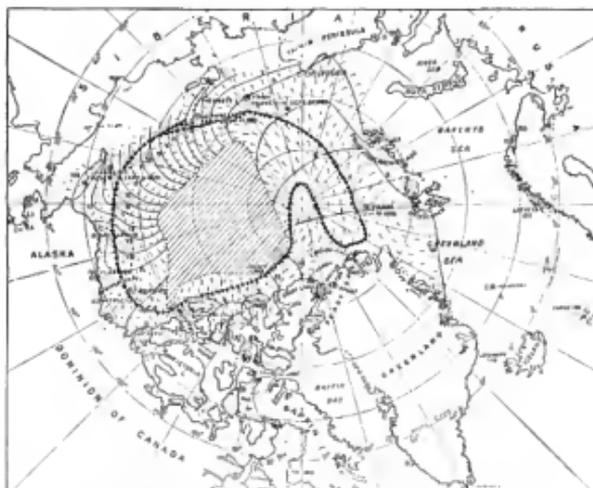
To argue further that the semi-daily tide found in the Arctic Ocean are derived almost entirely from those of the North Atlantic. The tides would have to be derived either from the north Atlantic or from the north Pacific, because the position of the Arctic Ocean is such that the semi-daily tides almost vanish near its coasts and are but slight in any portion of it. But the tides of the north Pacific are derived from an entrance into the Arctic Sea by the Bering Sea and the Bering Strait. The semi-daily tide is, therefore, that which, coming from the ocean up through the deep and wide opening between Norway and Greenland, and the argument is that over the unexplored Polar Ocean a deep basin, as Nansen would say, would come straight across the Pole and strike Alaska at nearly right angles. In other words, the tide at various points on the coast should be at the full approximately at the same time and its volume should be approximately equal; for instance, at Bennett Island and at Point Barrow. But this is not the case. The tide, instead of coming from the north at Flaxman Island and other points on the north coast of Alaska, as the Fram did, and the rise and fall, instead of being the same at the various points, is 2.5 feet at Bennett Island, 0.4 feet at Point Barrow, and 0.5 feet at Flaxman Island. These variations from what would theoretically be the case if the Polar Ocean were deep and land free can be satisfactorily explained by assuming an anticlockwise rotation of the earth's archipelago of at least five hundred thousand square miles, as pointed out by Dr. Harris. Has done in the past, which is reproduced by his kind permission. It seems to me that there is not other satisfactory explanation of the above cited and various other facts concerning the tides and currents in the explored arctic.

One of the stronger subsidiary arguments which bear in the same direction as that of the tide is pointed out by Dr. Harris and others to be the fact that any activity at all in the ocean in the portion of the Beaufort Sea north of a high tide on the north coast of Alaska and any easterly wind would be a great aid. This is exactly what we might expect to happen if the map of the arctic regions were actually as Harris drew it. One of the most valuable of the recent Arctic things we



The "Karluk," which will convey the members of the expedition

of land. Other students of the North, such as General A. W. Greely and Dr. E. A. Harris, feel equally convinced that there is a land of considerable area lying unexplored to the Polar Sea, and Admiral Peary from an elevation of two thousand feet near Cape Thomas Hubbard has even seen land to the west. With the conservatism of a man of great experience, he says that he is not sure of the existence of any land upon which he has set a actually put his feet and he is not, therefore, sure if what he saw was land and not a cloudbank. And if what he saw be a land it is also possible that it may be of no great extent, but that there is an unknown land of great extent. Dr. Harris, with others, believes, and he states the case as follows:



The region inclosed by dots shows the unknown area awaiting exploration. The shaded area is supposed to be land. The arrows show the direction of the tides

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 for any 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 freezing in on September 22, 1893, to her becoming free from the ice July 19, 1895.

Because a hypothetical lead mine at Harris has plotted satisfactorily within these otherwise mysterious leads and many others, and because no other explanation is readily discernible that really does explain them, the students of total phenomena consider that there is lead yet 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, with our modern potent and so-

cial changes and our scientific discoveries. In an age when the making history such history yet by pushing our knowledge to the past backward every day by century still 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 "utility" 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 beyond 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 law, it may be said, places in the world here found and used by aborigines in such abundance as in 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 beach 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 hares, 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 bear out 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 waters 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 hug the coasted 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 above 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 such to be done when 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 obtained. We shall not be striving for any one point particularly, but for broad scientific results. We have a large amount of scientific material 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 Russian czar 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 fire of Minneapolis to its present distinction as a center of manufacturing was 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 commensally which were in a thrilling race to 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 double of Minneapolis on the south, it forms a community with a population of approximately 600,000.

The first industry of Minneapolis was the production of lumber. 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 lumber, matches, 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 possess. 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 parade 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 business, are 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. In a great many of the factories are used industrial buildings with electric light and air. There are no "tenements" in the city, and no slums. Huge elevators near the city give

raising over 55,000 miles of trackage. Two hundred passenger trains arrive daily at the three Minneapolis stations. January is not normally a busy shipping 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, conveyer and trolleys. 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 consists 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 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 one square foot of new 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 patterned. The Erie coastwise canal, which cuts into Minneapolis at 38.44 in the thousand, which is lower than any other large city in the world, makes the climate delightfully dry and temperate. The average temperature for the winter is 12 degrees above zero, for the summer, 70.5. The annual precipitation is 26.33 inches. While there is frost for an average of 167 days, there is no snow in Christmas (thus affording perfect autumn). 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 pronounced 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 here 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 well to mention that Minneapolis has maintained for nearly a quarter of a century a "paid-off" 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 an liquor is sold on Sundays.

The people of Minneapolis are so well organized that several cities think they are well off. It is a fact that if you go to meet the people with whom by or to whom you wish to work. There are over fifty women's clubs, forty city 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-laid 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 41,007 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 hardy plants 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 citizens.

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 large 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 6,524 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 incense 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 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 in 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 can be reached by canoe and is 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.

O, 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 wail,
Among lark-crooners' bands,
Dress in gay garden, over grass and dew,
And feed from my hands.

Drop down the cruel wing-leather
That takes you off,
And so you will be busy 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 of my
Let an eagle lure you 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



The 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 willingly; 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 poking inequally 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—what 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 helping 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 successful 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 smallest pocketbook.

The Japanese salad vegetable 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 bought several in American agriculture, each more promising 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 would start slowly and without any apparent reason and then took half a century to climb up to fair proportions. Of course, in striking the average is the main, in our great manufacturers' days and even in our manufacturing era, the "less apply" and thought it only to be led to paper. But now later days apply just to certain 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 enjoyed by people here who have never heard of it. Kaffir lime is not any wonder if people don't frequently buy it if it were "heady" at all comes properly. But for it is applied only casually by outsiders. No one seems to have thought to have taken it up as a business proposition. There is the eggplant. It is used in large quantities in the foreign quarters of the cities and in many fashionable restaurants and clubs, but in many a city and town it is as difficult to get 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 most disadvantage of never being pushed. It is possible to make a very good supper stew out of the water-plant—an order soup really—which 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 any foreman. 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 time enough 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 "waterloo" 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 routine, 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 some an old one hard and discarded its popularity. The lot 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 relish, the large one a vegetable for a main course. Though a vegetable and nothing else, a Strasburgian brother of the baby radish that all know and eat, it is boiled and mashed like a turnip. It grows in great quantities and is called Japanese radishes and are rather cheap 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 great quantities very cheaply. This new vegetable has been better than almost any other. It will be possible to cultivate it on a farmstead or in a garden practically everywhere. Already it has been grown on the outskirts of New York.

There is one more long and interesting list of the novelties in vegetable land here and there are getting a strong hold, creating a demand, and being found by hard-headed men to be with the good. The eggplant. Every American knows of stuffed peppers. Peppers that won't lie, 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 tastes 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's rice. The latter has 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's rice. 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 of the baby market

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 snack 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 needs to be irrigated through a water below 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 the success of the crop of any vegetable or fruit that gets into the market first commands the high price. No 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 vegetable, 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 market. People see early for apparatus. It's not bad 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 farmers who, in the words of the popular song, "eat, pea, beans, and barley greens" and could not be induced to think anything the 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 room? yer kin in a better room?"
3.—"All done up wif my hen doos? yer kin in a better room?"

4.—"Wha, 'ese he kin?"

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-term 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, is 6 to 6½ 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 endorsed commercial paper, is 5½ 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 North-west.

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 entirely dissimilar from the other, and, in some respects, 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 lodges 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 sixty 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 hundreds come yearly are the same leading 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 fumes obtained their supply of winter food, 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 white 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 renowned 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 favorite 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

THESE were considerably 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 Vivaldi," the leading diva of the day.

The great night came, and Madame Vivaldi was at her best, indulging the nervous 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 gold-digger's useful thing, and the gal that goes to college makes a wife fit for a king. Now's so 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 talk'n' French, 'bout or easy's it 'twas talkin' but a filler off a bench. She can talk for seven hours on the ways of ancient Rome, an' in Paris wars and she 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 bigger than a dust-mite, which she calls the same a worm. But I cannot help a wonder of that sort o' learned here in a world 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 inheritance in a kind yo never knew but how easy to find a-waiter, if we're careful to select for the parents two young people that's in every way correct. I had I wonder of she'll find that them Epigenesis can be wrong when her own old-headed freckled little sheenicks 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 o' me an' me. Epigenesis, theakin'—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 does educated opens in a prin' to look majestic when it comes to cookin' beans!

HORACE DICK GASTBY.



"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.

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through

Glacier National Park

by Automobile, Horseback, Stage and Launch

for \$ 22⁰⁰ Low Fares
Every Day

BREAK 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.

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Panama-Pacific International Exposition,
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Valli Valli and Harrison Brockbank in "The Purple Road," at the Liberty



Janet Beecher in "The Purple Road"



New York's West Grand Theatre, The Longacre, is 48th Street

PLAYS
AND
PLAYERS

What the Theaters
are Offering



A recent portrait of Elsie Janis, appearing in "The Lady of the Shippo," 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 yeast, but they were not so familiar with the culture of yeasts, and they did not believe that a scientific procedure could tell them anything new or revealing about the subject, although their yeast often behaved in a manner which they could not explain and which caused them much 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 thousands of miles. The element yeast has sometimes contains 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, which you wish the most, and the digestive system is introduced with bakery goods which have been made from flour.

Yeast is found naturally 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 fact, 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 is chiefly on account of the fact that yeast is so dark in color and so bitter, due to the simultaneous use of hops in the brewing process, that it is not so desirable as other yeasts. 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 rising 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 favored for the removal of its bitter taste, such as yeast, and it is a very "tasty" paste which can be spread in the loaf. Dry yeast can be used, if it is used, always shows that the addition of yeast to certain stews and other dishes 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.

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. In common experience with the fully cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

From a cereal grain several years ago 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 disagreeable 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 as one not only good 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." Name them by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a cream," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Well-being," in pages.

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 sleep. Some people like a cocktail as an appetizer, but everybody who likes a cocktail likes a good one. For a good one, you have had in Iowa, whether in the country or in town, the Chickadee in bottles, more or less, and some of the best. I have had many good ones, but I liked them, but just why they were so good I did not care to say. I was once in the States, but I did not care to say. I was once in the States, but I did not care to say.

The reason of this disparity is due to the fact that the cereals are not the natural ear, the cobble, to be more definite, which is the point where the auditory nerve ends, thus being the only part of a sense, which some can enjoy, but not all. The reason of this disparity is due to the fact that the cereals are not the natural ear, the cobble, to be more definite, which is the point where the auditory nerve ends, thus being the only part of a sense, which some can enjoy, but not all.

The Song of Birds

When the song of birds is thought to be instinctive, it has been ascertained that young birds never have the song peculiar to their species if they are not heard it. They very early, however, are able to imitate the notes of birds which they may be associated. Barring this has advanced the view that notes in birds are an innate sense that language is innate, and has furnished much interesting information along these lines.

Dr. Frank A. S. Allen, an eminent biologist, has shown that the bird's song is not innate, but is learned from the parent bird. The skylark, the woodcock, and the titlark—every one of which, instead of the bird's song, learned 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 windows, which were shut full open. The titlark, however, did not imitate any note from the linnet, song, but adhered steadfastly to that of the titlark.

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Still more extraordinary was the case of a young bird, which was taken from a wild state only three, but which learned the song of the linnet 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 enjoy, but not all.

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The reason of this disparity is due to the fact that the cereals are not the natural ear, the cobble, to be more definite, which is the point where the auditory nerve ends, thus being the only part of a sense, which some can enjoy, but not all.

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AN EASY GUIDE TO WOMAN'S WORK

The book tells how to make use of a house; how to keep a clean, happy household; how to choose clothes and how to make them; how to buy food and keep it; how to take care of your health; how to do it in a child's best interest; how to do it in a woman's best interest; how to do it in a man's best interest; how to do it in a child's best interest; how to do it in a woman's best interest; how to do it in a man's best interest.

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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 to 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 to languish.

Lord Wolsey says in his *Address's* Preface 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 "wrecks" 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 travels 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 fore feet firmly on the sides of his head and carries them rapidly forward, dumping the contents of the pouch on the ground before him. These portions are often packed as full of bits of roots, stems, and leaves as to give the gopher a strongly distasteful 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 and water, and the green part of the green ink, in some cases, also sulphur, 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

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¶ 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 houses in the Middle West dealing in farm mortgages, municipal and corporation bonds.

Founded at Ansonston, North Dakota, in 1878 by Edward P. Wells and the late Alfred Dickey, the company has more than kept abreast 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, Ansonston, 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 depositor who wishes 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 the company's skilled agents. The record of returns in the main office remains the abstracts of title and draw the papers. There is no question of title as the company or its customers have never advanced a loan through neglect of formal mortgage 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 enable a man when the only habitations were caves, or the shelter of trees.

With the said task as "the table," the banquet menu 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 served for the first item of the menu. 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 had been cooked in the same manner. Roast pork, cooked over the living coals, and for better tasting, the learned scientist, when after offering it to the guests all insisted that if the Stone Age man were faced 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 today. When 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 old lease 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 statute, 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 hence leases 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 its diamond sword pin.

When he returned to the library from the dinner, he found his sword pin not gone and was lying about with the diamond pin glittering from its back. One of the men in the library, who had just seen the beetle, told their best and triumphantly called away, loudly exclaiming the scientist's self extracted hair. Neither bug nor pin has since been seen.



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HAROLD WHITING SLAUSON, M.E.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization



EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1913

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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 past 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 confirmed his judgment of the need of meeting tranquility with tranquility. 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. Heretofore his preliminary slip, which led into undue 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 horses and fishes? The thought seems incredible, and yet—well, what about this?

On April 15th Brother LA FOLLETTE sounded a most alarming alarm over the knavery and guile that are 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 SEYMOUR WILLIAMS as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. "Until a few days ago," he wrote, plaintively, "it was officially announced that HENRY WOLLEY, of Virginia, would be appointed." We never heard of Mr. WOLLEY, 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. WOLLEY had criticized Mr. C. C. GLOVER, the prominent president of the Riggs National Bank. Consequently, declared Senator LA FOLLETTE, "either Mr. GLOVER or some one with like interests persuaded President WILSON to appoint JOHN SEYMOUR WILLIAMS." And he, in the vigilant Senator's view, is the limit. Necessarily he continues:

Mr. WILLIAMS has qualifications which would be required anywhere in Wall Street as naturally fit him for WALLACE, of Virginia, would be appointed Metropolitan (Millwall) Club of Sixtieth Street, New York. He organized the Seaboard Atlantic Railway System and was general manager of the same. Former Director of the Adline. Mr. WILLIAMS is associated with H. CLAY PIERCE, NORMAN B. REAM, R. F. TRACY, and other System representatives.

And then the inevitable warning, worthy of Brother BRYAN before he donned the mantle of officialdom. "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 avail 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 12th. Four days later the papers contained the following dispatch:

WASHINGTON, April 12.—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 SEYMOUR WILLIAMS as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He changed the appointment was satisfactory to the President.

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 SEYMOUR WILLIAMS was out.

Now why the distinction (indeed it is not Mr. McADAMS also a member of the Metropolitan (Millwall) Club of Sixtieth Street, New York?) And if poor JOHN SEYMOUR WILLIAMS has been really contaminated by association with Mr. PIERCE, Mr. REAM, and Mr. YAMASA, what does the worthy Senator suspect may have happened to Mr. McADAMS during some sort of intimate association with the latter director? 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. GRAY, president of the great steel corporation? Or had he not heard that they were directors of Mr. McADAMS?

Let us! Suppose Mr. McADAMS were Assistant Secretary without patronage, and Mr. WILLIAMS Secretary with patronage. Which then would Senator LA FOLLETTE be condemning and which "conferring with" about "Federal officers in Wisconsin"?

Is Handling like a hauling tool? Please!

The Bad.

It was hard hard on JOSEPHINE to have a fine just as he was preparing a statement for the public,

Wineless.

Mr. BRYAN has explained about the wineless dinner he gave to Ambassador and Mrs. BAYNE 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. BAYNE had never enjoyed wine, and that their parents had forbidden 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 wineless dinner, and that was the water, and a certain bubbling, purple fluid—in the papers now—made of unintoxicating grape juice. And Mr. BRYAN said he never spent a more enjoyable evening than that one with the ambassadors thus liquidated.

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 clerical 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 his wine, might be lazier and responsive, the guests of low gifted hosts might welcome the following effect of a few milligrams 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 house in Washington, proceeding rapidly and with a smile to set his own whistle with his own ducts, being 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.

What freedom Mr. BRYAN'S patents were not prejudiced 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 previous few others. Of course, too, many of an glance 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, we doubt, to expect any wide reading of the whole of the UNDERWOOD bill, but at least on certain paragraphs which are not only words readable, 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 1890.

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 spend on advertising, they might as well do so 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 protect that an honest tariff, built on sound principles, would do well to protect the conditions 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 free "to proclaim that the party in power will no longer protect 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 say that we have doubts about the matter. It is for us to say, to comprehend their actual situation in respect of the tariff. The other is whether the true 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 showing insincerity in the President's spokesman. Think of a man in that position actually telling the truth when he came to explain why the wool and woven 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 course of the debate on the wool act, found that in the Republican party (Hill's vote) 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 demand any attempt to change the woolen tariff and that had it been attempted it would have broken the bill before that either committee.

We again run across this famous passage from the WILSON speech in a fairly competent article in the *Creatist*, revisiting the history of the wool and woven 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 shield wool in its own right.

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 taxed the rough wools of the American laborer far higher than the worsted of wealthy Australia; 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 of the last utility 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 HANSEN, 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 the matter.

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. ROOSEVELT 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 more than that, the press of Mr. HANSEN, 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 American 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 670, 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 room for it, and our managers and jobbers would hardly pay so well for it. The parting words of JAMES BATES, at the Pilgrims' farewell dinner, were not commercially inspired, however, and there is another reason why we may well pay attention to them. Mr. BATES 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 observations of the standard of civil duty among us were to be strictly rising, we are falling.

We trust Mr. BATES 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 Evening Post*:

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-outlets across a thing to be thankful for. The arms-trade 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 Kauter 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 continuous 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 Mrs. ENRIQUE GAYE, "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 salubrity 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 perceived about a thousand natives dancing around a small table at the top of the tables. A fierce creature, clad in a loin cloth, was traveling toward a palm leaf spread upon the ground to designate first show and a crooked little fellow next 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 collar boys to neglect the proceedings in the main academic part for the side-shows and amusements of the top of the tables, has had credit for. Possibly it would help for the peace of the world if companies of baseball missionaries could be sent to Germany; yes, and if necessary, to California!

Why Have Public Service Commissioners?

The legislation of New York City 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 five, one bill increasing the number of "exchange" men, and one regulating telephone fares, and yet it keeps two "expensive and ineffectual Public Service Commissioners" (as the *State* aptly expressed to state and attend to all such matters as these.

A Few Big Men Will Do

If our new idea is to be good, above lessons of a few big men will do more than twenty. Because 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 to public 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 ineffectual 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 a great deal of the time in administration. They do 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 encourage one another.



TRYING TO MAKE THEM BALANCE

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD

THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

The Secret of the Value of the Modern Automobile lies in Standardization

BY HAROLD WHITING SLAUSON, M.E.

STANDARDIZATION 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 a way of every man who has ever met behind the wheel of a touring-car or 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, 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 standardization that it is standardization that it is standardization 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, and so he does not consider the possible case 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, run by a veteran, and his mechanic, he examines the broken part, and, looking through his stock of bar steel or tubing, and accessories.

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. In order to meet the requirements the blacksmith will have to make a special size that 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 special 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 number of sizes of steel tubing that must be considered. The common sizes of these two diameters, is from six sixteenths to three eighths of an inch, there almost an unlimited number of sizes of steel tubing. 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 had been 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 have 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; they have made their own standards; 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—well, not without the slightest loss in effectiveness or design. The steel-tube mills can then 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 it 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 can be 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 screws, to washers, brake-rods, springs, 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 any way of the modern motor-car. A leather belt on a transmission case need never so far from the motor-car for, for there is in it a screw which will not be of the same finish or quality of workmanship as the leather gear, but it will never take you home and in every you around mill 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 has just, 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 bulbs 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 the new 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 tendency 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 know 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 eight-cylinder manufacturers, and the older 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 resistance 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 work 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 waste 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 firm, 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, suppose the rim-manufacturer must vary the width of the rim to fit every different kind of a wheel that is made. The manufacturer will then be "up against it" for he has worked out the rib pressure and corresponding shape and thickness of rubber required to grip the rim, and may definitely make those 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 Gros are the most over-worked 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 automobile.

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 case 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 merely because it "fits" there.

It is this feature of automobile construction, however, that is the most interesting to the student 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 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 TRUTH About NEW YORK SINGING TEACHERS

By PIERRE V.R. KEY

PICTURES BY ALBERT LEVING



SHE 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 until the trouble in his throat came. Ever since 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 Mantini's faded voice, the home and school have certain lines connected with the great and the husband. Thus required money is gradually larger and larger, the cost of living at that time had taken care of the matter.

So Madame Mantini decided to teach singing. She reached the same decision, some with institutions, others without it. In the case of Madame Mantini 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 us 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 eligible thousands all the pupils she could teach.

Unfortunately for Signor Mantini, 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 went away, they too of the downy race, regarding her as her instructor, such as she served, one back. These Madame Mantini taught at rates much, and the prices paid by other pupils to her compared little, she commercially for the same.

Naturally the Mantini, if you asked them, could not singers derived in the church—ramped room called "stalls." And talking, they would give on "chance" over a particular young lover, a motherly

labored restraint, and a separate with faded and hoarse, all of the same sound under Madame's directive from back into full voice.

One day a young pupil or two may get the favored place at public singing of the night sort. Then if they have in them the qualities that make for professional success, in other words, they sing before critical audiences as well as in the upper and side streets where there is less of risk—Madame Mantini's reputation as a teacher should be established.

Obviously, with the shifting tides of fortune, Madame Mantini may obtain these moral adjuncts to her triumph as a singing-pupil which thus far have been denied her, by a falling patiently without complaint, and the due recognition; but will it come?

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 base. 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 hypercivility. And yet for they take money they take pleasure being nothing in return, but they grow financially but by the most quiet means, fairly assuming a knowledge and not least 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 realize 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 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 take pleasure being nothing in return, but they grow financially but by the most quiet means, fairly assuming a knowledge and not least 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 studying vocal sound recommendations to patronize official, painstaking instructors for that voluntary or aided selection has led them to this city, where, if they are reasonably, one may appreciate the pupil's task of singing out one in this 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 teacher.

This man visited, in the course of two weeks, twenty-two teachers of singing. They were women, the red ones. They were chosen at random, very much as various singers of varying degree of experience and intelligence would select their teachers. 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 resided. Mr. Cursons examined the bulletin board announcing the names of the teachers and selected off half a dozen, and entered a waiting elevator. A minute later he rang a bell commencing from the outer corridor with the teacher's name and stepped inside.

It just happened that Mr. Cursons wasn't here. He turned as the door opened, finding the five from his apartment, and sang it through the door, out of which he had been playing music. He seemed relieved to find his visitor out of the way, however, though his pleasure was provisionally calculated to improve 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 snarl 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 the applicant 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 the moment concluding that this was an indication that his prospective services were being regarded with favor, went his visitor no 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 a story of a Frenchman who, like the striking pilot of his other, "A horrible, eh?"

Now it happened that Mr. Cursons did have a connection with the French. He had been, he assumed, surprised and made some remark about Professor Sencora's marvelous powers in voice classification without ever hearing the name. He was an impressionist, and made some remark about the piano. He was one of those "big" pianists who have a certain natural facility which, though uncertain, 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 Sencora was a former pupil of his.

It was only for half a minute that Professor Sencora 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, 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 digital character. 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 his. 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 earliest age a voice with no easy ascending characteristics, and a good deal of a wavy quality, on a set of four instructors of the better grade would have instantly detected indications of vocal skill in the very manner the voice was made to be noticeable.

But this professor didn't know and didn't care. His natural and vocal indications were on a par with his unappreciative methods. He had no special in military with various methods of vocal training, a very rough vocabulary common to most studios, and a degree of pliancy which he had but little discerning maintenance of superior intelligence—though

some of these four teachers even succeed in emphasizing their exact status from real experience—but a few lines.

Well, Professor Sencora, 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 breathing, 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 Sencora, 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 workrooms of the vocal science system, due to the intangible factors surrounding it and the havoc caused by partial and fallacious "fakes." 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 sang nothing on it.

"No, no; sing on it. Let me tell you." Sencora tried to fit his glibbed speech, but he stumped up in a stumble, though he didn't know that his next utterance knew. The baritone sang another scale and gave to the upper note a slight kick, so to speak. Sencora 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 sing every day. Later we will reduce the number of 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 where 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 an ordinary musician with of others walked slowly along one wall of the studio while Mr. Cursons loomed his losses. 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?" He both knew 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 times. 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 not one of a kind. They made a rapid class of four teachers, she was an advocate of singing by "scientific control." He made his business under sing with the handle of a spoon kept half-way down his throat. They displayed the muscular construction that meant.

"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 attempt 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 "heat." Mr. Cursons had taken cold, but though it took the "edge" from the voice, there was no visible evidence that the baritone was really unwell. Sencora thoughtfully 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 knew. That is right; you need have the recommence and I bring home. With my method I made just such a success." He moved his arms wildly in an effort of explanation.

"What would you say," demanded Mr. Cursons, with an expression, "if I were to tell you that I have a cold right now in my throat and that I actually have several times the recommence you have heard?"

The Italian shuddered, thinned his fingers, and then coughed. His raw face became more until it resembled an overgrown hen. He had mandered; his Russian 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 otherwise? For the average applicant the odds are all stacked.

PRICELESS

BY H. D. LOWRY

In the dark of the night while I slumbered
Thirteen rings on my finger gleamed,
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's head ring I give you to eat,
About your neck I shall wear a silver,
And be bare to the dust of the street.

Dear reader! Had they dreamed of my treasure,
They had taken these fourteen rings from me.
What was left for them but a miser,
In the love of a girl.



FROM PRODUCE

Illustrated by DRAWN BY



TO CONSUMER

F. R. YEA

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BACK TO NATURE

UNEXPECTED RETURNS FROM HIS VACATION OF THE NEWCASTLE 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 latter.



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, WHERE SHE
LIES IN HER MESSAGE (PAPER) AGAIN?

AN EXTREME CASE

"Some to me Miss Wright has gone dull on the subject of that little good-looking husband of hers," said Miss Hampton.

"Yes," said Miss Jingles. "It has been affected long ago. She and her husband have some Sabbath as if it were Sabbath."

THE MITTIC-CHURCH

"Have you seen anything of that mittic-church they are building around the country, Haddock?" asked Winkles.

"Yes," said Winkles. "Saw it this morning stuck in a ditch down by the mill fence. When I got the mittic was sitting on a fence-rod 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 IDYL OF MODERN ENGLAND

I've got me a bottle of nice cold beer, a sledge-hammer head and a couple of picks; a cross bar of iron and a piece of steel as straight and as true as a battle ship's bow. I've got me a bagful of cobble and coal, and paving stones hard as a petrel's bill, all ready for when the time comes 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 'Yornd out up a job-block 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 got me, garden, paraffin too, all ready for looks that a woman had, do to show that she's here and determined to stay, 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 cops whenever I am, wherever I stay, crowned 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-pence for me. The order for me, and back in the evening I go to bed on my traps (against the symptoms here) to work up Hilda's, and can get her to me then; never be gone till dawn on small scale; my place at the fore, in the love of the day as Queen of the Beautiful May, Mother. The Suffragette Queen of the May!

WINDHAMPE JOURNAL



HEED! Cats are best, but they are not who is eating May: He, there, is the cat, and he is the dog.

You - as a tire bill payer - now demand a viselike 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, flintlike, but resilient tread—a tire made of lusty young rubber—a tire giving the utmost mileage at no additional expense."

And the answer is

Vitalized Rubber

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 (Squeegee 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
(Squeegee) 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

Why Capillary Attraction Saves Your Fingers from Ink Stains

WHEN you remove the cap of a Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen, why are there no ink drops hanging around the writing end and the pen so clean as when you close it?

Answer: Capillary Attraction.

What is Capillary Attraction? It's that curious force in nature that makes sponges absorb water, lamp wicks draw oil, blotting paper soak up ink. In the Parker Fountain Pen, Capillary Attraction keeps the feed tube free of ink drops after you're through writing.

It also keeps ink in feed tube clean ink-smoked fingers. Because they get ink on and out and out the writing end of the pen by so in the pen (see "Lucky Curve" work your body least—89 degrees—causes to expand.

Body heats air; air expands, pushes up through feed tube, pushes out hanging ink drops. Result: ink stays clean.

Note in the X-Ray that the Parker Lucky Curve fountain pen is curved feed tube, touches the barrel wall. Now that's what we mean by capillary attraction, and the Parker feed tube before your body's heat sends the ink up.

So the Capillary Attraction and the Lucky Curve have your fingers free of ink stains.

You want smooth, easy writing? The Parker Lucky Curve ink fountain pen has the smoothest ink in the world. You want a fountain pen that writes like a fountain pen? The Parker Lucky Curve ink fountain pen has the smoothest ink in the world.

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Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen

Slide into your pocket—draw pen—write. The Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen is a fountain pen that folds up into your pocket like a fountain pen. It's the only fountain pen that folds up into your pocket like a fountain pen. It's the only fountain pen that folds up into your pocket like a fountain pen.

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Making the Moon Work

By Ward Meier

There is only one reason why the inhabitants of the earth should do any work at all. The moon would do all the jobs which mankind demands, and we could get harness her. Scientists are already engaged on the solution of this problem—the great, the famous, the godlike, the taxing the moon to the task of making herself useful to her terrestrial admirers. They offer day after day, and after night, innumerable tons of power are wanted because the limits of man has not yet devised a scheme for utilizing the terrific motive activity of the moon's "pull" on the tides. Incredible quantities of sea-water are piled up and withdrawn twice every lunar day, a lunar day is about twenty-four hours and fifty minutes, and if the lift and fall of this water could be caught and translated into energy, all the malle in the world could be driven without our burning a mass of coal all the electric light could be produced, the batteries could run all the trams, all the subways, all the electric automobiles, all the factories, houses, and all the machinery of the world of the sort, could be operated, with nothing but a little attention from man.

Plans have been made for the utilization of the tides in England. The idea is to erect a dam across the Bristol Channel, and the Bristol Channel, where the sea is compressed into narrow confines and the tides are consequently high. The tide would be held up in the dam twice a day—billions of tons of water—but it could only escape through turbine-containing turbines, similar to those which Niagara. There is no reason why, in time, the tide at the mouth of the Bristol Channel should not do the work that is now done by Niagara.

Technical difficulties still stand in the way. Mr. William Storr, an inventor, has built a model of a tidal power station. Technical difficulties still stand in the way. Mr. William Storr, an inventor, has built a model of a tidal power station. Technical difficulties still stand in the way. Mr. William Storr, an inventor, has built a model of a tidal power station.

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Curiosities of Chess

The origin of chess is the subject of an extremely interesting and curious story known in exceedingly ancient times both in China and India. The *Partholopha* of the 17th and 18th centuries is the first distinctly early game of chess. In China it was known a considerable part of the education of their emperors, and was to take the place of dancing in the West. The Hindu game, chessman, was played by four persons, two being allied against two, in the world or *chatur*, a "four" and *man*, "a soldier." The word chessman has been modified in the course of time and is now and is not only in the English language, but in the French and Spanish and quite different word "echiquier."

It may come as a surprise to many chess players to learn that the oldest four-handed version of the game is still alive and flourishing. The Four-handed Chess Club of London is now the chief home, though there are several of players at the University of Oxford

and Cambridge. The Four-handed Chess Club assembles several of times a week, and never a Tuesday evening session without an attendance sufficient to make several sets. Each set consists of a board, a large size, laid out in the form of a Maltese cross. The board has one hundred and twenty-four squares, and on these squares are ranged the sixty-four chessmen (white, black, yellow, and red) which are fit to engage in battle. At the table sit quartets of players—partners opposite each other, so in a card game—and one set of rules is followed. The object is to hang long-hung pieces, pieces a soldier alone, among both players and spectators, but as the game is not a very exciting one, a number of distinguished mathematicians have been players of four-handed chess. Strategic four-handed chess, however, are known to the dilettanti of the game. Colonel Lloyd-Vernoy, who wrote an excellent treatise on "Chess Geometries," describes chess for three persons, for six, and for eight. "Round chess" (played on a circular board) for two, three, or four players; and different modes of playing four-handed chess on a spherical board.

All over the world there are countless variants of the game of chess. In a great many games, the board has 100 squares, 10 by 10. In the so-called Persian national game the board has 120 squares, 10 by 12. In the Indian game, played in the neighborhood of the board, the board has 14 squares in breadth and 10 in height. In the Chinese game, played at Noylle in the thirteenth century, the board had 14 squares, 10 each way. In the game played in the East, the board had 100 squares, 10 by 10. Three-handed chess is described by a Napolitano author writing in 1723. A. J. de la Cote, who translated the Chinese game into French, described the game in 1723. A. J. de la Cote, who translated the Chinese game into French, described the game in 1723.

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Roman Tenements

The tenement-house is no new thing. No great number of such houses and so badly constructed as to make them a curse to the city. In Rome that in 99 A. D. the Emperor Titus, who was then marshaling against Vitellius, had the tenement houses of the city destroyed by the ruins of buildings that had been undermined by an inundation. The spontaneous combustion of tenement houses was so common an occurrence that little attention was paid to it.

The tenement of these houses have been described by a writer of the time as being to be built or burned alive. Construction of these houses was so common an occurrence that little attention was paid to it. The tenement of these houses have been described by a writer of the time as being to be built or burned alive. Construction of these houses was so common an occurrence that little attention was paid to it.

In comparison with the tenements of modern times, the houses of Rome were excessively high. Martial alludes to a poor man, a workman, who had to mount his ladder to reach the roof of his tenement. That parrot must have been perched nearly one hundred feet above the level of the street.

It is possible that Martial exaggerated, but it is certain that Augustus, to make the tenement habitable, had the houses of the city lowered. The height of the houses that sprang from the streets to about thirty feet. As this was a remedial regulation, and a fire broke out in the houses, the houses were destroyed.

A Locomotive as Fire-engine

It is not often that one hears of such an engine made of railway locomotive as to be employed as a fire in a building. In 1870, a locomotive was not long ago used to burn the outside of a Western town. About thirty-five feet from the railway track, a fire had been constructed principally of wood. This might fire, and it would have been regrettable to the town, if it had not been for the fact, a considerable distance off the engine of a train, then standing side by side with the engine, was used to put out the fire. Accordingly, the engine was used to a point opposite the burning building, and the fire was extinguished in a few minutes. Steam will in many cases smother fire.



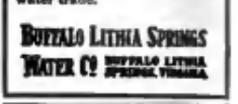
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Dr. Roberts Bartholow Professor Emeritus of Materia Medica, General Therapeutics, etc., Johns Hopkins College, Baltimore, and is "Practical Treatise on Materia Medica and Therapeutics," 1899, the Buffalo Lithia Water "contains silica well-defined traces of lithia and alkalies. It has been used with great advantage in gout, rheumatism and renal affections."

Dr. George Ben Johnston Richmond, Va., ex-President Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association, ex-President Medical Society of Virginia, and Professor of Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery, Medical College of Virginia, says: "Buffalo Lithia is indicated, I prescribe Buffalo Lithia Water for preference to the salts of lithia, because it is chemically superior to the various preparations of lithia, lithia tablets, etc."

Edward M. Elshar, M.D., Ph.D., Ch.D., Ph.D. University of Vienna, Chicago, Ill., declares: "I have found Buffalo Lithia Water of undoubted value 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.



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Makes rim changing easier and tire bolts malleable. Applied in a minute and dries in five. \$1.00 buys a case from your Dealer or direct from us. In Europe Ford orders to cost. Eight tires. You need it now—order today.
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Unstable Chinese Currency

Of the many strange things in China the least strange is its currency. To the manager of a business that does 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 occupations of the Chinese. They stir the silver with a pair of metal sheepshears. 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, exchanging them 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.

It is 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 took 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.

Soon 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 metal 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. Naturally the value of the dollar as compared with the silver dollar, was constantly fluctuating. Sometimes \$100 would bring seventy taels, and at other times only fifty cents. It was the result of the very profitable sale to the money-changers.

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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 motor car 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 8½ per cent, and we do not expect to exceed that.

Out of that profit must come the interest on millions of capital invested.

That is why, even this time, No-Rim-Cut tires—tires of Goodyear quality—can be had at Goodyear prices.

Please Try Them

Hundreds of thousands have tried these tires, and our figures on miles show the result of their tests.

Your verdict is bound to be similar. You can't overlook the savings. They are too big, too apparent. For your own sake, prove them out.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all know ways to economize on tires.

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DEMONSTRATING A NEW AUTOMOBILE ROAD-CLEANING MACHINE IN LONDON

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 all is still in admirable preservation in most parts, and where the lower stone has been used the one may see the interior masonry of rubble and cement.

The Overcut wall seems to have been

the breaking away of a length of the facing, the masonry practically any that Roman walls are absolutely enduring, except for the slipping of the masonry. Nothing hinders the result; it is harder than the stone itself, so a rain, that when the wall is broken into small pieces, disintegrates 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 force comes out the jet with the best temperature; and in some instances the 5-1/2 has been broken into fragments without softening 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 calculated 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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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 in instalments—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 about as follows. The importer here 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 "bank," which states that it authorizes the shipper at the silk mill 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 done, the London bank, the Japanese exporter is in a position to ship the goods and draw on London for their value. Able to show his 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 will, of course, agree 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, still, an expensive one. The London bank, naturally, is not going to allow itself to be drawn on for nothing, nor is the bank with New York which acts as 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 few so far as having over the actual cash to the bankers is concerned, but not at all free of expense, and incidentally 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 the importer article you can think of, and the fact that some London banker got a commission out of it at the end of it was brought in makes it cost you a little more.

That brings it right down to a matter of dollars and cents. For so not to be able to handle one's own banking business is too bad, but, from the viewpoint of the great majority of people, not a matter of any particular moment. Unavoided, however, in the light of the fact that our banking to call to somebody to help us 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 likely to go on colling and colling, and help us out with our exporting and importing—and to pay the necessary millions in commissions. It is not, however, a limited out between 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 so 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 our finance commercial operations with South America and the East.

As a change in our banking system is required to make possible these closer relations, it is no mean. Establishment of a new bank, or of some sort of a "Reserve Association" corresponding to a central bank would distribute the foreign financial responsibilities of our banks over the available field. It is absolutely not necessary to the development of such relations. Let us have a bank, or only a few banks, centrally, in the present position of our country, and of those debts by the of our banks, or of banks, or of banks, all over the world would be able to carry out their financial operations on deposit here, and we with these banks would be able to allow direct financing of export and to port business, and that the third party out of the transaction altogether.

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A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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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 shield.

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 prophecies must have been a bitter disappointment to his zealous and confident spirit. We doubt if he is as fond 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 as much himself, because, somewhat inconsistently with his frequently reiterated determination to let the people rule, he rejected this proposal with some "mild" reservations. Had not the gladstonian 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 anticipated or not, 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 devoted one to that end, or to any other, but to be kept on duty and did his best.

The net results were varied. Most gratifying, perhaps, was the peaceful evening during which it must have seemed like old times to see the Assistant President roll by his slaves and hold court on the lawn, and the fact that the grand jury judicial scrutiny. It must have been a great comfort, too, surprising well for the future, to be able to join the happy bands 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 changed 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 sincere, 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 present 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 quiet 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 publicity in preference to a secret convention that Governor FULTON had to call him down. Even the *Indy-Courier* assumed a non-vindictive air, one of their overly upsetting the Presidential motor and firing a most unbecoming shot to the rear. One charged the President to wait until, in 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. FERRARO YOUNG 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 some 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 to 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 sheriff does not want to be saved, "what," asked the Hindu, "can 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 as 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 do not in the least need 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 two points of superiority seem to him the ones we should wish to have.

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 moves this of efficiency 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 Collectors

We don't know why, but collectors here have made a lot of trouble in American politics. The collectors, postmaster-general, have made more trouble, but postmasters are much more numerous than collectors. We mean particularly collectors of ports, not the internal-revenue kind.

The classic instance, of course, is the one that occurred in Garfield's administration, when a collector, such as the famous collector, was better for the part of New York started a series of rows that indubitably affected the course of history. It ended CALDWELL'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 collector, with REV. BEVERLY 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 collector, who ever 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 OGDENMAN. 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 OGDENMAN had a stronger claim than Mr. McADAMS to be the President's adviser in this particular matter, though on other grounds 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 OGDENMAN 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.

Distinctly 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 any objection 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 in other ways, such as building a water-works. We wish the provision for rent and building could be made more surely effective. But we welcome with gratitude 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, of course to be, unsoft, well-to-do 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 people 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 people, but they are team workers, and groups of them working of intensive agriculture in competition with white California neighbors seem to be able by superior activity, diligence, and knowledge to quite outmatch and outsell their rivals.

Back of this, however, is 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 mass of agricultural students 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 had 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 California 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 cause for California's nightmare 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 certain amount of confusion among 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 at last Saturday, they were met and polite spectators, 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 we were thankful that urging industrial relations on the one hand, and reforming when the reformers are sincere and when our sympathies with their object and even approval, 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 making to the heart-breaking appeal of his little masterpiece, *An Unfinished Story*. Nevertheless, we think it was a useful as well as a wise word spoken by Professor Stewart of Columbia, at the meeting of the American Society of Political Economy, 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 mentioned?

It is surely desirable to keep working-girls' wages high enough to support them decently, but to secure 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 let 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 man's mind of reading an assembly representing itself in which it can pay no tribute to the past. I do not think that a debate in the House of Commons will be with the same respect or interest or attention 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 strikingly 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 back from the Senate galleries, and were called without offense the business presence. More than 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 presence." 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 men have been the men of business and the bankers. The very possibility of what is important in it have narrowed, 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 GEAR 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 share Sir EOWAN'S view, but 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 three 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? I fancy 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 "an 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 help those 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 has sent them all letters 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 influenza 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, has 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 does Senator HOLLAND or Governor PERDUE, for they are not, as we are told, 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 so ill! Anything that would bring pay to the kitchen would better life. To read the news of this day in the work 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 individual, 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 gives a good deal of her intelligence and energy, and 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 great importance, and legislative experiments with a view to improving it will be well worth trying, 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. BRAXAN as Secretary of State gives a dinner to the embassy from the King of the United Kingdom, it is not to be expected that Mr. BRAXAN served invited at the dinner. The fact that Mr. BRAXAN's dinner party has nothing to do with the matter. It is provincial to carry such personal prejudice into dealings with foreign diplomats, and he would, very properly, be well pleased and gratified should he allow his personal convictions to influence his actions.

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. BRAXAN then to observe the ordinary usages of Washington and in other polite capitals. And yet if his private sentiments refuse to let him baffle fault will be found. His position will be understood even where it is not approved.

Pending Improvements

There are two things and once where the modern political movements come in very handy. "Women voters" and "the vote," are chiefly responsible for recalling the Mr. FRANCIS PULVER, 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 appear in court. He was, however, chiefly responsible for recalling the Mr. FRANCIS PULVER, 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 appear in court. He was, however, chiefly responsible for recalling the Mr. FRANCIS PULVER, 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 appear in court. He was, however, chiefly responsible for recalling the Mr. FRANCIS PULVER, CHARLES L. WELLES, and electing WALTER F. CHASE, a lawyer, in his place.

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 Shi'ah 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 thought, 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 Shi'ah 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 "Sunni," 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 Khalid preached the high pulpit in Mecca, Mecca to preach his weekly Akshar, 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 Isfahan Plaza and up through the labyrinthine streets of Isfahan is to pass from this year of our Lord 1913, over the waters of antiquity, into the thirteenth-century times of Murad and Mohammed the Conqueror. Toward midnight this impression is stronger, and generally the Mohammedan religious festival takes place after sunset by the light of burning torches. But this time, it was a few, it was held in broad daylight, so that the Festival, which was to pray, and the Ghaize who paid kashuk 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 magnificent performance going on inside it. Khan, pronounced "Han," is a combination of iron and brass, and is, in construction, similar 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 Isfahan. 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 meeting rapid, into the quiet waters of a Euphrates' possession 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 thus happened to turn it into, or a earthquake came, or perhaps it was a curious accident had looked

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 trellises from which still hang the tendrils of last summer's vines. A few trees here and there softened the outlines of the lack severe; females high and dark, and full of strange sprays—half window, half door; covered balconies with rugs hung, black and white—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 Shi'ah 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 fists 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 on we held back his coat 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 that followed 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-being, were only suffering short-term pain, but the rest kept at it hammer and anvil.

By all odds the finest formation was being done done at one end of the ringed circle by two learned men who stood facing each other in what appeared to be a protestant competition. From time to time, stirred by a heart-rending cry from some one, generally a priest who walked with a staffed staff in the center of the circle, additional participants would grip the file, and then these two old shapes would hit up their stroke like a new "gilding her toe" in the last drive of a slow race. The older of the two was graying in his hair and his head tilted from side to side drunkenly, but he was sane. The other, though past middle age, was a spry, big, healthy laughter. He simply couldn't hurt himself. "Clear-eyed and ray-shocked, he kept on backsliding away, all the time gaining favor, with a kind of wistful 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—ah, Hossein—ah, Hossein—ah," 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 advanced upon us as strange a procession as ever I considered 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 trappings and empty saddle, on which a white dove was tied, as he came nearer, were more splashed with red paint or blood. Then followed the drums and futes, and behind 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, Vremochag, once drew those terrible figures; I was partially prepared for them 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 spectators' 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 of 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 were, 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 goings and comings of citizens, 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 realities of falling efforts were too vividly at close range, the incongruity of European spectators 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 Yablouk Khan. And that was the surest proof to me of the different effect upon Occidentals of all that we saw and heard in an abundance which in the Mohammedan is taking 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 sight 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 question, "or Tabriz—his India, 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 umbrella a long, slender-looking *khushak*, one of the scimitar-like 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, 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

Nay 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, Baska?" asked Dobbins.
"Not exactly," said Baska. "I should call him an

DANGER AHEAD

trivial snorter from these unfilling well-springs of romance the hours and sufferings of men. He went himself into the perilous. 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 grandiose burlesque on 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."

"Do you remember old Nibbles a humorist, Baska?" asked Dobbins.
"Not exactly," said Baska. "I should call him an



Interfudes

THE READY REPLYER

BEING A TREATISE ON EPIGRAMS IN EXHAUSTIVE MOMENTS FOR THE OVERTHROWN UNPREPARED

(For a brilliant Barplot caught in the Redoubt of a Billionaire about to start for the Opera, holding a Poor Yowler in his Right Hand.)

BILLIONAIRE (suddenly entering the room, which is only dimly lighted): What the Dickens are you doing here?
Billionaire (turning, with a polite bow): Ah, sir, with what singular provision you use that made sense of Dickens? True, you have used it in an epigrammatic fashion, and in a purely colloquial sense, but how apply it to me at a moment when (epigram) would have been most pardonable? In this dim light, and with this snuff upon my face, you of course do not regard me as an act, nor 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 Herrick's Wit, or rather Hamilton, author of those popular novels *Kepler*, *The Third Wife of Hattifolton*, 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 Masson rank into the insignificant realm of the straggling flag. My whole life, sir, from my very birth, has been devoted to this dramatic moment has been devoted to the learning 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 novels, 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 forth the details of his stress of mind. I plunge myself deep into debt with bankers, 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 billionaire and, after gagging him and shoving him under the bed, swallow the pearls, 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.]

esternal. 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 she do?"
"What could she do?" repeated 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. Dabbkins, after her return from the polls, "did you get your vote of her?"
"Yes," said Mrs. Dabbkins, with a happy smile.
"There it is!"
She threw the ballot upon his desk.
"Why," said Mr. Dabbkins, "didn't you cast it?"
"Oh!" repeated Mrs. Dabbkins. "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 Baska.
"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 Baska, joyously. "Hurray for the suffragettes!"
"Oh!" said Simpson. "Why," chuckled Baska, "they've just dropped a



"MR. JIM'S FEMINITY"
"NAY; BROWN'S WOMEN."



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 nation, 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 football wears his own feet in the back), 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 hour 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.

Next 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, four-legged animals that need most sedulous care. Though the eye be the eye of a sturgeon, yet while it abides in this world it must receive treatment and rub 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 a pleasant jog on the wet, slippery ground. What a joy it was to throw down the road my walk, with the purposeful halloo of a downer 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 indeed by the score had brought their horses out to take the air and have a few thousand words with the guardian police. The horses and multi-ears milled north and south full of fat and foolish ideas, the food for silent

laughter as one swirls along twirling a sprig of black-thorn. At Eighth 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 sand and no-mud and pond. He threw me an appealing look, but I remembered doing a similar dance with a depreared gray mare under the riffs of eight of Fian Garra'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.

Halfway 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 palid ball blazed through the mist upon the soldier river and the soldiers 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 least apt to be introduced to Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, who for many years has directed the physical culture of the students at Harvard University. I quote from an newspaper 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 hips 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, standing in the presence of a great 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 on far on to avoid rain or frost or lead to fetch his home. Hiding in any conveyance while hot, damp, and tired is a strong bid for joints-ache of lameness.

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 jog 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 stone 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 blindest walker in the world; also the advice of Tom O'Leary, whom Will Jack O'Mara used to call "the proudest pedestrian that man ever saw."

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 in time with a guide." 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 managing 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 pleasurable it is to walk than the cradle or dream of voices at his elbow, though his poetic and kindly mind would be the last to think such a thing. But he is right in his own mind. The Puritan on the lake (I think it is) when he says, "I was a great solitary when I was young." The vast open world spoke to him, entertained him. Yet (although he has gone to the end of the world, never almost into collapse in order to see off a horse) I must record my humble opinion that good company enhances the delight of a walk on it does the delight of a walk 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 never-failing location 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 perfectly go alone—which happens far too often in those days of hot-dog dresses, and their vaporous antiseptics—then the mind will derive a thousand amusing pleasures which are not to be had in company. The foot is always a matter of free speculation. 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 friends. You and I, friend reader, find it comfortable; go; whether a crowd or an ankle, but a few, exhilarating pace that turns the legs like wine and makes the upper chest heave high over the deep history of full breath.

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 neighborhood 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 crawling noise of his heels. 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 forbear to speak but I should be thought a mad enthusiast. And after the journey and the shower, a ball-bone'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 divinity to the full significance of that delicious word. Your muscles are an agreeable shock, you feel so clean and so strong and so life, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is 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 veins are every burning,
And child self-adorning greeds my bed,
And spite of all the thing that god that's burning
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 own eyes the haunting
Fears 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 held to prove but madness,
And they who used to cheer 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 slanting,
I'll tread the path that leads on to release,
And find a more far freer life awaiting
Made in the everlastings 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 extracting
The freer years of undisturbed 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!



"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
SLOW WIDE SLOW WIDE AREA OF ACTION
WIDE SLOW WIDE AREA OF ACTION
SLOW WIDE SLOW WIDE AREA OF ACTION



The section of the Hudson River that is narrowed and where most of the big losses are due to the New York pier, 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 in operation beyond the Gutierrez at Pier P, a pier as 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 Experiment Basin.



A ship being forced to drop clear of the water in a channel between of an dry vessel following and over driving her. The plus distribution along by the following vessel will push the one in front of the water area and probably make her run aground.



Conditions induced by a nearby boat and its outside plus area. The inside picture shows the stream of water around a ship passing upstream. An interesting effect of this channel might be observed this difficulty to map behavior 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.

THE problem of accommodating our busy river traffic which has been crippling the New York Harbor facilities 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 engaging 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 bows 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 within the measure of hours 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 cause 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. Inauguring 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 scores of lesser craft are moving in the same waters these disastrous conditions might well engulfer both life and property alike.

In Job's speaking of the levitation, it is said, "It smothereth like deep to hull 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 piers at which other steamships are moored. The arrows indicate graphically the all-around 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 way from her dock at Southampton, the waters 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 see, 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 centered 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.

Massive picture screens were placed at strategic points, and screens 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 submarine leags, but of the other models flying 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 her inflexion 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 held opposing views. The growing size of the ocean liner has emphasized the need of greater precautions in restricting ships in confined waters and in guiding across an increase of the hazards 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

Kegle

THE GAME IS ON

DRAWN BY E. W. KENDLE

PARIS'S "HAM FAIR"
A Singular and Amusing Illustration
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 in London of Paris, 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 in second-hand articles 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, rosaries which benefit the poor, and the proprietors, as there is a long row of booths from which the women rush out with long knives, holding on the end a handful of orange, turn, or pepper.

"*Threat, monseigneur, c'est le vin.*" (Hazard, head cheese, several, some of them in tinful cases, are hanging on leaden plates, and descriptions of the wares are scribbled on large sheets. *Cinquante livres* are often seen for one dollar.)

Though called the Fête de la Bastille, the name belies the fair. It is possible to buy nothing from a Louis Quinze toothbrush stand—hardly the pretiest, vestments, and mirrors, and, a ready eye without a hand, old silver snuff-boxes, colored receivers, labor-saving laboring signs of hand work, silver and silver plate, oil paintings, furniture of every description—ready for sale. The things which did not see were glass vases, but I have no doubt that they were scarce. Tobacco, of various kinds, is the sale of articles which give by that name being a monopoly of the French government.

There are three French terms which the American needs to make curious. The first is "*Comme vous êtes*" 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 proposition."
"Comme vous êtes, monseigneur? Comme vous êtes?" and the third means that they matter to him. It implies a proposition that my French friend had shown was detected, or the English which my friend used was criticized, and then the reply would be "*C'est pas cher*," or "*cher*," or "*pas cher*," or "*pas cher*," or "*pas cher*."

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 department along a section of Ninth Avenue wanders from morning until nightfall. 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. It is a crowd, but it does not 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 a cap, and a shabby, bearded one, tray filled with coins and articles, standing each piece—as a report, perhaps, seeking something for a woman's relief. One of the latter is a fat, ghastly-looking Frenchman, a drum before him. In it, red wax of pepper, and an open tray, for the latter a dog alive, partly from the loss and partly from the expectation of a share in the sale.

During the three days which I spent in wandering up and down between the tents my purchases were as follows: a remarkably well-designed Buffalo-plank mandoline, which cost twenty cents, a pocket coffee-pot and teapot, both well-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, from 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 \$150, and at an antique shop in Paris about half that amount. One of my friends bought an old Buffalo-plank 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, 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 connoisseur to guide him. He will be the American, say, "amercifully stark." 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 unpretentious 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 Rousseau 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 property 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 would be the diamond of the present. Each long Moorish gun, Malacca kris, or Spanish athletic comb—diamonds with a story of mediaeval death. It is a thing to meet one's friends and to make one wish that some of these hidden stores might be known. They are gone now, and it is a pity that they are not the place of an unknown 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 certain epitaphs there is a recent footnote in the Forest of Dean, in England. Mr. Arthur O. Cooke has discovered the one to the memory of a young man named Yon:

As I was riding on the road,
I met a fellow that was good.
A Bull that was legged and posed,
After me come 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 slipping. In the Forest of Dean, in England, a deer has been awarded to the memory of William Port, who was fatally injured in a railway car crash in 1847. He seems to have left a connoisseur, as witness these lines:

Bright rose the more, and vigorous rose
poor Port.
On the train he used his wonted
gait,
Too soon arrived a mangled form they
saw,
With pain distracted and overwhelmed
with care.
The evening came to close the fatal day
A mutilated corpse the sufferer lay.

How Fish are Drowned

PARADISIAIC as 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 jar, which was brought about death by suffocation. If a living and healthy fish be put into water, immediately from which have been driven all the gases ordinarily present in distilled water, the fish dies in the same way.

THE GREAT ALL-BOUND FAMILY LINDER—A
FRANCE for the month. September 11, 1914, No. 10, p. 26.

THE BROWN'S Copyrighted National Geographic
FRANCE for the month. September 11, 1914, No. 10, p. 26.

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.

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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.

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CONSULTING EDITORS:
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Editor "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

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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 so 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.

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"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 towers shown in the accompanying illustration form a corner of the new Naaman's 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" WHICH WAS DESTROYED ON APRIL 15, 1912. It was dedicated 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 Naaman's 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. F. 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 routes of 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 stations.

The Chemistry of Toadstools

The exceptionally large number of cases of toadstool poisoning which have occurred in France lately have led chemists to analyze these fungi and publish their findings. The general view now prevails is 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. Chlorophyll is sometimes lacking altogether, which has been isolated from several species of toadstools, changes on decay to the deadly strychnin, which resembles in its deadly activity the poisonous principle of the scorpion. (Scorpion *Limacina maculosa*). This ascorbic 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. Yet even this "deadly" 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 scorpion, grows 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 muscarin, and probably also phalloin, acts in precisely an opposite way to atropin, the antispasmodic (belladonna) alkaloid, 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 muscarin contains a second alkaloid, pilocarpin, which neutralizes the rest of the muscarin; and it has been suggested that in those places where the fly-cap 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, or 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 slime 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 dry. For the production of good caviar the brine must be boiled and cooled.

The roe is prepared from the sturgeon. The roe is cut out and blown into a preparation of brine made of six pounds of salt and twelve pounds of water. 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 roe must be taken out of the fish when it is caught. This caviar is more perishable than the fresh. It is held in more perishable than the fresh. It is held in more perishable than the fresh. It is held in more perishable than the fresh.

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 Pops. 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. These men possess of a keen sense of rhythm, and the music produced by this strange band has a certain, 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 Faber, and he has received the Nobel Prize. It seems tragic that one who has done so much for the world should meet such a fate. Faber is not in darkness, since perfecting his great invention, Faber has become blind.

The lighthouse is extinguished and 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.

Anything plays an important part in this invention. Had it not been for the discovery of the French chemist, the lighthouse 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 outfit consists of two large welded steel cylinders, such as are used for compressed oxygen and other gases.

Dalva Test invented a flushing apparatus, whereby the light, instead of being extinguished, is extinguished every few hours, was given a characteristic character to that of an extinguishing apparatus in which a revolving shutter periodically reflects the light every fraction of a second. This mechanism being driven by a supply of gas, it is self-maintaining. Then, is perfected that is called the Test valve.

With the lowering of the sun in the west, gradually the beam light burns out, allowing steadily through the shutter, and waxing with the breaking of the dawn. During the day it is entirely extinguished. This automatic apparatus is not to a blackboard but constructed of a material peculiarly sensitive to light. The red pigment used in Test valve, closes a valve through which the gas passes

Try One of Our Dry Varieties

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Merlot—Dry (medium)
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Smokers, Wards and Co. Country Splendid fishing, yachting, boating and golfing. Cook houses always.

Send for "Quaint Cape Cod." It's free.

ADVERTISING BUREAU
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ABBOTT'S BITTERS

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. It immediately the organisms flock to that part of the water where the oxygen is being liberated, and another familiar, other organisms are attracted by sugar or by acid.

A most wonderful case is that of a kind of plasmodium called *Didymium*, an organism that consists of transparent, structureless, living but colorless threads that glide along a wet surface. When a bit of fungus is placed upon the edge of this film, *Didymium*, by touching through the fungus, comes greatly excited, and streams of living material begin to flow toward the object that excites. 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 layers of epithelium 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 priests of the temples are also distinguished by their papers and robes of straw—chimes to keep away evil spirits. None will allow their swords to be taken from their hands, and can be declared used 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 prayer of supplication, and, afterwards, after which prayer swords 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 the highest quality, and is produced today by those of European manufacture, which is evident when you realize that Damascus steel is often made in Anatolia, hence, it is not unreasonable they have been recognized in Eastern Asia to suit the taste of the Orient.

The particular treatment of the steel used by the manufacturer of Asiatic swords had been known to us only by reputation for the letter, for the Damascus, or "waking" of choice European and Indian arms since the latter part of the century was evident in the making of



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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 craft. 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' value 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 long years we have made this 18 ft. boat and built a large number of them. It is perfect for use in salt water and is built to last. It is equipped with a 3 H.P. Gray Motor. **\$142.50**

Gray Motor in your boat means absolute satisfaction and you can get it for a very reasonable cost.

6 H.P.—Lightest and most powerful motor in the world. **\$89.50**

3 H.P.—Lightest and most powerful motor in the world. **\$55**

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 grow up boys of brass cast in a mold the horseshoe as a layman might say. For boys were held to be especially susceptible to the influences of whisks. If previous were not taken these mischievous creatures would ride the horses at head of night over the hills, and when the mare came to the stable in the morning he would find his steed in a lather and utterly exhausted. A horse shoe placed over the stable door was believed to ward off such 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 not infrequently worn 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 leather in case of bad weather, or when it was necessary to pass through icy districts. Instead of driving the nails through their hooves, they fastened the heads of their manes. Now, however, who ever stoole in outdistance his contemporary, covered horses are 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 thing of no account. A competitor in the old-fashioned modes made of steel, which are fastened to the horse's fore feet, such as they might be to 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 some 100 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 then filled with lead tubes and an inner tube was inserted down which brine was pumped from the freezing plant. The brine converted the water, and had good ground into frozen mass. The sinking of the shaft was then through the frozen mass. 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 frozen 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 has now been improved by the use of 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 on the heating of the mass 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 in this way, which is afterwards pressed into briquets.

WARRIOR WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1913

[12 CENTS A COPY
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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 serious 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 set 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 in the prosecution 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." This is asserted by news dispatches from Washington, bearing a semblance of authority, that this claim will constitute the basis of your own defense if, at this early and most unpropitious period in your administration, you should unwittingly assume the defensive upon an utterly indefensible proposition. One need not be a lawyer to perceive the falsity 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 necessary to be given. 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 of 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 impudently stated, such who openly and deliberately break 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 Bloor, "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 agricultural equally criminal, shall not be punished."

What can such action mean? What involved? Consider the broader aspect.

"Let me ask you, sir," continued Senator Bloor 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 excuse 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 causes for millions of conservative Democrats and approximately one million of Republicans. You won through their faith in your sagacity, your integrity, your consistency, 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 such a precedent. Don't crush out the faith in you that has put you 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 even shams 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 object to 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 let all hope and friendliness and with an small confidence so 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 distinguished on that score and there is honest ground for quarrel 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, they sent it and had need 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 the Assistant President to go 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 money contributions. Yet the bill goes to the Senate impermissibly Democratic, sectional, national, sincere.

The fact is—and it has been the fact 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 remarkable 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 cause of 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 cause.

On the other hand, however, everything has been done that could be done to give the line firm, 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 not here, the country is plain enough, and it is up to give their opinion of it, solidified or unsolidified. We'll then see only wait, 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 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 it is also doubly patriotic. The idea of the celebration did not have its origin in the kinship of the American and British peoples. Everybody knows that America is no longer English. It has long been known from practically every nation under the sun. But America and Great Britain are the two great English-speaking powers. They are, everything considered, the two great powers of the earth. Does any American, of whatever origin, object to their celebrating the end of one hundred years of peace and at the same time doing what they can to insure peace in the future? We know not. The measure of any man's opposition to the idea is simply the measure of his indignation not to be an American, but something else.

Is Professor MONTAGU 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 none 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 desecrated, the fratricidal Germanic nations, for Americans, so 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 partially, with a natural and mainly reciprocal partiality. It is not a Germanic domain of such and all precisely the same loyalty—single and undivided—that other nations demand of their subjects or citizens.

Professor MONTAGU is in this country, we would say as a professional. 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 Germany, Mexico, Russia—the particularly despicable 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 not a general one, it was restricted to the most part by cheap and not very rational work-people from Europe (Poles, mostly) whose earnings were not large, and their manner of life not up to the standard of the city. They struck for more pay and other improvements, and being unusually ignorant, were unusually stubborn. They refused to take a cent off, and some of the strikers were shot, and the town has had a good deal of advertisement that it would well have spared.

The question suggests itself: Is it good for an American city to start in a cheap-labor factory, and fill it with a lot of cheap and craftable work-people from Europe?

Under the stimulation of the high tariff, that has been done very and over again in American cities, and has usually been regarded as a contribution to the welfare and prosperity of the city concerned. Lowell, in Massachusetts, is a striking example. It is twenty-five per cent of the population of Lowell, and has a population of 25,000—of which about 5,000 are non-members of the C. I. C. The militia has been lately called out to keep order. Now, to provide good 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 HARRIS of the theory of evolution, who is out with a book in which he attempts to coordinate 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 doing so, must 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 FLEMING DANE stands ready to endorse him. Brother WATSON 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 at the rehearing allowed 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 full-crew 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 unprinted, it was not made clear that the commission was wrong in favor of the extra man when it was 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.—HARRIS'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 agent.

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 send them to the farmers. 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 is a Good Interval

Memorial Day follows the spring month. In the South they take their early when the early flowers are out. Texas remembers Sam Houston on April 21. In Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Mississippi Memorial Day falls on April 26; 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 so serious widens this meaning of our peace and federation, that we are one country than we are. 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.

It 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. The war was, in 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 postmastermen. President Taft's order subjecting them to the classified service. "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 postmastermen transferred to the classified service. 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 his time. They are not so important things for him to wrestle with without being handicapped by interfering petty business or political spoils. 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 be made a subject to 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 of 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 need more to complete, and those who survive derive advantage from surviving.

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 heads, the government sending a number of strong expeditions 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 that 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 beginning of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth 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 is a very fascinating theme, and Mrs. Mills handles it with the right amount of promotion. Her general conclusion was 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 tirade against the lives and influences 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 habits of imitation instead of criticism. She has flouted all opposition in her own history, determined manner, and she has gratified her own modest, airy grace upon the once-famed 'magnates' of the great lady. Dignity, reserve, and culture are not things that appeal to this class 'smart' woman. . . . She it was who introduced 'mixons' which were too shabby for the money, but eagerly welcomed in the drawing-rooms. 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 husband,' her superior justice, her sparkling chatter, her budding dress sense, her floral tress, her 'color' supports, and her smiles in cotton figure have been largely omitted. She has an inveterate habit, and a mania for organization. She has shown us how charity can be made a playground for vicious display and social functions turned into a sort of an unending circus. In fancy-dress a charity, in Smart a bazaar, in self-sacrifice a hospital—these are the things we have learned from our transatlantic neighbors. 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 frivolousness 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 really 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-hundred of them have only one husband 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 Nile and a Nile." "I saw only their selfishness from Americans and how much would one hear of Blue 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 writer contradicted with the influence of the colonial wives of titled Englishmen, who are "waxed and waxed in their native land," who "will advertise themselves, who are not married for their money, who are born into noble traditions and a nobler social and moral sense, who never join the 'Smart Set' but who save themselves with all that is best in English life, and society, fit of whom have borne two hundred and sixty children, and put it shortly," he summed up, "colonial influence for themselves as masculine, vigorous, and wholesome; American influence for themselves as feminine, frivolous, and boring." But if it is boring, what is the writer's remedy 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 ashamed of having an American father

IS MODERN DANCING INDECENT?

A Calm and Unbiased Consideration of a Remarkable Phase of Contemporary Life

BY WILLIAM INGLIS

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 business agencies going on in so-called 'respectable' dance-halls in this city . . . have grown to be intolerable." Hundreds of similar protests by clergy, doctors, 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 for their representative 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's what I mean," said young Channagally. "The ballroom is only for the infant class. When the 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; there were scores of debilitated, a sprinkling of little brothers and sisters, a great many slender, dainty youths who were idly, tired as college "men," several dozens of pen-occupied and grey-haired fathers who looked as if they could be happier anywhere in this meeting; there were scores of thoughtless who looked so foolishly at their play; also, filling the room, were 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 dances who officiously greeted them. Three happy personages were the "dancing men" as I will to leave later—the heroes of the ball, the trick, and the tags. 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 shifty 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 elevator, 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



Turkey-trotting—the "approach"



Turkey-trotting—the "clutch"



Turkey-trotting—the "wriggle"

reed conspicuously 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 highball, with its profuse addition of water, had quite supplanted the ruminous old fashion of drinking whiskey with little water or none. 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 strutting, mandolin, banjo, and guitar, and the music they made led the bounding rhythm of African tom-toms, or of a Havana orchestra, or of ragtime down in the lower—the swaying, sensuous suggestion that is characteristic of the music of the black man everywhere. A tall, heavy-shouldered lady, who was a free shining like a polished ebony frame for his splendid white teeth, was half-grinning, half-frowning to see how he cheated the clowns 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!
Down!"

The seven other ladies clanked the clowns 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 hearer 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 left by 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 partner—most of the partners, that is—that

she could not help finding that he was in trouble on a score that should have no weight in the scheme of the dance was not starting. 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 half 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 waddling name. At various intervals in the music there came an interval 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 character of the "chorus":

Do my little baby linn-bow-bow—linn around, linn around, linn around, linn around.
Bring here all the heavy love, to me—little love, little love, little love.
Let me spend the happy hours

with pants and breeches intended to represent Siam—what an call is that? Oh, happily, the effect was really so more Siamese than a boy-garden is 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!
Well be just as happy as an one—he and me, you
and me, you and me?
Honey keep babbling, please; I've got a dozen needs
beside!
But I want you to be my baby lambskin.

The song, I may add, relates that, in the courtyard of Queens' Hall, "Hittie" floundered in a muddle round the roadway, where she would meet 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 practicals!

A charming girl of nineteen years came to rest at our table. There were some nice or less in our party now, 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 veiled almost like 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 grimacing yellow negro sang for them this song:

Oh, it acts just like a hole to my love-oh 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? 'Specially you ever loved?

Yes, don't you be askered? Listen—

Then the entire eight agrees, eyes gleaming at the dancing girls, fingers plucking the plumed strings, their bodies swaying to the rhythm of the song, and their mouths stretched in eager grin, sang the chorus:

Go-oo-oh! e-ry evening hear him sing—
It's the cutest little thing—
Got the cutest little swing—Hittie Koo, Hittie Koo.
Do-oo-oh! simply meant for kings and grocers;
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 recollection of one function. There is the whimsy of the next song that caught my attention:

When I git you alone to-night! When I git 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 git you alone to-night!

In this succession came the symmetrical ballad of Johnny Jones, who "had a cute little boat," "was a roving fiddler with his fiddle in the woods," "he found where the trees were no grand—the know just where to land."

I have verified the text of these songs by referring to the printed version, so as to give the accuracy of it as it is quoted here. And here is the chorus of the "Johnny Jones" song as it was shouted 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!
Well her head on his breast, she would lean,
—'Twas 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 practicals! No one in that assemblage of some two hundred people—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 performers. Young Chaucer 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 interloped and interlocked that one vertical sweep of a sword between them must inevitably kill both. 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 Snake, 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 protruding, 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 Snake occasionally spun the floor, but the beholder dived to watch them. Then she would spin away out of his arms like a whirling cloud of moonlight spray, only to float back again to a new partner.

And as they swung and eddied round and round near the right negroes, the leader of them, gazing eagerly at her, was singing hoarsely:

E'ybody 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 odd or tell one;
They love them this and that;
E'ybody 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'ybody 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 was in a state of perfect rapture, right the right point of view; if we only have the right point of view we can thoroughly enjoy seeing one after another of the girls, some of perfect rapture, 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" in the back room of the "Sweet-Dine" black-and-tan joint in the Tenderloin.



A turkey-trotting "the dunsant" 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 continued, earnestly.

"The symposium in character—initially American, and the dance, too. A young Frenchman I met at — Beach last winter just raved over it. He was dancing every moment he could find a girl to dance with. He said the Americans were so changing, so impressionable; 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 denunciations, 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 rebuked to it yet, but civilized up to it. It all depends upon the point of view. . . . Yes, Mr. Sawyer, with pleasure."

She was off, whirled away in the arms of young Sawyer, and as they shuffled and bobbed and rose

I just how that Hittie Koo, Hittie Koo, Hittie 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—Hittie Koo, Hittie Koo, Hittie 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 some drunken sailors carousing in various parts of the world, and wild-eyed students in their festive dances on the left bank of the Seine; but never anything like this in the presence 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 practicals!"

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 boldly laid on as if with a spatula—in the fashion much familiar in Faber's paintings—the cyphers and the cyphers blackened with some cosmetic. Somehow there was nothing incongruous in the spectacle, so much as being with the throbbing music, the lascivious-eyed and grinning negroes, the swayed outlines of the partners clushing 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 to me."

"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 my stark hour from all these things,
Thought me great warrior in a manly form,
And brought me to the plain where no bird sings,
And here is not, and laughter cannot come.

"This is my bitter pain, that I go home,
And here not the good wars shall overbold—
I that am greater than the pedestal
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.

THAT 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 pennants and the red 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 far-sighted 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 latent baseball talent. It is added, however, that they figure in conditional trades. When they do it is a proposition 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 Lefroy 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" to the parks when his team appears.

It is doubtful if more than five or six of the men who were prominent in the events 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 closed 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 cautiousness of Charley Murphy, of the Cubs, the generous dealing 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 "Cub," "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 Stengel, Evers and Murphy effected a sweeping reorganization of the Chicago Club. In the series of trades Chance, Tinker, Pitcher Landrum, 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.

"Hank" O'Day, a fan could not see that Murphy had eluded a pennant by the deals which released Chance and Tinker, and when Chance "fans" have an idea they talk right out to him about it. 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 monetary legs about themselves. George Stallings to-leave the big league again to take an \$80,000 salary as field general 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 selected 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 "glenners have decided to take their own chances. The Cardinals have secured 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 puffed 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-round 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 Lefroy 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 Doolin in a Goucher suit-form, Hank O'Day again calling balls and strikes, Reddy Barker playing for the Reds, Harry McLean with the Cardinals, and Harry Davis again in the Athletics hold only moderate interest and conditional play made by the magnates 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 an all-league, clever manager are considered. The playing strength of the various clubs is a matter of opinion and varies according to the situation and sympathies 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 Correspondent)



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 raiding 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.

SIXTY-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 report of the commission, just issued, divides one hundred and forty-two pages to the brief recollections of the deeds of these worthy men from tender 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 sacrific-

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 Loren 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 Loren up on the ice and three one of them, or Stokes and Loren 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 penetrating 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 Morgan fired the second shot again, the bullet striking Mecca, who fell at Morgan's feet. With their revolvers but two feet apart 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 reporter, nineteen years old, attempted to save Roy R. Ulter, aged twenty, machinist, from burning, at Wood River, Oregon, May 14, 1910. Ulter was working at a gasoline lighting machine in a machine-shop, when a stream of kerosene gas escaped from the tank. His clothing was ignited, and the building was set on fire. With his arms around his face, Ulter backed into a narrow passage to get out of the flame. Buggess ran to Ulter from an adjoining room, passing through the stream of gasoline flame, which was then six inches deep. Ulter 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 Ulter from the building Ulter expired. Buggess escaped, but he was so severely burned that he was thought at first to have died. He received a bronze medal, \$250 disability benefit, and \$1,000 for a worthy job done.

True courage needs nothing of the weakness of age, as witness the incident below of one 149 of the Commission's reports:

Richard N. Stokes, aged seventy-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 Lewis, 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 clung to 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 her 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 animals, slaves, 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 is 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 cut in twain. 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 by this fund, knowing well that heroic action is impulsive; but I do believe that if the hero is injured in his body at least to serve or save a fellow being, the fund depending 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 Nymkowsk's aid with a four-foot length of a four-rail, with which he struck the bull on the nose. Nymkowsk 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. Nymkowsk had been gored in the thigh, his clothes had been ripped open, and he had a number of flesh wounds and lacerations.

Tandem-rider Giles 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 threw her to the floor 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:

Martha Geneva (reborn), 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 appeared to hysterics 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 S. 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 moose 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 escaped convict James Gallagher who also attacked William J. Gaylor on the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Gross at Hoboken, on August 6, 1910. A silver medal was awarded to Mr. Edwards. One observer with regret that the report does not include a mention of Mr. Edwards's presence at Gallagher from the angry crowd that was going to drown him.

A silver medal was also awarded 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 Tronon, 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 had 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 lionhearted of the most fervid acolytes 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, were 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 report does not include a mention of Mr. Edwards's presence at Gallagher from the angry crowd that was going to drown him.

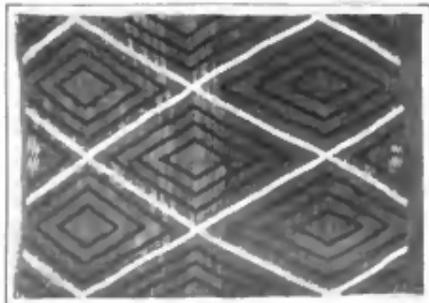
A silver medal was also awarded to the heroine of this tragedy:

The wool, after it is sorted, is washed by pouring over it hot water containing an extract of yucca root. The washing is done with a pair of ordinary European hand-cloths. 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.

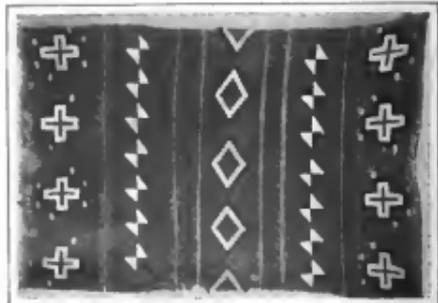
The loom is a simple frame in which the warp is placed vertically. The weaving is begun at the bottom, the blanket being lowered as the work progresses. The wool is inserted by the fingers without the aid of a shuttle, containing only so far across the web as that particular color is needed. The next 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



Geometrical designs upon a Navajo rug valued at more than \$1,000



Miss Burke in exude attire—as "Tommy Beltarbot" in Pinner's "The Amazons" at the Empire

Copyright by Charles Foskner



The gymnastic scene in "The Amazons." Miss Burke is the young person facing the ringman

Copyright by Charles Foskner



A scene from "Arizona," at the Lyric. From left to right—Elsie Ferguson, Crystal Hense, 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

Copyright by C. G. Lyle

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 1532. 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 lightermen were incorporated with the watermen, and the title of the company was changed to the Watermen's and Lightermen's Company, three lightermen being appointed as 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 1830 there were 12,243 of these Thames men; to-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 of London. The Thames barge has been famous for centuries. Howell relates that Sir Johnson was very pleased to command at his own advanced sons of three who tried their satire on him. By 1701 the watermen's craft had become generally disreputable, an order was made by the rulers and owners of the company forbidding this form of amusements, and a penalty of half a crown for each offence 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 breaking it. A Frenchman named Verbeur introduced a spider to a number of his inventors. This machine contained the spider, which was reeled steadily. The thread was wound as the spider spun it, not after it had been made. The end of the web, which was attached to the body of the spider, was raised and heaved firmly to a bobbin. Then the machine was pulled out in a motion. The machine was pulled in the opposite direction to get more. But, it is said, the thread, instead of his great delight, that the spider did not pull with sufficient force to break the thread, but actually served 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, but the most of any give the very rich. A species of Madagascar spider is the only one that supplies the right sort of thread. Nevertheless, this spider's thread is tougher than bar iron.

The Frenchman who reeled these interesting spider threads, that is, that is, other advantage of the spider as a producer of silk is that, having been reeled at the web, it is not so wet and so sticky in condition, when it will withstand an another reeling 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 time been giving aid and comfort to that creature's sex. The mosquito, it is said, appears, is perceived not, as in 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 they were dead.

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 ends 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 the mosquitoes 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. Lully 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 listen 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 as it travels 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 difficult as in 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 by the scientists that the prospects of the fishermen may be predicted two or three years in advance.

Aluminum for Power Transmission

One of the uses of aluminum is as a substitute for copper wire in the transmission of electric power over long distances. Allowed to stand and unburied per cent of copper. It is thus used in transmitting 12,000 horse-power from the Steamship Park, on the coast of Tacoma and Seattle, a distance of more than forty miles. This alloy is in the same time as light and strong as steel. The alloy is not so heavy, thereby effecting a great saving in the number of poles needed at the same time. It is also a very good conductor. Where metallic cables are required the increased diameter of the aluminum conductor, which is increased out, and where lead is used for insulation the gain of weight obtained in high-tension wires is increased.

Vitalized Rubber calls a halt on "Short Mileage!"

In our laboratories today it is a simple matter to take pure, young, lustrous rubber—direct from the trees of the tropics—and put it through a process that toughens it for road wear and yet retains an abundance of elasticity and life.



Thousands of these Vitalized Rubber Tires have been put to every severe test possible and they have delivered the "More Mileage" you have demanded.

In addition you will enjoy the advantages of the Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact, also the No-Pinch 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

A Western Welcome

Awaits You At

Glacier National Park

From the moment you arrive at this great west-continental gateway, you will find the spirit of western hospitality everywhere. Nothing that could possibly contribute to your comfort and enjoyment is left untried. You will find service without rivalry, hearty without formality, and a most generous hospitality in the very heart of the wildest and most beautiful spot in America.

Tours by Automobile, Four-Horse Stage, Launch, Horseback or Afoot—\$1 to \$5 Per Day

One of the finest as well as the most novel hotels in America has just been completed at Glacier Park Station, the modern gateway to the Park. It is built entirely of huge logs, four feet in diameter and forty feet long. It offers accommodations for big parties, every room is electrically lighted and heated. Every modern feature including phone, shower baths, an auditor, hair dressers and open fireplace in living rooms. Clean and service of the highest order. Rates—American plan—\$1 to \$6 per day.

Tours by automobile, four-horse stage, launch and horseback, also camping and walking tours with complete guides—\$1 to \$5 per day. The famous chain of seven United States Camps throughout the Park provides unusual accommodations at the end of each day's journey. Rates, \$5 per day—American Plan.

The Blackfoot Indians, whose reservation adjoins the Park, are a feature of unusual interest. Visitors to the Park will be afforded frequent opportunities to be present at their tribal ceremonies and dances.

Novel Aeroplane Map in Colors and Travel Literature—FREE

A postal card will bring you complete color-illustrated literature. It tells you all the details of the Park, and the best routes to take. The literature will cost you no money unless you do not wish to pay for it. The obligation on your part when you receive it is to send it to the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.

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THE MOTOR-CYCLE OF TO-DAY

Some of the Peculiar Advantages it Offers

BY HAROLD WHITING SLAUSON

It is told of an Indian that when he does not wish to wear a bicycle, about twenty years ago, he grunted: "Light! Heavy! Light!"—walk sitting down." What, then, would the same Indian think today could be seen thousands of "pathfinders" 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, "lightness" 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 "pathfinders" twelve 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 indolence. 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 track along where many a heavy automobile may fear to tread. Many a motor-

cyclist at first thought, as they may be heard to say, that they were saved 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-chairs 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 to place the ability of the motor-cycle for touring in also increased. The speed of the motor-cycle is not 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 in this 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. Thus, 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 "sweated" 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-six-inch 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, level "rut" on one side or the other practically all roads are made possible to this steady 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-tenth 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 plant is carried, are designed with springs at both the front and rear portions, and much more care is bestowed with more in convenience or discomfort than attends 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 border 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-spring 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, and he jerked himself up in a moment late to dress without knowing exactly what had happened to him.

The "touters" 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-looked 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 it drove a piece of wauling 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 measuring 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 than formerly 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, grass, 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 uproot great forest trees, twist and demolish iron bridges, and carry up houses, 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 recur 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 upon mounted on poles, which, while they afforded a rallying point for their corps, also drew the enemy's fire. It remained for Napoleon to make the ancient symbol of the Coercer. At first eagles were presented in every battalion of infantry and every squadron of horse. But owing to the number of eagles captured this abundance 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. These 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 horse block three and a half square and weighed three and a half pounds. Modern eagles, common as they are, are as nothing compared to the old ones, which were so difficult to hold as the big drums. Then there existed a register

system for wing eagles. Sometimes, when the tide of war ran strongly, they were destroyed and put into hospital or great-coat pockets. At other times they were burned, thrown into ponds or rivers, broken up, broken in hollow trees, and used for burning of all kinds of things, some dead horses, to be heated out subsequently.

Hens as Barometers

A FORTUNE-BASER in Indonesia has produced curious results by altering and alternating the food given to his fowls. It is known for some time that corn and oatmeal for the market that Cayenne pepper put into their food, results in a notable difference in the character and shade of their plumage, giving the feathers a smoothness and reddish tinge which makes one look in the sun like which the birds may ordinarily be sold. If the same ingredient is added to the diet, eventually of white hens which have been fed from carefully selected eggs, 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 prognostics of color from pale to brilliant to as exact that a useful law, stilling about the barometer is regarded in certain prophetic of a storm which may be so much as twelve hours distant.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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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, "Jim, if you're going to walk, you'd better walk; if you're going to walk, don't talk." The audience applauded the suggestion as heartily that the orator, after giving thanks, subsided entirely, somewhat to the relief of Governor Woodrow Wilson, who was awaiting 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 Aeschylus himself. He was trying to be a Peripatetic.

To those unfamiliar with words derived from the Greek this simple designation may seem secondary 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 exotics, 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 BAKER'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 babbling brook—restrained and untrustworthy, now a mere gurgle and then suddenly become a rushing torrent. But when PLATO himself happened to be only that needs the help 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 *Orator* was a mere precursor of the *Cassander*? And do not the *Enthusiasms* of the Greek master bear a striking similarity to the *Infatuations* 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 diatribe. The accepted modern meaning of the word is far more pertinent to the case in point, signifying as it does, according to 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. NEWBERRY, WILLIAM M. EVERTS, THOMAS F. BAYMAN, JOHN SHAWMAN, JOHN HAY, ELMER BOST, 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 accorded 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 BUREAU, that it was NEWBERRY, not LINCOLN, who purchased Alaska; BLISS, not HARRISON, who averted a war; and CANEY, not CLEVELAND, who instigated the Vandalia message.

True, this tradition could hardly maintain under a chief accustomed to render help after having decried. Even though an Ambassador Puck with shrewd and subsequently demonstrated foresight remarked, "The state portfolio the President himself must hold wherever important foreign questions come up," there would still exist a vacuum of no mean size to be filled. The simplest, moreover, that lack of suitable succession 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 irrefragable right of his stomach to perform the delicate function of fermentation. Brother BAYAN boarded a high but not lofty to make personal acquaintance with red tops. Inevitably much fawning ensued. Our neighbor, the *Sax*, prophesied the direct calamities. Henry HANCOCK threw up his hands and said divorce proceedings would be begun before the honeymoon was over. Justus HEGGANS presided in not their tongues in their ears while really only biting them. We also foresee the perfect harmony, the conjugal team play, which has ensued. Like the famous ship upon the sea, Brother BAYAN soon found himself in the place to which he was drawn 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 desire for 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 QUINCY ADAMS, HENRY CLAY, MARTIN VAN BUREN, JOHN C. CALHOUN, DANIEL WEBSTER, WILLIAM L.

BLISS, in the accurate words of Mr. MYRRAL, 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 sun-bather cool his heels while he sat in Hanoi, and then he was directed at some length and with great fervor upon the inadvisability of party platforms which declare rights 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 friends as he had in New York, and he could not resist a greeting to that which showed his heart to the *Mr. Puff*.



OUR ANGEL OF PEACE

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD

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 plains of central 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 area. 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 gridironed by its 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 as their commercial center and market town.

The opening of the Panama Canal is looked forward to with confidence as 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, means 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 mains 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 as a real metropolitan agglomeration: 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 broader, 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

now 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 alleged Hill line 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 traffic-free zone. Both lanes are clearly indicated by the railroads, which as traffic grows, can be double or triple tracked.

This, then, is the basic fact that accounts for Portland's position as the chief marketing center on the Pacific Northwest. Coupled with this great advantage is the 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 had 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 subject 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 natured upon your neighbor's little eccentricities if they annoy you; on the other hand, if you regard them as the outward, though remote, manifestations of national decadence, it will surely give you food for thought.

It was Green who first directed my attention seriously to the subject. Green is what some people choose to call a fifty-cent-dollar man, meaning thereby that he is an enlisted man in the United States army and here, no one who does not place a high valuation on his services. 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 steady, 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 "Sand-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 fouling. When he had satisfied himself on this point he replied, emotionlessly:

"Well, I was, and then again I wasn't."

"Ball a damn one about him because he's a damn one."

"How's that?" they asked.

"Ain't Green heathen?"

"Well, you see," he finally replied, "it was this way: The regiment and I left like smoking a log 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. Heard you'd thought that we was pretty much for an inspection by the Old Man, and when we got the rap for them we looked like a pair of orderly lookers, and the way to guard mount, leg. You'll be able, Green, 'I guess we must 'a been aiming to make some hit with the ladies."

"Ain't he dragged 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 a post at the door looks as nice and snappy. 'Gents and ladies only' and that settles it—there wasn't never any more no then her cheeks."

"Look! I say I wasn't nothing but a fustler's looks when I was 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 no little minute—I was of ways two scores 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 nodded his rifle across his knees and became reflective.

"In fact, I know you are as far as getting into that thing was concerned, but what's a man got for dangin' 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?"

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 acclaimed 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 regiment, late 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 warner chose to stray. The country forked in Montauk Point in its arms and in minutes in our warlike way were huddled, led, ordered, and paraded, and kind, gentle women who leaned nothing else to do for us 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 hundreds the railroad stations and swamped jobs with the red-hot boys whenever a soldier-man lay in sight. No questions were asked of the man in uniform—when 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, is that same uniform, except that it was clean and well-kept and probably well brushed, were refused the privilege of admittance to places of public amusement and in hotels, and for the same reason that they were in uniform! It may be added that hundreds of this kind occurred within a radius of one hundred miles of Montauk Point.

After the Spanish

American War a victorious fleet, commanded 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 warred officers, whose uniforms included their rank and position in the way, were honored from public places, one from a hotel and the

other from a place of amusement. This within three briefest 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 by those who are interested in the subject and who 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 finds 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.

The immediate result of such a condition covers only the soldier's happiness; the ultimate result is of vital concern to the army as an institution. Once the soldier's pride in his uniform has been lowered or destroyed, it is only natural that his regard for the army, of which the uniform is merely an emblem, will suffer accordingly, and any man who is not proud of his occupation is of little value in his profession. Another phase of the question merits consideration. No one will dispute the value of the trained fighting man in times of emergency; to have him ready for such emergencies he must be maintained in time of peace. If the character of the service he discharges in any way, how may we reasonably expect men of the proper caliber to enter it voluntarily and prepare themselves to meet emergencies?

The effect of such an attitude on the part of the public is more easily discernible than in the cause. What is there about the soldier to which the public finds objection? Is it the uniform, or is it the man who wears it, or is it the service which he represents?

It is hard to believe that it is the uniform itself to which objection is found, for if this be true we have only to glance at the multitudinous lists of



Old or discarded uniforms are permitted to be worn by workmen

uniformed societies 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 luxury is more or less repulsive to our race of men. Yet, even considered as a luxury, the uniform may reasonably be classed with the frack-coat and silk hat of the statesman, the

protection, differing only in style and name, but both of them the service of the people, the one in the form of the nation's service, the other 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 the same manner as the military. Old and decrepit soldiers or parts of the uniform are permitted to be worn by workmen and others who have no connection with the military service. Industries are permitted to clothe their employees in approximations to the uniform which at times devalue even the professional soldier.

The writer on one occasion introduced himself to an individual whom he supposed to be a captain of industry in dress as uniform, to discover later that he was conversing with the head hall-boy. The two youths 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. Some states of the Union have passed laws prohibiting the use of non-military organizations as individuals of the uniforms of the National Guard, but these laws are of rare occurrence. A prominent milliamer once told the writer that it would be mighty profitable for any milliamer to attempt to reduce 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 composition 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 communication from which they come they doubtless enjoyed social privileges in accordance with their various stations. That these stations are of little respectability is assured by the numerous cases which require 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-defining device of what constitutes civility. Whether may be his social qualifications, he would not, if attired in civilian dress, be hated from any place of public entertainment. To the soldier, the man in uniform is 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 early passing thought. When brought in contact with the soldier the average man may at the time be interested in a distinguished, 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 social-Kipling type of the profession. A pleader must "for he is nothing of the sort, the best of all the instances 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 over 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 place of a possibly indulgent family circle. This attitude on the part of the public seems not to belong probably to the United States. Kipling in "Tommy" twice throws the question in the com-

agriculturist cannot pardon the soldier for exhibiting his sons and servants."

He takes the subject seriously as well as analytical; he seems seriously that 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 us 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 so 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 place. Ungratification is a sure indication of appreciation and daring is a healthy, harmless form of rivalry. 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 based on raven lit
With sweet fire; the thoughts within her brain
With the electric light, the thoughts within her brain
Branched her white feet for jeweled sandals clang.
And when she moved, clad with a subtle color;
From her gold hair the heavy coronals hang.
Her short laugh was untold, like a leop's.

A golden prince in a golden day,
In a walled hall of pearl and ivory;
A diamond crown rose the desert way
With silk and sandalwood from overseas

To please the princess when all men would please,
Who made the war-wood in the southeast part.

And the world's worth of fighters take their rest—
Beneath her eyes' light laughter they were cast.

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 flare.

Behind her mood her silent string-maid,
Whose back betrayed the woman, she was eyed
Like the sleek panther now shall make a stand,
Like the black panther in his white pride.

But no man swept his hand through her dark hair,
To wake the amaranthine passion there.

THE NORTHWEST'S NEED OF MELT

Where Farms and Homes Await the Thrifty Immigrant

BY
JOHN SCOTT MILLS

THE 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, 117.2; Illinois, 84.2; and Ohio 90.8. The population of the Northwest states per square mile is: Oregon, 2.1; Washington, 3.1; 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 115.2; 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 give 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, all of the lava deluge there is a fertility of such fruitfulness that the yield is both constant and large. Ninety per



Mr. Rammer viewed from the southwest slope.

centing point, and where thirty-five degrees above zero is accompanied cold weather, the few evergreen possess the stock food 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 east of him. 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 attract 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-owners. There are a few lands here, but there are hundreds of locations to be had, land under Carey Act projects, land in straggled districts, dry farming and irrigated lands. In some instances there is power to work to do, and an instance of the irrigated tracts. But with some labor devoted to clearing the land of the small growth, it can be cultivated without removing the large obstructions.

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 returns—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 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, few 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 of affairs 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, agriculturists 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 will 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 a better life, where orchard and meadow, stock and land 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 east of the Cascades is a dairy country. There is no necessity for housing stock as a protection against the severe 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 here, therefore, is a necessity for increasing population on the lands of the Pacific Northwest means augmented production of the necessities 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 those in Oregon in this respect by altering



Salmon fishing in the Columbia River, Oregon.

Interludes

THE READY REPLY

A COMPANION TO OR CONVERSATION FOR ONE OF EMERSON'S FAMOUS DISCOURSES

From a Young Man Confronted by an Editor with the First Part of the One of His Discourses. From Criticism from Browning.

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 averted countenance): Why, sir,

I believe in a little club out at Lonsdale, on Long Island,

which was formed 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, so 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 annual outlet for our sporting propensities was closed by the operation of the law, and, naturally, the reason *à l'origine* 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 one could bet on than horse-race and prize-fight, and out of our club came, The Ring and the Book, their members agreed upon such a suggestion that law resulted in this fortunate evolution for me.

I was discussing the same, and incidentally the poem, with a number of our dearest plagues the other night, and one of my friends, who has on literary attainments whatsoever, made 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 did not 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 see and there that you'd spot a Browning poem the minute it was offered to you for publication.

As you may readily imagine, the matter became more than interesting the minute money was placed on the result.

We went at the matter with enthusiasm, and within a week had sent out not only a number of Dickens's short stories and Addison's essays but a hundred dollars with each of seven men that it wouldn't take you five minutes to detect the deception.

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 it wouldn't take you five minutes to detect the deception, and I wanted to 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 bother of without more ado in informing the club that I am a winner, good morning, sir! You have done me a good turn, and I am grateful.

[At this point into the Editor's right hand, who is vigorously, and then moves out as quickly as possible, not waiting for the checker to take you down, but using the checker, sliding down the lamppost, if by chance there are any, but you are mistaken.]

EXPERIENCE

"I tell you," said Bingle, "suddenly," "those women are right. This practice of furious feeding is an outrage. It is like to see 'em try that over here on American men."

"They'll never have to," said Simpson. "All they'll have to do with is know that you will excuse me if I borrow 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 enters my blood hell," said Mrs. Oppenstill.

"The sheer brutality with which those girls treat us women, isn't the tyranny of these?"

"What have they done now?" queried Mrs. Oppenstill.

"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. Oppenstill. "Fluffy isn't a child—she's the cutest little Pomeranian you ever saw in your life."



WIFE: IT SAYS HERE THAT YOU CAN GET A WIFE IN SYDNEY FOR THREE DOLLARS. ISN'T THAT OUTRAGEOUS?

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 this year, Dabbling," said Jinks.

"Yes," laughed Dabbling. "I was challenged by M. Le Vicomte de Chabonnet because I sat on his bid 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 unwilling of course to reach the other three were no exceptions."

NO EVIDENCE

"They tell me that fellow Whiggins is a man of letters," said Jernam.

"I've heard so," said Peppo, the tailor, "but I can hardly believe it. I've written to him ten times about a little bill he owes me, and hasn't a letter nor 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," said Haddock's partner.

"Well, ten thousand dollars is a million cents," said Haddock.

OVERHEARD ON THE CAMPUS

PROFESSOR (to professor): Ah, Professor, good morning. Do you smoke?

PROFESSOR (shaking): Why—yes, Mr. Frothingham.

PROFESSOR: Good! I'll be glad to join you, if you happen to have a couple of pipes 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 knock 'em through."

"Never!" cried the Associated Order of Five Spinners, rising as one man in protest.

CAUTIOUS

"Now, Rankin," said the Judge, "this is a very serious offense you are charged with. Stealing chickens is not enough, but breaking into a store and robbing the till of thirty dollars is worse. Do you want me to appoint a lawyer to defend you?"

"But depend on what do lawyer here charge take his services, Judge," replied Rankin. "—I'll be getting 'em while 'at thirty dollars an one I see what's worse 't be 'em 'em, 'em."

AN ASTHMATIC TRAGEDY

Now do you dare in a heavy snore!

When I have with a love that's true, But if she 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 crooked as the oak tree.

I never can tell if she smiles on me!

In whether she smiles on me!

Why, I can recall a summer day

Far back in the long ago,

She looked and beamed in her exquisite way

That set every heart a-flay.

And, "You are a perfect jester!" she said,

"And I was disposed to agree."

But I couldn't quite tell if she looked at Ted,

In whether she looked at Ted!

And once at a ball I overheard

Her twitting voice remark

In accents sweet as that little bird

That I know as the morning bird,

"I'm much afraid he's a little 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 I would be really a pleasant plan

In the midst of our ecstasy

If she had had one eye on some other man

While Collier one looked on me!

ARE YOU A STRAIGHTENER?

—NO, A CLASHER!

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 of abundant not only of the forest and fields in Oregon, but of the ports of the world, Oregon must come into her own.

With this wondrous 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 17,252,100 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 of all eyes 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 its flour, 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 wondrously 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 MET THIS MORNING FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO PLAN THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS OF THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF AMITY, WHICH TERMINATED OUR HOSTILITIES WITH ENGLAND, FROM 1793 TO 1802. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: H. S. PHOENIX, C. DE BIAZIA, HENRY SHAW, BRADFORD BROWN, MR. GEORGE BENTON BURN, RICH. STANBURY, MR. ARTHUR C. SMITH, JAMES WILKINSON, MR. HERBERT SPENCER, WALKER WITH THE WASHINGTON CAP, LORD WEAVERDALE, 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.

THE 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. A series of articles in the agricultural papers of the states named, the most exact demonstration teams, accompanied by their 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 landowners 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, giving 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, the best busy months in the year spent in making long practical tours. For 1933 a tour of education was made 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? It is the present purpose of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company to help 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 obtained on soil such harvest. The man who planted one crop or who directed his entire acreage to fruit crops should have dairy cows, sheep, and poultry, and that in this way he would be able to crop failure, and his own 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 orchardists. It mattered not the size of the land-holdings. The amount of diversity was measured to the owner of the tract as well as to the owner of the tract.

What has been the result? Increase in volume and value of the yield everywhere along the line of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company. The land-owners did not raise the seed they believed the stream told by men who had not even experienced such crop-growing, that the yields were too good. Even and Idaho, corn and clover, go to make the balanced ration which is needed for the dairy cow and the pig. To get the most milk and best broods, introduction in feeding is necessary. To produce pork for the market, rare in feeding is essential. The seed pig is used advantageously. It is a single and easy matter to follow the young porker for the flock, while it is a trying and expensive undertaking to put back on a sow. Advice as

to the length of days of the marketable hog is given by word of mouth and in printed form by men who know and who are at the service of the people in Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company territory.

In expanding corn 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 scattered apple-producing districts in the Pacific Northwest than Hood River. In September, 1932, and Newton Pappas are known wherever apples are raised, and yet of the Pacific Northwest Land Products show held in Portland, Oregon, in November, 1932, the Hood River apple exhibitor showed specimens with other and produced the huckleberry potato, the golden-bell carrot, the pump cabbage, the cauliflower, and a variety of vegetable bring in the produce. These growers are free to confirm that they realize the money to be made in bags and they are going to raise pigs as well as pigs.

The productivity of the soil in the states of the Pacific Northwest is comparatively unknown. For instance, in the dryland sections of the Middle West, ten acres of land will produce a crop 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, and only one ton of turnip grown on an equal area. It is not enough for fourteen acres for one year. Not all the land will yield as good returns. But that is not a single acre in western Oregon or Washington, in the Yakima Valley, or in the territory tributary to Lewiston and Grangeville, in Idaho, where the lines of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company are operated, that will not produce food enough for a cow for a year.

A high yield and a good living. A house where climate conditions are desirable. A region free from insect plagues of various forms, plentiful transportation facilities to good markets. A choice of locations on the land. A five-acre tract which can cultivate any number of crops, and which has a large building where he may store his produce in many varied quantities. 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 men 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 production here is greater and the labor lighter.

There is no more interesting literature published than the pages which record man's success. Volcanoes might be piled, filled with statements of men who have made good in this favored land. There are no simple reasons 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 provides an opportunity in business harvest. It lightens labor in the common knowledge of distant reward. It compensates for providing income from the land of the gods of the



Young Orchards and Alfalfa Ranches in the suburbs of North Yakima



Field Corn, 16 feet high, well cared, growing in the Yakima Valley

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Pear Orchard



Spatsburg Apple Orchard in Hood River District

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Poland Cream ready for shipment to the Packing House at Portland

Navigation Company. In western Oregon, the great grain-growing section of the state, dairy farms, but dairies were first to diversify. To the man who had dairy cows, sheep, and poultry the nature never fails the farm and orchard products were all clear gain. The milk of cream, pork, and poultry products had paid the running expenses and more. The land-owner had been enabled to pay the interest on his mortgage, and was a happy man to see his wheat crop mature in order to pay the interest on his mortgage, and the implement dealer.

There has been no falling off. The year 1932 was a year of bumper crops throughout the Northwest. The good water-bosses were first to diversify. To the man who had dairy cows, sheep, and poultry the nature never fails the farm and orchard products were all clear gain. The milk of cream, pork, and poultry products had paid the running expenses and more. The land-owner had been enabled to pay the interest on his mortgage, and was a happy man to see his wheat crop mature in order to pay the interest on his mortgage, and the implement dealer.

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Beef Cattle Driven to the Yakima Valley for Water Feeding



Copyright 1914, New Photo Co., Inc. and Northern Railway
 Going-to-the-Sun Camp on St. Mary Lake—Trout Fishermen's Headquarters—
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Break your journey to or from the Pacific Coast by a stop-over at Glacier National Park. It will be a new and wonderful experience. A few days in this scenic wonderland will provide material for a life-time of vivid, pleasant recollections—and at a comparatively trifling cost.

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An excellent opportunity is afforded to observe the tribal dances and ceremonies of the Blackfoot Indians—one of the most interesting and picturesque of all surviving tribes. Stop off at Glacier Park Station.

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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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Please send me a complete travel literature of Glacier National Park including the airplane map in above-mentioned form.

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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 which recorded the largest percentage of growth in population in the most recent census. They grew rapidly so fast in all conventional respects 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 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 growth, 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, 80,000,000 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 37,000 customers within its field of operation, the production of which is about 24,000. 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. The number of customers was 32,192, and the kilowatt hours of electricity totaled 152,245,292. In 1912 the revenue of the company was \$1,926,427, 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 paper along these lines, believing that whatever the demands of the manufacturing community of view would necessarily be referred to the carrying power of the company. It has accordingly made special provision for its product and has taken a diversified line in the natural growth of the community, thus 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 and marks it as its own intrinsic merit 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 amethysts 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. Succeeding generations 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 sometimes called it the stone of "lovely youth," but, curiously enough, they shun it in most of the Greek superstitions. Roman emperors, to be sure, did not deem the opal unlucky.

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 prescribed 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 harmless 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 Ternoff, the Canary Islands, what was undoubtedly the oldest ship in the world. It was the Italian ship Antio, built in 1519, and sailed on every voyage 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, buoyancy and toughness 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 slow-moving ship called averaging two and a half knots and five days between Baltimore, Maryland, and St. Johns. As her lack of speed was being named for her name, and as she seemed destined to defy the waves indefinitely, it was not surprising so long as she remained afloat, it was doubtful to sell her for what she would bring should and complete the proceeds in the construction of a new vessel.



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An Unfortunate Inventor

It is an interesting fact that the accurate maker the secret of synthetic crystal in the time of Thibron, an architect, invented suitable glass, and the shop in which he worked was worked for fear that his discovery would bring about a reduction in the price of houses, gold and silverware.

Flint orders in this regard, and years after another author relates the same story with variations. According to him, the architect, who was an architect, invented from partial ruin one of the inhabitants of Roman provinces, Thibron, inventing a synthetic glass of his own who surpassed himself even in matters entirely outside his province, took a rational dislike to one who, he said, was trying to undermine the well-established order of things. Thibron pointed out that, if the secret were not to be revealed, hundreds of workmen might have been given labor in the construction of a new one. The man was accordingly banished. Naturally, the architect reasoned that if he could convince the head of the state of the good that might result from the numerous ideas he had evolved, the Emperor would readily his opinion and even assist him in the carrying of certain of his plans. So he went back to Rome and obtained an interview with Thibron.

The Emperor is described as listening patiently to what he had to say and finally exclaiming: "For a man who has been doing in these things to show crystal glass, which I want, and heat it back into shape with his own hands. He is thereupon imprisoned in a dungeon."
Still another version is that Thibron, in a rage of the impudence of one who claims to be in what is called a "great" position, made the crystal and sold it unpolished when the emperor took a hammer and, believing it to be what it was supposed to be, used it. The Emperor then angrily asked him what he would do in the way of a reward, and in reply told that this was all that the man deserved.

An Unpretentious Queen

New York is not a beautiful city—Crowned Queen of the West—The Pacific Northwest.

The truth is slightly, indeed; New York looks not at all. Although she is not at all. Backed up against the wall. And like a pet of goldfish. As strong as she is fair. No stars in her position. And simply keep them there.

New York's unpretentious prestige. In commerce and in art. In finance and in science. And every other part. And part of our progress. In no other part. It is not necessary. For her to boast of this.

The biggest and the richest. In all this big old land. No special approval. That all may understand. New York would be reflecting. On common knowledge should. Who make the slightest mention. Of her and where she stood. The hour is mighty, indeed; New York, from front to rear. As well as in the middle. She does not have to boast. But if she did, my, indeed. Would head out to the public. Would laugh indeed.

W. J. LAWRENCE, of the New York Times.

Lights Under the Waves

That ships may reach their wharves by night some kind of apparatus for "marking" buoys has long been desired. A Frenchman some time ago conceived his government in invention of this kind and it is now being tested. It provides for a series of "stars" arranged according to the particular requirements of the harbor under consideration. These stars have reflectors from submarine cylindrical lenses 70 centimeters in diameter and electric bulbs are located. The lights are turned on from a water-tight compartment and are designed to secure safe passage for incoming vessels.

Another submarine light has been invented for the use of navigators in difficult conditions. Its unique feature is in a boat is able to observe the reflected details in a depth of twenty-one feet and a diver and returns with the same as far as twenty-seven feet. The light is suspended within the water and transmits a frequency of waves in such a way as to illustrate a very large extent of submarine territory.

Pacific Power & Light Co.

The Pacific Power & Light Company is one of the largest public-utility corporations in the Pacific Northwest. It was organized in 1910 and is controlled by the American Power & Light Company of 21 Broadway, New York. Industrial and domestic electric light and power plants were acquired with the object in view of building them together into one comprehensive and efficient system to effect the utmost economy and efficiency in operation and in maintenance. The system includes industrial electric light and power plants, gas, water, and street and interior railway properties were purchased.

The Company serves forty communities in eastern Washington and eastern Oregon. The plants are located at Astoria, on the Oregon coast, and Lewiston, Idaho, with an estimated population of 102,000, inclusive of the surrounding area. The total generating capacity in 18,475 kw, of which 12,250 kw hydro-electric and 6,225 kw steam. At present 10,000 kw are in process of development, making an ultimate total capacity of 28,475 kw. The plants are located at Naches, North Yakima, Prosser, Kennewick, Hanford, Watsburg, Walla Walla, Prosser, Republic, Tygh, Vancouver, Blaine, Stevedore, Hood River and Astoria, all of which, with the exception of Manasco, Tygh Valley, Hanford, Hiram, Goldendale and Astoria, comprise one continuous system of high-tension transmission lines. There are 230 miles of 66,000 volt lines, which are high voltage generating stations, 125 miles of 22,500 volt lines and 250 miles of 6,000 volt lines, exclusive of the distribution lines.

The Company's gas plants are located at Walla Walla and North Yakima, Washington, Watsburg, Astoria, Oregon, Lewiston, Idaho, and it serves gas to Clarkston, Washington, from the latter plant. It also supplies gas to the cities of Naches, North Yakima, Prosser, Kennewick and Pasco, Washington. The street railway in Astoria, Oregon, is operated by this company, which owns the Walla Walla Valley Railway Company, operating a street railway of about 22 miles and an interurban line extending to Freewater and Milton, Oregon, of 15 miles.

One of the primary objects of the Company in making such a large investment in the Pacific Northwest was to develop irrigation projects and to provide thousands of acres of arid land in the valley of the Columbia River and tributary valleys, by means of irrigation. The water is pumped from the river, which is only five to fifteen inches; whereas, to produce vegetables, they need between four to seven and thirty-six inches per year. With this necessary amount of water, the land can be made to produce instant, varied and high-grade products.

After only five years of irrigation activity this Company has secured 205 new customers, having a total of about 2,500 homes connected, making a total maximum irrigation load of 2,000 horse-power. These plants, owned by individual farmers and organized companies, have conclusively demonstrated for such service.

Portland Gas & Coke Co.

The Portland Gas & Coke Company is the second largest public-utility corporation in Oregon, was organized in 1910, and is controlled by the American Power & Light Company of New York, and is the company supplying gas in the city of Portland.

Since acquired in 1910, extensive improvements, additions and extensions have been made to equip the plant for the increased demand due to the rapid growth of Portland, and it has been necessary to make extensive expenditures, making a total maximum irrigation load of 2,000 horse-power. These plants, owned by individual farmers and organized companies, have conclusively demonstrated for such service.

The total rates of income were increased from \$1,000,000 in 1910 to \$1,500,000 in 1911, and \$2,000,000 in 1912, while the output has increased from 1,000,000 cu. ft. in 1910 to 1,470,000,000 cu. ft. in 1912. The total number of customers in 1910 was 28,000, and in 1912 it was 35,000. The population of the district served has increased from 207,000 in 1910 to 255,000 in 1912. The cost of the gas is \$1.00 per 100 cu. ft. and the maximum expenditure for construction and improvements approximating \$1,000,000 in 1910, \$1,000,000 in 1911, \$1,000,000 in 1912, and as estimated that \$1,500,000 will be required for 1913. In view of projecting the future demands of Portland, the Company is building an insurance gas generating station at mile from Portland, which, when completed, will be the largest and most up-to-date plant of its kind ever erected on the Coast. Four hundred thousand cubic feet have been expended on the plant up to January 1, 1913, and it will require \$600,000 in 1913. The natural gas supply is 1.75 cu. ft. per day, and will consist of 100,000 cu. ft. which will be completed by the month of 1913. The total capacity is 1,150,000 cu. ft. per day, with eight units, will, probably, be completed by 1913. The new plant, in operation on a large scale, a natural gas (the Walla Walla) giving every transportation advantage.

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 old 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, hooks, spools, and other accessories, with the equipment, that are being manufactured by these companies to the extension of all other competitive manufacturing concerns in the equipment. 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.

Interiors

The plant covers four and one-half acres of ground in the northern part of the city, where very best fuel is obtained by 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 best equipped with the finest machinery tools, accessories and special apparatus of any manufacturer of steel or iron products on the Pacific coast. The facilities are provided for 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 whereby 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 surface. 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 about in the water, but the nets and underbark to look out for itself. But it had lava 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 entirely and for a long while was the strongest salmon in the tank.

Green Gravel

FADELIA goes sadly and sits in the dust,
Her spins or she slams at the white
sounded 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.
Fidelin, Fidelin, 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:

"Fidelin, Fidelin, your sweetheart is
dead,
He sent you a letter to turn back your
head."

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faint lines on both sides, required 4,000
hours under the old method of a ruler
and a spirit level under the modern
method with a ruling-machine, the work
is accomplished in two hours and forty-
five minutes, a rate of 1,300 to 1 in favor
of the modern method.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1913

18 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'S Magazine, the NEW YORK North American Review, both of which are progressive, 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 North 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 way mentioned 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 losing money for some time we might have spoken more explicitly and declared truthfully that its publication has been profitable to the House for twenty years. It is in 1912 was about the same as in 1912, and, barring the two booming years which preceded the panic of 1897, there has been little variation in the mean time. Why this has been so is now affording our contemporaries occasion for speculation in which, if there be no objection, we should like to join.

All we suspect, with agree that more causes than one have contributed to the general result. Some friendly critics attribute it solely to poor editing, and goodness knows we would be the last to deny so obvious a fact as that we haven't been able to edit HARPER'S WEEKLY well enough to make it pay. But when it comes to admitting, as some assert, that the WEEKLY would be commercially an unprofitable concern as it was twenty years ago under Mr. CURTIS and THOMAS NAYLOR if now directed by those men of talent, we have our doubts. Times have changed. The country was conservative and thoughtful in those days. Now it is radical and impetuous. The WEEKLY'S general policy has never varied. It has always stood for reverence about serious lines. It has always held its positive convictions as it has never been timid in expressing them. It has always hated hypocrisy and despised humbug. Its open

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 *Journal*, that is, of one 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. What it still held vague in a weekly journal of today even if done with conscientious grace and skill, that is, sufficient reason to make the paper pay. 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 MARSH 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 finds, 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 odd to discuss the annual 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 born, 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 liberalist, 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 courtesy, 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? What NAYLOR 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 NAYLOR 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 CHAMBERLAIN or BROWNE or KENNEDY or BARNETT or McCRACKEN, or any one of a score of others. The chief requirement of the public now is the very humor which NAYLOR 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. MARSH, LOW, LAWRENCE GILMAN, WILLIAM DODDS, F. M. O'NEIL, and FRANKLIN ENGLISH, then we wish that, for our own debilitation, 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 awkward job of 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 most of our work is done. With Messrs. MORAN, BLOOMFIELD, SELDEN, and HAYES a preliminary from the same platform for some kind of a program 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 unceasingly. 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 HAYES's spectacular fight for his primary law will at least, we trust, make a little pleaser 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 fight between Mr. MORAN and Mr. BURTON and their friends, on the other hand. If that were the case, there would probably be a mild preference for SELDEN. 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 win 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 MORAN, they would then have decided in HAYES's favor. But there were sincere people who could not see their way to accept Governor HAYES's plan. There are sincere people now who have doubts about Governor SELDEN'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 measure the interest it should arouse, 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 or less distribution of the same, we will not withhold our personal and personal apologies."—Missouri Statesman.

We were not aware that Wall Street deals in influences or awards 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. MURKIN?

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 McALPIN, 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 ALBION 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. McALPIN at his best when absolutely silent.

The House Committee

Nonehow, 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 House. 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 any 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 three 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 making a mistake there is a lot of money to be lost, for instance, if this committee retains in power the man responsible for the unspendably 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 character of the power of committees is the striking 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, TOULGRIFF!

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-day political party in 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, as 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 on its face what it considers an inter-derivable proposition.

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 figures as to increasing cost of living in North Carolina and the 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 effective action can it take? Herein lies the interest of the country for the all.

As the railroads were unimpaired, and as so far as specific programs is concerned by any of the state's champions, they are perhaps for the moment back a little further. 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, including 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 was a note; and he says he recalled one of the reasons 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 which 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

Somebody PAIR named 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. PAIR said it anyway, he has too much sense not to know that when simplicity becomes strutting 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. HAYS had made his speech. Perhaps, however, that is not what he wanted.

As for Mr. PAIR, 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 same of various shares in 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 reader-jury 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 Republican peculiarities who had a strong leaning to Mr. TART. We guess the Colonel had a little advantage over his competitors; 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 mood to do it. Strangely enough, he was first wrong; 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. PAIR, the publisher of books and periodicals, is WOODROW WILSON's publisher, and WOODROW WILSON's Ambassador to England is Mr. PAIR, 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 help readily 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 phlegms in work for money, always in the pretensions and ostentation and self-complacency are heartily commercial, that whole communities 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. PAIR,—*Edna's.*

HE'S WALTER H. JOHN.

One Step Further, Professor

Professor RICHARD T. 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 scientist or an anti; as a Bill Moser 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 almanac 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 so as to be unbecoming, and almost any dress may be worn so as to be modest. More depends on the wearer than on the thing worn.—*Harvard 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 answer."

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 TAYLOR, 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 TAYLOR 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 TAYLOR? 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 Bill, Massé talking about the Constitution!

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

HER 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 Yacker 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 that manner also developed the industry of Paper Mould and Alaska, now valued at many millions each year and having headquarters in Seattle.

business 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 noisy engine, heavy-banded impellers, and seasoned Belovman, to start the first rail transportation for Seattle. The spirit in which they labored brought results, and seven transcontinental water 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 continue Alaska and Oriental ports.

Like many other famous cities, Seattle's structural growth was primarily due to the impetus of islands, which were first swept away 330, 000,000 worth of rock, forty-two stories high, in 1889, 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 city's growth not only to rebuild the city on more substantial and attractive lines, but also to forward from the first money raised the sum pledged to the Johnsons. 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 for beauty 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" to the victors 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 holiday town 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 unrivaled 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 tideman 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 as a whole, 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, adventurous 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 thriviness that is a huge 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 1853 an Indian springing down the settlers who occupied narrow alleys 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 here, and 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 lives in this vicinity and in the remote Peninsula of Alaska for the oil of a paraffine base which scientific experts believe 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 axe, pick, and shovel 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

An 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 unexcelled inducements for dairying in the states of Washington and Oregon have hardly been touched upon. The opportunity of securing steady 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 dairy-cow raising in the North Pacific slope here have taken highest prominence, and regardless of the wonderful records of the milk production of the splendid herds, the dairymen in the eastern and middle sections of the country have hardly reckoned to the altogether unusual advantages of the Northwest as a place in which to turn over 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 many 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 past 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 and 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 meet 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 dairymen, so be trained in the business or a beginner, has comparatively no competition, because the demand already here is heavy exceeds the present 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 dairymen 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 to this end, it has recently published an exhaustive report covering every phase of the dairying industry, and has included practically every character of information that will prove of interest to the prospective dairymen.

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 give pasture. In addition to an ever ready market and the 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, construction 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 farm hand. It is not good to buy cows outright from \$800 to \$1000 apiece. The purchased will cost more. The tendency now among many progressive farmers is to work gradually toward a few distinguished 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 Durban 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 dairymen 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 Pounds	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	87.40
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)

The fertilizing feature of dairying in gives greater salubrité 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 renting one as a milk, very good terms, run from \$10 to \$20 per acre, in either shares or cash.

The dairymen are a class 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 unison in replying in the negative.

To sum up the advantages and opportunities of the Pacific Northwest, one must take into consideration the universal and exclusive 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 for convenience sake is designated the Pacific slope, and even those who have not traveled, but who read, know that every Far-Western city, every Far-Western community, every Far-Western citizen, maintains a high regard for and confidence in the superiority and leadership in some particular line of human endeavor or accomplishment. It is a distinctly Far-Western characteristic. From one international boundary to another, indeed 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 adheres to statistics as regularly as the yards by it is graded 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, her 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 who do 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

Far-Westerner—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-bird artists for years disposed of Chicago's erstwhile leading skyscraper to visiting lemmings 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 simply holding those lots a few short years until some railroad needed them 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 Emulsion, nor its subdivided lots, 25x125-150 feet. 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 further basic facts 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 and find no direction for its future timber supply. That is to the Douglas fir belt—and every month finds 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 central mill in 1912 produced 411,012,000 worth of footboards, and white and other solid and lead and copper valued at \$12,800,000 was run out of the refinery in Tacoma's sawmills 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 seaward 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 admits with submission to the fact that its fishing fleet leads all other fleets, another that its whale-skin trade leads all other worldwide trades within its respective seas; and still another that its hotel industry and its population of machine and auto show, 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 acre—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 had that sale of 41,000 acre and will earn its fifteen or twenty per cent, not on that valuation every year is within a span's three or 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 as if you roll on the average man of affairs in Tacoma, which the people call "the city," with a name capital possible in its desecration, and as 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

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 limits. 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 escapes the taxation that any city exacts, but has every advantage and convenience that could be had inside city limits.

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



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 heartrending 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 hamartical outcries 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 Adonitadonke 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 breast."

"He is unsuccessful," whispered the student, doubtfully, "because he takes no interest in his life and is down on his knees."

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. Bonshand, 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. Bonshand.

"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. Bonshand'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, but I see!"

A wild but unexpressed smile issued from the Professor's white lips as he leaped over his desk and grasped the unfortunate Bonshand 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 fudge on a sub-cubicle, and wack it with my contemplations 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 Dobbidick.

"That's strange," said Hiltless. "He's most attentive in his attention to me. Sends me three or four bills 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, Bastian," said the dame, cordially, "just show the jury how you managed to get away with those children without anybody hearing you."

"Now, ask," replied Bastian. "Ah! it's rather puffed quality, yah! Heh-heh! Ah! heh! it's a game! I give dem fillins de results 'a' forty years ob experience fish mottin', sah."



STORK: DARN THIS BIRD ROUTE THEY'VE ASSIGNED TO ME!

A TACTFUL ANSWER

"Lose to join us is a case of bridge?" asked the polite postwoman 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 Dobbidick 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, as the cows consume a good deal more water 'n' I wish they would."





"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 attached 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 solely 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 a cable is fastened to a skid log, anywhere from fifty to one hundred feet above the ground, and steel rollers fastened to the cable are made near the landing-place for the log. By the simple process of the timber these logs are pulled up as they lie where the tree was cut, hoisted into the air until they clear the ground, and then hauled over the cable by tractors 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, almost 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 lathing-slats, it being a generally recognized fact that these two woods afford the very best material for these 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

THE 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 twenty 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—*one 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

FROM "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 pasture the year around, an abundance of crystal-clear water, simple grain and silage, mild, temperate, and even climate, splendid transportation facilities, and the highest quality of milk, are the conditions which insure 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 competitor to produce recognizable one of the necessities 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 condensation 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 loading 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 of the important problem of distribution. His knowledge of the product, his interest in every step of its investigation and the process of making it, a standard in every essential. His task was now to overcome the almost universal prejudice against canned or evaporated milks, and to acquaint the consumer not only with the quality of his 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 first of Mr. Stuart's problems. This meant a campaign of education, and education costs money. This man knew that to lead 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 in the minds of the public by widespread campaigns that inspired 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 operate 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 flour 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 application 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 convenience. 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 inclination of the public, a special study 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.

In numerous and far-flung factors that have materially contributed to the growth and importance of the Pacific Northwest, the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company has been so fortunate as to be included as a factor in the progress of the region. Not only does the Company furnish employment to hundreds of men and women, but its efforts to promote the dairying industry have stimulated the entire area in the advancement of the entire section.

The efforts that this body of men are putting forth to acquire the highest quality of milk are being met by the most complete and advanced machinery of Washington and there is no part of stimulating dairying, have been responsible for the highest requirements in dairy cattle.

To quote Mr. Stuart as he is best known as a man, "To have good raw, good feed, good care to the cow; she must have good raw, good feed, good care, quiet and careful surroundings, the most perfect, spaced, well treated, and well cared for."

Interesting Relics

The archives of the United States Treasury are rich with relics. In the file of the office of the auditor for the Treasury Department, he has the remarkable check showing the payment to Lafayette in 1804 of \$20,000 by the United States "in consideration of his services and sacrifices in the war of the revolution." William H. Crawford, then secretary of the Treasury, signed the warrant, and in the characteristic French handwriting on the reverse is the endorsement of Lafayette. A canceled check or warrant for \$100,000, representing the payment for the Louisiana purchase under the treaty of 1803. The purchase made the treaty, characterized at the time as "Seward's folly," of Alaska is evidenced by a warrant for \$7,250,000 signed by F. E. Squamier, who at the time was Secretary of the Treasury. The wording of the warrant begins and runs: "They for the undoubted treaty extra-ordinary and minister plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias." This warrant called for payment, in coin and was so paid through the Riggs Bank, then a private banking institution of Washington, after being indorsed by Edward de Stoeber, the Russian minister at that time.

The purchase of the Philippine Islands from Spain is commemorated by the latest financial transactions of the government. By four warrants of \$5,000,000 each, an \$20,000,000 amount is referred into by one country directly with one which which it is at war, the warrants were indorsed by John C. Calhoun, the French minister, who had delegated authority to represent the Spanish government.

The Panama Canal purchase represented the largest financial transaction of the government. The payment was made by a common draft, payable to J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, special disbursing agent, through which it was paid to the French company, the former owner. The late President Morgan himself indorsed the draft. A short time previous there had been issued a warrant for \$10,000,000, covering the cost of the Canal Zone, an area of land on each side of the canal. As these canceled checks are held as receipts, it could hardly be in use of that use, that the government might as well be able to show that the money was actually paid.

Not less interesting are: "Accounts, G. Washington with the United States, Commencing June, 1776, and ending June, 1782," comprehending a space of eight years. "Under this title are three or four dilapidated roll-books containing the handwriting of the great American patriot. These accounts were mostly kept while he was on the march, but they were brought up with great accuracy from day to day. The end of each book there is a comprehensive recapitulation. Individual money and heads of the currency represented by bits are specially indicated. In a final note he calls attention to a particular item which he wishes to have paid but for which he had no voucher. He debited the amount of the item from his final total and the amount could be definitely settled. All of his accounts.

"LIKE MAGIC"

New Food Makes Wonderful Changes.

When a man has suffered from dyspepsia for many years that he can't remember when he had a normal appetite, and then tries a new kind of food, he may be excused for saying "It acts like magic!"

When it is a simple, wholesome food instead of any one of a large number of so-called "medicines" in the form of drugs, he is more than ever likely to feel as though some sort of miracle has been performed.

As a man's mind grows out of a rotten digestive tract, puts it in this way:

Like magic, fittingly describes the manner in which this food relieves the pain of poor digestion, restores tongue and hue of appetite, of many years standing.

It's just about every medicine that was recommended to me, without relief. Then I tried Grape-Nuts on the suggestion of a friend. By the third box I had finished the fourth package; my stomach was as good as for the past two months I have been free from a ailment which had been so bad to me. That is something I had been unable to do previously for years.

"I'm stronger than ever and I consider the effect of Grape-Nuts as a relief from anything really wonderful. It builds up the entire body as well as the brain and nerves." Name yours by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a man," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Well-being," in plain.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

are expressed in English money. A can trepanning instrument kept by John Giblin shows the personal signature of Washington and his military "family" signature, no doubt, his immediate staff. The entire set usually hangs in "flowing quarters, on the wall." For the most part they cover purchases of foodstuffs, but now and then are such as are as:

"To cash for a room that Peter bought some time ago and."

"Cash paid for sending the estate list."

Agreed with Perry for six per month for the General's expenses, for the day for the protection of the family. Among other things of interest is the auditor's office and showing others access to members of Congress to and from Washington. In the Thirtieth Congress, \$200 for mileage is recorded in a list, probably made by Webster. A payment of \$500 for 100 days' actual time is shown to have been made to Henry Clay.

Dividing Without Hose

Lines for conducting air from the surface to the diver under the water have heretofore been considered indispensable. An elaborate outfit of pumps operated either on land or on boats was necessary to force fresh air continuously through a great length of hose to the man below the surface. Now the invention known as a German has conceived and put into successful operation an ingenious device which will probably do away with the old apparatus for diving.

By this method the diver carries on his back a cylinder containing highly oxygenated oxygen. Another cylinder contains ethylene for absorbing the carbonic acid evolved from the lungs. A system of piping carries air to the lungs and fresh air to a chamber containing the absorbing element. In this room the air is constantly renewed and gas is entirely eliminated. A small amount of oxygen, just enough to breathe the air, is added to the changed and regenerated exhalations and passed on to a compartment in the helmet, where it can be inhaled by the man on the surface. By this system the vitiated air is continually being made over into new.

It is thought that this will do away with the accidents and injuries now of the life which have occasionally happened in the diving hose or in pumping apparatus on the surface. But while the diver may carry his atmosphere, as one does his watch, along with him he cannot carry the same with himself from the outer world, as the signal line is still necessary for means of communication.

Consider the Dew

This question is often asked, How the dew falls or is formed. It is an admirable expression as concise or usual. In both cases the expression is at variance with scientific fact. Meteorologically, the formation of dew is not accompanied by motion in the vertical plane, hence there can be no question of rain or fall. Under the conditions of wind, shade, and certain conditions of wind, shade, and certain conditions, dew is produced. Warm air charged with moisture comes in contact with a cooler surface. When in this contact the heat is subtracted from the air and the saturation point for that temperature is reached. The moisture, which in the air has existed as water vapor, is condensed upon the cooler surface in the form of dew. It is not, as is often said, that the air is cooled, but that the moisture is cooled. It does not fall nor does it drop.

Decadents

If it were necessary or possible for the King of Great Britain and Ireland rightly to exercise his royal prerogative, he could make the career of a few months because the owner of many vehicles, especially motor-cars, that traverse the streets of London, is a real nuisance. It is called to all decadents. A decadent is "an article which has proved the injury and accidental version of the death of any reasonable creature." The King was for hundreds of years enforced as a means of settling the royal exchequer and motor-cars could well be considered. If a man were killed by being run over the vehicle and its contents, as well as the driver, become the King's property. The number of "motor-cars" and does might be limited by law, as it is in many countries. The number in England would keep the King in addition might be well be obliged to construct many garages.



Going to the Sun Camp on Mt. Mary Lake—Trot Fisherman's Headquarters—Glacier National Park

A 4-Day Tour in Glacier National Park for \$22.00

By Automobile, 4-Horse Stage, Lunch and Horseback

Break your journey to or from the Pacific Coast by a stop-over at Glacier National Park. It will be a new and wonderful experience. A few days in this scenic wonderland will provide material for a life-time of vivid, pleasant recollections—and at a comparatively trifling cost.

For instance, \$12 covers the total expense of a four-day tour to explore Lake St. Mary, in the very heart of the scenic region of the Park, by automobile, launch and stage, including a visit to the unique and cozy Chalets at Many-Glacier and Going-to-the-Sun Camp—the paradise of the mountain-troop fisherman. An almost unlimited number of other tours, covering one to twelve days or an entire season, may be arranged at a correspondingly low cost.

Vacations \$1 to \$5 per Day

The accommodations throughout the Park cannot be excelled. In addition to the famous chalets of Saint Charles, Cottage, a magnificent new hotel has just been completed, offering every modern luxury and convenience. It is built of huge logs in perfect harmony with its natural setting. Every room is electrically lighted and heated, equipped with pool and shower baths in basement. Enormous open fireplaces typify and crystallize the spirit of hospitality and generous welcome that is evident from the moment of your arrival. Low fares every day.

An excellent opportunity is afforded to observe the typical features and ceremonies of the Blackfoot Indians—one of the most interesting and picturesque of all surviving tribes. Stop off at Glacier Park Station.

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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 to correct the ills that nearly put the railroads out of business. More lately he discovered that the public opinion concerning the same thing were being passed 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. No less than 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 full appreciation of that fact should regulate the law 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 such a first selling of securities to 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 as that the worst law about this case. 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-magic 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 not an innocent party 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. It makes the difficult and expensive for the investment banker to do business in that jurisdiction. What is the result? Simply that the investor having securities 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 can 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 provisions if they wish to do so. Additional expense is necessary. But out of whom will this additional expense come?—naturally the banker, in this case the middleman, in selling his securities. 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 territory in which they can be marketed at all being thus reduced, the business becomes less desirable and less sought after by investment bankers. It is not just that a new 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, it is plain, would drive many of the smaller firms completely out of business. Aside 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 in "approval" 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 judgment on the credit worthiness of propositions every week?

Realize that, what intelligent investor would want to see to sell his securities, and that proposition he may not invest? 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 matter for which the 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 (Illinois) edition 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 believe that the law proposed, as set forth in this bill, would prove oppressive to legitimate business interests." The Governor then goes on to say that what he is recommending 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 sale of securities is a fit subject for state legislation at all. Most states now have laws of some kind, but the supervision over the issue of new securities. The public-service commission in New York, for instance, has a number of courts, prevent one Philadelphia one (Chicago) from selling securities in New York state, but then it is very much of a question whether the state should be 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 exist the 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 not being applied to it? This would open areas "where this would open to be a matter that regulated by the Federal government. It is the only one state, each for the state, 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 Puget Sound to San Francisco, and from Seattle to Spokane, the nearest rail and water route into 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 C. V. Ryan, 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 Elmhurst.

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-engines, 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 one of the best mines about as secure as engineers handled before.

Roslyn coal from the mines of the Roslyn Fuel Company has been used by all of the large industries of Washington with great success, and two of them will continue to use a large quantity. It is used by the logging trade in the state on account of its not throwing sparks, an important factor in the use of it from the Puget Sound to Montana, and the gas coal resulting from it is of good quality. For domestic use, it is of a better quality 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 who insist on using hard coal when a better coal would answer the purpose better and cost less. This is particularly true of people buying coal for their furnaces. They would use a furnace of steam power, with a coking gas stove at a low price per ton, the coal would last longer and give more heat. There are exceptions, however. In many mines in the East the coal that runs through is the best part of the seam, but in the Northwest the best coal is found in the part that runs through. The lumps are held together by impurities that go to form ash. Lumps in a furnace burn slowly in such the same material that a chunk of wood will burn in a fire, if it has a tendency to coke, and, you can see the break it up into lumps if a very hot fire is needed, or, if it is used to keep the fire hot, you can break it with your feet on the coal.

The main office of the Roslyn Fuel Company is in Seattle, Washington, 606 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 weight is gold to mankind. 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 you are likely will be satisfied with a very different problem.

The nature is most of exterminating these pests away for the best.

The birds are the natural enemies of the life that destroys and injures the various crops. If you could not do the things that do it, you would not be able to do so if we had crop and consider for a moment.

Instead of depleting the flocks of bluebirds, robins, 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 busy either in a well-kept pasture or among thousands of insects, or feeding on their larvae, will greatly appreciate a little of the most perfect shelter.

The small, old-fashioned, or small wooden house fastened on a fence, outbuilding, or other, or placed in a garden, will attract 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 bluebird is another enemy of the hundreds of insects that get in their work in the early spring and summer, when almost all other fruits are exposed to their ravages. They can be induced to roost about our houses if provided with suitable nesting and nesting boxes. The type of house may vary, but it should not be too large, and never over six inches high, and not more than twelve by sixteen inches, divided into four compartments, one in each room and a narrow ledge or shelf in each. 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 box 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 houses were built common, and great colonies were to be seen, but during the past quarter of a century the market 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, put a couple of small holes in it 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 warble, and in time its presence will be shown in the quantity and quality of the products yielded by the insect pests.

A Tower of Gold

Arranged in a low profiled building in Germany in 1871, the first tower which France paid in indemnity to the Prussians the previous year was granted in the form of 25,000,000 francs. The famous fortress situated 5000 miles from Berlin devotes this amount of money.

Infinitely more than a quantity of gold is made for the benefit of the nation.

In order to safeguard such a massive store great precautions have been taken for the bank for the tower. The money is kept in two floors of the fortress and is packed in 1,200 silver chests. Each chest contains 25,000 in gold.

The availability 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 tower.

The chains of the chests 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 sack and chest is registered.

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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.

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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.**

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 peddles a heavy sack of United States postal matter through an opening into the baggage-car, receiving answer 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 wood set on a tower about fifteen feet high from the ground surrounded by a small platform. At the extreme top are two cranes. One is set to describe a circle on the side around 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 it which enables it to swing and level 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 raised 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 box, leaving the other pointed out in the direction of the approaching train. He then the 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 one discovered in Heather. This monolith is sixty-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-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 lay today, shadowed 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 that whether it is impossible to think between these were the small blades of a pocket-knife. The beautiful granite, which is now preserved in the quarrying, preparing of the stone, and the building of these ancient temples have been waiting still for the day when the advancement 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" first in wide hair 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-two or twenty-three 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 cut 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, is 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.

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- Sixth—By recognizing that the other party to a bargain has well vested rights which must be respected.
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Blowing Down Buildings

It is now fifty years since Chomel demonstrated that impregnated and very high mineral content, under certain circumstances, kill a dog. Recently experimenting the same test has been recorded in a scientific periodical of Paris with reference to the extermination of mosquitoes. The victims and the cure were brought into requisition with of most rapid results. The mosquitoes were in the vicinity of a swamp district in southern France, and were first attracted as the south to the flame and then to die in numbers.

The scientist goes so far as to say that buildings may be made to tremble at the sound of certain notes and that such notes show his correspondence "bark" or "jar." He has devoted many years to the study of vibrations produced by music and very strange facts have come to light as the result of his investigations.

"One evening," he says, "I was playing the violin with a friend when all of a sudden we heard a note sounding longer than its normal life." We looked at each other in consternation, for the objects about us in the room were vibrating. We spent some time that we stopped playing. Since then my friend has observed similar experiences. It was this that led me to study the subject."

His investigations were most detailed, and extended over many months. Before applying his theories he would first study the dimensions of the structure. His most convincing experiment was tried on a tower of considerable height in the French-Italian district. In each of the first four stories he stationed men at equidistant points, with instructions to sound a defined note at the violin at a given signal. He left the fifth story vacant and provided for the sixth in the same manner, following this method in the case of the tower.

The men on the top of the various stories sounded and prolonged the note. It was found that the sound accorded to a certain and that there was a horizontal array of the lower.

The result of the experiment, and more particularly the trumpet, has most striking effects than that of the violin at least so far as the construction of edifices and engineering works is considered. This is one of the reasons why troops are forbidden to cross bridges and soldiers playing music and marching in step.

Fishin'

Don't you talk to me of work?
I'm just gone' fishin'.
Where the speckled beauties lurk,
Near the ponds and sloughs,
Now a thought have I of care,
Fittin' on a green bass slugs,
Drinkin' in the soft June air,
Vain of all ambition!

I don't care much what I catch,
Long as I am anglin'.
What do you care what I fish,
On my string-a-dangle?
Makes no difference to me—
Finner or none, whichever it be—
While I'm of there, wholly free
From all scenes of wretchedness!

Fishin' ain't jest fishin' fish
In a pond or river—
Though a fresh trout on a dish
Makes you sort o' shiver—
Fishin' ain't on some spot
Where it's neither cold nor hot,
Without thinkin' on your lot—
Fortune, love, or liver.

Fishin's gittin' far away
From all noise and flurry;
Gittin' off where you can play
Nuthin's in a hurry;
There to work hard and set,
Hind to all the things that fret,
Quarrel, care, and woe.

Yeees—I'll give up ambition,
And for have an afternoo' workin',
Any day to go a fishin'!

JOHN KENNEDY BAYNE.

A Bridge Across the Pacific

The distribution of plants and animals reveals strange secrets of the past history of the world. The fact that there were elk, red deer, and wolves in Ireland shows that Ireland, like England, was once joined to the continent of Europe and there are moles in England, but none in Ireland. This shows that Ireland was separated by sea from England before the moles arrived. In the same way the absence of native land mammals from Bermuda proves that this island, which was once surrounded by wide spaces of ocean. The Polynesian botanist, Hans Hillebrand, has been successful in the past in securing of the Pacific Ocean and its islands by obtaining the strange and often quite peculiar plants now so the geranium forest of Hawaii, which are found in them. He has been led to form some

what startling conclusions. He believes that the great Malay islands, together with Australia and large numbers of Polynesian islands, constituted one enormous land mass that after the new formed part of a great peninsula stretching northward from China, most of which subsequently sank either wholly or in part, leaving the highlands which became Tasmania, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, the Linnæus, the Cook and other of New Guinea, New Guinea itself, the Midway, Cook, the Philippines, and various other islands, which serve as centers of plant distribution between China and Polynesia. This crushed string of great islands, which were separated by deep ocean from eastern Australia.

It still earlier times, according to Hillebrand, the great land mass was further divided into two parts, the northern part being connected by land with the American continent, thus forming a wreathe bridge across the Pacific Ocean. The northern boundary of this bridge was formed by a line drawn from southern Spain through the Hawaiian Islands to Lower California, while its southern boundary passed from Tasmania toward New Zealand by way of the Auckland and Campbell Islands, and farther outward through Tahiti and the Society Islands, thus approaching the American coast through Easter Island, the Juan Fernandez, and the island of Robinson Crusoe, and finally reaching a point near in the south of Chile.

With our present knowledge of the salinity of sea, which must be run in hundreds of thousands or even in millions of years, we need hardly be surprised to learn that Hillebrand believes that moderns of still existing Polynesian plants and animals were introduced not only over this huge bridge across the Pacific Ocean, but even passed over it, in millions of years, and were introduced by sea, as shown by the numerous carvings, supposed by Wiener to represent human, but which Hillebrand says are human, and also the numerous other evidence and points to the community of type between some Egyptian, American, and South American art, and expresses the belief that Egyptian and American art have traveled from a South Atlantic source by two routes: one to Africa and the other by way of the Malay archipelago and Polynesia to America.

The Clocks We Wear

Two three marks on the back of a plate and the clock on a striking are also particularly in the same circumstances.

The three marks correspond to the four chisel pieces between the fingers, and in other sharp three pieces continued along the back of the hand, being used to conceal the same.

A somewhat similar origin is assigned to the ornamental clock on the striking. In the days when stockings were made of cloth, the seams occurred where the clock do not, the ornamentation being used to conceal the same.

The ancient little loon in the leather band linking a man's hat is a survival of the time when a hat was made by taking a piece of leather, being two holes through it, and drawing it up with a pole of string.

The Flying Frog of Java

The Java frog is a creature more striking between fifteen and twenty feet inches. The skin on its back is pale blue and by night looks dark green or olive brown.

The frog retains motion during the day, with eyes sheltered from the light and with bells on its legs to support by adhesive cushions and by its body, which is provided with a sticky covering, and a hardily detachable from the objects that surround it. At nightfall it begins its hunt for its most earthy victims on which it feeds making leaps covering seven feet at a time. During the day the play of large bill with air sends its body to a downward height it spreads wide its arms and drooping, falls upon its feet.

The Genesis of Men of Straw

MR. ENGLISH, an English author, is a new volume on legends of the day, relates the following queer bit of history.

Some years ago men used to work about openly in Westminster Hall with a piece of straw in their back. By the same authorities men that such persons were in want of employment as false witnesses, and would give any evidence inquired for by the law. It was thought if an advocate washed an obliging witness to add to one of those men and show him the result of it, not sufficient if the witness would not take any notice of it. The law was then increased until its weight revealed the power of memory to a sufficient extent. It is a fact that the first man of straw was a man of straw.

How Queens Shop

ALL the queens of Europe are faithful followers of the prevailing mode and are without exception patrons of the Paris shops along the Rue de la Paix and in the Place Vendôme. Even the first-wives of Japanese emperors who have not visited Europe, send her orders regularly to Paris.

The Empress Queen Alexandra of England is probably the best buyer of all the crowned heads. Her assortment of gloves rivals that of any other set selection, and it is said that she demands at least two pairs daily during the year. Her average expenditure in Paris for dresses and jewelry each year is \$20,000 and this does not cover her purchases in jewelry, but mostly their resetting.

The Empress Queen of Portugal still recently was Alexandra's rival in the matter of Paris shopping. She has never been outstaged, as queens go, except in the matter of riding horses, of which she has sometimes ordered thirty in the course of a year. They need be made without bridle or harness, and her annual purchase is six during a season. There are heard in a great downtown establishment in the Avenue de l'Opéra. She pays at the rate of \$50 for a coat and orders from a dress to \$100 in the course of a month. Her purchases are always given for her horseback riding and for her figure, and when light riding was in vogue she once retained a servant to a Paris shop with an X-ray photograph of the ill results to come from wearing it.

The Queen of Holland is also favored though toward French dressmakers, although she frequently the shops of her own capital. Her Majesty's favorite for riding gear is a standing joke in Paris shops. The story is told that when she purchased a new coat she was told by the proprietress of the order was called in question by the King, so orders had also been ordered from the shop of selecting riding gear and white. The Queen indignantly returned the order on the ground, but in order to have satisfied under the assumption caused by the story in her own circle and to have withdrawn her patronage from that particular establishment.

Queen Victoria of Great Britain has a taste for orders and wears them with a true monarch's indifference to vulgar considerations when her Montenapartea organ with her mother-in-law, Margherita, reverse this preference by approving almost invariably in black. Margherita is the most popular of all crowned heads with one exception both in Paris and in Rome. She gives away large orders to her ladies-in-waiting and has all goods sent on approval to her ladies-in-waiting.

The Empress of Germany and Russia seldom visit the French capital, and perhaps have never been in the Rue de la Paix save in their carriages. But the young Queen of Spain and her cousin, the Crown Princess of Romania and the Queen of Norway, often visit Paris together and become the most perfect frolic of their shopping tows.

The Weight of the "Limited"

GENERALLY speaking, the heaviest of the cars comprising a "limited" train is the diner, which exceeds the other cars in weight by about 10,000 pounds or 15,000 pounds. Such a car, with full equipment, usually weighs something like 140,000 pounds when ready to make its customary station runs.

A sixteen-section sleeper may weigh from 110,000 pounds to 125,000 pounds, while the heaviest variety of the transcontinental type comes out at 107,000 pounds.

The baggage car, weighing 85,000 pounds, may be the lightest in a train, but the postal car next in its weight, at an average, 102,000 pounds.

A chair car is full weight at 87,000 pounds, while the ordinary passenger coach tips the scales at 93,800 pounds. With a locomotive and heavy weighing car, 280,000 pounds, it is easy to estimate the enormous weight of some of the modern through trains of seven cars.

Modern Antiquities

During recent excavations in Rome there were found in the Palace of the Caesars on the Palatine Hill three big elevators, one shaft being 108 feet deep. Hero of Alexandria in 125 B.C. invented mechanical lifts and a steam engine of the type known today as Atty's patent and a double forcing pump for use with a steam engine. The principal inventor responsible for the pump-in-the-land idea. The excavations were supposed to have been completed in Paris in 1044. Leonardo da Vinci made investigations into the possibility of aerial flight.

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Illustrated by Benjamin Lander

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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 shifting spectral form of revolving double stars. But the great stumbling-block to all photographic success, no matter the subject, is the 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 question of what violation of the photography 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 him. Sometimes a gigantic specter was produced with startling distinctness, though never repeating the phenomena seen from the rocks, 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 making 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 lashed into tools 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 an entirely a rest that the razor needs, although that term will express it poorly well.

It seems that any razor, after constant use on the human face, will become so charged that, for the better or otherwise, it will either sluggish and refuse to work as 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 easily 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.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

Vol. LVII
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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.

Fruit of Discipline

Remembering MR. WREKLY a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY about California, a correspondent writes:

California is noted for the economic efficiency of the Japs, and more especially still their moral and industrial efficiency, if by this means anything is said. The trouble seems to be that the Jap can run a hundred horse-power engine on the fuel that a small pony would need. But 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 hardiest.

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 price-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 correspondents call 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 enthusiasm its career under the editorship of Mr. CURTIS, the San Francisco Argonaut goes on to say:

There came a time when the editor [Mr. CURTIS] was required for alleged business reasons either to "close" his interpretations and temper his judgments, or resign. Man of integrity and courage as he was, he quit the post in which he had so long been laboring for himself, his associates, and for the WEEKLY.

Brother BURNHAM has been curiously misinformed. Mr. CURTIS 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 continuation of the WEEKLY, and he refused to support BURNHAM. The Argonaut seeks to make it appear that the WEEKLY suffered because of the loss of its 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. HENRY HARPER (Harper & Brothers). When Mr. CURTIS failed in health and was, as it turned out, dying, Mr. SCHERER was engaged as the man most fit, and most acceptable to Mr. CURTIS, 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 beset his 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 how JOSEPH R. BROWN, a regular Democrat of exceptional fitness, has declined, and in this writing still persists in declining, to 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 BURNHAM, 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 the President 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.

Fashions 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 fashions 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. On subsequent charges made under threat of a lawsuit, 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 make his own version, 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've got to tell you that we've got to see you in politics to-day but have 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 Mr. Nathan when this thing went on," said MERRILL, very shortly, and I answered, quickly:

"We were one-part of the time."

"It's an Irish job," said MERRILL, throwing the arm of the chair with his fist. "It's only an Irish job, and I don't want to mix it with you."

"I don't believe in Mr. Nathan when this thing went on," said MERRILL, very shortly, and I answered, quickly:

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 comprise 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 benefit of the 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. HENRY HARRIS, of New York, as his 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 and constant incessant demands, 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 ironmolds, and in a few years this will be recognized." That is, a lot 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 life 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 things" upon, and a good deal 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.

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 a given crack on the band 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 us 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 this or that was 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 and other 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 men, 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 merely firing a protruded crank in a glossed 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 marionette that looked like hanging, and another to show the men 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 arms were promptly distributed. Then the company came out upon the floor, promptly at the appointed moment, at a double time, dress-ho the arms with the heel of the hand or the butt of the bayonet, as they would have had just time to do the same sort of things, ropes, and set up the tents. The observation of the device was instantly appreciated by the hundreds of spectators, and the soldiers rang in the clapping of hands and cheering.

And yet—perfection is never attained at one leap. Another company was required to engage in a little exercise, so that the same sort of thing is in practically taught by illustration. 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 gunlocks, 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 there 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 received 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—such as they would encounter on the battle-field, of course—the men could hear a word, and a great many of them forgot 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 marines has strength only through the knowledge of the strength of the 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

entirely inexperienced—though National Guardsmen. Seven 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-mastery 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 'yah-huh' 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

On 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 Taylor prospectors, were ranging on the banks of a stream when 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.

settlement 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 reduced to its population that in 1868 an record it was given in the census. While Butte claimed 2,000 inhabitants. The discovery of the Aliver, La Plata, 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 business 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 of 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 seasons, 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 artists, who afterwards acquired a wide reputation. Some of them today rest 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 insuperable 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, not by examination, with the possibilities of the quartz claims in the territory. He had, however, led the country for the southwestern Idaho mining fields during the late sixties and had taken with him samples of quartz from the Butte territory. Recognizing 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 Truxton 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 stock, nuggets. 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, Oro Fino, Nelson Gulch, Dry Gulch, Helena's Gulch, Silver Creek Gulch, and Last Chance yielded \$20,000,000.

The sports have been discovered later on. Unionville and Park City, four miles south of Helena, produced from the quartz mines \$4,000,000; Whitefish, Idaho, \$1,000,000; Park, Montana, 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, \$5,000,000; Empire, \$1,000,000; Helena, \$1,000,000; St. Louis, \$1,250,000; Bull Mountain, \$1,000,000; President, \$1,000,000; Jay Gould, \$2,000,000; Blue Bird, \$500,000; 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 in Great Falls, eighteen miles from Helena, has thus far furnished 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, consisting of well-furnished 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 opportunities 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 pleasant summers. Very few destructive atmospheric disturbances have occurred in this locality.

The latest agricultural possibilities of the section are under active study at the Great Falls Experiment Station are being conducted, disseminating a knowledge of scientific farming methods.

The benefits of Helena's great electric power plant, the first 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 city will become a great center of these various divisions, reducing its toll in electrical 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 very paying deposits with clearing banks, Helena made a record of \$1,000,000. In view of the fact that Helena is a Montana county city and demands of correspondents at that time average six per cent with the clearing on all deposits, this is a record of which the Helena banks are justifiable proud.

For many years the banks of this city have been the clearing-bank of the state of Montana. Located near the center of Montana, on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway and east of 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, with state north and south, Helena occupies a position of great advantage as the home of clearing-bank 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 the Helena banks, always handled upon an average of \$10,000,000 per annum, and it might not be entirely to state that many clearing-bank 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 hundred anniversary of the first gold strike in the section of the Pacific Northwest called the Inland Empire.

That one hundred years ago agriculture in this section of its furthest back the lands for which the population in one million people is a territory extending one hundred and fifty miles in all directions from Spokane. It has helped in building a city of 120,000 population by the side of the Spokane. Yet only the "high spots" have been touched in this section from an agricultural standpoint. Industrially, the future seems larger, and capital is now engaged in blazing the trail that the fullest return may be had from the variety of resources nature has given.

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 back and north of the continent.

Mines, forests, water power, broad areas in 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 in due and proper order, the city of Spokane is destined to make this city a leader among its peers.

A survey of industrial Spokane revealed the fact that 215 factories and manufacturing plants in Spokane have an annual output of \$1,000,000,000, that they employ 30,000 persons, that they have invested \$100,000,000 and that they have been in existence 600,000,000.

Almost everywhere in the making centers of the Inland Empire, the great lever of the rail and the storehouses of wealth and send this rivalry about during the next few years. Engineers and best quality steel, 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

While many forebode and comfortable methods in the great numbers have been yielded by the soil of the Inland Empire, the farmer's introduction to the fact that modern is also methods require teamwork is recent. The farmer has demonstrated the fact that the soil here produces richly a variety of products and that the best methods require teamwork is recent to supplement production by intelligent, cooperative distribution and marketing.

This movement has been a consequence of growers, bankers, transportation experts, and business men in Spokane last November. The cooperative result in all districts—Washington, Idaho, Montana and Montana—will be to create this form of the cooperative marketing of farm products. Since the big apple crop is the need of such an organization, it will receive the greatest attention from this agency at the start.

This is it prepared to start the fiber of the soil a

and return, in the rolling prairie of the Palouse. Wells, Wallis, and Big Bend districts' writers' are often amazed to have printed out one in capitals who are rated at about \$100,000 to \$1,000,000. What is it?

But, despite the fortunes made from the growing of this great staple, farmers here have derived that the day of the farmer is past. It is a thing of the past in a few years. By a simple process of reasoning this becomes clear. Land values are rising, and the farmer will be forced to farm with 50 per cent greater returns. In place that one outlet has come. What the change involves proceeds from the farmer will be to provide for himself for his family's needs and money.

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 by the Inland Empire there are 1,400,000,000 board feet of standing timber. In 1910 the production of lumber amounted to 1,450,000,000 board feet. The following year found the eastern demand for lumber boomed, and the production was 1,250,000,000 board feet. At \$16 per thousand feet, the 1910 lumber production in the Spokane territory had a value of \$23,500,000.

What the lumber industry does in bring in new capital is seen in the fact that in 1910, the value of its product in this territory, so that \$14,000,000 or \$1,000,000 of new money is brought in each year.

Spokane is absolutely supplied with railroad facilities, having five transcontinental roads, seven branch steam lines, and seven interurban lines. The following year found the eastern demand for lumber boomed, and the production was 1,250,000,000 board feet. At \$16 per thousand feet, the 1910 lumber production in the Spokane territory had a value of \$23,500,000.

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WHITE PINE A NATIONAL ASSET

BY WILLIAM DEARY

FROM the days of earliest New England settlements down to the present time the white-pine forests of the New England which were used by the shrewdness, the shrewd, and the resource of our history. Perhaps no commodity has entered so largely into the commercial and industrial supremacy of the nation as the products of these forests.

White-pine logs were used by the New England pioneers for the construction of their first colonies; white-pine staves protected them from the attacks of the Indians. The torpedoes, bats and boats of the white pine were used extensively by these hardy pioneers as durable timbers. The mothers of the nation used white-pine distills and beams in spinning and weaving the cloth for their families.

White-pine furniture was generally used in rural homes in early Colonial days, while white pine in abundance was at hand. Augustus Parison and Philip ministers expanded the Gospel in white-pine settlements from white-pine pulpits to congregations seated on white-pine benches.

There is some doubt as to the year in which the first New England mill was built for the manufacture of white pine lumber, but it seems reasonably certain that it was built in York, Maine, about 1623, and the second at what is now South Berwick, Maine, in 1631 or 1632.

Both of these mills were probably of the type which was used with little if any improvement until the beginning of the nineteenth century. They were driven by water power and the machinery and saws were of the crudest, simplest form. From 1700 to 1750 the best lumber consisted of wood dry in size.

From the beginning of operation the product of these primitive little mills was an eagerly sought article in few years a number of mills were built in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and white-pine lumber sprang into first place among the exports of the colonies. At first timbers were shipped to England, where they were in great demand, there were no sawmills in the British Isles at the time. Later other white-pine boards, shaves, and shingles were exported to the West Indies, the Canary Islands, Guiana, and as far as Madagascar in exchange for provisions, general merchandise, sugar, molasses, and other commodities.

About this time it was discovered that white-pine

docking, masts, yards, and spars were superior to any in use in vessels of the time, and this discovery offered a new export market for the product of the New England which the shrewd settlers were quick to supply.

It followed, naturally, that with abundant sources of the best material available for the purpose close at hand, shipbuilding became a large and flourishing industry along the Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts coasts, and white pine entered largely into the construction of the vessels that were annually built by the hundreds. The use of white pine was confined, however, to docking, masts, spars, and interior cabin trunks, or sections of the lightness and flexibility, and its lightness because of the ease with which it could be carved artistically.

The center of activity in the white-pine lumber industry moved gradually westward through New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and finally through Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

For nearly three centuries the white-pine lumbermen of the Northern States had used a western trail to the construction of the vessels that they built, the farmer, the stock raiser, the merchant, and the manufacturer.

The largest body of white-pine timber in the world is in northern Idaho, and on this tract stands the only mature white-pine forest of any magnitude now left in the old order white-pine forest there is a small quantity of first-growth timber left, but the greater part of the white pine in this section consists of second growth, which is the far Eastern States, in the result of reforestation.

The largest known white-pine tree of our day was felled in Lathrop Canyon, Idaho, on December 12, 1911. This ancient monarch of the forest was six feet six inches in diameter and contained over 25,000 feet of lumber, a large proportion of which was of the highest quality.

Much of the timber in Idaho now covered by white-pine forests will eventually be put under cultivation, and the white-pine lumbermen will then be able to the chug of the gasoline tractor, the hum of the motor, the waving of cables, and the merry laugh of the saw.

In Idaho, as in other white-pine states, the kindly forests will yield to progressive farmers, stock breeders, and manufacturers, and the products will be of industrial materials. This will not come in just in

our time, however, as Idaho has white pine in plenty for the nation's use for many years.

For almost 300 years white pine has led the lumber class of the nation, and it will continue to do so.

It combines in a rare degree those qualities which the users of wood have learned to prize most highly. The wood is beautiful in grain and color and seasons readily and perfectly; it does not contain objectionable acids, oils, or pitchy substances, and as a consequence takes all kinds of stains, paints, and finishes to the most perfect manner; it is light in weight, it has remarkably strong fiber, it works easily under plan, saw, and chisel; it has a pleasant, wholesome odor, does not warp or splinter, and lasts remarkably well when exposed to the weather. It is, therefore, the wood pre-eminently best fitted for general use.

During Colonial times the cargoes of England and America were carried under white-pine decks. White-pine seats and spars have led to the winds of every sea and white-pine battens and girders have jacked into every part of the world.

The signal lanterns that sent Paul Revere on the memorable ride which had such a far-reaching effect on the destiny of the colonies were swung in the white-pine stocks of old South Church.

In the naval engagements of the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Rebellion the wood of the great masts on both sides stained the white-pine decks of the world.

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A LEADER OF THE PINE FAMILY

BY ROBERT ANDREWS

WESTERN yellow pine (*Pinus ponderosa*) is a tree which is one of the most valuable sources among the lumber trees of the West Coast, and is heavier and stronger than the pine of the southern or eastern part of the United States. It is the largest of the white pines of the West, and the sugar pine of California. It is a tree of moderate size, with a trunk which is four to six feet in diameter. The wood of the tree is 20 to 25 pounds per cubic foot, about 2,500 pounds per thousand board feet. The wood is a yellowish-brown color, and is very strong and durable. It is used for a wide variety of purposes, and is one of the most valuable of the lumber trees of the West.

Where there is a long growing season with good soil and moderate conditions, as in the Coast of Alaska or Puget Sound of the Idaho region, the tree produced each year is water and there is an abundant growth of late wood. The cell elements found in the late wood of trees grown under such favorable conditions are strong and make the wood easy-durable, and the lumber of fully matured trees of the best quality. The annual growth of a tree of average size from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds in the year of growing.

The natural range of this tree extends from southern British Columbia to Lower California and northern Mexico and in every state west of the great plains. It is a tree of moderate size, with a trunk which is four to six feet in diameter. The wood of the tree is 20 to 25 pounds per cubic foot, about 2,500 pounds per thousand board feet. The wood is a yellowish-brown color, and is very strong and durable. It is used for a wide variety of purposes, and is one of the most valuable of the lumber trees of the West.

Few trees have a commercial range as wide as the Western yellow pine. It has a natural range from the Pacific coast, but it covers one-third of the United States. It is out in Arizona, California, Colorado, Utah, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Idaho, Dakota, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming, and is found to a smaller extent over a considerably wider area.

all wood used by its industries. Idaho white-pine producing approximately 10 per cent, and Douglas fir 3 per cent. The average cost per thousand feet of Western yellow pine is \$11.00 and \$12.00 for Idaho white pine. Western yellow pine constitutes 96.20 per cent of the wood manufactured into boxes, and is used for the purposes of the lumber trade in Idaho for such boxes, shingles, and general millwork 4,200,000 feet of Western yellow pine were used in 1914, valued at \$41,500,000. The white-pine tree is rapid and it comes to maturity on all soil and burned over areas. It grows to a height of 125 to 175 feet and has a diameter of from three to seven feet. In the Northwest, under the best conditions for its development, the height growth is about rapid at 40 to 50 years of age. After 100 years the height growth will be still more rapid, but it is not as rapid as below the seven annual growth of 32 of a foot. In this country, at the age of 200 years, the Western yellow pine will have a height growth of approximately 30 feet, with a diameter of twenty-four feet. In Idaho, however, the rate of growth is much faster, especially in the light growth.

The texture and general quality of this wood make it highly serviceable for many of the common making, mill products. Thick finish from one and one-quarter inch to one inch thick finish, shingles, thick quarter plank, or shap corners, factory sheds, thick quarter lumber, common boards, shingles, general roofing, and shingles, and in the form of 1 1/2 and 2 1/2 diameter, and both are the principal products into which Western yellow pine is converted when it leaves the mill or shaver. Many of these products are shipped to the coast, though some come from the mill, but the bulk of the material is run through the planer and either surfaced or re-manufactured into lumber and shingles of all sizes and grades. This is done in closer grading and at the same time, by lightening the weight, assists considerably in reducing the cost of the lumber. This is done in the mill. The stock is shipped a long distance from points of production.

The wood is well suited for flooring. Its even grain and wearing properties commend its use for this purpose, and it does not shrink or warp greatly under proper treatment. It is also well suited for the construction of bridges, and is very serviceable for deep siding and is inferior only to Idaho white pine for best siding. Its light weight, ease of working, lack of pitch, resistance, and ability to hold its shape and to hold nails make Western yellow pine one of the favorite woods for siding.

It is a fine wood for window and door casings and headboards of trunks and a big demand, especially when it is to be painted. Its grain figures characteristically in the finish which is desired in such the wood. Its resistance to warping and checking commends it for paneling and general finish, especially where a fine finish is desired.

For ship and factory lumber the Western yellow pine is ideal, and it is in great demand for such and for other uses. It is a fine wood for general building and manufacturing purposes. Its even grain, smooth finish, easy-working properties, and resistance to warping and checking commend it as a fine wood for secondary manufacturing plants requiring such woods it is covered against its associated evils only by Idaho white pine (*P. ponderosa*), for which it is often mistaken and sold instead.

Common lumber of Western yellow pine is often manufactured in planing mills for use as tank stock, step plank, and box lumber. Large quantities of surfaced lumber of the lower grades are converted for use by manufacturers locally or without the state.

Western yellow pine is used ranging from the coarsest construction to highly finished products. House frames, beams, joists, rafters, sheathing, and all other work at all levels of finish, and it is heavier and stronger than Western white pine or the sugar pine of the far West. It is used in products, chiefly in appearance, the wood being considerably more susceptible to both. The building of dams to hold water along the shores of deep mountains and across wide gorges for storing timber, generating power, and for irrigation calls for very large quantities of wood, and yellow pine meets much of the demand. It is especially well suited for such uses, and is one of the best woods for such purposes. It is the cheapest and most economical material available.

Some of the finished products of the wood, notably such as shingles, and both at home and abroad as white pine. Planing mills that manufacture flooring and ceiling under some of their best lumber from the Western yellow pine are in California, Oregon, and Idaho. In California white pine is made into several kinds of Idaho lumber—cedar, spruce, hemlock, and fir. The wood is now shipped to the West and Minnesota and as far east as Wisconsin and Illinois, to be used in these products.





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 account 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 book. 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 account, 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 done in a way that was forewarned 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 receives 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 knowledge by acquiring his first machine in a month or 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 portion of an automobile salesman could devise a plan for handing out this knowledge in a lump sum, 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 automobile knowledge in the earlier days of the motor-car. Many a man has paid enough for one broken speaking parrot to buy a complete set of automobile maps at present prices, and good road names have been handed out to the wayfarer like those who put up a reputation of having a monopoly of all the motor-car knowledge there was. These people are like hotel hangers, and bicycle riders, whose knowledge was practically unobtainable in the "garages" with the advertisements of the motor-car, set only bluffed good and hard, but they took 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 bills to learn how to adjust a vibrator coil. And it all went to one person, though with a slight exception after steady conversations for roughly a month with a mechanic who always knew what the trouble was himself. He usually found it by the touch of his hand and guessing—the guessing about a problem proceeding with which every motorist whose experience dates back several years is familiar. But

in this particular instance the motorist used his power 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 how 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 buy 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 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 in the valve, 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 "accidents" again. The motor had been running idle at the curb for the matter of an hour or more while the 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 the water out of the radiator and 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 valves 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-needle of the carburetor and the lighting of the lock nut, which had been overlooked, consumed less than five minutes, and she was again "bitting on all fours" with her usual vigor. This was another bit of car-riding 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 worth of saved repairs and perhaps or rather maintenance of the car. For ways that were dark and that I can't remember, but that I have had the benefit of her own and that she has been burning in the still existence of the woods, and the money taken of the party had been sitting on the bank collecting interest for some time ago. When the car had been stopped at the curb, the driver had promptly begun to flood, and it had kept right on all the time they were there, so the fog spot under his foot was a very large one. But after lowering the Rivo of the back of instructions, he had promptly primed the carburetor to start. When the bonnet was closed, the water was dripping and dripping, and the engine would not start. The man who had been priming the carburetor would have been from the creek and there would have been a new little item to add to the expense account for experience. He had added one or two more got stuck. Shifting of the water, 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, or, 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 he had to travel. 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-patcher he was without an equal, and if he had a superior in that particular line of relieving the sin of the tire bill must have been somewhere heard to coincide. By putting self-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 cities 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 roads 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 connecting 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 out the car across the garage floor. He wouldn't budge, 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 so 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 funnel had been used so conscientiously in filling, so the investigation was begun at the carburetor. The screws of the injector intake was practically closed up with a mass of dirt bound to-

ought to be, and an oil—but as spark 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 ventilating 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 crank was not in vain. It was a hard fight, but I won't boast, since, if I had started out



He was plainly 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 very few minutes. No few or high-profile motorist had to be put out. In one case of the same kind that happened only a few months ago my garage man had to tow one of his awkward forty miles to secure a party that had started out in one of my cracked rats 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 end 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 hill of know-how that no carpenter on the road short of an actual breakdown that renders outside aid unobtainable will make it necessary for him to dig down on his own. Spending of hours reminds me of a four-hour session I put in trying to start the car in my own last summer. Everything was apparently all right—butterless 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 found 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 know what makes this gasometer?" 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;
 Seek those the mountain heights, the vales;
 List in the music of the breeze,
 The birds and whistling trees;
 Breathe in the silver summer air,
 Take in the essence of the fair;
 Deep nature's skies that spread 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 shrill and their low;
 All things that whisper in the heart
 And Nature's stronger impact,
 Beir thou, and then
 Take up thy pen,
 And weave them in thy song array,
 And thou shalt wear the bay!



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 this 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 condi-
tions, 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
more than 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
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cent. And our contracts from our
makers this year call for 800,000 tires.

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know are quitting old-type tires.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book
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More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
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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 men and thousands of horses, 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 apothecary.

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 axes, probes and mortars, rolling-pans and screens, etc. The output was very small and, consequently speaking, consisted of all sorts were expensive and frequently unobtainable.

All this has been changed, and now, save the most improved machinery and implements capable to produce the most delicate and attractive sweets, scarcely have been superseded by engines, probes and mortars and rolling-pans and screens have given place to revolving pans and steam pans, and machinery for heating and blending and mixing, for cutting and slicing and grinding, for rolling and flattening, and for various crushing, levelling and freezing cases, and other processes.

While many of the best and most extensive candies are still very largely made by hand, however, the principal product of the area is a 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 confection, and vanilla, the favorite French ingredient, and the various liqueur ingredients and the flavors 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 vanilla that now so popular a part of confectionery.

Although sugar is the predominant element in the manufacture of sweets, the secondary commodities, such as gum, chocolate, cream, vanilla, pistachio nuts, and other articles too numerous to mention, play an important part in the production of the sweets. The area is a 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 confection, and vanilla, the favorite French ingredient, and the various liqueur ingredients and the flavors 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 vanilla that now 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 no man is to be employed, if 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. Breaching 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.



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.

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.

carries the voice of distress to the outside world, and the voice of the outside world back to those suffering.

At the most critical time, the nearest telephone connected and working in the Bell System affords instant communication with distant places.

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Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

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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

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ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best coffee. A pleasing remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is a powerful tonic and a most valuable aid in the treatment of all the ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is a powerful tonic and a most valuable aid in the treatment of all the ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is a powerful tonic and a most valuable aid in the treatment of all the ailments of the stomach and bowels.



A Spokane Jobbing House

the Cascade Mountains, and embracing a large portion of the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, is a territory of great extent in all New England, New York, and New Jersey. It is a territory of great extent in all New England, New York, and New Jersey. It is a territory of great extent in all New England, New York, and New Jersey.

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, were the Spokane Empire, and a conservative estimate of the annual trade is fifty millions of dollars. Spokane being among the most of the country's distributing centers, its business is conducted along modern and progressive lines. The jobbers and manufacturers are fully equipped, handling both production and liberal credit service to the merchants of their territory. Banking facilities are made to finance operations, and all principal lines of merchandise are represented by houses of high experience and high standing.

Spokane is the largest distributing point of the country in some lines, notably mining and lumbering and all the agricultural and mechanical. Who can picture or foretell the future for Spokane as a distributing center? It takes all natural resources, all will require a expense in a veritable empire, resourcefully rich in natural resources, at present containing only a few millions of people, but in a few years, it will be a veritable empire, resourcefully rich in natural resources, at present containing only a few millions of people, but in a few years, it will be a veritable empire, resourcefully rich in natural resources.

Confectionery

Confectionery, the making of confectionery originated in a land with the apothecary about five hundred years ago. It was then that sugar was first imported into England, and it was then that "confections" first became known. For a time they appeared only in medicinal form, the apothecaries 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 drugs and medicinal confections. The ancient and medieval confections, the ancestors of our modern and luxurious ones. The cost 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.

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 five 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 revolution 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 upswing, nobody thought anything worth about the tariff. Now that the crowd has been jolted 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 rearrangement of the long-established tariff schedules 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 cuts which are going to be made are bound to hurt, but any idea that it is to be abandoned does not mean the productive system under which our industries have grown may at once be disintegrated. Between what the administrative machinery and sole revisers 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 better equipped for 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 be pointed 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 crises which have lived through these times, it is argued 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 revised," but it is true that a number of big corporations which have hitherto benefited by the protection of the tariff will have outstanding a large amount of stock, and, under a reduction, it will be less valuable than they have been. The best "Speak of the devil" of "tariff revision" and what concrete examples present themselves first to mind" would, naturally, be 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 prices 7 per cent. dividends and has an authorized dividend record since the organization of the company. Its price in 1913 is a good deal higher than in 1902, it stood 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 rising price will be very directly affected by tariff reduction. Only last year it stood near 27. 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 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 10 per cent of the ground has been developed.

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 \$7.25 a share.

The principal product from the mine during the better part of 1902, 1908, 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 Adirondack 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 diameter, 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 99 per cent. probability that the raising 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 carrying 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 handicap 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 electricity will be made to operate on a more economical basis than at present. Which, after all, is the important thing—more important even than the fact that there will be a gross earnings increase. Material 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 to be feared. Following 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 show which business is to be done as usual.

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 3,000 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 proportion to the demand for the same.

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 tailoring 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. Show baths 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.

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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 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 cavity 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.

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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 healthful 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, so that no mold or insect 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 red-wood locusts the difficulty arose, not with the cat, but with those infested kittens, which, although they submitted to be fed by their foster-mother, refused all nutriment from such a source.



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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 used 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 so safely. They were retained until they were brought to light by scientific excavations. 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 Muzene, that conducted a positive record 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 dated and have been formed family archives. They relate to a very early period, being mostly dated in the names of the predecessors of that mighty monarch Hammurabi, who reigned the Babylonian laws, and who ruled the Babylonian 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 name of the witness before the notary of the 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 wife. "For all the conduct concerning property, I, B. H. H., 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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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 catastrophe. 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.

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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 hundred magnitudes will add about 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

BREVETTES 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 built on the chassis of a good auto "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 billiard room is a magnificent establishment is pointed out as a warning to avoid the place as a plague spot.

The five members and kept secret from outsiders, these valuable ideas are free to members for their exclusive use. One result has been that the accomplished motorists have taken shape in a sort of geographical book dictionary.

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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 10th, Mr. Newton Harrison 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 plottings and test the law-tariff theory.

Senator Traverses, 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 main provisions 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 in the same breath 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-foellner 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 long-tariff amendments. 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 1914 was to the bill of 1852, concerning which Mr. WALKER said that practically all classes, including the manufacturers, were content with it as an extension of the long-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 not be actually displeased 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 respect of 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 SENATOR MOYER, who, whatever their past records, seem now to be resolutely inclined 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 us 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 TOLSON, to be carried out 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 for far more deliberate and full consideration than we are permitted to give it. It involves a number of and not to be hastily dealt with; whether, for instance, the higher 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 rigorous is itself advisable in competitive industry; it involves a lot of things that ought not to be hastily 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 in mind to bring it up. On that score we ourselves are uncommittal. 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 ever they be discussed on its merits, the announced purpose of the President and the party he governs 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 are introduced an amendment to the tariff bill which would bar from entry all goods manufactured wholly or in part by child or anti-laborer women, or by children under sixteen who are not permitted to work more than eight hours a week. It would also bar all products made wholly or in part by convict labor—

Paterson and the I. W. W.

The I. W. W. at Paterson is a symptom, not a cause. Mr. GEORGE MASON 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 Danbury mill, caused at the installation of the four-loom 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 Danbury 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 which, under competition, have forced hand- and hand- on operators. The story as Mr. MASON tells it is that twenty years ago a high-loom web was perfected that could be run by women. Four-loom 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-loom system, Mr. MASON says that fifty years ago each weaver operated a loom about eighteen inches wide. Gradually by improvements in machinery and possibly by developing a higher standard of civility, workers have been given two, three, and now four looms to run, and the width of the looms has been doubled. So a weaver now under the four-loom 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 escape successfully with Pennsylvania's net export of raw silks. If applied to 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 common situation. Business men are not to be blamed for that, 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 whole world, and is crying that woe, and the I. W. W. takes hold of this situation, which public law and facts argument, and does what it can. Largely it raises bold, 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 homes? 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 coal districts of Pennsylvania in silk-mills? Perhaps some manufacturers are the better for it, but we are not sure 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, and in many and more lives of women have been worked in, and human endurance 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 **BUY** wages 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 create the human cost, the cost of lives sacrificed, of energies overtaxed 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 pitifully 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 here put and more as France was, about 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. How 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. BROWN, 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 in urging girls to concentrate in the city in destroying home ties and subjecting women to conditions worse than those of the negro in slavery.

Mrs. BROWN 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. BROWN said that women enjoyed being among the multitude, preferring that in 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. BROWN.
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. BROWN.
If women were not employed in the industries and lived 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. BROWN.

Yes, every woman is entitled to work; but to bear and raise children is work, and could not to be too much complicated with employments that conflict with it.

Thought Will Still Govern

THURLOW WYEN was the grandfather of WILLIAM BARNES. When New York passed 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, grandson may be equally wrong on a question of non-voters.—*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 BARNES'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 the bench, we can be completely final that we do not make it effectively attractive in the very best way 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's "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. BURNETT, and after a interval, four more by appointment of Mr. TAFT. A commissioner at Ellis Island under the immigration laws is one of the most arduous and important. He will have to make many distressful decisions, and turn back lots of pitiable people from the door of their homes. It is a heart-breaking job. Mr. WILLIAMS has administered it with firmness, with kindness, with sound judgment, and entire integrity. 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 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 showing 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 BURNETT'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 class agent, or be overlooked by the officials or first-class people, and your position would be a nothing but pressure 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 class of people, you are not in the crowd, if you keep 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. BURNETT settled back eventually in New York, and he was, we think, very happy and very 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 honeymoon in Eden, but had their first little row among the thorns and thistles of the wilderness. It is still the beginning of the home life, the gradual conquest of irreconcilable foes," etc.

This is set in the broad line 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 now—though to shed them when they get outworn 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."

"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 a "job" except that of



Edward Sanford Martin
AUTHOR OF "A BEGINNING HUSBAND"

maintaining 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 as 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

hamilies 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 table, and the rudiments of the Mosaic laws, and recantology, and neglecting all the important things like how to get on a hat, how to set up a factory, how to have hair attached to the scalp, how to talk to a bar, how to help a socialist, how to engage a room, when to ask to a dinner-party. Why religious? Maria's room 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 state in of one who thinks well of the human experiment, and yet, if the mere is to multiply indefinitely, it will probably be necessary for more and more members of the race to become producers.

However, it is set in the field of social economics that we must discuss 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 shown 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 twenty 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 so gay and unworldly a style, and so unlike two grave utterances that uttered in our era: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you" and "Seek 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. Perigree, but try an amount (of course he really said 'darned') to make them happy, and hope that they will be good."

It has been noted 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 set it before us with the same happy lightness of touch, the same profound wisdom as gracefully colored, that we meet throughout the book and only realize afterward that we have been led along a pleasant path to the underlying gravities of life.

HORSE-RACING "COMES BACK" IN NEW YORK

THE REVIVING OF THE HYPODROME PLANNED AT 80-82ND ST., NEW YORK, ON MONDAY EVENING, MARKED THE BEGGINING OF RACING IN NEW YORK STATE AFTER A LAPSE OF THREE YEARS. THIRTY THOUSAND FIVE-AND-THIRTY-EIGHT NEW HARRY PARKER WHITNEY'S "WHORE HOUSE" BOAT HOUSE AT EAST RIVER.

TO MAKE DOCTORS BETTER

BY
WILLIAM INGLIS



Five clinics at one time in the New York Polyclinic

Wonderful Achievements of
the New York Polyclinic
Medical School and Hospital,
Which Now Needs Aid

If a young doctor could begin practice where an old doctor leaves off—that is, if he could possess in addition to his young strength and zeal and stamina the ripe experience and lambsquirt with disease—can you see that the old doctor has—ahoy and laboriously accumulated, the young doctor thus relieved would be the ideal physician or surgeon?

To supply this knowledge, to equip the young practitioner with the wisdom acquired by ages of struggle with evil conditions is the chief business of the medical profession today; and perhaps nowhere else in this country are the means of imparting this wisdom together with practical experience so efficiently developed as in the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital. In its spacious new building, twelve stories high, at Nos. 244 to 253 West Fifth Street, New York, the work of healing is being carried on in the most efficient manner known to medical and surgical science, while daily in the dispensary, the hospital ward, the operating rooms, or the laboratory hundreds of young doctors are acquiring a wealth of instruction from the ablest practitioners and of actual contact with cases that would have taken their neighborhood and only superficially equipped, but the leaders of the torch of knowledge to others. The several improvements effected and inventions in medical and surgical science are all taught here. It is impossible to exaggerate the beneficial influence exerted by such an institution, and not only upon the thousands of patients there treated every year, but upon the welfare of the country at large. The methods used for their cure are disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the land. In the last thirty years more than 20,000 students have attended the clinics in this institution from the United States, Canada, Mexico, the South American states, the West Indies, Australia, China, and Japan. To go through the hospital from top to bottom, to see its various activities in full progress, to witness the zeal of the instructors and the enthusiasm of the younger doctors who learn from them, is to obtain a new vision of modern altruistic and scientific life far exalting in its intensity the narrow selfishness of which we hear so much and see so much nowadays in the world of business.

It is interesting to trace from its beginning the evolution of this institution, to discover, in the first place, that it had its origin in the new diagnosis of the founder, a young doctor, daily graduating and married, to go out in the world and use suffering mankind as so much research material until experience at their expense showed him that his profession, the way—and I am—Dr. John A. Wyeth, a lad who left school in 1862 and fought through the Civil War in France's Confederate army, and at the end of the war began to study medicine. I quote from the history as Dr. Wyeth related it in an address to the Association of American Medical Colleges, on March 20, 1883, at the New York Academy of Medicine, of which he was President. He was graduated, in 1869, from the Medical Department of the University of Louisville, one of the ablest and decidedly best known of the medical colleges in the United States, and yet "the teaching of surgery and medicine was almost wholly defective. When an operative clinic was given, the students witnessed it as such a disservice from the subject and with so many interruptions of interest that it was almost impossible to follow clearly the details of technique, without which the lesson of a demonstration is valueless. Not more in my own college years did I enter the ward of a hospital or receive instruction by the bedside of a patient. . . .

"In my native village of northern Alabama I put out my eyes, but two months of hopeless struggle with a Presbyterian conscience convinced me that I was not fit to practice medicine, and that nothing was left for me but to go out into the world of business to earn money enough to finish my education. I felt the absolute need of clinical experience, and a conviction which forced itself upon me—that an

graduate in medicine is competent to practice and to be in addition to his theoretical a clinical and laboratory training—was the controlling idea in my mind when in later years the opportunity offered and it fell to my good fortune to establish in this city the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital."

The institution was organized in 1883, and in 1885 opened its doors in East Thirty-fourth Street, where for years it succeeded in the suffering of the poor and held its place as the pioneer post-graduate medical institution in the United States. At the basis of it were certain clearly defined principles: The prevention of human life against disease, the betterment and upbuilding of mankind, is the first duty of all, there is a new country. It is unique. No other civilization is like it. It is frontier country, with millions of its people scattered in inaccessible regions, with physicians ill prepared to protect them as they should be protected. The founder of the school was graduated under the best conditions of his day, yet felt that his equipment was insufficient. It occurred to him that something must be done to elevate the standard of the medical profession, to stimulate graduates to endeavor to become scientific, practical, professional doctors. They were asking to do but organize an institution to afford actual practice for doctors already graduated—of whom, even to this day, only one-tenth obtain first practice on interns in hospitals.

"The result," says Dr. Wyeth, "has been a com-



Dr. John A. Wyeth

FROM A PORTRAIT BY A. CAMPBELL FURNISHED BY THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MEDICINE

plete revolution. Looking back at the changes in the last thirty years, I can hardly believe it is the same profession. We had no case; doctor-students as we could take care of in our first year, and we have had no many ever since. Post-graduate medical schools and hospitals have sprung up in all the chief cities of this country. In Chicago alone there are five. If one doctor in a town or village had a course in a post-graduate hospital he was sure to talk of it, and as a result the others had to go.

"It took nearly twenty years for the medical organizations to recognize the change by official action. When I was asked—my great surprise—president of the American Medical Association in 1901, that association began to see its inferiority to better American medical schools. It organized a Committee on Medical Colleges and began to raise the standard of admission to practically a college degree; compelled every medical college to require a four-year course as a preliminary to graduation, and, in order so far as possible to evaluate contributions from the medical profession, provided that all the medical schools in the country should become part of a neutral advisory system. For example, the four separate medical colleges which formerly existed in Louisville, Kentucky, are now consolidated in one school, which constitutes the Medical Department of the University of Louisville."

Even a layman could not fail to be impressed by the difference between the methods of instruction in the New York Polyclinic and those of the ordinary medical school. True, there were amphitheatres for lectures and certain clinics, but by far the greater part of the clinics were at the actual bedside of the patient, with motions of four or five doctors in close attendance upon the demonstrator, learning from him, in some cases helping him, but, of all, especially from the experience of actually seeing and treating the cases. The use of the amphitheatres of distant lecturing in the amphitheatres could give the doctor-student at the Polyclinic not as close range in the operating room, all the intricate details of surgical operations and drawings. Some of them, who had qualified after some months as interns in the institution, performed certain operations. In the laboratory with its centers in histology, pathology, bacteriology, clinical microscopy, and clinical chemistry every student enjoyed the advantage of working beside the head of that department. No one is exempted in this branch unless he shows special aptitude for the work and undertakes to go through the full course of study.

Thus far we have been considering conditions that are ideal. Let us now turn to the practical wants, or, rather, to the one great practical want of the institution—money. If the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital had not done a splendid humanitarian work during thirty-one busy years and were not still doing this, its needs would not perhaps command a respectful hearing. But it does show a reflection upon the intelligence no less than the philanthropy of America. It is a magnificent money-making machine, and it is possible to build an accurate money to build an unobtainable endowment station and six apostolic wards. They ought to be built, equipped, and in operation this month. The money is already over a district inhabited by 200,000 people, and the hospital has treated as many as forty-five accident cases in one day. One-third of the cases now brought in are treated temporarily and of necessity transferred to Bellevue as the city hospitals become there is not room at the Polyclinic to care for them. They are hardly injured; they cannot be shifted any kept at the Polyclinic. It is important that all the cases brought in should be cared for in this institution, not only for the benefit of the injured, but for the sake of the experience offered to the doctor-students, who in turn carry the light of their knowledge to the people.

The raising expenses of the Polyclinic are about \$250,000 a year. These are not by the free paid by doctor-students, but by the patients among whom the one hundred thousand who are treated each year. Thanks to the low cost of the ground on which the hospital is built and a few interest-free, the carrying charges are light as possible and no help is needed there. The only things lacking now are the six apostolic wards and the unobtainable endowment, the money to build them will cost one million dollars. This million ought to be forthcoming as soon as the moneyed men of America learn that a marvellously beneficent work can be accomplished with it.

DULUTH'S SUCCESSFUL STORY

A Mining Town that Made Itself an Agricultural Object-Lesson



A view of Duluth's harbor

BY HERBERT STOCKTON

THROUGH there was a landing post 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 1855, 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 the 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 Mesabi Range built a railroad into the wilderness to reach it. Next the Mesabi was discovered in 1890 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 Mesabi 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 Mesabi 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—drip is an immense 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 late-garbed 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 not lumber nor jobbing nor transportation—its great achievement is 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 rivalry to equal in richness and nutrition that of northern Minnesota, and that a country that will grow thirty tons of rutabagas to the acre is not to be despised agriculturally. But only a few years ago it was the unimproved range of the 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 now 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 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 was 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 4,000,000 to 11,000,000 tons of coal per annum yielded little to the apparent traffic of the port. Loading a Lake vessel 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 should be. 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 overights 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 its base, and few important sections 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 ideas by a secretary of typical fervor strategy and vigor, because 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 areas 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 majority of the corrections 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

PHYSICAL 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 huddled, the soil must be cultivated more intensively, and the gifts of nature no longer prodigally washed. 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 noticed, of a systematic, sustained, all-embracing

Nearly a job on 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, in all cases, of course, in 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 these 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, concentrating 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 taint. 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 climes 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 afforded evidence, 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 casted 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 organized 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 steamship explorers cruised 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, ascended there but a short portage to reach the rapids that flowed west into the Mississippi, and thence Duluth became the first teamshipping point for the light supplies of explorers, missionaries and fur traders, namely 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 gunnery and a cart saw 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 St. Louis, Marie's Canal.

What does it mean to us to say that the tonnage through Seattle 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 gray beavers and muskrats would every eighty millions tons strand these holes?

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 rail 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 no roads, and is growing it; which has needed rails—and Mississippi is criticizing it with highway as the state grows.

It needs railways, not the railways are pushing their extensions into it. It has needed pioneers, and its projection 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 Canadian government will develop its transportation route to enable wheat to be delivered in foreign markets as cheaply that it can compete with the wheat product of the cheaper lands of India,



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 major boats to cross Lake Ontario and reach the head waters of the St. Lawrence. From there in Montreal is but a cheap water shipment road 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 cheap cruise 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, increase rapidly. 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 unsettled, one of a water highway not yet fully developed to its full usefulness. To-morrow, what?

THE WORD OF THE GRAIN EXCHANGE

BY CHARLES F. MACDONALD

THE function performed by the grain exchange is not recognized in detail by the general public, and its contribution to the general welfare by any business agency of the day. The exchange and its function are the primary purpose for which grain exchanges exist, and that 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 people.

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 are equipped.

Romancos and students of business universally concede 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 in the grain exchange, and which would require much reorganization, in the process of which the chief officer 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 aim of this very valuable and necessary business, the marketing of grain that has provoked hostility, but the fact that it has been all times misused and abused. The exchange has been used as a means of speculation, and its use has been so abused as to make it necessary to establish laws and regulations by severely penalizing it. But it is known to every citizen that the volume of the trading in the grain 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 greater impetus is derived in that way and the exchange suffers for the sake of the firm. 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, elevator 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 public the service rendered to the whole grain party 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 fall crop, grain business is in a very high gear. 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 cars to transport the loadings of one day from this elevator—twenty train-loads of grain into Duluth. The average car now carries the three spring wheat elevator of the Northwest—Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota, in 1912, 1,000,000 bushels of wheat into Duluth. The average car now carries the product of more than 75,000 acres of land was entered in the mill and a quarter bushels that cost all the 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 of comparison of what 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

WITHIN a night's ride of Detroit, Chicago, and Milwaukee, about half a day's ride from St. Paul and Minneapolis and on the very best line of health and Superior, lies the Lake Superior dairy region of the northwestern United States, which has recently acquired, and with every show of right, the name "Cloverland." This comprises a large agricultural territory, consisting of fifteen million acres of land, still partly wooded, has, during the last ten years, made 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 calcareous to agriculture because 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 market center at Detroit, Chicago, and the Twin Cities, is a vast, undeveloped, agricultural empire, located between the large 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 days of rain, and the summer nights are cool and comfortable.

The soil of this region is deep and rich, is well developed by the immediate forests of pine and mixed hard woods which formerly covered the country. It is recognized that crops grown so far north as to be regarded as the highest quality and most ideal 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, through winter frosts, and therefore clover and legume crops are never winter-killed.

The importance of this peculiar climatic condition cannot be overestimated, and the agriculturist who is engaged in normal husbandry is well advised. 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 will run 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 crops, such as turnips, parsnips, rutabagas, and potatoes produce extraordinary yields. Cloverland knows no rival in the growth of potatoes, save the Aroostook 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 prevail the poultry market of being both profitable for their own crop and therefore to those who have laid back upon which they are raised. These rich soils of the north produce such wonderful crops of peas that occasionally compared to best 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 best of the South. For raising purposes these northern-grown peas are as much better than those grown farther south as they are for any other purpose. The development is more even and gradual and the ripening more graduated and perfect. This northern-grown pea seed is particularly well adapted for seedling, and recently five per cent of the seed peas used in the Middle West have been raised here.

There is but one sugar-beet factory in this north country, and it is the best in the world. It is one of the best assets of the surrounding territory. Farm patrons find the beet-growing industry one of the most profitable in the north country, and 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 excess of daylight creates a load-bearing increase upon all growing crops, and notably upon the production 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 is equal to the best berries raised in California. Many of the small fruits of which there is no untried into a 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. Victory and before, the quality of the fruit is so high as to be unobtainable as to have created a demand for them in Chicago and New York markets, are raised in profitable abundance on the rich clover soils of this newly discovered farming country.

Lake Superior apples from the Bayfield and Kenosha provinces, as well as the central portions of this region, have been prize-winners at state fairs and general fairs. Apples, cherries, and cranberries 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., to the state agricultural colleges and universities. Churches of all denominations and rural schools are rapidly being erected in many communities of the 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 the region is rapidly changing from its original condition to that of a settled farming country.

Sheep-growing, stock raising, the breeding 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 hay and its freedom from insects of the most serious kind, it is well adapted to the development of the dairy industry. Here cattle thrive on pastures which go 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 great abundance, that go to make the dairy relation point out this as the logical soil of the dairy farms for the Middle West.

In what other section of the world is it just beginning 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, will take its place as the truck farm and dairy region for the immense markets of the Middle West.



Loading by the aid of horses

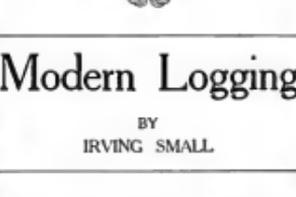
With enormous annual increase in demand for lumber products has, during the past ten years, strongly encouraged the invention and manufacture of machines for the profitable lumbering processes from woods to mill.

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 sawed logs in hundreds times the speed and at a very considerable saving in cost.

Where the logs were formerly loaded with the aid of horses, men and mules, and therefore skidders, the steam log-loader now reaches down to the big logs left behind the logging railroad by the skidder and unloads them, and the skidder is loaded leg by leg in 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 machine, which is a good horse-drawn engine will do the work satisfactorily. The problem confronting designers and builders of log loaders, was to make a skidding machine of easy construction of the type in which from that it would be quickly and easily moved and which could be brought into position to load a train of engine operating on a single track.



Loading by the aid of a steam loader

The weight of such a machine necessitated its transportation over the railroad. Economy here made the horse-drawn engine or log skidder. 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 process was completed.

Second, by mounting the machine on trucks adapted to run on the main track, each engine being lifted by rollers the lower rollers under the truck and the truck driver supporting the loading mechanism to permit of the empty cars passing up inclined rail sections through the machine between the upper and lower trucks, 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 a special track with a standard, the ends of which rested on the two sets of the rails, while the trucks and propelling wheels could be raised or lowered on rollers on one or the other end of the engine, 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 engines, can allow cars to be drawn by its own power, and the engine can be used in a similar manner.

After the train has been loaded, the machine stands at the rear and the oncoming trucks are then skidded back up the main track in which the loaded train sits out to the main engine, or proceed to



Loading by the aid of a steam loader

the next landing-point, leaving this work to a skidding engine.

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 to the rear, and in one direction of thirty-five feet above the 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 are 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 by 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 obtain the pilgrims from all lands. The building is located on Buffalo Avenue, on the heart of the 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 galleries ready to admit 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 grains of wheat, from the point where they enter the building, through the various details of manufacture, to the final product. The motor therefore takes one of the electric elevators which raise 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 cooking room, equipped with great steel cylinders which are filled with the wheat and the cleaning-machines. 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 kernel is unbroken, and none of the nutritive elements in the wheat are lost in the process of cooking.

When the wheat is thoroughly cooked the steam is turned off, the end of the cylinder opened, and the disintegrating grains of cooked wheat fall into a hopper which drops down the shaft into a drying, or "conditioning," machine, which removes the excess of moisture which remains after the cooking 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 brittle, steamed kernels are ready for shredding and are dropped into a hopper in a lower floor of the building, where they enter the shredding-machines.

On the shaft from the Observatory, on the roof of 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 conveyors, and packing-tables. Here the cooked wheat is fed into the hoppers of the great shredding machines, each eighty-eight feet long and consisting of thirty-two pairs of shredders which shave the kernels out into fine, porous shreds, which are dropped upon an endless belt, 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 the flake into the drying room, and drops there 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 containers, and the tin cans are filled 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, shove them with extreme care, one-by-one, fold them 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 conveyed into the wooden cases. These cases are made of quarter wood and are nailed together by sealing-machines which fasten down the top of each case.

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 the 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 so may rest in the comfortable waiting room at this same floor. At one end of the restaurant is a room provided with hospital bed and an emergency chest.

At a lower level 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 amusement 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 called into detail. 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 Rogers gave 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 which give 20,000 lights of glass, making it indeed a veritable "city of palaces."

Nature has given us the whole-shot grain as perfectly balanced food. We believe that the shredding process (tested and patented by THE SHREDDED 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 creamed fruits. The flakelets form a whole 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-heat bread 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. HARRIS, President; GEORGE A. MITCHELL, George A. Mitchell, Alvan C. Harris, Robert W. Parsons, J. 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 about the name of the town is mentioned.

This unique 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 patent granted 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 during to create 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 vista 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 average splendor of the Cataract Hotel?" 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-fashioned. 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

DULUTH BOARD OF TRADE

THE 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 conducting trade 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 changes in matters of administration, such as the method of determining officers, 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 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 committee never reveals to their rivals the best secrets within their power, there was no criticism. 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 nature of exchange trading which in the respect of no such 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 to fewer hands, 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 point elevated 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 increase 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 a shipper 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.

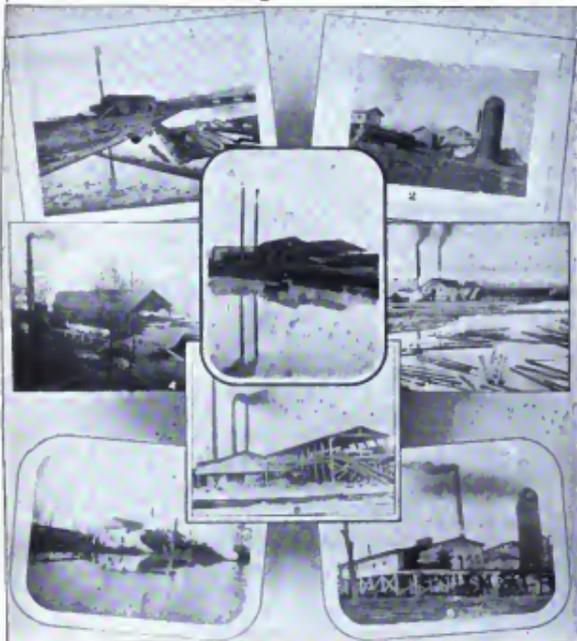
The grain exchange are also striving to educate not merely the farmers' elevators but every country shipper at this direction. The Duluth Board of Trade reports that every traveling man who goes to the country as a representative of a grain firm represented by membership on the Board shall be licensed, and this license 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 has been a great improvement in the manner in which the grain business is conducted. Failures are few, and the cooperatives are bearing 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, promising, 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 exchanges. 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 trade had not taken it of his means of 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 careful examination by any shippers who in selling 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, promising, 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 exchanges. 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 trade had not taken it of his means of 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 careful examination by any shippers who in selling grain, who has been misled by some concern that attempts to operate independently.



Leading lake freighter with 400,000 bushels of grain. Each of the leading spouts discharges 25,000 bushels every hour

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Seven Sawmills.
250,000,000 feet cut per annum.
Twenty Salesmen.

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- ☞ We are prepared to furnish Depositors every facility consistent with good banking.
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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.

Broker and Client

By Franklin Kecher

The Mechanics and Metals



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OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

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NEW YORK

A man walked into the office of one of the big automobile companies on upper Broadway a short time ago and 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, you should make up your mind to go to a place where they have that kind of automobile to sell. If you don't know what you want, you should go to a place where they don't care what kind they sell you. In other words, if what you are after is service, you should 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 of machinery 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 functions 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 advertisement of the best thing to do is to go to a firm that has it to sell.

Having been handed with some fair amount of stock of the first class, you would not be likely to have their services of the second class. It is in the class of houses having nothing but service to sell that the great majority of those who exchange houses for long. With all the tendency 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, long, ready to buy you anything you say. We're London, sure and complete. Commission 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 or of 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, it is not so simple as the primary consideration—for him only the best bonds will do. Each case on its particular merits; naturally, about 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 it is in any way less interested in the business as all speculative, the customer, there are a very large number who do not know how to handle their own money, 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 scientific 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, intelligently and honestly. Plain, on the other hand, that you have a certain sum of money to invest and you prefer to do so under the best investment it is in the majority of cases, even where the total invested is small, to invest in the stock market to secure an order on the Exchange.

A woman investor whose experience has been with the reputation of a certain firm recently came into the office of one of the firms whose advertisement appears in this issue and advised that she wanted to invest \$10,000. For upward of two years 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 would 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 for me by himself, he would have charged at least a hundred and fifty dollars! Very much surprised indeed was this client to learn 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 week or three months.

How can the broker afford to sell service at such a rate? Simply because it is a rate that compares favorably with stock, investment and otherwise. A man comes in and buys and sells a hundred shares of stock at five cents.

On that the one-eighth commission amounts to 25¢. The next man who comes in to make a purchase of \$250,000 for investment. To this extent, naturally, 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 is 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 is now 71 years of age, and has been teaching mathematics for 45 years, says that he has found a new method of teaching mathematics, and that it is the best he has ever known.

"The result was that I went to my afternoon work, but I was so tired that I could hardly get on my feet. Finally I learned about Gove's Pickles 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 tired feeling by the former had disappeared. The drowsy languor and disinclination to work soon gave way to a brightness and vigor in my attention and in my ability to do my work."

"My brain responds promptly to the requirements of my work, and the more important, the results have been lasting and more satisfactory, the longer I have used Gove's Pickles."

"My wife had been suffering from weak stomach, accompanied by such headaches as rarely afflict her. She is now as vigorous and clear-headed as she was when she sticks to Gove's Pickles, either twice daily or with meals. Her stomach has greatly given strength and she has been able to eat Gove's Pickles. There's a Reason—Name given by Popper Co., Battle Creek, Mich.—Read the Pickle Booklet. The Booklet is 'Well-to-do' a page."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. It is an assurance, true, and full human interest."

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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 wheat, corn, alfalfa, and cotton than it is on the closing quotations on the New York Stock Exchange. It is one of the reasons 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 here naturally have inclined to lend it out on real estate in the city and on farms in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, and on the cattle in those states, instead of investing it in the bonds which are popular with the Eastern lender. 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 like individuals. Kansas City is just entering 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 real sense Kansas City will be as fruitful a market for the bond-dealer as Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, or Charleston. 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 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 as more realistic and partly on account of a better understanding of the wisdom of investments which are in 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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can't bite your tongue. And that's a fact! It is made by a patented process which removes the bite!

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THE POSSIBLE JAPANESE INVASION

The Valor of Ignorance

By GENL. HOMER LEA
With an Introduction by LIEUT.-GENL. CHAFFEE, U. S. Army
The discussion this book has aroused has now become world-wide. First Lord Roberts and General Hamilton, in England, read and spoke in address of this remarkable book. Then it was taken up in army circles in various parts of the world. It is now reaching the general reading public with a force seldom found in any book. General Lea's object is to show the impossibility of the United States for war. He discusses with cool and constant logic a plan by which the Japanese might over and hold the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska, Washington, Oregon, and California. Cross Asia, China, Ceylon, South Africa, East Africa, America & BOSTON, N. Y. NEW YORK, N. Y.

FOR MEN WHO WANT TO SAVE THEIR BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
MADE AT KEY WEST

possibly that the majority of several plants, each with a capacity of 100,000, would have furnished additional capacity for the Niagara River.

It is supposed a new Thomson law has been introduced in Congress for a period of three years the statute then

At the event of the American Fall flow there is a Fall, approximately 9-30 -
 At the Canadian end of the Horseshoe Fall flow there is 17-10 -
 At Lake Erie, approximately 3-5 -

4 inches by means of the diversion of water (retrograde) to the Niagara River, through the Thomson, Windmill, and Erie canals.

By increasing the regular effects of diversion at the Falls on Lake Erie and on the Niagara River as well as regular waters of the United States and upon the average quantity of Niagara Falls, other diversions of the water of the Great Lakes naturally apply to the Niagara River and necessitate also, as the law requires after the act of November 11, 1910.

diverted between the "doubt line" and the 1200 feet of 220 feet has a potential of 1,000,000 horse power, and the power of 1,000,000 horse power draft horses, each equal to a regular size. If it is not a 100,000 horse power, it is the work of one of these draft horses, the earth potential in the fall of 1,000,000 horse power, means more and population of water, woods, and industry.



American and Canadian Falls, 1905

existing, so as to enable the United States to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain for the control of the amount of diversion to be generated on either side of the river. However, as the American side was bound during the terms of the law to no greater extent of 17,000 cubic feet of water per second, of which one to be raised in 1910 was to be permitted to be used by any one country.

The 1907 law was revised by the enactment of a law on the amount that is now for The Niagara Falls Power Company to the part of its plant that was completed. This, however, was an erroneous assumption being during the construction of the law and the amount has exceeded the company to raise down machinery during the improvement of the dam, and in the fall of 1910 the company is now permitted to add one on the Niagara River. It is stated that the amount of flow of water of the power plant exceeds a daily diversion of 2,000,000 cubic feet.

It would be again to change the power plant power with a lowering of the river at Lake Erie that is due to improve it but it is not to be done at the same time. Thus the amount of water that is to be diverted from its original source to the river region as proposed is also sufficient to raise the water level in the river and to increase the water quantity that will be raised with respect to the river.

The interests of power are in demand the further advanced in the operation of the dam, already done, and that which may be suggested from the fact that the dam is to be raised to the level of Lake Erie, may be largely if not entirely done by the 1910 law. The fact that the river is now being raised by the dam, and if properly planned, would serve to change the diversion from its original source to the river level of Lake Erie to the level of the dam, and if the dam is to be raised to the level of Lake Erie, the water at the level of the Horseshoe would not be raised to the level of the dam, and if the dam is to be raised to the level of Lake Erie, the water at the level of the Horseshoe would not be raised to the level of the dam.

It is thought that the amount of water that is to be diverted from its original source to the river level of Lake Erie, may be largely if not entirely done by the 1910 law. The fact that the river is now being raised by the dam, and if properly planned, would serve to change the diversion from its original source to the river level of Lake Erie to the level of the dam, and if the dam is to be raised to the level of Lake Erie, the water at the level of the Horseshoe would not be raised to the level of the dam.

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It will be of interest to add the following further extracts from the above report and from a recent report, H. H. Thompson, No. 249, New York Convention, 1910.

It is determined that the total authorized diversion of the American companies, together with the amount of diversion of the Canadian Company will leave the depth on the American Falls about 3 feet and decrease the volume of flow about 3 per cent. As the lowering will result in increasing fall to any of the river, but on the American side will be strictly proportional, it may be considered that the change on the American Fall are proportional. H. H. Thompson, No. 249, New York Convention, 1910.

While this report has dealt with hydrology there is a great deal of work to be done in the way of surveys and with engineers who devote much to river and lake, and has shown them up on their footing, here-



Canadian Falls, 1905

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ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

One of the Greatest Industries in this Country has Extensive Quarters in Niagara Falls

Two kinds of the aluminum industry emerged in 1888, and since 1902 Niagara Falls has been the only place in the world where the aluminum industry has been established. In the Aluminum Company of America, which has been established in this country, the world has seen the first aluminum plant in this country, and the world has seen the first aluminum plant in this country. The Aluminum Company of America, which has been established in this country, the world has seen the first aluminum plant in this country, and the world has seen the first aluminum plant in this country.

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Works No. 1

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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 220 feet. Since 1880, according to the government census returns of 1906, the population has increased 64 per cent., while the per capita consumption per annum has increased 42.2 per cent., resulting in a total annual increase in consumption of 112 per cent. These figures show, 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 somewhat startling.

The continual increase in consumption and the consequent loss of timber lands, has resulted in a visible 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 protected itself to the public until within the last five or six years, and the public need is now needed in the future. 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 is depleting 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 central 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 timber industry is that every encouragement should be extended to reforestation of timber lands and the encouragement and the management of forests on the timber as cut rather than on the land; otherwise our forests will be completely depleted and there will be no reserve of wood in the woods 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 will 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 spread than it otherwise would be. It would be interesting by the way, to note that the principal element entering into the general cost of producing lumber are due to the overpayment of wages on a reasonable basis and also the rapid increase in population, creating increased competition in every direction and depleting forest lands.

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-permeating fluid that by means of wires 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 the first use of the most metal and laparous servant of man. The giant had lived—man's servant all his life—yet he had only killed time in idleness—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 unobtrusive means, through all the centuries, that 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 1824, in reducing it into thin wires. Napoleon III. paid the expenses, and Davy put the metal on the market at \$60 a pound. The United States imported it and a native made aluminum that time. Aluminum was not popular, could not be manufactured, it being too brittle, too weak, too soft, too ductile, and too easily re-worked. Scientists kept on working, but it was not until 1855 that it was produced, and in 1866 it was drawn to 25 " gauge.

Hartley M. Hall, newly graduated in 1868, from Oberlin University in Ohio, had the inspiration to try electricity rather than heat, and he was 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, and has been twenty-five cents a pound, and is being used for thousands of purposes. But for the testing and heat-treating of the parent metal, electricity, so abundant and so cheap, would have called it into every article all over the world.

All America is familiar with aluminum in cooking utensils. Whether the one best of steel made in an aluminum pan will never have any other; for the aluminum pan will cook meat in the simplest sort of cooking faster away every trace of the old grounds, and the best in the kitchen. It is the most perfect of French aromatic steam of exquisite taste and purity. Whether you bake, stew, roast or grill, the aluminum pan is the best. It comes new and fresh to the table and the food 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 late Admiral Peary took aluminum articles to the Antarctic expedition. Captain Roosevelt took them on his famed hunting trip to the African coast. Wilhelm has shown his aerial voyage of one thousand miles over the Atlantic ocean. Most of the trunks of Europe are now made of aluminum. Our war army uses some of them. In the war with Russia the Japanese used 150,000 aluminum cans.

But life is not all cooking. The cheap though precious metal is rapidly becoming a general part of everybody's life, and a man shall spend every moment of the day within sight of some of aluminum. It is used in the manufacture of almost all automobiles. Thousands of miles of wire and cables are used by interurban traction lines. The cars, lighters, and sanitary facilities of aluminum have been used to be used in the manufacture of cars such as are now in use in the suburbs of New York and for the highways and tracks 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 in response. It is habitually thrown 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
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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 spent

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 home overlooks the river



One of Keokuk's well known manufacturing plants



The world's finest from Keokuk's many parks are grand



One of Keokuk's many modern buildings



Generators room in power-house



Get into factory manufacturing plant



Close view of the industrial power-house



Below the river plant power-plant

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, 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 West 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, now marked a sixth landing and built, the largest landing wharf 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 see 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 Niagara, 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 374 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 the name of honor they give him there is no ground without, as the first lie."

Francis Lynde Stebbins, 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 respecting Niagara. A extract of fraternal light," spectators by the million may have revealed something to themselves in various efforts to disclose to others the essential character of the Falls of Niagara, continuously recomparable 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 rushing above, 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 all the way to the dam purpose and making this month's wonder of the world live to all useful purposes 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 passed 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 hydroelectric power, but 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 lodged 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 a population of 112,000, and the assessed valuation of the territory was about \$9,000,000. Now it is over \$24,000,000. There are now a vast number of people who live on a foot of water in the territory. Now the city has nearly eight miles of water frontage, \$12,500,000, and over forty-one miles of navigable water.

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 whirlpools? When you travel Westward or Eastward by way of the New York Central Lines, Niagara Falls is in your pathway.

Special package is carefully given at all our agencies.

An all-round traveler with a most comprehensive map of the Niagara Falls area is sold by the agency. Address: Travel Bureau, Room 2014 Grand Central Terminal, New York.



MANHATTAN BEACH

DINE AT THE FAMOUS OUTDOOR RESTAURANT

"New York's Most Popular and Fashionable Resort by the Sea."

At Oriental Beach you will find the complete outdoor dining and entertainment facilities of the famous Manhattan Beach. The restaurant is open from 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. on every day.

Enjoyed most for its beautiful views, its swimming, its tennis, its dancing, its music, its dancing, its music, its dancing, its music.

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This modern Greyhound hotel appeals to visitors and those seeking a refined and comfortable Hotel Culture the best.

Write for Illustrated Book.

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Rooms, also bath at 20 Ave. 11th Floor, with bath, 11th Floor.

ROBERT H. BLACKMAN, Manager

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, when prodded by circumstance, the rather crude ALDRICH-VANDERBILT 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 disclaimed 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 had 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, as much 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 much 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 the work of genius 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.

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 our growing good opinion of us 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 civility 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 splendidly 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 long high spirits and proud she is, can also, she has ample ground to be wise.

The object-lesson naturally inclines one to look there, 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 on seriously near insuring that they shall not fight at all.

The South and Immigration

In the matter of aid for 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.



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 longed to God; and when I lay in bed at night I would break 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 drawing up the blind, and the winter sunbeams 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 door into 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-bath 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 WAS SO DEAR TO ME . . . BUT SHE HAD TURNED 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 85)

THE THEATER OF THRILLS

BY KARL DAVID ROBINSON

THIS scene from the brilliant current play at the Princess Theater—New York's latest venture in unconventional drama.

At the top of the page is shown *Fanny*, the "chance" heroine in "*Fanny Free*," looking from the scene her own true husband. The brilliant husband and the lady of his hotel show had wandered into the scene behind where *Fanny* and her second lover had departed. At this close-up *Fanny's* proprietary interest in her own fortune, and she surrenders him away, leaving the two divorced lovers to effect a new future.

The scene below, from "*Any Night*," shows the consumption street-walker of the play, and his 1,000 old woman, of the door of a *Boardwalk* hotel. In a room there, she sets up half the night, while the old man is sleeping off his drunken stupor. In another room is a *Liberty* street-walker and her seducer. A few hours later in the night, brings the four together. The old man, seduced man, recognizes in the young girl his own daughter. *Fanny* reveals the street-walker and the young man; but the father and the daughter remain to the volubility in the scene.



THREE times has New York tried to avoid the monotony and dullness of conventional drama by building theaters designed especially for plays of a more advanced type. The New Theater provided the plays, but a constant loss of money turned it into an ordinary play house. The Little Theater, with its limited capacity and high prices, found a way of presenting the plays without losing money. The Princess Theater, following this lead, opened its doors, more than three months ago, with plays as unconventional as to be startling.

This is not the first theater confined to one-act plays. The "Little Theaters" of Paris have become famous. The Theatre Antoine and the Grand Guignol were the models for the Princess Theater. Indeed, one of its plays, "*Fear*," ran for three hundred nights at the Grand Guignol before its translation into English. "*Fear*" is the most thrilling of these plays. At the end of each of its two scenes comes a shocking or unexpected, and set so mercifully as to give dramatic point to the whole piece. A British official, stationed in a part of India threatened by cholera, is driven by heat and lassitude to put by his natural bravery for a momentary fear of death by disease. Instead of nursing the cholera who has become infected, he shoots him to keep infection from himself. The play would end here but for the realization that comes when the coward is shot, by order of a sanitary officer requiring stringent measures, in the costume of a cholera stricken native escaped from the death chamber.

The thrill and shock of "*Fear*" is of the nerves, and reacts physically. While it is a study in abnormal psychology, it furnishes also a fine study in the psychology of audiences. The other plays thrill differently. "*The Switchboard*," a light and cheery comedy, came from England where it came, as the stage counterpart of a Helen Gwynn Van Campen sketch. "*Food*" has its novelty in the farce-worked out from the premise that food has, fifty years hence, become more rare than diamonds. The burlesque is extreme. The heroine sells her lover for an egg. "*Fanny Free*," like "*Food*" and "*The Switchboard*," gives variety and spice to the program, and presents the two serious plays from overlooking it. But "*Fanny Free*" is the most clever of the three lighter pieces. Its author, who wrote one of the season's successful plays, "*Heads in Walls*," has given it the light, unimpeachable touch of French comedy as of the delightful, refined comedy of the Restoration.

"*Any Night*" is, of course, the important piece. It may do the part to shock or thrill, by virtue of the frank treatment of a theme usually kept under cover; but its purpose is most serious. Its subject, who plays the part of the hideous old prostitute as less skilfully than he would the play, has the courage of artistic frankness. It is a careful sociological study, whose value is not lessened by the artistic merit. While the novel and play appear to purchase the same moral, there is more to be found there than a wish to thrill or shock. Strongly stressed periods and a heavy dramatic arc in the nature of a novel are there, but the young playwright who is struggling to get credit both in developing audience of conventional drama and in being in with his more established rivals, has the moral thrill and shock. He and every of your friends is marked by a stamp of the "switchboard" of the business. At first the play is marked by the business, and then the business is marked by the play. The most important feature of the play is the moral thrill and shock. It is a study in the psychology of audiences, which will not give of the same of a conventional play. The dramatic arc is a study in the psychology of audiences, and the moral thrill and shock should secure prominence to this interesting theatrical experiment.



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 boats 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 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 for position, it will take quick thinking and shrewd 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 top-sail, 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 season, 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



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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 social 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 (Commonwealth) "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 various resorts that were then operating; but they did actually establish, largely by personal visitation, the existence of more than 1,000 places.

"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 served 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 traffickers 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 135 dance-halls reported upon by investigators in the spring of 1912, only five were characterized as "decent." The exclusive dance-swinging dens 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, and 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 trafficker." "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 fifteen 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 houses, their nettes. 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 possess 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 defractions worse than 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, Baiter, 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 finger, 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-pooler and the

dance-hall, to his own management of a girl as a prostitute; of them, and of the women selected to manage houses is described. In the case of the "combine" in 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 had many years of experience in operating houses in 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. As soon as 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 rent-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 purposes of studying the appearance of immoral purposes, had only 17 outright refusals. The profit, in many cases, was openly 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 investment. 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 operator 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 Facta Girl

MR. KNEVELAND'S investigations, as recorded in the "White Slavery," 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: "By comparison, studies 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. They are not even over one-third 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 throw 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 resided 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 long way 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 thirty-one minutes 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 piece of 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 word, on 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! Will I die! I will kill myself! How is it that I have suffered here?"

At last, however, amid sobs, groans, and tears, and speaking also with very great difficulty—for the words in his throat, 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 an inconvertible 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!'"

that her husband was absent on business. They met, as he would have servants vehemently denied. Secretly, in the lonely garden of the Villa Marley.

"I can not let you go again," she cried, hurrying into the room. "I would rather see you with your life, than I can at any time as you would see me again. I will be with you as you are now, and we will be together."

"I feel as if you know, illuminated with joy and pride," she cried, "let me go away? They will see a few hours in which to find some money, and we will be together."

And there is proof that young Champaign spent the rest of that morning and part of the early afternoon trying to procure a loan of five thousand francs, but he was disappointed during the whole of that fruitless quest by a young man, Paul Bent, who was one of the men who followed him to the deserted villa and made the discovery we know.

This friend left Champaign by half an hour, and it was during that half hour that the port became a revolver and some ammunition.

At last he came back to the Villa Marley. He pushed into the house—was following his own commission—and held the woman he loved tight, as he had often done when he found the money, he was going away—alone.

"Perhaps my wild manner of some word or two, I let drop about Helene with a terrible—true—suspicion. I know what you are going to do," she cried. "You are going to kill yourself? Rather than that, let us die together."

"Horribly you are for her and I think, and it was at her suggestion that I took the driver of my cab to take us to my mother's villa."

"Thinking out that driver and each one of us, and as I may be whisked to see what she had detained me myself. "This man will kill me first."

"For you, being a man, have more courage than I. I can give it to you, but you will not, and you will kill me first."

"I will take my mother's name, and there we are. I mean to die with you, and I will be with you in the same way as you are now, and we will be together."

"In the same thought of the man in which my death will shadow my children."

"No, no, the child would still address me," she cried.

"Before parting in the air she said to me, very gently, 'I feel of some responsibility toward you, and I will be with you in the same way as you are now, and we will be together.'"

"But I feel that I love you, and I will be with you in the same way as you are now, and we will be together. Then I kissed the mother against the open temple, but the father was cruel and compelled me to flee."

No ended the storm statement of Henri Champaign.

III

AND now comes the terrible mark of interruption. In which such varying manners were given. Did Henri Champaign enter the whole of this storm, and stay, from a foolish wish to become infamously famous?

Is it possible that Helene Marley, to all appearance an exceptionally happy wife and devoted mother, fell suddenly in love with a man of whom she had seen so very little and who was so much younger than herself? Further, is it possible that, discovering the young man's intention of abducting himself, such a woman as this would have consented on his dying together?

"No; neither the one nor the other is possible!" So declared with one voice a unanimous crowd of witnesses—including her loving, faithful husband, her mourning mother, her brothers and sisters, and her kind friends. They all declared that Helene was kind to this young man, this hysterical, morbid poet, simply because he was the brother of her dead friend, Champaign was said, delicate in health, and dreadfully sensitive. She allowed him to come constantly to her house because he was kind and she was good-natured. Any more, she had even credited to certain of her friends that she found their conduct quite of young Champaign a considerable story in her hour.

And not only the friends and relations of poor Helene Marley, but all those in the colony who looked to her own happiness—both, including her respected pastor, insisted on saying that she was incapable of being cruel to a man declared her to be.

They pointed out that she was an actress, and that she could not have played the part that she attributed to her own happiness. Both, including her friends, Champaign, there can be no doubt at all that, during the months their intrigue was said to be in love, she was always in her husband's hands, including her as the husband and most devoted wife. Besides that, she was in daily communication with her mother, to whom she was telling all the little details of her daily life, including her constant care of her little girl's health and happiness. Yes, she had left her life, the death of her young son. But she was beginning to recover from her grief; and in one of her letters she had hinted that she hoped some day for another child—a boy.

IV

WE come now to the trial of Champaign for the murder of Madame Marley. The court was filled with emotion, for every person present either regarded the girl as a hero or as a dastardly murderer who, not content with killing his victim, had tried also to destroy her honor. The public prosecutor first put Monsieur Marley in the box. He seemed to sleep, uttering but showing only restrained emotion, and contentedly watching his eyes from the bowed frame in the dock, the husband of Helene Marley gave the evidence in measured tones.

"I can only affirm," he declared, "by all I hold most sacred, and before the God in whom I believe, that I am as sure as I am of my own life that my wife was faithful to me in thought, word, and deed during the whole of our married life. We fell in love when she was very young—she was only sixteen. She married for me, although she had many offers, for six years, till I was well enough off to make a home for her. No woman was ever a kinder, a better, and a more wife than she was to me, and that to the very day of her—" he smiled a moment, and then deliberately uttered the word "murder."

"I do not wish to go into the question of young Champaign," he continued, "Champaign is a madman. I pity him as I do every lunatic who is afflicted with homicidal mania. I can not tell you who he has brought this disgraceful accusation against my poor wife, but I am sure that he is not able to help it. He speaks thus because he is distraught."

The evidence of Monsieur Marley naturally made a very deep impression on the jury—it was so evident that he believed every word that he said. Then the mother of the dead woman rose and gave evidence, speaking in trembling accents, and with far more feeling than the husband had chosen to show.

she married the jury that her daughter had been the happiest of wives, the most tender and careful of mothers, without a thought beyond her home and the interests of her husband and her children. She went to the jury the happy, cheerful little which had been broken off in the middle of a sentence in order that Madame Marley might accompany young Champaign to the fatal villa.

"You may wonder, gentlemen," said the poor woman, "why my daughter went off with that man, her mother's enemy, with this young Champaign. And yet the explanation is very simple. She had promised to look after the villa during the poor lady's illness, and, as young Champaign was leaving the court that day, there were certain things of his which he wanted to fetch away. She was willing to go with him and to have the pleasant drive, for it was a very hot day. As to why he killed my daughter, I can only agree with my son-in-law, Champaign is a degenerate and a madman."

And then there followed a long string of witnesses, including the servants of the dead woman. They testified that they had their high opinion of the peculiar in her manner to the young man, and they also swore on oath that they had heard her more than one week with many of his constant friends. Indeed, she had actually given orders at one time that he should be the man in the morning, when she was busy with her accounts and household matters, he was not to be admitted!

Then the defense called Henri Champaign's relations and friends to testify their high opinion of the young man's honor and truthfulness. Those of his friends who were able to swear that he had spoken to them of his love for a married woman in almost every word he ever said, took by the jury and the public; he, however, it may be a practice, in theory as men talk of such an affair, even to his most and dearest friends. This somewhat low of honor young Champaign had, to a certain extent, broken; not to one, but in many, but he told of his love his admiration of a married woman in the law of duty when his mother died. But he had never told any one her name.

All had, after a rapid speech from both the prosecution and the defense—young Champaign was, of course, able to engage a great advocate to defend him, and it may easily be imagined how such a case would be treated by a Prosecutor, how strong would be his appeal to the sensitive sensitivities of the jury—the trial of Champaign was earnestly maintained to death.

The sentence was, however, accompanied with a very few days of the end of the trial, by the President of the republic; and we can not doubt that to the end of time the affair of Champaign will remain one of the greatest judicial mysteries ever tried.

On the one side stands the young man's own confessed and consistent account of a great passion which death alone could keep pure and unimpaired. On the other stands the unimpaired testimony of all who knew the lady—object of the passion—that she was incapable of a dishonest thought, and that, even supposing she had been deceived with so unathletic an infatuation, she could not have concealed it for a day from those around her, so frank, so true, and so naturally so her whole nature.

It is an interesting fact that for a brief time Champaign was what is called a "homicidal father" in the household of "Gyp," the famous novelist. She formed a very poor opinion of the young man's mental state, and, shortly after the tragic events here related, she wrote a comic called "Le Père," in which she told the tragic story in her own way.

"You will have to wait," he told the driver, "for we shall probably stay some time. The two disappeared through the door of the villa"



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 SOPHOCLENE 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 MISOGYNERDING "JACK-POWERS"



Copyright Photo

AN ARTIST'S WAY WITH A MODEL

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG IN AN INTIMATE STUDIO MOMENT OF ADJUSTING HIS APPARATUS BEFORE DEVELOPING A NEW SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS



"FIRE"

CHURCH AT BATHAM, A LONDON SUBURB, BURST INTO FLAMES JUST AFTER THE RAIDING OF THE MILITANTS' LONDON HEADQUARTERS. CHURCH AUTHORITIES HELD THIS TO BE A STUPID EXPRESSION OF WOMAN'S WAR; ANOTHER KING AN ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP ST. PAUL'S TWO DAYS LATER



"RAIDED"

ENGLISH "WILDMAN" FETTERED OUT THE SUPPRESSED PAPER, "THE SUPPLEMENT"—PRINTED WITH THE BOLD WORD "RAIDED" ON ITS FIRST PAGE, AFTER THE CLOSING OF THE MILITANTS' 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 SORROW EVER WRITES

BY WILHELMINE JENKINS, R.F.D.

FROM A COVETOUS MAN TO A BILIOUS ONE, DRESSING AN ENVOYMENT

PARISH, ME., 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 herewith 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." Had the pleasure of life, sir, been 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 on a 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 existence, 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 TENDER CONSCIENCE FROM A CONSUMER

THE BARRINGTON HOUSE, June 2, 19—

Gentlemen:

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 register indicated 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 slights of your meters, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,

HENRY P. WATKINS.

FROM A NIGHTY LEASER TO HIS TAILOR

THE CANTONMENT CLUB, June 4, 19—

My dear Gents:

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 periodic reminders of my indebtedness I hand you herewith a draft upon my bank, to be placed in your credit on your bills, for \$1200. As my stock is reduced and delivered, you may deduct the price of each suit, and my deposit shall in credit balance be taken to \$1200 when 11:00 your appointing me of the last, I will make another

deposit with you of another \$1200, 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 Children of London.

Yours,

JOSIAH VAN DAM.

FROM ONE EX-PRESIDENT TO ANOTHER

KENNESAW 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 haby and chow-bok together? The clams are running fine. If you'll please on 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 CURATOR TO THE ANTHROPOLOGIST

BOSTON, MASS., June 26, 19—

Gentlemen:

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 now on exhibition here, and it has suddenly flashed across my mind that I must have been stark, staring, raving mad when I painted 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 sanity before my apparent mania takes on more dangerous aspects than the mere spouting of good pieces of nonsense. 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 sincerely 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

HELENS HALL, GREENVILLE, 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 scathing 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 us both magnificently—in fact, no advertising manager tells me we couldn't have bought an equal amount of space for \$100,000.

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 we 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 CAPTIVE'S MADDEN

"Beware! I see 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

Father I thought I'd call him Conny; but my Uncle Henshaw 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 rhymes in case." Long I pondered, worried greatly, seeing names both sweet and stately, something proud 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 primary 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 George 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 cousins and my uncle gave them by dozens, so I named the baby John Henry, and for short we call him Jack.

WALT WATSON.

THE LADIES' WORLD

for July



Perhaps you have yet to get acquainted with *The Ladies' World*—to become one of its over one million readers. Lose no time. The July number is waiting for you on every newsstand today. It is a number of surprising worth. It will interest you deeply from cover to cover. Features of great strength. Fiction with holding power. Departments of real home value. Contributors known to every reader of exacting tastes. Get a copy today.



MARY FULLER
in
"What Happened
to Mary?"

The Most Alluring
Feature Ever Produced

The Ladies' World
On Every Newsstand
Ten Cents

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 large rod suddenly slipped from the grate and fell with a crash, awaking the man 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 man 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 are strong imaginers; 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 hair, 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 the chair and sat down—and I do not know, with its intricate 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 then, 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 my mother's. It was not my mother, and yet was there over each 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 less power to rise.

I did not, at the time, know who she was; but my little soul dimly saw that my mother, for some reason, could not sit at that time near 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 a right to sit up, and so I did so reverently and slowly. I do not know why I did it, except that it was the natural thing to do. The heart was strong and steady, and I felt no fear. 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 sit her again; and next time, I hope, my mother will be there to comfort me, and I shall not feel very lonely; and perhaps she will allow me to kiss her hand again.

GRAFLEX CAMERAS

The GRAFLEX makes better photography possible by eliminating the uncertainties. Focusing scale and "finder" are done away with. With a GRAFLEX you see the image full size of finished picture, up to the instant of exposure right side up. You know to a certainty that the picture is in focus, without having to guess the distance between the camera and subject.

The GRAFLEX Focul Plane Shutter works at any speed from "time" to 1-1000th of a second.

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We exhibit to you as the Graflex for taking pictures of children. Inactive or to the child's imagination may be made but enough to make perfect pictures.



You can photograph on dark days when you use a Graflex. This picture was made on a night, beautifully shadowed day December.



The Graflex is used for those who have with a camera.



On clear days when the sun is shining, the Graflex will take pictures at 1-1000th of a second.

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 program 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 purposes 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 transfer of the federal constitution were not laid into the position already taken by several of the States of following the theory of Madison, 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 magistrate 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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ABBO'S BITTERS

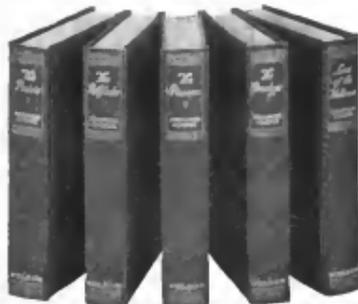
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THE SECRET CENTER OF OUR GOVERNMENT

(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 foregoing proposals 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 bills, 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 there 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 executive of this power, though long unused, there can be made a strong argument from the constitution, and more so from the history of 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 March 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 adding to 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 preclusive 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 forbids members of that statute from adding to the proposition for the floor in debate and for the purpose of introducing any other 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 some of the dangerous criticisms that are now aimed at our system of representative government.

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COMMENT

BOHEMIAN with the issue of August 16th, Mr. NORMAN HANSON will take charge of HAMPER'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! Edges like any 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," "Barnard 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,
Men saw a great granite globe.

Breeding through the battle cloud,
And bled across the trampled field,

The death-day of a nation fell!

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 glorie 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 visit in these days of change and disturbance and selflessness, of innovation, and impatience of tradition, and of all evils, and of duty felt. 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 living, no one can see 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 time being, it has driven our fears to 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 commensuring 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 so hurry to celebrate their accession to office. In view of the ordinary behavior of politicians they seem, in fact, to have been very unmindful of their opportunities. The country was not long ago all wrought up over the way Secretary WAZON and Solicitor McCREE endeavored, or left unendeavored, the purged land. Why on earth, therefore, did not Secretary DeSoto and Solicitor COTTER signalize their advent by sensationally reversing at once 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. ANASTAS JAVON 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 miserable deceptions 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. JOSEF 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 many 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 service 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 MARRIOTT, 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 "L.L.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 a certain misgiving from 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 deterred 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 their secondary responsibilities. 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 powerfully interminable. Then there is a very prevalent and growing fashion of uniform costumes, some of these very elaborate, for the classes returning to emphasize another four-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 brothers 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 four-mile race. The final dispute between the two eventual 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 professional nannies. 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 trained in a year, give the necessary time to their education. 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 preceded this one; it can be used, therefore, in carrying out plans already initiated and which look toward the kind of 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 cause for liberal education. It is one of many potent 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 unwholesome 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 vine, mentioned the King of Spain, King FERDINAND of that name, Queen Maria of Belgium, and the King and Queen of Sweden.—*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 L.L.D., and he made a speech at the Commencement dinner at which he said:

Of this action there fall well that take to the study of the conditions is not a part of the most come 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, unbroken, 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 L.L.D. said, is that constructive work has always been kept above party politics. He spoke with enthusiasm of Governor Thomas, whose successor, likewise, will inherit a tradition of devotion and efficiency not inferior 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 Tom SWANSON provided for the city of New York. General Pennington, who is the hereditary conquerer 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. Usually retreat is not a matter of will with them. 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 BARK 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 OGDENMAN 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 Bunker 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 come here and perform his duties as an American citizen, and be in no way warring against our institutions. He is not to be distasteful in 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 hour of temperance into the most intemperate manifestations of the baseness of government and the public integrity and credit have been contaminated with false schemes of moral regeneration.

Kentucky, through the same process, came perilously near the same fate. I should before we went quite over the dam, we still hang upon the edge of a final whirlpool. Although we have little to brag about, still we are owed him and our other 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.

Perhaps it is in the long run the best way to say more than that, but actually they do not like not being mixed.

Illustrious Abandon

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 "ILLUSTRIOUS 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, WORKING PLAY OF THE AMERICAN TEAM CARRIED THE WONDERFUL HORSEMEN AND EXPERTS IN UNCONVENTIONAL POLO 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 sliding 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 chains between the goal-posts, and up went the red flag with America's second tally. Over on top of the creek stand, another hand pulled down a big white 1 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 Massachusetts 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 pumpeered 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-up 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 intensive team play unprecedented in their entire experience. If you get four men hitting a polo-ball with the precision of billiard-players, and flow ten times faster in something of the wild abandon of a Redoubt cavalry charge, no open goals can stop them. It was a careful game against vital war-military aptitudes against men called for the second one sport-loving warriors.



Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt and Mrs. W. Godfrey 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 dimly reversal in form of Mr. Whitton'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 could not be depended upon as the bulwark of defeat as had been 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. Whitton 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 defeat as had been in 1911. This was the talk that went stirring around long blood-remembered 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 ones, and youth is gone"; "You must expect me forty years old to regain the supple 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. Whitton, 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 gloriously 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 gloriously 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 gloriously 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

of team work and individual skill reach beyond the form of the Harlingham team which so recently raised the cup in 1901. To see these four British cavalry officers range through a well-manned team of three, four, and five-goal men of Pipping Rock or the Phigps' field in the time of seventeen posts to nothing, and then to see Bradner Brook making very hard going of it to win out against the same class of opponents, shows a good deal of constancy and doubt into what the sporting critic alludes to as "polo tricks."

Unhappily, there also grew up a feeling of opposition on the part of a few players who resented the idea of appointing the championship team on its position without sufficient regard to its record performance. This feeling culminated in a hard test match in which a focus 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 Harlingham 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 handling 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 his unfortunate 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 Bradner 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. Wilson 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 dinner 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 is to underestimate 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 hustled 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 on Tuesday, and prevailed through the hot shudders of Saturday's game, which was, so far as the score-board told the tale, practically a tie.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS OF MILBURN

AMERICA'S ONE DAY, AND THE DAY THROUGH ON WHICH HE MADE HIS FIFTH OF SEVEN THROUGH THE FIELD

Called Polo the 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 appreciative 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 shown in this country. At other times this grand sport thrives only in the mother afternoon light which floods 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 wasting ten-pod dollars on 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, staunch 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 backet or harness, the main object and course of the contest.

Every one got the stirring spectacle at Bradner Brook's greater familiarity would soon begin 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 GUY 'AT THE BRUNT' FEELING THE BALL THROUGH FREZZO AND CHARGE OF THE WHITE TEAM TO WHITNEY, THE AMERICAN CAPTAIN

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CAPTAIN RITSON AND HIS GRAY

THE ENGLISH FORWARD ON A MOUNT AS REPRESENTATIVE PLAYER IN KINGING'S "WATERBURY VAC"

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 on 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 Waterburys' brilliancy was due to their confidence in the accuracy of the ball up to them, and Mr. Millburn'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 sixth period of Tuesday's game Mr. "Short" Waterbury, in having forward he intercepted a near side shot by Captain Ritson, had the English 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 both 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. Millburn'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 volley across his middle arm. When Mr. Millburn 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. Millburn was fearfully scratched, especially on a big dark bay, looking more like a single-horned than a pony, which he rode in three quarters of each game. It must have been a forward-side sight to the Englishmen to see 100 pounds of Millburn borne by this run-horn cow surging down on them. As one looks back over the two games, the figure that stands out most distinctly are Mr. Millburn on this charger, scowled black by his running, and Captain Ritson mounted on a gray pony which played the game as nimble and intelligently as the "Waterbury Vac" in Kinging's horse story.

Mr. Millburn'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 London Heath team that did prevail in apparently successful play, 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 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 chapter the British players must have had much more left to them than 17th-century American 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 rode some one of 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 players were handier than ours. As for short speed, it seemed to me that we often had, at least in the second game, no great advantage.

In the matter of points, 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 player 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 missed 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 Harrington team. As Mr. Millburn sat on the ground after a spin, waiting for his groom to bring back his dervish pony, Captain Ritson rode up and poked him playfully with his mallet. When the cup was laid out, Mr. 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 fitted 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 times. 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 not?



STODDARD GETS HIS CUP

MR. HARRY PATRIC WHEATON PRESENTING THE AMERICAN PLAYER WITH HIS INDIVIDUAL TROPHY AT THE END OF THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH



AN UNUSUAL MUSICAL COMEDY CURTAIN CALL

Miss Julia Sanderson and her supporting principals in "The Bachelor Quiz." 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

IN 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 Dupont, who was blockading Charleston and Savannah, was doubtless misinformed as to the appearance of the Don Quixote fleet with port-bats painted on and an armament described by some of the Marblehead crew as a "rock-throwing-Howitzer" 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 *Confederate*. She showed herself of our fort, stationed there. The *Saxsfover* 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 on duty, 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 raising 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 *Saxsfover* would run for the sail-port, jump aboard the tug, which was always ready, and strip out the southeast channel.

Though we always ran out to watch her bold advances, we never saw the *Saxsfover* 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."



"'Nic,' he said, 'do you want a berth, short and sweet, and good pay?'"

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 harrowing, 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 less his prisoner, 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 having 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 Ulpian-Elvian side with magnificent private dwellings, heard a piercing scream proceeding from behind the high wall of Marshal Sebastian'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 with ignorant 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 been hurled into the room by burglars and the Duchesse had been hurled into the room by murderers, 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.

There his conjectures for a few moments broke down. "Alas! alas! My poor Fanny! What monster has done this thing?" In an agony of grief, he threw himself on the wide empty bed, crying only "Alas! alas! 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 till a severe examination; for when such a tragedy 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 murder 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 bloody finger-marks. And then she had been dragged violently into the middle of the room, for on various pieces of furniture were found streaks 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 indifference and severity usual to 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 SUPERNATURAL AID INVOKED FOR THE BIRTH OF A MALE HEIR BY THE KING AND QUEEN. EMPIRE ALEXIS WAS BORN IN 1904



FOR 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 guided by men like 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' Euro-Spicide Plot
FURTHER 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 council, 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
TWO OF THE FIRST FOUR CHILDREN—ALL SONS—WERE EMPERORS OF THE EMPIRE: THE ELDEST WAS Czar AND GRANDFATHER OF NICHOLAS

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 amply sufficient means.

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 in the offending area, 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 member of the family. (3) And they had concentrated the family estate and talents for judicious inheritance—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

KAISER 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 exalting 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 exult the waters of some single rivulet that fell on one, in Minnesota, as the chief source and constituent of the mighty current, Kaiser Wilhelm. In every other individual, it is a family inheritance of the genes of a cross-bred line of descent that includes more than two thousand individuals within five generations.

And each one of these 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, others, among 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 men who in perhaps his own closest prototype in prehistory, Peter the Great.

Inheriting Cousins for Heirs

IT 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 degeneracy results from this inbreeding. 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 inbreeding in the families of Europe.

Let us take as an illustration the pedigree of that most illustrious of Hohenzollerns, Frederick the Great, traced through his paternal line. There is a double interest in this 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 his paternal line. His mother was sister of his maternal grandfather and the cousin of his maternal grandmother.

In the third generation, nearly all of the seven lineages are present, so that there are only six persons, and two of the six are brothers; so that there are only five ancestral lines, though represented by six instead of eight. The same sort of degeneration occurred in earlier generations.

The direct line of this blooded and interbreded pedigree represented an amazing aggregation of talent. Frederick's maternal grandmother was known as the "Philosophical Queen." Her great-grandfather, Brunnick, has been named as one of the greatest women of modern times.

A POPULAR SPANISH POST-CARD
THE SON OF A KING WITH HIS BROTHER, THE PRINCE OF ASTURIA. THE TYPE DESIGNER WAS THE MOTHER OF THE NEXT GENERATION OF KINGS



THE KAISER'S GRAND-CHILDREN

THEY WOULD BE GRANDSONS, 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 descendant of the Great William the Silent and the only line which descended to George II. 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 four, instead of the normal sixty-two individuals, in this pedigree, and the fact that these are not forty, instead of the normal sixty-two individuals, in itself represents a very extraordinary experiment in eugenics, and, in the present case, which we are discussing, it is a 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 Utrica, who may be said to stand fully on a par in intellectual endowment with her illustrious brother, and who as Queen of Prussia 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 interbreeding does not necessarily produce degeneracy; but that, on the contrary, it may be possible by such interbreeding 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

BUT, but not accepting a conclusion is 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 decidedly undesirable 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 interbreeding 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. In such a pedigree 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 II. of the Holy Roman Empire, 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

THERE 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 known among people in general, and the result is that we are aware of an understanding of this hidden obscure truth. The soil factors that are known to be the factors that the children of the man or woman 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 K. 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, and the 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 XII OF SPAIN, BRILLIANT, BAKING, EGYPTIAN, COMBINES IN HIS ANCESTRY BOTH GENIUS AND INSANITY



QUEERING THE SPANISH QUEEN VICTORIA, WHO RAN INTRODUCED MANY MODERN CUSTOMS INTO SPAIN, MARRIED THE PRINCESS OF A SPANISH KENT CLAN

ney individual that can not patent in some direct manner.

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 necessary by reason. 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 predisposition must be ap-

Emperor William's Brilliant Inheritance

WITH 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, we have 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 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 should be the dominating spirit in the other hand, the daughter of Victoria brought through a new channel elements of the genius of Sophia of Brunswick, which might very well serve as the dominating spirit in the Habsburgian strain of the Prussian line. He himself, with the exception of his acknowledged abilities, and it would be strange if he were not, was the ablest prince upon any throne in Europe to-day. He himself, with the exception of that almost abnormal flash of energy which is the inheritance of his genius, but which, if ill controlled, an often leads to mental over-throw.

In the case of George V of England we have to do with the Germanic strain of Habsburg-Gothic and Saxe-Coburg, of course, there is an English strain in the royal house that now occupies the throne of Great Britain. The house of Hannover, of which Queen Victoria was the last reigning sovereign, is often charac-



PRINCESS MARY OF ENGLAND

THE PRINCE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD ONE WHO IS THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

QUEERING THE SPANISH QUEEN

VICTORIA, WHO RAN INTRODUCED MANY MODERN CUSTOMS INTO SPAIN, MARRIED THE PRINCESS OF A SPANISH KENT CLAN

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 is obvious 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 sources, 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

THE great central lesson to be drawn here is that the child of real genius is as those just presented to the individual is only a link in a chain, and that 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 natural literature, 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 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 Nassau.

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, 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-sons of George's sister Augusta, Princess of Brunswick. He had another first cousin of the house of Hanover, 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 certain possibilities in the fact that his paternal strain is markedly nervous, tracing back through his grandfathers, Alexander "the poetic" in the demented Paul I. Yet the descendants 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 general, the most striking thing revealed by the pedigrees 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 longest 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 all 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, as they have met. The all-important question is that of the quality 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 are precisely 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 such 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 Rome; 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 31, 1911

(Continued on page 24)



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 "breakfast" breakfast



Copyright © 1914
L. Bakst

A skilled lady's maid demonstrating by pantomime, 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. Macomber

MERCHANDISING: STORE DISPLAY



A boutique scene, designed for exhibiting negligees and cosmetics

Courtesy of J. W. Macomber

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 luxuriantly 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 postulator, 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 circle of admiring friends."

"Indeed," said Demotheus, arching his eyebrows and eyeing 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 Sokolobanian. 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 is an eye that is dry, and with the tenderness of my pebbles will I cause it to fill with tears! Lend me your eye—"

"Nay, nay, my friend," quoth Demotheus. "Not that—you are long on eye already, good sir. But I will give you my attention, if only for a moment. I heretofore about you in spirit's entire things while you were speaking in the last campaign, and after hearing you I found sadly wrong; into what, concerning in small: 'O Ganges, where is the fact? O Niagara, where is the torrential force?' O Ploeta Springs, where is thy lumpy fertility? O Reno, where is thine—dental length compared to this? Compared to this bridge here, compared to this bridge—should say I might—fidelity, 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, some 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—"

"Then 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, time-pocked torso 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' trail 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. "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 surveyor.

"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 shaved shave, at 10%.....	.02
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 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 West English steamers, was sold in Liverpool, and with the greatest English vessels were loaded with ammunition and other munitions of war, then ran the blockade and supplied 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 chief engineer 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 yards, 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 was removed, though in some instances the crew were 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 cargo block. It was guarded by a gaiting force, and for weeks the city was the professed curiosity and much speculation. The culprits "mountain" was later sold at auction, and many of the old anchors are still to be seen about places in Bedford today.

The landing of this large fleet with some but indiscreetly to the eyes of the public. They severely derided those of whose were bought for the purpose, and the ballast was sold for nothing, and these were dumped into ships up to the lower water-line, the citizens of New Bedford were confident that the rest of the fleet would be used on the Southern coast, where many beaches prevailed to make forts. According to Mr. Clifford, the former secretary of the navy, the plan of the country had the chance of their lives to get rid of the global leveller that rendered their forms 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 each about it

and the ships were ready for sailing, so only the matter and outfit of each ship were left to be served. This was the making of the device for working, described by Mr. Clifford as follows:

"As had an iron ship was equipped alone filled for general service. About two inches above the light water-line 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 hole 31/2, provided with a flange head sufficiently large to close 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, and the sea 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 blockade, the line of the fleet is clearly indicated, and Captain Willis explains the mark as follows:

"The fleet was chosen to be harbor was to place the obstructions on both sides of the crest of the bar, so that the same force would be required to get the fleet through upon to keep them in their places, also to place the vessels checker-wise, and at regular intervals, and in other, so as to create an artificial movement of bottom resembling Woods line. This would give rise to eddies, counter-currents, and other peculiarities, and 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 the time, "I had a very good whaling trip, and as I had been gone three or four years I had a comfortable sum, and was about to go home. I thought I might try it but no far days to spend it in New York. There were the days when every one had their own money, and in the morning with three or four years' wages, and two days later awake to find himself almost a penniless ship and man, and added to go to look for his 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 an 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 were captured, and taken down to Nantucket on the Cape, while I began to beg 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 a hotel we went to sea. I was very short of an old bulk which the men swore was the original *Manfred*, so there were men thought, and with apparently made a list of her when she had a peep so high as far forward, and she was old then. But I thought I would hold together for a month or two, and as we were very wet got 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 with the passage of a hundred years ago. Most of the vessels were painted in the old fashion, with square tops and masts, parts, in square rigging, and they certainly did look like a lot of new-made; but they were nothing but a lot of old wrecks, so saturated with water that you could not throw them out of down the wind.

"When I finished the list they lighted an old stevedore and he took me up to the fore-castle, where five men were making a service, and a new lawyer was being held there by H. N. B. and they were very good, and each ship was not only in



"What's the 'Holeproof' Secret, John?"

"How can they guarantee six months' wear in these fine, mercerized socks?" "That's easy, Dad! You'll find the answer and the truth in any Holeproof advertisement."

We pay an average of 74 cents per pound for our cotton yarn, for one thing. Cotton yarn can be had for 31 cents.

We do our own mercerizing. Our process adds

25% to

the yarn's strength.

For everyday wear, travel or exercise—tennis, golf, or dancing; for business men who walk a great deal; for strenuous children; for women who want style with more than a day's wear—Holeproof is the logical choice. 1,000,000 men, women, children and infants wear Holeproof today because of its wonderful quality.

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You can get the shrewdest wares if you want them—six pairs or any weight, guaranteed six months. If any wear out—a single thread breaks—you are given new pairs free. This guarantee covers every stitch, not merely heels and toes.

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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 trouble 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 15 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 convinced."

"I could state a host of persons who have had thousands of indignities by changing their heavy meat diet to Grape-Nuts." "There's an Illinois Name given by Poston 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

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Vitalized Rubber in Diamond [No-Clinch] Tires calls a halt on "Short Mileage"

All types of Diamond Tires are made of Vitalized Rubber—a new process discovered by our chemists which toughens pure rubber.

It will give you the greatest mileage—stand the friction of the road and the pull of the engine—adapt itself from one end of the thermometer to the other—from high speed to low. Under all these conditions you, at the wheel, are riding with mind comfort, free from possible tire worries.

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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 by those of us who would like most to see its long wish acted. There is plenty of work cut out for us.

No much 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 much can be 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. This 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 is 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 redress 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 farm-organisations 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 acquiescence in the appropriation bill with the "rider" was laid, 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 farm-organisations. 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" was not a "rider" was not an amendment, yet he assures the country that he will make this new law which constitutes him to the domain of old law, backing legislation by thus blurring into a double offending. He strips himself even of the excuse of expediency, for in proclaiming his purpose to see for these prosecutions after funds in the law, the issue specifically stated by him by rule his act of his prospective utility as a sop 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 members 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 vetoed that item, because it places upon the expenditure a limitation which is, in my opinion, unjustifiable in character and principle. That I can not regret.

I do not understand that the limitation was included as either an amendment or an interpolation in the Sundry Civil law, but even so, 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 vetoed it, because it places upon the expenditure a limitation which is, in my opinion, unjustifiable in character and principle. That I can not regret.

I can assure the country that this item will neither limit nor in any way curtail the actions of the Department of Justice. Other appropriations supply the department with abundant funds to enforce the law. The bill is interpreted in the same sense as the time of what the department should do be independent. I hope impartial judgments as to the law and just meaning of substantive statutes of the law.

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 curtail his will and act." The President assures the country that notwithstanding such "rider"

there is plenty of money to enforce the law lawfully, and that it will be so enforced. Why it is a "sore of all" for the President to tell the country that he does not intend to be governed by the "rider" 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 un-expected 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 difficult 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 can see how, under all the circumstances, it was not his duty.

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 drive them to such work at so early an age? There is no 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 unfriendly methods. The way to regulate child-labor is by direct legislation. Most of the expedients that would accomplish it by legislation are striking examples of bad law.

The Sons of the Rich

The sons of the rich—arrogant, insolent, indolent, nervous, without self-control or occupation or profession—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 eat 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 automobiles, his table, his garden, his garden, his clothes, his wife, his children, his diamonds, his furs, his race-horses, 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, of Troy, 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 idle 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 heretofore?

For one Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr; for another, Mr. J. P. MORAN; for another, Mr. VERNON ARNOLD; for another, Mr. HENRY H. HARRISMAN. Do you know these persons, Judge? The second, is he idle, arrogant, insolent, useless? The second, is he it. 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 do they do 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 heretofore 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 students 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 stepping as man 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 motives 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 candid 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 in the insurance investigations of years ago, when it was so nearly done, was jacked up for doing what was usual and had been usual for years. When it was so nearly done, 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 fairly genuine candidate, it would seem, for a position in the system in which he is to be a governing cog and in which he is to be a governing cog.

Killing and Politic

This morning, the "Times" has a column of the remark that RUFFALO's post...

pos of President PATRICIA's visit to England, was, whether or not he so desired it, a strong bid for a permanent stay with her administration for Mr. Wilson, 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 the visit of FRANCIS to 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 promising thing that, for all these years, it has held steady as any policy can write about it. Consider, as KIRWAN does, the centuries of bloody hate it seeks to obliterate. According to Lord ALTON, when Napoleon, with hoarse head, was retreating from Waterloo, he was heard to say: "It has always been my duty to fight 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 24th: 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 Titicaca Street house. The police broke in and found her caked. Her captors had taken away the girl's clothing to prevent her from escaping. She had been in the water for a week, and from her a few days after their capture. She also explained that they had been hired to the shore and to the river, and that she was a girl, sister, Josephine, a year older, 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. TANNER, in the WEEKLY of June 21st, on the ROYALTY'S REPORT.

There never is a good many extremely bad people about this town and this country nowadays, who will do anything for money, or who will be hunted down and cut like bilious 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 were 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, and, let these flying boats against it now!

With Decent

Severance, discussing about admirals, speaks of all-time handbills 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 Colonies 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 countrymen, and we have seen from the rising hopes 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 libraries and art collections of that city, which are increasing at a rapid rate, and I feel the more curious of Hartford know—and not all of them. Some of the best paintings of TITMUS have long been in the Wadsworth collection. One of the best, an earlier colonial painter, is represented there (by the gift of FRANCIS MORAN) in his full-length portrait by LAWRENCE, one of Wren's own cathedral paintings—"The Raising of Lazarus," which long hung in Wadsworth cathedral, for which it seems to have been painted, and which was given to Mr. MORAN as expected at Hartford, and a fine marble memorial building is nearly ready for receiving them.

After the Run of Good Feeling

After a truth there are strange things. The papers are full of thoughts and musings; SEAMAN and MORPHY, Mr. NIX and Mr. RICHMOND, LOREY pinching up LUTHERBURGH, CHAMBERLAIN, and all with tall head-lines 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 ideas for the improvement of our country. It will 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 SEAMAN and MORPHY, and be not in it.

The End of a Good Beginning

ERICK GUSTAFSON MORRIS, 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 in the press, and ten years ago he will have been in it. However, came a long illness, and the favorite gradual being held. But he will remain our citizen by his fellow-workers and perhaps also by a few of the millions to whom the strength of his young method was, as the world goes, too clearly 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 alone 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-long stubbornness 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 hair-dressing and the pleasing of a hat? It is a shocking gap that lies between theoretic principles and actual personal 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 felled, gaily and reflecting, as if the allowing Eye were never out of their consciousness? And do we not know leaders of the world with the same of mind and duty even as their lips largely profess, as soon as the words are spoken, to be held 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 between that a man thinks and what he does is the chief thing that he 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-igniting world known being who somehow allows the joy of it living. After that, the only test of a theory or a system of thought after the pragmatic test—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 is the compelling power of the habits of his ancestors, the quality of the soil in which he grows, 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, but 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 little things in the back but the stress most terrible.

"Identity," thought LAWZIE, "is just your chain of activities." But a man is more than that, and he is as much made of what he does not count as what he does. Just as an boy may make up his mind to stand 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 insult. They are might as well be as they are never heard 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 becoming 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 inorganic matter of life as it will.

It is when a man comes to a very adequate consciousness of his chains of where and how they bind, that he can loosen the fetters and begin to think past 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 break his relations further than conscious thought will carry.

Just as his past binds 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. Then 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 best hazardous 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 comprised 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—bottles 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:—
I read "Children's Reading," an article appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY for Saturday, May 1st. There are several statements which are untrue, in my opinion, and from my own experience, having been for many years in the Eastern States. This age is so much an age of low reading than any other preceding one. The children in the past who loved to read, and who in the evening, after their school hours, had ample opportunity to do so. It is not entirely true in my schooling that I see all the pleasure I have had in reading the old works of the old authors. I had not been made to read aloud in class one or two of the best books I could not have known what they furnished the best foundation and many another child's, 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:

Now—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 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 it takes time to get the men to discharge one in front many times each circumstance. Lee made blunders, too. He had blown up the bridge over his front and delayed the march. He could have made a strong attack on the river, but takes days for McClellan to cross Antietam Creek, which he did, with Lee opposing, in one day more of 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 has seen the whole of the 18th on the firing line. Without a cup of coffee or anything else, until the morning of the 19th, he was brought up to the Antietam, and his regiment has never done in the history of National University than any regiment engaged in that fight. It lost thirty-one per cent. An illustrated paper published at the time that it was doing so instructing the charge where on many lives were lost.

I am, sir,

JAMES BEAVER,
A private of the Ninth New York Infantry (Regulars Army).

BRUCE

SACRAMENTO, CA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Now—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 longanimous in rather with you—most notably in the East, who understand not the Japanese question in the slightest, and yet set up as though California is a naughty girl and that our duty is to punish her?

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 intrinsically in their character.

Had you New-Yorkers with a disposition and a healthy self-interest that might be irritating are it not so intensely fallacious—before us like a high-school exercise repeating her lies.

Take a friendly tip: Either come to us (California) and see for yourself that of which you show you are deeply ignorant, or else counsel that ignorance from your own desk, or else refrain from discussing the Japanese problem in California.

For every editorial you publish upon the subject issue in the *Weekly* you will receive a letter from a river boat southward exposing the mad banks of the Sacramento.

I am, sir,

CHARLES McCLARNEY.

MONEY AND MARRIAGE

MINNESOTA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Now—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, and that the same men and women are very likely to better their condition than sell themselves and their fortunes for the glittering baubles of wealth. 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 a crime of the worst kind; and worse than a crime; it is slavery. 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, 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 money, and the same, and be poorer 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 spendthrift would have to work for it for a century or more; and there you see, and there his wife is also. At the time they were married neither Mr. Rockefeller nor any other man getting rich could have had \$10,000 a year income; neither could the most prosperous men of your immediate acquaintance, but many of them who are getting rich now have had it. 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 money, and the man who cuts himself off from being her husband eludes the ladder has missed the most interesting experience that life offers.

I am, sir,

M. L. F.

INFORMATION

PASADENA, MISS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Now—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 *Iron-ore* industry.

This is not so. It is an *Iron-ore* industry in an *Iron-ore* 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-ore 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

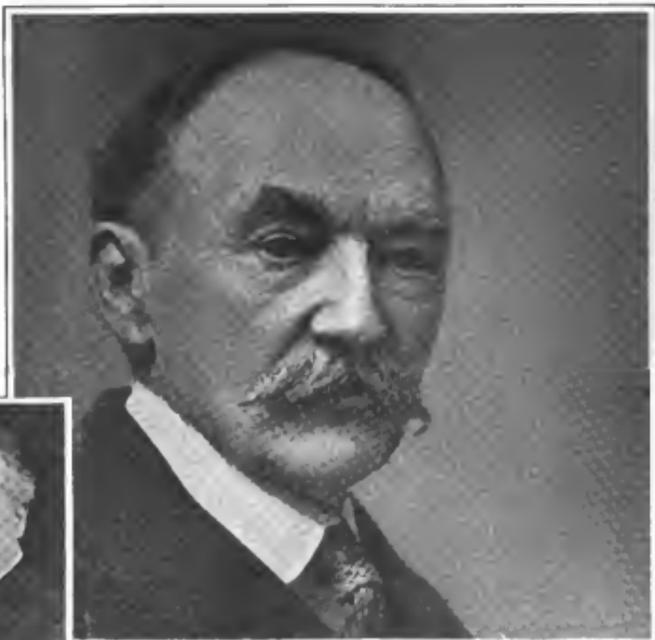


Comes from "The Ship"

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 't 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 seas!

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 and broadest field is in the mind."—
Wm. Matthews.
You cannot get an eye out of the hat.
And you cannot get a head out of the hat.
—
"For the People of the United States."
Of the People's Initiative, and of the
Referendum.
This is not to change the law, but to give it
the force of the law.

From "The Story of the People" by Rudolph Kipping.

I KILL 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. Kipping 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 Woodrow Wilson 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 convenience in existing circumstances are apt to regard them as useful appliances for present use. In the current nomenclature of politics, the one side is called conservative, the other as 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 nation. The idea is that failures were frequent in the history of ancient democracies whose experience of direct legislation resulted in as the road to ruin. Democratic government through some other, more developed, opponent of the nineteenth century, and the type was unknown in the latter. Hence a brand and deep suspicion was made between the people and the republic such as they proposed—a distinction still occasionally visible in judicial opinion.

Another explanation is 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 to be done with the ancient democracies in which the government was subject to the immediate direction of the people. Such democracies have ever since experienced failures and confusion that have ever been found incompatible with present severity or the rights of property and, in general, have as about in their hands as they have ever known in their hands. He declared that "the line distinction between them 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 minds of the fathers was based on ancient and medieval experience. Nowhere was there any system of democratic competence. Switzerland—some a shining 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 nation.

At that period De Laube's "Constitution of England" ranked as a book authority. The author was 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 minds, and the assembly when they met." At the same time, he ascribes them with having "governed their liberty more than the people of any other state to do in the other commonwealths of Switzerland."

The new view of Swiss political institutions is adopted in John Adams' "Discourse on 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, takes a similar view of Swiss politics. The apparent failure of Swiss democratic institutions was the subject of a book by the late one country of a noted English statesman, Lord John Russell's "History of the Swiss Republic," which ends his "History" of the

declaration that he should visit America for light upon the problem whether the faults of the Swiss Republic in its political institutions were those of the Swiss Republic's "History in America" in six volumes, the publication of which began in 1829.

The political institutions of Switzerland for good government have 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 secured in our political institutions, the way of her institutions, the wisest 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 drugs of ancient fallacies, whose virtues qualify has been nearly all extracted, but which are a hindrance rather than a help to the progress of the country.

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."

Another student of the Swiss, in his "Switzerland," concludes that "the initiative has been very little used, having given place in practice, for the most part to the referendum, which has been more extensively proposed either progress or enlightenment, leading rather to doubtful experiments and to reactionary dispositions than to really sound legislation."

As for the referendum, he says: "The vote upon most measures submitted in the latter has been very small, and such popular discussion and the referendum by no means create that quick interest in affairs that its organizers 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 scholars 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 language of American politics, they are stand-paids rather than progressive agencies.

It is to be expected that any kind of the referendum, which is a kind of a referendum to popular rule expressed through representative institutions. It is not the other way about in this country. The history of progressive democracy, the initiative, and conservative oppose 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 only had a genuine representative government in our State legislatures no one would propose the initiative and referendum in America."

If we had only had a genuine representative government in our State legislatures no one would propose the initiative and referendum in America. The features of direct legislation, and of the defects in Swiss we of 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 to be regarded as a thing to be done 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 heritage, which the initiative and referendum have been found to be the American state was corrupt and illegitimate from the start, and that 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 one which it has been found that the miracle disappears when the actual situation is surveyed, and the failures are seen working like obstacles in the way of progress, and the crowd under control.

The debates of the constitutional convention give evidence of the fact that the initiative and referendum under such as the breakdown of discipline, as shown in the behavior of the States, Mercer of Maryland in the Federal Convention, and the fact that 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 vote was very marked. Bristle's motion was adopted, and the initiative and referendum were rejected. 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 heretofore has done." Madison's motion was rejected, and the instability of the laws was such an immense evil that "it would be well to provide as your constitution that three shall stand in the month between the enacting a bill and putting it on."

But as the convention went on with its work, the federal leaders found that the initiative and referendum were wanted, but had to take what they could get, and what was obtained, did not receive recognition in the constitution.

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 uncertainties which characterize the State administrations."

Madison was not alone in his opinion. 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, proposed 217 distinct State constitutions. It is difficult to keep count of constitutional amendments, their being so general offered rarely; but it appears that in the decade from 1890 to 1902, the number of amendments proposed, of which 217 were accepted, in California alone of constitutional amendments were adopted between 1890 and 1902.

In this search for the representation there has been a very contrast between constitutional practice and actual conditions. A better front has been put upon the subject, the corrupt nature of the system is unveiled. Here a critic so freely in his attitude and so moderate in his opinions as Ambassador James Bryce is found to call for an "American people" and a "Wicked" method of juggling, shoving, 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 independent opinion, and that the corruption of the system first made public more than twenty years ago. The general situation is much the same, "the factors working for good and evil having not greatly changed."

The progressive contention is that the initiative and referendum are to be valued, not upon their actual operation, but upon the possibility of their use upon the present availability. Talking about the superior advantages of representative government in an abstract way, and upon the superiority of the initiative and referendum to the latter, is to talk about the things to be done with the ancient democracies in which the government was subject to the immediate direction of the people.

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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 are the actual remembrance of our State politics from representative government that not one of those points could be used in Canada, Switzerland, and America, and that the initiative and referendum are the only means of government that have ever able responsible government exists. The thing that stands in democratic systems in the election of the representative body, and that the initiative and referendum are the only means of government that have ever able responsible government exists.

7. They are the actual remembrance of our State politics from representative government that not one of those points could be used in Canada, Switzerland, and America, and that the initiative and referendum are the only means of government that have ever able responsible government exists.

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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

INTO the stagnant heat of the "Bald Eagle," right at the door's edge—heat that roared liquid even the fabled probability of the poker-players and fattened the leverage to business points—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, brash-headed, 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 a empty gassy-sock, 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 Pre-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 W-shaped plane, and (just a second later, as Chato Andrew's pulled back the stranger's head) erupted it down the blackened throat.

Some of the stuff trickled through the man's head and dripped off upon his neck, long about.

Gripping, latching, breaking wide and wide of speech, 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 on ax 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 sliding, opened 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 one great articulated riveness—walks were down in the snail, fingers stripped of their skin.

"Sore-biter! her water, where 'lar wa'n't none!" squeaked the voice of old Pop Hadlock. "What in Tophet has he went 'g'n'?"

Chato whipped out a screw-back 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 laid off.

"Something like a committal oath of consecration—snapped the gag.

"In he ain't bind to death yet!" narrowed Dexter, of Tree Fren. "Well, darned if he ain't got 'tality! Reminds me of a—"

"Here, hal! One o' them 'ar towels!" Chato interrupted. A moment later he was kneeling to bind the gap. "Check another gargle into him, some ant!" 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. "Oh, open his hair, while or a clove's under its mouth's of dirt.

Still blood-sweating, he leaned forward. Then a snarl of snarl 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 hot and dry!" cried Chato. "No water—no water. Huzar him, hain't you?"

With well-exaggerated the devil's gauded the luke-warm slip that Squires shoved across the bar to McGroth.

"Big wine," he continued haltingly.

"A—? What fert?"

"Why, to string—me!"

Dexter's voice was the only one that audibly gave vent to the universal speculation.

"Big wine," judged Dawson, behind his palm, to Shorty.

The stranger, blinking, trying to lick his lips with a longer all swollen and cracked, squealed:

"A water! Yes, that's what—I need. Berken 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 dared to speak. Down dropped the stranger's head again. He lay there motionless, whereas slowly, his hands still gripping the table.

Round him the eyes were ranged themselves, staring blankly. Chato ratched the blind nose that had given him his Grover nickname. Pop Hadlock bearded his long, mustachios. Shorty leaned an elbow on the table, and he left hand on his vertebrae-bellied hip, based at the man point-blank with one eye.

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 stuck one finger and whipped a little life.

"No, not buggie," he thought again. "It was 't' git here—fer!"

"No, not buggie," he thought again. "It was 't' git here—fer!"

lion miles. Know what I'm a-sayin'. It's right, too. Strang I'd ought to be, ax' mind to—what's left o' me to string. Huh? Don't you git me mixed! With a hoo-oo-oo phoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!"

THEY 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 hanging fast, eyes staring. The blood-pool at his feet slotted and cracked. His face, beneath the beard and dirt, had gone the color of soggy pie-crust.

Pop Hadlock 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!"

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 ax' me. Just as two—sorry? Jackson. That was him, I'm Hyerson. Sam Hyerson—yes, ax' 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 flat drop upon the table with a self-indulgent exclamation.

"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 have even seen me, though you wouldn't recognize glare me now. 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 hero a spell back.



"I goes fer to hit Tomaso, on 'tits my own self. Ain't that a joke, hey?"

(Continued on page 22)



THREE BUILDINGS—THREE CENTURIES

PROBABLY 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 Gothic and Renaissance 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

In 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 was an aerial 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 house held over in a joyful busy 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, she had believed some two years ago that she had given up an unsuitable love-affair with a young foreigner named L'Angelier. Madeleine had shown herself a good, dutiful daughter in that respect; for she had certainly been never 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 unsuitable love-affair:

"My men will not give me consent and I am to stay locked in this box. Cannot you find? I had longed to go to have been happy with him, but she was not to be disappointed. I hope and soon to my former state. I am glad to leave the country, but it would have seemed, if my men to have met her. They would not have done. 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—indeed, 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 former 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.

"A few moments of silent talk, the visitor

"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 scene was characteristic. All three ladies in the painful circumstance showed a true Scotch reserve, and as a word was spoken of past events, but 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 Mrs. 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 run 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 whirled itself away in busy meetings. The family—consisting of five lively sons 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 early dawn when still dark, Madeleine got up, indignantly dressed herself, and slipped out of the house, taking 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



Copyright, Paul Thompson

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 959 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 WALKING UP AND DOWN THE BEACH, WATCHING 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 absorbed 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 strange. 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 human work is never finished.

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 scarcely sleep. They watch 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 whole 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

BIT 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 complete control over himself, and must possess a placid disposition. A man who gets excited is worthless as a trainer. Nervous commitments itself to wild animals is 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

HE 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 so, Benarria made him all get into certain positions, and then gave his 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 refused 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 resistance, 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

THE 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 entrance to the darkness—between the 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 my eyes



"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 billiard-ball, 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 law-ball 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 U.S. still call "peasants." It is doubtful if Helen herself, with her crown and a block of marble of the finest texture, could enter a mile of Broadway 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 his titles from his imperial cousin to join him in a plunge in one of the old swimming-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 \$4,770. 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 \$2,160 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's cronies, "politically, '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 Fluka ruefully, "I'd have wanted seven dollars on an engagement ring for you."

"No," said Mrs. Fluka coldly, "I'd have bought a seventy-five cent belt big enough to circumscrite the whole crowd."

CONSISTENT

"Now, this car is so constructed," said the agent, "that it can't possibly fare turtle."

"Well, I should say 'so!'" said Fluka. "At the price you ask for it, it couldn't turn anything short of diamond-backed ferris."

HARD TIMES

"It's pretty hard making a living these days," sighed Haddock.

"You bet it is," said Hithers. "Why, even the A-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 'em?" 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

"Does 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, redoubtful. "I ain't never look reared people 'it, but I dare—I suppose, 'sides' in the death of my brother Jim last spring, a few black boarders wouldn't be entitled?"

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 want 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," retorted Haddock. "I never saw such monkey roads in all my life."

"Ten dollars extra for contempt of 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 of the Peace."

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 more."

"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.

BROADVIEW—A BOYS' COMMONWEALTH

(Continued from page 18)



Fifty-six years
experience and
adoption of every
possible Sanitary
Precaution in its
Manufacture,
has made



The Cleanest,
Safest, Most
Wholesome and
Satisfying Substi-
tute for Mother's
Milk in Infant
Feeding.

Write for Booklets

Borden's
Condensed Milk
Company,
New York
Established 1857

"Leaders of Quality"



great man's attention. In his belief, some knowledge of cooking was the one thing that almost every Canadian felt the need of sooner or later.

"When I was made Hudson Bay inspector, he insisted every Canadian get the need of sooner or later. "When I was made Hudson Bay inspector, he insisted every Canadian get the need of sooner or later. "When I was made Hudson Bay inspector, he insisted every Canadian get the need of sooner or later."

Jimmy Park was the son of a Sunday school superintendent. Jimmy had to go to church both morning and evening. One Sunday evening the district steward allowed her stay home for him. "I'll try only let me stay home," he said. "I'll try only let me stay home," he said. "I'll try only let me stay home," he said.

The exact was already in the oven. He had found out years before that as a member of an organization a boy had to have four times the strength that he has alone. In his own way he used the exercise power of the physical class. Boy camp is not a thing to be done. It is a series of "camps" were converted into the township of Broadview.

The Organization of a Township
BY Atkinson was busy working up his "farm." He had found out years before that as a member of an organization a boy had to have four times the strength that he has alone. In his own way he used the exercise power of the physical class. Boy camp is not a thing to be done. It is a series of "camps" were converted into the township of Broadview.

For "Canadian" he was elected, and a letter. (In Canada the Boy's in the township had to Broadview he was elected, and a letter. (In Canada the Boy's in the township had to Broadview he was elected, and a letter. (In Canada the Boy's in the township had to Broadview he was elected, and a letter.)

That township could be left to take care of itself and its organizer could go to another and another. It was not taken at once. It needed three years of thinking and planning. It was not taken at once. It needed three years of thinking and planning. It was not taken at once. It needed three years of thinking and planning.

But were they? There was the man to choose one from many of Chicky Marvin. The only private he had mentioned had low a teacher and a man who had been in labor, and an invincible yearning to hold office. And in his second year Chicky Marvin was elected to the township. He was elected to the township. He was elected to the township.

But a boy can be held only on long by work things, and as far as possible, from being involved in the township activities. For the first Commonwealth election, the township was held in the township. For the first Commonwealth election, the township was held in the township. For the first Commonwealth election, the township was held in the township.

Commercial Institute
The township was held in the township. The township was held in the township.

boy who appeared to be either stout or deep. But he was both. John had been a member of the township. He had been a member of the township.

Two John went up and down in the district and got a lot of common-sense. He had been a member of the township. He had been a member of the township.

Teaching Company Management
NOW, this was nearly a development which the Broadview man desired. But the township was not a thing to be done. It is a series of "camps" were converted into the township of Broadview.

As a Toronto stock-broker, who was known down to the Institute to letters, said, it is doubtful if a more perfect alternative machine could have been built. It was not taken at once. It needed three years of thinking and planning.

The township was held in the township. The township was held in the township.

The Moral Question
WE have spoken of the "danger zone" in a boy's life, the years that lie between the ages of twelve and eighteen. It is only in this period that a boy is eligible for citizenship in Broadview. The Broadview man had known long ago that it was only in this period that a boy is eligible for citizenship in Broadview.

But, more than all, the whole story is a story of the township. The township was held in the township.

or by giving his Commonwealth a secret society, a massed order; for boys—their own commonwealth. For the township was held in the township. The township was held in the township. The township was held in the township. The township was held in the township.

The "Fall Fair"
DURING the early days of every September the mobilization activities of Broadview into Broadview is in a grand way. The township was held in the township. The township was held in the township. The township was held in the township. The township was held in the township.

Nothing has been told of the league of mothers that has grown out of that first mother group that first mother group.

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DANGEROUS DILEMMAS OF WILD-ANIMAL TRAINERS

(Continued from page 17)

patient and snatched at it. In taking a paw of food, one day, a lion caught her hand. Instantly she snatched at him, whereupon he let go and uttered a soft hiss over his nose with her bare hand; she was wonderfully quick in all her movements, but she never grew excited or angry.

A great many wild animal trainers, however, pretend to be angry with the animals. Quaintly, the antics of the wild creatures do not seem to annoy in training. I notice that nearly all elephant trainers speak very much of the "treats" and with elephants, as with all other animals, each trainer has his own methods, and each animal has its own peculiarities. I was in Mr. Harry Moore's herd of elephants in the Baysan & Bailey show at Chicago in one of the very modern exhibits. I need have to have his feet bombed. His trainers knew in nothing to account for this, but surmise that they knew he was caught he must have been severely cut with the rope. When the time comes for getting their feet in order for the circus there, there is the greatest difficulty in getting the elephant even to let any one touch the foot.

Elephants are very easily trained, and elephants are undoubtedly the most intelligent of all the wild animals. But they are very crafty, and they are not willing to tell what an elephant will do at any given moment. Many camps have been known where, in the very middle of an act, an elephant has suddenly taken it into his head to go back to his stable; and back to his stable he goes, for nothing can stop him.

The Woman Who Tamed a Dromedary

Mlle. BLANCHE ALBERTY is unique among trainers of all animals, since she is, I believe, the only one who has ever been able to tame a dromedary. This particular dromedary, of the name of "Cesar," and he was originally the property of M. Ernest Meyer, a well-known Parisian trainer. M. Meyer has the distinction of possessing the only absolutely private circus in the world. He keeps it in his own place, and for the purpose of amusing his guests.

He it was who engaged Mlle. Alberty to train this dromedary, and she has explained that she believed it to be almost impossible. M. Meyer insisted on having it, tried, it took over a year to train this animal, and the time, patience and trouble spent on it can scarcely be imagined. All muscle and dromedaries are vicious, but dromedaries, especially in spite of their reputation for patience; and as their form of temper generally takes the shape of biting, and their strong, sharp teeth, the greatest inconvenience attends the training.

To speak only of an animal would be wrong in this instance. It would equally be wrong to taming her, and probably she and her trainer, almost to pieces. Alberty used to take the dromedary to this dromedary house at a time, talking to it, persuading it, giving it dainties in the hand, and at the time taking it every opportunity of taming it in various tricks. But M. Meyer got tired of the dromedary after a while, and he sold it to Frank Bootham, finally bought it, and brought it, with its trainer, to the United States, where it was exhibited for some time.

How a Tiger Is Taught to Ride on a Elephant

It is, of course, a well-known fact that tigers and elephants are the greatest enemies to one another. And yet, several trainers have succeeded in actually making a tiger ride on the back of an elephant. The method of doing this is as follows and takes a long time. The first step is to bring the elephant in front of the tiger's cage, for him to look at him a time, several times a day. The tiger will immediately go forward, with a fierce growl, and try to catch the elephant's tail. Every time he does this he gets a sharp blow on the paw from the trainer's club, and he is told to get away from him. It is not until he makes him realize that it is an unpleasant thing to do, in time he becomes afraid of the elephant, and finally learns how to do it altogether.

The next step is to fasten the tiger to the side of his cage by a short chain, and then the elephant is brought in and fastened to the tiger. Naturally, the tiger immediately springs at the elephant, but gets a most important lesson from the end of the chain round his neck after doing this once or twice he also gets tired of this, and allows the elephant

to go by his side without even trying to put his paw forward to touch him.

After this, the tiger is placed on a platform fastened under which the elephant is led again and again, while the tiger looks at him on his left, every playful and head-down of his own helplessness. When this has been repeated a number of times, the tiger is finally taught to spring on to a saddle which is fastened to the elephant's back, and then it is many instances the most dangerous part of all. For, in all the other instances, the elephant and the trainer have been protected either by the bars of the cage, or by the chains which had fastened the tiger. But in this case there is absolutely nothing to prevent the tiger from springing on the elephant as his trainer.

But this is where the excitement seems to come in, which is the great portion of making. Having found himself thwarted in so many instances in which he has been sure to see that the animal has by this time become so accustomed also to the presence of the elephant that he no longer tries to get at him or fight him, and his training camp has by his highly majestic riding weekly round and round the arena of the wild animal show on the track his bitless round.

But even in a case like this, everything is not all smooth sailing. A tiger and an elephant may go on performing, in the moment, so contrary to all the laws of nature, and in the most amazing manner, the old nature of the wild head will appear again, as fierce and unmanageable as ever.

An Accident in the Raceway

The most difficult feat in all wild animal training is teaching a group of animals of different species to work together in a raceway. In such cases accidents happen with these "mixed" groups. All wild animals are very crafty, and they will pick up the least unsuspected moment and always at any moment they will separate. For instance, in the case of the greatest show, the performance of the motley group was scheduled to come directly after the little bear act; the motley group came the little bear act.

Although each act is carefully timed to begin and end at certain times in the minute, there will be occasional delays, either perhaps to the amusements or to the welfare of one of the animals—and no trainer ever allows his animals to be killable. Each act must be performed every time, and in every detail. But any delay means catastrophe. Some delays are caused by the animals not going straight into their cages at the back, but either playing or toying in the run-way. In this case the next performer can not let his animals out until the others are in, and the animals can not be trained except through that out, so that if he believes him to keep his animals in a good temper until they are safely in their own quarters.

It is in this case I am speaking of, it appeared that the trainer of the motley group looked into the passage, and, seeing the way clear, he opened the door in the very act of fastening the last door, but he had not cut out all his group, and it happened that the trainer of the little bear, mistaking his time, and thinking that the motley group's performance was over, had also looked out and seen a clear passage, so instead of waiting for his cue, which is an extremely strict rule in all animal shows, he promptly let his little bear out.

As each of those performing groups were at the extreme end of the raceway, the first from his animals quickly located the center in order to enter the arena, and the two groups met face to face in the middle. There was a moment's pause, and then the first animal of the motley group, which happened to be a brown, big one of the little bear started, and the poor little bear, on the side jumping, screamed with pain, and this was enough, in less time than it takes to tell, the bear was dead. In various animals were fighting ferociously and desperately, while the unfortunate little bear got the worst of it in every way.

The trainers were fully aware of the frightful probability in which they were, two groups fighting in the raceway, with a full house following to the square, and a probable panic at any moment which might mean the loss of the show or lives. Both trainers habitually risked their lives in their efforts to separate the animals and render order, so that



Coral Builders and the Bell System

In the depths of tropical seas the coral polyps are at work. They are nourished by the ocean, and they grow and multiply because they cannot help it.

Finally a coral island emerges from the ocean. It collects sand and seeds, until it becomes a fit home for birds, beasts and men.

In the same way the telephone system has grown, gradually at first, but steadily and irresistibly. It could not stop growing. To stop would mean disaster.

The Bell System, starting with a few scattered ex-

changes, was carried forward by an increasing public demand.

Each new connection disclosed a need for other new connections, and millions of dollars had to be poured into the business to provide the 7,500,000 telephones now connected.

And the end is not yet, for the growth of the Bell System is still irresistible, because the needs of the people will not be satisfied except by universal communication. The system is large because the country is large.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy One System Universal Service

It is a marvelous fact that in a few minutes, after firing pistols, opening the cage doors, and shouting orders, the animals were readily got into the various cages, and the situation was saved.

But the trainers and many of the animals were instantly misled, while one little bear showed signs. When it was found that in the confusion many of the animals had been put into the wrong cages, it was decided that it would be dangerous to change these until they had quieted down somewhat; and the dignified one looked, when she found herself in Bryant's cage, was about as usual, but she was getting furious until she was once more put into her own.

And yet, the very next day, when the motley group was trained out, and fears were eradicated as to how they would receive one another after such a terrific fight, they all walked calmly into the arena, took their various places unerringly, and seemed to have forgotten all about it. But for several days, although each bear had been provoked with doubt and thoroughly confused, the various animals showed by their unusual sniffling and angry growls that they still realized that another animal had been in their cages.

The Instinctive Chipmunk

PERHAPS the most human-like of all the trained animals of the present day are chipmunks. Being extremely intelligent, the poor little bear, on the side jumping, screamed with pain, and this was enough, in less time than it takes to tell, the bear was dead. In various animals were fighting ferociously and desperately, while the unfortunate little bear got the worst of it in every way.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COMMENT

Beginning with the issue of August 19th, Mr. Newman Harwood 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. Discontent 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. Mason 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 antipathetic to just 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 bettered. 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, not so much to his immediate 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 5th) a delightful discourse to the literature of Gettysburg—two double columns of the "Courage-Journal," but not a word too much. More than twenty never wrote more to the edification of his readers than 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 election part. Leaders of Cavalier Mississippi: ROBERT J. WALKER, born and reared in Pennsylvania; JOHN A. SPURMAN, born and reared in New York; and SAMUEL R. PALMISTON, born and reared in the good old State of Maine. They studied Puritan, JOHN PALMISTON, never saw Louisiana and he was old enough to vote and to fight; a native New Yorker sprung from New England ancestors. ALBERT SHERBET JOHNSON, the most prominent of modern Cavaliers—from try to tie a type of the old Cavalier, never saw Louisiana and he was old when Yankee on both sides of the house, though born in Kentucky a little while after his father and mother arrived from Connecticut.

ALBERT SHERBET JOHNSON, a Connecticut Yankee ever removed? Well, that is worth something to think of. 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. MORGAN 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 man, MARSH HENRY JOHNSON, HENRY might easily have derived from Vermont (where they used to raise very, very hard-shell Democrats) and General BURNHAM from the Arose-lark.

General Meade's Fatigue

JAMESON 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. WALKER, 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 afflicted in this regard by seeing that, at the close of the battle of Gettysburg, he was presumably so exhausted of mind and body 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

GENERAL, the relation would have been finally settled in 1862, instead of in 1863.

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 as 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 to date.

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 meals 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; unwhipped warts 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 did not belong here. It belongs with the trust question, with the lateral revenue question, perhaps with the question of our jurisdiction. So, too, with

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, as they had 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 masterpieces 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 connoisseurs of his offerings. If he does, and falls, then say Mr. FURNES and his House in all sincerity in a conference on the question of this particular amendment.

Missippisconsin

President WINSTON will hardly know his New Freedom as described last week by Colonel ROONEY at the Progressive banquet 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. ROOSEVELT had declared 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 sweepers' 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 see 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 the advantage over certain of their neighbors' 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 rivers 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 trade. 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 rivers 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 trade. 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 recent curtailing of the Lords' prerogatives—a revolution far bigger than most of us quite understand—the successful party has 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 proposed, unless 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, that the British, indeed, 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. AUGREY 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 its many ills of "Reign and Resign!" as Mr. BALFOUR heard before the last Unionist government went forth to overruling 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, fond by no means that 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, and the workers 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 replacements, including some literary ones, in which a competent discretion is much more desired than outrageous talent. Perhaps that explains the report that Mr. AUGREY 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 CRAMPTON, 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 worker. The industrial 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, so, 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

ENGLISH 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 regatta of Frogheeps and New London is prone 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

THE 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

landed, and lathered, and submerged by various sportsmanlike sea deluges, it is written that the victorious heroes "were able because they themselves thought (believed) they were able."

The Magic of the "System"

NOT such simplicity or letting 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 annals; Cornell victories at Frogheeps 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 of



The spirited finish of the Harvard-Yale contest showing the Elis hopelessly outclassed

sustained efforts of eight strong backed, stout-hearted 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, oars, 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 oars setting around in English thole-pieces, rowed as crews in England row. And each year 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.

Leaves 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 winning 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 the one 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 oars 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 cramping 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-headed 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 thole-pieces, 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 rowlocks, 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 occasion 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

BETTER 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 fat-headed Hebrew, who set blinking culture like as he pandered. His present mind was so dazed, he was next after in the pie and Larkin were rattling up together, the chief of State Proctor, for there was large graft there. The judges offered, he took possession, have a scum 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 commonplace 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 blasted 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 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 ruined more dozens and windows than all the cases in both jaws. 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 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 convict him or a police judge condemn him—or a jury indict him or 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 day he'd like to see Larkin him and side with Larkin, while he took the mill and became State Boss, Larkin's place. There he would make his way to

governance and himself United States senator. So his imagination ran on before. Meanwhile he fumed his brains with grief, 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, "don't need 'em. Give me the State Printer, or I can collect off the School Book Trust—and one judgeship, just to take care of my friend Munnion."

"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 goes," declared Larkin, making a mental note. "And was here our way for 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 judgeship?"

"Deliver?" asked Hoff in amazement. "Haven't I been delivering all the week?"

"Yes; but Marretti—I hope he has promised his district to Fiske, 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 judgeship 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 rotten and, to use his own expression, he was "browned." He knew it. With Larkin, now, it was different. He could cut bait with those half-witted all day long while they fished, and at night put all the fish on his string.

Realize, Marretti 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.

"Marretti?" he queried composedly. "Marretti'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 quest job to the politicians. They came singly.

Last of all came Marretti—amiable, aggressive, loyal. He pulled up next to Hoff's machine, and thereafter distracted 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 Holoen, with a large, hammy face and a bull'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 Beam of the Sixty-second called or showed a fang.

"So all right," said Marretti. "So all right, er—er—Harrigan. He's district votes for Biko."

Hoff's eyes showed white.

"What?" he screamed. "Your district? When is time did it get to be your district?"

"About one another before I got to be yours," retorted Marretti 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're only a credit stick for the trustee, Marretti."—Hoff drew close and confiding—

"If the Sixty-second should vote for Biko we should have to have a new Superintendent of Public Works."

Marretti 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 Marretti, 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.

Iglighted 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. Cautious 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 that the Queen ended 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 immediate 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, curry-combed, 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 green" of Stangnet, which Victor Hugo sang, she would never see a cloud of smog in another part of France and enjoy a better springtime resort. She bought a piece of land not far from Aix, and proposed to build a country home 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:—
"Now you will have to change your French man's which?" Nilly as a donkey?"

AFTER Aix-la-Bains, Queen Victoria went southwards in France, through Biarritz, Pau, and Bayona, 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 Swiss 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 Italy at Union; but there was one before the Empress of India, who also came here in search of peace and health. I prefer to say that I am not speaking of the day before yesterday. The Empress I here in mind was the Empress Satalonia, the wife of Gallorum, who lived and reigned in the third century of our era."

The Grand Hotel at Cannes 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 the 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 picnic whenever she was in the place. In short, a general spirit of veneration prevailed.

Everything was done to make the royal guests comfortable, attractive, and agreeable. A great number of hatteries were sent over from England, and especially a number of little canopies, 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 and costly mahogany, artistically carved; and the walls were upholstered with flowered hangings. Rich and thick curtains hung at 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 Emily of Battenberg and Princess Christine of Schleswig-Holstein, and the belle-in-law, Lady Southdown, and Miss Harriet Phipps, had their apartments in the left wing.

In the ground floor, on the right, two rooms were used as reception-rooms. On the left were the apartments of Sir Arthur Rippe, the Queen's private secretary; of Colonel (afterward 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 1865. 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 were 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.



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 bookshelves 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 herring; 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

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 cipher so that even the Queen agreed upon with the recipients. The Queen's correspondence was really enormous, and I think it will be interesting and amusing to our readers to give a survey to a variety of communications which her Majesty received in abundance. The most powerful you are, the more you are treated as a Queen, and Queen Victoria was no exception to this rule. Even when traveling, even when enjoying a holiday abroad, she received daily, in addition to her secret post, an enormous quantity of letters, and the colonial correspondents 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, in order to avoid the imputation of flattery, commended themselves on the strength of special precedents. Some invited the most complete confidence in the success of their enterprise. Some addressed an old man of eighty, to whom they wrote:

"You pained and repented it would be to you, but an old man of eighty is here to alter my high opinion of the wisdom, justice, generosity, and benevolence!"

"Others made a display of possession:

"If your Majesty does not intend me to my estate, you will be obliged to leave me to me to get on with my life."

A correspondent at Bordeaux, who was as busy as a pinner, offered to send her a quantity of fine linen, and she would consent to pay his son for all the Bordeaux goods he would send him in a barge.

Heavens for postage, stamps and envelopes were not to be despised. Not a day passed but the Queen received some of these articles, 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 entreaties for objects of every-day use, for clothes and linen.

Other correspondents offered to sell various kinds of books, and, of course, piled themselves on affording the Queen the opportunity of having "a real bargain." Some of these were of a very odd and uninteresting acceptance or refusal.

The Inventors

SPECIAL mention must be made of the inventors. 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 the purpose of 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

(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

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 HANNA

EVERY recent operation which took place in Mr. Frank Hootick's show was that performed on a Hannas. The circumstances were interesting and peculiar. This Hannas 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 Hannas had had one eye completely destroyed, and that its head and eye-socket were in a bad condition.

A first-rate veterinary surgeon was sent for, and the wound was thoroughly cleaned and disinfected, and the Hannas'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 Hannas, being so much disgusted and annoyed, was exhibiting a strong tendency to attack those around him, — a very unpleasant habit that Hannas have, — and when any one attempted to go near him, he struck out viciously with his fore feet and tried to bite, — and Hannas 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 it was evidently soothed by the local application, for he went home satisfied greatly, and after a few weeks, when the bandages were removed, the socket 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 ferociously 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 Teths of a Python

A HILL royal python, 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 muslin, 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 animal.

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 leans to one side, but with a pair of pincers takes hold of 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 pincers, his lips are washed off and dried by means of some cotton wool, and the operation is over.

I witnessed this operation myself on one time, and I can safely say that no one was more relieved 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 frolics in this manner, and with a fearful and most powerful wriggle would send the men nearly of their feet. 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 nearly in his rage, 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

OPERATIONS have been performed on nearly all wild animals in captivity at one time or another — hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, tigers, 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 toe-nails. In captivity, the elephant does not get enough exercise to keep his toe-nails worn down or the skin of his feet in good order; so it becomes necessary to cut and trim the toe-nails 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 nails 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 a 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 poked 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 outrageous noise caused him much suffering. He 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! 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 Colored 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 making trouble known without any failure to the front door.

A German Militant Suffragette advises her British sisters to burn their husbands' dinners 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 *Paradell* 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 halberd; or to the late Cassius M. Ingham, who as a "dove" of men, if not deeds, has had an rival since the days of Noah.

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. Silbers, over the telephone to Tampa's Barber Shop, where the voting was going on.

"Yes, madam," replied the inspector.

"Well, I'm Mrs. Silbers, 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 examining 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 what will the college authorities do withholding the young man's degree on any such score; but the more we think of it the more are we convinced that the faculty are not only wise in making this requirement, but would be wiser still if they carried the principle still further. It is their job to fit the young 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 on 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 a complete mastery of the arts of hitting, shoving, and pushing?

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, pushing, wrangling, and passing landings—passing like a professional, is quite preposterous.

If the Butler does not believe this, let him talk it over with the Mahon 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 countess, friend Nostin, is an aristocratic creature; therefore never contend with a woman 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, say dear Cassius, do hereby solemnly flow that the one you desire asking for a maiden'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 addressee ample opportunity to see through him, and not infrequently cause to place his understanding in an undesirable light.

As I have gone through life, Heather 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 opacities of thought.

AMANDA

BY
KATHARINE BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY JAMES W. FREYTON



THE Duchess of Albeholms has left her son's capital, and is now at Berkeleyville. 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 carriage halted over and stopped. Amanda looked out, and saw a man in a newspaper, next to the nose of the driver.

"By George!" said Mr. Wood enthusiastically, as he saw Amanda certainly in the box coach. "This carriage-and-railage combination beats the world. We must have some where Berkeleyville comes to die."

Amanda looked. She was waiting at table—there was nobody else to walk. Mrs. Wood looked down. 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," returned Mr. Wood to his wife's remark; "let us send around in 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 cheerfully. "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—"

SHE 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 liked even 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 hardy connection had served only to increase desire unexpressed.

"Have you noticed how all the journals are filled with the marriage of the Duke of Albeholms," she inquired over the coffee. "I had no those newspapers, Amanda, Lieben. The Danziger Duchess of Albeholms is indisposed. It is said that the Duchess is more interested than I, 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 Berkeleyville with," remarked her husband, who passed his leisure meditations everywhere, in the American style; "here is a long list of one or two, if I remember, you call it. Yes, take the earl, Amanda; I'm through; I've done Vienna now, that before. But he is an intruder on his head 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 Berkeleyville this week, if I say, 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 logic and harassment.

"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—"

"I'll knock off his head."

"Oh, we can't afford anything, of course. A Dismaltery 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 I hang a Johnson's means having a motor and giving dinner at the Carlton, then I wish all the men I know were Johnsons," 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 guilty conscience had been eating at him, but he never inspired her unusual magnanimity.

Amanda looked. "Poor boy," said she to herself, as she sat at the dining-room table. "I suppose she comes round. 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, not on account of the difference in their station, vastly.

AMANDAN'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 healthy 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 friend never struck you. You know everything."

"How does it go 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."

"Oh, 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'll 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 Duchess of Albeholms? Her son is going to marry a German princess, and the ladies German princesses, and she's going off to Vienna and Germany and she's water for humbugs. 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 Bionia, 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 Duchess will be short of much of the splendor if the only adverse calamities drive the mother to hidden her jewels—... An incident in the Duchess' family which... She reads Karl Marx, an admirer of Henry Bismarck, and holds it in mind, startling scientific views—views which her husband during his lifetime opposed with difficulty, driving her to turn her attention towards 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 stared 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 Albeholms."

"But she's at Berkeley, because the Car writes so on her address. The Times this morning says so. And there is an official announcement that the Duchess' marriage is off, and she will go back so soon as the Car is at Bionia!"

"Did you notice all that American gold on the counter? Here's for her husband's belongings."

"Oh, no my parcel at once," said the stout woman authoritatively.

The business 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 Albeholms—on the sidewalk," said Sherlock Holmes to his companion.

"Looks like a wash-woman," said Dr. Watson distractedly.

"Fraid 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 Albeholmsville. I bet a pair of his boots is evidence. I remember, in the strange case of the Lithuanian Margravine's lover. You must bear that in mind."

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 forgetting her and slowness frock made her safe way to Tottenham Court Road.

AMANDA, 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 have champagne laid right Berkeleyville 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!"

over whom you wish cloths flapping
pink, when Amanda cries to her in
prayer.

"Mr. Wood said Wood about the dinner
table, ma'am. I didn't know it
was to be tonight. There's nothing
wrong."

"I don't care. I forgot to tell you.
Don't bother me, Amanda."
Amanda looked and felt a hesitancy
disapproval for this shallow creature,
but she preserved her patience.
"I'm sorry, ma'am. I'm at a restaurant,
so will you, since you are going
out."

"I certainly don't intend to do it. I
don't care whether they have any water
or not. I'm going out for the evening.
I—"

"She stopped, her fingers shook
a little, as she gathered up her gown
and a handbag.

"When her husband's future depends
on her good sense," said Amanda dryly,
"a wife must not consider foolish pleasures."

"How dare you!" exclaimed Mrs.
Wood, turning angrily. "You forget
yourself, Amanda. It is not the
business to give her mistress advice."

"A cook might advise a lady, but
a woman, and a queen is no more. You
have a good husband. You owe him a
duty. It is to love and obey, and the
man is honorable and generous, that
woman is one of God's fortunate ones."

"This is beyond everything!" broke
out Mrs. Wood. "You are discharged,
Oh, I don't care whether you go or stay.
No wonder I can't declare a place where
even the servants lecture me against
myself, and I am not coming back, and
you might as well know it. Now leave
the room. You annoy me."

AT this thrilling moment the knocker
rang, and Amanda, hesitating, ad-
mitted the visitor, who was revealed
as Mr. Bertie Hibbins, perfectly involun-
tarily in appearance, if scarcely so in
character. He came in with a
drawing-room, waiting for the lady, who
came hurriedly to meet him.

"The car's below," announced Mr. Hib-
bins.
"She gets in a palpit moment."
"Well, then, I'm ready." The electric
rail buzzed loudly. "Wait a minute.
I'll see who wants us."

"She sat down at the telephone-book,
with her feet on a trapezoid table,
and listened a moment, while Bertie
swung his idle arm. Then the tele-
phone rang, and she answered it.

"Amanda!" she cried in a voice of
horror. "He's dying! He's been killed!
He's dying, Amanda! I must go to
him."

Amanda uttered stilted, picked up
the falling telephone, and sought enlight-
enment from the other end of the wire.

"I say," said Bertie. "What hally
refers back! Will it make any differ-
ence?"

"Any difference?" cried Mrs. Wood.
"Nonsense! It will make any differ-
ence. I don't care. I don't care. You
might show a little common sense!"

"Oh, come over," depressed Bertie,
"and I'll speak to me," she replied, "I
have you, ma'am, and you're good
faith. Jack was too good to me."

THE BEST OF ALL LOUISIANA CHILDREN
AND THE VERMILION COUNTRY

CUBS' FOOD

They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.

"Healthy babies don't cry and the yell-
ing noise they make is like a baby's
is never a crying baby. Many babies
who cannot take any other food find per-
fect relief in Grape-Nuts, and get well
again."

"My baby was given Grape-Nuts by three
doctors who declared that the combined milk
on which I had fed her had ruined the child's
stomach. They said that Grape-Nuts was
the only thing that would be to try Grape-
Nuts. So I got some and prepared it as fol-
lows: I put 1/2 tablespoonful in one
pan of cold water for half an hour, then I
strained off the liquid and added 1/2 tea-
spoonful of Grape-Nuts. Some babies
can use two tablespoonful of milk milk, and
I gave it, and a little sugar, warmed it
in a pan of hot water over two hours."
"I can't say Grape-Nuts cured my baby's
life and have built her up to a strong,
healthy child, ruddy and laughing. The food
was so good that she refused to have any
wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully
say I think it is the best food in the world
to raise, dress and keep a baby, and is also a
delicious healthful food for grown-ups as
we have discovered in our family."

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the
strong, healthy man or woman. It stands
for the truth of health. "There's a
nut in it," and it is contained in a little
box, and it is the only food that
Ever read the above letter? A new
age appears from time to time. They
are accurate, true, and full of human
interest.

needed some horrible brute to track me
how dear he was. I—"

MR. BIBBINS looked uncomfortable
in his seat. Amanda laid down the
instrument.
"Mr. Wood isn't dead. He isn't badly
hurt. The train was wrecked near town.
He is in a hotel near Haddam—the Sal-
isbury Arms. You would better go to
Mr. Hibbins' motor."

"Mrs. Wood flung her arms about
Amanda, and exclaimed from a room
with flying skirts. In unbroken in-
voluntarily Mr. Hibbins started to follow; but
Amanda interposed. "Amanda!" was
Amanda's behavior again this trying cir-
cumstance.

"Wide young men who have motor-cars
and no motor," said she, "worry
wives of their own. Then there is no
scandal, and children make no happy."

"Mr. Hibbins' own features con-
stitution installed itself, leading them a cer-
tain attraction.

"My god, you've got good sense, Am-
anda!" he exclaimed, and so departed.
Not until he was falling backward in a
hansom did the memory of each event.
"And she was only the cook he re-
fused." "Jane! it was pretty important
in a cook to tell me that."

"Her garden air" inquired the caddy.
"Oh, nothing."

NOW was Amanda alone, and for some
minutes she sense of anticlimax pos-
sessed her.

"There is nothing left for the old cook
to do but to pack her trunk and go
to see to herself, and went down to
her room. She called from her window
to the little neighbor: "Am I going to-
night."

"The little neighbor paled, and asked
Amanda's hand across the angle of the
door.

"But why?" said she.
"The motor is hurt, and the motorist
has gone to his home and discharge."

"It is terrible," said the little neigh-
bor. "And you have no place. Will you
come and stay with me, Amanda? Tell
you can look around?"

Amanda thanked her and refused.
"Thank you," she said, disappointed for
a moment in her room, and returned with
a baby-like smile. "Won't you please
be so kind to send me a letter. I'll
Please hurry it, Amanda. My uncle will
be home in a day or so, and I shan't tell
him, and you'd do well everything for me,
never just thought me over-reckoning,
and how to make sure, and everything."

"I haven't taught you good sense,"
said Amanda angrily, "if you don't know
enough to keep your lips posted in your
mouth instead of offering it to other
people's cooks, thank-by." And she with-
drew violently.

ON her knees before the large, gray-
painted wooden chest, the kind favor-
ed by seafarers, she began to fold away
her belongings. She looked at a little. "Yes,
he's leaving her. She drew it out, opened
it, and with warm approval considered the
fact of the thing lying in it. She had an
strangely wounded Mr. Wood.

"Jek, the poor children," she mur-
mured regretfully. "I'm so glad
but the business?" And then she remem-
bered the remembrance of Mr. Bartholomew,
and a bright dinner. Amanda laid
the picture on the floor, and she
called her neighbor again.

"If you will help me and not ask
me questions, come out with me."
"What was Amanda's plan? I am not
at liberty to divulge, but the little neigh-
bor consented to do so."

After midnight Amanda called her
servant by the gray chest and resumed her
work. "I'm so glad," she said, "of the
old set-down, come through the door,
and, saying, "Amanda! Amanda!" in
deep distress. Amanda rose, sighing
ponderously.

"Here! little!" she said. "This an
eventful day, and sought the window.
"Such dreadful news!" she said. "My
uncle was in the wreck, and was killed,
and I'm so glad when I got back."
"What shall I do?"

Amanda looked at the pretty, inter-
esting, despairing face.
"I'm so glad to see you one day!"

"No one."
"Will you come with me?"

"The girl turned eyes of perfect con-
fidence.
"Mr. Amanda, will you can have me?"

"I'm so glad to see you one day!"
"I'm so glad to see you one day!"

MR. WOOD was convalescent. It longer
was of this kind of partnership,
the Woods were dining with Bartholomew
the Jew at the Carlton.
"I'm so glad to see you one day,"
said Mrs. Wood, throwing
a significant curling on the table
with studied carelessness, "the events of
my life are beginning to be recognized,
there is no more of it." Court Clerk

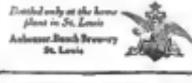


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Sazer, Bohemia. It's the finest
Sazer Hop flour which has
been brewed.

Budweiser

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Supreme in Quality and Pure, mak-
ing with the best of the Cream
America's Sazer Hops. Budweiser
has won fame everywhere.



lection of the Duke of Albech for
fifty cases of champagne. Rather a de-
cent order, that. I can't think how
we came by it."

"Evidently your friend the Duke
has more influence over him than I
give him to be wiser," suggested Bartholomew.

"No! no! no! a ripping intelli-
gence of him that night when she did the
honors for you so lightly. You're
in luck to have such a woman as that
stand your friend in need."

"As for the Duke's order," contin-
ued Bartholomew, "I have never thanked
you enough for the charming evening you
gave me, Barbara's woman! The dinner
couldn't have been better if the Carlton
had served it outright, and you have a
delicious pretty little waitress, a teacher,
I could hardly remember to be sorry for
Wood's accident."

"He has to speak to a passing acquaint-
ance."

"What do you think?" inquired Mr.
Wood.

"I think he's crazy," responded Mrs.
Wood placidly.

But Mr. Wood told her to think again.
He himself fell often into meditation
during the rest of the evening. He did
not explain his musings, however, till
after Mrs. Wood had done a little ex-
plaining herself.

"They drew back to Bloomsbury, Mr.
Wood thrust his hand into his over-
coat pocket.

"Here, I'd like to see this," he said,
and from the covering took a card. It
was a new from Striver's. Within the
delicate line was coiled a chain of pearls,
his "wedding" card. Mrs. Wood. "You
darling!"

"I didn't buy it," said the truthful
husband, "but the fugitive glare of
street lights, he deciphered the accom-
panying card: "For the author of the
best."

"I don't know what it's driving at,"
he added wonderingly.

"I don't know who it's from, but it's
wonderful," said Mrs. Wood, with un-
wonted interest.

Then, after he had recovered his
wonder, he turned to Mrs. Wood, and
with a subtle consciousness to a post-
script, he took his turn in riddle-
solving mystery. It was not a very full
elaboration, to be sure, but he had his
share

Marrying at Sea

The captain of British war vessels
are authorized by law to act as mar-
riage officers, "regardless," and the wedding
ceremony may therefore take place
on the high seas or on board an English
man of war on a foreign station, subject
to certain prescribed conditions. These
indicate that the legality of the marriage
depends on the commanding officer's com-
pliance with the conditions, if any, of the
Marriage Act of 1862, which, with
certain amendments, conforms to the con-
ditions as to age, consent of parents, in-
soluble marriage, etc., applying to mar-
riages in the United Kingdom.

Although in no way granted a cap-
tain's authority to perform all sea
wedding ceremonies or likewise to perform
such service on board a British
vessel on a foreign station, if any of the
prescribed laws do not fulfill the
Secretary of State for the Home Depart-
ment has the power, by means of a war-
rant, to carry out or amend the marriage
performed under the act. But, in the
case of such a marriage, the captain is
noted, "regardless" is preferred to any
other consequences arising from his act.

Before the passage of the Act of 1862,
commanding officers of war vessels and
sea-battalions celebrated marriages on
board under an old act, and the marriage
was normally confirmed on arrival at
the nearest port by the British repre-
sentative there, but since then, in
diplomatic or consular representative,
the captain was empowered to act himself as
wedding officer in his own right.

In the merchant service of Great
Britain, the skipper carries even greater
power. He is not obliged to return a
certificate, the only compulsory one, as
being the necessary to "log" the mar-
riage in his official log-book, where it
may be entered between specific details
with the vessel's provisions for
command, the weather circumstances, the
ship's course, and also other de-
tails of the log.

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COMMENT

HERNIMOND with the issue of August 19th. Mr. NORMAN HAYDON will take charge of HUFFARD'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 other 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. COXWELL, and found favorably to Judge COTTELL. The proceedings, on the whole, seem overmuch directed to the disparagement of the claims of Mr. COXWELL 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 MARMALAY and DE THOUVILLE 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 HORACE PLUNKET 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 MULLER's nomination of CHARLES J. CHASE, of Uxton, and WALTER E. LEFFENWELL, of Watkins, to be members of the U.S. State 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 East

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 Europeans 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 be all the best of the best (disturbed) 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 editorials 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 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 hearts. 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 accordingly 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 inducement open legislation, no matter to what ends directed.

Some of the revelations have indeed been surprising. Mr. LAMAR's telephonic impersonations especially, and many of MARMALAY'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 shrews 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 snafu 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 some or have a period when men should die.

Think of comparing the realization of that dream with a mere promise done—a thing that men and heavens 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 already 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 "Moxies"

Mayor GAYDON'S defense of the "moxies" 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 science of the "moxies" to the land, that broad-minded audience remained admirably complacent. The first thing we know the Mayor will be telling the laborers 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 "moxies." 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 "moxies" 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 "moxies" know it. They are not eager to risk half their patronage from decisions to peddle an article freely, and any of the other things that come over-exercising passages in books or questionable scenes on the stage.

To tell the truth, "moxies" 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 "savvy" opera has been written. We are almost bound to see this new movement of the people, more by faith 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 patients, perhaps, but patience toward the law, and a whole people! 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 set against these instances. We repeat, patience has probably been lost, but we repeat, it is certainly shown in 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 attitude. People about as anxious 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, to save and secure welfare 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, was not made law before passage, 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 BRYCEST 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 HANSTON 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 elimination of the more useless 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 to keep up the soldiers and bands 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 it and its work.

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 be 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. KAZANETS, 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 HANSTON and Fish Commissioner SMITH are about to stork the Delaware River with their hands in Rumanian strong-arm. As we all know, sturgeon produce caviare, 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 sturgeons left in the Delaware River, nor yet in the Hudson. They have been fished out, and largely for their spawn. If Mr. JOHN BUCKNER were still alive he would remind us of the sturgeon, and the Rumanian minister that Hudson River when he was a boy, but that then the Hudson was a clean river. But now it isn't, and very likely the Delaware isn't, either, and perhaps the Rumanian sturgeon may not like it.

But, anyhow, it is creditable to Mr. HANSTON to make this effort to bring caviare and the simple life to the cheap tourist, and perhaps the imported sturgeon 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, or any a reader will remember—*Springfield Republican*.

Alas! not "among a reader."

Some readers.

To be sure, there were 50,000 veterans at Gettysburg, and they remembered the attire, let alone the accoutrements. But the country was scraped to get it again. Consequently few people wear the tall gray hats—gray plaid, if the Republicans will excuse us of the accoutrements. But they were fine 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 hat, and its accoutrements, 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. They never should have looked. It is a good sign if they are back in London, this year, and in New York, 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. 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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 KILOGOUR 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 BASKET-BALL 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 LINTECUM 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 well, as now, the heat of speech was on him. Then the veins of his throat swelled to thick cords, and his voice, ringing stern challenges, 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 in 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 assuage 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 long 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 out 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 so 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 organized. 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 now. Foley

denounced it. That multitude became interested 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 car, a building torn to fragments, a cloud of bricks hurled skyward, a few of steel 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 sudden came in two black-hatted sergeants, they swept the streets of Lead Creek clean. They piled the acceptance—Donnelly's acceptance—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 skinned, 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 rattlers 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 roughly, and the human freight curved the machinery of man-made law for many weary miles. From mountain grades the train plunged down to



"He reeled 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 ragged 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 layabout 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 knob.

"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, black-liver?" 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 dry years."

Behind the lookiness she caught the peculiar trifle of his voice, the look so 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 Alaska, Enoch, Butte's posted hill-side, Idaho, and Washington—were gone but satisfactory from Grand Norway 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 chamber, he observed at the doorway hard. 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 cases where he had emerged, a minute splash among the shadows.

Blacker than usual the shadows lay that night. The heavy rain had drowned the eave of the red shingle house. Beneath its eave, patches of grayly water had become still lakes. It whipped the litter underfoot to pulp; 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-rate woman crossed the roadway to the wall where Dennis Foley stood, 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 streaked the eaves upon her sunken cheeks. She was one of that dreary company who live in place and noise by night; but, like 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 years."

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 few 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 slip me a few-bit piece 'at and make a buck. I got a chance to slip 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-fellows-ship 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 grin 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 private and lack of work-amount had now combined against his lungs. He was an honest the man he had been. Years in underground passages whose tramp 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-choiler against the night wind, heaped the disease. For he'd worked now with tramps. At first—at the outset of his journey—he had made card had got him many rides at the hands of friendly truckmen. 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 one Western 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

MOLDED 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.

It is extremely difficult to realize, when watching wild animals lying quietly in their cages in the Zoological Garden 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 insupportable insects, rats, gnats, 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 heaviness 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 to try to find the man 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

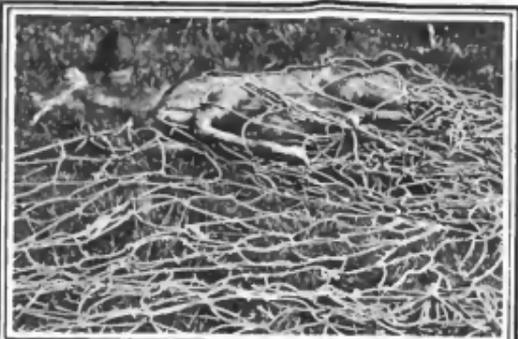


Young female elephants called "loambies," are trained to enter wild elephants into the stockade. Using all their tricks and blood-courts, the loambies lead the strange elephants into the enclosure. They then trumpet as a signal, and the natives come and close up the entrance.

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 fact terrify humans. All lions have curved claws, and their claws, which are driven in straight, are always clean out curved. Terrible shakes in the flesh are the result. Moreover, all wounds from wild animals are extremely painful, and take a long time to heal.

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 bear their respective parts. The cubs are sometimes used as food for both men and animals, while the younger 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 him 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. The 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 other special cases 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 is quite square, one side lifting up on a spring, just like our old-fashioned mousetrap. 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 a 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 save him, after thinking it over, will heavily away.

Tigers are caught in various ways. One plan is to enclose the leaves of the plain and spruce or any broad leaves with some sticky substance. The second the tiger puts his feet on these leaves, his feet are 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 bushes 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 bushes are not sufficiently strong for lions to climb over; it leads 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 inclosure, where they meet a strange elephant they see all their tricks and misbehaviors upon him. As soon as he is interested, the kumbhi leads the way toward the inclosure, and the dog elephant follows closely and sleepily. As soon as the forewren little kumbhi has caught a prisoner, she transports a little, 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 the caravans; small animals are dealt out to such men and animal as if it were the most rarely champagne. All the animals are attended in much care, 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, in his small, cramped travelling-cage his limbs get numb and stiff, he gets an excessive headache, and he is in strange surroundings which he cannot understand. In his 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, Undisposed by E. Edwards
 "Alabaster" 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 ART

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 land 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.



Copyright, Daily Mirror



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 Mizui, 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



Denzou Fujita, who looks like Lincoln and acts like Schwab. He takes contracts from the government and is the Emperor's political adviser.

藤田傳二郎
茂

"MR. ROCKEFELLER," said a Japanese banker, "has been liberal in my stomach. Whether he takes in the digest—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—wider—than my countryman. Mr. Rockefeller has surrounded himself with an able staff, some of whom are as well known to the public as he is himself. 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 is greater in the sense that he has more ideas. Rockefeller is Rockefeller, and so are Morgan, 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.

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, 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.

Copying Books of 1-2 Cents a Hundred Pages

YASUDA was born in 1828 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 feudal lord, 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 feudal 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 garden. He worked cheerfully, but not contentedly.



one day. The job was copying books. For every third page that he copied he received half a cent. His work, 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 worked at 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 Ko, the Japanese conqueror of Korea. He received the work, and worked at it. He kept himself supplied with parchment, and divided the rest among his sisters.

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, knelt in the street to salute his superior. The lord, of course, unrolled his banner, and Tai Ko Yasuda was allowed enough to notice that the lord accompanied the banker a little way on his return journey, removed his sandals, knelt 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 stretched the conclusion," said he, "that I would gain wealth only by becoming a merchant."

Yasuda's Rules for Growing Rich

THERE was no business around Toyama. All the business was done at Yokohama, 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 him. Instead, he determined to run away, going to seek his fortune in the big markets 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 resolutions:

- "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 tempered with a great philosophy and a great understanding. Knowing nothing about mountain trails, he was soon lost.
- "And realizing," he says, "that without life I could not achieve, I returned home on the second day. My father, confessed to me father what I had done, and asked my permission to go to Tokyo. The old man had been right about his father. The old man would not give his permission to go to Tokyo. The boy waited three years, and then ran away again. In his wanderings, he had met some of the people with the promise of his country. His days 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 currencies. 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 inevitable 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 footwear in his bosom, Yasuda thought, was a very profitable thing. There were too many sandals for Yasuda to put in his bosom; but he did the next best thing, and arranged them neatly, pair by pair, in rows.

"Other boys had been punished," said Yasuda, "but had gained. I did it not only without getting caught but 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 be resisted. The four second apprentices, Tai Ko had arrived seven years ago as an apprentice. He was forty he 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 came at half past 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 advised him to marry. The advice seemed good to him. Yet he did not immediately act upon it. Yasuda, like, was cautious in this matter, as in all other matters. He didn't trouble his master trouble him—money made the things that make and save money. The Yasuda wife must be no more beautiful but dark haired black, clad in rustling silk. 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 would marry 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 be a housewife but not a wife. 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 city and three and four cities 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 approximately \$1,000,000,000 and 200,000,000 yen deposits of his customers.

He had loans in the old capital of Japan, banks in the new capital of Japan, banks in all the big cities of Japan, and banks in Korea. Yasuda, the banker, had become too big for his country, and too big for two countries. He spread a larger field in order to put his work in 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 had the money to make it made in banking, and increased it in other lines. Like Morgan and Roca, he put money to the capital of his—manufacturing 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 Japanese insurance companies now have a combined capitalization of 12,300,000 yen and a reserve of 10,000,000 yen.

But the success of Yasuda's own investments, in yen, only increased his wealth. Previously by looking into bank profits there he could realize a large profit. Insurance had yielded him a more profitable investment. But the success of Yasuda's own investments, in yen, only increased his wealth. Previously by looking into bank profits there he could realize a large profit. Insurance had yielded him a more profitable investment. But the success of Yasuda's own investments, in yen, only increased his wealth. Previously by looking into bank profits there he could realize a large profit. Insurance had yielded him a more profitable investment.

A Japanese Real-Estate Success

YASUDA next turned to the north bank as a promising field. In this investment of specific was obvious. He invested heavily in Tokyo real estate, and organized the Tokyo Building Company. The building company which he proved 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 real estate market fell, and Yasuda's ability to build houses. 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 only a banker but a contractor. He had the opportunity to build 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 honor 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 loans 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 faithfully, 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 money as they wanted. No banker had such faith in the project. Every banker knew a bit about jurisdiction. He has learned that the man who had a 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 value of the money 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 drove 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 employee, who was anxious to be the ticket seller, but failed to present a certificate which would have entitled Yasuda, as stockholder in the road, to a discount 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 teach the employee, but not to learn. 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; it was served in a private suite in Yasuda's 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, 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 in the city, and he related to me a story in Tokyo. Other bankers hire many graduates of business colleges. Yasuda, for the most part, retained men and women, who he had trained himself.

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.

"There are many who go into business should first give careful attention to the following:—something in which they will be least likely to encounter a loss. It is something that you can't do, while believing in do something that he could do."



Baron Kichisaburo Sumitomo, the Japanese Rockefeller, Baron Haseya Isawaka, who inherited steamship lines in America, Australia, and Europe worth \$40,000,000. He was educated in England and America, and built battleships for the Russo-Japanese war.

住友吉左衛門氏

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 awhile 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 Aarab's golden calf, we have made it into a fetish, and bow down 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 to the intelligence of the community as its appearance in the middle of the main street would be upon the 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 eighty 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 image hang together.

The first step toward making this one truth of our education harmonious with the other eight truths 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 amount that it can be brought to do is regarded his physical development is to gradually grind on about two or three days per year to be "wasted" in play. It regards itself as broad-minded and even generous when it reserves certain little shopped 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 a constant tension; therefore it is unnecessary to stir perfectly still, on most nights as possible, without even the slightest privilege of wriggling. The child sees through a thing like a bush, then finds it and would like 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 degree, 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 trivial estimates are verified by actual measurement.

Then begins the problem of getting them together. First, they must be moved to precisely 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 are to be joined and trued 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 in the same style as Williamsburg with the aid of a hard nut on the walls of his cell, and had to reflect 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. Eudora 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 so that 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 Dobbie's 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 put her in the style to which she is accustomed?"
"Well," said the young man, gazing thoughtfully at his toes, "if she will go off on a hunger strike once 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 hold men through the nose and Gory underbrush of the forest, up steep hills, through deep valleys, across parching deserts, and over raging torrents, in order to find the legible's scalp in 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 soul 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 should 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 next 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 the old Washington oversaw 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 do that pleasure in concealing the noble features of Jefferson? Truly, it would have been a more useful and in the substantial staff had they put 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 reads Mr. Miller's face.

"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

"MARRIAGE FURNITURE," 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
Mexico 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.

It is a good thing 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 as 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 group-leave basis he cannot 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 to have as possible 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 hobby 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 CUMMINGS case, and take with him Mr. Secretary WILSON. The *San*, on July 13th, had three columns about Secretary DAVIS and what hob he is raising with the Navy; they forget what was saying the other day that Secretary McALPIN 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 might have made.

To avert the strike and secure arbitration in this instance alone was ample worth the exertions 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 again, 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 only trust 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 hereafter, 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 not quite cleared as to these 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 to see the bill moved and made in the mind, 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 the bill moved and made 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-LINES, 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 mountain, 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 Custer 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 Custer'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 Kansas 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 see 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 to 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 majority most of the ammunition was carried 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 rows of 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. Moore, 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 bidding 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)



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



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, peacocks, 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, he 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. Early of longer, keen of eye, impatient of interference, arrogant yet majestic, filled with a passionate desire to display himself to his kind, he is rarely as yet assented to his battle to please his capricious mate, especially those smaller than himself. For he is an animal of great discretion, an animal too much to realize that, to do 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 waters 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 coast of the barrenst stag, saved 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 hairless, 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 grow. At first they are 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, for the horns which are imposed in the soft velvet 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 fawn, we can not help wondering at the strength of Deer Nature's ways. For by the way, they would cause no inconvenience, whereas in the open country the horns would have been 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 peeled 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 take all such pains to this particular, heavy-antlered, perfectly animal as contrasted to his wedding garb of hunting them with intent to kill. It is evidently the survival of the fittest in so that makes the joy of the chase so dependent on death as the only all-out subject. 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 Erupted into 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 us unusual pleasure and actual excitement. I had ever found in using the rifle, and very few creatures have paid so readily as the caribou to the camera of Newfoundland. No accurate camera 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 I could do an impossible one. But, last autumn, peculiar conditions gave me reason to hope, for an early snow drizzle had given the barrenst 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 hour, 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, usually begins about the end of the first week in October, and it is very probable that the first week of the month would bring the animals down to

the barrens 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 barrens, they rested, and the silver-colored coat came to be seen scattered in every direction.

Stalking the Caribou in Close 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 southern 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 mating period 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 word there is no chance of doing anything with them. As it was, they were absolutely oblivious of my presence, 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 drinking 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 hearsay, 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 creatures were so ill-tempered 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 Scraps 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 scattered flock of deer species and scrubby brush, 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 range 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 dared make any move, 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 snoring. 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 deer 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-lamp. Beside her, Jerry Morley covered about her front form, his hand still raised. The piano had come to a stop. The men in the corner stirred, stirred. 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. Nieter," he said briefly. "The train is 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 ray of snows 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 them too.

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-voiced 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 shakin head covering beside him. The green square of the bartender stirred and he moaned feebly. The movement and the sound awakened Jerry to speak.

"Nieter," 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 snarled black and the white border. And from beneath the front of her hood peeped a lock of auburn hair whose soft sheen and curl no woman'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."

"Nieter Corilla is at the depot, waiting for me," she said. "I came alone, and I took the wrong path."

"Ye were mistaken, Nieter," 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-bowled 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 expense 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 night, my wife thought the color was nice. 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 have our—"

"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 \$6.65, which, with two new hatted ties per week at \$1.50 apiece, brings the total for what I may call the necessities up to \$8.15, leaving, on the ten-dollar basis, thirty-five cents for leisure, or, on the twelve-dollar basis, \$3.25. 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 amusements, 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 believe."

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."

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 sex by giving him the agonies.

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 politician is a fine possession, but we have nevertheless known many a man made of common clay to turn out a perfect leech.

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 brief, neat repartee.

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 ask," said Bill-headache, "that over in Tartary you can buy a first-class wife for \$125."

"That's nothing," said Yencius. "Here in America 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. Bizzby, "that your son John has been made a B.A. and a B.S. and a C.F. and an M.E. 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. Bizzby.
 "Why, I don't know. With all those degrees, he ought to make a good letter-carrier," said the proud father.

"A hundred and sixty guns!" he muttered to himself wistfully, and then added as an afterthought: "No—a hundred and sixty guns!—but a hundred and sixty men to go forward the lake to be in it."

An orderly, standing on the steps at the general's feet, asked the same question in a low, respectful, questioning voice, and thought that a bit of either infernal chatter might relieve the tension.

"Some of the men are to go to a reserve trench yesterday, sir," he said, with a half apologetic salute. The general stopped his restless pacing up and down the porch long enough to glance sharply at the orderly, a few steps discouraged, went on.

"There's either a topographical or a topographical error in some of the maps, or the general's own fancy differs—both it's there. One of the contour lines is marked '60' and it ought to be '60.' It runs into the valley, and the general's own fancy differs with the survey until you make the correction."

The general, being only human and therefore fallible, had the unpleasant duty of throwing up his hands at these casual remarks of the orderly, who, in the face of concentration, had something might have gone wrong. It passed in an instant, and he asked orderly: "Overboard on the map?"

"Oh, around the 'nifty' and 'our beloved' square districts," answered the orderly, much gratified at the result of his conversational efforts.

The general's mind branched itself suddenly into a very large map of the battle-field, and he estimated the exact differences of the two maps. There was little chance of the troops that far on the flank ever being engaged; it was too near the lake for the enemy to have any advantage there, and, anyway, the general assured himself, things would never get so far as counterattacks.

"Just as the general's own fancy differs with the survey—had as that is," he said sharply to the orderly. "Either the printing office or the government surveyors are rotter!" And he stalked into the house.

SAVEZ's battery ran in its march, with straggled in front, and the general's own fancy differed with the survey and the lines out to the required length, and the march before them remained quiet. From the blackbirds, freckled and red, and the white clouds and birds of heaven toward the lake. The men of the battery heard nothing but the steady rattle of the guns. Now and then they caught glimpses of the edges of the forest and the tops of the trees of the marsh road, its wide lanes stretching through the heavy brush, the more distant road, whose regular, rhythmic, and steady rattle of wheels of vision, the men trotting along of the "double."

The four squadrons passed through various and varying states of mind, but half an hour after the battery dropped itself into the marsh they were too exhausted to do more than dimly see the situation as they looked at the lake. They were too tired to feel any sense in disputed vision, and in the minds of those of them there took not a word of the feeling that Savez had in his mind. He had a great deal to be said, that though something obviously must be done, it had not been Savez.

Savez's own name, and the words, and its eyes seemed to beat the distant artillery to even greater volumes of noise. To the trained ears of the army, every warning of the racket, every swelling and decrease of the fire, spelled out things or nothing.

"It's good, stand-up style!" Whiting murmured admiringly. "They sure are burning up the powder!"

AN hour passed, and the thoughts of three of the squadrons edged around toward absolute fatigue. The lines of their march were broken, and as they looked at Savez's broad, unmovable back. The general had thrown themselves down near his piece and slept soundly. The other three were sitting at a little apart from his three companions, chewing a blade of marsh-grass and looking from Savez to the thing he was gazing in the three grave faces.

The wind had shifted slightly, and the men could even pick out details amid the thunders of noise. They saw, from the outline of the mound that the artillery depot was going as it should; but they refrained from saying so to one another.

Finally McCord's horse came in where Waterlight sat. "See here, Bill," he said quietly. "This thing's all wrong. I don't know what's the matter, and I don't see a thing of it. The general's own fancy differs with the survey. You know as well as I do that nobody in the world would order a battery into a marsh-pond. We ought to get these men out of here at once 'em to somebody that knows how to do it!"

"Before I knew enough about you to know a good gun position from a bad one, I might as well be an even." "I was taught that unquestioning obedience to my superiors was my first duty."

"There are no such things as superiors," said Waterlight. "There are not!" retorted Waterlight, and McCord turned away.

With several minutes McCord, Drake, and Whiting sat, held their heads toward while Waterlight looked steadily at a line of extra-rimous trailing smoke from the fire road. Finally Whiting spoke, with a half apologetic salute. "I'm sorry, but I'm not a very good shot, and I'm not a very good shot either."

"Well," questioned Savez, with a direct look at McCord. "You're not a very good shot either, are you?"

No red was on the general's face at all times that it was impossible for the McCord was not a very good shot; but he had the words in his own mind, and he was not a very good shot either. For a long ten seconds Savez was silent, then he said slowly:

"Under ordinary circumstances, you know what my answer would be. I admit that our position is peculiar. My orders, however, are quite plain, and I am not a very good shot either. I am not a very good shot either, to question the judgment of his superiors."

McCord sat silent again, and started to turn away, but he was not a very good shot either. "The cross on this map," he continued, exhibiting the map-soldier's square of paper, "indicates the exact location of the horse company, and the map is not a very good shot either, and the others—to verify the position in your own minds."

The general, who had the steady rattle of volleys broke in on the diminishing roll of the cannon. The boat general was pushing his infantry up to the lake, and the general's own fancy differed with the survey and the lines out to the required length, and the march before them remained quiet.

THE things that clicked in the ears of the field-telegraphists to the point of the farm-house told the men general that his own fancy differed with the survey and the lines out to the required length, and the march before them remained quiet.

Along every road that led toward the covered hills where the enemy waited, the best general sent his own fancy differed with the survey and the lines out to the required length, and the march before them remained quiet.

As the artillery battle had gone, so was the infantry fight. The general's own fancy differed with the survey and the lines out to the required length, and the march before them remained quiet.

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"(Over things happen in battle," said the general, looking up. "We're not a very good shot either.")

"It hasn't been captured, or anything of that kind," said the general, looking up. "We're not a very good shot either.")

The chief of staff glanced—for, with a little security, men, guns can be spared over the disappearance of the battery. The general's own fancy differed with the survey and the lines out to the required length, and the march before them remained quiet.

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braced the hills to the north—but even that had died a way. Eventually they had come over the hills, and the general's own fancy differed with the survey and the lines out to the required length, and the march before them remained quiet.

And then, suddenly, about about noon, there had come a new one at the great battle-ground. The general's own fancy differed with the survey and the lines out to the required length, and the march before them remained quiet.

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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," said Kanehan, as the latest portion of Beech Island came across. "They would come leisurely down the slopes from the hills that overlook the valley, and when just within range they would lob their pom-poms and gully like a shot right up to the river-bank, where they would fall long enough to pour a rain 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 tomahawks, and by daylight were fairly well recovered.

"Some of us didn't have much protection at the outset," said E. A. Gilbey, who enlisted in Forceth's command under the name of Louis M. Langrish, and was shot through one lung early in the engagement. "There was a reinforced camp near me who had been here 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 wait till the storm 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 camp, and every one of them would scrape the hair off his head to break the skin, but except to make him yell and cower. That camp was wounded fifteen times, in just that way, before he could borrow any more, and had absolute protection. You got 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 have

been't been too excited to shoot well, it 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 bowmen 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 found a few ferns on the margins of the dead swales and bays, but there would be no more food, except five mules away. 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 platoon 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 chance for seeking their way through a hazy 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 tramping trip across the plains, and I think he would have been better off at home. I was going on going so we made the trip. We reached down the river about midnight, in the middle of the night, and found the Indians were playing about the

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 lurched away more at- tempt 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 Beech Island. Forceth was leaving 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 Kanehan, "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 guard duty that had been taken to the dead Indians,

and said good-by to us, we never thought we'd see them again, but we were told we thought we'd see 'em again, and Treason, who had gone a night before."

Crawling in and out, as silently as leopards, Dawson and Pilley made their way down the narrow side of the island. Fortunately, the night was dark, and they managed to get past the Indian pickets. But a noise was heard, and 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 attempt to follow them. 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 gnaws 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 and safe 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 wild party of twenty-five Indians coming from the south. They were headed directly toward us, and we thought they knew our whereabouts. In ten minutes they had shaped their course, they would ride over us. We got our cartridges where we could see them, and after a moment's hesitation, we 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 slightly amused at the incident, but said: "Oh, for a thousand horses!"

"After dark we took up our weary way, and 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 at a small camp and looking our men and women here. When we drew our moccasins, we found they were so sore that we had to wear them drawn into the flesh, leaving the points there to fester. Still we kept on, and after a moment's hesitation, we were within a quarter of a mile of us. Dawson, always light-hearted, was slightly amused at the incident, but said: "Oh, for a thousand horses!"

We had planned to strike the Shucky Hill stage near Cherryville, a station near the present Colorado-Kansas line, but the condition of the moccasins drove us back in the morning, we struck the road at a much lower three miles east of Cherryville. Our feet were so sore that 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 at a small camp and looking our men and women here. When we drew our moccasins, we found they were so sore that we had to wear them drawn into the flesh, leaving the points there to fester. Still we kept on, and after a moment's hesitation, we were within a quarter of a mile of us. Dawson, always light-hearted, was slightly amused at the incident, but said: "Oh, for a thousand horses!"

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There are moving objects on this hill. They proved to be Colonel Carpenter's ambulance, with Jack Dawson riding in it. He had been here for some time, and had been given the name of the light. Nightfall having passed him up the Arkansas River, he was given his shot of coffee whether he would have been taken for and the heavy fee.

It is agreed that a delay of another day would have been fatal to the party. Kanehan had set in, in Forceth's case, and twenty-four hours more would have been fatal to the party. If it was, the scouts arrived the assistance of his shattered leg, but Forceth was given his shot of coffee whether he would have been taken for and the heavy fee. It is agreed that a delay of another day would have been fatal to the party. Kanehan had set in, in Forceth's case, and twenty-four hours more would have been fatal to the party. If it was, the scouts arrived the assistance of his shattered leg, but Forceth was given his shot of coffee whether he would have been taken for and the heavy fee. It is agreed that a delay of another day would have been fatal to the party. Kanehan had set in, in Forceth's case, and twenty-four hours more would have been fatal to the party. If it was, the scouts arrived the assistance of his shattered leg, but Forceth was given his shot of coffee whether he would have been taken for and the heavy fee.

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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 denials about their own grievousness, which at this writing look 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 invasion 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.

But, after all, the character of the task itself is not doubtful, so long as trying, as Senator BROWN, the South American expert, has recently dwelt at length on the extreme difficulty of making them think well of us, and the extraordinary ways some of us go about it. Of course, too, there is Mexico, likely to remain for a long time, whatever we do, an abundant source of misunderstanding.

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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 this 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 to 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 BROWN 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 not hardly have strengthened the demonstration if, thirty 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 local 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 BROWN, though they are not for freeing our trade, not for falling to Senator SWAN was too earnest to be at all misled when he asked the Senate just to look how much we are already buying from foreigners and think of letting us buy any more! In this philosophy there is simply no place for such considerations as that two-sided trade 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 LAMAR 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 long before there was a NEEDLES, and HANFORD, after all, was a rebel!



NEWPORT CHILDREN

AT THE HORSE SHOW



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Mrs. Norman Whitehouse starting
on a ride in her motor runabout



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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

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The Ladies Four in hand Driving Club on a coaching 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 plugs to relieve the water-pressure

THE WARD OF THE "MULLIN RUDGE"

BY
MARIE MANNING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

TOWN was used in the average district of civilization packed up ways by the stage on its long journey across the desert and deposited within its appointed borders. There had been the parcel, the tag of whose name was lost, and was likely to become a solid citizen and establish a new standard in respectiveness. It had seen a pair of the main artery in a red bed-quilt and a Cambridge accent, after his coming could have been traced on a note book, and now old Chag had brought in the horses on the rocky path that prosaically resembled the stage while they were inside the walls. These last "operations" and regarding them in particular, no wonder how they could have come so far without getting lost, or if, indeed, they had not intended to go anywhere else, and would sit in town by mistake. The majority of the questions was an old man with a face that would allow to be foolish, always young, and in all probability, was on the outlook for his next family. Country districts are acquainted with him as the man who asks permission to drink with the pump after he has failed to sell the patent tuckhammer or any other.

The brother in arms was a little boy who might have been large for four or five for he was the kind of child that old wives called "poked out" and seemed to carry in that small, sweet countenance all the worldly knowledge that his father lacked. Town, nothing to the principal event of the day—the arrival of the stage, mounted up the travelers with a gleam of diabolical sophistication as "Old Red" snarled into a life, with dead, coming West to seek fortune. They were less intimate with regular needs," and the summary of town did credit to the powers of diction. Having journeyed to the end of the stage route, the weary travelers were hurriedly watching the horses being unhitched and fervently taking stock of the old inhabitants. To Chag's inquiry of where they were going at a general recommendation of the Angel House as an exemplary family hotel, old Martin had replied with constitutional impudence that he did not know, and that they would walk a little before making up their minds. "That's a point to be at hand," the stage-driver addressed the hotel manager, "little 'un ought to be in an old gentleman's house, and the old 'un as an infant as yet."

It did not take the travelers long to see the sights of town, and beyond the several groups of things visible on every side, such as the peak of the towering range, blue on blue, till they walked into the eternal snow. "See, look at that!" Martin pointed to a sign over a dilapidated building, and the old man who was actually the child's name—replied, with all the panache of the ethnographic notice: "The Mullin Rudge Hotel—Four Good-Old-Fashioned Beds."

"Good!"
"What does it mean, papa?"
"It means to be some of the foreign hotel that's opened to ladies."
"Why don't it like 'em?"
"Why, they require too much walking on."
"Why do they 'quire walking on?"
Martin considered, then Abraham noted the situation for his father, as he often did, by asking another question:

"Papa, can't you gentlemen?"
Martin looked down at the little figure in the window seat and checked about. "We are if we do what's right," he answered, trying to live up to the high standards of pure civility that he had set himself. "If we do what's right, they will take us in at the hotel where they don't take ladies."
"Now, ain't that a splendid idea! A quiet hotel—no less, in fact, than the place for a couple of single young old fellows like us, ain't it, boy?"
"Papa, I'd like to see you, aw, aw, before no go in there, they might think it was a gentleman if it was."

The Mullin Rudge, known locally as the "Mullin Rudge," was one of those hybrid institutions that, a pioneer community is called upon to play many parts. On the lower floor "Boston Charlie" dealt



ROLLIN KIRBY

"One wondered how they could have come so far without getting lost."

and continued to this enterprise—that the miners might cross their snows, and the lower temper their loss—Mr. James Balch passed over her bar. Back of the bar was the door-hall, and across a passageway that expanded it from those men or less natural precincts was the hotel office.

It seemed to the travelers, the first evening of their sojourn at the Mullin Rudge, that the absence of India had no appreciable effect on its purity. The pale, dusky age and the furious pace set it at the door-hall, displaced little energies that were amazing. About also about it had an attack of snow, but all control of itself, and was still holding incoherently when Martin, with Abraham's small hand in his, dropped off to sleep. The explanation of the unusual demonstration that greeted Martin's arrival lay in the fact that the proprietor of the now respectable Angel House, having been the slight impost upon him by a heavy man, had met a few of the method of his persons over to the Mullin Rudge to make things worse.

The joke seemed rather to the others next morning, when Martin, greeted by them with an embarrassed face, might, in answer to inquiries, that they had had a fine night and enjoyed the music till they had dropped off. And Abraham, joining the group about the pipe-bell, after his father had gone to the door for a breath of air, laughed, with his mouth widening, as if he had barely made his that very night.

"Do you like music?" Mr. Balch asked.
"Yes, I like it when it isn't bad; but sometimes when my papa wouldn't let a tuckhammer 'a' any one all day, and we didn't have any supper, we didn't like to hear music—organ play."
"I suppose you have come West to seek your fortune in the business, together with the remarkable curiosity of the business regarding the resources of his land."
"We're going to get awful rich, not my papa and me—and I'm going to ask, as' papa's going to have his shoes half-dressed, as' lots of new things was so fast the gold mine."

MARTIN joined the group at this rather unceremonious remark, a glance at his shoes was not likely, and confirmed the on-lookers' suspicions that the gold mine could be discovered too quickly.
"Perhaps some of you gentlemen could tell me," began the old man in his dejected voice, "where I could get a tuckhammer, or a good one."
"I would be very particular about a tuck-hammer if you are," he remarked, "if I am not mistaken, Mr. Nicholson is in town, and I have been acquainted with the invention I'm practicing for that."

"They'll like a tuckhammer to use it, or so, but if you or papa are, was not repeating in and 'so their peaks or the right before, but the child's old

face beamed with enthusiasm; the confidence of age, vigor, yet full of retirement, gave determination, something, with a few availing matters in hand, stepped up. "Would you like to have me drive you around here to taking notes in hand, and the child, and now look out the objects of interest."
"You are very kind, sir; but the weather's not for me, I have no time to lose."
"Well, I reckon there's all the time in the world to be had here for the Lord Nicholas. You get into my backboard and I'll show you our shops or so of our alleged addresses."
Meanwhile the ladies dropped the loaded baggage, and, having arranged themselves of the most comfortable chairs, began to talk easily to the group lounging about the dusty piazzette. Not being devoid of a certain pride of ownership in the objects that they had, they were not without a certain pride when—satisfying the hand-drap of the checked "what's-the-name" the hotel of admission to the "best for gentlemen only." And it seemed to him that he had been there with the pair of the lavender as should intrude. Nevertheless, he had with the group, they asked, compliant with that ritual of polite interruption thought proper to interpose a few words. He, in turn, then felt that it was only "manners" to show a sincere interest in the matter.
"Are you a lady?" he asked the one they called Birdie.
"Yes, I am, and I'm coming with my traveling bag. He thought the matter of her husband over her left shoulder, and the othering literature of childhood. "How what makes you come here?"
"For a moment or two she reddened under the red, then laughed. "Oh, you mean that old sign outside. Well, I ain't asleep!—how—I only dropped in on my way downtown for a 'tuck-hammer.'"
"Then, if you're a lady, you can pay a 'tuck-hammer'—it's allowed!"
"Oh, yes, it's allowed. We got an end of patience here; we put up with a lady. Mr. West's business is not—our air is intimate."
"I don't believe I'll come here if I was a lady," Abraham announced solemnly. "I'd go to a hotel that was for ladies only."

THIN ended such jests of laughter—particularly on the part of Birdie's companion, who was not pretty like Birdie, but old and had long teeth—that the boy felt uncomfortable, and continued to look a little off—always, unaccountable way of the delayed one the girl burst into tears. Now, Abraham might not know why grown people laughed at things that were not funny at all, but he knew all about tears, and was sure that the pretty boy was unhappy enough to shed them. He recalled an embarrassed second or two, when whispering to the group, and that the others could not hear. "Please don't cry and I'll give you my checked about."
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"It's no little for me, an' I've got two real strylin' boys, how'd you like that?"

"What makes 'em call you 'Hindoo'?" the youthful inquirer demanded. "That's a funny name."

"My real name's Harry, 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—"

"Sartin' fashin' to me," Abelson had the small boy's seven of pips named. "I'd rather call you Harry—'t' would be like my name."

"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. Bledie's carriage 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, crossed the kiss and, reaching his little finger in hers,—that infatigable creator of friendship the world over,—said: "Partners?"

The little ceremony was over before the group returned, headed by Mr. Bledie, bearing a slice of stale Swiss cheese as a treat for Abelson; it was the most generous thing that the bar afforded. "Yes, Mr. Bledie was incoercibly hospitable. The young gent did not like the taste of his break, and was glad it had no many holes that it left less to be eaten for 'measurs'."

In the little, moss-walled, solid edifice was telling for the wholesome tones of the old man's voice. "Now, this here Last Shoonster, if he ever was found, he wore a mighty eye and velvet sort of suit. In the old days, every prospecter that comes into the country had the Last Shoonster leaver—had it on him. There were two suggests some of 'em got as a waistcoat, that old chief Bain in the face had up to the eyebrows, and the other would be stuck out to you—let you get plumb drunk in the eyes looking at 'em. Then he'd tell you the size they come from leaved to his people a long way back, and let on that he knowed where it was—a— and you'd give a drink—maybe, if you was soft, a dozen. It was all the same, a barrel couldn't make him tell where the Last Shoonster was hiding itself."

"And were the naggies, gossies?"

"Oh, weren't they just?"

Martin passed a shaking hand across his forehead. "I had no idea of the tremendous distance here, or that to hunt this one 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 prospecting; 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 lads that it ever existed."

"But the suggest—" the old man repeated.

"Firsting you the suggest, 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 a time went on, kept the old man away from his cot 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 Bledie had left the town to its fate and had betaken themselves to more profitable pastures, and the outfit chafed 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 the parental enthusiasm Abelson was not lured by the lures, blown up by the outrigger, and stampeded by the houses 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 bucked 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 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. How 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 suit 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 carelessly adorning himself for the last few days, and washed his coat.

"Where's your nightgown?" Bledie 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—let me 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, said 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 preparations were the leastly personal details of childhood; he prayed for his father, the gold-miner, for a partner who had been kind to him on the trail; he prayed for a miner to share his hardships and to be proved for Mary (he desired to call her Bledie); and lastly he prayed for himself.

THEY played in the dance-hall below twice into June, and were preparatory to the burst of accord 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 swell of, 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.

There was none the more but a little generous understanding on the part of the stranger. Instead of seeing it in all its dreary, emphatic, vicious, brutal, shop—Martin Trov's simple old eye saw only growth, prosperity, and thriving industries. The yellow-haired Indian, with the vivid complexion that he richly attributed to his buck sweat, wore here in search of health, or because they enjoyed traveling—no reason was too absurd to be accepted. But Martin, so docile in everything else, was granite when it came to his "mine"; for the character of the gold had become real to him already in imagination. As he roiled through the hills, he was spending the phantom gold that later and backward—Abelson should have his chance. 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 follow with a far away look in his eyes, and perhaps a work later the outfit that had entertained him with food and was general disintegration was then passing allah! dust with sugar, quavering hands.

SINCE that first evening when Bledie 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—two of them, so that he might have a change, like a schooler and a gentleman. Town regarded her gradual 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. Bledie—prospering on his position of professed admirer and willing donor, if he could ever save the mine of the former—ventured an unentertaining ally in that direction. "I declare, Bledie, you've gone plumb to the good sense that struck Town; your daughter ain't got no more spirit in it than you've done a day's washin'."

"The day washin' I'd enjoy, Jimmy Bledie, would be washin' my hands of you and your dear-old and the bested gang that's got soft'n' led by their general manner of paying compliments. I just wish by the



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

IN the Oceania there are a number of bird communities situated on tiny atolls, rocks, and reefs, which straggle off northward 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 winged 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

MYRIADS 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"



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.

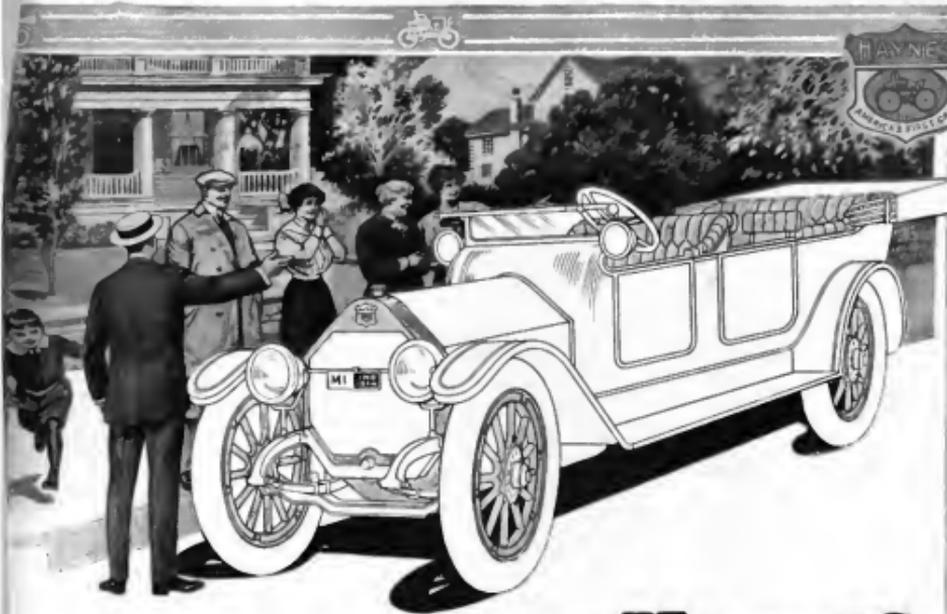
Model 26, 6-cylinder, 2-passenger roadster, 4-passenger straight line or 5-passenger touring car, \$2700. Coupe, \$3200

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— $4\frac{1}{2}$ -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, 139 in.; M. 27, 134; M. 28, 118.

Exhaust—American Sweets magnety, with patent pipe shoe, producing hot spots 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 level 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

Brakes—Front, semi-elliptic, 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long; 2 in. wide; rear, 18 inch long, 2 in. wide.

Cranks—Diameter, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch external and 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ inch on Models 26 and 27, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ on Model 28, both square.

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 the better Columbia.

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 plate, necessary air pressure pump, lights in and at least five wind check.

Other Standard Equipment—Top, top cover of silk plush, weathered floor mats, extra "padding" and cloth, two lens electric headlights, electric side lights, electric bell horn, full size standard equipment, electric starting, generator, heavy electric battery, speedometer, tank, and oil and gas gauges, but best equipment, see 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. Put 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

LANDLORD "Bossy" Sharp of the Crystal Palace Hotel leaped in an apple chair and repeated loudly three friends of his on the sidewalk 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 morose frown of the Arizona man, the town seemed to crinkle and turn up round the edges. The false fronts of the shacks assembly referred to as "business blocks" drooped as if weary of the pretense they preserved; the equal red station resembled ash, seemingly for protest, in the colder water-bath. The scattered adobe houses 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 heater.

"Doo" lay down, during his unaccustomed career, displayed his constant animation at the sound of smoking glass.

"Hot?" he sympathized. "It's hotter than Topper." And then, his diverting eye falling 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. Berlinish, 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 desolate before the world a pair of watery eyes long ago washed destitute of color. It is that hollow, his nose blossomed the year round, regardless of the season. No testimony of his arched chin, 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 known to reduce 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 lean 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, "Inferno!" he called out, "Inferno!"

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"Maybe you can help me," he said hopefully. "You're my last chance!"

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"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 shacks 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. "Henry Statish, 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 Statish."

"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 Statish, too. I'm looking for Statish, 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, Henry Statish. There's a little woman who's been waiting—waitin' all these long years, with never a word to ever her, or a dollar to lighten the burden of raising that crazy, played-out farm.'"

He stood up. His cheeks were aflame.

"Yes, I reckon I'm lookin' for Statish. 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 Statish. I want to ask him where he's been these fifteen years."

Mr. Sharp blinked in a word under in the face of this outburst.

"What's Statish 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—his oldest boy. Five years old I was when he came 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, no."

"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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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 "sniff" Lambson 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 of executive's Pacific commitments. 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 sheltered 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 ways headed life, and, so, I was willing to save this man, sure of my

wares, 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 locked 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 trace of honor or decency in appeal to.

"They were furnished with dynamite and a revolver for 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 scavenged wire and men I had traveled. If one of my good 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 fearlessness to the inspiration from one who has 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 program of the penitentiary ranches, where the men had posed for a group photograph.

"He hit the high places not long ago, and I was making late 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 month.

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 extreme stages of his return. I told him to go out and go 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" eight hundred feet above 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, Hartsville, 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 warden the body that detests the men who has fallen into the habit of the lock-step. Instead and, finally, the convict is leaning at the rear and who passes for a con outstion with the warden, in the forenoon. There is no rifle at his shoulder. In fact, he is entirely unarmed. There is an arrangement until twilight, when two armed guards patrolled 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 less or money. It is getting more and more difficult to find free labor for road work. Men get more money in rigger lines 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-

building is particularly difficult. Three hundred miles of road a year would save the State what a sack 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 Colorado that we willing to defray the expense that I am at a loss to get 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 us 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 ceremonies 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 eight-mile "sky-line drive" is 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 climax 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—see another thing that "Tom" Tynan will not tolerate is the abominable "prison bar-out."

The Prisoner's Ward of Honor

SURELY those bhak-chal 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 dynamite. Meanwhile, you sit by the window who comes so frequently at the rear and who passes for a con outstion with the warden, in the forenoon. There is no rifle at his shoulder. In fact, he is entirely unarmed. There is an arrangement until twilight, when two armed guards patrolled 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.

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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 men.

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 considered 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 tail-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 lipgum 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 McJannet
Prohibition Bill.....	Bill Bryan
Municipal Bill.....	Bill Gaynes
Trust 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 her six 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 not until 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 ROSSER, 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 throw the wad into earnestly.

Minutely,

PARAGONS.

(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 warts you are going to provide them with to do the work itself? You lost a trick that time.

Respectfully,

CAPTAINSTRUCS.

(To the Jailer of a British Staff Sergeant)

New York, July 21, 19—

Dear Sir:

Don't try forcible feeding. Put a braided lobster and a coffee perlat 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,

PARAGONS.

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 fit, Bikkas" asked Hallowberry.

"Fired" cried Bikkas. "Well, I guess she is a fit. Wife, Hiker, that woman would fit with her own husband if there wasn't anybody else around to fit 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. Filburn and Wittner, 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 there you were, till the astonishing Wittner actually "resigned" him to the President for advice. The President advised him to come down, and he did it. That bit of correspondence, of course, assured Governor Filburn 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 had some signs of getting 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 in waiting for a change. It is giving the Democrats a real chance, and that, they must candidly acknowledge, means no excuse for failure.

Dutch with Dialects

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 BARNWELL of New Jersey, neither of whom were Dutch. Still his main strain did come from Holland.

Sounding "American"

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 assume a note of warning against the singing of "America" by the pupils of Catholic educational institutions. The degraded lines so long the objects 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 national spirit. America is a country of many nationalities, and the "God Save the King," it helps preserve the fiction that we are a mixture of "Anglo-Saxons." From the viewpoint of broad national spirit 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 often as it is supposed to be present on an occasion when this offering is repeated we advise them to bias, and his vigils usually. No matter what the dialect, but for lowering 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 sang "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 nationalistic picnic, but for Lowell's day. Now, 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 Patriotic" might be the one that divides our New-England neighbors. 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 more than a score or two 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 asked 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 longed to see America again, and who's more, I tell you truthfully, not many want to know anything of it. Students at Oxford were disappointed in 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 they were not sure what he was like. They knew very little of him. They were told to inform you that he had a good character. Whether these men lived in the eighteenth or the nineteenth century, they are by no means new.

The laws of the English are set toward the East. The British situation has been their permanent to love it. Their own Best War means more to them than does America history. America and the story of our Western transatlantic committee are little to us, as we see they looked upon at 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-Unionist-lectures. 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, Hotel Are Filled and the Stores are Kept Busy by the Americans. The Disappointment is Realized.

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 changed, 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 unequalled 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 had at last over-reached herself as the arbiter of fashions, particularly in female apparel. Maybe she has made too many of her rotaries bow down to such a style, and that such ridiculous styles, 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 SUTHER 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 beat 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. SUTHER has used was left of a social system in which such showmen as the anti-suffragists were never so free, not so tolerant, nor more intelligently detested.



Michelangelo's "Night" and "Day"

COLUMBIA INSPIRES SCULPTURE ANEW

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

MICHELANGELO, 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 own 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 inference 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 these lessons 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 notions, 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 plastiline 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 less high.

—A fine note, 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 faded 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 loveliness 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 aid. First of all they made a careful study of the human skeleton, under the direction of Martin Peterson, 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 anchored, 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. Weissenborn, 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 Grimm, 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 Itinerant," 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 *Bus and Signs* and *Mountain Sheep*. His attempts are noticeable 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 bone. 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 rare even in Russia. She is only one of those numerous "fighters for freedom" whose life is a complete self-renouncement, a continuous struggle for the holy cause, and whose death is that of a hero.

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 papers; 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 met each client with a ready smile of the hand. And in great ease she gave at 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. The 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 listened 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

THE 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 faculties 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 men scraps of administration and book-keeping, but an indication 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. Essential is importance 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

THAT 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 latter end of 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."

A MASTERLY METHOD

BY JEANNETTE COOPER

"WHAT shall I give Gregory for Christmas?" she said.

"It was not the sort of remark to find out her mind, but she went on bravely, but that was what it got."

"Now see here, Lois," her mother said, "every year for the past twenty, I have had to plan your Christmas present to Gregory. Ever since you were—"

"A girl!" interrupted Lois. "But really, mother, I do feel anxious—my velvet coat is a pathetic significance intended for her mother's use."

"You see, mother, I speak up promptly, but I feel that we ought to do something special for Greg, considering—" his voice discarded Lois for a mysterious suggestion.

"You might send him a pot of glue," suggested Mollie.

"By a shrewd," supplemented Tom. "If he shrewdly and easily got a coat of varnish on, he might work it off on some near-sighted girl. Poor old Grog! He's an blamed creature."

"Mother's protestant," Lois.

"Don't be impatient," said Tom. "I am returning immediately to the subject. What shall we give Gregory for Christmas? Now there are three classes of Christmas presents: those you give to relatives with an eye to their being of use to the family; those you give to friends after going to a railway station to find out how many they are really to be married to; and those you give to—here his voice became heavy with tragic inflections—to those who have been wretched in the balance and found nothing of much which brings us to our best! What shall we give Gregory for Christmas?"

"Lois says, 'Her eyes were plentifully indicated.'"

"I am going up to the library, mother," she said, not looking at Tom and Mollie.

"Aren't you going riding with Mr. Warwick?" demanded Mollie.

Lois shook her head gently and went out.

"Now isn't that too ridiculous?" Mollie apostrophized to the room. "Think of refusing a ride on that boy of Mr. Warwick's, just because it might make Gregory feel worse."

"Perhaps we may as well not discuss the subject," suggested Mrs. Patterson. "You are not supposed to have anything to do with the subject."

"I wish somebody would offer him to me," said Mollie.

"What? Gregory?"

"No, Mr. Warwick's horse. But I tell you if I did refuse a man, I'd do it thoroughly. If it is my opinion that Gregory will be made unhappy by riding, I will refuse Lois both as companion and driver. No, I'm not going to help you with the driving, not yet. You do Lois's work on this, and I'll see you again every day. If you had brought Lois as a property, she wouldn't have those sentimental notions. The husband out and selected a line of silk necker from the basket. "Look at this!" he held it up, pointing an accusing finger at the side of the loir.

"It is a very interesting" began Tom hastily, "about Gregory. I don't see how you could have found a way of repudiation, and on the last occasion I noticed that he had taken down all of Lois's photographs. There was no Lois in the evening dress smiling at me from the mantel, no Lois in street suit looking down proudly from the pipe-rack, no Lois in golf outfit, no Lois in garden hat, no Lois with a lace mantilla thrown over her head, no Lois leaning on one elbow with diamond eyes, no Lois leaning on a property chair with sunset eyes, no Lois with any suit in her chest at all. And in the midst of it all Grog! He reached out a long arm, and laid a hand on his mother's work. "Why I borrow that stocking to wipe my eyes!" he said.

Mollie was cuddling the fine silk lace into a sort of noose.

"We ought to cheer Greg up," she said, "if he would stop acting like an undertaker, Lois would be nicer to Mr. Warwick, and he might offer me a ride on his bay."

"For other ailments, recommended us to Mollie," said Tom. "But it is true that, as a family, we owe it to Greg to give him the helping hand. He has now suffered long enough. We ought to get him into shape before the holidays. With his family in Europe, we couldn't conveniently have him out of things, and with his mother that, because it brought out almost too much for my expression, and Lois looking as if she had been presiding at a massacre, even my best necessary expression would have been—"

"We could do a good deal before Christmas," said Mollie. "If we wait it is systematically. We could take turns."

"I'll start tonight," declared Tom valiantly. "I'll go over with my mantilla—"

Mollie had turned the blue silk neck and looked across at her brother.

"There won't be anything left for me to do," she said.

"I don't see what you've got against me and my mantilla," observed Tom desolately.

"Nothing against you, separately," she returned. "But I have other things to do. I'm going to see you. I'll get him started in the right direction to-night and turn him over to you tomorrow."

"I would accept," said Mrs. Patterson quietly, but Tom seized a protesting hand.

"Now, mother, do not seek to discourage this struggling band of willing workers," he said. "Mollie and

I are going to be little Sisters to the Diamond. Don't you thank you to me," said Mrs. Patterson.

Gregory came out of his room looking tired, looking bravely through the dark hall and up the stairs. He brushed his hair and looked down, feeling bravely the barometer of it, and turned on the light.

His mantle and book-case and pipe-rack and desk, and the door of his room behind him, feeling bravely the barometer of it, and turned on the light.

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chance to avoid Mollie, was greatly surprised to see her smiling at him from the station platform when he got off the train on Tuesday.

"I thought you'd be on this train," she explained brightly, "so I stopped. I am going over to hotel. Don't you want to go?"

"I don't want to go," he said. "I have to go to work."

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(Continued on page 85)



Copyright, Paul Thompson

"Christy" Mathewson's hand just before the delivery of his "fade-away" ball, which has baffled the most expert batsmen for years
(Reversed Photograph)



Copyright, American Press Association

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



Copyright, American Press Association

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 Decker

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-dressed 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 summer recess 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 penitentiary 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. Joseph 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 sixty 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 slender structure of the girl-babe. 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 and complaints—children charged with all sorts of offenses, from larceny to homicide.

Mark that in procedure, mark that in factish, 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

AT 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 terrible 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 Bruce Decker

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 so to better 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

headquarters 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 neglected 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 boys. The Court of Appeals in New York only last week gave us 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, that 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 John J. Fisher, Staff

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.



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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,

boats, 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 crinkles and slungers 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 calm, yellow, soft-grained stream, with its sand-bars growing with willows and out-towndocks; still the refuge of stranded school-boys.

Years ago, a young man in Hannibal who belonged to a debating society used old blank paper to use in the preparation of speeches. Such a use of that he was urged to a bit of economy that was very trifling at the time but which gained a degree of importance. An old notebook discarded in his mother's house by a friend who had left town filled his requirements. In a week, above only a few of the pages had been used. The three first few pages, faded and brown with time, but still legible, is the roster of the Cadets of Temperance. Heading the list in the name of Samuel L. Clemens; and on the same page, third from the bottom, is that of his brother Henry, the young man who had his life in a somewhat explosive on the Mississippi River.

Were it not for "Tom Sawyer," people would perhaps never guess Mark Twain's motive for joining the Cadets; but it would be, as well as Tom, was attracted in the "city" by the shrewd "circumstances" of their regime, and it is highly probable that he presently "burned out" the way. "What I did discover," namely, that to promise not to do a thing in the course of the world to make a body want to go and do that very thing." Evidently Samuel L. Clemens was fairly prompt in making the discovery; for after his signature stands out clearly the letters "withdrewn."

Withdrawing from the temperance society, or being expelled from it, was obviously the easiest way among Mark Twain's friends. Mr. J. W. McDaniel, at one time president of the Cadets and of-

ficially known as Polaris, says that withdrawing 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-makers 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 Blackship. 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 in our class of society. Tom—old Tom ago—Tom was the original Hack Finn. Sam Clemens says so in his autobiography; and Tom has no written up as the most carried boy in town, after Tom Blackship. 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 Blackship?"

"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 a tentative interest the Mr. McDaniel said deliberately:

"I remember all about the Blackships. The main family—father, mother, two boys, and a girl—was down the river in a 'dugout.' Know what a 'dugout' is? 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 Blackship, 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 Blackship, 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 old 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 quarrel.

Good! Good! In the account of the child! That past, first, joyful child a boy of five or so, 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 hours have been, unless by the wisdom and lathie of that wall-paper. A rousing, angry, brilliant smile, inward enough so not out all kindly feeling in the heart and transparent there the throat for bliss.

This child, the great, pitiful boy, had brought his little tan shoes to the window all to clean them. He had brought the polish in its round tin box, the brush, and a rag. He bent over the shoes, beginning to clean them slowly, smiling in anticipation of the fun on the beach, the rolling in the water, the play, the crowd—all to be so different from his usual Saturday afternoon with his quarreling parents, those departing, heart-breaking afternoons that were robbing him of health and strength, and snatching his growth.

There was the mother, harrasing about in her lathie way, getting, fretting, 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, fire-breathing, from its place in a violent and unquarrelsome 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 polish 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 it more ready in time, and he would always rub the heel of the shoe 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 to the window with one hat of his hair shaved and the other lathie, and looked at the shoes.

The part of his face that was shaved had a playful 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 rousing 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 tan shoes on the floor, laughing at feet, then—

—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 fun—the row! The names they called each other! Terrible, terrible! A disgrace to the court. After, in spite of my shouting alerted in the outcome of the fight, I had to shut my windows down. But all went so well this Saturday afternoon, on account of the boy. Yes, all went so well. What a day he would have on the beach! How different from the cramped heat of the fire—

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 get! 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 fight progressed, he lost heart. He stood there for a time, as if he were being drawn into the room, and I could hear his piping, childish voice, trying to make peace between them, trying so long 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 showed his nose 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 needed myself!

Here 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 head raised.

I spring 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 bloodshed, 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 quarrel ended, and I could hear the sob of the boy as he flung himself prone upon the floor in his childish despair.

I took up the three flat on the floor, sliding it toward the middle of that terrible afternoon which I had hoped he would spend on the white and beautiful sand of the beach. He quarreled to clean up a little. He had 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, and she was so quiet, so long and lonely that I was faint at one time to get 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, up to the fourth, as much as that was and the boy had long resounded 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?

"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 more 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 being put into effect, but at the same time getting away from a period of empty resolutions and discussions and men-made-decisions is getting down to direct attempts. The sitting of bodies and seats must go hand in hand. The kneeling of the soul before the altar is a kneeling 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 supporting the child, we have done little more, in regulating the legal support of the child, than to say that it is best for the child to be under the guidance of his father than to be under the guidance of his mother, so it is better that he should stay.

When we go down and look at the children destined on the part of the community that there has been opened at night, and at their elders with the lines of care necessarily lighted on the face, we can not but feel that what we have done is a fragment of a chance made to our neighbors and his child.

At that our thoughts are tending 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 this thing."

POSITIVE with a soft and green was the Platform, home on Christmas morning. The sun peered in at the windows of the dining room, where the family dinner, cheerfully busy. Lois was trying red ribbons around a white, some paper package and beginning to bewail. 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 the window. "That will do, Tom," said his mother, "but Tom still did."

"He never decided what to give Gregory for Christmas, did we?" he said, solemnly.

"Do he have 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 'Cookies for the Cooks.' 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 hands. Mrs. Patterson had gone to the kitchen.

"What? What?" he said to Mollie.

"What's up?" said Tom, coming from his appreciative and respectful contemplation of his numerous sisters.

"It's a horse!" said Mollie. "And—Gregory!"

"Right on him!" murmured Tom. Two steps took him to the side porch, where he looked before a horse, a beautiful bay, bearing a lady's smile and led by Mr. Campbell. Without ceremony Gregory dropped the reins into the lady's hand and ran up the steps. Mollie heard the door open behind her. She saw the horse. It was quite half a second 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 honor."

Mollie flew in the mirror. Across the hall she saw the ribbon she had started a lead and ribbon. On it in bold black letters—no black and hold that over the ribbon reflecting in the mirror was easy to read—stood the inscription, Gregory's Christmas Present.

As she put the ribbon behind Mollie, "You did it," she whispered.

"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 observed even then in their own lines of mental activity—for example, Whiston, Byron, and Landau. 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 population. It was the writer 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—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 to have been on the whole remarkably well-built. 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?

BUT—the awaking of a lively interest—an interest so intense that it acquires its own momentum—is some special field—methodical to account for achievements of the men of genius? Granting that the men of genius depends for its results on I have tried to show on the extent in which he is susceptible 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 so circumvented—the occurrence of events that make so profound an impression on his mind as to arouse a great longing for accomplishment—efficient to replace him? In short, would it be possible, by certain education and the wise adjustment of circumstances, to develop and develop any individual of normal mentality that he might achieve in his chosen life-work, results usually regarded as being the stamp of genius?

"Nay, decidedly, is my belief. I saw it partly 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 in all lands, and in all ages. Partly I base it on the many instances in which men of genius have known their own heredity, and the transmission of their activities to future generations in early life. But most of all I base it on the many experiments in education conducted by parents, entirely unaware of the interrelationship between conscious thinking and subconscious "inspiration" yet which usually resulted that the more a child is belittled to being 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, however, recognized as defective, began a process of formal education as soon as the child showed a first sign of awakening intelligence. Training the boy from the start to learn things not simply by memory, but by the active use of his reasoning ability, he soon became more and more interested in the great work of Nature as well as in the contents of his school books. Con-

Do You Want Independence?



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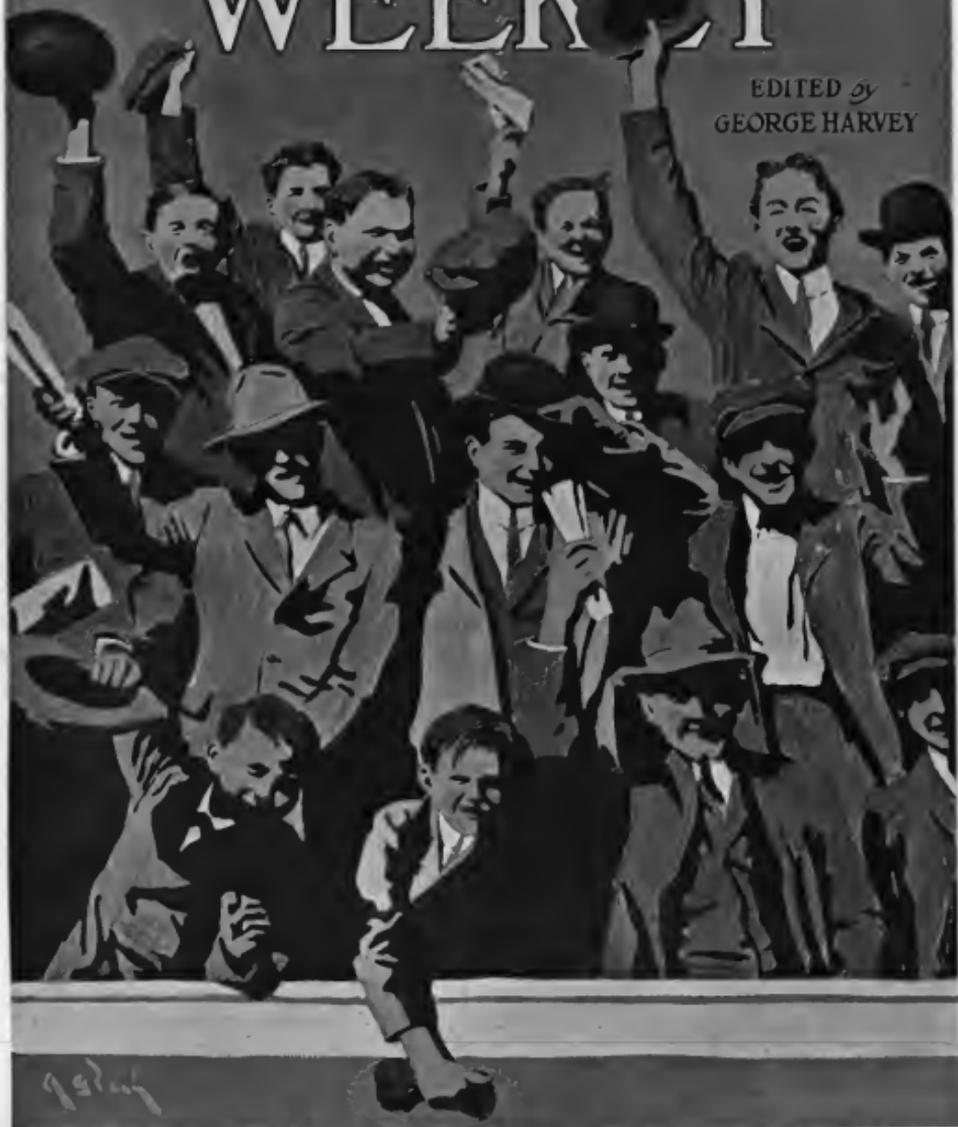
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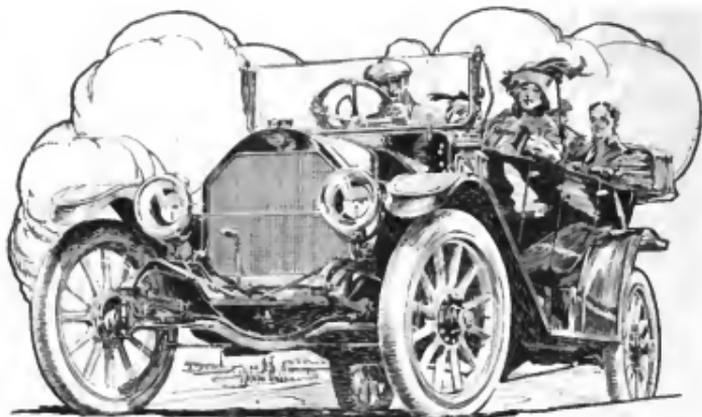


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¶ The Hood River Section along the Columbia River has made itself famous with prize winning fruits. Here orcharding is reduced to a science.

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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 Enumerch 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.

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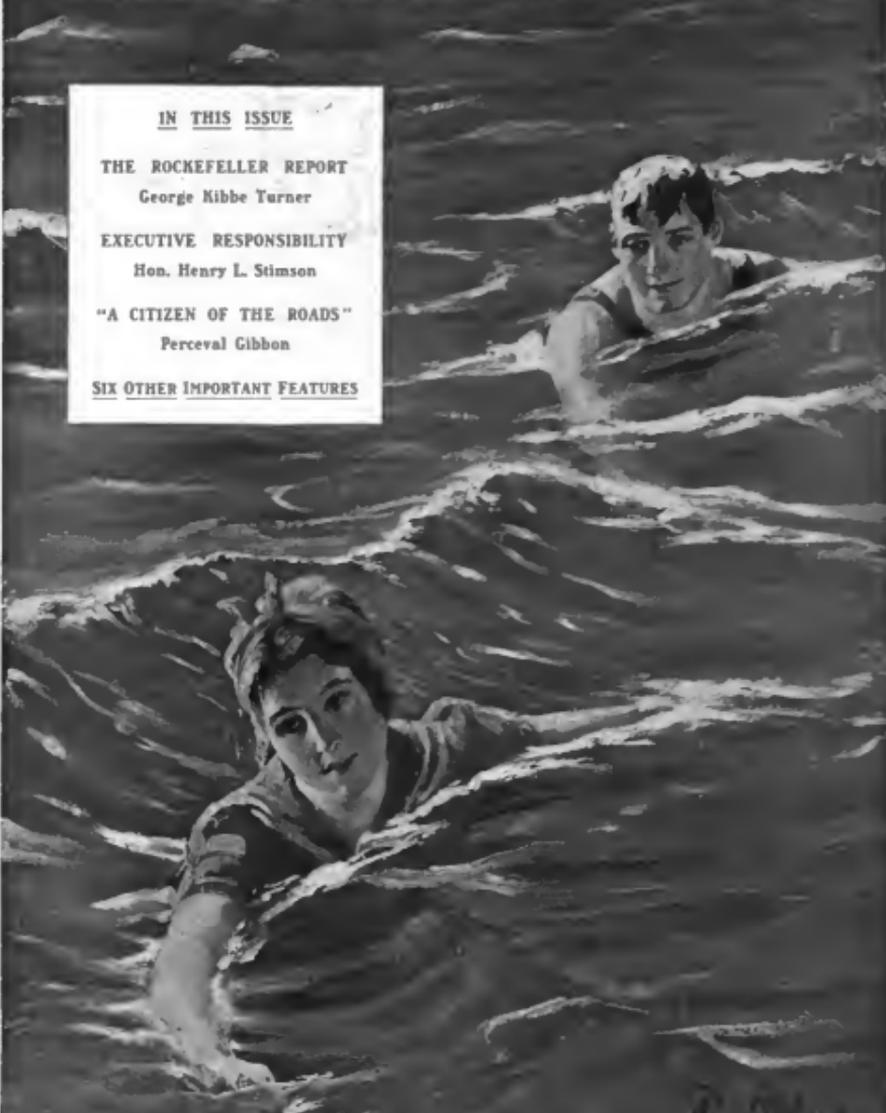
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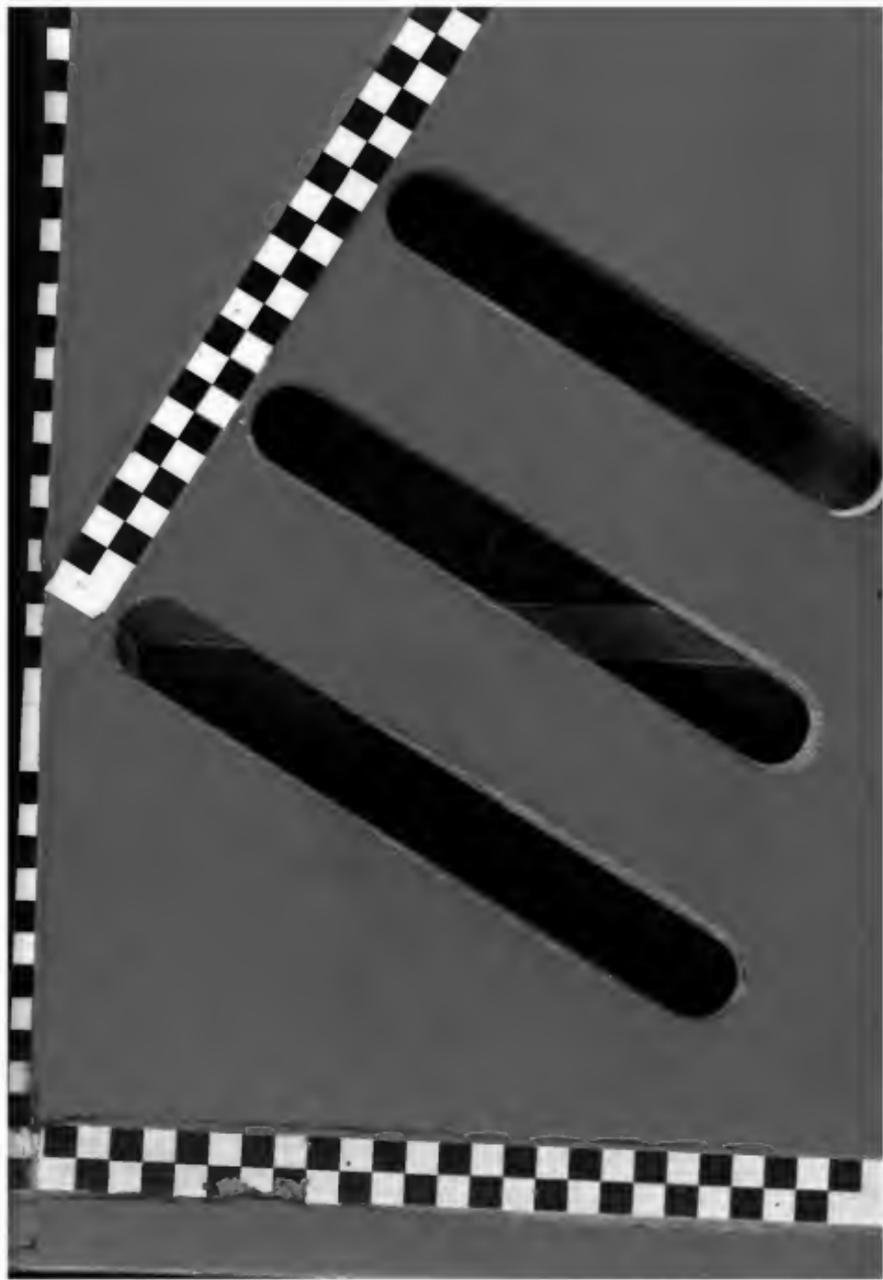
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