

· JULY 1910 · FIFTEEN CENTS ·

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE



WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF ROOSEVELT

Safety and Sanity

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



LIFE insurance eliminates chance through the operation of the Law of Average. The knowledge of the Law of Average as applied to the duration of human life is gained in but one way and that is through statistics. Now, there are accurate statistics, not only as to the average life of individuals, but also as to the life of a legacy; that is, how long five thousand, ten thousand, or twenty-five thousand dollars will last the average person who is not used to handling such sums. A widow with money is a shining mark for the mining-shark. I am sorry to say it, because I think well of woman's ability to manage her affairs; but the fact is five thousand dollars usually lasts a widow three years, and ten thousand is dissipated in five years. Doubtless, the average man, not used to having such lump sums come to him, would do no better. Money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also the well-meaning men who know just how to double it in a month. Realizing these things, and to meet a great human need, the Equitable is now issuing a policy which, instead of being paid in a lump sum on the death of the insured, gives a fixed payment every year (or more often) to the beneficiary as long as she shall live. On her death any unpaid instalments are to be paid to her heirs in one sum or in payments, as may be desired. Here is a plain, simple, safe plan whereby you can insure those dependent upon you against want and temptation, by insuring them against their indiscretion, and yours. It is the Equitable Way.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.

PAUL MORTON, PRESIDENT

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

TIFFANY & Co.

Silver, china, glass, candelabra, compotiers, entrée dishes, fern dishes, water bottles, carving sets. See the Tiffany Blue Book
FOR THE DINING TABLE

Tea sets in gold, silver, silver gilt, and silver plate; tea kettles, trays tea caddies, caddy spoons, tea balls. See the Tiffany Blue Book
FOR THE TEA TABLE

Electroliers, mantel sets, clocks, vases, candlesticks, Favrite glass enamels, bronze and marble statuettes. See the Tiffany Blue Book
FOR HOME DECORATION

Toilet articles in gold, silver, and ivory; manicure articles perfume bottles, mirrors, pin-cushions, jewel boxes, brushes button hooks, powder boxes. See the Tiffany Blue Book
FOR THE DRESSING TABLE

Desk sets, stationery, book racks, inkstands, blotters, pen trays, reading lamps, reading glasses, seals, stamp boxes, envelope openers, crystal balls. See the Tiffany Blue Book
FOR THE LIBRARY TABLE

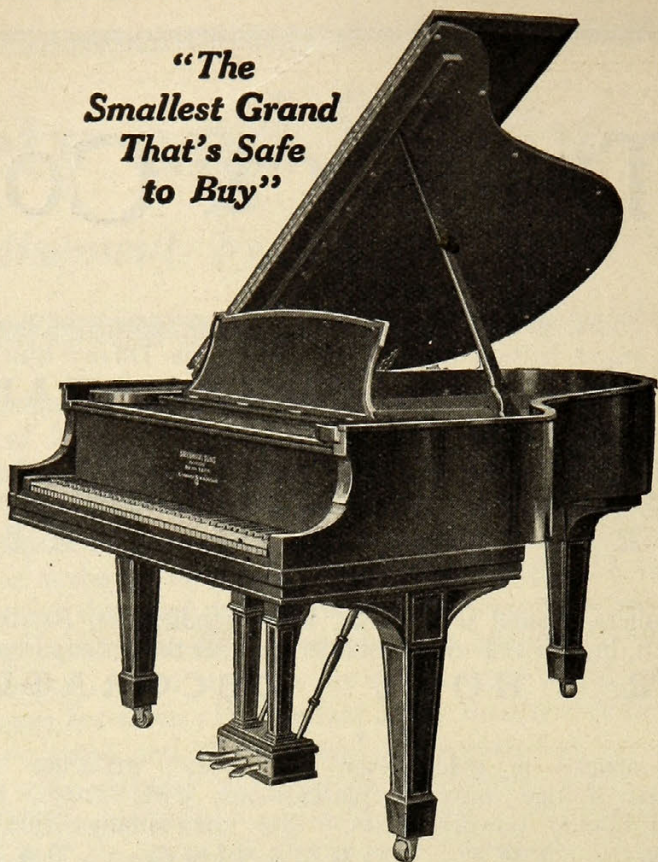
Diamond jewelry, pearl necklaces and collars, tiaras, earrings hair ornaments, rings, bracelets, brooches, scarf pins, lavallieres pendants, bangles, belt buckles, barrettes, Tiffany art jewelry mourning jewelry, shell goods. See the Tiffany Blue Book
FOR PERSONAL ADORNMENT

Watches, purses, studs, cuff links, canes, card cases, lorgnons field glasses, opera glasses, cigar and cigarette cases, flasks, shaving articles, mesh bags, vanity cases, suit cases, medicine cases thermos bottles, umbrellas. See the Tiffany Blue Book
FOR PERSONAL USE

The Tiffany Blue Book sent upon request

Fifth Avenue & 37th Street New York

**"The
Smallest Grand
That's Safe
to Buy"**



STEINWAY MINIATURE

The purchase of a Steinway Piano carries the assurance that money can buy nothing better. In its qualities as a musical instrument, its beauty of outline and its intrinsic value the Steinway is in a class by itself.

The exact size of this Grand,—5 feet 10 inches,—has been determined through scientific research.
In an ebonized case, \$800.

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

STEINWAY & SONS,
STEINWAY HALL,
107 and 109 East Fourteenth Street, New York.
Subway Express Station at the Door.

M^CCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1910

- Toilers of the Tenements** Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant 231
Where the Beautiful Things of the Great Shops are Made
How the New York tenements supply the demands of luxury
- From One Generation to Another** Arnold Bennett 249
A story of a young married couple's first quarrel, by the author of "Old Wives' Tales"
- The Translation of Giovanna** Amanda Mathews 256
More letters from the little Italian girl who first appeared in McClure's last January
- Animal Behavior and the New Psychology** John Burroughs 262
John Burroughs attacks Mr. Brewster and the new school of naturalists who attempt to study animals by "laboratory methods"
- Visioning Hours. Poem** Arthur L. Phelps 270
- What Europe Thinks of Roosevelt** Sydney Brooks 271
Why every Kingdom in Europe wants a Roosevelt
- The Aluminum Dagger** R. Austin Freeman 277
John Thorndyke explains another ingenious murder mystery
- The Poet Who Saved His Youth. Story** . . . Helen Sterling Thomas 290
- Corazón** George Pattullo 300
The first of a series of remarkable cowboy stories
- The Unparalleled Invasion. Story** Jack London 308
- Senator Platt's Autobiography** 317
Part II. The Garfield-Conkling Feud and the Famous "Me Too" Episode
- A Department of Dollars vs. a Department of Health** Irving Fisher 329
- The Real Kaiser** Sydney Brooks 331
An article which the Emperor's friends call the "most brilliant portrait ever done by a foreigner"
- Five "White Slave" Trade Investigations** 346
- The Taft Interview** 349

Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York, New York. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada. Copyright, 1910, by The S. S. McClure Company, New York. 44-60 East 23d Street, New York; 186 Oxford Street West, London. Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions \$1.50 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union \$2.50 per year.

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

The Destiny of the Nation
"HIGHWAYS OF PROGRESS"

By JAMES J. HILL

A discussion by a master of modern industry of the resources and future of the nation. *Net, \$1.50 (postage, 15 cents).*



Its covers bound a fresh land of pleasant romance and adventure.

BLAZE DERRINGER

By EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.

Author of "The Lone Star," "The Missourian," etc.

Blaze is the son of a Texas rancher, and after his requested resignation from college, the head of the family gives his son \$5,000 with the promise of adding two ciphers to that amount if Blaze brings it back with him at the end of two years. Just how this young Texan takes a hand in South American intrigue is as fascinating as it is unusual. *Illustrated. Fixed Price, \$1.20 (postage, 12 cents).*

As Delicate as an Etching
"A VILLAGE OF VAGABONDS"

By F. BERKELEY SMITH

A story of rare gaiety and charm. You will leave your heart behind you in this quaint Normandy village. *Fixed Price, \$1.50 (postage, 12 cents).*

LADY MERTON, COLONIST By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Photogravure frontispiece by Albert E. Sterner. \$1.50

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW HAVE UNITED IN PROCLAIMING THIS "PREMIER NOVEL OF THE YEAR"

THE OLD WORLD SAYS:

"A capital novel . . . The management of the story is admirable."—*London Pall Mall.*

"Its theme is the wonder of the Canadian West, the splendor of the virgin prairie. It is a vigorous text."—*London Times.*

THE NEW WORLD SAYS:

"Lady Merton is a brave and steadfast soul and wins the reader early."—*The Bookman.*

"It is as a study in contrasts that Mrs. Ward's latest story is most effective."—*Boston Transcript.*

A worthy companion to "Pigs is Pigs"

WATER GOATS AND OTHER TROUBLES

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "That Pup," "The Great American Pie Company," etc.

Perhaps you are not acquainted with Water Goats? Well, neither were the Aldermen of Jeffersonville, and from the moment they decided that water goats and gondolas were the same thing, the plot begins to thicken. You will laugh uproariously from start to finish.

Illustrated, \$0.50.



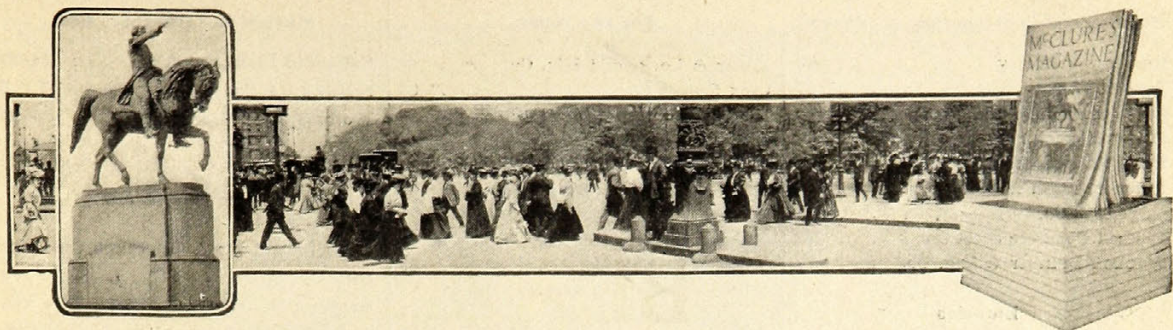
The Child's Case Against Society
"THE BEAST"

By JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY and HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

A most remarkable book. It has begun a crusade to save the children of our city streets. *Net, \$1.50. (Postage, 14 cents.)*

Our friends are invited to visit our Library Salesroom where they may leisurely look over our books, magazines, etc.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
 133 East 16th Street, New York City



Guide to "The Marketplace of the World"

Some men take the ends of their own plane of observation for the limits of the world. This is obviously as much of an error as the belief that the earth and sky meet at the horizon.

Every man has opinions, and some hold them to the point of obduracy, without any particular reason therefor, except through a feeling that reversal or change is an indication of lack of stalwart personality.

However, it should be evident that one's opinions are entitled to alteration and growth, if we accord the same privilege to the mind as to all nature, and those who exhibit real brain power are those open to conviction and with whom transactions and conversation are most profitable.

If an advertiser would engage the attention of such people he does so to his own future benefit and he will use McClure's, because here he can not only expect an intelligent audience, but find it.

CURTIS P. BRADY,
Advertising Manager.

Automobiles and Accessories	Banking and Financial	Gray Motor Co. 70
Consolidated Rubber Tire Co. 76	Farson, Son & Co. 78c	Michigan Steel Boat Co. 68
Havoline Oil Co. 78	Gillett, Geo. H. 78d	Western Electric Co. 32
Packard Motor Car Co. 89	Halsey & Co., N. W. 78c	Building and Construction
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co. 64	McCoy & Co., 92-93	Atlas Portland Cement Co. 78d
Racine Auto Tire Co. 67	Mutual Profit Realty Co. 81	Barrett Mfg. Co. 80-88
Reo Motor Car Co. 65	Petry & Co. 78b	Cabot, Samuel 58
Republic Rubber Co. 62	Rollins & Sons, E. H. 70	Caldwell Co., W. E. 53
Standard Tire Protector Co. 60	Boats, Motors, Etc.	Chicago House Wrecking Co. 51
Stevens-Duryea Co. 61	Dean Mfg. Co. 78a	Grand Rapids Plaster Co. 58
Studebaker Automobile Co. 79	Detroit Boat Co. 68	Jap-a-lac 54
Winton Motor Carriage Co. 63		Keweenaw Water Supply Co. 83

McClure's—The Marketplace of the World

Building and Construction—Continued

Mershon & Morley	50
National Lead Co.	67
New Jersey Zinc Co., The	50
Power Specialty Co.	70
Rex Flintkote Roofing	44
Rider-Ericsson Engine Co.	73
Sargent & Co.	77
Trussed Concrete Steel Co.	78f
Wyckoff Lumber & Mfg. Co.	77

Bicycles

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works	66
Mead Cycle Co.	60

Cameras, Etc.

AnSCO Co.	46
Blair Camera Co.	70
Eastman Kodak Co.	86
Folmer & Schwing	59
Hall Camera Co.	78h
Rochester Optical Co.	72
Stemmerman	76

Cutlery, Strops, Etc.

Carborundum Co.	78b
Gillette Sales Co.	38-39

Educational

American Academy of Dramatic Arts	21
American Boarding Sch. Ass'n	30
Bissell College of Photo-Engraving	16
Bliss Electrical School	30
Boys and Girls Schools	12
-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-	
24-25-26-27-28-29-30	
Bryant, M.D., F.A.	30
Columbian Corres. College	30
Cross Co., The	30
Dickson Memory School	30
Educational Aid Society	30
Illinois College of Photography.	16
International Correspondence School	49
National Salesmen's Training Ass'n	30
Page-Davis School	30
Unlversal Business Institute	31

Fire Arms

Marlin Firearms Co.	66
Remington Arms Co.	94
Winchester	45

Food Products

Apenta Water	59
Coca-Cola Co., The	42
Corn Products Refining Co.	52
Grape Products Co., The	87
Horlick's Malted Milk	68
Lea & Perrin's Sauce	52
National Biscuit Co. (Nabisco)	47
National Starch Co.	56
Postum Cereal Co. (Grape-Nuts)	43
Shredded Wheat Co.	3c

For the Home

Baker & Lockwood Mfg. Co.	69
Crex Carpet Co.	53
Hartshorn Shade Rollers	68
Jap-a-Lac	54
Keller Mfg. Co.	78f
Monroe Refrigerator Co.	67
Richmond Sales Co.	91
Simplex Electric Heating Co.	52
Western Electric Co.	32
White Enamel Refrigerator Co.	
Witt Cornice Co.	58

Furniture

Bishop Furniture Co.	
Karpen & Bros., S.	57

Heating and Lighting Systems

Best Light Co., The	60
Excelsior Steel Furnace Co.	73
Peck-Williamson Co.	84
Ruud Mfg. Co.	7

Household Supplies

Bon Ami	33
Pearline	40

Insurance

Equitable Life Assurance Society	2c
Fidelity & Casualty Co.	75

Jewelry and Silverware

Gregg Mfg. & Impt. Co., The R.	78a
Keystone Watch Case Co.	85
Loftis Bros. & Co.	70
Meriden Britannia Co.	73
Tiffany & Co.	1

Miscellaneous

Amer. Telephone & Telegraph Co.	48
Amer. Thermos Bottle Co.	71
Ames & Sons, Oliver	53
Barnes, W. F. & Jno.	60
Berkshire Hills Sanatorium	50
Betz	60
Bridgeport Fasteners	55
Chicago Projecting Co.	60
Clendenning, The	31
Evans & Co., Victor J.	31
Leo Depurator Co., The	70
Likly & Co., Henry	71
Meisselbach & Bro., A. F.	73
Money-Against-Brains Bureau	31
National Casket Co.	78a
Pease Mfg. Co.	30
Polk-Miller Drug Co.	78h
Pond's Extract	74
Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., Mrs.	69
Press Co., The	60
Stallman, F. A.	60
Western Electric Co.	32
Western Union Telegraph Co.	78e

Musical Instruments, Etc.

Columbia Phonograph Co.	36-37
Steinway & Sons	2
Victor Talking Machine Co.	34-35

Office Equipment

Amer. Telephone & Telegraph Co.	48
Dick Co., A. B.	72
Rapid Computer Co.	78a
Smlth Premier Typewriter Co.	78h
Typewriter Emporium	70

Optical Goods

Goerz American Optical Co., C. P.	54
---	----

Publishers

Clark Pub. Co., C. M.	69
Doubleday, Page & Co.	4
Evans, M. C.	78h
McClure Co., S. S.	8-9-10-11
National Press Association	31

Toilet Articles

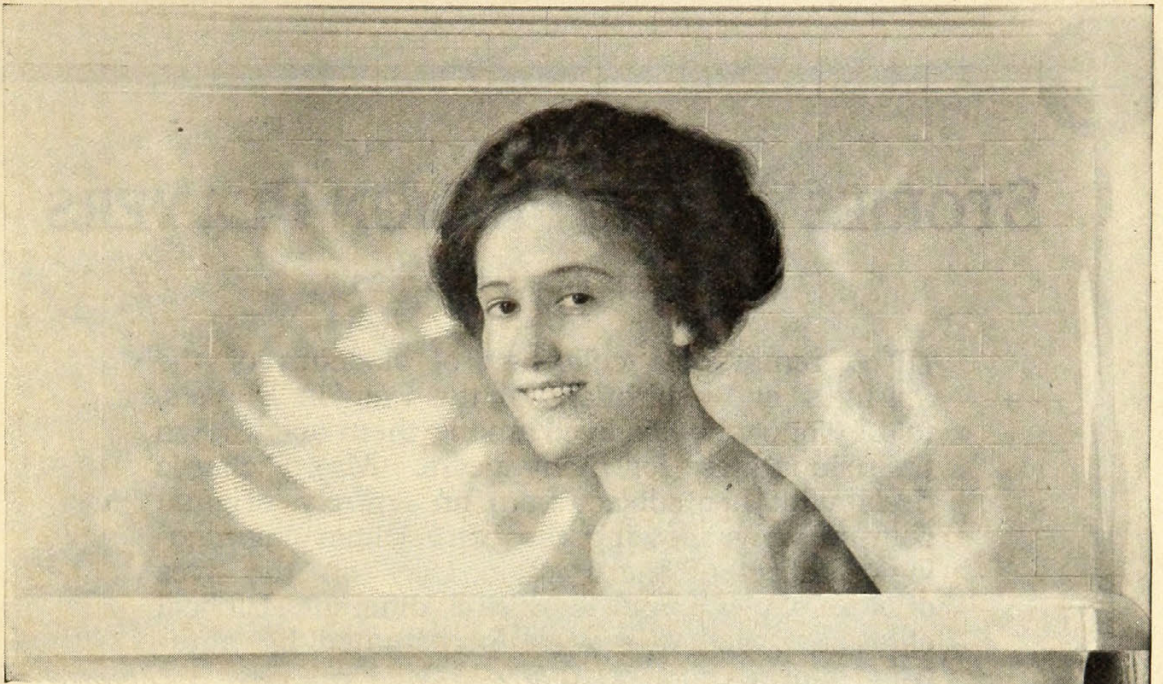
Colgate & Co.	4c
Daggett & Ramsdell	56
Lablache Face Powder	59
Mennen's Toilet Powder	71
Plnaud, Ed.	68
Potter Drug & Chemical Co. (Cutl- cura Soap)	74
Williams Co., J. B.	57

Travel

A., T. & S. F. Ry.	41
Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.	58
Rock Island Lines	82
Where-To-Go Bureau	31

Wearing Apparel

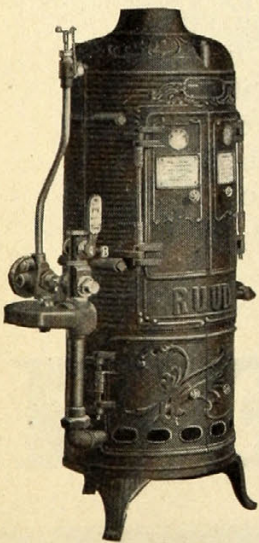
B. V. D. Co.	90
Chalmers Knitting Co.	55
Cheney Bros.	78
Edgerton Mfg. Co., C. A.	78
Frost Co., Geo.	59
Kelm & Co., J. R.	78g
Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.	54
Pioneer Suspender Co.	75
Rayland Hosiery Co.	69
Reversible Collar Co.	55
Standish Worsted Co.	40
Whitman & Co., Clarence	69



The Water's Fine!

Hot water luxury—all the hot water you want any time of day—no matter how much has been used—ready at the turn of the tap from every hot water faucet in the house without any preliminary lighting of heater or waiting for water to heat—this is the service given by the

RUUD Automatic Gas Water-Heater



The "Ruud" is absolutely automatic—it stands in the cellar out of the way and out of mind. It heats the water as it is used and as long as it is used. It heats all you want and *no more*. You don't have to light it—you don't have to wait—just turn the faucet.

Turning the faucet on lights the gas in the heater—turning the faucet off puts it out. Could anything be simpler, more convenient, more economical?

We have told you what the "Ruud" does, and we have a book that tells how it does it. The "Ruud" Book is interesting to anyone—it's *important to everyone who has a home!* You will find on reading this book that the "Ruud" is positively needed in your home—that it is as much a permanent fixture as the plumbing. Send for the "Ruud" Book to-day—it will be mailed free upon request.

Standard Size, Delivered, \$100; On Pacific Coast, \$115

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Dept. A, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Branches and Salesrooms In 25 Principal Cities. HAMBURG:—Ruud Heisswasser Apparatebau.



STORIES OF THE PASSION PLAYERS

By LOUISE PARKS RICHARDS

Q A remarkable collection of sketches of the lives and aspirations of the Passion Players, told by one who has lived among them and known them intimately for many years. Mrs. Richards deals with her subject from an entirely original point of view, showing the extraordinary psychological effect of the Passion Play on the lives of the players, and how the different Biblical characters are, as it were, perpetuated by auto-suggestion.

CHICAGO'S FIGHT FOR FRESH AIR

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

Q Chicago has been the first city to fight for clean air—for ventilation in its street cars, school-rooms, and theaters. The death rate has been reduced and the general health of the city built up. Under a new system of school-house ventilation, hundreds of children have been able to pass the yearly examinations in the middle of the year and go into the next grade. Foul underground bakeries and unsanitary kitchens of the big hotels have been raided and reformed by a wide-wake Board of Health.

McCLURE'S

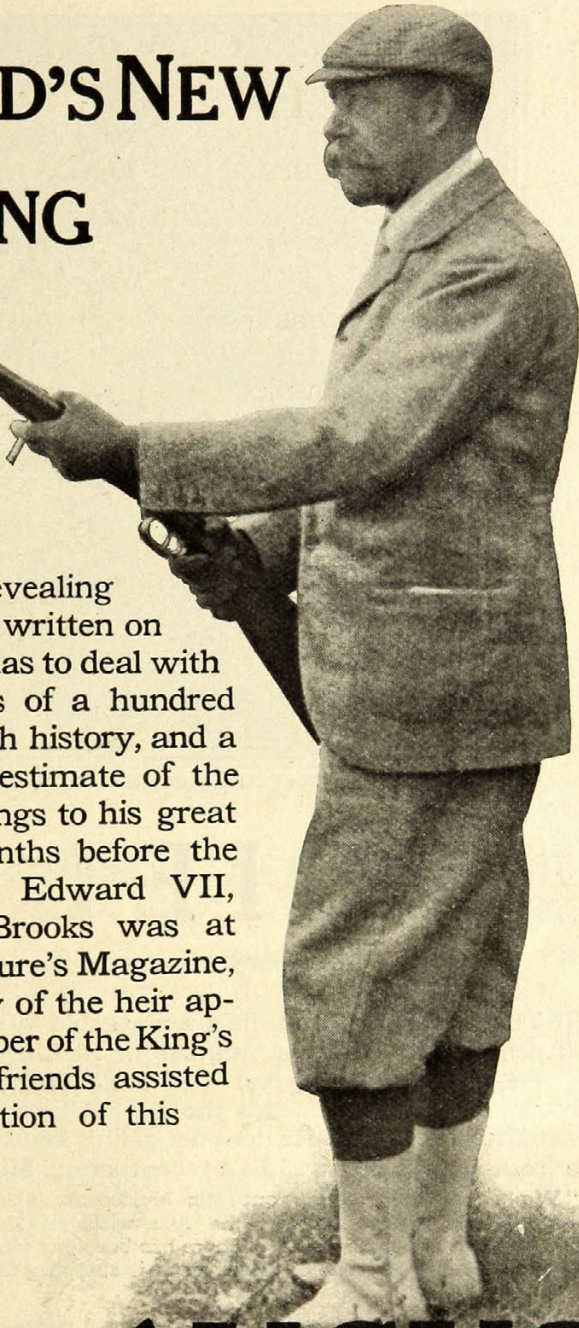




ENGLAND'S NEW KING

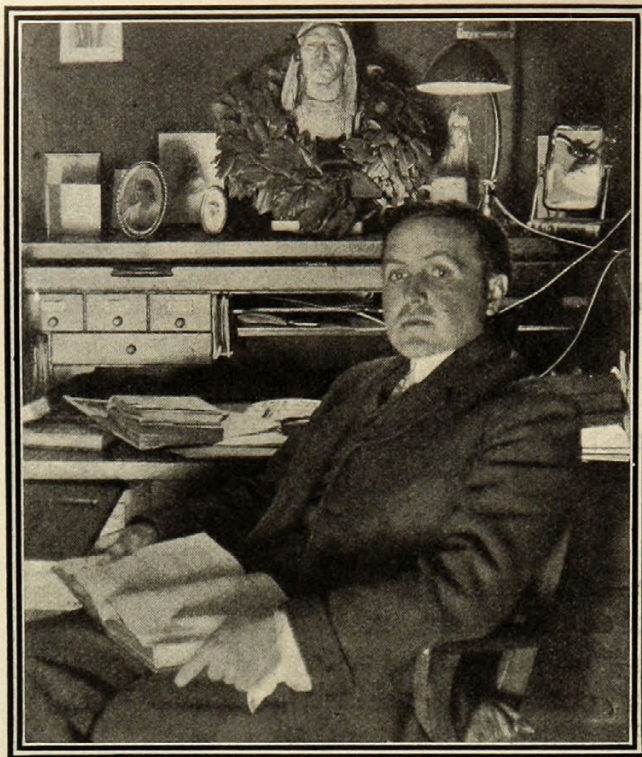
By
SYDNEY BROOKS

Q The first revealing article ever written on the man who has to deal with the great crisis of a hundred years of English history, and a discriminating estimate of the qualities he brings to his great task. For months before the death of King Edward VII, Mr. Sydney Brooks was at work for McClure's Magazine, upon this study of the heir apparent. A number of the King's most intimate friends assisted in the preparation of this article.



FOR AUGUST





MR. PATTULLO IN HIS STUDY

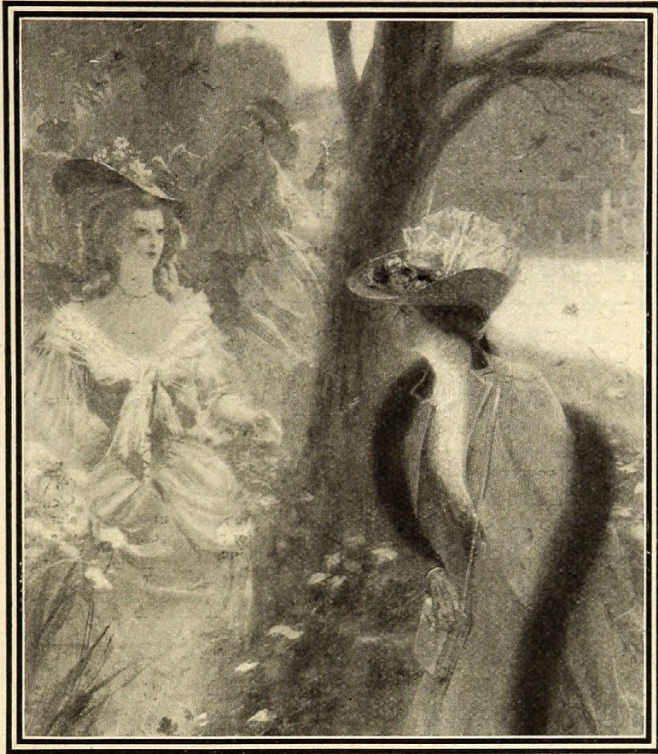
SHIELA

By GEORGE PATTULLO

Q The first of Mr. Pattullo's remarkable Western stories appears in the present number of McClure's. Next month we publish the second. Although Mr. Pattullo lives in Boston in winter, he spends the greater part of the year on a great Arizona range. He does not get his knowledge of Western life from a car window. In a recent letter, Mr. Pattullo says:

"We have already brought out from Mexico since April fourteenth, 9,300 steers. Yesterday we crossed the line with 2,133. About 4,000 more will finish the Spring shipping. There has been no rain since January and the cattle are in a bad shape. Everybody is shipping their stuff out."

McCLURE'S



DRAWING BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE FOR "THE FIFTH OF OCTOBER"

THE FIFTH OF OCTOBER

By MARY SHIPMAN ANDREWS

¶ A love story which gives a new turn to the old situation—the American girl, the Count and the other man.

A CASE OF PREMEDITATION

By AUSTIN FREEMAN

¶ The fourth of the wonderfully successful John Thorndyke detective stories.

THE STEAMER CHILD

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

¶ Everybody who has been abroad this summer will recognize this steamer child. She is on every boat that crosses the Atlantic and every passenger except her mother realizes what she is.

A CUP OF COCOA

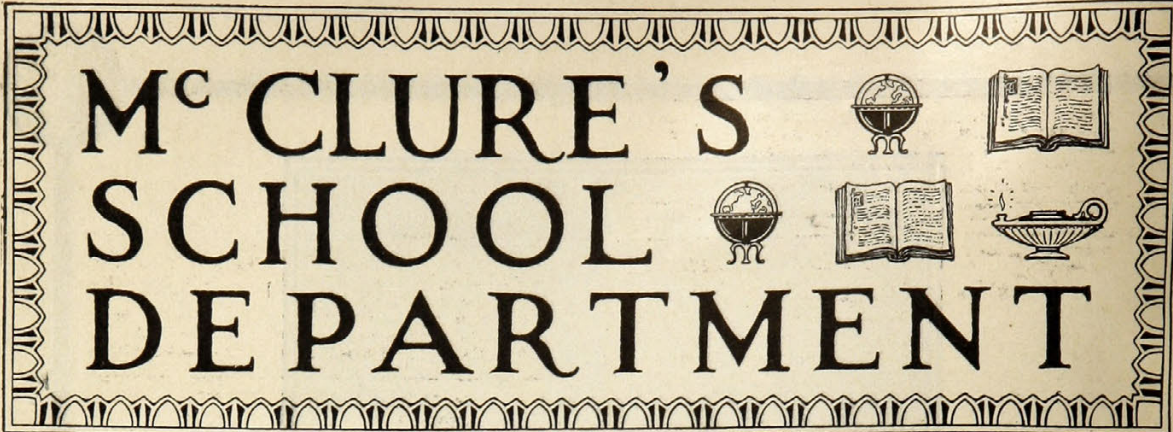
By ELEANOR STUART

¶ A story of the horrors of the cocoa trade in Portuguese Africa. One of the largest chocolate firms in England recently sued an English newspaper for exposing the condition of the African cocoa trade.

FOR AUGUST



M^c CLURE'S SCHOOL DEPARTMENT



EUFALA, ALABAMA.

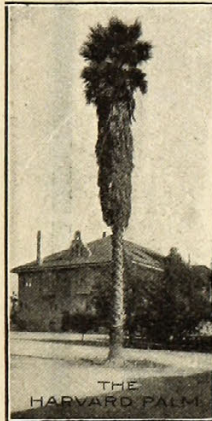
Alabama Brenau College-Conservatory Formerly Union College-Conservatory. High Grade College for young ladies. A case of fever never known on College Hill. Full Literary course including board and Medical attendance \$217. Advantages in Art, Music, Expression, etc. Unexcelled.
THOS. G. WILKINSON, President.

CORNWALL, LITCHFIELD COUNTY, CONNECTICUT.

Rumsey Hall

A school in the country for young boys.

Address, HEAD MASTER.



California, Los Angeles.

Harvard School

FOR BOYS. (Military)

Boarding and Day Pupils

Fits for college and business. Fine Buildings. Fourteen Masters. Chemical and Physical Laboratories. Machine Shops for Manual Training. Ten-acre campus. Cement Tennis Courts. Quarter-mile track and 220 yd. straight-away. Gymnasiums. Shower Baths. Indoor Rifle Range. U. S. Army Officer, detailed by the Secretary of War.

(Send for Illustrated Catalogue.)

Prin. GRENVILLE C. EMERY, Litt. D.,
Late Master in the Boston Latin School.

RIDGEWOLD, REDDING RIDGE, CONN., Box C.

The Sanford School On a well stocked farm of 350 acres. Rich out-of-door experiences, not merely athletics. Individual attention under experienced teachers. Thorough preparation for all colleges. A summer session for candidates for September examination.
D. S. SANFORD, A.M., Headmaster.

A Select Boarding School for Young Men and Boys.

This school offers to a limited number of young men and boys a great opportunity to thoroughly prepare for colleges, universities, the United States Military and Naval Academies. Small classes and individual instruction. Certificates accepted at all colleges.

THE ARMY AND NAVY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Increased facilities are offered pupils this year by the addition of a handsome new building; also fine new gymnasium. Large athletic ground. Baseball, football, track teams. For illustrated catalogue describing the many special facilities at the school, address

E. SWAVELY, Principal.
4106 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA.

Mount Tamalpais Military Academy Fully accredited. Large staff of college men. U. S. Army Officer. Horsemanship, Cavalry, Mounted Artillery without extra charge. Open Air Gym and swimming pool. 21st year opens Aug. 17th.
ARTHUR CROSBY, A.M., D.D.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, Dept. D.

The Orton School An English Classical School for Girls. Outdoor Study. In the most delightful climate. All Winter. 21st Year. Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Certificates admit to Eastern Colleges. Art, Music, Gymnasium, Tennis, Riding.
ANNA B. ORTON, Principal.

WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT.

The Choate School A New England Preparatory School, with a Lower School for young boys. A catalogue will be sent upon application, with addresses of those who know intimately the School's work and character.
GEORGE C. ST. JOHN, Headmaster.

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT.

The Ely School for Girls

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, 307 York Street.

New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics
Two years' course in educational, medicinal and recreative gymnastics, fitting for teaching, physical training and playground work. New boat-house and athletic field. Summer session. Catalogue.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Belcourt Seminary Home and day school for girls. Unexcelled location. Course leading to diploma, college preparatory and special courses. Certificate admits to college. Exceptional opportunities in Music, Art, Expression and Languages. Social and educational advantages of the Capital. Outdoor sports. Address
MRS. M. B. SOMERVELL, Principal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mintwood Place and 19th Street.

Bristol School

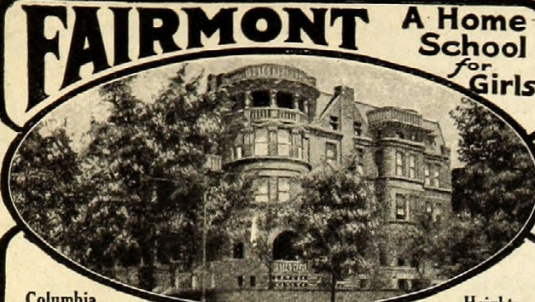
A school for girls offering Home and College Preparatory Courses. The French Department occupies a separate residence on the same grounds where French is exclusively the language of the house. No other school in this country gives equal advantages in this language. Music Professors from the Washington College of Music. Social and educational advantages of the National Capital. Weekly sight-seeing parties. Healthful recreation. Attractive home. Address

MISS ALICE A. BRISTOL, Principal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Drawer 841.

Chevy Chase College and Seminary A Home School for Young Ladies. Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Campus of eleven acres. Golf and other outdoor sports. Healthful location at Chevy Chase, "Suburb Beautiful." Artesian water. MR. and MRS. S. N. BARKER, Principals.

FAIRMONT A Home School for Girls



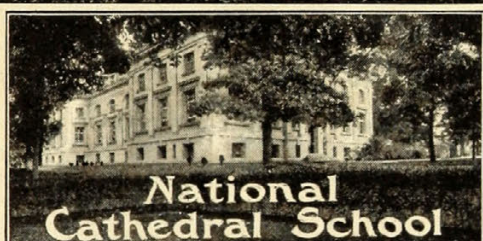
Columbia Heights
Washington, D. C.
 Regular and Special Courses. Music, Art, Expression. Preparation for foreign travel. Playground adjoining.

National Cathedral School for Boys (Episcopal)

A Country School occupying its beautiful new home on Mount St. Alban, Washington, D. C.

This school exemplifies in the highest sense its reputation of being an ideal school for boys. It is under the direction of the Bishop of Washington. It has an able faculty and offers exceptional advantages in preparing boys for colleges and universities. All the attractions of the Capital; delightful location; campus of forty acres; magnificent new building, the most modern of its kind in America; large gymnasium. For catalogue, address

E. L. GREGG, Headmaster, Box M



National Cathedral School

FOR GIRLS
 Mt. St. Alban, Washington, D. C.

Within the Cathedral Grounds of 40 acres. Fireproof building enlarged on account of increased pupilage, from 60 to 80 boarding pupils. Single and double rooms. Certificate admits to College. Special Courses. Music and Art.

THE BISHOP OF WASHINGTON,
 President Board of Trustees.
MRS. BARBOUR WALKER, M. A., Principal.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1725 Connecticut Ave.

The Colonial School For Girls. Resident and Day Pupils. Graduating and elective courses. Preparation for college and European travel. Music, Art, Languages, Expression, Individual Instruction. Advantages of the Capital fully utilized. Outdoor recreation and sports. For catalogue, address

MISS CHARLOTTE EVERETT, Principal.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1906 Florida Ave., N. W.

Gunston Hall

A beautiful Colonial Home School for Young Ladies. Illustrated catalogue.

MRS. BEVERLEY R. MASON, Principal.
MISS E. M. CLARK, LL.A., Associate Principal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Lafayette Square.

Hamilton School

For Girls and Young Ladies. Opposite the White House. Write for Catalogue.

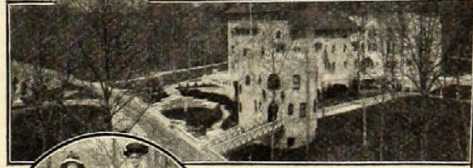
MRS. PHOEBE HAMILTON SEABROOK, Principal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1653 Connecticut Avenue.

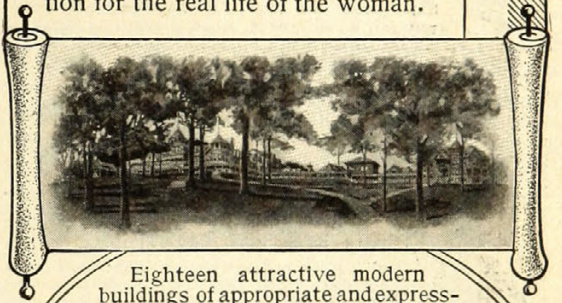
Laise-Phillips School for Girls College Preparatory. Academic, and Elective Courses. Two years advanced course for high school graduates. Art, Music, Native French and German teachers. Domestic Science.

MRS. J. SYLVESTER PHILLIPS, Principal.

National Park Seminary FOR GIRLS
 WASHINGTON, D. C. (SUBURBS)



A distinctly original school for American girls. Romantic natural beauty, unusual equipment, rational plans for social culture, intimate teaching and companionships. Every thoughtful means for developing talents and for making the school life of the girl a preparation for the real life of the woman.



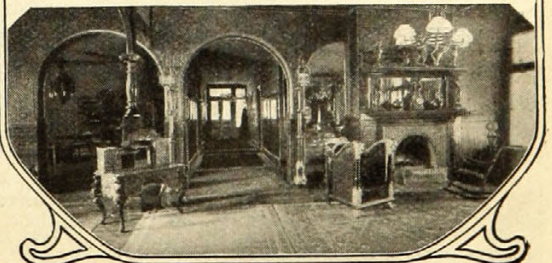
Eighteen attractive modern buildings of appropriate and expressive architecture (ten school buildings and eight Club Houses), provided with every comfort and convenience for health, study and pleasure. A beautiful location in Forest Glen—a suburb of the National Capital—with all the advantages and none of the distractions of the city, and a life in the open air.

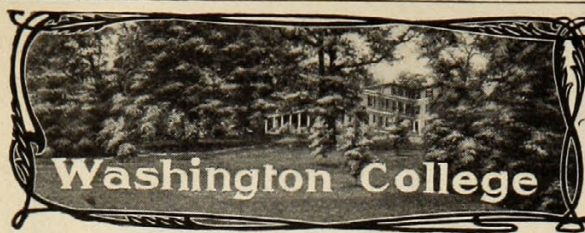
Experienced corps of specialists in Academic Studies, Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial Work, Library Economy, Business Law and Hygiene.

Expert physical directors plan exercise and recreation to develop sound, symmetrical bodies, grace of bearing and love of outdoor life.

These are but a few of the peculiar advantages of National Park Seminary. Every detail is carefully explained, and beautiful views of the school and its surroundings are shown in the bound volume issued to parents interested in the choice of a school for their daughters. A copy will be sent on request. Address

THE PRESIDENT, Box 152, Forest Glen, Md.





Washington College

An Ideal School for Girls and Young Women

Located in a charming park of ten acres. Surrounded by and within easy reach of the many and varied educational institutions for which Washington is famed.

Cultured instructors; delightful home life; refined associations; social advantages wholesome. Preparatory, Certificate and College Courses. Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Literature on request. Address

F. MENEFFEE, President, Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1324 19th Street.
Miss Madeira's School for Girls College Preparatory and certificate privilege to Vassar, Smith and Wellesley. Complete academic course for pupils not going to college. Two years' advanced course for High School graduates. Music and Art. Gymnasium and Athletics. MISS LUCY MADEIRA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1756-1758-1760-1762 Columbia Road.
The Stuart School For Young Ladies and Girls. All departments. Outdoor sports. Elective courses. Unusual advantages. Thirty-nine States have been represented in boarding department. New buildings. Catalogue of 56 pages.
 MISS CLAUDIA STUART, Principal.

Martha Washington Seminary

For Young Women. Washington, D. C.
 Located in the finest residential section of the National Capital, overlooking Dupont Circle. Delightful school life combined with Washington advantages. Two years' course for High School Graduates. General and special courses. Department of Domestic Science. Music, Elocution, Arts and Crafts, Modern Languages. Outdoor Sports. Sight-seeing each week. \$500-\$600 a year.
 EDWARD W. THOMPSON, Principal, 1601 Connecticut Ave.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 2103-09 S Street.
Washington Seminary Planned for those who desire a beautiful and cultured home, refined associations, thorough instruction, and upbuilding of character. Academic and elective courses. Certificate admits to college. Culture class for Post-Graduates. Gymnasium. Tennis. Rates \$600 to \$800.
 MR. and MRS. G. T. SMALLWOOD, Principals.

GREEN COVE SPRINGS (near Jacksonville), Box J.
Florida Military Academy
 Located in a famous health resort. Perfect health record. Bracing climate. NO SALOONS. No factories. Personal attention to boys' comfort and pleasure. The table is fine! No homesickness. Trained specialists thoroughly prepare our boys for college and business. Cadets from 13 States. Body-building military drill. Kindly discipline. Full athletic features. Write for catalogue.
 COL. GEO. W. HULVEY, Superintendent.

ATHENS, GEORGIA.
The Lucy Cobb Institute Boarding and day school for girls. College preparatory and general courses. Exceptional advantages in Music, Art and Oratory. Gymnasium, swimming pool, tennis court, and out-of-door basket ball grounds. Excellent climate. SUSAN G. GARDINE, ANNIE W. BRUMBY, Prins.

CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA, Box 6, R. D. 6.



Elmhurst School

For Girls. Academic. Preparatory and an advanced finishing Course, with Diplomas. Special Preparation for Foreign Travel. Full Course in Music. Mensendick Physical Training. Colonial house, all modern conveniences. Estate 130 acres. Pure Spring Water and Lake. Golf Tennis, Basketball, Hockey, Skating, Horseback Riding. Tuition price includes everything. No extras. Catalogue and Illustrated Booklet on application.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, 421 East Michigan Avenue.

Normal College of the North American Gymnastic Union Offers high school graduates two-year and four-year courses leading to certification as teachers of physical training and to academic title and degree. Catalogue on request.

BUNKER HILL, ILLINOIS.

Bunker Hill Military Academy 28th year. \$450. 40 miles from St. Louis; as high as Evanston. Complete, thorough, inspiring; "the best features of the best schools," East and West; business and all higher preparatory courses; highest references; booklet free. S. L. STIVER, Ph.D., Superintendent.

KENILWORTH, ILLINOIS, Box 627.

The College School The boys' school noted for its efficiency in college preparation and all-round development. One teacher to each seven boys. Thorough individual instruction. Carefully planned curriculum. Complete equipment for study and for athletics. By all means send for the catalogue.
 ALLEN H. CARPENTER, Headmaster.

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, Box 850.

Evanston Academy

A good school in a good town—for earnest boys and girls. Prepares for any college or engineering school. Fine equipment; beautiful site; Northwestern University campus and environment; a town of rare attractiveness and cultural advantages. Open Sept. 19th. Address
 N. W. HELM, Principal.

LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS, Box 60.

Ferry Hall For Young Women. Forty-first Year. College Preparatory and Junior College. Certificate admits to Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, etc. Art, music, domestic science, physical training. Beautiful location, home care. For catalogue and book of views, address
 MISS FRANCES L. HUGHES.

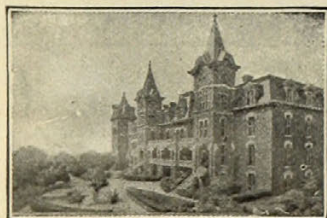
BRENAU

FOR YOUNG LADIES

A non-sectarian, non-political institution of highest grade. The beauty and elegance of its extensive equipment challenge admiration of every visitor. Its location in a beautiful, hospitable, small city, convenient to Atlanta, is ideal for girls from all sections. Thirty states and foreign countries are represented in its 300 boarding students. The climate is bracing on account of the high elevation, but the winters are comparatively mild. For the complete story of this remarkable institution, write for illustrated catalog. Address P. O. Box 315.

COLLEGE CONSERVATORY

GAINESVILLE, GA.



SHORTER COLLEGE, Rome, Ga.

A College for Women affording the highest advantages in college work, Music, Art and Oratory. Splendid Academy for girls not ready for college; Gymnasium under care of specially trained teacher. Select patronage limited to 125 boarders. For catalog, address
 A. W. VAN HOOSE, President.

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

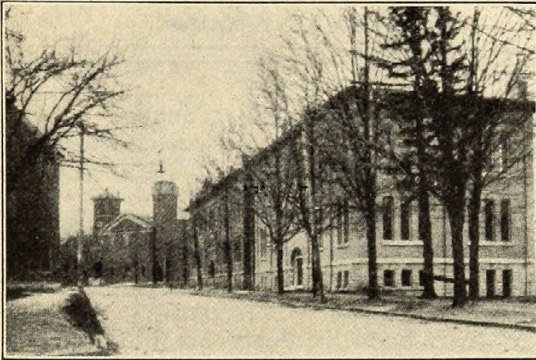
(ACCREDITED)

VALPARAISO, INDIANA

One of the Largest Institutions of Learning in the United States

THOROUGH INSTRUCTION AT THE LOWEST EXPENSE

The Institution was organized with the idea of giving to every person, whether rich or poor, a chance to obtain a thorough, practical education at an expense within his reach. That it is performing this mission is indicated by the numbers who avail themselves of the advantages offered.



University Place

The Institution was established in 1873 with 3 Departments, 4 Instructors and an annual enrollment of 210 different students. Now there are

25 Departments **187 Instructors**
and an annual enrollment last year of
5437 Different Students

The reason for this growth is in the fact that the Institution is constantly increasing its facilities, strengthening its courses of study and offering additional advantages without making the expense to the student any greater.

It is well equipped with buildings, libraries, laboratories, and apparatus for giving instruction in the following

DEPARTMENTS

Preparatory, Teachers, Kindergarten, Primary, Psychology and Pedagogy, Manual Training, Scientific, Biology, Civil Engineering, Classical, Higher English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Elocution and Oratory, Music, Fine Art, Law, Pharmacy, Medical, Dental, Commercial, Penmanship, Phonography and Typewriting, Review.

The revised Course in Civil Engineering is worthy of careful consideration.

It is thought by some that because the expenses are so low, the character of the instruction must be inferior.

It is but just to say that the salaries of the instructors equal those of the best state and private universities. In other words, the low rates have not been made at the expense of a high grade of instruction, but have been made by applying business principles to

"The Cost of Living"

so that the most satisfactory accommodations for board and room may be had at from \$1.70 to \$2.75 per week. Tuition \$18 per quarter of twelve weeks, or \$60 if paid in advance for 48 weeks. If the entire tuition is paid in advance for the year it includes all of the departments, excepting Medical, Dental and private lessons in Music. The total expense of board, tuition, and furnished room for the regular school year (thirty-six weeks) need not exceed \$109.20, or for forty-eight weeks, \$141.60.

CALENDAR FOR 1910-1911:—Thirty-Eighth Year will open September 20, 1910; Second Term, December 13, 1910; Third Term, March 7, 1911; Fourth Term, May 30, 1911.

Catalog Giving Full Particulars Mailed Free. Address

H. B. BROWN, President, or O. P. KINSEY, Vice-President,

Valparaiso, Indiana.

DEPARTMENT OF DENTISTRY

On account of the clinical advantages this department is located in Chicago, just one block from the medical department of the school. The building, 80 x 120 ft., five stories high, is entirely occupied by the Dental School.

The school has been established for a quarter of a century under the well-known name of

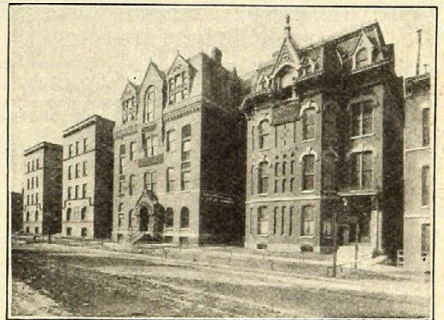
"Chicago College of Dental Surgery"

Dr. Truman W. Brophy, M. D., D. D. S., LL. D., has been the Dean of the College from the beginning, and continues to act in the same capacity. His name is favorably known in dental circles in every city in this country as well as in foreign countries.

Students enter the Dental Department at the beginning of the year only. All other departments at any time.

DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE

The course of study in this is the same as that of the best medical schools. Valparaiso University owns its college



Chicago Medical Building

and hospital buildings in both Valparaiso and Chicago. The Chicago buildings are just across the street from the Cook County Hospital, in one of the Greatest Medical Centers in the world. The medical department is conducted in accordance with the laws of the State and the degree of Doctor of Medicine is conferred on all who complete the course.

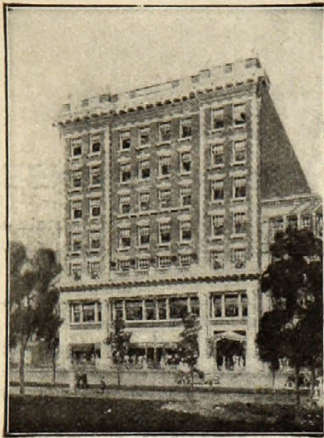
Two years of the work may be done at Valparaiso, thus greatly reducing the expenses, or the entire four years may be done in Chicago.

"The New Music Hall"

enables the School now to accommodate all who wish work in music.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE

Now in its NEW HOME, Facing the Lake Front Park



Finest building of its kind in existence—housing the largest of all institutions of Musical Learning

Containing
ZIEGFELD HALL

Offering unsurpassed facilities for rehearsals and public appearances of students in Concert, Opera and the Drama.

All Branches

MUSIC

ACTING EXPRESSION
OPERA Modern Languages

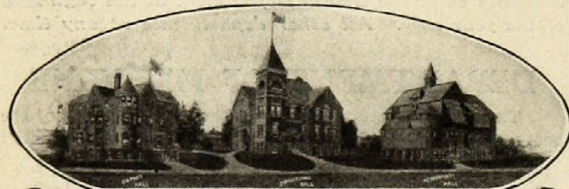
45th Season Begins Sept. 12
NOTE—Applications for the 45 free and 150 partial Scholarships will be received until September 1st.

Catalogs Free.
DR. F. ZIEGFELD, Pres.
Founded 1867

246-7-8-9 Michigan Boul., Chicago.

WINNETKA, ILLINOIS, Box 33

Girton School For Girls and Young Women. Ideally located Chicago suburban school. College preparatory general and finishing courses Music Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Physical training. Certificate admits to Smith, Vassar, Wellesley. Catalogue on request.
FRANCIS KING COOKE, Principal.



Learn Photography,
Photo-Engraving or 3-Color Work

Engravers and 3-Color Operators Earn \$20 to \$50 Per Week. Only college in the world where these paying professions are taught successfully. Established 17 years. Endorsed by International Association of Photo-Engravers and Photographers' Association of Illinois. Terms easy; living inexpensive. Graduates assisted in securing good positions. Write for catalog, and specify course in which you are interested.
Illinois College of Photography or } 945 Wabash Av.
Bissell College of Photo-Engraving } Effingham, Ill.
L. B. BISSELL, Pres.

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS.

Northwestern University School of Oratory

Special advantages. We occupy our own building. We offer two private lessons a week. We offer fourteen class lessons a week. Scholarships yielding \$150 yearly, furnished to needy and meritorious students. Ten of the ablest instructors in America giving their entire time to the school. For catalogue, address

R. L. CUMNOCK, L.H.D., Director.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS, BOX H.



Rockford College for Women

Rockford College is the only woman's college of the Middle West accorded the first rank in scholarship by the Commissioner of Education. College courses leading to the degrees of A. B. and B. S. Trains also for a vocation. Home Economics, Secretarial, Library, Music, Applied Design Departments. An average of one instructor to every eight students. Centrally located for Middle West students. Catalogue.

JULIA H. GULLIVER, Ph D., President.

The Misses Spaid's School

FOR GIRLS

3138 Michigan Boulevard,

Chicago, Ill.

IF you wish a school in the city (and there are many reasons for favoring it, as explained in our catalogue), Chicago is the best of all cities.

CHICAGO'S health conditions and park systems are unmatched. Its institutions of culture and refinement are conspicuous in the city's everyday life, and are not taken as a matter of course, as are similar institutions in the East.

THE Misses Spaid's School, occupying a handsome mansion in the old, aristocratic section of the south side, has an atmosphere of Eastern culture. College preparatory and finishing courses. Certificate to leading colleges. Department of physical training. Full particulars in catalogue on request. Address

Miss K. L. Spaid

MT. CARROLL, ILLINOIS, Box 608.

Frances Shimer School

Of the University of Chicago. A Home School for Girls and Young Women College Department two years' course with diploma. Preparatory and General Courses. Music Art, Domestic Science Elocution and Vocational Courses. Rate \$360. Certificate privilege Golf, tennis, coasting. Beautiful grounds. 58th year opens Sept. 7th. No building more than eight years old. New college dormitory. Three hours from Chicago. Chicago Office Fine Arts Building August.

REV. WILLIAM P. MCKEE Dean.

WOODSTOCK, ILLINOIS.

Todd Seminary for Boys

63d Year. Located 1000 feet above the sea in the "hill country" of Illinois, and yet only 60 minutes from Chicago. "A boy's hours in Todd are golden." Send for full particulars to NOBLE HILL, Prin.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE

Best College in the West

Full College and Preparatory Courses, and fine advantages in Music, Domestic Science, Art, and Expression. Expenses reasonable. Surroundings healthful.

Home life ideal. Location central in Middle West. Very convenient to every part of the Mississippi Valley. Students from more than twenty States. Catalogue free.
Address: **President Harker, Box D, Jacksonville, Ill.**

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

HOME STUDY

CORRESPONDENCE-STUDY DEPT.

offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

18th Year

The U. of C. (Div. B.) Chicago, Ill.

Kentucky Military Institute

The School with a Winter Home in Florida

Think of a winter spent in Florida! The delightful boating, bathing and other outdoor recreations. Military drills and "hikes" under the direction of a U. S. Army Officer. For the winter months we move from our permanent home in Lyndon, Ky., to our quarters on the Indian River, Eau Gallie, Fla. The preparatory and collegiate courses are under the guidance of a remarkably efficient faculty. \$450 covers all expenses, including the trip to Florida. Write for Catalogue. Address Col. C. W. Fowler, Supt., Box 80, Lyndon, Ky.



LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, 437 West Second Street.

Campbell-Hagerman College Resident school for girls and young women. Board and tuition, \$300. New buildings. Every convenience. English, College Preparatory, Junior College Courses. Music, Art, Expression. Physical Culture. Students the past year from 16 states. For year book apply to G. P. SIMMONS, Associate President.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, Box K.

Hamilton College For Young Women. 42nd year. A branch of Transylvania University. Standard Junior College Course. Music, Art, Elocution. Five modern buildings, surrounded by a beautiful campus of six acres. Faculty of 26, American and Foreign trained. For catalogue, address THE PRESIDENT.

Abbot Academy

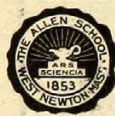
ANDOVER, MASS.

A School of Traditions

Famous Educational Town

Eightieth year. Extensive campus. Complete and spacious modern buildings—Art Gallery, Gymnasium, etc. Athletic fields for all outdoor sports. Full college certificate privileges. Prepares girls for useful, earnest lives by fostering the development of character.

Address THE DEAN, Abbot St.



WEST NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, Box O.

The Allen School A school where boys are taught to be self-reliant. Individual instruction. Thorough preparation for college or scientific schools. Athletic training. For catalogue, address EVERETT STARR JONES, Headmaster.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 559 Boylston Street. (Copley Square.)

Chauncy Hall School Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist. HAGAR and KURT, Principals.



In Old Concord

Of literary and patriotic fame

Stands for scholarship, culture and character. Prepares for colleges, scientific schools or business.

Modern buildings, up-to-date equipment; perfect sanitation. Gymnasium, boat house for canoes, tennis courts, athletic fields, extensive campus.

Experienced teachers; individual instruction.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR BEGINS SEPTEMBER 28, 1910

For Catalog address

Department F, **CONCORD SCHOOL, Concord, Mass.**

ASHBURNHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

Cushing Academy

By reason of its endowment it offers all the advantages of a high-priced school for the annual expense of \$275. Gymnasium. Athletic field. Co-educational. For catalogue, address H. S. COWELL, A. M., Principal.

FRANKLIN, MASSACHUSETTS.

Dean Academy

Young men and young women find here a home-like atmosphere, thorough and efficient training in every department of a broad culture, a loyal and helpful school spirit. Liberal endowment permits liberal terms, \$300 per year. For catalogue and information, address

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D., Principal.



BOSTON, MASS., 319 Huntington Chambers.

Faelten Pianoforte School Concentrated attention, positive knowledge, intelligent ear, reliable memory, fluency in sight reading, artistic pianoforte playing are developed simultaneously. Circular on request. Address CARL FAELTEN, Dir.

BOSTON, MASS., Pierce Building, Copley Square.

Miss Annie Coolidge Rust's **Froebel School of Kindergarten Normal Classes** 19th Year. Two year course for kindergarten, primary and playground positions. Post-graduate and special courses.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, Longwood Avenue.

Harvard Dental School A Department of Harvard University. Unusual facilities for practical work. Three years' course leading to degree, Doctor Dental Medicine. New Building. Modern equipment. Large clinic. Certificates from recognized preparatory schools accepted. Write for catalog. EUGENE H. SMITH, D.M.D., Dean.

Lasell Seminary

Auburndale, Mass. Ten Miles from Boston



Courses in Language, Literature, Science, Music and Art, with thoro instruction in the theory and practice of Household Economics. Training is given in the Art of Entertaining, House Furnishing and Management, Marketing, Cooking, Dressmaking and Millinery. Tennis, Boating, Swimming, Riding and other sports are encouraged. Address

C. M. WINSLOW, Ph. D., Principal

Mount Ida School

FOR GIRLS

on the summit of Mt. Ida
6 miles from Boston
A preparatory and finishing school.
Advanced Elective Courses.
College Certificate Privilege (without examination).
Piano, Voice, and Violin with Noted Men.
Domestic Science, Resident Nurse, Gymnasium, Director of Athletics.
Exceptional opportunities, with a delightful home life.
Address 66 Summit Street
NEWTON MASS.

BRADFORD ACADEMY

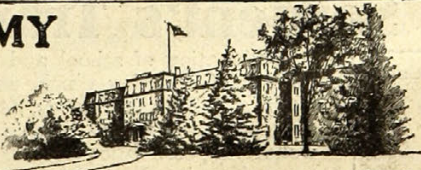
An Endowed School for Girls

Founded in 1803.

BRADFORD, MASS.

Thirty miles from Boston, in the beautiful Merrimac Valley. Extensive grounds and modern equipment. Certificate admits to leading colleges. College Preparatory Course of five years. Two years' course for High School graduates.

Address Miss LAURA A. KNOTT, A. M., Principal.



New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Founded
1853

Term opens
September 15, 1910.

Boston, Mass.

GEORGE W. CHADWICK, Director.

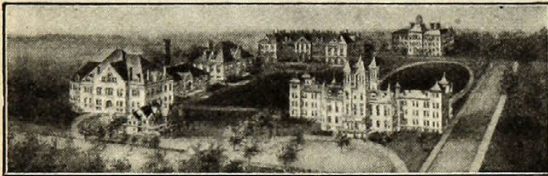
No school in this country can contribute as much toward a musical education as the New England Conservatory of Music. A steady growth of over fifty years has made it rich in experience, and it is everywhere recognized as the largest and best equipped school in America. Its complete organization, its imposing Conservatory building, and splendid equipment, and the new Residence building offer exceptional facilities for students. Situated in Boston, the acknowledged music center of America, it affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical education.

Every department under special masters. The student's capacity sets the only limitation to his progress. The reciprocal relations established with Harvard University afford pupils special advantages for literary study.

Owing to the *practical training* of students in our Normal Department, graduates are much in demand as teachers and musicians. Practical Pianoforte Tuning Course in one year.

The privileges of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student. A number of free violin scholarships available for 1910.

For particulars and year book, address RALPH L. FLANDERS, Manager.



WORCESTER ACADEMY

All advantages of a large school. Master teachers, comprehensive equipment. Great record for college preparation. Complete laboratory building. Manual training. Isolated infirmary. "The Megaron," a noble recreation hall. Perfect swimming pool. Gymnasium, physical training. New athletic field, eleven acres. Field House with baths and lockers. Quarter mile track, 220 yards straight-a-way; football and baseball fields; tennis courts. 77th year begins Sept. 13, 1910. Catalogue. D. W. ABERCROMBIE, LL.D., WORCESTER, MASS.

BILLERICA, MASSACHUSETTS. (20 miles from Boston.)

The Mitchell Military Boys' School A thoroughly modern military home school. Boys admitted 8 to 16 inclusive. Honorable dismissal from last school required. Special matron for younger boys. Number limited. Catalogue upon request. A. H. MITCHELL, Head Master.

DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS, 82 King Caesar Road.

Powder Point School

For Boys. By the Sea. The mild climate permits land and water sports. Prepares for college or business. Extensive grounds. Modern equipment. For catalogue, address HENRY P. MOULTON, JR., Principal.

Rogers Hall School

For Girls

Lowell, Mass. 38 minutes from Boston



Colonial mansion. Beautiful grounds. All outdoor sports. Athletics under the charge of experienced instructor. Thorough preparation for College. Interesting Advanced Courses for Graduates of High Schools. Special advantages in Music. Domestic Science, Arts and Crafts. For catalogue address

Miss OLIVE S. PARSONS, B. A., Principal

WOLLASTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Quincy Mansion School For Girls. Fine estate, 6 miles from Boston. Ample grounds. Outdoor sports. Special and graduate courses. Advantages in Music, Art, Languages. Domestic Science. College preparation and certificate.

MRS. HORACE M. WILLARD, Principal.

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS.

Rock Ridge Hall For Boys. Location, high, dry and healthful, in one of New England's most beautiful residential villages. *Instructors able, experienced, mature.* Thorough preparation for college. Unusual attention given to boys under 17 years of age. Well-regulated daily lives for all. Large, airy gymnasium, with swimming pool. For catalogue, address DR. G. F. WHITE.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, Box K.

St. Andrew's School New building on Punkatasset Hill. Extensive grounds and woodland. Tennis courts, ball field, canoeing. Constant and careful attention to the individual boy, and special supervision of young boys.

THOMAS H. ECKFELDT, Headmaster.

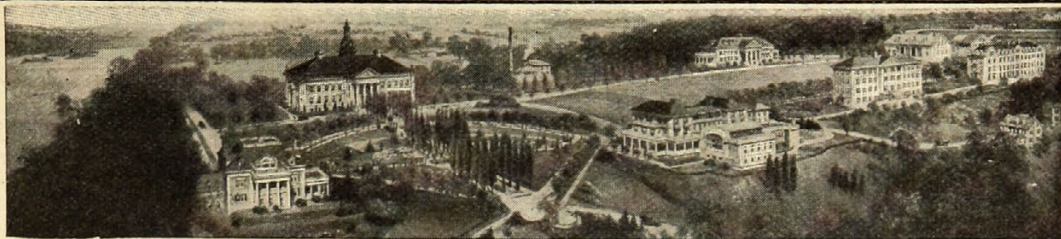
Mr. Sargent's Travel School for Boys

Greek Cruise
Rome
Florence
Munich
Paris
London

A combination of school and travel. A wonderfully instructive method of teaching which uses the world as the schoolroom. Latin and Roman History, German, French, English History are studied, each in its own environment. Just think of the wonderful possibilities for *your* boy in this plan! Let me tell you more about it. Illustrated catalogue.

PORTER E. SARGENT, Cambridge, Mass.

Seventh Year
Individual
Instruction
College or
Business



The Tome School for Boys

Limited Enrolment.

An Endowed Preparatory School.

Tuition \$700.

Elaborately Illustrated Book on Request.

THOMAS STOCKHAM BAKER, Ph.D., Port Deposit, Md.

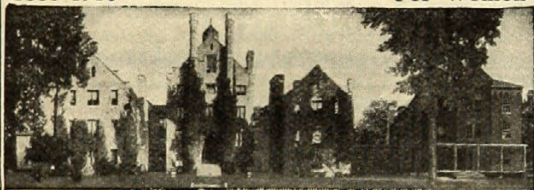
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, 122 and 124 W. Franklin Street.
Edgeworth Boarding and Day School
 For Girls. The 48th year begins Thursday, September 29th, 1910.
 MRS. H. P. LEFEBVRE } Principals.
 MISS E. D. HUNTLEY }

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND.
Kee Mar College For Women. Modern buildings, campus of ten acres, in the beautiful Cumberland Valley Preparatory. Collegiate and Special Courses, with unusual advantages in Art and Music. \$300 a year. For illustrated catalogue, address
 S. M. NEWMAN, D.D., President.

[New] Maryland College

1853-1910

For Women



Baltimore suburbs. Washington advantages. Preparatory and College Courses. Two years' course for high school graduates. A. B. and Lit. B. Degrees. Elocution; Art; School of Music. New Pipe Organ. Healthful Climate. Beautiful Campus. Outdoor Sports. Elegant Sun-Parlor. Non-sectarian. \$450 to \$600. For Catalogue and Book of Views, address Charles Wesley Gallagher, D. D., Box N, Lutherville, Md.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, Charles Street Avenue.
Notre Dame of Md. College for Women and Preparatory School for Girls. Regular and Elective Courses. Extensive grounds. Location unsurpassed. Suburbs of Baltimore. Spacious buildings, completely equipped. Beautiful new building with capacity for 150 additional pupils ready in 1910. Conducted by School Sisters of Notre Dame.

FREDERICK, MARYLAND.
The Woman's College

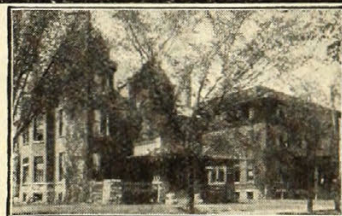
Offers a well-balanced course, including electives, leading to the B.A. degree. Strong Preparatory Department. Diplomas also granted in Music, Art and Elocution. Practical courses in Domestic Science and Physical Culture. In seeking individual development of students emphasis is placed upon personal influence of faculty. Terms \$300.
 JOSEPH H. APPLE, A.M., President.

HOUGHTON, MICHIGAN.
Michigan College of Mines Located in Lake Superior district. Mines and mills accessible for college work. For Year Book and Record of Graduates, apply to President or Secretary.
 F. W. McNAIR, President.

Stanley Hall

For Girls

Minneapolis, Minn.



Claims your attention because in reputation for fine work, for strong discipline, for breadth of courses for study, for employing only specialists as teachers, for its thorough, up-to-date equipment, for the aesthetic home environment provided and for the general care and training given its boarding pupils, this school has for 20 years ranked as one of the strongest College Preparatory Schools in the country. Since 1906 its Conservatory, having 40 instructors and 500 pupils, has afforded advantages in Music, Art and Dramatic Art unequalled by any other girls' school in the country. For catalogue of either school, address
OLIVE A. EVERS, Principal, 2160 Pleasant Avenue

LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.
Central College For Women. A short run out of Kansas City. Modern buildings on a campus of forty acres. High grade woman's college. Courses leading to A.B. and A.M. degrees. Music, Art, Expression. A very strong faculty. Moderate charges. Write for Catalogue.
 GEORGE MILES GIBSON, A.M., President.

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI.
Christian College For Young Women. 60th year. Located in "the Athens of the Southwest." College-trained, experienced instructors. 4 large, modern buildings. 20-acre campus for outdoor sports. Established patronage. Certificate admits to Eastern Colleges. For year-book, address
 MRS. LUELLA WILCOX ST. CLAIR, President.

MEXICO, MISSOURI, 1203 College Place.
Hardin College and Conservatory For Young Women. 37th year. An endowed school offering Preparatory and Junior College work. Courses in Art, Elocution, Domestic Science and Business. German-American Conservatory. German standards. Modern equipment. Catalogue.
 JOHN W. MILLION, A.M., President.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, 4288 Washington Boulevard.
Hosmer Hall A School for Girls. Offers thorough preparation, with certificate privileges to Smith, Vassar, Wellesley and other colleges; also academic and domestic science courses for girls not going to college. Music and art. 27th year. Catalogue on request.
 MISS McNAIR, Principal.



Kemper Military School, Boonville, Missouri

Oldest boys' school in Missouri but fully abreast of the times. A teacher to every ten boys. Graduates admitted to all Western Universities without examination. Modern buildings. Excellent gymnasium. Extensive grounds. Beautiful lake. All forms of athletics. Active army officer detailed. Class "A" among military schools. Full every year. "Best preparatory school in Middle West." For catalogue of interesting information, address

COL. T. A. JOHNSTON, Supt., 714 3d St., Boonville, Mo.

MANY BOYS FAIL TO PASS For College in June

often because of the "grade" system of their schools and a consequent lack of individual care. Few boys are stupid; they simply need individual assistance by able teachers: this the Groff School has supplied many years with unusual success.

It is regularly placing in college, without conditions, boys who have failed elsewhere, and having no grades nor "forms," it frequently covers the usual two years of work in a year or less.

The school now has to offer an unrivalled school plant and equipment—

The Groff Country School Deal Beach, New Jersey

—having purchased "Kildysart," the magnificent estate of the late Daniel O'Day, of the Standard Oil Company, on the New Jersey coast.

A special summer term, July 1 to September 15, will coach young men for fall college examinations. Students received for one month or longer.

The new location provides not only adequate class room and school equipment, but every comfort and convenience of the most modern home, with surf bathing, boating (on Deal Lake), golf, horseback riding and other outdoor sports.

Mr. Groff has a hundred or more of letters of approbation from parents, which he prizes highly, showing the high grade of success which he has had for twelve years.

Enrollment is limited. Separate department for boys 8 to 14 years. Fall term begins Sept. 26. Address

JOSEPH C. GROFF (A. B. and Class 1893, U. S. N. A.)
228 W. 72d Street, New York—or "Kildysart," Deal Beach, N. J.

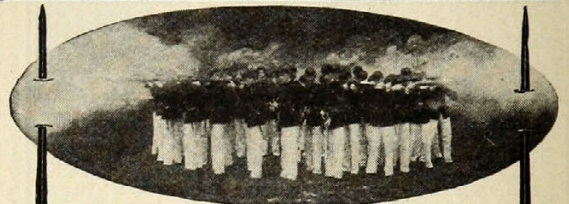


Oldest and Largest in
Middle West

Wentworth Military Academy

Government Supervision. Highest rating by War Department. Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry Drills. Courses of study prepare for Universities, Government Academies or for Business Life. Accredited by North Central Association of Schools and Colleges. Manual Training. Separate Department for small boys.

For catalogue, address
The SECRETARY, Box Y, Lexington, Mo.



Bordentown Military Institute

NEW JERSEY, BORDENTOWN-ON-THE-DELAWARE

The first aim of school life here is the building of character. We are endeavoring to make Bordentown Military Institute unexcelled in the training of boys—to give them that mental, physical and moral equipment which will fit them for the work of the world. Three courses—Scientific, Classical and English. No compromise on liquor, hazing or tobacco. Write for illustrated book and school paper. Summer Camp in Ontario Woods, Canada.

Rev. T. H. LANDON, A. M., D. D., Principal.
Lieut.-Col. T. D. LANDON, Commandant.

ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI, Box 283.

Lindenwood College For Women. Established 1831. Offers Junior College Courses. Music and Art; excellent Preparatory Department. Modern buildings throughout. Ideal climate; only 50 minutes from St. Louis. Terms \$300.

REV. GEORGE FREDERIC AYRES, Ph.D., President.

EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Phillips Exeter Academy

130th year opens September 21st, 1910. For catalogue and views, address
HARLAN P. AMEN, Principal.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

Miss Beard's School for Girls

This school is in Orange, New Jersey, one of the most healthful and beautiful of the New York suburbs. College preparatory, special and graduate courses. A new building containing a gymnasium, music and art studios, will be ready in the Fall. Separate house for younger pupils. Write for illustrated catalogue. Address

MISS BEARD.

DWIGHT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

An exceptionally good school, combining the best features of the college preparatory and finishing school, with special advantages for post-graduate work. Four buildings. Beautiful location, suburban to New York City. Certificates accepted by Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and Wells. Spacious grounds for outdoor games, Gymnasium, Tennis, riding. Address Box 605.
Miss CREIGHTON and Miss FARRAR, Principals.

KINGSLEY SCHOOL

FOR BOYS

Essex Fells, N. J.

KINGSLEY SCHOOL owes its success to the following conditions, methods and ideals:

- (1) A location classed in government reports as one of the three most healthful in the United States.
- (2) Accessible from New York and adjacent cities, but remote from their temptations. Ample grounds for athletics.
- (3) Individual training by large corps of teachers. We teach our boys *how to study* and demand their *best*.
- (4) Members of the 1910 class will enter leading universities and colleges. Seven have received all of their college preparation at Kingsley and enter thoroughly prepared at an average age of 17 years.
- (5) Athletic sports *carefully supervised* are encouraged at Kingsley, whose teams have been very successful.
- (6) We believe all school activities and influences should result in *character*. Study, athletics and school association must cooperate to develop a true manliness.

For illustrated catalogue address

J. R. CAMPBELL, M. A., Headmaster, Box 110.

IN choosing a school for your boy you place character and scholarship foremost in your requirements. So do we in selecting boys for

The Peddie Institute

OUR AIM IS: "The Best Boys' School in America"

↑ We have an endowed school with an enviable record in fitting boys for college and for life; a strong faculty of successful experience here; splendid enthusiasm among our 250 boys.
 ↑ Location nine miles from Princeton; region unsurpassed for health. Fine equipment. Sixty acres campus, athletic field, gymnasium with indoor track and swimming pool. Well-appointed laboratories, library of 9000 volumes, observatory, museum.

↑ We prepare for all colleges, law, medical and engineering schools. Thorough business course. Music.

↑ Rates \$400. Lower school for boys 11 to 14 years. Forty-fifth year opens Sept. 21, 1910. Catalogue and booklets sent on request.

R. W. SWETLAND, A. M., Principal, Box 70, Hightstown, N. J.

BLAIRSTOWN, NEW JERSEY, P. O. Box P.

Blair Academy

63rd year. Prepares for any American College. Campus 100 acres. Thorough equipment; liberal endowment justifies low rate of \$350. Opens Sept. 14th.

JOHN C. SHARPE, A. M., D. D., Principal.

SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY.

Kent Place School For Girls. Ages 14 to 19. College Preparatory and Academic Courses. Certificates admit to Vassar, Smith and Wellesley. Gymnasium. Physical Director. Beautiful grounds. Only 20 miles from New York City. Catalogue.

MRS. SARAH WOODMAN PAUL, Principal.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE, LL. D., Prest. Board of Directors.

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

The Merrill-van Laer School For 26 years in New York; now located at Princeton, N. J. A country school for girls; offering College Preparatory and Special Courses, Music and Art. After August 1st, address Princeton, N. J. Until that date, The Merrill-van Laer School, 32-34 East 57th Street, New York.

NEWTON, NEW JERSEY, Box D 7.

Newton Academy A high class home preparatory school; semi-military organization; 50 miles from N. Y. on D., L. & W. Special attention given to younger and backward boys. Academic, Classical and Commercial courses. High, healthful location. Gymnasium. Summer camp. Horseback riding. Open entire year. Rates \$400.

PHILIP S. WILSON, A. M., Principal.

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

Princeton Preparatory School College preparatory school for boys over fourteen. Progress possible because of limited number pupils (fifty) and freedom from rigid class organization. Ample grounds; modern buildings. Personal inspection invited. Address J. B. FINE, Headmaster.

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY, Box C-3.

Rutgers Preparatory School For Boys. Prepares for any college or technical school. Healthful location; 60 minutes from New York, 90 minutes from Philadelphia, on Penna. R. R. Athletics under expert coaches. Terms \$400 and up. Summer camp, Schoodic Lake, Maine. Address

MYRON T. SCUDDER, Headmaster.

FINDERNE, NEW JERSEY (one hour from New York City). Box 75.

Wilson Military Academy For Boys from 8 to 18 years. English, Academic, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Military training. Tuition, \$400, includes board, laundry, mending, use of horses. Athletic field, ½ mile riding track. Wireless telegraphy taught. For catalogue, address

CAPT. J. WILSON, U. S. V., A. M., Supt.

MONTCLAIR ACADEMY

Orange Mountains, Overlooking New York—500 Feet Elevation

24th year under present Headmaster. A College Preparatory School with modern equipment, including large new Academic Building, swimming pool, gymnasium and athletic field, Montclair Academy is an ideal school for boys; superb climate, beautiful and healthful location. Our wonderfully successful plan of individual assistance is fully explained in a booklet entitled "Your Boy and Our School," in which the Headmaster says some pointed things which will interest parents, no matter where their sons are educated. Mailed, together with our illustrated catalogue, upon request.

JOHN G. MACVICAR, A. M., 37 WALDEN PLACE, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Pennington Seminary School for BOYS

Pennington, N. J.

No longer co-educational. Prepares boys for all colleges. Classical, Scientific, English, Commercial, and Manual Training Courses. Elocution, Vocal and Instrumental Music. Pipe Organ. SEPARATE HOME JUNIOR DEPARTMENT for boys under 14. Athletic Field. Gymnasium. Competent Physical Director. Summer Camp. 73d year. Terms \$375.

For catalogue, address

J. MORGAN READ, D. D., President, Box M.

WENONAH, GLOUCESTER COUNTY, NEW JERSEY, Box 110.

Wenonah Military Academy

10 miles from Philadelphia. Noted for its high scholarship and character building. No saloons or factories in the town. Prepares for college and business. Exceptional faculty. Music and horsemanship. Infantry and Cavalry training. Largest gymnasium in State. 8-acre athletic field. Write for catalogue.

MAJOR JOHN R. JONES, Superintendent.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

FOUNDED IN 1884

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

Franklin H. Sargent, President.

For catalogue and information apply to THE SECRETARY, ROOM 148, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

VALHALLA, WESTCHESTER CO., NEW YORK. Address Box J.

Chappaqua Mountain Institute A Co-Educational Friends' School. 40th year. Occupying its beautiful new buildings at Valhalla, 25 miles from N. Y. 70 acres, 500 ft. altitude. Preparatory, Commercial, Manual Training, Music. Separate residence and Home Mother for young children. \$300—\$375 a year. Summer Camp.

CARMEL, NEW YORK, Box 110.

Drew Seminary For Young Women. General and College Preparatory Courses. Music, Art, Elocution. Domestic Science. Courses for High School Graduates. Students of all ages received. Special attention to health. Gymnasium; Outdoor Sports. Rates moderate. Address MARTHA L. HANABURGH, President.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The Lady Jane Grey School

For Girls. Twenty-eighth year. MRS. JANE GREY HYDE, MISS MARY R. HYDE, MISS JANE BREWSTER HYDE, Principals.



MANLIUS SCHOOL

Manlius, N. Y.

Saint John's School Verbeck Hall

A SCHOOL that successfully combines thorough preparation for college or business with military training. For the past six years designated by the War Department as "Distinguished Institution"—a rank attained by few military schools. Engineering course. Only body of cavalry composed entirely of boys. Summer school now in session.

WM. VERBECK, A. M., Principal.

Pascadilla

Has Prepared Over
1000 Students for Cornell

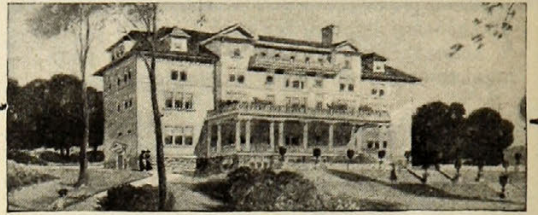
For over thirty years recognized as one of the leading institutions for preparing boys for college or life's work. President Schurman pronounces it

"One of the best preparatory institutions in the country."

Registration 1906-'10 from 41 states and 10 foreign countries. Athletic field. Recreation Building and Boat House. Gymnasium; rowing shells. Farm of 150 acres.

Terms \$660 to \$760.

C. V. PARSELL, A. M., Ithaca, N. Y.



HEATHCOTE HALL

The Misses Lockwoods' Collegiate School for Girls

Scarsdale is a beautiful country-side, among the hills of Westchester Co., forty minutes from New York City.

The school offers all the advantages of the metropolis, with fullest opportunity for wholesome outdoor life—riding, skating, field hockey, tennis, etc. Ample grounds and spacious gymnasium. Interesting courses of study, including Music and Art, and efficient College Preparation under a large corps of specialists.

Address, THE MISSES LOCKWOOD, Scarsdale, Westchester Co., N. Y.



Glen Eden

On-the-Hudson

The School Beautiful for Girls
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. In the Highlands

Vassar Preparatory and Finishing Courses, Music, Art, Elocution, Physical Culture. Outdoor life a specialty. No examinations. Ideal climate. New buildings; twelve acres. Sight seeing in New York. For booklet, address the Director, DR. FREDERIC MARTIN TOWNSEND.

TERMS: \$500 a year

NO EXTRAS

OSSINING, NEW YORK.

The Dr. Holbrook School Preparatory School for Boys. Established 1866. Situated on Briar Cliff, 500 feet above sea level. Satisfactory references as to character are necessary for enrollment. For illustrated catalogue, address THE DR. HOLBROOK SCHOOL, Ossining, N. Y.

NEW YORK, TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, Box 912.

Irving School for Boys Prepares for all colleges and scientific schools. In the historic "Irving" country, 25 miles from New York. Gymnasium, swimming pool and fine athletic field. Address

J. M. FURMAN, A.M., Head Master.

ITHACA, NEW YORK, 230 N. Cayuga Street.

Ithaca High School Prepares for any College and for Business. Has prepared over 1,000 students for 47 different colleges. Complete equipment, libraries, laboratories, 7-acre athletic field, etc. Secures all regents credentials. Students can enter any time. Tuition, \$100. For catalogue, address F. D. BOYNTON, D.Pd., Supt.

BRIARCLIFF MANOR, NEW YORK, Box J.

Miss Knox's School for Girls Course leading to a diploma; college preparation; special courses. The faculty is made up of specialists. The next school year will open on Thursday, the 6th of October. Terms \$1,000 per year. Address MISS MARY ALICE KNOX.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Broadway and 120th Street.

Horace Mann School of Teachers' College, Columbia University. Perfect appointments for all grades. Physical Education Building open on Saturday. New Athletic Field. Afternoon study hours. Open Monday, Sept. 26th. Circulars on application. SAMUEL T. DUTTON, Superintendent.

NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK, Avenue A, 63d and 64th Sts.

Have You Chosen a Profession? There are Opportunities in Medicine, especially Homœopathic Medicine. Send for Catalogue K. NEW YORK HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE AND FLOWER HOSPITAL, ROYAL S. COPELAND, A.M., M.D., Dean.

Miss C. E. Mason's Suburban School

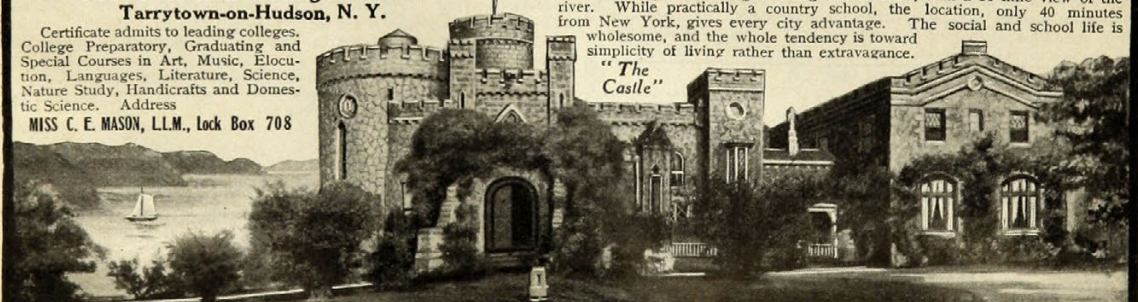
For Girls and Young Women
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Certificate admits to leading colleges. College Preparatory, Graduating and Special Courses in Art, Music, Elocution, Languages, Literature, Science, Nature Study, Handicrafts and Domestic Science. Address

MISS C. E. MASON, L.L.M., Lock Box 708

A thoroughly modern school with one teacher to three scholars, and offering courses almost as varied and broad as many of the best colleges. The buildings, five in number, are large and modern. Located in the midst of a beautiful tract of fourteen acres of grove and lawn, on one of the most magnificent heights along the Hudson, with a 30 mile view of the river. While practically a country school, the location, only 40 minutes from New York, gives every city advantage. The social and school life is wholesome, and the whole tendency is toward simplicity of living rather than extravagance.

"The Castle"



Ninety-five per cent. of recent graduates passed unconditionally the entrance examinations of the leading universities.

EQUIPPED and administered under the conditions of a well endowed school for the thorough preparation of boys for colleges, technical schools and business; with noteworthy instruction in the Bible, music, drawing and manual training.

Mackenzie School

Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson

insures the advantages of the larger school with the superior personal influences possible with an enrollment not exceeding 150 boys. 21 miles from New York, in a healthful and picturesque locality. In its whole history the school has had no epidemics and no interruption in its work from illness of any kind. \$2000 a year awarded in Memorial Scholarships to highly meritorious pupils. Every facility for careful physical training and sane athletic coaching for every boy. Gymnasium, swimming-pool, generous playgrounds. **JAMES C. MACKENZIE, Ph.D., Director**

About that Son of Yours

What are your plans for him? Are you going to send him away to school? The selection of a school then becomes an important matter. We invite you to send for our catalogue, describing Mount Pleasant Academy, founded in 1814. Here young men are *thoroughly* prepared for college. The general training develops a high sense of responsibility and manly character. Delightful home life. Manual training. The location is very healthful—and only 31 miles from New York City. If you are interested in such a school, or in MOUNT PLEASANT HALL, for boys under 13, write to

CHARLES FREDERICK BRUSIE
BOX 507
Mount Pleasant Academy
Ossining-on-Hudson, N. Y.

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

The Academy is now building and will have ready for occupancy on September 1st four large, fire-proof buildings to replace those recently destroyed by fire. These buildings when completed will constitute the most beautiful and complete military school equipment in the country, excepting only West Point, and will accommodate 300 cadets.

For Catalogue, address the Superintendent

A Superior School for Girls

This school will commend itself to parents wishing to give their daughters a broad, liberal education. It is our aim to develop each girl, not only mentally and morally, but physically also. The influences of an attractive Christian home surround the pupils.

The Ossining

School for Girls [Suburban to New York City]
Ossining-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Academic, Music, Art and College Preparatory Courses, Post Graduate and special work. Certificate privileges, Gymnasium. 43d year. **Hampton Hall**, annex of the Ossining School, for Younger Girls. Year book with views of the school on application.

Principal, CLARA C. FULLER.
Associate Principal, MARTHA J. NARAMORE.

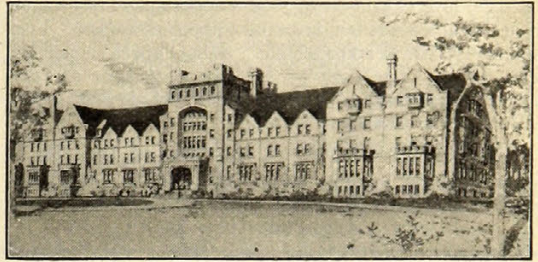
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, Box 806.

Putnam Hall Miss Bartlett's School for Girls. Offers exceptional facilities for college preparation. Offers general courses with diploma for those who do not care to attend college. Holds certificate right for all leading colleges. Catalogue on request. Address **ELLEN CLIZBE BARTLETT, Principal.**

PAWLING

Preparatory School for Boys

Founded by Dr. Frederick Luther Gamage



Location: Pawling, New York; sixty-five miles from New York City on the Harlem Division of the New York Central Railroad; seven hundred feet above sea-level; in one of the most picturesque sections of the Berkshires.

Object: To prepare boys for college and scientific schools; to foster systematic study and consistent physical development.

Equipment: Main building represents the best type of academic architecture—providing single bedrooms, infirmary, common room, study hall, dining-room, library, recitation-rooms, masters' apartments; electric light and modern sanitary appointments.

Administration: Course of instruction covers five years and is directed by men of experience and culture; general supervision by faculty of all out-door sports; relations of mutual confidence between boys and masters encouraged in all departments of school organization and discipline.

For catalogue and particulars, address

FREDERICK L. GAMAGE, D.C.L., Headmaster
Pawling, New York

PEEKSKILL ACADEMY

Founded 1833



College Preparatory. Military Organization. Over \$100,000 spent in 1909 on new buildings, Alumni Hall, etc. Inspection invited. Upper School 120, Lower School 40 (ages 11-14, separate building).

Address The Secretary, Box M, Peekskill, N. Y.

JOHN C. BUCHER, A.M.
CHARLES A. ROBINSON, Ph.D. } Principals

Rensselaer

Established 1824
Troy, N. Y.

Polytechnic Engineering and Science Institute

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.) and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses.

Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN M. NUGENT, Registrar

"A Good School"

—JOHN BURROUGHS

This description of Riverview aptly describes the school. It is a home for the development of the better kind of boys, and was designed especially to promote manliness, self-reliance, love of study, and good scholarship. The location is healthful and the buildings and equipment modern. Two courses—classical and scientific. School opens September 21st, 1910. *The completion of the 75th year of consecutive management will be fitly celebrated in June, 1911.* For catalogue, write to

JOSEPH B. BISBEE, A. M., Principal, Box 706

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, 110 Baker Avenue.

Rugby School For Boys. A school conducted for school's sake. Sends yearly 10-15 boys to College and Technical Schools. Individual instruction. Most careful attention to insure success of each boy. Takes its boys abroad during summer. Rates, \$500. Number limited. Term opens Sept. 20th. For catalogue, address
FRANK R. SHERMAN, Director.

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

St. Agnes School For Girls. Preparation for leading colleges; offers a two-years' course with diploma for graduates of High School Classical Course. Well-equipped laboratories and gymnasium. Reopens September 28th, 1910. Announcement. MISS SEABURY, Head of School. BISHOP DOANE, President Board of Trustees.

OSSINING-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

St. John's School For Manly Boys. Special opportunities for quick preparation for college. Military drill. Kindly discipline. Gymnasium. Athletic field. Swimming pool. \$500 a year covers all expenses. Catalogue.
REV. W. A. RANNEY, A.M., Pd.B., Principal.

GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

St. Mary's School A School for Girls, 18 miles from New York. Number limited. Healthful location; spacious buildings. Excellent advantages in music and art. General and college preparatory courses.
MISS MIRIAM A. BYTEL, Principal.

LAKEMONT, YATES CO., NEW YORK, Box 405.

Starkey Seminary Beautiful site on Seneca Lake. Boarding school for both sexes of 14 years and upward. Splendid training for best colleges and business. Advanced courses for young women in Art and Music. Special attention to health. Secure rooms early for Fall entrance. Rates \$250 to \$275. MARTYN SUMMERBELL, LL.D., Pres.

IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON.

The Misses Tewksbury's School

For Girls. 40 minutes from New York. Primary, Intermediate and College Preparatory.

ON the east shore of Cayuga Lake, in Aurora—a region rich in historic interest—is Wallcourt, an ideal school for girls. Its unsurpassed healthfulness and proximity to Cornell, where frequent trips are made to study its collections of architecture and museum of natural history, make

Wallcourt

Miss Goldsmith's School for Girls

(Formerly the Wells School)
Aurora-on-Cayuga, N. Y.,

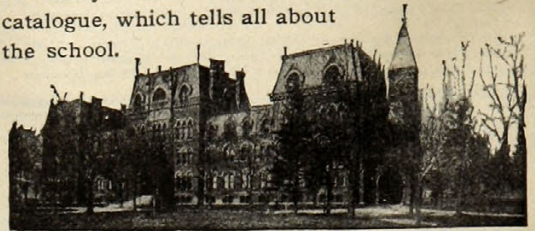
an especially desirable school for the preparation to any college. Its certificate admits students to Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Wells, and Mt. Holyoke. There is a general Academic Course for those not intending to enter college, and special courses in Art, Music and Physical Training.

A limited number of pupils makes early registration desirable. For illustrated catalogue address

MISS ANNA R. GOLDSMITH, A. B., Principal

We Know How to Teach Boys

THIS we consider the first essential of a good school. Athletic and social life are important and we give our boys the broadest kind of school training, but at St. Paul's everything is subordinated to teaching the boys how to study. And we succeed. Send for our catalogue, which tells all about the school.



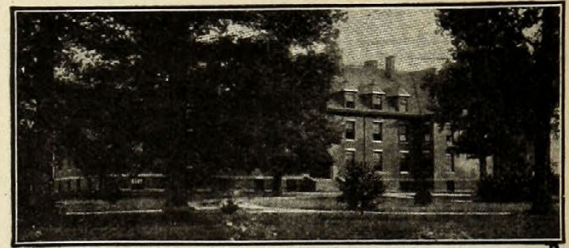
ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

Box N, Garden City, L. I. Walter R. Marsh, Head Master

FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

Wilson School for Boys

gives a thorough training to a limited number of boys of high character for the leading Universities. For Catalogue, references and information, address Headmaster.



FRONT VIEW, MAIN BUILDING

ELIZABETH COLLEGE

and Conservatory of Music. Charlotte, N. C.

A High-Grade College for Women
With its \$250,000 buildings, its large faculty of university-trained specialists, and its beautiful suburban location, midway between Asheville and Pinehurst, New York and Florida, this College ranks with best colleges for women, North or South. A. B. and Elective Graduate Courses. Music, Art, Expression. Write for catalogue
CHARLES B. KING, Pres.

GLENDALE, OHIO

Glendale College for Women Special department for younger girls. Few locations excel in beauty and healthfulness. Courses liberal, and equipment ample. Write for particulars. Regular tuition and home \$350.
MISS R. J. DEVORE, President.

GAMBIER, OHIO.

Harcourt Place School For Girls. Preparatory and special courses. Music. Healthful location in a beautiful college town. Buildings modern and surrounded by extensive grounds for outdoor recreation. For catalogue, address
MISS MERWIN, Principal.

OBERLIN, OHIO, Drawer Z.

Kindergarten Training Exceptional advantages—Lectures from Professors of Oberlin College—Courses in the College at special rates—Charges moderate. 17th year begins September 21st, 1910. For catalogue, address
SECRETARY OBERLIN KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION.

CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY of MUSIC. ESTABLISHED 1867.

Miss Clara Baur, Directress.

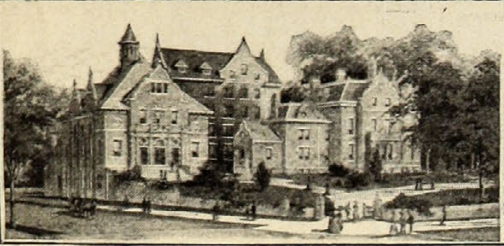
Instructs, trains and educates after the best methods of **Foremost European Conservatories**. The faculty numbers some of the **Leading Musicians and Artists of today**.

ELOCUTION MUSIC LANGUAGES

Location ideal with respect to home comfort and luxurious surroundings. **The most completely equipped buildings devoted to music in America.** Day and resident students may enter at any time. Illustrated Catalogue **FREE**.

MISS CLARA BAUR

Highland Ave., Oak St. and Burnet Ave., Cincinnati, O.



TOLEDO, OHIO, 2373 Ashland Avenue.

The Law Froebel Kindergarten Training School

This school offers to young women a grand opportunity to obtain not only a broad education, but to master a profession that will provide a means of livelihood. For circular, address **MARY E. LAW, M.D., Principal**.

GERMANTOWN, OHIO (near Dayton).

Miami Military Institute At instance of War Department now being enlarged 50%. Thorough college preparatory and courses leading to degrees. Individual instruction. Personal care. Selected boys. Com'd't U. S. Army Officer. **ORVON GRAFF BROWN, M.A., President, Box 68.**

A Refined Christian Student Home

THE Oxford College for Women at Oxford, Ohio, fulfills every requirement for an ideal Christian College. It was established in 1830.

Located in this quiet, cultured university town of delightful climate and scholarly surroundings, with a good equipment, all-inclusive study courses, small classes, experienced faculty, religious instruction, musical advantages, athletic facilities and low tuition rates, it offers a well-rounded education to girls of character and ambition.

Oxford College for Women

The college is proud of its small size, for it makes possible individual instruction and personal attention to each girl's welfare.

Parents who are considering a school for their daughters should write for the school catalogue.

JANE SHERZER, Ph. D. (Berlin), President, Box 12.

University School Cleveland, Ohio

Recognized by **Leading Eastern Colleges as One of the Best "Prep." Schools in the Country.**

For educational purposes and not for profit.

In the preparation of boys for college or business, and in the development of their character and physique this School has been very successful. Its strong faculty, its desirable location (in the finest residence section of the city) and its complete equipment make this school decidedly different from the usual city boarding school.

Each boy has his own room in the dormitory. Grounds ten acres in extent, seven-acre athletic field, gymnasium, swimming pool, and running track. Shops for manual training. A modern kitchen supplies good home cooking. Bowling alleys and other amusements are also in the dormitory.

For catalogue, address

HARRY A. PETERS, Principal, 7133 Hough Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

OSBERLIN, OHIO.

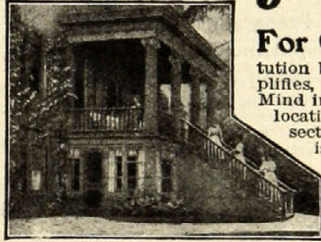
Oberlin Academy

Eighteen instructors. Thoroughly equipped to prepare for any college or scientific school. New gymnasium, new Library, new Chapel. Expenses, \$200 to \$325. Seventy-eighth year begins September 21, 1910. For catalogue apply to **JOHN F. PECK, Principal.**

COLLEGE HILL OHIO, Box 26.

Ohio Military Institute Ten miles from Cincinnati. High, beautiful location. Military drill subordinate to academic work. **Lower School for Younger Boys.** Certificate admits to colleges. Thorough physical training. **A. M. HENSHAW, Commandant.**

The Birmingham School Incorporated



For Girls Founded in 1853, this institution believes in, and exemplifies, the motto, "A Sound Mind in a Sound Body." Its location, in a high, healthful section of the Alleghenies, is at once beautiful and easy of access via the P. R. R. Buildings are surrounded by 100 acres of park land. Academic and Preparatory Courses.

Music, and Art are offered. Gymnasium and Athletic Grounds, with competent Physical director. Handsome buildings; delightful home life. Catalogue on request. **A. R. GRIER, President Box K, Birmingham, Pa.**



BISHOPTHORPE MANOR

The Mountain School for Girls.

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENNA.

CLAUDE N. WYANT, Principal

Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, Visitor

In "America's Switzerland." *No malaria.* Near New York and Philadelphia. Special buildings (brick and stone), mansion style; spacious grounds; outdoor life; superior table. "The kind of school girls like." Music. Art. Elocution. 44th year. Address Secretary for booklets.

Terms \$500 a Year. No "extras"

BELLEFONTE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Bellefonte Academy Ideally located in the mountains in the "Home of Governors." 105th year.

Certificate admits to leading colleges. Experienced instructors give individual attention. Wholesome, moral influence. New buildings, gymnasium and athletic field. Champion athletic teams. For illustrated catalog, address **JAMES R. HUGHES, A.M., Headmaster**

CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA, Box 26.

Conway Hall Founded 1783. Prepares thoroughly for any college or technical school. New athletic field and well-equipped gymnasium. Rates, \$350. Special Scholarships.

GEORGE EDWARD REED, President.

For particulars apply to **W. A. HUTCHISON, Ped.D., Headmaster.**

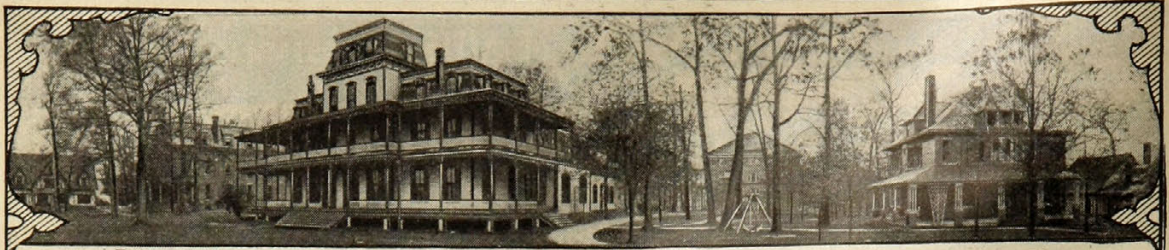
Swarthmore Preparatory School

A Co-educational Institution, beautifully located and only 24 minutes from Philadelphia. Under the management of Friends. Excellent Faculty. Qualifies students for College, Technical School, or Business.



Record for health unsurpassed. Students are housed under Cottage System. Modern Stone Buildings. Gymnasium and swimming pool; athletic field and running track. Board and Tuition, \$500. Year book free.

ARTHUR H. TOMLINSON, HEAD MASTER, SWARTHMORE, PA



23rd Year KISKIMINETAS SPRINGS SCHOOL For Boys
SALTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Situation: 50 miles East of Pittsburgh, overlooking confluence of two rivers. Elevation, 1000 feet. Remarkable health record. **Campus:** beautiful park of 60 acres, fine athletic fields, tennis courts, and golf links. **Buildings:** steam heat, electric light, modern plumbing and baths, pleasant rooms comfortably furnished, private steam laundry and power plant. **New Gymnasium,** swimming pool, bowling alleys. **Influence** and moral standards first considerations. **Scholarship** meets the most advanced requirements of American colleges and outside class room in methods of study. **English Course,** for boys not going to college, valuable preparation for business career. Address **The Secretary**

PENNSYLVANIA
Military College

CHESTER, Pennsylvania.



Degrees in Civil Engineering (C.E.);
 Chemistry (B.S.); Arts (A.B.)

Preparatory Department:

Thorough instruction in elementary studies.

Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry

Our Aim—Greatest Efficiency.

A national reputation for excellence of
 system and character of results.

Catalogues of

Col. CHARLES E. HYATT, President.

49th Year
 begins
 Sept. 21st,
 1910.

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

Franklin and Marshall Academy Founded 1787. Enters about 40 boys to colleges each year. Beautiful grounds. Modern, sanitary dormitories. Laboratories, gymnasium, athletic field. \$125.00 in recent improvements. Good health record. Terms moderate. Catalogue.

T. G. HELM, A.M., and E. M. HARTMAN, A.M., Principals.

CONCORDVILLE, DELAWARE CO., PENNSYLVANIA, Box 86.

Maplewood Near Philadelphia. 49th year. Wakes up boys to duties of life. \$375. Dept. for little boys, 12 yrs. and under, \$325. Limited to 40 boys. College or business. No tobacco. No hazing. Fine gym. Vacation from June 4th to Sept. 16th, with or without instruction, \$110. All out door sports. J. SHORTLIDGE, A.M., Yale, Principal.

MERCERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Mercersburg Academy

We not only thoroughly prepare boys for College, Technical School or Business, but we build up their character. Every effort is made to develop self-reliance, quick perception, good judgment and other qualities that make men of action and thought. A boy's mental, moral and physical welfare have the personal interest of every teacher. Send for our catalogue and booklet "The Spirit of Mercersburg." They will prove vastly interesting and beneficial to the parent confronted with the education of his boy. Address

WILLIAM MANN IRVINE, Ph.D., President.

CHAMBERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Penn Hall A thoroughly good preparatory school for young women. Also strong Seminary Course. Rates \$325.00, including Languages, Elocution, Art, and Voice in class. All rooms have private baths. Beautiful location on Wilson College Campus. Catalogue on request.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

Pennsylvania College

For Women. A high-grade college, with courses of study broad and modern, and offering opportunities for a liberal education with high ideals. Unusual opportunities for the study of music. Instructors foreign trained. Buildings constructed after most approved plans. The location in the best residence (Woodland Road) section of the city has the advantages of both city and country life, with the disadvantages of neither. Affords delightful social life. Dilworth Hall, a boarding school fitting girls for all colleges—same management. For catalogue of either school, address

HENRY D. LINDSAY, D.D., President.

"A thorough and honest school, the kind of school to which sensible parents desire to send their sons."—BISHOP WHITAKER.

St. Luke's School For BOYS

WAYNE, PA., 14 miles from Philadelphia.

For forty-seven years (26 years under present headmaster) St. Luke's has been eminently successful as a school for boys.

Its attractive home life and careful individual instruction promote contentment and high scholarship.

Buildings all new, specially planned to meet every requirement. Locality remarkable for healthfulness, natural beauty and freedom from undesirable influences.

Gymnasium with swimming pool and shower baths. Grounds of 30 acres, including large athletic field with quarter mile cinder track and facilities for outdoor games.

Boys prepared for any college or for business. Terms \$800 a year. For illustrated catalogue address

CHARLES HENRY STROUT, A.M., Headmaster

PENNSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, Box 107.

Perkiomen Seminary Co-educational. New buildings, new gymnasium, campus, athletic field. Small classes. Honor men in 30 colleges. Music, Elocution. Strongly moral. No profanity, liquor, tobacco or hazing. \$250 to \$350. Catalogue free. REV. O. S. KRIEBEL, D.D., Principal.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Grant Boulevard.

University of Pittsburgh

New location, near Schenley Park and Carnegie Institute. New buildings and new laboratories completely equipped. Unusual advantages offered for study in the following schools: College of Liberal Arts, Graduate, Astronomy, Engineering, Mining, Education, Economics and Finance, Medicine, Law, Dentistry, Pharmacy. Students in the School of Engineering and the School of Mines are given practical work by the cooperative plan in the manufacturing plants of Pittsburgh. Unexcelled clinical advantages for students of medicine. For catalogue, address S. B. LINHART, Secretary.

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Walnut Lane School For Girls. 54th year. General and college preparatory courses. Special course for high school graduates. Domestic science. Accredited by leading colleges. Catalogue and View Book upon request.

FRANK S. MAGILL, A.M., Principal.

WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

Washington Seminary Established 1836. Boarding and Day School for Girls. General, College Preparatory and Special Courses. Music and Art. Gymnasium, Tennis and Basket Ball. Certificate admits to leading Colleges. For catalogue, address MISS LILLIAN M. ROSENKRANS, Principal.

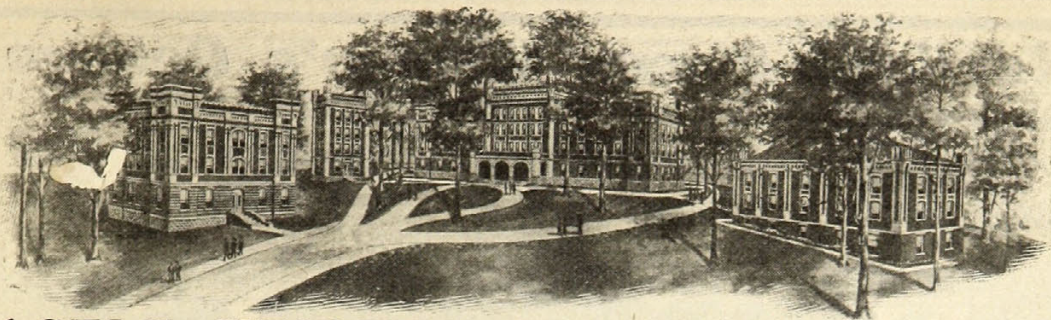
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA, Box 908.

Williamsport Dickinson Seminary

Co-educational. College Preparatory, Commercial, Scientific, Classical courses. Music, Art. \$300 per year. No extras. Two gymnasiums. Term opens September 13th. WM. PERRY EVELAND, Ph.D.

KINGSTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

Wyoming Seminary Founded in 1844. Co-educational. College Preparatory and Business Courses. Departments of Music, Art and Oratory. Fine buildings. Beautiful location. Yearly rates, \$350. 66th year opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on request. Address L. L. SPRAGUE, D.D., LL.D., President.



CASTLE HEIGHTS SCHOOL, LEBANON, TENNESSEE

An institution that has achieved national distinction in a decade. At the forefront of Southern schools in character-building, Equipment and Clean Sportsmanship. Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Number limited to 150 guarantees individual attention. Certificate admits to prominent colleges, North and South. Healthful location. No saloons. Cigarettes prohibited. Gymnasium; swimming pool. Magnificent athletic field; cinder track, gridiron, diamond, etc. Rates \$350. For catalog and information address THE HEAD MASTERS, Box 8



1787-1910 Washington and Jefferson Academy



A preparatory boarding school for boys. Prepares for all colleges, universities and technical schools. Tutorial system. Located in the foothills of the Alleghenies, where the climate is healthful and invigorating. Commodious, fireproof dormitory. A separate master is assigned to each group of ten students. Large, splendidly equipped gymnasium. Athletic field. One hundred twenty-third year opens Sept. 21, 1910.

Lower School for boys under 14. The younger boys live in a separate cottage, under the direct charge of one of the masters. For catalogue, address

JAMES N. RULE, Principal, Box E Washington, Pa.

Wilson College

FOR WOMEN
Chambersburg, Pa.

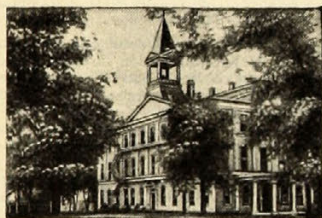
An institution that compares favorably with the highest grade women's colleges in the country. Four years' course leading to degree A. B. A finely equipped music department affords many advantages for the study of both vocal and instrumental music. Art department. Faculty of 33 experienced teachers. Fourteen buildings with all modern improvements. Fifty acres of grounds. Healthful location. Terms moderate. For catalog address

M. H. REASER, Ph.D., President,
21 College Avenue

Westminster College

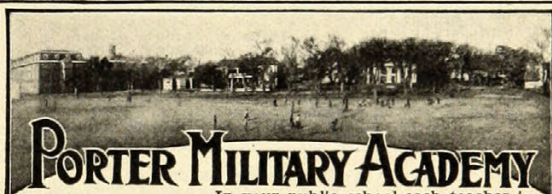
NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Nine miles from New Castle, Pa. Co-educational. Opens its 59th year September 14th. A college combining



Classical, Scientific and Philosophical Courses, Art, Music and Oratory, with pure morality and Christian enthusiasm. Special Teacher-training and College Preparatory Courses. Large faculty. Latest equipment. Healthful and beautiful location. For catalogue, write

Robert M. Russell, D.D., LL.D., Pres., Box 27.



PORTER MILITARY ACADEMY

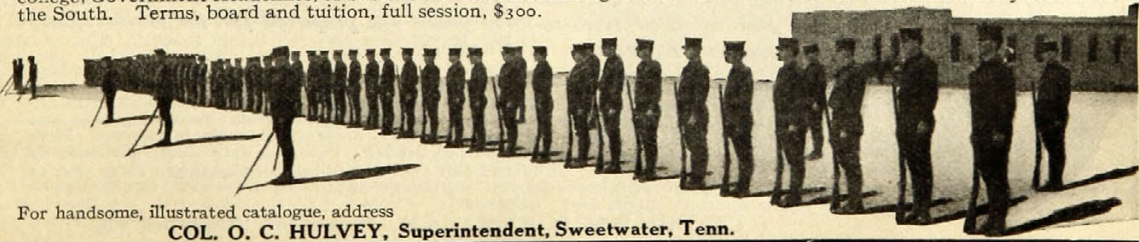
Offers a
Training
No Public
School
Can Give

In your public school each teacher is obliged to look after many pupils, and attention is paid to the group rather than to the individual. Here your boy will receive an education that is carefully planned and fully rounded out. Thorough preparation for college—Languages, Science, History, Music and Mechanical Drawing, Commercial Course, Military Training. Large buildings. Athletic field. Gymnasium, with swimming pool. Board tuition, etc., \$250. Two from one family, \$450. Lower School, with separate dormitory for young boys, 10 to 14. For catalogue, address

Rev. Walter Mitchell, B. D., Rector, Box C, Charleston, S. C.

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

A school of national patronage. On main line of Southern Ry. in mountains of East Tennessee, the Switzerland of America. Most healthful climate in U. S. 35 states represented past session. New buildings designed especially for a military school. Up-to-date equipment. Steam heat, electric lights, running water from fine spring in every room. Gymnasium, bowling alleys, athletic field, campus of 45 acres. All forms of healthful outdoor exercise. Encampments in mountains, practice marches, cavalry trips. Thorough class work. Individual instruction. Prepares for college, Government Academies, or business. Social surroundings ideal. One of the most successful military schools in the South. Terms, board and tuition, full session, \$300.



For handsome, illustrated catalogue, address

COL. O. C. HULVEY, Superintendent, Sweetwater, Tenn.

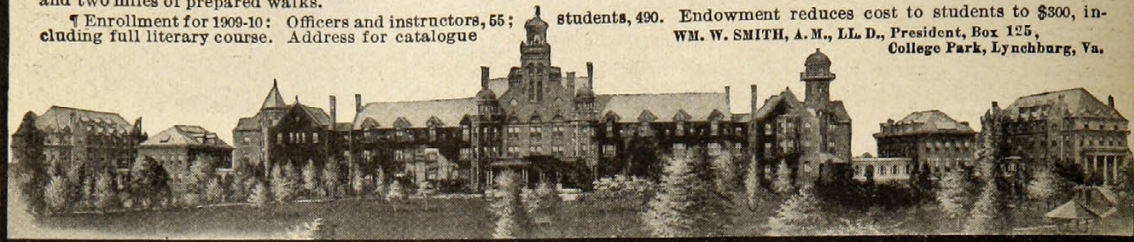
Randolph-Macon Woman's College

Lynchburg, Va.

¶ The U. S. Commissioner of Education reports statistics of 126 colleges for women of which he ranks 16 in "Division A," including Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

¶ The College is endowed and well equipped for college work. Campus of 50 acres environed by beautiful mountains, four separate laboratories; library; astronomical observatory; sky-lit art studio; music rooms, etc. Full courses in music and art. Full scientific course in physical development, with new gymnasium, swimming pool, large athletic grounds, and two miles of prepared walks.

¶ Enrollment for 1909-10: Officers and instructors, 65; students, 490. Endowment reduces cost to students to \$300, including full literary course. Address for catalogue
WM. W. SMITH, A. M., LL. D., President, Box 125, College Park, Lynchburg, Va.



COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

College for Women

Grants the degrees of A.B. and A.M. Departments of Music, Art, Domestic Science, etc. Well-equipped buildings. Out-of-door exercise. Beautiful location. Catalogue on request. Address
E. E. McCLINTOCK, A. B., President, Box I.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Ward Seminary For Girls and Young Women. 46th year. Seminary and Special Courses. College Preparation. Conservatory of Music. 175 Boarding Pupils. Complete appointments. City advantages. Outdoor sports. Delightful climate. For catalog, address
J. D. BLANTON, LL. D., President.

FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA.

Augusta Military Academy (Roller's School). In the famous Shenandoah Valley. A country school with modern equipment. Electric lights. Steam heat. Gymnasium, containing bowling alley, swimming pool, etc. Experienced instructors. 36 years of successful work. For catalog, address Fort Defiance, Va.

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

Mary Baldwin Seminary For Young Ladies. Term begins Sept. 8th, 1910. In Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. 296 students from 33 States past session. Terms Moderate. Enter any time. Send for catalogue.
Miss E. C. WEIMAR, Principal.

WARRENTON, VIRGINIA (50 miles from Washington.)

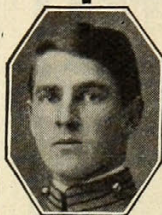
Bethel Military Academy Oldest Preparatory School in Virginia. Small, select and economical, developing cultured Christian manhood in sound bodies. Full courses. Able instructors. Personal teaching. Charges, \$250 yearly. For catalogue, address
COL. WM. M. KEMPER, Superintendent.

BOWLING GREEN, VIRGINIA, Box 482.

Bowling Green Seminary For Girls and Young Women. Terms, including tuition and board, \$167.50. 44th year. Branch of the Southern Seminary System. In one of the beautiful and historic towns of Virginia. Strong faculty. Certificate to leading colleges. Phenomenal health. Address
REV. C. K. MILLICAN, A. B., Principal.

Fishburne Military School

Waynesboro, Virginia



A school for manly boys. Noted for its able instructors, thorough work and its high standard of scholarship. Prepares for University and business life. Beautiful and healthful location near the Blue Ridge Mountains; altitude 1,300 feet. Modern equipment. Rates moderate. For catalogue, address

JAS. A. FISHBURNE, A. B., Principal, Box 265

DANVILLE, VIRGINIA, Box 103.

The Danville School For Boys. Splendid opportunity to prepare for University or Technical School. Healthful location. Fine buildings; modern equipment. Increasing attendance. Board and Tuition, \$300 a year. Write at once for illustrated catalogue, giving full information. WM. HOLMES DAVIS, A. B., Headmaster.

MANASSAS, VIRGINIA (The Battlefield City), Box D.

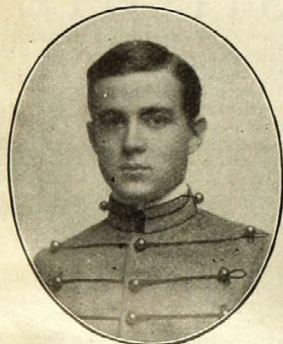
Eastern College For Young Men and Women. Five four-year courses, each leading to A. B. degree. Honor High School graduates finish same in three years. Preparatory, Music, Art, Expression and Domestic Science Courses. Modern buildings. Healthful climate. Non-denominational. \$225 a year. Catalogue.
HERVIN U. ROOP, Ph. D., LL. D., President.

WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

Fort Loudoun Seminary For higher culture of young women. Delightful location in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Literary and business courses. Special advantages in Music, Art, Languages. Gymnasium and all outdoor exercises. Terms \$250. Opens Sept. 14th. For catalogue, address
MISS KATHERINE R. GLASS, Principal.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

Hampton College Preparatory school for girls, admitting by certificate to best colleges. Special courses in Music and Art. Mild and healthful climate, historic and beautiful surroundings. Ten minutes' ride from Old Point Comfort. For catalogue and further particulars, address
MISS FITCHETT.



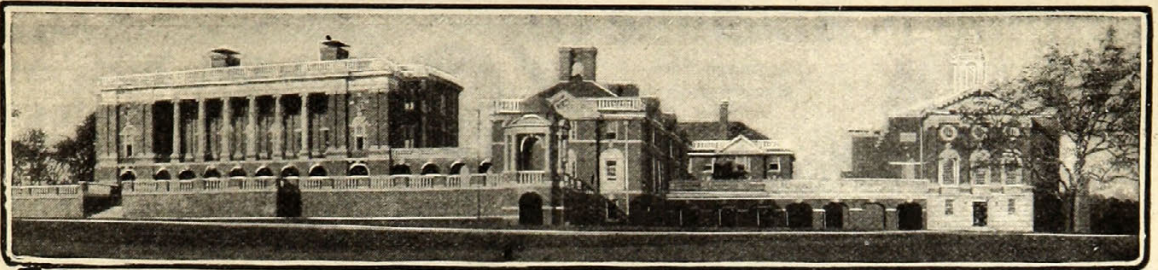
STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

370 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the South. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies, or Business.

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring waters. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Fine, shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. All manly sports encouraged. Daily drills and exercises in open air. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our Tutorial system. Standards and traditions high. Academy fifty years old. New \$100,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges \$360. Handsome catalogue free. Address,

CAPTAIN WM. H. KABLE, A. M., Principal, Staunton, Va.



Sweet Briar College

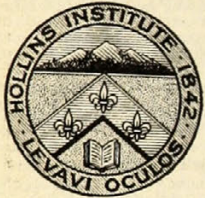
for women was opened in September, 1906. It is located in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains on an estate of three thousand acres. To the old homestead of its founder, Sweet Briar House, new and magnificent buildings have been added. The conditions for health are unsurpassed. In addition, two years of preparatory work, corresponding to the last two years of a high school course, are offered. Sweet Briar is on the main line of the Southern Railway, south of Washington. The fifth college year opens Sept. 20th, 1910. Catalogue and views sent on application to

DR. MARY K. BENEDICT, President, Box 110, Sweet Briar, Virginia.

HOLLINS

INSTITUTE

Founded 1842



A College for young women. Four years of College work. Elective and Preparatory Courses, Music, Art, etc. Located in the Valley of Virginia, the property covering 500 acres, seven miles north of Roanoke. The invigorating mountain climate and picturesque scenery combine to render this location an ideal one for a school. The seven main buildings are of brick with modern equipment. The college has its own water system supplied by mountain springs. Mineral springs of valuable medicinal qualities on the grounds.

For catalogue, address
MISS MATTY L. COCKE, Pres., Box 309, Hollins, Va.

BEDFORD CITY, VIRGINIA.

Randolph-Macon Academy For Boys and Young Men. Fits for college, scientific schools or business. Work endorsed by over 30 colleges and universities. Beautiful and healthful location. Athletic grounds; gymnasium. Terms only \$230. No extras. For catalogue, address E. SUMTER SMITH, Prin.

DANVILLE, VIRGINIA, Box F.

Roanoke Institute For young women. Preparatory and Collegiate work in Languages, Mathematics, Science, Music, Art and Elocution. Christian influences; carefully-chosen Faculty. Brick buildings, modern appointments; healthful, attractive location. Tuition and board \$189. Catalogue. JNO. B. BREWER, A. M., Pres.

DAYTON, VIRGINIA (Near Washington, D. C.), Box 103.

Shenandoah Collegiate Institute and School of Music. Co-educational. College preparatory. Broad variety of musical courses including pipe organ and orchestra. Piano tuning. Certificate admits to University of Virginia and other colleges. Terms: \$150 to \$200, including board and tuition.



SOUTHERN FEMALE COLLEGE

\$250 to \$350. Historic School for Girls, after highest Virginia Standards. Social Training. Ideal climate and location. Five Buildings with Gymnasium. Preparatory, College and Finishing Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science. Students from 20 states. 48th year book. Arthur Kyle Davis, A.M., Box 207, Petersburg, Va.

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

Stuart Hall Formerly Virginia Female Institute. Church School for Girls in Blue Ridge Mountains. Intermediate and College Preparatory. New Gymnasium and Infirmary. 67th Session. Unusual advantages in Music. Address
MARIA PENDLETON DUVAL, Principal.

Southern Seminary



43rd Year. For Girls and Young Women.

Location—Beautifully and healthfully located in famous Valley of Virginia, near Natural Bridge, in a section noted for its natural scenery and wonderful winter climate. Elevation 1100 feet. Pure, bracing mountain air. Outdoor life in extensive grounds. Tennis, basket ball, boating, riding and driving, tobogganing, skating, etc., under trained Director. **Notable health record.** Not a serious case of illness in many years. See catalogue for particulars.

The School—\$100,000 equipment. "Handsomest school building in the State." University specialists. Students from twenty states and foreign countries. Highest Standard College Preparatory and Finishing. Full courses of one and two years for high school graduates. Lower school for girls 10 to 14. Art, Elocution. Conservatory advantages in Music.

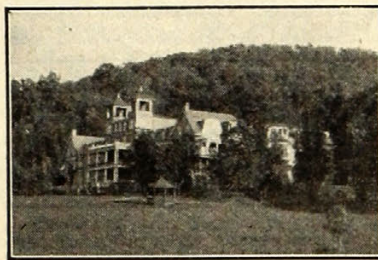
The Home—For decades this institution has made the girl realize that she has in it real

Home Life in the Modern School, giving her home and friends in place of those left, freedom of association with faculty and students and personal attention to her whole life, to health, manners and character, as well as to mind, the whole aim being to make her the finest woman. Handsome Catalogue and Book on the Home Life Free. Two railroads. Rate \$260.00. **ADDRESS SOUTHERN SEMINARY, BOX 883 BUENA VISTA, VA.**

Virginia College

For Young Ladies. **ROANOKE, VA.**

Opens Sept. 29th, 1910. One of the leading schools in the South. Modern buildings. Campus of ten acres. Located in Valley of Virginia, famed for health and beauty of scenery.



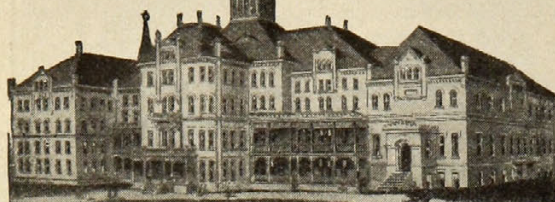
Elective, Preparatory and College Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, under the direction of European and American instructors. Students from 32 States. For catalogue address

MATTIE P. HARRIS, President, Roanoke, Va.
Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-Pres.

Virginia Institute

Select School For Girls

Patronage from Many States



This school has an ideal location—altitude of 1900 feet with a climate similar to that of Asheville, N. C. The grounds are beautiful, and the four-story brick and stone building contains 165 rooms with all modern equipments. University and Conservatory trained teachers. Music school of 200 pupils, with 28 new pianos. Fine Art Department. Board and regular course \$200 to \$300. For Catalog address Pres. J. T. HENDERSON, M. A., Box 119, Bristol, Virginia.

ALDERSON, WEST VIRGINIA, Box 583.

Alleghany Collegiate Institute For Young Men and Women. Terms, including board and tuition, \$187.50. Branch of the Southern Seminary System. In the beautiful Greenbrier Valley. Delightful climate. Lower School for younger pupils. Boating, etc. Splendid health. Strong faculty.

REV. L. S. SHIRES, A. B., Principal.

CHARLES TOWN, WEST VIRGINIA.

Powhatan College Largest woman's college in the State. College preparatory and full college courses; Music, Art, Elocution. Teacher's and Business Courses. Healthful location, near Washington, D. C. Rates \$250, and upward. Catalogue. Address S. P. HATTON, A. M., LL. D., President.

FOREIGN

EUROPE.

The Thompson-Baldasseroni **School of Travel for Girls** spends the whole school year abroad in study and travel. Usual courses. Music no extra. Girls sail in October in charge of the Principal, Mrs. Ada Thompson-Baldasseroni, Wellesley, B. S. Tenth year. MRS. WALTER SCOTT, Sec'y, 158 Central Ave., Dover, N. H.

CAMPS

ORLEANS, MASSACHUSETTS (near the sea).

Camp Portanimituc Eleventh summer. Carefully selected, limited membership. Excellent table. Tennis, Baseball, Track Events, Tramping, Swimming. Learning the technicalities of salt-water sailing on a large, but unusually safe, nearly landlocked inlet or bay. A summer of real accomplishment. Address

DR. G. F. WHITE, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

School Information

FREE Catalogue of all boarding schools in United States, and expert advice sent free. State kind of school (or camp) wanted. AMERICAN (BOARDING) SCHOOL ASSOCIATION 935 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, or 1515 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

WHAT SCHOOL

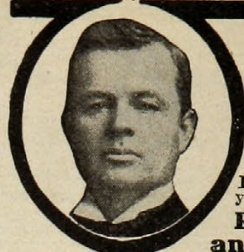
There is only one best school for each boy or girl. Write fully what kind of school you seek, location preferred, expense limit for school year, etc., and you will receive, free of charge, catalogues of schools meeting the requirements indicated. Complete 252 page Directory of all schools and colleges in the United States, mailed for 10c to cover postage. EDUCATIONAL AID SOCIETY, School Information Bureau, 1142-51 First Nat. Bank Bldg., Chicago

STAMMERING MUST BE CORRECTED

Or it may grow worse and ruin your whole life and character. Do not delay but come to me. My natural, scientific, sensible methods have been successful for many years. Call or write for booklet. Open all summer. F. A. Bryant, M. D., 62 B West 40th Street, New York

WE START YOU IN A PERMANENT BUSINESS with us and furnish everything. We have new easy selling plans and reasonable leaders in the Mail Order line to keep our factories busy. No canvassing. Small capital. You pay us out of the business. Large profits. Spare time only required. Personal assistance. Write today for plans, positive proof and sworn statements.

Pease Mfg. Co., 1162 Pease Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.



I Can Increase Your Earnings

If you want an independent business of your own requiring no capital, mail your name and address and let me send you our Big Free 62-Page Book showing how you may earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year in the

Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance Business

Our system is a positive success. It equips you to conduct these money making branches, and gives you a valuable Commercial Law Course Free. Clerks, Book Keepers, Salesmen, Agents, Solicitors and others should investigate this. Send no money, simply your name and address and I will mail you our Big 62-Page Book, absolutely free. Write today. The Cross Co., 4054 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Salesmen Wanted

Traveling Salesmen earn from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year and expenses. Over 600,000 employed in the United States and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen always exceeds the supply. We will teach you to be one by mail and assist you to get a good position. We maintain the largest FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU in the world and receive calls for thousands of Salesmen. We have assisted thousands of other men to secure good positions and better salaries and we can help you. Hundreds of our graduates who formerly earned \$25 to \$75 a month have since earned from \$100 to as high as \$1,000 a month and expenses. Thousands of positions now open. If you want to secure one of them and increase your earnings, our free book "A Knight of the Grip" will show you how. Write (or call) for it today. Address nearest office

Dept. 413 National Salesmen's Training Association Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis San Francisco, Atlanta.

Government Positions

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



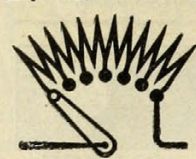
If YOU Would Be Successful Stop Forgetting

MEMORY the BASIS of All KNOWLEDGE

THE KEY TO SUCCESS You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Send today for my free book "How to Remember"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking, Increases income. Sent absolutely free—Address DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL 753 AUDITORIUM BLDG., CHICAGO

District of Columbia, Washington, D. C., 35 Takoma Avenue.

ELECTRICITY



Bliss Electrical School is the oldest and best school in the world teaching ELECTRICITY exclusively. Course complete

IN ONE YEAR

Students actually construct Dynamos, Motors and electrical instruments. Graduates hold good positions. Eighteenth year opens September 21. Send for free Catalog.



LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Earn \$25 to \$100 a Week

We will teach you by correspondence, the most fascinating and profitable profession in the world. Send for our beautiful prospectus. It's FREE.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL

Address Dept. 665 Page Bldg., Chicago either office Dept. 665 150 Nassau St., New York

(?) WHERE-TO-GO *Bureau* 3 BEACON ST. BOSTON.

SEATTLE WASH.

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

WASHINGTON ANNEX
Absolutely fireproof. 200 superb outside rooms. Minute's walk from business center. Suites for families and parties. European plan \$1.50 up. *

NEW YORK

Hotel Earle, 103 Waverly Pl. (a) 5th Ave. & Washington Sq. New & homelike. Temperance Hotel. Room with bath, \$1.50; with meals, \$3. Booklet. *

Latham, 5th Ave. and 28th St. New fireproof hotel. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms; \$1.50 and up. With bath, \$2 up. * Booklet. H. F. Ritchey, Mgr.

The D.H. "A SUMMER PARADISE" covers Northern New York Resorts: Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Adirondacks, etc. Send 6c postage for ill. descriptive book 360 pp. with particulars of Hotels, etc. Address "Summer Paradise," Albany, N. Y.

PROSPECT HOUSE

Shelter Island Heights, L. I., N. Y. Golf, tennis, yachting, bathing, garage, delightful climate, pure water; mountain and shore combined; booklet. E. T. Langworthy.

MANSHION HOUSE AND COTTAGES. Fisher's Island, N. Y. Seashore & country—sound and ocean. All outdoor sports. Booklet. Hotel Arlington, 16 W. 25th St., N. Y. *

NEW HOTEL "BEACONCREST"
Mt. Beacon, Mattawam, N. Y. Finest view on the Hudson River, overlooking Newburgh Bay, pure air, sparkling spring water. Cottage sites to rent. Send for Booklet. E. S. Whitney, Mgr. *

The Lakeside, Thompson's Lake, Helderberg Mountains, N. Y. Best equipped mountain resort in state. Water sports, tennis, baseball, autoing, bowling, dancing, etc. Inducements June & Sept. Booklet. J. M. Oaks, Mgr.

HOTELS UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT

DEVON INN, Devon, Pa., near Phila., May 14 to Nov. 1. Floral Cafe, motoring, golf, polo, tennis, horse shows, orchestra. Special rates, July and August.

ATLANTIC and SEASIDE HOTELS, Ocean City, Md. June 25 to Oct. 31. Seashore, golf, tennis, orchestra, etc.

RED SWAN INN, Warwick, N. Y. June 15 to Nov. 1. Motoring distance from New York. Golf, tennis, orchestra.

SUNSET PARK INN, Haines Falls, N. Y. in the Catskills. June 25 to Oct. 31. Ideal mountain vacation country, no hay-fever. Canoeing, fishing, golf, tennis, motoring, orchestra.

Booklets and rates of each hotel on request. Address AMERICAN RESORT HOTEL CO. A. Stanley Stanford, Pres. 1415 Arch St., Phila.

IF GOING TO ATLANTIC CITY send 2ct. Stamp for Free 32-page Hotel Guide with rates, City Map, and all attractions. Hotel Bureau, Box 885, Atlantic City, N. J.

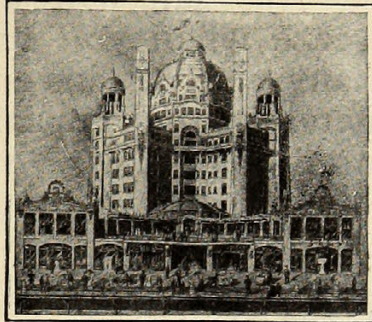
* Write for further information.

The Seashore Hotel that is "Different"

HOTEL NASSAU

Long Beach, L. I., New York
On the finest Atlantic Beach north of Florida. Only 25 miles from New York. FIREPROOF. Running sea water in all baths. European plan only. A first-class city hotel at the seashore. *
Conducted by MERRY & BOOMER. Also managers of Hotel Lenox, Boston.

ATLANTIC CITY N. J.



Atlantic City. MARLBOROUGH-BLENHEIM.

Above illustration shows but one section of this magnificent and sumptuously fitted hotel—the Open Air Plaza and Enclosed Solariums overlook the Board-walk and the Ocean. The environment, convenience and comforts of the Marlborough-Blenheim and the invigorating climate at Atlantic City make this the ideal place for a Summer sojourn. Always open. Write for handsomely illustrated booklet. Josiah White & Sons Company, Proprietors and Directors. *

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

BALTIMORE MD.

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

BOSTON MASS.

Hotel Brunswick. Beautifully and Conveniently located. European plan. Rooms from \$1.50 per day and up, with Bath \$1.00 Extra. Booklet. Herbert H. Barnes. *

CHICAGO ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel

Finest Hotel on the Great Lakes
American or European Plan. An ideal resort, uniting city gaieties with the quiet of country and seashore, delightfully situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, close to the great South Park and but 10 minutes' ride from the theater and shopping district. Cool, refreshing breezes—smooth, sandy bathing beach—every comfort and convenience—all summer attractions. Tourists, transients and summer guests find hearty welcome. For booklet address Manager, 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore, Chicago.

LONG BEACH CAL.

HOTEL VIRGINIA, California's magnificent *Hostelry*. American Plan. FIREPROOF. COOL OCEAN BREEZES. GOLF, etc. BOOKLET FREE. Managed by CARLETON GILBERT. *

WASHINGTON D. C.

The Hotel Driscoll in Washington is popular with tourists because it is liberally conducted and convenient to all points of interest. Near Union Station. Faces United States Capitol. Free baths with each room. American plan \$2.50 up. European plan \$1.00 up. Write for colored view card.

COME TO PORTLAND MAINE "The Vacation City"

For information address
M. C. RICH Sec'y Board of Trade
44 Exchange St., Portland, Maine

West End Hotel (a) Facing Union Station. Our own farm & dairy supplies. Center for Tourists. Garage. H. M. Castner, Portland. Booklet. *

RANCELEY LAKES

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL & COTTAGES. (A) In forest on lake shore. Garage. Water sports, fishing, hunting in season. Guides secured in advance. LEWIS G. BOWLEY, Mountain View, Me. Booklet. *

MINGO SPRING HOTEL & CAMPS. (A) Shore Oquossoc Lake. Auto parties. Boating, canoeing, bathing, fishing. Guides. Outdoor sports. Fine spring. A. L. PERHAM, Ranceley, Me. Booklet. *

YORK'S LOON LAKE CAMPS. Easily accessible. Best fishing. Big and small game. Boats, canoes, guides. G. Lewis York, Ranceley, Me. Booklet.

DEAD RIVER REGION

King & Bartlett Lakes & Spencer Stream Camps. (A) Deep in woods. Sportsmen guaranteed 4 lb. trout on fly. Game large and small. Log cabin village. HARRY N. PIERCE, Spencer, Me. Booklet. *

GREENE'S FARM & COTTAGES. (A) An ideal summer home. Region's auto center. Fine roads. Fly fishing. A. M. Savage, Stratton, Me. Booklet. *

Holly Beach, N. J. The very best bathing, fishing, fishing, boating, all amusements. Splendid hotels. Moderate rates, or take a cottage. Enjoyable vacation assured. Illustrated booklet. Secretary Board of Trade. *

Vermont Vacation Resorts
150 Page Illustrated Book. Full information in regard to Summer Resorts in Vermont and shores Lake Champlain with hotel, farm and village home accommodations. Prices \$7 per week and up. Send 6c stamps for mailing. Address, Summer Homes, No. 1, St. Albans, Vt.

Summer Excursions—Colorado Rockies, Grand Canyon Arizona, Yosemite, California seashore. Ideal tours through Southwest Enchanted Land. Low fares on Santa Fé. Illus. folders on request. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., A. T. & S. F. Ry. Sys., 1079 Ry. Exch., Chicago

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

OST The only professions in which the demand exceeds the supply. We equip you for practice anywhere. No classes; individual instruction. Courses embrace Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law, Cost Accounting, Bookkeeping and Business Practice. Write for Booklet F.
UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, DEPT. F.
Lebort Bldg., 5th Ave. & 23rd St., New York
RECOGNIZED ACCOUNTANCY SCHOOL OF THE WORLD.

MONEY-BRAINS

We find capital to develop Inventions, Patents, Novelties, Manufacturing Industries, Partnerships, Water Rights Mining Properties, or Mail Order Business of any legitimate character. If you want money in small or large sums, or if you want to invest money profitably, answer this advt, and ask us to send you (FREE) a live wire entitled "Money Against Brains." Agents wanted everywhere.
MONEY - AGAINST - BRAINS BUREAU
No. 606 Grinnell Building, Detroit, Michigan

Wm. T. Lewis
President

WHY PAY EXTRAVAGANT HOTEL RATES? THE CLENDENING

196 WEST 103d STREET, N. Y.
Select Homelike Economical
Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath from \$1.50 daily to Parlor, three Bedrooms and Bath at \$4.00 per day for the Suite, not for each person.



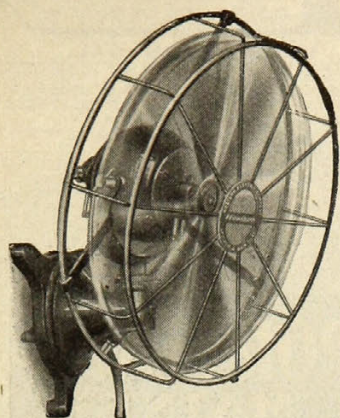
Superior Restaurant at Reasonable Prices
Write for Booklet D with Map of City

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.

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

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

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



**Bracket Type
Can be easily changed to
Desk Type**

Be Comfortable This Summer

Any fan will stir up some sort of breeze when you turn on the current. Many electric fans are made for and sold merely on their appearance. But you want more than this—you get more than this in any of the various types of

Hawthorn TRADE MARK **Electric Fans**



No fans are more pleasing in appearance than "Hawthorn" Fans—but beneath the finish lies quality—the same high quality that marks all Western Electric products. All this insures efficient service season after season with practically no attention or repairs.

Just consider that a 12 or 16-inch "Hawthorn" Fan costs less than a half cent per hour to operate. The 8-inch fan—just right for home use—costs one-third as much.

"Hawthorn" Fans are so widely recognized for their quality that they are handled by the best dealers everywhere. Your dealer should be able to show you a complete line, which includes Desk and Bracket Fans, Ceiling Fans and fans for ventilating purposes.

Insist upon having "Hawthorn" Fans, and if they cannot be secured from your dealer, write our nearest house and we will immediately direct you to a nearby dealer who can supply you.

Our Booklet No. 8119 may be had for the asking. It will prove helpful in selecting the best fan for your use.

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT"



"TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE"

The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need.

Western Electric Company

New York,
Philadelphia,
Boston,
Pittsburg,
Atlanta.

Chicago,
Indianapolis,
Cincinnati,
Minneapolis.

Manufacturers of
the 5,000,000
"Bell" Telephones

Saint Louis,
Kansas City,
Denver,
Dallas,
Omaha.

San Francisco
Los Angeles,
Seattle,
Salt Lake City

Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver Antwerp London Berlin Paris Johannesburg Sydney Tokyo

HANDS

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

O H, wonderful hands of toilers,
Graved with the signs of your crafts,
White pricked fingers of sewers
And gnarly hands of the field;
Stained hands of textile-dyers,
Flying hands of shuttle and wheel;
I love your pathetic, outspoken,
Unconscious biographies.
I honor you, hands of toilers,
I kneel and I kiss your hands,
Ribbed hands of the storm-beaten sailor,
Withered hands of weary age.
I have seen the hands of a baby,
Little and wandering,
Crumpled like half-shut rose-leaves,
Vague and adorable—
Like a tiny wind in tiny trees
Saying nothing, murmuring.
I have seen the hands of death,
Explicit, fixed and stern,
Autobiographic,
Revealing unalterably.
I honor you, hands of toilers,
I kneel and I kiss your hands.



Drawn by Wladyslaw T. Benda

"SO THEY GOT TAYBOO ON ME"

See "The Translation of Giovanna," page 256

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXV

JULY, 1910

No. 3



TOILERS OF THE TENEMENTS WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS OF THE GREAT SHOPS ARE MADE

BY

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

IN February of last year, Mrs. Florence Kelley, an authority on the subject of tenement work, met two Italian children on Nineteenth Street in New York City, one morning, carrying bundles of "knee-pants" to a factory near by. When the boy was asked why he was not in school, he replied:

"I gotta scarlet fever, and we can't go to school because de Bo'd-a He'l' [Board of Health] ain't smoked out our house yet."

The child was in the "peeling" stage of scarlet fever, and investigation disclosed that the family were quarantined by the Health Department, but that they were "finishing" garments for the factory nevertheless. Before the Department of Labor (which was immediately notified) could take action, all the goods in the tenement had been returned to the factory and thence distributed to the retail trade.

This is a typical story, and many like it are

constantly being told; yet the great shopping public usually discounts them or gets no keen realization of their significance. A generation ago, before the era of the factory, every woman was personally familiar with the places and the conditions in which her clothes were made; to-day the responsibility is shifted to the department store.

It is a matter of actual knowledge that many of the articles sold in the shops, especially those that have to do with new and popular fashions in women's dress, have, at some stage in their manufacture, passed through poor and unsanitary tenements. In other words, they have been produced under the so-called "home work" or "sweated" system of labor, which involves the industrial employment of married women and their children in their homes. A number of interdependent economic elements are at the root of this system: the most important are the vast yearly immigration into the United States of alien populations, the congestion of these foreign hordes in the most crowded industrial districts of our cities, and — as a result of the increase in rent and land values and the cheapening of the price of labor that necessarily ensue — the utilizing of this unskilled laboring population by manufacturers for the production of certain goods outside the factory.

During the last thirty years seventeen millions of foreigners have poured into our midst from central and southern Europe and Asia Minor: Italians, Hebrews, Poles, Russians, Bohemians, Rumanians, Greeks, Syrians, and many other races — most of them, except in the case of the Hebrews, passive, inarticulate, and illiterate, agriculturists by inheritance. These people differ fundamentally from the more intelligent and efficient Northern races that preceded them hither before 1880 — the English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, and Scandinavians, who, as we know, not only made their fortunes in our cities, but dared to become also the hardy and successful settlers of our distant Western plains. The recent immigrants, by contrast, are timid, utterly ignorant of our economic, social, and political conditions, and unfamiliar with any occupation but that of primitive labor in the fields. Yet, though they come, for the most part, from rural communities, they settle mostly in cities; because, on the one hand, they are too poor and ignorant to venture further into the unknown, and, on the other, they can get some sort of unskilled work, without delay, in the cities, through friends or relatives who have come to America before them.

Approximately four fifths of the total number of these invading immigrants land at Ellis Island; one third of these remain in New York

State, seventy-eight per cent of them on Manhattan Island itself. New York City, with its vast industries and its factories, has obviously become the center of immigrant colonization in the United States. Between 1907 and 1909 nearly two million immigrants landed at this port, giving New York as their destination. Of these, nearly 600,000 were Italians, most of them South Italians and Sicilians, who form the largest racial unit in recent immigration, and whose women-folk furnish the largest number of workers for the tenement trades.

The Italians, and the other dark-skinned races who have swarmed and spread through New York from Brooklyn to the Bronx, have founded little multitudinous Sicily and Calabrias and Syrias and Bohemias in the most congested and unsanitary sections of the city, near the factories and workshops on which they depend for a livelihood. The center of Manhattan Island, in the region below Fourteenth Street, is its most important manufacturing district. Here nearly half of the total number of factory workers (and many more of our poorest immigrants) are trying to exist on land the assessed value of which sometimes exceeds that in the "millionaire" residential quarters of the city.

Where People Live 1,000 to the Acre

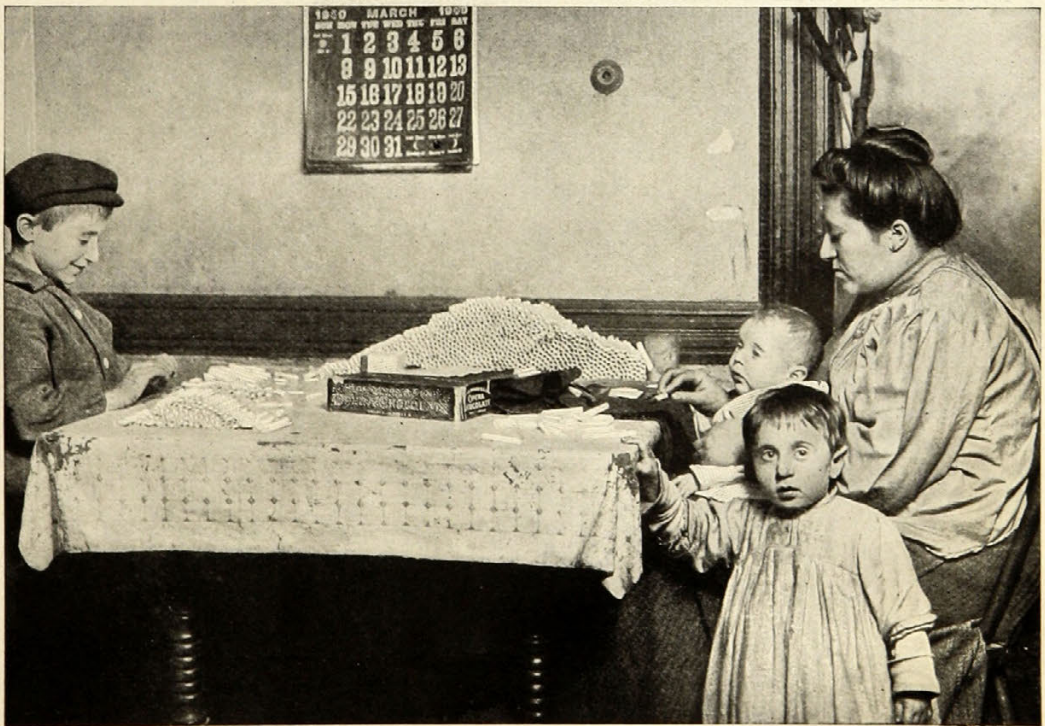
In the most densely populated portions of the East Side there are 1,000 to the acre. Such a terrific figure can be reached only by means of high, six-story tenement-houses. The usual living apartment in such tenement-houses has two or three small rooms; into these are packed families with as many as eight or nine children, and often several lodgers besides. For Italians frequently take lodgers; and Poles and Lithuanians do so habitually. It is estimated that ninety-five per cent of the immigrant families live more than three in a room, while six people in one room is not an uncommon situation. Only one room in four in these tenements has adequate sunlight, and, in spite of the new tenement-house law, *there are still 100,000 tenement rooms in New York with no window even into an air-shaft or an adjoining room.*

But tenement rooms are used not merely for living and sleeping; they are, in thousands of cases, employed as work-rooms also. The husband often earns too little to support his family unaided. In any case, as the wife and children of his forefathers have always worked in the fields, and as the habit of familial labor is ingrained in his race and creed, the custom persists in spite of changed surroundings and conditions. The foreign-born women accept and approve the tradition, and, still keeping to their



THE RAPALLO FAMILY AT WORK ON ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

Mrs. Rapallo and her five eldest children make 18,000 violets in a week, for which they receive \$4.50. * This sum supports a family of eight. Seventy-three per cent of the artificial flowers of this country are made in New York tenements.



A TUBERCULOSIS SUSPECT ROLLING CIGARETTE WRAPPERS

Mrs. Olinsky, who is under medical observation, works for a well-known Fifth Avenue merchant. She licks the edges of the papers to moisten the paste.



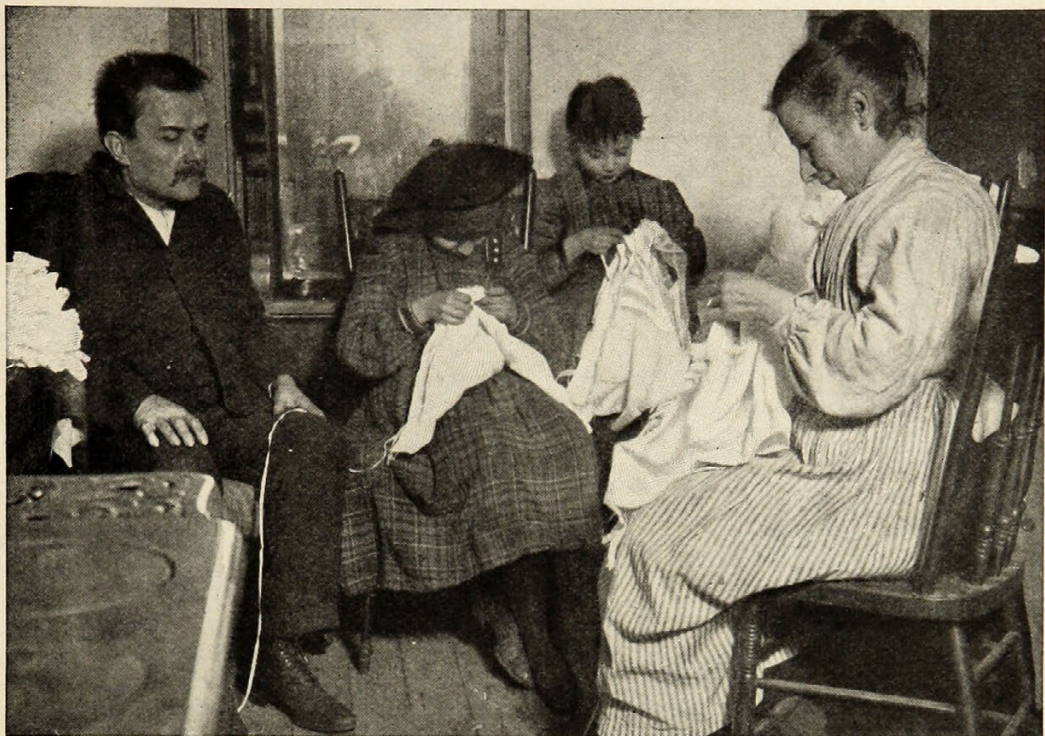
MANUFACTURING "HUMAN HAIR," WHICH IS NOW SO FASHIONABLE

The hair is taken from the dead in China, and the tenement workers transform it into switches of all colors. Unless great care is exercised in its preparation, false hair may be the means of transmitting disease germs.



SWITCHES AND FALSE FRONTS IN THE MAKING.

The hair is boiled, bleached, and dried in unclean kitchens, and the combing is done in small, badly ventilated bedrooms. Dirty and clean hair pass through the same combs. Though revolting and dangerous, this industry is not prohibited by law.



THE PELLIGRINI FAMILY FINISHING CORSET COVERS AT HALF A CENT EACH

Olympia and Evelina Pelligrini, ten and eight years old, finish twelve dozen corset covers a day after school hours. The father is an invalid, and the two girls are the chief support of the family.



MRS. PRIOLA AND HER DAUGHTER AT WORK ON FANCY NECKWEAR

With the help of thirteen-year-old Angelina, Mrs. Priola can finish three collars in a day, for which she receives sixty cents. Angelina is often kept out of school because of the pressure of work.



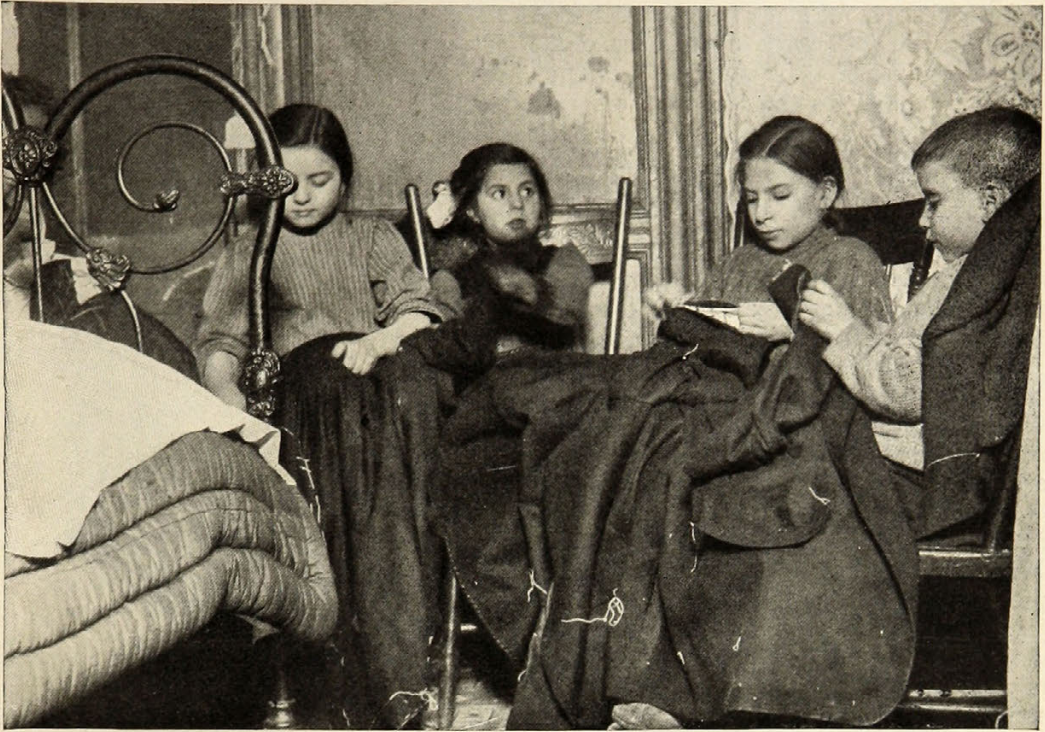
MAKING "WILLOW" PLUMES FOR EXPENSIVE HATS

"Willowing" is paid for by the inch, and an eighteen-inch feather, which it takes two days to make, brings the tenement worker about eighty cents. The shops sell the same feather for from eight to twenty-five dollars.



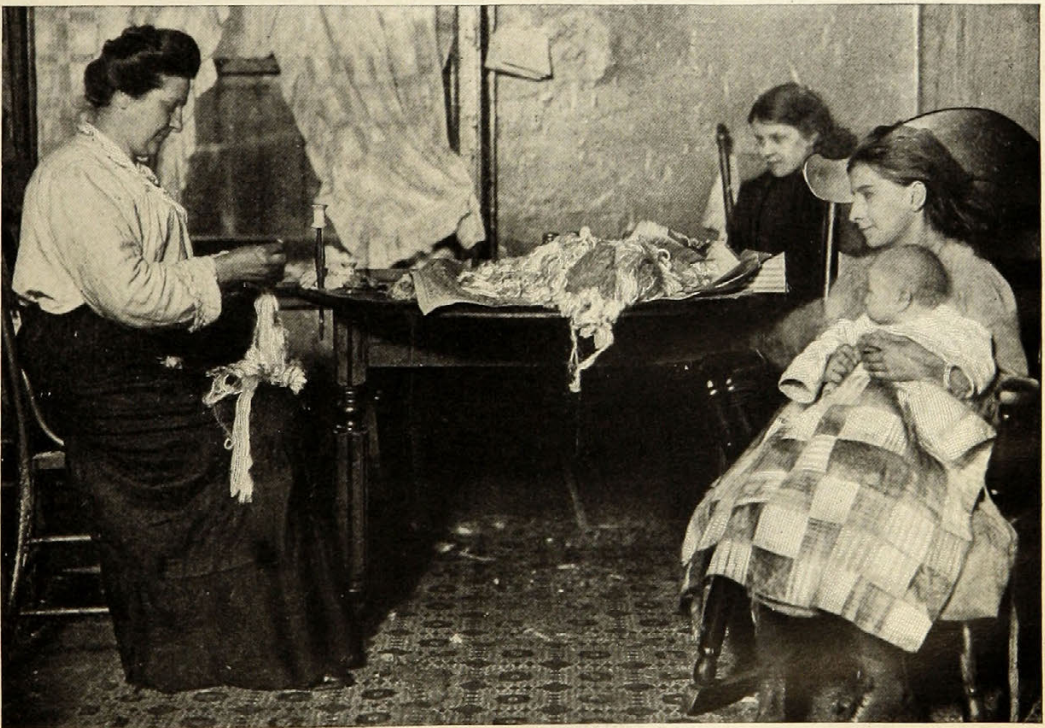
"MAKING UP" THE HAIR INTO SWITCHES AND CORONET BRAIDS

The guide informed the investigator that "It iss not human hair; it iss dead Chinese criminals' hair." In this room, which was redolent of cooking, the hair was being made into switches and coronet braids.



GARMENT-FINISHING—THE WORST TYPE OF TENEMENT INDUSTRY

An entire family—even the babies contribute by pulling the bastings—cannot earn more than seventy cents a day at this trade. The most expensive custom-made clothes are finished in these foul workshops.



MAKING SILK POMPONS AT FIFTY CENTS A GROSS

The mother, who earns fifty cents a day, is the sole support of the family in winter. The father is an awning-maker and can find employment only in summer. The eldest girl cannot get an employment certificate because she is under weight.

homes as the center of existence, labor there with their children for many hours of each day. Usually they do not know even the name of the factory from which they get their work; its geographic relation to their home is the only point that interests them, and they go blindly back and forth with their heavy bundles and boxes of work, accepting without question whatever pay the "boss" gives them.

If the women of the tenements are dependent on the factories for their daily bread, many manufacturers rely equally on this tenement labor force, which is practically unlimited, completely unorganized, and which they can employ at their own terms. It is the manufacturer of "seasonal" or contract goods — goods that are manufactured at fixed seasons, or in response to a sudden demand on the part of the consumer — who sends most of the work into the tenements.

When a manufacturer invests capital in such a product, he is faced with the same problem of high rentals and land values that confronts the immigrant. The "home work" system enables him to avoid the heavy burden of maintaining throughout the year an establishment large enough to accommodate all the workers demanded by his business in the "rush" season.

By

drawing on the great reserve army of tenement workers he supplements his own workrooms, and is saved the expenses of higher wages, rent, heat, light, and machinery. Moreover, he is unhampered by the legal responsibilities entailed by factory work. The laws of New

AN ITALIAN "WILLOW" WORKER

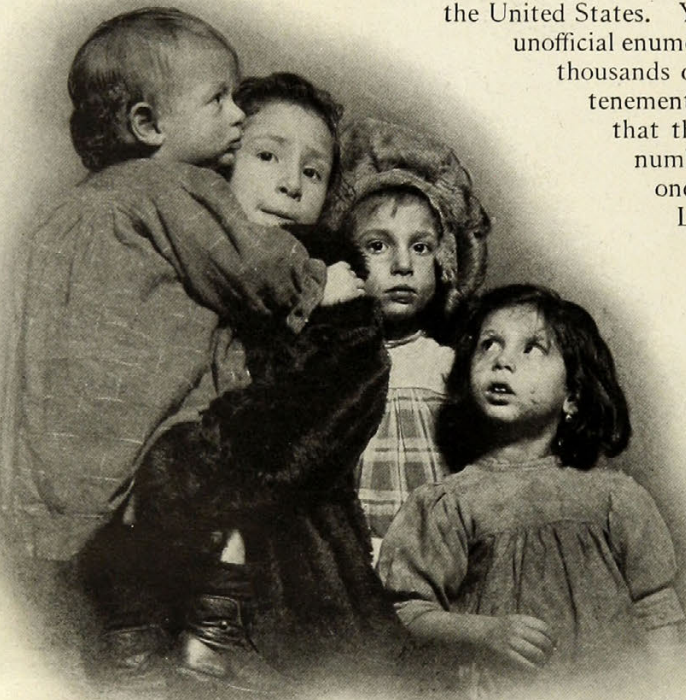
York State, which prohibit the employment of children under fourteen years of age, and regulate the hours of work of women and minors in factories, do not apply to tenement work.

New York City is the largest producing and distributing center of tenement-made goods in the United States. Yet no adequate official or

unofficial enumeration is obtainable of the thousands of people engaged here in tenement work, nor of the trades that they follow. In fact, both numbers and trades vary from one month to the next.

Loosely speaking, there are three general types of tenement manufacture — likely to change or merge with one another from day to day.

First there are the staple seasonal trades, such as garment-finishing, flower and feather making, etc. Here the demand recurs at fixed periods every year, and



LITTLE FLOWER-MAKERS OF THE EAST SIDE

the work is done always to a great extent in the tenements. Then there are the sporadic seasonal trades, such as embroidery-cutting, tassel-making, etc. These trades are intermittent, varying with the demand of the consumer. Lastly there are the ephemeral trades, governed by changing tastes and fashions, such as lace-making, bead-stringing, and the trade in human hair. These ephemeral trades are often managed by foreign women contractors, who employ women of their own nationality and sell the work to the shops.

*Artificial Flower-Making**

The artificial flower industry is one of the largest and most interesting of the seasonal trades in New York. Seventy-three per cent of the entire artificial flower manufacture of the United States is carried on in the Italian districts below Fourteenth Street. In almost every house — indeed, one might say on every floor of every house — whole families of Italians, from children of three and four years old to feeble men and women of great age, work at flower-making, night and day, during the busy season.

The season lasts from January to June. The cutting and dyeing of the various parts of the flowers and a certain proportion of the making are done in factories. The tenement worker's share may be "stemming" leaves, that is, fixing leaves to wire stems and winding the latter with tape; "making" the whole flower out of its separate parts; or "branching," a process that involves the wiring of leaves and flowers into sprays, and their arrangement in branches or wreaths.

Such work is paid for "by the piece," usually so much per gross or per gross of bunches. The sum varies from three and one half to five, twelve, fourteen, or twenty-five cents a gross. The pay is always too small to provide a "living" wage, even when a whole family is working together.

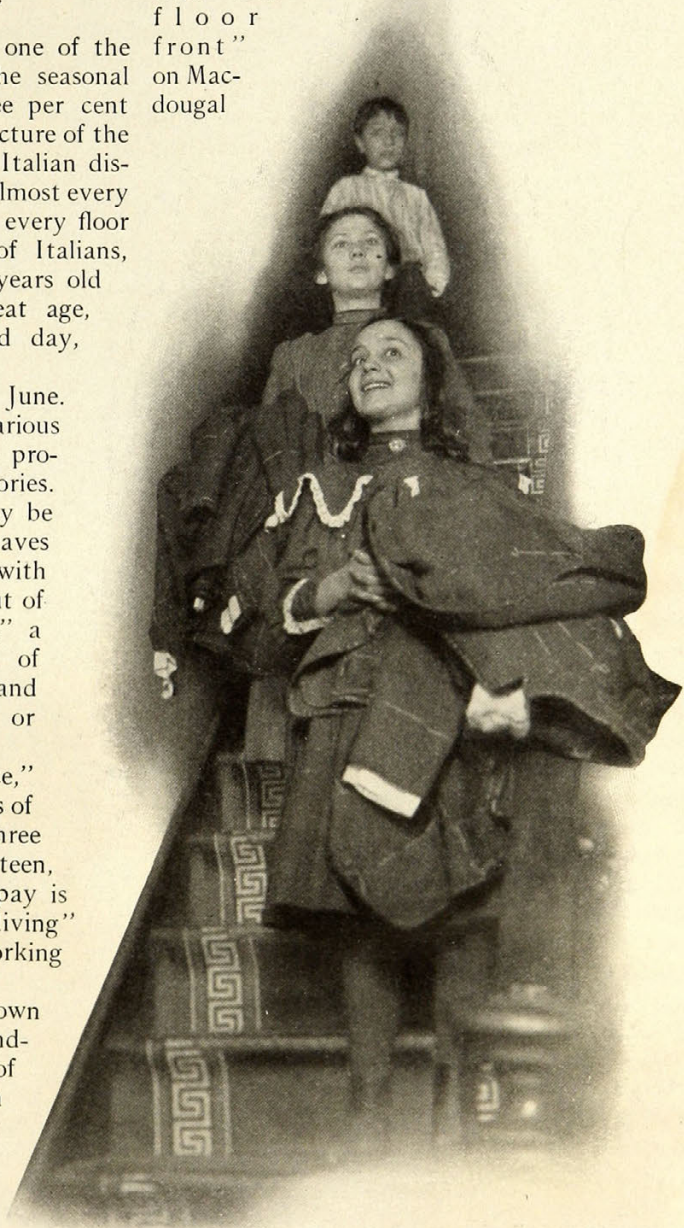
The system seems to defeat its own ends, even from the industrial standpoint. In 1908, \$3,747,021 worth of artificial flowers were imported from France, where all the more beautiful and expensive types of flowers are made.

*Most of the following reports are the result of a recent investigation by the New York Child Labor Committee, made with a special view of ascertaining the contribution of children to the newer kinds of tenement work.

"You can't give these people over here anything but cheap stuff," said one manufacturer. "A few really skilled girls in the shop would be better for me than all these Guineas working all night."

The Rapallo Family at Work

After climbing four flights of dirty, ill-smelling stairs, I found the Rapallo family making violets together in their "fifth floor front" on Macdougall



CARRYING FINISHED GARMENTS TO THE FACTORY

TOILERS OF THE TENEMENTS

him how soon he would graduate from school. He pulled his cap over his eyes and did not reply.

"Mike no like school," explained Mrs. Rapallo; "he want to work out, but he has one hundred and thirty days of school to make up yet."

"Do you like to work at home better than to go to school?" I asked.

"Tired of flowers," he muttered, and dropped his head lower.

"But he have to help me all the same," continued his mother severely. "My old man he no good—no work for two years; all them children must help me."

"Mother, you speak to Camilla," interrupted Maria shrilly. "She isn't doing anything."

"Isn't she rather young to work after school?" I inquired,



CHILD WORKERS OF THE TENEMENTS

Street. In the front room, where the folding-beds were pushed out of the way, a large table, heaped with wire, green tape, green leaves, and purple petals, occupied the central space. Mrs. Rapallo, a woman of thirty, of the striking South Italian type, and her five eldest children, were gathered closely around the table, working on the flowers, while two babies were playing with the finished bunches of violets on the floor. The mother and the two older children, Michele, a boy of fourteen, and Maria, a girl of twelve, were fitting the petals to the stems with a bit of paste from a glass, by a deft turn of the finger. Pietro and Camilla, the younger children, were engaged in the simpler task of winding stems with green tape; while Antoinette, an undersized child of nine, under the mother's direction made the flowers and leaves into a "corsage bouquet." Such a bouquet sells in the shops for about a dollar and a half.

All the family looked happy except Michele, who bent over his work with a scowling face. I hoped to find out what was the matter by asking



CARRYING HAT FRAMES TO THE TENEMENTS, TO BE COVERED WITH CHIFFON

sorry to see Camilla's gaiety repressed by a slap.

"She too young for school," Mrs. Rapallo replied. "She can't do anything, only help me with flowers all day. We get fifteen cents a bunch for this kind of flowers," she went on, "and we can make five bunches a day if they all work. But seventy-five cents a day's not much, with rent eleven dollars a month, and seven children who always want to eat."

Four dollars and fifty cents a week was the wage for the united labor of a woman and five children. All the children but Camilla looked listless and weary as the excitement of my arrival wore off. The air was stifling; the whole apartment of three rooms had no light or air except what found its way from the two front windows into a dark back kitchen. The floor was dirty, and one of the babies, who sat there sucking a violet with very purple lips, had sore eyes. All the children's fingers were stained green and purple. I had been told that the dye was poisonous, and I asked Mrs. Rapallo if it hurt the children. She shook her head philosophically.

"The doctor say it may be the dye when Pietro have his pains in his stomach. But what can I do?"

The Missetos on the Floor Below

The Missetos live on the floor below the Rappalos. Here I found three girls of thirteen, eleven, and six years, a depressed middle-aged mother, and a toothless grandmother (whose hands, raw from some skin disease, were bandaged to the finger-tips) all working on cheap violets — the kind that sell at ten cents for a bunch of forty at the department stores. The violets were spread out on a blue iron bed which filled up most of the room.

"They pay us three and a half cents a gross," said Mrs. Misseto, "and if we work till the *mezzonotte* [midnight] we get sixty cents a day."

"That seems to me very little — three and a half cents for a hundred and forty-four violets," I said. "Can't you ask for more?"

She raised her hands in horror. "The boss he shut the door in my face!" she exclaimed. "Plenty other women wait to get the work."

"What does your husband do?" I asked.

"Flower factory for six dollars a week. But what's that? It is only a month or two, anyway. Nothing is good with us since my beautiful sons died"; and she pointed to an enlarged photograph in a gorgeous gilt frame on the wall.

"Roberto," she said, "he had the typhoid, and the other had coughs. They say I ought to move," she added helplessly, "but I don't

anywhere else know how to find three rooms for twelve dollars a month."

The Two Manetti Girls

In both of the foregoing cases the income from flower-making was the chief income of the family, but was not enough for a bare existence. Two girls named Manetti, who live in a "ground-floor front" on Sullivan Street, are getting much better pay for their flowers, and yet have less need of it, for they work in a factory during the day. They are handsome girls of good Genoese stock, who were, however, born in New York. As our visit was made at about seven o'clock at night, the mother was washing the supper dishes; but Giulia and Elena sat at the kitchen table, on which a dish of macaroni was still standing, making quantities of tiny forget-me-nots and lilies-of-the-valley into long, elaborate wreaths. Giulia, the elder, a girl of twenty-one, frequently stopped her work to lean her head on her hands. She felt ill, she said, but she did not know why, unless it was "the dust of the flowers that got in her throat." She explained with pride that she was "forelady" in a very nice factory, and got twelve dollars a week. Elena, who was seventeen, was also a "forelady," earning nine dollars a week in another factory. The father was dead, but, as the mother was janitress, they had no rent to pay, and evening work seemed unnecessary.

"Don't you get very tired working at home after ten hours in the factory?" I asked Elena, whose fingers had been flying through the sprays of forget-me-nots.

"I just *have* to make two dozen wreaths a night," she answered. "The boss thinks I'm real smart, and he gives me forty cents a dozen, too."

Making "Willow" Plumes

Tying the flues of "willow" plumes — the sweeping artificial ostrich feathers of the present fashion — has become during the last two years a very extensive tenement industry. The factories where these feathers are made are located chiefly in the Italian districts of the upper East Side. On some streets the ground floor and first floor of almost every house are occupied by small factories and workshops, and during the season — from March to June, and from September to December — the window of every factory has a sign in Italian: "Women wanted to work in willow." Most of the curling and dyeing of the feathers is done in the factories; but seventy per cent of the "willowing"

— the most lengthy and monotonous part of the trade — is done in the tenements.

"Willowing" consists in tying to every "flue" or filmy strand of a good ostrich feather two strands stripped from inferior ostrich feathers. The work is paid for by the inch; five or six cents an inch in factories, and four or five cents an inch in the homes for black plumes, and a cent less for white. The inch is measured on the stem of the original feather, and therefore involves the tying of innumerable delicate knots for each inch of finished work. When the fashion was new, and the supply of workers smaller, the price was eight and eleven cents an inch.

A tenement worker cannot make an eighteen-inch feather in less than one and a half or two days. She is paid seventy-two or ninety cents for this work. The feather sells at retail anywhere from eight and a half to twenty-five dollars, according to the quality of the material. The small manufacturers say that they count on making from one to two dollars' profit on each feather, but that the large manufacturers make very much more.

A number of instances were found where — contrary to law — one room of a living tenement had been turned into a workshop, and outside "hands," including children under fourteen years of age, as well as the entire family of the owner, were at work. In one such room two women from outside, with nursing babies in their arms, were "willowing," and the six young children of the proprietor were either working or playing with the feathers.

The man asked the visitor if she could not get his two younger children into a home. He explained that his seven-months-old baby, "a skinny girl born in last feather season," had just died of bronchial pneumonia after three months in the hospital, and that he couldn't keep the other babies out of the work-room and thought the air and floating down were bad for their throats. In his small work-room were ten women, and he said he employed at least one hundred in the tenements, and yet was not able to make feathers fast enough to meet the demand.

Jennie Martini, a backward girl of fifteen, was kept at home from school to work on feathers. The truant officer was sent after her, but could never find her. She was always "next door at her sister's"; but by the time the officer had reached the sister's, Jennie had gone — presumably over the roof — and could not be caught. When she was finally summoned to court, her mother had lengthened her skirts and heightened her heels, put up her hair, and engaged her to be married to a boy of eighteen. The mother pleaded that she was too old for school, and that "her fellow didn't want her to

go," and the judge dismissed the case. When we found Jennie, she was working on feathers. The "fellow" was sitting by, and the mother boasted that she had outwitted the authorities, and that three other girls in the block had "got tired of school and had got fellows just like her girl."

Mary Albanelli was also on the truant list of an upper East Side school, and when we went to see her, we happened to meet her father on the stairs. He was very well dressed, had bristling mustachios and a military air, and followed us suspiciously to his apartment on the top floor.

His wife, a huge, impassive woman, was working on a black feather fastened to the table in a clean kitchen very much decorated with post-cards and gilt-edged china. Mary, a round-shouldered, pale-faced child of thirteen, was knotting flues and doing her lessons in a corner. Mrs. Albanelli hardly glanced up at us when we came in, but went on laboriously tying knots with her soft, fat fingers, while her husband explained that he bought the material and sold the feathers privately, not through a factory. "My woman she ver' slow and stupida; she taka two days to make. And you can't getta much for feathers in New York. Now, in New Orleans you can sell well."

We discovered that the man was part-owner of a sugar refinery in the South, and that he owned, besides, a five-story tenement in the Bronx, which he rented to "American peoples," each apartment for a much larger rent than he paid for his own apartment.

Garment-Finishing

Ninety-five per cent of the so-called "home finishing" in New York City is done by Italians.

A day's wages for the united work of a family do not usually exceed sixty or seventy cents in this trade; they may be much less, but are never much more. The work varies from pulling bastings — this is usually the task of the babies — and sewing on buttons, to putting in linings of coats and trousers, sewing in sleeves, and blind-stitching the bottoms of trousers. The garments themselves vary from the cheapest "ready-made" to the most expensive "custom-made" goods; for not only wholesale manufacturers, but, to some degree, fashionable tailors, employ tenement labor. The industry is chiefly carried on in one of the most congested and unsanitary parts of New York — the Italian district of the lower East Side, where very large families live and work on the narrow edge of starvation, in very small, dark, three-roomed apartments, in the midst of tuberculosis and other diseases. It is probably the worst type

of tenement work. The garments lie on dirty floors in the midst of the swarming family life by day, and are used as bedding at night.

The Callabrosos

The Callabrosos live in three rooms on Prince Street, for which they pay a rent of fifteen dollars a month. The front bedroom has two windows, the back bedroom is totally dark. The kitchen, where the work is done, is lighted only by a narrow opening on a dark air-shaft, and the tiny "holy lamp" that burns under a statue of the Madonna is the only bright spot in the dusky room. The apartment reeks of stale cooking and the oppressive scent of woolen garments worked on by hot and dirty fingers.

The family consists of eight untidy, slant-eyed children under fourteen years old, a melancholy mother, and a father who is "too old" to work. He is only forty-five, but that is considered the age of retirement by many Italians. The mother is, therefore, obliged to support the family by "sewing pants," and the children are, of course, obliged to help her. The eldest child, Margherita, a girl of nearly fourteen, has been ill with tubercular glands in the throat. For this she has had an operation which has left an ugly scar on her neck, and the doctor's orders are that she is to do no more work. But one usually finds her sewing and at the same time holding a baby.

Trousers are on the greasy floor of the kitchen; they hang on nails on the peeling, plastered walls; and they may be seen in dim heaps on the floor and bed of the dark back room. The family endeavor is concentrated on getting ten pairs, at seven cents each, finished every day. This can be accomplished only by intense and unremitting effort. The mother, a pale Neapolitan with a yellow handkerchief over her head, cannot lift her straining back and eyes from the work long enough to nod a welcome; and the four or five children at work push their needles through the rough cloth persistently. They have no time to talk to visitors.

One day last February, a very foreign-looking group of Sicilians made their appearance at the office of the Brooklyn Board of Health. Two bright little boys of eight and ten led the way; a timid girl of the blonde Italian type came next, followed by a one-eyed mother, who was carrying an "arm-baby," swaddled tight in dark blue denim; two small girls dragged at her skirts.

The elder boy explained — he and his brother were the only English-speaking members of the family — that his sister Peppina, who was nearly sixteen, wanted her working papers, because she thought she could earn more in a factory than at

home. But it was soon revealed that, although the family had arrived in New York from Sicily five years before, Peppina had never attended school. She did not know that she was expected to go to school, and, undiscovered all this time by either truant officer or factory inspector, had been helping her mother tend the babies and do finishing in their two-room apartment at the top of a six-story tenement. Their work comes from a factory on the corner, and, although the mother has only one eye, they manage, between them, to finish every day twelve or fourteen pairs of trousers, at six cents a pair. The two boys also help after school.

The father went home to his native town last year to be nursed for "coughs and colds" — presumably tuberculosis — by his mother-in-law; but his wife has saved enough money to pay his passage back very soon.

Peppina's demand for working papers has precipitated a difficult situation for this family, who, after five years in the heart of American civilization, seem as remote from any understanding of our laws and customs as if they were just landing at Ellis Island. The girl cannot legally be given working papers, and must, according to our compulsory education law, go to school until she is sixteen. Yet who is meanwhile to bear the burden of the household? they ask, with naïve despair.

Sporadic Seasonal Trades—Corset Covers

The finishing of "white goods" — especially corset covers — for the department stores seems to fall under the head of sporadic rather than of staple home trades. That is to say, only a certain proportion of manufacturers send this work into the tenements, and the seasons are not constant, so far as it is possible to discover. In many cases, the shops have their own factories that give out the work, which is of so simple a character that it can easily be done by children; the pay is correspondingly small.

The Pelligrinis live on East 108th Street, and the two windows of their ground-floor room look out on the overflowing ash-cans and wind-blown papers of this dreary Italian district in Harlem. The room — rent nine dollars a month — is very narrow, and is divided into two parts by an old curtain. Into the inner unlighted end are crowded three feather-beds for the five members of the family. In front of the curtain is a broken-down stove, and beyond it are a chair by the window, where the semi-paralyzed father sits, and two chairs for the two little girls. Olympia, the elder, is ten years old, Evelina is eight; and one always finds them after school hours, and often during school hours, sewing on

corset covers. Both have a suggestion of beauty, dulled and hollow-eyed though they are, and have gentler manners and softer voices than one often finds among such children.

Olympia rose to receive us, and told their story in broken English, while the vague little mother potted over the stove, and the bleary-eyed father muttered incoherently in his corner.

Two years ago the father was earning good wages as a brass-cutter; but he was taken seriously ill with an incurable internal disease, and after a long time in the hospital was sent home "improved" to his family. The mother is kept busy with her house and her invalid husband; the seventeen-year-old son has learned no trade, and consequently can get only an occasional "jobba."

The corset covers are given out in bundles of six dozen, and paid for at the rate of thirty-six cents a bundle. This means that one half cent is paid for the work on each corset cover — running in two sets of ribbons and sewing on three buttons. The garments are very coarse and badly cut, and sell for forty-nine cents each on the bargain counters of the large cheap department store for which they are made. By hard work, before school, and after school until late in the evening, the children can finish two bundles a day. On Saturdays they try to do four bundles.

At the time of another visit to this family, one very cold day, the father had been sent to a neighbor's because there was no fire. The charitable organization that had hitherto provided coal had withdrawn it, because the family refused to let the father go to an institution. The children were sewing as usual.

Cigarette Wrappers

Although it is legally permissible, very little actual cigar and cigarette manufacture is now carried on in tenements, because the unions exert their influence against it. The rolling of cigarette wrappers, however, is sometimes sent out, and, as it is not named in the law, it may be done in unlicensed houses.

Mrs. Olinsky lives in a house in Cherry Street, so old and unsanitary that it cannot be licensed. The Olinskys are Russians and have been in New York for seventeen years. The husband is a buttonhole-maker, earning a dollar and a half three days in the week. There are four children, of whom the youngest is a sixteen-months-old baby, and Mrs. Olinsky is glad, when she can get the work, to add to her husband's small weekly income two dollars more, which she earns by rolling cigarette wrappers at ten cents a thousand.

The kitchen in which she works is indescrib-

ably dirty. Bread, bones, tin cans, and other debris cover the floor, because, as she gets up and begins work at six, and keeps at it till midnight, there is "no time to clean up." She is a ponderous, greasy woman, and does not stir all day from her chair by the kitchen table, where she sits with oblong cigarette wrappers spread out before her like a pack of cards. On the edges of these wrappers she smears a little flour paste, and when about fifty are prepared, she begins to roll them, one by one, over a stick just the size of a cigarette. The paste is still wet on the first ten wrappers that she rolls; but she must lick the edges of the other forty to moisten the dried paste and make it hold. She is under observation as a "suspect" case of tuberculosis.

She rolls cigarette wrappers for a well-known Fifth Avenue merchant, and they are for expensive brands of cigarettes. They are stamped in gold letters, "Made in Cairo" or "Made in Turkey," and in many cases have, in addition, the initials and monograms with which it is now fashionable to label cigarettes as personal luxuries — a silver *W* or a blue *F. D.*

Joe Olinsky, the eldest boy, helps his mother, after school, by flattening these wrappers, making them into bundles, and carrying them back to the shop, where they are duly filled with tobacco and distributed as Oriental cigarettes.

Tassel-Making

Tassels for dance cards and souvenir cards, and pompons for slippers are made by looping and knotting strands of untwisted floss silk. The trade is open to the same objections as feather-making, because the fine particles of silk float in the air and are sucked into the lungs of the workers. The pay is fifty cents a gross for pompons, twenty-five cents a thousand for tassels.

Through a school on Elizabeth Street, I learned the story of Mary Navone, who makes tassels, when they are to be had; at other times she "sews buttons." Mary is thirteen, but, as she stood up at her desk, she did not look ten, because she is a cripple and painfully thin and bent. She is the daughter of a Sicilian, who brought her to New York a few years ago, leaving his wife and several other children behind. On landing, he promptly deserted this child, in order to start a new establishment unencumbered, and she fell to the charge of a cross and avaricious aunt.

She is made to rise at six every morning to prepare her uncle's breakfast, and "washes up" till school-time. At noon there is more work, and after school she does the family washing.

When asked if this did not hurt her back,— for she is evidently unfit for physical strain of any sort,— she said, keeping her eyes on the floor: "My uncle, he sometimes help me with the big pieces." In the evening she makes tassels "for her board."

As she fell asleep every day at her desk, the school inquired into the cause, and found that the aunt kept Mary at tassel-making until half past one or two o'clock in the morning. She has been persuaded to shorten the hours a little, but the child still works very late.

Embroidery and Lace-Making

The embroidery on evening cloaks and on the panels of ball gowns is sometimes done at low rates in tenements, for dressmakers who are in direct communication with the foreign population. In the Syrian quarter, on lower Washington Street, fine "French embroidered" blouses are tucked and embroidered by hand for one dollar apiece for the shops. Lace-making seems to be done extensively in tenements only when there is a great demand for a certain type of goods — as there has been during the last year for Irish crocheted Dutch collars, jabot ends, and medallions. Since the law does not regulate lace-making, it may be done in unlicensed tenements.

In isolated instances, Italians and Syrian lace-makers deal directly with rich customers, and get a fair price for their work. But in general the Italians, Bohemians, and Germans of New York who are supplying the market with Irish crochet are either at the service of some factory on the upper East Side, or of some contractor who sells to the shops through a "buyer." In either case, they are paid no more, or even less, for their handicraft than is paid for other types of tenement work. The skill that is the result of generations of training brings in to the workwoman no more than do the coarser kinds of labor, such as "willowing."

Mrs. Lewasky is a typical Bohemian lace contractor. She lives in a tenement in the Bohemian quarter near Seventy-sixth Street, and her eye-glasses and dingy black dress lend her an air of faded gentility. When we went to see her, she was giving a piano lesson in her parlor, and her swarthy husband was sitting dejectedly, in his shirt sleeves, at the kitchen table. She told us that she had been a rich woman in her own country, and had come to America in the hope of bettering her fortunes, after her husband had lost everything through unlucky speculations.

"He always out of work, so he my cook, he my sweep. I no can sweep and cook. I study opéra in my country — I have ze 'accomplish-

ments'; so I teach ze music and I make ze laces."

She said that she made samples of collars and jabot ends, and gave them to be copied to the Bohemian and German women who worked for her. She often employed a hundred women. She sold the collars for twenty-four dollars a dozen to the buyer of a well-known Twenty-third Street shop, who also bought jabots at eighteen dollars a dozen. The collars were beautifully made five-pointed Irish picot, and the medallions in the jabots had many fine and complicated stitches. In the shop these collars sell for four or five dollars each, and the jabots for three dollars. The women who make them are paid eighty cents or one dollar for a collar, and fifty cents for a dozen medallions.

Mrs. Lewasky also told us that she had made a "so beautiful Irish coat," which it took "thirty womens one month to work," and for this she received one hundred dollars from a great Broadway department shop. We later discovered that last year, after filling a large order for a shop, and promising to pay her workers "next week," Mrs. Lewasky completely disappeared and could not be traced. It is a common trick among lace contractors to move to a new neighborhood and leave their women unpaid.

Fancy Neckwear

"Fancy neckwear" of all kinds may be traced back to the tenements. Last year many of the cheap Dutch collars of commerce were made there. One type of collars, with five transverse rows of insertion and one row around the edge, — the insertion had to be basted on paper in the desired pattern before it was stitched, — which sold for twenty-five cents apiece at retail, were made for one dollar and a half a gross, or a little more than one cent apiece in the homes. Before Christmas last winter, many upper East Side children were plaiting maline bows, with small steel buckles, for twenty-five cents a hundred. A kindred trade is the making of fagoted collars and neckpieces for contractors, who sell them to dressmakers and to shops.

Mrs. Priola and Angelina, her thirteen-year-old daughter, are now engaged in this trade. The family, consisting of father, mother, and five children, squeezes into a small back apartment in an unlicensed house in Harlem. The husband earns six dollars a week in a nail factory, and the eldest daughter works in the same factory. There are three other children: Giovanni, aged nine, Giuseppina, seven, and a three-year-old baby. When we went to see her, the mother was working, in one of the two bed-

rooms, on an elaborate collar, made by basting bias bands of black taffeta silk on a paper pattern, fagoting them together in a cobweb pattern, and finishing the cobwebs with large jet buttons.

The work is done for a contractor on Lexington Avenue, who pays twenty cents a collar. Mrs. Priola said that she could finish three a day, with Angelina's help, if she sent the baby to a day nursery. The children were quarreling noisily throughout our visit, and the mother said crossly that she wished the baby could stay at the nursery overnight too; then she could get more done. Angelina, we were assured, was a naughty girl and did not like to work. It was found that the child, who did not look strong, had missed fifteen and a half days of the school term because of the pressure of work.

"Sometimes the boss, she want many collars very queeck," Mrs. Priola remarked.

Bead-Stringing

Jet beads, Roman pearls, and colored glass beads are strung in tenements for factories and department stores at a few cents for a dozen strings.

The Schmidts are tidy, naturalized Germans, and the stairways of the house and the floor of the apartment where they live were in a very different condition from those of their Italian neighbors in Harlem. White muslin curtains hung at the windows, and the two little girls and the baby were neatly dressed, though Mrs. Schmidt herself looked frowzy, unhappy, and exhausted by her efforts to "keep her children decent."

She told us that her husband was a bartender earning seven dollars a week; but he "don't like his job," and "he ain't a drinking man, either." He is "getting on to fifty," and therefore has no chance of a better position. Mrs. Schmidt takes in washing, lets one of her rooms, and yet is obliged to string beads, after the children are in bed, until one or two in the morning.

The two fair-haired girls, Elsie and Wilhelmina, thirteen and ten years old, were stringing cheap jet beads at the kitchen table. The beads had to be "graduated" in size from small to large, and nicely adjusted to clasps at the back. Jack, a boy of nine, did the sorting of the beads into piles. White pearl chains, of three strands each, were paid for at nine cents a dozen, and black jet beads at four cents a dozen, at a factory on lower Broadway. These chains sell for ten or twenty-five cents apiece at the shops.

As the children were very pale, we asked Mrs. Schmidt if she never gave them a holiday to play outdoors.

"Well, every bead they do helps me," she answered, "and I got to keep 'em decent. Besides, the streets is dangerous, too. Some gets it bad, you see, and some gets it good, in this life. I don't dare look ahead, but I hope it will be different in the other world."

Human Hair

A new and unfamiliar trade, which springs from the great and increasing demand by women for false hair, has invaded the tenements of the Jewish East Side during the last two years. This is the manufacture of "human hair" out of coarse black Chinese hair imported from the East. While it is not a home trade in the sense that flower- and feather-making are home trades,—that is to say, it is not given out by the piece to individuals,—it is done in the midst of living tenements, in small kitchens and bedrooms turned into workshops. Since up to this time the trade has been carried on altogether in factories by hair-dressers, "human hair" making is not regulated by the tenement law.

The hair, according to one of the United States consular reports from Hong-Kong, is brought to Hong-Kong from the interior. It is either sold through Hong-Kong export houses to New York dealers, or bought by purchasing agents from New York. These large firms in New York sell the Chinese hair at two dollars a pound to small tenement manufacturers,—last year the price was only sixty-five cents a pound,—who, in turn, after its transformation into soft yellow or brown switches, resell to the large firms for six or eight dollars a pound. This hair is then distributed to the retail trade—hair-dressers, department stores, etc. An ordinary switch weighing three ounces sells for from seven to twelve dollars at retail. The transformed Chinese hair precisely resembles the most glossy and wavy switches of Western hair, and it is impossible for the average person to detect any difference between them.

The hair, which arrives in Hong-Kong from the interior, is supposed to be taken from the heads of the dead; much of it retains its roots, and seems to have been pulled out, not cut off. Living Chinamen are, of course, particularly averse to parting with their pig-tails.

Stories are current of people who have caught leprosy or bad skin diseases from the infected switches. In one authenticated case of leprosy in Brooklyn, the doctor asserts that the disease

was caught from false hair. Although it is very difficult to disinfect hair adequately, bacteriological experts say that it is unlikely that leprosy is being brought from China in this way. There is a fair chance, however, that plague germs may be so transmitted, since in China the many bodies of the plague victims of all classes are thrown into the street and there rifled by the dregs of the population. The boiling and chemical soaking of the Chinese hair during the process of transformation should effectually kill all the germs; on the other hand, dirty and clean hair are thoroughly mixed in the tenement work-rooms, and passed through the same combs.

After knocking in vain at a number of kitchen doors in a tenement-house on East Sixteenth Street, we found an apartment where the hair trade was in progress. The "boss," a Polish Jew who spoke little English, deputed his foreman, an intelligent boy of twenty, to explain the industry to us.

He took us first into a dark kitchen, where we were met by a sickening odor, subtly Oriental, and almost overpowering. Black hair seemed to fill the room. An enormous tub of curling tails of coal-black hair stood by the stove, on which dirty, boiling mixtures were simmering. Hair was soaking in tubs of bleach and dye. One corner of the room was heaped to the ceiling with long, thin packages of black hair, bearing the label of a Chinese export house. Our guide said: "It iss not human hair; it iss dead Chinese criminals' hair," and he pointed out to us that it was gray with dirt.

The first process, known as "heckling," was performed by a young boy, in an ante-room lighted only by the distant kitchen window. The stiff hair, just as it came from the package, was combed into lengths — "ends to ends and roots to roots," as he said. The floor was ankle-deep in combings and dirt. The lengths thus obtained were then wound tightly on sticks like old-fashioned curling-sticks, tied securely, and boiled five or six hours to make them curly. The hair, indeed, comes out of the boiling with a well set "wave," which outlasts the various processes that follow — the bleaching in a solution of hydrogen peroxid and ammonia, and the dyeing, usually "medium brown."

The hair is then ready for "drawing" in the back room. Two boys stood at the tables here, "drawing" or pulling the hair again and again through heavy spiked metal combs, to make it soft and shiny, and arranging it in even lengths. These lengths were carried by the "boss" into a fourth small room, lighted only by one window, where eight girls were making up the hair into switches.

In another establishment, which was found on the dirty back corridor of a tenement, the hair was "turned," that is to say, washed in warm water and soapsuds, "to get the roots out," they asserted, before it was heckled. Dirty hair and boiled hair were heckled on the same combs.

In a third tenement, two rooms redolent of cooking were used merely for the "making up" of transformed Chinese hair. The family of the Polish proprietor lived in the adjoining rooms. "Coronet braids" were made here, and also "Turks' caps," or hollow rounds of pasteboard covered with the curly black Chinese hair as it comes out from the boiling, before it is bleached and dyed. These "Turks' caps" sell for nineteen cents in the small shops of the vicinity, and may be seen as ugly protuberances on the backs of the heads of the women who swarm the East Side.

The manufacture of human hair is one of the worst types of industry carried on in the tenements. It is revolting and dangerous from the standpoint of health, and yet is not reached by the law regulating tenement manufacture, because it is not one of the list of articles named in that law.

The Law of New York

Stories of the workers in all the trades now going on in the New York tenements would fill many volumes; the statute itself gives surprising proof of their diversity.* The law is obviously intended to regulate tenement work and safeguard the consumer against disease. As has been said, the forty-one articles specified may be made only in licensed houses, and a license may not be granted unless all the necessary authorities declare the house to be free from disease. Such houses, moreover, are subject to semi-annual inspection. But, as there are 11,558 licensed houses in New York City alone, and only fifty inspectors to all the factories and tenements in the State, it is evidently impossible to inspect every licensed house even once a year.

A greatly increased staff of inspectors would, however, be equally baffled by the most serious obstacle to regulation — the problem of dis-

*"No tenement-house, nor any part thereof, shall be used for the purpose of manufacturing, altering, repairing, or finishing therein:

Any coats, vests, knee-pants, trousers, overalls, cloaks, hats, caps, suspenders, jerseys, blouses, dresses, waists, waistbands, underwear, neckwear, furs, fur trimmings, fur garments, skirts, shirts, aprons, purses, pocket-books, slippers, paper boxes, paper bags, feathers, artificial flowers, cigarettes, cigars, umbrellas, or articles of rubber, nor for the purpose of manufacturing, preparing, or packing macaroni, spaghetti, ice-cream, ices, candy, confectionery, nuts, or preserves without a license therefor as provided in this article." (Labor Laws of 1909, Chap. 36, Art. VII, Sec. 100.)

ease. Overcrowding and disease are inseparable, and New York has the highest sickness and death rate in the country.

In six congested wards below Fourteenth Street, the records of the Board of Health for 1909 show 232 cases of typhoid; 2,443 cases of measles; 1,344 cases of scarlet fever, 2,065 cases of diphtheria and croup, and 3,025 cases of pulmonary tuberculosis. These wards also contain the greatest number of licensed tenement-houses.

Tuberculosis is, of course, the greatest menace to workers in dark rooms. Virulent skin diseases like scabies and impetigo, and eye diseases like trachoma, are also prevalent in houses where finishing and other tenement work is done. A case of contagious disease can break out one hour after the inspector's visit, and long remain undiscovered. For the women, aware that their means of subsistence will be lost if they confess to disease, conceal it at all costs, and, even when quarantined, manage to continue their work. Thus the products of tenement manufacture spread infection to the farthest limits of the country.

The consumer may thus be considered unprotected. But the producer is far more so. For her, supplementary charitable assistance is frequently necessary. "If came no charity," said a Rumanian kimono maker and peddler on the East Side, in deprecation of the wages of his home workers, "the ladies who make my kimonos, you find them dead in the street."

The tenement mothers evade the compulsory education law by keeping the children at home intermittently,— a child is not pursued until it has been absent five days together,— when they do not defy it altogether by hiding the children. Italian women especially are prone to regard their offspring merely as a source of financial income, and to set them to work from thrift, if from no other motive.

I went through all the girls' grades of a lower East Side school in the "finishing" region, with the principal, and heard nine tenths of the pupils in every room, even five- and six-year-old children, explain that they "sewed buttons," "sewed linings," or "sewed pants." The teach-

ers told me that many of the children fell asleep in their classes. They were red-eyed, narrow-chested, stunted, and dull — an unpromising lot of future citizens.

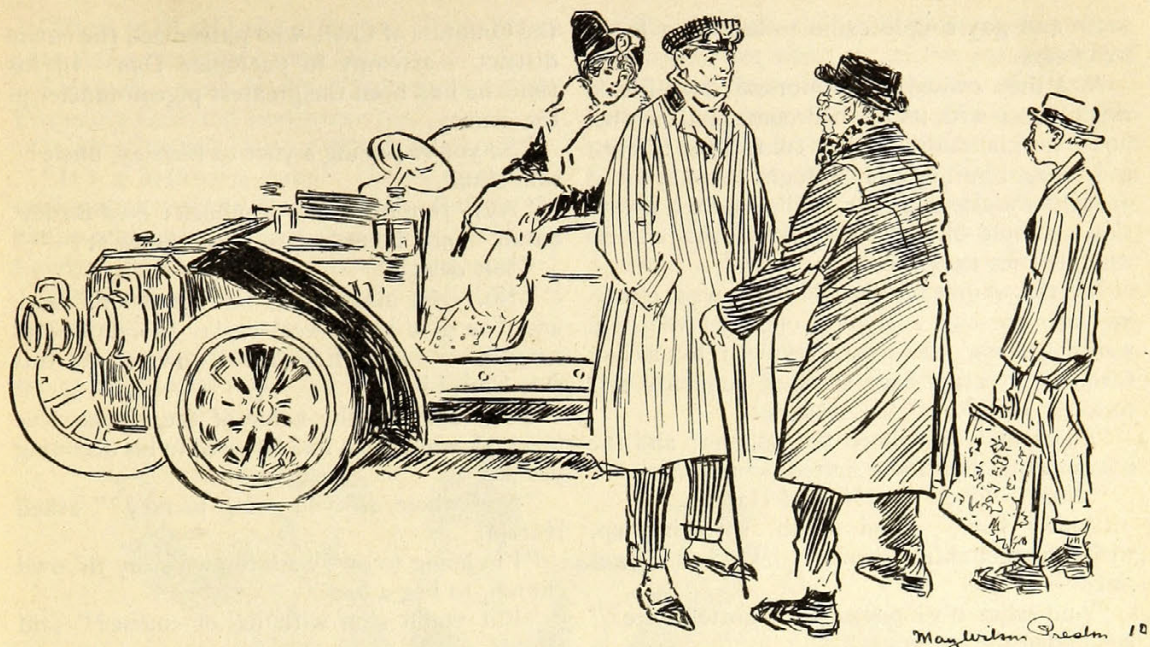
The fact is, the immigrant woman does not realize the difference between conditions in New York and those in her pastoral town. A child may grow up in a Sicilian mountain village with no other education than that which cultivation of the soil itself gives, and yet be equipped to live out her life usefully as a strong-armed water-carrier and digger in terraced fields. The community does not suffer from her ignorance. But a Sicilian, unable to read and write, unable, as many of them are, even to tell time when they no longer hear the village church bell, has a new status in society when she is transplanted to the teeming center of New York. Here her life and her children's are interwoven with political and social issues and responsibilities.

It is not, perhaps, widely enough recognized that in the United States the problem of tenement industry is a part of the larger and more difficult problem of immigration. The decision of the New York Court of Appeals* that a law forbidding the manufacture of tobacco in tenements was unconstitutional, because it was not a menace to the public health and was an unwarranted interference with personal liberty and private property, has for twenty-five years been the barrier to adequate legislation in New York State.

"It cannot be perceived," said the judges, "how the cigar-maker is to be improved in his health or his morals by forcing him from his home, with its hallowed associations and beneficent influences, to ply his trade elsewhere."

But since 1885 the progress of medical research and more enlightened public opinion have combined to create a new understanding of "public health," and "personal liberty"; to show that the health of the worker and that of the community are intimately related, and that the police power of the State may, in the interest of the general good, be invoked to protect the worker against himself and those who profit by his exploitation.

* Application of Jacobs, 1885.



FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER

BY

ARNOLD BENNETT

AUTHOR OF "WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS," "THE NINETEENTH HAT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT is the greatest mistake in the world to imagine that, because the Five Towns is an industrial district devoted to the manufacture of cups and saucers, marbles, and door-knobs, therefore there is no luxury in it.

A writer, not yet deceased, who spent two nights there, and wrote four hundred pages about it, has committed himself to the assertion that there are no private carriages in its streets — only perambulators and tram-cars.

That writer's reputation is ruined in the Five Towns. For the Five Towns, although continually complaining of bad times, is immensely wealthy, as well as immensely poor, — a country of contrasts, indeed, — and private carriages, if they do not abound, exist, at any rate, in sufficient numbers.

Nay, more, automobiles of the most expensive French and English makes fly dashingly along its hilly roads and scatter in profusion the rich black mud thereof.

On a Saturday afternoon last spring, such an automobile stood outside the garden entrance of Bleakridge House, just half way between Hanbridge and Bursley. It belonged to young Harold Etches, of Etches, Limited, the great porcelain manufacturers.

It was a twenty-horse-power car, and was worth over a thousand pounds as it stood there throbbing, and Harold was proud of it.

He was also proud of his young wife, Maud, who, clad in several hundred pounds' worth of furs, had taken her seat next to the steering-wheel, and was waiting for Harold to mount by her side. The united ages of this hand-

some and gay couple came to less than forty-five years.

And they owned the motor-car, and Bleakridge House with its ten bedrooms, and another house at Llandudno, and a controlling interest in Etches, Limited, that brought them in seven or eight thousand a year. They were a pretty tidy example of what the Five Towns can do when it tries to be wealthy.

At the moment that Harold was climbing into the car, a shabby old man who was walking down the road, followed by a boy carrying a carpet-bag, stopped suddenly and touched Harold on the shoulder.

"Bless us!" exclaimed the old man; and the boy and the carpet-bag halted behind him.

"What! Uncle Dan?" said Harold.

"Uncle Dan!" cried Maud, springing up, with an enchanting smile. "Why, it's ages since ——"

"And what d'ye reckon ye'n gotten here?" demanded the old man.

"It's my new car," Harold explained.

"And ca'st drive it, lad?" asked the old man.

"I should think I could!" said Harold confidently.

"H'm!" commented the old man; and then he shook hands, and thoroughly scrutinized Maud.

Now, this is the sort of thing that can be seen and appreciated only in a district like the Five Towns, where families spring into splendor out of nothing in the course of a couple of generations, and as often as not sink back again into nothing in the course of two generations more.

The Etches family is among the best known and the widest spread in the Five Towns. It originated in three brothers, of whom Daniel was the youngest. Daniel never married; the other two did. Daniel was not very fond of money; the other two were, and they founded the glorious firm of Etches. Harold was the grandson of one brother, and Maud was the granddaughter of the other. Consequently, they both stood in the same relation to Dan, who was their great-uncle.

There is a good deal of snobbery in the Five Towns, but it does not exist between relatives. The relatives in danger of suffering by it would never stand it. Besides, although Dan's income did not exceed two hundred a year, he was really richer than his grandnephew, since Dan lived on half his income, whereas Harold, aided by Maud, lived on all of his.

Consequently, in spite of the vast difference in their station, clothes, and manners, Daniel and his young relatives met as equals. It would have been amusing to see any one — even

the Countess of Chell, who patronized the entire district — attempt to patronize Dan. In his time, he had been the greatest pigeon-fancier in the county.

"So you're paying a visit to Bursley, uncle?" said Maud.

"Ay!" Dan replied; "I'm back i' owd Bosley. Sarah — my housekeeper, thou know'st ——"

"Not dead?"

"No. Her inna' dead; but her sister's dead, and I've give her a week's play [holiday], and come away. Rat Edge'll see nowt o' me this side Easter."

Rat Edge was the name of the village, five miles off, which Dan had honored in his declining years.

"And where are you going to now?" asked Harold.

"I'm going to owd Sam Shawn's, by th' owd church, to beg a bed."

"But you'll stop with us, of course?" said Harold.

"Nay, lad," said Dan.

"Oh, yes, uncle," Maud insisted.

"Nay, lass," said Dan.

"Indeed you will, uncle!" said Maud positively. "If you don't, I'll never speak to you again."

She had a charming fire in her eyes, had Maud.

Daniel, the old bachelor, yielded at once, but in his own style.

"I'll try it for a night, lass," said he.

Thus it occurred that the carpet-bag was carried into Bleakridge House, and that, after some delay, Harold and Maud carried off Uncle Dan with them in the car. He sat in the luxurious tonneau behind, and Maud had quitted her husband in order to join him. Possibly she liked the humorous wrinkles around his gray eyes; or it may have been the eyes themselves. And yet, Dan was nearer seventy than sixty.

The car passed everything on the road; it seemed to be overtaking electric trams all the time.

"So ye'n been married a year?" said Uncle Dan, smiling at Maud.

"Oh, yes; a year and three days. We're quite used to it."

"Us'n be in hell in a minute, wench!" exclaimed Dan, calmly changing the topic, as Harold swung the car within an inch of a brewer's dray, and skidded slightly in the process. No anti-skidding device would operate in that generous, oozy mud.

And, as a matter of fact, they were in Hanbridge the next minute, the center of the religions, the pleasures, and the vices of the Five Towns.

"Bless us!" said the old man. "It's fifteen year and more since I were here."

"Harold," said Maud, "let's stop at the Piccadilly Café and have some tea."

"Café?" asked Dan. "What be that?"

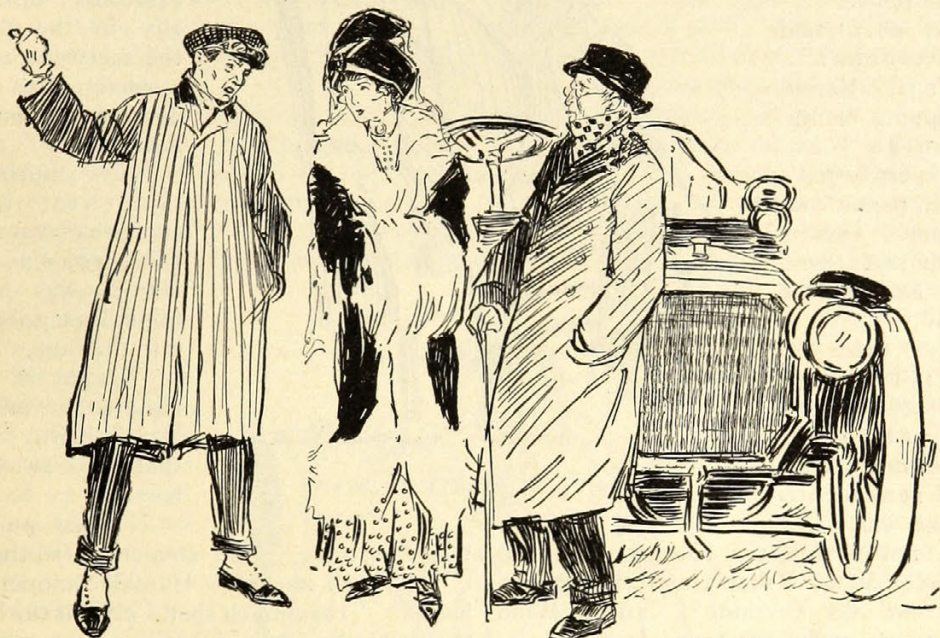
"It's a kind of a pub." Harold threw the explanation over his shoulder as he brought the car up with swift dexterity in front of the Misses Callear's newly opened afternoon tea-rooms.

"Oh, well, if it's a pub," said Uncle Dan, "I dunna' object."

He frankly admitted, on entering, that he had never before seen a pub full of little tables with

"They've lost th' habit of work nowadays, seemingly," he went on, as the car moved off once more, but slowly, because of the vast crowds emerging from the Knype football ground. "It's football Saturday; bands of a Sunday; football Monday; ill i' bed and getting round Tuesday; do a bit o' work Wednesday; football Thursday; draw wages Friday night; and football Saturday. And wages higher than ever. It's that as beats me—wages higher than ever.

"Ye canna' smoke with any comfort i' these cars," he added, when Harold had got clear of



"WE CAN WALK BACK AND BUY SOME PETROL. THAT'S WHAT WE CAN DO!"

white cloths, and flowers, and young women, and silver teapots, and cake-stands. And, though he *did* pour his tea into his saucer, he was sufficiently at home there to address the younger Miss Callear as "young woman," and to inform her that her beverage was lacking in orange pekoe; and the Misses Callear, who conferred a favor on their customers in serving them, didn't like it.

He became reminiscent.

"Ay!" he said, "when I left th' Five Towns fifty-two year sin' to go weaving i' Derbyshire wi' my mother's brother, tay were ten shilling a pun'. Us had it when us were sick—which wasna' often. We worked too hard for be sick. Hafe past five i' th' morning till eight of a night, and then Saturday afternoon walk ten mile to Glossop with a week's work on ye' back, and home again wi' th' brass.

the crowds and was letting out. He regretfully put his pipe into his pocket.

Harold skirted the whole length of the Five Towns from south to north at an average rate of perhaps thirty miles an hour; and quite soon the party found itself on the outer side of Turnhill, and descending the terrible Clough Bank, three miles long, and of a steepness resembling the steepness of the side of a house.

The car had warmed to its business, and Harold took them down that declivity in a manner that startled even Maud, who long ago had resigned herself to the fact that she was tied for life to a young man for whom the word "danger" had no meaning.

At the bottom they had a severe skid; but, as there was plenty of room for eccentricities, nothing happened except that the car tried to climb the hill again.

"Well, if I'd known," observed Uncle Dan,— "if I'd guessed as you were reservin' this treat for th' owd uncle,— I'd ha' walked."

The Etches blood in him was pretty cool, but his nerve had had a shaking.

Then Harold could not restart the car. The engine had stopped of its own accord, and, though Harold lavished much physical force on the magic handle in front, nothing would budge. Maud and the old man both got down, the latter with relief.

"Stuck, eh?" said Dan. "No steam?"

"That's it!" Harold cried, slapping his leg. "What an ass I am! She wants petrol, that's all. Maud, pass a couple of cans. They're under the seat there, behind. No; on the left, child."

However, there was no petrol in the car.

"That's that cursed Durand" (Durand being the new chauffeur—French, to match the car). "I

told him not to forget. Last thing I said to the fool! Maud, I shall chuck that chap!"

"Can't we do anything?" asked Maud stiffly, putting her lips together.

"We can walk back to Turnhill and buy some petrol, some of us!" snapped Harold. "That's what we can do!"

"Sithee," said Uncle Dan. "There's the Plume o' Feathers half a mile back. Th' landlord's a friend o' mine. I can borrow his mare and trap, and drive to Turnhill and fetch some o' thy petrol, as thou calls it."

"It's awfully good of you, uncle."

"Nay, lad; I'm doing it for please mysen. But Maud mun come wi' me. Give us th' money for th' petrol, as thou calls it."

"Then I must stay here alone?" Harold complained.

"Seemingly," the old man agreed.

After a few words on pigeons, and a glass of beer, Dan had no difficulty whatever in borrowing his friend's white mare and black trap. He himself helped in the harnessing. Just as he was driving triumphantly away, with that delicious vision Maud on his left hand and a stable-boy behind, he reined in the mare.

"Give us a couple o' penny smokes, matey," he said to the landlord, and lit one.

The mare could go, and Dan could make her go, and she did go. And the whole turnout looked extremely dashing when, ultimately, it dashed into the glare of the acetylene lamps which the deserted Harold had lighted on his car. The red end of a penny smoke in the gloom of twilight looks exactly like the red end of an Havana. Moreover, the mare caracoled ornamentally in the rays of the acetylene, and the stable-boy had to skip down quick and hold her head.

"How much didst say this traction-engine had cost thee?" Dan asked, while Harold was pouring the indispensable fluid into the tank.

"Not far off twelve hundred," answered Harold lightly. "Keep that cigar away from here."

"Fifteen pun' 'u'd

buy this mare," Dan announced to the road.

"Now, all aboard!" Harold commanded at length. "How much shall I give to the boy for the horse and trap, uncle?"

"Nothing," said Dan. "I havena' finished wi' that mare yet. Didst think I was going to trust mysen i' that thing o' yours again? I'll meet thee at Bleakridge, lad."

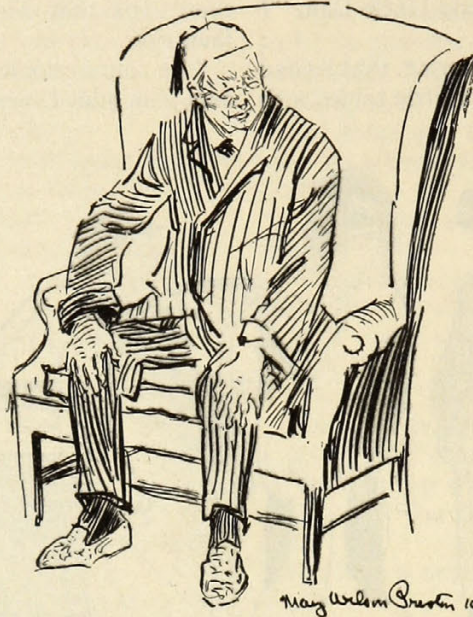
"And I think I'll go with uncle, too, Harold," said Maud.

Whereupon they both got into the trap.

Harold stared at them, astounded.

"But, I say!" he protested, beginning to be angry.

Uncle Dan drove away like the wind, and the stable-boy had all he could do to clamber up behind.



"THOU'ST GOT PLENTY O' BRAINS"

Now, at dinner-time that night, in the dining-room of the commodious and well-appointed mansion of the youngest and richest of the Etches, Uncle Dan stood waiting and waiting for his host and hostess to appear. He was wearing a Turkish tasseled smoking-cap to cover

his baldness, and he had taken off his jacket and put on his light, loose overcoat instead of it, since that was a comfortable habit of his.

He sent one of the two parlor-maids upstairs for his carpet-slippers out of the carpet-bag, and he passed part of the time in changing his boots for his slippers in front of the fire. Then, at length, just as a maid was staggering out under the load of those enormous boots, Harold appeared, very correct, but alone.

"Awfully sorry to keep you waiting, uncle," said Harold, "but Maud isn't well; she isn't coming down to-night."

"What's up wi' Maud?"

"Oh, goodness knows!" responded Harold gloomily. "She's not well — that's all."

"H'm!" said Dan. "Well, let's peck a bit."

So they sat down and began to "peck a bit," aided by the two maids. Dan pecked with prodigious enthusiasm, but Harold was not in good pecking form. And as the dinner progressed, and Harold sent dish after dish up to his wife, and his wife returned dish after dish untouched, Harold's gloom communicated itself to the house in general.

One felt that if one had penetrated to the farthest corner of the farthest attic, a little parcel of spiritual gloom would have already arrived there. The sense of disaster was in the abode. The cook was prophesying like anything in the kitchen. Durand, in the garage, was meditating upon such of his master's pithy remarks as he had been able to understand.

When the dinner was over, and the coffee and liqueurs and cigars had been served, and the two maids had left the dining-room, Dan turned to his grand-nephew and said:

"There's things as has changed since my time, lad, but human nature inna' one on 'em."

"What do you mean, uncle?" Harold asked awkwardly, self-consciously.

"I mean as thou'rt a dashed foo'!"

"Why?"

"But thou'lt get better o' that," said Dan.

Harold smiled sheepishly.

"I don't know what you're driving at, uncle," said he.

"Yes, thou dost, lad. Thou'st been and quarreled wi' Maud. And I say thou'rt a dashed foo'!"

"As a matter of fact —" Harold stammered.

"And ye've never quarreled afore; this is th' fust time. And so thou'st under th' impression that th' world's come to an end. Well, th' fust quarrel were bound to come sooner or later."

"It isn't really a quarrel; it's about nothing —"

"I know — I know," Dan broke in. "They always are. As for it not being a quarrel, lad, call it a picnic, if thou'st a mind; but her's sulking upstairs, and thou'rt sulking down here."

"She was cross about the petrol," said Harold, glad to relieve his mind. "I hadn't a notion she was cross till I went up into the bedroom — not a notion! I explained to her it wasn't my fault. I argued it out with her very calmly. I did my best to reason with her —"

"Listen here, young 'un," Dan interrupted him. "How old art?"

"Twenty-three."

"Thou may'st live another fifty years. If thou'st a mind to spend 'em i' peace, thou'dst better give up reasoning wi' women. Give it up right now! It's worse nor drink, as a habit. Kiss 'em, cuddle 'em, beat 'em; but dunna' reason wi' 'em."

"What should you have done, in my place?" Harold asked.

"I should ha' told Maud her was quite right."

"But she wasn't."

"Then I should ha' winked at mysen i' th' glass," continued Dan, "and kissed her."

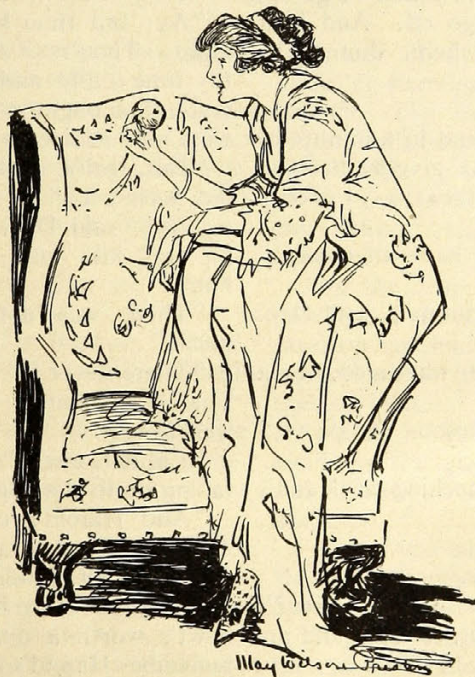
"That's all very well —"

"Naturally," said Dan, "her wanted to

show off that car i' front o' me. That was but natural. And her was vexed when it went wrong."

"But I told her — I explained to her."

"Her's a handsome little wench," Dan proceeded, "and a good heart. But thou'st got ten times her brains, lad, and thou ought'st to ha' given in."



"DO YOU THINK SO, UNCLE?"

"But I can't always be ——"

"It's allus them as gives in as has their own way. I remember her grandfeyther — he was th' eldest o' us — he quarreled wi' his wife afore they'd been married a week, and she raced him all over th' town wi' a besom ——"

"With a besom, uncle!" exclaimed Harold, shocked at these family disclosures.

"Wi' a besom," said Dan. "That come o' reasoning wi' a woman. It taught him a lesson, I can tell thee. And afterwards he always said as nowt was worth a quarrel — *nowt!* And it isna'."

"I don't think Maud will race me all over the town with a besom," Harold remarked reflectively.

"There's worse things nor that," said Dan. "Look thee here. Get out o' th' house for a' hour; go to th' Conservative Club, and then come back. Dost understand?"

"But what ——"

"Hook it, lad!" said Dan curtly.

And just as Harold was leaving the room, like a schoolboy, he called him in again.

"I havena' told thee, Harold, as I'm subject to attacks. I'm getting up in years. I go off, like. It isna' fits; but I go off. And if it should happen while I'm here, dunna' be alarmed."

"What are we to do?"

"Do nothing. I come round in a minute or two. Whatever ye do, dunna' give me brandy. It might kill me — so th' doctor says. I'm only telling thee, in case."

"Well, I hope you won't have an attack," said Harold.

"It's a hundred to one I dunna'," said Dan. And Harold departed.

Soon afterward Uncle Dan wandered into a kitchen full of servants.

"Show me th' missis's bedroom, one on ye," he said to the crowd.

And presently he was knocking at Maud's door.

"Maudie!"

"Who is it?" came a voice.

"It's thy owd uncle. Canst spare a minute?"

Maud appeared at the door, smiling, and arrayed in a peignoir.

"*He's* gone out," said Dan, implying scorn of the person who had gone out. "Wilt come downstairs?"

"Where's he gone to?" Maud demanded.

She didn't even pretend she was ill.

"Th' club," said Dan.

And in about a hundred seconds or so he had her in the drawing-room, and she was actually pouring out gin for him. She looked ravishing in that peignoir, especially as she was munching

an apple and balancing herself on the arm of a chair.

"So he's been quarreling wi' ye, Maud?" Dan began.

"No, not quarreling, uncle."

"Well, call it what ye'n a mind," said Dan; "call it, a prayer-meeting. I didn't notice as ye came down for supper — dinner, as ye call it."

"It was like this, uncle," she said. "Poor Harry was very angry with himself about that petrol. Of course, he wanted the car to go well while you were in it; and he came upstairs and grumbled at me for leaving him all alone and driving home with you."

"Oh, did he!" exclaimed Dan.

"Yes. I explained to him that of course I couldn't leave you all alone. Then he got hot. I kept quite calm. I reasoned it out with him as quietly as I could ——"

"Maudie, Maudie," protested the old man, "thou'rt th' prettiest wench i' this town, though I *am* thy great-uncle, and thou'st got plenty o' brains — a sight more than that husband o' thine."

"Do you think so, uncle?"

"Ay; but thou hasna' made use o' 'em to-night. Thou'rt a foolish wench, wench. At thy time o' life, and after a year o' th' married state, thou ought'st to know better than reason wi' a man in a temper."

"But, really, uncle, it was so absurd of Harold, wasn't it?"

"Ay!" said Dan. "But why didstna' give in, and kiss him, and smack his face for him?"

"There was nothing to give in about, uncle."

"There never is," said Dan, "there never is. That's the point. Still, thou'rt nigh crying, wench."

"I'm not, uncle," she contradicted, the tears falling on to the apple.

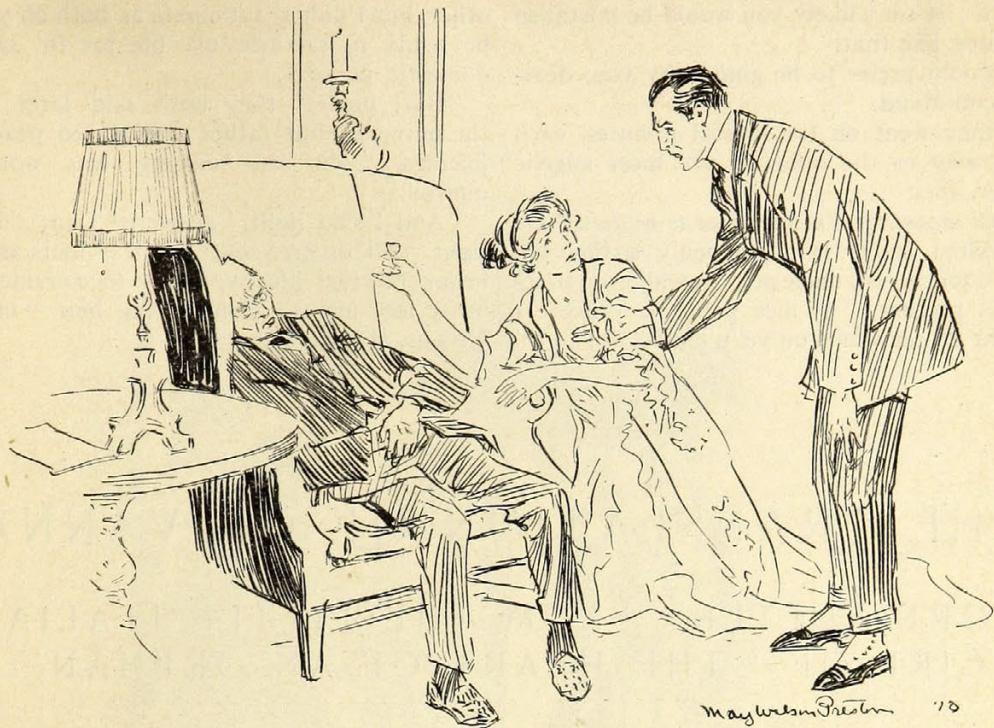
"And Harold's using bad language all up Trafalgar Road, I lay," Dan added.

"It was all Harold's fault," said Maud.

"Why, in course it were Harold's fault. But nowt's worth a quarrel, my dear — *nowt!* I remember Harold's grandfeyther — he were th' second of us, your grandfeyther were the eldest, and I were the youngest — I remember Harold's grandfeyther chasing his wife all over th' town wi' a besom a week after they were married."

"With a besom!" murmured Maud, pained, and forgetting to cry. "Harold's grandfather, not mine?"

"Wi' a besom," Dan repeated, nodding. "They never quarreled again — ne'er again."



“THE DOCTORS HAVE WARNED HIM THAT BRANDY WILL BE FATAL”

Th' old woman allus said, after that, as quarrels were for fools. And her was right.”

“I don't see Harold chasing me across Bursley with a besom,” said Maud primly. “But what you say is quite right, you dear old uncle. Men *are* queer — I mean husbands. You can't argue with them. You'd much better give in —”

“And have your own way, after all.”

“And perhaps Harold was —”

Harold's step was heard in the hall.

“Oh, dear!” cried Maud. “What shall I do?”

“I'm not feeling very well,” whispered Uncle Dan weakly. “I have these 'ere attacks sometimes. There's only one thing as'll do me any good — brandy.”

And his head fell over on one side of the chair, and he looked precisely like a corpse.

“Maud, what are you doing?” almost shouted Harold, when he came into the room.

She was putting a liqueur-glass to Uncle Dan's lips.

“Oh, Harold!” she cried, “uncle's had an attack of some sort; I'm giving him some brandy.”

“But you mustn't give him brandy,” said Harold authoritatively.

“But I *must* give him brandy,” said Maud. “He told me that brandy was the only thing to save him.”

“Nonsense, child!” Harold persisted. “Uncle

told me all about these attacks. They're perfectly harmless, so long as he doesn't have brandy. The doctors have warned him that brandy will be fatal.”

“Harold, you are absolutely mistaken. Don't you understand that uncle has only this minute told me that he *must* have brandy?”

And she again approached the glass to the pale lips of the old man. His tasseled Turkish smoking-cap had fallen to the floor, and the hemisphere of his bald head glittered under the gas-light.

“Maud, I forbid you!” And Harold put a hand on the glass. “It's a matter of life and death. You must have misunderstood uncle.”

“It was you who misunderstood uncle,” said Maud. “Of course, if you mean to prevent me by brute force —”

They both paused and glanced at Daniel, and then at each other.

“Perhaps you are right, dearest,” said Harold, in a new tone.

“No, dearest,” said Maud, also in the new tone; “I expect you are right. I must have misunderstood.”

“No, no, Maud. Give him the brandy, by all means. I've no doubt you're right.”

“But if you think I'd better not give it him —”

“But I would prefer you to give it him,

dearest. It isn't likely you would be mistaken in a thing like that."

"I would prefer to be guided by you, dearest," said Maud.

So they went on for several minutes, each giving way to the other in the most angelic manner.

"*And meantime I'm supposed to be dying, am I?*" roared Uncle Dan, suddenly sitting up. "You'd let th' owd uncle peg out while you practise his precepts! A nice pair you make! I thought for see which on ye 'u'd give way to th'

other, but I didna' anticipate as both on ye 'u'd be ready to sacrifice my life for th' sake o' domestic peace."

"But, uncle," they both said later, amid the universal but rather shamefaced peace rejoicings, "you said *nothing* was worth a quarrel."

"And I said right," answered Dan; "I said right. Th' divorce court is full o' fools as have begun married life by trying to convince the other fool instead o' humoring him — or *her*. Kiss us, Maud."

THE TRANSLATION OF GIOVANNA

MORE LETTERS FROM THE LITTLE ITALIAN GIRL OF "THE HEART OF AN ORPHAN"

BY

AMANDA MATHEWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

P*reshus angle Mother —*
yes I will be payshunt not to come live by you. I awto be satisfide when you are somewhere loving me and I am somewhere loving you but I gotta sorry spot inside that you must be gone so far and long from me.

I usto hate my sylum close but now no more for its gotta pockit to keep your darling letter in. All day I love it with my hand and all night with my cheek. It makes a wisper in my pockit and I wisper back to it. I must be alright with God for him to let you come to me but I do not see how that can be for I am awfun nawty in my temper.

There is a hole orfun in this sylum with big moufh and little sents and stufs all in it like a baby. She grabt your letter and I grabt it back. I most slapt her but it ain't 2 weeks since I was an orfun my own self and she gotta be it all her life for a big moufh and little sents is wurse to adop than long and black like me and I didnt slap her.

My burthday usto be lost but now I gotta new one and its the day you took me for a dawter forever and ever Amen. But does that make

me now a baby squawling on my cot? No it is the day when happyness sproved in my sowl which the preecher says we all got one to be lost if we are wicket.

A new big orfun sleeps in our dormitory the maytrun spelt it. She wears a pompydoor on a mouse she made outa the maps in her joggerfry. She keeps a flurt book and a whiches dream book under her pillo and learns the girls of nights to dream and flurt but they cannot flurt much for their hankys are pined to their close and gloves fans and parysawls orfuns has nun. I put the sheet in my ears not to lissen because I know you wouldnt like me to. I could write how I love you on all the paper in the world and not have enufh.

your feckshunate dawter
Giovanna.

Angle darling Mother —

I leve the sylum tomorrow for the boarding school like you want me to. I am yours to put where you please.

I will tell you all that past today. I had a bath tho it was only the middel of the week. We always walk 2 and 2 and we reech all down



"I SEEN MYSELF ALL OF ONE PEACE FOR THE FURST TIME"

the block but this morning it was me with the maytrun and no more. I was much afrade the orfuns would brake themselves outa the windos where they lookt and wigled their hands to me.

P. S. They didnt.

We went to a big big store and I lookt in a glass where I seen myself all of one peace for the furst time. I guessed I was humly but not like that. I scroocht down for my dress to fall more on my legs but it wouldnt.

A lady made a shampoo on my head and a manycure on my nails. I felt cheep to let her do for me like I was a baby and I thankt her all I could and I felt awful nice and funny when it was finisht. The maytrun smiled and smiled like I never knew she could and she put dear on me as nobody does on orfuns.

O the close and close she bawt for me with your preshus money! White pettys like angles must wear and button shoes with tassels. O my toes wigle wigle how glad they are and I bleve

I could go anywhere in 3 jumps. And a red silk dress that wispers wispers all the time like your letter in my pockit. Mother of my hart dont think I love you more for the close because I loved you the most I could all ready. I got so much love for you in me there aint hardly room for my brefh.

I ast the maytrun to let me take my orfun close for a remember what I usto wear before you took me.

The orfuns lookt and lookt and her of the big moufh and little sents put her finger on my red dress and I let her. I am not glad for going. Orfuns is not the wurst compny and this is where you was at 2 times with me. I will be awful good at the school so you will not be mortyfade on me.

your obeedyent dawter

Giovanna.

Angle Mother of my hart —

this is the night of my furst day at the Eggsloosif School where you got me put to learn manners and gramer.

I will write some good to prepar you for the wurst. The dining room is butyfull the lights is in red flowers and the plates is dekrated with roses and the glasses is made of diamons and there is pink babys stuck to the ceeling. The Eggsloosifs wear rings and lockits and bows. They laff laff fast and happy all the time. I lookt at them very much and was glad you put me so high by your love.

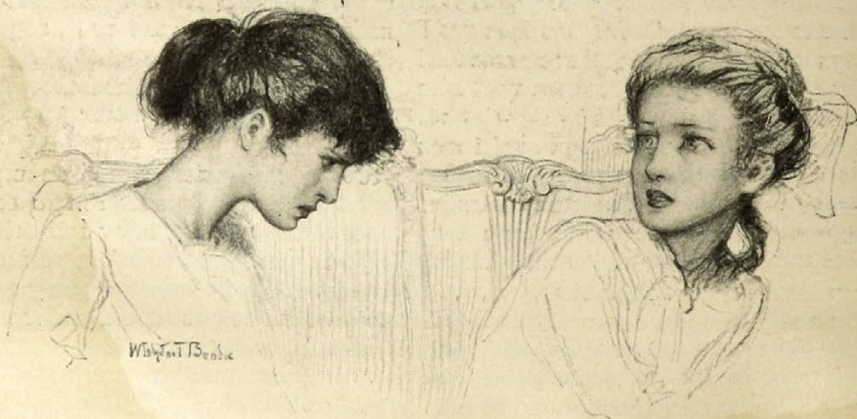
Orfuns pass the food but talk not. Eggsloosifs talk but pass not. A lady with teeny aprun must tote the food all round the table. The Principle sits at the end. If anybody is bad she does not speke it out for Eggsloosifs has tender sows. She writes it on a peace of paper and the lady with the teeny aprun gives it to the girl on

the quiet. She brung me one and I thot it must be lessons at dinner so I read it out loud and it said for me to look how the other girls ust their spoons and they all lafft and lafft at me to read it out. O it was no fare! It was no fare! They was mean to laff wasnt they Mother? I never knew it was on the quiet and I never knew my spoon must fall backward in my soup. I didnt feel my red dress no more. I felt all scrooocht down like I had on my orfun close. I was full of cry but I wouldnt let it out.

Then the lady clered off the table and set it agen with us looking and not helping nun. That seemed mean. I thot she did so for brekfas but no it was to ete some more. I couldnt so I wisht the orfuns had my shair. I tried so as not to be quere but my swallo wouldnt ack.

I never seen when the lady come to me with gravey and I hit it with my elbow and it spilt on a girls dress and I pollygized the best I could but she was mad and she said the ideah of you being goose enufh to adop me and think you could make a lady outa me. I said I aint nuthing but she is and you let her be. I slapt that girl good on the cheek. When you slap poorness she will slap back but richness has histerick awful for her mother never gave her no spansks so this was her furst blow.

The Principle called me ungreatful protee jay to you or I wouldnt a dun what I dun. I ans. no mam I am a greatful jay to her no matter how I ack and she sorta chokt and sent me upstairs to think it over with my consents and my consents will ever say the same it was my falt to hit the gravey but the slap was not on me it was on her to put that name to you. When this letter flies where you are at there will fly the letter of the Principle to tell how bad I was all ready. I don't care! I don't care! O its fearce how



"I SLAPT THAT GIRL GOOD ON THE CHEEK"



"I FELT CHEEP TO LET HER DO FOR ME LIKE I WAS A BABY"

I dont care and I got tear spots all over my red dress.

I guess its no use mother of my hart. I am not wurth you should have such pains on me and thats the true. The ways of poorness is not the ways of richness the ways of badness is not the ways of goodness. I aint no more fittn to be your dawter than the orfun of the big moufh and little sents. But O write to me that you do not hate me in your hart. Write that I am not all missteak to you. Write how you kinda like me a little nawty and unfittn tho I be.

your awful sorry

Giovanna.

Presbus goner angle Mother —

it is now the night of my furst week at this school and you aint sent no ans. to my letter.

The Eggsloosifs say I am low to slap a girl so they got tayboo on me. They never speak to a tayboo cept they have to before a teacher and if anybody was good to that one they would put tayboo on her the same. They made a line with chak round my desk that nobody must cross to come by me. Then they talk how low I am like I had no ears. The class pote says I am a weed in the middel of the flowers. I never cry because I wouldnt do them that much good. I just hate them with my eyes. What's the good of a Jim suit when the music dont say nothing to your toes? I am so sorry all days that no lesson can stick to my mind.

But tayboos and such is not my big wo. I know in my hart you are sorry you took me for a dawter. I see now the kind you want like these Eggsloosifs but I got no good start to be that class. I was not made to be a parlor dawter to you Mother of my hart but let me be a kitshen dawter. No dishes would be greesy if I wash for you. No floors would be big and durty if I scrub for you! O dear dear mother dont throw me away for no good but keep me for a kitshen dawter.

your back door

Giovanna.

Dear lady what usto be my Mother —

today I was in the class of gramer and the teacher said Giovanna what is chair and I ans. chair is a noun on which to set and the girls lafft and I had much mad and shame. I heard out on the street some one to cry potaytoes potaytoes.

It was the voice of Luigi a daygo he ped-

dels by the sylum and he usto be frends with my father. I run out of that school awful quick. Luigi did not know me in my Eggsloosif dress and he ast do you want some potaytoes Miss? Then he knew me and I clum upon the wagon and I said go fast I wanto lope with you back to the sylum for I hate this school and all con-taned. He whipt the horse round the corner and then more slow for it skun the potaytoes and I told him all and no lies. He ans. lopes was no fare to you so he stopt the wagon and down I clum and a teacher of the school come runing and she held me by the hand like I would lope some more but I wouldnt. The girls lafft very much and teezed me till I felt sick with shame and mad. The class pote made a song.

see how low daygoes
run for potaytoes.

I hate that class pote I do indede. I hate all the fokes I got and I lost all the fokes I love. I will go now and put on my sylum close so as to be ready for back when the Principle will say you want me to. That dress would be alright with me if it only had an angle letter from you to wisper in the pockit but now no more so my good days are all dun. I guess God knew I was not good enufh to be your dawter for that he let me to spill the gravey and slap the Eggsloosif so your love to me all friz up in your hart.

her which usto be your dawter

Giovanna.

P. S. I put on my sylum dress and pined on my hanky like I usto and I come where the girls was and they lookt and lookt and I said I wear the kind of close like what I am. I hate you all give me tin spoons and no tayboo. The girls lookt and lookt some more and lafft not. Then they wa\$ took with much shame on themselves and they pollygized for what they dun to me. They said I was darling and we cried some and lafft some and huged and kist very much and all said they ast me furst to borro my sylum dress for to ware in a play and we huged more and now I love Eggsloosifs same as orfuns.

O but the best was to get your dear dear dear letter. O to think it was just a storm mused up the railroad and you love me ever and allways the same!

Xcuse the funny spots my tears made them when I thot the chane between us 2 was busted. Now we can play they are laffs I am so glad!

G.



Włodzysław Benda

"I PUT ON MY SYLUM DRESS AND PINED ON MY HANKY"

ANIMAL BEHAVIOR AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

BY

JOHN BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF "INDOOR STUDIES," "LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IF I were to give a detailed account of the tide of wild life that ebbs and flows, winter and summer, about my cabin door, of the shrike I saw a few days ago hunting a little brown creeper about the trunk of the maple tree in front of my window, and especially of the downy woodpecker that has been excavating a chamber for his winter quarters in the top of a chestnut post in the vineyard near my study, hammering away at it day after day like a carpenter building a house, and returning there at night after his day's work and his foraging for supper are over — if I were to give a detailed account of these things and others, many of the incidents would show so much of what we call in ourselves rational intelligence that we should be tempted to ascribe the same powers or faculties to these wild neighbors of mine. Intelligence we may call it without falling into any very serious anthropomorphism — the kind of intelligence that pervades all nature, and which is seen in the vegetable as well as in the animal world, but which differs radically, in its mode of working, from rational human intelligence.

A more specific name for it, and a better one, I think, and for all similar behavior on the part of bird and beast, is the ancient and honorable term "instinct" — a term that the "new psychology" is beginning to shy at or openly to repudiate, but which I do not see how we can get along without.

Take the case of the woodpecker and his retreat. It may be the first cavity of the kind the bird has ever made or occupied, but its forebears have made and used such cavities for untold generations, and Downy unconsciously remembers it all. The whole proceeding is very human, very like what a person might do under certain circumstances — build a hut at

the approach of winter, or take possession of one already built, enlarging and changing it to suit his notions, be on the alert for his enemies while thus engaged, etc. Yet we do not, because of this, ascribe reason to the woodpecker, or conscious forethought; we call it instinct, inherited memory. In a man these and similar acts are attended with more or less reflection and conscious exercise of will, with, no doubt, much instinctive or inherited impulse.

Now the new laboratory psychology comes along and says that the key to animal behavior is neither reason nor instinct, but habit or experience. I have in mind especially Professor E. T. Brewster's two papers in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for June and August, 1909, in which he urges that the lower animals not only do not reason, — which is just what I have been preaching myself, in season and out of season, for some years past, — but that, with adult animals of the more intelligent species, pure instinct, so far from being a controlling factor in the creature's life, hardly has to be reckoned with at all — which is just the opposite of what I have been preaching. The animal, Professor Brewster urges, "forms habits precisely as we do, and, precisely like ourselves, stores up, as habits, many common experiences of life." My own contention is that the wild animals act mainly from inherited habits or instinct, and that their acquired habits, "so far from being a controlling factor in the creature's life, hardly have to be reckoned with at all."

How the writer explains the conduct of animals that have had no chance to store up experiences and form habits — the bird building its first nest, the hen with her first brood of chickens speaking a language she never before spoke and her young understanding a language they never before heard, the heifer hiding her

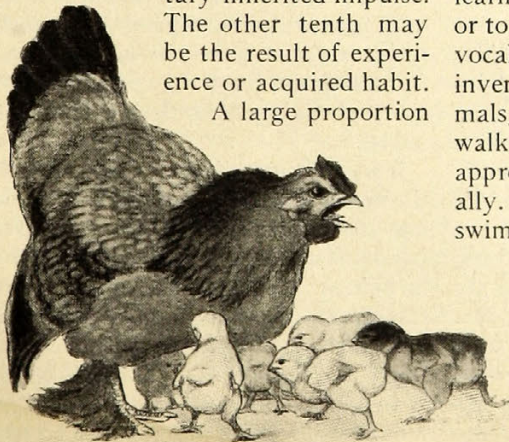
first calf in the bush, the ground-bird decoying you away from her first nest by fluttering over the ground as if half disabled, the puppy burying its first bone, perhaps on the carpet or the kitchen floor, the chipmunk or the wood-mouse laying up its forest store of nuts, and a score of other primary acts of the animals, which they never could have learned as we learn, and which they do offhand the first time the occasion arises—how the writer explains all these things, I say, I am at a loss to know.

These instincts or native impulses, as they are passed along down the line of animal descent, are slightly modified now and then, but remain practically the same from generation to generation. The cliff-swallows have built their nests of mud—how long? The chimney-swifts have built theirs of twigs—how long? The brooding grouse, when started from her nest, has feigned lameness and paralysis—how long? The beaver has been building its dam of sticks and mud—how long?

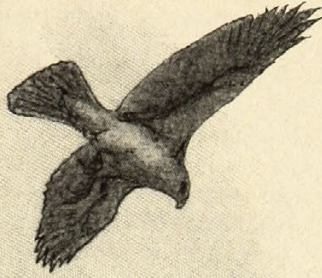
The word "instinct" is of metaphysical rather than of scientific origin, but it means so much more than reaction or tropism that we cannot dispense with it. It marks off the animal world from the human almost as distinctly as the animal is marked off from the vegetable. It covers all the animal behavior that is independent of experience, and that an animal does perfectly on the first occasion. In the orders immediately below man nine tenths of the actions of the animals are the result of involuntary inherited impulse.

The other tenth may be the result of experience or acquired habit.

A large proportion



CHARLES LIVINGSTON 1854



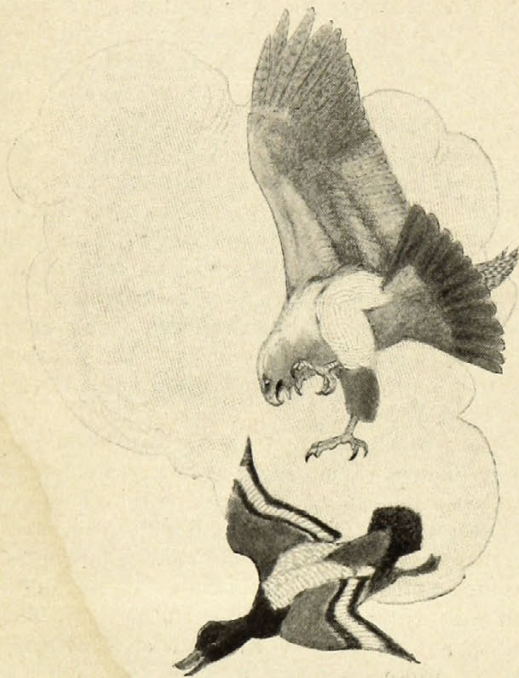
of our actions is also the result of inborn inherited impulses or tendencies, but these are constantly checked and controlled by reason and experience. An animal never checks its natural impulse unless we train it to do so or drill it into new habits. A man has an impulse to steal or to murder, to overeat or to run away from danger; but he checks the impulse, because he is a man and not a mere brute.

Each animal species inherits an organization that determines the kind of life it shall live, how it shall meet its enemies, how get its food and what that food shall be, its habitat, and the like, and it inherits the instincts that go with the organization. The porcupine knows how to use its quills, the skunk its essence, the hawk its talons, the cuttlefish its ink, without previous experience or instruction—that is, instinctively. The mole takes to the ground and is lost on the surface. His organization makes him a prisoner of the soil. Call his behavior instinctive or a tropism or what you will, it is innate, and is not a habit acquired by the individual mole, but by the race of moles.

Man's organization is not specialized in anything like the same degree as that of his animal kin. He inherits no weapons, either of offense or defense; he is confined to no habitat or clime; he is restricted to no special food. He is a tool-maker and inventor, and arms and equips himself with a thousand external things and forces. He is a learner—an acquirer of knowledge. He has legs with which to walk, but he has to learn to walk as much as he has to learn to skate or to swim or to ride a bicycle. He is born with vocal cords and organs of speech, but he has to invent his own language and music. The animals, on the other hand, do not have to learn to walk or swim or fly or speak. If these acts are appropriate to their kind, they do them naturally. The lamb and the calf walk, the duck swims, the snake strikes, the hour they are born.



Man is a generalized type, except as regards his brain power. He is not by his anatomy a climber, or a swimmer, or a wader, or a flyer; he has neither fangs, tusks, talons, horns, spurs, nor claws. And yet, by virtue of his gift of reason, he does all of these things — provides himself with tools that serve all these purposes and many more. It is his reason, and not his instinct, that places him so far above all other animals. A man with skates on his feet is like one of the lower animals in this respect: he is specialized, his range is limited. If he were born with such a device on his feet, he would have an instinct for skating; or if he had a nose like a pig, he would have an instinct for rooting; if he had feet like a goose he would have an instinct for swimming. Man's organization and brain



power are such that pure instinct plays a far smaller part in his life than it does in the lives of the animals below him. He has general instincts, while they have special instincts; he checks and controls or suppresses his instincts by his reason, a thing that the animals never do. A man may have more instincts than his dog or his horse or his ox, but how wide of the mark it would be to say that he is under the dominion of his instincts as these animals are under the dominion of theirs.

We are all more or less the creatures of habit, but of acquired habits rather than inherited habits. Man has filled the world with his acquisitions, and changed the face of continents with the tools he has invented. He performs

hardly an action that is not the result of some acquired habit or for which he does not draw upon some acquired or stored-up power. Nature gave him the power to make sounds, but his language, his music, he has invented; she gave him the power to walk, but his power to sail, to fly, to cross continents faster than the fleetest horse, he has given himself; she gave him the power to hurl a stone or a spear or a club, but the power to hurl tons of metal miles upon miles, he has given himself.

What the wild creatures shall do, where they shall live, what they shall eat, is determined, I repeat, by their organization. Acquired habit or experience modifies the natural course of their lives very little. The scarcity of their staple food may drive them to an unaccustomed diet, as when the crossbills from the North fell upon a peach orchard in my neighborhood one May and cut out the germ of the peach blossoms. Hunger will drive a fox to eat corn which he cannot digest, and fear of the mongoose will drive rats to nest in trees.

With our domestic animals the case is different; they are useful to us mainly on account of their acquired habits. We have trained them to do our bidding. The horse in the harness or under the saddle, the ox in the yoke or hitched to the plow or the cart, the dog trained to point, to retrieve, to trail, the performing animals in the circus or in the menagerie, all act from acquired habits. Their natural instincts have been eradicated or greatly modified. We have trained them to our own wills, as we train a tree to some arbitrary pattern. If let alone a few years, the clipped tree will go back to its natural form; the domestic animal, if given a chance, quickly reverts to the state of its wild brothers. Man himself, in war, in camps in the woods, or among the mines, tends to revert to a state of barbarism.

In calling instinct inherited habit we do not, of course, clear up the mystery. Perhaps we only substitute one mystery for another. There remains the mystery of inheritance, which we think we can track to certain parts of the nucleus of the germ cell, and there our analysis stops.

The new psychology is confusing when it says, through Professor Brewster, that, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as instinct, but "instincts there are by the score." Are we, then, forbidden to generalize or to make abstract statements about concrete facts? Are we forbidden to say, for instance, that there is no such thing as religion, though there be any number of religions? no such thing as character among men, though there may be any number of characteristics?



True, there is no such thing as instinct in the abstract, but there exists in our minds an idea of instinct that is a generalized form of the concrete examples we have seen. There is no such thing as maternal instinct, Professor Brewster says, but only "impulses that have to do with young, which females possess and males lack"; no such thing as a homing instinct, but only an attachment for some particular place to which the animal has learned the way. In short, "instinct is not a faculty but a reflex."

What men possess and share with the lower orders are impulses — involuntary, spontaneous impulses to do certain specific things; and this is what we mean by instinct. The "impulses that have to do with young, which females possess and males lack" — what is that but the maternal instinct? It is not acquired, it is latent in the female, and is developed when her young are born. In the insect world it is active before the young are born, and leads to solicitude about the young that the mother is never to see. There is the nesting instinct in birds, which is stronger in the female than in the male; the stalking instinct in the cat is stronger than it is in the dog. We form an idea of these various unconscious responses or reactions to external conditions, and we call it instinct.

Can we argue that there is no such thing as the mating instinct among animals, from the fact that it works differently in different species? There may not be such a thing as the "homing instinct," in the sense in which we used to believe there was in pre-evolutionary days — a

blind impulse that carries an animal back home unerringly, and that acts independently of sight or sense. Although this is still a mooted point, I do not believe that a wild animal ever gets lost, though we know domestic ones do. The domestic animal's instincts are by no means as sure in their action as are those of their wild brothers. But I do not believe that a wild animal finds its way home in the same way that a man does — by a process of calculation and judgment, and memory of familiar points. I have seen the muirs in Bering Sea fly for many miles straight home to their rookies through a dense fog; and the fur-seals in the vast pathless wilderness of the Pacific find their way back each spring to their breeding-rocks in Bering Sea. I cannot see how their sense of sight or smell could aid them in such cases. President Roosevelt told me of a horse he had in his ranch days that returned to its old home, seventy miles away, by taking a direct line across the prairie, swimming rivers in its course. How did the horse know the way? Wild animals probably have a sense of direction that is enfeebled or lost in domestic animals — a sense that civilized man has lost also, but that is keen in barbarians.

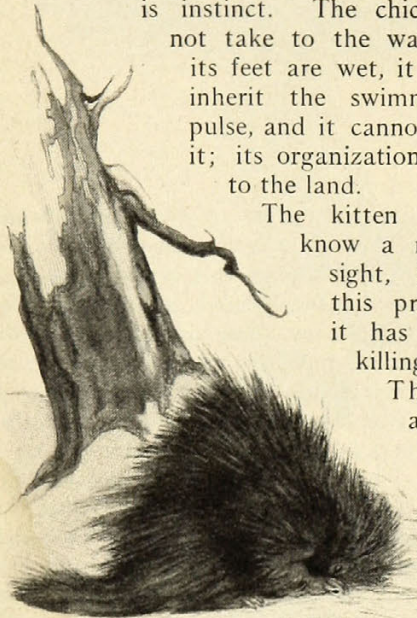
Is not Professor Brewster confusing, too, when he refuses to consider instinct as inherited habit, and then proceeds to relate the case of a white rat that in its wanderings in the laboratory came upon three chickens many times larger than itself, and "slew them most skillfully, each with a single bite through the neck,"

although the rat had never before seen a chicken, nor had its parents or grandparents? Yet the fowl-killing habit had survived in the rat.

Professor Brewster's statement that young ducks have no instinctive impulse to enter the water is misleading. Why, then, do they enter it voluntarily? Young ducks have no instinctive recognition of water through the eye, but they have through the feet; the moment they feel the water with their feet, the impulse to enter it is awakened, and away they go. Is this true of chickens? Neither ducks nor chickens know water through the sense of sight, but by the sense of touch. Their drinking and swimming habits are simply reactions. The power must be directly applied to set the machinery going. This inherent tendency on the part

of the duck to take to the water is instinct. The chicken does not take to the water when its feet are wet, it does not inherit the swimming impulse, and it cannot acquire it; its organization holds it to the land.

The kitten may not know a mouse at sight, but does this prove that it has not the killing instinct? The cat is a preying animal.



CHARLES J. WINSTON, BULL

It preys upon the smaller animals and birds and insects; and this is not a habit, but an instinct which you cannot eradicate. It is quite possible that a laboratory kitten would not kill a mouse offhand, but can any one doubt that the young of a wildcat would kill a mouse at sight?

Animals gain very little knowledge through the eye (often the dog does not know his own master by sight). The sense of smell is their guide; that alone is convincing to them; hence the keenness of this sense in most wild creatures.

Our professor says that, "so far as the study of animal behavior is concerned, the days of the mere observer are past." He has lost his job. The "new psychology" captures the animal,

imprisons it in a cage like a culprit, and then begins its detective work. Certain things may, no doubt, be learned about animal mentality by this course; but I am very skeptical about the amount of light that can be thrown upon the springs of animal life, at least upon the life of the higher vertebrates, by this inquisitorial proceeding. In the laboratory, or in any sort of confinement, the animal is placed in unnatural conditions, and the problems that confront it in captivity do not arise in the natural course of its life. Their instincts are demoralized because their bodies are restrained. Man is a disturbing influence. Animals under his care even change their colors. In laboratories their native wit is usually at a low ebb, and they do not know what they do know. Their instincts are balked because of the strangeness of the environment. They are not themselves, and do not and cannot act out their true natures. What, for instance, could your new psychologist learn of the real life and character of my downy woodpecker by his laboratory experiments? Could he persuade him to excavate his winter lodge? Could he induce him to select a drum from a lot of dry limbs put in his cage, and, when the spring days come, begin his resonant hammering to attract a mate? Can the real instincts and the varied natural accomplishments of any of the wild creatures be brought out by this jailing process? I doubt it. Some of us men would cut a pretty poor figure under such a test.

What sort of a figure does your mountaineer cut in town? Take John Muir, for instance. Now, John Muir is one of the most expert woodsmen and mountain-climbers we have ever had.

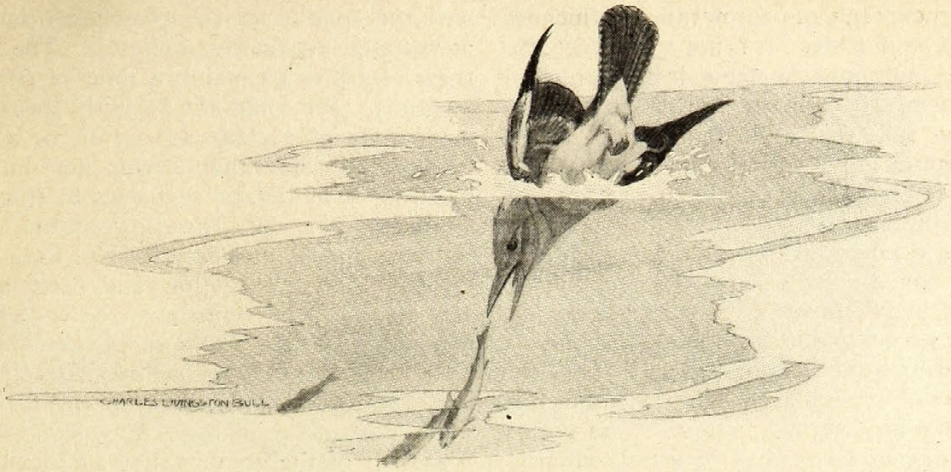
He will find his way about and over the Sierra Mountains, even at night.

But put him down in a city and he will be lost at once unless you keep hold of his coat-tails. No other man has so keen a scent for glaciers and sequoias; but in the streets of

a strange city he could not find his way to a glacier or a Douglas spruce, if it was only two squares away. Unnatural conditions make both man and beast unnatural.

I confess that this short cut to animal psychology through the laboratory interests me very little. Laboratory experiments can lead to little more than negative results. They prove what the animal does not know and cannot do under artificial conditions, but do they show what it does know and can do under natural conditions?

I grant that you can prove in your laboratories that animals do not reason — that they have nothing like our mental processes. But the observer in the field and woods, if he exer-

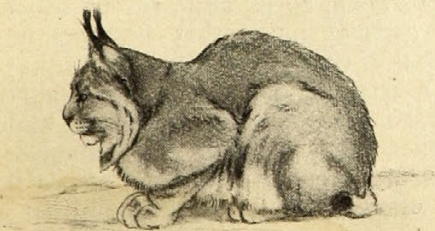


cise any reason of his own, knows this. We see that the caged bird or the caged beast does not reason, because no strength of bar or wall can convince it that it cannot escape. It cannot be convinced, because it has no faculties that are influenced by evidence. It continues to struggle and to dash itself against the bars, not until it is convinced, but until it is exhausted. Then, slowly, a new habit is formed — the cage habit, the habit of submission to bars or tethers. Its inherited habits give place to acquired habits. When we train an animal to do certain "stunts," we do not teach it or enlighten it, in any proper sense, but we compel it to form new habits. We work with the animal until it goes through its little trick in the same automatic manner in which its natural instincts were wont to work.

I do not care to know how a laboratory coon gets his food out of a box that is locked; but I should like to know why he always goes through the motion of washing his food before eating it, rubbing it in the sand or sawdust or straw of his cage, if no water is handy. I should like to know why he is fond of shellfish, and how he secures them, since he is in no sense an aquatic animal. In the laboratory you may easily learn how a mink or a weasel kills a chicken or a rat; but how does it capture a rabbit by fair running in the woods or fields, since the rabbit is so much more fleet of foot? In the laboratory

you might see a black-snake capture a frog or a mouse; but how does it capture the wild bird or the red squirrel in the woods? It is this interplay of wild life, the relations of one animal with another, and how each species meets and solves its own life problems, that interests us, and can afford us the real key to animal behavior. What can the keeper of the Zoo really learn about his animals that is valuable and interesting? Or what does the public get out of its Sunday or holiday visits to a zoological park besides a little idle amusement? The beasts there are all prisoners; and they are more dejected and abnormal than human prisoners would be under like conditions, because they are more completely cut off from their natural surroundings.

With very low forms of animal life the case is different. They are affected very little, if at all, by the presence of man and by artificial conditions. Professor Loeb's experiments with the medusae, ascidians, worms, and mollusks established many things about these low forms well worth knowing, and that could have been learned in no other way — his demonstration, for instance, that a certain phase of tropism, response to external stimuli, is the same in both animals and plants. His discovery that life can go on without the nervous system, that irritability and conductivity are qualities of protoplasm, and that nature invented and improved the nervous system to secure quicker and better communication between the parts of an organism; the discovery that only "certain species of animals possess associative memory, and have consciousness, and that it appears in them only after they have reached a certain stage in their ontogenetic development" — that any animal that can be trained, that can learn, possesses this memory; all these things, and many others that Loeb has found out by his



laboratory experiments, throw much light on the springs of animal life. It is not an instinct that drives the moth into the flame; it is a tropism—heliotropism. It is not an instinct that makes a bedbug take refuge in a crack; it is another tropism—stereotropism, the necessity of bringing the body on every side in contact with solid bodies.

Professor Loeb has shown that neither experience nor volition play any part in the behavior of bugs and worms; they are machines set going by outward conditions. The warmth of the spring brings about chemical changes in the bodies of caterpillars that set them moving about. Wingless plant-lice, he says, can at any time be made to grow wings by simply lowering the temperature, or by letting the plant upon which they are feeding dry out. The egg-laying mechanism of the blow-fly is set going by certain volatile substances contained in its meat, and this he calls chemotropism.

Still, one would like to know how this particular kind of machinery came to be developed in the blow-fly. The terms "reflexes" and "tropisms" do not give a plummet-line long enough to sound all the depths of animal behavior. With them one may measure very

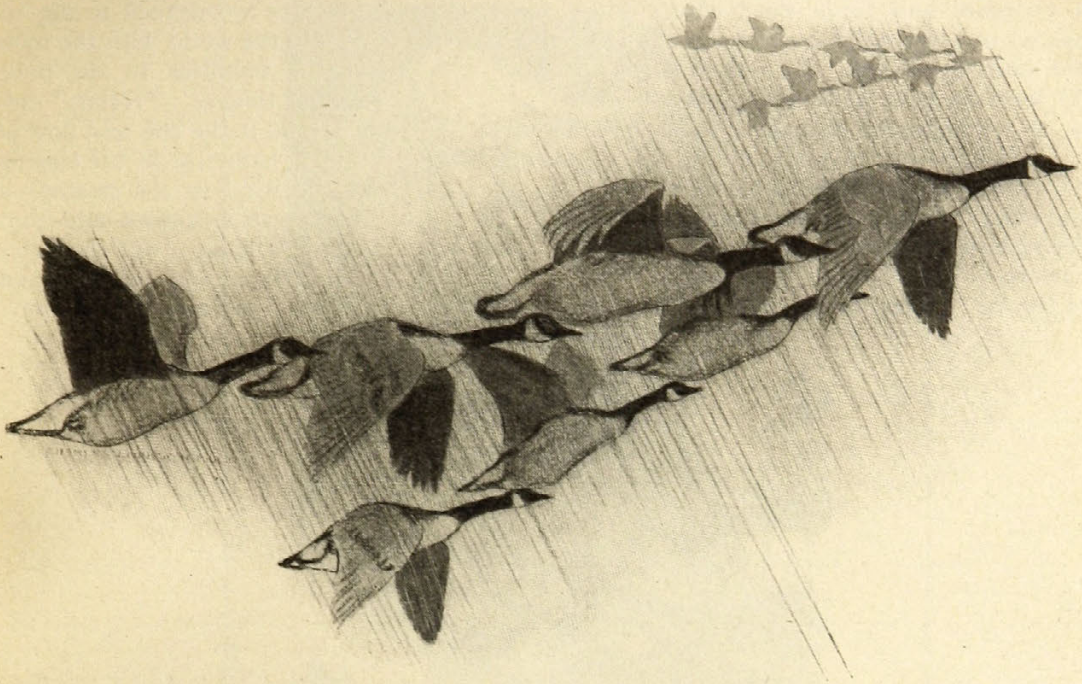
well the conduct of the lower organisms, such as radiates, articulates, mollusks. The lives of these creatures are mainly a series of reflexes or tropisms. We could not correctly speak of the psychology of a clam, an oyster, or a worm, because they have no psychic life; but their tropisms or automatic responses to stimuli are interesting to study. These lower forms have no instincts, properly so called. Not until we get higher in the scale of life, and reach animals that have associative memory, do we reach the region of psychics, and find that complex behavior which we designate as instinctive, and which results as much from inborn impulses as from outward stimulation.

Loeb is of the opinion that all so-called instincts will ultimately be explained on purely physiological principles, that is, the physical and chemical qualities of protoplasm. When this is done the difference between reflex and instinctive actions will disappear. The actions of both men and beasts will turn out to be reactions to external stimuli. Probably everything in this world has its physics, has its genesis and explanation somehow in matter, from chemical affinity to human passion, from animal instincts to the poetic frenzy. That marvelous invention, the phonograph, has its physics as surely as the steam-engine has. But how inadequate the mechanical explanation of it seems. How incredible it seems that the tone of a bell, the peal of a bugle, the wail of a violin, the ring of an anvil, and, above all, the soul of the singer as revealed in the human voice, can all be evoked from these fine, wavy lines on the disk.

The soul of man certainly has its physics; our thoughts, our emotions, all have their physical basis in protoplasm. I do not think that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile, but I do believe our thoughts are as much the result of physiological conditions as bile is. An analysis of the brain and an account of all its chemical elements and properties would fail to reveal to us the secret of its thoughts, or why one brain has thoughts of one kind and another of another kind; yet, no doubt the cause is there, the actual, material, physiological cause, if our analysis were keen enough to find it. Our search would be as futile as our search for the complex music that slumbers in the records of the phonograph.

As a scientist, one cannot admit anything mystical or transcendental in nature; while, on the other hand, the final explanation of the least fact is beyond us. We know certain things about chemical affinity, for instance; but what makes chemical affinity? Why are certain sub-





stances so crazy to be locked in each other's embrace? Why, that is chemical affinity. But what is chemical affinity? The instinct of migration in birds doubtless has a physiological basis; but whence this basis? How did it come about? The instinct of the male for the female doubtless has a physiological basis, but whence the basis? All instincts have their physics, but are they on that account less instinctive? After we have explained them, are they any the less untaught, any the less independent of experience? Some kind of chemical and physiological stimuli make the heart beat, but does that clear up the mystery? Why is this muscle and no other so susceptible to these stimuli? Why is the heart the heart?

It takes time to develop and establish the instincts of the lower orders, as it takes time to develop the reason in man. Not until its organization approaches maturity does its system of reflexes act promptly and surely. It is not a question of experience or of acquired habits, but of physiological development. It takes nine days for the kitten's eyes to open, and it takes longer than that for the preying instincts to develop. The baby does not wink, when you threaten its eyes with your hand, until it is two months old, but its sucking instinct seems to be developed when it comes into the world. Its instinct of fear comes much later, and the little girl's doll-baby instinct, if such it be, comes later still.

Just at this point I am reminded of a curious

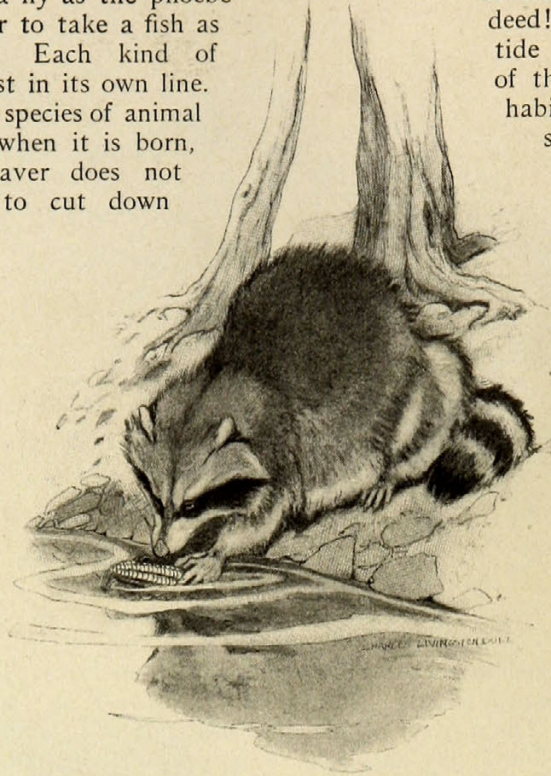
error that John Fiske fell into in his otherwise admirable paper on the helplessness of the human young as a factor in human evolution: "The bird known as the flycatcher no sooner breaks the egg than it will snap at and catch a fly." Of course, this is absurd. When the young flycatcher first comes out of the shell it can neither see nor lift its head. Its fly-catching does not begin until long after it is out of the nest and fully fledged, and then it begins instinctively; it is prompted to this by its organization and its inherited habits. So with the other forms of animal life. The young bird has wings, therefore it does not have to be taught to fly; the woodpeckers have bills made for drilling, therefore the drilling does not depend upon experience; the woodcock has a beak for probing mud and an inborn appetite for soft worms, therefore it instinctively probes mud. Does the young skunk have to be taught how to defend itself, or the young porcupine, or the young rattler, or the wasp, or the honey-bee on its first flight?

Squirrels are nut-eaters, therefore they know nuts the moment they see or smell them. Some species of monkeys are egg-suckers. A monkey of one of these species knows how to deal with the first egg it comes across; a monkey not of such a species makes a mess of the first egg. These are examples of instinct, automatic reactions, inherited habits. Birds not of the fly-catching species will sometimes pursue and try

to capture a small moth or other insect; but how awkward and futile their efforts when compared with the quick, sure swoop and snap of the born flycatcher. A sparrow never could learn to take a fly as the phoebe does, or a woodpecker to take a fish as the kingfisher does. Each kind of bird is a born specialist in its own line.

The career of every species of animal is determined for it when it is born, or before. The beaver does not have to be taught to cut down

trees and to build a dam, nor the muskrat to build its house, nor the woodchuck to dig its hole. They come into the world with the tools and the impulses to do these several things. "Habit," indeed! So is the ebb and flow of tide a habit; so is the singing of the wind in the treetops a habit; so is sunrise and sunset a habit. But the habit is as old as time and as new as the day.



VISIONING HOURS

BY

ARTHUR L. PHELPS

A SILVER mist o'er the city,
That lowers young day to adorn;
A hush, and a silvery city
In the first hour of the morn.

And eyes grown tired in the city,
Looking away and away,
See meadowlands out of the city,
Clean, in the dawn of the day. . . .

Men toil for pay in the city;
But grant them visioning hours
When they pause and dream in the city
Of wide, sweet meadows and flowers.



WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF ROOSEVELT

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

This article, by one of England's most brilliant political writers, was received at a late hour, and, because of its timeliness and force, was hurried into type, in spite of the fact that there is another article by the same author in this number

NO American of our times has touched the imagination of Europe in anything like the same degree as Mr. Roosevelt. The type of President and of statesman evolved by the monstrous mechanism of American politics may have many virtues; but the virtue of attracting and interesting foreigners is not among them. Only one American President in the whole course of the nineteenth century reached the level of real greatness.

That nation, no doubt, is to be congratulated which can produce, even once in a hundred years, an Abraham Lincoln; and there is possibly a quality of artistic finish in the mere flatness that directs and concentrates one's gaze on the nobility of that lonely, towering figure. But the flatness itself is undeniable. The Madisons, Monroes, Jacksons, Van Burens, Tylers, Polks, Taylors, Fillmores, Pierces, and Buchanans of the pre-Lincoln period, the Garfields, Arthurs, Clevelands, Harrisons, and McKinleys

of our own generation — what possible meaning or message have they, or could they ever have had, for the non-American world? Who would even remember their very names apart from the great office they so inexplicably filled? A succession of provincial and uninspiring mediocrities, singularly deficient in the graces either of accomplishment or personality, elected in a tumult of partizan ardor, spending most of their Presidential term in furious factional fights, and forgotten, or at any rate shelved, by their countrymen the moment they quitted the White House—such have been the characteristics and the destiny of eight American Presidents out of every ten.

But in Mr. Roosevelt's case matters from the outset took a very different turn. He was known both to America and to Europe before he became President; but the dramatic circumstances of his accession to the Chief Magistracy, the resounding vigor with which he discharged its duties, the breadth of the policies he formulated, and the evidence furnished by his every deed and word that a real leader of men had arisen beyond the Atlantic, quickly made him one of the most prominent and spectacular figures on the stage of *Welt-politik*.

In England the force of his attractiveness was especially felt. He belongs by education, birth, and tastes to the type that Englishmen on the whole most like to represent them in the public life of the nation—a type that in America used to be moderately common sixty or seventy years ago, before the coming of the Boss, and when merit in a Presidential candidate was considered of more importance than "availability." Long before he became President we knew of him as a mighty hunter and a good all-round sportsman. We watched him in Cuba doing all the brilliant, reckless, and quixotic things that attract the applause of the populace. We watched him again in the Governorship of New York State, bending the "machine" to his will with consummate ability and courage. We knew that he was a Varsity man, with a good lineage behind him, a gentleman both in the right and in the technical sense, and a man of independent means. We felt, in short, an affinity with Mr. Roosevelt, an affinity we have felt with not more than two or three American politicians in the past thirty years.

It is curious, considering the many points of resemblance in the social and political structure of the two peoples, how rarely one can conceive a man of prominence in English affairs rising to equal prominence in American affairs, or a successful politician in America proving equally

successful under British conditions. Such cases do occur from time to time, but only very occasionally. One could easily, for instance, have imagined Mr. Chamberlain becoming an American Boss of the first magnitude, and climbing by a series of dexterously rigged conventions to the Presidency itself. Mr. Root, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and Mr. Choate are similar examples from the other side. One could picture them transplanting themselves to England and taking an effective part in English public life just as they are, and without finding its atmosphere oppressively uncongenial. But, in general, neither Englishmen nor Americans feel any temptation to annex each other's statesmen.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, in this, as in most ways, is a signal exception. Any nation would be glad to reckon him among its assets if it could. At the bottom of the extraordinary enthusiasm of the welcome that has everywhere greeted him on the Continent, is the consciousness that every country in Europe needs a Roosevelt of its own. "If only we had some one like him!" is the thought behind the attentions that have been showered upon him. And the thought is echoed nowhere more responsively than in England. People here feel that they would know what to do with Mr. Roosevelt, and I dare say Mr. Roosevelt feels that he would know what to do with them.

If he were an Englishman, he would have explored every inch of the Empire, shot all the big game to be found in it, won his Blue at Oxford or Cambridge, kept a pack of hounds, written some slashing books on Wellington and Nelson and the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, captured De Wet, annexed an Empire or two, and left an indelible mark on the politics of the nation as the Premier of a Progressive Conservative Ministry. As it is, we have to roll half a dozen Englishmen together to get Mr. Roosevelt's full measure. Take Mr. F. C. Selous, the big-game hunter, add Dr. Fitchett, the semi-historian, add again the breeziness of Lord Charles Beresford, who might be at least half a Roosevelt himself if he were not an Irishman, add again Lord Curzon's instinct for domination and his superb self-confidence, mingle with something more than a dash of Lord Kitchener's remorseless efficiency, throw in at least as much decisiveness, practicality, and belligerency as Mr. Chamberlain has ever commanded, and, finally, leaven the resultant with an ardor Gladstonian in its intensity—and you have a combination not by any means unlike the ex-President.

It sounds paradoxical to assert, after this, that Mr. Roosevelt is in many respects an ordi-

nary man. Yet such at bottom is the fact. He is a man of ordinary endowments extraordinarily developed. So far from being a genius, he is a proof of how little genius has to do with an infinite capacity for taking pains. I remember, some four years ago, when I was spending an hour with him in the White House, the conversation turned for a moment on this very point. Some New York journal of hypercritical bent had been complaining that he was not a genius.

"I know I am not a genius," rapped out the President; and then, turning squarely toward me, he asked:

"By the by, wasn't it you, or was it some other Englishman, who said that a pork-butcher could understand me?"

It was a wholesomely embarrassing moment. My mind traveled backward over the various indiscretions I had been guilty of, the innumerable things I might have said differently, in the course of twelve years of writing on American politics and politicians. It lighted finally on some such dictum — I owned up.

"Because," said the President, "I want to tell you, you were absolutely right!"

Well, I am not quite sure to-day that I was so "absolutely right" as Mr. Roosevelt believed. I have rather worked round to the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt is slightly more complex than he is aware of, and that it needs a somewhat more elastic kind of mind than one usually associates with a pork-butcher to understand him thoroughly. But the characterization had perhaps this amount of truth in it: that Mr. Roosevelt, being fundamentally a healthily unoriginal and elementary man, direct in all his actions, in his character and instincts, and particularly in his mental processes, the simplest and most obvious explanation of him is all but invariably the right one.

The ex-President himself holds firmly and sincerely to the notion that he is essentially a commonplace person, and that almost anybody who chose could be what he is and do what he has done. In a letter which has not, I think, been widely published, he elaborated this theory with ingenuous force. He was dealing more particularly with his achievements as a sportsman.

"Personally, as you know," he wrote, "I am not really good at any games. Perhaps in my time I came nearer to being fairly good as a walker, rider, and rifle shot than in any other way; but I was never more than an average good man, even in these three respects. Whatever success I have had in game-hunting — and it has been by no means noteworthy — has been due, as well as I can make out, to three causes:

first, common sense and good judgment; second, perseverance, which is the only way of allowing one to make good one's own blunders; third, the fact that I shot as well at game as at a target. . . .

"Now, of course, the possession and practice of these three qualities did not make me by any means as successful a hunter as the men who, in addition to possessing them, were also better shots than I was, or who had greater power of endurance, or who were more skilled in plaincraft and woodcraft. But they did enable me to kill a reasonable quantity of big game, and to do it in ways that have made my observations of value to the faunal or outdoor naturalist. Besides, I knew what I wanted, and was willing to work hard to get it. In short, I am not an athlete; I am simply a good, ordinary, out-of-doors man.

"You speak of my recent hundred-mile ride. Now this was no feat for any young man in condition to regard as worth speaking about. Twice out in the cattle-country, on the round-up, when I was young, I have myself spent thirty-six hours in the saddle, merely dismounting to eat or change horses; the hundred-mile ride represented what any elderly man in fair trim can do if he chooses.

"In the summer I often take the smaller boys for what they call a night picnic on the Sound; we row off eight or ten miles, camp out, and row back in the morning. Each of us has a light blanket to sleep in, and the boys are sufficiently deluded to believe that the chicken or beefsteak I fry in bacon fat on these expeditions has a flavor impossible elsewhere to be obtained. Now, these expeditions represent just about the kind of thing I do. Instead of rowing, it may be riding, or chopping, or walking, or playing tennis, or shooting at a target. But it is always a pastime which any healthy middle-aged man fond of outdoor life, but not an athlete, can indulge in if he chooses."

All this, as it stands, is sufficiently revealing; but Mr. Roosevelt went on, as he usually does, to place the interpretation of it beyond dispute.

"I think," he said, "my last sentence covers the whole case — that is, when I say 'if he chooses.' It has always seemed to me that in life there are two ways of achieving success, or, for the matter of that, of achieving what is commonly called greatness. One is to do that which can only be done by the man of exceptional and extraordinary abilities. Of course, this means that only this one man can do it, and it is a very rare kind of success or of greatness. The other is to do that which many men could do, but which, as a matter of fact, none of them

actually does. This is the ordinary kind of success or kind of greatness.

"Nobody but one of the world's rare geniuses could have written the Gettysburg speech, or the Second Inaugural, or met as Lincoln met the awful crises of the Civil War. But most of us can do the ordinary things, which, however, most of us do *not* do. My own successes have come within this second category. Any fairly hardy and healthy man can do what I have done in hunting and ranching if he only really wishes to, and will take the pains and trouble, and at the same time use common sense. Any one that chose could lead the kind of life I have led, and any one who has led that life could if he chose — and by 'choosing' I mean, of course, choosing to exercise in advance the requisite industry, judgment, and foresight, none of them to an extraordinary degree — have raised my regiment or served in positions analogous to those in which I have served in civil life."

Mr. Roosevelt, in a word, has done what so few of us are at pains to do — he has made the most and the best of himself. Hardly anything is more humiliating for the average man than to contemplate the many points at which he has permitted himself to lose touch with life, the powers and faculties he has allowed to become atrophied, the manifold interests and avocations he has dabbled in and then laid aside, the learning he might so easily have amassed, the instincts and aptitudes he has neglected to cultivate. No doubt Mr. Roosevelt in the watches of the night can charge himself, like the rest of us, with many such sins of omission and commission; but to the onlooking eye they seem amazingly few and trivial.

More than any man I have ever encountered or ever expect to encounter, he has developed his tastes and capacities harmoniously and continuously — never letting go when he had once taken hold; always adding something to his stock of knowledge and experience; fronting the problems and events of each day with an eager, acquisitive, and impetuous mind; pouring himself with a perpetually fresh and gathered vehemence into the theme of the moment; not ceasing to be a wide reader because he had become President, or sinking the naturalist in the soldier, or allowing the official to shoulder out the sportsman, or sacrificing the man of letters to the politician, but preserving along the whole frontier of his nature a just and progressive balance.

It is not in itself remarkable that a man, even one whose working day since he left college can hardly have averaged less than fifteen or sixteen hours, should have kept up his classics and his French and German. It is not remarkable that

a statesman holding high office and dedicated to "the strenuous life" should turn aside and devote his odd moments of comparative leisure to writing a *Life of Cromwell*. It is not remarkable that a veteran big-game hunter should be a diligent and observant naturalist, able at any moment to compare the relative sizes of European and American mammals and to give his reasons for exalting the song of the hermit-thrush above that of the nightingale. It is not remarkable that a man should be a first-class rider, walker, and rifle shot, and able also to hold his own at wrestling, on the tennis court, with the foils, and as a boxer. What is remarkable is that these various interests, accomplishments, and aptitudes should meet in a single individual, and that each should contribute to the sum total of his life its proper, and no more than its proper, quota.

By its proper quota I mean the quota that a rational man would assign to it. The torrential vigor that Mr. Roosevelt throws into all his pursuits is one of his most obvious characteristics; but hardly less obvious is his insistence that activity must be regulated by reason, by proportion, by a sense of what is feasible. There is no type that irritates him more, no type he has "scored" so mercilessly, as the men of impossible standards and extravagant ideals. The intemperance that overshoots the mark is as intolerable to him as the indifference that does not even trouble to aim, and misguided effort all but as abhorrent as no effort at all. Indeed, I am not sure that the over-civilized, hypercritical mugwump does not rouse him more effectually than even the *jeunesse dorée*. The choicest adjectives of his vocabulary, a vocabulary that, if it lacks range and subtlety, possesses an undeniable sledge-hammer effectiveness, have been reserved, not for the wealthy criminal class, but for the arm-chair critics, the "vain prattlers" and "professional impracticables" who think they can reform politics without themselves becoming politicians, the men of good intentions, weak wills, and amiably aimless action.

Mr. Roosevelt profoundly believes in preserving the rugged fighting qualities in a man or a nation. He is not afraid to go on record with the statement that a righteous war is the healthiest of all national exercises. He is never tired of extolling the "manly virtues," and of insisting on physical hardihood and courage as one of the essential elements of a sound character. I doubt whether there is to be found in England anything to appeal to him more directly than the Boy Scout movement, with its admirably wholesome and ingenious ways of developing every virtue and faculty that a

boy possesses, of teaching him patriotism and chivalry, of sharpening his powers of observation and deduction, of training him to a life of vigor and cleanliness, and of turning him into an efficient, handy, all-round member of society. With the robust ideals of such a movement he would feel an instantaneous sympathy. "Get out and do things," has been his constant exhortation to the youth of America.

But, while vehement on the necessity of action as the touchstone of sincerity, he is always careful to add that it must be action in union with judgment. The "reformers" who think it enough to reiterate the honesty of their intentions, the men who will not admit that compromise is the essence of politics, for all such people he has a contempt only less hearty than for those who refuse to support a big navy or who turn against their country in time of war. Large families, "my country, right or wrong," personal courage, everybody shouldering the public duties that almost everybody neglects, all classes and interests recognizing their interdependence, the supremacy of the elementary virtues of character over all intellectual and material gifts — it is on such themes as these that Mr. Roosevelt has held forth with inimitable gusto.

His own temperament, though quickly and easily stirred, is essentially Whiggish, content to advance a step at a time, inexorable on vital points, but never tempted to extremes. One could hazard the man from his books, or his books from the man. His prose has a hard, confident, metallic texture, with little light or shade playing about it, yet strong in its rush and resonance. I find I cannot with any pleasure read much of it at a time, unless it happens to deal with hunting and outdoor life. One soon exhausts the quality of Mr. Roosevelt's intellectual power.

The most individual of men, he is also one of the least original. In all his books and Presidential messages I cannot recall a single thought that was really novel and illuminating. On the other hand, I can recall only two or three that were absolutely foolish. A dogmatic turn for the common sense of things is the most marked characteristic of his mind. He is eminently sane, but it would be flattery to call him deep. He thinks too much in rigid categories and antitheses and expresses himself too much in superlatives to be a winning writer or a subtle thinker. One might perhaps best describe his mind and style by saying that they are as far apart as anything could be from Newman's mind and style. As a talker, copious, ready, animated, and humane, he is far more enthralling than as an essayist or an historian. One is too conscious,

in reading him, of the whirr of the "big stick." He moves swiftly and resonantly down the road of clanking commonplace. His mind tolerates no haziness, for him there is a right and a wrong in everything; and he tries too openly to bludgeon his readers into accepting his views.

One is not always able to do so. One cannot always agree that the problems of life and politics are quite as clear-edged as Mr. Roosevelt makes them out to be, or that the alternatives he so vividly propounds are altogether exhaustive. Nor can one always bear patiently with his eternal insistence on the eternal verities, or listen without something perilously near a yawn while he thumps the cushions of his political pulpit, enunciates the moral platitudes that most people are content to take for granted, and holds forth on wife-beating, race suicide, the obligations of citizenship, the simple life, snob-bishness, and kindred topics in a manner thoroughly sound, no doubt, and estimable, but also a trifle wearying.

But the man, after all, is greater than his books. Mr. Roosevelt's background of solid Dutch caution and level-headedness make mere feelings as little his guide as mere theories. People call him impulsive. It is the charge usually brought by stupidity against the man of quick-moving parts. Mr. Roosevelt makes up his mind at a bound, and the bound, no doubt, is sometimes a hasty one. Being always ruled by what is possible, he cares not a rap for consistency, and it is easy to imagine him asserting a proposition with almost ferocious emphasis to-day and retracting or contradicting it to-morrow with equal vehemence.

But impulsive in his actions he decidedly is not; and the critics who have charged him from time to time with over-precipitancy have always found that he looked farther ahead than they. Practicality and idealism hold in his nature an almost perfect balance. There is nothing more fundamental in him than his transparent incapacity for anything mean, underhand, or equivocal. His instincts are all toward whatever is sound, honest, and clean. But, if his head strikes the stars, his feet are on the solid earth. Always reaching, struggling, sometimes rushing forward, he invariably also keeps in touch with the expedencies, fights furiously for the absolute best, but, when he cannot get it, is satisfied with the second best. A score of times he has risked his whole political future rather than yield where he felt yielding to be wrong. Like Mr. Gladstone, he is always inflexibly resolved to do the right thing. Like Mr. Gladstone, too, his critics assert that the right thing, by some happy and unvarying chance, is whatever he has resolved to do.

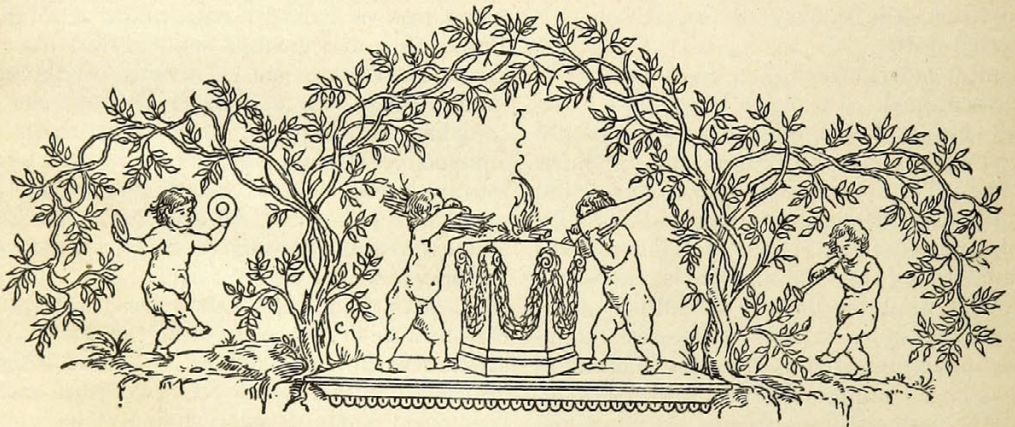
"Better be a poor fisherman than meddle with the governing of men," wailed Danton. Such a dictum would be incomprehensible to Mr. Roosevelt. His attitude toward "the governing of men" is that of a strong man rejoicing. Leadership, with him, is an instinct, and the hurly-burly of conflict a great gladness; and this stern elation, this personal and irrepressible joy in work, was the driving power of his whole Presidency. He had seven and a half years of more struggle and contention than fall to most men in a life-time, and he reveled in every fighting minute of them. In a phrase that is already classic, but not yet classical, he announced, when he left the White House, that he had had "a perfectly corking time." Both the sentiment and the language came straight from the heart.

"I *like* being President," he once said to me, with a snap of his emphatic jaw.

I happened to be in Washington during one of the most critical crises of his Presidency, at a time when he was being badgered and thwarted almost beyond mortal endurance, when schemes on which his whole heart was set were in momentary peril of wreckage. I heard him on that occasion explode with anger, scorn, and denunciation, belabor his opponents with more than Wellingtonian vigor, and stoke the fires of dissension with reckless audacity. But one could see with half an eye that the outburst was not one of despair but exhilaration; that it was tonic to him to be in the middle of the fight and hitting his hardest; and that his vehemence, far from arguing weariness or discouragement, was just the natural, pugnacious, elemental man with his back to the wall.

Mr. Roosevelt has always been not only belligerent in himself, but the cause of belligerency in others. He often, as President, said things which I do not suppose he would justify in cold blood — if, indeed, his blood is ever cold. He often acted with too little thought for dignity and appearances. He often engaged in personal squabbles that he might better have avoided, and accumulated enmities that added much, no doubt, to his own enjoyment and to the gaiety of the nation, but did little permanent good to anybody. Tactfulness, patience, the smaller arts of conciliating and managing men, have never quite consorted with his insistent, dictatorial, almost hectoring temperament, his headlong mind, and the presence in him of a self-confidence so overpowering that it is all but impossible for him to do justice to "the other fellow."

But these, after all, are insignificant blemishes on a Presidency which, next to Lincoln's, stands out as the most memorable in American history. Mr. Roosevelt's reign was prolific of positive achievements, but his best work was work that could not be tabulated. Burke talks somewhere of "a revolution in sentiment, manners, and moral opinions — the most important of all revolutions." It was such a revolution that Mr. Roosevelt wrought. He has affected the instinctive attitude of his countrymen toward life and conduct. Thanks to him, Americans do not do the things they did. They do not even think the thoughts of a decade ago. He has broadened the social conscience of the people; he has altered the current of their ideas. It is, in the end, as a sort of whirlwind of purification that one thinks of him.



THE ALUMINUM DAGGER

BY

R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

AUTHOR OF "THE ANTHROPOLOGIST AT LARGE" AND "THE BLUE SEQUIN"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE "urgent call"—the instant, peremptory summons to professional duty—is an experience that appertains to the medical rather than to the legal practitioner; and I had supposed, when I abandoned the clinical side of my profession in favor of the forensic, that henceforth I should know it no more—that the interrupted meal, the broken leisure, and the jangle of the night-bell were things of the past: but in practice it was otherwise.

I had just finished my bath and was dressing, one morning, when a hurried step was heard upon the stair, and the voice of our laboratory assistant, Polton, arose at my colleague's door:

"There's a gentleman downstairs, sir, who says he must see you instantly on most urgent business."

Polton was proceeding to descriptive particulars, when a second and more hurried step became audible, and a strange voice addressed Thorndyke:

"I have come to beg your immediate assistance, sir. A most dreadful thing has happened—a horrible murder has been committed! Can you come with me now?"

"I will be with you almost immediately," said Thorndyke. "Is the victim quite dead?"

"Quite. Cold and stiff. The police think——"

"Do the police know that you have come for me?" interrupted Thorndyke.

"Yes. Nothing is to be done until you arrive."

"Very well; I will be ready in a few minutes."

"And if you would wait downstairs, sir," Polton added persuasively, "I could help the doctor to get ready."

Thorndyke and I clothed ourselves with a celerity known only to medical practitioners and quick-change "artists," ate a hasty breakfast, and gathered the few appliances that

Thorndyke usually took with him on a visit of investigation.

As we entered the sitting-room, our visitor, who was feverishly pacing up and down, seized his hat, and preceded us to the waiting brougham.

"I had better give you some account of the circumstances as we go," said our agitated friend, as the coachman drove off at a smart pace. "In the first place, my name is Curtis—Henry Curtis; here is my card. Ah! and here is another card, which I should have given you before. My solicitor, Mr. Marchmont, was with me when I made this dreadful discovery, and he sent me to you. He remained in the rooms to see that nothing is disturbed until you arrive."

"That was wise of him," said Thorndyke. "But now tell us exactly what has occurred."

"I will," said Mr. Curtis. "The murdered man was my brother-in-law, Alfred Hartridge, and I am sorry to say he was—well, he was a bad man. It grieves me to speak of him thus,—*de mortuis*, you know,—but, still, we must deal with the facts, even though they be painful.

"I have had a great deal of very unpleasant correspondence with him,—Marchmont will tell you about that,—and yesterday I left a note for him asking for an interview to settle the business, naming eight o'clock this morning as the hour, because I had to leave town before noon. He replied, in a very singular letter, that he would see me at that hour, and Mr. Marchmont very kindly consented to accompany me. Accordingly, we went to his chambers together this morning, arriving punctually at eight o'clock. We rang the bell several times, and knocked loudly at the door; but, as there was no response, we went down and spoke to the hall porter.

"This man, it seems, had already noticed,

from the courtyard, that the electric lights were on full in Mr. Hartridge's sitting-room, as they had been all night, according to the statement of the night porter; so now, suspecting that something was wrong, he came up with us, and rang the bell and battered at the door. Then, as there was still no sign of life within, he inserted his duplicate key and tried to open the door — unsuccessfully, however, as it proved to be bolted on the inside.

"Thereupon the porter fetched a constable, and we burst open the door. We entered, and — my God! Dr. Thorndyke, what a terrible sight it was that met our eyes! My brother-in-law was lying dead on the floor of the sitting-room. He had been stabbed — stabbed to death; and the dagger had not even been withdrawn."

He mopped his face with his handkerchief, and was about to continue his account of the catastrophe when the carriage entered a quiet side street between Westminster and Victoria, and drew up before a block of tall new red-brick buildings.

"My brother-in-law's chambers are on the second floor," said Mr Curtis. "We can go up in the lift."

In a few seconds we were discharged on to the second floor, the porter, with furtive curiosity, following us down the corridor. At the end of the passage was a half-open door, considerably battered. Above the door, painted in white lettering, was the inscription, "Mr. Hartridge"; and through the doorway protruded the rather foxy countenance of Inspector Badger.

"I am glad you have come, sir," said he, as he recognized my colleague. "Mr. Marchmont is sitting inside like a watch-dog, and he growls if any of us even walks across the room."

The words formed a complaint; but there was a certain geniality in the speaker's manner that made me suspect that Inspector Badger was already navigating his craft on a lee shore.

We entered a small lobby or hall, and from that passed into a sitting-room, where we found Mr. Marchmont keeping his vigil, in company with a constable and a uniformed inspector.

There was in the entire aspect of the room something very grim and dreadful. Especially impressive was the air of suspense — of ordinary, every-day life suddenly arrested, cut short in the twinkling of an eye. The electric lamps still burning dim and red, though the summer sunshine streamed in through the windows, the half-emptied tumbler and open book by the empty chair, and, above all, the awesome shape that but a few hours since had been a living man, each had its whispered message of swift and sudden disaster.

"This is a mysterious affair," observed Inspector Badger, breaking the silence at length, "though it is clear enough up to a certain point. The body tells its own story."

We stepped across and looked down at the corpse. It was that of a somewhat elderly man, and lay on an open space of floor before the fireplace, face downward, with the arms extended. The slender hilt of a dagger projected from the back below the left shoulder. With the exception of a trace of blood upon the lips, this was the only indication of the mode of death. A little distance from the body a clock-key lay on the carpet, and, glancing up at the clock on the mantelpiece, I perceived that the glass front was open.

"You see," pursued the inspector, noting my glance, "he was standing in front of the fireplace, winding the clock. Then the murderer stole up behind him — the noise of the turning key must have covered his movements — and stabbed him. And you see, from the position of the dagger on the left side of the back, that the murderer must have been left-handed. That is all clear enough. What is not clear is how he got in, and how he got out again."

"The body has not been moved, I suppose," said Thorndyke.

"No. We sent for Dr. Egerton, the police surgeon, and he certified that the man was dead. He will be back presently to see you and arrange about the post-mortem."

"Then," said Thorndyke, "we will not disturb the body till he comes, except to take the temperature and dust the dagger-hilt."

He took from his bag a long registering chemical thermometer, and an insufflator, or powder-blower. The former he introduced under the dead man's clothing against the abdomen, and with the latter blew a stream of fine yellow powder on to the black leather handle of the dagger. Inspector Badger stooped eagerly to examine the handle, as Thorndyke blew away the powder that had settled evenly on the surface.

"No finger-prints," said he in a disappointed tone. "He must have worn gloves. But that inscription gives a pretty broad hint."

He pointed, as he spoke, to the metal guard of the dagger, on which was engraved, in clumsy lettering, the single word, "*Traditore*."

"That's the Italian for 'traitor,'" continued the Inspector, "and I got some information from the porter that fits in with that suggestion. We'll have him in presently, and you shall hear."

"Meanwhile," said Thorndyke, "as the position of the body may be of importance in the inquiry, I will take one or two photographs and

make a rough plan to scale. Nothing has been moved, you say? Who opened the windows?"

"They were open when we came in," said Mr. Marchmont. "Last night was very hot, you remember. Nothing whatever has been moved."

Thorndyke produced from his bag a small folding camera, a telescopic tripod, a surveyor's measuring-tape, a boxwood scale, and a sketch-block. He set up the camera in a corner, and exposed a plate, taking a general view of the room, and including the corpse. Then he moved to the door and made a second exposure.

"Will you stand in front of the clock, Jervis," he said, "and raise your hand as if winding it? Thanks. Stand like that while I expose a plate."

I remained thus, in the position that the dead man was assumed to have occupied at the moment of the murder, while the plate was exposed; and then, before I moved, Thorndyke marked the position of my feet with a black-board chalk. He next set up the tripod over the chalk marks, and took two photographs from that position; and finally he photographed the body itself.

Thorndyke next proceeded to lay out on the sketch-block a ground-plan of the room, showing the exact position of the various objects, on a scale of a quarter of an inch to the foot — a process that the inspector was inclined to view with some impatience.

"You don't spare trouble, Doctor," he remarked; "— nor time, either," he added.

"No," answered Thorndyke, as he detached the finished sketch from the block. "I try to collect all the facts that may bear on a case. They may prove worthless, or they may turn out of vital importance; one never knows beforehand, so I collect them all. But here, I think, is Dr. Egerton."

The police surgeon greeted Thorndyke with respectful cordiality, and we proceeded at once to an examination of the body. Drawing out the thermometer, my colleague noted the reading, and passed the instrument to Dr. Egerton.

"Dead about ten hours," remarked the latter, after a glance at it. "This was a very determined and mysterious murder."

"Very," said Thorndyke. "Feel that dagger, Jervis."

I touched the hilt, and felt the characteristic grating of bone.

"It is through the edge of a rib!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; it must have been used with extraordinary force. And you notice

that the clothing is screwed up slightly, as if the blade had been rotated as it was driven in. That is a very peculiar feature, especially when taken together with the violence of the blow."

"It is singular, certainly," said Dr. Egerton, "though I don't know that it helps us much. Shall we withdraw the dagger before moving the body?"

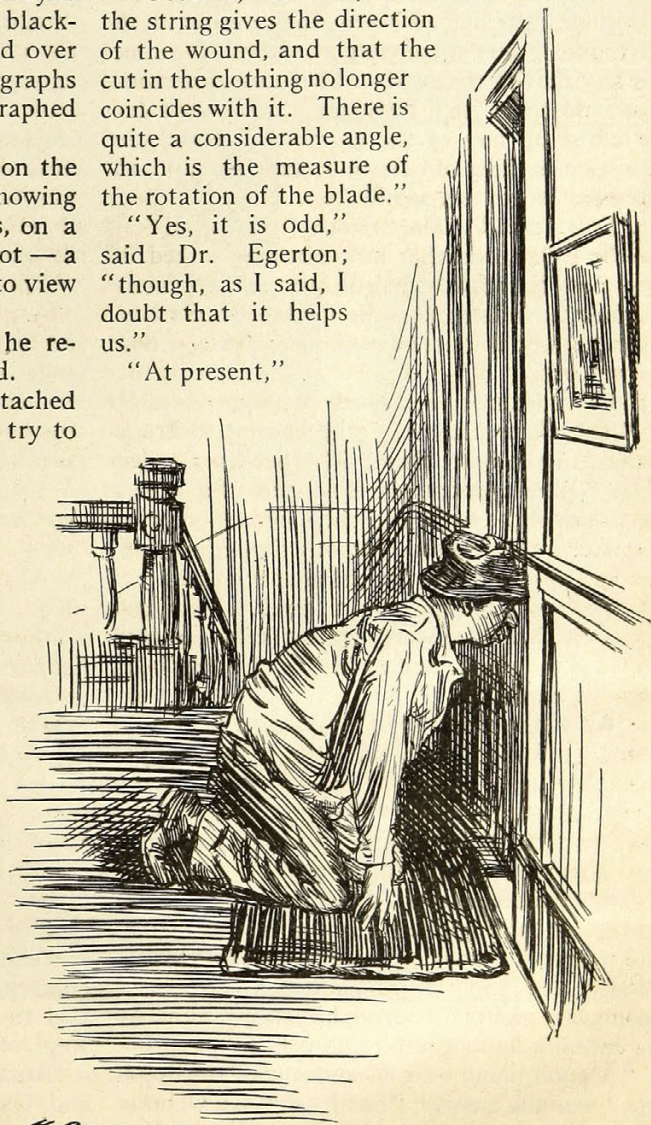
"Certainly," replied Thorndyke, "or the movement may produce fresh injuries. But wait."

He took a piece of string from his pocket, and, having drawn the dagger out a couple of inches, stretched the string in a line parallel to the flat of the blade. Then, giving me the ends, he drew the weapon out completely. As the blade emerged, the twist in the clothing disappeared.

"Observe," said he, "that the string gives the direction of the wound, and that the cut in the clothing no longer coincides with it. There is quite a considerable angle, which is the measure of the rotation of the blade."

"Yes, it is odd," said Dr. Egerton; "though, as I said, I doubt that it helps us."

"At present,"



H. R. GLENN

"THE CUSTODIAN WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO FIND"

Thorndyke rejoined dryly, "we are noting the facts."

"Quite so," agreed the other, reddening slightly; "and perhaps we had better move the body to the bedroom, and make a preliminary inspection of the wound."

We carried the corpse into the bedroom, and, having examined the wound without eliciting anything new, covered the remains with a sheet, and returned to the sitting-room.

"Well, gentlemen," said the inspector, "you have examined the body and the wound, and you have measured the floor and the furniture, and taken photographs, and made a plan, but we don't seem much more forward. Here's a man murdered in his rooms. There is only one entrance to the flat, and that was bolted on the inside at the time of the murder. The windows are some forty feet from the ground; there is no rain-pipe near any of them; they are set flush in the wall, and there isn't a foothold for a fly on any part of that wall. The grates are modern, and there isn't room for a good-sized cat to crawl up any of the chimneys. Now, the question is, how did the murderer get in, and how did he get out again?"

"Still," said Mr. Marchmont, "the fact is that he did get in, and that he is not here now; and therefore he must have got out; and therefore it must have been possible for him to get out. And, further, it must be possible to discover how he got out."

The inspector smiled sourly, without replying.

"The circumstances," said Thorndyke, "appear to have been these: The deceased seems to have been alone; there is no trace of a second occupant of the room, and only one half-emptied tumbler on the table. He was sitting reading, when, apparently, he noticed that the clock had stopped — at ten minutes to twelve. He laid his book, face downward, on the table, and rose to wind the clock; and as he was winding it he met his death."

"By a stab dealt by a left-handed man, who crept up behind him on tiptoe," added the inspector.

Thorndyke nodded. "That would seem to be so," he said. "But now let us call in the porter and hear what he has to tell us."

The custodian was not difficult to find — being, in fact, at that moment engaged in a survey of the premises through the slit of the letter-box.

"Do you know what persons visited these rooms last night?" Thorndyke asked him, when he entered, looking a bit sheepish.

"A good many were in and out of the building," was the answer, "but I can't say whether any of them came to this flat. I saw Miss Curtis pass in about nine."

"My daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Curtis, with a start. "I didn't know that."

"She left about nine-thirty," the porter added.

"Do you know what she came about?" asked the inspector.

"I can guess," replied Mr. Curtis.

"Then don't say," interrupted Mr. Marchmont. "Answer no questions."

"You're very close, Mr. Marchmont," said the inspector; "we are not suspecting the young lady. We don't ask, for instance, if she is left-handed."

He glanced craftily at Mr. Curtis as he made this remark, and I noticed that our client suddenly turned deathly pale, whereupon the inspector looked away again quickly, as if he had not observed the change.

"Tell us about those Italians again," he said, addressing the porter. "When did the first of them come here?"

"About a week ago," was the reply. "He was a common-looking man, — looked like an organ-grinder, — and he brought a note to my lodge. It was in a dirty envelop, and was addressed, 'Mr. Hartridge, Esq., Brackenhurst Mansions,' in a very bad handwriting. The man gave me the note and asked me to give it to Mr. Hartridge; then he went away, and I took the note up and dropped it into the letter-box."

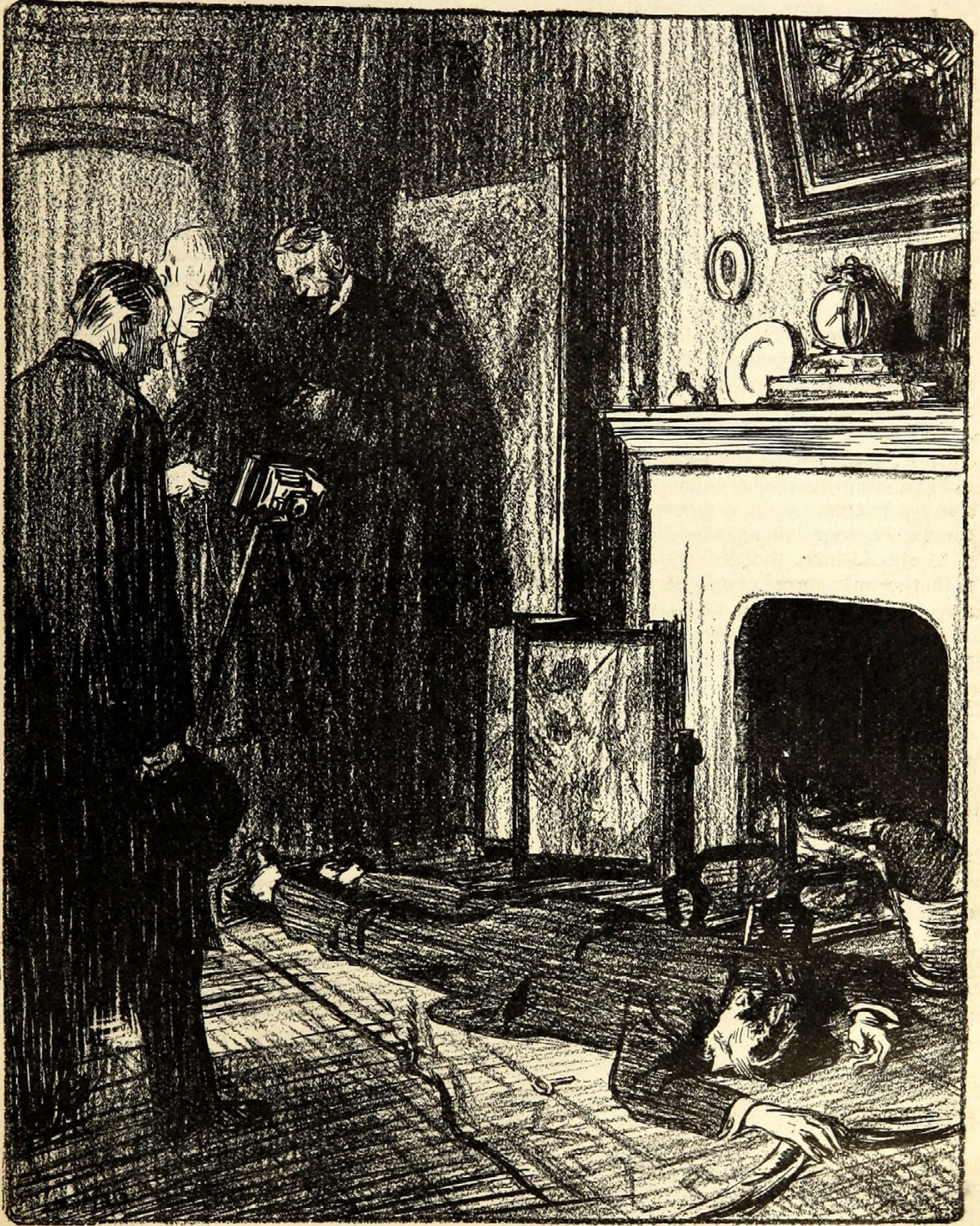
"What happened next?"

"Why, the very next day an old hag of an Italian woman — one of them fortune-telling swines with a cage of birds on a stand — came and set up just by the main doorway. I soon sent her packing, but, bless you! she was back again in ten minutes, birds and all. I sent her off again — I kept on sending her off, and she kept on coming back, until I was reg'lar wore to a thread."

"You seem to have picked up a bit since then," remarked the inspector, with a grin.

"Perhaps I have," the custodian replied haughtily. "Well, the next day there was a' ice-cream man — a reg'lar waster, *he* was. Stuck outside as if he was froze to the pavement. Kept giving the errand-boys tasters; and when I tried to move him on, he told me not to obstruct his business. Business, indeed! Well, there them boys stuck, one after the other, wiping their tongues round the bottoms of them glasses, until I was fit to bust with aggravation. And *he* kept me going all day.

"Then, the day after that, there was a barrel-organ with a mangy-looking monkey on it. He was the worst of all. Profane, too, *he* was. Kept mixing up sacred tunes and comic songs — 'Rock of Ages,' 'Bill Bailey,' 'Cujus Animal,' and 'Over the Garden Wall.' And when I tried to move him on, the monkey made a run at my leg. I tell you, it was fair sickening."



"AND FINALLY HE PHOTOGRAPHED THE BODY ITSELF"

"And that was the last of them?" said the inspector; and, as the porter nodded sulkily, he asked: "Should you recognize the note that the Italian gave you?"

"I should," answered the porter.

The inspector left the room, and returned a minute later carrying a letter-case.

"This was in his breast pocket," said he, laying the bulging case on the table, and drawing up a chair. "Now, here are three letters tied together. Ah! this will be the one."

He untied the tape, and held out a dirty envelop addressed in a sprawling, illiterate hand to "Mr. Hartridge, Esq."

"Is that the note the Italian gave you?"

The porter examined it critically. "Yes," said he; "that is the one."

The inspector drew the letter out of the envelop, and, as he opened it, his eyebrows went up. "What do you make of that, Doctor?" he asked, handing the sheet to Thorndyke.

Thorndyke regarded it for a while in silence. Then he carried it to the window, and, taking his lens from his pocket, examined the paper closely, first with the low power and then with the highly magnifying Coddington attachment.

"I should have thought you could see that with the naked eye," said the inspector, with a sly grin at me. "It's a pretty bold design."

"Yes," replied Thorndyke; "a very interesting production. What do you say, Mr. Marchmont?"

The solicitor took the note, and I looked over his shoulder. It was certainly a curious production. Written in red ink, on the commonest note-paper, and in the same sprawling hand as the address, was the following message:

You are given six days to do what is just. By the sign above, know what to expect if you fail.

The sign referred to was a skull and cross-bones, very neatly but rather unskilfully drawn at the top of the paper.

"This," said Mr. Marchmont, handing the document to Mr. Curtis, "explains the singular letter that he wrote yesterday. You have it with you, I think?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Curtis; "here it is."

He produced a letter from his pocket, and read aloud:

"Yes; come if you like, though it is an ungodly hour. Your threatening letters have caused me great amusement. They are worthy of Sadler's Wells in its prime.

ALFRED HARTRIDGE."

"Was Mr. Hartridge ever in Italy?" asked Inspector Badger.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Curtis. "He stayed at Capri nearly the whole of last year."

"Why, then, that gives us our clue. Look here. Here are these two other letters; E. C. postmark — Saffron Hill is E. C. And just look at that!"

He spread out the last of the mysterious letters, and we saw that, besides the *memento mori*, it contained only three words:

Beware! Remember Capri!

"If you have finished, Doctor, I'll be off and have a look round Little Italy. Those four Italians oughtn't to be difficult to find, and we've got the porter here to identify them."

"Before you go," said Thorndyke, "there are two little matters that I should like to settle. One is the dagger: it is in your pocket, I think. May I have a look at it?"

The inspector rather reluctantly produced the dagger and handed it to my colleague.

"A very singular weapon, this," said Thorndyke, regarding the dagger thoughtfully, and turning it about to view its different parts. "Singular both in shape and material. I have never seen an aluminum hilt before, and book-binder's morocco is a little unusual."

"The aluminum was for lightness," explained the inspector; "and it was made narrow to carry up the sleeve, I expect."

"Perhaps so," said Thorndyke.

He continued his examination, and presently, to the inspector's delight, brought forth his pocket lens.

"I never saw such a man!" exclaimed the jocose detective. "His motto ought to be 'We magnify thee.' I suppose he'll measure it next."

The inspector was not mistaken. Having made a rough sketch of the weapon on his block, Thorndyke produced from his bag a folding rule and a delicate calliper-gage. With these instruments he proceeded to take the dimensions of the various parts of the dagger, entering each measurement in its place on the sketch, with a few brief descriptive details.

"The other matter," said he at length, handing the dagger back to the inspector, "refers to the houses opposite."

He walked to the window, and looked out at the backs of a row of tall buildings similar to the one we were in. They were about thirty yards distant, and were separated from us by a piece of ground planted with shrubs and intersected by gravel paths.

"If any of those rooms were occupied last night," continued Thorndyke, "we might obtain an actual eye-witness of the crime. This room was brilliantly lighted, and all the blinds were up, so that an observer at any of those windows could see right into the room, and very distinctly, too. It might be worth inquiring into."

"Yes, that's true," said the inspector; "though I expect, if any of them have seen anything, they will come forward quick enough when they read the report in the papers. But I must be off now, and I shall have to lock you out of the rooms."

As we went down the stairs, Mr. Marchmont announced his intention of calling on us in the evening, "—unless," he added, "you want any information from me now."

"I do," said Thorndyke. "I want to know who is interested in this man's death."

"That," replied Mr. Marchmont, "is rather a queer story. Let us take a turn in that garden that we saw from the window. We shall be quite private there."

He beckoned to Mr. Curtis, and, when the inspector had departed with the police surgeon, we induced the porter to let us into the garden.

"The question that you asked," Mr. Marchmont began, looking up curiously at the tall houses opposite, "is very simply answered. The only person immediately interested in the death of Alfred Hartridge is his executor and sole legatee, a man named Leonard Wolfe. He is no relation of the deceased, merely a friend, but he inherits the entire estate — about twenty thousand pounds. The circumstances are these: Alfred Hartridge was the elder of two brothers, of whom the younger, Charles, died before his father, leaving a widow and three children. Fifteen years ago the father died, leaving the whole of his property to Alfred, with the understanding that he should support his brother's family and make the children his heirs."

"Was there no will?" asked Thorndyke.

"Under great pressure from the friends of his son's widow, the old man made a will shortly before he died; but he was then very old and rather childish, so the will was contested by Alfred, on the grounds of undue influence, and was ultimately set aside. Since then Alfred Hartridge has not paid a penny toward the support of his brother's family. If it had not been for my client, Mr. Curtis, they might have starved; the whole burden of the support of the widow and the education of the children has fallen upon him.

"Well, lately the matter has assumed an acute form, for two reasons. The first is that Charles' eldest son, Edmund, has come of age. Mr. Curtis had him articulated to a solicitor, and, as he is now fully qualified, and a most advantageous proposal for a partnership has been made, we have been putting pressure on Alfred to supply the necessary capital, in accordance with his father's wishes. This he refused to do, and it was with reference to this matter that we were calling on him this morning.

"The second reason involves a curious and disgraceful story. Leonard Wolfe was an intimate friend of the deceased. He is a man of bad character, and their association was of a kind creditable to neither. There is also a certain woman named Hester Greene, who had certain claims upon the deceased, which we need not go into.

"Now, Leonard Wolfe and the deceased, Alfred Hartridge, entered into an agreement, the terms of which were these: (1) Wolfe was to marry Hester Greene, and, in consideration of this service, (2) Alfred Hartridge was to assign to Wolfe the whole of his property, absolutely, the actual transfer to take place on the death of Hartridge."

"And has this transaction been completed?" asked Thorndyke.

"Yes, it has, unfortunately. But we wished to see if anything could be done for the widow and the children during Hartridge's life-time. No doubt, my client's daughter, Miss Curtis, called last night on a similar mission — very indiscreetly, since the matter was in our hands; but, you know, she is engaged to Edmund Hartridge. I expect the interview was a pretty stormy one."

Thorndyke remained silent for a while, pacing slowly along the gravel path, with his eyes bent on the ground — not abstractedly, however, but with a searching, attentive glance that roved among the shrubs and bushes as if he were looking for something."

"What sort of man," he asked presently, "is this Leonard Wolfe? Obviously he is a low scoundrel, but what is he like in other respects? Is he a fool, for instance?"

"Not at all, I should say," said Mr. Curtis. "He was formerly an engineer, and, I believe, a very capable mechanic. Latterly he has lived on some property that came to him, and has spent both his time and his money in gambling and dissipation. Consequently, I expect he is at present pretty short of funds."

"And in appearance?"

"I saw him only once," replied Mr. Curtis, "and all I can remember of him is that he is rather short, fair, thin, and clean-shaven, and that he has lost the middle finger of his left hand."

"And he lives at —?"

"Eltham, in Kent. Morton Grange, Eltham," said Mr. Marchmont. "And now, if you have all the information that you require, I must really be off, and so must Mr. Curtis."

The two men shook our hands and hurried away, leaving Thorndyke gazing meditatively at the dingy flower-beds.

"A strange and interesting case, this, Jervis,"

said he, stooping to peer under a laurel bush. "The inspector is on a hot scent — a most palpable red herring on a most obvious string; but that is his business. Ah, here comes the porter, intent, no doubt, on pumping us, whereas —" He smiled genially at the approaching custodian, and asked: "Where did you say those houses fronted?"

"Cotman Street, sir," answered the porter. "They are nearly all offices."

"And the numbers? That open second-floor window, for instance?"

"That is number six; but the house opposite Mr. Hartridge's rooms is number eight."

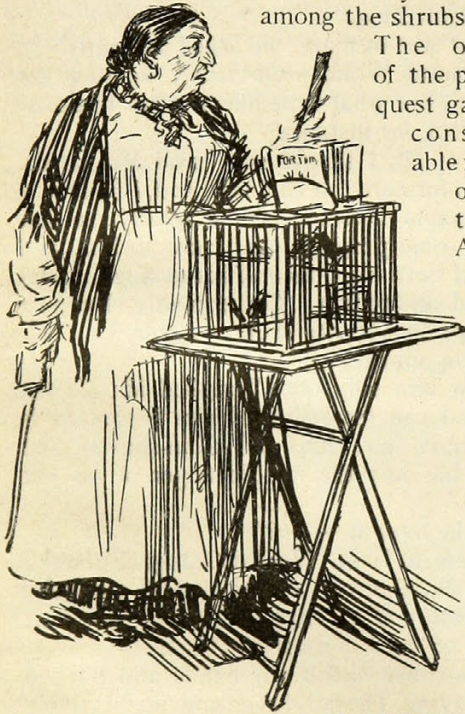
"Thank you."

Thorndyke was moving away, but suddenly he turned again to the porter.

"By the way," said he, "I dropped something out of the window just now — a small flat piece of metal, like this." He made on the back of his visiting-card a neat sketch of a circular disk with a hexagonal hole through it, and handed the card to the porter. "I can't say where it fell," he continued; "these flat things scale about so. But you might ask the gardener to look for it. I will give him a sovereign if he brings it to my chambers, for, although it is of no value to any one else, it is of considerable value to me."

The porter touched his hat briskly, and, as we turned out at the gate, I looked back and saw him already wading among the shrubs.

The object of the porter's quest gave me considerable mental occupation. And I



"ONE OF THEM FORTUNE-TELLING SWINES WITH A CAGE OF BIRDS"

was about to question Thorndyke, when, turning sharply round into Cotman Street, he drew up at the doorway of number six, and began attentively to read the names of the occupants.

"Third floor," he read out, "Mr. Thomas Barlow, Commission Agent." Hum I think we will look in on Mr. Barlow."

He stepped quickly up the stone stairs, and I followed, until we arrived, somewhat out of breath, at the third floor. Outside the commission agent's door he paused for a moment, and we both listened curiously to an irregular sound of shuffling feet from within. Then he softly opened the door and looked into the room.

Inside, a lanky youth of fourteen was practising, with no mean skill, the manipulation of an appliance known by the appropriate name of diabolio; and so absorbed was he in his occupation that we entered and shut the door without being observed. At length the shuttle missed the string and flew into a large waste-paper basket. The boy turned and confronted us, and was instantly covered with confusion.

"Allow me," said Thorndyke, rooting rather unnecessarily in the waste-paper basket, and handing the toy to its owner. "I need not ask if Mr. Barlow is in," he added, "nor if he is likely to return shortly."

"He won't be back to-day," said the boy, perspiring with embarrassment. "He left before I came. I was rather late."

"I see," said Thorndyke. "The early bird catches the worm, but the late bird catches the diabolio. How did you know he would not be back?"

"He left a note. Here it is."

He exhibited the document, which was neatly written in red ink. Thorndyke examined it attentively, and then asked:

"Did you break the inkstand yesterday?"

The boy stared at him in amazement. "Yes, I did," he answered. "How did you know?"

"I didn't, or I should not have asked. But I see that he has used his stylo to write this note."

The boy regarded Thorndyke distrustfully as he continued:

"I really called to see if your Mr. Barlow was a gentleman whom I used to know; but I expect you can tell me. My friend was tall and thin, dark, and clean-shaven."

"This ain't him, then," said the boy. "He's thin, but he ain't tall or dark. He's got a sandy beard, and he wears spectacles and a wig. I know a wig when I see one," he added cunningly, "'cause my father wears one. He puts it on a peg to comb it, and he swears at me when I larf."

"My friend had injured his left hand," pursued Thorndyke.

"I dunno about that," said the youth. "Mr. Barlow nearly always wears gloves; he always wears one on his left hand, anyhow."

"Ah, well! I'll just write him a note on the chance, if you will give me a piece of note-paper. Have you any ink?"

"There's some in the bottle. I'll dip the pen in for you."

From the cupboard he produced an opened packet of cheap note-paper and a packet of similar envelopes, and, having dipped the pen to the bottom of the ink-bottle, handed it to Thorndyke, who sat down and hastily scribbled a short note. He had folded the paper, and was about to address the envelop, when he appeared suddenly to alter his mind.

"I don't think I will leave it, after all," he said, slipping the folded paper into his pocket. "No. Tell him I called — Mr. Horace Budge — and say I will look in again in a day or two."

The youth watched our exit with an air of perplexity, and he even came out on the landing the better to observe us over the balusters; until, unexpectedly catching

Thorndyke's eye, he withdrew his head with remarkable suddenness, and retired in disorder.

To tell the truth, I was now little less perplexed than the office-boy by Thorndyke's proceedings, in which I could discover no relevancy to the investigation that I presumed he was engaged upon: and the last straw was laid upon the burden of my curiosity when he stopped at a staircase window, drew the note out of his pocket, examined it with his lens, held it up to the light, and chuckled aloud.

"Luck," he observed, "though no substitute for care and intelligence, is a very pleasant addition. Really, my learned brother, we are doing uncommonly well."

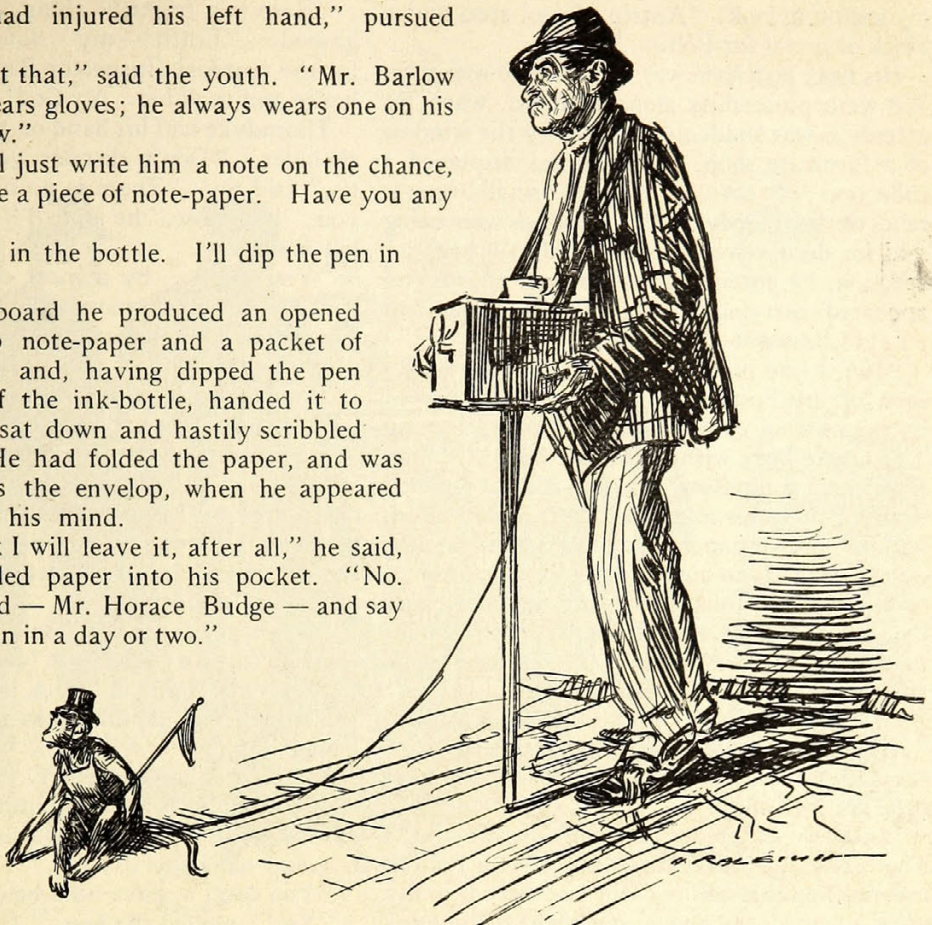
When we reached the hall, Thorndyke stopped at the housekeeper's box, and looked in with a genial nod.

"I have just been up to see Mr. Barlow," said he. "He seems to have left quite early."

"Yes, sir," the man replied. "He went away about half past eight."

"That was very early; and, presumably, he came earlier still?"

"I suppose so," the man assented, with a



"HE WAS THE WORST OF ALL. PROFANE, TOO, HE WAS!"

grin; "but I had only just come on when he left."

"Had he any luggage with him?"

"Yes, sir. There was two cases — a square one, and a long, narrow one, about five feet long. I helped him to carry them down to the cab."

"Which was a four-wheeler, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Barlow hasn't been here very long, has he?" Thorndyke inquired.

"No. He only came in last quarter-day — about six weeks ago."

"Ah, well! I must call another day. Good morning."

And Thorndyke strode out of the building, and made directly for the cab-rack in the adjoining street. Here he stopped for a minute or two to parley with the driver of a four-wheeler cab, whom he finally commissioned to convey us to a shop in New Oxford Street. Having dismissed the cabman with his blessing and half a sovereign, he vanished into the shop, leaving me to gaze at the lathes, drills, and bars of metal displayed in the window. Presently he emerged with a small parcel, and explained, in answer to

my inquiring look: "A strip of tool steel and a block of metal for Polton."

His next purchase was rather more eccentric. We were proceeding along Holborn, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the window of a furniture shop, in which was displayed a collection of obsolete French small-arms — relics of the tragedy of 1870 — which were being sold for decorative purposes. After a brief inspection, he entered the shop, and shortly reappeared carrying a long sword-bayonet and an old Chassepot rifle.

After a late lunch, I hurried out to transact such of my business as had been interrupted by the stirring events of the morning, leaving Thorndyke busy with a drawing-board, square, scale, and compasses, making accurate scaled drawings from his rough sketches; while Polton, with the brown-paper parcel in his hand, looked on at him with an air of anxious expectation.

As I was returning homeward in the evening by way of Mitre Court, I overtook Mr. Marchmont, who was also bound for our chambers, and we walked on together.

"I had a note from Thorndyke," he explained, "asking for a specimen of handwriting, so I thought I would bring it along myself, and hear if he has any news."

When we entered the chambers, we found Thorndyke in earnest consultation with Polton, and on the table before them I observed, to my great surprise, the dagger with which the murder had been committed.

"I have got you the specimen that you asked for," said Marchmont. "I didn't think I should be able to, but, by a lucky chance, Curtis had kept the only letter he ever received from the party in question."

He drew a letter from his wallet, and handed it to Thorndyke, who looked at it attentively and with evident satisfaction.

"By the way," said Marchmont, taking up the dagger, "I thought the inspector took this away with him."

"He took the original," replied Thorndyke. "This is a duplicate which Polton has made, for experimental purposes, from my drawings."

"Really!" exclaimed Marchmont, with a glance of respectful admiration at Polton. "It is a perfect replica — and you have made it so quickly, too."

"It was quite easy to make," said Polton, "to a man accustomed to work in metal."

"Which," added Thorndyke, "is a fact of some evidential value."

A moment later rapid footsteps were heard on the stairs. There was a furious battering at the door, and, as Polton threw it open, Mr. Curtis burst wildly into the room.

"Here is a frightful thing, Marchmont!" he gasped. "Edith — my daughter — arrested for the murder! Inspector Badger came to our house and took her. My God! I shall go mad!"

Thorndyke laid his hand on the excited man's shoulder. "Don't distress yourself, Mr. Curtis," said he. "There is no occasion, I assure you. I suppose," he added, "your daughter is left-handed?"

"Yes, she is — by a most disastrous coincidence. But what are we to do? Good God! Dr. Thorndyke, they have taken her to prison — to prison — think of it! My poor Edith!"

"We'll soon have her out," said Thorndyke. "But listen; there is some one at the door."

A brisk rat-tat confirmed his statement, and, when I rose to open the door, I found myself confronted by Inspector Badger. There was a moment of extreme awkwardness, and then both the detective and Mr. Curtis proposed to retire in favor of the other.

"Don't go, inspector," said Thorndyke; "I want to have a word with you. Perhaps Mr. Curtis would look in again, say, in an hour. Will you? We shall have news for you by then, I hope."

Mr. Curtis agreed hastily, and dashed out of the room with his usual impetuosity. When he had gone, Thorndyke turned to the detective and remarked dryly:

"You seem to have been busy, inspector?"

"Yes," replied Badger; "I haven't let the grass grow under my feet. And I've got a pretty strong case against Miss Curtis already. You see, she was the last person seen in the company of the deceased; she had a grievance against him; she is left-handed, and you remember that the murder was committed by a left-handed person."

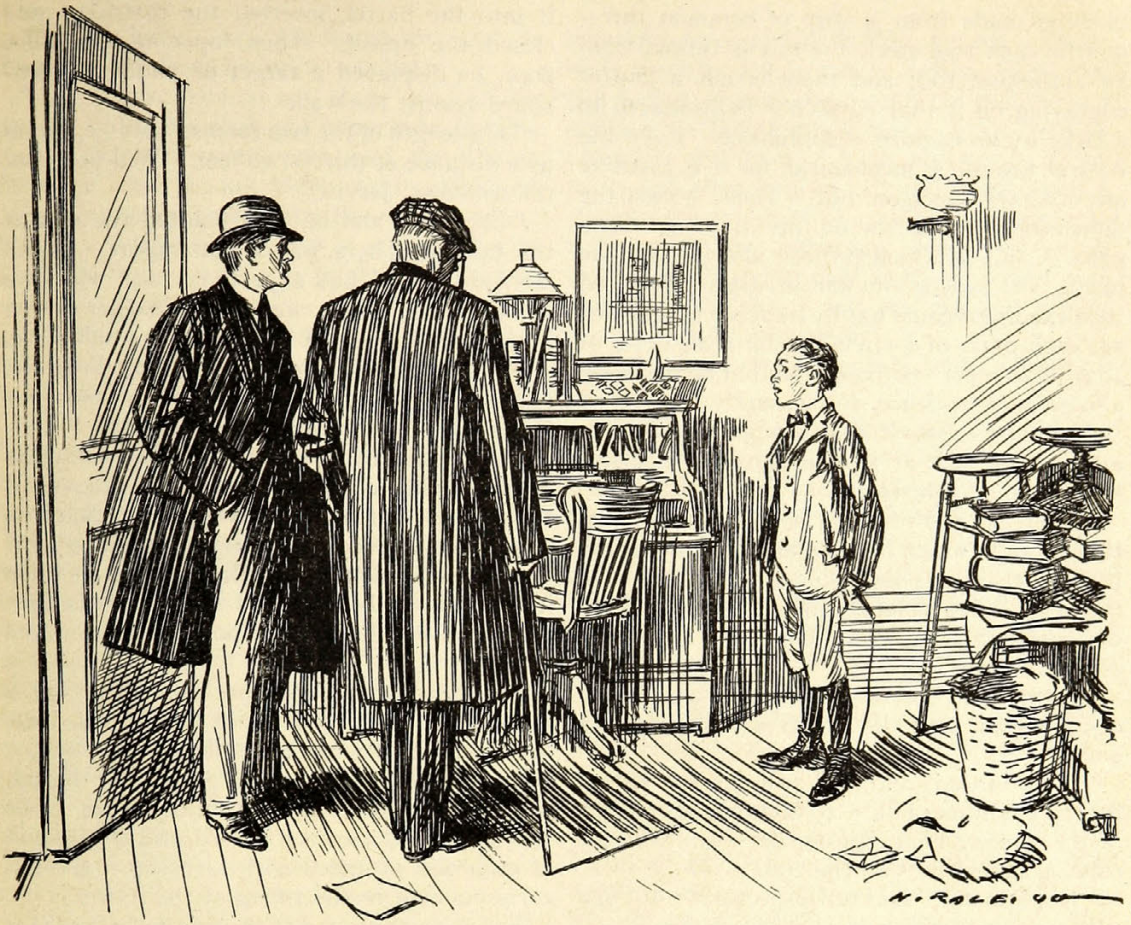
"Anything else?"

"Yes. I have seen those Italians, and the whole thing was a put-up job. A woman, in a widow's dress and veil, paid them to go and play the fool outside the building, and she gave them the letter that was left with the porter. They haven't identified her yet, but she seems to agree in size with Miss Curtis."

"And how did she get out of the chambers, with the door bolted on the inside?"

"Ah, there you are! That's a mystery at present — unless you can give us an explanation." The inspector made this qualification with a faint grin, and added: "As there was no one in the place when we broke into it, the murderer must have got out somehow. You can't deny that."

"I do deny it, nevertheless," said Thorndyke. "You look surprised," he continued (which was undoubtedly true), "but the whole thing is ex-



"A YOUTH OF FOURTEEN WAS PRACTISING THE MANIPULATION OF THE DIABOLO"

ceedingly obvious. The explanation struck me directly I looked at the body. There was evidently no practicable exit from the flat, and there was certainly no one in it when you entered. Clearly, then, *the murderer had never been in the place at all.*"

"I don't follow you in the least," said the inspector.

"Well," said Thorndyke, "as I have finished with the case and am handing it over to you, I will put the evidence before you *seriatim*. Now, I think we are agreed that, at the moment when the blow was struck, the deceased was standing before the fireplace, winding the clock. The dagger entered obliquely from the left, and, if you recall its position, you will remember that its hilt pointed directly toward an open window."

"Which was forty feet from the ground."

"Yes. And now, we will consider the very peculiar character of the weapon with which the crime was committed."

He had placed his hand upon the knob of a drawer, when we were interrupted by a knock at the door. I sprang up, and, opening it,

admitted no less a person than the porter of Brackenhurst Chambers. The man looked somewhat surprised on recognizing our visitors, but advanced to Thorndyke, drawing a folded paper from his pocket.

"I've found the article you were looking for, sir," said he, "and a rare hunt I had for it. It had stuck in the leaves of one of them shrubs."

Thorndyke opened the packet, and, having glanced inside, laid it on the table.

"Thank you," said he, pushing a sovereign across to the gratified official. "The inspector has your name, I think?"

"He have, sir," replied the porter; and, pocketing his fee, he departed, beaming.

"To return to the dagger," said Thorndyke, opening the drawer. "It was a very peculiar one, as I have said, and as you will see from this model, which is an exact duplicate. You see that it is extraordinarily slender, free from projections, and of unusual materials. You also see that it was obviously not made by an ordinary dagger-maker; that, in spite of the Italian word scrawled on it, there is plainly written all over it 'British mechanic.' The

blade is made from a strip of common three-quarter-inch tool steel; the hilt is turned from an aluminum rod; and there is not a line of engraving on it that could not be produced in a lathe by an engineer's apprentice. Even the boss at the top is mechanical, for it is just like an ordinary hexagon nut. Then, notice the dimensions, as shown on my drawing. The parts A and B, which project just beyond the blade, are exactly similar in diameter—and such exactness could hardly be accidental. They are each parts of a circle having a diameter of 10.9 millimeters—a dimension that happens, by a singular coincidence, to be exactly the caliber of the old Chassepot rifle, specimens of which are now on sale at several shops in London. Here is one, for instance."

He fetched the rifle that he had bought from the corner in which it was standing, and, lifting the dagger by its point, slipped the hilt into the muzzle. When he let go, the dagger slid quietly down the barrel until its hilt appeared in the open breech.

"Good God!" exclaimed Marchmont. "You don't suggest that the dagger was shot from a gun?"

"I do, indeed; and you now see the reason for the aluminum hilt—to diminish the weight of the already heavy projectile—and also for this hexagonal boss on the end?"

"No, I do not," said the inspector; "but I say that you are suggesting an impossibility."

"Then," replied Thorndyke, "I must explain and demonstrate. To begin with, this projectile had to travel point foremost; therefore it had to be made to spin—and it certainly was spinning when it entered the body, as the clothing and the wound showed us. Now, to make it spin, it had to be fired from a rifled barrel; but as the hilt would not engage in the rifling, it had to be fitted with something that would. That something was evidently a soft metal washer, which fitted on to this hexagon, and which would be pressed into the grooves of the rifling, and so spin the dagger, but would drop off as soon as the weapon left the barrel. Here is such a washer, which Polton has made for us."

He laid on the table a metal disk with a hexagonal hole through it.

"This is all very ingenious," said the inspector, "but I say it is impossible and fantastic."

"It certainly sounds rather improbable," Marchmont agreed.

"We will see," said Thorndyke. "Here is a makeshift cartridge of Polton's manufacture, containing an eighth charge of smokeless powder for a twenty-bore gun."

He fitted the washer on to the boss of the dagger in the open breech of the rifle, pushed

it into the barrel, inserted the cartridge, and closed the breech. Then, opening the office door, he displayed a target of padded straw-board against the wall.

"The length of the two rooms," said he, "gives us a distance of thirty-two feet. Will you shut the windows, Jervis?"

I complied, and he then pointed the rifle at the target. There was a dull report,—much less loud than I had expected,—and when we looked at the target, we saw the dagger driven in up to its hilt at the margin of the bull's-eye.

"You see," said Thorndyke, laying down the rifle, "that the thing is practicable. Now for the evidence as to the actual occurrence. First, on the original dagger there are linear scratches which exactly correspond with the grooves of the rifling. Then, there is the fact that the dagger was certainly spinning from left to right—in the direction of the rifling, that is—when it entered the body. And then there is this, which, as you heard, the porter found in the garden."

He opened the paper packet. In it lay a metal disk perforated by a hexagonal hole. Stepping into the office, he picked up from the floor the washer that he had put on the dagger, and laid it on the paper beside the other. The two disks were identical in size, and the margin of each was indented with identical markings, corresponding to the rifling of the barrel.

The inspector gazed at the two disks in silence for a while; then, looking up at Thorndyke, he said:

"I give in, Doctor. You're right, beyond all doubt; but how you came to think of it beats me into fits. The only question now is, who fired the gun, and why wasn't the report heard?"

"As to the latter," said Thorndyke, "it is probable that he used a compressed-air attachment, not only to diminish the noise, but also to prevent any traces of the explosive from being left on the dagger. As to the former, I think I can give you the murderer's name; but we had better take the evidence in order.

"You may remember," he continued, "that when Dr. Jervis stood as if winding the clock, I chalked a mark on the floor where he stood. Now, standing on that marked spot and looking out of the open window, I could see two of the windows of a house nearly opposite. They were the second- and third-floor windows of No. 6 Cotman Street. The second floor is occupied by a firm of architects; the third by a commission agent named Thomas Barlow. I called on Mr. Barlow, but, before describing my visit, I will refer to another matter. You haven't those threatening letters about you, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have," said the inspector; and he drew a wallet from his breast-pocket.

"Let us take the first one, then," said Thorn-dyke. "You see that the paper and envelop are of the very commonest, and the writing illiterate. But the ink does not agree with this. Illiterate people usually buy their ink in penny bottles. Now, this envelop is addressed with Draper's dichroic ink,— a superior office ink, sold only in large bottles,— and the red ink in which the note is written is an unfixed scarlet ink, such as is used by draughtsmen, and has been used, as you can see, in a stylographic pen.

"But the most interesting thing about this letter is the design drawn at the top. In an artistic sense, the man could not draw, and the anatomical details of the skull are ridiculous. Yet the drawing is very neat. It has the clean, wiry line of a machine drawing, and is done with a steady, practised hand. It is also perfectly symmetrical; the skull, for instance, is exactly in the center, and, when we examine it through a lens, we see why it is so, for we discover traces of a penciled center-line and ruled cross-line. Moreover, the lens reveals a tiny particle of draughtsman's soft red rubber, with which the pencil lines were taken out; and all these facts, taken together, suggest that the drawing was made by some one accustomed to making accurate mechanical drawings.

"And now we will return to Mr. Barlow. He was out when I called, but I took the liberty of glancing around the office, and this is what I saw. On the mantel-shelf was a twelve-inch flat boxwood rule, such as engineers use, a piece of soft red rubber, and a stone bottle of Draper's dichroic ink. By a simple ruse I obtained a specimen of the office note-paper and the ink. We will examine it presently. I found that Mr. Barlow is a new tenant, that he is rather short, wears a wig and spectacles, and always wears a glove on his left hand. He left the office at eight thirty this morning, and no one saw him arrive. He had with him a square case, and a narrow oblong one about five feet in length; and he took a cab to Victoria, and apparently caught the eight fifty-one train to Chatham."

"Ah!" exclaimed the inspector.

"But," continued Thorn-dyke, "now examine those three letters, and compare them with this note that I wrote in Mr. Barlow's office. You see that the paper is of the same make, with the same water-mark, but that is of no great significance. What is of crucial importance is this: You see, in each of these letters, two tiny

indentations near the bottom corner. Somebody has used compasses or drawing-pins over the packet of note-paper, and the points have made little indentations, which have marked several of the sheets. Now, note-paper is cut to its size after it is folded, and if you stick a pin into the top sheet of a section, the indentations on all the underlying sheets will be at exactly similar distances from the edges and corners of the sheet; and you see that this is the case with these dents."

He demonstrated the fact with a pair of compasses.

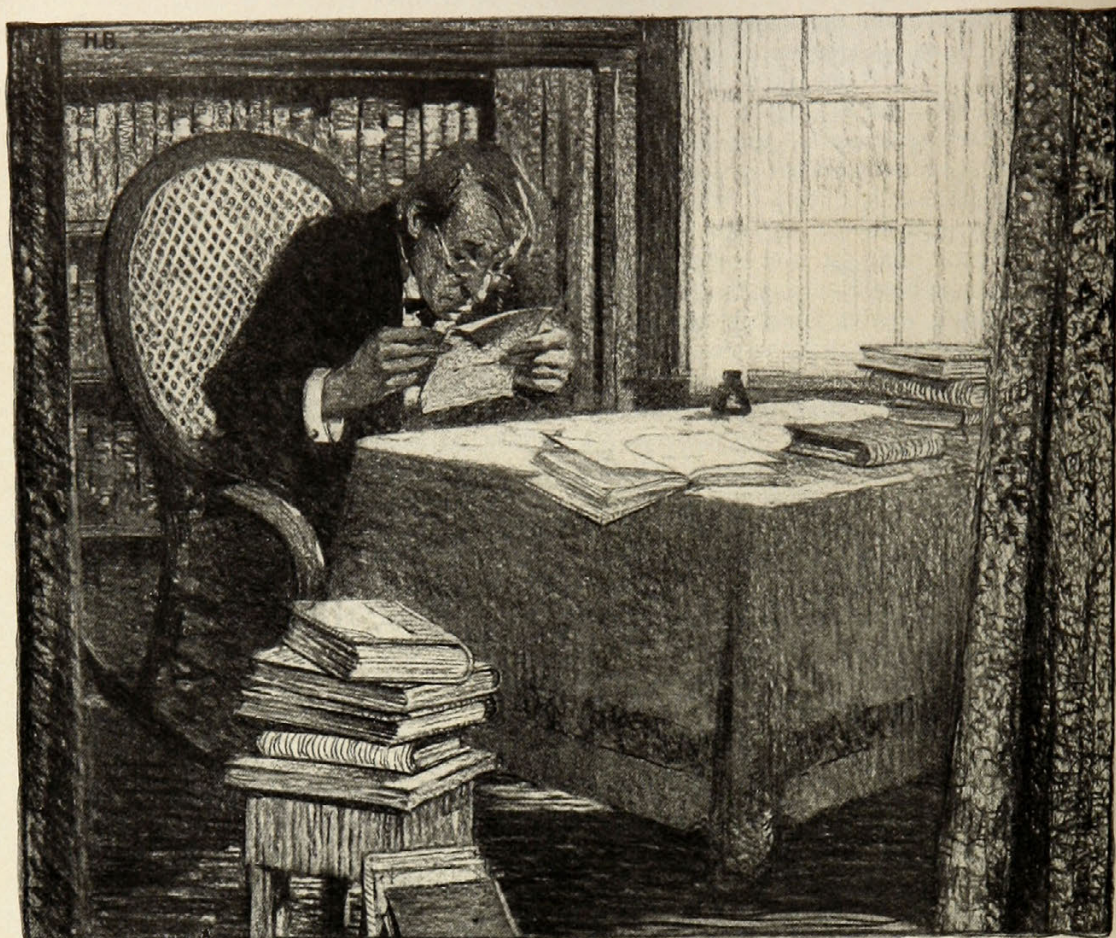
"And now look at this sheet, which I obtained at Mr. Barlow's office. There are two little indentations — rather faint, but quite visible — near the bottom corner, and when we measure them with the compasses, we find that they are exactly the same distance apart as the other, and the same distance from the edges and the bottom corner. The irresistible conclusion is that these four sheets came from the same packet."

The inspector started up from his chair and faced Thorn-dyke. "Who is this Mr. Barlow?" he asked.

"That," replied Thorn-dyke, "is for you to determine. But I can give you a useful hint. There is only one person who benefits by the death of Alfred Hartridge, but he benefits to the extent of twenty thousand pounds. His name is Leonard Wolfe, and I learn from Mr. Marchmont that he is a man of indifferent character — a gambler and a spendthrift. By profession he is an engineer, and he is a capable mechanic. In appearance he is thin, short, fair, and clean-shaven, and he has lost the middle finger of his left hand. Mr. Barlow is also short, thin, and fair, but wears a wig, a beard, and spectacles, and always wears a glove on his left hand. I have seen the handwriting of both these gentlemen, and should say that it would be difficult to distinguish one from the other."

"That's good enough for me," said the inspector. "Give me his address, and I'll have Miss Curtis released at once."

The same night, Leonard Wolfe was arrested at Eltham, in the very act of burying in his garden a large and powerful compressed-air rifle. He was never brought to trial, however, for he had in his pocket a more portable weapon, — a large-bore Derringer pistol, — with which he managed to terminate an exceedingly ill-spent life.



THE POET WHO SAVED HIS YOUTH

by Helen Sterling Thomas
Illustrations by Hanson Booth

WE will take it," the publishers wrote, "although books of poetry are often a loss to us; nevertheless, we find in your manuscript so much promise that we anticipate that you will become one of our regular writers."

With a sigh, Peter finished the letter, and then settled back in his chair, a shabby figure, rather bald and very near-sighted. This was the first acceptance he had ever received, but it was scarcely what he had hoped. These

publishers were taking his book because they wished to secure him, make him theirs for what he might do in the future, whereas Peter himself was aware that there would be no future.

Everything about him was of the past, even the clothes he wore. His coat was too short in the back and too tight in the chest; his collar belonged to another generation; and his black gogram tie, with its long ends which were constantly riding up over the wrinkled bosom of his shirt, was fairly antiquated. He was apparently a little worn with life and without any



“SHE HAD FOUND IN HIS POETRY BEAUTY AND CHARM”

pretensions to the glorious title of “poet”; but there was something gentle and engaging in his personality. The hands that held the letter were long and fine, and the eyes that looked out of the wrinkled face were deep blue.

In his youth he had written enough poetry to fill a slender volume, and now in his middle years the opportunity had come to publish it. He accepted the publishers’ offer, and awaited his proofs with considerable eagerness. When they came, and he went over the work of years before, he felt more than anything else how far he was from the mood of that time. He could no longer write poetry, and knew that nothing would ever make him write it again. But, if he was only a retired and elderly gentleman of blighted literary tastes, instead of a ripe young genius, as these publishers supposed, he was as sorry as they.

In making final arrangements with them he kept their relation strictly impersonal. He retreated farther into the seclusion of the small college town in which he lived, and closed, as it were, all doors of his house. He made it a point that his book should appear under a name other than his own, choosing that of Rupert Deal, and bound

his publishers to silence regarding his whereabouts and identity. He was not conceited enough to imagine that a curious public would molest him, but he shrank from being discovered as the author of a volume of verse; his few friends were not of the sort who would understand. He had no one to watch with him, so he waited alone for the advent of the first copy.

When, one evening in early June, the book was finally brought to him,



he untied the wrapper and laid it on the table. Without opening it, he crossed the room and stood at the window, looking out on the small green plot before his house. There was something in the moment, in the fragrance of lilacs blown from his neighbor's garden and in the penetrating sweetness of a robin's call, something in the intensity and freshness of the late spring twilight, that stung him. How much it would have signified once to have had his work published! Then it would have betokened not so much achievement as opportunity.

He had been born with the unfortunate desire to become a poet. Conditions, however, had been against him, and he perceived, as he looked back, that whatever talent he might have possessed had not been great enough to live in spite of those conditions. As a young man, he had sat over his leathery chop, in cheap restaurants in the city, and read his Shakespeare; he had

slept in hall bedrooms and scribbled verses. He had desired beauty; he had longed, he had tried, and he had failed. Finally he had been driven into business, and now, after years of slavery, had taken refuge in a small frame house on the side street of a dull town. Life had been too much for him; his creative power had been ground under the wheel. Now, in this provincial quiet, he had abundant leisure to write, but he knew better than to try. The flame had gone out.

When, at last, he turned away from the window and gave himself to the little volume, there came over him, as he read, the somewhat bitter consciousness that his youthful verse was not without quality.

Later, his housekeeper, a comfortable Irish-woman, white-haired and unwrinkled, came in with the lamp, and found him straining his eyes over the pages. She felt, in her kindly fashion, a responsibility for the lonely gentleman, and reminded him that no book could be worth eyesight.

He looked up at her, blinking through his large, round spectacles. "No, Biddy, the book in question possibly isn't worth eyesight — not at my age; but, for the moment, it had escaped me that I was no longer young."

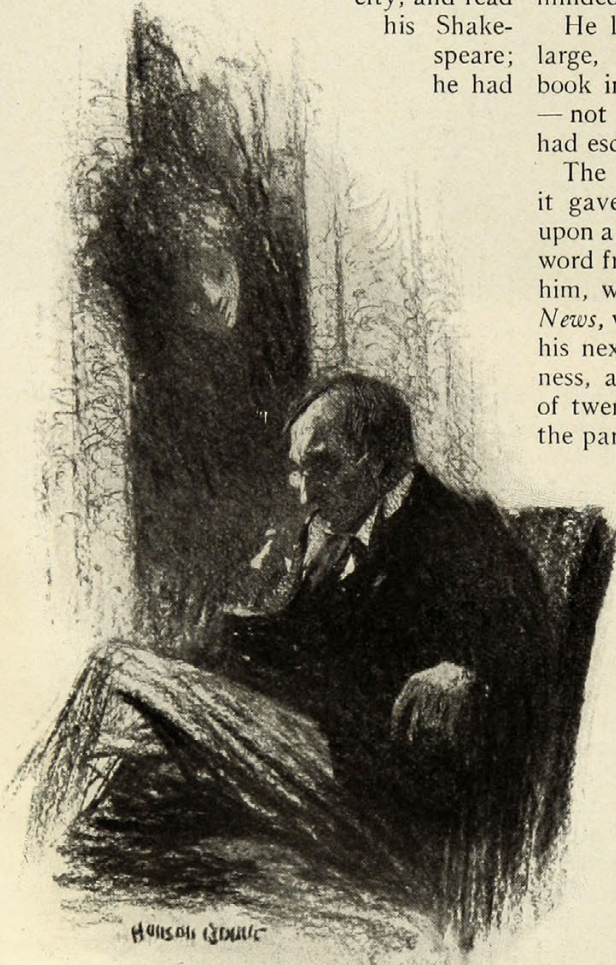
The sense of youth remained with him, and it gave him considerable pleasure to happen upon a kindly review of his work. He received word from his publishers that a paragraph from him, with possibly a portrait for the *Literary News*, would serve to keep the poet in mind until his next book was ready. Peter had his weakness, and this touched it. If his photograph of twenty years before were published, and if the paragraph described the habits of a youth,

it could injure no one. His little deception, however, made him feel so guilty and uneasy that finally, in his artless fashion, he instructed Biddy Bishop that, should any one call seeking Rupert Deal, she must deny all knowledge of such a person.

"And, sure, Mr. Peter, what else would I do? I never heard of him!"

She fancied her master fidgeted under her gaze, and she descended to the kitchen oppressed by the thought. "The poor gentleman's done something he's ashamed of," she said to the grocer. "I've heard of changing of names, but there's no safety in deceit!"

Her fears, however, as well as those of Peter himself, were allayed; for he had no more communications concerning his poetry, and began to feel that his wave of success was over too soon. After all, it had been a foolish indul-



"HE SAW HER A YOUNG LADY WITH BRONZE HAIR DONE IN BRAIDS"



“WE MIGHT MEET THERE THE YOUNG POET AND THE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN”

gence to publish his youthful verses; they could mean nothing to any one but himself. In the golden spring days that followed, it was borne in upon him that he had no one with whom to enjoy the loveliness of the outer world.

He was in this mood, one afternoon, when Bidy Bishop appeared at the door of his room, displaying a letter and inquiring rather severely whether it could be for him. Peter perceived that it was addressed to "Rupert Deal," in care of his publishers, and had been forwarded. He glanced at his housekeeper rather guiltily, and then, acknowledging, so it seemed to her, his crime, he took the envelop and cut it with his knife.

* There was something feminine in the rustling of the thin sheet of paper as he unfolded it. He turned to the signature, and found that the letter was indeed from a woman, a woman of whom he had never heard — "Marianna Powell." It was dimly suggestive of Shakespeare, and pleased him. She wrote from a distance, craving, in the first place, indulgence for taking a moment from the much occupied man of letters. Peter paused and stared round at his solitude: at the sunlight spread like a large, soft rug across the center of the floor; at the plain little clock on the mantel, which at that moment ticked so clearly. It seemed to him that he could scarcely be the person addressed; nevertheless he continued with the letter. The writer had read his book more than once, and had found in it beauty and charm; in gratitude, she wished to tell the author — and she told it with convincing simplicity and sincerity.

It was the first letter of appreciation that poor Peter had ever received, and he almost wore it out with rereading. He formed conjecture upon conjecture concerning the personality behind the few precious words on the sheet, and each time he perceived something different. The handwriting was firm and black. "The modern penmanship!" he sighed. Therefore, Marianna Powell was young. He knew that she was fair; indeed, she seemed to him a goddess in her bounty. Furthermore, she remarked that she had seen his picture in the *Literary News*, and from that she perceived that he stood as yet on the threshold of life, and that this little book was only a golden promise.

The letter was touched with sentimentality, but it was the sentimentality of youth, and Peter did not in the least object to that. To him, it was wonderful to be thought young and to figure in the imagination of a girl. He had written what pleased her, and if she chose to dream a little about him, he had not tried to make her do so. She addressed herself to the youth who

had written these verses, and what was to prevent his answering as that youth?

He sat down at his desk and in his cramped, old-fashioned hand addressed the lady who had favored him with her admiration. Then he paused and thought, and finally, throwing discretion to the winds, assumed the part of youthful author, losing at least twenty years. He confided to the unknown one the dreams and ambitions of long ago.

He went out, and as he slipped the envelop into a mail box he found himself calculating how many days it would take to hear from her again. After this his daily walks took him in the direction of the post-office; but for a week there was nothing to greet him except the empty interior of his box. He tore himself with countless doubts. He had been impertinent; the young lady had transferred her dreams; he would never have another word; had he waited — had he said this or that — Then, when he had almost given up, the letter came.

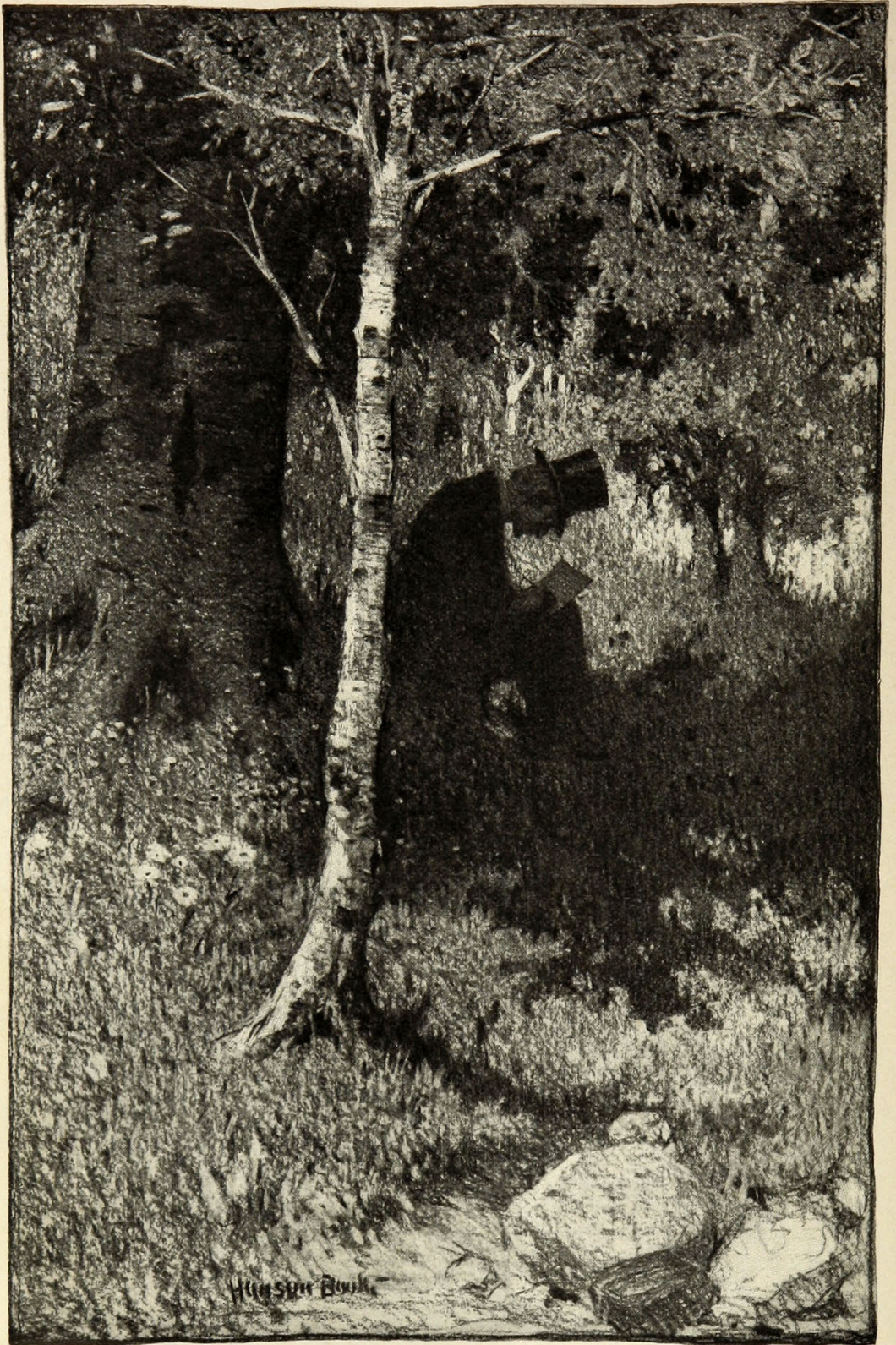
He found it on his table, one day, after he had again delegated to Mrs. Bishop the pilgrimages to the post. Even before opening the letter he felt a distinct thrill, and then he held in his hand another sheet of the thin gray paper. He sat down at once and gave himself up to his pleasure. In writing, he had signed his own name, forgetting that his correspondent did not know it; and now she thanked him for trusting her with so precious a secret. She would not betray him; he might rest assured of that. The letter was short, and there was in it a certain shyness. "She's afraid of me, the dear child!" thought Peter, and rose and walked up and down, smiling to himself.

Peter knew, to his delight, that, without actually saying so, Marianna Powell invited him to write again. The suggestion was there, a thin wisp of a thing which he couldn't pounce upon in any particular place, but which drifted out, like a perfume, as many times as he unfolded the sheet. He had not lost his imagination along with his ability to write verse, and he saw his Marianna a delicate, thin-wristed young lady, with bronze hair done in braids. Her portrait appeared in the smoke of his pipe; her voice was audible in the intervals of silence, whenever Bidy paused. He knew Marianna better, in fact, than he had ever known any one. She admired his poetry; he was certain now that he had written every line of it to her. Before he slept, that night, he sat down and told her so.

He had gone hungry a long while, but he had found sympathy at last. Once, after some weeks, she questioned him about his present work; her interest was so great that she ventured to wonder what he would produce next.



“IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO BE A FOOL; BUT TO BE OLD!”



"IT WAS HERE THAT HE HAD LINGERED AND DREAMED OF HER"

This threw him into a panic and left him unable to reply; then she wrote again, inquiring whether she had offended. Peter was conscious that she was actually distressed. This was too much for him, and he took the plunge into guilt. He described the poems and dramas which he had once conceived and lost somewhere on the long road of life; he stirred again with hope, and half believed the world was all before him.

His letters to Marianna became compositions with which he took the utmost pains; in an empty life, they became the one thing that he lived for. The discovery that they had the same enthusiasms brought them nearer. Peter was eloquent upon Thackeray and Miss Austen; Marianna exclaimed in reply: "You love them more than the later writers!"

"I love what *you* love!" he dared to write back, and signed simply, "Peter."

From that day she was "Marianna" in her firm, round hand.

He had his moments of distress, when he felt that he was deceiving her in the basest fashion. He was playing at romance, inviting her to the long, dark ride with the stranger in a muffled cloak; only, some day at the journey's end, she would discover the face of her companion, see the crow's-feet and wrinkles, and turn away in disgust.

For a while their correspondence seemed scarcely to touch earth, so little did it deal with the realism of their days; but finally, in a burst of youthful confidence, she revealed to him something of her life. She taught English in a public school in one of the most uninteresting towns in the West. "But this can scarcely interest you," she wrote pathetically; "you are a poet, while I am nothing but a drudge."

That touched him deeply. He had not forgotten how he had been forced to become a drudge in his youth, but she was a woman, a young woman. The injustice of her being a "drudge"! If she were only a daughter, he might help! Then he discovered that he did not in the least wish her to be a daughter, and he pulled himself up rather sharply.

He took a long walk in the summer woods that afternoon, questioning whether he ought not to leave Marianna's last letter unanswered. He took it out of his pocket and, sitting down, re-read it. There seemed to be some witchery in her words, for, when he had finished, he tore out pages of his note-book and then and there scribbled his answer, to the sound of birds and the murmuring stream.

It was late when he went home, and he had the delicious consciousness that this friendship had suddenly flowered. There was no going back now; it must be all forward. They had something to give each other. If her sym-

pathy meant so much to him, his must mean something to her.

The mere contemplation of denying himself her letters made them seem the more dear, and he wrote with less and less restraint. There were days when he was happy enough to forget that his young friend must have in her vision the youth whose portrait she had seen in the pages of the *Literary News*; but at other times there swept over him the miserable consciousness that he was forever debarred from taking the hand of friendship which she held out so generously.

It was a day when he tormented himself thus that the mail failed to bring him his usual letter. It came over him suddenly that Marianna might pass from his life at any moment, for he hadn't the slenderest tie to hold her. She might die, and he would not even be told! In his anxiety, he wrote more than once. For more than a week he heard nothing; then relief came. She told him that she had been ill. She was sorry he had suffered; she had not realized that he would care, but she was glad that he *did*. He must keep on writing in a time that was not only dull but anxious. She could not afford to be ill; she was not sure whether the municipal position would be kept for her.

Peter wrote back, offering all that he dared in sympathy, feeling the words on the page miserable, unsubstantial things compared to the material help of which she was too evidently in need. It occurred to him to confess, and to throw himself on her mercy, in the forlorn hope that when she knew him to be both aged and harmless she would let him do something for her. But he had not the courage for this, even when she told him that her position was lost. She confessed, after a time, that she might be forced to go to a sister who lived very near him. This made him fearfully uneasy, and for the first time he read a letter from her with pain instead of delight. Peter might suspect her, she went on gaily, of having made this move deliberately, and then would he disappear in order to preserve the illusion? She threatened him a little, but she smiled at him, too. "Think how easily I could have found you out!" she wrote. "And how do you know but I have?" He had told her so little; he had given her his ideas, oh, yes, and his opinions, but hadn't he kept something back? Peter winced. Then, with a sweetness that seemed to him positively divine, she confessed that she had never inquired concerning him; there wasn't a soul who knew of their friendship; and was that not the more fair?

Fate was hard upon him; he was bound to suffer for what he had done; but when she called their friendship fair, how could he spoil

it before he must? She expected him to suggest their meeting; he felt it something that their comradeship demanded, and he finally did it, in a vague sort of way. But her response was not what he had anticipated, and he was able to draw a long breath once more. He was so confident, from her reply, that she had no intention of seeing him, that he indulged indiscreetly in picturing the time when they should meet. "On a day when hills are green and woods in flower," he wrote, "beside some spring or beneath the trees, shall I find you, Marianna?"

"Think," she replied, "of your disappointment, should that day ever dawn!"

"It would be *your* disappointment, not mine, that would make me turn coward," responded Peter truthfully.

Soon after this she told him that she was about to start for his locality. She evidently questioned how her approach would affect their friendship, for she added tentatively: "I am not sure that we could keep on writing to each other from the next street, are you?" And she asked, with singular directness, whether distance and uncertainty did not create romance and charm.

Oh, if only he could tell her that distance and uncertainty had had their time, and that now he longed to see his friend! He was desperately unhappy. It seemed to him that, whichever way he turned, his reflection in some mirror confronted him. Old, old! He felt gray and lonely as he sank into his misshapen easy-chair.

It seemed to him that he had been alone all his life save the last few months. Except for the wonderful exception of Marianna, no one had ever cared, no one had ever understood. Now he realized that this had come to an end. He would never be recognized by her; he had that much comfort left. As she walked about the streets of the little town, and under the elms of the college yard, she would be looking in the faces of the passers-by for the youth whose picture she had seen; she would never notice a near-sighted elderly person. There was one thing he could do: he could arrange to see her, and let her see the horrible truth.

He wrote to her with added intensity, since he knew it was to be the last time. He chose for their encounter a place beneath a maple on a grassy slope without the town, easy of access, but secluded. She could not mistake the tree; it was a blaze of scarlet now, retaining color and foliage as if awaiting their coming. It was here, through all the changing weeks, that he had lingered and dreamed of her; and who but she had been beside him to watch the lights fade on the far-away roofs and towers of the town?

Did she know what she had been to him since her first letter? He wanted her to know, and, whatever came thereafter, he begged her to keep, as a souvenir of their correspondence, the thought that she had been everything. Life had been empty, but she had filled it. He might never be permitted to give her the proof; he hoped she had the faith to believe. "I have waited so long," he added wistfully, "I don't know whether there is anything else for me. I must bid you adieu, Marianna, Lady of Dreams, until to-morrow, or that time when dreams come true."

He wrote these words with the thought that, after she knew, she might remember them and understand them to be his actual farewell.

He had set the morning after her arrival for their meeting. He slept little the night before. Then he arose in the dawn of a blue-and-gold autumn day, and thought of Marianna waiting on the hillside. He knew how the wind would ruffle her bronze braids and crinkle her skirts. If only, hidden somewhere, he could see her! What would it avail to show himself? It would be better to disappear; then she could keep her dream, just as he could keep his. He would go to the ends of the earth, but face her he could not. With the necessity for action, he dragged from the attic a dusty portmanteau, and ordered Bidy Bishop to pack it; then he chose for the journey a few books,—stern things that could not lead him astray, "Lives of the Philosophers" and a history of the Reformation,—and finally went out to the kitchen and threw into the stove his own book of verses.

He refused Bidy the consolation of knowing his whereabouts, and gave no heed to her protestations.

"It don't seem Christian,"—as she reluctantly got out his overcoat,—"starting before your luncheon, and with no flannels, and to-morrow there's the gas bill!"

He did not answer, but, going to his desk, began crowding some letters into his bag.

"You don't seem fit, Mr. Peter! It's something worrying you; I know as well as if you told me!"

He opened the door, and she followed him out on the porch.

"Is anybody dead?" she called after him.

"A youth!" he murmured, without stopping.

"Who, Mr. Peter?"

He turned and looked back. "A young man, Bidy."

She threw up her hands. "God rest his soul! It wasn't your own son?"

His mouth puckered in a rather wan smile.

"Not precisely that."

Then he stepped down the walk.

It occurred to him, after he had walked a few blocks toward the station, that he had not decided where to go; and when he reached the yard in front of the college, he was glad to set down his valise and take a seat under the elms in order to think things over.

A sharp wind sent the dust and leaves driving down the walk. Peter shivered and huddled a little further into his overcoat. Facing him across the square, stood a row of old red brick buildings warmed by the autumn sunshine. But Peter saw nothing that was actually before him; instead, he saw his maple, a scarlet spot on the hillside, and a figure waiting beneath.

He sat there a good while. No one disturbed him until he became aware of a voice at his side. It seemed to him more like the chirping of a sparrow, and he roused himself and turned, with a start, to the person beside him.

He had not noticed when he took his place that the bench was occupied, nor had he seen any one approach; so now he had no idea where this shabby little figure in black had come from. There was dejection in the sag of her shoulders. The head was turned from him, and under a wilted straw hat he observed a rather delicate profile, with skin fine as parchment and covered with a mass of tiny wrinkles, and flaming red hair, which hadn't grown old to match the rest, and which seemed to flaunt cruelly its superabundant color around the white face. Nevertheless, there was a charm about the slight figure with the bunch of gentians and late autumn leaves tucked in at the belt. Peter was conscious of something which might have been a mockery of youth, but which wasn't, and which, therefore, touched him. Again he heard her voice, and, realizing that her question must have been asked more than once, he hastened to unbutton his overcoat and take out his large, old-fashioned watch.

"It is exactly eleven, Madam."

It was the hour that he had set to meet Marianna, and he closed his watch with a snap. At that moment, when he would have shrunk from the sight of anybody under middle age, his eyes continued to rest on the person beside him, as he might have looked, from the glare of mid-summer, into grateful shadow. At any rate, *she* wasn't young. Now he might be as old as he liked, or as he really was; he need not pretend. For the first time, he realized how tired he was of pretending. There came to him a sense of peace in his renunciation.

Then he heard again the rather sad voice of his companion. He answered in his simple way, and gradually they drifted along with fragmentary talk about the weather, the college, and the autumn foliage, until the chapel clock

across the square began to strike noon. At this she stopped abruptly and glanced at his bag.

"Oh, I must be keeping you!"

"Yes." He followed her glance, and all his depression came back. "I'm going on. The fact is," admitted Peter, and the hunted look came into his face, "I've got to get away!" He took his bag and rose.

She seemed to reach after him by simply raising her eyes to his. "Not for any trouble, I hope!"

"No! Yes — that is —" He bent his head and was silent.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"Are you?" He sank back on the bench and looked at her more closely. "That's very kind of you!" His reserve broke down under the proffered sympathy.

"It's this way," said Peter. "I've been led into something — something I'm sorry for now; yet, come to think of it, I don't know as I *am* exactly sorry, but I've been a dreadful fool — the worst kind; do you know what kind that is? An *old* fool!" He was speaking to himself now, and with slow conviction. "There's no atonement for being that; it's unforgivable!"

The woman beside him shivered, and a flower from her belt fell to the ground.

"It's bad enough," continued Peter, "to be a fool; but to be *old*!"

Then suddenly he became conscious of the face of his companion, and something in its worn and pained expression checked him. He stammered, and, stooping, tried to pick up the flower.

"But I made believe I wasn't old," he went on hurriedly, to cover his embarrassment; "that's what I did!" Then he confessed utterly: "I made some one think me young." The hands of his companion tightened one upon the other in their gray lisle gloves. "It was a young lady — talented, beautiful —"

She broke in with a cry: "Are you the poet?"

For a long while they sat staring at each other. The hard, crisp light of that autumn day pitilessly illumined their faces and displayed every touch of time, but each saw something more in the other's eyes. Finally Peter put out his hand.

"I'm not a poet; I just wanted to be."

"And I'm not a young lady!"

"Don't be alarmed." Peter himself was trembling. "I'll do whatever you say. I was going off because I hadn't the courage to meet you."

"Neither had I."

"Why couldn't we go," he put it rather timidly, "— would you — to that red maple?"

"We might meet there," — and she laughed now, — "those other two, the young poet and the beautiful maiden." Then she stopped abruptly. "Oh, perhaps we are too late!"

"I don't care," said Peter, "*how* late we are."



CORAZÓN

BY

GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. M. RUSSELL

A man is as good as his nerves.—COWBOY MAXIM.

WITH manes streaming in the wind, a band of broncos fled across the *grama* flats, splashed through the San Pedro, and whirled sharply to the right, heading for sanctuary in the Dragoons. In the lead raced a big sorrel, his coat shimmering like polished gold where the sun touched it.

"That's Corazón!" exclaimed Reb. "Head him or we'll lose the bunch."

The pursuers spread out and swept round in a wide semicircle. Corazón held to his course, a dozen yards in advance of the others, his head high. The chase slackened, died away. With a blaring neigh, the sorrel eased his furious pace, and the entire band came to a trot. Before them were the mountains, and Corazón knew their fastnesses as the street urchin knows the alleys that give him refuge; in the cañons the broncos would be safe from man. Behind was no sign of the enemy. His nose in the wind, he

sniffed long, but it bore him no taint. Instead, he nickered with delight, for he smelled water. With the broncos massed behind him, he swung to the south, and within five minutes their hot muzzles were washed by the bubbling waters of Eternity Spring.

Corazón drew in a long breath, expanding his well-ribbed sides, and looked up from drinking. There in front of him, fifty paces away, was a horseman. He snorted the alarm, and, with his band, plunged into a tangle of sage-brush. Another rider bore down and turned them back. To right and left they darted, then wheeled and sought desperately to break through the cordon at a weak spot, and failed. Wherever they turned, a cowboy appeared as by magic. At last Corazón detected an unguarded area, and flew through it with the speed of light.

"Now we've got 'em!" howled Reb. "Don't drive too close, but keep 'em headed for the corral."

Within a hundred yards of the gate, the sorrel halted, his ears cocked in doubt. The cowboys closed in to force the band through. Three times the broncos broke and scattered, for to their wild instincts the fences and that narrow aperture cried treachery and danger. They were gathered, with whoops and many imprecations, and once more approached the entrance.

"Drive the saddle bunch out," commanded the range boss.

Forth came the *remuda* of a hundred horses. The broncos shrilled greeting and mingled with them, and when the cow-ponies trotted meekly into the corral, Corazón and his band went too, though they shook and were afraid.

For five years Corazón had roamed the range — ever since the day he had discovered that grass was good to eat, and so had left the care of his tender-eyed mother. Because he dreaded the master of created things and fled him afar, only once during that time had he seen man at close range. That was when, as a youngster, he was caught and branded on the left shoulder. He had quickly forgotten that; until now it had ceased to be even a memory.

But now he and his companion rovers were prisoners, cooped in a corral by a contemptible trick. They crowded around and around the stout inclosure, sometimes dropping to their knees in efforts to discover an exit beneath the boards. And not twenty feet away, the dreaded axis of their circlings, sat a man on a horse, and he studied them calmly. Other men, astride the fence, were uncoiling ropes, and their manner was placid and businesslike. One opined dispassionately that "the sorrel is shore some horse."

"You're whistlin'," cried the buster over his shoulder, in hearty affirmation.

Corazón was the most distracted of all the band. He was in a frenzy of nervous fear, his glossy coat wet and foam-flecked. He would not stand still for a second, but prowled about the wooden barrier like a jungle creature newly imprisoned in a cage. Twice he nosed the ground and crooked his fore legs in an endeavor to slide through the six inches of clear space beneath the gate, and the outfit laughed derisively.

"Here goes," announced the buster in his expressionless voice. "You-all watch out, now. Hell'll be poppin'."

At that moment Corazón took it into his head to dash at top speed through his friends, huddled in a bunch in a corner. A rope whined and coiled, and, when he burst out of the jam, the noose was around his neck, tightening so as to strangle him. Madly he ran against it, superb in the sureness of his might. Then he squawled with rage and pain and an awful terror. His legs flew from under him, and poor Corazón was jerked three feet into the air, coming down on his side with smashing force. The fall shook a grunt out of him, and he was stunned and breathless, but unhurt. He staggered to his feet, his breath straining like a bellows, for the noose cut into his neck and he would not yield to its pressure.

Facing him was the man on the bay. His mount stood with feet braced, sitting back on the rope, and he and his rider were quite collected and cool and prepared. The sorrel's eyes were starting from his head; his nostrils flared wide, gaping for the air that was denied him, and the breath sucked in his throat. It seemed as if he must drop. Suddenly the buster touched his horse lightly with the spur and slackened the rope. With a long sob, Corazón drew in a life-giving draught, his gaze fixed in frightened appeal on this masterful being.

"Open the gate," said Mullins, without raising his voice.

He flicked the rope over Corazón's hind quarters, and essayed to drive him into the next corral, to cut him off from his fellows. The sorrel gave a gasp of dismay and lunged forward. Again he was lifted from the ground, and came down with a thud that left him shivering.

"His laig's done bust!" exclaimed the boss. "No; he's shook up, that's all. Wait a while."

A moment later Corazón raised his head painfully; then, life and courage coming back with a rush, he lurched to his feet. Mullins waited with unabated patience. The sorrel was

beginning to respect that which encircled his neck and made mock of his strength, and when the buster flipped the rope again, he ran through the small gate, and brought up before he had reached the end of his tether.

Two of the cowboys stepped down languidly from the fence, and took position in the center of the corral.

"Hi, Corazón! Go it, boy!" they yelled, and, spurred by their cries, the horse started off at a trot. Reb tossed his loop,—flung it carelessly, with a sinuous movement of the wrist,—and when Corazón had gone a few yards, he found his fore feet ensnared. Enraged at being thus cramped, he bucked and bawled; but, before Reb could settle on the rope, he came to a standstill and sank his teeth into the strands. Once, twice, thrice he tugged, but could make no impression. Then he pitched high in air, and —

"Now!" shrieked Reb.

They heaved with might and main, and Corazón flopped in the dust.

Quick as a cat, he sprang upright and bolted; but again they downed him, and, while Reb held the head by straddling the neck, his confederate twined dexterously with a stake-rope. There lay Corazón, helpless and almost spent, trussed up like a sheep for market: they had hog-tied him.

It was the buster who put the hackamore on his head. Very deliberately he moved. Corazón sensed confidence in the touch of his fingers; they spoke a language to him, and he was soothed by the certainty of superiority they conveyed. He lay quiet.

Then Reb incautiously shifted his position, and the horse heaved and raised his head, banging Mullins across the ear. The buster's senses swam, but, instead of flying into a rage, he became quieter, more deliberate; in his cold eyes was a vengeful gleam, and dangerous stealth lurked in his delicate manipulation of the strands. An excruciating, sharp pain shot through the sorrel's eye; Mullins had gouged him.

"Let him up." It was the buster again, atop the bay, making the rope fast with a double half-hitch over the horn of the saddle.

Corazón arose, dazed and very sick. But his spirit was unbreakable. Again and again he strove to tear loose, rearing, falling back, plunging to the end of the rope until he was hurled off his legs to the ground. When he began to weary, Mullins encouraged him to fight, that he might toss him.

"I'll learn you what this rope means," he remarked, as the bronco scattered the dust for the seventh time, and remained there, completely done up.

In deadly fear of his slender tether, yet alert to match his strength against it once more, should opportunity offer, Corazón followed the buster quietly enough when he rode out into the open. Beside a sturdy mesquit bush that grew apart from its brethren, Mullins dismounted and tied the sorrel. As a farewell, he waved his arms grotesquely and whooped. Of course, Corazón gathered himself and leaped — leaped to the utmost that was in him, so that the bush vibrated to its farthest root; and of course he hit the earth with a jarring thump that temporarily paralyzed him. Mullins departed to put the thrall of human will on others.

Throughout the afternoon, and time after time during the interminable night, the sorrel tried to break away; but with each sickening failure he grew more cautious. When he ran against the rope now, he did not run blindly to its limit, but half wheeled, so that when it jerked him back he invariably landed on his feet. Corazón was learning hard, but he was learning. And what agonies of pain and suspense he went through! — for years a free rover, and now to be bound thus, by what looked to be a mere thread, for he knew not what further tortures! He sweated and shivered, seeing peril in every shadow. When a coyote slunk by with tongue lapping hungrily over his teeth, the prisoner almost broke his neck in a despairing struggle to win freedom.

In the chill of the dawn, they led him into a circular corral. His sleekness had departed; the barrel-like body did not look so well nourished, and there was red in the blazing eyes.

"I reckon he'll be mean," observed the buster, as though it concerned him but little.

"No-o-o. Go easy with him, Carl, an' I think he'll make a good hoss," the boss cautioned.

While two men held the rope, Mullins advanced along it foot by foot, inch by inch, one hand outstretched, and talked to Corazón in a low, careless tone of affectionate banter. "So you'd like for to kill me, would you?" he inquired, grinning. All the while he held the sorrel's glaring eyes.

Corazón stood still, legs planted wide apart, and permitted him to approach. He trembled when the fingers touched his nose; but they were firm, confident digits, the voice was reassuring, and the gentle rubbing up, up between the eyes and ears lulled his forebodings.

"Hand me the blanket," said Mullins.

He drew it softly over Corazón's back, and the bronco swerved, pawed, and kicked with beautiful precision. Whereupon they placed a rope around his neck, dropped it behind his right hind leg, and pulled that member up close to his belly; there it was held fast. On three



"CORAZÓN REARED STRAIGHT UP, HIS FEET PAWING LIKE THE HANDS
OF A DROWNING MAN"

legs now, the sorrel was impotent for harm. Mullins once more took up the blanket, but this time the gentleness had flown. He slapped it over Corazón's backbone from side to side a dozen times. At each impact the horse humped awkwardly, but, finding that he came to no hurt, he suffered it in resignation.

That much of the second lesson learned, they saddled him. Strangely enough, Corazón submitted to the operation without fuss, the only untoward symptoms being a decided upward slant to the back of the saddle and the tucking of his tail. Reb wagged his head over this exhibition.

"I don't like his standin' quiet that away; it ain't natural," he vouchsafed. "Look at the crick in his back. Jim-in-ee! he'll shore pitch."

Which he did. The cinches were tightened until Corazón's eyes almost popped from his head; then they released the bound leg and turned him loose. What was that galling his spine? Corazón took a startled peep at it, lowered his head between his knees, and began to bawl. Into the air he rocketed, his head and fore legs swinging to the left, his hind quarters weaving to the right. The jar of his contact with the ground was appalling. Into the air again, his head and fore legs to the right, his rump twisted to the left. Round and round the corral he went, blatting like an angry calf; but the thing on his back stayed where it was, gripping his body cruelly. At last he was fain to stop for breath.

"Now," said Mullins, "I reckon I'll take it out of him."

There has always been for me an overwhelming fascination in watching busters at work. They are all alike when it comes to handling the horses — the garrulous one becomes coldly watchful, the stoic moves with stern patience, the boaster soothes with soft-crooned words and confident caress. Mullins left Corazón standing in the middle of the corral, the hackamore rope strung loose on the ground, while he saw to it that his spurs were fast. We mounted the fence, not wishing to be mixed in the glorious turmoil to follow.

"I wouldn't top ol' Corazón for fifty," confessed the man on the adjoining post.

"Mullins has certainly got nerve," I conceded.

"A buster has to have nerve." The range boss delivered himself laconically. "All nerve and no brains makes the best. But they get stove up, an' then —"

"And then? What then?"

"Why, don't you know?" he asked in surprise. "Every buster loses his nerve at last, an' then they can't ride a pack-hoss. It must be because it's just one fool man with one set of

nerves up ag'in' a new hoss with a new devil in him every time. They wear him down. Don't you reckon?"

The explanation sounded plausible. Mullins was listening with a faintly amused smile to Reb's account of what a lady mule had done to him; he rolled a cigarette and lighted it painstakingly. The hands that held the match were as steady as eternal rock. It was maddening to see him stand there so coolly while the great sorrel, a dozen feet distant, was aquake with dread, blowing harshly through his crimson nostrils whenever a cowboy stirred — and each of us knowing that the man was taking his life in his hands. An unlooked-for twist, a trifling disturbance of poise, and, with a horse like Corazón, it meant maiming or death. At last he threw the cigarette from him and walked slowly to the rope.

"So you're callin' for me?" he inquired, gathering it up.

Corazón was snorting. By patient craft Reb acquired a grip on the sorrel's ears, and, while he hung there, bringing the head down so that the horse could not move, Mullins tested the stirrups and raised himself cautiously into the saddle.

"Let him go."

While one could count ten, Corazón stood expectant, his back bowed, his tail between his legs. The ears were laid flat on the head and the fore feet well advanced. The buster waited, the quirt hanging from two fingers of his right hand. Suddenly the sorrel ducked his head and emitted a harsh scream, leaping, with legs stiff, straight off the ground. He came down with the massive hips at an angle to the shoulders, thereby imparting a double shock; bounded high again; turned back with bewildering speed as he touched the earth; and then, in a circle perhaps twenty feet in diameter, sprang time after time, his heels lashing the air. Never had such pitching been seen on the Anvil Range.

"I swan, he just misses his tail a' inch when he turns back!" roared a puncher.

Mullins sat composedly in the saddle, but he was riding as never before. He whipped the sorrel at every jump, and raked him down the body from shoulder to loins with the ripping spurs. The brute showed no signs of letting up. Through Mullins' tan of copper hue showed a slight pallor. He was exhausted. If Corazón did not give in soon, the man would be beaten. Just then the horse stopped, feet asprawl.

"Mullins," — the range boss got down from the fence, — "you'll kill that hoss. Between the cinches belongs to you; the head an' hind quarters is the company's."

For a long minute Mullins stared at the beast's ears without replying.



"THE STEER WAS TOSSED CLEAR OF THE GROUND AND CAME DOWN ON HIS LEFT SIDE"

"I reckon that's the rule," he acquiesced heavily. "Do you want that somebody else should ride him?"

"No-o-o. Go ahead. But, remember, between the cinches you go at him as you like — nowhere else."

The buster slapped the quirt down on Corazón's shoulder, but the bronco did not budge; then harder. With the first oath he had used, he jabbed in the spurs, and lay back on the hackamore rope. Instead of bucking, Corazón reared straight up, his feet pawing like the hands of a drowning man. Before Mullins could move to step off, the sorrel flung his head round and toppled backward. I turned away, but I could not shut my ears to the crunch.

"No, he's not dead." The range boss leaned over the buster and his hands fumbled inside the shirt. "The horn got him here, but he ain't dead. Claude, saddle Streak an' hit for Agua Prieta for the doctor."

When we carried the injured man to the bunkhouse, Reb spoke from troubled meditation:

"Pete, I don't believe Corazón is as bad as he acts with Mullins. I've been watchin' him. Mullins didn't —"

"You take him, then; he's yours," snapped the boss, his conscience pricking because of the reproof he had administered. If the buster had ridden him in his own way, this might not have happened.

That is how the sorrel came into Reb's possession. Only one man of the outfit witnessed the taming, and he would not talk; but when Reb came to dinner from the first saddle on Corazón, his hands were torn and the nail of one finger hung loose.

"I had to take to the horn an' hang on some," he admitted.

Ay, he had clung there desperately while the bronco pitched about the river-bed, whither Reb had retired for safety and to escape spectators.

But at the next saddle Corazón was less violent; at the third, recovering from the stunning shocks and bruising of the first day, he was a fiend; and then, on the following morning, he did not pitch at all. Reb rode him every day to sap the superfluous vigor in Corazón's iron frame, and he taught him as well as he could the first duties of a cow-horse. Finding that his new master never punished him unless he undertook to dispute his authority, the sorrel grew tractable and began to take an interest in his tasks.

"He's done broke," announced Reb; "I'll have him bridle-wise in a week. He'll make some ropin' horse. Did you see him this evenin'? I swan —"

They scoffed good-naturedly; but Reb proceeded on the assumption that Corazón was meant to be a roping horse, and schooled him accordingly. As for the sorrel, he took to the new pastime with delight. Within a month nothing gave him keener joy than to swerve and crouch, at the climax of a sprint, and see a cow thrown heels over head at the end of the rope that was wrapped about his saddle-horn.

The necessity of contriving to get three meals a day took me elsewhere, and I did not see Corazón again for three years. Then, one Sunday afternoon, Big John drew me from El Paso to Juarez on the pretense of seeing a grand, an extraordinary, a most noble bull-fight, in which the dauntless Favorita would slay three fierce bulls from the renowned El Carmen Ranch, in "competency" with the fearless Morenito Chico de San Bernardo; and a youth with a megaphone drew us both to a steer-roping contest instead. We agreed that bull-fighting was brutal on Sunday.

"I'll bet it's rotten," remarked Big John pessimistically, as we took our seats. "I could beat 'em myself."

As he scanned the list his face brightened. Among the seventeen ropers thereon were two champions and a possible new one in Raphael Fraustro, the redoubtable vaquero from the dominions of Terrazas.

"An' here's Reb!" roared John — he is accustomed to converse in the tumult of the branding-pen. "I swan, he's entered from Monument."

Shortly afterward the contestants paraded, wonderfully arrayed in silk shirts and new handkerchiefs.

"Some of them ain't been clean before in a year," was John's caustic comment. "There's Slim; I know he hasn't."

They were a fine-looking body of men, and two of my neighbors complained that I trampled

on their feet. The horses caught the infection of excitement from the packed stands, and champed on the bits and caracoled and waltzed sideways in a manner highly unbecoming a staid cow-pony.

There was one that did not. So sluggish was his gait and general bearing, in contrast with the others, that the crowd burst into laughter. He plodded at the tail-end of the procession, his hoofs kicking up the dust in listless spurts, his nose on a level with his knees. I rubbed my eyes, and John said, "No, it ain't — it can't be."

But it was. Into that arena slouched Corazón, entered against the pick of the horses of the Southwest; and Reb was astride him.

We watched the ropers catch and tie the steers in rapid succession; but the much-heralded ones missed altogether, and to John and me the performance lagged. We were waiting for Reb and Corazón.

They came at last, at the end of the list. When Corazón ambled up the arena to enter behind the barrier, the grand stand roared a facetious welcome; the spectacle of this sad-gaited nag preparing to capture a steer touched its risibilities.

"Listen to me," bawled a fat gentleman in a wide-brimmed hat, close to my ear. "You listen to me! They're all fools. That's a cow-horse. No blasted nonsense. Knows his business, huh? You're whistlin'!"

Assuredly, Corazón knew his business. The instant he stepped behind the line he was a changed horse. The sloping ears pricked forward, his neck arched, and the great muscles of his shoulders and thighs rippled to his dainty prancing. He pulled and fretted on the bit, his eyes roving about in search of the quarry; he whinnied an appeal to be gone. Reb made ready his coil, curbing him with light pressure.

Out from the chute sprang a steer, heading straight down the arena. Corazón was frantic. With the flash of the gun he breasted the barrier-rope and swept down on him in twenty strides. Reb stood high in the stirrups; the loop whirled and sped; and, without waiting to see how it fell, but accepting a catch in blind faith, the sorrel darted off at a tangent.

Big John was standing up in his place, clawing insanely at the hats of his neighbors and banging them over the head with his program.

"Look at him — just look at him!" he shrieked.

The steer was tossed clear of the ground, and came down on his left side. Almost before he landed, Reb was out of the saddle and speeding toward him.

"He's getting up. *He's getting up.* Go to him, Reb!" howled John and I.

The steer managed to lift his head; he was

struggling to his knees. I looked away, for Reb must lose. Then a hoarse shout from the multitude turned back my gaze. Corazón had felt the slack on the rope, and knew what it meant. He dug his feet into the dirt and began to walk slowly forward — very slowly and carefully, for Reb's task must not be spoiled. The steer collapsed, falling prone again, but the sorrel did not stop. Once he cocked his eye, and, seeing that the animal still squirmed, pulled with all his strength. The stands were rocking; they were a sea of tossing hats and gesticulating arms and flushed faces; the roar of their plaudits echoed back from the hills. And it was all for Corazón, gallant Corazón.

"Dam' his eyes — dam' his ol' eyes!" Big John babbled over and over, absolutely oblivious.

Reb stooped beside the steer, his hands looping and tying with deft, darting twists even as he kept pace with his dragged victim.

"I guess it's — about — a' — hour," he panted.

Then he sprang clear and tossed his hands upward, facing the judges' stand. After that he walked aimlessly about, mopping his face with a handkerchief; for to him the shoutings and the shifting colors were all a foolish dream, and he was rather sick.

Right on the cry with which his master announced his task done, Corazón eased up on the rope and waited.

"Mr. Pee-ler's time," bellowed the man with the megaphone presently, "is twenty-one seconds, ty-ing the world's re-cord."

So weak that his knees trembled, Reb walked over to his horse. "Corazón," he said huskily, and slapped him once on the flank.

Nothing would do the joyous crowd then but that Reb should ride forth to be acclaimed the victor. We sat back and yelled ourselves weak

with laughter; for Corazón, having done his work, refused resolutely to squander time in vain parade. The steer captured and tied, he had no further interest in the proceedings. The rascal dog-trotted reluctantly to the center of the arena in obedience to Reb, then faced the audience; but, all the time Reb was bowing his acknowledgments, Corazón sulked and slouched, and he was sulking and shuffling the dust when they went through the gate.

"Now," said John, who is very human, "we'll go help Reb spend that money."

As we jostled amid the outgoing crowd, several cowboys came alongside the grand stand rail, and Big John drew me aside to have speech with them. One rider led a spare horse, and when he passed a man on foot the latter hailed him:

"Say, Ed, give me a lift to the hotel?"

"Sure," answered Ed, proffering the reins.

The man gathered them up, his hands fluttering as if with palsy, and paused with his foot raised toward the stirrup.

"He won't pitch nor nothin', Ed?" came the quavered inquiry. "You're shore he's gentle?"

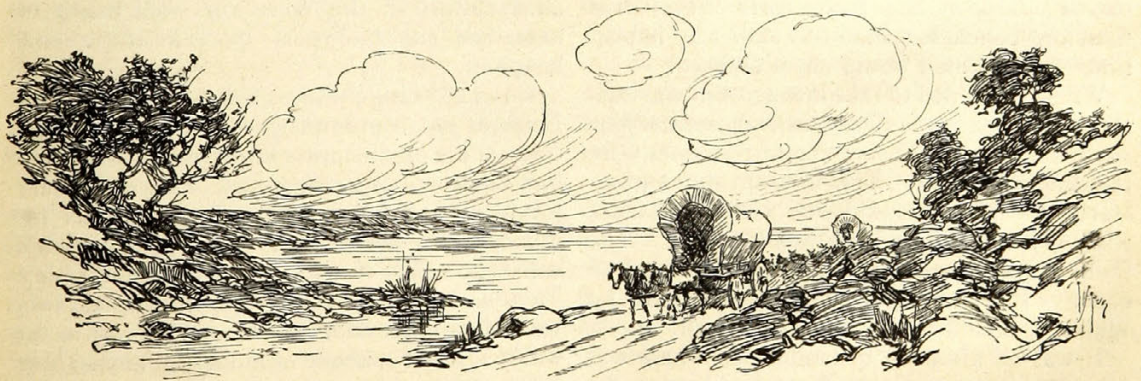
"Gentler'n a dog," returned Ed, greatly surprised.

"You ain't foolin' me, now, are you, Ed?" continued the man on the ground. "He looks kind of mean."

"Give him to me!" Ed exploded. "You kin walk."

From where we stood, only the man's back was visible. "Who is that fellow?" I asked.

"Who? Him?" answered my neighbor. "Oh, his name's Mullins. They say he used to be able to ride anything with hair on it, an' throw off the bridle at that. I expect that's just talk. Don't you reckon?"



THE UNPARALLELED INVASION

EXCERPT FROM WALT. NERVIN'S "CERTAIN
ESSAYS IN HISTORY"

BY

JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF MAPUHI," "THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

IT was in the year 1976 that the trouble between the world and China reached its culmination. It was because of this that the celebration of the Bi-Centennial of American Liberty was deferred. Many other plans of the nations of the earth were, for the same reason, twisted and tangled and postponed. The world awoke rather abruptly to its danger; but for over seventy years, unperceived, affairs had been shaping toward this very end.

The year 1904 logically marks the beginning of the development that, seventy years later, was to bring consternation to the whole world. The Japanese-Russian War took place in 1904, and the historians of the time gravely noted down that that event marked the entrance of Japan into the comity of nations. What it really did mark was the awakening of China. This awakening, long expected, had finally been despaired of. The Western nations had tried to arouse China, and they had failed. Out of their native optimism and race egotism, they had therefore concluded that the task was impossible — that China would never awaken.

What they failed to take into account was this: *that between them and China was no common psychological speech.* Their thought processes were radically dissimilar. The Western mind penetrated the Chinese mind but a short distance when it found itself in a fathomless maze. The Chinese mind penetrated the Western mind an equally short distance when it fetched up against a blank, incomprehensible wall.

It was all a matter of language. There was no way to communicate Western ideas to the Chinese mind. China remained asleep. The material achievement and progress of the West was a closed book to her. Back and deep down on

the tie-ribs of consciousness, in the mind of the English-speaking race, was a capacity to thrill to short Saxon words; back and deep down on the tie-ribs of consciousness of the Chinese mind was a capacity to thrill to its own hieroglyphics. The Chinese mind could not thrill to short Saxon words, nor could the English-speaking mind thrill to hieroglyphics. The fabrics of their minds were woven from totally different stuffs. They were mental aliens. And so it was that Western material achievement and progress made no dent on the rounded sleep of China.

Came Japan and her victory over Russia in 1904. Now, the Japanese race was the freak and paradox among Eastern peoples. In some strange way, Japan was receptive to all that the West had to offer. Japan swiftly assimilated Western ideas, and digested them and so capably applied them that she suddenly burst forth, full-panoplied, a world-power. There is no explaining this peculiar openness of Japan to the alien culture of the West. As well might be explained any biological sport in the animal kingdom.

Having decisively thrashed the great Russian Empire, Japan promptly set about dreaming a colossal dream of empire for herself. Korea she had made into a granary and a colony; treaty privileges and vulpine diplomacy gave her the monopoly of Manchuria. But Japan was not satisfied. She turned her eyes upon China. There lay a vast territory, and in that territory were the hugest deposits of iron and coal in the world — the backbone of industrial civilization. Given natural resources, the other great factor in industry is labor. In that territory was a population of 400,000,000 souls — one quarter of the total population of the earth. Further-

more, the Chinese were excellent workers, while their fatalistic philosophy (or religion) and their stolid nervous organization constituted them splendid soldiers — if they were properly managed. Needless to say, Japan was prepared to furnish that management.

But, best of all, from the standpoint of Japan, the Chinese was a kindred race. The baffling enigma of the Chinese character to the West was no baffling enigma to the Japanese. The Japanese understood the Chinese character as we could never school ourselves nor hope to understand. The Japanese thought with the same thought-symbols as did the Chinese, and they thought in the same peculiar grooves. Into the Chinese mind the Japanese went on, where we were balked by the obstacle of incomprehension. They took the turning that we could not perceive, twisted around the obstacle, and were out of sight in the ramifications of the Chinese mind, where we could not follow.

They were brothers. Long ago, one had borrowed the other's written language, and, untold generations before that, they had diverged from the common Mongol stock. There had been changes, differentiations brought about by diverse conditions and infusions of other blood; but, down at the bottom of their beings, twisted into the fibers of them, was a heritage in common, a sameness in kind, that time had not obliterated.

And so Japan took upon herself the management of China. In the years immediately following the war with Russia, her agents swarmed over the Chinese Empire. A thousand miles beyond the last mission station toiled her engineers and spies,— clad as coolies, or under the guise of itinerant merchants or proselyting Buddhist priests,— noting down the horsepower of every waterfall, the likely sites for factories, the heights of mountains and passes, the strategic advantages and weaknesses, the wealth of the farming valleys, the number of bullocks in a district or the number of laborers that could be collected by forced levies. Never was there such a census, and it could have been taken by no other people than the dogged, patient, patriotic Japanese.

But in a short time secrecy was thrown to the winds. Japan's officers reorganized the Chinese army. Her drill-sergeants made over the medieval warriors into twentieth-century soldiers, accustomed to all the modern machinery of war and with a higher average of marksmanship than the soldiers of any Western nation. The engineers of Japan deepened and widened the intricate system of canals, built factories and foundries, netted the Empire with telegraphs and telephones, and inaugurated the era of rail-

road-building. It was these same protagonists of machine civilization who discovered the great oil-deposits of Chunsan, the iron-mountains of Whang-Sing, the copper-ranges of Chinchí; and they sank the gas-wells of Wow-Wee, that most marvelous reservoir of natural gas in all the world.

Japanese emissaries were in China's councils of empire. Japanese statesmen whispered in the ears of Chinese statesmen. The political reconstruction of the Empire was due to them. They ousted the scholar class, which was violently reactionary, and put into office progressive officials. And in every town and city of the Empire newspapers were started. Of course, Japanese editors dictated the policy of these papers, which policy they got direct from Tokio. It was the newspapers that educated and made progressive the great mass of the population.

China was awake at last. Where the West had failed, Japan had succeeded. She had transmuted Western culture and achievement into terms that were intelligible to the Chinese understanding. Japan herself, when she awakened so suddenly, had astounded the world. But at the time she was only forty millions strong. China's awakening, what with her four hundred millions and the scientific advance of the world, was frightfully astounding. She was the Colossus of the nations, and soon her voice was heard in no uncertain tones in the affairs and councils of the nations. Japan egged her on, and the proud Western peoples listened with respectful ears.

China's swift and remarkable rise was due to the superlative quality of her labor perhaps more than to anything else. The Chinese was the perfect type of industry. For sheer ability to work, no worker in the world could compare with him. Work was the breath of his nostrils. Liberty, to him, epitomized itself in access to the means of toil. To till the soil and labor interminably was all he asked of life and the powers that be. And the awakening of China had given its vast population not merely free and unlimited access to the means of toil, but access to the highest and most scientific machine-means of toil.

China rejuvenescent! It was but a step to China rampant. She discovered a new pride in herself, and a will of her own. She began to chafe under the guidance of Japan. But she did not chafe long. In the beginning, on Japan's advice, she had expelled from the Empire all Western missionaries, engineers, drill-sergeants, merchants, and teachers. She now began to expel the similar representatives of Japan. The latter's advisory statesmen were showered with honors and decorations, and sent home. The

West had awakened Japan, and, as Japan had requited the West, so Japan was now requited by China. Japan was thanked for her kindly aid, and flung out, bag and baggage, by her gigantic protégé.

The Western nations chuckled. Japan's rainbow dream had gone glimmering. She grew angry. China laughed at her. The blood and the swords of the samurai would cut, and Japan rashly went to war. This occurred in 1922, and in seven bloody months Manchuria, Korea, and Formosa were taken away from her, and she was hurled back, bankrupt, to stifle in her tiny crowded islands. Exit Japan from the world-drama. Thereafter she devoted herself to art, and it became her task to please the world greatly with her creations of wonder and beauty.

Contrary to expectation, China did not prove warlike. She had no Napoleonic dream, and was content to devote herself to the arts of peace. After a period of disquiet, the idea was accepted that China was to be feared, not in war, but in commerce. It will be seen that the real danger was not apprehended. China went on consummating her machine civilization. Instead of a large standing army, she developed an immensely larger and splendidly efficient militia. Her navy was so small that it was the laughing-stock of the world; nor did she attempt to strengthen it. The treaty ports of the world were never entered by her visiting battleships.

The real danger lay in the fecundity of her loins, and it was in 1970 that the first cry of alarm was raised. For some time all the territories adjacent to China had been grumbling at Chinese immigration; but now it suddenly came home to the world that China's population was 500,000,000. Since her awakening, she had increased by a hundred million. Burchalder called attention to the fact that there were in existence more Chinese than white-skinned people. He added together the population of the United States, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, European Russia, and all Scandinavia. The result was 495,000,000. And the population of China overtopped this tremendous total by 5,000,000. Burchalder's figures went around the world, and the world shivered.

For many centuries China's population had been constant. Her territory had been saturated with population; that is to say, her territory, with its primitive method of production, had supported the maximum limit of population. But when she awoke and inaugurated the machine civilization, her productive power enormously increased. At once the birth-rate began to rise and the death-rate to fall. Before, when population pressed against the means

of subsistence, the excess population had been swept away by famine. But now, thanks to the machine civilization, China's means of subsistence had been enormously extended, and there were no famines; her population followed on the heels of the increase in the means of subsistence.

During this time of transition and development of power China had entertained no dreams of conquest. The Chinese was not an imperial race. It was industrious, thrifty, and peace-loving. War was looked upon as an unpleasant but necessary task that must be performed at times. And so, while the Western races had squabbled and fought and world-adventured against one another, China had calmly gone on working, at her machines and growing. Now she was spilling over the boundaries of her Empire—that was all, just spilling over into the adjacent territories, with all the certitude and terrifyingly slow momentum of a glacier.

Following upon the alarm raised by Burchalder's figures, in 1970 France took a long-threatened stand. French Indo-China had been overrun, filled up, by Chinese immigrants. France called a halt. The Chinese wave flowed on. France assembled a force of a hundred thousand on the boundary between her unfortunate colony and China, and China sent down an army of militia soldiers a million strong. Behind came the wives and sons and daughters and relatives, with their personal household luggage, in a second army. The French force was brushed aside like a fly. The Chinese militia soldiers, along with their families,—over five millions all told,—coolly took possession of French Indo-China, and settled down to stay for a few thousand years.

Outraged France was up in arms. She hurled fleet after fleet against the coast of China, and nearly bankrupted herself by the effort. China had no navy. She withdrew into her shell like a turtle. For a year the French fleets blackened the coast and bombarded exposed towns and villages. China did not mind. She did not depend upon the rest of the world for anything. She calmly kept out of range of the French guns, and went on working. France wept and wailed, wrung her impotent hands, and appealed to the dumfounded nations. Then she landed a punitive expedition to march to Peking. It was two hundred and fifty thousand strong, and it was the flower of France. It landed without opposition, and marched into the interior. And that was the last ever seen of it. The line of communication was snapped on the second day. Not a survivor came back to tell what had happened. It had been swallowed up in China's cavernous maw, that was all.

In the five years that followed, China's ex-

pansion, in all land directions, went on apace. Siam was made a part of the Empire, and, in spite of all that England could do, Burma and the Malay Peninsula were overrun; while, all along the long south boundary of Siberia, Russia was severely pressed by China's advancing hordes. The process was simple. First came the Chinese immigration (or, rather, it was already there, having come there slowly and insidiously during the preceding years). Next came the clash at arms and the brushing away of all opposition by a monster army of militia soldiers, followed by their families and household baggage. And finally came their settling down as colonists in the conquered territory. Never was there so strange and effective a method of world-conquest.

It was at this time that Burchalder revised his figures. He had been mistaken. China's population must be 700,000,000, 800,000,000 — nobody knew how many millions; but, at any rate, it would soon be 1,000,000,000. Burchalder announced that there were two Chinese for every white-skinned human in the world, and the world trembled. China's increase must have begun in 1904. It was remembered that since that date there had not been a single famine. At 5,000,000 a year increase, her total increase in the intervening seventy years must be 350,000,000. But who was to know? It might be more. Who was to know anything of this strange new menace of the twentieth century — China, old China, rejuvenescent, fruitful, and militant!

The Convention of 1975 was called at Philadelphia. All the Western nations, and some few of the Eastern, were represented. Nothing was accomplished. There was talk of all countries putting bounties on children to increase the birth-rate; but it was laughed to scorn by the arithmeticians, who pointed out that China was too far in the lead in that direction. No feasible way of coping with China was suggested. China was appealed to and threatened by the United Powers, and that was all the Convention at Philadelphia came to; and the Convention and the Powers were laughed at by China. Li Tang Fwung, the power behind the Dragon Throne, deigned to reply.

"What does China care for the comity of nations?" said Li Tang Fwung. "We are the most ancient, honorable, and royal of races. We have our own destiny to accomplish. It is unpleasant that our destiny does not gibe with the destiny of the rest of the world, but what would you? You have talked windily about the royal races and the heritage of the earth, and we can only reply that that remains to be seen. You cannot invade us. Never mind about your

navies. Don't shout. We know our navy is small. You see, we use it for police purposes. We do not care for the sea. Our strength is in our population, which will soon be 1,000,000,000. Thanks to you, we are equipped with all modern war machinery. Send your navies. We will not notice them. Send your punitive expeditions — but first remember France. To land half a million soldiers on our shores would strain the resources of any of you. And our thousand millions would swallow them down in a mouthful. Send a million; send five million, and we will swallow them down just as readily. Pouf! A mere nothing, a meager morsel. Destroy as you have threatened, you United States, the ten million coolies we have forced upon your shores — why, the amount scarcely equals half of our excess birth-rate for a year."

So spoke Li Tang Fwung. The world was non-plussed, helpless, terrified. He had spoken truly. There was no combating China's amazing birth-rate. If her population was 1,000,000,000, and was increasing 20,000,000 a year, in twenty-five years it would be 1,500,000,000 — equal to the total population of the world in 1904. And nothing could be done. There was no way to dam up the monstrous overspilling flood of life. War was futile. China laughed at a blockade of her coasts. She welcomed invasion. In her capacious maw was room for all the hosts of earth that could be hurled at her.

But there was one scholar that China failed to reckon with — Jacobus Laningdale. Not that he was a scholar, except in the widest sense. Primarily, Jacobus Laningdale was a scientist, and, up to that time, a very obscure scientist — a professor employed in the laboratories of the Health Office of New York City. Jacobus Laningdale's head was very like any other head, but in that head he evolved an idea. Also, in that head was the wisdom to keep that idea secret. He did not write an article for the magazines. Instead, he asked for a vacation.

On September 19, 1975, he arrived in Washington. It was evening, but he proceeded straight to the White House, for he had already arranged for an audience with the President. He was closeted with President Moyer for three hours. What passed between them was not learned by the rest of the world until long after.

Next day the President called in his Cabinet. Jacobus Laningdale was present. The proceedings were kept secret. But that very afternoon Rufus Cowdery, Secretary of State, left Washington, and early the following morning sailed for England. The secret that he carried began to spread, but it spread only among the heads of governments. Possibly half a dozen men in a nation were intrusted with the idea that had

formed in Jacobus Laningdale's head. Following the spread of the secret sprang up great activity in all the dockyards, arsenals, and navy-yards. The people of France and Austria became suspicious, but so sincere were their governments' calls for confidence that they acquiesced in the unknown project that was afoot.

This was the time of the Great Truce. All countries solemnly pledged themselves not to go to war with any other country. The first definite action was the gradual mobilization of the armies of Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, and Turkey. Then began the eastward movement. All railroads into Asia were glutted with troop trains. China was the objective; that was all that was known. A little later began the great sea movement. Expeditions of warships were launched from all countries. Fleet followed fleet, and all proceeded to the coast of China. The nations cleaned out their navy-yards. They sent their revenue cutters and despatch boats and lighthouse tenders, and they sent their most antiquated cruisers and battleships. Not content with this, they impressed the merchant marine. The statistics show that 58,640 merchant steamers, equipped with searchlights and rapid-fire guns, were despatched by the various nations to China.

And China smiled, and waited. On her land side, along her boundaries, were millions of the warriors of Europe. She mobilized her militia to the number of five times as many millions, and waited for the invasion. On her sea-coasts she did the same. But China was puzzled. After all this enormous preparation, there was no invasion. She did not understand. Along the great Siberian frontier all was quiet. Along her coasts, the towns and villages were not even shelled. Never in the history of the world had there been so mighty a gathering of war-fleets. The fleets of all the world were there, and day and night millions of tons of battleships plowed the brine of her coasts. And nothing happened. Nothing was attempted. Did they think to make her emerge from her shell? China smiled. Did they think to tire her out, or starve her out? Again China smiled.

But on May 1, 1976, had the reader been in the imperial city of Peking, with its population of 11,000,000, he would have witnessed a curious sight. He would have seen the streets filled with the chattering yellow populace, every queued head tilted back, every slant eye turned skyward. And high up in the blue he would have beheld a tiny dot of black, which he would have identified as an aeroplane. From this aeroplane, as it curved its flight back and forth over the city, fell missiles—strange, harmless-looking missiles, tubes of fragile glass that shattered into thou-

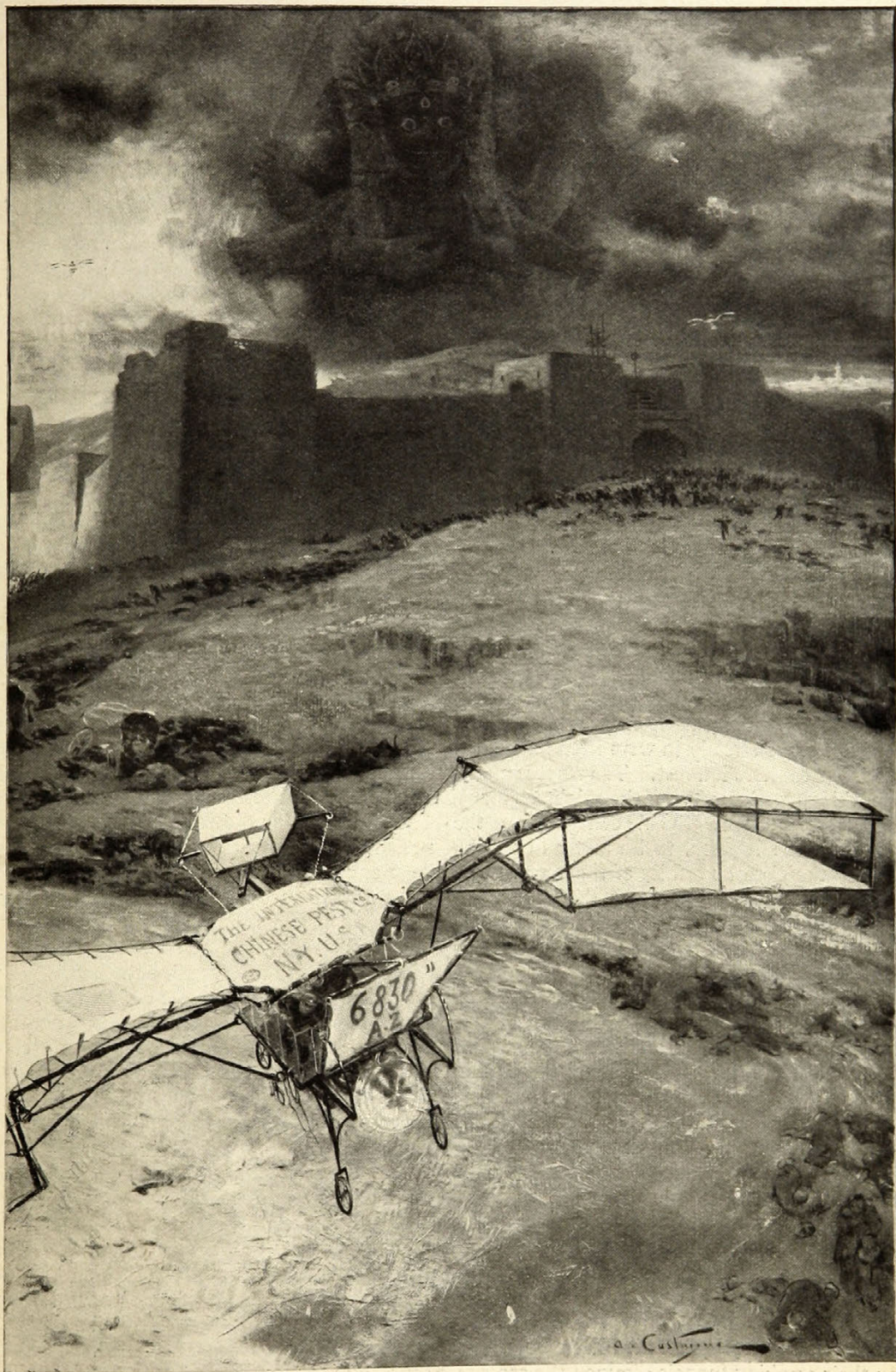
sands of fragments on the streets and housetops. But there was nothing deadly about these tubes of glass. Nothing happened. There were no explosions. It is true that several Chinese were killed by the tubes dropping on their heads from so enormous a height; but what were three Chinese against an excess birth-rate of twenty millions?

One tube struck perpendicularly in a fish-pond in a garden, and was not broken. It was dragged ashore by the master of the house. He did not dare to open it, but, accompanied by his friends and surrounded by an ever-increasing crowd, he carried the mysterious tube to the magistrate of the district. The latter was a brave man. With all eyes upon him, he shattered the tube with a blow from his brass-bowled pipe. Nothing happened. Of those who were very near, one or two thought they saw some mosquitos fly out. That was all. The crowd set up a great laugh, and dispersed.

As Peking was bombarded by glass tubes, so was all China. The tiny aeroplanes, despatched from the warships, contained only two men each, and over all cities, towns, and villages they wheeled and curved, one man directing the ship, the other throwing the glass tubes.

Had the reader been in Peking again six weeks later, he would have looked in vain for the 11,000,000 inhabitants. Some few of them he would have found, a few hundred thousand, perhaps, their carcasses festering in the houses and in the deserted streets, and piled high on the abandoned death-wagons. But for the rest he would have had to seek along the highways and byways of the Empire. And not all would he have found fleeing from plague-stricken Peking, for behind them, by hundreds of thousands of unburied corpses by the wayside, he could have marked their flight.

As it was with Peking so it was with all the cities, towns, and villages of the Empire. The plague smote them all. Nor was it one plague, nor two plagues: it was a score of plagues. Every virulent form of infectious death stalked through the land. Too late the Chinese Government apprehended the meaning of the colossal preparations, the marshaling of the world hosts, the flights of the tiny aeroplanes, and the rain of the tubes of glass. The proclamations of the Government were in vain. They could not stop the 11,000,000 plague-stricken wretches fleeing from the one city of Peking to spread disease through all the land. Physicians and health officers died at their posts; and death, the all-conqueror, rode over the decrees of the Emperor and Li Tang Fwung. It rode over them as well, for Li Tang Fwung died in the second week, and the Emperor, hidden away in the Summer Palace, died in the fourth week.



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AFTER THE UNPARALLELED INVASION OF 1976

Had there been but one plague, China might have coped with it. But from a score of plagues no creature was immune. The man who escaped smallpox went down before scarlet fever; the man who was immune to yellow fever was carried away by cholera; and if he were immune to that too, the Black Death, which was the bubonic plague, swept him away. For it was these bacteria, and germs, and microbes, and bacilli, cultured in the laboratories of the West, that had come down upon China in the rain of glass.

All organization vanished. The Government crumbled away. Decrees and proclamations were useless when the men who made them and signed them one moment were dead the next. Nor could the maddened millions, spurred on to flight by death, pause to heed anything. They fled from the cities to infect the country, and, wherever they fled, they carried the plague with them. The hot summer was on,—Jacobus Laningdale had selected the time shrewdly,—and the plague festered everywhere.

Much is conjectured of what occurred, and much has been learned from the stories of the few survivors. The wretched creatures streamed across the Empire in many-millioned flight. The vast armies that China had collected on her frontiers melted away. The farms were ravaged for food, and no more crops were planted, while the crops already in were left unattended and never came to harvest. The most remarkable thing, perhaps, was the flights. Many millions engaged in them, charging to the bounds of the Empire, to be met and turned back by the gigantic armies of the West. The slaughter of the mad hosts on the boundaries was stupendous. Time and again the guarding line was drawn back twenty or thirty miles to escape the contagion of the multitudinous dead.

Once the plague broke through and seized the German and Austrian soldiers who were guarding the borders of Turkestan. Preparations had been made for such a happening, and, though sixty thousand soldiers of Europe were carried off, the international corps of physicians isolated the contagion and dammed it back.

Such was the unparalleled invasion of China. For that billion of people there was no hope. Pent in their vast and festering charnel-house, all organization and cohesion lost, they could do naught but die. They could not escape. As they were flung back from their land frontiers, so they were flung back from the sea. Seventy-five thousand vessels patrolled the coasts. By day their smoking funnels dimmed the sea-rim, and by night their flashing searchlights plowed the dark and harrowed it for the tiniest escaping junk. The attempts of the immense fleets of junks were pitiful. Not one ever got by the

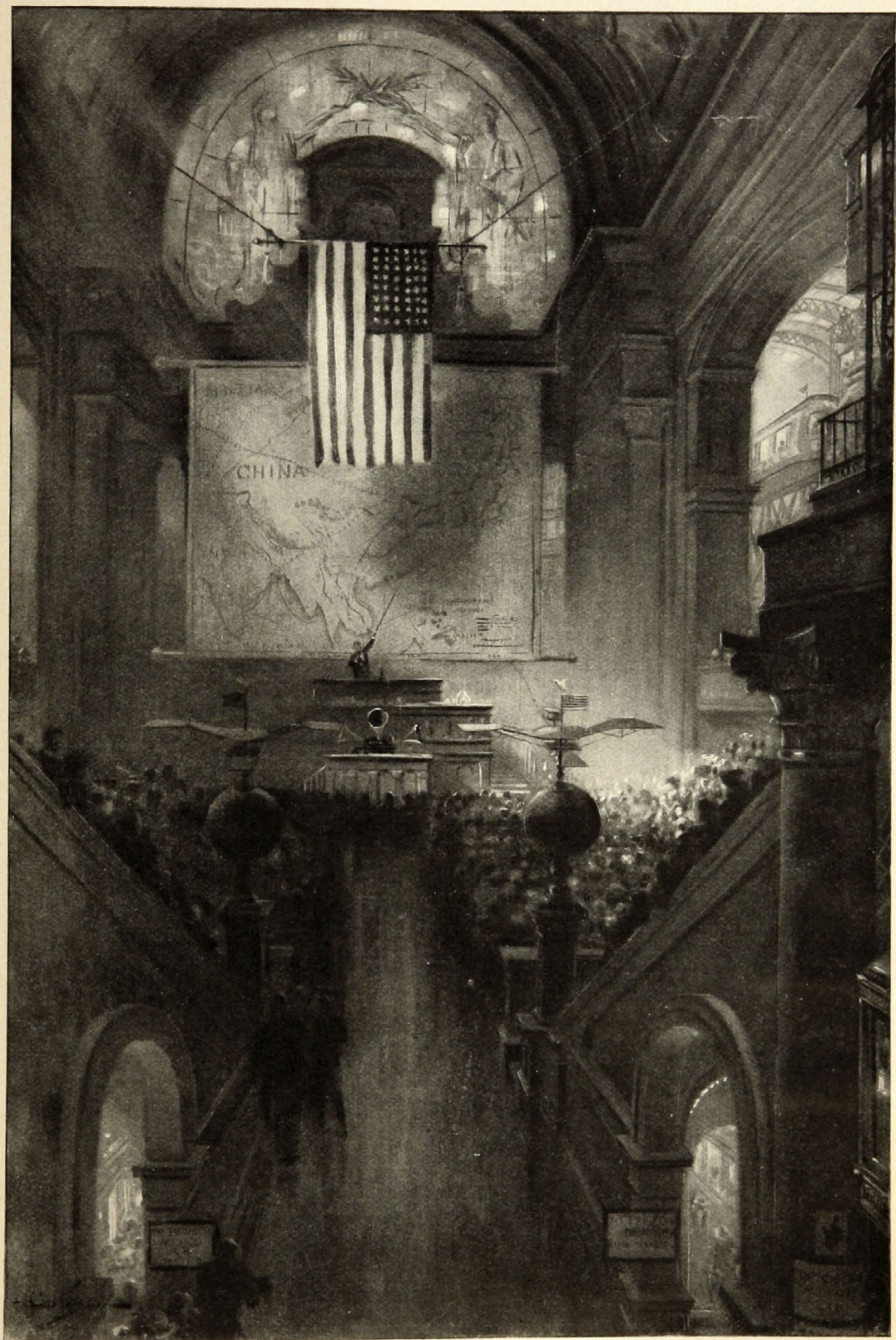
guarding sea-hounds. Modern war machinery held back the disorganized mass of China, while the plague did the work.

But old war was made a thing of laughter. Naught remained to him but patrol duty. China had laughed at war, and war she was getting; but it was ultra-modern war, twentieth-century war, the war of the scientist and the laboratory, the war of Jacobus Laningdale. Hundred-ton guns were toys compared with the microörganic projectiles hurled from the laboratories, the messengers of death, the destroying angels that stalked through the empire of a billion souls.

During all the summer and fall of 1976 China was an inferno. There was no eluding the microscopic projectiles that sought out the remotest hiding-places. The hundreds of millions of dead remained unburied, and the germs multiplied; and, toward the last, millions died daily of starvation. Besides, starvation weakened the victims and destroyed their natural defenses against the plague. Cannibalism, murder, and madness reigned. And so China perished.

Not until the following February, in the coldest weather, were the first expeditions made. These expeditions were small, composed of scientists and bodies of troops; but they entered China from every side. In spite of the most elaborate precautions against infection, numbers of soldiers and a few of the physicians were stricken. But the exploration went bravely on. They found China devastated, a howling wilderness through which wandered bands of wild dogs and desperate bandits who had survived. All survivors were put to death, wherever found. And then began the great task, the sanitation of China. Five years and hundreds of millions of treasure were consumed, and then the world moved in—not in zones, as was the idea of Baron Albrecht, but heterogeneously, according to the democratic American program. It was a vast and happy intermingling of nationalities that settled down in China in 1982 and the years that followed—a tremendous and successful experiment in cross-fertilization. We know to-day the splendid mechanical, intellectual, and artistic output that followed.

It was in 1987, the Great Truce having been dissolved, that the ancient quarrel between France and Germany over Alsace and Lorraine recrudesced. The war-cloud grew dark and threatening in April, and on April 17 the Convention of Copenhagen was called. The representatives of the nations of the world being present, all nations solemnly pledged themselves never to use against one another the laboratory methods of warfare they had employed in the invasion of China.



A GRAMOPHONE LECTURE ON CHINA'S DEATH AT THE DULUTH INSTITUTE
OF MICROCOSMOLOGY IN THE YEAR 1977



From the issue of "Puck" for May 25, 1881

A HARMLESS EXPLOSION

ONE OF THE MANY "ME TOO PLATT" CARTOONS PUBLISHED AT THE TIME OF THE GARFIELD-CONKLING DISPUTE

SENATOR PLATT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PART II

THE GARFIELD-CONKLING FEUD

A NEW VERSION OF THIS FAMOUS EPISODE, IN WHICH
PLATT SAYS HE TOOK THE INITIATIVE IN RESIGNING
FROM THE SENATE, AND DID NOT ECHO
CONKLING, AS HIS CRITICS ASSERT—
THE ASSASSINATION OF GARFIELD

I FORMED a tender friendship for General Ulysses S. Grant from the day I first met him personally, in the early seventies, when I was serving in Congress. General Grant was just below medium height. He was stockily built, and broad-shouldered. Iron jaws and rigid lips exemplified indomitable pluck, grim courage, and determination. A beard usually cropped close, hair sprinkled with silvery strands, steady, piercing eyes, and a Roman nose, the nostrils dilating when the man was aroused, characterized his personal appearance.

Grant cared little for dress. As, in the army, he preferred to forget gold lace and epaulets, and to go about in a careless uniform and dilapidated slouch hat, so, even as President, he wore the plainest clothing. I have known him frequently to jam the omnipresent big black cigar between his teeth, slip out of the White House by a back exit, and pace alone for miles up and down sequestered Washington streets, endeavoring to solve the great problems of State that confronted him. Though I always found Grant approachable and courteous, he talked little except in monosyllables, listened intently, carefully analyzed every suggestion, and, having once made up his mind, all the king's horses and all the king's men could not swerve him.

He was the most modest, unassuming man in high station I recall. He was as grateful as a child, trustful of and devoted to friends, hurt to the quick if they proved unworthy, and perhaps of too forgiving a spirit in the treatment of his traducers. He was great and magnanimous as commander of the Union armies, greater as President, and as a citizen of the Republic shone

with a luster that challenged the admiration of the world.

No wonder that Grant is immortalized.

My Services to Grant

My friend General James S. Clarkson thus bears testimony to my services to General Grant when, in 1884, the former President was suffering mental agony:

"Platt was taken deeply into the confidence and friendship of President Grant — a friendship that lasted until General Grant's death. And it showed itself as having been safely reposed when, in the troublous days of the great soldier and his sons, in their financial fiasco in New York, Mr. Platt came to their help and saved them all from humiliation and injury that time itself could never have cured, nor the official power of the nation averted. This version came to the writer direct from General Grant himself during close party association in the campaign for Blaine in 1884, one of the darkest and saddest years in the General's history; when poverty was at his door, and himself and his deeds apparently forgotten by the American people.

"In conversation, then, the great hero, who had early seen the worth of Mr. Platt and taken him to his heart as a friend, said he had received such help from Mr. Platt as he had never received from any one in his whole life. This faithfulness to friendship, in loyal response to friendship early shown to him, continued in its help to the sons, after the General's death, in such measure as they only know."

So unpopular had the Hayes administration become with the Republicans in New York in

1879 and 1880 that they determined to oppose the President for renomination. Our State Convention, believing that General Grant had proved a splendid Executive for two terms, and that Hayes had proved an unworthy one, instructed the delegation to Chicago in 1880 to fight first, last, and all the time for Grant.

Grant's "Three Hundred and Six" at the Chicago Convention

There is no public act of which I am prouder than of having been a member of the famous band of "three hundred and six" who fought and lost in the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1880 because of their devotion to the Chief Magistrate who served so admirably from 1869 to 1876. In that National Convention Roscoe Conkling was a colossal and commanding figure. Conkling, then Senator and for a number of years successor to Thurlow Weed as the leader of the Republican party in New York State, was one of the handsomest men I ever met. He was over six feet tall, of slender build, and stood as straight as an arrow. His hair was turning gray. A curl described as Hyperion rolled over his forehead. An imperial added much to the beauty of his Apollo-like appearance. His noble figure, flashing eye, and majestic voice made one forget that he was somewhat foppish in his dress.

One of his first acts in the Chicago Convention was to offer a resolution which had been urged by the New York delegation, and which ran like this:

"Resolved, As the sense of this Convention, that every member of it is bound in honor to support the nominee, whoever that nominee may be; and that no man should hold a seat here who is not ready to so agree."

This, of course, was aimed at certain Hayes delegates, who had openly threatened to bolt Grant in case he was nominated. The late Senator George F. Hoar, who was in the chair, had just declared the resolution adopted, when Augustus Brandagee, of Connecticut, expressed doubt and demanded a roll call of States.

Senator Conkling sarcastically said: "Plainly and audibly to me and to others, negative votes were given on this resolution. I ask the chair to call the roll, that we may know who it is in Republican Convention that votes No on such a pledge."

The roll call disclosed seven hundred and sixteen votes for the Conkling resolution, and only three against. Senator Conkling then submitted this resolution:

"That the delegates who have voted that they will not abide the action of the Convention do

not deserve and have forfeited their votes in this Convention."

Conkling Scents Garfield's Victory

The three negative votes on the previous resolution had been cast by West Virginia. Mr. A. W. Campbell, of that State, was vigorously opposed to the second resolution. General James A. Garfield of Ohio, who eventually was the nominee for President, but whose name had hardly been whispered, was quite vehement in his opposition.

Senator Conkling, even while Garfield was speaking against the resolution, wrote a note reading:

"I congratulate you upon being the dark horse."

When General Garfield ceased talking, Conkling handed the note to John D. Lawson, better known as "Sitting Bull," and said: "Please give this to General Garfield."

Conkling had thus early scented defeat for Grant and victory for Garfield. But we Grant men had sworn to die with our boots on. Conkling finally consented to withdraw the second resolution; and after three days of preliminary wire-pulling and skirmishing the balloting for candidates for President began.

James F. Joy named James G. Blaine of Maine as the choice of Michigan. Messrs. F. M. Pixley of California and William P. Frye of Maine followed with seconds. Mr. E. F. Drake presented the name of William Windom, of Minnesota. When Senator Conkling arose to propose Grant, the enthusiasm became tremendous and overpowering. Not only the "three hundred and six" but the great majority of spectators in the galleries joined in a demonstration that was simply indescribable.

"He Hails from Appomattox"

Conkling mounted a reporters' table. He was in magnificent voice. Those in the most distant corners of the great auditorium distinctly heard every word he uttered. The Senator had a way of clearly pronouncing his vowels that made his voice carry a long distance. The speech delivered by Conkling on that memorable day is generally accepted as his greatest short address.

There was pandemonium that continued for twenty minutes when he dramatically began:

"And when asked what State he hails from,
Our sole reply shall be,
He hails from Appomattox,
And its famous apple tree."

And ten thousand leathern-lunged men shouted their acclaim at him as he retired.

William O'Connell Bradley, of Kentucky, afterward Governor, seconded the motion of Grant in an eloquent address.

Then Garfield presented John Sherman of Ohio.

Frederick Billings, of Vermont, presented the name of George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, while J. B. Cassoday, of Wisconsin, named Elihu Washburne, of Illinois.

The Nomination of Garfield

The placing of candidates in nomination consumed the better part of June 6, the fourth day of the Convention. An adjournment was then ordered until morning. All night the "three hundred and six" labored to strengthen their position. They fought against a combination whose cries were, "Anything to beat Grant" and "No third term."

Three hundred and seventy-eight votes were required to nominate. The anti-third-termers united to prevent us from getting the seventy-two we needed. On the morning of June 7 the first ballot was taken. It showed Grant with 304; Blaine, 284; Sherman, 93; Edmunds, 34; Washburne, 30; and Windom, 10. New York cast fifty-one votes for Grant, seventeen for Blaine, and two for Sherman, except on the seventeenth ballot, when Grant lost one and Blaine gained one. During the day delegates from various States called upon Conkling and offered to support him if he would desert Grant. He angrily spurned the suggestion, replying:

"I am here as the agent of New York to support General Grant to the end. Any man who would forsake him under such conditions does not deserve to be elected, and could not be elected."

On the sixth day we mustered three hundred and thirteen votes for Grant, and it was thought by some that the Grant stampede had begun. They were mistaken. On the thirty-sixth ballot the break to Garfield came. New York gave him twenty of her seventy votes. The total was 399. Grant got 306, Blaine 42, Washburne 5, and Sherman 3.

Senator Conkling moved to make the nomination of Garfield unanimous, and the Convention adopted his suggestion. Chester A. Arthur of New York was made the nominee for Vice-President. The convention then adjourned.

New York the Pivotal State

The friends of General Grant departed from the Chicago Convention, after that protracted

struggle, sorrowed, disappointed, and ugly. Soon thereafter the Democratic Convention was held, and General Winfield Scott Hancock was nominated as its candidate with unanimity and enthusiasm. The masses of the Democratic party rallied to their work with great cheerfulness and hope, and for two months the Hancock boom grew in its proportions and it seemed as if it were sure to sweep the country, and that Garfield's chances for election were growing small by degrees every day.

It was generally understood that New York was the pivotal State and that Republican successes hinged upon success there. The organization of that party in New York was entirely in the hands of General Grant's friends. The chairman of the State Committee, Chester A. Arthur of New York, was the candidate for Vice-President. I was the chairman of the Executive Committee. Both of us belonged to the "three hundred and six" who had so stubbornly insisted upon Grant's candidacy.

Garfield Eloquent but Untrustworthy

Both Conkling and I distrusted the Republican candidate for President. Garfield was strong intellectually, but he lacked moral courage. He was perhaps the ablest parliamentarian in Congress, a born orator, and could sway the multitude as no other man of his day could. He demonstrated that while on the stump during the Presidential campaign of 1880, and even earlier, when he uttered the celebrated phrase, "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives," at a time when the North seemed panic-stricken over the assassination of President Lincoln.

Garfield was leonine in stature, slow in motion, wore a full beard, as did President Hayes and as Governor Hughes does, and was a most attractive man to meet. He was prone to raise expectations that were rarely fulfilled. He was of an emotional and religious nature, and religious people, therefore,—particularly those who did not know him personally,—were inclined to believe in him. His desertion in Chicago of John Sherman, to whose Presidential candidacy he was pledged, had been typically Garfieldesque.

Up to the first of August, 1880, no steps had been taken by the State Committee to do any work or to perfect any plans, so thoroughly disheartened and demoralized were they. The friends of Garfield saw how desperate his fortunes were growing, and that some immediate remedy must be applied or the canvass would go by default. They realized that it was necessary to pacify, appease, and arouse Senator Conkling

and his friends, and that, in order to do this, a meeting must in some way be brought about between Garfield and Conkling. This was a difficult task, because everybody understood that in Conkling's state of mind it would be absolutely impossible to persuade him to go to Mentor (Garfield's home), or even half way there, on such a mission.

Dorsey Tries a Garfield-Conkling Meeting

Ex-Senator Stephen W. Dorsey, who at that time was one of Garfield's confidential friends and close advisers, conceived the plan of bringing Garfield to New York to meet Conkling, upon the pretext of a great meeting of leading Republicans of the country, to be held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York City, to consult as to ways and to provide means for conducting the campaign. Accordingly, invitations were sent out all over the country to the magnates of the party, summoning them to the conference, which was to take place in August, 1880.

This conference was a mere cover and a farce. Dorsey and the other promoters of the scheme assumed that there could be no doubt that Mr. Conkling would readily consent to be present at the conference, and to hold an interview for the purpose of making terms with the prospective President. But they were mistaken. Mr. Conkling came to New York on business two or three days before the conference, and then for the first time learned about the proposed plan from Mr. Dorsey.

Conkling Refuses to Meet Garfield

He refused absolutely to become a party to it, giving as his private reason that he knew Garfield so well that he was sure he would not keep any promise made or regard any obligation taken under such circumstances, but publicly alleging that he could not become a party to any bargain or treaty, which would surely be charged upon him if he remained and took part in the proceedings. However, to satisfy his friends, he assured them that he would abide by their action in whatever they decided to do, and carry out their promises as far as he consistently could. He advised great caution and urged them not to trust to verbal promises. The importunities of friends had no effect in dissuading him, and he left New York immediately, leaving no information as to his destination.

Garfield came, as arranged. The chagrin, mortification, and indignation which he manifested (only, of course, to the inner circle) when he found that Conkling was absent and would not be present may be left to the imagination.

Telegrams, explaining the great embarrassment and begging him to return, were sent to various points where it was thought Mr. Conkling might be; but he had taken himself to a place where he knew no importunities could follow.

Morton to Finance the Campaign

On the morning of the second day after Garfield's arrival, a meeting was arranged to take place at the rooms in the Fifth Avenue Hotel occupied by the Hon. Levi P. Morton, to bring General Garfield in conference with a few of Mr. Conkling's friends. There were present at that interview General Garfield, General Arthur, the Hon. Levi P. Morton, Richard Crowley, and myself.

There were three primary motives for the consultation: to pacify Garfield for Conkling's absence; to have an understanding with General Garfield as to his future relations and intentions toward the controlling power in the State of New York, namely, the Grant-Conkling "machine"; and, thirdly, if the former were arranged to the mutual satisfaction, to adopt ways and means for procuring money to carry on the canvass for the latter purpose. The presence of the Hon. Levi P. Morton was invoked, the scheme being to put Mr. Morton at the head of a special finance committee consisting of a dozen of the wealthiest and most influential bankers and business men, who should be charged with that duty. General Garfield himself had already urged Mr. Morton to assume that onerous and thankless burden, but up to that time he had refused.

My Terms to Garfield

There was an embarrassing silence for a few minutes after the above-mentioned gentlemen had taken their seats in Mr. Morton's rooms. It was broken by General Garfield asking why Mr. Conkling was not there, and expressing in strong terms his disappointment and indignation. An effort was then made by all of Mr. Conkling's friends present to convince Mr. Garfield that it was just as well that he was not there; that we were authorized to act for him; that Mr. Conkling's excuse for his absence seemed to us a valid one, and that, with him absent, no charge of bargain, trading, or treaty of peace could be maintained.

Our combined assurances and arguments seemed to mitigate his wrath, and he finally declared that if we would agree to have Mr. Conkling make two or three speeches in Ohio, at such points as he might designate, he would accept the situation and treat with us as Mr.

Conkling's representatives. This settled, a subject that was of the most vital importance was broached by my saying:

"Mr. Garfield, there seems to be some hesitation on the part of the other gentlemen present to speak, but I may as well say that we are here to speak frankly and to talk business. The question we would like to have decided before the work of this campaign commences is whether, if you are elected, we are to have four years more of an administration similar to that of Rutherford B. Hayes — whether you are going to recognize and reward the men who must do the work in this State and bear the brunt of the battle in the campaign, or whether you are to counsel with and be guided by the advice of the seventeen men who rebelled from the delegation at Chicago, disobeyed the instructions, and thereby, as is frequently stated, made your nomination possible. If the latter is your purpose, it is our wish to retire from the active work of the canvass, and permit you to place in command such men as you may desire, and relieve us from all obligation except the usual support of the ticket by all good Republicans. We cannot afford to do the work and let others reap the reward."

Garfield's Pledges to Me

General Garfield replied with great earnestness and at some length. He disavowed having any close relations with the Hayes administration, saying that he had never received any favors or special consideration from Mr. Hayes during his whole term; that he had no sympathy whatever with his Southern policy and did not agree with him in his Civil Service plans; that he thought his treatment of Grant and his friends had been unwise and unjust; and he otherwise spoke very disparagingly of Rutherford B. Hayes. He declared that he knew that the dominant powers in the State of New York were the friends of Grant and Conkling, that they were in control of the party machinery, and that he could not be elected without their cordial support. He did not want to change the order of things, but he desired us to take hold with zeal and energy and insure his election.

If this were done, he assured us, the wishes of the element of the party we represented should be paramount with him touching all questions of patronage; and, while it would be his duty to give a decent recognition of and show proper gratitude to the rebellious element at Chicago that had rendered his nomination possible, yet, in disposing of favors, he would consult with our friends and do only what was approved by them. These assurances were oft repeated and

solemnly emphasized, and were accepted and agreed to by all present.

Mr. Garfield was then assured that the canvass, which had languished, would from that moment be pushed with the utmost energy and enthusiasm. I myself retired from that conference to make arrangements for a special train to pass over the Erie railroad through the southern tier of counties, to start the boom and stir up the people. I sent telegrams to every point of any consequence along the line, stating the time of the arrival of the train, and urging the faithful to rally and welcome the distinguished traveler. The response was magical; people turned out by the thousands, and the campaign was enthusiastically inaugurated.

Morton's Price for Financing the Campaign

When the general conference broke up, General Garfield and Mr. Morton retired to an inner room for a private interview. The substance and result of that interview, as disclosed by Mr. Morton, were these: Mr. Morton would not undertake the labor entailed in circulating a subscription to obtain the large amount of money necessary for such a national canvass without definitely knowing what his future status was to be. It was settled that if Mr. Morton would undertake the important work, he should have the option, if Mr. Garfield were elected, of the Secretaryship of the Treasury, the Ministership to England, or else should be made the principal financial agent of the Government for funding the bonded debt. Upon this understanding, Mr. Morton went out, organized his finance committee, pushed operations vigorously, and raised the sinews of war that were vital to the victory that followed.

The campaign in the State of New York was from that moment pushed with untiring and sleepless energy. No equally exhaustive and "red-hot" canvass was ever before made. In both city and country people were aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. A procession of more than fifty thousand men, merchants and business men of New York City, paraded the streets, beginning in the early evening and not reaching the end until four o'clock in the morning.

Manufacturers were enrolled in a separate organization of the party, and a list of every manufacturing firm, corporation, and organization, with the name of every operative, was obtained, and the shops were flooded with every manner of argument to persuade laboring men. The organization of the party did its whole duty, lived up to its agreement with General

Garfield, and triumphantly carried the State, thereby saving him from inevitable defeat.

It was with some difficulty that the friends of Mr. Conkling persuaded him to make the promised speeches in Ohio, and it was not until General Grant consented to go with him and be present at the mass meetings that Mr. Conkling yielded to the demands of his friends.

Garfield's Thanks to Me

That General Garfield himself was satisfied that the pledges given him at the Fifth Avenue conference were in good faith, and that he returned to his home convinced of the loyalty of the New York Republican organization, he himself bore testimony in this letter addressed to me:

“MENTOR, OHIO, August 17, 1880.

“*My dear Platt:* In the hurry of our parting, I did not have time to express adequately my gratitude for your kindness in making such perfect arrangements for our journey. I cannot now think of a single point in all the arrangements that could have been better. The remainder of our journey was a continuation of what you saw, and I hope no mistakes were made and some good done.

“Please let me know how things are looking from your end of the line.

“Very truly yours,

“J. A. GARFIELD.

“Hon. T. C. Platt,
State Republican Committee,
New York, N. Y.”

Garfield Embraces Conkling

It was after delivering an address at Warren, Ohio, that General Grant insisted that he and Conkling call upon General Garfield at Mentor. The late Senator Simon Cameron arranged the meeting. He had personally warned Garfield that he could not be elected unless Grant and Conkling were with him. Garfield instructed Cameron to go to Warren and urge Conkling to visit him. Conkling pleaded that Mentor was too far away, and argued that he must continue without hindrance to fulfill his contract to speak for the ticket.

Cameron secured a special train and put Grant and Conkling aboard it. The party arrived at Mentor in a pouring rain. They drove to the Garfield home. As Conkling stepped out of the carriage, Garfield rushed out from the porch bare-headed, and, clasping Conkling in his arms, exclaimed pathetically:

“Conkling, you have saved me! Whatever man can do for man, that I will do for you.”

Conkling exacted a pledge that, in case of his election, in all appointments for the Federal service in New York State Garfield would consult the United States Senators, the Vice-President, the Governor, and the State Committee, and that he would make no appointments for New York unless they were approved by these officials. To this Garfield agreed.

I saw Conkling on his return. He told me of the pledge. I asked:

“Have you any faith in Garfield?”

Conkling made a wry face, sneered, and replied:

“Not much, but we will try him out.”

I am Elected Senator

Immediately after Garfield's election I heard myself talked about for the United States Senate to succeed Francis Kernan, Democrat. I had so recently identified myself with the United States Express Company that I was very reluctant to return to public life; but friends insisted that I should declare myself a candidate. I knew that I would have the bitter opposition of the Garfield men, and of James G. Blaine, who was about to become Secretary of State in the Garfield Cabinet. It seemed to me that there had been trouble enough in the party without looking for more. The campaign began, however, and I was finally forced to participate as an avowed candidate. The canvass began immediately after the election returns showed that the Republicans had carried the Legislature.

The caucus of the Republican members was held on the night of January 13, 1881. Long before the roll call ended, it became apparent that I was the victor. Out of one hundred and five votes I received fifty-four on the first ballot, and my choice was then made unanimous.

“A Stalwart of the Stalwarts”

It was during this contest that the term “Stalwart” became so popular.

Alfred R. Conkling, nephew of the late Senator, asserts that his uncle coined the term “Stalwart” at a meeting of us three at Wormley's Hotel, Washington, in 1875. He says that Conkling addressed me:

“Let me introduce my nephew, Alfred.”

I looked the young man over, and remarked: “You resemble an Englishman more than you do an American.”

“He is a Stalwart man,” was Senator Conkling's reply.

Since the nephew reminded me of this incident, I have had a pretty accurate recollection

that it is correct. In any event, Senator Conkling was the first man I ever heard use the word in politics.

I was really put forth as a "Stalwart of the Stalwarts." As such I was elected. Nothing pleased me more than to get this message from Conkling:

"I congratulate the Republican party in the State of New York on the choice of a Senator who never apologized for being a 'Stalwart.'"

Garfield Reiterates His Pledges

In January, 1881, Senator Conkling received from President-elect Garfield a letter bidding him to come to Mentor and consult about New York appointments and other Empire State affairs.

Here is President-elect Garfield's letter, verbatim, inviting Conkling to visit him:

"MENTOR, Jany. 31, 1881.

"Dear Senator: As the time is near at hand when I must enter upon my new duties, I would be glad to consult you upon several subjects relating to the next administration, and especially in reference to New York interests. It does not seem possible for me to visit Washington at present, and I write to express the hope that you will do me the favor to visit me here at as early a date as possible.

"Very truly yours,
"J. A. GARFIELD.

"Hon. Roscoe Conkling,
Washington, D. C."

Conkling responded. There was a long consultation between him and the President-elect, who reiterated his pledges to make no New York appointments without consultation with the United States Senators and the other organization leaders. Conkling came back quite as skeptical as ever of Garfield's intention to fulfill his promises.

Garfield was inaugurated. The fact that Conkling and I stood directly behind the President at the ceremonies, and seemed on most friendly terms with him, caused those who were ignorant of the situation to believe that we were really political allies.

Blaine Wants "Stalwarts" Removed

Their mistake was emphasized when, a few days after qualifying, without consultation with us or with any New York representatives, Garfield announced the removal of General Edwin A. Merritt as Collector of the Port of New York.

Merritt had proved himself a most faithful and experienced officer, and we could discover no reasons for his decapitation, except that the President desired a place for William H. Robertson as a reward for his championship at Chicago and during the campaign.

I had been sworn in as United States Senator the day before Garfield took the oath of office. Conkling and I called upon the President on Inauguration Day to offer our congratulations, and were received with great cordiality. During the conversation the President voluntarily referred to the agreement made by him with Arthur, Morton, Crowley, and me at New York the preceding August, and with Conkling at Mentor, and reassured us that the contract then outlined would be fulfilled.

Despite this, rumors continued to multiply that Blaine was very busy trying to induce the President to make virtually a clean sweep of Stalwart office-holders in New York. They became so prevalent that I began to believe there was a deal of foundation for them.

On March 18 I was compelled to go to New York to attend to some private business. Lest there might be some misunderstanding, I addressed a letter to the President, explaining my absence from Washington, and requesting that the agreement as to consideration of New York appointments might be kept at least until my return. Here is a copy of the letter:

"U. S. SENATE CHAMBER,
"WASHINGTON, March 18, 1881.

"My dear Mr. President: I am called away to New York for two or three days, and beg to request that no action shall be precipitated on the important New York nominations until I return and can see you.

"I have waited, expecting that you would, as stated in our last interview, call for me when you needed any advice from me in these matters. I hope you will give me an opportunity to be heard before action is taken.

"Yours sincerely,
"T. C. PLATT.

"His Excellency,
President Garfield."

No summons came to either Conkling or me during my visit to New York. Meantime we continued to hear mutterings from the White House that were unwelcome to our ears.

Garfield Denies that He Pledged Himself

These rumors were to the effect that Garfield had told certain of his intimates that he had uttered no promise of any kind to me and

others at the August New York conference, or to Conkling at Mentor, or to others; that, even if he had, he could not, because of the pressure brought upon him by Secretary Blaine and others who had stood for his nomination, make good.

In view of these reports, Conkling and I were not surprised at the announcement of General Merritt's removal. When we learned that Merritt was to go, Conkling and I made up our minds to recommend a man for his successor. Sunday night, March 21, after a conference with me, Senator Conkling called at the White House, purposing to suggest Levi P. Morton for Merritt's job.

The President informed Conkling that he was not ready to consider New York appointments. Conkling assured me that Garfield again reaffirmed his New York and Mentor promises. On March 23, within forty-eight hours after Conkling's call, the President sent to the Senate these nominations: William H. Robertson for Collector of the Port; General Stewart L. Woodford of Brooklyn and A. W. Tenney of New York for United States District Attorneys; and C. D. MacDougall of Auburn and Louis F. Payn of Columbia for United States Marshals.

Payn was our friend; the others were not. Though greatly angered, we at first offered no protest. However, our patience soon became exhausted, especially about the nomination of Robertson, whom Conkling thoroughly detested, and who had constantly fought the organization we had established. It developed that, after Conkling's call upon the President, Secretary Blaine had visited Garfield and induced him to nominate Robertson.

I Induce Conkling to Resign

Inasmuch as the Collectorship was the most desirable and lucrative New York office in the gift of the President, Conkling and I were naturally inclined to resent Robertson's nomination. I have been portrayed as a "Me too," an "Echo," and the "Dromio" of Conkling. It has been the impression among my critics that in exhibiting my protestations by resigning from the Senate I merely followed the example of Conkling.

Here are the facts. When I was informed that Robertson's nomination had been submitted to the Senate, I went to the desk and examined the official document, which I considered a gratuitous insult to the New York Republican organization. I then walked over to Conkling and said:

"I shall send my resignation to Governor Cornell to-night."

Conkling, with a look of impatience, turned upon me and replied:

"Young man, do not be too hasty about this matter!"

We then went to the rear of the Chamber and talked it over.

Conkling insisted that we should wait and fight it out in the committee to which the Robertson nomination had been referred. I replied:

"We have been so humiliated as United States Senators from the great State of New York that there is but one thing for us to do—rebuke the President by immediately turning in our resignations, and then appeal to the Legislature to sustain us."

I finally induced Conkling, on May 14, to join me in offering our joint resignations. He made up his mind after Vice-President Arthur and Postmaster-General James, the only member of the Garfield Cabinet from New York, had voiced their protest along with Governor Cornell and other New York Republican leaders.

Garfield Rebukes Senators

Cornell sent a trusted friend to Washington, personally to warn the President that the proposed change in the custom-house would disrupt the Republican party in New York. A caucus of Republican United States Senators unanimously declared its unqualified disapproval of the President's course. A committee was deputized to wait upon the President, offer a remonstrance, and notify him that, unless the Robertson nomination was withdrawn, the Republican party of New York would be hopelessly divided, and the State might be surrendered to the Democracy. The President received the committee in high dudgeon. He hardly waited for a declaration of its mission before he roared:

"I do not propose to be dictated to! Any Republican Senator who votes against my nominations may know that he can expect no favors from the Executive. Senators who dare to oppose the Executive will henceforth require letters of introduction to the White House."

This settled Conkling's and my determination to resign. On the night of May 14 we sent to Governor Cornell, by special messenger, the following letter:

Our Letter of Resignation

WASHINGTON, May 14, 1881.

"Hon. ALONZO B. CORNELL,
Executive Chamber, Albany, N. Y.

"Sir: Transmitting, as we do, our resignations respectively of the great trust with which New York has honored us, it is fit that we acquaint you, and through you the Legislature and people

of the State, with the reasons which, in our judgment, make such a step respectful and necessary.

"Some weeks ago the President sent to the Senate, in a group, the nominations of several persons for public offices already filled. One of these offices is the Collectorship of the Port of New York, now held by General Merritt; another is the Consul-Generalship at London, now held by General Badeau; another is Chargé d'Affaires to Denmark, held by Mr. Cramer; another is the mission to Switzerland, held by Mr. Fish, a son of the former distinguished Secretary of State. Mr. Fish had, in deference to an ancient practice, placed his position at the disposal of the new administration, but, like the other persons named, he was ready to remain at his post if permitted to do so. All of these officers, save only Mr. Cramer, are citizens of New York. It was proposed to displace them all, not for any alleged fault of theirs, or for any alleged need or advantage of the public service, but in order to give the great office of Collector of the Port of New York to Mr. William H. Robertson as a 'reward' for certain acts of his, said to have 'aided in making the nomination of General Garfield possible.' The chain of removals thus proposed was broken by General Badeau's promptly declining to accept the new place to which he was sent.

"These nominations summoned every member of the Senate to say on his oath whether he 'advised' such a transaction. The movement was more than a surprise. We had been told only a few hours before that no removals in the New York offices were soon to be made, or even considered, and had been requested to withhold the papers and suggestions bearing on the subject, which had been sent to us for presentation should occasion arise, until we had notice from the President of his readiness to receive them. Learning that the Vice-President was equally surprised, and had been equally misled, we went to Mr. James, the Cabinet officer from our State, and learned that, though he had spent some time with the President on the morning of the day the nominations were sent in, no disclosures of an intention to send them had been made to him, and that he first knew of the matter by hearsay following the event. After earnest reflection and consultation, we believed the proceeding unwise and wrong, whether considered wholly in relation to the preservation and integrity of the public service and the public example to be set, or in relation also to the integrity of the Republican party. No public utterance of comment or censure was made by either of us, in the Senate or elsewhere; on the contrary, we thought that the President would reconsider an

action so sudden and hasty, and would at least adopt less hurtful and objectionable modes of requiring personal or individual service.

"In this hope, the following paper was prepared and signed, and presented by Mr. James to the President, who was subsequently informed that you had authorized your name to be added also:

The Remonstrance to the President

To the President. We beg leave to remonstrate against the change in the Collectorship of the Port of New York by the removal of Mr. Merritt and the appointment of Mr. Robertson. The proposal was wholly a surprise. We heard of it only when the several nominations involved in the plan were announced in the Senate. We had only two days before this been informed from you that a change in the customs office at New York was not contemplated; and, quite ignorant of a purpose to take any action now, we had no opportunity until after the nominations to make the suggestion we now present. We do not believe that the interests of the public service will be promoted by removing the present Collector and putting Mr. Robertson in his stead. Our opinion is quite the reverse, and we believe no political advantage can be gained for either the Republican party or its principles. Believing that no individual has claims or obligations which should be liquidated in such a mode, we earnestly and respectfully ask that the nomination of Mr. Robertson be withdrawn.

"CHESTER A. ARTHUR,

"T. C. PLATT,

"THOMAS L. JAMES,

"ROSCOE CONKLING.

Business Men Uphold Us

"Immediately after the nominations were published, letters and telegrams in great numbers came from every part of the State, from its leading citizens, protesting against the proposed changes and condemning them on many grounds. Several thousands of the leading mercantile firms of New York — constituting, we are informed, a majority of every branch of trade — sent us remonstrances. Sixty of the eighty-one Republican members of the Assembly, by letter or memorial, made objection. Representatives in Congress, State officials, business men, professional men, commercial, industrial, and political organizations, are among the remonstrants, and they speak from every section of the State. Besides the nominations already referred to, there were awaiting the action of the Senate several citizens of New York named for officers connected with the courts, district attorneys and marshals. These were all reappointments. Most of them had been originally commissioned by Mr. Hayes. They were certified by the judges of the courts and many other eminent persons, who attested the faithfulness and merit of their service, and

recommended their continuance. They were not presented by us.

"We have not attempted to 'dictate,' nor have we asked the nomination of one person to any office in the State. Indeed, with the sole exception of the written request set forth above, we have never even expressed an opinion to the President in any case unless questioned in regard to it. . . .

"The Legislature is in session. It is Republican in majority, and New York abounds in sons quite as able as we to bear her mission and commission in the Senate of the United States.

"With a profound sense of the obligations we owe, with devotion to the Republican party and its creed of liberty and right, with reverent attachment to the great State whose interests and honor are dear to us, we hold it respectful and becoming to make room for those who may correct all the errors we have made, and interpret aright all the duties we have misconceived.

"We, therefore, inclose our resignations, but hold fast the privilege, as citizens and Republicans, to stand for the constitutional rights of all men, and of all representatives, whether of the States, the nation, or the people.

"We have the honor to be,

"Very respectfully, your obedient servants,

"ROSCOE CONKLING,

"THOMAS C. PLATT.

"To His Excellency, Governor Cornell,
Albany, N. Y."

Postmaster-General James at first agreed to unite with us and resign from the Cabinet; but Garfield and Blaine got at him, and he changed his mind.

"This — Ingrate in the White House"

Lou Payn was at Albany, in consultation with Governor Cornell, when news reached them, on May 15, that Conkling's and my resignations were on the way.

"What does this mean, Marshal?" asked the Governor, in alarm.

"It means," responded Payn, "that Platt and Conkling have resigned their seats in the Senate; that a messenger will be here at noon to-day with copies of their resignations, and a letter explaining why they have resigned."

Cornell, who was bent on succeeding himself the following year, saw premonitions of disaster, and in tones of trepidation asked:

"Well, Marshal, what is to be done?"

"Send for Speaker Sharpe and our other friends and consult as to the best line of getting even with this — ingrate in the White House!" roared Payn.

While Sharpe, Cornell, Payn, and others of our supposed allies were aimlessly discussing a course of action, our joint letter of resignation and its written justification were read to the Legislature. Payn told me afterward that he had rarely witnessed more of a sensation in the Senate and Assembly than it produced.

The next day the Garfield organs flayed Conkling and me, and declared that we had both gone to private life, where we belonged. Their gross wilful ignorance of the real cause of our voluntary retirement from the Senate, and the inception of it, was disclosed when in editorial and cartoon I was pictured as a small boy sticking out of Conkling's pocket, with a card labeled "Me too!" tied to one of my hands.

That I had no selfish motive in assuming the attitude I had must be apparent when I say that I offered, if some other Stalwart than myself could be agreed upon for my seat, to pay all the expenses of his and Conkling's canvass. I sincerely believed that Conkling's return would prove a sufficient rebuke to Garfield. I was more than willing to go back to my private business, if a reelection for Conkling could be assured.

Lou Payn Predicts Our Defeat

Conkling and I returned to New York from Washington, May 21. There we met Vice-President Arthur, Superintendent of Insurance John F. Smyth, State Senator Robert H. Strahan, Speaker George H. Sharpe, Stephen B. French, Louis F. Payn, and A. B. Johnson.

There was a long conference. A majority of those who participated decided that we owed it to the Republican organization to resent the contumely Garfield had heaped upon it and us by seeking of the Legislature an immediate reelection. Conkling, disgusted, and seemingly anxious to quit public life, protested against any such course. But he finally agreed to it, when it was impressed upon him that the very existence of the organization which he and I had helped to build up was at stake.

Lou Payn prognosticated that we would both be defeated. Speaker Sharpe angrily turned upon Payn and exclaimed:

"We shall win this battle without any trouble!"

"Huh! but you will be the first to desert us," retorted Payn.

Both of these predictions were verified.

Immediately there began the bitterest Senatorial contest that I can recall in the history of the State. The Garfield administration, determined that we should not be returned, at first put up former Vice-President William A.

Wheeler against Conkling, and later Elbridge G. Lapham, of Ontario. Chauncey M. Depew was for a while regarded as the administration choice against us; but the administration finally picked Warner Miller. The Legislative balloting began May 31. The entire month of June and more than half of July were consumed in balloting and fighting.

I became convinced on the night of June 30 that by remaining in the field I was very much injuring Conkling's chances for reëlection. Seventy-seven votes were required to nominate. The thirty-first ballot taken that day had resulted as follows: For Conkling's seat: Wheeler, 43; Conkling, 32; Lapham, 17; Sherman S. Rogers, 4; Cornell, 2; Lieutenant-Governor Hoskins, 1 — Republicans; and O. B. Potter, Democrat, 53. For my seat: Depew, 51; Platt, 28; Cornell, 11; Lapham, 2; Tremain, 1; Crowley, 7 — Republicans; Kernan, Democrat, 53.

I Withdraw on July 1

During that night I consulted with Conkling, Payn, and other friends, and urged that I was simply ruining Conkling's chances of going back to Washington, and argued that I should be allowed to withdraw. I felt that I could be spared from the Senate much better than Conkling. Conkling and Payn vehemently protested that I should stick. Before morning I had completely made up my mind, and told Conkling so. I requested Payn to go to Speaker Sharpe and ask him formally to withdraw my name.

"I will do nothing of the kind. We are in this struggle to the finish, and you must not retire," implored Payn.

"Then, if no one will carry this message to Sharpe, I will do so myself," I replied.

Finally Payn acceded to my wishes. On the morning of July 1 he notified Sharpe. On the way to the capital Payn happened to meet Richard Crowley, who was really the personal choice of Vice-President Arthur for the Senate.

"I am now on my way to announce the withdrawal of Senator Platt," said Payn.

"For goodness' sake, don't do it. That will jeopardize my candidacy," replied Crowley.

"Can't help that. Platt's mind is made up, and when it is made up, that settles it" returned Payn, as he hastened on to call Speaker Sharpe out of the chair and communicate my desires. Sharpe promised to respect them.

When the joint convention of the two Houses was called to order, Speaker Sharpe announced:

"I have been voting for Thomas C. Platt for Senator. At his request, and in the interest of

the Republican party, I withdraw his name. I vote for Crowley."

As a result of my withdrawal Crowley got fourteen more votes and Cornell five. The remainder of my friends scattered among the other candidates. On hearing of my retirement, John J. O'Brien came rushing into my room, and begged that I reconsider.

"Do this, and we shall adjourn the Legislature *sine die*, and you and Conkling will have secured your vindication," he urged.

"I came here seeking a reëlection; I find it impossible to secure it. I am injuring Conkling's chances for a return to Washington every hour I remain a candidate, therefore I have concluded finally to withdraw," was my answer.

The Shooting of Garfield on July 2

In the midst of spiritless balloting on July 2, we were all shocked by the news of the assassination of President Garfield. I was simply stunned. So were Conkling, Vice-President Arthur, and everybody else. Arthur was overcome with grief, particularly when he read in the despatches that Charles Guiteau, the murderer, when asked, "In God's name, why did you shoot the President?" replied:

"I am a Stalwart, and I want Arthur for President."

During the day Arthur received a message from Secretary of State Blaine acquainting him with the horrible tragedy, and asking him to hurry to Washington. Arthur, Conkling, and I took the first available train for New York. We all shed tears during the trip.

We all realized that our political enemies would try to associate us with a crime committed by a crazy man. We found New York almost as much excited as during the draft riots of 1863. On reaching the Fifth Avenue Hotel, evidence of insanity among others than Guiteau was manifested. The proprietors of the hotel had received a card, written in a scrawling hand, which read:

Gens: We will hang Conkling and Co. at nine P. M. sharpe.
THE COMMITTEE.

Arthur hurried on to Washington, where he was soon to succeed Garfield. Conkling and I went at once to our rooms, where we found other warnings intimating that, if Garfield died, Arthur, Conkling, and I should pay the penalty. Conkling was warned that he must give up the fight for the Senatorship.

I was not much alarmed over the threats of bodily chastisement, but I was at the dreadful popular misunderstanding of our course, which

muddle-brained men twisted into a physical assault upon the President of the United States. In my anxiety for the recovery of the President, I lost all interest in the conflict at Albany, and joined with the millions of American people in praying that he might be restored to us.

*New Senators by Orders from
Washington*

While President Garfield lay upon his deathbed, the battle for Conkling's place and mine was resumed, though I took no part in it. Conkling managed his campaign from New York.

On July 7, sixty-two "Half-breeds" and "Featherheads"—as adherents of the Garfield administration had been nicknamed during the contest—called a caucus of the Republican legislators, to be held the next day. Depew withdrew from the race. Warner Miller was nominated for my seat, and Lapham for Conkling's. Miller's selection was brought about by Senators Robertson, Madden, McCarthy, Wagner, Woodin, and other representatives of the national administration. After four ballots, upon orders from Washington, there was a stampede for Miller, which carried him to victory. Lapham was later chosen by a large majority.

But the Conkling men fought to the finish. They took up Wheeler and other candidates and tried to defeat Lapham. In each case they were whipped.

On July 16 Miller was formally chosen to succeed me, chiefly through the defection of Speaker Sharpe, as prophesied in May by Lou Payn. On July 22 Lapham was also elected, Senator Halbert, the Conkling campaign manager,

finally throwing the entire Conkling vote to Lapham.

Conkling's pride was hurt by the disaster that befell him. He gradually relinquished his interest in politics, and returned to the practice of his profession, in which he shone brilliantly until his tragic death in the blizzard of 1888.

I Succeed Conkling as Leader

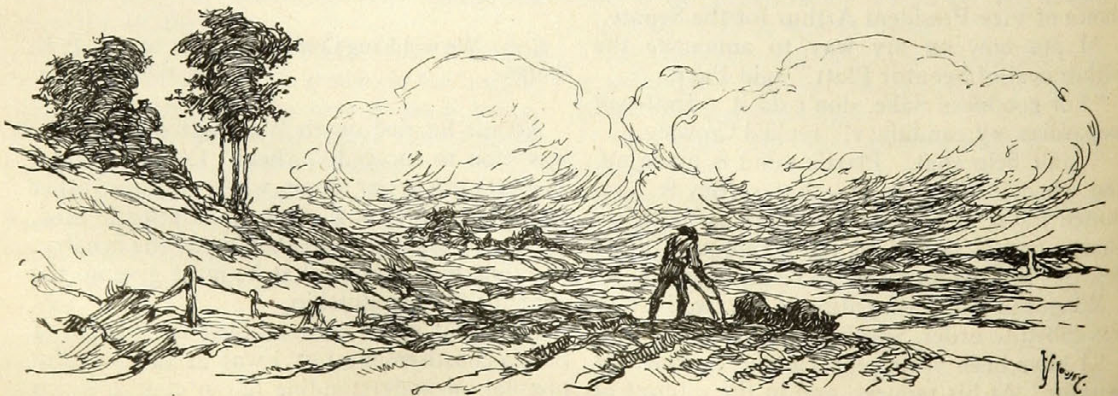
Conkling's Stalwart leadership title really fell upon me after our joint defeat for reelection to the Senate. In answer to accusations frequently uttered by "Half-breeds" in the early eighties, and by my opponents since, that I plotted to unhorse Conkling, while pretending to be his devoted deputy, let me quote St. Clair McKelway, editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, in an article headed "Thomas Collier Platt—the Recognized Republican Boss," printed August 5, 1900:

"Mr. Platt, so long as he was in alliance with Mr. Conkling as leader, was true to him, and remained true in times when nearly all of the other lieutenants proved failures."

I served Conkling faithfully as long as he was willing to lead. When, disheartened, and stung by the refusal of the Legislature to send him back to the Senate, Conkling voluntarily quit politics, all his old allies marshaled themselves about me and hailed me as his heir.

Those who have attacked me for espousing the cause of Blaine, Conkling's bitterest enemy, in 1884, must remember that three years had elapsed since Conkling had been active in political affairs. Indeed, he had withdrawn from the field entirely, and neither I nor any of his former lieutenants could induce him to lift hand or voice in behalf of any candidate for office.

[IN THE NEXT INSTALMENT OF HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, SENATOR PLATT WRITES ABOUT NEW YORK CITY—ITS REFORMS AND REFORMERS]



A DEPARTMENT OF DOLLARS VS. A DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

BY

IRVING FISHER

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY AT YALE UNIVERSITY

THREE national party platforms, including both the Republican and the Democratic, pledged support to legislation by Congress for the conservation of human life. The question is, Will these pledges be kept?

The National Conservation Commission, although originally constituted wholly with reference to conserving lands, waters, minerals, and forests, speedily came to the conclusion that what needed conservation most was human life itself. In their official report, edited by the eloquent Governor Blanchard of Louisiana, we find:

"The spirit and vigor of our people are the chief glory of the Republic. Yet, even as we have neglected our natural resources, so have we been thoughtless of life and health. Too long have we overlooked that grandest of our resources, human life. Natural resources are of no avail without men and women to develop them, and only a strong and sound citizenship can make a nation permanently great. We cannot too soon enter on the duty of conserving our chief source of strength by the prevention of disease and the prolongation of life."

The Conservation Commission also issued a report on National Vitality, prepared by members of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health.

At present there is little conservation of life except in the cases of animals and plants. These have commercial value. The absurdity of the situation, which is not confined to the National Government, is well illustrated in a Western State. The dairies separate milk into two parts—the skimmed milk, to be used in feeding the swine, and the cream, to be used in making butter. The law actually compels the dairies to sterilize the hog's part, but does not compel them to sterilize the part used for human consumption!

Secretary Hurty of the Indiana State Board of Health satirizes the situation by a "parable"

in which he contrasts the condition of an American woman with that of an American hog. A woman wrote to Washington for information about tuberculosis. She was told that the Government had no information to give, and a year or two later she died of this preventable disease. At the same time a neighboring farmer wrote to Washington about his sick hog, and was given the benefit of the latest scientific knowledge and the services of veterinary experts, who saved the hog's life. The parable ends:

"Moral, Be a hog and worth saving!"

Commercial interests seem to get what legislation they want. Not only does the Department of Agriculture save millions for the farmer, and the Department of Commerce help the merchants, and the Department of the Treasury step into Wall Street when there is a tight money market, but a large part of Congressional legislation, especially tariff legislation, is framed to suit particular interests.

But the trouble is not simply that the almighty dollar gets more attention from Congress than the life and limb of our people. The shocking and outrageous fact is that the almighty dollar has actually opposed the protection of human health. Senator Owen, in his great speech in the Senate on Thursday, March 24, on his bill for a National Department of Health (Senate 6,049), pointed out that in 1901 the commercial interests of San Francisco concealed the existence of plague to prevent their port from being closed. Rather than lose a little money, they were willing to run the risk of plague entering and spreading throughout the country!

In vain did the representative in San Francisco of our little bureau (the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service) raise its voice in protest. This Bureau was, and is, under the Department of the Treasury, the head of which, naturally, has been more interested in financial than hygienic considerations. The commercial

interests, through the Secretary of the Treasury, compelled the little bureau to suppress the facts, although such suppression was a violation of law and of treaties with foreign countries.

In the old yellow fever days the Southern ports concealed the existence of the scourge, lest their commerce should be injured. When, recently, a United States Senator showed the prevalence of hookworm disease in certain Southern States, the Senators from those States protested, for fear the tourist business might be affected. Commercial opposition almost invariably endeavors to conceal itself, but it is bound to show its presence in various ways.

A talented writer recently prepared an article showing the advantages of a National Department of Health. Scarcely had he begun to write it when he was approached by representatives of some "interests," who stated that they were authorized to offer big money to writers who would join in an effort to "kill the Owen Bill." Fortunately, the result in this case was simply to stimulate the writer to do his part in defense of the public health, although he probably lost thereby something like two thousand dollars. The dollar is not almighty with everybody.

This writer inquired of his visitors who was behind the movement to defeat health legislation. The answer was, "The Christian Scientists and irregular practitioners of medicine." But, on further questioning, he elicited the confession that certain commercial interests that now prey on ill health were behind it also.

There are other interests, equally secret, which are steadily at work against health legislation. All these interests find it difficult to invent excuses for opposing a bill the ultimate effect of which is to save human life. Undoubtedly they are able to find plenty of quackish physicians who side with them; but thus far the effect of their efforts has been merely to draw attention to the absurdity of their claims.

A recent number of the *Washington Herald* stated that a Charles W. Miller of Iowa "is in Washington to form a national organization to oppose the bill in Congress for a Department of Health." According to the latest reports, he has been urging dairymen to oppose the bill, lest a Department of Health interfere with interstate commerce in diseased milk or cattle.

In a statement, Dr. Miller said:

"I do not think there is a member of Congress who can divest himself of the suspicion that there is nobody sincerely behind the bill except the organization doctors. There are those who oppose the centralization idea in medicine, those who are at war with the American Medical Association, which is in reality a great doctors' trust."

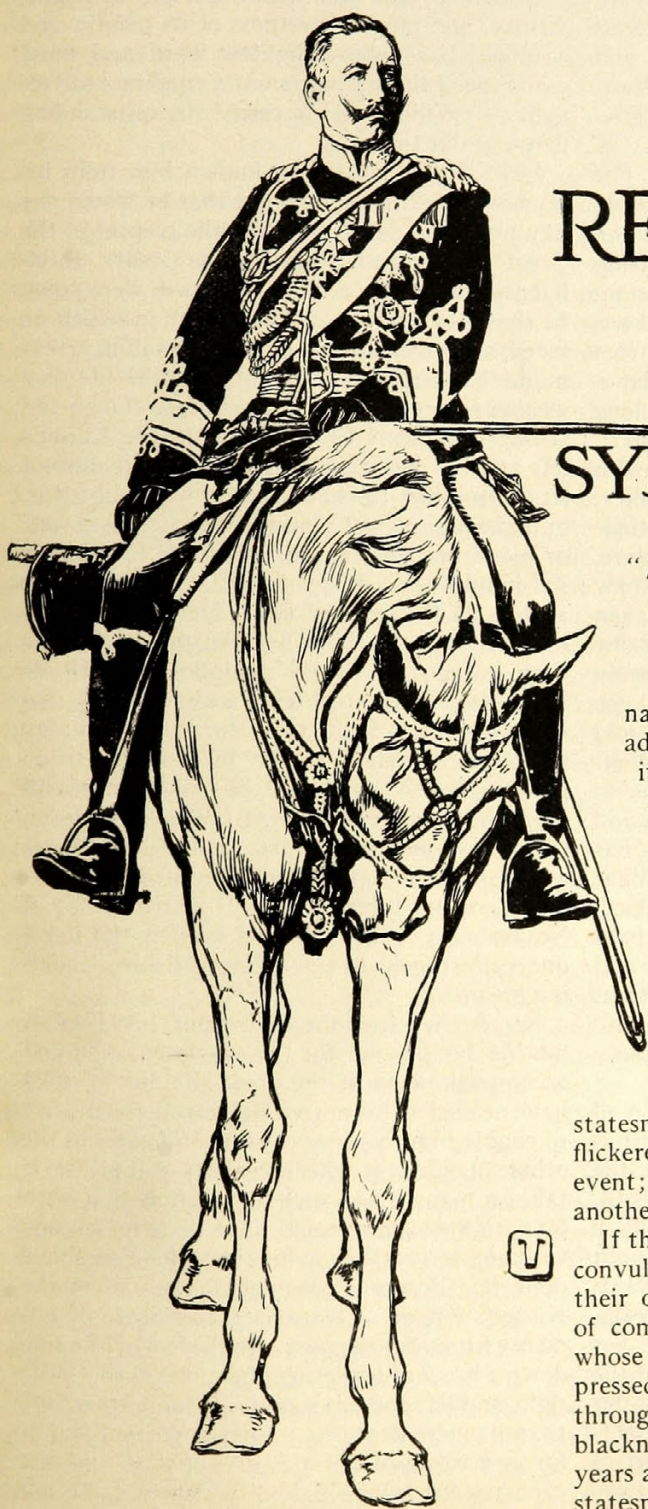
Can Congress be made to think so ill of the

great American Medical Association, comprising, as it does, most of the respectable physicians in the United States? Moreover, Congress should realize that this movement is far broader than a doctors' movement. In fact, its real strength comes from other quarters.

The Committee of One Hundred on National Health originated in the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and is led by the same economists and philanthropists who have, in coöperation with physicians, been active in the fight against the great white plague. They have realized that the fight against consumption is only the first skirmish in the greater fight against disease. The movement has the support of the life-insurance companies (for once dollars have the same interest as lives!), of the labor organizations, and of the farmers' associations, including the National Grange and the Farmers' Educational and Coöperative Union. It has had the indorsement of President Cleveland, President Roosevelt, President Taft, of numerous members of both Houses of Congress, as well as of the Governors of States and the Conference of the State Boards of Health.

At the recent hearing before the Senate Committee on Health, over one hundred persons were present, and they showed so much enthusiasm that the Chairman had to request them to abstain from applause. When, a few months ago, President Taft addressed a great audience in Chicago, he was surprised to find that every time he mentioned health conservation the audience broke into hearty applause. There is no idea at present growing so rapidly in popularity as the idea that conservation is important, and conservation of health most important of all.

We have strong hopes that Congress will act on this question at the next session; but, if the secret opposition is to be overcome, all those who appreciate what national health conservation means for them personally, and for the country at large, should write to their Congressmen. A little simple legislation would result in an enormous saving of human life. This has been shown by the report on National Vitality of the Conservation Commission, twice printed as a Senate document. If their constituents will say the word, Congressmen are ready to vote for national health conservation, but if their constituents are silent, they will give ear to the secret interests. If you believe that health is above dollars, that the Bureau of Health ought not to be under a Department of Dollars, and that we need a Department of Health more than a Department of Dollars, tell your Congressmen so.



THE REAL KAISER

BY

SYDNEY BROOKS

TWENTY years," wrote Matthew Arnold, "cut all meaning from a name." It depends. Twenty years have not cut all meaning from the Kaiser's name. They have, on the contrary, adorned, amplified, and confirmed it until its resonance fills the world. Much has happened, a vast amount of human history has been manufactured, since the Crown Prince, an untried stripling of twenty-nine, ascended his ancestral throne. There have been wars and revolutions, the disruption of old kingdoms, the dazzling emergence of new ones, a rewriting of the map, and a shifting of the balance, of the world's politics. Emperors and Presidents have been assassinated; statesmen have shone for a moment, and flickered and died; event has pressed upon event; one discovery has breathlessly followed another.

U

If the Kaiser and his country in these twenty convulsive years have held, and more than held, their own, it has not been through any lack of competitive distractions. Russia, a Power whose mere immensity had for a century oppressed the imagination of Europe, has reeled, through an unbroken series of defeats, into the blackness of chaos and anarchy. Japan, twenty years ago an unconsidered factor in the plans of statesmen, has thrilled the entire world with all the qualities that make a nation victorious and keep it great; has marched irresistibly to the mastery of the Far East; and is now organizing

an astounding campaign of commercial triumphs. China, numerically the greatest Power in the world, but immemorably inert, disjointed, and nerveless, has felt the quickening of new life, and lifts its scarred and battered head with a frown that is half a protest and half a threat.

A wave of national self-consciousness and self-assertion has passed from East to West, agitating Siam, upsetting sovereigns and governments in Persia and Turkey, and gravely perplexing the rulers of India and Egypt. The United States has bounded out of her long, innocuous isolation; has felled at a blow an ancient member of the European family of nations; has been swept by the spirit of expansion; has planted herself in the West Indies, and has strewn the Pacific with stepping-stones from San Francisco to Manila. The hardy and democratic people of Norway, after beating for long against the bars, have wrenched them apart, and stepped on to the European stage with a quiet but intense assertion of nationality. Another people, the Hungarians, not less virile and incomparably more gifted and attractive, with a thousand years of self-contained history behind them, have in the last two decades taken long and irretraceable strides toward the same goal of conscious nationalism. France, barely escaping a military dictatorship, has been stretched on the rack of the Dreyfus case, amid universal anguish and abhorrence. Great Britain, expanding ponderously from the Cape to Cairo, has fought and conquered the Boers and added their territories to her Empire. Italy has had her Adowa, and Greece her Domokos. What is compendiously called the "Labor Question" has posed its insoluble conundrums with a growing and menacing insistence to the peoples and rulers of all countries; and incredible inventions and discoveries have revolutionized our conceptions of matter and deeply affected our daily scheme of life.

Yet, amid all the clash and competition of these prodigious developments, the Kaiser has not only kept, but clinched, his hold upon the interest and imagination of the world. He is today, as he was twenty years ago, the most talked of man in the universe. People differ about him, but no one is indifferent to him. No event, however dramatic and unexpected, no personality, however many-sided and compelling, has been able for more than a moment to rival the supreme and inexhaustible fascination of his character and actions. When other excitements have passed away, the abiding excitement of the Kaiser has remained. He has won the applause of the world, and its derision; he has amazed it, amused it, repelled it, scandalized it; but he has never failed to interest it. A strong

son of the strongest, most tenacious, most intelligent and successful ruling house that the world has yet produced, the sovereign of a State that after centuries of disunion now dominates the Continent by the laboriously disciplined might, virility, and mental alertness of its people, and a monarch in whose lightest word and most casual deed there is apparent a tingling individuality — William II. is easily the outstanding figure of our time.

Few of those who had known him from his boyhood could have doubted that he would one day prove a ruler fit to wield the scepter of the Great Elector and Frederick the Great. Intelligence, character, a will of his own, were quick to show themselves. The manner in which he faced and overcame a physical disability that might have ruined or embittered the life of a weaker man was in itself a certificate of high and strong qualities. From his birth, the Kaiser's left arm has been virtually useless. He did not sit down under the handicap, or whine about it, or make himself out a martyr of circumstances, or plead his affliction as an excuse for aimless self-indulgence. Instead, he trained the right arm to do the work of two. He slowly taught himself, with a patience and grit that must have been a daily, an hourly discipline in fortitude and perseverance, to row, to swim, to play tennis, to handle a boat, to skate, to ride, to play the piano, to fence, and to shoot — and to do none of these things badly, but all of them with more than average skill. At the covert-side, on the grouse moor, in a deer drive,— and more especially at the great annual event in the German sporting calendar, the Hubertus Hunt of November 3, when the wild boar is the noble quarry,— the Kaiser is amply capable of holding his own.

No doubt, he inherited from his English mother his passion for the wholesome life and accomplishments of the open air; but it must have needed all his native Hohenzollern tenacity to enable him to enjoy the one and excel in the other. Look at it whichever way you please, it takes a man to win such a match as that with fate. No weakling could have done it; no one with any serious flaw in his character could have done it. Properly considered, there is in the Kaiser's list of recreations a certificate of immense fitness for the post. In the feat of bringing down a brace of rocketing pheasants with a swift right and left there is something more to admire than its mere dexterity; there is what it stands for as a token of self-mastery, of that "infinite capacity for taking pains" which, if it be not genius, is at least as solid a foundation as one could wish for the head of any State — King or President. A man, any man, but a prince

especially, who has conquered his disabilities so finely, has established a strong presumption in his favor. He has proved that he can succeed in little things; there is a reasonable anticipation that he will not fail in great things.

The Princes of the Prussian royal house have never been permitted to slouch through life as mere do-nothings. Their upbringing has always been stern, simple, arduous, and severely practical. It was not books, but bayonets, that raised the Hohenzollerns from petty margraves to the dignity of the imperial title; and bayonets, not books, have consistently held first place in their scheme of education. The parade-ground has been their class-room, and the regiment their home. They have triumphantly proved that the pen is not always mightier than the sword. Action and the qualities that make the ruler and the soldier have from the first been their note and preoccupation.

The present Kaiser was from infancy drenched in the spirit of his house. He was born in 1859, just on the eve of those flaming successes that, in a series of shattering demonstrations, were to vindicate the Hohenzollern theory of statecraft and kingship. When a boy of five, he watched from his nursery window the hundred Danish guns dragged in triumph through the streets of Berlin. Two years later the capital was greeting with frenzied acclaim the victors of Sadowa; and in his eleventh year the stupendous drama of the Franco-Prussian War was unrolled before his eyes. There was not much fear that an eager, high-mettled, romantic boy, amid the thrill and stir of an Empire in the making, with his grandfather and father the chief decorative figures in an unexampled epoch, and himself enrolled in his tenth year as a second lieutenant in the victorious army, passing and repassing from the school-room to the parade-ground, would fail to show the martial instincts of his ancestors.

But the Kaiser's education was not merely that of a soldier. He is, indeed, the first of his house to make some pretensions to general culture, and to have passed through the mill of a modern upbringing — an upbringing far more exacting and of far wider range in the case of princes than in the case of most boys. The liberalism of his father and mother, against all the Hohenzollern traditions, against, too, the scandalized opposition of Bismarck and the old Emperor, insisted on sending him to a public school and afterward to a university. The German "gymnasium," in its mixture of social classes, its excessive concentration upon book-learning, and its lack of the pastimes, the corporate life, and the subtle character-forming

atmosphere of the famous English seminaries, is not so very different from the ordinary type of public school in America and Scotland. The Kaiser endured its microscopic discipline for three years, showing himself, by all accounts, a diligent but not a brilliant pupil, and ultimately ranking tenth among the seventeen candidates examined for leave to pass on to a university.

Boys, as a rule, take the broad facts of their surroundings for granted, and rarely have the independence and detachment of mind to criticize them effectively. It was not until some years later that the Kaiser was able to formulate a careful judgment of the system that had held him in its iron grip. Almost the first speech, indeed, that led people to think of him as a statesman in embryo was devoted to a slashing, vivacious attack on the gymnasium.

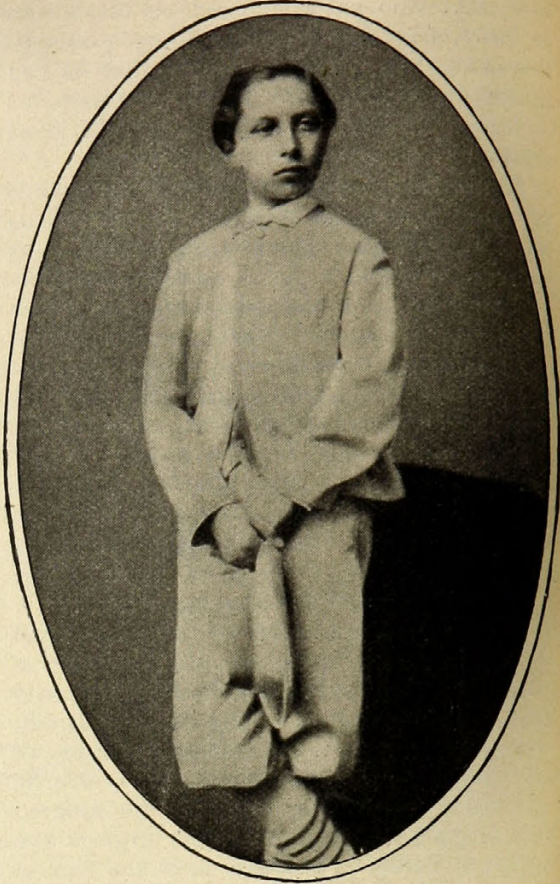
Of the twenty fellow pupils in his class, eighteen, he said, wore spectacles; their minds were overworked and their bodies neglected; the philologist and the grammarian dominated the curriculum; the boys grew up ignorant of life, of German history, and of the German language; the national basis was wanting; "useless classical lore" and the "old monkish education of medieval times" were training, not ardent young Germans of sound political principles, men who would "take up the fight against Social Democracy," but flaccid Romans and emasculated Greeks. No one, however, can doubt that, whatever its defects, the open and impartial competitions of the gymnasium at Cassel were an admirable training for a future Emperor; the Kaiser owed to them much of the modernity of which he has often and not unjustly boasted.

Many tales are told of this period of his life, and one of them, at least, is illuminating. A professor, it is said, wishing to curry favor with his royal pupil, informed him overnight of the chapter in Xenophon that was to be made the subject of the next day's lesson. The young prince did what many boys would not have done. As soon as the class-room was opened on the following morning, he entered and wrote conspicuously on the blackboard the information that had been given him. One may say unhesitatingly that a boy capable of such an action has the root of a fine character in him, possesses that chivalrous sense of fair play which is the nearest thing to a religion that may be looked for at that age, hates meanness and favoritism, and will, wherever possible, expose them. There is in him a fundamental bent toward what is clean, manly, and aboveboard.

At the University of Bonn, as at the public school of Cassel, Prince William shaped well in the essentials of character and disposition. He



THE KAISER AT THE AGE OF ONE YEAR



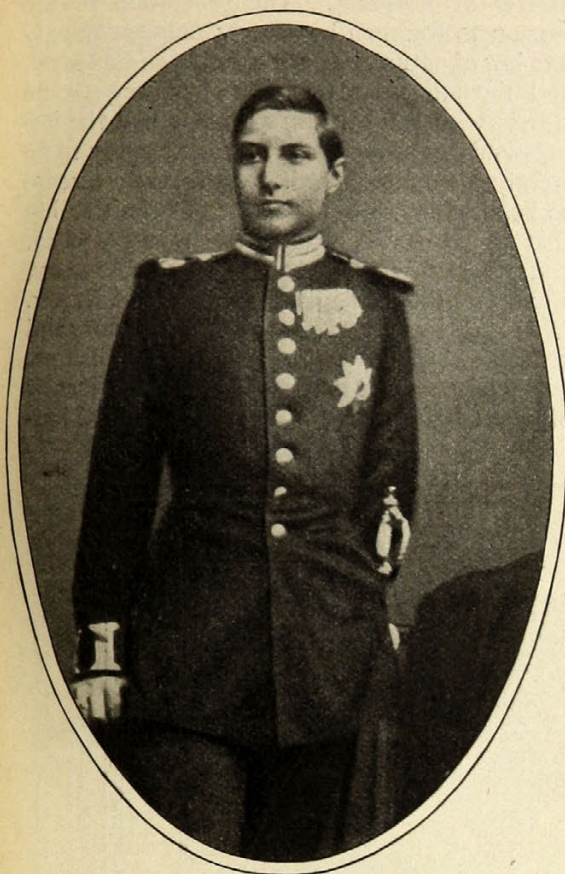
AT ELEVEN YEARS

HE WAS BROUGHT UP IN A STERN, ARDUOUS, AND SEVERELY PRACTICAL WAY. AGAINST THE HOHENZOLLERN TRADITIONS AND THE OPPOSITION OF BISMARCK, HE WAS SENT TO A PUBLIC SCHOOL AND AFTERWARD TO A UNIVERSITY. INTELLIGENCE, CHARACTER, AND A WILL OF HIS OWN WERE QUICK TO SHOW THEMSELVES

was a youth among youths separated to some extent, inevitably, by his position, but sitting side by side with them in the lecture-room, and throwing himself impetuously into the life of the corps, attending its symposia of beer, tobacco, and song, and following with an almost passionate keenness its duels of punctilio. The most swashbuckling student of them all never left Bonn more enthusiastically convinced that the best that life in a German university had to offer was to be found in the comradeship of the corps and the contests of the dueling-ground. Etiquette debarred the young Prince from taking part in duels himself, but he absorbed their spirit through every pore of his being; he publicly compared them with the jousting tournaments of the Middle Ages, and as Kaiser he has sanctioned and upheld them, and all their accompaniments and implications, in the face of the law and of a rising but still timorous public opinion.

For the rest, the shadow of the throne began to close around his undergraduate days. The

Princes of the Prussian royal house reach their majority at eighteen, and two days after leaving Cassel, at an imposing ceremonial, William was solemnly invested with the order of the Black Eagle. At Bonn he had followed a selected course of lectures in jurisprudence, history, social and political economy, and languages. The ablest professors of the most professorial country in the world were at his disposal, and the times were rich in events to supply his studies with the reality, the living background, the tangible and immediate reference to the world around him, that give tuition its salt and fruitfulness. Lectures on history, law, and political economy were no mere abstractions to a Prince who was not, who could not be, unmindful of the destiny before him — especially at a time when the Berlin Congress, the Russo-Turkish War, the alliance with Austria, Nobiling's attempted assassination of the Emperor, and Bismarck's struggles, first with the Socialists, then with the Free-Traders, and thirdly with the Catholic Church, lent to every scrap



AT EIGHTEEN YEARS



AT TWENTY-TWO YEARS

HIS LEFT ARM BEING VIRTUALLY USELESS, THE KAISER WITH PATIENCE AND GRIT TAUGHT HIMSELF TO ROW, TO SWIM, TO PLAY TENNIS, TO HANDLE A BOAT, TO SKATE, TO RIDE, TO SHOOT, AND TO PLAY THE PIANO; AND HE DOES ALL OF THESE THINGS WITH MORE THAN AVERAGE SKILL

of information he acquired a vital, personal, and concrete significance. William, moreover, developed early, and has never lost, a quick and ready power to assimilate. He left Bonn as well grounded in book-learning, and as fully equipped with the faculty to apply it, as any Prince need hope to be — that is to say, considerably better grounded and far more completely equipped than the average graduate anywhere.

In 1881, being then in his twenty-third year, he married Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. If it was a marriage of affection, and of this there seems to be no doubt, it was also a happy stroke of policy. The Princess' father had never withdrawn his claim to the Elbe Duchies, even after their incorporation with the Kingdom of Prussia; and the marriage of his daughter to the Prince who stood second in succession to the imperial throne was a soothing solution of what might have developed into a drama rich in strife. The union was intensely popular, chiefly because Prince William, unlike his

father, had taken a thorough German for his wife.

In Berlin of the early eighties, and, indeed, throughout all of Germany, nothing was more resented than the influence, the not always judicious influence, which the wife of the Crown Prince — Princess Victoria of Great Britain, a clever, liberal, and intriguing woman of great force of character — exercised at court and in politics. It was one of the factors that provoked the anti-English sentiment which has since permeated the German mind; it was a constant thorn in Bismarck's side; and the acclamation with which the young Prince's marriage to *eine echt Deutsche Prinzessin* was everywhere greeted was partly due to the conviction that this union would ultimately mean the emancipation of the imperial house from English modes of thought and living, English traditions, and English views of what was best for Germany's progress.

As such things go, the marriage between the Hohenzollern Prince and the Holstein Princess

may be pronounced a domestic as well as a public success. Seven children have been born to them, and every veritable picture that has been drawn of their home life tells of real comradeship and affection on a basis as near that of simplicity and naturalness as any royal household could hope to secure.

The Kaiser is no sybarité, and luxury and coddling have found scant place in the education of his children. Throughout the social life of Germany, the balance inclines in favor of the man as decisively as in America it leans to the side of the woman; and no one need ask whether the Kaiser, who is a thorough German, a King, an Emperor, and a disciplinarian to boot, is the

master at Potsdam. The subjection of the woman to the man he accepts unquestioningly as a law of nature. This is the old German ideal, and the modern attempts to challenge it he classes with Hauptmann's dramas and the impressionist school of painting, as a vagary to be sternly discountenanced, or rather as a disease to be stamped out. The rule of primitive life that would confine women to church, kitchen, and children finds nowhere, not even in Germany, a more thoroughgoing defender than the Kaiser. In all such matters, as in all matters of literary and artistic taste, he is both a Tory and a Philistine.

Happily, the Empress, whether by instinct or of necessity, has long since accommodated her-



THE CROWN PRINCE AND HIS OLDEST SON, LITTLE PRINCE WILLIAM



AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND HER CHILDREN
LUXURY AND CODDLING HAVE HAD NO PLACE IN THE BRINGING UP OF THESE ROYAL CHILDREN.
THE KAISER IS A FIRM BELIEVER IN THE DOCTRINE THAT A MAN SHOULD BE
MASTER IN HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD AND IS A STRICT DISCIPLINARIAN

self to the subordinate rôle of the typical German *Hausfrau*. She has all of the "domestic" virtues. She is kindly, modest, warm-hearted, benevolent; charitable, not merely as a duty, but by nature; a mistress of the most difficult of all professions, the profession of keeping house; absorbed in her family and in good works; with neither instinct nor inclination for political intrigue or for setting herself up as an arbiter of fashions in dress or letters or art. In short, hers is an amiable, wholesome, unpretentious, rather negative personality, and her main public achievement, so far, has been the

building of a vast number of churches in an impossible style of architecture.

The Kaiser could not have found a wife more precisely suited to his temperament. Her poise and restfulness, her submissiveness and tenderness, create the very atmosphere that a man so domineering and hard driven, so abounding in life, so volcanic and egotistical, finds most soothing and most fortifying. It is well, perhaps, for the peace of the fireside, that William should be an Emperor, with all the distractions and anxieties and the intolerable load of work that the position entails. As a mere husband he would

present as formidable a problem as feminine diplomacy has ever been called upon to solve.

The young couple were provided with an establishment in the Marble Palace at Potsdam, and William threw himself with redoubled ardor into his military duties. He is a soldier before he is a husband or a father, almost before he is an Emperor or a human being. On the very morning of his wedding he drilled his company as usual, and sunrise of the next day found him rushing off to Potsdam to decorate a subaltern. The first proclamation that he issued as Emperor was addressed, in ringing periods, to his army:

"Thus we belong to each other, I and the army; thus we were born for each other; and firmly and inseparably will we hold together, whether God's will gives us peace or storm."

Perhaps he was never happier than when, as Crown Prince and Colonel of the Hussars of the Guard, he exercised his troops on the Tempelhof Field, and swung home at their head down the Unter den Linden, crowded with cheering Berliners; or when, as Emperor, he commanded an army corps at the manoeuvres before the astonished eyes of the foreign attachés. The easy histrionics of militarism, the splendor and full stage effects of a regimental setting,— with himself in the center, the war-lord of the mightiest host in Europe,— all this yields him a passionate delight. No monarch has preached so ardently the whole gospel of a soldier's duty. His rhetoric never kindles into so bright a blaze as when he is celebrating the anniversary of St. Privat or Sedan, or recalling the glorious deeds of Frederick the Great, or addressing the new recruits in terms of imperious exaltation.

But the Kaiser is no toy soldier. It is true, he revels in military peacocking, in the spectacular and elaborated scenes that minister to his vanity, in the ceremonies that furnish him with themes for martial eloquence. But his interest in the army is far from being confined to the rhetoric and drama to be extracted from it. His house made the Prussian army, and the Prussian army made his house; and, if he claims much from it, he never forgets that he owes much to it.

No professional soldier ever showed himself more earnest in his duties, more zealous for the tone of his regiment, or a stricter disciplinarian, than has the Kaiser, from the first days of his lieutenancy. He studied strategy at the feet of Moltke, and tactics on the field itself; he carried his researches far enough into military history to feel warranted in lecturing on Roman tactics; he made himself a dashing cavalry officer. Nothing has been too large and nothing too small to engage his attention. He has

drafted schemes remodeling the whole organization of the army, and has severely trounced the Reichstag for rejecting them; and he has equally concerned himself — not by deputy, but in person — with the thousand and one details of armament and equipment — with smokeless powder and quick-firing guns, with bayonets and balloons, with boots and bicycles, with uniforms and spurs. Even now, at the annual manoeuvres, he will often sit for fifteen hours in the saddle, noting, questioning, criticizing, free with curt words of praise or blame. It is, indeed, one of the characteristics of the Kaiser, that, though a man of large vision and oratorical and emotional temperament, he finds an inexhaustible pleasure in the minutiae of whatever subject he takes up.

I do not say that all of his military reforms have been judicious, or that as a commander in the field, while alert and full of daring and resource, he would not also be capable of prodigious blunders, or that his overfondness for pageantry and massed effects has not hindered technical progress. But I do say that he has fought favoritism and weeded out incompetents and set his face against extravagant living with merciless ardor; and that he has done as much as any of his predecessors to bind the army to his throne and person with the strong links of reciprocal interest and devotion.

Every soldier is made to feel that the imperial eye is upon him; that his sovereign is the fount of honors, orders, decorations, and promotions; and that, through his secret "Military Cabinet," there is little about the personal and professional life of each officer, and the spirit and efficiency of each regiment, that the Kaiser does not know. Every soldier knows, too, that William II. is not only his King, but his active commander-in-chief, imbued to the full with the military caste spirit, zealous to uphold the social and official superiority of the uniformed over the ununiformed, sharing all the prejudices of his officers (their prejudice, for instance, in favor of the duel, and against the admission of Jews into the corps), and continually, by word and deed, proclaiming the inferiority of all civilians and the special and irrefragable ties that knit the army to the fortunes of his house.

But, although soldiering was the chief, it was not the only part of his princely upbringing. Insatiable to see and learn and master, he was, at his own request, attached to one Department of State after another, now studying the administrative system, attending local assemblies, and inquiring into the conditions of industry; now attaching himself for months at a time to the Minister of Finance; now, for half a year or



THE MOST TALKED OF SOVEREIGN IN THE WORLD, WHO BELIEVES THAT HE WAS APPOINTED
BY DIVINE POWER TO RULE THE GERMAN EMPIRE

more, working in the Wilhelmstrasse under the immediate supervision of Bismarck; now visiting foreign capitals on diplomatic missions or for sport and pleasure.

Was ever Prince, one may ask, more wisely trained for rulership than this one? Could one conceive a better preparation for sovereignty than to have been initiated into the craft of kings by William I., into the art of war by Moltke, into statesmanship by Bismarck? Among these giants the young Prince lived and moved, obscured by them, admiringly learning from them, but all the time forging opinions and a character of his own. The militant ring of his speeches, his open enthusiasm for the great measures of army reform that Bismarck forced through the Reichstag, the reputation he enjoyed for being wholly out of sympathy with the views of his civilian-minded father and his English mother, and the vividness of his personality, began to attract notice, to stimulate curiosity, and to make him the rising hope of the conservative and military forces. But no one suspected, when in 1887 he entered his twenty-ninth year, that the day was near when he would be called to the highest office of all. Suddenly, poignantly for Germany, for Europe, and for himself, the scene was shifted, was transformed. A new age rushed to the footlights; a new man held the stage.

II

If ever a nation was stretched on the rack, that nation was Germany in 1887 and 1888. At home, faction fought with faction; the ceaseless subterranean struggle between Bismarck and the Crown Princess and her husband broadened out in rings of intrigue. Abroad, France was clamorous for *la revanche*, and Russia was massing troops on the German frontier. The grand old Emperor, then ninety-one years old, was visibly declining; and it began to be rumored that his son was smitten with an incurable malady. It was a heartrending time, a mournful, lingering tragedy dragged out under the eyes of the whole world. The fierce war of the medical specialists in attendance on the Crown Prince, the alternations of hope and despair, the brutal accusations, the blunders, the misunderstandings, made up as dire an ordeal of anxiety and passion as any country had ever, in time of peace, been called upon to weather.

It was monstrously charged against Prince William that he was at the head of a cabal to keep his father from the throne. There was not, of course, a word of truth in it; but it explains much of his subsequent conduct, and especially his attitude toward his mother, if we

remember, first, that the Crown Prince had resolved not to ascend the throne if he were proved to be incurably affected with cancer; second, that his English physician, after at length accepting the diagnosis of his German colleagues, still persisted in raising unwarrantable hopes and suggesting groundless doubts; and, third, that Prince William — like Bismarck, and like nine Germans out of ten — believed that his father only mounted the throne as the result of an English plot to deceive him as to his real condition.

With as full a meed of honor, love, and glory as any sovereign in history, the venerable Emperor died on March 9, 1888. His son succeeded him, a doomed man; reigned pitifully for ninety-nine days; and on June 15 breathed his last. For months before, all eyes had been turning toward the young Prince, who, for his part, rushed to embrace the attention he was too conscious of exciting. He seemed to sink the son in the coming Emperor. He should have kept in the background. Instead, he took every chance of posing before the people in full pageantry of war. He might at least have held his tongue. Instead, his speeches multiplied in vehemence and fervid imagery, and the war-drum throbbed louder than ever through his impetuous periods. Considering the shadow that lay across his father's life, Europe found it hard to forgive him his struttings, and pirouetings, his theatrical effects. Both then and for many years after, the outside world saw in him only a prancing German edition of Harry Hotspur, dashing, wilful, heady, with an instinct for flashy and inopportune display, and terribly given to sounding the charge. Small wonder that the nations of Europe drew fearfully together, prepared for anything, apprehensive of everything, unable to banish the dread that a youth so free with the vocabulary of chauvinism, so greedy of notice, at the head of the most powerful and assertive of Continental peoples, meant war.

The Kaiser was at no pains to allay these fears. Within a few hours after his father's death he had issued thrilling and exalted addresses to his army and navy. Within six weeks, with quivering and, as Europe thought, unseemly haste, he had visited St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen; and, that neither Denmark nor France might be under any illusions as to where he stood on the North Schleswig question and Alsace-Lorraine, he declared, on his return, that "we would rather leave our united eighteen army corps and our forty-two millions of inhabitants lying on the field of battle than relinquish one single stone of what was won by my father and Prince Frederick Charles."

He plunged into affairs of state, rejuvenating



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE EMPRESS

THEIR MARRIAGE WAS A UNION OF AFFECTION AND AT THE SAME TIME A HAPPY STROKE OF DIPLOMACY. THE EMPRESS IS DESCRIBED AS BEING WARM-HEARTED AND AN EXCELLENT HOUSEKEEPER. HER ONLY PUBLIC ACHIEVEMENT HAS BEEN THE BUILDING OF A LARGE NUMBER OF CHURCHES IN WHAT HAS BEEN CRITICIZED AS AN IMPOSSIBLE STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE

the services, reorganizing the ministerial and diplomatic bureaus, turning the royal household inside out; he commanded an army corps at the manoeuvres; and, before the astonished and scandalized world could draw its breath, he was off again on another tour,—this time to the capitals of his allies in the Dreibund,— and signaled his return by a sharp rebuke to the press for its impertinence and disloyalty in discussing his family affairs.

Plainly, here was a new type of monarch, or, rather, a type so old and long departed that, before the coming of the Kaiser, its reappearance at the end of the nineteenth century would have been thought incredible. Here was no timid "constitutional" ruler, hiding his impotence under legal fictions; no *fainéant* king, fit only to mumble commonplaces at the opening of charity bazaars. Here was a man with a medieval faith in monarchy as an unexhausted, ubiquitous, paternal, well-nigh infallible force; a man spiritually convinced that leadership was his mission, and bringing to the

fulfilment of that mission every artifice and accessory that the most modern man of business or the most enterprising journalist or the adroitest electioneering agent or bagman could suggest; a man whose qualities and defects, whose magnificent, humorless self-assurance, whose earnestness, energy, and will power, whose crusading, elegiac temperament, whose vanity and inordinate sense of the divinity that doth hedge a king, were all shaped and directed to the single end of action.

Of such a combination the world could make nothing; it could simply gasp. For some years after his accession, laughter, amazement, and a half-scandalized applause followed the Kaiser wherever he went and in all that he said or did. He was the *enfant terrible* among sovereigns, continually startling the world by some freakish impulse, some grotesque oration, some new display of hollow versatility. William flashing round Europe with unbridled pomp; William mounting the pulpit; William flinging the doctrine of divine right in the very face of trium-

phant democracy; William scolding his nobles and citizen-subjects and glorifying his army; William as the perfervid, peripatetic orator; William proclaiming his mastery of the aims and spirit of the expiring century; William "dashing to pieces all who oppose me"; William settling a great strike, as a father ends a nursery dispute, with vigorous, even-handed rebukes and exhortations to employers and workmen alike; William devising new uniforms and court dresses, new dances and pageants, and making his court the most splendid, ornate, and ceremonious in Europe; William saving society with an International Labor Conference; William hunting for colonies, building a fleet; painting pictures, composing poems; William dismissing Bismarck and becoming, in truth, William the Second to None — in all his characters he intrigued, mystified, shocked, or disturbed a wondering world.

But we have grown used to the Kaiser now. It may be that the first hot flush of youth has passed, and left him less exuberant; it may be that our earlier impressions were wrong, and that we have come not only to a kindlier but to a juster estimate of both the man and the monarch. In any case, there has been a change. No one now thinks of the German Emperor as a menace to European peace. No one now imagines that he will ever wage a war for mere glory, or personal vanity, or, indeed, for anything but the defense of his Empire. The nervousness he once excited has died away; the merriment he once provoked he has lived down. Or, if we are occasionally forced to a smile, it is not at the man, but only at some quaint way in which he displays himself. The world rocked with laughter over the "mailed fist" speeches at Kiel, but it was sobered by the seizure of Kiaochau that followed swiftly upon them. The lesson of that famous *coup* endures, and to-day the world is never so much beguiled by the Kaiser's extravagances of speech as to forget that there may be, and usually is, a serious purpose behind them.

So, too, with his insistence on the divine right by which he holds his title. "*Sic volo, sic jubeo.*" "There is only one master in this country, and I am he; I shall suffer no other beside me." "The ways into which I and my government have struck are the right ways, nor can I deviate from the path which I have prescribed to myself, and for which I have only to answer to God and my conscience." "*Suprema lex regis voluntas.*" "This 'kingship by the grace of God' expresses the fact that we Hohenzollerns accept our crown only from Heaven, and are responsible to Heaven for the performance of its duties. I, too, am animated by this view, and am resolved to act and govern on this principle."

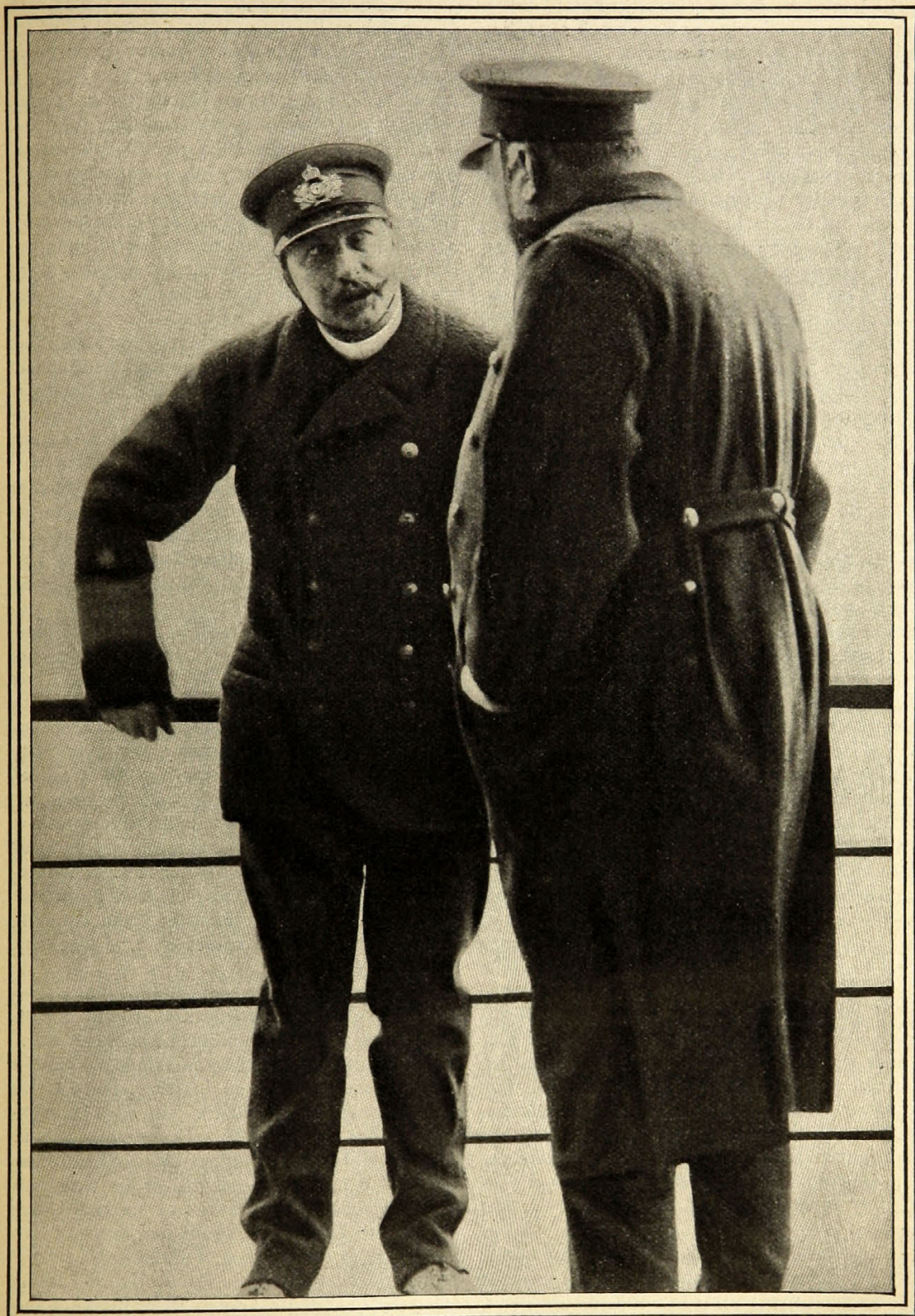
Sentences such as these fall on modern ears with a startling, almost a repulsive unfamiliarity. I am not concerned to defend them or the theory of government they embody. It is a theory that in practice not only produces innumerable trials for *lèse-majesté*, than which I can hardly imagine a more futile way of wasting time, that not only exposes the monarch to flatteries and intrigues, derides Parliaments, and mocks at a free press, but that also is fatal to the political virility and self-reliance of the people.

Nevertheless, there is another side to it that ought not to be overlooked. The Kaiser has the highest possible conception of what he owes to the nation, and of what the nation owes to him. Believing with all the might of his earnest and deeply religious nature that he and his are the agents appointed by Heaven to lead the German Empire to greatness and success, he realizes that the position exacts terrible obligations.

There is nothing ridiculous — there is, on the contrary, much that is fine and inspiring — in the Kaiser's sense of responsibility to a higher Power than man, once it is grasped that he does not appeal to the divine right as a reason for shirking duty, but for sanctifying it. Year in and year out, it has braced him to a sum total of exertion that, without some such support, would prove too much for any human being. The Kaiser's assumption of the divine right throws a heavier burden on himself than on any one else. It turns him into a harder worker than any of his subjects. It sets before him a sustaining ideal which, if he regards it as little less than blasphemous for others to question, he also regards it as little less than impious for himself to fall below. By the power of that inner force, he is enabled to levy unstinted toll on himself, and to claim as severe a tribute from his subjects. Never sparing himself, always taking his stand on the solid principle of duty, he expects all others to do likewise.

It is this sense of the paramountcy of duty, far more than any fear of revolution, that inspires those periodic harangues in which his soldiers are warned that the time may come when, in obedience to orders, they will have to shoot down their own fathers and brothers in the streets. Were the Kaiser a private in his own army, there would be at least one German soldier for whom such reminders would be superfluous.

The drawback to any and every régime of paternal absolutism is that the human mind is limited. The Kaiser will not admit it, but his acts prove it. It is not given to one man to know more about everything than anybody else knows about anything; and the Kaiser, who is a good deal of a dilettante, and believes himself omniscient, at times speaks from a lamentable



THE KAISER TALKING WITH THE CAPTAIN OF A MERCHANTMAN

half-knowledge, and occasionally has to call in the imperial authority to back up his verdicts against the judgment of experts.

Unquestionably, his mind is of an unusual order. It is a facile, quickly moving instrument; it works in flashes, it assimilates seemingly without effort; it is at its best under the highest pressure. The Kaiser is not to be laughed at for wanting to know all there is to be known, but he may justly be criticized for failing to distinguish between the attempt and its failure.

The Germans, no doubt, prefer for the head of their State a man of powerful volition and initiative, and not a mere figurehead or puppet. But the Kaiser has obtruded his personality upon his subjects in a way that they are fast finding insupportable; he has Hohenzollerned them just a shade too much. They would be better pleased if his genius were a trifle less universal. They are beginning to resent his offhand, half-baked *obiter dicta* on art, religion, poetry, the drama, cures for consumption, aëroplanes, Parisian fashions, clay-modeling, the construction of yachts, and so on. For there is no limit to the range of the imperial accomplishments. He is a painter and a sculptor, a poet and a composer, a critic and a connoisseur; he has inspired libretti, and corrected them; he has furnished plot and dialogue and designed style effects for plays, the production of which he has subsequently directed in person. At more than one concert in his palace he has seized the conductor's baton and himself conducted the orchestra.

The Kaiser is not merely the patron of arts and sciences, but their dictator. Thus a committee of literary experts awards the Schiller prize to Hauptmann; the Kaiser withholds it. The Berlin municipality wishes to run cars down Unter den Linden; the Kaiser, in the name of art, forbids it. Models for the national monument to William I. are sent in by the score; the Kaiser sweeps them aside and settles the proper design himself. He is periodically at loggerheads with his Academy over the merits of particular pictures; he forbids the new school of German artists to exhibit at the St. Louis Exhibition; he lectures painters on chiaroscuro, sculptors on the chiseling of draperies, and the whole world on art in general. He fills the capital, the country, and even foreign cities with statuary in the gorgeous, allegorical style that alone he favors.

In the same spirit and with the same assurance, he blossoms out into a patron of a cure for consumption that turns out to be no cure at all; and bestows the Black Eagle upon a foreign officer who a few months later is court-martialed for the very feat that won the Kaiser's precipitate admiration.

Is it all *charlatanerie*? Is it all of a part with his speech in Russian to the regiment of which the Czar had made him honorary colonel — a studied trumpery effort designed for a momentary effect? Is the Kaiser just glitter and tinsel, impulse and rhapsody, with nothing solid beneath? Is it his supreme object to make an impression at any cost, to force, like another Nero, the popular applause by arts more becoming to a *cabotin* than a sovereign? Vanity, restlessness, a consuming desire for the palm without the dust, an intense and theatrical egotism — are these the qualities that give the clue to his character and actions?

I do not think so altogether. The Kaiser has "scattered" too much. In an age of specialists on many subjects, he speaks like an amateur. He is always the hero, and often the victim, of his own imagination; like a star actor, he cannot bear to be outshone; he is morbidly, almost pruriently, conscious of the effect he is producing. And on all matters of intellect and taste his influence makes for blatant mediocrity. But he is not meretricious; at bottom he is not by any means as superficial and insincere as he often seems.

"Right thou feelest, rush to do," was Emerson's reading of "freedom's secret." It is the Kaiser's, too, just as it is Mr. Roosevelt's. But in Mr. Roosevelt's case the "rush to do" has to break down endless barricades of Dutch cautiousness before it can become effective. The Kaiser has no such safeguards. He is one of those men in whom an instinct becomes an immutable truth, an idea a conviction, and a suspicion a certainty by an almost instantaneous process; and, the process completed, action follows forthwith. The Kaiser is always resolved to do the right thing; the right thing, by some quaint but invariable coincidence, is whatever he is resolved to do.

Happily, as a rule, — say seven times out of ten, — his instincts and emotions are sure guides. He is a man who may be touched on many sides, whom things stir quickly and deeply. Above the range of glowing sympathies, there is his strong imaginative and his yet stronger dramatic sense to appeal to. No one manages to throw such feeling and grace into little international courtesies. One thinks of his telegrams of condolence to the widows of Marshals MacMahon and Canrobert; of his pardoning of two French spies on the day of President Carnot's burial; of his message to Mr. Rudyard Kipling when he lay at death's door; of his presence and sympathy, so bitterly resented by his own countrymen, at Queen Victoria's funeral — of numberless other attentions and compliments that showed understanding, magnanimity, and per-

fect tact. Again, no one is happier than he in addressing the peoples of the various States of his Empire. His speeches on such occasions, full of apt and stirring local allusions, of fire and feeling, are models of what such things should be.

The Kaiser, indeed, may always be trusted to seize the spirit of the moment. Whatever he feels he feels intensely as long as he feels it. He likes to do the big thing in the big way, and he likes still more to know that he is doing it. It is an instinct that has been with him all his life. He has not, to be sure, always acted upon it. It has sometimes to struggle hard against his prejudices and impulsiveness and his sense of offended kingship. He must at all times be the first and central figure. But, once that is granted, the pettiness in his nature rarely holds out for long against so much in his nature that is generous, so much that is ardent.

The Kaiser who dismissed Bismarck, and then humiliated him by virtually ordering the official world of Vienna to take no notice of Count Herbert's marriage, was no doubt the real Kaiser. But it was not less the real Kaiser who, hearing of the ex-Chancellor's illness, at once offered him one of the royal castles to winter in, sent him a present of the finest Marcobrunner cabinet from the Potsdam cellars, received him in Berlin with sovereign honors, visited him at Friedrichsruh in unprecedented state, and severely trounced the Reichstag for refusing to congratulate the great founder of the Empire on his eightieth birthday. It was the real Kaiser who conceived the International Labor Congress; but it was also the real Kaiser who strove hard to prosecute the Social Democrats in the Reichstag for refusing to cheer him.

Inevitably, with a man so impatient of restraint, so overweeningly sure of himself, so spasmodic and fanciful, mistakes as glaring as his successes, if not as frequent, are bound to occur. It is one of the privileges of the Kaiser's position that he is able to make others pay for his blunderings; and it is one of the characteristics of his temperament — a temperament never for long depressed, always quick on the rebound, and endowed with the faculty of shutting out whatever is troublesome — that he can go on as if he had never known a check or made a false step. He misleads no one as often as he misleads himself.

In the larger matters of politics he has often been at fault. He has never understood, he never will understand, the movement of Social Democracy; and the bitter vehemence of his attacks, so far from weakening, have stimulated it. He has failed signally either to terrorize the Poles or to gain them over. Obsessed by the specter of Revolution, he has rasped on the in-

telligence of his subjects by placing the German police at the service of Russian absolutism and by striving in vain to stifle freedom of thought and speech and to bring education under the control of the churches; and his manifold transgressions of the spirit of the Constitution, his repression of the Chancellorship into an almost abject subservience, his reduction of the Reichstag and of universal suffrage into a mere screen for personal and autocratic rulership, his impulsive harangues on domestic and international affairs, and his many impromptu and unauthorized strokes of policy, from the Kruger telegram to the *Daily Telegraph* interview, have from time to time filled Germany with rage and mortification and have powerfully reinforced the gathering resolve of the German people to be themselves the German government.

Yet William II. remains a great sovereign, with a long and splendid record of services to the State. He has presided over, and has done much to forward, the magnificent industrial expansion of his country during the last two decades. It is owing to him more than to any other man that Germany, while increasing both the numbers and the efficiency of her army, has become also the second naval Power in the world. William II. is not only as emphatically the creator of the German fleet as his grandfather was of the German army: he is also the creator of Greater Germany. He has plunged his subjects into *Weltpolitik*; he has enormously enlarged their possessions and their sphere of interests; he has broken down both their provincialism and their particularism; he has accustomed them to look beyond Europe and Berlin to wider fields of action; he has exorcised the narrow and stubborn spirit of localized patriotism and driven a sense of imperial oneness and loyalty deeply into the popular consciousness.

It speaks well for him that he should have done something to mitigate the fiscal predominance of the agrarians, and that he should have set his face like a flint against the revival of the *Kulturkampf* in any form; and it speaks better still that he should have abandoned the duplicity of Bismarck's foreign policy, and should have dropped the reinsurance treaty with Russia which the Chancellor had concluded behind the backs of his Austrian ally. The Kaiser to-day holds a position of actual and potential power almost Napoleonic in its range and effectiveness. A wave of his hand, and the French dismiss their Foreign Minister; a word from him, and Russia lays down her historic guardianship of the Balkan Slavs, and England trembles for her naval ascendancy. He is more than the most brilliant, engaging, and forceful ruler in Europe. He is not less than its Dictator.

FIVE "WHITE SLAVE" TRADE INVESTIGATIONS

THE REVELATIONS MADE AND RESULTS OBTAINED BY
THE STUDY OF THIS SERIOUS QUESTION BY
FEDERAL, STATE, AND CITY AUTHORITIES

AS the July number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE goes to press—the middle of May—the so-called "White Slave" Grand Jury of New York City is focusing the attention of the country by its campaign against the trade in women in New York, made as a result of the purchase of several girls from New York dealers.

The investigations of this Grand Jury, which began the first of January, and the active work of its inquiry, were principally in charge of District Attorney Charles S. Whitman, James B. Reynolds, Assistant District Attorney, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the foreman of the jury.

District Attorney Whitman's Statement

The story of the investigations resulting in the arrest of "white slave" dealers early in May is succinctly told in Mr. Whitman's statement given out at the time of the arrest, which is as follows:

In order clearly to establish the existence of the white slave traffic Assistant District Attorney James B. Reynolds arranged to make actual purchases of girls in the Tenderloin and other sections of the underworld from those reputed to be large dealers. Skilled investigators who were not known in New York were engaged and put to work in the heart of the Tenderloin.

They were represented as purchasers of girls. Friendly and confidential relations were established with some of the most influential white slave dealers. By these means valuable first-hand information was obtained regarding the white slave trade. The agents were told the prices paid for girls, the methods employed in the business, and, in some cases, the corrupt relations existing between the traders and certain police officials.

Past and present conditions of the traffic were contrasted frequently, the trading during the present winter being described as exceptionally light because of the general alarm caused by the sitting of the "White Slave" Grand Jury. One large dealer told the agents that though two years ago he could have sold them all the girls they wanted at \$5 or \$10 apiece, he would not risk selling one in New York now for \$1,000.

In spite of this general caution, purchases for cash were made of four girls, two through an East Side dealer, who boasted of formerly having made large sales in other cities, and two from a so-called black and tan dealer. Two of the girls are under 18.

Harry Levinson, from whom two of the girls were secured, has confessed his guilt. The other two persons arrested are Belle Moore and Alexander Anderson, and they are on trial as this is written. Raids on various agencies for the traffic told of by Levinson disclosed that their keepers had heard of the investigation and left the city.

This investigation was the result of an article by George Kibbe Turner in the November, 1909, McCLURE'S, entitled "Daughters of the Poor," which gave a history of the development in Europe of the business of procuring and exploiting girls by pimps, its growth in New York City, and its spread from that city throughout the United States, and even to South Africa and South America. An article giving a description of conditions in New York, making statements nearly identical with Mr. Turner's, and in some ways stronger, appeared simultaneously in the New York *Evening Post*. The agitation following these articles furnished the chief issue in the New York City election last fall, in which Tammany Hall was defeated.

The Federal Immigration Commission

There has been great progress in stamping out the traffic in women in the United States during the past six months. The credit for this is due principally to the thorough investigation by Federal agencies, aided by private associations in the various cities of the country, which have awakened the public's attention and convinced it of the necessity of action. The first of the Federal reports was that of the Special Immigration Commission, presented by Mr. Dillingham in the United States Senate on December 10.* This report, prepared by a Commission whose active head was Professor J. W. Jenks, of Cornell University, describes its work and discoveries in part as follows:

* Published as Senate Document Number 196, 61st Congress, second session.

The importation and harboring of alien women and girls for immoral purposes and the practice of prostitution by them — the so-called "white slave traffic" — is the most pitiful and revolting phase of the immigration question. This business has assumed large proportions, and it has been exerting so evil an influence upon our country that the Immigration Commission felt compelled to make it the subject of a thorough investigation.

The investigation was begun in November, 1907, under the active supervision of a special committee of the Immigration Commission; and the work was conducted by a special agent in charge, with numerous assistants.

The investigation has covered the cities of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Butte, Denver, Buffalo, Boston, and New Orleans.

How Women Are Sold by Their Managers

. . . With rare exceptions, not only the innocent women imported into this country, but the prostitutes as well, are associated with men whose business it is to protect them, direct them, and control them, and who frequently, if not usually, make it their business to plunder them unmercifully. Now this system of subjection to a man has become common. The procurer or the pimp may put his woman into a disorderly house, sharing profits with the "madam." He may sell her outright; he may act as an agent for another man; he may keep her, making arrangements for her hunting men. She must walk the streets and secure her patrons, to be exploited, not for her own sake, but for that of her owner. Often he does not tell her even his real name. If she tries to leave her man, she is threatened with arrest. If she resists, she finds all the men about her leagued against her; she may be beaten; in some cases when she has betrayed her betrayer she has been murdered.

The ease and apparent certainty of profit has led thousands of our younger men, usually those of foreign birth or the immediate sons of foreigners, to abandon the useful arts of life to undertake the most accursed business ever devised by man.

The records of the Bureau of Immigration show that more prostitutes and procurers are arrested and deported from the port of New York than any other port. Next in importance comes Montreal, Canada, representing the port of entry of Quebec, and then, in order, Seattle, Washington, San Francisco, California, San Antonio, Texas, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, and so on.

Those who recruit women for immoral purposes watch all places where young women are likely to be found under circumstances which will give them a ready means of acquaintance and intimacy, such as employment agencies, immigrant homes, moving-picture shows, dance-halls, sometimes waiting-rooms in large department stores, railroad stations, manicuring and hairdressing establishments.

Nearly All Women Controlled

The strongest appeal to the instincts of humanity in every right-minded person is made by a consideration of the brutal system employed by these traffickers in every way to exploit their victims, the hardened prostitute as well as the innocent maiden. It is probable that a somewhat larger proportion of the American girls are free from the control of a master; and yet, according to the best evidence obtainable, — according to the stories of the women themselves and the keepers of houses, — nearly all the women now

engaged in this business in our large cities are subject to pimps, to whom they give most of their earnings, or else they are under the domination of keepers of houses, a condition that is practically the same.

It is the business of the man who controls the woman to provide police protection, either by bribing the police not to arrest her, or, in case of arrest, to secure bail, pay the fine, etc., to make all business arrangements, to decide what streets, restaurants, dance-halls, saloons, and similar places she shall frequent.

Just How the Trade Is Organized

There has been much talk in the newspapers of a great monopolistic corporation whose business it is to import and exploit these unfortunate women, trafficking them from country to country. The Commission has been unable to learn of any such corporation, and does not believe in its existence. Doubtless the importers and pimps have a wide acquaintance among themselves, and doubtless in many instances they have rather close business relations one with another; and inasmuch as all are criminals, any one escaping arrest can naturally appeal to another anywhere in the country for protection. Even a pimp whom he has never seen will give him shelter if he comes with a proper introduction. There are two organizations of importance, one French, the other Jewish, although as organizations they do not import. Apparently they hate each other; but their members would naturally join forces against the common enemy.

In several cities there are French headquarters — that is, a meeting-place where the French importers, procurers, and pimps congregate, receive their mail, transact business, drink, gamble, and amuse themselves in other ways. Through these mutual acquaintanceships, sustained by common interests and a knowledge of their common affairs, they assist one another in the business.

There are large numbers of Jews scattered throughout the United States, although mainly located in New York and Chicago, who seduce and keep girls. Some of them are engaged in importation, but apparently they prey rather upon young girls whom they find on the street, in the dance-halls, and similar places, and whom, by the methods already indicated, — love-making and pretense of marriage, — they deceive and ruin. Many of them are petty thieves, pickpockets, and gamblers. They also have various resorts where they meet and receive their mail, and transact business with one another, and visit. Perhaps the best-known organization of this kind throughout the country was one legally incorporated in New York, in 1904, under the name of the New York Independent Benevolent Association.

It is, of course, difficult to prove by specific cases the relation of the police to this traffic, and to establish by specific evidence the fact generally accepted that the girls and disorderly-house keepers regularly pay the police for protection; but high police officials, prosecuting officers, and social workers in all quarters assert that in many, if not all, of our large cities much corruption of this kind exists.

The Commissioner-General's Report

The second report, of an entirely independent investigation, was included in the annual report for 1909, issued in February, of Daniel J. Keefe, Commissioner-General of Immigration. This investigation was necessarily restricted to the

consideration of the importation and distribution throughout the country of foreign women. The paragraph dealing with this subject briefly describes the work and its results, and the conclusions reached by the Commissioner-General, as follows:

As a preliminary to perfecting plans for the exertion of special efforts toward ridding the country of alien prostitutes and procurers, the Bureau had Inspector Marcus Braun conduct, in the first months of the past fiscal year, a general investigation covering all of the largest cities of the United States. As the result of this investigation and of the work which has since been accomplished, the Bureau is satisfied that an enormous business is constantly being transacted in the importation and distribution of foreign women for purposes of prostitution, which business also includes the seduction and distribution of alien women and girls who have entered the country in a regular manner for legitimate purposes, and to some extent of American women and girls. In some cities the traffic is more or less connected with local political conditions, and the police and other municipal authorities are either implicated or else helpless to assist in even the partial eradication of the evil.

Federal and State Legislation

The results of the Federal investigations of this traffic in women have been shown in the passing by Congress, and signing by the President, on March 26, of a bill which imposes a long imprisonment or a large fine for every one engaged in the business. This bill was proposed by the Immigration Commission. Three others are now being considered in the committees of Congress. One is directed against the traffic in the country in general, another to cut it off in the Territories and the Panama Canal, and the third in the District of Columbia.

In the meanwhile, aroused public sentiment throughout the country has brought about action in various States and cities, and laws against the procuring and selling of women have been passed in Maryland, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Virginia, Massachusetts, Ohio, South Carolina, and New York, and a similar bill is before the Legislature of Louisiana.

The New York State Report

The law in New York is due in no small part to the work of the State Commission of Immigration, whose report on this subject, transmitted to the Legislature last year, said:

In the State of New York, as in other States and countries of the world, there are organized, ramified, and well-equipped associations to secure girls for the purpose of prostitution. The recruiting of such girls in this country is largely among those who are poor, ignorant, or friendless.

Outside of New York, work has been progressing actively in various large cities of the country. In Chicago the society headed by Adolf Kraus, and whose work is in charge of Clifford G. Roe, is making great progress in stamping out the traffic in that city. This movement in Chicago, as Mr. Kraus has explained, is a sequel to the article on conditions in Chicago printed by Mr. Turner in *McCLURE'S* for April, 1907.

The Investigation in Seattle

In Seattle, Washington, disclosures concerning the traffic, made by the investigation of the Federal Grand Jury, which adjourned May 11, was summarized by Elmer E. Todd, United States District Attorney there, as follows:

There are between seven and eight hundred men in Seattle who live from the revenue from the "white slave" traffic, almost all of whom could be reached by the State courts if proper effort were made. It was established by the Grand Jury that the Federal Government has gone as far as the law allows. It is now up to the State authorities, who could break up this business in short order.

It would be impossible to detail the prosecutions and convictions of "white slave" traders which have taken place in the past few months in the large cities of the country. The New York Grand Jury will be one of the last to report, of the various important Federal and local bodies which have made thorough investigations of this very serious question in the past year; the confirmation of the findings of the other investigations which have been brought out by its work — as so far announced — is interesting and valuable. It is the more so because this investigation, as may be seen from Mr. Whitman's statement, was so handicapped by the advance publicity given it that it could not hope to get the insight into ordinary normal conditions, such as was secured by preceding investigations. In the meanwhile, the general progress in clearing the country of this great evil is most encouraging.

THE TAFT INTERVIEW

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER'S interview with President Taft in the June McCLURE'S has been widely discussed by the newspapers. It was to be expected that some would disagree with the President on certain issues, but a majority of the papers find commendable features in his statement. The interview is referred to universally as an unprecedented journalistic achievement.

"The article is an entire first-person defense by Mr. Taft," says a New York despatch to the Philadelphia *North American*, "of his course as President, and in certain respects is more intimate than any public speech that he has delivered."

"President Taft has set a precedent that may become popular with his successors," says the Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn (New York) *Times*. "He has shown beyond all cavil that he had a high opinion of the power of the press, otherwise he would not have given an interview to George Kibbe Turner, of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. If any newspaper had given an assignment to one of its reporters to get an interview on public questions with the President of the United States, the reporter would have laughed outright, thinking his city editor crazy. . . . But President Taft has set a new wrinkle and has submitted to the interviewer. And by so doing he has made a hit. . . . Members of the House who have read the interview say that the President has done a wise and clever thing."

"The reader will find in this carefully written and edited interview," says the New Haven (Connecticut) *Journal-Courier*, "the most comprehensive impression yet given the country of his [the President's] controlling purpose."

The Philadelphia *Record* says that the wisdom of the President discussing his purposes unofficially as he has done is open to some question, and continues:

"He is following the example of Mr. Roosevelt, and a continuance of the policy will inevitably alter the status of the Chief Magistrate. It is a fundamental principle of English administration that the King is not in politics. Of course, the President is not a King, and he must be the choice of a political party and in a large

way the exponent of its policies. But it used to be unparliamentary to mention the President in Congressional debates. Now the President is almost as freely mentioned as any member of the body in which the orator is speaking. The Chief Magistrate of the whole nation is becoming avowedly the leader of a party and the exponent of a policy.

"Andrew Johnson appealed to the public at large because he was conducting a fight for existence with Congress. The circumstances were unprecedented, and will never be repeated, and precedents established by Mr. Johnson do not carry great weight. His example, however, has been extensively followed by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft."

"It is, we believe," says the New York *Times*, "without precedent in the history of the office that a President should in an unofficial and rather familiar way explain and defend his own action. . . . It is in substance a defense against the comments upon the Administration which have been so frequent and so serious during the last six months. In some regards the defense is strong and may prove effective. This is especially true as to the policy of the Administration regarding public lands and the conservation of resources involved in the regulation of them.

"It may also be expected that the statement of what has been done in the reorganization and reform of the business methods of the Government will produce a favorable impression. The account is in no wise overdrawn, quite the reverse, and Mr. Taft and his Cabinet deserve much credit for what has been done and what has been made possible."

The bulk of the comment in all of the papers is devoted to what Mr. Taft said about his tariff policy. His explanation does not satisfy the *Times*, which regrets that the President "sadly misunderstands the feeling he has aroused."

The *Evening Post* (New York) indorses the President's assertion that "the chief interest of the public in a tariff is as to whether it raises or lowers the cost of the necessaries of life," and continues:

"This plain statement of the case is not the less useful in that it repudiates the time-worn

arguments with which the protectionist campaigns of 1888 and 1890 made the country familiar. President Harrison's contemptuous reference to the 'cheap man inside the cheap coat,' and the constant appeal to the hypothesis that high prices must mean high wages, not to mention high profits, and that therefore we ought gladly to submit to taxation for the purpose, may fairly be considered to-day as discarded arguments. This is a distinct gain to common sense, as is also the discarding of the extraordinary theory, urged by Mr. McKinley in defense of his own tariff bill of twenty years ago, that, in some mysterious and occult way, 'the foreigner pays the tariff tax.' The last-mentioned notion, always sufficiently foolish in the light of the actual purposes and results of protectionist legislation, probably received its *coup de grâce* in Mr. William L. Wilson's famous analysis. The foreigner, Mr. Wilson pointed out, — conceding the theory for the sake of argument, — must either be paying this tax-money willingly into the United States Treasury, or paying it unwillingly. But if the first supposition is correct, we are then confessedly a pauper nation, and if the second is correct, we are a pirate nation. The laughter of the keen-witted American at this *reductio ad absurdum* had very much to do with the subsequent reluctance of politicians to revive the argument."

The Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican* does not approve Mr. Taft's explanation of his tariff policy entirely, but it thinks "the error was due to a failure to understand the extent and intensity of the popular feeling in certain sections of the country concerning the tariff schedules. It was a mistake which a much more experienced and acute judge of political conditions might have made. The result is that the President got an inadequate revision, which has caused immense discontent, and now is in danger of losing very much of that general program which he fancied his understanding with Aldrich and Cannon would make certain of achievement. . . . One cannot but be convinced that, in the midst of his troubles, the President is earnestly and ardently striving to meet his obligations, as he understands them, and is seeking patriotically to promote the best interests of the country."

"It becomes more than ever apparent," says the same paper, in commenting upon the explanation of the Pinchot episode, "that in his general policy Secretary Ballinger was in harmony with the President, and that, in the President's opinion, the Ballinger 'prosecution' has been engaged in an attack not so much upon the Secretary of the Interior as upon the Taft administration."

The Philadelphia *Record* thinks the President's reasons for signing the tariff bill are sound, but it expresses the belief that if he had "insisted on larger concessions to the pledges of the platform and the very evident demands of his own party he would have got more than he did."

The New York *World* sympathizes with Mr. Taft's efforts to preserve harmony in his party, but does not approve his methods.

"There is no great merit in wrecking one's party," says the *World*. "Had Mr. Cleveland shown a little more tact at the beginning of his second Administration he might have held the Democratic party together and saved the country from much political evil. Had Mr. McKinley shown no more tact after the Spanish-American war than Mr. Taft has displayed, the Republican party would have divided on the issue of imperialism and political chaos would have followed, with a Democratic party in no condition to assume the responsibilities of government."

"No honest observer of his course," says the Louisville (Kentucky) *Herald*, "since he entered the White House will doubt that he made a sincere effort to keep that promise [to carry out his predecessor's program] and to live up to that conception of the duty which confronted him. There may be divergent opinions as to how wisely he has proceeded or how fully he has given expression to the Roosevelt ideals, but that he has earnestly tried, up to the measure of his power and in the light of his understanding, is beyond fair dispute."

"Nothing could be plainer to an unprejudiced observer of the President's course from the day of his inauguration to the present time," says the *Christian Science Monitor*, "than that he has been earnest, persistent, and sincere in his efforts to hold the representatives of his party in Congress strictly to the pledges made in the Republican national platform of 1908."

Yo' sho am a
"good friend" honey!



Bon Ami

Most cleaning preparations are adapted for *coarse work* in the kitchen only.

Something else has to be used for the *finer articles* in other parts of the house.

Bon Ami can be used for *all cleaning purposes*.

Every housekeeper knows that for use on windows, glassware and mirrors, it is absolutely unapproached. It gives a brilliancy to the glass that nothing else can duplicate.

For bathroom work—on nickel ware and porcelain, it is equally effective.

For use on painted woodwork and linoleum it is ideal. It does not scratch away the surface, but simply *cleans it*.

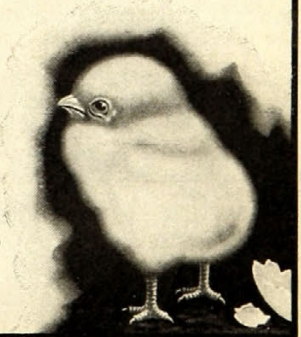
For brass, copper, etc., it is far better than coarse caustic powders.

It has still other uses, such as removing grime from the hands and cleaning white canvas shoes.

In fact, Bon Ami polishes and cleans almost every kind of surface.

And it does this without injuring or roughening the hands or the article upon which it is used.

*18 years on the market and
"hasn't scratched yet."*





FRYOR

Listen to the band!

Where? On your porch, down on your lawn, aboard your yacht, in your summer home—wherever you want. And *whenever* you want.

Just think of it—seven of the greatest military bands on earth to play for you practically any selection you want to hear; and just when you want to hear it.

Make up your own program—over 3000 selections to choose from. Here's a suggestion:

- | | | | |
|-------|---|--|-------------------------------|
| 16385 | { | Chimes of Normandy Selection | Pryor's Band |
| | | Poet and Peasant Overture..... | Pryor's Band |
| 1183 | | Washington Post March..... | Sousa's Band |
| 16473 | { | Dollar Princess Waltz..... | Victor Orchestra |
| | | Waltzes from A Chocolate Soldier..... | Pryor's Band |
| 35000 | { | Carmen Selection | Sousa's Band |
| | | Freischutz Overture | Sousa's Band |
| 5690 | | Marsovia Waltzes..... | U. S. Marine Band |
| 31676 | | Semiramide Overture | Police Band of Mexico |
| 4678 | | Lights Out March | Pryor's Band |
| 4115 | | Coronation March from the Prophet..... | |
| | | Garde Republicaine Band of France | |
| 5777 | | Apache Dance | Black Diamonds Band of London |
| | | "De Guardia" Two-Step .. | Royal Military Band of Madrid |
| 16479 | { | Dance "Luis Alonzo"..... | Royal Military Band of Madrid |

This is only one of the big reasons why there should be a Victor in your home.

Don't wait! Go today to any Victor dealer's and ask to hear your favorite selection—and if you haven't heard a Victor within the last twelve months, you'll be astonished.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

To get best results use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

Victor



New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



A new Caruso-Scotti Duet from Madame Butterfly

The issuing of a new Victor duet by these famous singers is an event of the greatest importance in musical circles—more important than the production of a new opera at the Metropolitan or Manhattan. For while comparatively few people hear the new opera, music-lovers all over the world will soon be enjoying the exquisite blending of these two great voices.

This beautiful duet occurs in Act I, between Lieut. Pinkerton (Caruso) and Sharpless the American Consul (Scotti); and the number closes with a splendid climax, as Pinkerton recklessly pledges the "real American wife" he hopes to meet some day.

Madame Butterfly—Duet, Act I, "Amore o grillo" (Love or Fancy?) Puccini

Victor Record 89043. Twelve-inch, with orchestra, \$4. In Italian

Pryor's new march—played by Pryor's Band

Another stirring march that is right up to the Pryor standard. He has called it "The Arcade Girl", in honor of the many pretty girls in the audiences who listen to his band in the famous Asbury Park Arcade every summer.

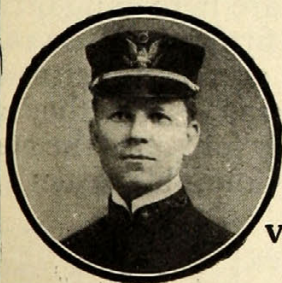
Arcade Girl March Pryor

Victor Record 5778. Ten-inch, 60 cents

Hear these records at any Victor dealer's. Ask him for a July supplement which contains the complete list of new single- and double-faced records, with a detailed description of each.

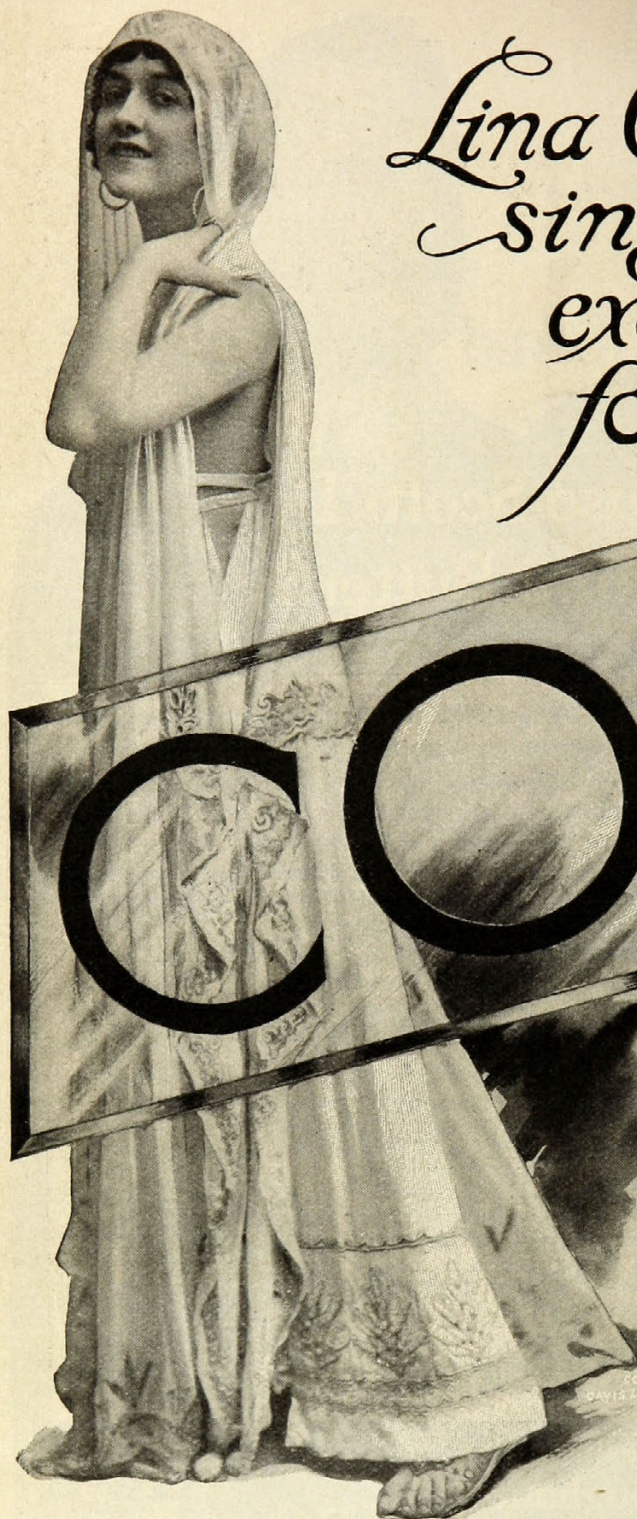
Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.



On sale throughout **June 28**
America on
with the July list of new **Victor Records**

To get best results, use only Victor Needles with Victor Records



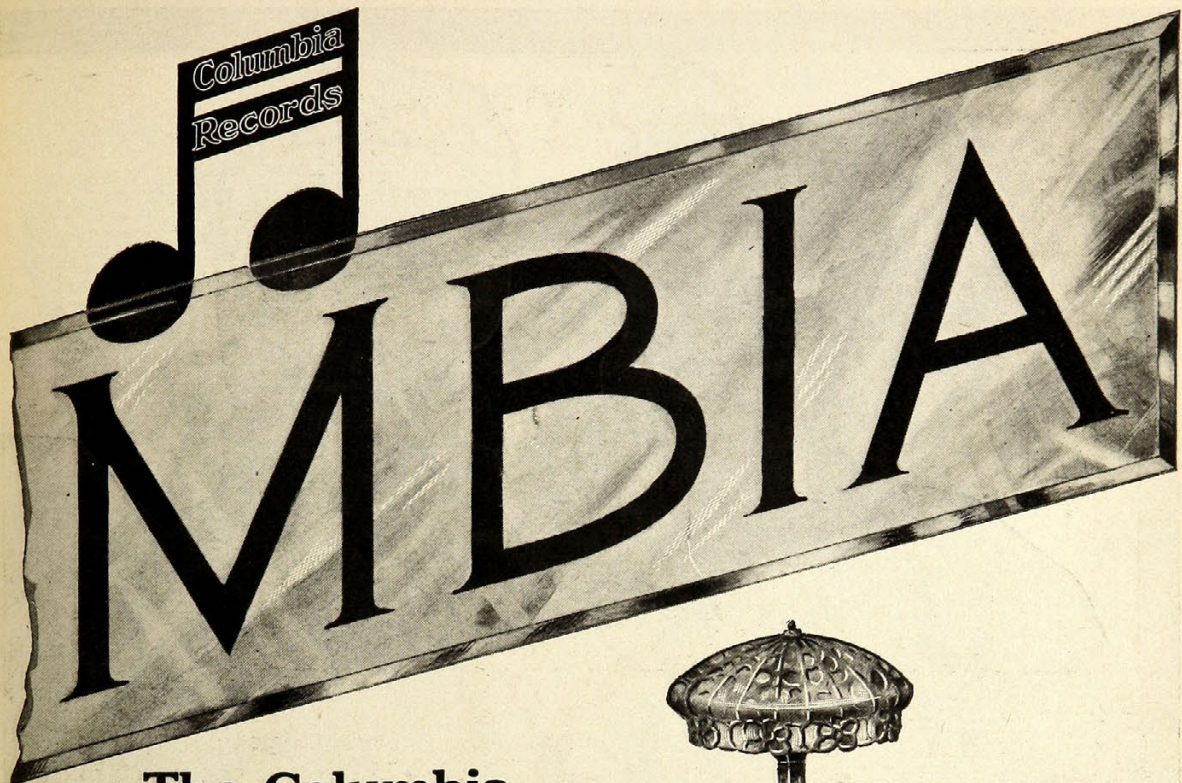
Lina Cavalieri
sings
exclusively
for the

As the forerunners of a magnificent new series of Columbia Double-Disc Grand Opera Records, we are here announcing the first records Cavalieri has ever been persuaded to sing,—and they are ready for you at the nearest Columbia dealer's.

- A-5178** { La Boheme "Mi chiamano Mimi."
Mefistofele "L'alta notte in fondo al mare."
A-5179 { Maria! Mari! (Neapolitan)
Carmen, "Habanera."
A-5172 { Manon Lescaut. "Inquelle trine morbide."
La Tosca, "Preghiera."

In these Columbia Double-Disc Records the art of recording the soprano voice is shown at its best. Every note is clear, true and musical; and, as reproduced, has exactly the same tonal and dramatic inflection as when rendered originally by the singer in our laboratory.

As above, in 12-inch double-disc form, a selection on each side of the disc—\$3. Each selection is also issued as a single disc at \$2.



The Columbia GRAFONOLA

is "the one incomparable musical instrument"—the one perfect, complete, unique and most versatile entertainer. Its vocalism is the voice itself—true in tone, tempo and timbre, with no loss of individuality, no alteration in value; every most delicate phrase a perfect tone-picture.



The Columbia is the original of all the modern graphophones, phonographs and talking machines. *Make comparisons.* It's *your* money, it's *your* time, it's *your* pleasure that is being considered. You can select a Graphophone at \$20 or \$100, or almost anywhere between. Catalog of Graphophones and Grafonolas free.



THE COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA
"Regent"—\$200

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Gen'l, Dept. D, Tribune Bldg., N. Y.

Prices in Canada plus duty. Headquarters for Canada—264 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont
Dealers Wanted—Exclusive selling rights given where we are not properly represented.



The men who uphold the standards of American sport today are clean men—clean of action and clean of face. Your baseball star takes thought of his personal appearance—it's a part of his team ethics. He starts the day with a clean shave—and, like all self-reliant men, he shaves himself.

Wagner, Jennings, Kling, Donovan, Chance—each of the headliners owns a Gillette Safety Razor *and uses it*. The Gillette is typical of the American spirit. It is used by capitalists, professional men, business men—by men of action all over this country—*three million of them*.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 52 W. Second Street, Boston
New York, Times Building Chicago, Stock Exchange Building Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London
Eastern Office, Shanghai, China Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal



Its use starts habits of energy—of initiative. And men who *do* for themselves are men who *think* for themselves.

Be master of your own time. Buy a Gillette and use it.

You can shave with it the first time you try. The only perfectly *safe* razor and the only safety razor that shaves on the correct hollow ground shaving principle.

No stropping, no honing.

Send your name on a post card for our new Base Ball book, schedule of all League games, batting records, 24 pages of interesting facts and figures. Every fan should have it. It's free.

King C Gillette

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 52 W. Second Street, Boston

Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

A TABLESPOON IS THE HOUSEHOLD STANDARD OF MEASURE FOR SOAP POWDERS

DON'T be fooled by the size of the Soap Powder Packages. Some *look* big but *do* little.

Here are the results of an actual test:

You should be able to guess the story—think of Corn *before* and *after* it is POPPED

PEARLINE

ALWAYS HAS BEEN—IS NOW ALWAYS WILL BE

Best by Test

TRY TO MAKE SOAP PASTE OF THE FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS BY PEARLINE'S DIRECTIONS—SEE WHAT YOU'LL GET



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF PEARLINE WEIGHED ONE OUNCE



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF ONE OF THE FLUFFED, LOOK-BIG PACKAGES WEIGHED ONE-HALF OUNCE



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF ANOTHER OF THE FLUFFED, LOOK-BIG PACKAGES WEIGHED ONE-HALF OUNCE SCANT

STANDISH WORSTEDS PLYMOUTH

The
Trade Mark
on the Cloth

You should know the cloth in your tailored clothes. Don't depend on a salesman's say-so—insist that this trade mark be stamped on the back of all suitings you select. It is a guaranty of honest materials, expert weaving and perfect finish. Let us send you our booklet, "Standish Worsteds, Plymouth," showing how to avoid pitfalls in cloth selection.

Our exclusive close-finish worsteds, serges and cheviots in Saxony and Scotch effects; our soft undressed worsteds for business wear; our superior cloths for more formal dress and for overcoatings are the delight of particular people and their tailors everywhere. Look at them.

THE STANDISH WORSTED COMPANY, Plymouth, Mass.

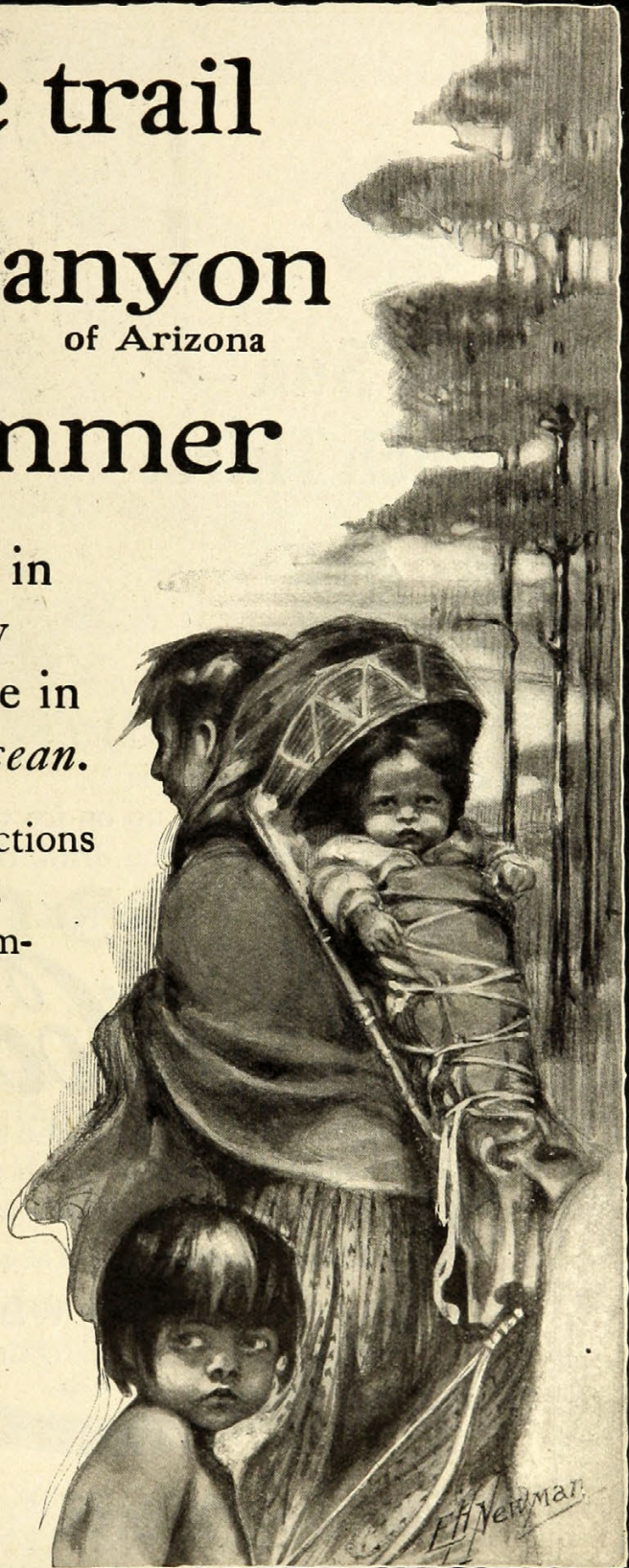
Try the trail Grand Canyon of Arizona this Summer

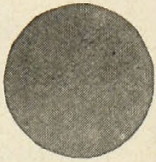
Climb the Rockies in
Colorado, see lovely
Yosemite, and bathe in
the blue *Pacific Ocean*.

These are vacation attractions
offered by the Santa Fe.
Low-fare round-trip sum-
mer excursions through
the Southwest Land of
Enchantment.


Let us send you our three summer folders:
"A Colorado Summer," "Titan of
Chasms—Grand Canyon," and
"California Summer Excursions."

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





Hot Sun — Much Thirst



Now be careful.
Too much liquid
is bad—too little is
worse. Don't fill up on ice water—
anyway, the more you drink the more you
want.

DRINK

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK

One glass satisfies. It has the wetness—a vim,
dash and sparkle that delights parched palates
and refreshes tired bodies and brains.

Delicious--Refreshing--Thirst-Quenching

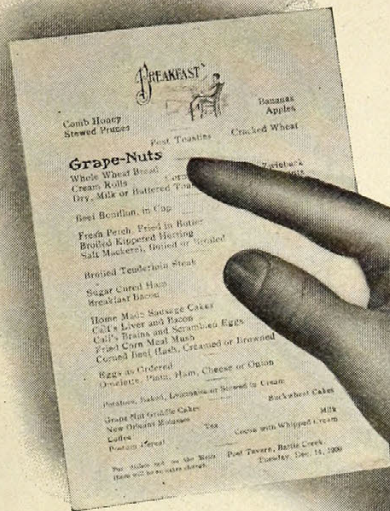
5c Everywhere

Send for
our interest-
ing booklet,
"The Truth
About Coca-Cola."

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever
you see an
Arrow think
of Coca-Cola





**Begin the Day
Well—**

Grape-Nuts

with Cream

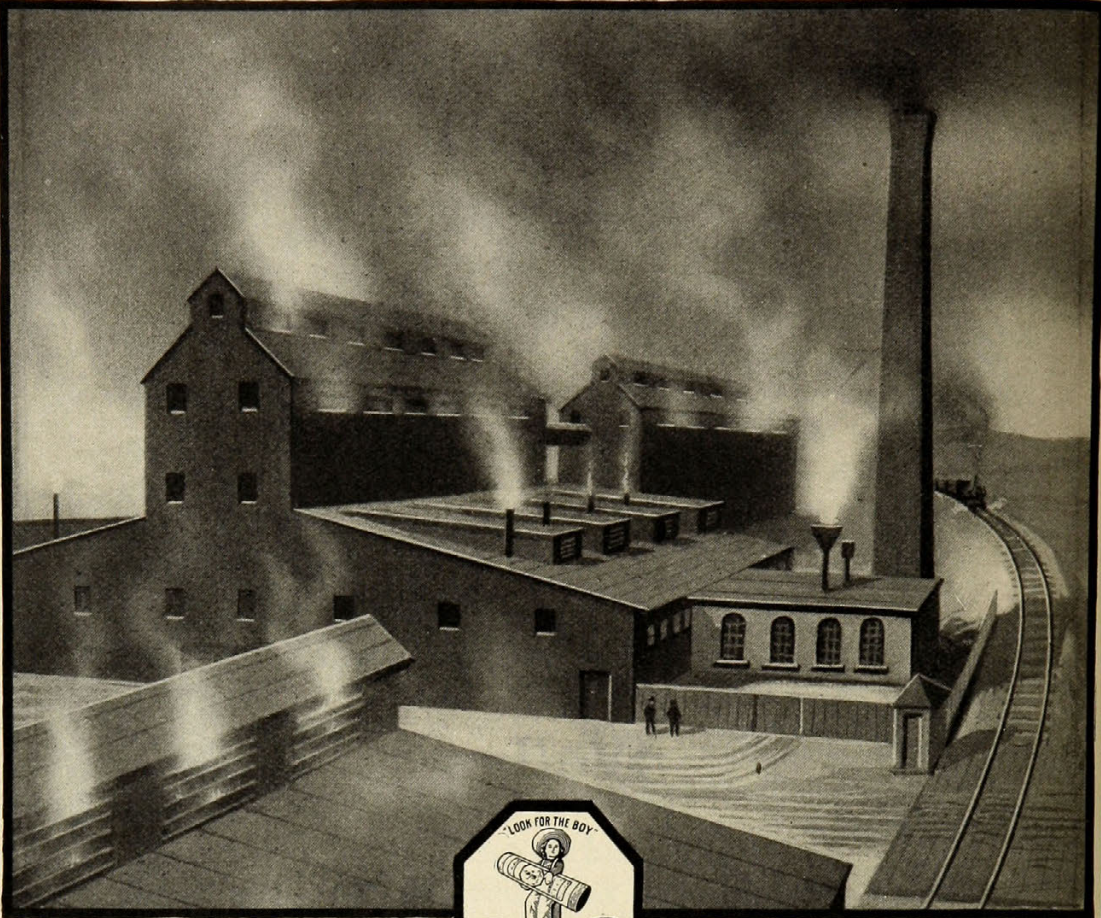
is a scientific, partially predigested food, containing the vital elements of wheat and barley for rebuilding body and brain.

It is easily and quickly assimilated, and does not detract from the morning's energy as do many other foods which are hard to digest.

Grape-Nuts sustains body and brain in fine fettle for any activity the day's business or pleasure may present.

“There's a Reason” for Grape-Nuts.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.



Absolutely Non-Corrosive and Indestructible

AMONG Acid, Chemical, Fertilizer and kindred Industries special attention must be given to the roof. The corroding action of escaping gases and chemical exhalations, which causes rapid deterioration of all ordinary roofs, does *not* affect

REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING

Its non-volatile and non-corrosive ingredients, with its impenetrable *outer* coating, and flint *under* coating, *prevent* decay. In addition it is practically non-combustible. Adopted by chemical engineers because of acid, gaseous, weather and fire-resisting qualities it is the *best* roofing for such trying conditions. These exceptional features also make it the Ideal roofing for all classes of buildings, whether dwelling or industrial. Send for our new Book, "Roof Tests." It's free.

FOUNDED
1837

J. A. & W. BIRD & COMPANY
48 India Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS
EVERYWHERE

WINCHESTER

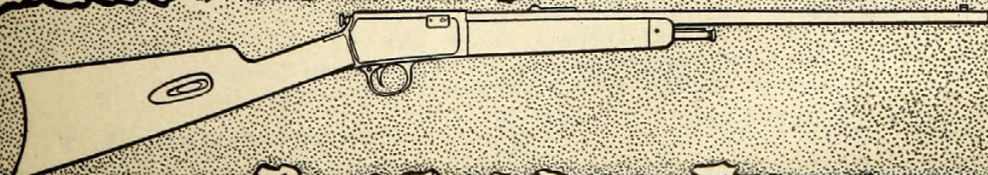
.22 CALIBER

AUTOMATIC RIFLE

This rifle reloads itself, the recoil doing the work. It is only necessary to pull the trigger for each shot, which places reloading, as well as firing, under control of the trigger finger. Another desirable and distinctive feature of this rifle is that it shoots inexpensive, rim fire, smokeless powder cartridges which are clean to handle, being loaded with Winchester Greaseless Bullets. This rifle is a light-weight, ten-shot, take-down repeater, that is easy to load and easy to take down and clean. There is nothing complicated about it, being simple, safe and reliable. Ask your dealer to show you one. It's just

THE .22 FOR CITY, COUNTRY OR CAMP.

*Winchester Guns and Winchester Ammunition—
The Red **W** Brand—are made in the same
plant for each other and sold everywhere.*





YOUR photographs will be more artistic if you use the film that has chromatic balance.

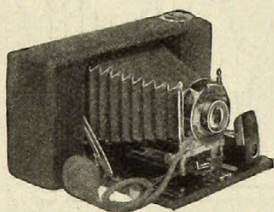
Nature is a riot of color. To portray Nature faithfully by photography requires a rendering of each color tone in its correct value. Notice the multitude of tones in the landscape above. A few are indicated on the margins. Yet many of the softer gradations of the original photograph were lost in the mechanical process of its reproduction in this magazine.

You can make photographs with great range of tone and richness of color values if you use

The "ANSCO" Film

Because of its extraordinary qualities in properly interpreting varied tones, this film produces results not possible heretofore without special orthochromatic apparatus. It places new possibilities in art photography within the reach of every amateur.

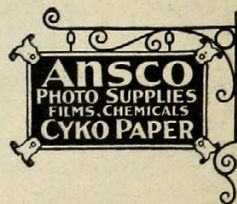
AnSCO Film are easy to work and handle. They have exceptional speed and latitude, minimizing uncertainty. Non-curling; non-halation; off-setting is prevented by perfectly non-actinic black paper and properly-prepared emulsion. Made in sizes to fit any film camera. Cost no more than ordinary kinds.



No. 10
ANSCO,
3¼ x 5½

Give your negatives the best chance by printing with CYKO Paper. Insist that others who do work for you use CYKO.

The AnSCO line comprises cameras, chemicals, everything needed by professional or amateur. Sold by progressive independent dealers everywhere. Look for the AnSCO Sign and buy where you see it.



Beautiful Camera Catalog, also Two-volume Photographic Library—Free. Ask your dealer or write to

ANSCO COMPANY,

Binghamton, N. Y.

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

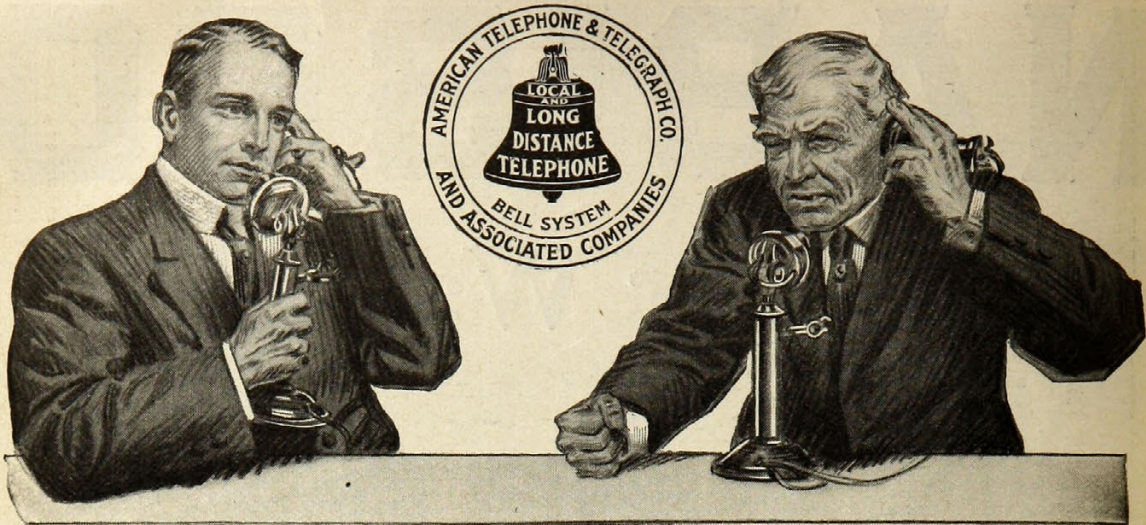


As an accompaniment to chocolate or tea, or an adjunct to the dessert of a formal dinner, NABISCO Sugar Wafers are equally appropriate. Keep a few tins of these most delightful confections on hand—then you are prepared for any dessert emergency.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Dr. Jekyll *and* Mr. Hyde At the Telephone

Courteous and considerate co-operation is as essential at the telephone as in the office or home.

In every use of the telephone system, three human factors are brought into action—one at each end, one or both anxious and probably impatient, another at the central office, an expert, at least as intelligent and reliable as the best stenographers or bookkeepers.

For the time being, this central office factor is the personal servant of the other two and

is entitled to the same consideration that is naturally given to their regular employees.

Perfect service depends upon the perfect co-ordinate action of all three factors—any one failing, the service suffers. This should never be forgotten.

All attempts to entirely eliminate the personal factor at the central office, to make it a machine, have been unsuccessful. There are times when no mechanism, however ingenious, can take the place of human intelligence.

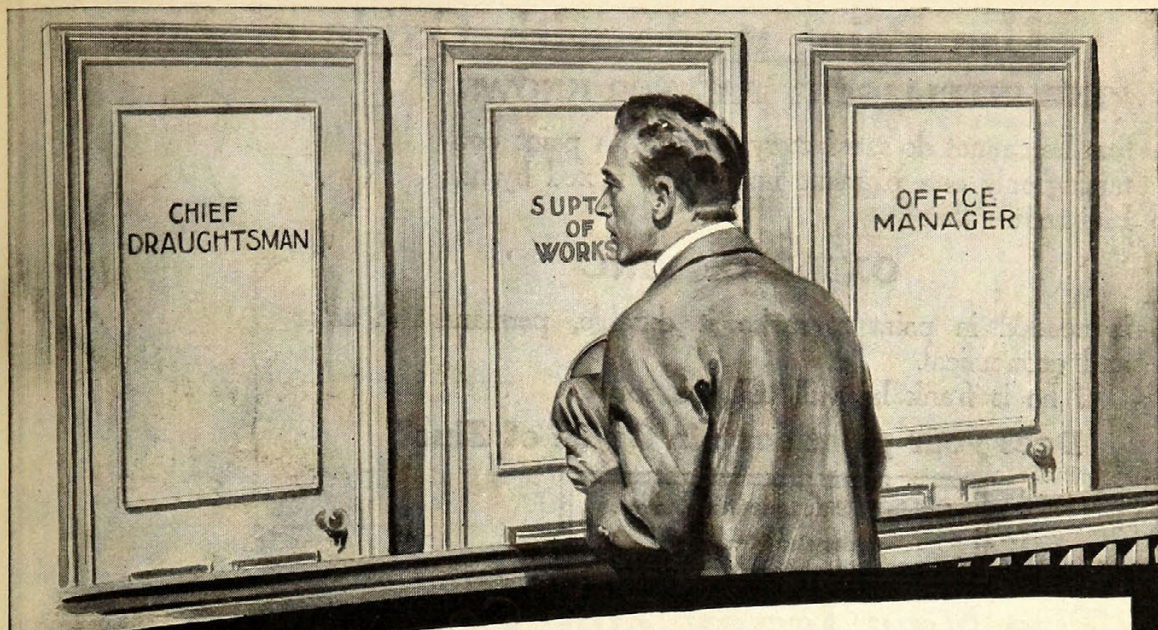
The marvelous growth of the Bell System has made the use of the telephone universal and the misuse a matter of public concern. Discourtesy on the part of telephone users is only possible when they fail to realize the efficiency of the service. It will cease when they talk over the telephone as they would talk face to face.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy,

One System,

Universal Service.



What Position Do YOU Want?

Is there some position "higher up" that you have your eyes on, but which requires *special training* to secure and *hold*? Is there some line of work that appeals to you more strongly than the one in which you are now engaged, but which calls for *expert knowledge*?

Summed up—*is lack of training keeping you back*? If so, the International Correspondence Schools have a way by which you can advance—a way that is within your means—that doesn't rob you of your working time—that doesn't necessitate your leaving home—that doesn't mean giving up the little pleasures of life.

Mark the attached coupon and learn *how the I. C. S. can advance you*. Marking it costs you nothing and yet brings you information and advice that *will help you shape your career*—information and advice that you cannot get elsewhere at any price.

A Better Position For YOU

Mark the coupon and learn how the I. C. S. can change you from a dissatisfied to a satisfied man—how it can fit you *for your chosen occupation*—raise your salary—make you successful.

The I. C. S. can do all this. This is proved by the 300 letters received *every month* from students who **VOLUNTARILY** report better salaries and positions *as the direct result of I. C. S. help.* During April the number was 338.

Your advancement rests with YOU. The first step forward is the marking of the coupon. The I. C. S. method is adapted to meet your particular needs and means.

"Better Position" Coupon

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 814 SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertising Man
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Designer & Craftsman
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer
Concrete Engineer

Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Plumber & Steam Fitter
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architect
Architect
Structural Engineer
Banking
Mining Engineer
Automobile Operator

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Use Paint made with Oxide of Zinc

THE INTELLIGENT PAINTER KNOWS

that he cannot do satisfactory work with paint containing only one pigment imperfectly mixed by hand. He knows that

OXIDE OF ZINC

is needed in paint to make it durable, permanent in color and economical.

If he is frank he will tell you so.

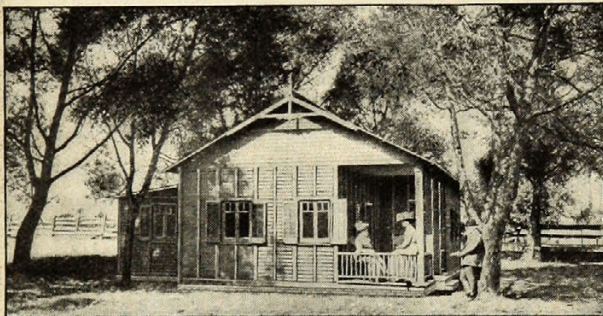
Does your paint contain Oxide of Zinc?

Oxide of Zinc is unalterable even under the blow-pipe

The New Jersey Zinc Co.

National City Bank Building
55 Wall Street, New York

We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in oil. A list of manufacturers of Oxide of Zinc Paints mailed free on request.



The Original, Reliable and Largest Manufacturers of Portable Houses
We Pay the Freight and Deliver our Houses to any R. R. Station in U. S.

MERSHON & MORLEY CO., 810 Main St., Saginaw, Mich. NEW YORK OFFICE: No. 1 Madison Ave., Room 8102 B

M & M PORTABLE HOUSES and GARAGES

Substantial, beautiful summer and winter Cottages and Bungalows. Inexpensive, complete in every detail. Save labor, worry and material. Wind and weatherproof. Built on Unit Plan, no nails, no carpenter. Everything fits. Anyone can set up.

We are the pioneer reliable portable house builders. Have longest experience, most skillful labor, latest facilities, keep constantly on our docks, and in our yards and dry kilns,

50 Million Feet Seasoned White Pine best weather-resisting timber known—enabling us to make quickest shipments and lowest prices.

Enclose 4 cents for our handsome book of Plans and Designs which also gives names and addresses of those who have owned and occupied our houses for years. Don't buy a Portable House till you know what the largest, oldest makers offer.

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of

CANCER

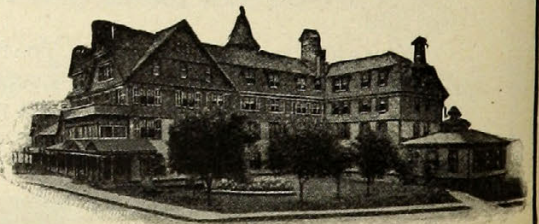
Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure

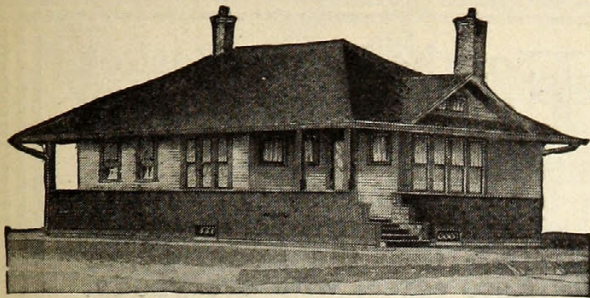
The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established thirty-two years.

For complete information address

BERKSHIRE HILLS SANATORIUM

North Adams Massachusetts





\$665.00

BUYS THE MATERIAL NEEDED TO BUILD THIS HOME!

DESIGN No. 162.

Price Includes Blue Prints; Architect's Specifications; Full Details; Working Plans and Itemized List of Material.

In our plan No. 162 we show a bungalow of the most modern and up-to-date type. Size 28 ft. wide by 42 ft. 6 ins. deep. It has a magnificent living room, 21 ft. wide by 13 ft. 6 in. deep, a dining room 16x12, kitchen, chambers and bath room in proportion, with plenty of closets for each room. The lower half of this building is covered with shingles and the upper half with beveled siding. This arrangement makes it susceptible to such treatment in exterior decorations to bring out the salient features of this design to the best advantage. The interior arrangement leaves nothing to be desired for a building of this class. Taking into account its external appearance, economy of construction, and cozy interior arrangement, we believe that this is one of the best bungalows ever designed.

We Save You Big Money on Lumber & Building Material.

The Chicago House Wrecking Co. is the largest concern in the world devoted to the sale of Lumber and Building Material direct to the consumer. No one else can make you an offer like the one shown above. We propose to furnish you everything needed for the construction of this building except Plumbing, Heating and Masonry Material. Write us for exact details of what we furnish. It will be in accordance with our specifications, and gives you the opportunity to save money on your purchase.

How We Operate:

We purchase at Sheriffs' Sales, Receivers' Sales and Manufacturers' Sales, besides owning outright sawmills and lumber yards. If you buy this very same building material elsewhere it will surely cost you a great deal more money. By our "direct to you" methods we eliminate several middlemen's profits. We can prove this to you.

What Our Stock Consists of:

We have everything needed in Building Material for a building of any sort. Lumber, Sash, Doors, Millwork, Structural Iron, Steel and Prepared Roofing. We also have Machinery, Hardware, Furniture, Household Goods, Office Fixtures, Wire Fencing—in fact, anything required to build or equip. Everything for the Home, the Office, the Factory or the Field. Send us your carpenter's or contractor's bill for our low estimate. We will prove our ability to save you money. WRITE US TODAY, giving us a complete list of everything you need.

Our Guarantee.

This company has a capital stock and surplus of over \$1,000,000.00. We guarantee absolute satisfaction in every detail. If you buy any material from us not as represented, we will take it back at our freight expense and return your money. We recognize the virtue of a satisfied customer. We will in every instance "Make Good." Thousands of satisfied customers prove this. We refer you to any bank or banker anywhere. Look us up in the Mercantile Agencies. Ask any Express Company. Our responsibility is unquestioned.

Free Book of Plans.

We publish a handsome, illustrated book containing designs of Cottages, Bungalows, Barns, Houses, etc. We can furnish the material complete for any of these designs. This book is mailed free to those who correctly fill in the coupon below. Even if you have no immediate intention of building, we advise that you obtain a copy of our FREE BOOK OF PLANS. It's a valuable book.

\$2.00 Buys a Complete Set of Blue Prints, Plans, Specifications and List of Materials.

We send you a set of plans for the house described above, including the necessary specifications and complete list of materials, transportation charges prepaid, for the low price of \$2.00. This is only a deposit, a guarantee of good faith, and the proposition to you is that after receiving these blue prints, specifications and list of materials, if you place an order with us for complete bill of materials, we will credit your account in full for the \$2.00 received, or we will allow you to return these plans, specifications and list of materials to us and we will refund \$1.50, thereby making the total cost to you 50 cents.

Free Publications.

Fill in the coupon to the right and we will send you such literature as best suits your needs. We publish a 500-page mammoth catalog fully illustrated, giving our business history and showing all the vast lines of merchandise that we have for sale. We buy our goods at Sheriffs', Receivers' and Manufacturers' Sales. Ask for catalog No. 910. Our free "Book of Plans" is described elsewhere in this advertisement.

Chicago House Wrecking Co.
35th and Iron Streets, Chicago

SEND US THIS COUPON

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING COMPANY

I saw your advertisement in McClure's Magazine. I am interested in

.....
 Name.....
 Town.....
 County..... State.....



For the Picnic Basket
—take Karo along—
Eat it with biscuit or spread
on bread.

Use it for a tea punch—hot or iced
coffee. Cooling drinks are delicious sweet-
ened with Karo (See the Book, pages
26 to 28). Karo agrees with everybody.

Karo

CORN SYRUP

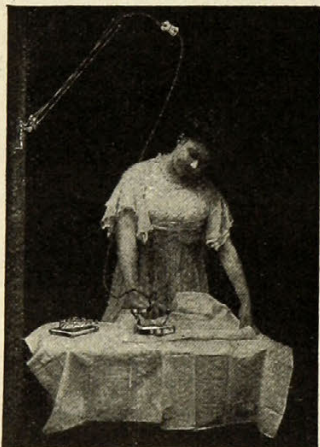
Eat it on	Use it for
Griddle cakes	Ginger bread
Hot biscuit	Cookies
Waffles	Candy

Karo Cook Book—fifty pages, including
thirty perfect recipes for home candy
making—Free. Send your name on a post-
card, today, to

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
NEW YORK
Dept. H P. O. Box 161



THE SIMPLEX ELECTRIC



FLATIRON

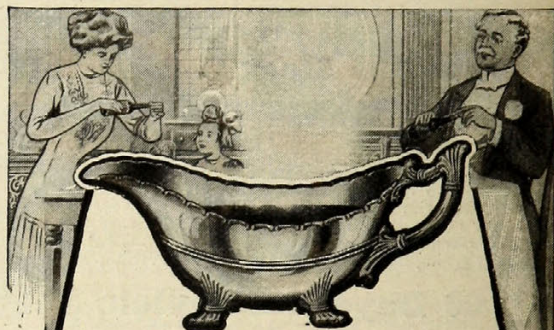
is always ready and never fails to give perfect satisfaction to the
user. It is clean, convenient, and makes ironing a pleasure. Stays
hot as long as the plug is in. Every Simplex Electric Iron carries
with it a Simplex guarantee. Write for booklet "J"

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Monadnock Block,
Chicago.

612 Howard St.,
San Francisco, Cal.



GRAVIES

Test the ability of a cook. To
obtain the right seasoning use

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops,
Game, Welsh Rarebits, Chafing Dish
Cooking and Salad Dressings are improved
by its use. **Try it!**

Shun Substitutes.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
Agents, N. Y.

CREX

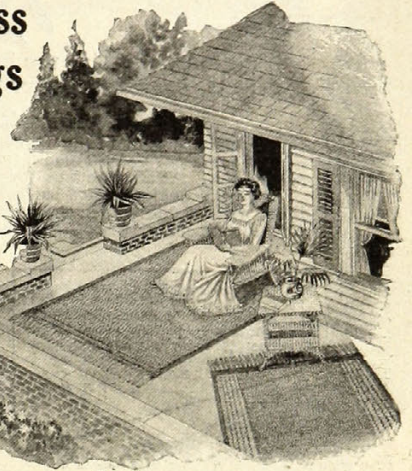
Grass Carpets and Rugs

TRADE MARK

Can You Think of Anything More Cozy and Inviting than to have your cottage in the country or bungalow by the seashore completely furnished with

Crex Grass Carpets & Rugs

The natural characteristics of CREX suggest a cool, refreshing atmosphere, while convenience and refined taste demand its use during the summer months throughout the house and on the porches.



Rugs: In all sizes of exclusive designs and beautiful colors.
Carpets: Solid colors—plain and striped effects—in all widths.

Caution: Avoid imitations—look for **CREX** label. For sale everywhere.

Send for free booklet M. C., beautifully illustrated.
CREX CARPET COMPANY, 377 Broadway, New York

"The Tanks with a Reputation"

VILLAGE WATER WORKS

are installed complete by us, including pump, engine, pipe and hydrants, or we furnish you a

CALDWELL

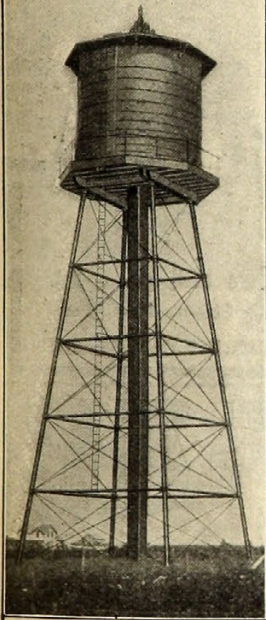
Tank and Tower

and let you do the rest. This cuts down your insurance and gives you protection besides.

The tank is constructed either of Steel or Everlasting Red Gulf Cypress with steel hoops of guaranteed strength and such perfect joints, leaks are unknown.

The famous Tubular Column Towers are of massive bridge-like weight and strength, and stand solid as a rock in a cyclone.

You can erect or we will. 25 Years' Experience. Send for illustrated catalogue "V" of wood and steel tanks and sixty-four page Embossed View Book.



City Water Works, Menno, South Dakota.

W. E. CALDWELL CO., Incorporated
LOUISVILLE, KY., U. S. A.

TANKS—Steel, Wood, Galvanized—TOWERS
 WIND MILLS—PUMPS—GAS ENGINES—NIAGARA RAMS

Take a Good Look at This Label



It stands for all that is best in shovel construction. It is a positive guarantee that any shovel bearing this label and the "O. Ames" die-stamp is the best—the world's standard.

That's the Shovel

"O. Ames" Shovels

are built right—on scientific principles. Design, material, construction, workmanship—every part from start to finish has been planned and worked out with an eye single to the highest efficiency and durability.

O. AMES

THE QUALITY MARK

Remember to look for the "O. Ames" stamp and label if you want to secure a quality-made shovel.

We would like to mail you "Shovel Facts." It is free—just send us your name and address on a post card.

OLIVER AMES & SONS
 Corporation
Ames Building, Boston, Mass.



Two kinds of oxford laces in one

Narrow and tubular in the centre to slide freely through the eyelets and give strength where needed. Broad and flat at the ends to tie into a neat, shapely bow without crushing.

Nufashond **Oxford Laces**

Patented May 7, 1907

not only combine the best features of flat and tubular laces without any of their defects, but wear longer than two pairs of ordinary laces—every pair **guaranteed 3 months**

All pure silk, and tipped with patented tips that are fast in color and won't come off. **25 cents per pair** in black, tan, and oxblood—for men's and women's oxfords. Every pair in a sealed box. At all shoe and dry-goods stores, and haberdashers.

If your dealer hasn't Nufashond, we'll send them on receipt of price. Write us anyway for illustrated booklet which shows our complete line of shoe laces, including our "N F 10" tubular laces for high shoes. **Guaranteed 6 months.**

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co., Dent, H, Reading, Pa.

"N F" Silk Corset Laces
Full lengths of perfect braid—4 to 10 yards long, in various widths and colors. Stronger than imported laces; and absolutely clean—put up in individual sealed envelopes. **25 cents to \$1.**


Nufashond Shoe Laces
Combination flat and tubular
Patented May 7, 1907
Guaranteed 3 months

GOERZ LENSES

Get our book from any photographic supply dealer free, or we'll send it if you'll enclose three 2c. stamps and ask for it.

This book tells and shows why the famous Goerz Lenses will give you better results than you can expect to get from any other lenses made. It covers the subject of lenses accurately and comprehensively and contains a lot of information useful to everyone interested in photography. Illustrated with many examples of the work of Goerz Lenses. Contains full particulars and price list.

C. P. GOERZ AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY, Office and Factory: 79B East 130th Street, New York
Makers of Goerz Lenses, Goerz Binoculars and Goerz Cameras
Dealers' Distributing Agencies:—For Middle West: Burke & James, Chicago; San Francisco: Hirsch & Kaiser; Canada: R. F. Smith, Montreal




JAP-A-LAC

Don't allow your **FLOORS** to remain in a marred and unsightly condition. Refinish them yourself, with JAP-A-LAC. It dries over night and is the hardest, most beautiful finish made.

For sale by Drug, Hardware and Paint Dealers

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., 5778 Glidden Bldg., Cleveland, O.



"Porosknit"

Summer Underwear

FOR MEN FOR BOYS

The open texture of Porosknit permits thorough ventilation, thereby evaporating the hot perspiration first absorbed by the soft, elastic Porosknit fabric. Perfect in fit, because properly proportioned. Always cool. Surprisingly durable.

When Buying Insist On This Label



It Is On Every Genuine Garment

FOR MEN
50c

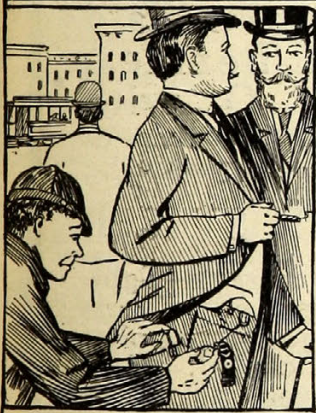
Any Style
Shirts and Drawers
per garment

FOR BOYS
25c

Write us for instructive Underwear Booklet.

Ask for "Porosknit" Union Suits, \$1.00 for Men; 50c for Boys
Buy from dealers. Write us for instructive Underwear Booklet.
CHALMERS KNITTING CO., 12 Washington Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Bridgeport Fastener



**He Can't Get
Your Watch**

If it is Secured by a

Bridgeport Watch Guard

*At all jewelers and
haberdashers*

Bridgeport Fasteners are used also for

- Wallet Holders**
- Bachelor Buttons**
- Cuff Holders**
- Drawers Supporters**
- Necktie Fasteners, etc.**

Nickel Plated Guard Chain mailed for - 10c.
Gold Plated Guard Chain mailed for - 25c.

*Booklet illustrating and giving prices
of other articles sent on request.*

EUGENE H. FERREE, 57 Market St., Lockport, N. Y.



You Can Buy a Linene Collar

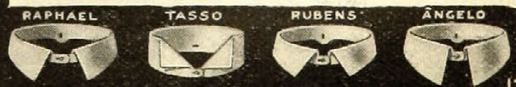
for less than the cost of laundering a linen collar, but can't tell them apart when on the neck. The turn down styles of Linene Collars can be worn both sides at a cost of only 1¼ cents for the wearing of each side.

10 Collars for 25 Cents at the stores,
or by mail 30 Cents in U. S. stamps.
SAMPLE BY MAIL for 6 Cents.

State size and style

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY

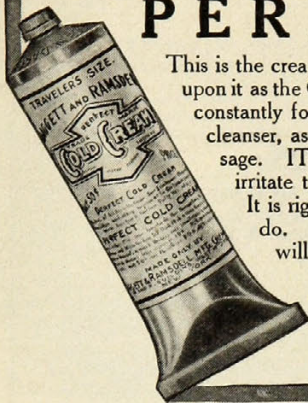
Dept. P, Boston, Mass.





TIME IN ITS FLIGHT FALLS LIGHTLY ON
THE FACE THAT IS DAILY CLEANSED WITH

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM



This is the cream which has become the standard of the world. Refined women in every country depend upon it as the ONE indispensable toilet requisite. They have reasons to believe in it. They have used it constantly for 20 years. They know that it improves their personal appearance. They use it as a skin cleanser, as a complexion beautifier, as a soothing, healing emollient, for all skin troubles, and for massage. **IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR GROW.** This is guaranteed. It does not dry or irritate the skin. It does not turn yellow or rancid.

It is rightly named "Perfect" because it does PERFECTLY all that any toilet cream can possibly do. You will find it so delightful to use that you will thank us for sending a free tube. You will become so enthusiastic about it, that you will tell all your friends how good it is.

WRITE FOR FREE TUBE TO-DAY

Your dealer has it now. Traveler's Tubes, 50c, 25c, and 10c; Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50. With the sample tube we will mail an interesting book, "*Beware the Finger of Time,*" which contains valuable lessons on the care of the skin.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. B, D. & R. Building, NEW YORK



Try a Kingsford custard
with tart berries,
served cold. Or, with
summer fruits, a delicate sauce or
cream—easy to make and hard to surpass.

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

makes ideal summer desserts—light, cooling and easily digested. Kingsford's will help your juicy fruit pies, such as rhubarb and cherry. Used in the pastry, it keeps the under crust dry and tender.

All these things in Cook Book "H." "What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch"—168 of the best recipes you ever tried. *The book is free.* Send for it. Your name on a post card will bring it.

T. KINGSFORD & SON
Oswego, N. Y.
National Starch Co., Successors





When the sunburn burns
or the wind chaps, you'll be glad you thought
to take with you

Williams' Talc Powder

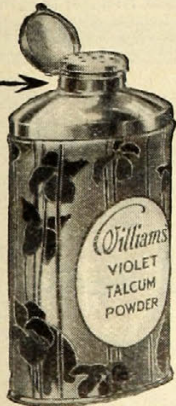
a pure, antiseptic talc powder that soothes and refreshes. Pack a supply in your trunk; the hinged cover on the box prevents leaking and escape of the perfume. Two odors—Violet and Carnation.

A liberal sample in a miniature can for four cents

For 4 cents in stamps you can get enough Williams' Talc Powder to give it a thorough trial. The sample cans are exact miniatures of the larger cans, and have the same convenient, non-leaking top. Specify which odor—Carnation or Violet.

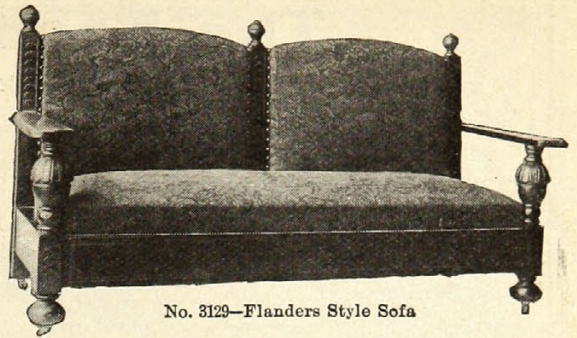
Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.
(Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Soaps)

You can tell it by
the Quick-Opening,
Quick-Closing,
Hinged-Cover Box



*Two odors,
Violet and
Carnation*

Ask your dealer for Williams' Toilet Soaps, Jersey Cream, Violet, Lilac, Heliotrope, Carnation, etc.



No. 3129—Flanders Style Sofa

The Karpen Keynote— Quality Reasonably Priced

The Karpen Trade-mark on a piece of upholstered furniture is your positive assurance of the very utmost in furniture value.

It means designs that are the embodiment of style, harmonious and always in good taste.

It means construction that you can rely upon—the finest materials put together by master craftsmen.

And no matter where you live, the entire Karpen collection is yours to choose from. The best dealer in your town sells Karpen furniture. He will show you our immense Style Book, which illustrates

over 1,000 pieces of fine upholstered furniture. Even the largest city store cannot rival such an assortment. There is a piece for every purpose, at a wide range of prices.

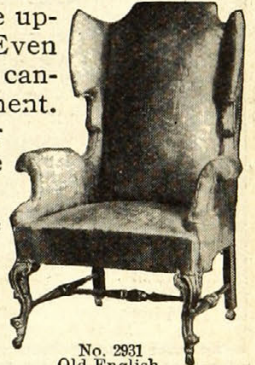
And in addition we want to send you

Free Karpen Style Book Z

It pictures over 500 pieces of Karpen Upholstered Furniture, with description and price—tells you the secrets of true furniture value—the methods that have made Karpen furniture the standard of comparison for over 30 years.

And if your dealer hasn't the piece you select he can get it from us on short notice. We will authorize him to make you a special price.

Write for Style Book Z today.



No. 2931
Old English
Fireside Chair

S. Karpen & Bros.

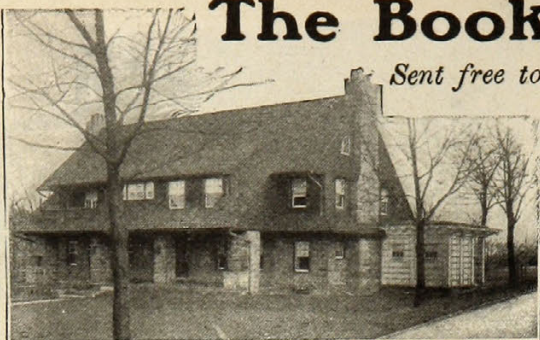
Karpen Building, - CHICAGO
Karpen Building, - NEW YORK
20 Sudbury St., - BOSTON



Hundreds of pieces of Karpen Furniture will be placed in the
New York City Public Library. (50)

The Book of 100 Houses

Sent free to anyone who intends to build.



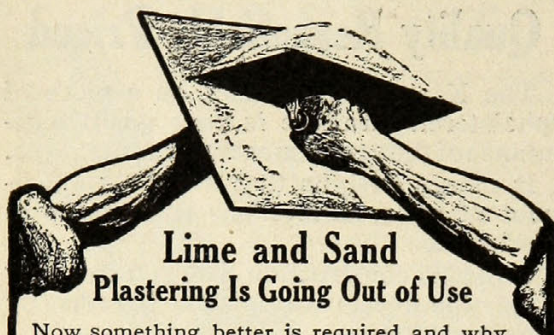
Charles Barton Keen, Architect, Philadelphia

This book contains photographic views of over 100 houses of all kinds (from the smallest camps and bungalows to the largest residences) in all parts of the country, that have been stained with

Cabot's Shingle Stains.

They are designed by leading architects and are full of ideas and suggestions of interest and value to those who contemplate building.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc. Sole Manufacturers,
139 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.
Agents at all Central Points.



Lime and Sand Plastering Is Going Out of Use

Now something better is required and why not if the "something better" costs no more?

Climax Wood Mortar

TRADE **G.R.P.** MARK
QUALITY

GRAND RAPIDS
PLASTER COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Climax Wood Mortar is one of our quality brands of Gypsum Rock Plaster. It does away with all wall troubles.

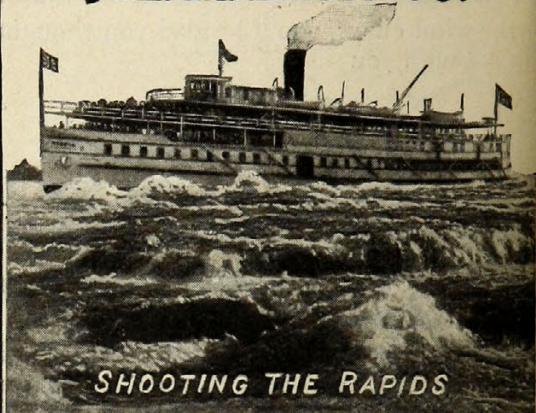
Use Climax Wood Mortar over some good Plaster Board, instead of the old fashioned, fire trap, wooden lath.

We publish a booklet that you can have without charge. It explains why the new way of plastering makes a better building, saves coal, saves insurance, saves trouble, makes the building more comfortable to live in, easier to sell or rent—and at no increased cost!

Grand Rapids Plaster Company
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Makers of
Climax Wood Mortar Hercules Wall Plaster
Superior Wood Fibre Plaster Gypsum Wall Plaster
Sales Agents for Sackett Plaster Board

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

NIAGARA TO THE SEA

Through the Venetian Scenery of the Thousand Islands, the exciting descent of all the marvelous Rapids and the historic Associations of Old Quebec (America's Gibraltar) thence to the incomparable Saguenay River, with its majestic Capes, "Trinity" and "Eternity."

Send 6c. postage for illustrated guide.
THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager Dept. "Q" Montreal, Can.

For ashes or garbage this can will last for years

Stands hard knocks. Fire and rust proof. Looks neat. Will not leak. Clean and sanitary.

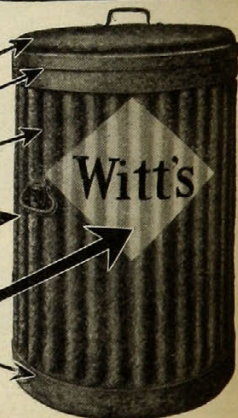
Here are the reasons why.

- One piece lid—fitting over outside edge—no rain gets in—no odors get out.
- Heavy steel bands—riveted, not soldered.
- Two inch corrugations—greatest strength.
- One-piece body—no wooden strips—no braces.
- One-piece bottom—resting on rim—tested to hold water.

Witt's corrugated galvanized steel cans and pails are made in three sizes each. If your dealer can't supply you, we will, direct.

The Witt Cornice Co., Dept. 4, 2118-24 Winchell Ave., Cincinnati, O.

LOOK FOR THE YELLOW LABEL



FASHIONABLE MEN
WEAR THE NEEDRAW

Boston Garter

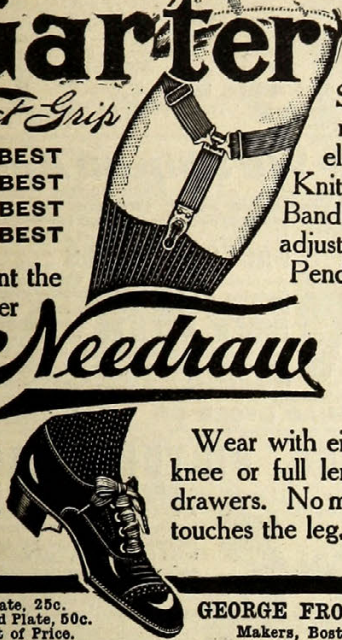
Velvet Grip

FITS BEST
WEARS BEST
FEELS BEST
LOOKS BEST

If you want the
best garter
insist
on the

Needraw

Conforms
to contour
of leg per-
fectly.



Soft,
non-
elastic
Knit Leg
Band with
adjustable
Pendant.

Wear with either
knee or full length
drawers. No metal
touches the leg.

GEORGE FROST CO.
Makers, Boston.

Cotton, Nickel Plate, 25c.
Silk Pendant, Gold Plate, 50c.
Mailed on Receipt of Price.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

SUMMER DELIGHTS
are enjoyed by thousands of women who
are immune from complexion worries.
They are the users of Lablache.
They are recognized by faces free
from wrinkles—that are never shiny
or disfigured by exposure to the
elements, and a skin always smooth
and velvety.

Refuse Substitutes. They may be
dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink,
or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists
or by mail.

Send 10c. for sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.

French Perfumers,

Dept. 19, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



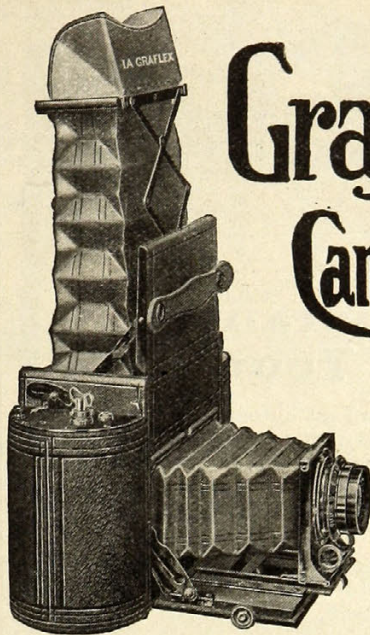
THE LAXATIVE FOR MAN AND WOMAN.

THE BEST

"APENTA"

NATURAL APERIENT WATER

BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.



Graflex Cameras

You never hear the user of a Graflex say "I don't have much luck with my pictures." The reason is plain: there is no necessity for guessing distances with the Graflex—the image is seen right side up, the size it will appear in the negative, up to the instant of exposure.

The Graflex is fitted with a Focal Plane Shutter making exposure of any duration from time to 1-1000 of a second, enabling you to make snap shots indoors or on dark days.

Graflex Cameras use Plates, Film Packs or Roll Film.

Prices from
\$55.00 to \$200.00.

Catalog free at your dealer's, or
Folmer & Schwing Division
Eastman Kodak Co.
Rochester, N. Y.



We Guarantee Your Tires

NO maker of an automobile is willing to let his name stand back of the tires he sells you on the car you buy.

No matter what facts concerning low cost of upkeep he can show you, *he does not include the tires.*

Yet tire trouble and tire expense is ninety-nine hundredths of all automobile trouble and upkeep.

Standard Tire Protectors

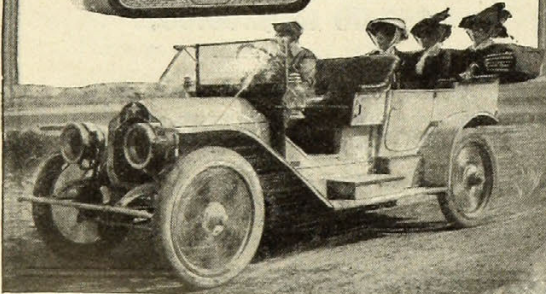
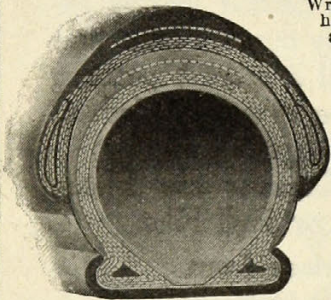
are the only practical solution of the tire question. With them you may come and go, day in and day out, without the least bit of anxiety. Your repair bills will take a sudden drop.

Sharp stones, glass or nails cannot penetrate our durable protectors—still they do not reduce the "life" of the tire nor effect its resiliency.

The Protectors slip over the tread surface of the tire and are held firmly in place by the natural inflation pressure. There are no metal fastenings. Sand, gravel or water cannot get in. Impossible for them to work off, and no creeping takes place. Made for any size tire or wheel.

Write today for our handsome booklet and see why "Standard Protectors do protect." Read our many genuine testimonials

Standard Tire Protector Company
603 S. Water St.
Saginaw, Mich.



Are You Deaf?



With this little device you can hear a whisper. Wonderful invention for those hard of hearing. Made the same as a large telephone, only many times more powerful. The satisfaction and pleasure it gives to deaf people by enabling them to hear perfectly the slightest sound cannot be estimated in money. First brought to the United States in February, 1910. Only 5000 to be sent out on trial to those who are hard of hearing, and can be returned if not entirely satisfactory. Regular price \$35.00, our price **\$10.50**. Interesting booklet **FREE**.

German Ear Phone
SENT ON TRIAL

Betz, Dept. E, **Hammond, Ind.**
"The largest maker of Surgical Appliances in the world."



We Ship on Approval

without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** on every bicycle. **IT ONLY COSTS** one cent to learn our *unheard of prices and marvelous offers* on highest grade 1910 models.

FACTORY PRICES Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from any one at any price until you write for our new large **Art Catalog** and learn our *wonderful proposition* on the first sample bicycle going to your town.

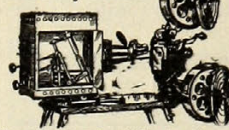
RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. **We Sell** cheaper than any other factory.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait! write today for our latest special offer on "Ranger" bicycle.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. P32 CHICAGO

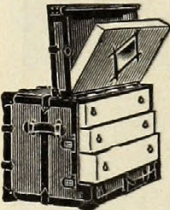
MOVING PICTURE MACHINES MAKE BIG MONEY

Stereopticons



A wonderful opportunity for men with a little money, no matter where located, to **make big money** entertaining the public. Motion pictures always will pay because they show the public **life, funny dramas** bubbling over with humor, history, travel, adventure, temperance work and illustrated songs. Almost **no limit** to the profits showing in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc., or operating **FIVE CENT THEATRES**. We show you

how to conduct the business, furnish complete outfit with bills, advertising, posters, etc., so no experience whatever is necessary. We rent films and slides. If you want to make \$15 to \$150 a night send for full particulars. Hundreds of others doing it. You can, too. Write today and learn how.
CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. Y Chicago



STALLMAN'S DRESSER TRUNK

Easy to get at everything without disturbing anything. No fatigue in packing and unpacking. Light, strong, roomy drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand Riveted; strongest trunk made. In small room serves as chiffonier. C. O. D. privilege of examination. 2c. stamp for Catalog.

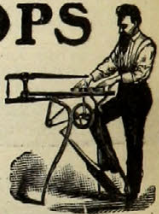
F. A. STALLMAN, 53 E. Spring St., Columbus, O.

WORK SHOPS

OF wood and metal workers, without steam power, equipped with **BARNES' FOOT POWER MACHINERY** allow lower bids

on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free.
W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.

200 Ruby Street, Rockford, Ill.



THE "BEST" LIGHT

Absolutely safe. Makes and burns its own gas. Brilliant 500 candle power light. Casts no shadow. Costs 2 cents per week. No smoke, grease, nor odor. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
829 E. 5th St., Canton, O.



PRINT Your Own

Cards, circulars, book, newspaper, Press \$5. Larger \$18. Rotary \$60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, paper, etc.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

Stevens-Duryea

OUR MOTOR CARS have a *reputation* for all around efficiency. This *reputation* has been built up by high-grade workmanship, use of the best material, an experience of forty-six years in manufacturing, and the facilities of a perfectly equipped plant.

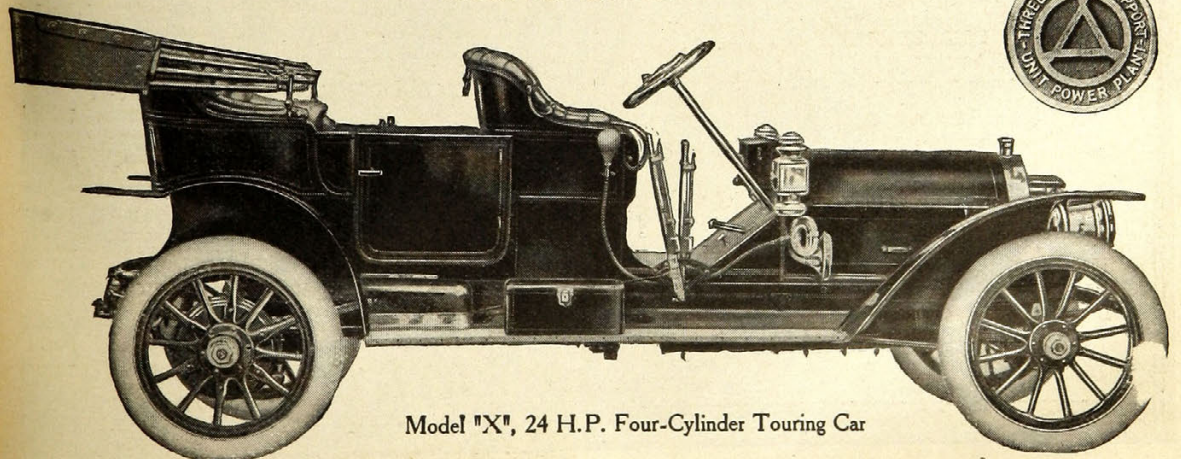
Our test requirements are exhaustive and unique, and account for the wonderful ease of operation and "ability to perform" of all Stevens-Duryea Cars.

Send for Our Literature

Conceded, even by our competitors, to be the most enlightening literature ever issued on the subject of automobiles.

Stevens-Duryea Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Licensed under Selden Patent



Model "X", 24 H.P. Four-Cylinder Touring Car

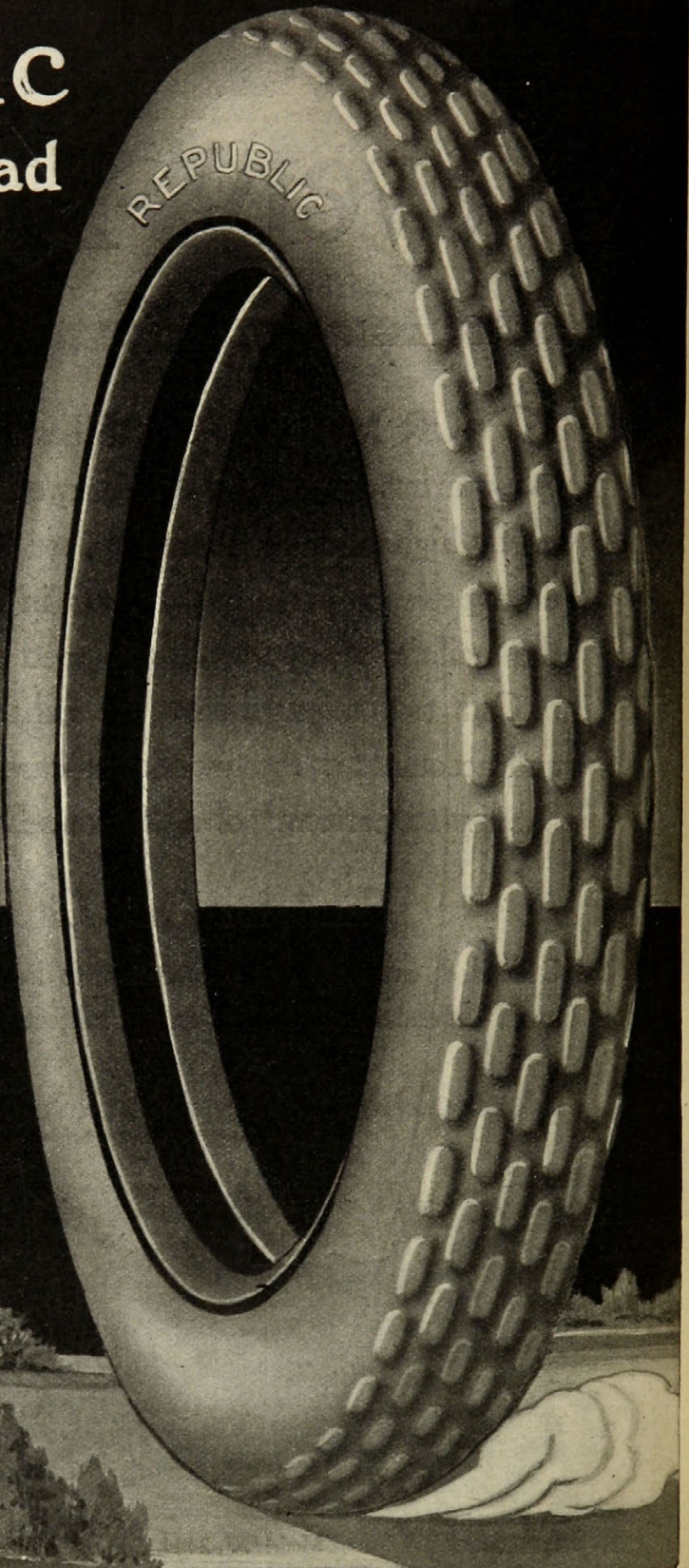
Republic Staggard Tread Tires

The big studs on this tire, molded as part of the tread, wear as well as a smooth tread and grip better than steel studs.

For slimy roads or sprinkled asphalt, these Staggard Tread Tires are just what you need to prevent skidding. Use them in dry weather and be always ready for wet.

**Republic Rubber Co.,
Youngstown, O.**

New York, 229 West Fifty-Eighth St. Boston, 735 Boylston St. Buffalo, 908 Main St. Chicago, 1732 Michigan Ave. Cincinnati, 7th and Walnut Sts. Cleveland, 5919 Euclid Ave. Dallas, 319 Commerce St. Denver, 1721 Stout St. Detroit, 246 Jefferson Ave. Indianapolis, 208 South Illinois St. Kansas City, 517 East 15th St. Little Rock, 315 Center St. Los Angeles, 1046 South Main St. Louisville, 1049 Third St. Milwaukee, 457 Milwaukee St. Minneapolis, 1416 Hennepin St. Omaha, 13th and Harney Sts. Philadelphia, 328 North Broad St. Pittsburg, 627 Liberty Ave. Rochester, 61 Saint Paul St. Saint Louis, 3964 Olive St. Saint Paul, 180 East Fourth St. Salt Lake City, 36 State St. San Francisco, 166 First St. Seattle, 1429 Broadway. Spokane, 417 First Ave. Toledo, 231 Superior St.

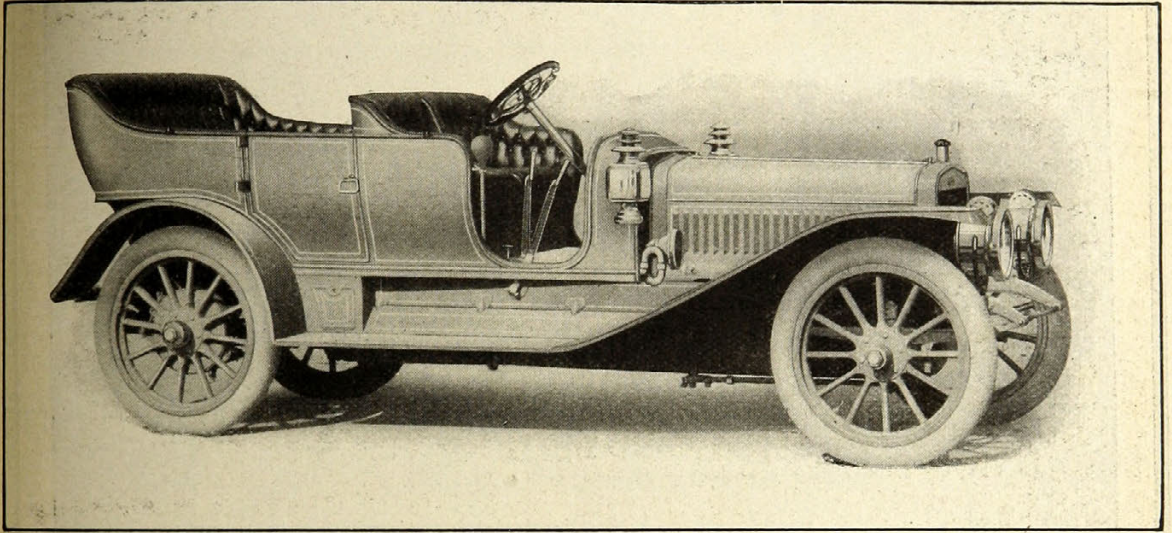


Staggard Tread, Pat. Sept. 15, 22, 1908.

Here's a car that has never required
a single radical change—

it's the Self-Cranking, Sweet-Running, Six-Cylinder

1911 **WINTON SIX** \$3000



The Winton Six for 1911 is the same 48 H. P. car we made for 1910, for 1909, for 1908

A success from the start: has not required a single radical change in design or construction.

Only motor in the world that *cranks itself*.

Six $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 inch cylinders. All moving parts housed. Cylinders offset.

Ball-bearing, multiple-disc clutch of large diameter.

Ball-bearing, selective-type transmission, with four speeds, of course.

Dual ignition. Bosch magneto. Storage battery.

Frame narrowed in front to allow short turns, and raised over rear axle to allow low suspension of motor and body.

Drop-forged front axle. Full floating type rear axle.

Spacious straight-line body. Seats five.

This car holds the world's record upkeep expense. Averages 77 cents per 1000 miles. Sworn records only. No hearsay or guess-so.

Famous for quiet and beautiful operation, remarkable flexibility, superb hill-climbing

capacity, and longevity. Because it's a real Six.

Made by the only company in the world that is producing Sixes exclusively for the fourth successive year.

Sells at \$3000. To find its value, compare it with cars costing \$5000 to \$6000.

And worthy of the consideration of every man who thinks well enough of himself to want in his service the latest and the best utilities his money can buy.

Let us send our explicit literature—it is too clear to be misunderstood. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

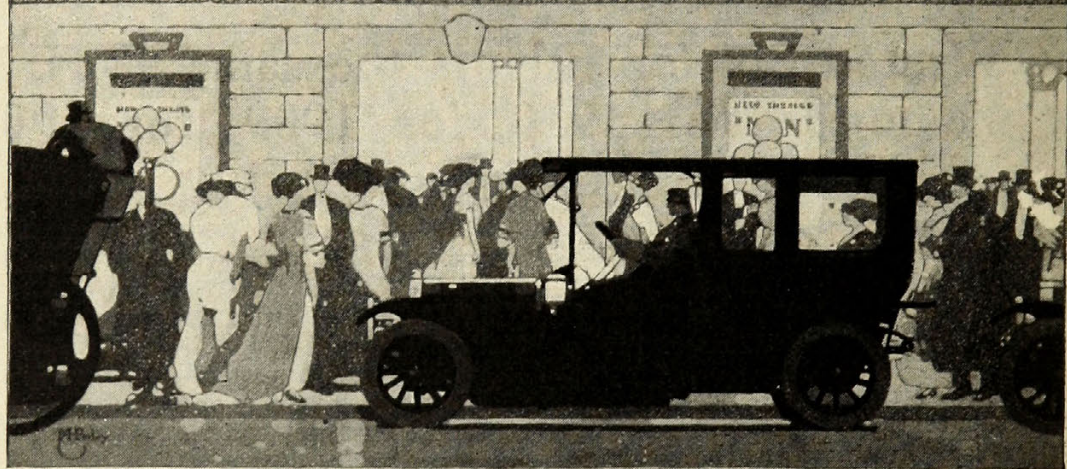
The Winton Motor Carriage Co.

Licensed under Selden Patent

104 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send Winton Six literature to

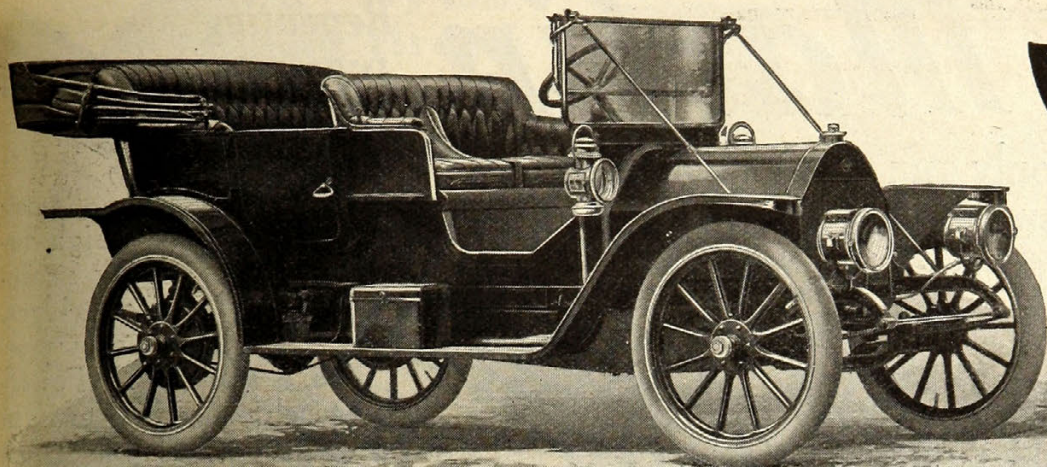
The Pierce Arrow



The Pierce-Arrow at the New Theatre.

ATTRACTIVE design and thorough construction are happily combined in every Pierce-Arrow Car. It possesses efficient beauty and beautiful efficiency.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.
Licensed under Selden Patent



\$1250—Mezger Automatic Windshield and Top extra

Reo the Comfortable

Settle that weight question right and you'll get full motoring comfort. There is no other way.

Everybody knows that a light car with easy springs is more comfortable than a heavy car with stiff springs. The only question is: can a light car stand the racket?

The Reo is absolute refutation of the idea that a car can't be strong without being heavy. The Reo engine is powerful, but it is light. Its supports can be light because they have less to hold up. The Reo is so strong that after the New York-to-Atlanta Endurance Contest, no car at any price dared to accept the Reo challenge to submit to a comparative physical examination. Which means: the Reo was in perfect condition—but how about the others?

So the Reo can safely have easy springs. It is perfectly comfortable. You are not tired after a long day's ride.

Reo the Economical

Light weight means not only comfort, but low tire-cost—so easy on tires; low fuel-cost; low repair-cost, because the springs save the engine.

Not to mention low first-cost—\$1250 instead of three thousand dollars.

The Reo is *better* than the three thousand dollar cars, because it will do all that they will do, and is comfortable.

R M Owen & Co Lansing Michigan General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co

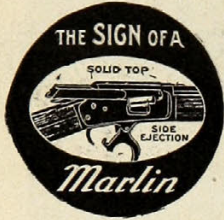
Licensed under Selden Patent

New
Model
27

Marlin

Repeating
Rifle

The only gun that fills the demand for a trombone ("pump") action repeater in .25-20 and .32-20 calibers.



Shoots high, velocity smokeless cartridges, also black and low pressure smokeless. Powerful enough for deer, safe to use in settled districts, excellent for target work, for foxes, geese, woodchucks, etc.

Its exclusive features: the quick, smooth working "pump" action; the wear-resisting *Special Smokeless Steel* barrel; the modern *solid-top* and *side ejector* for rapid, accurate firing, increased safety and convenience. It has *take down* construction and *Ivory Bead* front sight; these cost extra on other rifles of these calibers.

Our 136 page catalog describes the full *Marlin* line. Sent for three stamps postage. Write for it.

The Marlin Firearms Co.

11 WILLOW STREET,

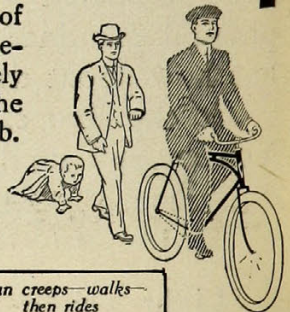
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

IVER JOHNSON TRUSS BRIDGE BICYCLE

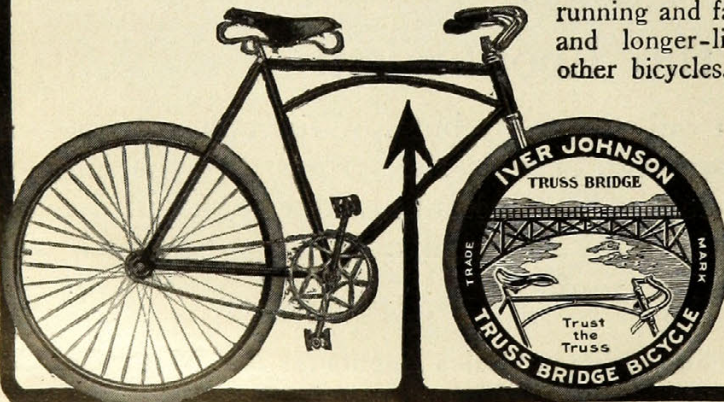
**TRUST
THE
TRUSS**

The Iver Johnson is proof against the strain of racing or coasting or the jars of rough roads, because the Truss bridge holds the frame absolutely rigid, preventing sagging and spreading, and the new spring fork absorbs the vibration from the hub.

Thus the Iver Johnson is wonderfully easy running and far stronger and longer-lived than other bicycles.



Man creeps—walks—then rides



Write for Catalogue giving full description of all models with prices and options; also the name of your dealer.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
136 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Manufacturers of Iver Johnson Revolvers ("Hammer the Hammer") and Single Barrel Shotguns.

Try this tire at our risk

We want you to prove for yourself, entirely at our risk, the truth of our claims for Racine Horseshoe Tires. We want you to get acquainted with tires that give 100% protection—tires that

Can't Puncture or Blow-out that won't overheat—that have standard size rubber bead, and that give perfect satisfaction on all roads in any weather. The tread studs are so made that when worn down new ones can be easily and quickly substituted.

RACINE HORSESHOE TIRES

are made of 4 thicknesses of Chrome tanned leather—vulcanized to a specially constructed carcass made of long fibre sea island cotton. Let us prove to you that this is the best tire and the lowest priced tire on the market, in "cost-per-mile."

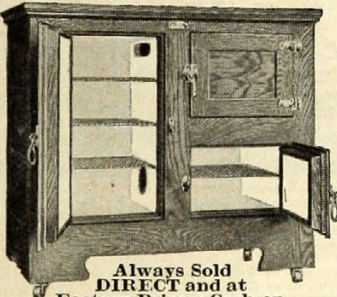
Write for Prices

Write to-day for full particulars.
Racine Auto Tire Co.
114 Wright Ave.
RACINE, WIS.
Distributing Agencies in
New York—Chicago—Seattle
Eastern Distributors,
The Horseshoe Auto Tire Co.
1919 Broadway, New York City

Write for Our Free Book on Home Refrigeration

This book tells how to select the home Refrigerator how to know the poor from the good, how to keep down ice bills, how to keep a Refrigerator sanitary and sweet—lots of things you should know before buying ANY Refrigerator.

It also tells all about the "Monroe," the Refrigerator with inner walls made in one piece of solid, unbreakable, White Porcelain Ware an inch thick and highly glazed, with every corner rounded. No cracks or crevices anywhere. The "Monroe" is as easy to keep clean as a china bowl.



Always Sold
DIRECT and at
Factory Prices; Cash or
Monthly Payments

The "Monroe"

Most other Refrigerators have cracks and corners which cannot be cleaned. Here particles of food collect and breed countless germs. These germs get into your food and make it poison, and the family suffers—from no traceable cause.

The "Monroe" can be sterilized and made germlessly clean in an instant by simply wiping out with a cloth wrung from hot water. It's like "washing dishes," for the "Monroe" is really a thick porcelain dish inside.

The high death rate among children in the summer months could be greatly reduced if the Monroe Refrigerator was used in every home where there are little folks.

The "Monroe" is installed in the best flats and apartments, occupied by people who CARE—and is found today in a large majority of the VERY BEST homes in the United States. The largest and best Hospitals use it exclusively. The health of the whole family is safeguarded by the use of a Monroe Refrigerator.

When you have carefully read the book and know all about Home Refrigeration, you will know WHY and will realize how important it is to select carefully. Please write for book today.

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station C, Cincinnati, O.



"White-Leading" is Painting at its Best



CONSIDER the subject of painting in its broader sense—in its permanent relation to your property.

Estimates should not be based on "painting" merely, in which the paint used may be good or bad, but on "white-leading," in which the paint used must be pure white lead and linseed oil—the best paint.

Pure white lead, guaranteed by the "Dutch Boy Painter" trade mark, manifests its superiority in its non-cracking, non-chipping finish. A surface which has merely been "painted" frequently scales so that it has to be burned off before repainting can be done. This is expensive. "White-leading" gives an ideal foundation for subsequent white-leading. True economy. Specify "Dutch Boy Painter" pure white lead, the surest and most economical for you, and the fairest to your painter.

To anyone interested we will send, free, valuable literature on "white-leading," all included in our "Dutch Boy Paint Adviser No. D."

National Lead Company

An office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Chicago
Cleveland St. Louis
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Company, Pittsburgh)

ED. PINAUD'S VACATION DELIGHTS

HAIR TONIC

(Eau de Quinine)

After surf bathing use this fine hair dressing to restore brilliancy to the hair and to insure comfort to the scalp. It perfumes the hair, keeps it in fine condition and makes it easy to arrange in spite of the damp air of seashore, mountains or country.

50c. and \$1.00 per Bottle

These exquisite French preparations are sold by drug and department stores everywhere. If you desire testing samples, please send 10c. to our American Offices.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD

91 ED. PINAUD BUILDING

(Lilac Vegetal)

No matter where you spend the summer, you should always have a supply of this fragrant French toilet water. It is fine for handkerchief, atomizer and bath. Very refreshing and lasting. Every drop contains the delicate fragrance of the living blossoms.

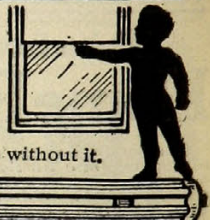
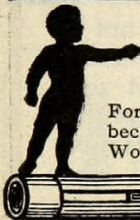
Large Bottle (6 oz.) 75c.



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

For 61 years this great invention has successfully withstood the attacks of all imitators, because of original merit and continuous improvement. Latest model requires no tacks. Wood or tin rollers. The inventor's signature on every roller. Look for it. Take none without it.

Stewart Hartshorn



Demonstrator Agents Wanted in Every Community



16-ft. Steel Launch \$96
Complete with Engine, Ready to Run

18-20-23-27 foot Launches at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. Steel Row-boats \$20.00. All boats fitted with air tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust—need no boothouse. We are the largest manufacturers of pleasure boats in the world and sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, lock seamed, concealed riveted steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Write for Free Illustrated Catalog and testimonials of 10,000 satisfied users.

Michigan Steel Boat Co., 1260 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A. (30)

IN NO COMBINE OR TRUST

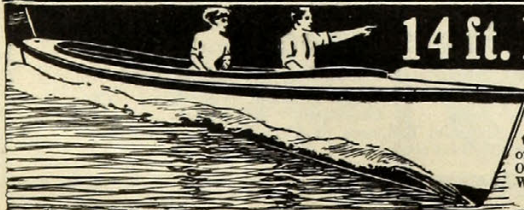
Original and Genuine

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk malted grain extract in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Others are Imitations — Ask for "HORLICK'S"



14 ft. Launch Complete with Engine \$94⁵⁰
Ready to Run

16, 18, 20, 23, 27, 28 and 35 Footers at proportionate prices, including Family Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Hunting Cabin Cruisers of the latest design. Sixty-four different models in all sizes ready to ship, equipped with the simplest motors made; start without cranking; ten-year-old child can run them. Boats and engines fully guaranteed. Let us send you testimonials from some of our 12,500 satisfied owners. We are the world's largest power boat manufacturers. Our free consultation department can give you valuable, money-saving information. Write today for Free Illustrated Catalog and Demonstrating Agents' Proposition. (32)

DETROIT BOAT CO., 1117 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT, MICH.



SOISETTE
REGISTERED

Look for this Trade Mark on

OUTING SHIRTS, NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, ATHLETIC SUMMER UNDERWEAR, MEN'S AND WOMEN'S PAJAMAS, OFFICE COATS, WOMEN'S SHIRT WAISTS, ETC.

SOISETTE is the ideal summer fabric for men's ready-to-wear garments. Looks like silk, feels like silk. Outwears silk, yet costs but a third as much,

Look for this label on each garment



Retains its fresh, snappy, lustrous appearance and rich coloring after repeated laundering. Always fashionable, cool, healthful.

Also sold by the yard in over 50 fashionable shades at all retail stores.

SOISETTE stamped on selvage of every yard.

CLARENCE WHITMAN & CO., MRS., 39 LEONARD STREET, NEW YORK



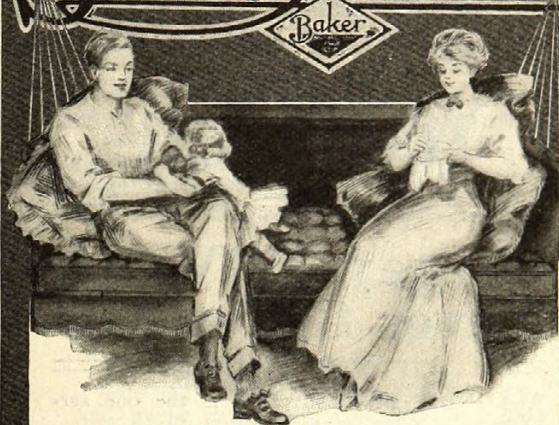
Brown Your Hair

"You'd never think I stained my hair, after I use Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain. The Stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but makes it grow out fluffy."

Send for a Trial Package.

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut Tint Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't rub off, contains no poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut Tint Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address on a slip of paper, with this advertisement, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on hair. MRS. POTTER'S HYGIENIC SUPPLY CO., 1198 Groton Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Your Whole Family
Will Enjoy the
Swaycott



YOU and your family will get more pleasure from a "Swaycott" than from any other article of porch furniture. A "Swaycott" is a hammock, a swinging settee and an outdoor bed all in one. It is made of extra heavy, double filled, fast color canvas; has a non-sagging steel spring; elastic cotton and sea moss mattress; comfortable back rest; wind guards, back and front; magazine pockets and other and exclusive and desirable features. All are included at one price—no extras to buy and pay for before you have a complete article.

Guaranteed Five Years Seven Days' Trial Offer

With every "Swaycott" we give a legal and binding guarantee that if the spring or frame breaks within five years from the date of purchase, we will furnish a new spring or frame and pay all transportation charges. We will ship you a "Swaycott," complete, with this understanding: After a week's trial, if not perfectly satisfactory, return the "Swaycott" and your money will be refunded. References: Any bank, trust company or commercial agency anywhere.

On receipt of draft or money order for \$10, we will ship a "Swaycott," complete, **charges prepaid**, to any station east of the rockies. (West of them, \$12.50.) In ordering, please state whether dark green, dark red or khaki color is desired. Our guarantees protect you in ordering direct from this advertisement.

Booklet O 3, describing the "Swaycott," sent free on request.

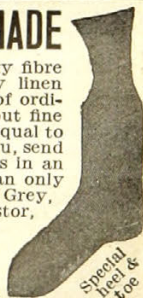
Baker & Lockwood Manufacturing Co.
654-660 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo.

THE BEST 25c. HOSIERY MADE

We have perfected a hose made of silky fibre yarn, with a special heel and toe of 4-ply linen thread which makes them outwear 3 pairs of ordinary hose. Not the heavy coarse kind, but fine light weight, with wear-resisting qualities equal to 50c. grade. If your dealer can't supply you, send \$1.50 to us and receive, postpaid, six pairs in an attractive box. Ladies' in Black and Tan only sizes 8 to 10. Men's—Black, Tan, Navy, Grey, Burgundy, Purple, Champagne, Green, Castor, Lavender. Sizes—9 to 12.

Agents Wanted in Every Town.

RAYLAND HOSIERY CO.
115 Hanover St. Baltimore, Md.



Fortune for the Author With the Right Story. We combine both the publishing and dramatization of books. A story with all the essentials of a good play means a rich harvest for both author and publisher. "Quincy Adams Sawyer," "Miss Petticoats," "Blennerhassett," "Hope Hathaway" and "The Kentuckian" are among our book and play successes. We are also interested in school text books. Send your manuscripts. **THE C. M. CLARK PUBLISHING CO., Boston, Mass.**

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

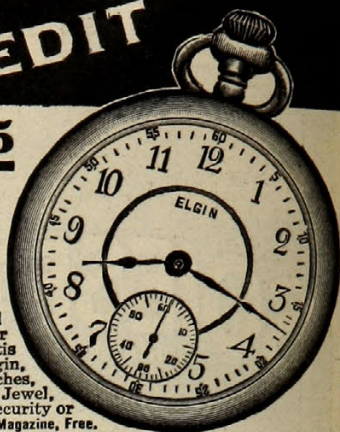
17 Jewel Elgin—Our Great Special \$ 13⁷⁵
Sent Anywhere on FREE TRIAL

Guaranteed to keep accurate time. Fitted in double stock gold-filled case, warranted for 20 years.
 You do not pay one penny until you have seen and examined this High-Grade 17-Jewel Elgin Watch, in hand-engraved case, right in your own home. You are to be the Judge. Let us send it to you, all charges prepaid. If it suits you **PAY ONLY \$1.50 A MONTH**

We trust every honest person. No matter how far away you live, or how small your salary or income, we will trust you for a high-grade Elgin Watch, in gold case, warranted for 25 years, and guaranteed to pass any Railroad inspection. Write for our big free Watch and Diamond Catalog. It tells all about our

LOFTIS THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE
 Dept. 632, 92 to 98 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
BROS. & CO. Branches: Pittsburg, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.

Easy Payment Plan—the "Loftis System"—and how we send Elgin, E. W. Raymond and Waltham Watches, 12, 16, and "O" sizes, 19, 21, and 23 Jewel, anywhere in the world, without security or one cent deposit. Send for the Loftis Magazine, Free.



Money at Work Never Grows Old

MONEY, wisely invested, is the one servant that works year in and year out, Sundays and weekdays, day and night. It never tires; it never grows old.

Your surplus funds invested in carefully selected, high-grade bonds will pay you a fixed income for a period of years, long or short as you may desire, and at the end of the time will come back to you ready to be sent out to work again.

We have prepared a booklet, telling in easily understood terms, about investments, and the purposes for which bonds are issued, which we shall be glad to send free of cost.

Ask for Booklet F, "Financial Courtship," and Circular No. 32-F.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

John Hancock Bldg. :: Boston, Mass.

New York Chicago Denver San Francisco

GRAY MOTORS

6 HORSE POWER COMPLETE \$94 Absolutely Guaranteed by a Responsible concern.
 1, 2 & 3 Cylinders, 3 to 30 H.P.

Write for complete catalog today—tells all about how these high grade motors are built in the LARGEST PLANT IN THE WORLD devoted exclusively to the manufacture of 2-cycle motors. **GRAY MOTOR CO., 32 Leis St., Detroit, Mich.**

GET A FOSTER HIGH DUTY RAM

Pumps water from stream, pond or spring. No expense for power, no trouble, no repairs, water raised to any height in any quantity. It gives you **Running Water When and Where You Want It**. No trouble or expense to maintain. High in efficiency; low in cost. Write for free **book** of helpful suggestions and important information. **Power Specialty Co., 2150 Trinity Bldg., New York**

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

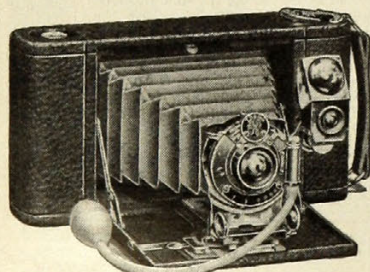
All the Standard Machines **SOLD or RENTED ANYWHERE** at $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ H.P.'S PRICES, allowing **RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE**. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for illustrated Catalog H. **TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 92-94 Lake St., CHICAGO**

Remove Your Wrinkles

Ask us by mail to tell you of the **LEO DEPURATOR, the Wrinkle Remover**. It is a new discovery; it forces nature to restore herself; hollows are filled out; wrinkles are easily and quickly removed. You do it yourself. Send for complete information—**FREE**.

THE LEO DEPURATOR CO.
 226 MINT ARCADE, Dept. A, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HAWK-EYE FEATURES.



FOR PICTURES $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$

A construction that gives greater strength and permits a more compact camera than any other—a construction by which the camera opens naturally for horizontal pictures—the way most pictures are made.

NO. 1A FOLDING HAWK-EYE. \$15.00.

Equipped with Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock.

Daylight loading—uses Eastman N. C. Film.

Catalogue sent on request.

BLAIR CAMERA DIVISION,
 EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.

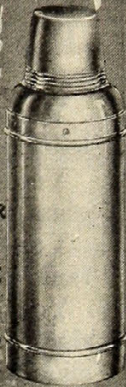


AN ARGUMENT

WHEN THERMOMETER SAYS
"IT'S HOT"

THERMOS ANSWERS~
"CERTAINLY NOT."
MY CONTENTS ARE
"ICY COLD."

AND WHEN THERMOMETER
GOES BELOW
SAYS THERMOS BOTTLE
"TIS NOT SO"
FOR
"ALL IS HOT I HOLD."



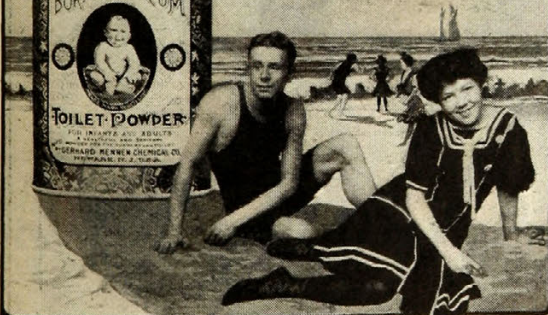
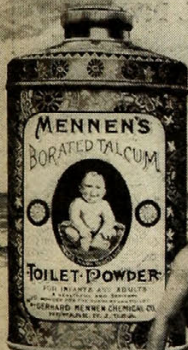
AND THEY'RE BOTH RIGHT

FOR AUTOMOBILING~YACHTING~HUNTING~
SICKROOM~NURSERY~OFFICE~FACTORY~
HOME OR TRAVEL~ AT ALL DEALERS~
PLEASE BE CAUTIOUS, LOOK FOR THE NAME THERMOS
ON THE BOTTOM OF EVERY GENUINE ARTICLE~
AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY
THERMOS BUILDING, 243-247 WEST 17TH STREET NEW YORK

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER



**One Touch of Mennen's Soothes the
Whole World's Skin**

Positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn;
deodorizes perspiration. For over a quarter of a century
it has been the standard toilet preparation.
Remember to ask for Mennen's, and accept no substitute.

Sample box for 2c stamp
GERHARD MENNEN CO. Orange Street, Newark, N. J.
The Pioneer Makers of Talcum Powder

"Likly" Wardrobe Trunks

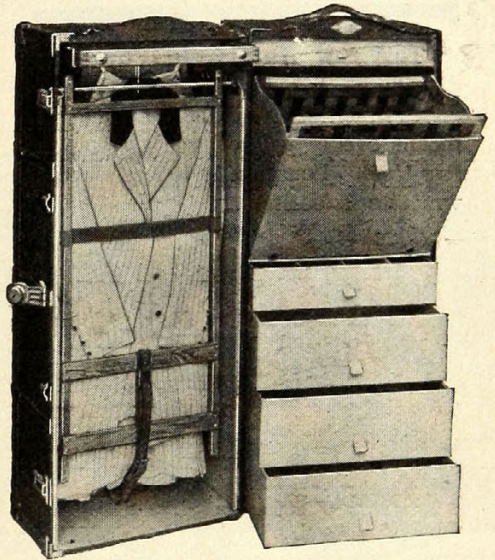
meet all requirements more satisfactorily
than any others.

Here's a picture of the

Latest "Likly" Wardrobe.

Notice the packing arrangement—an
exclusive "Likly" feature.

Open the trunk, unfasten a single strap,
and every garment is instantly accessible
and in perfect condition.



This trunk will carry sixteen or eighteen
suits or gowns and the accessories to go
with them.

And in addition to the roomy chiffonier
section, there is a drawer especially de-
signed to accommodate a large hat, but
which may be utilized for other purposes.

The "Likly" Midget Wardrobe
makes short trips a pleasure for busy men.

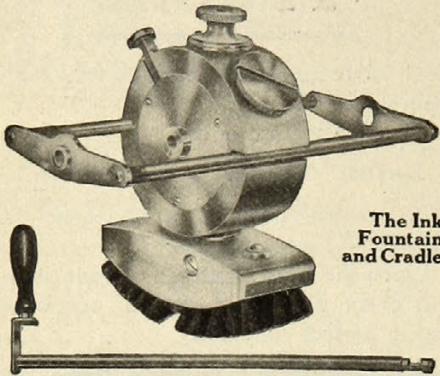
*A Complete Wardrobe Booklet showing styles
for men and women will be mailed upon request.*

HENRY LIKLY & COMPANY

212 Lyell Avenue, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Latest Mimeograph

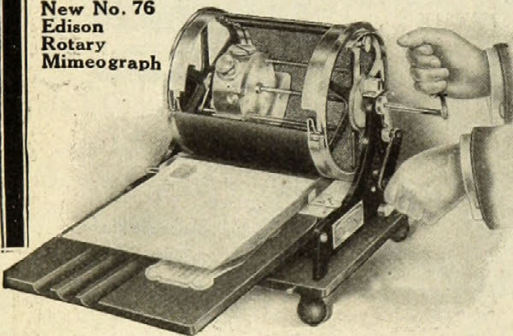
has an Ink Fountain like this



The Ink Fountain and Cradle

This new **Automatic Fountain** distributes ink evenly over stencil. Saves time inking up and starting. It means evenly printed work, done in less time. Fountain is locked except when ink is desired.

New No. 76
Edison
Rotary
Mimeograph



Saves Time Improves Work

This machine contains improvements which place it **in a class by itself** and make it the simplest, most rapid, practical, economical and best duplicating machine in existence.

Better write us today for further information.

A. B. Dick Company

736-738 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago
Branch: 15 Murray Street, New York

Put a Premo in your pocket

You can use plates or daylight loading films, as you choose.

You can focus on the ground glass, no matter which you use.

You can develop by tray or tank, or leave it to the finisher.

You will have a reliable, simple means of making first-class pictures, in a

Pocket Premo C

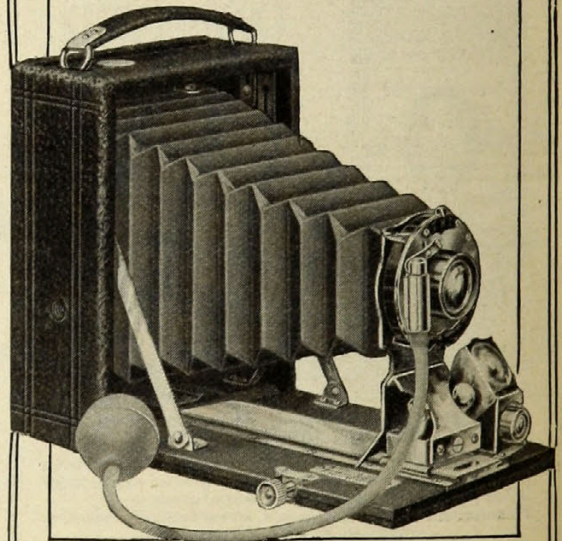
For $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ pictures, \$12.00

For $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ pictures, \$15.00

Catalogue of fifty styles and sizes of Premos at prices from \$2.00 to \$200.00, free at the dealer's, or mailed on request.

IMPORTANT—In writing, please be sure to specify **PREMO** Catalogue.

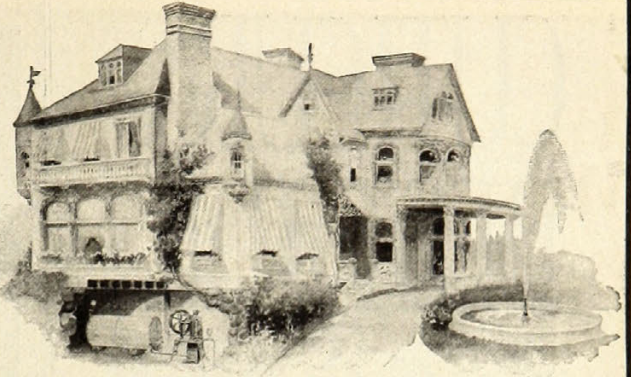
ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION
Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.



REECO WATER SYSTEM

(Water supplies installed complete and ready for use)

We do the work, you turn the faucet. Our system relieves a customer of every detail. We install any kind of water-supply complete and ready for use. No matter where you live, if it be near a well, a spring, or running brook, and you feel that you could enjoy some of those comforts and conveniences which a bath and running water give in a home, but are in doubt as to the expense involved, write us and we will tell you exactly the cost, and in case you purchase, we will take complete charge of the work, relieving you of every detail of installation, thus giving you a water-supply all ready for the turning of the faucet. Our business life covers an experience of seventy years. During this period we have been able to adopt the best of such inventions and improvements as have from time to time become available, until our system of water-supply is the very best obtainable, being indorsed and in use by various departments of the U. S. Government and, to the number of over 40,000, is working in all countries throughout the world to-day. Our pumps are operated by electricity or hot air, as may best suit the location or convenience of the purchaser.



Showing pump in cellar connected with pneumatic pressure tank

Write to our nearest office for Catalogue G, and let us tell you the cost of a water-supply all ready for use.

RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.

35 Warren Street, New York
239 Franklin Street, Boston

40 Dearborn Street, Chicago
40 North 7th Street, Philadelphia

234 West Craig Street, Montreal, P. Q.
22 Pitt Street, Sydney, N. S. W.

1847 ROGERS BROS.



X S
TRIPLE

"Silver Plate that Wears"

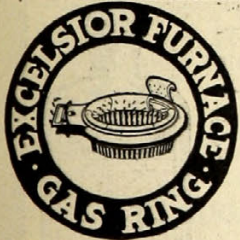


VINTAGE
PATTERN

The famous trade mark "1847 ROGERS BROS." on spoons, forks, knives, etc., guarantees the heaviest triple plate. Send for catalogue "U33."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
(International Silver Co., Successor)

New York Chicago MERIDEN, CONN. San Francisco



Best Fire-works for Winter

EXCELSIOR Fresh Air Heat

The Kind That Makes June Days

There are only two kinds of heating systems: one of them warms over the air you have been breathing, makes disease-breeding, bad-air heat.

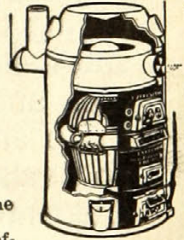
Excelsior Furnace Heat warms your home with air always fresh from out-of-doors. And it warms all the rooms, including "that northwest room."

"A Breath of Air" for the asking—the most complete and impartial treatment of heating questions ever prepared for popular reading. Its heating plans alone are worth many dollars to you.

Mark "Ex" in the circle and give address and that of your dealer on the margin.

EXCELSIOR STEEL FURNACE CO., 517 W. Monroe Street, Chicago.

Builders of Furnaces for Twenty-Five Years



Make "EX" mark here and vote for Excelsior and fresh air.



A Killing System

"Under no circumstances should a room or office be heated exclusively by direct radiation from exposed steam radiators or pipes. It is one of the most unhealthy, killing systems in existence."—LEWIS W. LEEDS, Consulting Eng. for U. S. Treas. Dept.

CUTICURA BEST FOR

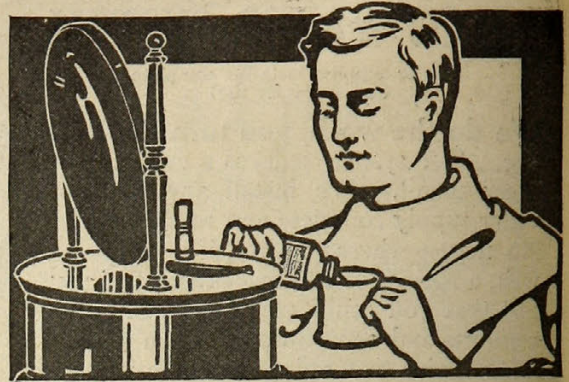


SUNBURN

For sunburn, heat rashes, summer eczemas, itchings, irritations, inflammations, chafings, and bites and stings of insects, as well as for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, of infants, children and adults, Cuticura Soap and Ointment have no rivals worth mentioning. Guaranteed absolutely pure.

Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney, India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Z. P. Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Post-free, 32-page Cuticura Book, an Authority on the Care and Treatment of Skin and Hair.



PONDS EXTRACT

When Shaving

pour a few drops of Pond's Extract in the shaving cup, or on the brush. It will:—

Improve the Lather,

Change the soapy smell to a *delightful* aromatic freshness,

Make a smoother, creamier lather that *lasts longer* than when plain water is used,

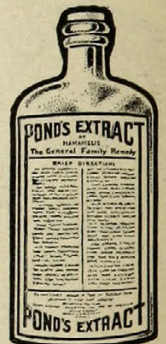
Soothe the skin during the shave and thus *prevent* irritation.

POND'S EXTRACT

is used by men of discrimination everywhere. Sold only in sealed bottles — never in bulk.

Large trial bottle and booklet telling the best way to shave, mailed **FREE** on request.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.
Dept. 56. 78 Hudson St., N.Y.



THERE IS A
Brighton
Garter
 FOR EVERY MAN



Flat Clasp



Feather Weight garter



Lock Grip



Double Grip

Yields and clings as you move, but never binds or chafes the leg. 25c—at all the dealers

No metal on the leg; no pad; no big, clumsy buttons. 25c and 50c—at all the dealers

Non-elastic cord; diamond rubber clasp that cannot slip. 25c and 50c—at all the dealers

Holds the sock smoothly on each side of thick or thin legs. 25c up—at all the dealers

Whatever garter you've been wearing, one of these four Brighton Garters will give you more solid comfort and more satisfactory service. All the webs are long-wear silk, in plain or fancy effects; all the metal is very light, very strong, very flat, and heavily nicked to prevent rust. Sold by dealers everywhere— or we mail sample pairs prepaid on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO. ESTABLISHED 1877 PHILADELPHIA

THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

OF NEW YORK

1876

1910

GEORGE F. SEWARD, President
 ROBERT J. HILLAS, Vice-President and Secretary

- FIDELITY
- LIABILITY
- ACCIDENT
- HEALTH
- STEAM BOILER
- ELEVATOR
- PLATE GLASS
- BURGLARY
- FLY WHEEL

The experience of this Company under its liability policies covering 25,000 accidents a year has been studied in order to determine what industrial accidents are preventable. From such data and from data gathered from other sources, we believe that fully sixty per cent. fall within the preventable class.

How these accidents may be prevented is told in a pamphlet of about 200 pages, prepared by us.

A first edition of thirty thousand copies has been exhausted. A copy has been sent without charge to each of the Company's industrial policy-holders. A second edition of twenty thousand copies is now in press.

The price to the public is nominal—twenty-five cents. A copy will be sent on receipt of remittance.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000

SURPLUS, \$2,564,229.90

DIRECTORS:

WM. P. DIXON,
 ALFRED W. HOYT,
 GEO. E. IDE,

W. G. LOW,
 FRANK LYMAN,
 J. G. McCULLOUGH,
 W. EMLÉN ROOSEVELT,

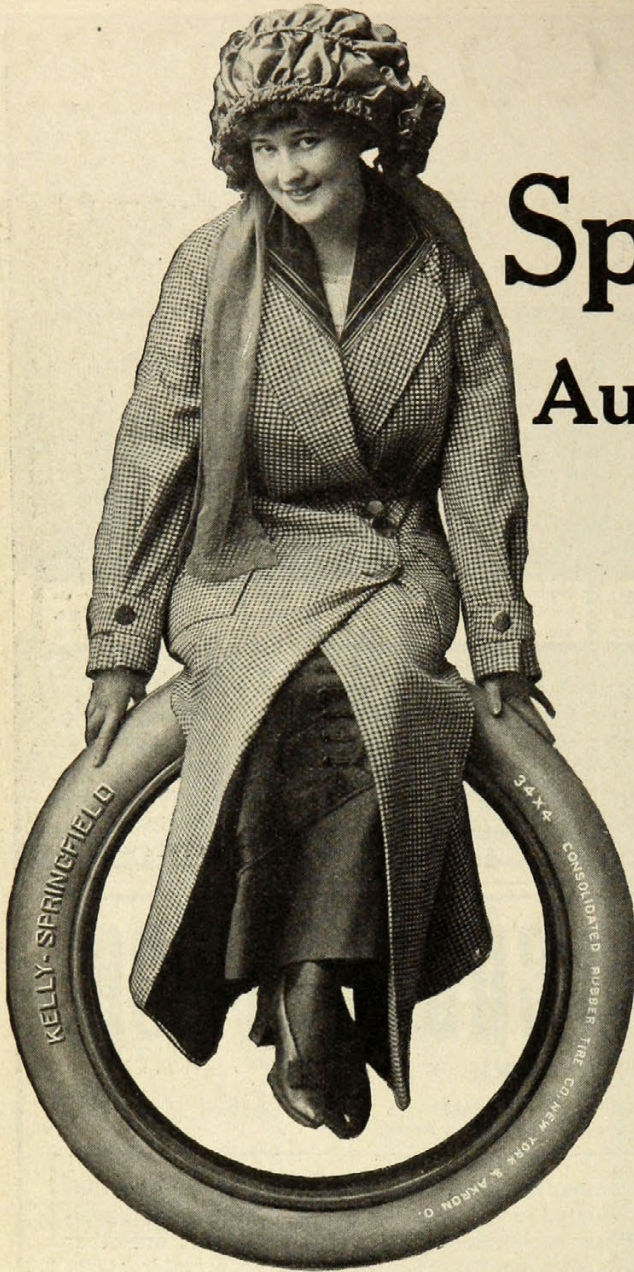
WM. J. MATHESON,
 ALEXANDER E. ORR,
 HENRY E. PIERREPONT,
 GEO. F. SEWARD.

WILLIAM H. PORTER,
 ANTON A. RAVEN,
 JOHN J. RIKER,

Principal Offices, 92-94 Liberty and 97-103 Cedar Streets, New York

Agents in all considerable towns

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires



There is no getting around the fact that service in an automobile tire does depend on the quality of the tire itself. The quality of the Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tire is the quality of the now world-famous Kelly-Springfield Vehicle Tire.

"Thanks for providing me with tires which allow us to stay in the car and ride rather than to stay on the road and pump."—*Philip A. Rollins.*
32 Nassau St., New York.

Consolidated Rubber Tire Company

20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch Offices in
New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis,
Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco and Akron, O.

OH! YOU FISHERMAN!

When you send a postal for this absolutely free book

set your expectation up to the very limit—you'll not be disappointed. The fact that an edition of several thousand was completely exhausted last year, and that many fishermen were disappointed in not getting it is pretty good evidence that the book made a great big hit. This year we are going to print enough to go around but—we warn you who never before have gone fishing that you'll want to go after you have read these "Six Little Fishing Classics." No strings to this offer—simply write your name and address on a postal and we'll send the book to you as quick as the mail will let us. Drop us a line—we'll bite.

A. F. MEISELBACH & BRO.
16 Prospect St., Newark N. J.

Amateur Photographers

Find added pleasure and encouragement in their work as a result of our ability to obtain for them the maximum of quality from their negatives.



We are the largest operators in the United States, developing and printing exclusively for amateur photographers. The results obtained by our chemists have proven to thousands of amateurs in all parts of the world that the most gratifying results can only be obtained by entrusting the developing and printing of their films to men who have been qualified by years of experience to manipulate them.

Developing: Brownie No. 1 and 2 Films 5c. All other sizes of Roll Films 6 to 12 exposures, 10c per roll.

STEMMERMANN
Photo-Craft Laboratories

62 Howe Ave.
Passaic, N. J.

Send for book-let "Hints to Amateurs," and complete price list, FREE

SUMMER COTTAGES

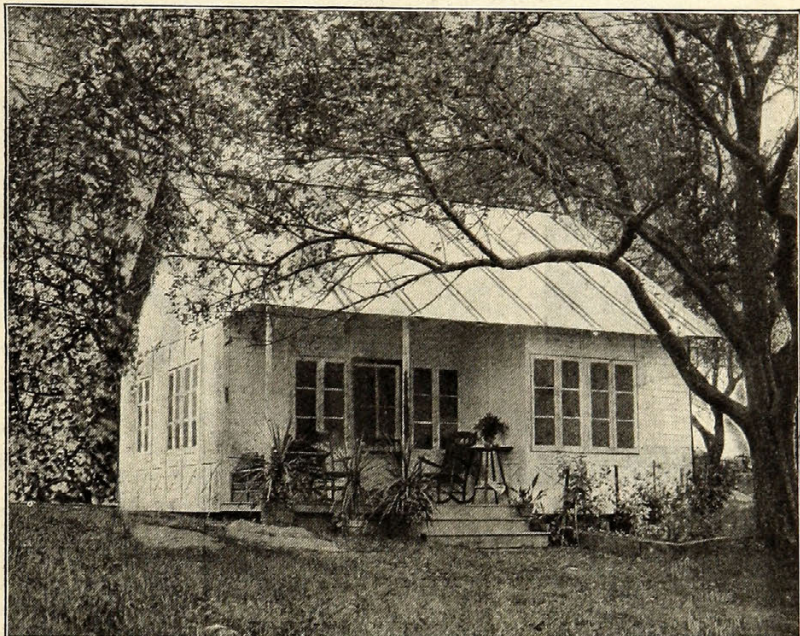
Shipped Anywhere

Freight Paid

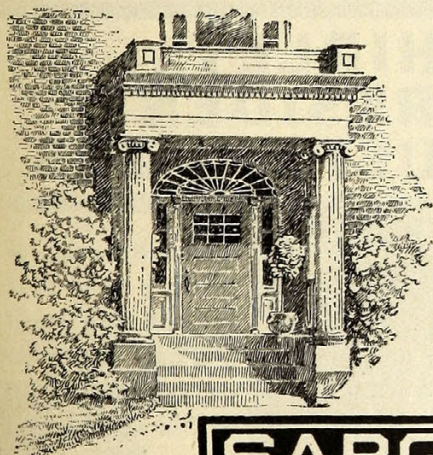
You can have one of our beautiful Cornell Portable Cottages shipped anywhere in this country and erected in some charming locality. You can be independent of hotels and boarding-houses with their noise, discomforts and confusion, and have a real vacation in your own summer home.

CORNELL PORTABLE HOUSES

are built in many styles and sizes to suit everyone. They are constructed in complete sections convenient for shipping and assembling. Built of first-class materials by skilled workmen, erected and hand-somely painted at our factory, they are complete in every detail. Anyone can quickly and easily assemble them simply by bolting the sections together; everything is numbered, everything fits—no skilled help required. Our houses withstand the severest storms and last for years. They are very inexpensive, and remember, we pay the freight. Hundreds of delighted owners will enjoy a real summer outing in Cornell Portable Cottages. Why not you? Our catalog is very interesting, it's free.



WYCKOFF LUMBER & MFG. CO., 404 Adams St., Ithaca, N. Y.



Pure Colonial

To attain the utmost effectiveness in homes of the Colonial type, every detail must harmonize. Your hardware furnishings should be pure Colonial—if you specify

SARGENT

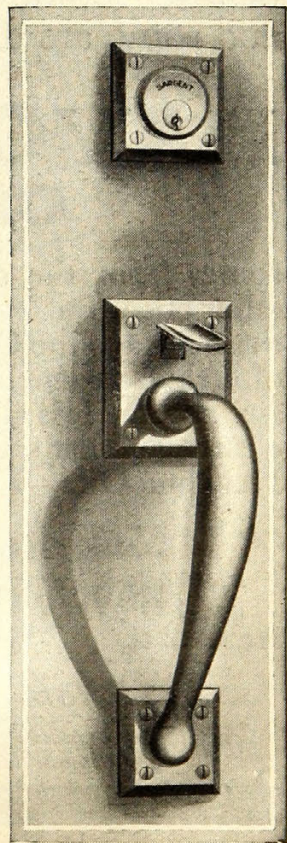
Artistic Hardware

the choice of a variety of Colonial patterns is yours. Quality of material and exclusiveness of design are guaranteed. Your hardware dealer will show them to you or you may select the design you like best from the

SARGENT Book of Designs—Sent FREE.

This book illustrates and describes over 70 patterns of hardware suitable for every period and type of architecture. It also tells about the Easy Spring Principle of Sargent's locks. We also publish a Colonial Book—indispensable to those interested in this style of home. Both books sent postpaid on request.

SARGENT & CO., 159 Leonard St., New York.



Automobile



OIL

ALL cylinder oils come from one source—crude minerals oils. All are refined, more or less, and filtered more or less. Some are more pure, and some are decidedly less so.

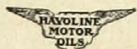
HAVOLINE OIL

comes from the same source as all other oils. But by our process of filtration Havoline Oil is rendered freer of carbon-producing impurities than any other. It is clearer. It burns up cleaner. That's the whole story of Havoline Oil. That's why

“It Makes a Difference”

HAVOLINE OIL CO.

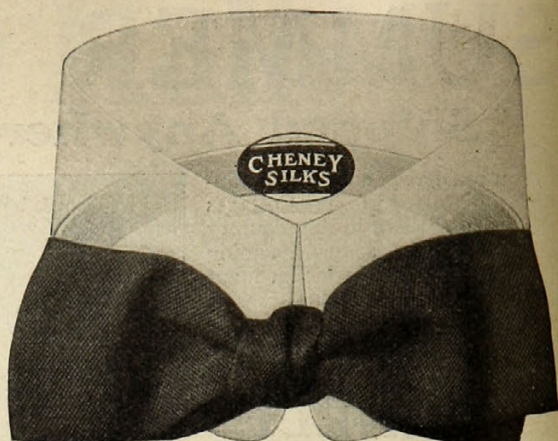
102 Broad St.



New York

At all first-class garages

Write for booklet “The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication.”



CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

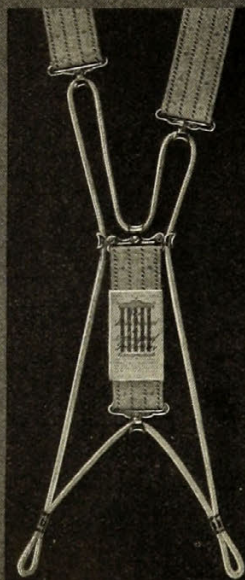
Identify the genuine by the name CHENEY SILKS stamped inside the neckband. Then you will get the original tubular, seamless, reversible, pin-proof, non-binding, all silk ties.

32 colors Stripes and Fancies Price, 50 cents

All dealers or by mail on receipt of price. State colors desired.

PONCET & NEESER, Selling Agents, 58 Greene St., New York

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS



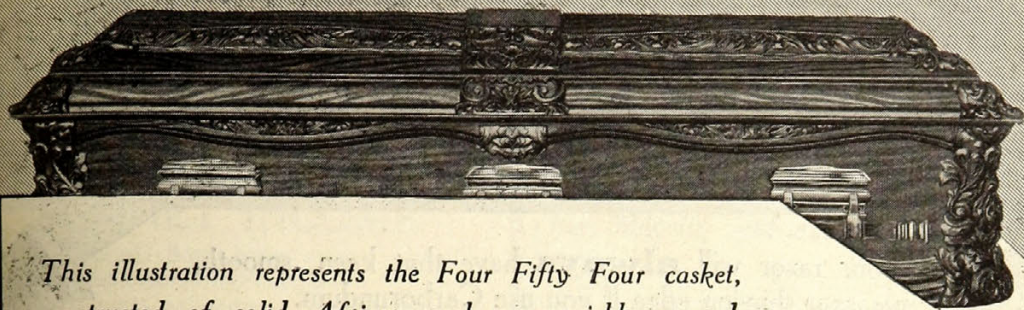
This is the famous sliding cord that makes you forget you have suspenders on—exclusive features of Shirley President Suspenders.

Three weights—two lengths. Every pair guaranteed. At dealers or direct 50c.

Nothing ever happened tomorrow—buy your pair today.

The C.A. Edgerton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

702 Main St., SHIRLEY, MASS.



This illustration represents the Four Fifty Four casket, constructed of solid African mahogany, richly carved.



Befitting Burial Caskets

In every grade of burial caskets those of National make represent highest character and worth.

Caskets of massive, ever enduring bronze, of finest solid mahogany, of quartered oak and other staunch woods, and cloth covered caskets in great variety of appropriate designs, are all exhibited at the National Showrooms maintained at branches listed below.


We thus enable funeral directors and purchasers to make intelligent selections in the simplest possible way.

Write for booklet "THE NATIONAL BRONZE"—descriptive of the indestructible National Bronze Casket, with an interesting history of the Eternal Metal. Address to 1 West 29th Street, New York.

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY

Albany; Allegheny; Baltimore; Boston; Brooklyn; Buffalo; Chicago; East Cambridge; Harlem; Hoboken; Indianapolis; Louisville; New Haven; Nashville; New York City; Oneida; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Rochester; Scranton; Syracuse; Washington; Williamsburg.

We sell only through Funeral Directors

TRADE  MARK

Geisha Diamonds

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. They are remarkably brilliant and few people besides experts can tell them from the genuine. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

THE R. GREGG MFG. & IMPT. CO. Chicago, Ill.
Dept. 12, 517 Jackson Boul.

Use A FOX MOTOR
In Your Boat

Fox Motors

Hold the WORLD'S Endurance Record.

Made in 18 Sizes. 3½ to 80 H. P.

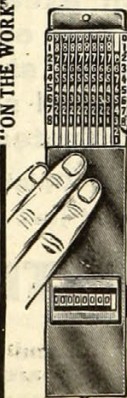
30 Days' FREE Trial. FIVE Years' Guarantee.

THE DEAN MFG. CO.

217 Front Street So. Cincinnati, Newport, Ky.



"ON THE WORK"



Will You Try One — if we send it FREE?

We want every merchant, dealer, book-keeper and clerk who requires quick, accurate footings to prove for himself the worth and economy of the "little magician"—the

Rapid Computer Adding Machine

We'll send it to you on Five Days' Free Trial—if it pleases you, pay our price of only \$25.00—if it doesn't, send it back at our expense. It does its work perfectly at any angle—can rest on any desk or on book alongside figures you wish to add. A wonder as a saver of time and errors. Capacity 9,999,999.99. Save time and money—write us today if you'd like to try one. Catalogue free. (1)

Rapid Computer Co., 2109 Tribune Bldg., Chicago

RAZOR HONE \$1.00
RAZOR STROP 50¢—\$2.50

HOLDER FOR SAFETY BLADES 50 CENTS

CARBORUNDUM

Your razor will **always** have that keen, smooth, pleasant shaving edge if you use Carborundum.

Carborundum Razor Strop—Finest quality of horsehide—One side filled with exceedingly fine Carborundum powder—the other side soft, velvety, delicately grained leather so necessary in bringing the blade to a keen, smooth edge—46 styles 50 cents to \$2.50.
Let us send you No. 440 D—A fine soft strop, trimmed with brass open swivel hardware, extra value at \$1.00.

Carborundum Razor Hone—very smooth and fine—but fast cutting—Any man can use it successfully—In neat box \$1.00.
Holder for safety blades—2 styles, for single edge and double edge blades of all standard makes—50 cents.
Sent by Mail prepaid at these prices if your dealer doesn't keep them—

Write for the Razor Sharpening Book

THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

WE OWN AND OFFER \$250,000
FIRST MORTGAGE 5% BONDS
of the
Shelby County Water, Gas & Electric Company
OF
SHELBYVILLE, INDIANA

Earnings safely in excess of interest requirements
Direct FIRST LIEN on all properties
City is showing steady growth
Properties all supply necessities
Not affected by strikes or panics

Circulars, Copies of Legal Opinions and Mortgage sent upon request
Write us if interested, not "just for fun"

Price
to
Yield

5 1/2%

PETRY & COMPANY
BONDS

Land Title Building - Philadelphia
Board of Trade - - - Indianapolis

Mid-Year Dividends

Are you aware of the fact that by wisely **reinvesting** your dividends, interest accounts, or low-rate securities, you can now command

6% NET INCOME

from high-grade Bond issues we are now offering our most conservative clients?

The earning capacity of money increases with the demand, now plainly apparent, for development purposes and justifying higher rates.

America's greatest Railroad is now paying $4\frac{3}{4}\%$ on its recent 4% Bond issue.

America's greatest Insurance Co. is the largest holder of Bonds for income in the country.

America's ablest Financiers do not hesitate to advise good bonds as the safest and most profitable of all income-earning investments.

During the past 30 Years we have sold over Two Hundred Million Dollars worth of Bonds, and our recommendation of these new Bond issues netting 6% is based upon our experience and actual ownership.

We will promptly furnish full particulars upon request. Address Dept. F.

Farson, Son & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange
BANKERS

New York
21 Broad Street

Chicago
First National Bank Bldg.

In the purchase of bonds the value of a banking firm to a client depends upon the scope and efficiency of the service rendered and the integrity and experience of the firm.

Record

The history of bonds a banking firm has sold during its business life is the best possible evidence as to the integrity and efficiency underlying the firm's offerings.

We submit the record of *our* offerings over a period of many years as an indication of our ability and an earnest of our purpose to supply you with dependable investments.

We are in position at all times to offer Municipal, Railroad and Public Utility Bonds which we have carefully investigated and which are adapted to the varied requirements of careful investors. Inquiry cordially invited.

*Write for pamphlet No. M-47
entitled "A bond dealer's circular."*

N. W. Halsey & Co. Bankers

New York: Philadelphia: Chicago: San Francisco:
49 Wall St. 1421 Chestnut St. 152 Monroe St. 424 California St.

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS?

We want a few ambitious men or women in your locality to introduce in their whole or spare time one of the biggest money value propositions ever gotten out.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for 1 year } for \$2.95
Victor Hugo complete romances 6 vols. }

Where can you duplicate an offer like this? Agents for us in other localities are reaping a harvest. We pay big commissions. Do not overlook this; write to-day for information.

S. S. McCLURE CO.
44 East 23rd Street : NEW YORK

FERNEKES & CRAMER
ARCHITECTS



A house of concrete does not depreciate in value

When it is built it is finished. It requires no repairs. A home of other material depreciates faster than the land on which it stands increases in value. Concrete insures the stability of your home and the stability of its value. But in considering concrete, remember that

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

MAKES THE BEST CONCRETE

Atlas Portland Cement is pure and its quality is absolutely uniform. It is made from genuine Portland Cement rock. It contains no furnace slag. It is the brand purchased by the Government for the Panama Canal.

WE ALSO MANUFACTURE STAINLESS

ATLAS-WHITE

PORTLAND CEMENT FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES

Send for and study our book

"Concrete Houses and Cottages"

in two volumes each containing 120 homes with floor plans. One dollar each.

OTHER BOOKS IN THE ATLAS CEMENT LIBRARY:

Concrete Construction about the Home	and on the Farm	Free
Concrete in Highway Construction	- - -	\$1.00
Concrete in Railroad Construction	- - -	1.00
Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction		
Concrete Cottages, Free	(delivery charge)	.10
	Concrete Garages, Free	

If your dealer cannot supply you with Atlas, write to

THE **ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO.**

DEPT. 56 30 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK

Largest productive capacity of any cement company in the world. Over 50,000 barrels per day.

Full Interest Value 6% on Your Money

¶ The constant increase in all living expenses—and consequent lower buying power of money—makes it imperative that you should invest your available funds where they will bring the highest interest, consistent with safety.

¶ Such an investment proposition we offer you.

¶ Our space is too limited, our proposition too big, and your thorough understanding of it is too important to attempt explanation here.

¶ We want you to send for our handsome and interesting booklet which tells you all about it. This is **your** investment opportunity

¶ Send for booklet to-day. Address

Geo. H. Gillett, Sec'y

The Development Company of Cuba
45 Exchange Place, New York

COLLEGE STUDENTS

Did you ever realize that you can turn your summer vacation into money, and still get all the benefits of the vacation?

We have made this possible.

Let us help you make some easy money to pay for your education.

Do not overlook this, and let us tell you how it can be done.

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPT.,

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
44 East 23rd Street, New York.



THE WELCOME “NIGHT LETTER”

The American people have found in the Western Union's "Night Letter" service a new means of communication which can be used in many ways. Every morning "Night Letters" are delivered to thousands of homes all over the land. Distance causes no delay. The traditional telegraphic brevity is not required. Anyone can telegraph as one would talk or write. A "Night Letter" of fifty words, telling the whole story, can be sent at the rate of a condensed ten word day message.

Correspondence between relatives, friends and business associates is being revolutionized by the "Night Letter."

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

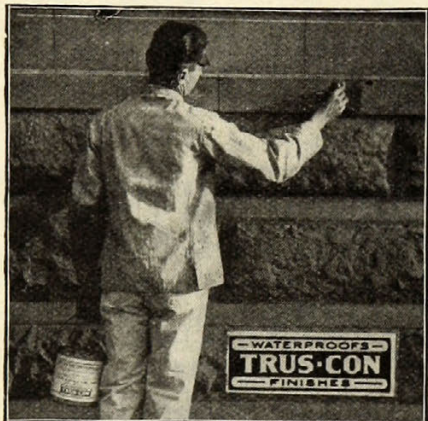
Prompt, Efficient, Popular Service.



HY-RIB ROOFS, SIDINGS, FLOORS, WALLS, PARTITIONS, FURRING, CEILINGS

Hy-Rib is a steel sheathing, stiffened by deep ribs of steel. Does away with centering and studs in concrete slabs and walls. Your own men or local contractor can apply it. Simply set up the Hy-Rib sheets, apply the cement mortar and the slab is complete. Useful in buildings of all kinds. Saves insurance, repairs and painting. Cannot rot or rust. Hy-Rib is one of the KAHN SYSTEM Products, used in more than 4000 buildings of importance. Look up the KAHN SYSTEM engineers in your city.

Write today for free Hy-Rib Catalogue



CONCRETE WALL FINISHES

Trus-Con Wall Finishes stop stains and dampness in concrete walls, preserving their natural texture. Replace the uneven color of concrete with uniform, artistic, flat tints. They become part of the concrete; will not crack or peel off. **Trus-Con Liquid Waterproofing** is transparent and applied with a brush, thoroughly damp-proofs the concrete without altering its original grain or color.

CONCRETE FLOOR ENAMEL

Trus-Con Floor Enamel stops dusting of concrete floors, is damp-proof and stain-proof; produces a tile-like surface which resists wear and is easily cleaned by mopping. Ordinary paints when used on concrete peel and crack off. Trus-Con Floor Enamel penetrates into the concrete and heavily coats the surface.

TRUS-CON WALL FINISHES and FLOOR ENAMEL are supplied in many delightful colors. Write us conditions and size of surface and we will send free trial samples, booklet and color card.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.

904 Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Just say—"Send It Free"

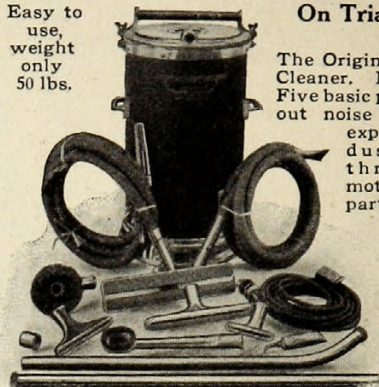
and we will send you the famous silent-running

Keller-Santo

VACUUM CLEANER

Easy to use, weight only 50 lbs.

On Trial—Anywhere



The Original Round Portable Cleaner. Fully protected by Five basic patents. Runs without noise or vibration. No exposed dust bag. No dust or dirt taken through pump or motor. All working parts enclosed.

It's A Real Vacuum Cleaner

GET the Keller-Santo now and try it in your own home during the summer, when you can give a vacuum cleaner the severest tests.

When every door and window is open—when every passing vehicle and every breeze sends clouds of dust into your home—that is the time a vacuum cleaner will show its real worth.

It is the accumulation of summer dust that makes the old-fashioned fall house cleaning necessary, and summer dust is most dangerous as a disseminator of contagious diseases.

The Keller-Santo removes all dust and dirt—every day. Dusting is no longer necessary and there is no accumulation to be removed by a general cleaning in the fall.

The Keller-Santo more than saves its cost every year. It gives you vacuum cleaning in its perfection for less than 10 cents a week. This small cost is for electric current.

The whole civilized world recognizes the Keller-Santo as the utmost in portable cleaners. It stands tested and approved by all Insurance Underwriters. It is used and endorsed by the Vatican at Rome, the United States Government and thousands of homes and business concerns.

It combines powerful continuous suction and a large volume of air so perfectly balanced that it cleans more thoroughly than any other portable cleaner and without injury to furnishings.

In endurance contests the Keller-Santo has broken all records by running the equivalent of 25 years of cleaning service without a breakdown or stop for repairs. This is why we give with each Keller-Santo

An Unconditional, Unqualified Unlimited Guaranty Bond

Should any part of the Keller-Santo prove defective at any time we will replace it free of cost.

With the Keller-Santo we furnish without extra cost a complete equipment of tools for 20 daily uses. There is nothing more to buy.

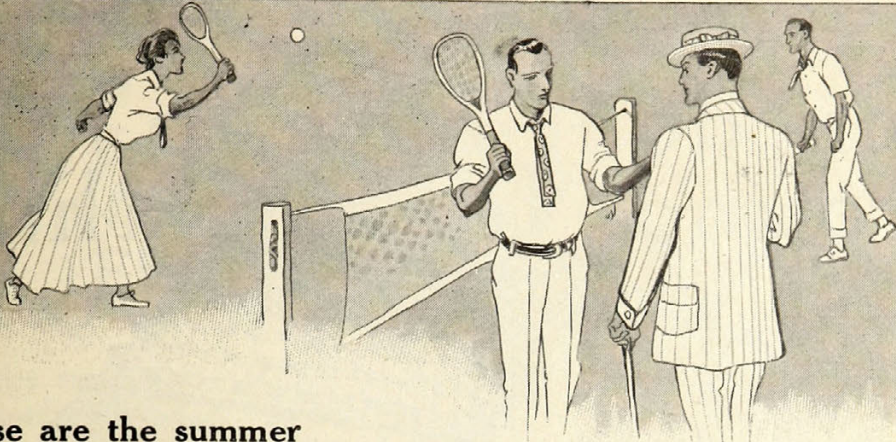
DON'T pay us a cent until you are satisfied that our cleaner is indispensable. Write to-day, a postal will do.

State whether you wish the cleaner for electric or hand power and we will send it to you direct or through your local dealer. Ask for our new book "The Dustless Home."

Keller Manufacturing Co.

Dept. 5 L

Philadelphia



These are the summer clothes for comfort and style

Shackamaxon White Outing Serges. Some are pure white. Many are in artistic stripe-effects. They are better than flannel—more shapely and distinctive. They do not shrink nor bag. They cleanse perfectly; and always appear fresh and new. The breeziest-looking, breeziest-feeling fabrics you ever wore.

Shackamaxon Blue Serges. In all shades, and hundreds of staple and fancy weaves. They are light-weight; of firm smooth velvety texture; and no matter where you wear them, *we guarantee them neither to shrink nor fade.*

Shackamaxon Worsteds. Clear-finished and soft-finished. A great variety of rich colors and tasteful new designs. The very latest thing for lounging, motoring, outing and business.

Hold these beautifully-finished fabrics in your hands. Look at them. *Feel* of them. Their quality speaks for itself. They are

“Shackamaxon”

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Guaranteed fabrics.

All pure fleece wool. Thoroughly shrunk.

Made exclusively for merchant tailors

No more perfectly-made fabrics are produced either in Europe or America. And at the price, no imported goods can equal them.

If your tailor hasn't them he will get them for you immediately. Or if necessary write to us and we will tell you *by return mail* of a tailor in your neighborhood who has them.

They are really the most economical fabrics you can wear. It pays you to insist on having them.

Look for the “Shackamaxon” trade-mark stamped on every suit-pattern. It means that *if any fault develops in any Shackamaxon fabric at any time, we will make it good.*

If you haven't seen the new *Shackamaxon* booklet “A Well-Dressed Man” you'd better ask your tailor for it, or write us, for a copy—free.

J. R. KEIM & COMPANY, Shackamaxon Mills
Philadelphia



Practically every operation in writing, billing or statistical work is made at the *keyboard* of the MODEL 10

Smith Premier Typewriter

No reaching, no waste energy, no mental strain, hence higher day-after-day efficiency. Complete control from the keyboard is but one of many exclusive Smith Premier advantages.

Smith Premier Typewriters will be exhibited at the Brussels International Exposition, Hall of Industries, Stand 27

Write for information, THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y. Branches Everywhere.

HALL MIRROR CAMERAS

the best and cheapest in the world—focal plane shutter—picture right side up on the ground glass. Will take most rapidly moving objects. Send for catalog.

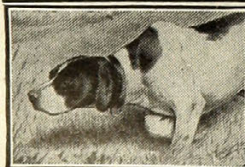
The Hall Camera Co. 14 Dunham Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHITE SLAVE TRADE 34,000 words and poem. Just out. Startling facts by Dist. Attorneys Bell, Sims, and others. Big Bound Pamphlets with set of pictures. Introductory price all for 25c.; 2 lots for 35c.; 3 outfits 50c.; 8 for \$1.00. Coin or stamps. M. C. EVANS, 143 N. 18th St., Philadelphia

HAVE YOU A DOG?

If so send at once for Polk Miller's 50 page booklet, "DISEASES OF DOGS AND THEIR TREATMENT." It tells how to treat a majority of the diseases with which dogs are afflicted. It may save your dog's life.

It also tells you how you can secure free medical advice for a year. It contains Senator Vest's masterful "Tribute to a Dog," and the celebrated poem, "A Yaller Dog's Love for a Nigger." We will send book for 4c. in stamps to cover postage, just to advertise Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies. Address



Polk Miller Drug Co., 838 Main St., Richmond, Va.

HAVE YOU ANY SPARE TIME?

Let me tell you how you can turn it into money. We want a few ambitious persons to solicit subscriptions for McClure's Magazine. We pay a Salary Guarantee and big commissions. Write now for particulars.

S. S. McCLURE COMPANY

44 East 23rd Street

New York

Our Experience and Facilities, and the Stability of the name STUDEBAKER is the buyer's guarantee of SUPERIORITY in

Studebaker ELECTRICS

VICTORIAS

COUPES

LANDAULETS

These vehicles are designed to afford constant service—and at the lowest possible maintenance cost.

The exceptional quietness, ease of control, and freedom from complication, which distinguish STUDEBAKER vehicles from all others, are the result of years of experience in building the best and a determination to scrupulously avoid all fads or freakish features of design introduced as talking points and generally obtained at the expense of efficiency.

For quality of material, elegance of finish and appointments, and painstaking attention to detail, these cars measure up to the STUDEBAKER STANDARD—the highest in the world.

Call at any STUDEBAKER Branch or dealer, and examine, test and compare these cars point by point with any other make.

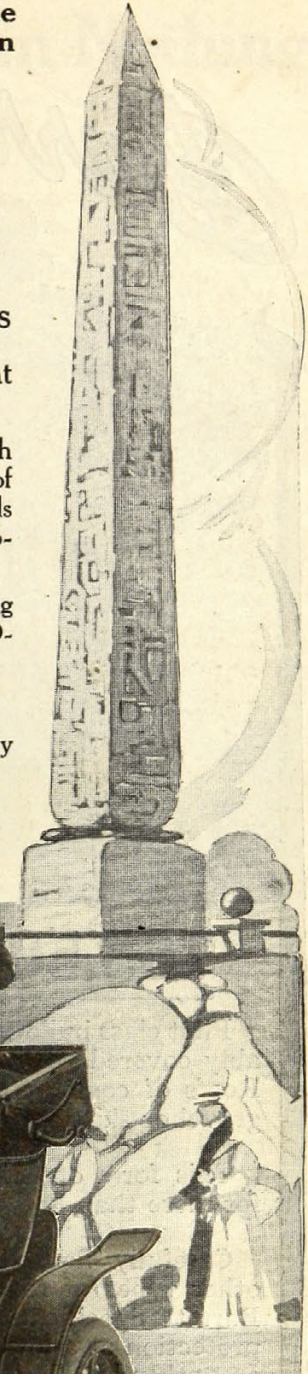
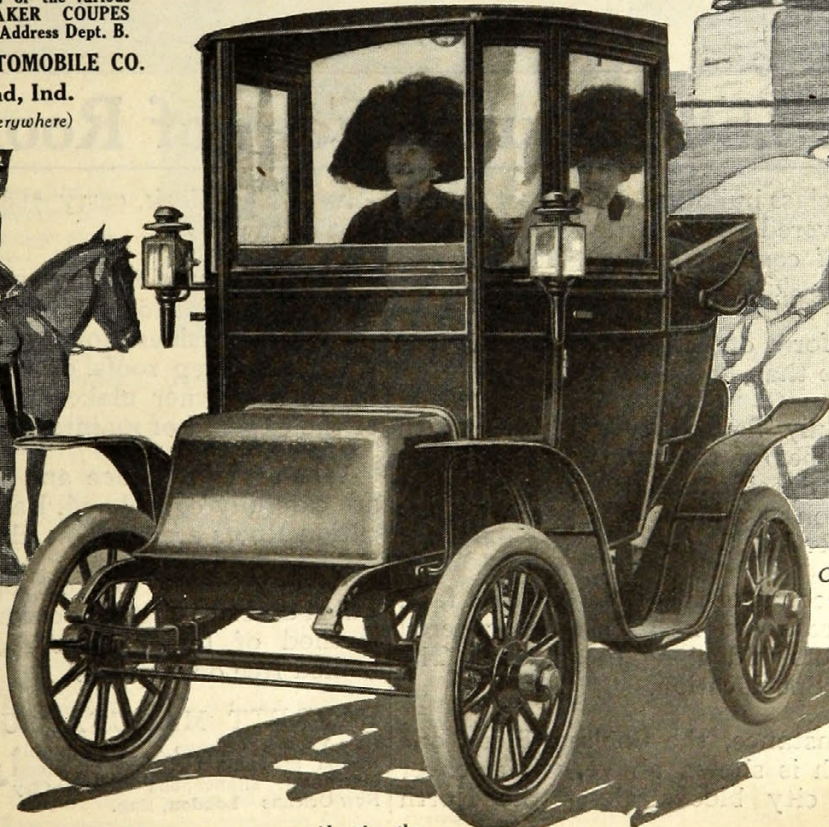
Ask your Electric Lighting Company about Electric Vehicles—particularly about STUDEBAKER Electrics.

Send for free book containing complete description and prices of the various models of STUDEBAKER COUPES and LANDAULETS. Address Dept. B.

STUDEBAKER AUTOMOBILE CO.

South Bend, Ind.

(Branches Everywhere)

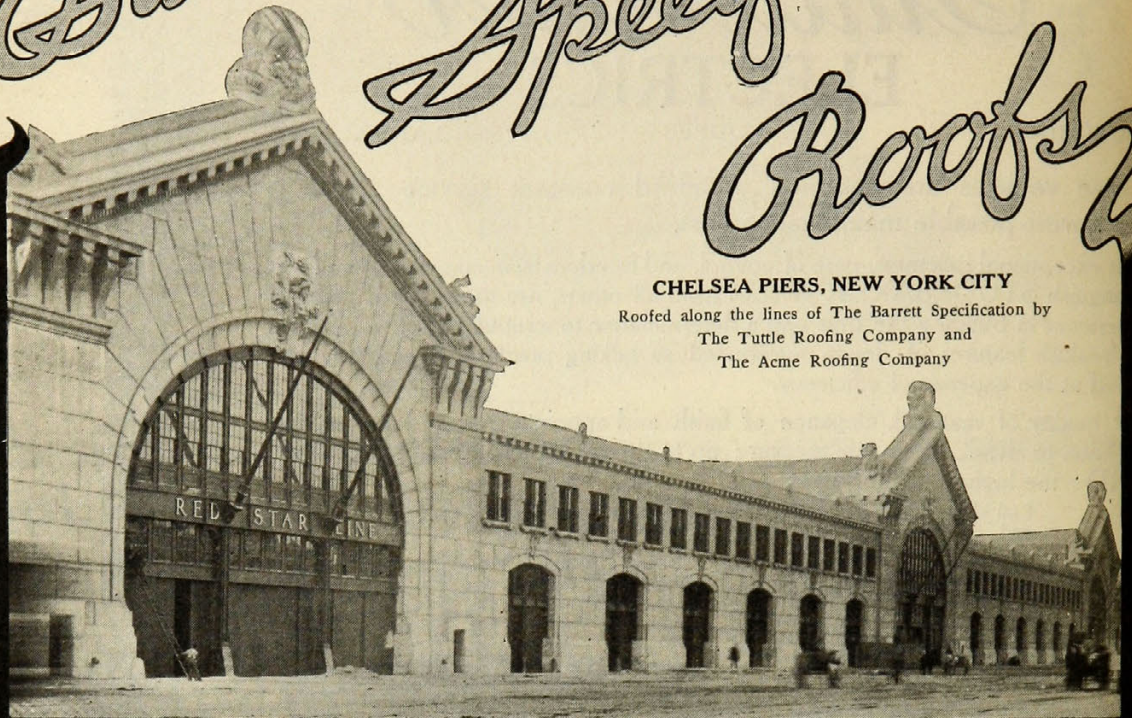


Cleopatra's Needle
Central Park
New York

For that class whose business or social requirements demand a private enclosed vehicle, and to whom economy of maintenance is a consideration, the STUDEBAKER Interior-Driven Electric Coupes and Landaulets are indispensable.

We use Exide Batteries

Barrett Specification Roofs



CHELSEA PIERS, NEW YORK CITY

Roofed along the lines of The Barrett Specification by
The Tuttle Roofing Company and
The Acme Roofing Company

768,500 Square Feet of Roofing

First class buildings are almost invariably covered with Barrett Specification Roofs of coal tar pitch, tarred felt and gravel or slag.

This form of roofing has been in use for more than half a century.

Carefully figured side by side with other types of roofing, it is found that Barrett Specification Roofs give better protection at a lower cost per year than any other kind.

On account of this widely known fact, large areas are nearly always covered with roofs laid along the lines of The Barrett Specification.

For instance, the Chelsea Piers, one of which is shown above, which cover several city blocks along the North

River, New York, carry 768,500 square feet of such roofs.

Other types of roofing are more commonly confined to buildings where ornament is a consideration, as in the case of tiling for steep roofs, or to small areas where the owner makes no calculation of the expense of maintenance.

When maintenance and depreciation are carefully considered, Barrett Specification Roofs are the first choice always.

A copy of The Barrett Specification, which describes with precision the proper method of laying such roofs, will be mailed free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO.

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Boston St. Louis Pittsburg Cleveland
Cincinnati Minneapolis Kansas City
New Orleans London, Eng.



How He Made a Million From Nothing

Remarkable Career of a Real Estate Wizard Who Seems to Know Just When and Where New York's Next Growth Will Occur

By Walter Binner

A MAN who has made a cool million in a few years without a dollar of original capital can tell you some extremely interesting things.

Good luck had seated me in the suburban train next to John W. Paris, president of the Real Estate Exchange of Long Island, and I soon had him talking.

"I began in real estate on my own account a little less than five years ago with a capital just a few hundreds less than nothing!" he said with a broad smile.

"You newspaper men sometimes apply a month's hard study to some murder mystery. I decided to be a Sherlock Holmes to the real estate question.

"I studied the growth of the city for the past century and made tables showing the steady increase in values. I found out *why* growth occurred, and *where* it would be *quickest*.

"When I had mastered my subject I soon found men with capital who were glad to have me operate for a half interest in the profits. I have never made a dollar in my life without at the same time making a dollar for some one else."

"Are there still some good opportunities left?" I ventured.

"There are more now than ever! For more than nine years the city was building the Queensboro Bridge, just now opened. For six years the Pennsylvania Railroad has been tunneling the rivers, and its tube system will open August first. That means opportunities by the hundreds!

"New York's average yearly increase in population is 250,000. Its growth goes forward as inevitably as the fall of the rain or the rise of the sun. It is the legacy of civilization to the largest city in the grandest country on the globe."

"What are the best profits you have made?"

"In active markets I have made for myself and my friends 500 per cent per annum. My first operation was to buy with only \$7,000 cash a small acreage tract which we improved and retailed within one year for a net profit of \$112,000. That is \$16 for each dollar invested.

"Next I bought 33 acres at Woodside, L. I., to which another tract was added later. This was only five years ago. We organized a company which has now sold most of the land. *Above one million in dividends has already been divided by this company.* Our profits for four years were fully 250% per annum."

"But how are these enormous profits possible?" I exclaimed. "Are they not exceptional and do you not at times make losses on some purchases?"

"Not only have I never made a loss on New York City property, but I have never made a purchase which did not show a substantial advance the first year. *Unless I am sure it will do that, I do not buy.* I will read

you from this note book the complete and actual results of some of my companies.

"The Woodside Heights Realty and Development Company gained and paid in five years *profits equal to 43 times its capital stock.* It has now been liquidated.

"The Queensborough Corporation paid 300% profits the first year, then increased its capital stock purely out of profits from \$3,000 to \$100,000. After that it paid 28% on the increased capitalization.

"The Paris-McDougall Company operated on a capital of \$10,000 during four years time. It has *paid out in dividends twenty times its capital stock* and has now been wound up.

"The awkwardness of beginning and liquidating so many companies suggested to me about two years ago the wisdom of creating a

permanent holding company, capable of paying for, developing and handling a great many different purchases. With this in mind I organized, with a number of my associates, the Mutual Profit Realty Company, under a charter giving it the widest privileges.

"This company put up a cash capital of \$100,000 as a guaranty fund, investing it in first-class free and clear real estate at the first station on the new Pennsylvania Tunnel lines, eight minutes from the heart of New York. To provide further capital for purchasing and handling desirable properties it issues Profit Sharing Bonds which guarantee and pay 5% interest and in addition share one-half the profits of all the company's operations.

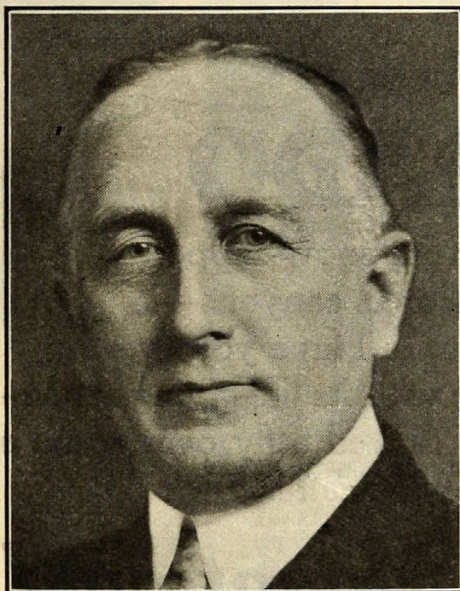
"This company just closed a fiscal year on May 31st. In addition to paying its operating expenses and 5% interest to bondholders, it has made

splendid profits, the bondholders' share of which is *20% per annum on all they have had invested.*"

"Such a profit as that in addition to a sure 5% interest, certainly makes these bonds a very attractive investment. Do you accept small sums?"

"Our bonds are sold at par in sizes of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 for spot cash; or on easy instalments, a \$1,000 bond may be paid for \$5 monthly, \$14.85 quarterly, \$29.49 semi-annually, or \$58.14 annually. There are fair surrender privileges and death benefits. I confidently believe this company will be able to repeat the big profit successes which I have shown in the past."

Soon after this interview, at my request, Mr. Paris sent me his book, "A Safe 5%, plus Half Profits." Readers of McClure's are entitled to a free copy of this interesting book which explains fully this attractive new method of savings and investment. Simply address Mutual Profit Realty Company, Room 424, 1314 Broadway, New York City.



JOHN W. PARIS
President Real Estate Exchange of Long Island



Have you ever been to

COLORADO

Have you ever seen its snow-capped peaks—its myriad-colored canyons—its never-ending grandeur? Have you ever filled deep your lungs with its life-giving ozone—climbed burro-back to its jutting crags or flicked a fly over some of its 6,000 miles of trout streams? Take *the de luxe*

Rocky Mountain Limited

— Daily from Chicago to Colorado Springs and Denver direct —

and go to Colorado. The train of comfort and luxury that is only one night on the way. Wide berths as comfortable as beds—observation, buffet and library car; with barber, valet and stenographer—and a chef whose cuisine has helped to make this superb train famous. A perfectly appointed club on wheels that makes the journey a pleasure—and turns what was once a hardship into one of the most delightful experiences of a lifetime.



Other good trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

Let me tell you how inexpensively you can have a *real* vacation in the Golden West


L. M. ALLEN, Passenger Traffic Manager

16 La Salle Station

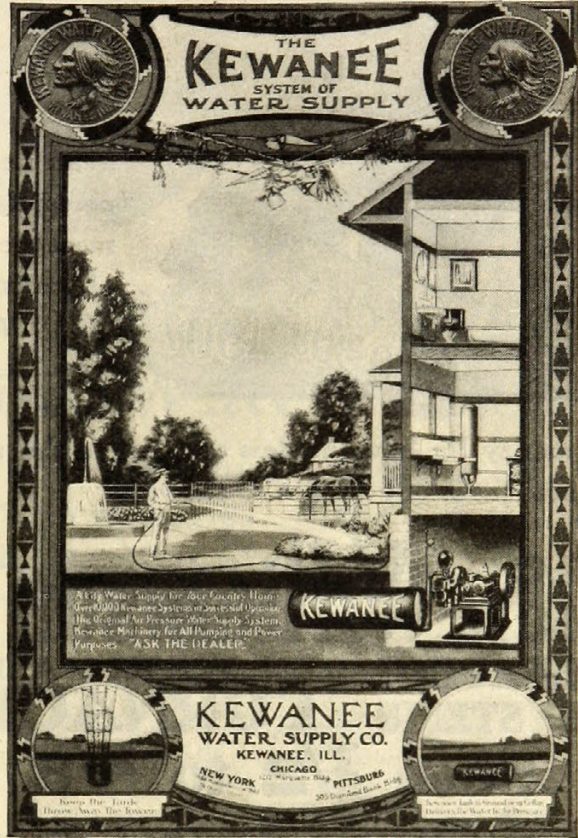
Chicago, Ill.

THE
KEWANEE
SYSTEM OF
WATER SUPPLY



When you see
this 
poster

in the
dealer's window
you will know
he sells and
installs the



Kewanee System of Water Supply

WHEREVER you see the Kewanee poster, there you will find a dealer in Kewanee Water Supply Systems. That dealer deserves your confidence, because he sells a water supply system which has proved its success by thousands of installations.

A Kewanee System will supply an abundance of water, delivered under strong pressure, to all plumbing fixtures and hydrants. No city water works system could be better. We know of no private water system as good.

Thousands of Kewanee Systems are supplying water every day for country and suburban homes, farms, country clubs, schools, public institutions, hotels, apartment buildings and even towns. Kewanee Systems are furnished in sizes and styles for any requirements. Prices, from \$70.00, up.

Kewanee Pneumatic Tanks are the perfect pneumatic tanks. No elevated or attic tank to leak, freeze, overflow or collapse—the Kewanee Tank is under ground or in the cellar. Water is delivered by air pressure.

Kewanee Pumping Machinery—designed and built for the exacting requirements of air pressure ser-

vice—is in a class by itself—as far superior to ordinary commercial pumping machinery, as Kewanee Tanks are superior to leaky attic tanks. Pumps are operated by hand, gasoline engines, electric motors, etc.—depending on your choice and the local conditions.

Kewanee Systems are made in Kewanee. As manufacturers of these plants, we are responsible for every part of them. One shipment—one freight bill—one handling at your end of the line—one guarantee—one firm to fall back on. No complicated handling—no shifting of responsibility.

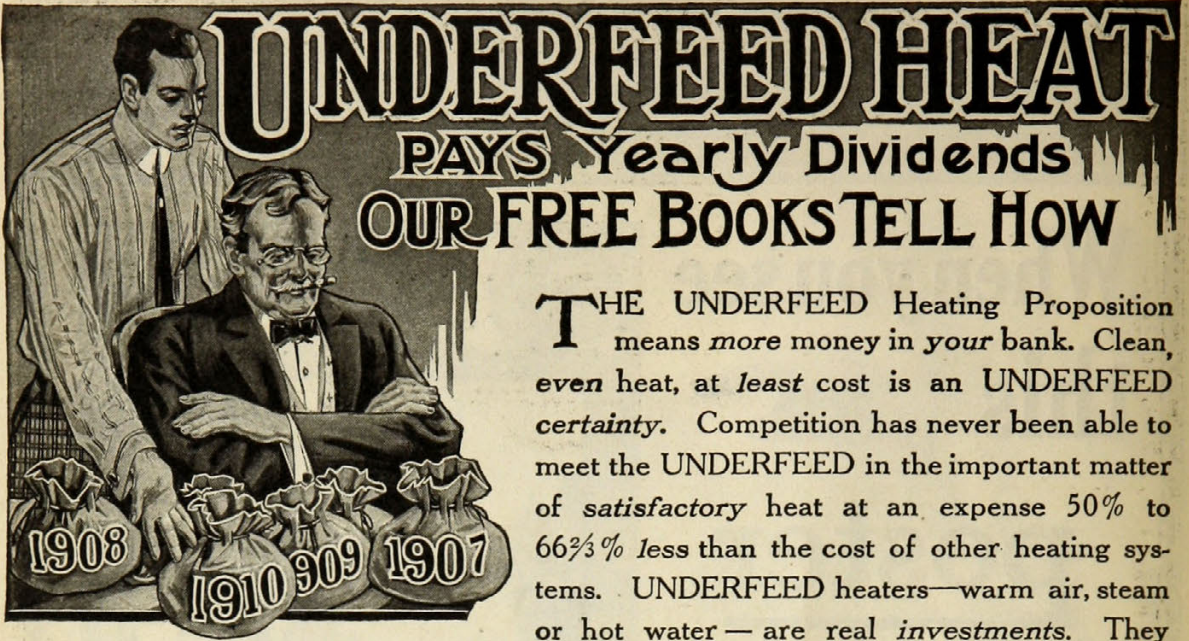
Have your local Kewanee dealer show you our complete catalogues and explain the Kewanee System. Tell him about your requirements, so he can consult with our engineering department and select the most satisfactory and economical water system for you. We will guarantee the results.

If there is no Kewanee dealer in your town, write to us. We will explain everything and help you solve your water supply problem. Ask for our 64-page illustrated catalogue, No. 33.

Kewanee Water Supply Company, Kewanee, Ill.

1564 Hudson-Terminal Building, 50 Church Street, New York City.
1212 Marquette Building, Chicago, Illinois.

305 Diamond Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.



UNDERFEED HEAT

PAYS Yearly Dividends
OUR FREE BOOKS TELL HOW

THE UNDERFEED Heating Proposition means *more money in your bank*. Clean, *even* heat, at *least* cost is an UNDERFEED *certainty*. Competition has never been able to meet the UNDERFEED in the important matter of *satisfactory* heat at an expense 50% to 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ % *less* than the cost of other heating systems. UNDERFEED heaters—warm air, steam or hot water—are real *investments*. They

save money for householders and *add* to the renting or selling value of any building. We have stacks of evidence to show that

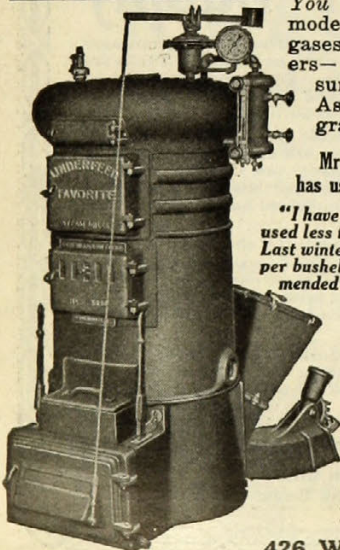
The Peck-Williamson Underfeed

HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR STEAM-HOT WATER
FURNACES-BOILERS

Save $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$ of Coal Bills

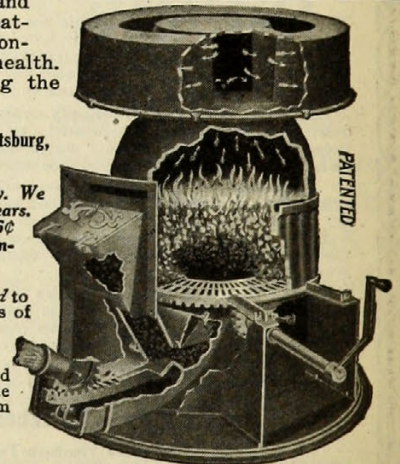
It doesn't take long for an Underfeed to *pay for itself* and then keep on *earning more money* for you. Pea sizes of hard and soft coal and *cheapest* slack—the sort which would *smother* fire in ordinary furnaces and boilers—

This illustration shows the Underfeed Boiler



yield in the Underfeed as much clean, even heat as *highest* priced coal. Figure the difference in cost. You save this. Coal is fed from below, the modern way, and *all the fire is on top*. Smoke and gases—heat units which *escape* in other heaters—*must* pass through the flames and are consumed. This means *more* heat and *better* health. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers.

The Underfeed Furnace with casing removed, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top



Mr. G. Harry Frank, of The Armor Lithographing Co., Pittsburg, has used an Underfeed three winters. He writes:

"I have a house of seven rooms, not including bath and pantry. We used less than \$14 worth of soft slack the first and second years. Last winter was more severe and we used about 250 bushels at 6¢ per bushel. I am perfectly satisfied with results and have recommended the Underfeed to a number of friends."

Mr. Frank, like all other Underfeed users, is *glad* to pass the good, *saving* news along. We've thousands of letters like this. Let us send you some fac-simile letters of appreciation with our FREE Underfeed Furnace Booklet, or FREE Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Boilers. Heating Plans and services of our Engineering Corps FREE. Write TODAY, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

THE PECK-Williamson Company,
426 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Furnace Dealers, Plumbers and Hardware Men are invited to write Today for our Sales Proposition.

KEYSTONE

14 K



KEYSTONE
SOLID GOLD



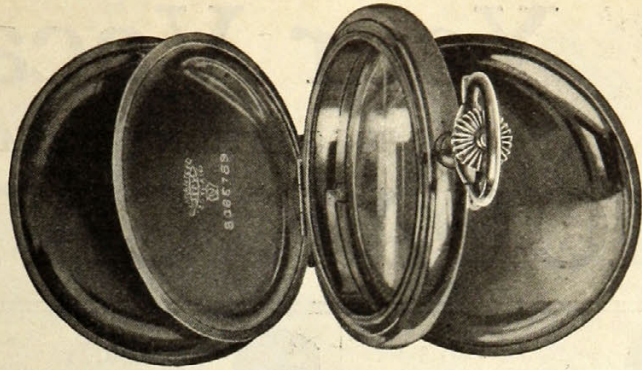
TRADE MARK

JAS. BOSS
GOLD FILLED



TRADE MARK

CRESCENT
GOLD FILLED



The Marks of a Good Watch Case

When men and women buy watches they think of the movement—the “works” as they call it—but rarely of the watch case.

Your jeweler buys watch cases and movements separately and combines them to make a complete watch.

You are particular about the “works” of your watch—you know the maker’s name; do you know the name of your watch case? There is room there for adulteration—for low standards—for the cheapening process that creeps in wherever folks pay for *anything* without *knowing* about it.

The trade marks illustrated on this page are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for 50 years. They mean absolute integrity in bullion value, in assay, in construction of a watch case.

The Keystone Company was the first to guarantee the wear of gold-filled cases—nowadays the words “guaranteed for 20 years” have become so common that you may find them stamped on a brass case washed with gold. The only real guarantee is the integrity of the maker—the name behind the case.

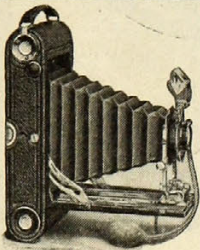
The marks illustrated on this page are your safeguard; be sure to find them—they are not hard to remember—Keystone for solid gold—Jas. Boss or Crescent for gold filled. Every good jeweler in this country knows the marks and carries the cases. They are made for ladies’ or men’s watches—plain, engine turned, engraved or enameled—all sizes, all patterns.

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
Philadelphia

Your Vacation.

SUGGESTIONS FROM THE

KODAK CATALOG



**No. 3A
FOLDING
POCKET
KODAK**

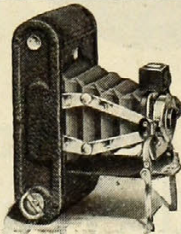
*Pictures,
3¼ x 5½.*

\$20.00

The most popular of all cameras; takes the full size post card picture, 3¼ x 5½ inches.

Provided with every feature for the most serious work, yet so simple as to be effectively handled by the novice.

Equipment includes double Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Brilliant Reversible Finder and Tripod Sockets. Covered with fine black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings. Top coat pocket size.



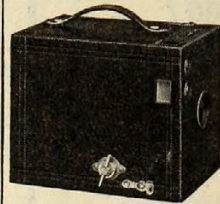
**No. 1
FOLDING
POCKET
KODAK**

*Pictures,
2¼ x 3¼.*

\$10.00

The smallest and simplest of all the Pocket Kodaks. Especially designed for those who wish to take good pictures the simplest way. Pulling down the bed automatically springs the front into position, no focusing necessary—just locate the image in the finder and press the lever.

Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic lens, fitted to Pocket Automatic Shutter, adjusted for both snap shot and time exposures. Brilliant Reversible Finder. Covered with black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings.

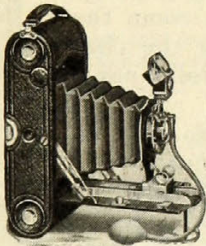


**No. 3
BROWNIE
CAMERA**

*Pictures,
3¼ x 4¼.*

\$4.00

Designed for one of the most popular of amateur sizes, the No. 3 Brownie brings 3¼ x 4¼ pictures within the scope of simple inexpensive Brownie photography. Easily operated by the children, it will satisfy the grown-up people as well. Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic lens, Eastman Rotary Shutter, adapted for both snap shot and time exposures. Two finders. Covered with fine quality imitation black leather, nickeled fittings.



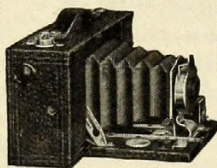
**No. 1A
FOLDING
POCKET
KODAK—
SPECIAL**

*Pictures,
2½ x 4¼.*

\$15.00

Made for those who want a dainty little pocket camera with quality all through. Light and compact, yet possesses every requisite for serious work.

Equipment includes Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Tripod Socket and Brilliant Reversible Finder. Covered with fine quality black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings.

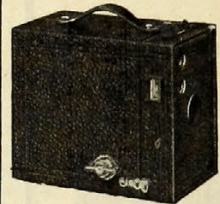


**No. 2A
FOLDING
POCKET
BROWNIE**

*Pictures,
2½ x 4¼.*

\$7.00

Inexpensive, devoid of all complications extremely simple to understand and to operate, this dainty little pocket camera takes first class pictures. Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic Lens, Pocket Automatic Shutter, (adapted for both snap shots and time exposures). Automatic Focusing Lock, Tripod Sockets and Reversible Finder. Covered with fine quality black imitation leather, nickeled fittings.



**No. 2
BROWNIE
CAMERA**

*Pictures,
2½ x 3¼.*

\$2.00

Remarkable pictures have been produced by these simple fixed focus cameras, even in the hands of school children, while work of the highest character has been done by experts.

Equipped with first quality Meniscus Lens, Eastman Rotary Shutter, adapted for both snap shots and time exposures. Two Finders. Covered with fine quality imitation black leather, nickeled fittings.

Kodaks and Brownies, \$1.00 to \$111.00. Ask your dealer or write us for our complete catalogue.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y. The Kodak City.



Walker's GRAPE JUICE

"It's Clear Because It's Pure"

THE term "pure grape juice" may be very broadly and yet truly used. Extracts of the grape skins and seeds as well as of the pulp may be called "pure grape juice"; fibre and sediment that come from the grape itself cannot be classed as foreign matter. Probably all bottled grape juices are pure in the sense that they contain nothing that does not come from the grape.

But when we say Walker's Grape Juice is pure we mean more than the common standard of purity;—we mean a new kind of purity that excludes everything but the clear, brilliant juice of ripe Concord grapes.

The Grape Products Company, North East, Pa.

The tannin that comes from over-pressed seeds and skins and that gives other grape juices their puckery after-taste and cloudy appearance is kept out by *Walker purity*.

Walker's Grape Juice has a rich, full, smooth flavor devoid of the slightest astringency. It is clear, brilliant and glowing; when held to the light it radiates the deep, translucent tone of a ruby. Turn a bottle upside down and no sediment falls from the bottom. It does not discolor teeth, lips or tongue:

Walker's Grape Juice, being a purely natural beverage, makes the ideal outdoor drink; especially appropriate to the next-to-nature summer season. At porch parties, picnics, motor outings, boating trips, Walker's is the most satisfactory thing that you can serve.

Write for the Walker Recipe Book and learn how to make many delicious drinks and dainty desserts with Walker's Grape Juice.

Your grocer and your druggist have Walker's Grape Juice. It is served at soda fountains. Walker's is always bottled in the "Ten-Pin" bottle.

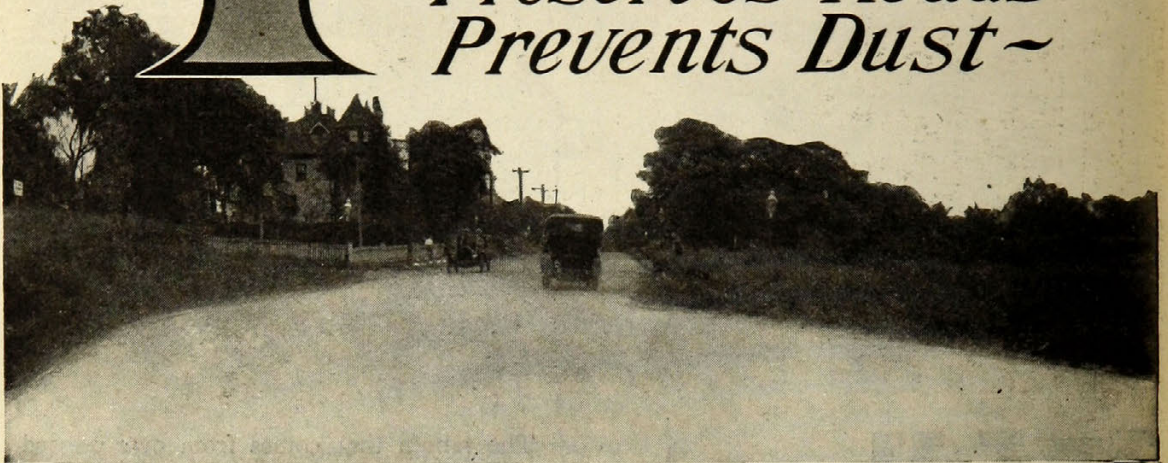
Write to-day for the Recipe Book.



The "Ten-Pin" Bottle

Tarvia

*Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust~*



500,000 Gallons of Tarvia for Brooklyn Borough, Greater New York

The above photograph shows Cropsey Avenue, Brooklyn, where the first experimental tarvia work in Greater New York was done several years ago.

The results were so satisfactory that the authorities have been using more and more Tarvia each year, culminating in the huge 1910 order for 500,000 gallons.

Tarvia solves the vexing problems of road maintenance on suburb, state and county roads where the development of property does not justify brick, sheet asphalt or wood block pavement, yet where the traffic is too heavy for ordinary macadam.

Formerly there has been no middle ground, and the macadam was either maintained at great expense or allowed to rapidly disintegrate.

Tarviating solves the problem.

It gives to macadam a slight plasticity so that it does not break up even under automobile traffic.

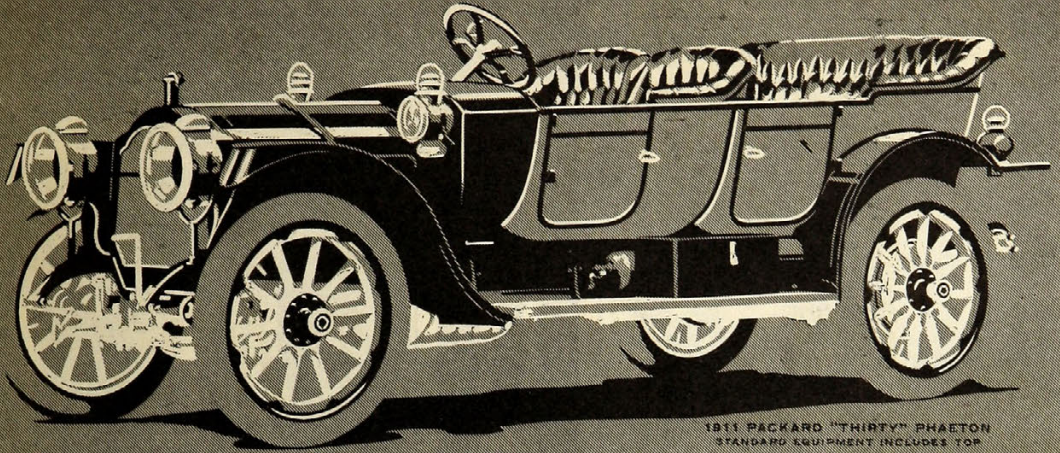
The surface is clean, smooth, durable and dustless.

Tarvia greatly extends the life of the macadam and reduces maintenance costs so materially that frequently the entire expense of the treatment is saved.

Our illustrated booklet just issued, entitled, "Good Roads—How to Build, Preserve and Make them Dustless" will be mailed free on request to nearest office.

Barrett Manufacturing Company, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Kansas City, New Orleans.





1911 PACKARD "THIRTY" PHAETON
STANDARD EQUIPMENT INCLUDES TOP

Ask the man who owns one

Packard
MOTOR CARS



PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



Copyright 1907
The B.V.D. Co., N.Y.



Copyright 1910 by
The B.V.D. Company

Hot? Perspiring? Uncomfortable?

YOU can lessen heat, perspiration and discomfort when the sun broils by wearing *Loose Fitting B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, and Knee Length Drawers.* Be sure of two things—that your underwear is *loose-fitting* and that it is *B. V. D.*

THIS RED WOVEN LABEL

MADE FOR THE

B.V.D.

BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

is sewed on every genuine B. V. D. garment. We make no garment without this label. It is our guarantee of perfection and yours of protection.

Coat Cut Undershirts, and	Union Suits (Patented April 30, 1907)
Knee Length Drawers.	\$1.00; \$1.50;
50c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 a garment.	\$2.00 and \$3.00 a suit.

The *care* used in B. V. D. manufacture shows in the *wear* of B. V. D. garments.

B. V. D. Underwear is made of thoroughly tested woven materials. It is correctly cut; it is carefully tailored; buttons sewed to stay; *care* in every stitch; *wear* in every thread.

The Red Woven B. V. D. Label shown on this page is *always* affixed to a B. V. D. garment.

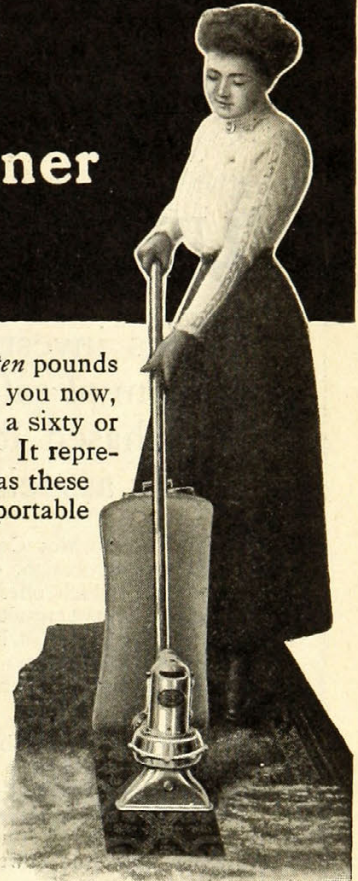
THE B. V. D. COMPANY

65 Worth Street

NEW YORK

A Postage Stamp Puts the **"RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner** in Your Home

YOU see here an Electric Suction Cleaner which weighs but *ten* pounds instead of sixty. The **"RICHMOND"** Suction Cleaner enables you now, for the first time, to clean by electricity, without lugging a sixty or eighty pound machine from room to room—up and down stairs. It represents as great an advance over heavy weight vacuum cleaners as these cleaners represented over brooms. For it is the only really portable Suction Cleaner.



Manufactured Exclusively for the RICHMOND SALES CO.
By **THE McCRUM-HOWELL Co.** Park Ave. and 41st St., New York
Five Factories Manufacturers of
Two at Uniontown, Pa.— "RICHMOND" Boilers and Radiators, "RICHMOND"
One at Norwich, Conn.— Enameled Ware, Bath Tubs, Sinks, Lavatories,
One at Racine, Wis.— "RICHMOND" Suds Makers, "RICHMOND" Concealed
One at Chicago, Ill. Transom Lifts, and "RICHMOND" Stationary Vacuum Cleaning Systems.

Anyone Who Can Afford Brooms Can Now Afford the Best Suction Cleaner Made

All that any Vacuum Cleaner or Suction Cleaner can do, the **"RICHMOND"** does. And it does, besides, some things which no *other* machine can do.

You can, for example, use the **"RICHMOND"** Suction Cleaner with or without hose. The hose attachment slides off and on with the same ease that your foot slides into an easy slipper.

Slip on the hose, and the ten pound **"RICHMOND"** with its six special cleaning tools (all furnished without extra cost) cleans hangings, walls, books, bedding, upholstery, clothing, hats, underneath radiators, furniture, etc. It is also supplied with a special attachment for hair drying, pillow renovating, etc.

Slip off the hose and you have a floor machine which weighs no more than a common carpet sweeper. The every day work of rug and carpet cleaning—of cleaning hard wood floors, tile floors, hearths, bath-rooms, porches, etc., can be done either with or without the hose.

A Postage Stamp the Only Cost

required to put this ten pound cleaner in your home. Just send us your name and address and we will have delivered to your door without one penny of expense to you—without obligation of any kind—a **"RICHMOND"** Suction Cleaner. You can prove for yourself in your own home just what this will do for you. But write today and we will include with our reply a handsome illustrated booklet.

The Richmond Sales Co.

Sole Selling Agents

160 N.N. Broadway, New York City, N. Y.



Fill Out and Mail This Coupon Now

RICHMOND SALES CO.,
160 N.N. Broadway, New York

I would like to have a **"RICHMOND"** Electric Suction Cleaner demonstrated in my home, provided it places me under no obligation whatever.

Name _____

Address _____

My Electric Light Co. is _____

First Preferred 7% Cumulative Stock of PUBLIC SECURITIES COMPANY

This investment affords an excellent income with a maximum of safety. Upon the terms at which it can now be purchased it also offers a much larger return than is generally associated with safe, non-speculative investments.

The Public Securities Company is an investment banking corporation, organized on a profit-sharing basis, which offers the opportunity of earning the excellent profits and affording the same degree of safety of such institutions, without committing its stockholders to a double liability on their shares, as in the case of many financial corporations.

The Company's authorized capital is \$20,000,000. With its large resources it will successfully occupy a field not now adequately covered in the Middle West. It will purchase or underwrite entire bond issues of Municipalities, Gas, Electric Light and Power, Steam and Electric

The bonds handled by the Company will be sold, at wholesale only, to insurance companies, banks and other financial institutions conducting a retail bond business.

The officers, directors and members of the Advisory Board are well known, and successful bankers and financiers. Their location in various parts of the country will be of material aid in obtaining and profitably disposing of good securities. Their experience in dealing with various lines of investment business justifies public confidence in the safe and conservative management of the Company.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

WALTER BARKER, Peoria, Ill.
President Commercial-German National Bank.

JOHN W. BLODGETT, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Chairman of Board and Treasurer Blodgett Co., Ltd.
Vice-President Fourth National Bank.

FRANK H. BUHL, Sharon, Pa.
President The Buhl-Kimberly Corporation.

HORACE G. BURT, Chicago, Ill.
Formerly: Third Vice-President Chicago & North
Western Railway Co.
" President Union Pacific Railroad Co.
" Receiver Chicago-Great Western Railroad Co.

H. M. BYLLESBY, Chicago, Ill.
President H. M. Byllesby & Co., Consulting Engineers.

EDWARD G. COWDERY, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-President Peoples Gas Light & Coke Co.

JAMES E. DANAHER, Detroit, Mich.
President Danaher & Melendy Co.
Director Detroit Trust Co.

SAMUEL INSULL, Chicago, Ill.
President Commonwealth Edison Co.
President North Shore Electric Co.

THOMAS E. MITTEN, Chicago, Ill.
President Chicago City Railway Co.

H. H. PICKING, East Orange, N. J.
Secretary New Jersey Registration & Trust Co.

CLARK L. POOLE, Chicago, Ill.
Clark L. Poole & Co., Bankers.

BERNARD E. SUNNY, Chicago, Ill.
President Chicago Telephone Company.
Vice-President American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Director General Electric Co.
Director First National Bank, Chicago.
Director Chicago City Railway Co.

M. D. THATCHER, Pueblo, Col.
President First National Bank.
Director American Smelting & Refining Co., New York.

CHARLES H. DEPPE, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-President.

WALTER A. GRAFF, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-President.

JOSEPH H. ROY, Chicago, Ill.
Secretary and Treasurer.

HOMER W. MCCOY, Chicago, Ill.
President.

Railways, and other corporations. Such issues will be accepted only after the most thorough examination of the properties by the Company's engineers, attorneys, outside independent experts and the approval of its Executive Board of well-known business men and bankers.

The funds of the Company will be invested only in the class of high grade securities above-mentioned, thus safeguarding your investment and its capital at all times. The First Preferred Cumulative Stock is preferred both as to dividends and assets.

This investment carries a 7% Cumulative Dividend with a maximum of safety and at the same time participates in the surplus earnings of a profit-sharing investment banking corporation.

ADVISORY BOARD

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>S. H. BURNHAM, Lincoln, Neb.
President First National Bank.</p> <p>A. G. CAMPBELL, Natchez, Miss.
President First Natchez Bank.</p> <p>LYNN H. DINKINS, New Orleans, La.
President Interstate Trust & Banking Co.</p> <p>J. L. EDWARDS, Burlington, Ia.
President Merchants National Bank.</p> <p>C. F. ENRIGHT, St. Joseph, Mo.
Enright & Fairleigh, Investment Bankers.</p> <p>F. H. FRIES, Winston-Salem, N. C.
President Wachovia Loan & Trust Co.</p> <p>W. S. GLENN, Spartanburg, S. C.
President Security Trust Co.</p> <p>O. B. GORIN, Decatur, Ill.
President Millikin National Bank.</p> <p>CALDWELL HARDY, Norfolk, Va.
President Norfolk National Bank.</p> <p>B. F. HARRIS, Champaign, Ill.
Vice-President First National Bank.</p> <p>HENRY G. HERGET, Pekin, Ill.
George Herget & Sons, Bankers.</p> <p>CLAY H. HOLLISTER, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Cashier Old National Bank.</p> <p>J. H. INGWERSEN, Clinton, Ia.
President Peoples Trust & Savings Bank.</p> <p>P. C. KAUFFMAN, Tacoma, Wash.
Vice-President Fidelity Trust Co.</p> <p>C. T. LINDSEY, South Bend, Ind.
Cashier Citizens National Bank.</p> | <p>W. P. MANLEY, Sioux City, Ia.
President Security National Bank.</p> <p>J. H. MILLARD, Omaha, Neb.
President Omaha National Bank.</p> <p>S. B. MONTGOMERY, Quincy, Ill.
Vice-President State Savings, Loan & Trust Co.</p> <p>LOGAN C. MURRAY, Louisville, Ky.
President American National Bank.</p> <p>JAMES NATHAN, Memphis, Tenn.
Cashier Manhattan Savings Bank & Trust Co.</p> <p>F. G. PETTIBONE, Galveston, Tex.
Vice-President City National Bank.
Vice-President and General Manager Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railway.</p> <p>ISAAC POST, Scranton, Pa.
Cashier First National Bank.</p> <p>F. W. PRENTISS, Columbus, Ohio.
President Hayden-Clinton National Bank.</p> <p>J. EVERTON RAMSEY, West Chester, Pa.
President Chester County Trust Co.
Vice-President National Bank of Oxford, Oxford, Pa.
Treasurer Lincoln University, Pa.</p> <p>S. B. RANKIN, South Charleston, O.
President Bank of South Charleston.
Secretary Ohio Bankers Association.</p> <p>J. P. M. RICHARDS, Spokane, Wash.
President Spokane & Eastern Trust Co.</p> <p>W. A. SADD, Chattanooga, Tenn.
President Chattanooga Savings Bank.</p> <p>J. W. WHITING, Mobile, Ala.
President Peoples Bank.</p> <p>J. O. WILLSON, Bloomington, Ill.
President Peoples Bank.</p> |
|---|--|

Terms of Subscription

The Stock of Public Securities Company is now offered in blocks of seven shares, consisting of five shares of First Preferred 7% Cumulative Stock at par with two shares of Common Stock, for \$500 per block. As many blocks may be bought as desired.

Payment may be made on either of the following plans:

Cash in full with subscription or on the deferred payment plan, particulars of which will be furnished upon application.

The two shares of Common Stock received with each five shares of First Preferred 7% Cumulative Stock should materially increase in value as the business of the Company progresses.

The Company's stock is divided into 100,000 shares of First Preferred 7% Cumulative Stock, par value \$100—80,000 shares of Common Stock, par value \$100—and 20,000 shares of Participating Stock, par value \$100.

The Participating Stock is held by those charged with the efficient and profitable conduct of the business and cannot be retained by them after leaving the Company's service.

None of the Common Shares go to the organizers as promotion stock.

All the profits of the Company go first to pay the 7% dividend on the First Preferred Cumulative Stock, and the surplus will be divided equally between the Common and Participating Stocks.

Dividends on the Common Stock obtained with the First Preferred 7% Cumulative Stock will add to the income value of the investment.

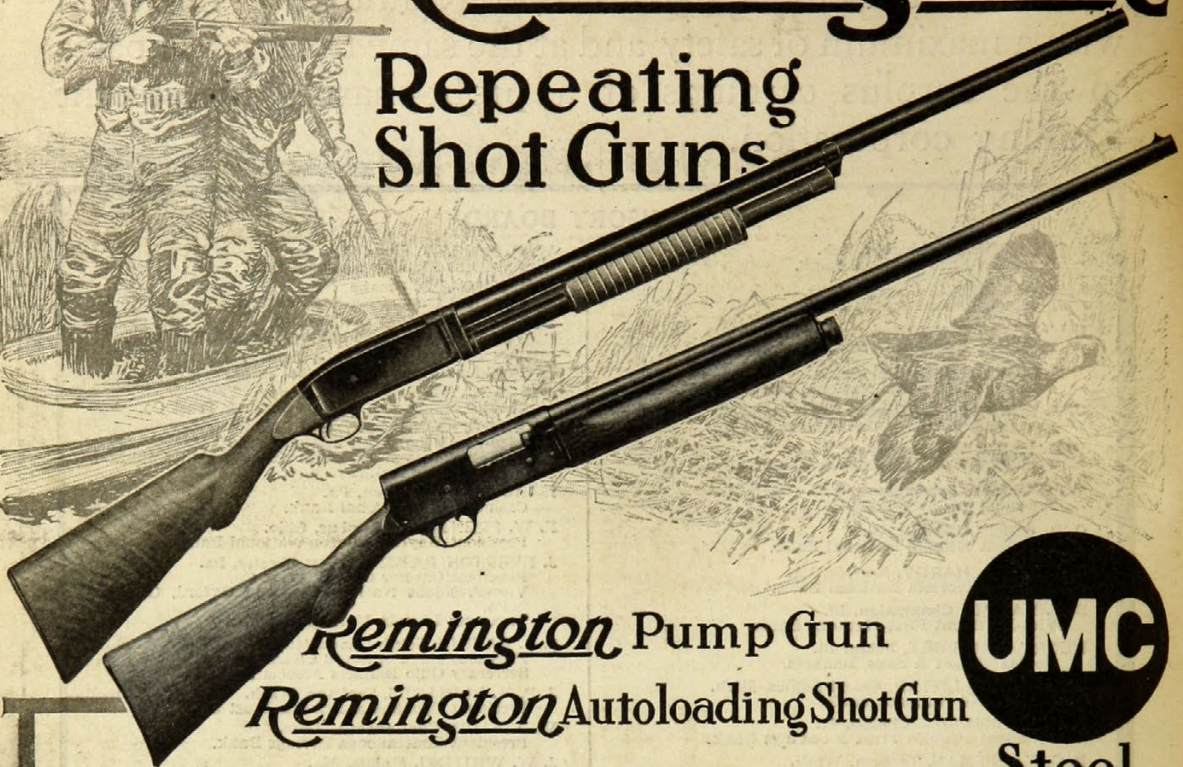
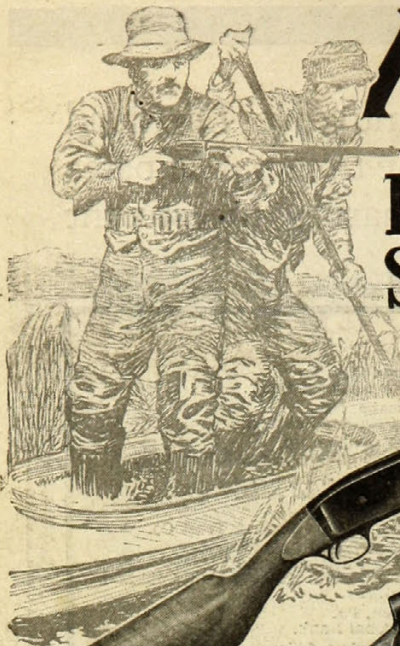
This investment possesses many attractions to investors seeking a good return, with a maximum of safety, and at the same time offers an opportunity to realize a larger profit without incurring the risk of speculative investments.

Subscriptions or requests for further information should be addressed to

McCoy & Company, 441-181 La Salle Street, Chicago

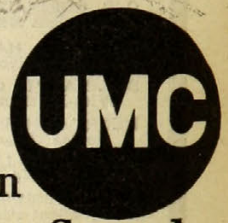
Remington

Repeating Shot Guns



Remington Pump Gun

Remington Autoloading Shot Gun



Steel
Lined
SHOT SHELLS

Remington determination to give the sportsmen the best that can be produced is fulfilled in the better service that these two best guns of their class unfailingly give.

Remington Pump Gun—best in three important features:—hammerless, solid breech, and bottom ejection of shells—the only pump gun on the market having these indispensable features. The solid breech not only protects the shooter's face from injury in case of a defective shell, but keeps dirt and foreign substances from the working parts, which are all located within the breech.

Remington Autoloading Shot Gun—the climax of 20th Century gun production, representing the best in mechanical ingenuity—hammerless, solid breech, automatic ejector, repeater of five shots, it combines the advantages of all shot guns with the added advantage of being autoloading, absolutely safe and having a minimum recoil.

UMC The Best Shot Shells Made— Improved with a Steel Lining

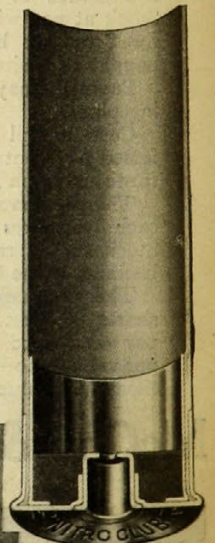
For greatest efficiency shoot UMC Steel Lined Shells. They are made for your gun—Remington or other make and any gauge.

The powder charge in UMC Arrow and Nitro Club shells rests against the steel lining. The powder is protected from moisture, insuring uniform loads in all kinds of weather.

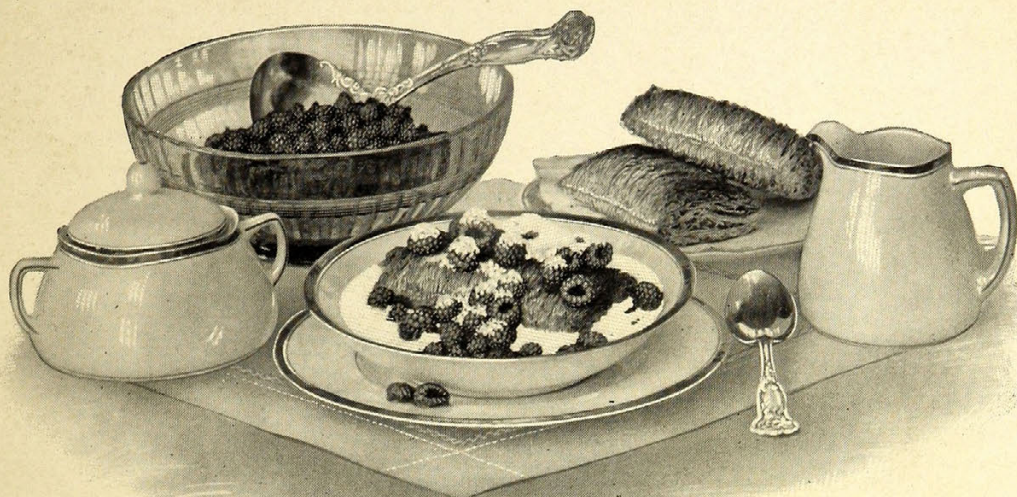
UMC and Remington—the perfect shooting combination.

SAME OWNERSHIP	SAME STANDARD OF QUALITY	SAME MANAGEMENT
The Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Conn.		The Remington Arms Co., Ilion, N. Y.
Agency, 299 Broadway, New York City		

Write for a set of targets and descriptive folder—sent free.



His Royal Highness
"THE AMERICAN CITIZEN"



Shredded Wheat Biscuit with RED RASPBERRIES

A wholesome, delicious combination for the summer days when the appetite needs to be coddled with toothsome things that nourish and satisfy without disturbing the digestion.

Being made in Biscuit form it is easy to prepare an appetizing, nourishing meal with Shredded Wheat on short notice. No culinary skill or experience required. Simply heat a Shredded Wheat Biscuit in the oven to restore its crispness, then cover with raspberries, or other berries, and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. The porous shreds take up the fruit juices, presenting them to the palate with all the full, rich aroma of the natural berry.

If you like Shredded Wheat Biscuit with berries or other fruits you will like the Biscuit for breakfast with milk or cream. It is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the finest, cleanest, most hygienic food factory in the world. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream and a little fruit will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work.

ALL THE MEAT OF THE GOLDEN WHEAT

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER



A SUNBURN SOOTHER

BECAUSE it is the real Boric Powder. Colgate's Talc contains eight times as much Boric acid (that mild and soothing antiseptic) as the best of six other advertised Talcum Powders examined by an eminent chemist. Take a box with you to the seashore and mountains for comfortable summer dressing.

Three Perfumes and Unscented

COLGATE & CO., 55 John St., N. Y.

