March 15 Cents

Hearst's Magazine

Painted by
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Hearst's Magazine

Vol. 25 Contents for March No. 3

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MARCH 1914

ORIGINALLY March was instituted by "Wolf" Romulus, first emperor of Rome, in order that a portion of the citizenry of the United States, among whom are quite a number of Americans, might parade on the 17th, with green banners and German bands, in honor of the chief authority on snakes.

Certain historians have shown—and Irish gentlemen will kindly restrain their shrieks of agony until they have left the hall—that St. Patrick was born in Scotland about the 4th century. His name it seems was Maenwyn, and the cognomen, Patricius, which Ribadaneira shows means "father of many," was bestowed upon him by Pope Celestine when he sent him to Ireland to "bring the wild natives into the pale of the church." Recent developments have convinced certain members of the British Government that, despite the efforts of St. Patrick, the natives are still wild.

Until comparatively recently March played first base in the calendar league, but rough work and trouble with the bleachers relegated him to the third sack. Named for Mars, the Olympian trouble-maker, this month has never been able to shake off the hereditary taint of bluster and blow. Even the gentle Tennyson remarks upon things that were "more black than ash buds in the front of March." Suits to force payment for Christmas presents to the boss's family are quite prevalent in this month, and New Year's resolutions have by this time almost completely dissolved into infernal paving material.

Mr. Richard Le G. Ovid, the lyrical cut-up of an earlier day, has observed: "*A te principium Romano ducimus anno*," which, freely translated into Americanese will read: "Let's start something about the first of the Roman year," which by many has been taken to furnish license for the economic frenzies of the average household at this time.

Proverb-makers and verse-slingers have worked overtime in saying harsh things about March, but it remained for the early English to refer to it as "well-odored from the mother-earth," and then to cap and clinch the appellation by wearing onions in the buttonhole on the first day of the month. It comes then to mind that an old settler, J. Caesar, Esq., received his quietus at the hands of the rough gunmen of Rome, headed by Lieutenant Brutus, in the ides of March, and this gave a young politician named Antony the opportunity to set a fashion in orations which has not been overturned.

The ancient Saxons had their own ideas about the month of March, for they called it *Lenct-monat*, or the month of the long days, and it has been pointed out by ecclesiastical historians that it is from this wording that we get our "lent," or the period of "giving up." Extended research among the law-breakers of the large cities has indicated that this forty-day period has been deftly extended by the police throughout the year with the result that to these simple second-story men, safe blowers and footpads the ceremony has lost much of its spiritual significance. Selah!

The New Thought

by

Elbert Hubbard

Drawing by

Charles A. Winter

NEW Thought is your own thought. New Thought is a direct inspiration from the Source of all being. It is the Voice, told of by the Society of Friends. New Thought is simple, plain, acceptable, gentle, and carries with it its own proof of verity. Second-hand thought requires explanation, elucidation, translation, apology, and sometimes threat and force.

One distinguishing feature of the New Thought is its antiquity. New Thought was expressed by Pythagoras six hundred years before Christ, when he said: "Hate and fear breed a poison in the blood, which, if continued, affects eyes, ears, nose and the organs of digestion. Therefore, it is not wise to hear the unkind things that others may say of us."

This was a conclusion in the line of self-preservation—a plain, simple, obvious, logical fact. Marcus Aurelius, the Roman Emperor, taught a similar gospel: "When you arise in the morning think on what a precious privilege it is to live, to breathe, to think, to enjoy."

Hypatia taught the wisdom of harmony in thought, so that bodily health and happiness will follow. Express beauty in your lives, and beauty flows to you and through you. To love means to be loved; and to put hate behind is the sum of all wisdom.

Naturally, every man thinks well of himself. If no one ever told us that we were worms of the dust, we would never come to the conclusion ourselves. If no one had ever informed us that we were "lost" we would never have guessed it. Left alone and uninstructed, no one would ever imagine he was conceived in sin and born in iniquity; neither would he say that we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Naturally, we shed trouble, we forget sorrow; we sleep and awake refreshed. The grass in time grows on all graves.

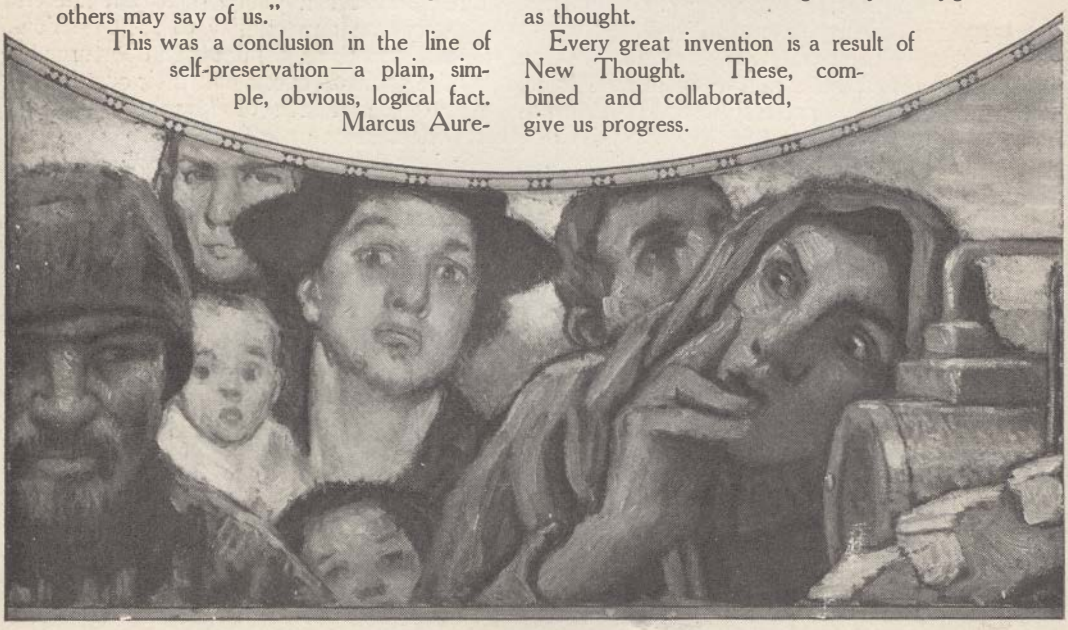
Much of our sickness is caused by fear.

Inability to meet a note will give you cold feet, and then a cold in the head. A quarrel will cause tonsilitis. Over-eat, under-breathe, fill life full of fear, jealousy and hate, and disease follows.

For a few to think and the many to memorize is deterioration.

The brain is an organ, and to keep it healthy it must be exercised. Thinking is brain exercise. There is nothing really so hygienic as thought.

Every great invention is a result of New Thought. These, combined and collaborated, give us progress.



Our very existence turns on being happy. Misery affects the circulation; fear mean congestion, congestion continued means disease, and disease means death.

The modern locomotive is the condensed result of thousands of men thinking and acting.

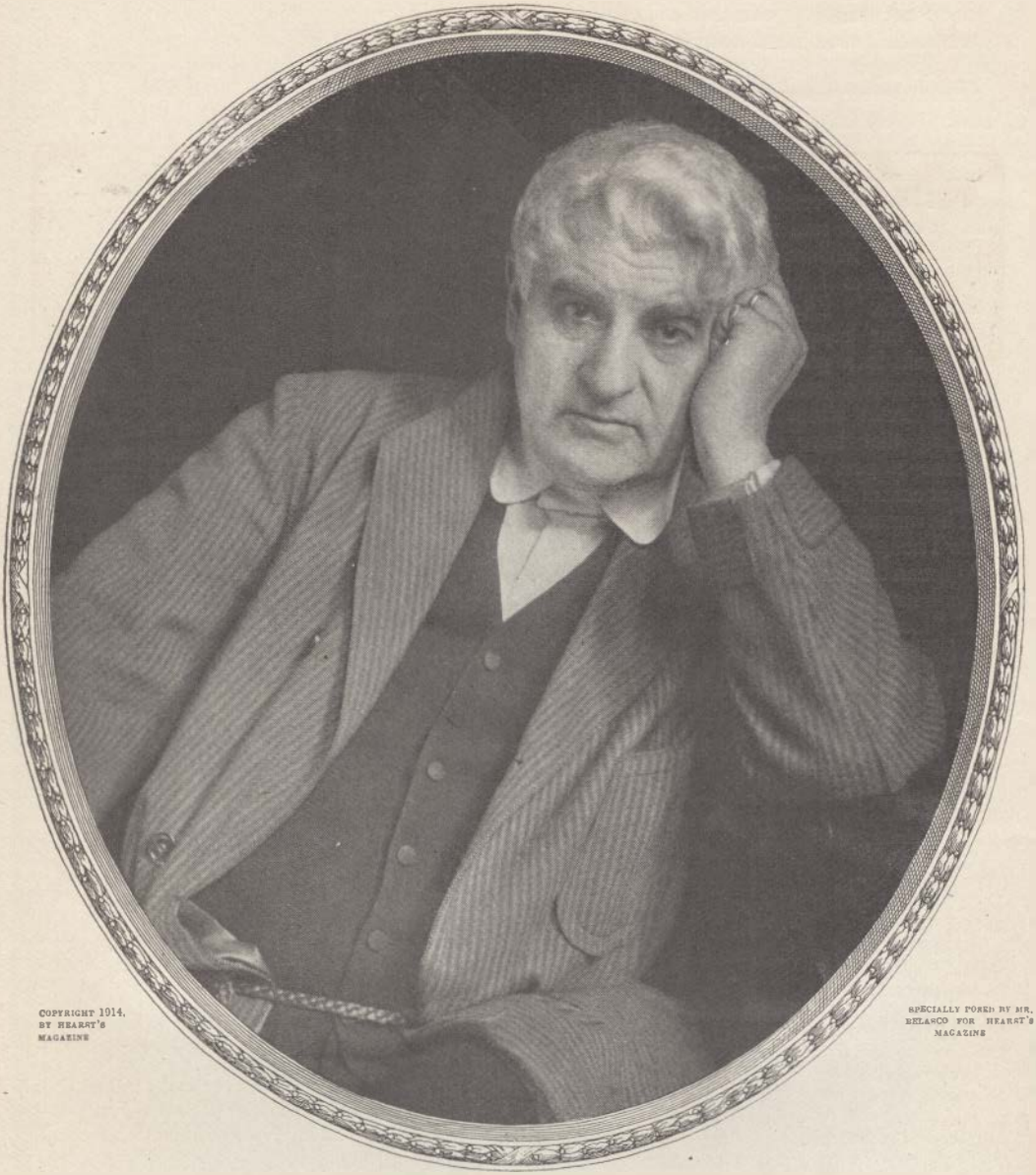
If no one had ever denounced independent thinking there would have been no necessity of affirming New Thought.

The great modern revival of New Thought comes in with Ralph Waldo Emerson. His three great essays, "Compensation," "Self-Reliance" and "Nature," contain the germ of all that has been said in philosophy.

Prentice Milford with his "White Cross Library" did a great work. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has repeated again and again in a graceful and gracious way a great number of truths about right thinking that have now become a part of the current coin of the race.

The summing up of New Thought is this: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." "Love is the fulfilling of the Law."

God's spirit is close to us when we love. Therefore, it is better not to resent, not to hate, not to fear. Equanimity and moderation are secrets of power and peace.



Faithfully
David Belasco

"There came a night when my face was whitened, and vermilion splotches were put on thick. I took the job of clown very seriously, and I would work myself into a frenzy of excitement. When I think of it there comes to me a faint echo of the thunderous applause that used to roll through the tent, as I stood by the side of my giant friend, the circus rider, and kissed my hands in every direction."

To speak of stagecraft in its perfection is to name David Belasco.

My Life's Story

by David Belasco

For years editors and publishers have tried to persuade Mr. Belasco to tell the colorful story of his life, some of them seeking him check in hand or with proffers of great sums of cash. To all Mr. Belasco has turned a deaf ear: he was not ready, he said, to give his story to the world.

But at last the "wizard of the American drama" has written his autobiography, and it is the privilege and pleasure of Hearst's Magazine to place before its readers the exclusive publication of David Belasco's wonder-story.

The man who discovered Mrs. Leslie Carter, David Warfield, Henrietta Crosman, Blanche Bates, Frances Starr; who as author or co-author wrote and produced such famous plays as "The Heart of Maryland," "Zaza," "The Darling of the Gods," "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Music Master" and "The Easiest Way;" the man who successfully fought the theatrical trust; the man who reversed the percentage of success and failure on the American stage; in short, "D. B."—the most idolized master of stagecraft in the history of the theater—is now setting down for us the fascinating story of how it all happened. It is the life-story of a career varied, picturesque and richly romantic. It will appear in Hearst's, month by month.

THERE comes a time in the life of a man when he may look back upon himself as though he were another being. He has a father's feelings for the boy that was; the events of his childhood are colored with that tender hue of romance which we are always able to extract from lives that we are not actually living. The little David of long ago is a character I have met with somewhere during my long career, and if I speak of him with love and reverence I do so as though he were not myself but were some dream figure of my imagination.

Reminiscences should always begin in a mist of half-recollected happenings. You are always told that such and such things happened on the day you were born. This shade of uncertainty as to the hour, the weather, the temperature and other details creates a heroic atmosphere about the cradle, and there is not a child that is not heralded under a special star. Events began to assume definite shape in my life at an early age, and these events I shall

speak of unreservedly, as they fall into their proper places. But now I shall speak of little David as someone so far away that he is memory rather than reality. Somewhere in my own life I have had the experiences of little David; sometime in my life his friends were mine. Therefore I cannot help but have a personal interest in the little fellow. I cannot help but feel certain pain that he is lost or rather indistinct. But what there is of him I shall set down.

The Belascos were originally from Portugal, and pronounced their name as though the initial letter were a *V*. When the Moors overran the peninsula, leaving behind them ruin and devastation, the Belascos, with other fugitives, went to England, where for several centuries they married and intermarried, until there were varied strains of Spanish, German, English and Portuguese blood in their make-up. Like all families, they boasted of their most distinctive members, and as early as the sixteenth century the famous Velasquez, himself one of the family, added luster to the name.

Though both of the parents of little David were Portuguese, they were of mixed German and Spanish strains. Some of my earliest recollections are the folk tales told me by my mother in a Spanish tongue so soft and musical as to linger in my memory. This may have been partly due to her manner of telling, for she had histrionic gifts which were never allowed to find expression, however much she longed to go upon the stage.

But it seems to be one of the humors of life, that those who are thwarted in one direction, are usually satisfied in another. To the girl, Reina Martin, there was a glamor about the theater which no parental frowning could quell. And among her young friends was Humphrey Abraham Belasco, descendant of a long line of Belascos who had lived in England ever since the twelfth century. There had been lawyers in the family, and artists and sculptors; there had also been athletes of sporting reputation. But Humphrey showed his taste for the theater, and when he met Reina he already had a reputation for pantomime, and was later to gain more solid reputation as the most famous harlequin in London.

These two met, and the girl was given passes to the theater. And soon they found themselves married, and living upon the salary received by my father from the old Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I might have been born in London had it not been for the gold fever of '49 in California. My parents, being both young and ambitious, determined to brave the sea voyage of many months and to risk the doubtful chance of a sailing vessel. But without untoward accident they reached the Isthmus of Panama. It has always been a tradition in the Belasco family that my mother was the first woman to cross the Isthmus. There were bandits and desperadoes in those days, but the story, as it has been told to me, narrates how careful everyone was of my mother, even clearing the load

His is a strangely compelling personality. Lose yourself once to the spell of his voice, and you see only through his vision.

Little David's father had been the most famous harlequin in London, and—"my mother was romantic."

from a donkey so that her progress might be made the easier.

In this roundabout fashion, they finally reached California and found themselves in San Francisco just when the gold craze was at its height. The traveling companions separated, these desperadoes having become sufficiently courteous during the journey to hail my mother as Empress-Queen.

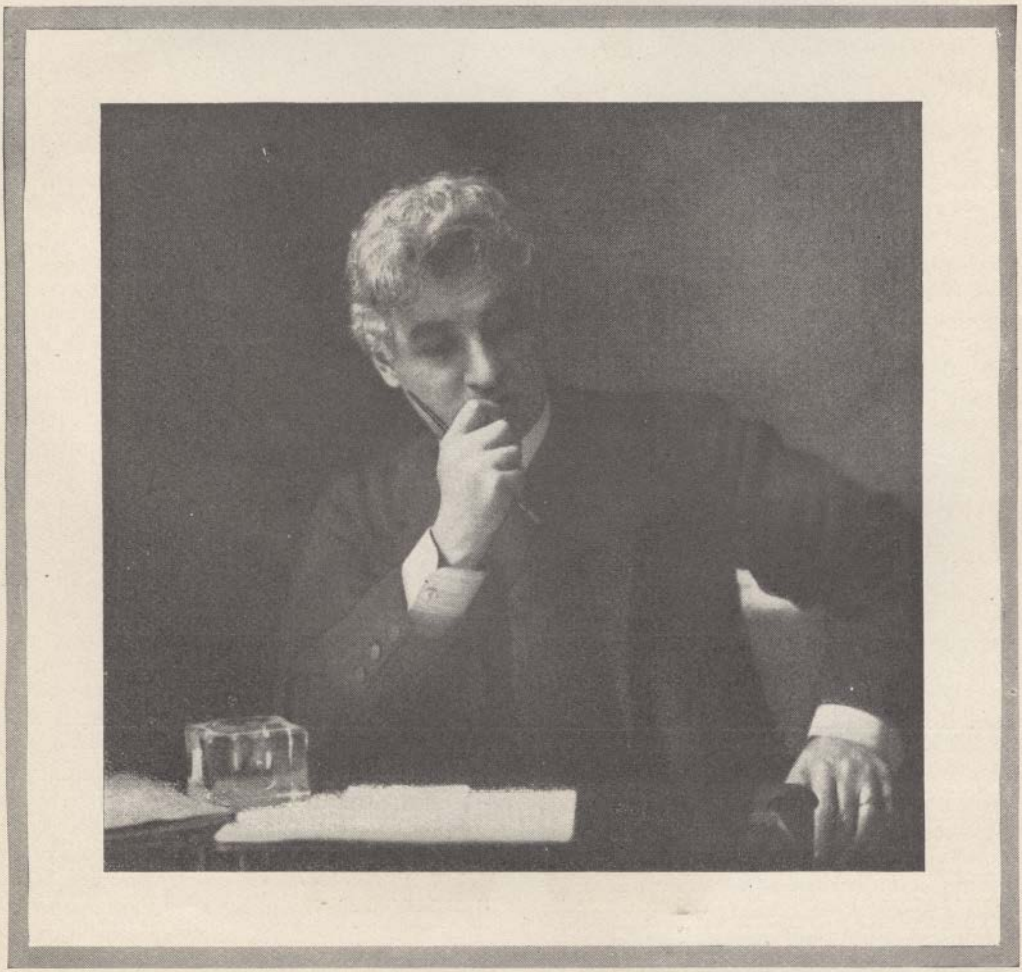
Their timely arrival thus made me an American citizen.

But we left behind us in England many relatives. There was one in particular who added to our histrionic inheritance. My uncle, David Belasco, was a most popular actor-manager in his day. He called himself David James, and his career finds itself recorded in the reminiscences of the Ban-

crofts, of Henry Irving and of others. He was the proprietor of the Vaudeville Theater in London, and it was he who first produced H. G. Byron's "Ours." When he died, he bequeathed a large fortune to the Actors' Fund of England.

Fortune, however, did not smile so favorably on my father. When he arrived in San Francisco he had just sufficient money to pay for his board, and as it happened the house to which he went on Howard Street was so crowded that he was forced to take a bedroom in the cellar. There it was, soon after their arrival, that my mother gave birth to little David. It had been a terrible winter, and the spring and summer were not much better, marked as they were by constant storms and floods. I have been told that I arrived in the midst of one of the worst rains of the season. I came into the world on a floating cot, and those in attendance on my mother had to wade to her in order to carry her to the parlor, which was hastily prepared for our further comfort.

As soon as my father was able to move his little family, for travel was terrible in those days, we went to Victoria, British Columbia, where the mining activity was sufficiently large to warrant my father opening a little shop for such trade as the miners afforded him. But in Victoria there was also a local playhouse called the Royal Theater, primitive and rough, yet sufficiently artistic to attract the actor of Haymarket fame. However, it was not sufficiently impelling



"The inclination to create something began early in my childhood days. Even now, I have something of little David in me, for while I am working in the studio, I act out my scenes before I formulate them on paper."

to take my father away from his mining intentions. As soon as we were located in Victoria, and he had accumulated a little money, he was away; in less than six weeks he joined the famous party that exploited the Cariboo mines. And he was gone for a long while.

Mr. Belasco several years ago — about the time of "Madam Butterfly"

With my mother, therefore, the greater part of my younger days was spent. She was romantic and she was a dreamer, and these characteristics began at a very early age to become manifest in little David. She it was who taught me the alphabet, and then there came a day when I began school. There was an old maid—a prim little woman—who took pupils; instead of having a schoolhouse, she came to the home. Children did not go to school because there were Indians on the outskirts of the town, and there had been known cases of little girls and boys spirited away and frightened. On special occasions we would be taken to visit the Indians and to marvel at their tents which were a romantic fringe on the margin of the town.

But when little David became a real boy, he was sent two miles from the city to a school kept by a man named Bird, who had under his care about one hundred pupils. I remember few of my schoolmates, but I do remember the teacher, and I only have to close my eyes to vision a severe man, with black, curly hair, and an unnaturally white face. He always seemed to have a rattan in his hand. A wrong look, an idle gesture on the part of one of the boys, and there was a crack upon his head or knuckles.

Below, another David Belasco who achieved fame on the stage.

I was fortunate with Bird. A certain reticence, a certain silent manner won his confidence, and I was made monitor. It was little David also who was called upon to recite whenever visitors came to the school, and it was his compositions that were always shown. I seem to hear now the voice of old Bird: "'David, what Indian words do you know?'" or "David, recite 'The Star Spangled Banner.'" Those early days in Victoria left indelible stamps on the character of little David; tokens of their presence are found in several of the plays he afterwards produced. Not many people realize why it was I introduced "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night" into "The Heart of Mary-

David James, noted English comedian, whose real name was Belasco. He was the uncle of David Belasco and a contemporary of and fellow-actor with Henry Irving.

land," but it was a matter of sentiment that made me do so. One of the reminiscent strains ever sounding in my ear is the voice of my mother reciting that piece. And undoubtedly the atmosphere of that time entered into "The Girl of the Golden West." We never know when life directs us and leads us to what we want.

On my way from school, I would stop with the boys to play marbles or those other games which come at special seasons of the year. Sometimes, standing upon a stone, I would recite to a group or tell them of some play I had seen. For even thus early, little David had turned theatrical manager. The inclination on my part to create something began even in these days. I did not merely tell the stories that had been told to me by others, but I built adventure after adventure. I made up stories, drawing my imaginary revolver with all the realism I could muster. I was not alone in that respect; it is the special privilege of childhood to people space with castles in Spain. But I remember that I was more fluent than my companions. I could spout by the hour, and my thrills must have been cumulative, for I seem to see even now the group of spell-bound youngsters listening to me. I am quite sure that this creative impulse in me was the thing that later developed into the dramatist; I am sure that however wild my imaginings, there was some method in them. For I remember that they had dramatic effect. Even now I have something of little David in me, for while I am working in the studio, I act out my scenes before I formulate them on paper. The casual eavesdropper would hear strange sounds were he near. But I do not blame myself for them; they are a little inheritance from the boy that was.

To go to the play cost two bits in those days, and we thought we had the greatest stock company in the world. The scenery might have been shocking, the style might have been of the spouting order, but we were trained in Shakespeare, and we were given melodramas of the sort that encouraged long soliloquies. My mother early taught me to work. I would select old bottles and sell them; wine bottles brought five cents, and when I had enough money saved, away to the theater I would go.

We boys gave performances in my mother's cellar; we borrowed clothes, and I would make up the plays as we went along. We would charge admission, and with the profits—outside of what we would put away to go to the regular theater—we would run to Miner's Restaurant. Each boy would call for a cup of coffee, much larger than was good for him, and we would end by having, each of us, a corn-starch pudding.

The pranks of little David and his schoolfellows did not go unobserved. The figure of an old priest, leaning upon the arm of a younger brother, soon impressed himself upon my mind. He would often stand much amused by what we did, and one day he smiled at me. And then while I was reciting he stood and listened and when I was through he beckoned me to him, and put his hand upon my head.

"Are you—what is your religion?" he asked me.

I told him that my parents were Jews, but that there was much intermarriage.

"But your father?" queried the priest.

"He is very orthodox," I remember saying.

And then there came further questions about my Spanish and Portuguese stock.

I remember the long talks that my mother and father used to have over my career before I was able to understand them thoroughly. The latter had visions of my being a rabbi, but my mother was of a different mind.

"Never!" she would exclaim. And when I was older, she would say:

"David is too much of a gypsy. I know he is going to be an actor."

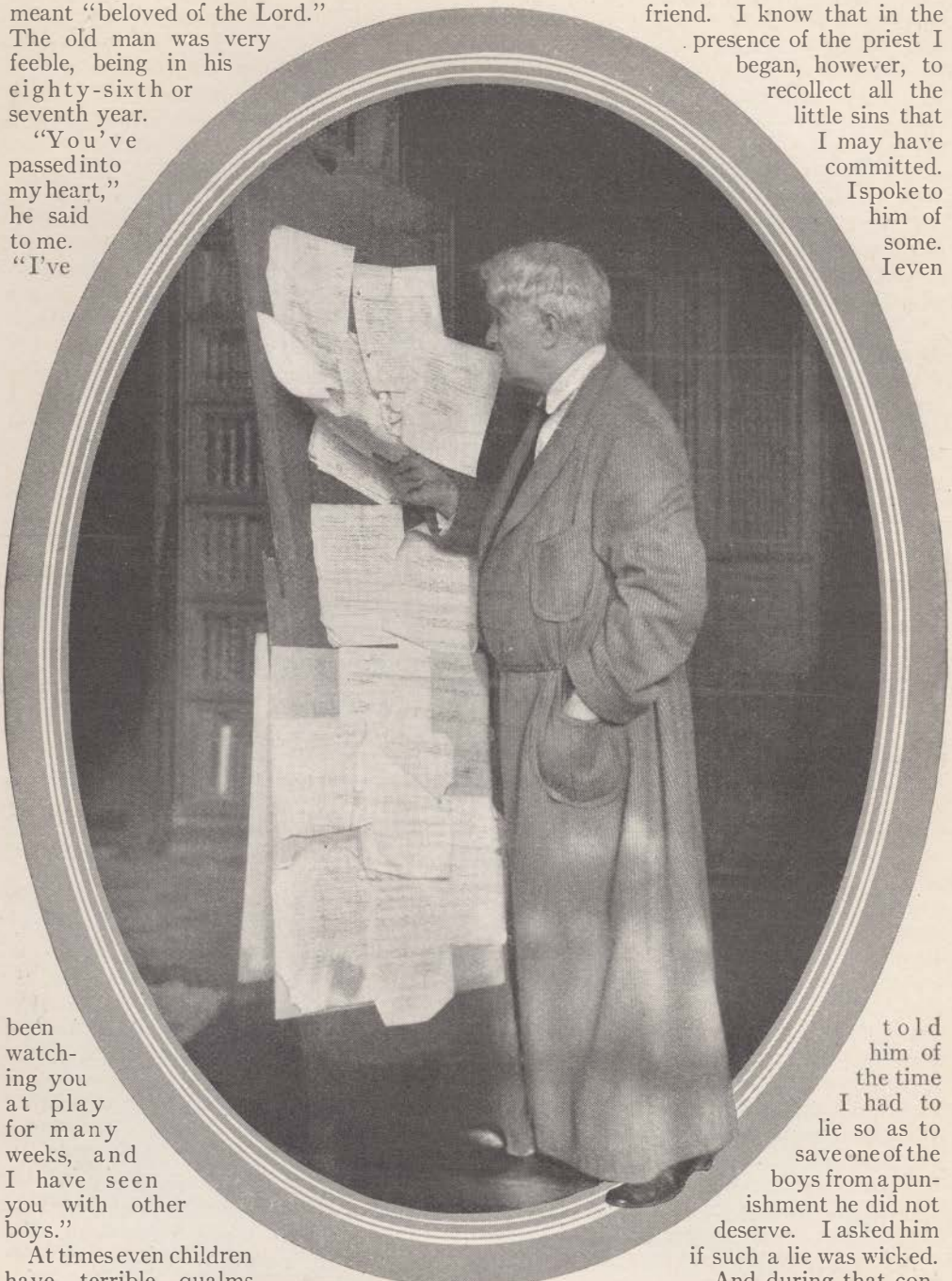
The priest had taken a great fancy to me. As we stood there by the curb he asked me if I would like to visit him at the monastery? So I went home full of the invitation I had received. On the morrow the priest sent one of the brothers for me, and I was taken into the big cathedral just in time to hear a funeral service, and to see the casket being taken out.

This moment was the first recollection where the contrasts of life were brought forcibly to my mind. For no sooner was the funeral over, than a bridal party came trooping up the aisle.

Finally I was taken to Father McGuire's study—for that was my priest friend's name. He sat me upon his lap and asked me if I knew the meaning of my name. Often and often it had been told to me that David

meant "beloved of the Lord." The old man was very feeble, being in his eighty-sixth or seventh year.

"You've passed into my heart," he said to me. "I've been watching you at play for many weeks, and I have seen you with other boys."



Belasco's famous screen, to which he pins the manuscript sheets of the play he is working on. It is a prominent object in his study.

At times even children have terrible qualms of conscience. As I sat there I wondered if the holy Father could see into my very soul. I have been told that I was very generous to my playmates; that I was loyal as a friend. I know that in the presence of the priest I began, however, to recollect all the little sins that I may have committed. I spoke to him of some. I even told him of the time I had to lie so as to save one of the boys from a punishment he did not deserve. I asked him if such a lie was wicked.

And during that conversation little David learned that even priests found it necessary at times to tell a white lie, and it impressed itself upon his conscience instantly. And if Father McGuire said that

certain situations warranted it, then it must be right. For the old man inspired me with a holy love. Then came the surprise of the visit.

"Would you like to come and live with me?" he asked.

And though I said yes, I knew that my father would object. The old man sat with his gray hair looking very white beneath the blackness of his cap, and he spoke very gently.

"I will call upon your parents to-morrow," he said.

When I told my father what had happened, he was set against the idea, but my mother thought it splendid. And when Father McGuire came I was sent out of the room. I must have peeked in at the door for I have recollection of my father's leaving the room hastily, and my mother's going after him to fetch him back. And finally I was called in.

"Do you wish to go, David?" my father asked. And I said yes, and the matter was settled.

"I will send a brother for you," said Father McGuire, when he rose to go.

Thus it was that I spent several years in a monastery, under the special guidance of my priest friend. I soon found myself falling into the habits of my holy companions, crossing myself at the regular times, and entering into all the observances of the day and hour.

"There's much of the Catholic in you," Father McGuire used to say. "You are tense and dramatic, sentimental and emotional, like all Catholic believers."

I read the holy Father's letters to him, and he would dictate to me. Though his memory was marvelous, he would often have me take a book down from the shelf and find a special passage for him. In turn he would keep good watch over my lessons, and would question me as to my love for the theater.

"The theater is an irregular life, my son," he would say. "It is a vagabond existence, this strolling player business. But as in every profession, in this there are some great men. We cannot keep the weeds out of a flower garden."

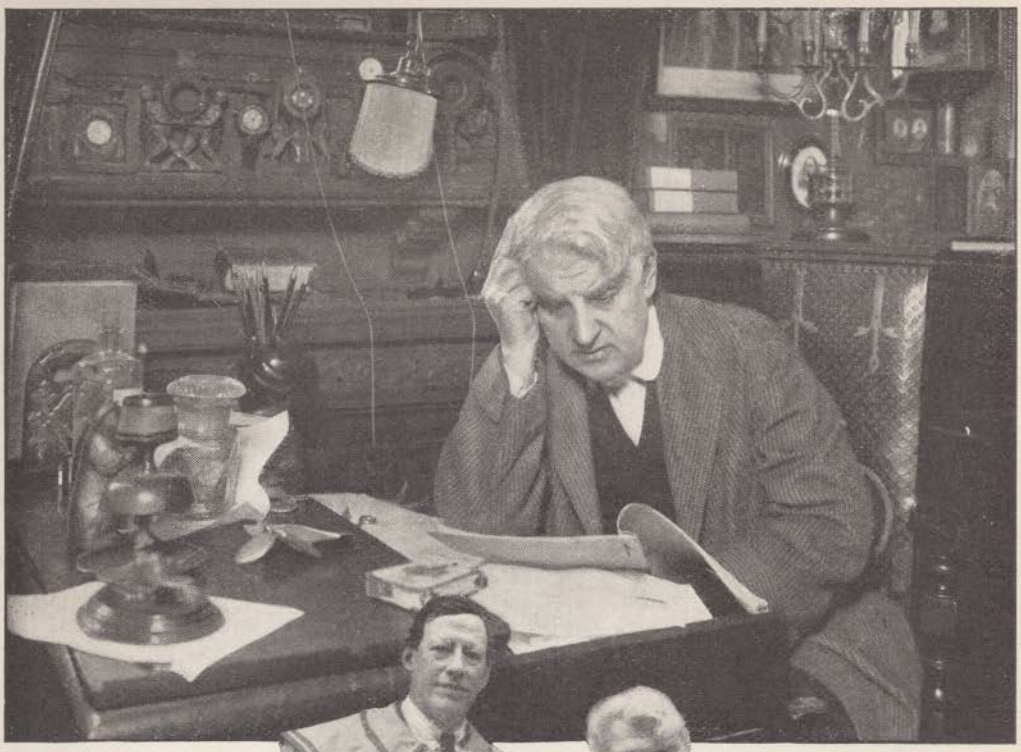
The years slipped past, and I came more and more under the influence of the priests. I slept in a cell like the rest of the brotherhood, and I think the experiences of the cloister did much to influence the development of my spiritual nature. I spent many hours by myself in the cathedral, and I attribute to this my love of solitude. Even at this day I do my best work locked up in my room alone, surrounded by my books and my art treasures.

There comes a time in every young person's life when the sense of living has to be gratified. Through a mist of years I seem to recollect a restlessness which came over me during my last year at the monastery. And the falseness of one of the monks to his vows rudely awakened me from my spiritual dreaming. In those days no one could have been more innocent than little David, and this sudden realization of sin in the midst of his holy surroundings frightened me more than distressed me.

In the back of my mind floated the idea of running away. There was service in the cathedral one day, and amidst the murmur of prayer and the roll of organ, I caught the strains of garish music nearby. A circus had come to town and was encamped near the monastery. I heard the chatter of the clowns and the noises which always travel in the wake of the circus. Early that night when I went to my cell, I had made up my mind.

So, silently, a little figure slipped away from the holy Fathers, and made his way to the circus tent. My little body was alternately hot and cold with tense excitement, and at moments everything was blurred before my eyes. But I pulled myself together, and sought for the proprietor. In big letters, I learned that this was the Rio de Janeiro Circus, and by onlookers I was told that they were about to break camp. It was the first time that I had asked for a job, and I was put to work by a surly brute who made me roll barrels, and help sweep out the ring when the performance was over.

The bareback rider took an instant liking to me, and fortunate for me that he did. For his influence got me into the profession. In those days my hair was jet black, or rather blue black, and very curly. From my earliest hours this fact used to be the bane of my existence. My mother would take special pride in my curls, screwing them tighter and tighter around a comb, but when I was alone I would soap the ringlets out in hope that they would stay straight. I was quick of eye and lithe of limb, then, and I taught myself to stand on my head and turn handsprings.



David Belasco at work in his study which is filled with curios and objects of art.

"I do my best work locked up alone in my room, surrounded by my books and my art treasures."

Soon, my special distinction came when I realized that they were training me to be a bareback rider. There was a queer apparatus used for that purpose—some sort of a band wrapped around my waist and attached to a wire suspended in mid-air. By any chance, should the horse upset my balance, then the wire would keep me dangling until the horse came by and I would try again to get a footing on his back. I soon mastered the trick and was advertised on the bills as the boy prodigy. Then there came a night when my face was whitened, and vermilion splotches were put on thick. I took the job of clown very seriously, and I would work myself into a frenzy of excitement. Crowds have always had a strange effect upon me. I seem to walk among them or stand before them in a daze. How much greater, then, must have been

At a "Lamb's Frolic," De Wolf Hopper and David Belasco in the quaint traveling garb of the club.

the effect upon such a sensitive child as David. When I think of it there comes to me a faint echo of the thunderous applause that used to roll through that tent, as I stood by the side of my giant friend, the circus rider, and kissed my hands in every direction. Then the lights would become a blur.

After the show, they would carry me into the dressing-room and give me some circus whisky, and fan me until I was better.

In such company, I traveled to South America, where I was taken ill of the fever. It was in a little out-of-the-way town, and the circus had to move on. But there was a clown who was my special friend, and he refused to leave me alone. So the two of us remained behind, and he nursed me, while I waited to hear from my parents.

We were a poverty-stricken crew, living in a top room, with slanting roof. The men in the house pooled together for the doctor, but when he came and saw the frail boy on the cot before him, he refused to take the money for his services. Even now, I remember that the clown used to slip on his motley dress, and whiten his face and go into the streets to sing, so that he might buy me the things I needed. I was delirious a great part of the time, and the clown would float before me as a vision; then he would disappear down the endless flight of stairs. My cot was near the garret window—a mere slit in the roof for air and sunshine. But from the street below strange sounds would come to me, mingled with the ferment of my fevered brain. What I imagined to be the voice of the clown laughing, beating a drum and singing, was he in reality doing his acts out of devotion for little David. Then when all seemed quiet in the street below, and I was calmer, he would come and kneel by my side, jangling some coins in his hands.

"See, little Davido," he would say, "we may feast according to the doctor's order. We may have a banquet, little Davido, just as much of a one as the fever will let us have."

And he would laugh and turn a step or two of the dance he had taught me, and try to keep from me the anxious look which I saw even beneath his painted face.

They called me Davido in those days, and they tried to cheer me in the wholehearted manner characteristic of them. Davido of the circus was near death, and the old clown, his friend, was doing all in his power to prove his friendship. But though I got well, the poor fellow himself was stricken by the fever and died after a few days. A full heart pays tribute to his memory.

My father came for me, raking together what money he had saved, and little David was brought home.

"He cannot stand the life," said my father.

"He's a gypsy," my mother persisted, somewhat proud of the reputation I had gained.

From this point in my memory the little David seems to stop and my real self to begin. I was about eight years old when I went to live with Father McGuire, and I remained there five years. So that when little Davido of the circus resigned his job, he was just of an age when an actor's reminiscences definitely begin. I have few relics of those days; a stray picture of my parents and myself, and a platter of blue design upon which it is said they placed me to be weighed when I was born. It is a matter of sentiment that I have a touch of the priest in my dress. But of the circus days there is nothing left except memory. That is why I can speak of little Davido as though he were not myself.

The Princess Zimbazim

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "Iole," "The Fighting Chance," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

"Here we are on Madison Square! There's Admiral Farragut; there's the Marble Tower," exclaims the man in this latest Chambers story, and he demands to be shown anything in the neighborhood that smacks of the unusual or adventurous. He scoffs at the author and his noted tales of romantic happenings—and in a huff he walks straight into the midst of the Romance of Romances, and is soon in it, by his own confession, up to his neck. All of which is only one way of saying that here is another inimitable story by the man who made "The Common Law" a title known around the world. It is a short story, but longish—a good reading length. And it is Chambers at his happiest: you know what that means. C. D. Gibson has drawn the illustrations, and he is the Gibson of old. Now, then, for a half hour's enjoyment.

THEY met by accident on Madison Square, and shook hands for the first time in many years. High in the Metropolitan Tower the chimes celebrated the occasion by sounding the half-hour.

"It seems incredible," exclaimed George W. Green, "that you could have become so famous! You never displayed any remarkable ability in school."

"I never displayed any ability at all. But you did," said Williams admiringly. "How beautifully you used to write your name on the blackboard! How neat and scholarly you were in everything."

"I know it," said Green, gloomily. "And *you* flunked in almost everything."

"In everything," admitted Williams, deeply mortified.

"And yet," said Green, "here we are at thirty odd; and I'm merely a broker, and —*look* what *you* are! Why, I can't go anywhere but I find one of your novels staring me in the face. I've been in Borneo: they're there! They're in Australia and China and Patagonia. Why the devil do you suppose people buy the stories you write?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Williams modestly.

"I don't know either, though I read them myself sometimes—I don't know why. They're all very well in their way—if you care for that sort of book—but the things you tell about, Williams, never could have happened. I'm not knocking you; I'm a realist, that's all. And when I read a short story by you in which a young man sees a pretty girl, and begins to talk to her without being introduced to her, and then marries her before luncheon—and finds he's married a Balkan Princess—good-night! I just wonder why people stand for your books; that's all."

"So do I," said Williams, much embarrassed. "I wouldn't stand for them myself."

"Why," continued Green warmly, "I read a story of yours in some magazine the other day, in which a young man sees a pretty girl for the first time in his life and is married to her inside of three quarters of an hour! And I ask *you*, Williams, how you would feel after spending fifteen cents on such a story?"

"I'm terribly sorry, old man," murmured Williams. "Here's your fifteen—if you like—"

"Dammit," said Green indignantly, "it isn't that they're not readable stories! I had fifteen cents' worth all right. But it makes a man sore to see what happens to the young men in your stories—and all the queens they collect—and then to go about town and never see anything of that sort!"

"There are millions of pretty girls in town," ventured Williams. "I don't think I exaggerate in that respect."

"But they'd call an officer if young men in real life behaved as they do in your stories. As a matter of fact and record, there's no more romance in New York than there is in the annual meeting of the British Academy of Ancient Assyrian Inscriptions. And you know it, Williams!"

"I think it depends on the individual man," said Williams timidly.

"How?"

"If there's any romance in a man himself, he's apt to find the world rather full of it."

"Do you mean to say there isn't any romance in me?" demanded George W. Green hotly.

"I don't know, George. Is there?"

"Plenty. Pl-en-ty! I'm always looking for romance. I look for it when I go downtown to business; I look for it when I go home. Do I find it? No! Nothing ever happens to me. Nothing beautiful and wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice ever tries to pick me up. Explain *that!*"

Williams, much abashed, ventured no explanation.

"And to think," continued Green, "that you, my old school friend, should become a celebrity merely by writing such stories! Why, you're as celebrated as any brand of breakfast food!"

"You don't have to read my books, you know," protested Williams mildly.

"I don't have to—I know it. But I do. Everybody does. And nobody knows why. So, meeting you again after all these unromantic years, I thought I'd just ask you whether by any chance you happen to know of any particular section of the city where a plain, every-day broker might make a hit with the sort of girl you write about? Do you?"

"Any section of this city is romantic enough—if you only approach it in the proper spirit," asserted Williams.

"You mean if my attitude toward romance is correct I'm likely to encounter it almost anywhere?"

"That is my theory," admitted Williams bashfully.

"Oh! Well, what *is* the proper attitude? Take me, for example. I've just been to the bank. I carry, at this moment, rather a large sum of money in my inside overcoat pocket. My purpose in drawing it was to blow it. Now, tell me how to blow it romantically."

"How can I tell you such a thing, George—?"

"It's your business. You tell people such things in books. Now, tell me, face to face, man to man, how to get thoroughly mixed up in the sort of romance you write—the kind of romance that has made William McWilliam Williams famous!"

"I'm sorry—"

"What! You won't! You admit that what you write is bunk? You confess that you don't know where there are any stray queens with whom I might become happily entangled within the next fifteen minutes?"

"I admit no such thing," said Williams with dignity. "If your attitude is correct, in ten minutes you can be up against anything on earth!"

"Where?"

"Anywhere!"

"Very well! Here we are on Madison Square. There's Admiral Farragut; there's the Marble Tower. Do you mean that if I walk from this spot for ten minutes—no matter in what direction—I'll walk straight into Romance up to my neck?"

"If your attitude is correct, yes. But you've got to know the elements of Romance when you see them."

"What are the elements of Romance? What do they resemble?" demanded George W. Green.

Williams said, in a low, impressive voice, "Anything that seems to you unusual is very likely to be an element in a possible romance. If you see anything extraordinary during the next ten minutes, follow it up. And ninety-nine chances in a hundred it will lead you into complications. Interfering with other people's business usually does," he added pleasantly.

"But," said Green, "suppose during the next ten minutes, or twenty minutes, or the next twenty-four hours I *don't* see anything unusual."

"It will be your own fault if you don't. The Unusual is occurring all about us, every second. A trained eye can always see it."

"But suppose the Unusual doesn't occur for the next ten minutes," insisted Green, exasperated. "Suppose the Unusual is taking a vacation? It would be just my luck."

"Then," said Williams, "you will have to imagine that everything you see is unusual. Or else," he added blandly, "you yourself will have to start something. *That* is where the creative mind comes in. When there's nothing doing it starts something."

"Does it ever get arrested?" inquired Green ironically. "The creative mind! Sure! *That's* where all this bally romance is!—in the creative mind. I knew it. Good-by."

They shook hands; Williams went down-

town. This story is not concerned with his destination. Or even whether he ever got there.

But it is very directly concerned with George W. Green, and the direction he took when he parted from his old school friend.

As he walked up-town he said to himself, "Bunk!" several times. After a few moments he fished out his watch.

"I know I'm an ass," he said to himself, "but I'll take a chance. I'll give myself exactly ten minutes to continue making an ass of myself. And if I see the faintest symptom of Romance—if I notice anything at all peculiar and unusual in any person or any thing during the next ten minutes, I won't let it get away—believe *me!*"

He walked up Broadway instead of Fifth Avenue. After a block or two he turned west at hazard, crossed Sixth Avenue and continued.

He was walking in one of the upper Twenties—he had not particularly noticed which. Commercial houses nearly filled the street, although a few old-time residences of brownstone still remained. Once well-to-do and comfortable homes, they had degenerated into Chop Sueys, boarding-houses, the abodes of music publishers, artificial flower makers, and mediums.

It was now a shabby, unkempt street, and Green already was considering it a hopeless hunting ground, and had even turned to retrace his steps toward Sixth Avenue, when the door of a neighboring house opened and down the shabby, brownstone stoop came hurrying an exceedingly pretty girl.

Now, the unusual part of the incident lay in the incongruity of the street and the girl. For the street and the house out of which she emerged so hastily were mean and ignoble; but the girl herself fairly radiated upper Fifth Avenue from the perfectly appointed and expensive simplicity of hat and gown to the obviously aristocratic and dainty face and figure.

"Is *she* a symptom?" thought Green to himself. "Is *she* an element? That is sure a rotten looking joint she came out of."

Moved by a sudden and unusual impulse of intelligence, he ran up the brownstone stoop and read the dirty white card pasted on the façade above the door bell.

"The Princess Zimbazim
"Trance Medium. Fortunes."

Taken aback, he looked after the pretty girl who was now hurrying up the street as though the devil were at her dainty heels.

Could *she* be the Princess Zimbazim? Common sense rejected the idea, as did the sudden jerk of soiled lace curtains at the parlor window, and the apparition of a fat lady in a dingy, pink tea-gown. *That* must be the Princess Zimbazim, and the pretty girl had ventured into these purlieus to consult her. Why?

"This *is* certainly a symptom of romance!" thought the young man excitedly. And he started after the pretty girl at a Fifth Avenue amble.

He overtook and passed her at Sixth Avenue, and managed to glance at her without being offensive. To his consternation, she was touching her tear-stained eyes with her handkerchief. She did not notice him.

What could be the matter? With what mystery was he already in touch?

Tremendously interested he fell back a few paces and lighted a cigarette, allowing her to pass him; then he followed her. Never before in his life had he done such a scandalous thing.

On Broadway she hailed a taxi, got into it, and sped up-town. There was another taxi available; Green took it and gave the driver a five-dollar tip to keep the first taxi in view.

Which was very easy, for it soon stopped at a handsome apartment-house on Park Avenue; the girl sprang out, and entered the building almost running.

For a moment George W. Green thought that all was lost. But the taxi she had taken remained, evidently waiting for her; and sure enough, in a few minutes out she came, hurrying, enveloped in a rough tweed traveling-coat and carrying a little satchel. Slam! went the door of her taxi; and away she sped, and Green after her in his taxi.

Again the chase proved to be very short. Her taxi stopped at the Pennsylvania Station; out she sprang, paid the driver, and hurried straight for the station restaurant, Green following at a fashionable lope.

She took a small table by a window; Green took the next one. It was not because she noticed him and found his gaze offensive, but because she felt a draught that she rose and took the table behind Green, exactly where he could not see her unless he twisted his neck into attitudes unseemly.

He wouldn't do such things, being really

a rather nice young man; and it was too late for him to change his table without attracting her attention, because the waiter already had brought him whatever he had ordered for tea—muffins, buns, crumpets—he neither knew nor cared.

So he ate them with jam, which he detested; and drank his tea and listened with all his ears for the slightest movement behind him which might indicate that she was leaving.

Only once did he permit himself to turn around, under pretense of looking for a waiter; and he saw two blue eyes still brilliant with unshed tears and a very lovely but unhappy mouth all ready to quiver over its toast and marmalade.

What on earth could be the matter with that girl? What terrible tragedy could it be that was still continuing to mar her eyes and twitch her sensitive, red lips?

Green, sipping his tea, trembled pleasantly all over as he realized that at last he was setting his foot upon the very threshold of Romance. And he determined to cross that threshold if neither good manners, good taste, nor the police interfered.

And what a wonderful girl for his leading lady! What eyes! What hair! What lovely little hands, with the gloves hastily rolled up from the wrist! Why should she be unhappy? He'd like to knock the block off any man who—

Green came to himself with a thrill of happiness: her pretty voice was sounding in exquisite modulations behind him as she asked the waiter for m-more m-marmalade.

In a sort of trance, Green demolished bun after bun. Normally, he loathed the indigestible. After what had seemed to him an interminable length of time, he ventured to turn around again in pretense of calling a waiter.

Her chair was empty!

At first he thought she had disappeared past all hope of recovery; but the next instant he caught sight of her hastening out toward the ticket boxes.

Flinging a five-dollar bill on the table, he hastily invited the waiter to keep the change; sprang to his feet, and turned to seize his overcoat. It was gone from the hook where he had hung it just behind him.

Astonished, he glanced at the disappearing girl, and saw his overcoat over her arm. For a moment he supposed that she had mistaken it for her own ulster, but no! She was wearing her own coat too.

A cold and sickening sensation assailed the pit of Green's stomach. Was it not a mistake, after all? Was this lovely young girl a professional criminal? Had she or some of her band observed Green coming out of the bank and thrusting a fat wallet into the inside pocket of his overcoat?

He was walking now, as fast as he was thinking, keeping the girl in view amid the throngs passing through the vast rotunda.

When she stopped at a ticket booth he entered the brass railed space behind her.

She did not appear to know exactly where she was going, for she seemed by turns distrait and agitated; and he heard her ask the ticket agent when the next train left for the extreme South.

Learning that it left in a few minutes, and finding that she could secure a stateroom, she took it, paid for it, and hastily left without a glance behind her at Green.

Meanwhile Green had very calmly slipped one hand into the breast pocket of his own overcoat, where it trailed loosely over her left arm, meaning to extract his wallet without anybody observing him. The wallet was not there. He was greatly inclined to run after her, but he didn't. He watched her depart, then:

"Is there another stateroom left on the Verbena Special," he inquired of the ticket agent, coolly enough.

"One. Do you wish it?"

"Yes."

The ticket agent made out the coupons and shoved the loose change under the grille, saying:

"Better hurry, sir. You've less than a minute."

He ran for his train and managed to swing aboard just as the colored porters were closing the vestibules and the train was in full motion.

A trifle bewildered at what he had done, and by the rapidity with which he had done it, he sank down in the vacant observation car to collect his thoughts.

He was on board the Verbena Special—the Southern train-de-luxe—bound for Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Verbena Inlet, or Miami—or for Nassau, Cuba, and the remainder of the West Indies—just as he chose.

He had no other luggage than a walking stick. Even his overcoat was in possession of somebody else. That was the situation that now faced George W. Green.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

He discovered that the face she had worn since he had first seen her was not her natural expression; that her features in repose or in fearless animation were winning and almost gay.

But as the train emerged from the river tube, and he realized all this, he grew calmer; and the calmer he grew the happier he grew.

He was no longer on the threshold of Romance; he had crossed it, and already he was being whirled away blindly into the Unusual and the Unknown!

Exultingly he gazed out of the windows upon the uninspiring scenery of New Jersey. A wonderful sense of physical lightness and mental freedom took delightful possession of him. Opportunity had not beckoned him in vain. Chance had glanced sideways at him, and he had

recognized the pretty flirt. His was certainly some brain!

And now, still clinging to the skirts of Chance, he was being whisked away, pell-mell, headlong toward Destiny, in the trail of a slender, strange young girl who had swiped his overcoat and who seemed continually inclined to tears.

The incident of the overcoat no longer troubled him. That garment of his was not unlike the rough traveling-coat she herself wore. And it might have been natural to her, in her distress of mind and very evident emotion, to have seized it by mistake and made off with it, forgetting that she still wore her own.

Of course it was a mistake pure and simple. He had only to look at the girl and understand that. One glance at her sweet, high-bred features was sufficient to exonerate her as a purloiner of gentlemen's garments.

Green crossed his legs, folded his arms, and reflected. The overcoat was another and most important element in this nascent Romance.

The difficulty lay in knowing how to use the overcoat to advantage in furthering and further complicating a situation already delightful.

Of course he could do the obvious: he could approach her and take off his hat and do the well-bred and civil and explain to her the mistake.

But suppose she merely said: "I'm sorry," handed over his coat, and continued to read her magazine. That would end it. And it mustn't end until he found out why she had emerged with tears in her beautiful eyes from the abode of the Princess Zimbazim.

Besides, he was sure of getting his coat, his wallet, and its contents. His name and address were in the wallet; also both were sewed inside the inner pocket of the overcoat.

What would ultimately happen would be this: sooner or later she'd come to, wake up, dry her pretty eyes, look about, and find that she had *two* overcoats in her possession.

It would probably distress her dreadfully, particularly when she discovered the wallet and themoney. But, wherever shewas going, as soon as she reached there she'd send overcoat and money back to his address—doubtless with a pretty and contrite note of regret.

Yes, but that wouldn't do! What good would the overcoat and the money be to him, if he were South and she shipped them North? And yet he was afraid to risk an abrupt ending to his Romance by explaining to her the mistake.

No; he'd merely follow her for the present. He couldn't help it very well, being aboard the same train. So it would not be difficult to keep his eye on her and his overcoat, and think out at his leisure how best to tend, guard, cherish, and nourish the delicate and unopened bud of Romance.

Meanwhile, there were other matters he must consider; so he wrote out a telegram to Washington ordering certain necessary articles to be brought aboard the Verbena Special on its arrival there. The porter took charge of it.

That night at dinner he looked for the girl in vain. She did not enter the dining-car while he was there. Haunting the corridors afterward he saw no sign of her anywhere until, having received his necessaries in a brand new traveling-satchel, and on his way to his stateroom, he caught a glimpse of her, pale and agitated, in conversation with the porter at her partly opened door.

She did not even glance at him as he entered his stateroom, but he could not avoid hearing what she was saying because her enunciation was so exquisitely distinct.

"Porter," she said in her low, sweet voice, "I have somehow, made a very dreadful mistake somewhere. I have a man's overcoat here which does not belong to me. The cloth is exactly like the cloth of my own traveling-ulster, and I must have forgotten that I had mine on when I took this."

"Ain't de gemman abohd de Speshul, Miss?" inquired the porter.

"I'm afraid not. I'm certain that I must have taken it in the station restaurant and brought it aboard the train."

"Ain't nuff'n in de pockets, is dey?" asked the porter.

"Yes; there's a wallet strapped with a rubber band. I didn't feel at liberty to open it. But I suppose I ought to in order to find out the owner's name if possible."

"De gemman's name ain't sewed inside de pocket, is it, Miss?"

"I didn't look," she said.

So the porter took the coat, turned it inside out, explored the inside pocket, found the label, and read:

"Snipps Brothers: December, 1913. George W. Green."

A stifled exclamation from the girl

checked him. Green also protruded his head cautiously from his own doorway.

The girl, standing partly in the aisle, was now leaning limply against the door-frame, her hand pressed convulsively to her breast, her face white and frightened.

"Is you ill, Miss?" asked the porter anxiously.

"I—no. W-what name was that you read?"

"George W. Green, Miss—"

"It—it *can't* be! Look again! It can't be!"

Her face was ashen to the lips; she closed her eyes for a second, swayed; then her hand clutched the door-frame; she straightened up with an effort and opened her eyes, which now seemed dilated by some powerful emotion.

"Let me see that name!" she said, controlling her voice with an obvious effort.

The porter turned the pocket inside out for her inspection. There it was:

"George W. Green: 1008½ Fifth Avenue, New York."

"If you knows de gemman, Miss," suggested the porter, "you all kin take dishere garmint back yo'se'f when you comes No'th."

"Thank you. . . . Then—I won't trouble you. . . . I'll—I'll ta-t-take it back myself—when I go North."

"I kin ship it if you wishes, Miss."

She said excitedly: "If you ship it from somewhere South, he—Mr. Green—would see where it came from by the parcels postmark or the express tag—wouldn't he?"

"Yaas, Miss."

"Then, I don't want you to ship it! I'll do it myself. . . . *How* can I ship it without giving Mr. Green a clue—" she shuddered, "—a clue to my whereabouts?"

"Does you know de gemman, Miss?"

"No!" she said, with another shudder—"and I do not wish to. I—I particularly do not wish ever to know him—or even to see him. And above all I do not wish Mr. Green to come South and investigate the circumstances concerning this overcoat. He might take it into his head to do such a thing. It—it's horrible enough that I have—that I actually have in my possession the overcoat of the very man on whose account I left New York at ten minutes' notice—"

Her pretty voice broke and her eyes filled.

"You—you don't understand, porter," she added, almost hysterically, "but my possession of this overcoat—of all the billions and billions of overcoats in all the world—is a t-terrible and astounding b-blow to me!"

"Is—is you afeard o' dishere overcoat, Miss?" inquired the astonished darkey.

"Yes!" she said. "Yes, I am! I'm horribly afraid of that overcoat! I—I'd like to throw it from the train window, but I—I can't do that, of course! It would be stealing—"

Her voice broke again with nervous tears:

"I d-don't want the coat! And I can't throw it away! And if it's shipped to him from the South he may come down here and investigate. He's in New York now. That's why I am on my way South! I—I want him to remain in New York until—until all—d-danger is over. And by the first of April it will be over. And then I'll come North—and bring him his coat—"

The bewildered darkey stared at her and at the coat which she had unconsciously clutched to her breast.

"Do you think," she said, "that M-Mr. Green will *need* the coat this winter? Do you suppose anything would happen to him if he doesn't have it for a while—pneumonia or anything? Oh!" she exclaimed in a quivering voice, "I wish he and his overcoat were at the South Pole!"

Green withdrew his head and pressed both palms to his temples. Could he trust his ears? Was he going mad? Holding his dizzy head in both hands he heard the girl say that she herself would attend to shipping the coat; heard the perplexed darkey take his leave and go; heard her stateroom door close.

Seated in his stateroom he gazed vacantly at the couch opposite, so completely bewildered with his first over-dose of Romance that his brain seemed to spin like a frantic squirrel in a wheel, and his thoughts knocked and jumbled against each other until it truly seemed to him that all his senses were fizzling out like wet firecrackers.

What on earth had he ever done to inspire such horror in the mind of this young girl?

What terrible injury had he committed against her or hers that the very sound of his name terrified her—the mere sight of his overcoat left her almost hysterical?

Helplessly, half stupefied, he cast about in his wrecked mind to discover any memory or record of any injury done to anybody

during his particularly blameless career on earth.

In school he had punched the noses of several schoolmates, and had been similarly smitten in return. That was the extent of physical injury ever done to anybody.

Of grave moral wrong he knew he was guiltless. True, he had frequently skinned the assembly at convivial poker parties. But also he had often opened jacks only to be mercilessly deprived of them amid the unfeeling and brutal laughter of his companions. No, he was not guilty of criminal gambling.

Had he ever done a wrong to anybody in business? Never. His firm's name was the symbol for probity.

He dashed his hands to his brow distractedly. What in Heaven's name *had* he done to fill the very soul of this young girl with fear and loathing? What in the name of a merciful Providence had he, George W. Green, banker and broker, ever done to drive this young and innocent girl out of the city of New York!

To collect and marshal his disordered thoughts was difficult, but he accomplished it with the aid of cigarettes. To a commonplace intellect there is no aid like a cigarette.

At first he was inclined to believe that the girl had merely mistaken him for another man with a similar name. George W. Green was not an unusual name.

But his address in town was also written inside his coat pocket; and she had read it. Therefore, it was painfully evident to him that her detestation and fear was for him.

What on earth had inspired such an attitude of mind toward himself in a girl he had seen for the first time that afternoon? He could not imagine. And another strange feature of the affair was that she had not particularly noticed him. Therefore, if she entertained such a horror of him, why had she not exhibited some trace of it when he was in her vicinity?

Certainly she had not exhibited it by crying. He exonerated himself on that score, for she had been on the verge of tears when he first beheld her hurrying out of the parlors of the Princess Zimbazim.

It gradually became plain to him that, although there could be no doubt that this girl was afraid of him, and cordially disliked him, yet strangely enough, she did not know him by sight.

Consequently, her attitude must be inspired by something she had heard concerning him. What?

He puffed his cigarette and groaned. As far as he could remember, he had never harmed a fly.

That night he turned in, greatly depressed. Bad dreams assailed his slumbers —menacing ones like the visions that annoyed Eugene Aram.

And every time he awoke and sat up in his bunk, shaken by the swaying car, he realized that Romance had also its tragic phases— a sample of which he was now enduring. And yet, miserable as he was, a horrid sort of joy neutralized the misery when he recollected that it *was* Romance, after all, and that he, George W. Green, was in it up to his neck.

A gray morning—a wet and pallid sky lowering over the brown North Carolina fields—this was his waking view from his tumbled bunk.

Neither his toilet nor his breakfast dispelled the gloom; certainly the speeding landscape did not.

He sat grimly in the observation car, reviewing a dispiriting landscape set with swamps, razor-backs, buzzards, and negroes.

Luncheon aided him very little. *She* had not appeared at all. Either her own misery and fright were starving her to death or she preferred to take her meals in her stateroom. He hoped fervently the latter might be the case; that murder might not be added to whatever else he evidently was suspected of committing.

Like the ticket he had seen her purchase, his own ticket took him as far as Ormond. Of course he could go on if she did. She could go to the West Indies and ultimately to Brazil. So could he. They were on the main traveled road to almost anywhere.

Nevertheless, he was on the watch at St. Augustine; and when he saw her come forth hastily and get into a bus emblazoned with the name and escutcheon of the Hotel Royal Orchid, he got in also.

The bus was full. Glancing at the other occupants of the bus, she included him in her brief review, and to his great relief he saw her incurious blue eyes pass calmly to the next countenance.

A dreadful, almost hysterical impulse assailed him to suddenly rise and say: "I am George W. Green!"—merely to observe the cataclysmic effect on her.

But it did not seem so funny to him on

after thoughts, for the chances seemed to be that she could not survive the shock. Which scared him; and he looked about nervously for fear somebody who knew him might be among the passengers, and might address him by name.

In due time the contents of the bus trooped into the vast corridors of the Hotel Royal Orchid. One by one they registered; and on the ledger Green read her name with palpitating heart—Miss Marie Wiltz and Maid. And heard her say to the clerk that her maid had been delayed and would arrive on the next train.

It never occurred to this unimaginative man to sign any name but his own to the register that was shoved toward him. Which perfectly proves his guilelessness and goodness.

He went to his room, cleansed from his person the stains of travel, and, having no outer clothes to change to, smoked a cigarette and gazed moodily from the window.

Now, his window gave on the drive-encircled fountain before the front entrance to the hotel; and, as he was standing there immersed in tobacco smoke and gloom, he was astonished to see the girl herself come out hastily, traveling-satchel in hand, and spring lightly into a cab. It was one of those victorias which are stationed for hire in front of such Southern hotels; he could see her perfectly plainly; saw the darkey coachman flourish his whip; saw the vehicle roll away.

The next instant he seized his new satchel, swept his brand new toilet articles into it, snapped it, picked up hat and cane, and dashed down-stairs to the desk.

Here he paid his bill, ran out, and leaped into a waiting victoria.

"Where did that other cab drive?" he demanded breathlessly to his negro coachman. "Didn't you hear what the young lady said to her driver?"

"Yaas, sir. De young lady done say she's in a pow'ful hurry, suh. She 'low she gotta git to Ormond."

"Ormond! There's no train!"

"Milk-train, suh."

"What! Is she going to Ormond on a milk-train?"

"Yaas, suh."

"All right, then. Drive me to the station."

It was not very far. She was standing alone on the deserted platform, her bag at her feet, his overcoat lying across it. Her head was bent, and she did not notice him at first. Never had he seen a youthful figure so exquisitely eloquent of despair.

The milk-train was about an hour overdue, which would make it about due, in the South. Green seated himself. The situation was now perfectly clear to him. She had come down from her room, and had seen his name on the register, had been seized by a terrible panic, and had fled.

Had he been alone and unobserved, he might have attempted to knock his brains out with his walking-stick. He desired to, earnestly, when he realized what an ass he'd been to sign the register.

She had begun to pace the platform, nervously, halting and leaning forward from time to time to scan impatiently the long, glittering perspective of the rails.

It had begun to grow dusk. Lanterns on switches and semaphores flashed out red, green, blue, white, stringing their jeweled sparks far away into the distance.

To and fro she paced the empty platform, passing and repassing him. And he began to notice presently that she looked at him rather intently each time.

He wondered whether she suspected his identity. Guiltless of anything that he could remember having done, nevertheless he shivered guiltily every time she glanced at him.

Then the unexpected happened; and he fairly shook in his shoes as she marched deliberately up to him.

"I beg your pardon," she said in a very sweet and anxious voice, "but might I ask if you happen to be going to Ormond?"

He was on his feet, hat in hand, by this time; his heart and pulses badly stampeded; but he managed to answer calmly that he was going to Ormond.

"There is only a milk-train, I understand," she said.

"So I understand."

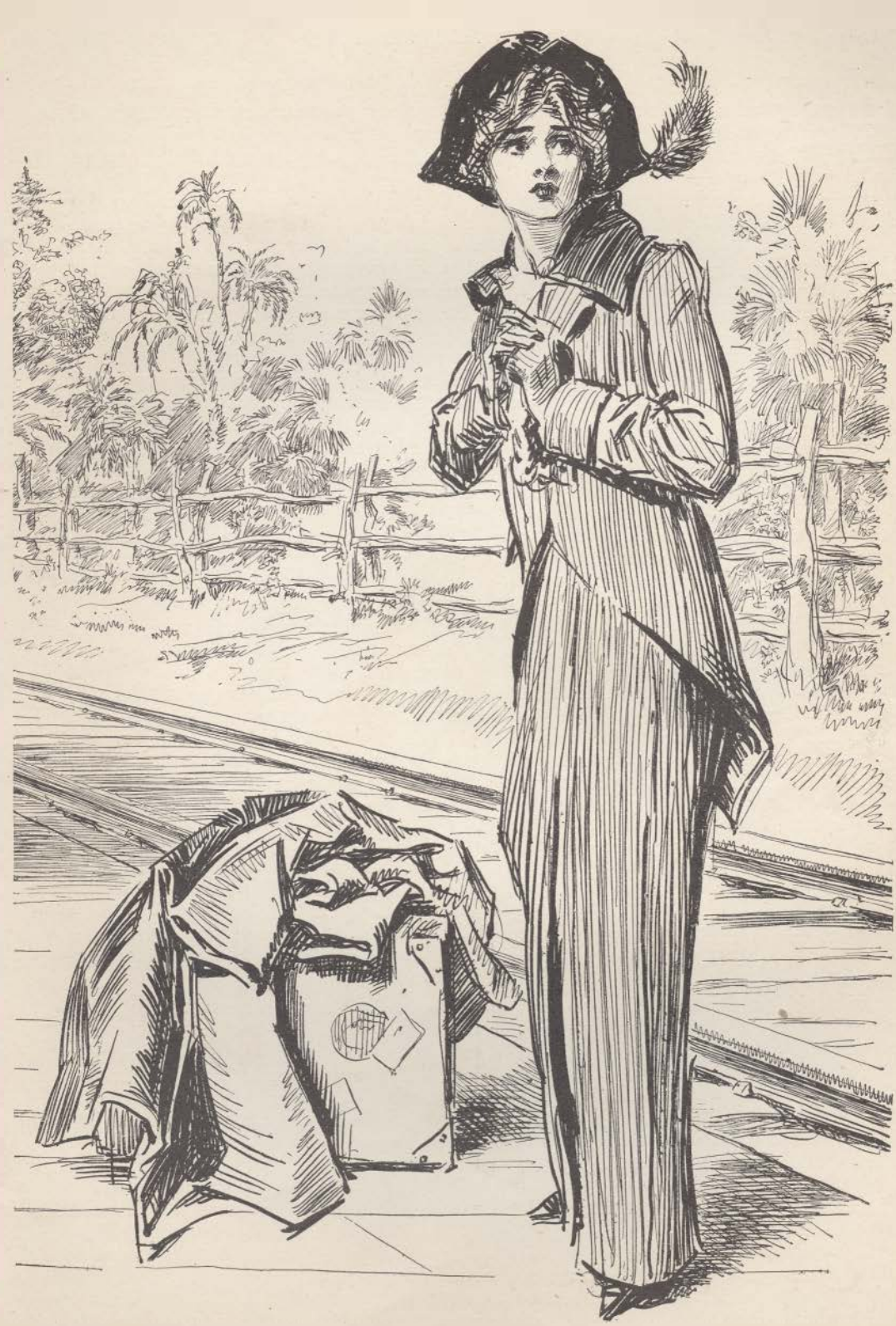
"Do you think there will be any difficulty in my obtaining permission to travel on it? The station-master says that permission is not given to ladies unaccompanied."

She looked at him almost imploringly.

"I really must go on that train," she said in a low voice. "It is desperately necessary. Could you—could you manage to arrange it for me? I would be so grateful—so deeply grateful!"

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

She was standing alone on the deserted platform, her bag at her feet, his overcoat lying a youthful figure so exquis-



across it. Green seated himself, and she did not notice him at first. Never had he seen itely eloquent of despair.

"I'll do what I can," said that unimaginative man. "Probably bribery can fix it—"

"There might be—if—if you would be willing—if you didn't object—I know it sounds very strange—but my case is so desperate—" She checked herself, flushing a delicate pink. And he waited.

Then, very resolutely she looked up at him. "Would you—could you p-pretend that I am—am—your sister?"

"Certainly," he said. An immense happiness seized him. He was not only up to his neck in Romance. It was already over his head, and he was out of his depth, and swimming.

"Certainly," he repeated quietly, controlling his joy by a supreme effort. "That would be the simplest way out of it, after all."

She said earnestly, almost solemnly: "If you will do this generous thing for—for a stranger—in very deep perplexity and trouble—that stranger will remain in your debt while life lasts!"

She had not intended to be dramatic; she may not have thought she was; but the tears again glimmered in her lovely eyes, and the situation seemed tense enough to George W. Green.

Moreover, he felt that complications already were arising—complications which he had often read of and sometimes dreamed of. Because, as he stood there in the Southern dusk, looking at this slim, young girl, he began to realize that never before in all his life had he gazed upon anything half as beautiful.

Very far away a locomotive whistled: they both turned, and saw the distant headlight glittering on the horizon like a tiny star.

"W-would it be best for us to t-take your name or mine—in case they ask us?" she stammered, flushing deeply.

"Perhaps," he said pleasantly, "you might be more likely to remember yours in an emergency."

"I think so," she said naïvely; "it is rather difficult for me to deceive anybody. My name is Marie Wiltz."

"Then I am Mr. Wiltz, your brother, for an hour or two."

"If you please," she murmured.

It had been on the tip of his tongue to add, "Mr. George W. Wiltz," but he managed to check himself.

The great, lumbering train came rolling in; the station agent looked very sharply through his spectacles at Miss Wiltz when he saw her with Green, but being a Southerner, he gallantly assumed that it was all right.

One of the train crew placed two wooden chairs for them in the partly empty baggage-car; and there they sat, side by side, while the big, heavy milk cans were loaded aboard, and a few parcels shoved into their car. Then the locomotive tooted leisurely; there came a jolt, a resonant clash; and the train was under way.

For a while the baggage-master fussed about the car, sorting out packages for Ormond; then, courteously inquiring whether he could do anything for them, and learning that he could not, he went forward into his own den, leaving Marie Wiltz and George W. Green alone in a baggage-car dimly illumined by a small and smoky lamp.

Being well-bred young people, they broke the tension of the situation gracefully and naturally, pretending to find it amusing to travel in a milk-train to a fashionable Southern resort.

And now that the train was actually under way and speeding southward through the night, her relief from anxiety was very plain to him. He could see her relax; see the frightened and hunted look in her eyes die out, the natural and delicious color return to her cheeks.

As they conversed with amiable circumspection and pleasant formality, he looked at her whenever he dared without seeming to be impertinent; and he discovered that the face she had worn since he had first seen her was not her natural expression: that her features in repose or in fearless animation were winning and almost gay.

She had a delightful mouth, sweet and humorous; a delicate nose and chin, and two very blue and beautiful eyes that looked at him at moments so confidently, so engagingly, that the knowledge of what her expression would be if she knew who he was smote him at moments, chilling his very marrow.

What an astonishing situation! How he would have scorned a short story with such a situation in it! And he thought of Williams—poor old Williams!—and mentally begged his pardon.

For he understood now that real life was far stranger than fiction. He realized at last that Romance loitered ever around the

corner; that Opportunity was always gently nudging one's elbow.

There lay his overcoat on the floor, trailing over her satchel. He looked at it so fixedly that she noticed the direction of his gaze, glanced down, blushed furiously.

"It may seem odd to you that I am traveling with a man's overcoat," she said, "but it will seem odder yet when I tell you that I don't know how I came by it."

"That *is* odd," he admitted smilingly. "To whom does it belong?"

Her features betrayed the complicated emotions that successively possessed her—perplexity, anxiety, bashfulness.

After a moment she said in a low voice, "You have done so much for me already—you have been so exceedingly nice to me—that I hesitate to ask of you anything more—"

"Please ask!" he urged. "It will be really a happiness for me to serve you."

Surprised at his earnestness and the unembarrassed warmth of his reply, she looked up at him gratefully after a moment.

"Would you," she said, "take charge of that overcoat for me and send it back to its owner?"

He laughed nervously: "Is *that* all? Why, of course I shall! I'll guarantee that it is restored to its rightful owner if you wish."

"Will you? If you do *that*—" she drew a long, sighing breath, "it will be a relief to me—such a wonderful relief!" She clasped her gloved hands tightly on her knee, smiled at him breathlessly.

"I don't suppose you will ever know what you have done for me. I could never adequately express my deep, deep gratitude to you—"

"But—I am doing nothing except shipping back an overcoat—"

"Ah—if you only knew what you really are doing for me! You are helping me in the direst hour of need I ever knew. You are aiding me to regain control over my own destiny! You are standing by me in the nick of time, sheltering me, encouraging me, giving me a moment's respite until I can become mistress of my own fate once more."

The girl had ended with a warmth, earnestness and emotion which she seemed to be unable to control. Evidently she had been very much shaken, and in the blessed relief from the strain the reaction was gathering intensity.

They sat in silence for a few moments; then she looked up, nervously twisting her gloved fingers.

"I am sorry," she said in a low voice, "not to exhibit reticence and proper self-control before a—a stranger. . . . But I—I have been—rather badly—frightened."

"Nothing need frighten you now," he said.

"I thought so too. I thought that as soon as I left New York it would be all right. But—but the first thing I saw in my stateroom was *that* overcoat! And the next thing that occurred was—was almost—stupefying. Until I boarded this milk-train, I think I must have been almost irresponsible from sheer fright."

"What frightened you?" he asked, trembling internally.

"I—I can't tell you. It would do no good. You could not help me."

"Yet you say I have already aided you."

"Yes. . . . That is true. . . . And you *will* send that overcoat back, won't you?"

"Yes," he said. "To remember it, I'd better put it on, I think."

The southern night had turned chilly, and he was glad to bundle into his own overcoat again.

"From where will you ship it?" she asked anxiously.

"From Ormond—"

"Please don't!"

"Why?"

"Because," she said desperately, "the owner of that coat might trace it to Ormond and—and come down there."

"Where is he?"

She paled and clasped her hands tighter: "I—I thought—I had every reason to believe that he was in New York. B-but he isn't. He is in St. Augustine!"

"You evidently don't wish to meet him."

"No—oh, no, I don't wish to meet him—ever!"

"Oh. Am I to understand that this—this *fellow*," he said fiercely, "is *following* you?"

"I don't know—oh, I really don't know," she said, her blue eyes wide with apprehension. "All I know is that I do not desire to see him—or to have him see me. . . . He *must* not see me; it must not be—it *shall* not be! I—it's a very terrible thing—I don't know exactly what I'm—I'm fighting against—because it's—it's simply too dreadful—"

Emotion checked her, and for a moment she covered her eyes with her gloved hands, sitting in silence.

"Can't I help you?" he asked gently.

She dropped her hands and stared at him.

"I don't know. Do you think you could? It all seems so—like a bad dream. I'll have to tell you about it if you are to help me—won't I?"

"If you think it best," he said with an inward quiver.

"That's it. I don't know whether it *is* best to ask your advice. Yet, I don't know exactly what else to do," she added in a bewildered way, passing one hand slowly over her eyes. "Shall I tell you?"

"Perhaps you'd better."

"I think I will! . . . I—I left New York in a panic at a few moments' notice. I thought I'd go to Ormond and hide there for a while, and then, if—if matters looked threatening, I could go to Miami and take a steamer for the West Indies, and from there—if necessary—I could go to Brazil—"

"But *why!*" he demanded, secretly terrified at his own question.

She looked at him blankly a moment. "Oh; I forgot. It—it all began without any warning; and instantly I began to run away."

"From what?"

"From—from the owner of that overcoat!"

"Who is he?"

"His name," she said resolutely, "is George W. Green. And I am running away from him. . . . And I am afraid you'll think it very odd when I tell you that although I am running away from him I do not know him, and I have never seen him."

"Wh-what is the matter with him?" inquired Green, with a sickly attempt at smiling.

"He wants to marry me!" she exclaimed indignantly. "*That* is what is the matter with him."

"Are you sure?" he asked, astounded.

"Perfectly. And the oddest thing of all is that I do not think he has ever seen me—or ever even heard of me."

"But how can—"

"I'll tell you. I must tell you now, anyway. It began the evening before I left New York. I—I live alone—with a companion—having no parents. I gave a dinner dance the evening before I—I ran away; there was music, too; professional dancers; a crystal-gazing fortune-teller—and a lot of people—loads of them."

She drew a short, quick breath, and shook her pretty head.

"Everybody's been talking about the Princess Zimbazim this winter. So I had her there. . . . She—she is uncanny—positively terrifying. A dozen women were scared almost ill when they came out of her curtained corner.

"And—and then she demanded me. . . . I had no belief in such things. . . . I went into that curtained corner, never for one moment dreaming that what she might say would matter anything to me. . . . In ten minutes she had me scared and trembling like a leaf. . . . I didn't want to stay. I wanted to go. I—couldn't, somehow. My limbs were stiff—I couldn't control them—I couldn't get up! All my will power was—was paralyzed!"

The girl's color had fled; she looked at Green with wide eyes dark with the memory of fear.

"She told me to come to her for an hour's crystal-gazing the following afternoon. I—I didn't *want* to go. But I couldn't seem to keep away.

"Then a terrible thing happened. I—I looked into that crystal and I saw there—saw with my own eyes—myself being married to a—a perfectly strange man! I saw myself as clearly as in a looking-glass—but I could see only his back. He—he wore an overcoat—like that one I gave to you to send back. Think of it! Married to a man who is wearing an overcoat!

"And there was a clergyman who looked sleepy, and—and two strangers as witnesses—and there was I—*I!*—getting married to this man. . . . And the terrible thing about it was that I looked at him as though I—I l-loved him—"

Her emotions overcame her for a moment, but she swallowed desperately, lifted her head, and forced herself to continue, "Then the Princess Zimbazim began to laugh, very horridly: and I asked her, furiously, who that man was. And she said, 'His name seems to be George W. Green; he is a banker and broker; and he lives at 1008½ Fifth Avenue.'

"'Am *I* marrying him?' I cried. 'Am *I* marrying a strange broker who wears an overcoat at the ceremony?'

"And she laughed her horrid laugh again and said, 'You certainly are,

Miss Wiltz. You can not escape it. It is your destiny.'

"'When am I to do it!' I demanded, trembling with fright and indignation. And she told me that it was certain to occur within either three months or three days. . . . And—can you imagine my n-natural feelings of horror—and repugnance? Can you not now understand the panic that seized me—when there, all the time in the crystal, I could actually see myself doing what that dreadful woman prophesied?"

"I don't blame you for running," he said, stunned.

"I do not blame myself. I ran. I fled, distracted, from that terrible house! I left word for my maid to pack and follow me to Ormond. I caught the first train I could catch. For the next three months I propose to continue my flight if—if necessary. And I fear it will be necessary."

"Finding his overcoat in your stateroom must have been a dreadful shock to you," he said, pityingly.

"Imagine! But when, not an hour ago, I saw his name on the register at the Hotel Royal Orchid—*directly under my name!*—can you—oh, can you imagine my utter terror?"

Her voice broke, and she leaned up against the side of the car, so white, so quivering, so utterly demoralized by fear, that, alarmed, he took her trembling hands firmly in his.

"You mustn't give way," he said. "This won't do. You must show courage."

"How can I show courage when I'm f-frightened?"

"You must not be frightened, because—because I am going to stand by you. I am going to stand by you very firmly. I am going to see this matter through."

"Are you? It is so—so kind of you—so good—so generous. . . . Because it's uncanny enough to frighten even a man. You see we don't know what we're fighting. We're threatened by—by the occult! By unseen f-forces. . . . *How* could that man be in St. Augustine!"

He drew a long breath: "I am going to tell you something. . . . May I?"

She turned in silence to look at him. Something in his eyes disturbed her, and he felt her little, gloved hands tighten spasmodically within his own.

"It isn't anything to frighten you," he said. "It may even relieve you. Shall I tell you?"

Her lips formed a voiceless word of consent.

"Then I'll tell you. . . . I know George W. Green."

"W-what!"

"I know him very well. He is—is an exceedingly—er—nice fellow."

"But I don't care! I'm not going to marry him! . . . Am I? Do you think I am?"

And she fell a-trembling so violently that, alarmed, he drew her to his shoulder, soothing her like a child, explaining that in the twentieth century no girl was going to marry anybody against her will.

Like a child she cowered against him, her hands tightening within his. The car swayed and rattled on its clanging trucks; the feeble lamp glimmered.

"If I thought," she said, "that George W. Green was destined to marry me under such outrageous and humiliating circumstances, I—I believe I would marry the first decent man I encountered—merely to confound the Princess Zimbazim—and every wicked crystal-gazer in the world! I—I simply hate them!"

He said, "Then you believe in them?"

"How can I help it? Look at me! Look at me here, in full flight—asking protection of you! . . . And I don't care! I—think I am becoming more angry than—than frightened. I think it is your kindness that has given me courage. Somehow, I feel safe with you. I am sure that I can rely on you; can't I?"

"Yes," he said miserably.

"I was very sure I could when I saw you sitting there on the platform before the milk-train came in. . . . I don't know how it was—I was not afraid to speak to you. . . . Something about you made me confident. . . . I said to myself, 'He is *good!* I *know* it!' And so I spoke to you."

Conscience was tearing him inwardly to shreds, as the fox tore the Spartan. How could he pose as the sort of man she believed him to be, and endure the self-contempt now almost overwhelming him?

"I—I'm not good," he blurted out, miserably.

She turned and looked at him seriously for a moment. Then, for the first time aware of his arm encircling her, and her hands in his, she flushed brightly and freed herself, straightening up in her little wooden chair.

"You need not tell me that," she said. "I *know* you *are* good."

"As a m-matter of f-fact," he stammered, "I'm a scoundrel!"

"What!"

"I can't bear to have you know it—b-but I am!"

"*How* can you say that!—when you've been so perfectly sweet to me?" she exclaimed.

And after a moment's silence she laughed deliciously.

"Only to look at you is enough," she said, "for a girl to feel absolute confidence in you."

"Do you feel that?"

"I? . . . Yes. . . . Yes, I do. I would trust you without hesitation. I have trusted you, have I not? And after all, it is not so strange. You are the sort of man to whom I am accustomed. We are both of the same sort."

"No," he said gloomily, "I'm really a pariah."

"You! Why do you say such things, after you have been so—perfectly charming to a frightened girl?"

"I'm a pariah," he repeated. "I'm a social outcast! I—I know it, now." And he leaned his head wearily on both palms.

The girl looked at him in consternation.

"Are *you* unhappy?" she asked.

"Wretched."

"Oh," she said softly, "I didn't know that. . . . I am so sorry. . . . And to think that you took all *my* troubles on your shoulders too—burdened with your own! I—I *knew* you were that kind of man," she added warmly.

He only shook his head, face buried in his hands.

"I am *so* sorry," she repeated gently. "Would it help you if you told me?"

He did not answer.

"Because," she said sweetly, "it would make me very happy if I could be of even the very slightest use to you!"

No response.

"Because you have been so kind."

No response.

"—And so p-pleasant and c-cordial and—"

No response.

She looked at the young fellow who sat there with head bowed in his hands; and her blue eyes grew wistful.

"Are you in physical pain?"

"Mental," he said in a muffled voice.

"I am sorry. Don't you believe that I am?" she asked pitifully.

"You would not be sorry if you knew why I am suffering," he muttered.

"How *can* you say that!" she exclaimed warmly. "Do you think I am ungrateful? Do you think I am insensible to delicate and generous emotions? Do you suppose I could ever forget what you have done for me?"

"Suppose," he said in a muffled voice, "I turned out to be a—a villain?"

"You couldn't!"

"Suppose it were true that I am one?"

She said, with the warmth of total inexperience with villains, "What you have been to me is only what concerns me. You have been good, generous, noble! And I—like you!"

"You must not like me."

"I *do!* I do like you! I shall continue to do so—always—"

"You can not!"

"What! Indeed I can! I like you very much. I defy you to prevent me!"

"I don't want to prevent you—but you mustn't do it."

She sat silent for a moment. Then her lip trembled.

"Why may I not like you?" she asked unsteadily.

"I am not worth it."

He didn't know it, but he had given her the most fascinating answer that a man can give a young girl.

"If you are not worth it," she said tremulously, "you can become so."

"No, I never can."

"Why do you say that? No matter what a man has done—a young man—such as you—he can become worthy again of a girl's friendship—if he wishes to."

"I never could become worthy of yours."

"Why? What have you done? I don't care anyway. If you—if you want my—my friendship you can have it."

"No," he groaned, "I am sunk too low to even dream of it! You don't know—you don't know what you're saying. I am beyond the pale!"

He clutched his temples and shuddered. For a moment she gazed at him piteously, then her timid hand touched his arm.

"I can't bear to see you in despair," she faltered, "—you who have been so good to me. Please don't be unhappy—because—I want you to be happy—"

"I can never be that."

"Why?"

"Because—I am in love!"

"What!"

"With a girl who—hates me."

"Oh," she said faintly. Then the surprise in her eyes faded vaguely into wistfulness, and into something almost tender as she gazed at his bowed head.

"Any girl," she said, scarcely knowing what she was saying, "who could not love such a man as you is an absolutely negligible quantity."

His hands fell from his face and he sat up.

"Could *you?*"

"What?" she said, not understanding.

"Could you do what—what I—mentioned just now?"

She looked curiously at him for a moment, not comprehending. Suddenly a rosy flush stained her face.

"I don't think you mean to say that to me," she said quietly.

"Yes," he said, "I do mean to say it. . . . Because, since I first saw you, I have—have dared to—to be in love with you."

"With *me!* We—you have not known me an hour!"

"I have known you three days."

"What!"

"*I* am George W. Green!"

And his head was bowed once more, hopelessly, in his trembling hands.

Minute after minute throbbed in silence, timed by the loud rhythm of the roaring wheels. He did not dare lift his head to look at her, though her stillness scared him. Awful and grotesque thoughts assailed him. He wondered whether she had survived the blow—but like an assassin he dared not look to see what he had done, but crouched there, overwhelmed with misery such as he never dreamed that a human heart could endure.

A century seemed to have passed before, far ahead, the locomotive whistled warningly for the Ormond station.

He understood what it meant, and clutched his temples, striving to gather courage sufficient to lift his head and face her blazing contempt—or her insensible and inanimate but beautiful young form lying in a merciful faint on the floor of the baggage-car.

And at last he lifted his head.

She had risen and was standing by the locked side doors, touching her eyelashes with her handkerchief.

When he rose, the train was slowing down. Presently the baggage-master came in, yawning; the side doors were unbolted and flung back as the car glided along a high, wooden platform.

They were standing side by side now; she did not look at him, but when the car stopped she laid her hand lightly on his arm.

Trembling in every fibre, he drew the little, gloved hand through his arm and aided her to descend.

"Are you unhappy?" he whispered tremulously.

"No. . . . What are we to do?"

"Am I to say?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Shall I register as your brother?"

She blushed and looked at him in a lovely and distressed way.

"What *are* we to do?" she faltered.

They entered the main hall of the great hotel at that moment, and she turned to look around her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, clutching his arm. "—Do you see that man! Do you *see* him!"

"Which man—dearest—"

"*That* one over there! That is the clergyman I saw in the crystal. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Is it going to come true right away?"

"I think it is," he said. "Are you afraid?"

She drew a deep, shuddering breath, lifted her eyes to his. "N-no," she said.

Ten minutes later it was being done around the corner of the great veranda, where nobody was. The moon glimmered on the Halifax; the palmettos sighed in the chilly sea-wind; the still, night air was scented with orange bloom and the odor of the sea.

He wore his overcoat, and he used the plain, gold band which had decorated his little finger. The clergyman was brief and businesslike; the two clerks made dignified witnesses.

When it was done, and they were left alone, standing on the moonlit veranda, he said, "Shall we send a present to the Princess Zimbazim?"

"Yes. . . . A beautiful one."

He drew her to him; she laid both hands on his shoulders. When he kissed her, her face was cold and white as marble.

"Are you afraid?" he whispered.

The marble flushed pink.

"No," she said.

Fair Play—and Dr. Cook

A PLEA WHICH THIS MAGAZINE PRESENTS WITHOUT COMMENT, IN THE BELIEF THAT ITS READERS WILL WISH TO JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES

By Elbert Hubbard

THIS magazine stands for fair play. And so here are a few facts that it is well enough for the world to fletcherize on.

Frederick A. Cook was born at Calicoon Depot, Sullivan County, New York, in 1865. His father died when he was nine years of age. So the support of his mother, brothers and sisters gravitated to him very early in life. He was a newsboy, a clerk at a fruit-stand, a station agent, a bookkeeper. His ambition to get an education led him to New York, where he attended night school. He entered the University of New York, worked his way through, got his degree, and finally, also, was graduated in the Medical Department.

He was surgeon of the Peary Arctic Expedition in 1891 and 1892. Also, he was surgeon of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition in 1897–98–99. He has received the degree of the Order of Leopold, the gold medal of the Belgian Royal Society, the silver medal of the Belgian Royal Geographical Society, and a Ph.D. from the University of Copenhagen.

On July 3rd, 1907, Dr. Cook sailed out of the Bay of Gloucester as the sun went down. His ship was the "John R. Bradley," an old fishing vessel, tub-shaped, but safe. Cook had bought this vessel and fitted her out at the expense of his friend, John R. Bradley. Bradley was intent on going to the coast of Greenland on a hunting expedition. He hired Cook to take charge of the little expedition, because Cook had already been to the Far North, and knew the environment.

Cook is forty-seven years of age. For twenty-five years the lure of the ice has been with him. He knows the history of every arctic and antarctic explorer. He is a sailor, a mathematician, a scientist. And so, on that eventful evening, he put out to sea, headed up over the Newfoundland Banks to Greenland, to Upernavik, on to Annatoak, which is the most northern Eskimo settlement.

Hunting was good. Here were found in abundance musk-ox, walrus, white whales, ducks in vast profusion, polar bears and seals. The natives were friendly, and offered their services gladly to Dr. Cook and his friend Mr. Bradley.

Then a great idea came to Dr. Cook, an idea which he had been incubating for years. He would remain at Annatoak, spend the winter night, and at the first sign of the sun he would, with the help of the natives, make a dash for the Pole. He explained his plans to Mr. Bradley. Mr. Bradley had his misgivings; nevertheless he gave his blessing, and, what was more, he gave all of the provisions and arms and ammunition that he could spare. And so the "John R. Bradley" turned her prow to the South, and left Dr. Cook amid the snow and ice and the on-coming long winter night.

Cook spent the winter in preparation for the dash to the Pole. It was seven hundred miles over a road that man had never attempted. Two hundred miles by land; five hundred miles by straight Arctic Ocean over an ice covering sixteen feet deep. It was a tremendous, dangerous, undertaking. It was flirting with death all the way.

But Cook went through, with the help of two Eskimos. He reached the Pole on April 21st, 1908. At least he reached a spot where his shadow was the same length at midnight that it was at noon, and where the sun, instead of dipping, simply moved straight around in a circle an equal distance above the horizon. The distance that had been traveled also showed that they were at the Pole. Dr. Cook made various notes, took many photos, kept complete records, and started back home.

His provisions, however, had run so low that the dogs were fed only every other day, and he and his two companions were well nigh on the verge of starvation. They had

lived like the wild things in nature; they buried themselves in their sleeping blankets at night; and when the storms came they made igloos, or snow huts. Then they stumbled on over the ice hummocks, avoiding the crevices, through wind and storm and hurricane and blinding snow, with the thermometer ranging from thirty to eighty below zero, and again they reached the land.

Their ammunition was nearly gone, but they fought starvation desperately. They killed seals and walrus, now and then a bear. Then their ammunition gave out; still they stumbled on until they reached open water. They left their sleds behind, turned the dogs loose, and took to the water with a canvas boat. By October, 1908, they were back again to Annatoak. No ship was there, but they did not expect one.

Another winter of night followed.

Dr. Cook then started overland to Upernavik, seven hundred miles away. He had left the North Pole on April 23rd, 1908, and he got back to Upernavik in June, 1909. A mail ship here picked him up and carried him to the Shetland Islands, where he sent a cablegram to a New York paper, saying: "I have been to the North Pole. Have written two thousand words which are here at your disposal, price three thousand dollars."

He went on board ship, there not being time to wait for a reply, and when he reached Copenhagen a week later he was greeted on the dock by an immense crowd, including royalty and the learned men of the city.

The newspaper had accepted the two thousand words write-up, and had told the world that Dr. Frederick A. Cook had reached the North Pole. Copenhagen received Dr. Cook with every honor that men can bestow on other men. All of this was as much of a surprise to Dr. Cook as it was to the world. He had supposed that the world had been somewhat interested, but he had not expected to be a popular hero.

America went wild over the hero of the North. All this, until Peary arrived in Indian Harbor and announced that he had been to the top of the world, April 8, 1909. Then began the torrent of abuse, vilification, condemnation, the equal of which one does not often see in these modern piping times of peace.

Someone has said that we are moving so fast that when plans are being made to perform some great feat, these plans are broken into by a youth who enters and says: "I have done it." This is exactly what Cook did for the Arctic explorer; he went quietly about his business, but he had been getting ready for twenty-five years for this thing.

So, to-day, after the tumult and the shouting have ceased, we find Dr. Cook placidly telling his story to audiences all over the United States. He is listened to with respect and given a generous degree of applause. The temper of the man recommends him to his race, and the suspicion is filtering into the Zeitgeist that when Peary wrote of his surgeon in high terms of praise, Peary told the truth about the man.

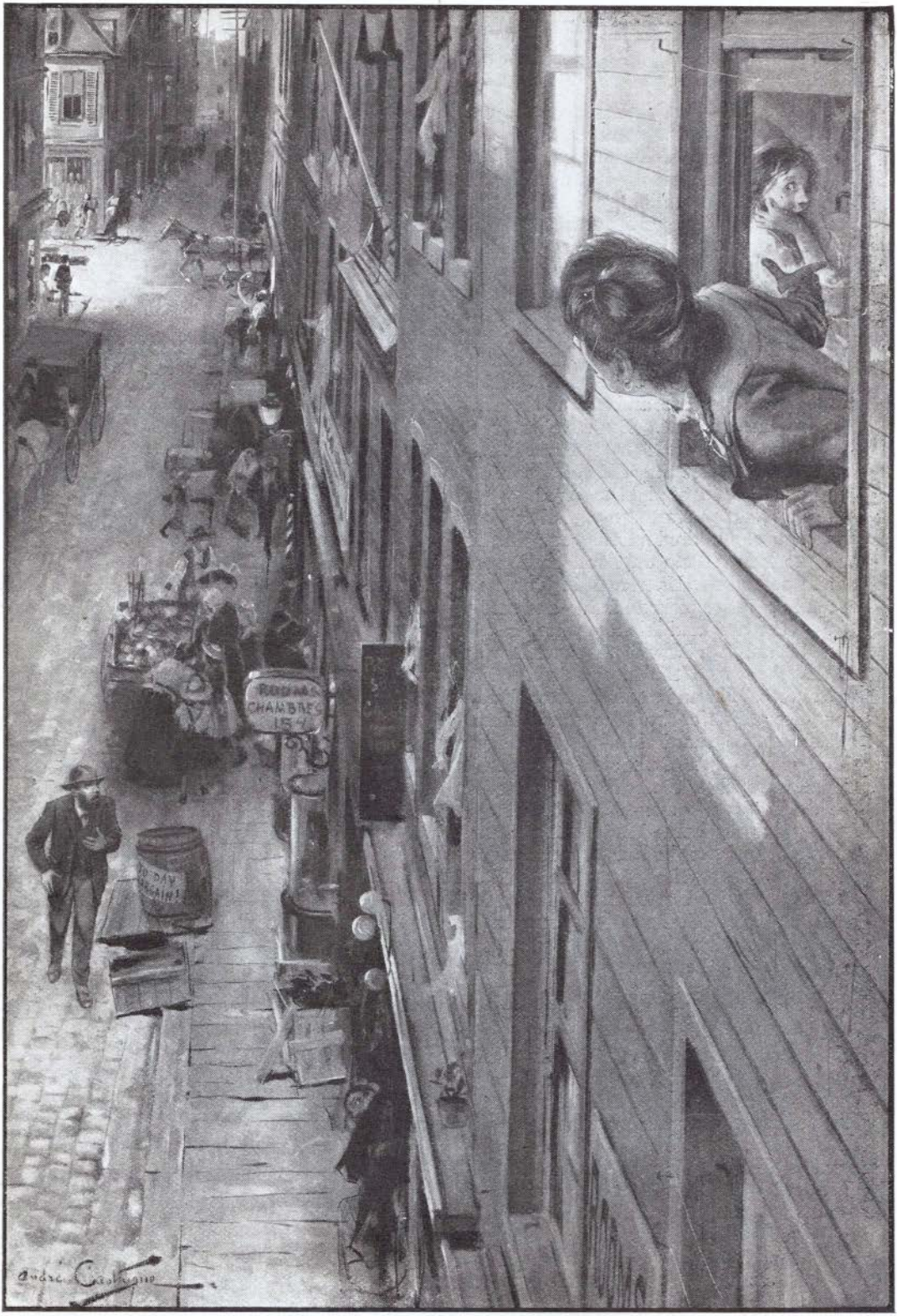
It is curious to see how jealousy and hate destroy the mental balance of even very able men. Think of Shakespeare being denounced by Greene as "An upstart writer pluming himself with borrowed finery!" Think of the literary fights between Byron and his enemies! Of how Richard Wagner was hooted from the stage and mobbed, banished from Germany, and for nineteen years was an exile! Frederick Froebel, who gave the world the kindergarten, was placed under the official ban. Bruno was burned at the stake. Servetus, the same. Galileo was silenced and Copernicus was sent into exile, and so it happened on down the centuries from the time that Socrates was passed the deadly hemlock to our own time. Vilification, hate, jealousy, rage, have torn the atmosphere. The hemlock, the cross, the noose, the knife, the headman's axe, have all been called upon to destroy strong, earnest, truthful men.

And we must not forget, either, that Columbus, who gave the world a continent, was put in chains, and it was death that finally filed his fetters and set him free. Moreover, this land which we call America was not named for Christopher Columbus, but for one of his rivals, a man who had traduced him.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook certainly did incur a whirlwind of abuse, but out of it all he now emerges calm, serene, telling his simple story of hardship, suffering, hunger and final success. Americans would like to be fair, and in the end I think we are. Dr. Cook is coming into his own.

Peary and Cook both attained the Pole. They are the only men who have, and the attempt has been going on for three hundred years. Peary was born in Pennsylvania—Cook, in New York—both Americans!

We are proud of them.



DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

A pause in the singing; a cry! Mme. Glozel thrust her head out and called to Jean Jacques.

The Money Master

THE STORY OF JEAN JACQUES IN LOVE AND IN BUSINESS

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way," "The Judgment House," etc.

Illustrated by André Castaigne

SYNOPSIS: In the veins of Carmen flowed the warm blood of Spain; she was as good as she ought to be, and better. For she wanted a home for herself and her father. Jean Jacques was a man of mark in his little French Canadian parish of St. Saviour's. He went on a grand tour to the land of his forefathers, and there, when he boarded his ship for home he met Carmen, with her father, fleeing from Spanish justice. The homebound voyage ended in disaster and wreck; all hands took to the lifeboats —all except Jean Jacques and a few others who had to swim for it. When Jean Jacques was sinking Carmen went to his rescue. Of course he married her—he was a philosopher and a lover. Carmen did not belong to the life of the habitant, and in her was the strain of the light o' love, but she loved her Jean Jacques in her way—if he had only been more passionate as a lover and a husband, or had he, indeed, cared more for her than for their daughter Zoé. Boredom for her, content for her husband—she hated it! Then came a man, George Masson, who made love. On the eve of the flight of his wife and Masson, Jean Jacques trapped Masson in order to kill him, but he let him go. Jean Jacques was a husband and a philosopher. Carmen ran away alone.

Zoé, his daughter, grew up, the pride of his lonely heart. But she, too, met a man, Gerard Fynes, Her father was against the man; so Zoé eloped with him. Jean Jacques, broken, took his father-in-law Sebastian Dolores to live with him. Followed financial disaster, then, capped by the loss of his chief asset; his big mill was burned to the ground through the carelessness of his father-in-law. Old friends, like M. Fille and the Judge, rallied to his aid and helped him to get eight thousand dollars for a new start. Sebastian stole the money. Nothing then could have saved Jean Jacques; he was sold out of house and home. Before the final catastrophe the widow Virginie Poucette had offered to aid him with her all—what if people did talk; she knew she had held his hand in one hour of need—it was she who came to him at the end of the day of the final auction sale.

Woman Proposes

WHEN Jean Jacques saw Virginie standing beside the table in his office which he had worked over so many years, now marked *Sold* and waiting to be taken away by its new owner, he started and drew back, but she held out her hand and said, "But one word, M'sieu' Jean Jacques; only one word from a friend—indeed, a friend."

"A friend of friends," he answered, still in abstraction, his eyes with the strange burnished light which had been in them less or more since the night of the fire; but yet realizing that she was a sympathetic soul who had offered to lend him money without security in his need.

"Oh, indeed yes, as good a friend as you can ever have!" she added. Something had waked a part of her, the bigger part of her which had never been awake in the days of Palass Poucette.

"Well, good-by, my friend," he said, and held out his hand. "I must be going now."

"Wait," she said, and there was something insistent and yet pleading in her voice. "I've got something to say. You must hear it. . . . Why should you go? There is my farm—it needs to be worked right. It has got good chances in its favor. It has water-power and wood and the best flax in the province—they want to start a flax-mill on it; I've had letters from big men in Montreal. Well, why shouldn't you do it instead? There it is, the farm, and there am I a woman alone. I need help. I've got no head. I have to work at a sum of figures all night to get it straight. . . . Ah, M'sieu', it is a need both sides! You want someone to look after you. You want a chance again to do things; but you want someone to look after you; and it is all waiting there on the farm Palass Poucette left behind with seven sound horses and cows and sheep and a threshing-machine and a fanning-mill, and no debts, and two thousand dollars in the bank. You will never do anything away from here. You must stay here, where—where I can look after you, Jean Jacques."

"Wonder of God, do you forget?" he asked. "I am married—married still, Virginie Poucette. There is no divorce in the Catholic Church—no, none at all. It is for ever and ever."

"I said nothing about marriage," she said bravely, though her face suffused.

"*Nom de pipe*, what do you mean! You

DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

"Carmen!" As he entered, the woman, with eyes that Francesca might have turned

mean to say, you would do *that* for me in spite of the Curé and—and everybody?"

"You ought to be taken care of," she protested. "You ought to have your chance again, and no one here is free to do it all but me. You are alone. Your wife that was—maybe she is dead. I am alone, and I'm not afraid of what the good God will say! I will settle it with Him—myself! Well, then, do you think I'd care what—what Mère Langlois or the rest of the world would say? . . . I can't bear to think of

to the vision of her fate, raised herself to see if he who came was her own Jean Jacques.

you going away with nothing, with nobody, when there is something and somebody —somebody who would be good to you. Everybody knows that you've been badly treated — everybody. I'm young enough to make things bright and warm in your life, and the place is big enough for two even if it isn't as big as the Manor Cartier of the old Barbilles."

"*Figure de Christ*, do you think I'd let you do it—me?" declared Jean Jacques with lips trembling now and his shoulders

heaving. "No, no," he added. "You look another way, Virginie Poucette. Turn your face to the young spring, not to the dead winter-time. To-morrow I'll be gone to find what I've got to find. I've finished here, but there's many a good man waiting for you—men who'll bring you something worth while besides themselves. Make no mistake, I've finished. I've done my term of life. I'm only out on ticket-of-leave now—but there, enough, I shall always want to think of you.

He stopped short, choked, then his face cleared, and his eyes became steady.

"Well, then, good-by, Virginie," he said holding out his hand.

"You don't think I'd say to any other living man what I've said to you?" she asked.

He nodded understandingly. "That's the best part of it. It was for me of all the world," he answered. "When I look back, I'll see the light in your window—the light you lit for the lost one, for Jean Jacques Barbille."

Suddenly with eyes that did not see, and hands held out before him, he turned, felt for the door and left the room. She leaned helplessly against the table. "The poor Jean Jacques—the poor Jean Jacques!" she murmured. "Curé, or no Curé, I'd have done it," she declared with a ring to her voice. "Ah, but Jean Jacques, come with me!" she added with a hungry and compassionate gesture. "I could make life worth while for us both."

A moment later Virginie was outside watching the last act in the career of Jean Jacques in the parish of St. Saviour's.

This is what she saw.

The auctioneer was holding up a bird-cage containing a canary—Carmen's bird-cage, and Zoé's canary which had remained to be a vocal memory of her in her old home.

"Here," said the auctioneer, "here is the choicest lot left to the last. I put it away in the bakery meaning to sell it at noon when everybody was eating—food for the soul and food for the body. I forgot it. But here it is worth anything you like to anybody that loves the beautiful, the good, and the harmonious. Who will make me an offer for this vestal virgin of song—the joy of the morning and the benediction of the evening? What do I hear? The best of the wine to the last of the feast! What do I hear—five dollars—seven dollars—nine dollars—going at nine dollars—ten dollars—well, ladies and gentleman, the bird can sing—ah, *voila!*"

He stopped short for a moment, for the bird, as the evening sun swept its curtain of rainbow radiance over the scene, began to sing. Its little throat swelled, it chirruped, it thrilled, it called, it soared, it lost itself in a flood of ecstasy. In the applausive silence, the emotional recess of the sale, as it were, the man to whom the bird and the song meant most, pushed his way up to the stand where the auctioneer stood.

He reached up a brown, eager, affectionate hand—it had always been that—fat and small, but rather fine and certainly emotional, though not material or sensual.

"Go on with your bidding," he said.

He was going to buy the thing which had belonged to his daughter, was beloved by her—the living oracle of the morning, the muezzin of his mosque of home, which had been to the girl who had gone as another such a bird had been to the mother of the girl, the voice that sang *Praise God* in the short summer of that bygone happiness.

M. Manotel humored him, while the bird still sang. "Ten dollars—eleven dollars, do I hear no more than eleven dollars—going once, going twice, going three times—gone!" he cried; for no one had made a further bid.

He handed the cage to Jean Jacques, who put it down on the ground at his feet, and in an instant had handed up eleven dollars for one of the idols of his own altar. Soon Jean Jacques was making his way out of the crowd with the cage in his hand, the bird silent now.

As he went, someone touched his arm. It was M. Fille. The going of Jean Jacques was inevitable; all persuasion had failed to induce him to stay—even that of Virginie Poucette; and M. Fille now treated it as though it was the beginning of a new career for Jean Jacques, whatever it might be. It might be he would come back some day, but not to things as they were, not ever again, nor as the same man. "You will move on with the world outside there," M. Fille was saying, "but we will be turning on the same swivel here always; and whenever you come—there, you understand. It is *semper fidelis, semper fidelis* with us."

Jean Jacques looked at M. Fille again as though to ask him a question, but presently he shook his head as though in negation to his thought.

DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

"Jean Jacques—ah, my beautiful Jean Jacques!" she cried in a voice like a wisp of sound; and then with a smile she sank back too late to hear, but not too late to know what Jean Jacques said to her.

"Well, good-by," he said cheerfully—"*à la bonne heure!*"

By that M. Fille knew that Jean Jacques did not wish for company as he went—not even the company of his old friend who had loved the bright, whimsical, emotional Zoé and had hovered around his life like the wings of a protecting spirit.

"*A bi'tôt,*" responded M. Fille declining upon the homely patois, and they both smiled at each other.

But someone sobbed as Jean Jacques walked away with his little book of philosophy in his pocket and the bird-cage in his hand. M. Fille turned and saw. It was Virginie Poucette. Fortunately for Virginie other women did the same, not for the same reason, but out of a sympathy which was part of the scene.

"Look at that," said M. Manotel, pointing towards the departing Jean Jacques, who was now away upon his road.

Jean Jacques had raised the bird-cage on a level with his face, and was evidently speaking to the bird in the way birds love—that soft kissing sound to which they reply with song.

Presently there came a chirp or two, and then the bird thrust forward its head, and out came the full blessedness of its song, exultant, tender, homelike, intimate.

Jean Jacques walked on, the bird singing by his side, and he did not look back.

If She Had Known in Time

NOTHING stops when we stop for a time, or for all time, except ourselves. Everything else goes on—not in the same way, but it does go on. Life did not stop at St. Saviour's after Jean Jacques made his exit. The chariot of affairs rolled on. Slowly the ruined mill rose up again, and very slowly indeed the widow of Palass Poucette recovered her spirits, though she remained a widow in spite of all appeals; but M. Fille and his sister never were the same after they lost their friend. They waited in vain for a letter from Jean Jacques, but none came, nor did they hear anything from him or of him for a long, long time.

Jean Jacques did not mean that they should. When he went away with his book of philosophy and his canary he had but one thing in his mind, and that was to find Zoé and make her understand that he knew he had been in the wrong. He had illusions about starting life again, in which he probably did not believe, but the make-believe was good for him. Before the crash came, in Zoé's name—not his own—he had bought three hundred and twenty acres of land out near the Rockies from the Government and had spent five hundred dollars in improvements on it. There it was in the West, one remaining asset still his own (or rather Zoé's) but worthless if he or she did not develop it. As he left St. Saviour's, however, he kept fixing his mind on that "last domain" as he called it to himself. If this was done intentionally that he might be saved from distraction and despair, it was well done; if it was a real illusion—the old self-deception which had been his bane so often in the past, it still could only do him good at the present. It prevented him from noticing the attention he attracted on his railway journey from St. Saviour's to Montreal as he cherished his canary and his book.

When a patronizing and aggressive commercial traveler in the little hotel on a side-street where he had taken a room in Montreal said to him, "*Bien, mon vieux*" (which is to say, "Well, old cock), aren't you a long way from home?" something of a new dignity came into Jean Jacques' bearing, very different from the assurance of the old days, and he said in reply, "Not so far that I need to be careless about my company."

This made the landlady of the little hotel laugh quite hard, for she did not like the braggart "drummer" who had treated her with great condescension for a number of years. Also Madame Glozel liked Jean Jacques because of his canary. She thought there must be some sentimental reason for a man of fifty to be carrying a bird-cage about with him.

Why he waited in Montreal it would be hard to say, except that it was a kind of middle place between the old life and the new, and also because he must decide what was to be his plan of search. First the West—first Winnipeg, but where after that? He had at last secured information of where Zoé and Gerard Fynes had stayed while in Montreal; and now he followed clues which would bring him in touch with folk who knew them. He came to know one or two people who were with Zoé and Gerard in the last days they spent in the metropolis, and he turned over and over in

DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

"Look!" said M. Manotel. Jean Jacques was speaking to the bird in the way birds love. Presently there came a chirp or two, and then the bird thrust forward its head, and out came the full blessedness of its song, exultant, tender, homelike, intimate. Jean Jacques did not look back toward the home he had left forever.

his mind every word people said about his girl, as a child will turn a sweetmeat in its mouth. This made him eager to be off; but on the very day he decided to start for the West at once, an incident occurred which affected his future.

It was towards the late afternoon of a Saturday when the streets were full of people going to and from the shops in a marketing quarter, that Madame Glozel came to Jean Jacques and said:

"M'sieu', I have an idea, and you will not think it strange, for you have a kind heart. There is a woman—look you, it is a sad, sad story hers. She is ill and dying in a room a little way down the street. But yes, I am sure she is dying—of heart disease it is. She came here first when the illness took her, but she could not afford to stay. She went to those cheaper lodgings down the street. She used to be on the stage down in the States, and then she came back here, and there was a man—married to him or not I do not know. Well, the man—the brute—he left her when she got ill—but yes, forsook her absolutely. He was a land-agent or something like that, and all very fine to your face, to promise and to pretend—just make-believe. When her sickness got worse, off he went with '*Au revoir, cherie,* I will be back to supper.' Supper! If she had waited for her supper till he came back she would wait as long as I've waited for the fortune the gypsy promised me forty years ago. Away he went, the rogue, without a thought of her, and with another woman. That's what hurt her most of all. Straight from her that could hardly drag herself about—ah yes, and has been as handsome a woman as ever was!—straight from her he went to a slut. She was a slut—did I not know her? Did Ma'm'selle Slut not wait at table in this house and lead the men a dance here night and day—day and night till I found it out! Well, off he went with the slut, and left the lady behind. . . . You men, you treat women so!"

Jean Jacques put out a hand as though to argue with her. "Sometimes it is the other way," he retorted. "Most of us have seen it like that."

"Well, for sure, you're right enough there, m'sieu'," was the response. "I've got nothing to say to that, except that it's a man that runs away with a woman or that gets her to leave her husband when she does go. There's always a man that says, 'Come along; I'm the better man for you.'" Jean Jacques turned his head away towards the cage where his canary was beginning to pipe its evening lay.

"It all comes to the same thing in the end," he said, and then he who had been so quiet since he came to the little tavern—Glozel's it was called—began to move about the room excitedly, running his fingers through his still bushy hair which, to his credit, was always as clean as could be, burnished and shiny even at his mid-century period. He began murmuring to himself, and a frown settled on his forehead. Mme. Glozel saw that she had perturbed him, and that no doubt she had roused some memories which made sombre the sunny little room where the canary sang.

But started, the good woman could not stop. "Heart disease," she said nodding with assurance and finality; "and we know what that is—a start, a shock, a fall, a strain, and *pht!* off the poor thing goes. Yes, heart disease and sometimes with such awful pain. But so; and yesterday she told me she had only a hundred dollars left. 'Enough to last me out though,' she said to me. Poor thing, she lifted up her eyes with a way she has as if looking for something she couldn't find. So then again I asked her all about her own people and whether I couldn't send for someone that belonged to her. 'There's none that belongs to me,' she says, 'and there's no one I belong to.'

"I thought very likely she didn't want to tell me about herself; perhaps because she had done wrong and her family had not been good to her. Yet it was right I should try and get her folks to come, if she had any folks. So I said to her, 'Where was your home?' And now what do you think she answered, m'sieu'? 'Look there,' she said to me, 'it was in heaven, that's where my home was; but I didn't know it. I hadn't been taught to know it when I saw it.'

"Well, I felt my skin go goosey, for I saw what was goin' on in her mind, and how she was remembering what had happened to her sometime, somewhere; but there wasn't a tear in her eyes, and I never saw her cry—never once, m'sieu'—well but as brave as brave. Her eyes are always dry—burning like glow-worms. They're like two furnaces scorching up her face. So I never found out her history, and she won't have the priest. I believe that's because she wants to die unknown, and doesn't want to

confess. And so the poor sick thing has not a single pleasure in the world. She can't read, because it makes her head ache, she says; and she never writes to anyone. One day she tried to sing a little, but it seemed to hurt her, and she stopped before she had begun almost. Yes, m'sieu', there she is without a single pleasure in the long hours when she doesn't sleep."

"There's my canary—that would cheer her," eagerly said Jean Jacques who, as the story of the chirruping landlady continued. became master of his agitation and listened as though to the tale of some life for which he had concern. "Yes, take my canary to her, madame. It picked me up when I was down. It'll help her—such a bird it is! It's the best singer in the world."

"M'sieu'—oh, m'sieu', it was what I wanted to ask you, and I didn't dare," gushingly declared Madame Glozel. "I never heard a bird sing like that—just as if it knew how much good it was doing, and with all the airs of a grand seigneur. It's a prince of birds, that. If you mean it, m'sieu', you'll do as good a thing as you have ever done."

"It would have to be much better, or it wouldn't be any use," remarked Jean Jacques.

The woman made a motion of friendliness with both hands. "I don't believe that. You may be queer, but you've got a kind eye. It won't be for long she'll need the canary, and it will cheer her. There certainly was never a bird so little tied to one note. Now this note, now that, and so amusing. At times it's as though he was laughing at you."

"That's because, with me for his master, he has had good reason to laugh," remarked Jean Jacques, who had come at last to take a despondent view of himself.

"That's bosh," rejoined Mme. Glozel. "I've seen several people odder than you."

She went over to the cage eagerly, and was about to take it away "Excuse me," interposed Jean Jacques, "I will carry the cage to the house. Then you will go in with the bird, and I'll wait outside and see if the little rascal sings."

A moment later the two were walking along the street to the door of Mme. Popincourt's lodgings, and people turned to look at the pair, one carrying something covered with a white cloth—evidently a savory dish of some kind—and the other with a bird-cage in which a handsome canary hopped about well pleased with the world as he found it.

At Mme. Popincourt's door Mme. Glozel took the cage and went upstairs. Jean Jacques, left behind, paced backwards and forwards in front of the house waiting and looking up, for Mme. Glozel had said that behind the front window on the third floor was where the sick woman lived. He had not long to wait. The setting sun shining full on the window had roused the bird, and he began to pour out a flood of delicious melody which flowed on and on, causing the people in the street to stay their steps and look up. Jean Jacques' face as he listened had something very like a smile.

Suddenly however there came a sharp pause in the singing, and after that a cry —a faint, startled cry. Then Mme. Glozel's head was thrust out of the window three floors up, and she called to Jean Jacques to come quickly. As she bade him come, some strange premonition flashed to Jean Jacques, and in agitation he hastened up the staircase. Outside a bedroom door, Mme. Glozel met him. Her eyes were full of excitement. She was so excited she could only whisper.

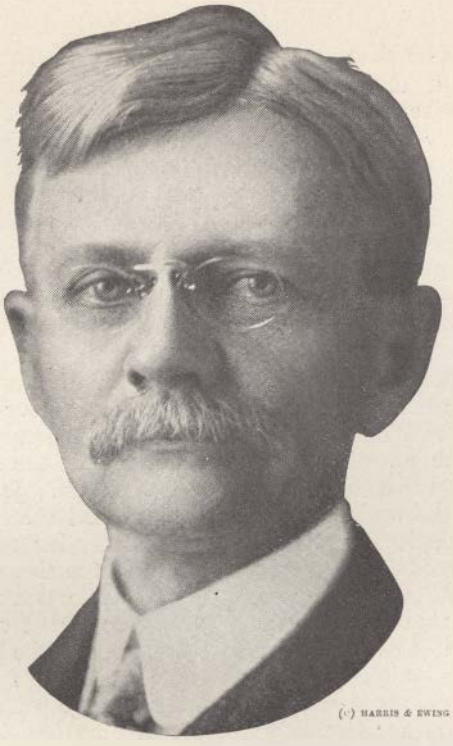
"Be very quiet," she said. "There is something strange. When the bird sang as it did—you heard it—she sat like one in a trance. Then her face got a look glad and frightened too, and she stared hard at the cage. 'Bring the cage to me,' she said. I brought it. She looked sharp at it, then she gave a cry and fell back. As I took the cage away I saw what she had been looking at—a writing at the bottom of the cage. It was the name Carmen!"

With a stifled cry Jean Jacques pushed her aside and entered the room. As he did so the sick woman in the big armchair, so pale yet so splendid in her death-beauty, with eyes that Francesca might have turned to the vision of her fate, raised herself as though to see if he who came was one she had wished to see through long relentless lonely days.

"*Jean Jacques—ah, my beautiful Jean Jacques!*" she cried in a voice like a wisp of sound, for she had little breath; and then with a smile she sank back too late to hear, but not too late to know what Jean Jacques said to her.

The final instalment of "The Money Master" will appear in the April number of Hearst's Magazine

"The Vice-president is one of the men who does not need to seek the limelight. He cannot escape it. There is something about his appearance which arrests attention, and something about his personality which retains it."



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"Whether in public speeches or in private conversation, whether in his saving grace of humor or in his extraordinarily popular stories, the Vice-president has been a part of history in the present remarkable administration."

Marshall—V.-P.

By John Temple Graves

SINCE the days of Aaron Burr no personality more unique and picturesque has filled the vice-presidential chair than its present occupant.

On March fourth, 1913, when Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana was the center of that important and impressive group of national and international men in the senate-chamber, to be sworn in as the second officer of the Republic, he was the most tranquil, the most unruffled, and decidedly the most unpretentious celebrity of the entire assemblage.

The opening words of the Vice-president's inaugural startled the precedents and the formalities of that extraordinarily dignified occasion.

"Before I enter for four years upon an enforced period of obscurity and silence," said the Vice-president-elect, "I desire to offer a few remarks."

But Thomas R. Marshall did not enter. He paused upon the threshold, and concluded then and there that he would neither be silent nor obscure. And he hasn't been.

From the first day of the administration to the present hour no man in the Republic has lost sight of the Vice-president. His striking individuality has always been evident. Whether in public speeches or in private conversation, whether in his saving grace of humor or in his extraordinarily popular stories, the Vice-president has been a part of publicity and a part of history in the present remarkable administration.

When the new Vice-president came to Washington he found at the Vice-president's desk in the Senate Chamber that magnificent chair with luxurious cushions and stately posts and circling arms and reclining rests for the head and feet. He promptly ordered it removed, and installed in its place a smaller but comfortable chair, in which he could revolve and stretch his arms.

Augustus O. Bacon, of Georgia, one of the stateliest Senators of the old regime, entered his serious but friendly protest.

"That chair, Mr. Vice-president," said he, "is one of the traditions and glories of the Senate. It was built for the office. It adorns the chamber. It was fitted to the Vice-president."

"Senator," said the Second Officer with exceeding gravity, "when that chair came here for the service of the vice-presidents of the United States it had never seen me. Before I came here I had never seen that chair. Now I have come. The chair and I have seen each other. For this reason we have permanently separated."

The Vice-president was never a man for show. He is a believer in simplicity and solid comfort.

The Vice-president of the United States is one of the men who does not need to seek the limelight, or to scheme for conditions under which he will be talked about. He cannot escape either. There is something about his appearance which arrests attention, and something about his personality which inevitably retains it.

In the first place Thomas R. Marshall is a good man. Outside the limits of an appreciative article, it is established that among public men in America no one of them has been freer from criticism or from any public or private aspersion of character or motive. His motives, his methods and his measures are all his own. As to the Vice-president's manners, that is a matter in which he seems to have had nothing to do, and in regard to which he seems to be comparatively indifferent. It is for us to say that manner and character are winning confidence, and also winning thousands of friends who, having once given him their regard, never take it away.

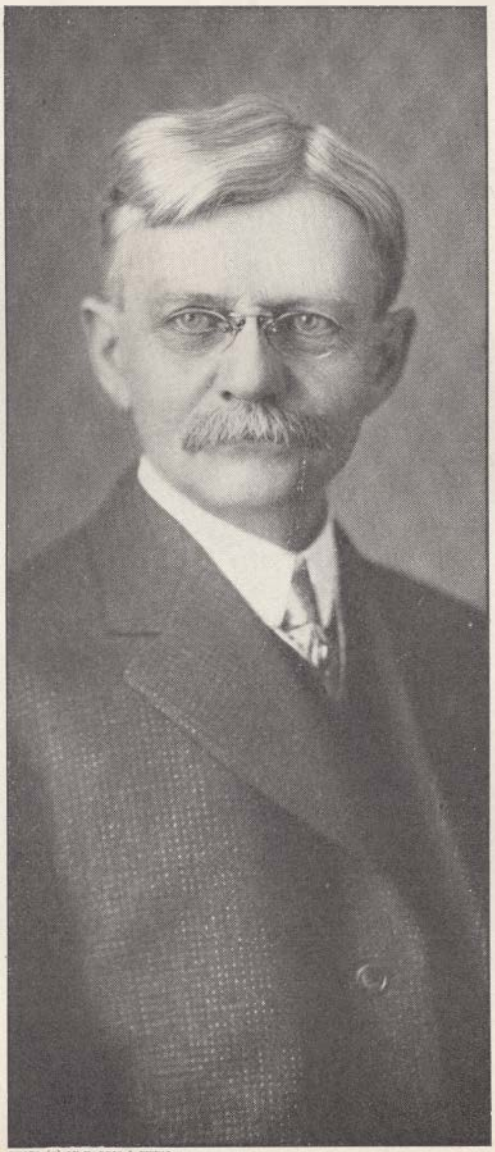


PHOTO (C) BY HARRIS & EWING

"As human a man as we have had in American public life"—strong, even-tempered, engaging.

Thomas R. Marshall is as human a man as we have had in American public life. He wears under his vest an old-fashioned Presbyterian conscience whose dictates he lives up to without ostentation and without oppressive piety. He does the thing that is right without fear or favor, without demagogy and without the direct or indirect appeal for public approval.

The quality, without which no man was ever either entirely happy or entirely great, is humor. Sunny Jim Sherman, his immediate predecessor, carried much sunshine in his face and in his ways. But

neither the late Vice-president, nor any of his predecessors, and perhaps no man connected with an administration in Washington, except Abraham Lincoln, has ever carried so quietly, so effectively and so willingly the saving grace of humor as Thomas Marshall.

For many months after he entered upon the Vice-presidency, and while discharging its every duty with punctilious fidelity and conscientiousness, the Indiana Governor was utterly unable to restrain his appreciation of the humorous obscurity which seems to be inseparable from the second office in the Republic. The stories that he told of it, the jokes that he cracked at the expense of his position as "the second fiddle playing softly behind the scenes" have gone throughout the country, and have given to other people as much amusement as they gave comfort to their author. "The State of Indiana," said he, at a banquet in Washington, "has more first-class second-class men than any state in the Republic, and that is why I am here."

He wrote President Wilson: "You ought really to cut loose from me, for I am your only 'Vice.'"

But the vein of constitutional independence in Thomas R. Marshall has been slowly and steadily rebelling since the fourth of March against the obscurity of the vice-presidential office. He has faithfully endeavored to inject into his honorable but subordinate estate enough of virile conviction and charm of personality and fearlessness of utterance to make the Vice-presidency an accounting part of the national life. And it is safe to say that the public utterances of no Vice-president of recent times have been more widely quoted or more seriously discussed all over the land. The Vice-president is a fa-

PHOTO (©) BY EDMONSTON, D. C.

The Vice-president's wife, who was Miss Kimsey, of Indiana. "The affection of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall for each other is one of the idyls of the Republic."

talist, which is the worldly name for a Presbyterian to whom all things are "predestined from the foundation of the world." He works hard, fights hard to the last moment, and then never worries over results.

An old-fashioned Jeffersonian Democrat, he has adapted Jeffersonian creeds to modern needs, and is a progressive of the advanced type. Some of his utterances since March fourth, 1913, have been charged with closeness to Socialism, but they are only the wise steering of the Democratic creed that will make Socialism unnecessary.

A descendant of the South, he is a powerful believer in State Rights, and loves his Indiana as he loves his country. He prides himself on being a Hoosier, which seems to be a vegetable combination of the South and New England, with a spice of the Irishman thrown in. He is fond of telling the story and applying it to himself of the Hoosier juryman, in a realty case, who declared: "Boys, if I could just go home and git to bed and pull the kivers up over my head, I could think this thing out by morning." He thinks out his problems at night.

The Vice-president of the United States is essentially a domestic man, "the lover of one woman and the husband of one wife." The affection of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall for each other is one of the idyls of the Republic. When he was first coming into prominence as Governor of Indiana he made a sensation in social life by declining to ride with President Roosevelt on an official junket down the Mississippi River unless he could take Mrs. Marshall with him, saying the trip was not of sufficient importance to justify his leaving his inseparable companion behind him. The psychologist who maintains that opposites should marry to insure happiness finds his vindication in the Marshalls. Never were two people so entirely different. While Mrs. Marshall loves music and sits entranced through grand opera, the Vice-president can scarcely distinguish one note from another, and tolerantly endures it. Their tastes in reading are dissimilar. She likes child stories. He likes thrilling novels. Their temperaments are different, their likes and dislikes do not agree. And yet they are inseparable—lovers, comrades and friends—positive and negative currents of electricity radiating warmth and light.

Mrs. Marshall is a noble and handsome woman—balanced and serene—of excellent temper—with a vast capacity for making friends for her husband and for herself. She is the Vice-president's soundest critic and his best adviser. She is a vote winner for him in every campaign. "Her crowning gift and grace," said the Vice-president, "is that she actually and thoroughly likes people." The second lady of the land is not a suffragist. When asked her reason she answered: "Instinct! I am opposed to woman suffrage," she says, "but if they obtain the vote, I will do my part to make it successful. I do not see, however, why Indiana without woman suffrage is more advanced in legislation for good than other states which have suffrage."

The Marshalls are generally and increasingly popular in Washington. Unaffected and sincere, full of hospitality, and with the quality of humor, they are in demand on all occasions, and are loved and admired throughout the country.

Their tastes are not public by nature. The Marshalls are quiet, home-loving people, content with quiet evenings around domestic hearths, and all sufficient to each other—models and advertisements for happy matrimony. They have adapted themselves graciously and charmingly to the demands of public life and society and to the great duties of administration, but the real Marshalls are seen at their best and happiest when little Tommy Marshall Sutherland climbs at bedtime on the Vice-president's knee and, clasping his arms tightly around the Vice-president's neck and giving him a really truly bear hug, pleads thus:

"Gov'n'r Marshall, please tell me a story."

Municipal Ownership in Successful Operation

SAN FRANCISCO'S SEVENTEEN-YEAR FIGHT WITH BIG MONEY FOR THE RIGHT TO OWN AND OPERATE STREET-CARS; A YEAR OF SUCCESS, SERVICE AND PROFIT

By Alfred Henry Lewis

SAN FRANCISCO has the first municipally owned street-railway in the United States. It has been in operation, growing in extent, for just one year. It is so successful from every point of view that the citizens of San Francisco are now adding $3,500,000 of their money to what they paid for it, in the profitable business of building more tracks and buying more cars. They want to earn more money by using their own streets for public not private profit.

THIS is to be the history of a war that was fought and won, a public ownership war, a San Francisco war. Incidentally, and in the railroad sense it was a street-railway war. Also, the public ownership which proves itself with a street-railway would prove itself with a railroad proper, and that is good for the country which is good for a town.

Glory where glory is due. San Francisco is the American city first to put into actual street-railroad practice the principle of public ownership.

San Francisco's older city-owned railway is called the "Geary Street Road." In December, 1913, the city acquired the Union Street line. The Geary Street road finished its first year the other day. The year in all of its Geary Street angles was a public ownership triumph. It convinced many a doubting Thomas, closed many a carping mouth. The Geary Street road had fewer accidents, rendered better service, ran more cars with superior headway and paid higher wages for shorter hours than any other road in San Francisco. Also, upon the people's investment it returned a full clear profit of $259,057, being more than 16 per cent.

San Francisco's Geary Street road is in its way a model. Double-tracked throughout its 7.11 miles of length, its construction cost stands now at $106,925 a mile. Upon a point of construction, you have had the late Mr. Whitney's word that, under private ownership, it cost New York City's Fourth Avenue road $100,000 a mile *merely to change the power.*

The war which wrested the Geary Street road from Big Money's itching, outstretched hands and gave it to the people, began seventeen San Francisco years ago. To Mr. Hearst with his "Examiner" was granted in that struggle the dangerous post of popular leadership. As you know well, Big Money, always hungry, always hateful, always vicious, makes a stronghold of every town. Such a Big Money stronghold was San Francisco in 1896.

Big Money couldn't afford to lose that Geary Street war. It wasn't the money at bay which made it important. The war meant more than the mere ownership of 7.11 miles of street railroad, more than the mere annual nickels of nine million passengers. To lose it would set a perilous precedent. It would everywhere hearten what "demagogues" urged the principle of public ownership, a public ownership which expanded to final expression would mean the shearing of Big Money's black rapine short off at the knees.

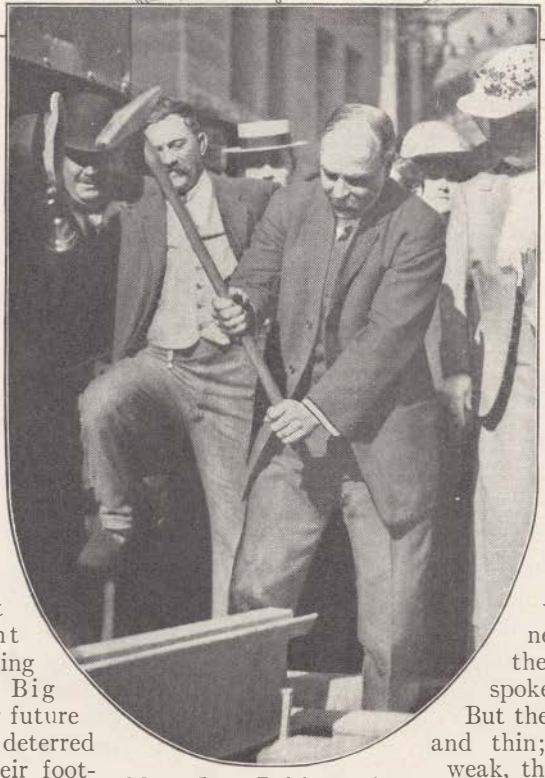
When Mr. Hearst, with his "Examiner," assumed the leadership of the Geary Street war for public ownership, he was laying, as he well knew, the bedplates of a feud with Big Money. Big Money was resolved at whatever price in blood and treasure to win the war. Having compassed a victory, it

BY COURTESY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

Other papers failing, Hearst's San Francisco "Examiner" led the people's long war against Big Money

The "Examiner" began an educative cartoon campaign for municipal ownership of street-car lines

could then be depended upon to exert its utmost power in laying waste, root and stalk and standing grass, what rash spirit or spirits had led for public ownership. Those leaders must be destroyed with a double destruction. Their reward should be desolation that their memory might live as a lesson teaching the vengeance of Big Money. Thus other future rash ones would be deterred from following in their footsteps. For which good reasons, and because Big Money then, as now, was greatly feared, there arose no one on that far away San Francisco day, when public ownership as to street-railways went making its first, slim, uncertain line of battle, to contest for that leadership baton which Mr. Hearst picked up.



Mayor James Rolph, Jr., driving home the last spike on San Francisco's own Geary Street trolley line

Assuredly, there were San Francisco newspapers other than the "Examiner" which spoke for public ownership. But their voices were reedy and thin; their hearts were weak, they spoke in whispers. Their support counted for little or less.

In 1896, Big Money politi-

cally was firmly settled in the San Francisco saddle. Acting under its compelling thumb, San Francisco through its officers invited private bids for the franchise to operate a street-railway in Geary Street. To oppose this, the forces of public ownership—not in that hour a mighty host—were called upon by Mr. Hearst, through his "Examiner," to form into clubs.

Thus organized, the people asked Judge Dangerfield for an injunction, restraining the city's Supervisors from opening the Geary Street franchise bids. Being appealed to, that eminent jurist answered the people's prayer by allowing the writ. Big Money had lost the opening battle of that important war for public ownership. Also, as upon one who had had most to do with its discomfiture, Big Money bent a frowning brow upon Mr. Hearst. It has frowned upon him ever since.

Big Money had felt the knife in that public ownership Geary Street scrimmage. After a manner, too, the struggle was the beginning of the private ownership end. In its cold heart Big Money knew this to be true. Mr. Hearst had hurt Big Money. He promised to hurt it still more. Because he had hurt it, Big Money feared him; and, since what one fears one hates, it hated him with an inveteracy which lost nothing of its venom by being cautiously guarded. As often as otherwise, the feeling was expressed by the arched brow, the shrugged shoulder, the hand tossed palm upward, and all upon a principle of the deprecatory contained in the inquiry, proposed—apparently—in desperate resignation: "What is one to do with such demagogues?"

It is as the breast-plate of Big Money to be at all times "respectable." Also, since in every community there live those who would sooner be respectable than right, this studied attitude of "respectability" insures Big Money a following. From among these, Big Money recruits its mouthpieces, whose mission is to criticise all who war against Big Money. Mr. Hearst stood well aware of this. Wherefore he was in no wise astonished or cast down by what Big Money criticisms were leveled against him. He had foreseen that such would be his reward.

Big Money, in the Dangerfield injunction, had received a Geary Street blow. It did not, however, despair. It but tightened its quiet hold on its San Francisco puppets in office, with a Geary Street purpose of retrieving what it had lost. Must Big Money maintain these creatures for a political year to have them fail it for a franchise day? Had it not furnished the money to politically carry the town?

There were reasons for the Geary Street hopes within the dark heart of Big Money. Every party has its Battle Abbey. There it keeps the noble rolls of its Big Money contributors. On its treasure-box is painted in large gilt letters: *In hoc signo vinces.* Also, by the laws of politics, among those Big Money contributors are to be parceled out the rich advantages of conquest, street-railway franchises with the rest. That Geary Street franchise, by every rule of political war, belonged to Big Money.

Following the Dangerfield injunction, there befell a two-years' surface peace. The Geary Street franchise continued to be an admitted bone of contention, but neither Big Money nor the public ownership forces felt strong enough to risk an engagement. Both sides spent the time in strengthening their positions, Big Money meanwhile teaching itself how to work under ground.

Big Money had seen enough of the public temper, in what hearings preceded the Dangerfield injunction, to convince it that in San Francisco certainly it mustn't too loudly crack its whip. It might go on paying for and owning its puppets of office, but in issuing its commands it must no longer come at noon and blow a bugle.

This of itself was to Big Money as the essence of humiliation. As vulgarly vain as a peacock, Big Money liked to be proud, high and coarsely loud. This bent for the Gothic had been fed and pampered throughout unchallenged ages. It had acquired the insolent habit of noise. It had commanded every army, spoken in every pulpit, ruled from every throne. And all as an arrogant, unopposed matter of right. Naturally, it irked Big Money sorely to learn thus suddenly that there must be less of the strong arm, more of whispering diplomacy. It did not please it to be told that it must change the lion for the snake.

It is among the best signs of your by no means emancipated times that those former arrogant roarings of Big Money have everywhere ceased; that everywhere it has been forced to adopt its quiet San Francisco manner. It no longer goes about as a raging lion, seeking what or whom it may

devour. Meet it where you will to-day, and you find it in its movements essentially furtive and lurking. It avoids the eye, is seldom in the show-ring. It is sly rather than bold, chicanes rather than assails. It seeks to do with snares what before it did by blows; it traps where once it hunted. It still kills; but, fearing to play the berserk who crowds in close and comes back covered with blood, it kills only as the assassin kills. Policy, stratagem, flight rather than fight, that is, and from now on must be, Big Money's war-creed.

Pres. Calhoun of the United R. R. stops fighting the city and drives its last horse-car: Mayor Rolph propitiates the horse

Certainly, Big Money would like to see those days restored when it ruled as an absolute monarch rules. It does not please it to be compelled to consult a public feeling. Sir Harry Vane gave his head to block and ax on Tower Hill for "helping to exclude the king from the exercise of his royal authority." Big Money would welcome the return of a day when it might invoke ax and block in the taming of what obstreperous modern Vanes —brandishing public ownership —were for excluding Big Money, as the American king, from the exercise in franchise grabbing of its own royal authority.

Those two peace years, on the hocks of the Dangerfield injunction, were not years thrown away. Through the pages of his "Examiner," Mr. Hearst set himself to lay bare before the San Francisco public the war methods of Big Money, and show how

The people are satisfied with their victory over Big Money

Opening up San Francisco's own street-car line on Geary Street

best those methods might be encountered and withstood. Also, what was taught San Francisco in the "Examiner," should do well for every other city. Big Money in its poisonous tactics is always and in all places the same, just as the rattlesnake of Virginia in its poisonous tactics is one with the rattlesnake of California.

In substance the Hearst "Examiner" counsel ran greatly like this:

"Your city officer, most commonly, has but one hope, his hope of reëlection. He has but one fear, the fear that he will fail. It is upon that hope and upon that fear, its natural offspring, that Big Money works in fighting public ownership. It tells him he must do the will of Big Money, if he would succeed himself. Should he fail or refuse, Big Money will compass his downfall. That is what it tells him; that is what it makes him believe. Not wise enough to refute its arguments, not strong enough to resist its threats, he gives it its criminal way. There you have the secret of it. It was—and is—by massing its forces against your officers'

Mayor James Rolph of San Francisco greeting Tom Cashin, superintendent of the city railroads, at the end of the first trip on the city's line

fears that Big Money has had, and is still having, its ebon way with your city government. It is by an ingenious alternation of promise with threat, addressed to men who, propped by no great principle, not deep, not wise, but liking the easier way, are too timid, too indolent, too blind, to oppose it.

"Now you have been told how Big Money carries the day, are you not equal to a similar strategy? You have been shown your officer's shaky angle, cannot you drag your own guns into positions that command it? If Big Money can make a promise, can't you meet it and mend it with a promise twice as big? If Big Money is found to threaten, why not overtop its threats with threats twice as tall? Money has a voice, but so too have you. And if you but fill your lungs righteously and speak forth your will loudly—not to say menacingly—it should be a new page in history if, even as against Big Money, your commands do not prevail.

"Where and how are you to make yourself heard? At the ballot box—where else? There you have the wall. If you can't write something upon it that should show a timid officer the weak error of his ways, if you can't trace thereon that which should pierce the heart of the banqueting Big Money Belshazzars of a street-railway monopoly as with an icicle, then your ballot education has been neglected, and you should hasten to take a term or two at some nearest political night-school."

Such counsel had its effect, and Big Money—still manoeuvering to conquer a Geary Street franchise—found that the horns of its chances had been largely knocked off.

One of the arguments advanced by Big Money to hold back a public, reaching for the Geary Street franchise, was that San Francisco lacked authority to build, own and operate a railway. The contention was unsound in law; but many—for the most part politicians, seeking a safe passage between a Big Money Charybdis and the Scylla of public feeling—found it convenient to pretend to believe it. They were for public ownership—they said—but the city by

It was a big day in San Francisco when at the end of its seventeen-years war with Big Money it ran its first publicly owned car over its own right of way

terms of law couldn't have public ownership.

It was thought best to lay forever this ghost of a lacking city authority, so craftily raised by Big Money. Mr. Hearst and the friends of public ownership demanded a new city charter, which would expressly confer upon the people the power to build, own and operate street-railways. The rival armies took the field. That new charter battle was fought May 6, 1898, and the people, as in the Dangerfield injunction, were wholly victorious.

Big Money for the second time had been brought to its knees. But only for a moment. It was up again, and again by the bid process went after a Geary Street franchise. Again the franchise was refused; again was Big Money beaten off.

Thus stood a San Francisco-Geary Street situation for a quartette of years. Big Money's grip had so far slipped upon city and state officials—frightened by a public feeling—that it couldn't whip them into giving it the Geary Street franchise. Big Money was brought to a standstill, not knowing how to proceed.

On the other and equally stationary hand, a public ownership majority wasn't quite able as to the Geary Street matter to see its sure way through. The new charter gave the town the right to own, build and run street-railways. But money would be required, and that meant a city bond issue. Bonds must be voted at the polls; and it would need a two-thirds vote. Did bonds and public ownership possess that two-thirds? This was so much to be doubted that Mr. Hearst added "bond issues" to his "Examiner" course of public ownership lessons.

Four years of public ownership waiting, four years of bond issue education. In December, 1902, the public ownership forces led on by Mr. Hearst resolved upon risking a bond vote. It was a breast-to-breast fight, Big Money against public ownership. The question was "Shall an issue of city bonds be directed to build, own and operate a city-owned railway in Geary Street?"

Election day came. Public ownership had a ballot majority, but didn't have two-thirds. Bonds were beaten, and the local Morgans and Rockefellers and Ryans and others of a sable Big Money feather began to cheer up. Public ownership had lost. Big Money was so much restored in confidence by this bond defeat that two months later, February, 1903, it waited upon the City's Supervisors, and for the third time demanded a Geary Street franchise. This time the franchise must be for fifty years.

Again the public ownership forces—Mr. Hearst with his "Examiner" in the van—came marching to the field. They might lose a bond fight; they had no notion of losing a franchise fight. Nor did they. As between Big Money and the army of public ownership, the latter appeared politically the more terrible, and the board members—blinking and stirring timidly upon their threatened perches, like a bevy of disturbed cat-owls at noon—shook negative if apologetic heads to Big Money's fifty year franchise demands.

That same year, 1903, the friends of public ownership insisted upon another bond issue election. It was held in October. The public ownership people were again too soon; bonds were given a majority, but not the statutory two-thirds.

Big Money had exerted all its evil powers to defeat the Geary Street bonds. It had scraped through to victory by the paint on its planks. It drew a long, deep breath. No less it knew the end was on its way. The bond strength was growing. Big

What Municipal Railway Ownership Has Done For San Francisco

1. It has given the people a first-class service.

2. It has forced good service on competing privately owned lines.

3. It is immensely profitable.

4. It gives to employees good wages and living hours.

5. It has contradicted the old lie that a city cannot handle a public utility successfully.

6. It has proved that a public property can be run independent of politics, absolutely.

7. It has induced good government because the people will not let their own railways fall into the hands of political scoundrels.

Money had scored; but it foresaw that at some near public ownership election bonds would receive the law-demanded vote.

In 1905 the public ownership forces, counselled and captained by Mr. Hearst with his "Examiner," took the Geary Street bits in their teeth. The people had been learning how to make their city officers carry out their will. Responding to the popular command, albeit somewhat white as to cheek as they glanced at the anger-darting eyes of Big Money, the City's Supervisors announced their readiness to build a city-owned Geary Street road, without waiting for a bond issue. They set aside $350,000 wherewith to start the work, and pushed forward to the brink of contracts for construction.

THERE would be no municipal cars in San Francisco to-day but for the tireless, ceaseless persistency of William Randolph Hearst and his newspaper "The Examiner" and its unchanging municipal ownership policy, urging the public to step into its own.

It was at this pinch the earthquake wrecked the town. Then came the fire. In a moment, records, plans, contracts were all wiped out. Geary Street was forgotten; San Francisco was forced to stop and catch its breath.

The earthquake staved off public ownership until 1909. Not but what it had the coöperation of a certain Judge Sturtevant, who in 1907 gave judgment against the Supervisors in a second $325,000 Geary Street appropriation.

In June, 1909, the public ownership party, with Mr. Hearst, demanded another vote on bonds. An issue of $2,000,000 was proposed. In this campaign Big Money fairly outdid itself. It played every trick, did all it criminally knew; and you are to understand that when it comes to "practical" politics Big Money can tie knots with its toes that you can't untie with your fingers. Big Money won, but only by a scanty 421 votes. It read in the lean result that it had fairly reached the end of the passage.

IN the municipal cars the people of San Francisco get courteous treatment from employees, *their* employees. They do not get impudence from any employee. The men are good citizens, and they like their road. So do the people like the road. This mutual feeling is something new on street-cars.

This was in June. In December the same year—1909—the public ownership people, with Mr. Hearst through the "Examiner," insisted upon another bond election. They would not be put off. The election was held. This time the people triumphed, and Big Money, with all it stood for in franchise stealing, was put to disgraceful flight. The long fight was at an end, and San Francisco after thirteen warring years had been told she might build, own and operate a Geary Street railway, and given in a bond issue of $2,020,000 the money for the work.

Big Money was desperate. The spectacle of a city owned and city operated street-railway in San Francisco would educate folk everywhere! The venture would pay! It would reduce taxes! All men would see and understand! There would come a nation-wide public ownership! Telephones, telegraphs, railroads, street-railways, all would be lost from out Big Money's thievish hands! Cold terror chilling the cockles of its snaky heart, Big Money directed one of its "respectables," named Platt, to institute a suit. Big Money would try the legality of the Geary Street bonds. The litigation was begun by the docile Platt, but Judge Elleson dismissed it. Big Money took the business to the Supreme Court, only to see Judge Elleson's decision affirmed. The Geary Street bonds were all right; San Francisco might build.

The road was completed December 10, 1912, and by way of beginning its public ownership-Geary Street housekeeping, the town ordered ten cars. Also, it named Tom Cashin to be Superintendent at $5,000 a year, and showed itself as wise as the proverbial serpent.

Mayor Rolph, climbing aboard the first car at Kearney and Geary Streets, dropped

the first nickel in the pay-as-you-enter box, and formally opened the road. The day was December 29, 1912. Also, Mayor Rolph made a speech and read a statement. Which statement, laid side by side with other statements to follow, is commended to the notice not only of what honest, uninstructed souls disbelieve in public ownership because they don't understand it, but also to those other dishonest ones who as the paid agents of Big Money disbelieve in public ownership because they do understand it.

Mayor Rolph, opening the Geary Street city-owned railway, read this to the assembled citizens:

GEARY STREET RAILWAY BONDS

Bonds sold, $1,900,000 for	$1,902,341.50
Sale material	4,085.00
	$1,906,426.50
Expended to date on appropriations	$ 949,579.43
Miscellaneous, legal, bonds, etc.	2,286.29
Lands purchased	112,182.52
	$1,064,048.24
Balance	$842,378.26

LIABILITIES.

Appropriations, open	$1,058,718.74
Paid on account	513,063.84
	$545,654.90
Available	$296,723.36
Unsold bonds	120,000.00
	$416,723.36

GEARY ROAD COST

5½ MILES DOUBLE TRACK.

Track construction:		
Day labor	$44,000	
Contract, including removal of cable road	50,000	
Average, per mile		$47,000
Material, per mile		28,000
Total		75,000
Overhead construction:		
Labor	$3,400	
Materials	6,600	
		$10,000
Feeders and conduits:		
Labor and materials		$17,000
Paving, labor and materials		30,000
Engineering and inspection		7,000
Total, per mile, double track		$139,000

Thus stood the road and the city, as to Geary Street money matters, on the December day in 1912, when the road was set in motion.

December 29, 1913, a year later, the following tables were transcribed from the road's books:—

Passengers carried	8,781,143
Gross earnings	$439,057
Daily average	$1,700
Net earnings, about	$100,000
Cars first month	9
January	11
February	15
June	28
August	32
November	39
Headway at first	7½ min.
Headway to-day	1¾ min.

There were changes during the year. What began with nine cars wound up with thirty-nine. Also, every change was applauded by the cash registers.

One year of the Geary Street city-owned road has demonstrated that as to passengers and money results the thing's a success. Now a word as to the employees. For conductors, motormen and all others at work for the road, the minimum wage is three dollars for an eight-hour day. There are other street-railways in San Francisco. These, under private ownership, fly Big Money's black flag. Also, they pay motormen and conductors from twenty-six cents to thirty cents an hour.

The Geary Street road carried 8,781,143 passengers. It paid, over operating expenses, a profit of $259,057. Is there no lesson here? What would be the San Francisco profit were public ownership extended to cover all her street-railways? What by the light of these Geary Street San Francisco figures would be the profits from an over-all public ownership applied to the roads of New York? What in Chicago?—in Boston?—in Philadelphia?—anywhere?

With the Geary Street San Francisco model before them, the proponents of public ownership should go broadly to work. No one should be chosen for office, and though it were the post of dog pelter, who isn't known to be heart and soul for public ownership. Every candidate should be heedfully scanned, and his past looked up.

It was a seventeen-year war in San Francisco, but the people won. With the same courage, the same patience, the same persistency, the people can win everywhere. It is time that they do win.

Fifi at the Vaudeville

By Leonard Merrick

Author of "Tricotrin Goes," "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," "Whispers About Women," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Craig

The problem of living on dreams and nothing a day is, it will be admitted at once, rather perplexing. And yet there are in Paris (and elsewhere) at this very moment hundreds of impecunious young authors, artists, musicians, who are content to exist, rat-like, in cold garrets and munch an infrequent crust that they may pursue unhampered that elusive thing called "art." These are the hopeful youths who make up that weird and nebulous world discovered by Henri Murger and christened Bohemia. In spirit if not in fact the Latin Quarter still flourishes in Paris, and the starvelings of Bohemia still weave their dreams and envision a rosy future while their bellies ache with hunger and their numbed hands create miles of "copy" that never gets printed, yards of musical score that never gets played and acres of bedaubed canvas that never gets framed, shown or sold.

Tricotrin, who lives (and occasionally eats) by the charming grace of Leonard Merrick's pen, is the supreme type of the latter-day Parisian Bohemian. He is a visionary with a sense of humor and a philosophy ready to fit into any circumstance. Tricotrin is French to his finger-tips. He is a volcano of emotion. He is headlong of action and painfully slow to suspicion. He is ingenuous—in a Parisian way—but he is nobody's fool. The more you laugh with and at Tricotrin the more you love him. He has the Gallic gift for quickly falling in and out of love. To be gay, to be romantic, to be energetic on stale bread and a bottle of sour wine requires all of philosophy and all of imagination that can be stowed into one human brain. But Tricotrin's faith in his own future is almost monstrous in its effulgent bigness. He is the pivotal figure around which a group of art-loving youngsters as irresponsible as himself, move and scheme and have their vicarious being.

To read Leonard Merrick's ever-delightful chronicles of Tricotrin is to warm to the ebullient young Parisian as one warms to a charming child.

IF you were on the Boulevard de Rochechouart, not far from the rue des Martyrs, on the 3rd of last month about 4:15 p. m., you may have seen a little lady, who was returning from a rehearsal, exchange a careless bow with two shabby young men who were removing their household belongings in a hip-bath. This is the history of that bow.

N. B. It is imparted to you lest you sometimes wrong my friend Tricotrin by the misgiving that he has no other qualification for literary eminence than his long hair. But for obvious reasons, you are begged to remember that it is a secret.

One night he remarked abruptly, "There are people who regard me as a dreamer, a poet without a practical side to him!"

Pitou responded, "Not I! There is a poor composer who knows you thoroughly."

"Nevertheless I am about to say something that will astonish you. Some months ago I stumbled upon a little café in the rue des Batignolles where a Martell, three stars, cost only ten sous."

"Astonishing in truth! You mentioned it at the time."

"That is not the point of my narrative. This afternoon while I was debating which should be the first theatre to refuse my new comedy—I have decided to entitle it, *La Feuillaison*—my constitution demanded much refreshment. The little café recurred to me fondly. It was a fair step, but I remembered that the glass at ten sous had been of more generous dimensions than one gets at places where the price is twelve, and fifteen, to say nothing of haunts of fashion where they have the impudence to charge thirty! Well, when I arrived in the street, what was my chagrin to find myself uncertain which of the cafés it was!"

"I am astonished, as you foresaw!" exclaimed Pitou.

"*Peste!* the point is still ahead. You shall have a cue for your astonishment. I took a seat on a bench, searching my memory. Beside me, a bill-sticker was posting playbills on a *colonne Morris*. One of them announced the forthcoming piece by de Varengeville—his third this year—and I smiled to note with what prodigious speed some of our popular dramatists can supply

a laboriously constructed play. A hen does not lay an egg so casually."

"It is a division of labor," remarked the composer; "an obscure man writes the play, and the popular man writes his name."

"Quite so. But to-day I fell to studying the obscure man's philosophy, and I found that there was something to be said for it by a poor devil who trudges a mile to save a copper. It is true that he has no laurels, but he has dinners; the back that he turns upon ambition has a good coat on it. Though he does not get any glory, he gets a living. Nicolas, as I sat there, opposite the Mairie in the rue des Batignolles, staring at the *colonne Morris*, it was revealed to me why I am perennially hard up, I saw why I have struggled and achieved nothing, why our attic is a cemetery of rejected plays. They have been submitted in the wrong quarters; I have sent them to theatrical managers—I should have offered them to popular playwrights!"

Pitou stood horrified.

"Well, it is not too late to turn my meditations to account! I cannot propose to celebrities that they should father manuscripts that have been hawked round Paris bearing my own autograph—nor, as a matter of fact, were they all quite so transcendent as I once thought them—but *La Feuillaison* is virgin. I have determined to sacrifice it upon the altar of mammon."

"I forbid thee to talk so!" cried Pitou. "Yes, my astonishment is immense, and I condemn the cue with all my heart. You, whose unfaltering aspiration and resolve have helped me to bear my own adversities, you talk of bartering your heritage for the wages of a 'ghost'? What would the dinners and the coat amount to in your apostasy? Thistles, and a horsehair shirt! Better a herring, and no socks, with the prospect of renown! My friend, your reflections on the bench were rotten. Remember that the virgin is not too literary to be amusing, and shut up!"

"My more than brother, how rejoiced I am to find that you agree with me!" returned Tricotrin affectionately.

"*Comment?*"

"My sacrifice will not extend to the lengths that you assume. My first thought, I avow, was to permit another chap to appropriate all the credit for what I have done; but the notion was commonplace, I felt it to be unworthy of me. I sat seeking a more brilliant scheme, a sacrifice with inspiration. Bref, I have decided to retain half the credit, and half the fees; I shall read my completed play to de Varengeville and suggest that he figure as part author of it!"

"That I approve!" ejaculated Pitou, admiringly. "You will be parting with a good deal, but—Ma foi! if de Varengeville consents to an ostensible collaboration, it will be an enormous thing! The piece might be done at the Gymnase, you will become a playwright of the Boulevard, you will never look back!"

"That's it!"

"You have a head on you!"

"Yes, my practical side is to be top dog henceforward. Artistically, of course, it is atrocious, heartrending and diabolical that I cannot do without him, and I shall need all your sympathy to sustain me; indeed, I do not know in which case I shall be the more trying—if the play succeeds and he gets half the admiration, or if it fails and there isn't any. 'Zere's ze rub,' as 'Amlet says! But commercially, the project is sound. It promises a fat purse. Conspuez ideals, larks, love affairs! I am a new man with an eye to the main chance."

How little the belauded and prosperous de Varengeville, in his sumptuous study, divined that, in a distant garret, two shabby bohemians had settled for him the terms of a secret partnership!

And the initial difficulty was how to enlighten him. The tactful request for an interview "on a matter of mutual interest," which had been indited as soon as his address was ascertained from *Bottin*, evoked no answer.

"He deserves that I should let him slide!" said the poet wrathfully. "If it were not that my judgment tells me he is the man for my purpose, I would promptly transfer the opportunity to somebody else. Now what am I to do—I cannot persuade myself that my eloquence is likely to accomplish much if I waylay him in the street? Yet another of those problems that punctuate our chequered careers confronts us! Query: how to obtain an appointment with a personage who ignores one's letters?"

"We could not beat up anyone who might manage to procure a line of introduction for you?" said Pitou dubiously.

"You are right," said Tricotrin; "we couldn't!"

The young men pondered.

"To-morrow," said Pitou, 'is to see the répétition générale of his new thing. There should be a hint derivable from that. But I confess that I fail to grasp it!"

Tricotrin raised his head: "We are on the right track, though! Yes . . . Wait! I approach an idea. Which is the least insignificant of the papers that have had the good taste to print my stuff? 'Le Demi-Mot,' n'est-ce pas? Upon my word, I believe I see my way!"

And next morning he called upon the editor of "Le Demi-Mot."

"Monsieur," he announced, "I am about to spend an afternoon with my friend de Varengeville, and I shall be in a position to supply copy of a far more intimate nature than the professional interviewer can hope to get hold of. Wouldn't it suit your policy to take a thousand words from me at a special rate?"

The editor, who was wide-awake, too, did not commit himself, but the visit enabled the applicant to annex a sheet of note-paper headed "Le Demi-Mot" in imposing type. And equipped with this, he wrote to de Varengeville again. The epistle was actually penned, in the attic, before the gentleman's piece had seen the light, but it was not dispatched till afterwards, of course. It ran thus:

"Monsieur—What a work of genius is your play! With what spirituality, what wit and insight you have conducted this exquisite comedy in which life is viewed always through the medium of your delicate and poetical imagination, in which tears of sensibility are always near to the joyous smiles! How enchanting it is, how ravishing, how irresistible! Dare I hope that you will favor us with your views upon the interpretation of your chef-d'œuvre for the purpose of a special article? I should be honored to call upon you at any hour.

"Receive, monsieur, I pray you, the expression of my sentiments the most distinguished—Gustave Tricotrin."

To the appreciative Pitou, the correspondent observed, "If he does not jump at the chance of doing the box-office a bit of good I am a babe in arms. I collar two birds with one stone, voyons, for it will be as easy as shelling peas to dish up a column or so for 'Le Demi-Mot, out of our little chat! This calls for drinks: a cheval!"

Paris was mauve, and the glare of electricity had begun to leap into the waning daylight when the poet descended the rue Lepic and proceeded anxiously towards the more opulent district in which de Varengeville dwelt. What a crisis had arrived! If the scheme came off, the humble scribe, to whom a louis looked as big as a cartwheel, might be a distinguished author in a fur overcoat by Christmas! His brain span in thinking of it, and as he passed through the porte-cochère and mounted the carpeted staircase, he wiped beads of trepidation from his brow.

De Varengeville had paid his interviewer the compliment of setting a scene for him. The successful dramatist was discovered in the flood of composition, and a Japanese dressing-gown. Entreating Monsieur Tricotrin's patience for a few minutes, he strode about the room, alternately clapping a hand to his heart, and apostrophizing the heavens, while he dictated a torrent of emotional dialogue to his stenographer. The rapidity with which polished speeches poured from his mouth would have been miraculous if they had not been written already and committed to memory for the purpose of making an effect.

"Voilà!" he panted, falling into a chair. "A thousand apologies, monsieur, I must beseech your pardon! That situation rushed upon me an instant since, and the artist in me would not be denied. I am enchanted to have the opportunity to—Ah! a moment more, I pray you. Mademoiselle! A correction for the penultimate line: for 'without thee my Heaven would be a blank,' substitute, 'without thee my Heaven would be a void.' C'est tout, you may retire. Enfin, monsieur! I am wholly at your service, though I confess to the fear that I have but little to say. The sensational triumph that we have just achieved—the box-office is veritably besieged!—is the result of a nerve strain positively terrible. Never in my career have I rehearsed so strenuously, never have I hurled the stimulus of my personality into a production with such boundless force! I am suffering from the reaction; I should have a tranquil environment, I should have absolute repose, but que voulez-vous? The overwhelming pressure of other work cannot be escaped—and, one must avow the truth!—I would not escape it if I could. A-ah! there is the secret! My bondage is sweet to me! I shall die in harness, but

my shafts are decked with flowers. Mon Dieu, how inexorable, but how alluring is this art!"

"You don't act so well as you write!" reflected Tricotrin. "If I had not more valuable fish to fry, I could do a column on you that would tickle Paris to death." And aloud he murmured, "The Muses like their joke, monsieur—to be a Master one must be a slave!" But both his responses and his questions were superfluous—de Varengeville had decided what he was going to say, and said it.

It was when his performance had concluded, and he looked for Tricotrin to get up, that the visitor began nervously to shuffle his feet. At last, with a slight stammer, he said, "It has been a great joy to me to be received by you, monsieur. May I own that I had personal reasons for aspiring to the privilege? I am not journalist solely; I am dramatist as well."

"Tiens?" said de Varengeville, who was not in the least interested to hear it.

"I even venture to think that you would see merit in my latest comedy. How hard it is for a writer without reputation to gain an entrance! Actually I delay to offer my piece now that it is written."

"One must persevere," yawned the other, "one must continue always."

"A piece that strikes a totally new note—a note that will startle! With a small cast—no long salary list for a manager to pay—no elaborate mise en scène for him to shy at. And with qualities that render it a lucrative property for America and England." (He added mentally, "That ought to fetch you!") "Oh," he exclaimed, "there is money in it, pots of money! Yet because I am unknown it can go begging!"

"You have not yet submitted it anywhere?" inquired de Varengeville.

"Nowhere. For one thing, the ink on it has not long been dry; and for another, when your amiable note arrived, the daring fancy seized me that, if I should catch you in a generous mood, you might deign to hear it and grant me a little guidance."

"Ah, par exemple!" cried the dramatist wildly, "have you any conception, my young friend, of the demands upon my time?"

"What a boon, what a priceless service it would be!" urged Tricotrin, taking the manuscript from beneath his pèlerine. "By a single suggestion you might double the value of my play. My play? It would suddenly be yours, too! Audacious as it sounds, I should be uplifted to the plane of a collaborator! Ah, consider, monsieur! I realize that I appear to you a novice, I realize that you believe this work to be waste-paper—I realize that you would perhaps be justified in wagering a hundred to one that it is waste-paper; yet you will not deny that there exists the remote contingency that it isn't? Well, have a gamble, listen to the first act! True, it will cost you forty precious minutes, but risk forty minutes for the chance of gaining a six months' run!"

"You are a droll chap!" laughed de Varengeville, attracted in spite of himself. "Well, fire away, then! But I warn you that if I find you have been talking through your hat, I shall ring the curtain down long before the act is done."

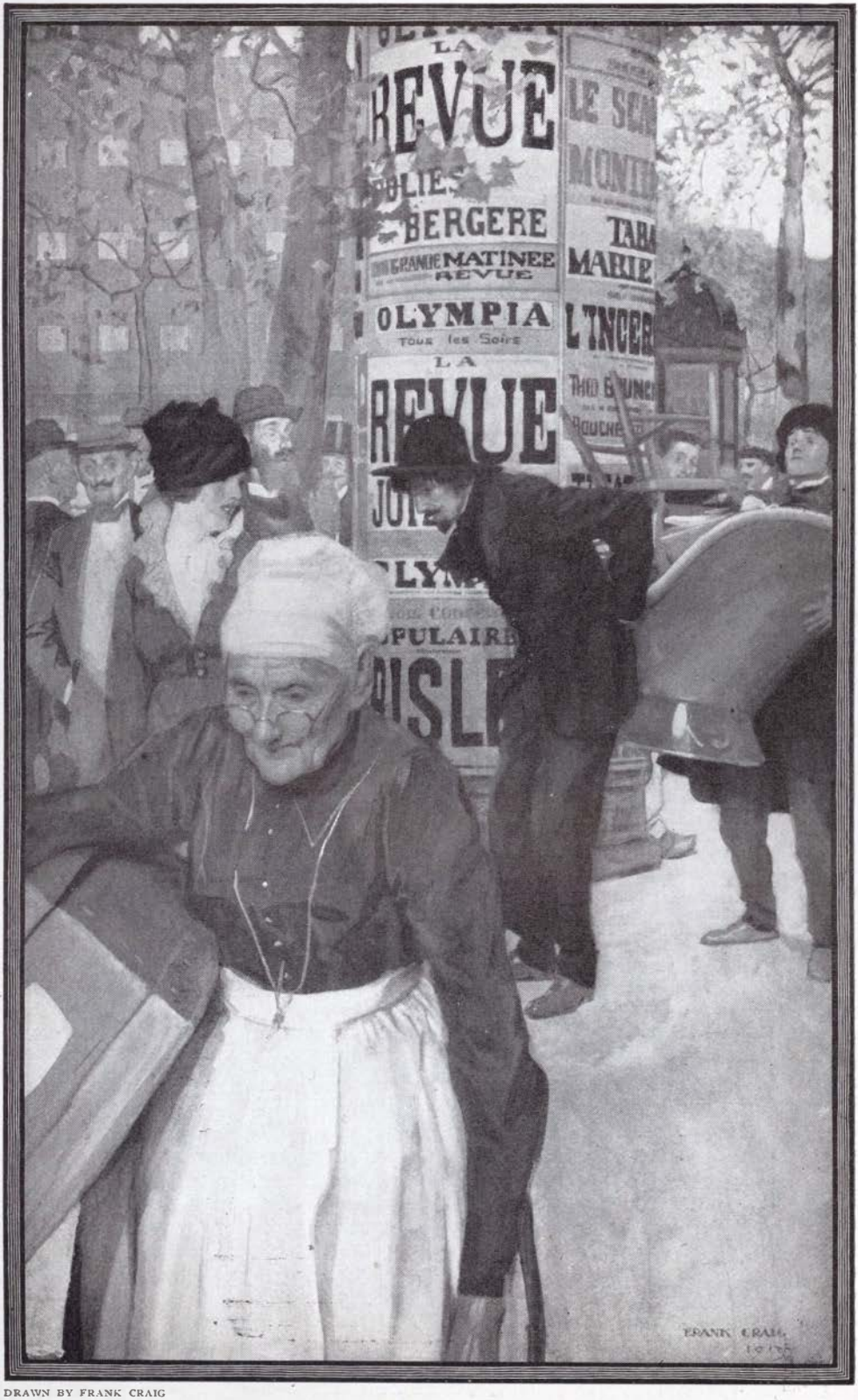
"What a chapter for my biography!" thought the poet, trembling in every nerve.

The celebrity's thoughts were, I. "I am an ass to consent." II. "There may be something in it, after all." III. "Sapristi! I am going to hear this right through!" And when the crowning words of the final act had been uttered, when the author, with his heart full of excitement, and his head full of his beautiful lines, prayed breathlessly for an emotional tribute from the Master, the Master mused, "All the changes that it needs I could make in a couple of hours! No work to do, and the lion share of the fees would not be half bad business!"

Some forty minutes later Tricotrin, whose capital was five francs, reeled into a taxicab, and spread his limbs in it as extensively as he could. "Hoot," he commanded, as his slum was reached, "continuous and triumphal hoots!" The magnificence of the arrival brought Pitou tumbling out upon the pavement, white-faced. "This prodigality can mean only that you have conquered?" he gasped. And, falling into his arms, the poet babbled incoherently.

"It is amazing!" cried the musician, again and again when details were unfolded. "Mon Dieu, it is like a fairy tale, it is the summit, you have arrived! And at what house, did he say what house was probable?"

"The Vaudeville! They have been pestering him to give them something, and he thinks we might let them have this. 'By André de Varengeville and Gustave Tricotrin!' Though it is an outrage that his



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

You may have seen a little lady exchange a careless bow with two shabby young men who were removing their household belongings in a hip-bath.

name should come first, that won't look so dusty on the bills of the Vaudeville, hein? I shall buy a camp-stool and sit outside the theatre admiring them all day. Well, I could not arrange for an equal division of royalties; instead of fifty per cent., I have agreed to accept forty. After all, it is good enough—he gets ten per cent. more than I do."

"He gets twenty per cent. more than you do!" said Pitou.

"What? How do you make that out? I should have had fifty, and I have consented to forty, so I cede him ten per cent."

"But his share is twenty per cent. more than yours!"

"How can ten be twenty, duffer?"

"You do not follow me!"

"Morbleu! he cannot receive twenty since I only give him ten."

"No, listen! You are to have forty?"

"Yes."

"Forty from a hundred leaves sixty?"

"It does," assented Tricotrin, after consideration.

"Which goes to de Varengeville?"

"Right!"

"Enfin, if he gets sixty while you get forty, he gets twenty per cent. more than you."

"It is black magic!" faltered the poet, dismayed; "it appears to me he is a sharper. I agree to ten, and it becomes twenty! It is a great deal, that, it is far too much. Do you think the vagaries of arithmetic are liable to make it more still presently? You know, you have the brain of a financier! I also am a business man, but I see largely, I am not altogether infallible in the minutiæ of affairs." And his exultation was damped for a quarter of an hour, as he dwelt upon de Varengeville's share.

However, there was a brighter prospect to dwell on. Probably no greater sensation had even been known in the Café du Bel Avenir than he created, during the one franc dinner, when he remarked listlessly, "Ah, by the way, de Varengeville and I have decided to do a piece together!" So stupified was Lajeunie, the novelist, that he put a mussel into his mouth shell and all, and the waiter, who overheard the announcement, ran round-eyed to report it to the proprietress. She could not fail to be impressed, though her comment was the French for "Pickles."

Indeed, there were moments when the poet himself came near to wondering whether it wasn't "pickles," whether the brilliant outlook that dazzled him was not destined to conclude with that familiar curtain: "And then he woke up!" Divers as were the moods in which he had promenaded the Boulevard de Rochechouart during his siege of Paris, never before had he paced it in such a one as this. Now when he stalked, with a pass, to the orchestra seats of some minor theatre he foresaw himself, in evening dress conspicuous in a box at the Vaudeville. When he cooked herrings and lentils for his evening repast in the attic, he anticipated ecstatically the cuisine of Paillard's.

And need one say that Pitou was to participate in the splendors—Lajeunie and Sanquereau and Didier as well, for that matter, but Pitou before all! Pitou's compositions were no longer to lack a friend at court to call attention to their excellence—within twelve months, at the outside, the music of Nicolas Pitou was to be the rage! It was all decided.

Weeks passed, and though de Varengeville had not had leisure yet to make the alterations that he contemplated in the manuscript, his approval of it had in no wise decreased. It was fascinating to call upon him and mark the serene confidence of his august attitude. To offer a manuscript, and to place it appeared to be synonomous terms with him. Certainly there was a drawback to the visits—he seemed to have forgotten the fact that the work as it stood was another's, and always referred to the best features of it as inspirations of his own. But his boasts were blent with so many compliments that it would have been churlish to cavil.

He would say in a most gracious way, "I find you, as a journalist, very good, you know; that article in 'Le Demi-Mot' was capitally done. And you are not without a sense of the theatre—I discern promise: Ah yes, I discern promise! You should not despair—you will learn a lot from me—you have intelligence. It is not every young man who would have grasped so promptly why his play was all wrong; I give you a good deal of credit for that. You are quick to seize the value of a hint. That is a great quality."

Yes, four, perhaps five weeks passed, and then, in this history, an unforeseen event occurred—the heroine entered.

She entered, in a very dirty white frock, with a bouquet of rag roses in her hand, as the ingénue in a fourth-rate theatre one night, and the young man, who had been yawning dismally, sat up in his chair. His admiration for her histrionic gifts, which were not unusual, may have originated in the fact that she boasted two attributes which were very unusual indeed in an ingénue there—good looks, and youth, but he beheld a situation entirely after his heart; he beheld Gustave Tricotrin, the dramatist, discovering a star! He applauded like one whose approval was a cachet. Ostentatiously he underlined the name of "Mlle. Delacour" on his programme. "She will go far, that little one!" he murmured, loud enough to be heard by his neighbors. Several of them turned to regard him. It was extremely pleasant, he had rarely enjoyed himself in a theatre so much.

Presently it occurred to him that it would be a kindly act to inform her that she had won a dramatist's approval; he perceived that the legitimate sequel to the situation was for him to utter a few encouraging words to the attractive girl. When the representation of the ancient melodrama was complete, therefore, he proceeded with importance to the stage door, and though he did not possess a card, the tone in which he pronounced his name was so impressive that it did the trick. He was admitted to her dressing-room.

The expression of interest observable on Mlle. Delacour's piquant face, as he entered, faded somewhat as she noted the stranger's shabby cloak. But the next instant she questioned whether he might not be "somebody" after all. Having advanced to the centre of the room with the gravity of the Directeur of the Théâtre Français and contemplated her in silence for some seconds, the young man said solemnly, "Mon enfant, well done! Your performance pleases me—I am content!"

"Oh, monsieur!" she faltered.

"Not often can a playwright of the Boulevards commend a performance in side-shows like this! But I find much that is thoughtful in your work. Continue, my child, continue with confidence. It is I who say it—you will arrive!"

Now, it must not be inferred that no one but Tricotrin thought well of her abilities—happy-go-lucky little bohemian though she was, she had a good opinion of them herself; and at the words "a playwright of the Boulevards" she did not doubt that an offer was on the way.

"Ciel! but you make me proud, monsieur!" she murmured. And, throwing up her eyes, she went on in the difficult key that the gentleman seemed to expect of her. "How I adore it, my beautiful art! What devotion it inspires in me! My dream is that I may one day interpret a rôle of subtlety. Ah, quel bonheur! Is it not rapture to study in that hope—to study, though one knows that a lifetime itself would be insufficient to master even half the complexities of an art at once so elusive, and profound?"

"Ah, mais non!" said Tricotrin to himself; "I had to stomach that sort of tosh from de Varengeville, but I am not here to swallow it from you!" He replied: "Tiens! Well, to descend from the hilltop, I am very glad to make your acquaintance! If I may say so, you are even prettier 'off' than 'on.'"

"Too amiable, monsieur!" she smiled, not unwilling to be herself again. The glance that she cast at him was, indeed, liable to be called coquettish. Then, in a voice disconcertingly brisk, she added: "Having bumped to business, as you suggest, may I ask why you wished to see me?"

"Er—why I wished to see you?" said Tricotrin.

"Just so!" said she. And now there was a shade of impatience in her voice.

"Well," he acknowledged, "you have put a very interesting question to me! Why did I wish to see you? A minute since I believed that I knew; suddenly I begin to ask myself if my motives were not more intricate than I realized. That I was moved to congratulate you is perfectly true. Do not query that! If you have any doubt on the point, I will congratulate you again. But now that I find myself in your presence I am not certain, upon my word, but what the mortal girl influenced me as much as the divine artist. Assuredly your reception of me would fall short of my ideal if you continued to address me in the strain of a popular actress being interviewed for the Press."

Subduing a smile, she said sharply, "I say! Are you a dramatist really?"

"If I am a dramatist?" cried the poet. "Mon Dieu! Oh, you will not better that!

"If there is no such thing as love at first sight, the comedy is a frost!" exclaimed Tricotrin earnestly. "I shall not disguise from you that it is your own heart which I have in mind. Perhaps you have suspected it?"

Tricotrin
the Hero

Frank Craig
the Illustrator

Perhaps she had! But what neither of them suspected yet was that three o'clock was to boom before they parted regretfully on her doorstep. And yet—at fifteen minutes to midnight they had never met!

Posterity will hold its sides when it reads that question! If I am a dramatist! Have you ever heard the name of 'de Varengeville'?"

"What about him?"

"He is a collaborator of mine, that is all. Oh yes, I am very much a dramatist! Do not figure yourself, because affectations are foreign to my nature, that I am of no account! I may not, in this scene, be precisely famous, I may not be opulent, but I am a very gifted chap!"

She smiled outright now: "Well, don't forget me when your piece is ready to be cast!"

"Have no misgivings! My recognition of your talents increases with every line you speak. The rôle of 'Fifi' in my comedy might actually have been written for you!"

"Comme vous êtes gentil!" she exclaimed—and was sorry that the need for exchanging her stage costume for her own frock forbade her to prolong the conversation indefinitely.

Tricotrin regretted it no less than she.

"If I might be permitted to wait outside while you make your toilette, I could give you an idea of the part in escorting you home?" he suggested. Mlle. Delacour yielded a graceful assent. And, though to stroll through the least frequented streets with a captivating companion on his arm was far from being the kind of thing that he had foreseen in his dreams, it proved a by no means disagreeable development. At the outset, to be sure, some suspicion of his veracity seemed to linger in her mind, but when his flow of details had persuaded her that she was not being hoaxed, the soft pressure of her arm was almost a caress.

And, in every minute, Tricotrin the sentimental grew more oblivious of the potential star, and more appreciative of the captivating companion. In the life of every bohemian, shiftless, fantastic, or sordid as it may be, there persists one imperishable hope—the hope that circumstances reveal a confidante who will understand and adore him.

"But 'Fifi' herself?" she asked. "Is it a big part—what does she do?"

"She loves," said Tricotrin.

"And besides?"

"She is unmercenary. An actress naturally mercenary could not play 'Fifi,' she would lack the temperament—'Fifi' loves a poor man."

"As for me, I thoroughly comprehend that that could occur!"

"It promises well for your success. Hard up though he is, he can render her a valuable service, and this makes him diffident of avowing his tenderness—he would not have her think him one of those odious creatures who say to a girl, 'Yes, I will further your career, but only on conditions!'"

"Ah!" she said.

"But 'Fifi' is shrewd. She perceived the sincerity of his attachment even in their first meeting. They sauntered together in Montmartre, under the moon, as you and I are sauntering now, and he confided to her his prospects and ambitions."

"It is pretty!"

"There is reality in it, n'est-ce pas? The poor boy's pockets were so light that he was unable to propose supper, and he blushed in wondering what she thought of his omission. But 'Fifi' did not wrong him by supposing that it was because he was mean."

"As if she would!"

"Apropos, mademoiselle, I see a café opposite! Will you do me the honor to sip a bock while I tell you the next?"

"With much pleasure, monsieur."

"The best he could do was to offer her a bock. They seated themselves in a corner of the little terrace, just as you and I have seated ourselves, and——"

"There are, in fact, several points of resemblance!"

"I cannot deny it. But he possessed one dramatic advantage that I lack. When he could suppress the truth no longer, and his homage burst from him, he knew her Christian name."

Mademoiselle Delacour was not immediately responsive to this hint. "Of course, on the stage courtships go faster than they do off it!" she reminded him.

"Do not disparage my plot—if there is no such thing as love at first sight, the comedy is a frost!"

"Off it, a girl takes longer to be sure of her heart."

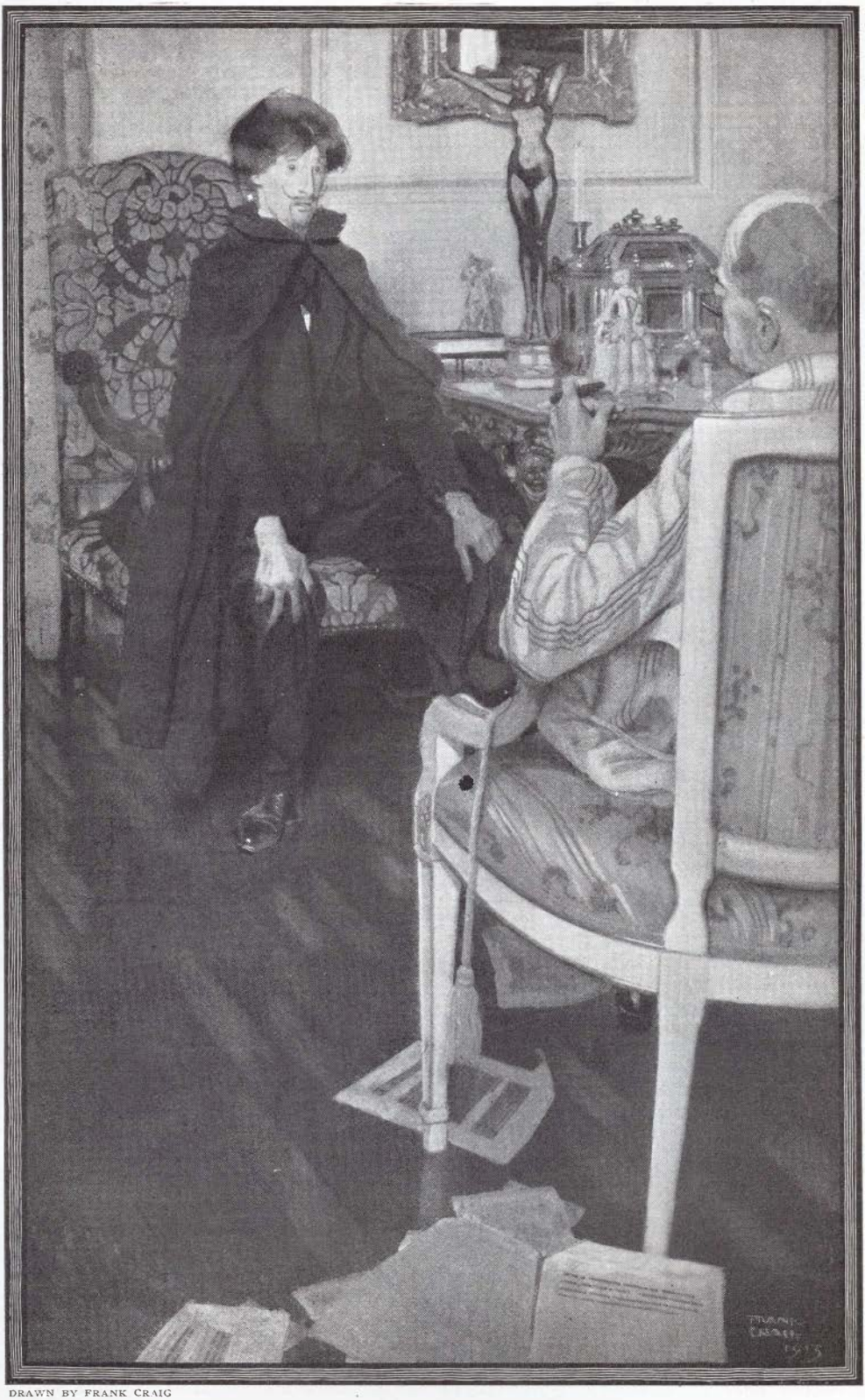
"How long?"

"Ah, that depends!"

"On what?"

"For one thing, on the value of the heart."

"I shall not disguise from you," said Tricotrin earnestly, "that it is your own



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

Tricotrin began nervously: "It has been great joy to me to be received by you, monsieur. I am not journalist solely, I am dramatist as well."

heart that I have in mind. Perhaps you have suspected it?"

Perhaps she had! But what neither of them suspected yet was that three o'clock was to boom before they parted from each other regretfully on her doorstep. How true it is that only the unforeseen comes to pass! At fifteen minutes to midnight they had never met, yet the actress mounted her black staircase in a highly romantic mood, and the poet made for his garret, murmuring rhymes to the name of "Ivette."

"Where on earth have you been all this time?" growled the composer, whom his entrance wakened.

"The most extraordinary experience!" cried Tricotrin rapturously; "I have not only discovered the ideal 'Fifi' for *La Feuillaison*, but I have found the one woman in the world who has ever fully comprehended me!"

"Again?"

"Ah, this is no illusion I assure you. I am a changed man! She is adorable. What sensibility! Figure yourself that we took a bock together after the performance, and that ever since we have been walking up and down the Avenue de St. Ouen—which had become a glen in Arcadia—talking of the future!"

"You are a changed man, with original ideas of a pleasant evening!" was the composer's comment. And he fell asleep again, little surmising to what the Avenue de St. Ouen was to lead.

It was not the last night on which that normally unattractive thoroughfare revealed Arcadian qualities to the poet and the actress, nor was it long before she consented to receive him at more conventional hours in her lodging. He had announced his dramatic "find" to de Varengeville, post haste, on six enthusiastic pages, and though de Varengeville had not written yet to express his joy, Ivette was studying the rôle of "Fifi" daily. Tricotrin conducted the rehearsals of it with all the assiduity that his devotion would allow, but interludes were frequent. As the grand passion was now mutual, it was no rare event for a rehearsal to begin at midday and conclude only when the time came for her to remember that she was an ingénue.

"How insufferable," she would lament, "to descend to that rotten part after thy chef-d'œuvre, Gustave!"

And Tricotrin would reply, "Courage, my angel, it is for the moment only! Wilt thou not soon be 'Fifi' at the Vaudeville?"

It was with a joyous project, and an elastic step that he sallied forth one morning some three weeks later. He had now pronounced her "exquisite" as "Fifi," and even Pitou, to whom her type of beauty did not appeal, had conceded grudgingly that she "might have been worse." The poet foresaw a triumphant afternoon. He intended nothing less than to obtain an appointment for her to startle his "collaborator" with her genius.

They were now on very good terms, and it was by way of being a sprig of laurel to Tricotrin to have the privilege of calling at the high-and-mighty address so casually, and dropping into the velvet armchair on the hearth.

"It goes?" inquired de Varengeville. "I have not forgotten you; a dozen times I have had the intention of scribbling a line, but . . . you understand?"

"Ah, I know well!" said the poet. "No news? I suppose you have had no opportunity as yet to look again at our comedy?"

"What will you? While the business keeps up there with the thing that they are playing they will have no ears for anything else. As soon as it begins to drop, our manuscript will be in their hands. Do not fear!"

"Ah, it was not that I was impatient, no, no!" said Tricotrin. "My motive in coming was to ask you to grant me a pleasure; and in truth, to accept a pleasure in return! If you can spare an hour this afternoon it is my intention to give you a treat."

"Ah! What is that?"

"Well, I desire you to hear an actress who possesses gifts of an order which I venture to assert you will find amazing."

"Ah, yes, I remember! The little girl at the Moncey, or the Montmartre, or the —where was it? Well, you know, mon vieux, it was absurd, that! It was an access of imbecility."

"Imbecility?" ejaculated Tricotrin. "I do not follow you."

"You are not seriously expecting me to entrust a part of prominence to a woman absolutely unknown? Merci! She is, if you please, a histrionic mine, but it is for somebody else to erect the machinery. It

is not I who am ambitious of these speculations."

"Mais——? Comment? . . . There is nobody else who can realize the character so perfectly!" gasped her lover. "I assure you!"

"Perhaps! I will not dispute it; I should be a hypocrite to pretend that I am convinced, but it is not necessary that we argue the point. Her talents are irrelevant. I have one unswerving rule—I engage the artists whom the public flock to see. Give me a Blondette, who cannot act and cannot sing, but who is a beautiful woman and draws all Paris, in preference to a Judic whose popularity has still to be achieved!"

"But—— It does not hold water, that! If everybody proceeded on the same lines, it is obvious that no actor or actress could make a success at all."

De Varengeville blew cigar smoke placidly: "Do you figure yourself that I am in the business to enable actors and actresses to succeed? Flûte! Ah, mais non, mon ami, let us talk of something else! It is not such a cast-iron certainty, our play, that we can afford to produce it on philanthropic principles."

"In my case," returned Tricotrin angrily, "there is no question of philanthropy."

"Of infatuation, rather, hein?"

"Nor of infatuation, monsieur! Of love, I avow it, I avow it proudly—of a love sublime and eternal! But my love in no way affects my judgment—it is a question of my artistic convictions. I speak simply as the author of the piece."

"Part author," said de Varengeville, with a quick frown, "part author, mon petit!"

"Bien, as part author! I accept the correction. As part author, then, I have pledged my word to Mademoiselle Delacour that she shall create the part of 'Fifi,' and I must insist that she shall be engaged."

"Oh, really?" panted de Varengeville. He rose superbly, his arms folded across the heaving indignation of his breast. "You must 'insist'?"

"It is true!"

"Mon Dieu! I begin to awake to my insignificance; I do justice at last to the glory that our association would confer upon me." The satire in his rolling tones would have thrilled an audience at the Ambigu. "It is an essential condition of our affair that your little nothing-at-all shall queer the play? Understood! . . . Take it back, congenital idiot! It is yours. I shall survive without it." And flinging the manuscript at the poet's feet, he waited like an outraged Jove to see him make a panic-stricken meal of humble pie.

This philistine did not comprehend the power of an eternal love!

"It is like that?" rejoined Tricotrin loftily; and the gesture with which he met the outburst was no less splendid than his opponent's. "The price you set upon your service is my dishonor? For the boon you proffer, you ask me to be false to my vows, to abandon one dearer to me than life itself? It is to *me* you make this infamous proposal? Listen, Monsieur de Varengeville! Were all the gold to which you hold the key amassed in one prodigious heap in Brobdingnagian scales, it would not weigh with me against a single ringlet of her hair! I spurn your vision of a gilded shame. Poor in purse I may be, but I boast a wealth that transcends all percentages, all payments on account and in advance—the celestial treasure of a loyal woman's love!"

The necessity for picking the manuscript up marred the dignity of his exit to a very slight extent.

If you were on the Boulevard de Rochechouart, not far from the rue des Martyrs, on the 3rd of last month about 4.15 p. m., I repeat that you may have seen a little lady, who was returning from a rehearsal, exchange a careless bow with two shabby young men who were removing their household belongings in a hip-bath. The young men were MM. Gustave Tricotrin and Nicolas Pitou, and the lady was——

"One of your ex-kindred souls!" observed the composer. "At this date may I inquire whether that perfect union came to an end because she could not be 'Fifi' at the Vaudeville?"

"Alas," said Tricotrin cheerfully, "it did not! To have been banished from her presence with a broken heart, after all I had renounced for her, would have been dramatic and pleased me far better. We simply found each other tedious at the end of six weeks."

"And *La Feuillaison*, where is it now?"

"It met with its twelfth rejection yesterday. Thirteen being an unlucky number, I shall not submit it elsewhere. But the masterpiece that I am writing! Ah, mon vieux, the triumph that is in store—congratulate me!"

Charging with Sheridan

HUNGER!—BATTLE-FLARE AND THUNDER IN THE CLOUDS: A

by Brig.-Gen.

THIS is the story of one of the most spectacular, sensational battles of the war—Chattanooga. It is not a general-officer's story—the why and the wherefore, the strategy of the battle; it is not the story of a line-officer nor of a private—concerned with the how, the tactics, of the fighting; it is the story of an eye-witness who participated—a fine-drawn distinction this and unusual. The direct results of Chattanooga have been done and done by historians; the indirect, but far-reaching results have been dwelt upon but lightly, and so I stop the story to put them in: It was Chattanooga that did much to place General Grant in the saddle of the Lieutenant-General of the armies of the United States—the first to occupy it since General George Washington; also, the battle resulted in the appointment of General Philip H. Sheridan to the command of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and, later, to that of commander of the Army of the Shenandoah.

My brother, the General (it is customary in the army to address one's relatives by their rank rather than by their given names, and so in speaking of or to my brother he was always "the General," and to me he is "the General" even to this day) shortly before Chickamauga appointed me to his staff as aide-de-camp, a greatly to be desired position. Until then I had been a second lieutenant of the Second Missouri. There were four of us aides on the General's staff, Captain H. C. Ran-

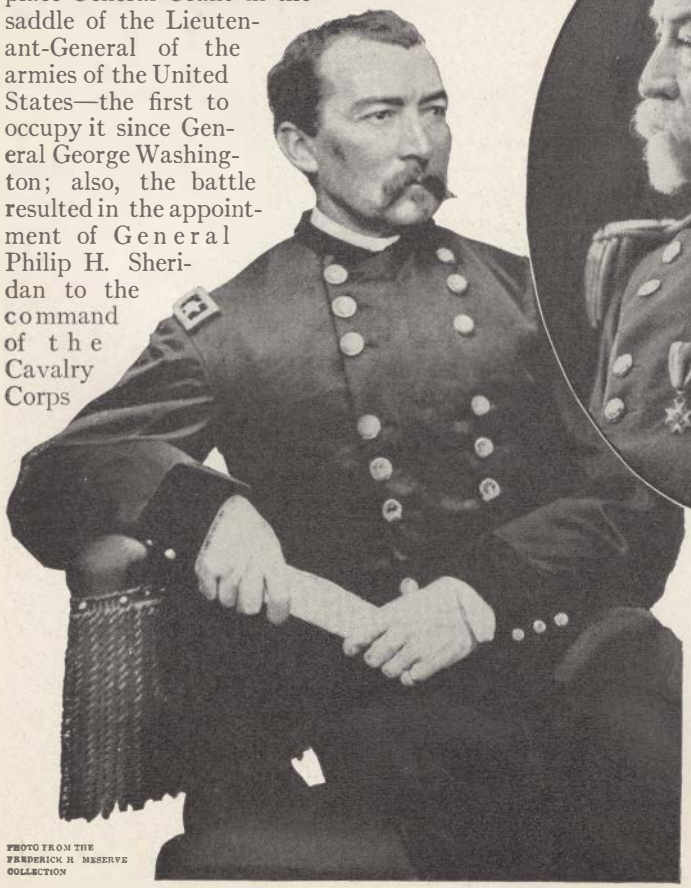


PHOTO FROM THE FREDERICK H MESERVE COLLECTION

General Philip H. Sheridan's distinguishing work at Missionary Ridge brought him the command of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

During the fighting up Missionary Ridge Brig.-Gen. Michael V. Sheridan, then a lieutenant, was one of his brother's aides, here, there, everywhere about the field.

up Missionary Ridge

CHARGE—PRIVATES WITHOUT ORDERS SWEEP TO VICTORY

M. V. Sheridan

One day the battle of Lookout Mountain, famous in song and story as the "Battle Above the Clouds"; and the next, this battle of Missionary Ridge, after nine weeks of waiting and starving in the mud and slump of defeat! Nine weeks! and then the avenging charge—to the first line of trenches, said Grant; to the top of the ridge, said the men. "All hell couldn't stop them," agreed the General. Forty-five minutes it lasted; with its price: for every minute thirty dead men! Michael V. Sheridan was an aide-de-camp to his brother, General Phil Sheridan, hero of the Shenandoah; witness or participant, as duty willed it, he tells this story of those burdened days.

som, Lieutenants T. W. C. Moore, Frank H. Allen and myself. I mention my rank for I wish to show what exceptional opportunities an aide enjoys for observing a large part of every battle in which he is engaged. During a battle an aide, whose chief duty is to carry messages and dispatches, often verbal orders of the greatest importance, is here, there, everywhere; now out on the front line where men are dropping all about him, now to this flank, now to that, and now, awaiting orders, sitting his horse quietly near his general with the whole battle spread out before him. Thus comparatively few men saw the battle of Missionary Ridge—that is, that part of the battle fought by the Army of the Cumberland—as I had opportunity to see it.

After our defeat at Chickamauga the Army of the Cumberland returned to Chattanooga and intrenched; and our victors, Bragg's army, followed and occupied and fortified Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Now this was the picturesque setting of the stage for that spectacular and melodramatic series of battles which made up the three days' Battle of Chattanooga. The Army of the Cumberland lay in and about the little town of Chattanooga at the valley's mouth on the south side of Tennessee River. We gazed to the left, the east, over our strong intrenchments at a wall of mountain and of men—grim old Missionary Ridge, fortified at its base and midway up its steep side and, heavily, for miles along its crest. We looked, close at hand, to the west—a wall of rock and of men, Lookout Mountain; its 2200 feet towered straight up from the river and seemed to hang over our heads. We

PHOTO FROM THE FREDERICK H. MESERVE COLLECTION

General Philip H. Sheridan, in 1885, when the fuller measure of years and honor had come to him.

Michael V. Sheridan when a lieutenant.

looked before us up the valley; from wall to wall and but two and a half miles away stood a man-made barrier of strong intrenchments filled with powerful enemies fresh from victory over us. Grim and rugged enough before we came were those old hills and mountains, covered, for the most part, with woods and thickets, studded with huge boulders, and gashed with countless narrow ravines. Now that we had come they were seamed, too, with interminable lines of intrenchments—raw yellow ocher seams, ugly as a wound. As the almost ceaseless autumnal rains dashed the brown leaves from bush and tree, the lines, against the blue-gray of the mountain-sides, stood out clearer and clearer day by day. There we lay besieged in Chattanooga, between the horns of our enemy with the Tennessee River at our back. And there we lay for nine dreary weeks until we fought again.

My brother's Division took up its position on the morning of September 22nd, 1863, on the west outskirts of the town, close by the gloomy, dismantled old iron-works, and in the very shadow of Lookout Mountain. Above us on the mountain's tip was a battery of Whitworth guns—rifled cannon of tremendous power, brought in from England by blockade-runners. All the time that we lay there we were under shell-fire from those guns, yet in all that time the only casualty received by us—that ever I knew of—for we were well protected by casemates and bomb-proofs, came in a very roundabout way. These shells kept dropping down upon us at any hour of the day or night but chiefly they came at night and broke our rest mightily, not so much by the tremendous bang of their bursting as by their hellish screeching in mid-air, a screech which sounded, the General used to say, as though they were yelling: "Where are you? Where are you?" Such of the twenty-pounder, octagonal shells as failed to explode—and more than a few did fail—were a great curiosity to our men, what with their strange shape and the cluster of percussion-caps set in the shell's point. One day a shell fell quite near where I was standing, and it did not burst. Presently three privates came along and one of them carried the shell over in front of a tree and laid it down, and he himself got behind the tree, reached around it, and, before I knew what he was about, he brought down a hatchet—smash!—upon the percussion-caps. Of course, the shell exploded. It tore off the arm of the man behind the tree and instantly killed his two comrades! That man doubtless tells to-day how he lost his arm while storming Missionary Ridge!

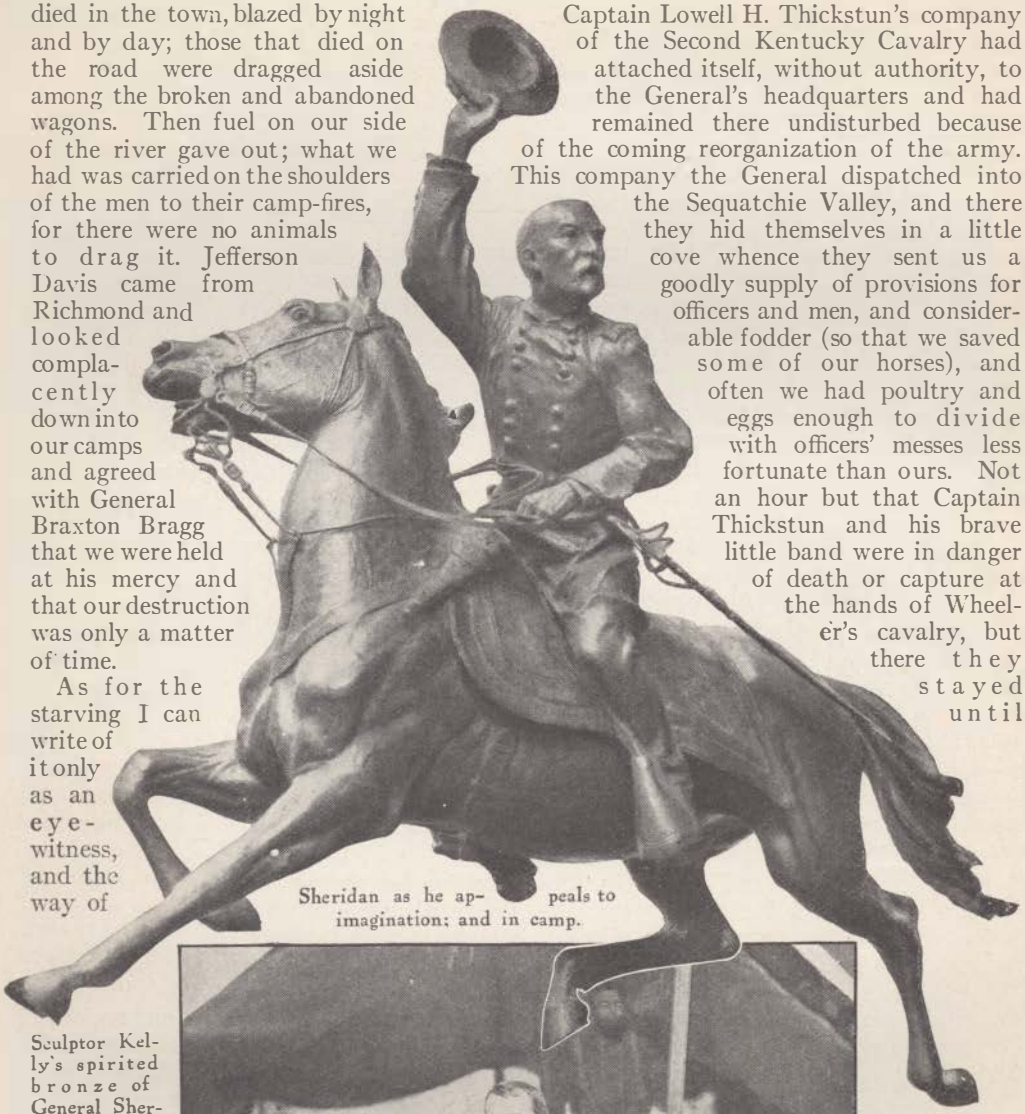
Our headquarters tents were pitched on Mr. William Crutchfield's grounds, and a fine old gentleman we found him to be, loyal Unionist to the backbone, and of great help to the General as a guide the night of the battle, after he had made the charge with us. But I am getting on too fast, for that was not to be for many and many a day. And with each day until General Grant came there was less and less likelihood of the Army of the Cumberland making a charge across level fields let alone up Missionary Ridge out there, or up the towering rocky walls of Lookout Mountain. Starvation! that was why the Army of the Cumberland was growing each day less able to attack, less able to stay in Chattanooga, less able even to retreat north of the Tennessee. And there was not ammunition enough for one day's fighting! Not that any man starved to death, or even came down to horse-flesh (that I know of); but when four hardtack biscuits and a quarter of a pound of bacon make rations for *three days*, it is close enough to starvation to be called that; and, further, on the morning of the 30th of October there were left just four boxes of hardtack in the commissary warehouses in Chattanooga!

In Bridgeport, our base of supplies, were food and clothing, plenty and to spare, and Bridgeport was but twenty-six miles away, by rail; but the railroad was in the hands of the enemy as were all the more direct roads, so that Bridgeport was really, by wagon road, sixty miles away, and range upon range of mountains in between. Very shortly after we intrenched, the rain came and with each day the mud grew stickier and deeper and the mountain roads to Bridgeport became sixty morass-like miles in which no wagon, even an empty one, was hardly ever less than hub-under. There was no chance whatever to transport fodder for our wretched animals. Ten thousand mules and horses starved to death there in Chattanooga and on that terrible road to Bridgeport. For a time, pyres, on which were burning these animals that had

died in the town, blazed by night and by day; those that died on the road were dragged aside among the broken and abandoned wagons. Then fuel on our side of the river gave out; what we had was carried on the shoulders of the men to their camp-fires, for there were no animals to drag it. Jefferson Davis came from Richmond and looked complacently down into our camps and agreed with General Braxton Bragg that we were held at his mercy and that our destruction was only a matter of time.

As for the starving I can write of it only as an eye-witness, and the way of that was this—worth the telling since there was nothing else like it in the Army of the Cumberland: After Chickamauga, Captain Lowell H. Thickstun's company of the Second Kentucky Cavalry had attached itself, without authority, to the General's headquarters and had remained there undisturbed because of the coming reorganization of the army. This company the General dispatched into the Sequatchie Valley, and there they hid themselves in a little cove whence they sent us a goodly supply of provisions for officers and men, and considerable fodder (so that we saved some of our horses), and often we had poultry and eggs enough to divide with officers' messes less fortunate than ours. Not an hour but that Captain Thickstun and his brave little band were in danger of death or capture at the hands of Wheeler's cavalry, but there they stayed until after the battle; and very great service they did us.

Then General Grant came—General Thomas having already relieved our greatly



Sheridan as he appeals to imagination; and in camp.

Sculptor Kelly's spirited bronze of General Sheridan.

PHOTO FROM THE FREDERICK H. MESERVE COLLECTION

loved General Rosecrans of his command—and completed the plans, already under way, for the relief of our starving army. Within a week the Tennessee was "opened" and the so-called "Cracker Line"—a little stern-wheel steamer built for the purpose in Bridgeport—was bringing barge-load after barge-load of provisions and fodder, ammunition, clothing and shoes. General Hooker with the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac advanced from Bridgeport; and from Memphis, more than three hundred miles away, General Sherman's Army of the Tennessee was coming, by forced marches, each day nearer and nearer. The Army of the Cumberland, once so weak and listless (but uncomplaining), which for so long had sullenly awaited retreat or capture, now looked with a gleam in its eyes at the yellow lines of earthworks across the valley and along the ridges—earthworks over which it now felt sure it would one day go a-storming. The Army of the Cumberland had been reorganized so that now General Sheridan commanded the Second Division of the Fourth Corps—twenty-five regiments of about six thousand men. We had been moved out beyond Chattanooga's eastern side to face Missionary Ridge instead of Lookout Mountain. Then at last came Sherman and the Army of the Tennessee, and the battle of Chattanooga began.

On the morning of the 23rd of November the Federal Army confronted its enemy in the rough form of a letter *S* lying on its back from south-west to north-east. Hooker's command faced the tip of Lookout Mountain; our Army of the Cumberland under Thomas fronted the Ridge about whose blunt nose was hooked Sherman's Army of the Tennessee. Here, thus, for the first and only time during the war, stood Grant and Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas and Hooker, together on the same battle-field.

At noon came orders for the divisions of Generals Sheridan and Wood to drive in the enemy's pickets, and occupy and hold Orchard Knob. The Knob was a rough, steep hill about one hundred feet high that rose abruptly out of Chattanooga Valley midway between our outposts and the Confederate intrenchments at the base of Missionary Ridge. On our Fort Wood's parapet stood a great group of general-officers, Grant and Thomas, Gordon Granger our corps commander, and Howard and Hooker and many and many more, all come to watch this spectacle. The Confederates, idly looking down from the Ridge, believed that they were looking upon a mere review. Our companies and regiments marched and countermarched and wheeled into line unmolested, and the bands played and the flags snapped and fluttered, and the bright sun shone upon 10,000 glittering bayonets and musket barrels. We must have been of a very handsome and martial aspect. Suddenly the bands of music dropped to the rear, and the regimental bugles shrilled, and the company snare-drums rolled into the "Charge!" The long line swept out onto the level field and swung into the double, and—that part of the battle of Chattanooga was won! Thus our division (together with that of General Wood) struck its first blow; also it was to be that—more than sixty hours later—we were to strike the last.

AT noon came orders for the divisions of Generals Sheridan and Wood to drive in the enemy's pickets, and occupy and hold Orchard Knob. The Confederates, idly looking down from the Ridge, believed that they were looking upon a mere review. Our companies and regiments marched and countermarched and wheeled into line unmolested, and the bands played and the flags snapped and fluttered, and the bright sun shone upon 10,000 glittering bayonets and musket barrels. We must have been of a very handsome and martial aspect. Suddenly the bands of music dropped to the rear, and the regimental bugles shrilled, and the company snare-drums rolled into the "Charge!" The long line swept out onto the level field and swung into the double, and—that part of the battle of Chattanooga was won!

Compared with what was to follow, this assault on Orchard Knob was nothing at all.

Of course, a very heavy fire was poured down upon us from the Ridge, and the moment we entered the enemy's rifle-pits on the Knob and for half a mile to right and left of it—from which the Confederates had scampered without much ado—every man worked desperately to "turn" the pits, that is, to throw the parapet to the other side of the trench so as to be between us and the rain of bullets and shells from the Ridge.

And there (Wood's Division on the Knob and ours to the south of it), right there in those cold, muddy trenches, officers and men together, we huddled for forty-eight wretched, anxious, interminable hours. Not an hour of those forty-eight that we did not expect the order to charge. No conceivable suspense surpasses that of lying under arms hour after hour waiting in cold blood to go into action; dreading the battle, yet longing for it to begin in order the sooner to get it over with. I have read, and have been told, of men who enjoyed battles and who "gloried" in fighting, and men have told me the same about themselves (when there was no war!). Personally, I have never known such a man. With me a battle was what I was there for, and it had to be gone through with. But at the moment of going under fire my heart and lungs and stomach never felt right (though I have been in forty-eight battles and skirmishes), and it is my belief that that is so of every man. Once the battle begins, the hurry and noise, the confusion and excitement, are so tremendous that a man becomes, mentally and physically, abnormal and hence gets through with it. But as for *enjoying* a battle—don't believe it!

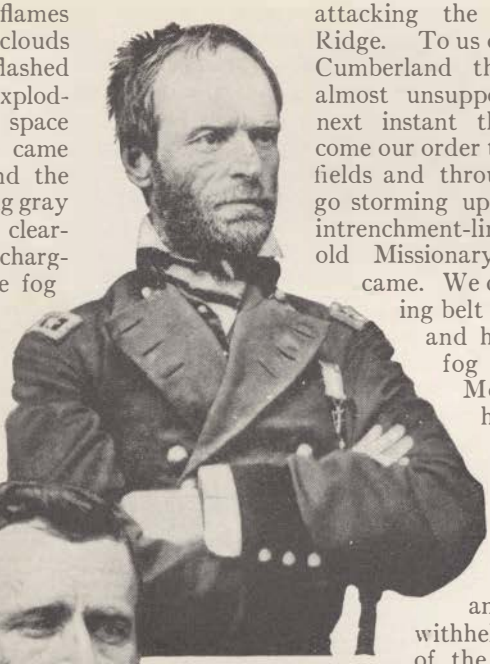
GENERAL HOOKER was sending his men, foot by foot, up the steeps of Lookout Mountain. There was being fought a fierce battle that was as invisible to us—save for yellow flashes and red glares in the fog—as though it were being fought in another continent. Ever the roar grew. Now it came muffled by the fog, a great, dull rumbling that shook the heavy air and rose and ebbed; then suddenly it would swell out for an instant, through some displacement of the mist, into the sharp crackle of musketry and the crash of bursting shells—great waves and torrents of sound. Once, for the space of a minute or two, there came a rift in the curtain, and the glorious sight of a straggling gray line falling back across a clearing pressed sharply by a charging line of blue. Then the fog swept down again. From thirty thousand throats went up such a storm of cheers and huzzahs that the thunder of musketry and artillery was overborne by that shout of triumph.

And so, all that Monday afternoon we waited on mental tiptoes in the captured trenches and impatiently watched the slow hours lag by. With darkness came the certainty of bivouacking there where we lay, and many were the regretful thoughts of our tents—palaces of comfort contrasted with the bleak discomfort of the cold, hard ground. There was but little sleep. Morning brought with it a drizzling rain, the coldest, most penetrating that ever I felt; but for us no order to advance, or, indeed, to do anything. Behind us the valley was veiled in mist and rain, and Lookout Mountain was completely blotted out. The rain soon ceased, and the mist lifted from the valley only to make the gray wall between us and the mountain all the more impenetrable. Then, very early in the morning, from out this mist arose the roar of battle. General Hooker was sending his men, foot by foot, up the mountainside! There under our very noses was being fought a fierce battle that was as invisible to us—save for yellow flashes and red glares in the fog—as though it were being fought in another continent. Ever the roar grew. Now it came muffled by the fog, a great, dull rumbling that shook the heavy air and rose and ebbed; then suddenly it would swell out for an instant, through some displacement of the mist, into the sharp crackle of musketry and the crash of bursting shells—great waves and torrents of sound.

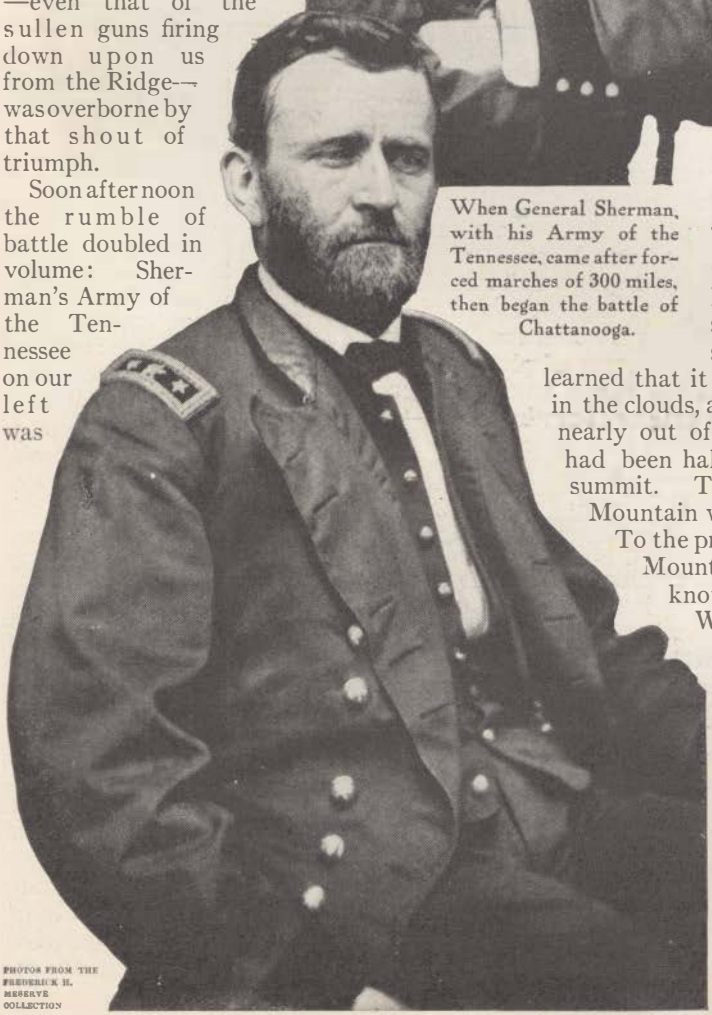
Hour after hour we lay there, literally lay, for, from the Ridge above us, from dawn to dark, there came a rain of shells which caused great discomfort of mind to us all and loss of life to more than a few. So we

lay, watching the spurting flames amid the eddying gray clouds and the red sheets that flashed from cannon mouth and exploding shell. Once, for the space of a minute or two, there came a rift in the curtain, and the glorious sight of a straggling gray line falling back across a clearing pressed sharply by a charging line of blue. Then the fog swept down again. From thirty thousand throats went up such a storm of cheers and huzzahs that the thunder of musketry and artillery —even that of the sullen guns firing down upon us from the Ridge— was overborne by that shout of triumph.

Soon after noon the rumble of battle doubled in volume: Sherman's Army of the Tennessee on our left was attacking the north end of the Ridge. To us of the Army of the Cumberland the tension became almost unsupportable; the very next instant there would surely come our order to charge across the fields and through the wood and go storming up the steep, rocky, intrenchment-lined side of grim old Missionary. But no order came. We could see the spurting belt of fire rising higher and higher through the fog upon Lookout Mountain; we could hear the roar of the Army of the Tennessee slowly rolling toward us; it seemed to us that our vengeance for Chickamauga was being withheld from the Army of the Cumberland and given to those who had nothing to avenge. About two o'clock the firing on Lookout dwindled to a scattered popping of skirmishers; later we learned that it had grown so dark there in the clouds, and Hooker's men were so nearly out of ammunition, that they had been halted a little short of the summit. The Battle of Lookout Mountain was at an end.



When General Sherman, with his Army of the Tennessee, came after forced marches of 300 miles, then began the battle of Chattanooga.



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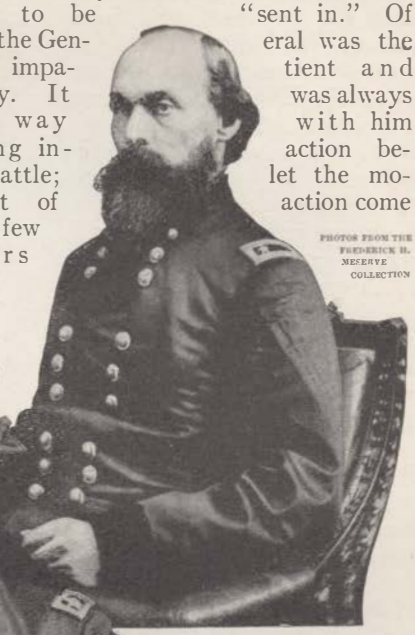
It was Chattanooga that did much to make Grant Lieutenant-General.

To the present generation Lookout Mountain is one of the best known battles of the Civil War, not because of unusually fierce fighting or important results, but chiefly because of its sobriquet "The Battle Above the Clouds." Had Missionary Ridge been called Missionary Mountain or had the battle been fought in clouds or fog so that it might have received that popular and descriptive sobriquet, then the battle of Missionary Ridge would rise cream-fashion to

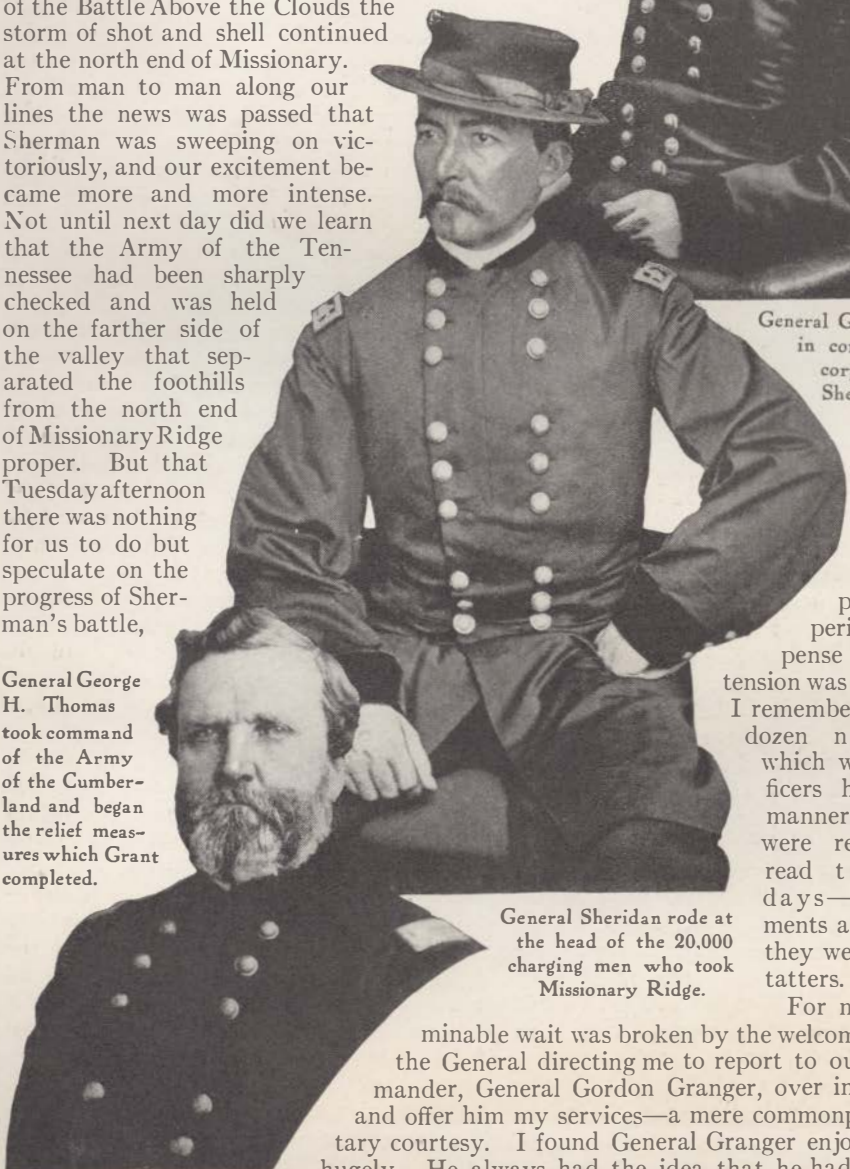
be among those few battles that the present generation can call to mind when asked to name a dozen battles of the war. It is enough to say of the two battles, in comparison, that in our Division alone we lost several hundred more men in forty-five minutes (one regiment, the Fifteenth Indiana, losing 202 out of 337) than General Hooker lost in the entire battle of Lookout Mountain, and only several hundred less than the Army of the Tennessee lost in their fight of two days.

For several hours after the close of the Battle Above the Clouds the storm of shot and shell continued at the north end of Missionary. From man to man along our lines the news was passed that Sherman was sweeping on victoriously, and our excitement became more and more intense. Not until next day did we learn that the Army of the Tennessee had been sharply checked and was held on the farther side of the valley that separated the foothills from the north end of Missionary Ridge proper. But that Tuesday afternoon there was nothing for us to do but speculate on the progress of Sherman's battle, and querulously ask each other if we were never to be "sent in." Of us all the General was the most impatient and fidgety. It was always that way with him during action before battle; let the movement of action come and few others had nerves and brain in such supreme control. But now in this prolonged period of suspense his nervous tension was tremendous. I remember that half a dozen newspapers which we young officers had in some manner got hold of, were read and reread those three days—advertisements and all—until they were all but in tatters.



PHOTOS FROM THE FREDERICK H. MESERVE COLLECTION

General Gordon Granger in command of the corps to which Sheridan belonged.



General George H. Thomas took command of the Army of the Cumberland and began the relief measures which Grant completed.

General Sheridan rode at the head of the 20,000 charging men who took Missionary Ridge.

For me the interminable wait was broken by the welcome order from the General directing me to report to our corps commander, General Gordon Granger, over in Fort Wood, and offer him my services—a mere commonplace of military courtesy. I found General Granger enjoying himself hugely. He always had the idea that he had a wonderful

eye for artillery, so now I found him going from gun to gun of Fort Wood's great siege ordnance, sighting each at the Ridge, and watching with much satisfaction the results of the shots. Just as I reached him, General Grant and General Thomas approached, and, after watching for a moment, General Thomas very testily ordered: "Pay more attention to your corps, sir!" So General Granger, considerably chagrined, returned to his corps, and I went back to my place in the trenches.

Toward dusk there burst out from Lookout Mountain a terrific cannonading; half a hundred pieces of artillery seemed to be in furious action. The General sent Lieutenant Moore over at a hard gallop to ask if assistance were needed. Very soon Lieutenant Moore returned laughing at what might be called the "Battle of Echoes." All this great noise of a general engagement was being magnified, by existing atmospheric conditions and by rocky cliff and jutting spur, from a perfunctory little rear-guard fight between only two sections of field artillery!

Darkness fell; the mist entirely cleared away, and in the crisp, still air the camp-fires spangled the valley and the sides and crests of Lookout and Missionary in seemingly countless thousands. Hour after hour artillery continued its loud roaring, but slowly, sullenly; pickets "sniped" each other by starlight; little by little the firing fell away; the camp-fire embers died; midnight brought silence, and, for the exhausted men upon Lookout and upon the north slope of Missionary, sleep; but for the highly wrought men of the Army of the Cumberland there was only the most fitful slumber. For there, in front of and above us, lay the unshaken enemy; Sherman's attack had thus far failed; Hooker's capture of Lookout had had no effect upon the issue: on Missionary Ridge the enemy held like granite. Every man in the Army of the Cumberland knew that, as inevitable as sunrise, we, on the morrow, would be called upon to charge up Missionary Ridge.

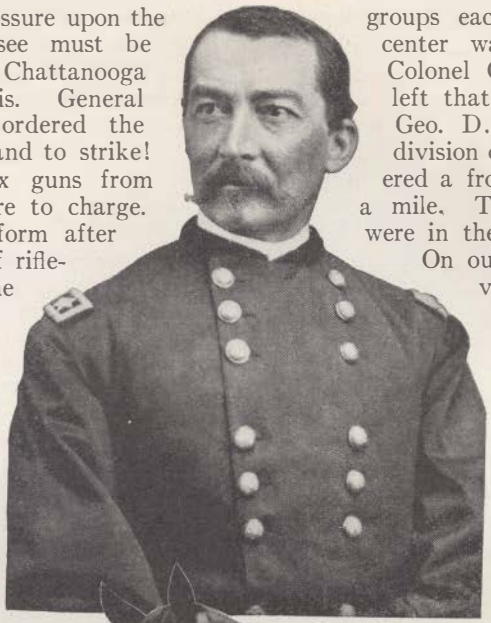
Yet dawn came—"snappy-cold" and clear as crystal—and then sunrise, and still no orders. Long before the sun rose from behind Missionary every eye had turned toward Lookout Mountain. While the valley still was in dusky shadow the first rays of sunlight struck across the dark gulf, touched Lookout's summit, and shone full upon the Stars and Stripes! During the night the enemy had retreated, and ere earliest dawn Hooker's men had raised our flag on Lookout Point.

From the left arose the roar of the Army of the Tennessee's renewed battle. And still inactive we lay in our trenches waiting in a torment of suspense and impatience. Generals Grant and Thomas, Granger and others took up position on Orchard Knob from which the entire field could be seen. Their presence made the coming charge seem yet more imminent. In front of us the crest of the Ridge stood out sharply against the bright sky, and now along this crest there marched the two divisions that so lately had been on Lookout. All night long they had marched and now they were going into action against Sherman. I am not sure now that we then knew what troops they were, but I dare say we surmised. On the Ridge directly in front of our Division stood the Thurman House, now General Bragg's headquarters. What a coming and going of furious-riding aides! With our glasses we could see them dash up, fling themselves from their horses and rush into the house, only to reappear a moment later and go furiously galloping away again. As the battle with the Army of the Tennessee grew fiercer and fiercer, column after column of the enemy wheeled into line and went hurrying along the Ridge crest—an almost endless procession of brightly shining muskets and tossing, bright-hued battle-flags. In momentary lulls we caught the rumble and clatter of batteries galloping northward to bear upon the assaulting Army of the Tennessee.

Noon came. One o'clock; two o'clock; three o'clock; the sun of the short November day was low over Lookout Mountain; the day was almost done. And still no sign of Hooker; every ear was straining for the sound of his guns at Rossville at the farther end of the Ridge. When his attack should draw off troops from in front of Sherman and from the center (that is, in our front) then the Army of the Cumberland would charge. (Hooker, we were to learn, had been blocked four hours by Chattanooga Creek whose bridge had been burned by those Confederates retreating from Lookout Mountain). Since sunrise assault after assault by the Army of the Tennessee had failed; their fire was dwindling; Hooker's attack could no longer

be awaited, for the pressure upon the Army of the Tennessee must be relieved. The battle of Chattanooga had reached its crisis. General Grant peremptorily ordered the Army of the Cumberland to strike!

At a signal of six guns from Orchard Knob we were to charge. The order was to re-form after taking the first line of rifle-pits. Already, at the earliest sign of our preparation for the coming assault, the Confederates began rushing troops from their left—the south end of the Ridge, where Hooker should have been attacking—into their intrenchments in front of us. We watched them coming along the crest at the double, their colors flying—every moment, more of them! It was curious to be watching so passively the men whom we were so soon to be fighting, probably hand to hand. The General sent Captain Ransom at a mad gallop to General Granger for confirmation of the order. To *stop* in the first trenches in such a fire as that which would be poured upon us! It could not be! Scarcely had Ransom left when —Boom, boom—boom, boom, boom—boo-m: the signal! Twenty thousand men rose from their places and swept forward to take and hold an untenable position.



PHOTOS FROM THE FREDERICK H. MESERVE COLLECTION

General Sheridan, impatient before battle, was cool in action.

"Fighting Joe" Hooker.

To the civilian a line of battle is a row, or perhaps a double row, of shoulder-touching soldiers. Now this is the manner in which that great battle-line moved: Our Division's right, for example (though in the other brigades the number of regiments varied), was Colonel Francis T. Sherman's brigade of nine regiments; it moved with a front of three regiments, between each regiment a small gap; in each regiment were ten companies, separated from each other by lesser gaps; each company moved in front and rear ranks. Behind the first three regiments a wide space, then behind them, three regiments; a wide space, then three regiments more. Thus Colonel Sherman's brigade moved in six parallel lines (three pairs) of thirty groups each! Our Division's center was the brigade of Colonel Chas. G. Harker; our left that of Brigadier-General Geo. D. Wagner. Our one division of three brigades covered a front of more than half a mile. Three other divisions were in the charge besides ours. On our right, a wide interval, then Johnson's Division; on our left, a wide interval, then Wood's; to the left of Wood's, an interval, then the division of General Absalom Baird. In front of all, of course, was a double line of skirmishers. Yet the effect, seemingly so broken up, from end to end of this battle-line of four divisions, was that of long, regular lines of surf sweeping in upon a cliff. Would they surge over it, or would they be hurled back? The Army of the Cumberland charged.

Looked down upon from the Ridge it must have been a sight to inspire terror, awe. Looked at from my position it was magnificent; a sight to live as long as memory lasts. Far out in front, the thin, swift-moving double line of skirmishers; then a wide, empty space in which moved only two men—General Sheridan and an orderly; the General on his great, black horse, Rienzi, a proud, stately horse moving at a swift walk without curvettings and prancings and giving no hint of excitement except the switching of its tail. In our Division General Sheridan and his orderly were the only men on horseback. On either hand as far as eye could see swept forward, faster and faster, twenty thousand glittering bayonets — surf-like lines of silver against bright blue, topped by more than four-score regimental battle-flags that whipped out straight from their staffs in the sharp breeze. There was not a cheer, not a sound except the loud jangle of accouterments and the deep rumble of forty thousand feet rhythmically falling upon frozen ground. Then from Missionary Ridge rose such a roar as no man may describe in a way that will be understood by those who, themselves, have not heard. The ground trembled. Even in the midst of that terrific roaring could be heard as an undercurrent the hiss and buzz of thousands upon thousands of invisible missiles.

What a man tells of a charge is that which an inner consciousness has retained and later gives back to him. The brain is a succession of photographic plates, automatically exposed, but which must be developed afterward. After the first clutch at the heart lessens there is no time to think, no instant when the confusion does not all but overwhelm.

Since the General would not permit to ride with him a large target of mounted officers to draw the especial fire of the enemy, Lieutenants Moore and Allen and I and a group of orderlies dismounted by the General's orders and followed at the rear of Colonel Harker's brigade. Our orders were to rejoin the General at the first line of Confederate intrenchments; we had only to lead — or drag — our horses, keep our footing over the rough ground, and keep up with the charge. In front of a great part of General Baird's, and the whole of General Wood's, Divisions was an almost unbroken growth of young timber up to the crest of the Ridge, but in front of us there was only a narrow belt of open woods beyond which was a shelterless plain. In front of the first line of the enemy's rifle-pits was a broad abattis—trees felled with the branches toward us; above, the Ridge, almost bare of trees, rose rough and steep, four or five hundred feet high. The moment our line burst out of the thin belt of timber the inferno seemed to double and treble in volume; from behind us rolled the deep bass roar of our own siege-guns in Chattanooga firing over our heads at the Ridge. So terrible was the din, so deafening, that men must shriek their words to be understood by those whose elbows touched them. The Ridge seemed to have disintegrated and to be rising in whirling clouds of smoke, but from our ranks not a shot was fired. Nor was there any dust. We ran in clear air and brilliant, sparkling sunshine.

DARKNESS fell; the mist entirely cleared away, and in the crisp, still air the camp-fires spangled the valley and the sides and crests of Lookout and Missionary in seemingly countless thousands. Hour after hour artillery continued its loud roaring, but slowly, sullenly; pickets "sniped" each other by starlight; little by little the firing fell away; the camp-fire embers died; midnight brought silence, and, for the exhausted men upon Lookout and upon the north slope of Missionary, sleep; but for the highly wrought men of the Army of the Cumberland there was only the most fitful slumber. For there, in front of and above us, lay the unshaken enemy; Sherman's attack had thus far failed; Hooker's capture of Lookout had had no effect upon the issue: on Missionary Ridge the enemy held like granite. Every man in the Army of the Cumberland knew that, as inevitable as sunrise, we, on the morrow, would be called upon to charge up Missionary Ridge.

The crossing of that plain was a matter of minutes; it was only two-thirds of a mile. Even veterans will duck and dodge now and again, in intrenchments, when a shell (sometimes even a bullet) seems to be coming straight for them; there was no ducking or dodging here! If you were to be hit you would be hit; you had good luck or you had bad luck; whichever way it went it was the will of God, and there was no getting round it. So every man just ran as fast as he could (and still preserve the alignment), for the quicker we got there the sooner it would be over with, and each of us would have done anything to get out of that missile-swept plain. The time did not seem long; it did not seem short; time ceased to exist; we just ran and ran, and presently those of us who were alive and unhurt were there!

The first line of intrenchments was carried by just nothing at all but the weight and momentum of thousands of human bodies. So swift was the charge that the Confederate skirmishers and our own skirmish line were rolled upon and over by the first rank of our battle-line, and together they all swept over the intrenchments while the second and third ranks and we aides were still out in the plain. Some few of the Confederates had scampered for dear life up the face of the Ridge for the second line of intrenchments, but the most of them had flung down their weapons and raised their hands in surrender before those thousands of bayonets could reach them. I remember these would-be Confederate prisoners! The "prisoners," having been ordered to the rear, came tearing toward us; there was not a sign of a guard with them! By some oversight no provost-guard had been detailed, and so, prisoners being the business of nobody in particular, nobody gave a thought to them, or of anything else except to get himself out of that murderous fire. The nearer you got to the enemy the safer you were, for the Confederates on the Ridge-crest were firing a little high to avoid hitting their own men in the midway intrenchments. Thus the prisoners seeking our rear were every instant in greater danger of being shot in the back by their own men; the further out from the captured lines they got the greater was their danger and the faster they ran! A large group of them, seeing that we were officers, made for us aides. As they neared us they yelled, without slackening speed, "Where shall we go? Where shall we go?" And we, not knowing or caring where they were to go, so only that they did not detain us an instant longer out in that fire, gestured with our thumbs toward Chattanooga, and yelled: "Go that way! Go that way!" Without the loss of a stride we passed each other in mid-plain, every man of us running as fast as the Lord let him!

THE battle of Chattanooga had reached its crisis. General Grant peremptorily ordered the Army of the Cumberland to strike! Twenty thousand men rose from their places and swept forward to take and hold an untenable position. On either hand as far as eye could see swept forward, faster and faster, twenty thousand glittering bayonets—surf-like lines of silver against bright blue, topped by more than fourscore regimental battle-flags that whipped out straight from their staffs in the sharp breeze. There was not a cheer, not a sound except the loud jangle of accouterments and the deep rumble of forty thousand feet rhythmically falling upon frozen ground. Then from Missionary Ridge rose such a roar as no man may describe in a way that will be understood by those who, themselves, have not heard.

Still another incident I remember of that charge across the shelterless plain. I remember seeing—though at the time I was but vaguely conscious that I saw—no less than six, and I think it was seven, battleflags pitch forward only to be caught up by brave hands that we could not see, ere they could touch the ground.

The charge was by no means over yet. We hugged the captured intrenchments and the face of the Ridge itself as closely as we could hug them, but on all sides men were being killed by dozens.

I do not know how long this lasted—not

more than a very few minutes—before one of the strangest things took place that ever occurred in any battle in any war. The *men* began to charge! No one ordered them up the face of Missionary. There was a sudden stirring, then a surge, then in a moment every man was scrambling up the hill. It was just that they felt that, inactive, they could not stay there and endure such a fire; they would not retreat; and, besides, just above them were the very men who had defeated them at Chickamauga. The private soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland again charged!

General Fullerton, our corps commander's chief of staff, who was on Orchard Knob, writes of what took place on the Knob:

As soon as this movement was seen from Orchard Knob, Grant quickly turned to Thomas, who stood by his side, and I heard him say, angrily, "Thomas, who ordered those men up the ridge?" Thomas replied in his usual slow, quiet manner: "I don't know; I did not." Then, addressing General Gordon Granger, he said, "Did you order them up, Granger?" "No," said Granger; "they started up without orders. When those fellows get started all hell can't stop them." General Grant said something to the effect that somebody would suffer if it did not turn out well, and then, turning, stoically watched the ridge. He gave no further orders.

As soon as Granger had replied to Thomas, he turned to me, his chief-of-staff, and said, "Ride at once to Wood, and then to Sheridan, and ask them if they ordered their men up the ridge, and tell them, if they can take it, to push ahead." As I was mounting, Granger added: "It is hot over there and you may not get through. I shall send Captain Avery to Sheridan, and other officers after both of you." As fast as my horse could carry me, I rode first to General Wood, and delivered the message. "I didn't order them up," said Wood; "they started up on their own account and they are going up, too! Tell Granger, if we are supported, we will take and hold the ridge!" As soon as I reached General Wood, Captain Avery got to Sheridan, and delivered his message. "I didn't order them up," said Sheridan; "but we are going to take the ridge!"

The Army of the Cumberland took the Ridge! Captain Ransom had returned from Orchard Knob with the order that we were to take only the rifle-pits at the base, but by then the troops were already half-way up the hill. The whole battle-line was for the most part a series of regiments each in wedge shape—at each apex a battle-flag. It seemed a race of the flags up the Ridge. In half a dozen places the men simultaneously broke the Confederate line.

We leaped our horses over the parapet of the captured intrenchments into the midst of the wildest exultation that ever I have seen upon a field of battle. Caps flung high in air; blankets whirled about heads; a din of bayonets tink-tinkling against canteens; everywhere men were smiting each other upon the back with great buffets of rough soldier-joy; everywhere were men sobbing and laughing with excitement, and essaying to cheer—rasped throats and lungs producing only hoarse yells and howlings. To be alive and unhurt, victorious, to have made such a charge—it was enough to fill any man's soul with mad rejoicing and triumph.

I glanced at my watch; it was twenty-five minutes past four. Only forty-five minutes had passed—less time than it takes to eat lunch—since we had heard the signal to charge! Almost thirty men a minute had fallen in our Division alone during that three-quarters of an hour: 123 officers and 1181 men.

But there was little time given us by General Sheridan for rejoicing. Our Division re-formed and pressed after the retreating Confederates. At the range of hills a mile and a half away came a sudden cooling to our hot pursuit: eight Confederate guns had been posted there with such supports as had been rallied. It was quite dark now. Only the flashes of cannon and musketry showed the positions of pursuer and pursued. The Confederate line held. Our flanking columns to right and left disappeared into the darkness to surround the hill-top. The moon rose from behind the hill—a seemingly huge moon, blood-red in the haze of powder-smoke. To us who watched there suddenly appeared one of our swiftly marching columns along the hill-crest—every man and musket and battle-flag silhouetted against the slowly rising, blood-red moon. The enemy, almost surrounded, dashed into his last retreat. More guns, more prisoners, more of his wagon-train fell into our hands.

A Business Man

IT WAS THE MOST VITAL MOMENT OF HIS LIFE—FOR IT TOUCHED THE HONOR OF HIS ONLY DAUGHTER—BUT HE WAS A BUSINESS MAN!

By Edgar Saltus

Author of "The Proper Thing," "Once Is Enough," "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

IN the ornate and brilliant room, when the songbirds had flown, the musicians had departed and the last guest, had gone, Duncan dropped into a chair, lit a cigar and looked at his daughter—a slim, low-breasted beauty.

To all New York, to all at least that counts, which numerically is not enormous, she had been hostess that night. Only Effingham had been absent. At thought of him a dizziness seized her, and as Duncan lit and looked, silently she crumpled. In that ornate and brilliant room she fell to the floor, her arms outstretched. It was as though death had touched her. She was ashen.

Duncan started. Old, cynical, astute, he loved her. Except for his millions, she was all he had. But now, before he could reach her, she turned, moaned. In a moment, assisted by him, she got to her knees, then to her feet.

"I'll send for Sturgis," he told her.

A hand to her head, she shook it, moved away.

"But Kate! You have never fainted before. You must see a doctor."

She had reached the door. "No, I'll go to bed. I suppose I am tired."

But she spoke without conviction. Duncan followed her to the wide tapestry-hung hall, saw her to the lift. Then, entering the library, he took up the telephone, called for the physician, got him, asked him to come.

Barring "Poor's Manual" and the "Financial Chronicle," the library was bookless. Yet not otherwise empty. The furniture and woodwork had come from the Grand Canal. One great chair was dogian. Before it, on a vast table was a winged figure, a Mercury, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, that bandit who had the hands of a fairy. It was not priceless, since Duncan had bought it, but it was in keeping with the rest of this house which gave on upper Fifth Avenue.

Now, it was not the Mercury that occupied him, but his daughter. Since childhood and its multitudinous ills, always he had seen her active, ardent, alert, the picture of health and beauty. And yet, two minutes since, after an evening not more tiresome than any other, she had fainted. For the moment he could but hope that she was not in for anything serious.

The year before she had come out. At once there were aspirants. Among others, Jack Scarlet, a young man abominably good-looking, but with nothing else to his credit and no credit elsewhere.

"No man can have my daughter, with my consent, unless he can support her," Duncan had told him, at which, Scarlet, after securing a berth in Wall Street, had returned to the charge. But Kate, who had laughed and danced with him, apparently wished to do nothing but that.

Meanwhile Solférino had put his modern, entirely authentic and equally non-existent principality at her feet. Hohenzolras had asked that she share with him the title of Serene Highness. Finsbury had offered the strawberry leaves.

In each instance the girl had laughed and refused. "I don't want to be duchess, I don't want to be princess," she told her father. "I want to be happy."

"That is the most selfish wish in the world," Duncan replied.

But the point of view pleased him. With his endless millions he had acquired the interior of palaces, the gems of galleries, the manuscripts of seers. Though a

financier, he had taste and he had flair. But crowns and coronets he did not regard as assets, and what assets were he knew. What is more notable, everybody knew that he knew. In the old boom days a tip from him was a fortune, and so clearly that when Scarlet secured the berth in Wall Street, he got it by whispering, confidentially of course, that as Duncan's future son-in-law he would be provided and amply with just such tips.

Duncan, who knew all that was going on and a good deal that was not, learned of the trick. The effrontery of it amused him. But it hardly heightened the young man in his esteem.

Now, as he sat in the library, he pressed a button. A footman appeared.

"Dr. Sturgis will be here in a moment. When he comes, take him to Miss Duncan and say with my compliments that I would like a word with him before he goes."

"Thank you, sir."

Duncan was again alone, but his thoughts were many. He had scented that the time to buy had come. Stocks, after their long agony, might go lower. But he never tried to get in at the bottom, precisely as he never waited to unload at the top. Presently stocks would, he felt, be selling at double their present quotations and his instinct regarding them was due to a prescience that had enabled him to foresee in a harlequinade at Washington, the panic, rebound and slump that ensued. He had been a bear ever since. Now that everything was at its blackest, he saw the light.

"Dr. Sturgis, sir," the footman announced.

Duncan, without rising, nodded. "Nothing wrong upstairs, eh?"

The confessor of all New York—of all, that is, that counts—Dr. Sturgis had a pointed beard and a manner which if not ecclesiastic was at least sedate.

"Nothing abnormal," he replied.

Duncan smiled. He had hoped as much. "And what did you prescribe?"

Sturgis plucked at his beard. "There is no need for any prescription—at present."

"At present!" Duncan surprisedly repeated.

Sturgis turned. "Good night, Mr. Duncan."

The hall engulfed him. It was long and wide. Before he reached the outer door, Duncan was telephoning to Kate.

In her stead, a maid answered. Miss Duncan had gone to bed.

But though the girl had gone to bed, she had not gone to sleep. Sleep, latterly, had been long in coming. Not until morning would it take her, lull her, free her from herself, from the knowledge of that which was and of that which was to be.

At Newport, that summer, love had swum into her life. Hitherto she had but laughed and danced while awaiting the heart's desire which happiness is and which then Effingham had brought her.

Effingham was a widower with no tombstone to show. His wife, dead to him, to the world and to herself, was insane. But the fact had little weight with Kate, and prudence as much meaning as it has for children and for gods. There might have been a hundred Mrs. Effinghams. Love in swimming into her heart swept every other consideration away. Now and again in thinking of it all, she recalled a picture which she had somewhere seen. Entitled "Le Vertige," it showed men and women in a ballroom, and behind a slender screen, two others embracing. Their *vertige* had been hers—and his. Only—some day, the screen must fall away.

Now, on this night, after Sturgis had appeared, questioned and gone, she saw another picture, one that had come to her just before she had fainted, the vision of a man with the face of a soldier and the eyes of a poet, that irresistible compound of the resolute and the magnetic which was Effingham's.

Then her father had telephoned. The picture faded, another surged—an engraving in a Victorian novel which represented an old man standing on a threshold and bidding a huddling girl begone!

Meanwhile, below, in the bookless library, her father sat. He too had his pictures. Kate's mother who had died long since. Kate as a child, Kate as a young girl, Kate as a débutante, Kate dismissing Scarlet, Kate renouncing coronets, Kate refusing the strawberry leaves, Kate wanting only to be happy. There were these. There were others. In particular, a Newport vista in which together stood Kate and Effingham. Now the silent collapse, the ambiguousness of Sturgis and at once with that insight which had made Duncan

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

In the ornate drawing room she stood, a slim, low-breasted beauty. To all New York, to all at least that counts, she had been hostess that night. Only Effingham had been absent. It was now, at thought of him, that dizziness seized her.

what he was, he knew. The front door had not closed on Sturgis before he saw it all.

Passionless as algebra, devoid of nerves, accustomed in any crisis to think and to act, he rang, gave directions, had himself lifted to his rooms, from which, the next morning, mentally armed, he descended to the library again.

Always in Wall Street before the opening, he had intended on this morning to be there earlier still. There were brokers to be summoned, orders to be given, details to be arranged. Instead of which, telephoning to his office that he might not be down that day, he sent for Kate.

When presently, languid and lovely in a honey-colored gown, she appeared, he got up, motioned to the chair in which a doge had throned, closed the door, took another seat, looked at the girl and smiled.

"How did you sleep?"

Kate, settling herself, answered absently: "Fairly well, father. And you?"

"Oh, as usual. Now I want to have a talk with you."

Kate who had been looking down, looked up. "About what, father?"

"About myself, of course. What do people ever want to talk about? But incidentally a little too about you. Now Kate, things have not been going very well lately, have they?"

Kate flushed. "In what way do you mean?"

"I mean that when things do not go well, ignorant people always blame some one else, sensible people blame themselves and wise people blame nobody. A wise man knows that whatever happens, happens because it had to happen and because it could not happen otherwise. Do you follow me?"

Confusedly Kate sat back. "Yes—no. I mean not quite."

Duncan nodded at her. "I will put it more clearly then. We all make mistakes. You may have also made them. In that case I shall not blame you. On the contrary. The only punishment a father should inflict is forgiveness."

Kate turned uneasily. Was it possible, she wondered, that he knew—and already! "But punishment for what?" she got out.

"Well—for remaining single. Now I want you to marry and to marry Scarlet. Will you?"

Kate straightened. "Certainly not."

"It will be a bit awkward then. It will mean going abroad and for the moment I had other plans."

Kate now was crimson. She knew he knew. In miserable protest she half-raised a hand. "But—"

"Oh," he got in. "I know you don't care for Scarlet. He is a damned scoundrel. It is for that reason I selected him."

"But—"

"Precisely. He will treat you badly. You can leave him. I will get you a divorce and afterward it may be that you will meet some one with whom you can be happy and for me at least it is not selfish to want you to be that."

"But—"

"There! I understand how you feel. Leave it all to me. I am a business man. But in every business man's stock-in-trade there is, or ought to be, honesty and my honesty in regard to you will surprise Scarlet. But he is blackguard enough to thank his stars for even that opportunity of getting a quid pro quo in cash."

Kate had shriveled. Pay a man to marry me! she tormentedly thought. But before she could protest again, nervously she started.

At the door a tap had come, low and discreet, and a footman appeared with a card on a tray which he brought to Duncan.

Duncan took the card, looked at it, looked again and from it looked at the footman.

"Where is he?"

"In the drawing-room, sir."

Duncan turned to Kate. "'Poor's Manual' is at your elbow. It is one of the most diverting books ever printed. You might occupy yourself with it until I return."

As he spoke, he got up, followed the servant, crossed the wide tapestried hall and entered the ornate, but now less brilliant room, in the center of which stood Effingham.

In similar circumstances there are fathers who would have reviled him, struck him, thrown him from the house. In places less ornate, he might have been cowhided, strangled, shot.

Duncan asked him to be seated. But the asking was accompanied by a look which was chill and pointed as a rapier.

With unswerving eyes, that look Effingham returned. "Mr. Duncan, I am sorry to trouble you. In coming here I asked

for Miss Duncan. I was told she was engaged."

Duncan nodded. "Well, what of it?"

For a second Effingham considered the question. Then out the answer came. "Mr. Duncan, I am here to ask your daughter—"

Instantly Duncan got it. But what he said was: "We are not in Salt Lake."

Effingham made a gesture. "Forgive me. I should have told you. Mrs. Effingham died yesterday. Though in her condition she has been dead so long that—"

On with it he rambled. Duncan had ceased to hear, ceased rather to listen. The large fact occupied him. It overshadowed Scarlet, Europe as well, besides being just the thing. Mentally he waved it. But he said and simply enough: "And you want my daughter, is that it?"

Effingham bowed. "A year's delay is usual I know, but in the circumstances—"

Duncan, hastily swallowing something, caught him up. "Am I to understand that my daughter has already encouraged you?"

It was but a sprat for a mackerel, which at once Effingham produced.

"Not at all, sir. On the contrary. Moreover I have not been in a position to expect encouragement. But I had thought that with a divorce—one which death has unexpectedly granted—I might ask."

You are a cool customer, Duncan thought. Yet the decency of it appeased him. "Well?" he threw out.

"I believe you knew my father," Effingham resumed.

But that was coals to Newcastle. Duncan had not only known him, he knew practically to a dime how much he had left.

"I am quite able to support your daughter," Effingham continued. "If—"

There shall be no ifs, Duncan decided. But he said: "There is an if in everything. My daughter has refused many offers, some perhaps more advantageous than yours. But I do not believe in interference."

"I have your consent then?"

Duncan stood up, took out his watch, looked at it, put it back and looked at Effingham.

"You will find my daughter in the library. But I have to go. It is after the opening and I am a business man."

The Undertone

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

WHEN I was very young I used to feel the dark despairs of youth;
Out of my little griefs I would invent great tragedies and woes;
Not only for myself, but for all those I held most dear
I would invent vast sorrows, in my melancholy moods of thought.
Yet down deep, deep in my heart there was an undertone of rapture;
It was like a voice from some other world calling softly to me,
Saying things joyful.

As I grew older, and Life offered bitter gall for me to drink,
Forcing it through clenched teeth when I refused to take it willingly,
When Pain prepared some special anguish for my heart to bear,
And all the things I longed for seemed to be wholly beyond my reach——
Yet down deep, deep in my heart there was an undertone of rapture.
It was like a Voice, a Voice from some other world calling to me,
Bringing glad tidings.

Now when I look about me, and see the great injustices of men,
See Idleness and Greed waited upon by luxury and mirth,
See prosperous Vice ride by in state, while footsore Virtue walks;
Now when I hear the cry of need rise up from lands of shameful wealth——
Yet down deep, deep in my heart there is an undertone of rapture.
It is like a Voice—it is a Voice—calling to me and saying
Love rules triumphant.

Now when each mile-post on the path of life seems marked by headstones,
And one by one dear faces that I loved are hid away from sight;
Now when in each familiar home I see a vacant chair,
And in the throngs once formed of friends I meet unrecognizing eyes——
Yet down deep, deep in my heart there is an undertone of rapture.
It is the Voice, it is the Voice forever saying unto me:
"Life is Eternal!"

The Sea Gangsters

A MODERN TALE OF LOVE, MUTINY AND FATE ABOARD THE GOOD SHIP "ELSINORE"

By Jack London

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "Smoke Bellew," "John Barleycorn," etc.

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

SYNOPSIS: Out from Baltimore, down across the Four Seas swings the good ship *Elsinore*, under canvas, with a "bug-house" crew, and one woman, and one passenger who was trying to get away from it all—including woman. Pathurst was the passenger, he and his Japanese valet, Wada. Sick of life and his successes, he had engaged passage with the understanding that there would be no women aboard. Yet there was one: Margaret West, the captain's daughter. Then came his debate with himself: go ashore or stick it out? "Stay," she said, and he did. So far so good, but there was the crew; in all the world there never was a worse one. Every last mother's son had something wrong with him. "Hell's broth, itself," muttered Mr. Pike, the man-driving old first mate; but he was sure he could knock seamanship into them. And he proceeded to do it, literally. Right then and there a little mutiny started, but Pike jumped in and let fly with both fists, and the mutiny ended flat on its back on the deck. A weird beginning indeed! Even Mr. Mellaire, the suave second mate, with a ghastly scar on his head, filled the passenger with dread of disaster to come. Captain West remained indifferent. Not less callous was his beautiful daughter and more and more she seemed to Pathurst like the typical huntress of men, claiming and taking all. Mutiny was brewing among the crew; Pathurst knew it and dared do nothing but wait—while Miss West took possession of his leisure and made him admire her. Made him, for "was she not a woman, and weren't women the end of all men's desires; weren't they?" A startling voyage it was for Pathurst! On the one hand was Miss West; on the other, the gangster crew and the two mates—Mr. Mellaire with that hidden scar; and Mr. Pike who had given his oath to break the man with such a scar if he found him. Then one night Pathurst discovered that Mr. Mellaire and the man Mr. Pike was searching for were one and the same. Together in the night-watch the three stood while Pike told the tale that revealed the identity to Pathurst. This was the reason why, when Pathurst went to his stateroom, Mr. Mellaire followed him.

A Man's Whims

MR. MELLAIRE pressed his finger warningly to his lips. Not until he was beside my bunk did he speak, and then it was in a whisper. Before he spoke I knew what he intended to say, hardier than he might well have feared the threat Mr. Pike had just made against him on deck, blind though the threat was.

"I beg your pardon, sir, Mr. Pathurst . . . I—I beg your pardon; but, you see, sir, I was just passing, and seeing you awake . . . I thought it would not inconvenience you to . . . you see, I thought I might just as well prefer a small favor . . . seeing that I would not inconvenience you, sir . . . I . . .I . . ."

I waited for him to proceed, and in the pause that ensued, while he licked his dry lips with his tongue, the thing ambushed in his skull peered at me through his eyes and seemed almost on the verge of leaping out and pouncing upon me.

"Well, sir," he began again, this time more coherently, "it 's just a little thing—foolish on my part, of course—a whim, so to say—but you will remember, near the beginning of the voyage, I showed you a scar on my head . . . a really small affair, sir, which I contracted in a misadventure. It amounts to a deformity, which it is my fancy to conceal. Nor for worlds, sir, would I care to have Miss West, for instance, know that I carried such a deformity. A man is a man, sir—you understand—and you have not spoken of it to her?"

"No," I replied. "It just happens that I have not."

"Nor to anybody else?—to, say, Captain West?—or, say, Mr. Pike?"

"No, I haven't mentioned it to anybody," I averred.

He could not conceal the relief he experienced. The perturbation went out of his face and manner, and the ambushed thing drew back deeper into the recess of his skull.

"The favor, sir, Mr. Pathurst, that I would prefer is that you will not mention that little matter to anybody. I suppose" (he smiled, and his voice was superlatively suave) "it is vanity on my part—you understand, I am sure."

I nodded, and made a restless movement with my book as evidence that I desired to resume my reading.

"I can depend upon you for that, Mr. Pathurst?"

His whole voice and manner had changed. It was practically a command, and I could almost see fangs, bared and menacing, sprouting in the jaws of that thing I fancied dwelt behind his eyes.

"Certainly," I answered coldly.

"Thank you, sir—I thank you," he said, and, without more ado, tiptoed from the room.

Of course I did not read. How could I? Nor did I sleep. My mind ran on, and on, and not until the steward brought my coffee, shortly before five, did I sink into my first doze.

One thing is very evident. Mr. Pike does not dream that the murderer of Captain Somers is on board the *Elsinore*. He has never glimpsed that prodigious fissure that clefts Mr. Mellaire's, or, rather, Sidney Waltham's, skull. And I, for one, shall never tell Mr. Pike. And I know, now, why from the very first I disliked the second mate. And I understand that live thing, that other thing, that lurks within and peers out through the eyes. I have recognized the

Miss West, her eyes still heavy with sleep, her hair glorious, and for once ungroomed, clinging in the doorway that gave entrance on the main cabin, met my startled gaze with an equally startled gaze. "Why," she said; "come right in."

same thing in the three gangsters for'ard. Like the second mate, they are prison birds. The restraint, and secrecy, and iron control of prison life has developed in all of them terrible other selves.

Yes, and another thing is very evident. On board this ship, driving now through the South Atlantic for the winter passage of Cape Horn, are all the elements of sea tragedy and horror. We are freighted with human dynamite that is liable at any moment to blow our tiny floating world to fragments.

The Issues of Struggle

THE days slip by. The Southeast trade is brisk, and small splashes of sea occasionally invade my open ports. Mr. Pike's room was soaked yesterday. This is the most exciting thing that has happened for some time. The gangsters rule in the forecastle. Larry and Shorty have had a harmless fight. The hooks continue to burn in Mulligan Jacob's brain. Charles Davis resides alone in his little steel room, coming out only to get his food from the galley. Miss West plays and sings, doctors Possum, launders, and is forever otherwise busy with her fancy work. Mr. Pike runs the phonograph every other evening in the second dog-watch. Mr. Mellaire hides the cleft in his head. I keep his secret. And Captain West, more remote than ever, sits in the draft of wind in the twilight cabin.

We are now thirty-seven days at sea, in which time, until to-day, we have not sighted a vessel. And to-day, at one time, no less than six vessels were visible from the deck. Not until I saw these ships was I able thoroughly to realize how lonely this ocean is.

Mr. Pike tells me we are several hundred miles off the South American coast. And yet, only the other day, it seems, we were scarcely more distant from Africa. A big velvety moth fluttered aboard this morning, and we are filled with conjecture. How possibly could it have come from the South American coast these hundreds of miles in the teeth of the trades?

The Southern Cross has been visible of course for weeks; the North Star has disappeared behind the bulge of the earth, and the Great Bear, at its highest, is very low. Soon, it, too, will be gone, and we shall be raising the Magellan Clouds.

I remember the fight between Larry and Shorty. Wada reports that Mr. Pike watched it for some time, until, becoming incensed at their awkwardness, he clouted both of them with his open hands and made them stop, announcing that until they could make a better showing he intended to do all the fighting on the *Elsinore* himself.

It is a feat beyond me to realize that he is sixty-nine years old. And when I look at the tremendous build of him and at his fearful, man-handling hands, I conjure up a vision of him avenging Captain Somers' murder.

Life is cruel. Amongst the *Elsinore's* five thousand tons of coal are thousands of rats. There is no way for them to get out of their steel-walled prison, for all the ventilators are guarded with stout wire-mesh. On the previous voyage, loaded with barley, they increased and multiplied. Now they are imprisoned in the coal, and cannibalism is what must occur among them. Mr. Pike says that when we reach Seattle there will be a dozen or a score of survivors, huge fellows, the strongest and fiercest. Sometimes, passing the mouth of one ventilator that is in the after wall of the chart-room, I can hear their plaintive squealing and crying from far beneath in the coal.

Other and luckier rats are in the 'tween decks for'ard where all the spare suits of sails are stored. They come out and run about the deck at night, steal food from the galley, and lap up the dew. Which reminds me that Mr. Pike will no longer look at Possum. It seems, under his suggestion, that Wada trapped a rat in the donkey-engine room. Wada swears that it was the father of all rats, and that, by actual measurement, it scaled eighteen inches from nose to the tip of tail. Also, it seems that Mr. Pike and Wada, with the door shut in the former's room, pitted the rat against Possum, and that Possum was licked. They were compelled to kill the rat themselves, while Possum, when all was over, lay down and had a fit.

Now Mr. Pike abhors a coward, and his disgust with Possum is profound. He no longer plays with the puppy, nor even speaks to him, and, whenever he passes him on the deck, glowers sourly at him.

I have been reading up the South Atlantic Sailing Directions, and I find that we are now entering the most beautiful sunset region in the world. And this evening

we were favored with a sample. I was in my quarters, overhauling my books, when Miss West called to me from the foot of the chart-house stairs:

"Mr. Pathurst!—come quick! Oh, do come quick! You can't afford to miss it!"

Half the sky, from the zenith to the western sea-line, was an astonishing sheet of pure, pale, even gold. And through this sheen, on the horizon, burned the sun, a disk of richer gold. The gold of the sky grew more golden, then tarnished before our eyes and began to glow faintly with red. As the red deepened, a mist spread over the whole sheet of gold and the burning yellow sun. Turner was never guilty of so audacious an orgy in gold-mist.

Presently, along the horizon, entirely completing the circle of sea and sky, the tight-packed shapes of the trade wind clouds began to show through the mist; and as they took form they spilled with rose-color at their upper edges, while their bases were a pulsing, bluish-white. I say it advisedly. All the colors of this display *pulsed*.

As the gold-mist continued to clear away, the colors became garish, bold; the turquoise went into greens and the roses turned to the red of blood. And the purple and indigo of the long swells of sea were bronzed with the color-riot in the sky, while across the water, like gigantic serpents, crawled red and green sky-reflections. And then all the gorgeousness quickly dulled, and the warm, tropic darkness drew about us.

This *Elsinore* is truly the ship of souls, the world in miniature; and, because she is such a small world, cleaving this vastitude of ocean as our larger world cleaves space, the strange juxtapositions that continually occur are startling enough to arouse even an unconcerned observer.

For instance, this afternoon on the poop! Let me describe it. Here was Miss West, in a crisp duck sailor-suit, immaculately white, open at the throat, while, under the broad collar, was knotted a man-of-war black silk neckerchief. Her dark smooth-groomed hair, a trifle rebellious in the breeze, was glorious. And here was I, in white ducks, white shoes and white silk shirt, as immaculate and well tended as she. The steward was just bringing the pretty tea service for Miss West, and in the background Wada hovered with persistent attention ever so subtly unobtrusive.

We had been discussing philosophy—or, rather, I had been feeling her out; and from a sketch of Spinoza's anticipations of the modern mind, through the speculative interpretations of the latest achievements in physics of Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Ramsay, I had come, as usual, to De Casseres, whom I was quoting, when Mr. Pike snarled orders to the watch then on duty.

"In this rise into the azure of pure perception, attainable only by a very few human beings, the spectacular sense is born," I was quoting. "Life is no longer good or evil. It is a perpetual play of forces without beginning or end. The freed Intellect merges itself with the World-Will and partakes of its essence, which is not a moral essence but an esthetic essence. . . ."

Under the Eye of a Mistress

AND at this moment the watch swarmed on the poop to haul on the port braces of the mizzen skysail, royal and topgallant-sail. The sailors passed us, or toiled close to us, with lowered eyes. They did not look at us, so far removed from them were we. It was this contrast that caught my fancy. Here were the high and low, slaves and masters, beauty and ugliness, cleanness and filth. Their feet were bare and scaled with patches of tar and pitch. Their unbathed bodies were garmented in the meanest of clothes, dingy, dirty, ragged and sparse. Each one had on but two garments—dungaree trousers and a shoddy cotton shirt.

And we, in our comfortable deck-chairs, our two servants at our backs, the quintessence of elegant leisure, sipped delicate tea from beautiful, fragile cups, and looked on at these wretched ones whose labor made possible the journey of our little world within the rim of the circling seas.

We did not speak to them, nor recognize their existence, any more than would they have dared speak to us.

And Miss West, with the appraising eye of a plantation mistress for the condition of her field slaves, looked them over carefully.

"You see how they have fleshed up," she said, as they coiled the last turns of the

ropes over the pins, and faded away for'ard off the poop. "It is the regular hours, the good weather, the hard work, the open air, the sufficient food and the absence of whisky. And they will keep in this fettle until they get off the Horn. And then you will see them go down from day to day. A winter passage of the Horn is always a severe strain on the men; it takes every bit of hardihood they possess.

"But then, once we are around and in the good weather of the Pacific, you will see them gain again from day to day. And when we reach Seattle, they will be in splendid shape. Only they will go ashore, drink up their wages in several days, and ship away on other vessels in precisely the same sodden, miserable condition that they were in when they sailed with us from Baltimore."

Two Watches for a Rag

JUST then Captain West came out the chart-house door, strolled by for a single turn up and down, and with a smile and a word for us, and an all-observant eye for the ship, the trim of her sails, the wind, and the sky and the weather promise, went back through the chart-house door—the blond Aryan master, the king, the Samurai. All the time I knew that I, too, was one of that conquering race.

And I finished sipping my tea of delicious and most expensive aroma, and our slant-eyed dark-skinned servitors carried the pretty gear away, and I read, continuing De Casseres:

"'Instinct wills, creates, carries on the work of the species. The Intellect destroys, negatives, satirizes and ends in pure nihilism. Instinct creates life, endlessly, hurling forth profusely and blindly its clowns, tragedians and comedians. Intellect remains the eternal spectator of the play. It participates at will, but never gives itself wholly to the fine sport. The Intellect, freed from the trammels of the personal will, soars into the ether of perception, where Instinct follows it in a thousand disguises, seeking to draw it down to earth.'"

We are now south of Rio and working south. We are out of the latitude of the trades, and the wind is capricious. Rain squalls and wind squalls vex the *Elsinore*. One hour we may be rolling sickeningly in a dead calm, and the next hour we may be dashing fourteen knots through the water and taking off sail as fast as the men can clew up and lower away. A night of calm, when sleep is well-nigh impossible in the sultry muggy air, may be followed by a day of blazing sun and an oily swell from the south'ard connoting great gales in that area of ocean we are sailing toward—or all day long the *Elsinore*, under an overcast sky, royals and skysails furled, may plunge and buck under wind-pressure into a short and choppy head-sea.

And all this means work for the men. Taking Mr. Pike's judgment, they are very inadequate, though by this time they know the ropes. He growls and grumbles, and snorts and sneers, whenever he watches them doing anything. To-day, at eleven in the morning, the wind was so violent, continuing in greater gusts after having come in a great gust, that Mr. Pike ordered the mainsail taken off. The great crojack was already off. But the watch could not clew up the mainsail, and, after much vain singsonging and pull-hauling, the watch below was routed out to bear a hand.

"My God!" Mr. Pike groaned to me. "Two watches for a rag like that when half a decent watch could do it! Look at that preventer bosun of mine!"

Poor Nancy! He looks the saddest, sickest, bleakest creature I had ever seen. He was so wretched, so miserable, so helpless. And Sundry Buyers was just as impotent. The expression on his face was of pain and hopelessness, and, as he pressed his abdomen he lumbered futilely about, ever seeking something he might do and ever failing to find it. He pottered. He would stand and stare at one rope for a minute or so at a time, following it aloft with his eyes through the maze of ropes and stays and gears with all the intentness of a man working out an intricate problem. Then, holding his hand against his stomach, he would lumber on a few steps and select another rope for study.

"Oh dear, oh dear," Mr. Pike lamented. "How can one drive with bosuns like that and a crew like that? Just the same, if I was captain of this ship I'd drive 'em. I'd show 'em what drive was, if I had to lose a few of them. And when they grow weak off the Horn what'll we do? It'll

DRAWN BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Came the lightning, before us, behind us, on every side, bathing us in flame minutes at a time. Far aloft reached the black skeleton of spars and masts with sails removed; lower down, the sailors clung like monstrous bugs.

be both watches all the time, which will weaken them just that much the faster."

Evidently this winter passage of the Horn is all that one has been led to expect from reading the narratives of the navigators. Iron men like the two mates are very respectful of "Cape Stiff," as they call the uttermost tip of the American continent. Speaking of the two mates, iron-made and iron-mouthed that they are, it is amusing that in really serious moments both of them curse with "Oh dear, oh dear."

In the spells of calm I take great delight in the little rifle. I have already fired away five thousand rounds, and have come to consider myself an expert. Whatever the knack of shooting may be, I've got it. When I get back I shall take up target practice. It is a neat, deft sport.

Love Long Inherited

NOT only is Possum afraid of the sails and of rats, but he is afraid of rifle-fire, and at the first discharge goes yelping and ki-yi-ing below. The dislike Mr. Pike has developed for the poor little puppy is ludicrous. He even told me that if it were his dog he'd throw it overboard for a target. Just the same, he is an affectionate, heart-warming little rascal, and has already crept so deep into my heart that I am glad Miss West did not accept him.

And—oh!—he insists on sleeping with me on top of the bedding; a proceeding which has scandalized the mate. "I suppose he'll be using your toothbrush next," Mr. Pike growled at me. But the puppy loves my companionship, and is never happier than when on the bed with me. Yet the bed is not entirely paradise, for Possum is badly frightened when ours is the lee side and the seas pound and smash against the glass ports. Then the little beggar, electric with fear to every hair tip, crouches and snarls menacingly, and almost at the same time whimpers appeasingly at the storm-monster outside.

"Father *knows* the sea," Miss West said to me this afternoon. "He understands it, and he loves it."

"Or it may be habit," I ventured.

She shook her head.

"He does know it. And he loves it. That is why he has come back to it. All his people before him were sea-folk. His grandfather, Anthony West, made forty-six voyages between 1801 and 1847. And his father, Robert, sailed master to the Northwest Coast before the gold days, and was captain of some of the fastest Cape Horn clippers after the gold discovery. Elijah West, father's great-grandfather, was a privateersman in the Revolution. He commanded the armed brig *New Defense*. And, even before that, Elijah's father, in turn, and Elijah's father's father, were masters and owners on long-voyage merchant adventures.

"Anthony West, in 1813 and 1814, commanded the *David Bruce*, with letters of marque. He was half-owner, with Gracie & Sons as the other half-owners. She was a two-hundred-ton schooner, built right up in Maine. She carried a long eighteen pounder, two ten-pounders, and ten six-pounders, and she sailed like a witch. She ran the blockade off Newport and got away to the English Channel and the Bay of Biscay. And, do you know, though she only cost twelve thousand dollars all told, she took over three hundred thousand dollars of British prizes. A brother of his was on the *Wasp*.

"So you see, the sea is in our blood. She is our mother. As far back as we can trace, all our line was born to the sea." She laughed and went on. "We've pirates and slavers in our family, and all sorts of disreputable sea-rovers. Old Ezra West, just how far back I don't remember, was executed for piracy, and his body hung in chains at Plymouth.

"The sea is father's blood. And he knows, well, a ship, as you would know a dog or a horse. Every ship he sails has a distinct personality for him. I have watched him, in high moments, and *seen* him think. But oh! the times I have seen him when he does not think—when he *feels* and knows everything without thinking at all. Really, with all that appertains to the sea and ships, he is an artist. There is no other word for it."

"You think a great deal of your father," I remarked.

"He is the most wonderful man I have ever known," she replied. "Remember, you are not seeing him at his best. He has never been the same since mother's death. If ever a man and woman were one, they were." She broke off, then concluded abruptly. "You don't know him. You don't know him at all."

One evening, a few days after this talk, Captain West came to tell us: "I think we are going to have a fine sunset."

Miss West and I abandoned our rubber of cribbage and hastened on deck. The sunset had not yet come, but all was preparing. As we gazed, we could see the sky gathering the materials, grouping the gray clouds in long lines and towering masses, spreading its palette with slow-growing, glowing tints and sudden blobs of color.

"It's the Golden Gate!" Miss West cried, indicating the west. "See! We're just inside the harbor. Look to the south there. If that isn't the sky-line of San Francisco! There's the Call Building, and there, far down, the Ferry Tower, and surely that is the Fairmount." Her eyes roved back through the opening between the cloud masses, and she clapped her hands. "It's a sunset within a sunset! See! The Farallones!—swimming in a miniature orange and red sunset all their own. Isn't it the Golden Gate, and San Francisco, and the Farallones?" she appealed to Mr. Pike, who, leaning near, on the poop-rail, was divided between gazing sourly at Nancy pottering on the main deck and sourly at Possum, who, on the bridge, crouched with terror each time the crojack flapped emptily.

The mate turned his head and favored the sky picture with a solemn stare.

"Oh, I don't know," he growled. "It may look like the Farallones to you, but to me it looks like a battleship coming right in the Gate with a bone in its teeth at a twenty-knot clip."

Sure enough. The floating Farallones had metamorphosed into a giant warship.

Then came the color riot, the dominant tone of which was green. It was green, green, green—the blue green of the springing year, the sear and yellow green and tawny-brown green of autumn. There was orange green, gold green and a copper green. And all these greens were rich beyond description; and yet the richness and the greenness passed even as we gazed upon it, going out of the gray clouds and into the sea, which assumed the exquisite golden pink of polished copper, while the hollows of the smooth and silken ripples were touched by a most ethereal pea-green.

The gray clouds became a long, low swath of ruby red, or garnet red—such as one sees in a glass of heavy burgundy when held to the light. There was such depth to this red! And, below it, separated from the main color-mass by a line of gray-white fog, or line of sea, was another and smaller streak of ruddy-colored wine.

I strolled across the poop to the port side.

"Oh! Come back! Look! Look!" Miss West cried to me.

"What's the use?" I answered. "I've something just as good over here."

She joined me, and as she did so I noted a sour grin on Mr. Pike's face.

The eastern heavens were equally spectacular. That quarter of the sky was a sheer and delicate shell of blue, the upper portions of which faded, changed, through every harmony, into a pale, yet warm, rose, all trembling, palpitating, with misty blue tinting into pink. The reflection of this colored sky-shell upon the water made of the sea glimmering watered silk, all changeable blue, Nile-green and salmon-pink. It was silky, silken, a wonderful silk that veneered and flossed the softly moving, wavy water.

And the pale moon looked like a wet pearl gleaming through the tinted mist of the sky-shell.

Side by Side

IN the southern quadrant of the sky we discovered an entirely different sunset—would be accounted a very excellent orange-and-red sunset anywhere, with gray clouds hanging low and lighted and tinted on all their under edges.

"Huh!" Mr. Pike muttered gruffly, while we were exclaiming over our fresh discovery. "Look at the sunset I got here to the north. It ain't doing so badly now, I leave it to you."

And it wasn't. The northern quadrant was a great fan of color and cloud, that spread ribs of feathery pink, fleece-frilled, from the horizon to the zenith. It was all amazing. Four sunsets at the one time in the sky! Each quadrant glowed, and burned, and pulsed with a sunset distinctly its own.

And as the colors dulled in the slow twilight, the moon, still misty, wept tears of brilliant heavy silver into the dim lilac sea. And then came the hush of darkness and the night, and we came to ourselves, out of reverie, sated with beauty, leaning toward each other as we leaned upon the rail, side by side.

DRAWN BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The watch swarmed on the poop to haul on the port braces; passing, or toiling close to us, ness. Miss West, with the appraising interest of a plantation mistress for the condition

with lowered eyes. Here were the high and the low, slave and master, beauty and ugli-
of her field slaves, looked them over. "You see how they fleshed up?" she asked.

With a feeling softly akin to sadness yet not the pain itself we turned away to follow the Samurai below.

I never grow tired of watching Captain West. In a way he bears a sort of resemblance to several of Washington's portraits. He is six feet of aristocratic thinness, and has a very definite leisurely and stately grace of movement. His thinness is almost ascetic. In appearance and manner he is the perfect old-type New England gentleman.

He has the same gray eyes as his daughter, although his are genial rather than warm; and his eyes have the same trick of smiling. His skin is pinker than hers, and his brows and lashes are fairer. But he seems removed beyond passion, or even simple enthusiasm. Miss West is firm, like her father; but there is warmth in her firmness. He is clean, he is sweet and courteous; but he is coolly sweet, coolly courteous. With all his certain graciousness, in cabin or on deck, so far as his social equals are concerned, his graciousness is cool, elevated, thin.

He is the perfect master of the art of doing nothing. He never reads, except the Bible; yet he is never bored. Often, I note him in a deck-chair, studying his perfect finger-nails, and, I'll swear, not seeing them at all. Miss West says he loves the sea. And I ask myself a thousand times, "But how?" He shows no interest in any phase of the sea. Although he called our attention to the glorious sunset I have just described, he did not remain on deck to enjoy it. He sat below, in the big leather chair, not reading, not dozing, but merely gazing straight before him at nothing.

The days pass, and the seasons pass. We left Baltimore at the tail-end of winter, went into spring and on through summer, and now we are in fall weather and urging our way south to the winter of Cape Horn. And as we double the Cape and proceed north, we shall go through spring and summer—a long summer—pursuing the sun north through its declination and arriving at Seattle in summer. And all these seasons have occurred, and will have occurred, in the space of five months.

Our white ducks are gone, and, in south latitude thirty-five, we are wearing the garments of a temperate clime. I notice that Wada has given me heavier underclothes and heavier pajamas, and that Possum, of nights, is no longer content with the top of the bed but must crawl underneath the bedclothes.

We are now off the Plate, a region notorious for its big storms, and Mr. Pike is on the lookout for a pampero. Captain West does not seem to be on the lookout for anything; yet I notice that he spends longer hours on deck when the sky and barometer are threatening.

Yesterday, we had a hint of Plate weather and to-day an awesome fiasco of the same. The hint came last evening between the twilight and the dark. There was practically no wind, and the *Elsinore*, just maintaining steerage way by means of intermittent fans of air from the north, floundered exasperatingly in a huge glassy swell that rolled up as an echo from some blown-out storm to the south.

Ahead of us, arising with the swiftness of magic, was a dense slate-blackness. I suppose it was cloud-formation, but it bore no semblance to clouds. It was merely and sheerly a blackness that towered higher and higher until it overhung us, while it spread to right and left, blotting out half the sea.

Her Touch in the Storm Test

Still the light puffs from the north filled our sails; and still, as the *Elsinore* floundered on the huge, smooth swells and the sails emptied and flapped a hollow thunder, we moved slowly toward that ominous blackness. In the east, in what was quite distinctly an active thunder cloud, the lightning fairly winked, while the blackness in front of us was rent with blobs and flashes of lightning.

The last puffs left us, and in the hushes, between the rumbles of the nearing thunder, the voices of the men aloft on the yards came to one's ear as if they were right beside one instead of being hundreds of feet away and up in the air. That they were duly impressed by what was impending was patent from the earnestness with which they worked. Both watches toiled under both mates, and Captain West strolled the poop in his usual casual way and gave no orders at all, save in low conversational tones. Then Mr. Pike came upon the poop and conferred with him.

Miss West, having deserted the scene five minutes before, returned, a proper

sea-woman, clad in oilskins, sou'wester and long sea-boots. She ordered me, quite peremptorily, to do the same. But I could not bring myself to leave the deck for fear of missing something, so I compromised by having Wada bring my storm-gear to me.

And then the wind came, smack out of the blackness, with the abruptness of thunder and accompanied by the most diabolical thunder. And with the rain and thunder came the blackness. It was tangible. It drove past us in the bellowing wind like so much stuff that one could feel. Blackness as well as wind impacted on us. There is no other way to describe it than by the old, ancient old, way of saying, one could not see his hand before his face.

"Isn't it splendid!" Miss West shouted into my ear, close beside me, as we clung to the railing of the break of the poop.

"Superb!" I shouted back, my lips to her ear, so that her hair tickled my face.

And, I know not why—it must have been spontaneous with both of us—in that shouting blackness of wind, as we clung to the rail to avoid being blown away, our hands went out to each other, and my hand and hers gripped and pressed, and then held mutually to the rail.

"Daughter of Herodias," I commented grimly to myself; but my hand did not leave hers.

"What is happening?" I shouted in her ear.

"We've lost way," came her answer. "I think we're caught aback! The wheel's up, but she could not steer!"

The Gabriel voice of the Samurai rang out. "Hard over?" was his mellow storm-call to the man at the wheel. "Hard over, sir," came the helmsman's reply, vague, cracked with strain, and smothered.

Came the lightning, before us, behind us, on every side, bathing us in flaming minutes at a time. And all the while we were deafened by the unceasing uproar of thunder. It was a weird sight—far aloft the black skeleton of spars and masts from which the sails had been removed; lower down, the sailors clinging like monstrous bugs as they passed the gaskets and furled; beneath them the few set sails, filled backward against the masts, gleaming whitely, wickedly, evilly, in the fearful illumination; and, at the bottom, the deck and bridge and houses of the *Elsinore*, and a tangled riffraff of flying ropes, and clumps and bunches of swaying, pulling, hauling, human creatures

It was a great moment, the master's moment—caught all aback with all our bulk and tonnage and infinitude of gear, and our heaven aspiring masts two hundred feet above our heads. And our master was there in sheeting flame, slender, casual, imperturbable, with two men—one of them a murderer—under him to pass on and enforce his will, and with a horde of inefficients and weaklings to obey that will and pull, and haul, and by the sheer leverages of physics manipulate our floating world so that it would endure this fury of the elements.

With a King's Daughter

WHAT happened next, what was done, I do not know, save that now and again I heard the Gabriel voice; for the darkness came, and the rain in pouring, horizontal sheets. It filled my mouth and strangled my lungs as if I had fallen overboard. It seemed to drive up as well as down, piercing its way under my sou'wester, through my oilskins, down my tight-buttoned collar, and into my sea-boots. I was dizzied, obfuscated, by all this onslaught of thunder, lightning, wind, blackness and water. And yet the master, near to me, there on the poop, lived and moved serenely through it all, voicing his wisdom and will to the wisps of creatures who obeyed and by their brute, puny strength pulled braces, slacked sheets, dragged courses, swung yards and lowered them, hauled on buntlines and clewlines, smoothed and gasketed the huge spreads of canvas.

How it happened I know not, but Miss West and I crouched together, clinging to the rail and to each other in the shelter of the thrumming weather-cloth. My arm was about her and fast to the railing; her shoulder pressed close against me, and by one hand she held tightly to the lapel of my oilskin.

An hour later we made our way across the poop to the chart-house, helping each other to maintain footing as the *Elsinore* plunged and bucked in the rising sea, and was pressed over and down by the weight of wind on her few remaining set sails. The wind, which had lulled after the rain, had risen in recurrent gusts to storm violence. But all was well with the gallant ship. The crisis was

We were entering the most beautiful sunset region of the world.

past, and the ship lived, and we lived, and with streaming faces and bright eyes we looked at each other and laughed in the bright light of the chart-room.

"Who can blame one for loving the sea?" Miss West cried out exultantly, as she wrung the rain from her ropes of hair which had gone adrift in the turmoil. "And the men of the sea!" she cried. "The masters of the sea! You saw my father. . . ."

"He is a king," I said.

"He is a king," she repeated after me.

And the *Elsinore* lifted on a cresting sea and flung down on her side, so that we were thrown together, and brought up breathless against the wall.

I said good night to her at the foot of the stairs, and, as I passed the open door to the cabin, I glanced in. There sat Captain West, whom I had thought still on deck. His storm-trappings were removed, his sea-boots replaced by slippers; and he leaned back in the big leather chair, eyes wide open, beholding visions in the curling smoke of a cigar against a background of wildly reeling cabin wall.

It was at eleven the next morning that the Plate gave us a fiasco. The storm the night before had been a real pampero—though a mild one. The following day's fracas promised to be a far worse one, and then laughed at us as a proper cosmic joke. The wind, during the night, had so eased that by nine in the morning we had all our topgallant-sails set. By ten we were rolling in a dead calm. By eleven the stuff began making up ominously in the south'ard.

The overcast sky closed down. Our lofty trucks seemed to scrape the cloud-zenith. The horizon drew in on us till it seemed scarcely half a mile away. The *Elsinore* was embayed in a tiny universe of mist and sea. The lightning played. Sky and horizon drew so close that the *Elsinore* seemed on the verge of being absorbed, sucked in by it, sucked up by it.

Then from zenith to horizon the sky was cracked with forked lightning, and the wet atmosphere turned to a horrid green. The rain, beginning gently, in dead calm, grew into a deluge of enormous streaming drops. It grew darker and darker, a green darkness, and in the cabin, although it was midday, Wada and the steward lighted lamps. The

lightning came closer and closer, until the ship was enveloped in it. The green darkness was continually a-tremble with flame, through which broke greater illuminations of forked lightning. These became more violent as the rain lessened, and, so absolutely were we centered in this electrical maelstrom, there was no connecting any chain or fork of lightning with any particular thunderclap. The atmosphere all about us pealed and flamed. Such a crashing and smashing! We looked every moment for the *Elsinore* to be struck. And never had I seen such colors in lightning. Although from moment to moment we were dazzled by the greater bolts, there persisted always a tremulous pulsing lesser play of light, sometimes softly blue, at other times a thin purple that quivered on into a thousand shades of lavender.

And there was no wind. No wind came. Nothing happened. The *Elsinore,* naked-sparred, under only lower topsails, with spanker and crojack furled, was prepared for anything. Her lower topsails hung in limp emptiness from the yards, heavy with rain and flapping soggily when she rolled. The cloud mass thinned, the day brightened, the green blackness passed into gray twilight, the lightning ceased, the thunder moved along away from us, and there was no wind. In half an hour the sun was shining, the thunder muttered intermittently along the horizon, and the *Elsinore* still rolled in a hush of air.

All day long the *Elsinore* would plunge and buck in the storm.

"You can't tell, sir," Mr. Pike growled to me. "Thirty years ago I was dismasted right here off the Plate in a clap of wind that come on just as that come on."

It was the changing of the watches, and Mr. Mellaire, who had come on the poop to relieve the mate, stood beside me.

"One of the nastiest pieces of water in the world," he concurred. "Eighteen years ago the Plate gave it to me—lost half our sticks, twenty hours on our beam-ends, cargo shifted, and foundered. I was two days in the boat before an English tramp picked us up. And none of the other boats ever was picked up."

"The *Elsinore* behaved very well last night," I put in cheerily.

"Oh, hell, that wasn't nothing," Mr. Pike grumbled. "Wait till you see a real pampero. It's a dirty stretch hereabouts,

and I, for one, 'll be glad when we get across it. I'd sooner have a dozen Cape Horn snorters than one of these. How about you, Mr. Mellaire?"

"Same here, sir," he answered. "Those sou'westers are honest. You know what to expect. But here you never know. The best of ship-masters can get tripped up off the Plate."

"'As I've found out. . . .
Beyond a doubt,"

Mr. Pike hummed from Newcomb's *Celeste*, as he went down the ladder.

The Wonder of a World Distraught

THE sunsets grow more bizarre and spectacular off this coast of the Argentine. Last evening we had high clouds, broken white and golden, flung disorderly, generously, over the western half of the sky, while in the east was painted a second sunset—a reflection, perhaps, of the first. At any rate, the eastern sky was a bank of pale clouds that shed soft, spread rays of blue and white upon a blue-gray sea.

And the evening before last we had a gorgeous Arizona riot in the west. Bastioned upon the ocean, cloud-tier was piled upon cloud-tier, spacious and lofty, until we gazed upon a Grand Canyon a myriad times vaster and more celestial than that of the Colorado. The clouds took on the same stratified, serrated, rose-rock formation, and all the hollows were filled with the opal blues and purple hazes of the Painted Lands.

The "Sailing Directions" says that these remarkable sunsets are due to the dust being driven high into the air by the winds that blow across the pampas of the Argentine.

And our sunset to-night—I am writing this, at midnight, as I sit propped in my blankets, wedged by pillows, while the *Elsinore* wallows damnably in a dead calm and a huge swell rolling up from the Cape Horn Region, where, it does seem, gales perpetually blow. But our sunset. Turner might have perpetrated it. The west was as if a painter had stood off and slapped brushfuls of gray at a green canvas. On this green background of sky the clouds spilled and crumpled.

But such a background! Such an orgy of green! No shade of green was missing in the interstices, large and small, between the milky, curdled clouds—Nile-green high up, and then, in order, each with a thousand shades, blue green, brown green, gray green, and a wonderful olive-green that tarnished into a rich bronze green.

During the display the rest of the horizon glowed with bands of pink, and blue, and pale green, and yellow. A little later, when the sun was quite down, in the background of the curdled clouds smouldered a wine-red mass of color, that faded to red-bronze and tinged all the fading green with its sanguinary hue. The clouds themselves flushed to rose of all shades, while the fan of gigantic streamers of pale rose radiated toward the zenith. These deepened rapidly into flaunting rose-flame, and burned long in the slow-closing twilight.

And with all this wonder of the beauty of the world still glowing my brain hours afterward, I hear the snarling of Mr. Pike above my head, and the trample and drag of feet as the men move from rope to rope and pull and haul. More weather is making, and from the way sail is being taken in it cannot be far off.

Yet at daylight this morning we were still wallowing in the same calm and sickly swell. Miss West says the barometer is down, but that the warning has been too long, for the Plate, to amount to anything. Pamperos happen quickly here, and though the *Elsinore*, under bare poles to her upper-topsails, is prepared for anything, it may well be that they will be crowding on canvas in another hour.

Mr. Pike was so fooled that he actually had set the topgallantsails, and the gaskets were being taken off the royals, when the Samurai came on deck, strolled back and forth a casual five minutes, then spoke in an undertone to Mr. Pike. Mr. Pike did not like it. To me, a tyro, it was evident that he disagreed with his master. Nevertheless, his voice went out in a snarl aloft to the men on the royal yards to make all fast again. Then it was clewlines and buntlines and lowering of yards as the topgallantsails were stripped off. The crojack was taken in, and some of the outer fore-and-aft headsails, whose order of names I can never remember.

A breeze set in from the southwest, blowing briskly under a clear sky. I could see that Mr. Pike was secretly pleased. The

Samurai had been mistaken. And each time Mr. Pike glanced aloft at the naked topgallant and royal yards, I knew his thought was that they might well be carrying sail. I was quite convinced that the Plate had fooled Captain West. So was Miss West convinced, and being a favored person like myself, she frankly told me so.

"Father will be setting sail in half an hour," she prophesied.

What superior weather-sense Captain West possesses, I know not, save that it is his by Samurai right. The sky, as I have said, was clear. The air was brittle—sparkling gloriously in the windy sun. And yet, behold, in a brief quarter of an hour, the change that took place! I had just returned from a trip below, and Miss West was venting her scorn on the River Plate and promising to go below to the sewing machine, when we heard Mr. Pike groan. It was a whimsical groan of disgust, contrition, and acknowledgment of inferiority before the master.

"Here comes the whole River Plate," was what he groaned.

Following his gaze to the southwest, we saw it coming. It was a cloud-mass that blotted out the sunlight and the day. It seemed to swell and belch and roll over and over on itself as it advanced with a rapidity that told of enormous wind behind it and in it. Its speed was headlong, terrific; and, beneath it, covering the sea, advancing with it, was a gray bank of mist.

Captain West spoke to the mate, who bawled the order along, and the watch, reinforced by the watch below, began clewing up the mainsail and foresail and climbing into the rigging.

"Keep off! Put your wheel over! Hard over!" Captain West called gently to the helmsman.

And the big wheel spun around, and the *Elsinore's* bow fell off so that she might not be caught aback by the onslaught of wind.

Thunder rode in that rushing, rolling blackness of cloud; and it was rent by lightning as it fell upon us.

Then it was rain, wind, obscureness of gloom and lightning. I caught a glimpse of the men on the lower yards as they were blotted from view and as the *Elsinore* heeled over and down. There were fifteen men of them to each yard, and the gaskets were well passed ere we were struck. How they regained the deck I do not know, I never saw; for the *Elsinore,* under only upper and lower topsails, lay down on her side, her port-rail buried in the sea, and did not rise.

There was no maintaining an unsupported upright position on that acute slant of deck. Everybody held on. Mr. Pike frankly gripped the poop rail with both hands, and Miss West and I made frantic clutches and scrambled for footing. But I noticed that the Samurai, poised lightly, like a bird on the verge of flight, merely rested one hand on the rail. He gave no orders. As I divined, there was nothing to be done. He waited—that was all—in tranquillity and repose. The situation was simple. Either the masts would go, or the *Elsinore* would rise with her masts intact, or she would never rise again.

In the meantime she lay dead, her lee arms almost touching the sea, the sea creaming solidly to her hatch-combings across the buried, unseen rail.

Like Her Father

THE minutes were as centuries, until the bow paid off, and the *Elsinore,* turned tail before it, righted to an even keel. Immediately this was accomplished, Captain West had her brought back upon the wind. And immediately thereupon, the big foresail went adrift from its gaskets. The shock or succession of shocks, to the ship, from the tremendous buffeting that followed, was fearful. It seemed she was being racked to pieces. Master and mate were side by side when this happened, and the expressions on their faces typified them. In neither face was apprehension. Mr. Pike's face bore a sour sneer for the worthless sailors who had botched the job. Captain West's face was serenely considerative.

Still, nothing was to be done, could be done; and for five minutes the *Elsinore* was shaken as in the maw of some gigantic monster, until the last shreds of the great piece of canvas had been torn away.

"Our foresail has departed for Africa," Miss West laughed in my ear.

She is like her father, unaware of fear.

"And now we may as well go below and be comfortable," she said five minutes later. "The worst is over. It will only be blow, blow, blow, and a big sea making."

All day it blew. And the big sea that arose made the *Elsinore's* conduct almost

unlivable. My only comfort was achieved by taking to my bunk and wedging myself with pillows buttressed against the bunk's sides by empty soap boxes which Wada arranged. Mr. Pike, clinging to my door-casing while his legs sprawled adrift in a succession of terrific rolls, paused to tell me that it was a new one on him in the pampero line. It was all wrong from the first. It had not come on right. It had no reason to be.

He paused a little longer, and, in a casual way, that under the circumstances was ridiculously transparent, exposed what was at ferment in his mind.

First of all he was absurd enough to ask if Possum showed symptoms of seasickness. Next, he unburdened his wrath for the inefficients who had lost the foresail, and sympathized with the sail-makers for the extra work thrown upon them. Then he asked permission to borrow one of my books, and, clinging to my bunk, selected Buchner's "Force and Matter" from my shelf, carefully wedging the empty space with the doubled magazine I use for that purpose.

Still he was loth to depart, and, cudgeling his brains for a pretext, he set up a rambling discourse on River Plate weather. And all the time I kept wondering what was behind it all. At last it came.

"By the way, Mr. Pathurst," he remarked, "do you happen to remember how many years ago Mr. Mellaire said it was that he was dismasted and foundered off here?"

I caught his drift on the instant.

"Eight years ago, wasn't it?" I lied.

Mr. Pike let this sink in and slowly digested it, while the *Elsinore* was guilty of three huge rolls down to port and back again.

"Now I wonder what ship was sunk off the Plate eight years ago?" he communed, as if with himself. "I guess I'll have to ask Mr. Mellaire her name. You can search me for all I can recollect."

He thanked me with unwonted elaborateness for "Force and Matter," of which I knew he would never read a line, and felt his way to the door. Here he hung on for a moment, as if struck by a new and most accidental idea.

"Now it wasn't, by any chance, that he said eighteen years ago?" he queried.

I shook my head.

"Eight years ago," I said. "That's the way I remember it, though why I should remember it at all I don't know. But that is what he said," I went on with increasing confidence. "Eight years ago. I am sure of it."

Mr. Pike looked at me ponderingly, and waited until the *Elsinore* had fairly righted for an instant ere he took his departure down the hall.

I think I have followed the working of his mind. I have long since learned that his memory of ships, officers, cargoes, gales and disasters is remarkable. He is a veritable encyclopedia of the sea. Also, it is patent that he has equipped himself with Sidney Waltham's history. As yet, he does not dream that Mr. Mellaire is Sidney Waltham, and he is merely wondering if Mr. Mellaire was a shipmate of Sidney Waltham eighteen years ago in the ship lost off the Plate.

In the meantime, I shall never forgive Mr. Mellaire for this slip he has made. He should have been more careful.

My Lady's Welcome

AN abominable night! A wonderful night! Sleep? I suppose I did sleep, in catnaps, but I swear I heard every bell struck until three-thirty. Then came a change, an easement. No longer was it a stubborn loggy fight against pressures. The *Elsinore* moved. I could feel her slip, and slide, and end, and soar. Whereas before she had been flung continually down to port, she now rolled as far to one side as to the other.

I knew what had taken place. Instead of remaining hove to on the pampero, Captain West had turned tail and was running before it. This, I understood, meant a really serious storm, for the northeast was the last direction in which Captain West desired to go. But at any rate the movement, though wilder, was easier, and I slept. I was awakened at five by the thunder of seas that fell aboard, rushed down the main deck, and crashed against the cabin wall. Through my open door I could see water swashing up and down the hall, while half a foot of water creamed and curdled from under my bunk across the floor each time the ship rolled to starboard.

The steward brought me my coffee, and, wedged by boxes and pillows, like an equilibrist, I sat up and drank it. Luckily I managed to finish it in time, for a succession

of terrific rolls emptied one of my bookshelves. Possum, crawling upward from my feet under the covered way of my bed, yapped with terror as the seas smashed and thundered and as the avalanche of books descended upon us. And I could not but grin when the "Pasteboard Crown" smote me on the head, while the puppy was knocked gasping with Chesterton's "What's Wrong with the World?"

"Well, what do you think?" I queried of the steward who was helping to set us and the books to rights.

He shrugged his shoulders, and his bright slant eyes were very bright as he replied, "Many times I see more bad."

I could guess that the scene on deck was a spectacle, and at six o'clock, as gray light showed through my ports in the intervals when they were not submerged, I essayed the sideboard of my bunk like a gymnast, captured my careering slippers, and shuddered as I thrust my bare feet into their chill sogginess. I did not wait to dress. Merely in pajamas I headed for the poop, Possum wailing dismally at my desertion.

It was a feat to travel the narrow halls. Time and again I paused and held on until my finger-tips hurt. In the moments of easement, I made progress. Yet I miscalculated. The foot of the broad stairway to the chart-house rested on a cross-hall a dozen feet in length. Overconfidence and an unusually violent antic of the *Elsinore* caused the disaster. She flung down to starboard with such suddenness and at such a pitch that the flooring seemed to go out from under me, and I hurtled helplessly down the incline. I missed a frantic clutch at the newel-post, flung up my arm in time to save my face, and, most fortunately, whirled half about, and, still falling, impacted with my shoulder muscle-pad on Captain West's door.

Youth will have its way. So will a ship in a sea. And so will a hundred and seventy pounds of a man. The beautiful, hardwood door panel splintered, the latch fetched away, and I broke the nails of the four fingers of my right hand in a futile grab at the flying door, marring the polished surface with four parallel scratches. I kept right on, erupting into Captain West's spacious room with the big brass bed.

Miss West, swathed in a woolen dressing-gown, her eyes heavy still with sleep, her hair glorious, and for the once ungroomed, clinging in the doorway that gave entrance on the main cabin, met my startled gaze with an equally startled gaze.

It was no time for apologies. I kept right on my mad way, caught the foot-stanchion, and was whipped around in half a circle flat upon Captain West's brass bed.

Miss West was beginning to laugh.

"Come right in," she gurgled.

A score of retorts, all deliciously inadvisable, tickled my tongue. So I said nothing, contenting myself with holding on with my left hand while I nursed my stinging right hand under my arm-pit. Beyond her, across the floor of the main cabin, I saw the steward in pursuit of Captain's West's Bible and a sheaf of Miss West's music. And as she gurgled and laughed at me, beholding her in this intimacy of storm, the thought flashed through my brain: *She is a woman. She is desirable.*

Now did she sense this fleeting, unuttered flash of mine? I know not, save that her laughter left her, and long conventional training asserted itself as she said, "I just knew everything was adrift in father's room. He hasn't been in it all night. I could hear things rolling around. . . . . What is wrong? Are you hurt?"

"Stubbed my fingers, that's all," I answered, looking at my broken nails and standing gingerly upright.

"My, that *was* a roll," she sympathized.

"Yes; I'd started to go up-stairs," I said, "and not to turn into your father's bed. I'm afraid I've ruined the door."

Came another series of great rolls. I sat down on the bed and held on. Miss West, secure in the doorway, began gurgling again, while beyond, across the cabin carpet, the steward shot past, embracing a small writing-desk that had been evidently carried away from its fastenings when he seized hold of it for support. More seas smashed and crashed against the for'ard wall of the cabin; and the steward, failing of lodgment, shot back across the carpet, still holding the desk from harm.

Taking advantage of favoring spells, I managed to effect my exit and gain the newel-post ere the next series of rolls came. And as I clung on and waited, I could not forget what I had just seen. Vividly under my eyelids burned the picture of Miss West's sleep-laden eyes, her hair, and all the softness of her. *A woman and desirable* kept drumming in my brain.

The next instalment of "The Sea Gangsters" appears in the April number

Rose of the Ghetto

NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN, BUT THAT DOESN'T KEEP THE STOUT ONES FROM HAVING HEARTS OF THEIR OWN, AND KARFUNKEL'S LOVE WAS AS MINTED GOLD

By Bruno Lessing

Author of "Ich Gebibble," "The Ghetto Siren," "Lapidowitz's Partner," "The Rumani Trio," etc.

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

IT was by sheer accident that Isaac Karfunkel came into the life of the Mindels. It is always by accident that the skeins of human lives become entangled.

A fat young man, of pallid countenance and breathing heavily, wandered from house to house in Rivington street, in search of room and board. He bore all the imprints of the newly-landed Russian immigrant although there was an air of self-reliance in his carriage that betokened a superior education to that of the average immigrant. It was not until he came to the Mindels, that he deposited his bag upon the floor and decided to remain.

"It will come in very handy," said Mrs. Mindel, who had shown him the room. "My husband is not making very much just now, and I have been laid off, so it will be a fine thing for us to have a boarder. I will cook your breakfast for you and there are plenty of places in the neighborhood where you can get your dinner and supper. What kind of work will you look for?"

The young man hesitated a moment and then, smiling, replied: "I can't work. My heart isn't very strong, and I have to take things very easy. I have a regular income from some money that my father left me, and if I live cheaply it is enough to get along on. I don't think you'll find me much of a bother."

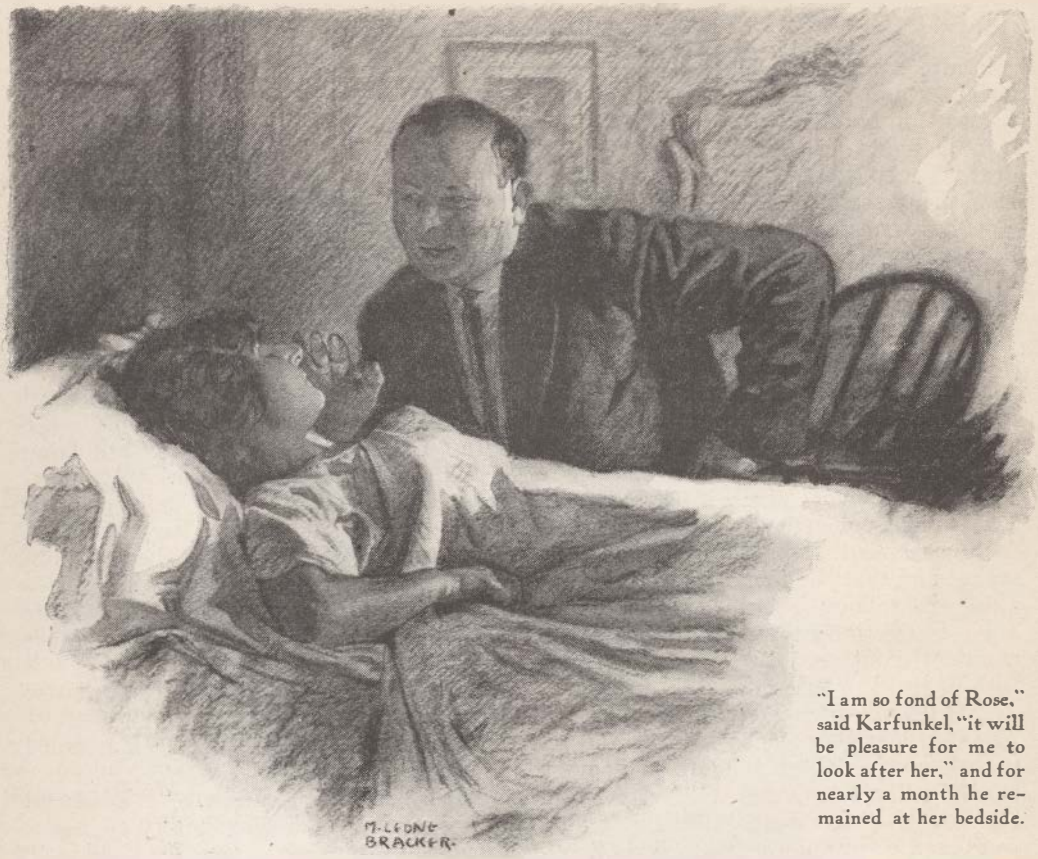
Mrs. Mindel gazed at him curiously. People who lived on their income were scarce in that neighborhood. And she wondered how anyone could have a weak heart and be so fat.

When Rose Mindel came home from school that day she shyly proffered the new boarder her hand and made a curtsey. And when Mindel returned from work he bade Karfunkel welcome, and, that night, they all broke bread together. The neighbors gossiped about the Mindels' boarder who had an income and did not have to work, but in a few days Karfunkel was established as one of the neighborhood.

When work in the clothing trade was abundant Mrs. Mindel toiled in a tailor's shop at her husband's side, leaving her daughter, Rose, who was fourteen, to cook for herself. When it rained, Karfunkel always remained at home and sent out for his meals. Thus it happened that he and Rose were thrown together a great deal of the time. Karfunkel was quiet and spent a great part of his time reading, but often he would lay his book aside to chat with the young girl, and they soon became firm friends. In the evening Karfunkel soon fell into the habit of joining the family after their supper and chatting with them. He rarely spoke of himself or of his past in Russia. Once, he admitted that he had studied in the University of Odessa, which made the Mindels look upon him with considerable awe. But in time they came to look upon him as one of the family and soon ceased troubling their heads about his past. Karfunkel was, perhaps, twenty-three or twenty-four when he came to the Mindels. In appearance, he was rather unprepossessing. In addition to being fat his eyes were small, his hair had already begun to fall out, and his lips were thick.

By taking the best of care of himself the doctor had told him that he might live out the normal space of time allotted to men, but through it all he was doomed to grow fatter and fatter, and there was no hope of a cure for his malady.

At the end of his first year with the Mindels Rose was stricken with meningitis. It was the busiest season of the year, and



"I am so fond of Rose," said Karfunkel, "it will be pleasure for me to look after her," and for nearly a month he remained at her bedside.

neither Mindel nor his wife could afford to leave their work to nurse the girl.

"Please do not worry," said Karfunkel. "I have nothing else to do and I am so fond of Rose, it will be a great pleasure for me to look after her."

And so, for nearly a month he remained at her bedside, administering to her every desire; and when she began to convalesce, reading to her and telling her stories. But when Rose had fully recovered and the Mindels attempted, feebly, to express their gratitude, he raised his hand, saying, "Not one word, or I will go away!" The Mindels never discussed his past again.

From that time on Karfunkel and Rose became almost inseparable companions. She soon fell into the habit of calling him "Uncle Isaac"—laughingly, at first, but it quickly became her favorite appellation for him.

The Jewish girls of the East Side develop rapidly, and at the age of sixteen Rose Mindel began to enter the bloom of young womanhood. In the eyes of Karfunkel she had always been a child and when he beheld her beauty grow and ripen his pleasure was that which a parent or an older brother would have felt. Rose grew to be tall and willowy. As a child she had been pretty; as a young woman she became exquisitely beautiful. Her coal-black eyes were fringed with wonderfully long lashes, and her hair—a lustrous brown in tint—was soft and seemed, at times, a mass of bewildering curls. In addition to which she possessed the great charm of a winning smile.

One night, after Rose's parents had retired, she sat with Karfunkel at the window gazing upward into the myriad stars that dotted the heavens. Rose's hand was upon his shoulder, and a wisp of her hair touched his cheek. He turned, suddenly, to look at her. The room was dark, but her face shone clearly under the illumination of the stars. She looked into his eyes, and her bosom heaved slightly as though it were under the burden of some emotion. Karfunkel felt a sudden pang in his heart. He had awakened to the truth.

"Uncle Isaac," said the girl, in a whisper, "if I tell you all my secrets will you tell me all yours?"

It was a natural outburst of impulsive, girlish confidence and yet, coming at that moment, in harmony with the trend of his own thoughts, it startled him. "Surely, dear," he replied. "But I don't think you have many secrets."

"I have one," said the girl, shyly lowering her gaze. "There's a young man I often meet on my way home from school. He's very good-looking."

Karfunkel, with a strange sensation of something tugging at his heart, waited for her to proceed and, finally, said, "Well, what about the young man? What's the great secret?"

"That's all there is," said Rose. "Only I never told anyone about it before."

Karfunkel understood. He realized that, for the moment, the girl's heart had been stirred and that she found a certain consolation in talking about her secret. He knew instinctively that it was but a girlish affair without serious significance. He laid his hand upon her head.

"I'll tell you my secret," he said, gently. The star-light shone upon his face and revealed every flabby shadow and every ungainly line. "I never told anyone in this country," he went on. "I'm telling you because you told me your secret."

He waited a full minute and his voice hardly rose above a whisper.

"There was a pretty girl in Odessa, and I fell in love with her. I thought she was in love with me, too. You see I was an awful fool. We were married. And after we were married she found I did not have as much money as she thought I had. So, one day, she went off with another man and left a letter for me. All she said in the letter was that she had married me for my money and that I could never have expected any woman to love me."

There was a long pause.

"And I guess she was right," added Karfunkel, softly. Rose looked at him and saw two tears trickling down his cheeks. She rose, quickly, and went into her room, weeping. She never referred to his story again, but often, when he found her looking at him with pitying gaze, he knew that she had not forgotten it.

In the ensuing year Rose confided in him, from time to time, that she had met the young man again. His name was Herman Berkovitz, she said, and he worked in a wholesale clothing-house. He had invited her to accompany him to the theatre several times, but she had refused.

"Why don't you ask him to come to the house so that we can all get acquainted with him?" Karfunkel asked.

"I did," replied the girl, "but he is very busy and says he never has time to call."

For nearly a year these confidences of Rose continued, and then they suddenly ceased. And Karfunkel noticed that, in some vague way, a change had come over the girl. She would sit silent and motionless for hours, and occasionally he detected a strained expression of unhappiness in her face. One night she brought a letter to him.

"It's from Russia," she said. "The postman just brought it." Karfunkel read the letter by the light of the lamp and then went to the window and looked up into the stars. Rose hastened to his side.

"Is it bad news, Uncle Isaac?" she asked, gently. He laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"My wife is dead," he said. "The letter is from a friend of mine."

"How sad!" she exclaimed. He turned to her with a smile.

"It is better so," said he. "It's the end of my secret. Now I can marry anybody. Supposing I propose to you?"

He placed his arm around her waist and felt the unconscious shrinking of her form. Karfunkel sighed. He knew well that the heart of this girl was as far from him as the stars. He turned her face toward him.

"Are you happy, Rose?" he asked. He saw the blood rush to her cheeks and saw the brave attempt she made to meet his gaze, and he also read the misery in her eyes. But she made no answer.

For another month their destiny marked time. Karfunkel, steadily growing fatter, his breathing becoming more and more labored, took his daily walks, leaning heavily upon a cane and thinking every hour of the day of the wonderfully beautiful girl whom he had grown to love so devotedly. Her image was ever in his mind and his sorrow ever in his heart. The eyes of love are sharp, and he knew, without her telling him, that she had given her heart to another. Had he not loved her he might have uttered a word of warning or, perhaps, have opened the eyes of her parents. But, conscious of his own jealousy, he felt that such a course would betray sheer weakness on his part. Rose continued to brood over her secret

DRAWN BY M. LEONE BRACKER

It took Karfunkel a week, but finally he found Rose in Chicago's Ghetto. He found her weeping and alone, and she hid her face when he entered the room.

in silence, and the Mindels worked all day and came home, quite late at night, too weary to talk. And then, without warning, the pace of fate quickened.

Karfunkel, walking slowly down the street, saw before him the form of a man that seemed strangely familiar. He paused for an instant, wondering where he had seen this figure before, and then, suddenly, every nerve in his body began to vibrate, and his breathing became short and rapid as if he had over-exerted himself. The man came to a stop at the corner of the street, turned slowly and began to retrace his steps. When they came face to face Karfunkel came to a standstill and stared into the man's eyes. There was no gleam of recognition in them. Karfunkel burst into laughter, and then a swift pallor overspread the man's face. He raised his arm instinctively, but the motion came too late With incredible swiftness for a man of his bulk Karfunkel had thrust the point of his cane into the man's face. His whole tremendous weight was thrown into the thrust. The man's nose was almost torn from its bed. With one fierce scream of pain the man clapped his hand to his face, turned quickly and ran off at full speed. A few bystanders who had observed the whole affair turned to look at Karfunkel in amazement. The next moment they rushed forward and caught his swaying figure just in time to prevent him from falling to the ground. The strain had been too much for his heart, and he had fainted. When he came to he found himself sitting upon the steps of a tenement with a curious throng pressing around him. He arose, somewhat unsteadily, waited until he had gathered himself together and then started home. He paused for an instant, feeling that some explanation might be due to the people who had assisted him.

"That man ran off with the wife of a friend of mine," he said.

All that evening he remained in his room. He had not told Rose all the contents of his letter. He had learned, for the first time, that the man for whom his wife had left him had abandoned her shortly afterward and had disappeared. His wife had been in want for several years and had died in suffering. Karfunkel wondered how long the man had been in New York.

The following morning he found a letter addressed to himself lying upon the dining-room table. As he read it, the pallor of his countenance deepened, and he sank, weakly, into a chair.

"Dear, dear Uncle Isaac," it ran. "I cannot write to papa or to mamma. You must tell them. You will get this in the morning and I will be far away. I am unhappy but there is nothing else I can do. If all comes out well I will write to you all. You have always been so good to me. Please do not try to look for me. Do this for my sake. You have been like a father to me. I am going far away, but I will always remember you. Your loving Rose."

He went into her room. Everything was in order, and he realized that she had made all her arrangements with deliberation. He was about to withdraw when he espied a letter lying upon the floor protruding from under the bureau. He read it.

"You must come with me at once," it ran. "I met with an accident and broke my nose. Meet me at the Grand Central depot at 10 o'clock in the morning, and we will go to Chicago and be married there. I cannot write more as I am suffering great pain."

It was signed "Herman." The crash of Karfunkel's weight upon the floor alarmed the people who lived below, and they hastened to the Mindels' apartment. Receiving no answer to their rapping upon the door they summoned a policeman who found the fat man lying unconscious upon the floor. It required three men to raise him upon Rose's bed.

Of what happened in the next two days Karfunkel never had a clear idea. Dimly he remembered the wailing of the girl's parents when they read the letter that she had left for him. Dimly, too, he remembered the physicians and the nurse. And then, suddenly, his mind cleared.

"How soon can I get up?" he asked the nurse.

"The doctor says you must not move for a week."

Karfunkel groaned in despair. He tried to raise himself but the effort exhausted him. When the doctor came he said, "Doctor, I'll do everything you ask. Only, please get me well enough to stand on my feet for a few days. I don't mind what happens afterward."

To the Mindels he never said a word concerning Rose. Great as was their grief, his was the greater. As soon as he was able to leave the house he walked the streets to test

DRAWN BY M. LEONE BRACKER

Karfunkel led the young man, trembling, to the sidewalk. "Listen quietly," he said. "You are going to marry her within five minutes. I have a revolver in my pocket, and if you stir . . ."

his strength. And finding that, although somewhat feeble, he was again master of himself, he sent for a carriage, and, without waiting even to pack a satchel, drove to the railroad station and took the first train to Chicago.

It took him a week to find her. Chicago is a great city, but in its Ghetto the news of a new arrival travels fast, and Karfunkel had only to find the neighborhood to which they had come in order to be quickly directed to the very house. He found Rose alone and weeping. She hid her face in her hands when he entered the room and crouched in the farthest corner, begging him piteously to leave her. Karfunkel smiled, cheerfully.

"Tut! Tut! Rose, my little girlie, you mustn't cry like that. Everything will be all right. Uncle Isaac has come to make it all right. And you needn't tell me anything. And you mustn't feel bad about it at all."

He drew up a chair to where she sat huddled in the corner and began to stroke her hair.

"Everything will be all right," he said, soothingly. "You see, your fat Uncle Isaac knows everything. Herman isn't a bad fellow. He means to marry you. In fact he's going to marry you to-night."

Rose looked up quickly, the tears streaming down her face.

"He said he couldn't for a while," she cried.

"I know! I know!" said Karfunkel. gently. "But I received a telegram from him asking me to come to Chicago to—to be present when the wedding took place. Honest, I did! He wanted to surprise you! Now you mustn't ask me any questions, and you mustn't cry! I'm going out now to get you a nice wedding present. And you will make yourself as pretty as you can and stay here until I return."

Karfunkel made various purchases in the city of Chicago that day. It was dark when Herman came home—so dark, in fact, that when he opened the door that led into the hall-way of the tenement where he lived he ran into a fat man who was sitting patiently upon the floor. The fat man arose, lit a match and held it up to Herman's face. Herman was about to scream, but the fat man had quickly seized him and had stifled the cry by holding his hand over Herman's mouth.

"I'm not going to hurt you, Borin," he said, quickly. "We are going to talk. Come with me."

The young man, trembling like a leaf, followed Karfunkel to the sidewalk. Karfunkel led him to a lamp-post.

"Listen, quietly," he said, in a voice that was low and even but so firm and so menacing that the young man trembled.

"I haven't come here, Borin, to talk about the past. The woman you stole and abandoned is dead. But you must not do it twice. Do not move. I have a revolver in my pocket, and if you stir, so help me God, I shall kill you! You are going to marry Rose within five minutes. You have changed your name to Berkovitz. Stick to it and do not tell her the truth. I have a Rabbi waiting for me in the restaurant across the street. We have been waiting six hours. You will go across the street with me and we will get the Rabbi. Then we will go up-stairs and you and Rose will be married. If you refuse I shall kill you. If you attempt to run away I shall kill you. If you let Rose know that you are doing this under compulsion, I shall kill you. By the living God, I shall shoot you through the brain if you do a single thing to keep her from being a happy woman to-night. Come now! March!"

When, a week later, Herman Berkovitz abandoned his wife, money came to her from an anonymous source to take her back to her parents. She guessed whence the money came, but when she returned to New York she was surprised that her parents had had no word of Karfunkel. As a matter of fact no word ever came to them from Karfunkel, himself. There came, however, a letter from a lawyer in Chicago. It was addressed to Mrs. Herman Berkovitz.

"I regret to inform you," it ran, "of the death of your friend Isaac Karfunkel. It came quite unexpectedly. He called upon me yesterday to execute his last will and testament by the terms of which, as you will see from the enclosed copy, you are the legatee for life of the income he derived from his securities in the hands of Russian bankers. This morning he was found dead in his room at the hotel. The coroner found that he had taken an overdose of strychnine, probably by mistake, as he had suffered from heart disease and had, in all likelihood, been taking the drug regularly."

TREND of the TIMES

Under the Cloak

THERE are conceivably occasions when vivisection is necessary. It is part of the eternal tragedy of existence that the lower animals be made to yield up their lives to man, even as they bear his burdens.

The mosquito is slaughtered to save man from malaria, the gay microbe is tracked to his lair and mercilessly garroted by the fierce drop of carbolic acid, the chicken and the steer perish and are dismembered beneath the butcher's snickersnee to "fitly furnish forth the wedding breakfast." Even the gentle Brahman, who would kill no living thing, destroys the domestic happiness of millions of sober and hard-working bacilli whenever he takes a gulp of Ganges water.

But, for all that, the sacrifice of the humbler creatures should be made with as little pain to them as possible; for pity is the peculiar fruit of civilization.

Medical men are human. And it is a trait of human nature to grow hard toward another's suffering, when obsessed by the pride of opinion. In the days of ecclesiasticism devoted men made no bones of torturing heretics. We have gotten past that.

The high-priests of to-day are the scientists. They are a good sort, generally, but like their predecessors, the inquisitors, they will bear watching. The temptation to become famous by heralding a new surgical operation may easily be strong enough to dull the surgeon's sympathies for poor Fido.

Even in the laboratory the humanities should be respected. Knowledge is worth a lot; but knowledge gained at the expense of outraging human feeling, knowledge that increases by learning to look upon mortal agony with cold indifference, is knowledge too dearly bought.

And after all it is a question whether a little heart is not rather to be desired of the physician who attends us than whole icebergs of scientific information.

The Smile That Came Back

A WONDERFUL thing in human history is the story of the portrait called Mona Lisa.

It was painted by Leonardo da Vinci, the artist who, during his lifetime and since, has enjoyed the reputation of being the most "myriad-minded" of men.

It hung in the greatest of art galleries, the Louvre, at Paris.

From all over the world they that knew the lure of art made pilgrimage to the shrine where smiled the enigmatical face of the wife of Giocondo.

It was without question the most famous picture of earth, ranking in popularity with Raphael's Sistine Madonna at Dresden and Michelangelo's ceiling paintings in the Sistine chapel at Rome.

One day it was stolen by a clever thief. All the detectives of France were baffled. It could not be found. Then, after two years, it was discovered in the city of Rome.

When it was exhibited there and at Florence enormous crowds surged to see it. All the fame Leonardo enjoyed in his lifetime is as nothing compared to the tribute now paid to him 395 years after his death. Such a furore over a work of art has never been known.

A part of this excitement is, of course, due to the dramatic nature of the theft—from one of the most impossible places,

the carefully guarded museum of Paris; and also to the natural curiosity of the populace.

But that does not explain it all. Why is this picture so distinguished? Why did Walter Pater write of it in language almost as amazing as the subject itself? Why have connoisseurs and artists vied in doing tribute to the portrait of this woman, not beautiful to the eyes of the casual beholder?

Simply because it is beautiful.

This calls us sharply to realize that the most valuable thing among men after all is beauty.

Experts tell us that the picture is sadly deteriorated from what it once was; but we are minded of Ruskin's great saying that if a thing be once wholly beautiful it is beautiful so long as a shred of it remains.

The reign of beauty, whether a beautiful thought or word or canvas or marble, is the most unshakable of dynasties.

"Parsifal" Unlocked to All

RICHARD WAGNER'S opera of "Parsifal" was liberated for unrestricted performance the world over on midnight of December 31st, 1913. Then expired the thirty-year copyright and the prohibition which the master had placed upon the performance of "Parsifal" anywhere else than at Bayreuth.

The first performance of "Parsifal" in Germany outside of Bayreuth took place the evening of January 1st at the Opera House at Charlottenburg (Berlin) and was a decided success. The huge house was packed.

In Paris the same night the Grand Opera House was crowded to its utmost capacity with a brilliant gathering of social and artistic Parisians to hear "Parsifal."

Italy also took full advantage the same day of the permission to perform this opera. It was given in Rome, Milan and Bologna, and, from all accounts, attracted great audiences at each of these centers.

At the Metropolitan Opera House in New York this opera was given to a crowded house on January 1st.

The opera of "Parsifal" is unique among all theatrical productions in the fact that it is distinctively religious.

There be many who fear that the sentiment of religion is dying out these days. If any such person had been at the Metropolitan Opera House on January 1st and seen the vast audience listening for five hours to a performance that was wholly religious, listening with tense interest and hissing down any attempt to applaud, such a person would certainly have to readjust his opinion.

The race is incurably religious, and whenever the divine part of man is appealed to with genius and technical skill equal to the subject, there will always be a sure response from the people.

The Capital of the World

IT is rare that one comes along with a Big Idea. The man with a Vision is the thousandth man.

Such a one is Hendrik Christian Andersen, and the vision which obsesses him is that of a World Capital.

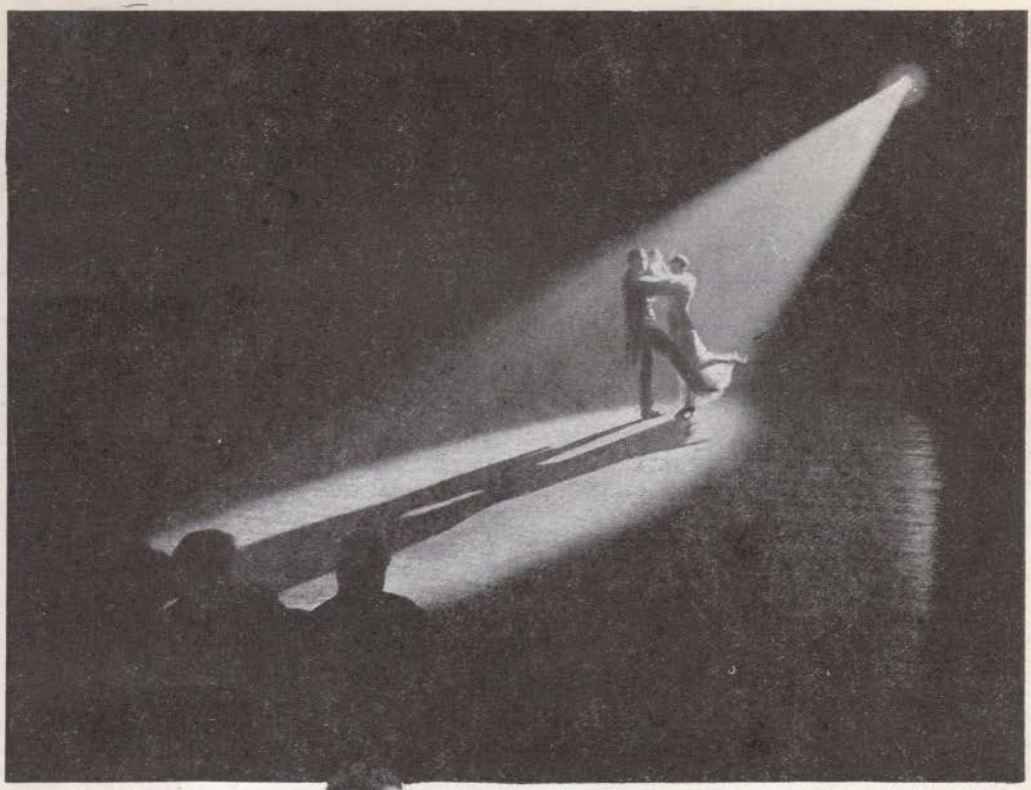
The Capital of the World! Search for it not on any map. It is as yet only to be found in the fruitful imagination of Andersen, an American citizen, Norwegian by birth and a resident in Rome.

His project is the most magnificent conceivable. Other men have created statues, paintings, poems, buildings. He would build a whole city, and a city of cities, with the coöperation of all nations, to be the center of all high human endeavor, a heart of the world whither shall flow mankind's noblest effort, and whence shall return again the blood of culture and of truth to refresh humanity.

Andersen's is not a baseless dream. He has actually worked out the details of his scheme, in collaboration with Ernest Hebrard, a French Government architect. He has made plans and blue prints and prepared estimates of expense for all the buildings. The city can be built for a hundred million dollars.

He has paid his own way from his private means and asks favors of no millionaires. He has interviewed the kings of earth and they have received him cordially. The subject has been discussed at the French Sorbonne. The Government of the United States has manifested lively interest in the matter.

Andersen has not only worked out the design for his magnificent city, but he has prepared a book, called "Creation of a World Center," in an expensive edition of five hundred copies, which he has sent to



Our new national madness — Tangoitis. Parsons are preaching for and against it; business is neglected for it; some say it is immoral, others that it is a pure expression of innocent grace. What say you?

museums, universities and libraries all over the world. He has published pamphlets also addressed to "The World Conscience."

He is thinking ahead for us millions whose noses are on the grindstone, and the result is an amazing scheme which our children's children will doubtless realize.

"His plan lies before me," says George Bourdon. "I look at the city, its monuments, its towers, its gardens, its canals, its boulevards, its railway stations, its palaces, its fountains. I see its sculptures: 'The Spirit of Morning,' 'The Spirit of Evening,' 'Prayer,' and many another. It is incomparable, stupefying!"

Andersen has observed the great civilizations that have flowered in history, and seen a constant trend toward unification. "The world," he says, "is drawn toward unity." He would serve fate, hasten the purpose of destiny, go out to meet that day when an invisible chain of common ideals shall girdle all the earth.

Is this immodest and vulgar, or is it dainty and refined?

In the center of the city shall arise the enormous Tower of Progress. Around it are to be the buildings of the Center of Science. There will be the International Court of Justice, the Temple of Religions, the World Library, the Palaces of Medicine, of Hygiene, of Criminology, of Electricity, of Agriculture, of Transportation, of Inventions.

Possible situations have been studied on the New Jersey coast, the Dutch coast near The Hague, the Riviera near Cannes, Tervueren near Brussels, the shore of Lake Neuchâtel near Bern, St. Germain near Paris, the Marmora coast near Constantinople and the Mediterranean coast near Rome.

If Andersen has but given us a vision he has done well. Without visions we die.

Inside-Out in Education

LITTLE by little the slow, stupid old world is coming around and beginning to see that education means letting a child grow in its own way and not forcing it to develop in the way of some one else.

The Creator puts an ideal man in the heart of every child, just as He puts an ideal oak in the heart of every acorn.

Almost all existing schools (and the oldest and most honorable of them are the greatest sinners) go upon the theory that the child is to be made to measure up to some system, must take a certain course, undergo certain examinations, pass to certain grades and at last be labeled, as the finished product of the elaborate intellectual canning factory and packing-house, with certain mystical letters, mostly D's, indicating that he is at last educated.

Fate raises up strange champions for her campaigns of progress, and strange it is that the one who has caught the popular fancy comes from Italy. She is a woman, and her title is Dr. Maria Montessori.

Signora Montessori has recently made a tour of the United States, as all European celebrities, whether singers, painters, writers, dancers, labor agitators, actors or what not, must needs do.

Her visit has done good, in that it called attention to the old truth that education means helping the child in self-expression and not alternately stretching him out or lopping him off to fit our Procrustean bed.

The essence of the Montessori message is that the child must first of all, and all the time, have liberty. The teacher is not to order and compel, nor continually to interpose the adult will to thwart the infant fancy, but the teacher is to study the child, to assist, guide, suggest and show the way.

"It often happened," said Dr. Montessori, "that visitors to the school commented on the fact that the teachers had nothing to do but to give the child what he wanted, and then 'take it easy.' Once when this comment was made the teacher smilingly replied, 'No, I don't even have to do that. The children come in and get their own work themselves.'"

No child can grow well unless he grows in liberty, and in ability to control himself and to direct his own efforts.

The stimuli given to children should correspond to their peculiar needs and be just sufficient to arouse and nourish their inner self.

Dr. James E. Russell, dean of the Teachers' College of Columbia University, emphasized the need of a real training for actual life, instead of a universal training for the four D's, when, in a recent address, he said: "Instead of helping the quick-witted city boy, who leaves school at twelve or fourteen years of age, wise beyond his years, to employ his mental strength in shortening the term of apprenticeship in the trades and in improving the quality of the output, we turn him over to the tender mercies of the trades union or allow him to bungle ahead in his efforts to become a capable workman.

"What wonder that our skilled craftsmen are foreigners, and that our best American boys become petty politicians or walking delegates or seekers after the soft places. We do not teach them to do the day's work in such a way as to find pleasure and satisfaction in it. The result is grumbling and fault-finding and discontent in private life, and in civil life the beginnings of Socialism and Anarchism."

A Minute to Wait? Read This

ONE of the best places on earth to get a thing read that you want people to read carefully and over and over is the railway station. It is here that men and women stand around in impatience, doing the most boresome task on earth—waiting; and with nothing to read usually but a lot of fly-specked advertisements and notices.

We therefore offer to railway companies the following material which, if they will have it printed in large type and tacked up in their waiting rooms, will do some good and not be unprofitable:

CUT OUT THE BOOZE

This is not a temperance oration. It is a little horse-sense.

You are waiting for a train. When you take your seat in the car you will be riding behind an engine as strong as forty giants.

How would you feel if you knew that the engineer in the locomotive was DRUNK? You would be at the mercy of a CRAZY MAN.

This railroad is therefore very strict in demanding absolute sobriety of its workers.

But did you never think that not only on the railway, but anywhere else also, your life would be in peril of an alcohol-maniac?

Your cab-driver, chauffeur, street-car motorman, elevator boy hold your life in their hands.

Anybody can buy a revolver, and a drink-crazed man can reel out of a saloon and kill you, your wife or your child. Then what good will his maudlin excuse do you, that he didn't realize what he was doing?

Our civilization grows more complex every day. Life, health and property are at the mercy of any moral pervert.

Don't you think it is about time you begin, by influence and example, to decrease the number of insane alcoholics?

We do not ask you to be a prohibitionist nor a teetotaler. We have no desire to dictate your personal habits or your political opinions.

But there is no harm in asking you to THINK.

Thousands of lives are lost, millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed, thousands of bodies are mangled, every year, because alcoholic drinks can be bought freely by any loafer.

To many people these drinks are a comfort and a cheer perhaps; but to many others they are poison and make them irresponsible maniacs.

THINK!

Prohibition may not be practical. Regulation may be imperfect. But cannot the American people think of some way to protect their lives from that which makes madmen?

THINK!

We are wholly selfish in putting up this placard. We are looking after our own interests. We have many miles of property exposed to the malice of cranks and criminals. We are concerned for ourselves.

THINK! Should not you look out for your own interests?

Latest Medical Vaudeville

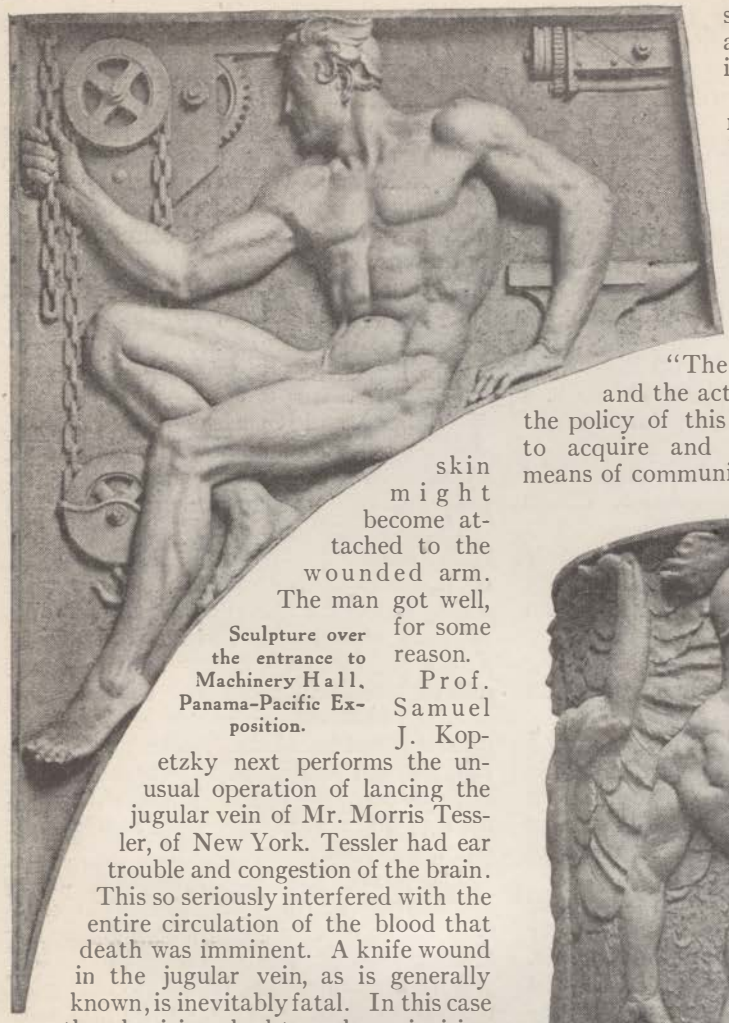
LADIES and Gentlemen, if you will lend us your kind attention for a spell, we will now entertain you with a few stunts pulled off by our leading medicine men.

First, we present Prof. J. J. Abel, Dr. L. G. Rountree and Dr. B. B. Turner, all of Johns Hopkins University. They take a dog, put him to sleep by vapor, open up his neck and shoulder, attach one end of a tube to his carotid artery and the other end to his jugular vein, and cause all the animal's blood, propelled by his heart, to pass through said tube, wherein by a certain solution said blood is "washed" clean of its diseased qualities. The blood passes through fifty feet of tubing. The dog died. But it was a grand experiment.

The second number on the program is Dr. Carlson of the University of Chicago who swallows a small rubber balloon, inflates it through a tube, and then can tell you by the contracting of the stomach and the forcing of air out through the tube into a recording instrument, just how hungry he is. This is a lot more dependable than that gone feeling.

Dr. Dellemuth, at the Holy Family Hospital in Brooklyn, next opens the breast of an Italian who has been stabbed in a fracas and sews up the wound in the heart; after which he replaces the ribs and sews up the breast. The physicians who stood around declared the operation a success. The man died, however, as did the abovementioned dog.

Now comes Dr. William H. Lawrence, of Overlook Hospital, Summit, N. J. A man had lost in an accident the skin, tissue and muscles of his forearm. The doctor made an aperture in the patient's abdominal wall, inclosed the forearm within it, binding it firmly so that the tissue as well as



Sculpture over the entrance to Machinery Hall, Panama-Pacific Exposition.

skin might become attached to the wounded arm. The man got well, for some reason.

Prof. Samuel J. Kopetzky next performs the unusual operation of lancing the jugular vein of Mr. Morris Tessler, of New York. Tessler had ear trouble and congestion of the brain. This so seriously interfered with the entire circulation of the blood that death was imminent. A knife wound in the jugular vein, as is generally known, is inevitably fatal. In this case the physicians had to make an incision and then most carefully guard the flow of blood and in the right instant close the wound.

The operation was wholly successful. Tessler left the hospital fourteen days later.

Democracy Weds Industry

ONE of the most significant steps taken in recent years by the Government is the unqualified endorsement by Postmaster-General Burleson, on December 17, 1913, of the idea of Government Ownership of all telegraph and telephone lines.

These are his words:

"A study of the constitutional purposes of the postal establishment leads to the conviction that the Post-office Department should have control over all means of the communication of intelligence.

"The monopolistic nature of the telegraph business makes it of vital importance to the people that it be conducted by unselfish interests, and this can be accomplished only through Government ownership.

"The act of July 24, 1866, and the act of 1902, are evidences of the policy of this Government ultimately to acquire and operate these electrical means of communication as postal facilities,

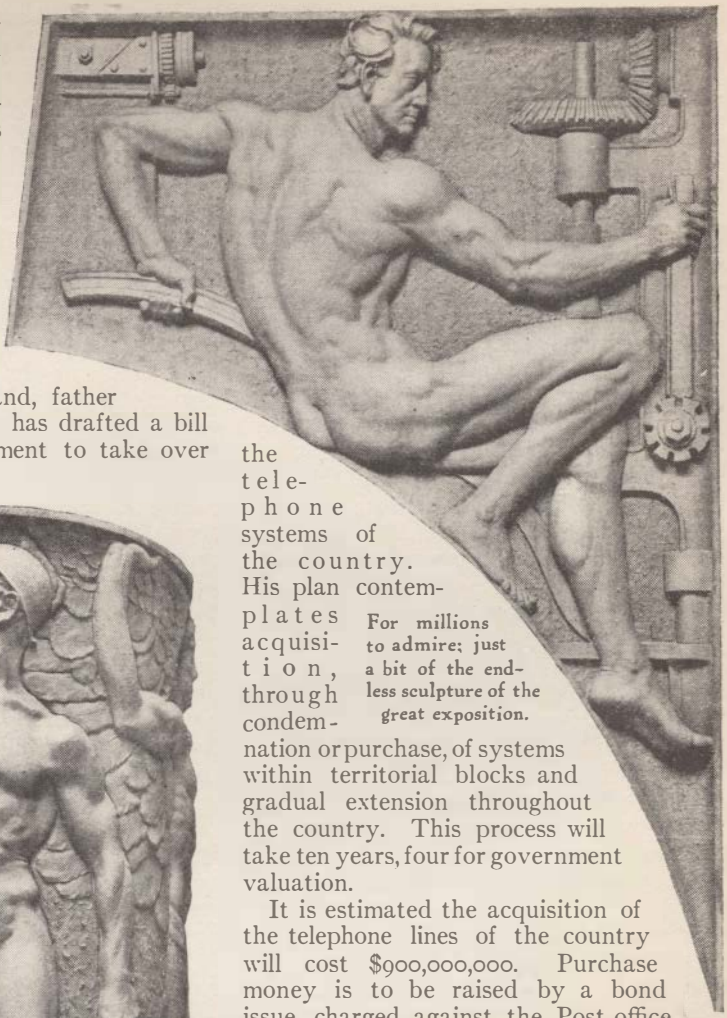
PHOTOS (C) BY PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION CO.

This and the other figures here and on the opposite page represent the work of Haig Pattigan, a young Californian sculptor, whose work will be seen at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

as is done by all the principal nations, the United States alone excepted.

"The successful operation of the parcel post has demonstrated the capacity of the Government to conduct the public utilities which fall properly within the postal provision of the Constitution."

Representative David John Lewis, of Maryland, father of the Parcel Post Law, has drafted a bill authorizing the Government to take over the telephone systems of the country. His plan contemplates acquisition, through condemnation or purchase, of systems within territorial blocks and gradual extension throughout the country. This process will take ten years, four for government valuation.



For millions to admire; just a bit of the endless sculpture of the great exposition.

It is estimated the acquisition of the telephone lines of the country will cost $900,000,000. Purchase money is to be raised by a bond issue charged against the Post-office Department.

Eight years ago Representative William Randolph Hearst introduced in the Fifty-ninth Congress a bill to enable the United States to take over all telegraph systems.

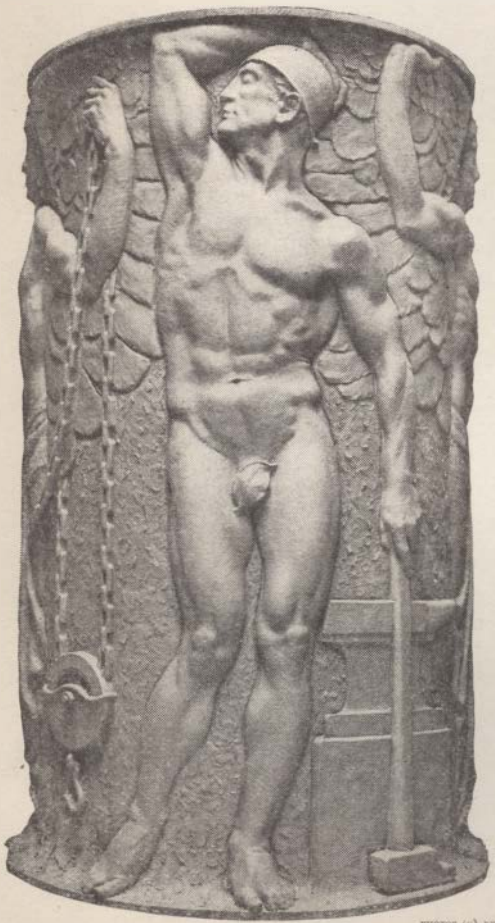
Two years ago Postmaster-General Hitchcock recommended the plan to President Taft and to Congress.

And now the present Postmaster-General recommends the same thing.

We can see in all this the advance and certain future consummation of a great idea. Slowly the people are coming into their own.

Little by little the people are learning to do things for themselves and to cease imagining that only benevolent despots of business can be trusted to do things for them.

That Government which is so success-



PHOTOS (c) BY PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION CO.

The sculptor's virile figures represent man's mastery over mechanical principles; they are simple and powerful and admirably executed decorations, all of them for the Palace of Machinery.

fully completing the Panama Canal will one day operate all natural monopolies.

It means neither revolution nor socialism; it means simply the normal growth of democracy, and its application to industry.

The Wages of Children is Death

SOME interesting testimony was taken by the State Vice Committee in Chicago recently. William C. Thorne, of Montgomery Ward and Company, told how a girl could live on eight dollars a week. Mr. Lytton, of the Hub Clothing Store, thought $6.50 a week was good wages for a shop-girl, when she lived with her parents. Joseph Basch, second vice-president of Siegel Cooper and Company, said this:

"I believe that immorality is a state of mind. I believe our girls are moral. I think only a very small percentage of them could be persuaded to take the 'easiest way.' We employ about 1250 girls, about half of whom get $8 or less. I wouldn't think of hiring a girl under sixteen years of age. She should be in school."

This is a good occasion to point out precisely what is the matter. And the matter is this:

No boy or girl under age, that is, under twenty, has any business to be employed as a wage earner.

The community that permits this is criminal. It is corrupting the nation at its source. It is stealing the green apples from the tree of life. It is pillaging the home to make profits for merchandise.

There are plenty of grown men and women to do all the necessary work of the world. To impress children and the mothers of children to spin and delve and build and sell is a form of race suicide.

It's Getting to be Some World

OH, I don't know, said the optimist. Times are not so bad. People have an incurable habit of complaining. And the croaking old he-Cassandra that repeats continually his refrain that "the former days were better than these" is simply an ignorant old gentleman whose food does not agree with him.

Talk about "the pace that kills!" Why, the pace nowadays is precisely the pace that does not kill. We go fast. But the faster the safer.

The traveler whirling along at fifty miles an hour on the Limited from New York to Chicago stands much less chance of coming to grief than great-grandfather did in 1813 when he treked from Philadelphia to New York.

Horses, take 'em by and large, have kicked to death and smashed up in runaways more folks than automobiles have injured.

A man is pretty secure almost anywhere now in this country. He does not have to carry his rifle, when he goes to church, to be ready for the prowling redskin. He does not have to freeze in winter by an open fire in a log hut full of cracks, nor have chills and fever all summer from malarial pools.

Most of us die in our beds, whereas in the good old days nations were always fighting each other and, when they ceased, the occasion was improved by starting a civil war. Every man at some time was a soldier.

The devastating plagues of former time have been done away with. Smallpox is practically unknown. Cholera has disappeared in the wake of the Wandering Jew into the land of myth. Tuberculosis is curable if you take it in time. The insane are decently cared for and not allowed to roam the highway. Hospitals are everywhere. So are Public Schools. Only the nobility had parks a century ago; now everybody's nurse maids walk in them by day and tramps sleep there by night.

The telephone, telegraph, postal service, express companies and rapid transit, all make life fuller and richer and save us time for other things.

The fact is that life is so protected and the unfortunate are so well cared for that we are developing a new worry, and are afraid that the earth will become too crowded, because the population is not sufficiently thinned out by war and disease.

We take off our hats to the Beautiful World. It's clearing up and going to be a fine day.

There are more pretty babies, more charming girls, more husky lads, more contented women, more efficient men, better preachers, juster judges, cleaner politicians, purer water, more tasty biscuit and gravy and higher wages to-day than ever before.

And it's getting better right along.

Gee! We wish we could live a hundred years from now! Believe us, it's going to be SOME WORLD!

SCIENCE

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

Fool-proofing the Aeroplane

IT is matter of peculiar interest that Mr. Orville Wright should have perfected a stabilizer for the aeroplane just ten years after the Wright aeroplane itself made its first flight.

The general principle of the new stabilizer, to be sure, is said by Mr. Wright to be the same disclosed in the patents taken out in Europe several years ago, before the death of his brother. But the mechanism has been modified and improved.

The stabilizer is described as consisting of two parts. One is controlled by a pendulum for maintaining a lateral balance; the other controlled by a vane or horizontal rudder for fore and aft balance. The pendulum operates levers which transfer their influence to the wings of the machine.

The power for warping the wings and turning the elevating vane is furnished by a small windmill attached to the aeroplane, so that the stopping of the motor does not affect the operation of the device.

Mr. Wright describes one of the important improvements as a device for preventing over-control when the aeroplane has been thrown out of balance in one direction, and the elevator is turned or the wings warped to bring it to level again. This device, he states, gradually brings the elevator and wings back to their normal positions as the machine is approaching the level, so that when the level is finally reached the controls do not turn the machine beyond the level.

In making a turn the operator simply sets the steering lever to one side. "The device automatically brings the aeroplane to the proper angle so that it neither slips inward nor skids outward. It regulates the angle of banking more accurately than can the average aviator."

No one has ever accused Mr. Wright of making an unduly enthusiastic prediction. Indeed, the conservatism of the Wright brothers from the outset seemed scarcely less remarkable than their inventive genius. So when Mr. Wright states that the new stabilizers make the aeroplane practically fool-proof, and promise to make travel in an aeroplane about as safe as travel behind a locomotive, the public will be disposed to feel that the problem of stabilizing the aeroplane has indeed been solved.

It is stated of the new mechanisms that the entire apparatus weighs no more than thirty pounds; that it can be switched on or off at the will of the pilot; and that the balance it secures is much better than a pilot can maintain.

Mr. Wright is reported to have made demonstrations in which he flew for several miles with his hands raised above his head, leaving the flying-machine entirely to the guidance of the mechanical apparatus.

The fact that the Wright stabilizer is an exceedingly simple mechanism gives it an obvious advantage over the gyroscopic stabilizer; provided, of course, that it proved equally effective. And as to this point, there appears to be little question. Apparently, then, the Wright aeroplane has now reached the stage of development when it may safely and advantageously be applied to commercial uses. The automatic stabilizer was the one thing required to give

the machine relative perfection. With its use, long distance flights will presumably be feasible for the least enduring aviator. It should make the much talked of trans-Atlantic flight a mere matter of multiple engines.

Radiating Away Cancer

RECENT reports as to the treatment of cancer with radium corroborate the hopeful expectations that were aroused by earlier cases. In particular, the work of Dr. Howard Kelly, of Johns-Hopkins, has brought to the attention of the public the possibilities of the new method.

Dr. Kelly is known everywhere as one of the most skilful of American surgeons. So his reports of the seeming cure of inoperable cases of cancer with radium have naturally attracted the eager attention of the medical profession and of the general public.

Dr. Kelly himself warns the public against expecting too much of the new treatment. It is not to be hoped that an infallible remedy has been discovered. Nevertheless the action of radium in causing the absorption of the cancerous tissues has been in many cases unequivocal, and even the most cautious physicians cannot refrain from indulging in very hopeful prognostications as to the extension of the treatment.

Dr. Kelly, in association with Dr. Robert Abbe and other professional colleagues, has endeavored to interest the United States Government in the preservation of the deposits of radium ore wherever found in public lands. In particular, they are interested in the deposits of a mineral called Carnotite.

Carnotite is described as "a canary yellow powder or slightly cohering mass or yellow stain in rock crevasses or in sandstone." It contains many different chemicals, but it is believed that it consists essentially of a vanadate of uranium and potassium.

Uranium, it will be recalled, was the original radio-active substance discovered by the French chemist, Becquerel, in 1896. It is now known to be the parent product from which a series of transformation products, including radium, is derived. The carnotite deposits are found in widely extended areas of the western United States, but the best of these are believed to be those in Montrose County, Colorado.

The value of the ore was appreciated in Europe some time ago, and considerable quantities of it were purchased for relatively insignificant sums and shipped abroad.

Secretary Lane and other Government officials have become interested in the project to preserve the carnotite ore for home use, and it now seems probable that the invaluable supply of radium in these ores will be made available in due course for the use of American physicians.

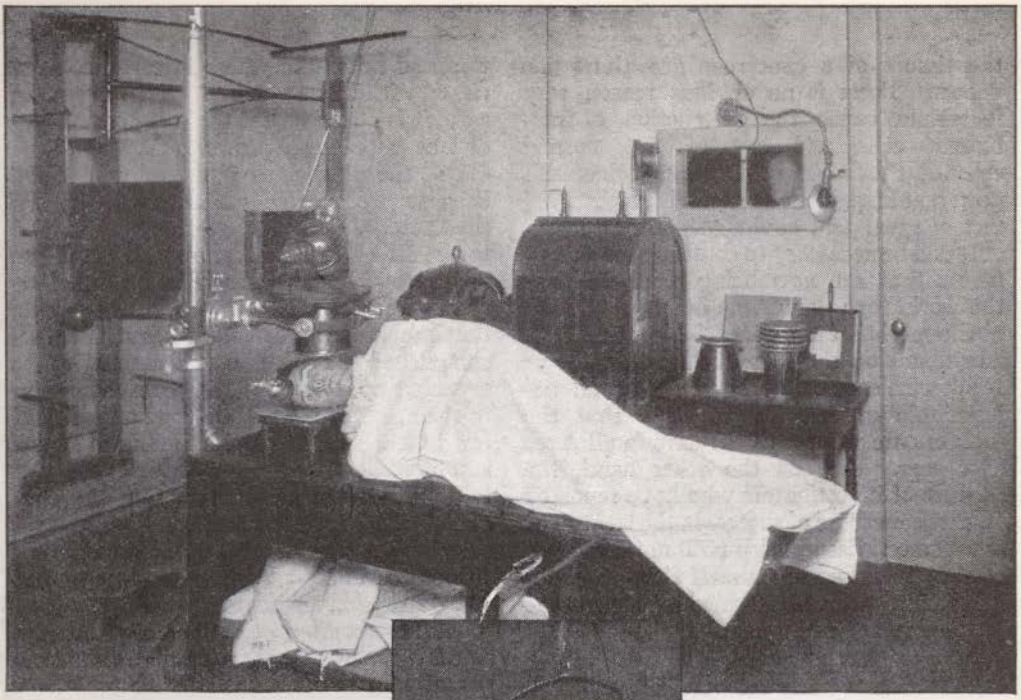
Unfortunately it is a very laborious and costly process to extract the radio-active chemicals from the ore. At the present time, according to a letter sent by Secretary Lane to Representative Martin D. Foster, there appears to be in the United States less than two drams of radium in a form available for surgical use—that is, less than one-fourteenth of an ounce. This minute quantity is valued at $120,000. It has all been procured from Europe, although three-fourths of the radium produced in the world during the year 1912 came from American ores.

Secretary Lane states that a process of extracting radium from ore has been invented by a chemist of the Bureau of Mines, and that if this process proves successful, it will be given to the world, and all the radium secured over and above a small minimum will be the property of the United States, and will be put into the hands of the United States Hospital Service for public use.

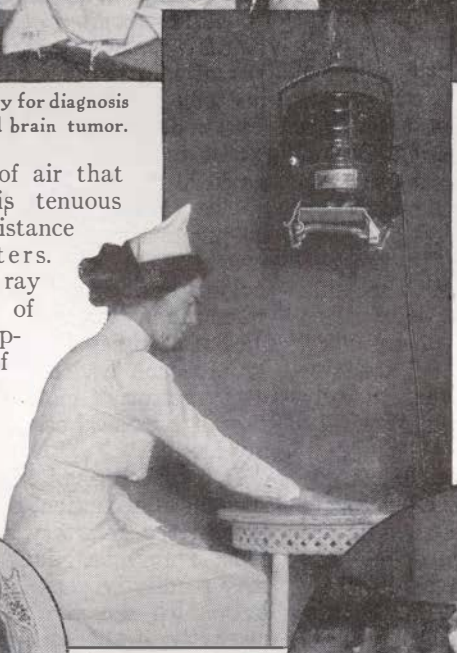
Under these circumstances it can scarcely be doubted that proper steps will be taken to carry forward an enterprise that promises so much for humanity.

As to the surgical aspects of the matter, it is of interest to note that the radiations utilized in the treatment of cancer are those known technically as the *gamma* rays, the *alpha* and *beta* rays being screened so that they do not enter the tissues.

It is now well known, thanks largely to the researches of Professor Ernest Rutherford, that the alpha rays consist of atoms of helium, each carrying a double charge of positive electricity; and that the beta rays consist of streams of electrons or unit particles of electricity. Both of these so-called rays, then, consist of material particles, even though inconceivably small ones, and these particles have relatively slight penetrative power. The alpha particles are enormously large in comparison with the electrons, yet they are so obstructed in their flight even



Employment of the X-ray for diagnosis in the case of a suspected brain tumor.



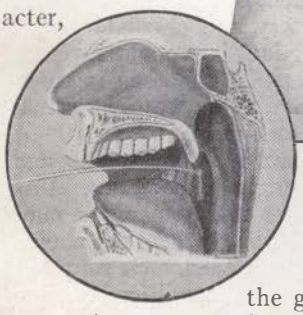
Below — subjecting superficial growths to the ultra-violet rays of an electrical quartz lamp.

by the molecules of air that they penetrate this tenuous medium only to the distance of a few centimeters.

But the gamma ray is in effect a form of X-ray, and it is supposed to consist of minute waves in the ether, far shorter than the waves of ultra-violet light. Whatever its character, the gamma ray has penetrative power of a most extraordinary kind. It passes through all ordinary solids, and will penetrate a mass of lead eight inches in thickness. It passes through the substance of the human body as readily, seemingly, as light passes through glass.

Ultra-violet light has germicidal power, and is used in the treatment of superficial affections, but it has very slight power of penetration. The X-ray penetrates, but its application often presents mechanical difficulties.

Just how or why the radiation from radium affects



At left—cancer of the throat exposed to tube containing radium.

A peep within — an examination by X-ray photography

the tissues of a cancerous growth no one knows. There is no obvious reason why it should cause the destruction of malignant cells and not of the normal cells of the body. But that it has this power, at least in many cases, is an observed fact of great and obvious significance.

It will be necessary to continue the experiments that are now being made all over the world for a long time before the limits of the method are known. Meantime it is incumbent on the scientific investigator to speak with caution, and it would be an unjustifiable expectation to hope that the radium cure will prove effective in all cases of cancer. But, on the other hand, the number of investigators who have reported at least a measure of success in the treatment of cancerous tissues with radium is so large, and the standing of some of them so high, that it may safely be affirmed even now that the new remedy has positive value.

Long Live Yourself!

A GREAT deal has been heard in recent years about the decrease in infant mortality and the control of contagious diseases, including typhoid fever and tuberculosis.

But statisticians are aware that progress has not been made with any such measure of satisfactoriness toward the elimination of another important class of maladies, known comprehensively as degenerative diseases, which find their victims usually among people of middle age, who should be in the very prime of life.

It has been noted, for example, that there is a very marked contrast in the death-rate between the group of individuals who are thirty-five to forty-four years of age and the group in the succeeding decade. Thus, a recent mortality table shows that the deaths per thousand of population between the ages of thirty-five and forty-four were but 9.4, whereas between forty-five and fifty-four they were 14.5. And in the decade next following they rose to 28.4.

Now it appears that there is no good reason why there should be such a discrepancy as this. A study of the causes of this rapid increase in mortality shows a very high percentage of diseases affecting the arterial system and heart; and these diseases, according to the modern interpretation, are largely due to defects of assimilation and nutrition, which in turn are associated with improper diet. Such being the case, it is obvious that these abnormal conditions should be preventable.

But the physicians of recent years have been so preoccupied with consideration of the bacterial diseases that they have tended to overlook these familiar diseases of middle life. Now, however, there is a marked reaction and it is coming to be understood that preventive medicine will not have accomplished all that may reasonably be expected of it until it has given attention to the needs of the middle-aged person, and taught him how to extend his life to a normal limit.

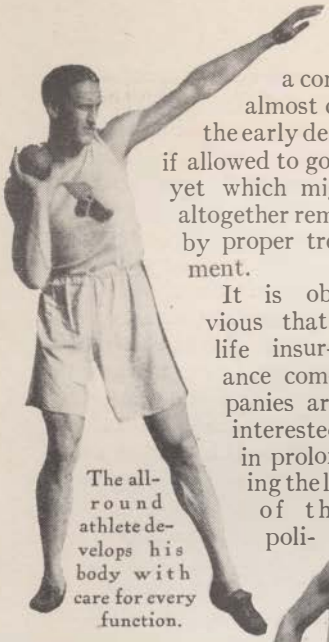
Doubtless the most interesting and concerted effort in this direction is that proposed by a new organization recently incorporated in New York under name of the Life Extension Institute.

The new organization has for sponsors such men as ex-President Taft, Colonel Gorgas of Panama fame, Dr. William Welch of Johns-Hopkins and Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, with a notable Reference Board of physicians and humanitarians of national repute.

The proposed manner of operation is to coöperate with the life insurance companies, primarily by offering to examine policyholders as to their physical condition, not when the said policyholders are known to be ill, but at times when they are supposedly in excellent health. The theory is that every person of middle age should have a thorough medical examination at least once a year.

It is well recognized by physicians that such an examination, directed in particular toward the excretory and circulatory systems, may reveal incipient maladies that may readily be remedied if taken in time, but which are sure to become incurable presently, if not intelligently treated.

One of the commonest of middle-age maladies is hardening of the arteries. Unfortunately the onset of this condition may be so gradual that its victim does not realize that his health is threatened. He supposes himself to be in normal condition, but his own feelings are no proper guide to his real condition. An up-to-date examination, with the use of instruments for measuring blood pressure, and with tests of the blood itself, coupled, of course, with investigation of the vital organs in general, may reveal



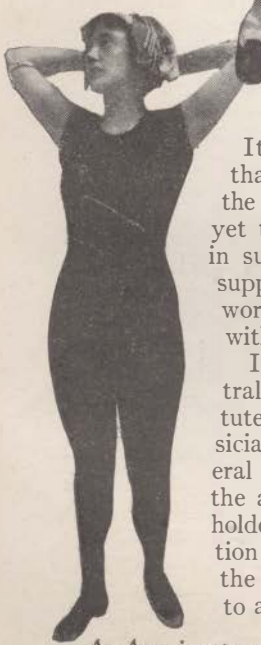
The all-round athlete develops his body with care for every function.

a condition that would almost certainly result in the early death of the patient if allowed to go untreated, yet which might be altogether remedied by proper treatment.

It is obvious that life insurance companies are interested in prolonging the lives of their policyholders, so it was thought that through coöperation with such companies, the attention of the public would be secured, and the Life Extension Institute would be enabled quickly to extend the range of its usefulness.

An English prize-winner for bodily perfection.

For speed and for wind—the runner's body.



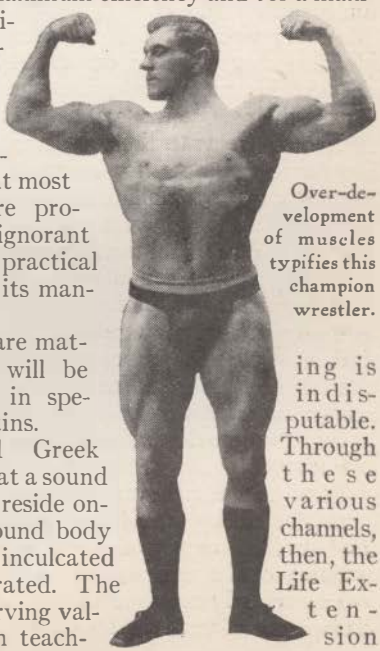
An American type—the perfect woman.

It should be understood that the central motive of the Institute is humanitarian, yet that it is to be operated in such a way as to be self-supporting. It is, in other words, a business enterprise with a humanitarian motive.

It is expected that the central laboratories of the Institute will coöperate with physicians everywhere, the general plan being to discover the abnormality of a policyholder through an examination that will be paid for by the insurance companies; and to advise the patient to go to his private physician for treatment.

An important phase of the work of the Institute will have to do with the enlightenment of the public as to matters of personal hygiene, and the attainment of such physical development as makes for health and longevity. At the present time comparatively few people have really clear and comprehensive ideas as to proper diet, the value of exercise and kindred subjects that are vitally important in giving a prospect of long health and longevity. This fundamental truth that the human body is a machine that requires rational treatment if it is to be made to work at maximum efficiency and for a maximum period is coming to be pretty generally understood; but most people are profoundly ignorant as to the practical rules for its management.

Balanced and normal is the healthy body.



Over-development of muscles typifies this champion wrestler.

These are matters that will be set forth in special bulletins.

The old Greek maxim that a sound mind can reside only in a sound body will be inculcated and illustrated. The life-conserving value of such teaching is indisputable. Through these various channels, then, the Life Extension

Institute may be expected to exert an influence that will probably be observable in a half decade or so in a reduction of the mortality rate of middle life. The need of the services of such an Institute will increase year by year, if for no other reason because the sanitarian in our generation preserves the lives of so many infants who will constitute a more or less weakly and susceptible contingent among the adult population of to-morrow.

The Whys of Chemistry

PROFESSOR W. A. HOMOR, of the College of the City of New York, names offhand a dozen or so unsolved problems of physical chemistry, and a glimpse at the list gives one the impression that there is almost indefinite opportunity for new research work in the chemical laboratory.

For example, no one knows what is the nature of the so-called "valency" that causes various chemicals to unite. If it were not possible for atoms to separate and re-combine under certain conditions there would be no change whatever in the chemical composition of any substance.

This applies, of course, to the processes of growth and decay of the human body as well as to all the manifest phenomena of the inorganic world.

But in point of fact chemical changes are incessantly going on about us. The chemist is able to measure them and to denote their sequence; yet he has absolutely no knowledge as to their underlying causes. He does not know, for example, why one atom of oxygen is able to hold two atoms of hydrogen. He knows that this combination takes place, and that the resulting compound is a fluid called water. He knows that he cannot make one atom of hydrogen combine with two atoms of oxygen, but he does not know *why* one union is made and the other refused. If he could find out the reason he would make a fundamental discovery that would doubtless be of incalculable importance.

Possibly the most suggestive of the problems named by Professor Homor is this: To develop and determine the relative stability of the chemical elements.

This clearly implies that the chemical elements are variable structures. Such a suggestion would have been regarded as revolutionary a few years ago. But the observed transformations in radium and the allied substances have set the chemists thinking along new lines—or rather have revived an old line of reasoning that was discredited; and to-day there is the tendency at least to question whether we know anything of an absolutely fixed substance or element. We know that radio-active substances change, and this makes it at least a fair assumption that other elements *may* change. But whether they actually do change and, if so, to what extent and how, are questions that still lure the laboratory investigator.

An Observatory off the Job

IN his presidential address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Edward C. Pickering gave a very interesting summary of recent work of astronomers all over the world.

The part of Prof. Pickering's address that attracted most attention was doubtless that in which he criticized the United States Naval Observatory which, he declared, "in the past has failed to justify the liberal appropriations made for its support." He states that Congress has given this observatory a much larger income than that of any other observatory in the world, but has hampered it with laws making the attainment of the best results impossible.

"The superintendent must be a naval officer instead of an astronomer, and even then must go to sea after a short term. Accordingly the Naval Observatory, during a period of thirty-seven years, had twenty superintendents with an average term of less than two years. The Greenwich Observatory during a period of 235 years, from 1675 to 1910, has had eight Astronomers Royal with an average term of twenty-nine years. The work of the latter institution with but half the income has greatly exceeded that of the Naval Observatory."

Professor Pickering notes, however, that within the last few weeks the Naval Observatory has established an admirable wireless time service by which any one can obtain, at trifling expense, accurate time within a tenth of a second. But he urges that the Navy has no need of a great observatory, and that the obvious remedy is to remove

the observatory to another department, or place it under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution and appoint an astronomer at its head.

He points out, as a splendid field for the observatory, if properly officered, the taking up of certain lines of work that are elsewhere neglected—for instance, the computation of double star orbits.

It is interesting to add that Professor Pickering, in another part of his address, calls attention to a line of work that the amateur can do with a small telescope which, he says, might be of great value. This is the observation of variable stars. The number of known variables, he says, is now about 4500, of which three-quarters have been discovered by photography at the Harvard Observatory. The work of investigating these variables should have interest for a large number of amateur observers.

Variable stars and lace-like nebulae caught by photography.

As illustrating the interest of the subject, Prof. Pickering tells us that Prof. Bailey has found that in a single star cluster, known as Messier 3, out of a thousand stars one-seventh are variable, all having a period of about half a day. Their light changes so rapidly that in one case it doubles in seven minutes. "It is a strange thought that out of a thousand stars, looking exactly alike, there should be a hundred little chronometers keeping perfect time."

These particular variables have been observed so that their periods are known within a fraction of a second, but there are many hundreds of others that are awaiting careful observation. The observation of variable stars, then, offers inviting opportunities for anyone with leisure in his evenings.

Mere amateurs may observe and easily record such phenomena.

The "Three-Horned Bull"

NO question is of greater interest to the students of heredity in our day than that having to do with the origin of species.

The appearance of a new form of plant or animal life always excites exceptional interest whether that of the student or the man with the newspaper.

It has become necessary, however, in the light of the newer knowledge of heredity, to revise a good many of our ideas, and, in particular, to investigate closely some of the reported cases of the seeming origin of new species that from time to time have gained currency.

A case in point is given by two French writers in a recent bulletin of the Société Nationale d'Acclimatation de France, and commented on in a recent issue of the "Journal of Heredity." It refers to an alleged species of cattle which was first announced by the famous French zoölogist, Quatrefages de Bréau, in the year 1880, and given the name *Bos tricros*—the three-horned bull.

The original observation on the anomalous creature was made by Dr. de Rochebrune, who subsequently discussed the possible origin of the third horn, and decided that it was, indeed, a typical specific characteristic.

Recently, however, an investigation has been made among the cattle of Senegambia, where the three-horned cattle appeared, and it has been found that the anomalous horn, which appears in the face of the animal, is really only an excrescence due to an inflammatory process following a preventive inoculation. The inoculation is intended to guard the animal against peripneumonia, and it is accomplished by making an incision in the animal's face and injecting the serum.

It is not unusual for a local irritation to cause an abnormal deposit of misplaced tissues, and in this case it has led in a good many instances to the appearance of a bony projection covered by a horny mass, which has the outward appearance of a true third horn. Dissection shows, however, that it is merely an excrescence not intimately connected with the skull. It is somewhat analogous to the local form of cancer known as epithelomia, that sometimes develops on the lip of a man who habitually smokes a pipe and thus irritates the mucous surface.

Such a pathological growth as the third horn is not transmitted to the progeny, and, of course, the animal possessing it is to be regarded merely as a freak, in no wise entitled to the bookish dignity of a new specific name.

So one more of the cases that have always interested the zoölogist may be scratched from the list of puzzling anomalies.

A Million Years, More or Less

THE recent visit to this country of Dr. J. Leon Williams, the distinguished British anthropologist, has aroused fresh interest in the relics of our prehistoric ancestors.

An account of the finding of the relic, now famous as the Piltdown Skull, was given in these columns a few months ago. Here it may be added that the controversy over that skull, about which the public has heard a good deal, has had to do with technical details rather than with any question involving broad general principles. Possibly the thing that most appealed to the average reader was the suggestion that if evolution and taken place according to the Darwinian theory, "it may be necessary to go back more than a million years to find the purely anthropoid ancestor of man."

The contrast between a million years and the six thousand years that used to be considered the age of the earth itself is so striking as to challenge attention.

It should be understood, however, that geologists ask a good deal of latitude in dealing with matters of remote chronology. As between half a million and a million years, in estimating the age of a given epoch, they do not ordinarily like to discriminate with certainty. And in particular, in recent years, since Professor DeVries put forward the theory that evolution may have proceeded by mutation instead of by minute variations, the biologist has been disposed to consider smaller periods of time than were once thought necessary to estimate the rate of evolution.

But as to the broad essential fact that man has evolved from the lower orders of beings, and that the evolutionary process is, according to all ordinary conceptions, almost inconceivably slow, there is no difference of opinion. Whether we estimate the age of man at five hundred thousand or at a million years, will not appear to the average individual a matter of very great significance, so long as the main fact of slow evolutionary development involving immense stretches of time is established.

FINANCE

By B. C. Forbes

Know Your New Income Tax Law

"EXPLAIN the Income Tax Law so that the man in the street can understand it"—such was the poser given me.

That is as hard a commission as was ever tackled.

The Treasury Department took about five newspaper columns to explain a few lines of the bill! What can be hoped to be accomplished in very much less than half that space?

However, let me submit the following which has been revised by Charles W. Anderson, collector of internal revenue, for the Second District of New York.

To begin with, let's lop off discussion of the regulations applicable to corporations with the remark that they now have to pay one per cent. on ALL net income, no $5,000 deduction being now allowed. With this difference, the old corporation tax terms, broadly speaking, apply to all classes of corporations that make money in the United States, no matter whether foreign or domestic in their formation and ownership. No surtax (extra percentage) is imposed on the income of corporations.

Now about yourself as an individual. (By the way, if you are a member of a co-partnership your share of profits counts as your own income, partnerships not being assessed as corporations.)

If your net income from all sources for a whole year is less than $3,000 you don't pay.

If married and living with wife or husband you are allowed a COMBINED exemption on $4,000.

If each has, say, $2,500 a year, the Treasury Department has ruled that the tax must be paid on $1,000, although the law itself distinctly says that NO PERSON earning less than $3,000 has to present a statement of income. For the life of me I cannot see how either a husband or a wife, each earning less than $3,000, could be rightfully punished for not preparing a tax return.

This is one regulation that the courts, I feel confident, will overrule. But meanwhile it is safer to comply with the regulation rather than adhere to what appears very clearly to be the letter of the law.

Even if you earn less than $3,000 you may find yourself mulcted in the tax by some corporation whose bonds you have bought. Corporations are held responsible for payment of the one per cent. tax on bond coupons (and registered bonds), and unless a corporation has agreed to pay the tax out of its own coffers it will deduct one per cent. from your private interest receipts.

Don't let it if you receive less than $3,000 a year if single (or $4,000 if you are married); but claim exemption on the certificate which according to the law you must execute anyhow on presentation of your coupons for payment.

Dividends from stocks are NOT taxed up to $20,000, as the corporation pays one per cent. on its net income, from which, of course, all dividends are paid.

The individual himself, however, is responsible for the additional tax when dividends from corporations exceed $20,000.

What you want to know is:

"What must I do to comply with the law?"

"What is the first step I must take?"

If you draw less than $3,000 a year and have had no deductions made at the source on any part of your income, do nothing.

To all others in need of information, my suggestion is this: Ask your mail-carrier to give you the address of your local COLLECTOR of INTERNAL REVENUE.

You Need This Form

I HAVE written Postmaster-General Burleson, at Washington, asking him to instruct all postmasters throughout the country to tell all letter-carriers the address of the Internal Revenue Collector for each district and requesting them to answer all queries on this subject.

Send a postcard or a letter to the Collector (or call) asking for INCOME TAX FORM 1040. See that you get the right number—1040.

He will provide you with a sheet containing spaces for you to fill in, on the back of which is a list of "Instructions" which will, let us hope, make the whole business very plain and simple to you.

If you cannot understand any part of the process, call at his office if convenient, or write telling him your trouble.

But, for any sake, do not try to hide anything. Don't do it! If you are not moved by patriotism or a law-abiding spirit to pay your just share towards the support of the Government, be moved by fear!

But don't pay one cent the Government is not absolutely entitled to. It is as immoral to cheat yourself as to cheat the Government. And once you pay, you stand little chance of getting anything back. "Possession is nine-tenths of the law," you know. The penalties for not complying with the law range from a $20 fine to a $1,000 fine and a year's imprisonment plus the costs of prosecution. So beware!

Take the matter in hand the minute you read this. There is no time to lose.

Exemption on bond interest should be claimed at the time coupon is presented for payment, or, in the case of registered interest, five days before the interest is due.

Then your whole statement of your net income, both the taxable and the exempt parts, must be in the hands of your local Internal Revenue Collector ON MARCH 1. That statement is the Form 1040 I told you to write for without delay.

But don't send any money with Form 1040, your filled-in return. Note that!

The Collector of Internal Revenue will notify you by June 1 how much to pay.

All income tax money must be paid to the Government BY JUNE 30.

The burden is nothing to be afraid of. Be glad to be one of the elect.

Married or Single?

IF you are single and your net income is $5,000 you pay only one-hundredth (that is, one per centum) on $2,000, which is $20. If married, you would pay on only $1,000, the tax amounting to $10, as you get off with $4,000 if you live with your life partner. A husband can make return for himself and wife, or both may sign it.

The normal tax, which covers all incomes up to $20,000, is one per cent. a year on all over $3,000 for single and $4,000 for married persons living together.

Rich people pay extra, thus:

Per cent.				
2	between	$20,000	and	$50,000
3	"	50,000	"	75,000
4	"	75,000	"	100,000
5	"	100,000	"	250,000
6	"	250,000	"	500,000
7	on all over $500,000.			

As the law runs only from March 1 last, and the income tax year ends on December 31, you count for this occasion only your income for the ten months and get exemption of only $2,500 if single and $3,333.33 if married. The law, in other words, was in effect for only five-sixths of 1913, that is, ten months in the twelve. This point you must not overlook.

You may have been asking just what is meant by NET income. Everybody has been puzzling over that apparently very simple matter. In the case of corporations, the question can become very complicated, but we will let their lawyers worry over that.

Net Income is arrived at in the following manner: On page 2 of Form 1040 it will be shown how to arrive at Gross Income. On page 3 are the general deductions, and these taken from Gross Income will show

the Net Income on page 1 of Form 1040. This is very simple.

Gross income includes:

1. Salaries, wages and all other monies received for personal services.

2. Gains, profits and income from professions, vocations, business, trade and commerce.

3. Receipts from sales or dealings in property, real or personal.

4. Monies derived from rent, interest, dividends and securities, and income from, but not the value of property acquired by gift, bequeath, devise or descent. (But not proceeds of life insurance policies paid upon maturity or the death of the insured.)

When You Don't Pay

YOU can claim exemption for the following reasons:

1. All necessary expenses for carrying on your business, but NOT living, family or personal expenses.

2. Interest paid by you during the year on indebtedness.

3. All Federal, State, city, county and school taxes, but NOT assessments levied for local improvements—to streets, etc.

4. Losses suffered in business or by fires, storms or shipwreck and not compensated for by insurance or otherwise.

5. All debts found to be worthless and *written off by you during the year.*

6. Fair allowance for depreciation in the value of property through use in business. (But NOT sums paid for new buildings or permanent improvements.)

7. Dividends from corporations, the net income of corporations being subject to a corporation tax.

8. All income upon which the tax has been withheld at the source—that is, by the corporation, firm, individual, employer, etc., from whom money is received.

9. Interest from obligations of a state or any political sub-division thereof (cities, towns, etc.), and of the United States or its possessions.

10. The compensation of all officers and employees of a state or any political subdivision thereof.

For the benefit of both employers and employees, let me explain that no deductions on salaries were in order during 1913 except in the case of those receiving more than $3,000 for November and December, that is, at the rate of $18,000 a year, as employers were not entitled to withhold the tax until the law was actually passed, and then they could not do it until they had paid an employee $3,000 after November 1.

During 1914 employers must deduct one per cent. on all salaries after $3,000 (or $4,000 as the case may be) has been paid from January 1, but report for 1914 is not to be made until March 1 of 1915.

Try this Case on Yourself

PERHAPS it will help you to understand the whole thing better if I give you a simple example. Thus:

Salary as secretary of a corporation (for 10 months at rate of $6,000 a year)	$5,000
Income from city bonds $300 (entirely omitted from the return)	
Rent on property owned	600
Income from bonds	800
" " stocks	400
Total	$6,800
Deductions:	
On income from bonds taxed at source $800	
" " " stocks " " " 400	$1,200
	$5,600
Exemption for a married man	3,333
	$2,267

Tax at 1 per cent equals $22.67.

For a single man exemption reduced to $2,500—tax is therefore, $31.

If you receive income from any government, state or city bonds DON'T MENTION the fact in your return in any way.

Have I helped to roll off some of the income tax fog which has been lying rather thick over the country?

PLAY of the MONTH

The Yellow Ticket

By Michael Morton

JUST what is the mysterious something which whispers "Success!" through the still air of a production's first night, and sends a crowd of sleepy-eyed playgoers to wait patiently before the box-office at nine o'clock the next morning? The psychology of the thing is interesting. Surely there have been better plays than "The Yellow Ticket," good as it is—but no quicker successes. For the morning papers containing criticisms of the play's opening performance had not been read when the first eager buyers besieged the ticket-window at the Eltinge Theater, in New York.

Michael Morton's new play is frankly a melodrama, the scene laid in St. Petersburg of the present day, the theme the persecution of virtue in the person of an attractive Jewish girl. This girl, Marya Varenka, is giving lessons in Russian to Margery Seaton, who with her father resides at a fashionable hotel. Margery has just persuaded Marya to live with her, at the hotel, in future, when Julian Rolfe is announced. He is a young American journalist, and is much interested in Russia—and Marya. He declares his love for her and learns that the Russian girl does love him. But when he speaks of America and of marriage, Marya suddenly becomes frightened. It is impossible; Rolfe must forget her, she declares, and will give no reason. Rolfe's pleading is interrupted by the announcement of Count Nikolai Rostov, who is engaged to Margery Seaton, and the Count's uncle, Baron Andrey, who is the head of the Okrana, or secret police, and consequently one of the most powerful men in Russia. Rolfe slips away before they enter, having promised to return to tea. Marya Varenka, however, is politely detained by the two men, who seek to discover whether she is poisoning the American's mind against Russia. Marya gives evasive replies, and finally eludes them.

Extracts from the play are published here through the courtesy of Mr. A. H. Woods, the producer.

Baron—I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Rolfe sees Russia only through her fascinating eyes.

Count—Oh, the little traitor!

Baron—Oh, but she's charming!

Count—They all say that!

Baron—And charm forgives everything.

Count—I'm not going to let this girl upset all my plans. Why is she putting Rolfe against Russia? It's very awkward just now, when we're on the eve of bringing out a new loan and need the English and American press. Who is this girl?

Baron—I think your intended father-in-law is the proper person to ask that question.

Count—He took her on a written reference from the Princess Mirsky. I don't believe in written references. I shall see the Princess myself and hear what she has to say of Marya Varenka.

Baron—Why upset our good friend Seaton?

Count—Uncle, this is really the business of the secret police. You ought to have one of your men investigate.

Baron—Nikolai Rostov, you are amusing. It's

distinctly humorous to
of a duty which has al-
performed. You should
Count—You have
Baron—I have
Count—What
Baron—She's
ing. She has
a clean path.
Ah, why clog
her dainty
footsteps by
stirring up
the mud?

Count—
After all,
Miss Seaton
is my future
wife. I must
safeguard her
in this country
to the best of my
ability. Marya
Varenka is her
constant companion. If there is anything that the Seatons or I would object to it should be exposed. You'll do me a great favor if you'll have your man pay a domiciliary visit here this afternoon.

Baron—I do not like to mix up the dirt of my official department with my social life.

Count—Yes, I know it's unpleasant, but it will save me a lot of trouble.

Baron—(*sighs, pretending to give in*) But understand, I know nothing of it.

Count—Certainly, it is understood.

BARON ANDREY sets the secret police to work with a vengeance. Just as the company is assembled for tea, Paviac, an agent of the Okrana, demands audience. Rostov and Andrey pretend to know nothing of the man's mission, and just for the fun of the thing, so that Rolfe can study the police agent's work at first hand, he is admitted, Baron Andrey meanwhile having secreted himself.

Paviac—Excellency.

Seaton—Well, sir.

Paviac—(*looking from one to the other, his eyes finally resting on Marya, who has not turned at his entrance*) Have I the honor of speaking to Mr. Seaton?

Seaton—Yes. What can I do for you?

Paviac—As you have seen by the

The police agent, Paviac (Macey Harlam), demands Marya's passport, and she (Florence Reed) hands him The Yellow Ticket, badge of the prostitute.

Rolfe (Jack Barrymore) declares his love for Marya.

be reminded
ready been
know better.
acted, then?
indeed.
is she?
charm-
found

card, I come from the Okrana, the secret service. I am sorry, Mr. Seaton, my excuses for this intrusion, it is not pleasant I know.

Seaton—Your visit here is a great surprise.

Paviac—The police are every- where and yet peo- ple are always sur- prised to see them.

Seaton—A policeman is not a usual guest at an afternoon tea—my friends are equally astonished.

Rolfe—(*affecting to take it seriously*) Most decidedly. Your visit is a reflection on our host. Hum! The ladies are excited and nervous, and, well—I guess we're all pretty keen to learn the terrible crime that has been committed in this quiet domestic circle.

Paviac—Sir, I am not here to answer questions but to ask them.

Rolfe—I stand corrected. Fire away.

Paviac—Not from you, sir.

Seaton—Mr. Rolfe is a friend.

Paviac—My orders were not to cause you any annoyance. If your friends——

Rolfe—You don't want us to go, do you?

Paviac—I wish to consult the convenience of Mr. Seaton.

Seaton—Then I should like you to come to your business without any further delay. I confess I am at a loss to understand the reason of this visit. Beastly bore!

Paviac—(*turning suddenly and looking at Marya*) I would like to ask Marya Varenka a few questions.

Margery—Marya! (*Marya rises slowly and faces them. The Baron is placed so he can watch her*)

Rolfe—Miss Varenka is well known to all of us.

Paviac—No doubt—it is only a matter of form. Please. (*To Marya. Taking out note book*) You are Marya Varenka.

Marya—Yes.

Paviac—What was the name of your last employer?

Marya—The Princess Mirsky.

Paviac—What was the nature of your employment?

Marya—Governess.

Paviac—The address?

Rolfe—But look here, Miss Varenka brought credentials from the Princess Mirsky which were quite satisfactory to Mr. Seaton.

Seaton—Quite.

Rolfe—(*irritated*) Then why didn't you say so before?

Paviac—Where is this reference?

Marya—I'm sorry, it is at my room in the—in the Karen Skya.

Paviac—I know where your room is, Marya Varenka. It is a pity you haven't your reference here—it is important.

Rolfe—(*impatiently*) Mr. Seaton has seen it.

Paviac—But we must see it, sir. Is your passport also at home?

Marya—No, I have it in my bag.

Paviac—I would like to see it, please. (*Marya goes in, shutting door after her. Paviac quickly follows her so as to keep her in view*)

Rolfe—This is the limit!

Seaton—We all know Miss Varenka.

Paviac—Pardon, Mr. Seaton, we do not.

Rolfe—You're simply fishing. Why should an innocent lady be subjected to this indignity?

Paviac—To prove she's an "*innocent lady.*"

Rolfe—Then the police look upon everyone unknown to them as suspicious characters? Is that it? (*Challenging him*) You might as well suspect me.

Paviac—(*sharply*) I do! You have given me every reason to. (*The Count laughs. The Baron nods his head in approval. Marya enters with bag in her hand; she hands passport to Paviac. He reads it silently*)

Marya—I come here every morning and remain until I return to my room in the Karen Skya at night to sleep. I go nowhere. I have no friends. This is the life I lead, and it was the same, before I came here. That's all I have to tell you.

Paviac—Are you willing to make your statement under oath, before my chief?

Marya—Yes!

Paviac — Do you consider the Princess Mirsky an honest lady?

Marya — Certainly — of the highest integrity —I never suggested anything else.

Paviac—Do you think she would say the same of you?

Rolfe—Say, look here——

Paviac — (*authoritatively, to Rolfe*) If you please, sir. (*To Marya*) The Princess Mirsky kept two governesses, didn't she? (*She doesn't answer*) *Didn't* she?

Marya—(*in a low voice*) Yes.

Paviac — What was the *other* governess's name? (*Marya hesitates*) You remember, don't you—look at me.

Marya — I'm trying to remember, I——

Paviac — One of the Princess's governesses was taken ill and left.

Marya—Yes.

Paviac — Where did she go?

Marya — (*nervously*) To—a—to Petersburg.

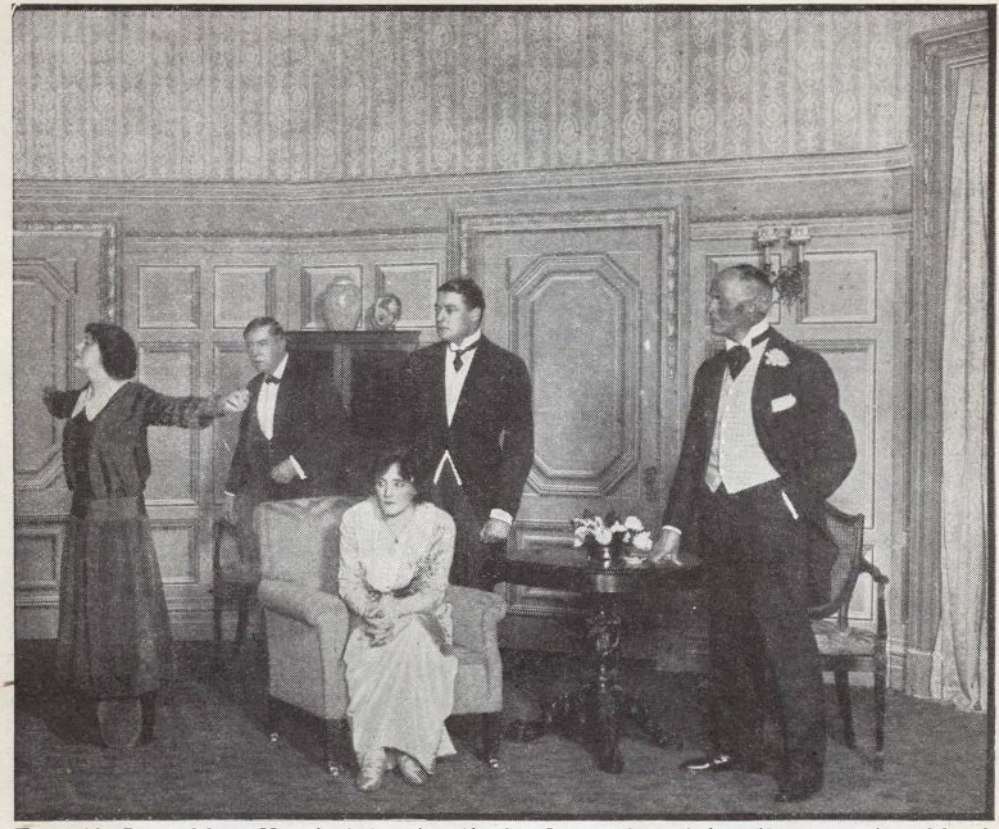
Paviac—Did you see her again?

Marya—Yes.

At the home of the Seatons.

Rolfe faces Baron Andrey (John Mason). Rolfe: "I want a search sent out." Baron: "Surely, Mr. Rolfe! You must be jesting!"

The American journalist goes to the head of the police.



Taunted by Paviac, Marya Varenka declares herself to be a Jew—and proud of it. Her name is Anna-Mirrel.

Paviac—When?

Marya—We shared a room between us, soon after she left me, and I never saw her again.

Paviac—The official records show she died in your room, and her name was—Marya Varenka. (*Rolfe rises. Slight pause*) You took her name! her reference, and her passport!

Count—*You* were never at the Princess Mirsky's.

Marya—It's the first dishonest thing I've ever done in all my life—I had to do it—I had to do it to protect myself from—from——

Paviac—(*sharply*) From what? (*Marya doesn't answer*) What is your right name—have you forgotten that too? (*She looks at him doggedly and doesn't answer*) What is your religion?

Marya—The religion of God.

Paviac—(*looks at her, puzzled, for a moment*) That is not on our official list. (*Takes out small book, reads aloud*) We have the orthodox Church, the Roman Catholic, the Lithuanians, Urkanians, the Sterndets, the Bratzy, the Startzy, the Protestants, Methodists, Baptists, and—the Jews. Which do you belong to? You do not answer. I will answer for you. You are a Jewess!

Marya—I have answered.

Paviac—You are ashamed of your religion? (*Marya raises her eyes and draws herself up proudly*)

Marya—I *am* a Jewess. (*Pause—looks round at them all*) Now you know my crime. I have drunk bitter tea with you; I've been forced to deny my religion so as to live like a human being, not to be hunted like some animal—to confess to *my* faith in Russia, means suffering and sorrow, from the cradle to the grave.

Paviac—(*his manner brutal and abrupt*) You are breaking the law by living in Petersburg! You must go back to the Pale of Settlement! *We* will see you there! You must come with me, Miss.

Rolfe—You surely can't take her by force?

Paviac—If necessary!

Rolfe—Well, I'm damned!—you'll excuse me, but this is so extraordinary! I have Jewish friends at home—very dear friends—I can't—it's knocked me clean out—I—I—can't see it—er—I'm dazed—I can't realize it, it seems like a faked story.

Count—Surely this is not new to you. The whole world knows of our regulations regarding *Jews*.

Rolfe—They *think* they do—they sit in their comfortable homes and *think* they do, but they don't realize it—they can't, any more than I did, till now—I'm in it, actually seeing it in flesh and blood and still, I can't believe it.

Paviac—Come, Miss——

Marya—You may punish me for taking another name, but I shall not go back to the Pale of Settment.

Paviac—(*taking Marya's arm*) You must!

Marya—I cannot.

Paviac—And I say you must. You have no choice.

Marya—And I say I *shall* not. (*Wildly*) I *cannot*

go back. I have every right to live in Petersburg. Or *anywhere* I please —a *lawful right!*

Paviac—Ah! You have a passport of your own?

Marya—Yes.

Paviac—Show it to me. (*Marya puts her hand in her bodice and takes out a ticket, hands it to Paviac. The Baron's face lights up*) "The Yellow Ticket." My compliments, Madam! (*Bows with mock humility—looks at it*) Anna-Mirrel—so that is your name, is it?

Seaton—You've finished your business—I shall be obliged by your leaving here at once.

Paviac—As you like, sir—Excellency— (*Margery goes to Marya and consoles her*)

Count—One moment. You don't know what this passport means—it is a certificate of character, the only certificate this girl has. Petrov Paviac, read the Yellow Ticket for Mr. Seaton.

Paviac—(*reads aloud*) "Number 78943—Know all men by these presents that Anna-Mirrel, town of Kiev, is hereby granted the privilege of residence in any part of the Czar's dominions as a public prostitute. Signed Ivan Presnex, Police Inspector."

Count—You see how difficult it is to keep track of this class when they hide themselves in the bosom of such a highly respectable family. The police can do no more than point them out. They can't say like your police, "Move on!"

Paviac—I am sorry! I have the honor, sir, to wish you good-day. (*Baron rises and discloses himself*) My excuses, Excellency, I did not know you were here. (*Goes to door, turns to Marya*) Anna-Mirrel, do not forget to report yourself to the police once a week. (*As he exits, the Baron makes him a sign, unseen by the others who are all looking at Marya, who stands like a convicted criminal awaiting her sentence*)

Seaton—(*goes to Marya*) How dare you come into my family pretending you're a respectable girl?

Marya—I *am* a respectable girl.

Seaton—With that passport in your possession?

Marya—Yes, with that passport. I'm grateful for your kindness, but it hurts me that you should think that I had contaminated your house. I have been brought up as an honest, God-fearing girl, and believe me, Mr. Seaton, that is how I have

Rolfe asks Marya, who admits she loves him, why she will not marry him.

Above, a personal portrait of Miss Reed.

lived—with this Yellow Ticket (*putting her hand to her bosom where the ticket is*) hidden away like something precious, close to my heart.

Count—The Yellow Ticket is the most powerful passport in Russia. It gives the holder the great privilege of moving freely to any part of the Czar's dominions; no Russian subject, rich or poor, Christian or Jew, has such freedom. Honest, God-fearing girls do not ask for this ticket.

Marya—Jewish girls are forced to.

Margery—Oh, what an awful country!

Count—Please, please——

Rolfe—You're jumping at conclusions—I'll stake my life——

Count—That is a matter for Mr. Seaton to decide.

Seaton—(*to Marya*) Then you will please leave here at once. (*She starts to go*)

Rolfe—(*to Seaton*) Look here, you're not going to drive that girl out without giving her a chance to say a word for her defense?

Seaton—You've heard what the Count said?

Rolfe—And I'd like to hear what she has to say.

Seaton—There is no defense for such a thing.

Rolfe—What thing? That dirty little piece of pasteboard—that's all *it is* in clean hands——

Seaton—My dear Rolfe, control yourself.

Rolfe—Oh, I know it's "bad form" in England to show your feelings. Well, I've been badly brought up, and I can't stand by and see a girl who has lived here like one of the family pushed out like a servant without a character. Mr. Seaton, that's not fair play; give her a chance to make herself right. (*To Marya*) You want to, don't you? (*Marya nods silently*)

Baron Andrey instructs Paviac.

Baron Andrey forces his attentions on Anna.

Seaton—What is there to be said—no decent woman would place herself in such a position, no, not for anything in the world.

Marya—Oh, yes! "A decent woman" *would* do anything in the world for one she loved—and the one I dearly loved, the one I did it for—was my father. He went to America.

Seaton—Why didn't you go *with* your father?

Marya—Because my mother was too delicate to travel. I stayed with her. I was brought up just as carefully as your daughter, Mr. Seaton. I was guarded and watched, I wasn't even allowed to leave the house alone for fear some harm might come to me. I was very precious to my family.

My father was coming home from America. We were expecting to hear from him, from Petersburg. A telegram *did* come; it was from a hospital saying my father had met with a serious accident and could only live a few hours. The shock killed my mother; I packed my things ready to go; then my relatives told me the police would not allow me to leave the village; as a Jewess I must remain within the Pale of Settlement. I was young, I was inexperienced. I felt sure when I explained to the officials they would understand, and make an exception, they would let me go to my father; so I wouldn't listen, and I went to the police bureau.

There I was told I could have a passport that would take me anywhere; and they laughed. I laughed too. I was glad, and I thought what foolish people to have told me I couldn't go. I asked for the passport at once, as I was anxious not to miss the train. The police inspector wrote out a "Yellow Ticket," and asked me to sign it. I was about to do so when he said I'd better read it first. I did, but the word which now makes me shudder was strange to me—I didn't understand it. My mother was a pious woman and had showed me only the good in the world. I told the police inspector that I didn't understand it, and he swore at me. I told him I didn't refuse to sign it, but I only wanted to know the meaning of the law, so I could observe it. He laughed again and the other officers laughed; it was a great joke to them. Then he told me the meaning, in coarse words that men use only among themselves.

But I had to go. I could not let my father die alone with strangers and—I signed the ticket.

In my village they lit candles and said prayers for the dead, for I was as dead to them after that. I reached my father in time; fortunately he couldn't speak; he couldn't ask about my dear mother, nor about me, so he never knew how I passed the Pale. I received his blessing and closed his eyes in peace.

I wanted to go to America, but at the port the authorities told me that though the "Yellow Ticket" made me a free woman in Russia, it was a bar to my entering any other country; and so, I was obliged to remain here—"a free woman." Through my knowledge of English I obtained employment and the protection of a home; but never for long—I was always having to move from one place to another, to escape the police. They watched me, I was *most* important to them, they were not satisfied; they accused me of leading a respectable life! The regulations—required the holder of the "Yellow Ticket" to follow her calling. (*Pauses*) Now you know why when such a chance came in my way, I stole the Christian girl's name and passport. I'm a Jewess; what does that mean—a label! I'm a girl like any other girl labeled Protestant or Catholic. I have feelings—hopes—ideals—like they have. I have the same God. My only thought is to lead a decent, self-respecting life with decent people. But they won't let me, they've had me dismissed from your service. If I should escape them again, they'll follow me to the next resting place, where I work. The police want to see me in the streets, they *will have* me in the streets—it's the only service they leave open to me! (*She shivers, pauses, starts to go. Margery throws her arms about her neck, then breaks down. Anna-Mirrel crosses to her room for her hat and cloak, Rolfe makes a movement to go to Anna-Mirrel. She looks at him thankfully, but makes a gesture which shows him she'd rather not speak to him then. She finally murmurs her thanks. There is a pained silence. The waiter enters, throwing open the doors to the dining-room*)

Waiter—The tea is served, sir. (*Margery, who has been weeping silently, starts to go to Anna-Mirrel*)

Seaton—Margery! Will you serve the tea, please?

Count—Come, Margery. (*Margery hesitates, as if rebelling. The Count quickly takes her arm and leads her reluctantly into the dining-room*)

Seaton—Rolfe—won't you join us?

Rolfe—No, I'm bad company just now, Mr. Seaton. You must excuse me. (*Quickly exits. Mr. Seaton exits to table much upset*)

(*At a sign from the Baron the Waiter quickly closes the doors. A word from the Baron and he goes silently to door of Anna-Mirrel's room, standing with his ear to door. The Baron goes to the center door and calls Paviac. Paviac stands in door saluting*)

Baron—Paviac, did the American see you as he passed you in the hall? Ah, no! That's good. Follow the girl and "visit" her—in her room this afternoon. When she threatens to come to me—leave her; and remember—after that—I am her friend.

Waiter—She's coming! (*All exit but Baron. Anna-Mirrel's door opens and she enters with hat and cloak on. The Baron meets her very sympathetically, and in a paternal manner with no suggestion of the lover*)

Baron—One moment, please. I cannot tell you how shocked I am at your unfortunate experience. Should you again at any time be molested by the police, do not hesitate—come to me at once. Do you understand? At once! And I will give you a card. You must look upon me as your friend—I will help you.

Anna-Mirrel—(*surprised and pleased*) Oh! Thank you!

Seaton—(*calling from dining-room*) Baron!

Baron—I'm coming! (*To Anna*) You mustn't forget! (*Exit*)

(*Anna-Mirrel, with a sad, grateful smile, nods her head and goes to door. Seaton, in a half-apologetic way, comes in and goes to Anna-Mirrel*)

Seaton—I am very, very sorry—but you understand I must think of my daughter!

Anna-Mirrel—Think of her, then—in *my* place! (*She goes slowly out, leaving Seaton trying to realize the awful possibility she has suggested*)

REMEMBERING the promise of Baron Andrey to protect her in case she is again molested by the police, Anna-Mirrel—in the second act—seeks the aid that has been held out to her. Baron Andrey has just

parted from Count Rostov and his fiancée and Seaton—to all of whom he has given assurance that Anna-Mirrel is in no danger. To Rolfe, too, who comes at the very moment that Anna is waiting in the Baron's hall, he makes specious promises, and Rolfe leaves, unconvinced but quieted. Baron Andrey now receives Anna.

Baron—Forgive my keeping you! You are in distress! Who dared to molest you?

Anna—That man who came to the hotel today. He followed me to my room.

Baron—He could not have come to you officially?

Anna—He said he had no official business with me.

Baron—Oh, well! Of course you know I've no control over the actions of the men when off duty. Why didn't you order him out of your room?

Anna—I did! He refused to go.

Baron—You should have sent for the police.

Anna—I threatened to do so, and he laughed at me. He said, "The police would recognize the right of any man to come to the room of a girl who has a Yellow Ticket, the same as he might go into any shop, if he had money to buy."

Baron—He talks too much, this man. How did you save yourself from his attentions? (*Glancing at her sharply*) You did save yourself?

Anna—*You* saved me, Baron. I told him that you were my friend.

Baron—Quite right!

Anna—And that I should come out and report his conduct to you.

Baron—Ah! And *that* showed him the door?

Seaton (David Torrence) dismisses Anna. Anna: "Think of your daughter in *my* place."

Anna—Yes! He left full of excuses. Then I locked myself in, fearing another might come. I sat there quite still for hours, so still that a mouse bravely came out to the trap and nibbled at the bait of cheese.

Baron—And you caught the mouse?

Anna—No!

Baron—Oh, how annoying.

Anna—No! I was glad! I had a fellow-feeling for that mouse, and its escape seemed like a good omen.

Baron—Why didn't you come to me earlier?

Anna—I was afraid to move. A little later there came another knock at my door—first a light tap, then louder and louder and more impatient. I sat holding my breath for fear the man outside might discover I was in. He knocked for some time, then he went away, leaving a note under the door which I wouldn't touch, thinking it might be a ruse to draw me out. I didn't move till it was quite late, till I opened the door to come here; then I read the note, and saw my mistake. It was from a friend.

Baron—One you would have admitted?

Anna—Oh, yes! It was from Mr. Rolfe! Now, Baron Andrey, you will help me, won't you?

Baron—Of course I'm going to help

Baron Andrey (to Anna): "You begin badly; you refuse my wine. Well, my dear, your health!"

Anna-Mirrel, persecuted by the police, comes to Baron Andrey, head of their bureau, relying on his promise to aid her. But instead of the sanctuary she expects, she finds herself trapped.

you; but it is difficult. I am only a servant of the Okrana. For all I know, my servant may be my master. Our regulations for The Yellow Ticket are imperative; so you see it must not appear that I am helping you to evade your application. You understand my position?

Anna—No, I didn't understand. Before I met you at Mr. Seaton's I used to tremble with fear at the sound of your name. I only thought of you as master of those who had so cruelly misused me; but you treated me so kindly and I felt proud to have the privilege of meeting such a distinguished man.

Baron—You flatter me.

Anna—For the first time I had a feeling of safety, and that I was going to remain unmolested and happy with my new friends. But it did not last long. I'm not blaming you for that.

Baron—Your position is like a broken chain. I am gathering up the scattered links, but I must have your help to put them together, and then——

Anna—And then——?

Baron—You may do as you please.

Anna—And could I go back to my work?

Baron—You may do as you please.

Anna—And I should be left in peace? No one could force me to show the Yellow Ticket?

Baron—No one.

Anna—Ah! It's too good to be true.

Baron—It will be true if you will be sensible, and follow my advice.

Anna—Oh, I will—I will——

Baron—Ah, Mr. Julian Rolfe—(*Anna rises*) Dear, dear, dear, I pick up a link and you don't help me. You disconcert me. Now, how are we to get on?

Anna—Baron, don't jest, please.

Baron—I'm not jesting.

Anna—But what can Mr. Rolfe have to do with your protecting me from these men?

Baron—You haven't tasted your wine.

Anna—No, thank you!

Baron—You begin badly. You refuse my wine? Well, well! *A vous!* (*He drinks*) I will not ask you any more questions in regard to your feelings for Mr. Rolfe: that point is quite clear. There is another greatly interested in you, are you not aware of that?

Anna—No!

Baron—It is I!

Anna—(*not understanding his meaning*) Thank you, Baron! You have already been very kind to me. Believe me, I am very grateful.

Baron—I cannot go quite as far with you as Mr. Rolfe. He can secure your future with marriage. But I can secure the present with protection; and it is inevitable that you must accept—both of us. (*He moves toward her; Anna is startled and draws back*) I come first, because I am the present; but alas, I make way quickly to give way to the future. It will be a sacrifice for me, but, like you, I must bow to the inevitable. I have picked up the links, the chain is now intact; let me put it around that pretty white neck of yours. (*He tries to put his arms about her. She starts back with a cry of horror*) Don't be afraid; I am not going to hurt you. We are going to understand each other: only you must not be afraid, you must not be foolish. (*She rushes to the door to the hall*) You are going. How unkind. Ah! You have changed your mind?

Anna—(*with a cry of alarm, rattling the door-handle*) The door is locked!

Baron—(*holding up key*) My guardian angel and yours! (*Anna rushes to the other door*) Another locked door—very inconvenient at times. But how fortunate tonight! But for this inconvenience, you would have left me in anger. I should have been sorry for that and, on second thoughts, so would you. For you would not have fully understood the situation. Now, then, I have arranged that to-morrow morning you will leave the house secretly: as far as the world is concerned, the same delightful young lady you are now.

Anna—Oh!

Baron—You will be different only to me, more charming . . . more delightful, and afterwards, if you prefer a life of domesticity, there will be that very estimable young man, Mr. Julian Rolfe, waiting for you.

Anna—And you said you would help me! I trusted you—I came here to seek sanctuary!

Baron—You will find your sanctuary; only we shall save much time and trouble by taking this short cut.

Anna—Oh!

Baron—Listen:

Anna—Don't, it's so ugly!

Baron—Anna-Mirrel, I have tried to avoid the ugly side of your position, which you seem to have forgotten. Suppose I open that door and let you go into the great city tonight. As the holder of a Yellow Ticket, you go to what? Only a step nearer the inevitable. And with whom?—for what? You can no more escape that Yellow Ticket than you can escape from me and this room. I have shown you the means to an end. You come of a people who are not slow to avail themselves of the advantages offered to them. I count on this racial trait of character to bring you to a proper frame of mind. (*Anna turns away. Baron seizes her roughly*) Do you realize I'm paying you a compliment, by reasoning with you? Now I am going to put on something a little less formal. There is only one way out of this room which is not locked. It leads there! (*He opens the door to his bed-room*)

Florence Reed, who portrays the heroine.

ANNA-MIRREL does realize that she is facing the inevitable—she cannot escape. So, finally, when the Baron has driven her into a corner, she stabs him—one swift, fatal thrust with her long hat-pin. It brings instant death—and temporary relief. But it is not to be expected that Anna-Mirrel's act of self-defence will go unpunished as blackest crime, in Russia. And we are not surprised, therefore, when the third act introduces us to the inquisitorial chamber of the Okrana. We learn the temper of this institution through the mouth of M. Zoubatoff, whom the death of Baron Andrey has left in command. He finally decides that the safest way of disposing of Anna-Mirrel is to send her to Siberia for life, without trial. She will have the privilege of committing suicide. He has the girl arrested and brought before him.

Zoubatoff—There! Take off your hat. Didn't you hear me? Take your hat off. (*Anna obeys*) Why do you keep your hat-pins in your hand? (*Anna gives the pins to Zoubatoff*) Anna-Mirrel's record. I warn you to speak the truth. (*Paviac gives him record*) I see by your record that you applied, in your native village of Kiev, for a Yellow Ticket. It was given to you by the police in good faith—on condition that you enter the public service. That is your contract. You have taken the Yellow Ticket as a pretext, and have been living in this city under false pretenses. Well, do you deny this?

Anna—I deny nothing. I plead guilty of breaking the police regulations by leading a decent, respectable life.

Zoubatoff—What induced you to go to Baron Andrey's house last night?

Anna—He told me, if I was molested I was to come to him, and he would protect me. I was to look upon him as a friend. This man (*Paviac*) had me driven from the hotel yesterday—

Baron Andrey greets Anna-Mirrel, whom he has ensnared.

Anna stabs Baron Andrey, and thus recovers the key to her escape.

he tried to force an entrance to my room. I went to Baron Andrey's to seek sanctuary—as I thought in the house of a friend, and found myself in the house of a brute. He told me I could not escape the consequences of the Yellow Ticket; that I must accept "the inevitable." When he tried to force me into his room—I killed him.

Zoubatoff—What did you do after you left the Baron's house? Who did you meet? Come, we want to know everything.

Anna—I'm trying to tell you everything. I went home and waited for the morning—thinking of course some one would surely come and take me, and I waited and waited. Everything went on just as if nothing had happened. No one came for me, and at last I could not bear it any longer. I rushed out, hoping they would take me; but no one noticed me. I walked and walked for hours, until people began looking at me and smiling—that frightened me.

Zoubatoff—Go on, go on!

Anna—Then one of your men brought me here.

Zoubatoff—We want a list of all your Jewish friends.

Anna—I have none in Petersburg.

Zoubatoff—What is this man Julian Rolfe to you?

Anna—A friend.

Zoubatoff—Only a friend?

Anna—One can't be more to any man, if one means it.

ZOUBATOFF, failing to trap Anna-Mirrel into implicating Rolfe in the murder of Baron Andrey, has her thrown into a cell. A few minutes later Rolfe is admitted. He says he has come seeking Count Rostov. He wants his aid on behalf of Anna-Mirrel, and he demands to know on what charge she is being held, the official account having shown that Baron Andrey died of appendicitis.

Zoubatoff—That will remain in the secret archives of the Okrana.

Rolfe—That is where you make one great big mistake. I know why you are holding her.

Zoubatoff—Why!

Rolfe—For the murder of Baron Andrey.

Count—Mr. Rolfe: whatever Anna-Mirrel has written you is of no value. She doesn't know what happened after she left the Baron's house last night. As you read in the papers, my uncle died this morning after an operation for appendicitis.

Rolfe—Did he really? Well, I won't disagree with you about that. I don't want a scandal any more than you do, and if Baron Andrey's reputation is worth the life of a good girl, I say for God's sake save his reputation and let the girl go.

Zoubatoff—Mr. Rolfe, you must not come here and dictate to us!

Rolfe—I am not dictating. I am only——

Count—In order to verify our statement, here is the death certificate.

Rolfe—Why try and keep this thing up with me?

Count—Mr. Rolfe, you are insulting!

Rolfe—I don't mean to be, but a dozen certificates would not convince me that you are not trying to cover the grave of a skunk with the skin of a lion.

Zoubatoff—You are dreaming, Mr. Rolfe, a romantic dream. You may wake, and find it is not a romance, but a net you are entangled in.

Rolfe—She has no relatives or counsel. I stand in their place as her friend.

Zoubatoff—All those who enter here leave friends behind.

Rolfe—Then I cannot see her until the trial?

Zoubatoff—There will be no trial.

Rolfe—Oh, I understand. You are going to put her away quietly. She will simply drop out of sight, with no one to ask the reason why—except myself, is that it? We will see!

Zoubatoff—One moment, Mr. Rolfe. If you will let me see that letter, I will let you see the girl.

Rolfe—You don't suppose I brought that letter in here with me, do you? I'd risk myself but not that letter.

Zoubatoff—*Search him*! (*The soldiers seize Rolfe from behind while Paviac gets a letter from his pocket*)

Rolfe—Well, what are you going to do with that? (*Paviac takes the letter to Zoubatoff*)

Zoubatoff—We do not answer questions here.

Rolfe—Well, I will not ask questions; I will state facts. You are trying to make a good impression on the world just now. At Russia's special invitation, the next international congress for the suppression of the white slave traffic is to be held in St. Petersburg. Well, I am going to spoil that good impression! I am going to show up your system of Yellow Tickets, as applied to young girls—your degradation of womankind and the bestiality of it. This system is kept up and fostered by your Government, with police agents in town and village pushing the business of the Yellow Ticket, and every day in that market of flesh is heard the death rattle of women's souls. That's the message Anna-Mirrel is going to send out to the world, through me, though you do put her away for killing a beast in self-defence.

Corporal—The guard for the prisoner!

Zoubatoff—You have seen fit to force yourself into this case. You must take the consequences.

Corporal—The escort for the prisoner, your Excellency.

Count—You are under arrest, Mr. Rolfe.

Rolfe—On what charge?

Zoubatoff—This confession of Anna-Mirrel's makes you an accessory after the fact.

Rolfe—Oh, I'm not a poor devil of a Russian Jew you can throw into prison for as long as you like on a trumped-up charge, without a trial.

Zoubatoff—There will be no trial!

Rolfe—What!

Zoubatoff—Now you will realize how dangerous it is for a stranger to interfere with the Russian police.

Rolfe—I know the power of the Okrana. I know you can make the innocent guilty and the guilty innocent.

Zoubatoff—I see you are well informed.

Rolfe—So you should be better informed. I'll tell you that on my way here I stopped at the American Embassy and told the Ambassador what I was coming for, and made an appointment with him for four o'clock. If I don't show up he will wonder what's happened to me.

Zoubatoff—Paviac, here is the order of commitment for Mr. Rolfe. He leaves for Siberia with the next batch of prisoners.

Count—*Good God!* Then you are going to send him?

Zoubatoff—Yes! In the interest of Baron Andrey's family, it is necessary that Anna-Mirrel's story should be buried with him, together with the only other outsider who knows it, *this man Rolfe!*

BUT the Okrana does not dare, after all. When the American embassy telephones an inquiry Rolfe is at once liberated. He makes it plain to Zoubatoff that if Anna-Mirrel is not set free Baron Andrey's reputation will be ruined. And again the Okrana must give in.

Zoubatoff—Listen, girl! With the strict understanding that you forget that you ever met Baron Andrey, we have decided to let you go free. (*Anna is dazed*)

Rolfe—You are to leave Russia. Don't you understand? You're free!

Anna—Free—and the Yellow Ticket? (*She holds it out to Zoubatoff*)

Zoubatoff—(*takes the ticket and tears it up*) We will furnish you with another passport.

Anna—I can't realize it! (*She laughs hysterically*) Oh, isn't it wonderful? I feel as if I had been reborn!

Rolfe—Yes, and you are going to America, with me!

GOLDEN—HE PUT THE MUSE IN MUSIC

Little Told By

JOHN GOLDEN, comic opera composer and successful playwright, tells of a mother, who, trying to break her little boy of swearing, threatened that the next time he used a bad word she would banish him from home. It was not long, however, before little Alfred swore again. The habit was too strong.

"'I am very sorry, Alfred,' said the mother, with genuine concern, 'but I have never broken my word to you, so now you must leave home.'

"The nurse was instructed to pack Alfred's little toy suitcase, and he, without a whimper, kissed his mother goodby and departed.

"His mother watched him sorrowfully as he walked down the street, but he never once turned around. A few steps farther and he deposited his burden on the ground, perched solemnly on the curb, and, chin in hands, fell into deep meditation. This was too much for the mother; she started down the street and tiptoed up behind Master Alfred. An old gentleman was crossing the street in the direction of her boy, so she drew back, and heard him pompously ask: 'Child, where do the Scott's live around here?'

ACTOR EDDINGER—ONCE FAUNTLEROY

"Alfred raised his large, solemn, brown eyes, regarded the old gentleman coldly, and replied:

"'You go to ——. I have troubles of my own.'"

WALLACE EDDINGER, the crisp, clean, young leading man in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," tells this story of a young man who had returned home from college to spend the Christmas vacation.

"One of the things most noticed by the young collegian was Eleanor, the daughter of Hiram Sohmer, a near neighbor, who during his absence had developed from a tomboyish schoolgirl into a very beautiful and charming young woman. It seems his father had also noticed the change, and remarked to his son, 'Andrew, have you noticed how old Hiram Sohmer's daughter, Eleanor, has shot up? 'Pears to me she's gettin' to be a mighty han'som' young critter.'

"'She certainly is, father,' assented Andrew, enthusiastically. 'Eleanor is as beautiful as Hebe!'

"'Where are your eyes, son?' queried the father, disdainfully. 'She's a durn sight purtier than he be! Old Hiram is as homely as Cy Cobb's bull pup.'"

JOHN BARRETT, Director of the Bureau of South American Republics, tells this story, apropos of the dilemmas of many of the public office-seekers of to-day.

"It happened in the time when herds of buffalo grazed along the foothills of the Western mountains. Two hardy prospectors fell in with a bull bison that appeared to have been separated from his kind and run amuck. One of the prospectors took to the tall timbers and the other dived into a cave. The buffalo bellowed at the entrance to the cavern and then turned his attention toward the tree. The man in the cave came cautiously out and the buffalo took after him again. The man made another dive for the hole. After this same scene had been enacted several times the man up the tree yelled to his comrade, who, pale and trembling, stood at the mouth of the cavern: 'Stay in the cave, you idiot!'

BARRETT, OF THE BUREAU
(c) HARRIS & EWING

"'You don't know nothin' about this hole,' yelled back the other, tremulously. 'There's a bear in it.'"

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN, the Norwegian explorer, relates an incident which, he observed, proves how women are addicted to the very bad habit of pretense.

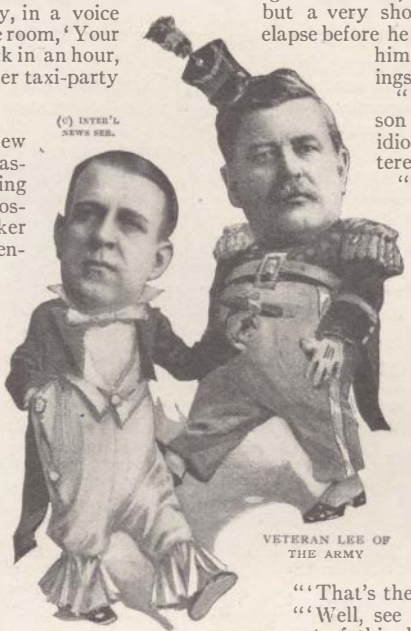
"At a recent reception, a handsome young woman who was stylishly clad entered the room, saying to the footman in a loud and peremptory tone of voice, 'Kindly tell my

AMUNDSEN, ANTARCTICIAN
(c) WILTSE

Stories Noted Men

chauffeur to bring the limousine back in about an hour.'

"The footman went, and in a few moments, just as the young woman was about to shake hands with the hostess, he returned to say, in a voice perfectly audible throughout the room, 'Your chauffeur says he can't come back in an hour, ma'am, because he's got another taxi-party for then, ma'am.'"



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VETERAN LEE OF THE ARMY

WALSH, WORKS FOR MASS.

DAVID I. WALSH, the new Democratic Governor of Massachusetts, was recently escorting an English gentleman around Boston. They came finally to Bunker Hill, and stood gazing at the splendid monument.

"This is the place, sir, where Warren fell," remarked Governor Walsh.

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, with apparent interest, which, however, disclosed the fact that he was not very familiar with American history. "Was he seriously hurt by the fall?'

The Governor looked at his friend.

"Hurt!" he exclaimed, "he was killed, sir!"

"Indeed!" was the Englishman's meditative retort, as he continued eying the monument and evidently computing its height, "Well, I should think he might have been — falling so far."

DARROW BELABORS LAW

CLARENCE DARROW, so it is related, when a very young man, just starting out to practice law. was once retained by a merchant to defend him in a suit for damages brought by an employee. Unfortunately for Mr. Darrow, his client completely lost his head under cross-examination, furnishing evidence so vastly favorable to the prosecution as to result in a four-thousand dollar verdict.

The merchant, however, was highly indignant with his lawyer for having lost the case, and allowed but a very short while to elapse before he acquainted him of his feelings about it.

"If I had a son born an idiot," he blustered, "I'd make him a lawyer."

"Your father seems to have been of another opinion," calmly rejoined Mr. Darrow.

STUYV. FISH WHO BANKS ON RAILROADS

STUYVESANT FISH, discussing business, told how:

"There is a physician in Baltimore who is notorious for his parsimony. One afternoon he stepped into a hat store and after rummaging over the stock to his satisfaction, selected a cheap, ordinary hat.

"'But that hat is not good enough for *you* to wear; here is what you want,' the hatter said, exhibiting one of his best derbys.

"'That's the best I can afford, though.'

"'Well, see here, doctor, I'll make you a present of this derby, if you'll wear it, and tell whose store it came from. It's a five-dollar hat.'

"'And the price of this?' the doctor questioned, examining the cheaper hat.

"'Three.'

"The doctor put on the three-dollar hat. 'This hat will answer for me just as well as the other.'

"'But you'd better take the other, sir; it won't cost you any more.'

"'But,' the doctor replied, hesitatingly, 'I didn't know but you'd let me take the cheap one—and perhaps you'd give me the difference in cash.'"

MAJOR GENERAL JESSE M. LEE tells this story of the little boy who went to church with his father—also with a quarter and a penny.

"'Did you contribute to the collection plate, Frederick?' the father asked after the service.

"'Yes, papa.'

"'And you put the quarter, not the penny in the collection plate, of course?'

"Frederick hesitated. 'Daddy,' he said at last. 'The minister said the Lord loves a cheerful giver?'

"'That's right,' agreed the father encouragingly.

"'Well, I wanted the Lord to love me, and the penny was all I could give and be cheerful about it!'"

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If you have any suggestions to offer as to how this service may be improved and made more helpful to you and others, after having tested it, we shall welcome your advice. For such suggestions as can be used advantageously, we will reward you.

Feel perfectly free to express your opinions.

Hearst's Information Service, Hearst's Magazine, 119 West 40th St., New York

Your filling in and using either coupon to-day will undoubtedly materially aid you. Try it.

HEARST'S INFORMATION SERVICE: 119 West 40th Street, New York

Gentlemen:—I am interested in products or propositions mentioned below. Please have forwarded to me particulars. It is understood that I wish to consider the advertisers' proposition seriously, although no obligation is implied. I understand it is essential to specify the exact kind of information desired

..... Amusements	..... Cutlery	..... Magazines	..... Silverware
..... Auto Accessories	..... Educational Courses	..... Mail Order	..... Stoves
..... Bags and Trunks	..... Firearms	..... Men's Wearing App'l	..... Tobacco
..... Bathroom Supplies	..... Food Products	..... Motor Boats	..... Toilet Articles
..... Bedding	..... Furniture	..... Novelties	..... Toys
..... Boats	..... Jewelry	..... Office Furniture	..... Vacation Supplies
..... Books	..... Kitchen Utensils	..... Razors	..... Women's Wearing Ap.
..... Camera Supplies	..... Lights	..... Seeds	..... Wearing App'l (Child)

Or I am particularly interested in the subjects checked below:

Adding Machine	Community Develop.	Gasoline Tanks	Nurseries	Thermometers
Asphalt	Concrete	Granite	Optical Goods	Table Mats
Architect's Plans	Confection	Greenhouses	Paints	Tree Doctors
Aviation	Contractors	Hardware	Papers or Inks	Typewriters
Birds or Squabs	Cooking Utensils	Horticulture	Patents	Vacuum Bottles
Bricks	Cut Glass	Incubators	Pens or Pencils	Vacuum Cleaners
Building	Electric Fans	Iron Fences	Pictures	Ventilators
Carpets and Rugs	Electric Heaters	Kodaks	Pottery	Vibrators
Cedar Chests	Fireless Cookers	Kitchen Cabinets	Radiators	Wall Board
Cement	Fire Extinguishers	Kitchen Utensils	Refrigerators	Water Motors
China	Fishing Tackle	Locks	Roofing	Water Supplies
Clocks	Fountain Pens	Lawn Mowers	Sewing Machines	Wedding Announcements
Clothes Washers	Garages	Metallic Doors	Shingles	Window Shades
Clothes Dryers	Garbage Destroyers	Motor Cycles	Sweepers	Wood Preserving

Or I wish information on the following not mentioned above:

....
....

Or I desire further information on:

..... Amount to Invest	..... Railroad to	
..... Amount of Insurance	..... Steamship to	
..... Hotel at	..... Automobile	..... Price
..... Sanitarium at	..... Girl's Boarding School	Location ..... Rate
..... Resorts at	..... Boy's Boarding School	Location ..... Rate
..... Tour or Travel to	..... Boys, Girls Summer School or Camp	Location ..... Rate

Or I am specifically interested in the advertisements noted in the blanks below:

....
....
....

Or I have answered the following advertisements in Hearst's Magazine:

....
....
....

Name of Reader ..... **Address** .....

Index to Advertisements concluded on page 58

Both at Once

A little cream and some Grape-Nuts in the spoon, both at once. Then one gets the delicious, nut-like flavour of the cereal, combined with the most digestible of all fats — cream.

The golden-brown granules are tender and crisp; and invite thorough chewing. That's one reason why **Grape-Nuts** food is of special value. There are many others.

Chewing brings down the saliva which is necessary to "taste," and also — more important — to *begin* digestion.

This act of chewing also causes, by a natural reflex action, the flow of digestive juices in the stomach, so that by the time the food reaches that organ, it is ready for *further* digestion.

In making Grape-Nuts, *whole* wheat and malted barley are ground into flour, and the "vital" salts (phosphate of potash, etc.) are retained. These "cell-salts" are highly necessary to the daily repair of the tissue cells of body, brain and nerves.

Try a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream regularly for awhile, and notice the mental "glow" and physical "go" — how much better everything seems.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

– sold by Grocers everywhere.


"No Room For Argument"
Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES
W. K. Kellogg
KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
W. K. Kellogg

Announcing the NEW MODEL ROYAL No. 10

FEATURE No. 4
The Typewriter of TRIPLE SERVICE

THIS *new Royal Master-Model 10* is the only hundred-dollar typewriter that fills the new field for the typewriter of ***triple service***—letter-making, card-typing, and billing, all *inbuilt* in one *master machine* at one first cost—without a dollar for extra attachments.

Built for "Big Business" and its Great Army of Expert Operators

Like the "master key" that unlocks all the doors of a giant office-building, the new Royal Model 10 opens swiftly and surely each of the three main doors of typewriter service—it writes, types cards, and bills!

Think of the tremendous advantage of ***one*** machine for ***all*** of these various uses—***one*** typewriter with the combined advantages of many! Think of the enormous saving in energy, time and money!

The stenographer can now turn instantly from the letter she is writing to "bill-and-charge," loose-leaf indexing, or the most complex card-typing, without stopping for a second or changing to a "special machine."

The No. 10 Royal has every standardized improvement: **Tabulator, Back-Space Key, Bi-Chrome Ribbon** and **Automatic Reverse,** and many brand-new Royal Features found on no other typewriter.

Get the Facts!

Send for the "Royal Man" and ask for a DEMONSTRATION. Or write us direct for our new Brochure, ***"Better Service,"*** and a beautiful Color Photograph of the new ***ROYAL MODEL 10—"THE MACHINE WITH A PERSONALITY"***—Read our advertisements in *Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Everybody's, System, Cosmopolitan, Hearst's, American, Metropolitan, McClure's, Business,* and many more! "Write now—right *now!*"

Price $100
(In Canada $125)

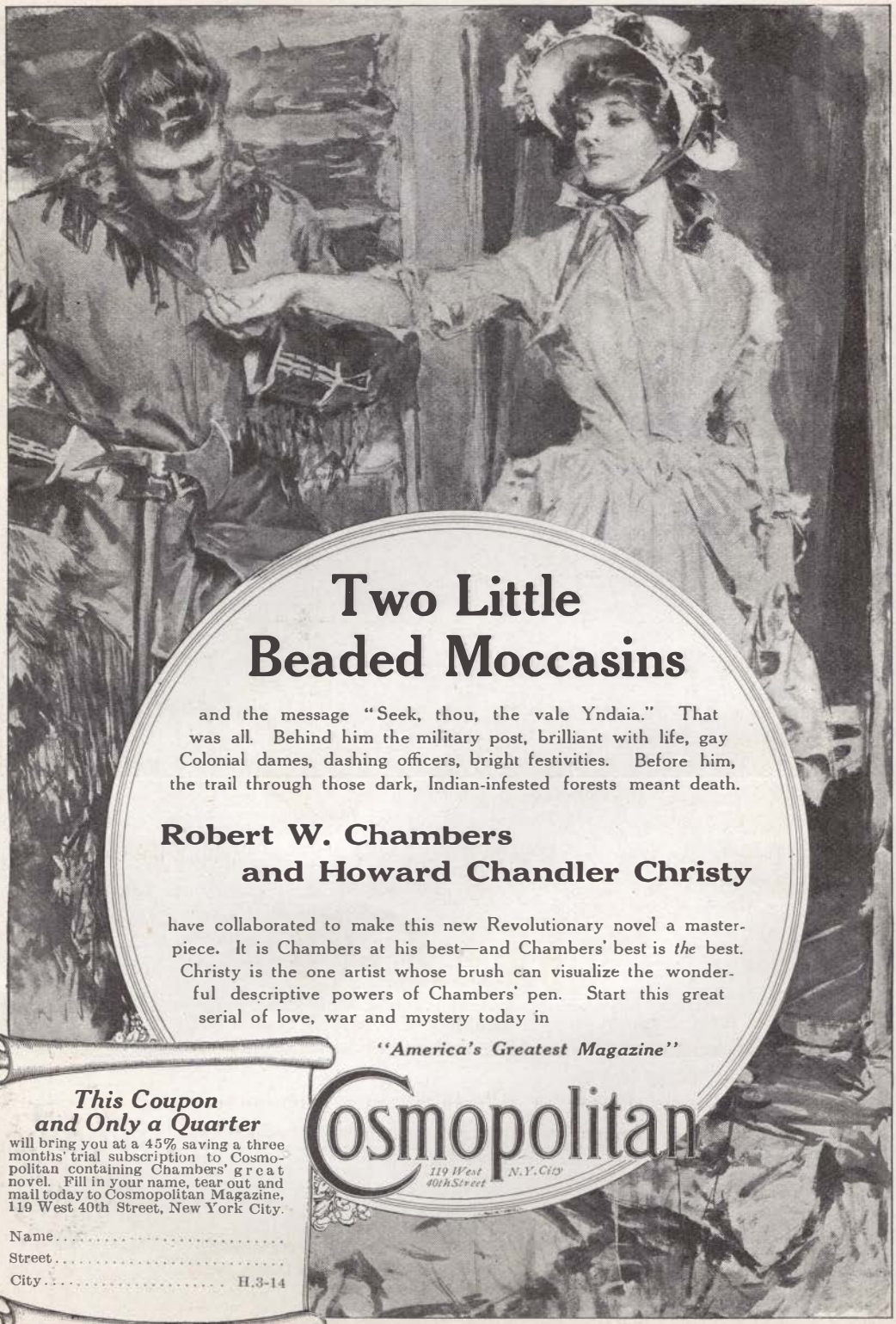
ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
Royal Typewriter Building, 368 Broadway, New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over

ARROW SHIRTS

ANY new shirt looks good, but beauty in a shirt does not necessarily mean service. The ARROW label marks the shirt that combines style and service. It is your guarantee that the garment is made of durable, color-fast fabrics, in such a careful, thorough way that its makers depend upon its good qualities to sell you another shirt with the same label.

Red Label *$1.50*
Black " *$2.00*
Blue $2.50 to $10.00

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., *Makers of* ARROW COLLARS, TROY, N.Y.



Two Little Beaded Moccasins

and the message "Seek, thou, the vale Yndaia." That was all. Behind him the military post, brilliant with life, gay Colonial dames, dashing officers, bright festivities. Before him, the trail through those dark, Indian-infested forests meant death.

Robert W. Chambers and Howard Chandler Christy

have collaborated to make this new Revolutionary novel a masterpiece. It is Chambers at his best—and Chambers' best is *the* best. Christy is the one artist whose brush can visualize the wonderful descriptive powers of Chambers' pen. Start this great serial of love, war and mystery today in

"America's Greatest Magazine"

Cosmopolitan

119 West 40th Street N.Y.City

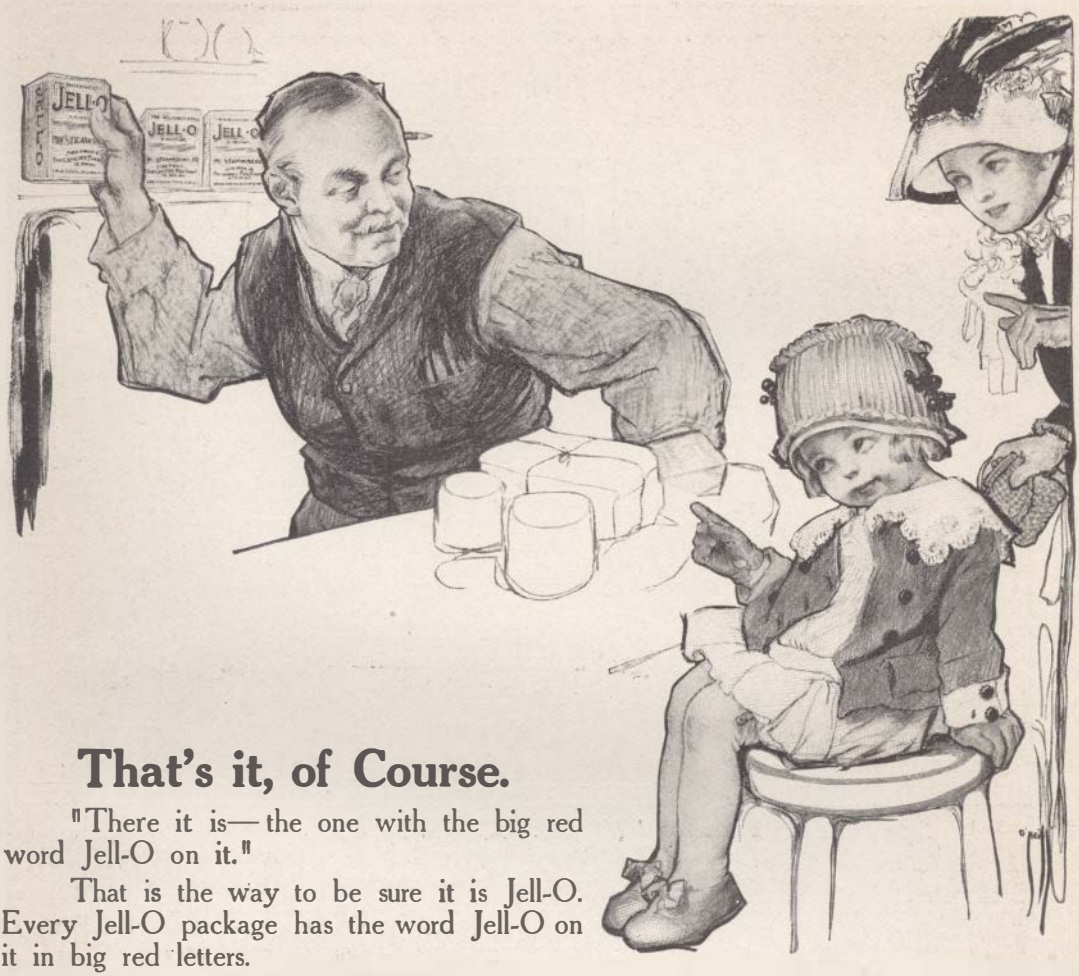
This Coupon and Only a Quarter

will bring you at a 45% saving a three months' trial subscription to Cosmopolitan containing Chambers' great novel. Fill in your name, tear out and mail today to Cosmopolitan Magazine, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... H.3-14



That's it, of Course.

"There it is—the one with the big red word Jell-O on it."

That is the way to be sure it is Jell-O. Every Jell-O package has the word Jell-O on it in big red letters.

It is best to be *sure,* because you cannot make the famous Jell-O desserts of anything but Jell-O, and the family that doesn't have

JELL-O

desserts, with their piquant flavors of pure fruit and their gem-like color and sparkle, is missing something that should never be missed by lovers of good things to eat.

There are seven flavors of Jell-O (all *pure fruit flavors*): Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. All are delicious, and with any one of them a Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute.

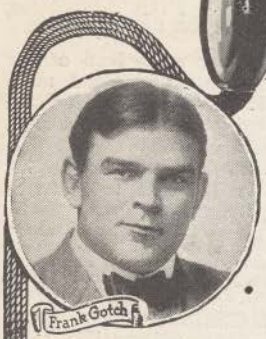
10c. a package at any grocer's.

Rose Cecil O'Neill, author and illustrator of the *"Kewpies,"* made the pictures for a beautiful Recipe Book, which we will send free to all who will write to us and ask for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., LeRoy, N.Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

Frank Gotch uses the Swedish Rhythmic Vibrator and says:

"For limbering up, keeping in condition and strengthening the muscles, there is nothing that equa's or excels the use of the Swedish Electric Vibrator. I always use one in my training and I certainly find it a wonderful help. It reaches the seat of all stimulation and gives me a perfect circulation. Its use gives all the muscles elasticcity, makes one powerful, quick and active."



Champion Wrestler of the World

Wanted AGENTS & SALESMEN

One Sale a Day Means $90 Profit a Week For You

No experience necessary. No delay. No charge for Territory. No competition. One salesman for each locality. Success assured. Remarkable offer. Read every word carefully. Get an appointment and get started without delay.

We are appointing men every day to manage our business in local territories. We need good, honest men who are willing to work.

It is the chance of a lifetime. You will be in business for yourself. You will be your own boss—independent, abundant money, pleasant position—and your time will be your own. At home or traveling—all or spare time—get an appointment immediately and commence earning money next week. We will give you today this opportunity to Make a Big Income this year.

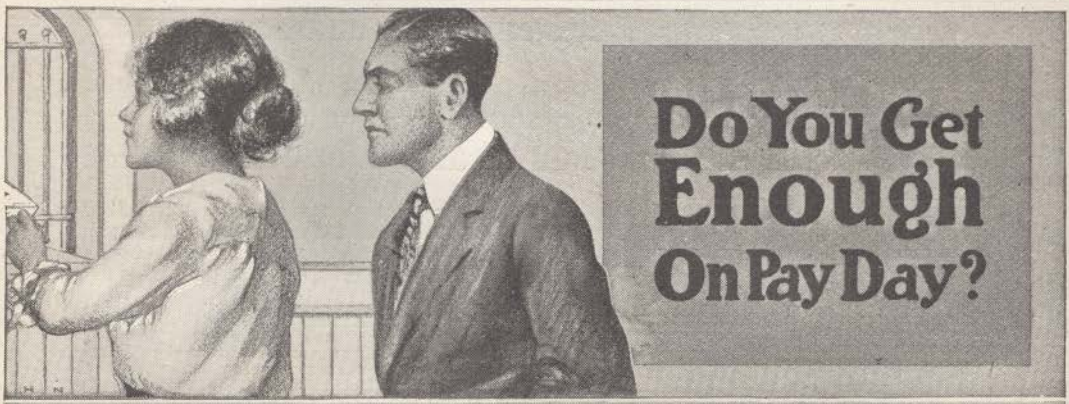
Make Big Money This Year

We will commission you our representative to introduce THE SWEDISH VIBRATOR, a most amazing seller. An instrument for home vibratory massage treatments. Needed by every man, woman and family. Endorsed by the leading medical authorities of the world. Stimulates the blood circulation—revitalizes invigorates. Sells to the home, to physicians, masseurs, osteopaths, chiropractors, barbers, beauty parlors—unlimited market.

Don't Delay Throw away the little novelties upon which you have to make ten or twenty sales a day to pay expenses. Become a real salesman and make real and quick and big money. Many averaging four, five and even ten sales a day. This is actually the most brilliant, easy and high class proposition that has ever been offered to wide-awake agents, general agents, and managers.

Investigate Get free literature and complete information at once. Send just your name and address on a postal card and all will be mailed FREE immediately. Agent's sample furnished at wholesale price. Investigate. It costs you nothing to find out. Territory being rapidly assigned. But one man allowed in a field. Give the name of your county. Send your name and address today. This is a brilliant opportunity. Do not neglect. Do not put it off. Act immediately. Address

SWEDISH RHYTHMIC VIBRATOR CO. 105 VIBRATOR BLDG., SCHILLER STREET **CHICAGO, ILL.**



Do You Get Enough On Pay Day?

IF you need more money than you are now earning you will surely be interested in our plan. It offers you an opportunity to increase your income by spare time work, or you may find it sufficiently profitable to induce you to devote all of your time to it, as hundreds of others are now doing.

We offer you a chance to Represent our six successful magazines in your local field on a Salary and Commission arrangement. It is pleasant, dignified work, and it can be carried on without interfering in any way with your regular duties. You are not obligated to devote any specific amount of your time to it, and no expense is required to begin. Previous experience is unnecessary as we teach and coach you by special instruction until you become thoroughly familiar with the service. It is a REAL opportunity as our magazines are so well and favorably known that ready buyers can be found in plentiful numbers everywhere. Some very desirable territory is now open. As we need only a limited number of new Representatives it would be advisable to mail the coupon to us promptly. Full particulars will be sent by return mail. Obey that impulse and sign the coupon now—at once! It may be your first step on the road to independence; and will surely mean more money for you.

HEARST'S MAGAZINE
119 West 40th St., New York City.

Gentlemen:

Send me particulars of your Plan to increase my income by Spare Time endeavor.

Signed.....

Local.....

Town or City.....

State.....

HEARST'S MAGAZINE
119 West 40th Street New York City

Next to the Boss

Don't be content with the same small job with its small salary and possibly limited future. Don't remain in an occupation that thousands upon thousands of others can fill and are waiting for. If you want independence, prosperity and a worth-while assured future enter a line that affords possibilities for expansion, prosperity, success. You cannot get success out of a profession or trade if success is not there. Get into an occupation that is not already overcrowded—that offers good salary and rapid promotion. Be in line for the higher positions—right hand to the boss

The Field with a Future

Large firms everywhere need Expert Accountants. Many pay $3,000 to $10,000 salary yearly for trained experts. This is the vocation that offers remarkable possibilities for splendid advancement, influence and income. If you are ambitious to better your condition, there is not a single reason why you cannot begin at once to become an Expert Accountant and realize a great future. No matter what your present occupation, education or wages

We Train You by Mail

in your own home, in spare time. Makes no difference where you live. You don't give up your present position. Don't hesitate because of lack of money—we make terms to suit you. It is not necessary that you already understand bookkeeping or work in an office. The La Salle has devised a general course in bookkeeping that prepares you from the ground up for more advanced work in Higher Accountancy. You can master and complete it in a relatively short time. Prepared by Expert Accountants—it is thorough, advanced—covering Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Cost Accounting, Auditing, Business Law, etc. The course is administered under the direct personal supervision of William Arthur Chase, a nationally recognized Accountant, who is Ex-President of the American Association of C. P. A. Examiners and Ex-Secretary of Illinois State Board of Examiners in Accountancy and prepares you for C. P. A. Examinations in any State.

Present Position Makes No Difference

The La Salle Shows Results

The La Salle is a strong, reliable, conservative institution with thousands of successful students.

What Every Bookkeeper Should Know

Write now for free copy of this remarkable book—learn exactly the information you require to become an Expert Accountant, studies, kind of examinations, state regulations, salaries and positions to be had.

Special Reduced Rates

LIMITED OFFER

Write quick and learn how, for a limited time, we are able to offer a special reduced rate scholarship.

Mail Coupon NOW

Learn about the success of La Salle students and the unusual opportunities awaiting you if you let us qualify you at once. Send coupon now for free book.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Chicago, Ill.

La Salle Extension University, Dept. 654, Chicago, Ill.

Send at once, your free book, containing What Every Bookkeeper Should Know, and full details in your course in Higher Accountancy; also advise me about Special Time-limited Reduced Rate.

Name.....

Street No.....

City..... State.....

Learn Electricity!

Earn $150.00 TO $300.00 a Month

Electricity is today the great motive power of the world. Its use has extended to every phase of life and industry.

Thos. A. Edison says that the field of electricity is in its infancy—that electrical workers of the future will discover uses for this great force now undreamed of.

Right now there are not enough electrical engineers to fill the big paying positions open. Every day our **Free Employment Bureau** has a call for Electrical Engineers greater than we can fill. Therefore, we are making **a very special offer** to students at this time.

Write today! Send the free coupon for our catalog and free information.

We Teach You in a Short Time —at Small Expense

In order to supply more electrical engineers we are charging a small tuition fee. Your tools and equipment of all kinds are furnished **FREE** by the School. You may have **easy payments if desired.** Our course of instruction is clear, simple and thorough. Our Graduates demand handsome salaries. Don't pass up this opportunity.

FREE TOOLS

We will furnish all the material and tools you use in taking our course—ABSOLUTELY FREE. All we charge is a very small amount for tuition. Many of our students earn their expenses while taking the course.

Men Wanted for these Trades

Electricity Plumbing
Moving Picture Operating
Bricklaying Mechanical Drawing

We also teach the trades mentioned above. There are unlimited possibilities in any one of these trades. When you have completed our course you will be in a position to demand from $5.00 to $8.00 a day right at the start. Or go in business for yourself and make from $3,000 to $5,000 a year.

Send the FREE COUPON for Catalog and Particulars

No obligations on you at all. Just fill out the coupon and mail it today. Take this step towards success. Let us tell you how you can master electricity or any other profitable trade in a short time—make a bigger success than you ever dreamed of making. Fill out the coupon and mail it at once.

L. L. COOKE, Director
Coyne National Trade Schools
39-51 E. Illinois St.
Dept. 1243
Chicago, Ill.

FREE COUPON

L. L. COOKE, Director
Coyne National Trade Schools
39-51 E. Illinois St.
Dept. 1243 CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLEMEN: Without any obligations on me whatsoever, please send me your school catalog and full particulars of this offer to men—ALL FREE.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

No "Made Up" Look

Every woman owes it to herself and to her friends to *always* retain that transparent, smooth, velvety complexion of youth which wonderfully enhances her attractiveness.

There's no secret, mystery or difficulty about it—every woman can have

just a natural, beautiful complexion through the use of

CARMEN

Complexion Powder

Enhances Your Natural Attractiveness

Distinctively different from any other complexion powder—blending perfectly with the tones of the complexion—improving and preserving a good complexion, transforming a poor complexion into one of charming attractiveness, imparting a transparent, velvety texture not obtainable through use of any other preparation.

CARMEN Stays On

Doesn't Show Powder

No matter if the skin is rough, *CarmenPowder* is so fine, unusually fine, that it will not show powder—and it stays on until you remove it.

Carmen Powder possesses an exquisite fragrance, lasting as long as the powder.

White, Flesh, Cream, Pink, 50 cents
Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

A Purse Size Box, containing two or three weeks supply of Carmen Powder (state shade) and mirror will be mailed to any woman upon receipt of 10c stamps or silver.

Stafford-Miller Company,
551 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Makers of Carmen Cold Cream, 25c and 35c Jars

IS YOUR FIGURE WHAT IT SHOULD BE?

Do you realize that nature intended all women to be symmetrical? That she is not, is due entirely to conditions which can and should be remedied.

Through many years of exhaustive study and practical experience, I have perfected a system which will not only perfect the figure, but improve the health and general condition as well.

Take my own case for example—it speaks volumes. In childhood, I was puny and deformed. By my own drugless methods I have overcome all weaknesses. Millions of people throughout the world have seen in me a living demonstration of my unique system of health culture and body-building. Thousands of women in all parts of the world have profited by my experience. They have, through my system, improved their health and figures.

There is no great secret about my system—it is simply a proper practice of the hygienic principles of health adapted to suit the individual requirements of my pupils.

If your health is below par and your figure is not what it should be, I can surely be of service to you.

My latest book, "The Body Beautiful," should be read by every woman—I will send it to you free. It explodes the fallacy that lack of beauty or health cannot be avoided. In it I explain how every woman can be VIGOROUS, HEALTHY and ATTRACTIVE.

My Guarantee

With my free book, "The Body Beautiful," which is fully illustrated with photographs of myself explaining my system, I give full particulars of my Guarantee Trial Plan whereby you can test the value of my instruction without risking a single penny.

Send two-cent stamp for "The Body Beautiful" and Trial Plan today.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN
Suite 108H
12 W. 31st STREET
NEW YORK

Unlimited Possibilities

If you expect great success—a prosperous future—choose a calling offering great possibilities. There is a limit to nearly everything. A mechanic, for example, can earn only very small wages, no matter how expert he is. His greatest success must be far below that which his ability and efforts deserve. Look around you—see who are among the successful, the prosperous, the powerful men. They are Lawyers! Many of our greatest statesmen, capitalists and business men are Lawyers. The Law fits a man for success in almost any line. A lawyer can earn $5,000 to $100,000 and more yearly. Let us show you how to

Become A Lawyer

Law is now a vital factor in every business—big firms need competent Lawyers for their regular staffs at large salaries. Don't decide to follow a particular line just because you think you like it best. Look before you leap. Determine the possibilities—find out the incomes earned by the majority already in that line. That's the real test. If you have already chosen your life-work—no matter what it is, no matter how far you have entered into it, no matter what your age—it is not too late to start over. The La Salle is founded exactly for that purpose—to help men and women out of the wrong occupations and prepare them for success, power and independence. Lack of capital makes no difference—we make terms to suit you.

Learn at Home Law is no longer complex—you need not give up your present position and go away to college now The La Salle Home Study Law Course makes it possible to prepare for the Bar at home.

We Train By MAIL If you can read and write intelligently the La Salle can train you to become a Lawyer in your own home, in spare time, by mail, as we have done for so many others situated as you are now. The La Salle law text is written in plain language by legal authorities and professors in big resident universities. It follows method used in resident universities. Our graduates pass bar examinations in any State and attain fine records.

Guarantee We guarantee to coach free and until successful any La Salle student failing to pass bar examination.

Become An LL. B. The State of Illinois authorizes us to confer on our graduates the Degree of Bachelor of Laws, (LL. B.)

Law Library Furnished

Enroll now and receive complete, standard Law Library—14 volumes, richly bound, without additional cost.

This Book Free Write now for free copy of "Evidence," a remarkable book that shows you how to start right—that puts you on the paths of America's successful lawyers and makes possible the attainment of success.

$100 Tuition Credit FREE

Write now and learn how, for a short time, to secure $100 Tuition Credit Free. Prepare now for this dignified, lucrative profession.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 653, Chicago

'Twill soon be time *for* B.V.D.

BEHIND the mask of March peers the face of Spring. Get B. V. D. *to-day* for the *first* warm day.

B. V. D. means Comfort and Comfort means B. V. D. These Loose Fitting Undergarments bring a soothing sense of calming comfort after the pinch and weight of winter clothes.

B. V. D. is sincerely made of the strongest fabrics that give the longest wear. Being loose fitting, they are subjected to the least strain in wear, *Quality* with *Economy.*

For your own welfare, fix this label firmly in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B. V. D. is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., and Foreign Countries)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B. V. D. Company,
NEW YORK

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

RETAIN YOUR GOOD LOOKS

CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted by occasional use of Cuticura Ointment does so much to keep your skin clear, scalp clean and free from dandruff, hair live and glossy, and hands soft and white, that not to use them is to fail in your duty to yourself.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each, with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.

☞Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

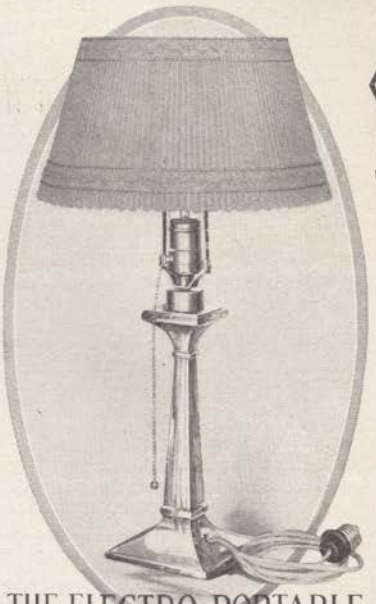
HEISEY'S

TRADE (H) MARK

GLASSWARE

(H) ON EVERY PIECE

(H) ON EVERY PIECE



THE ELECTRO-PORTABLE

The latest addition to

Heisey's (H) Glassware

marks a new and wonderful epoch in the evolution of the old **Colonial Candle Stick.** Wired for electricity, as the illustration and name implies; it combines the lighting efficiency of the 20th century with the charming atmosphere of Great Grandmother days in its simple Colonial lines.

It is both efficient and ornamental, and makes an admirable addition to desk, table or dresser. Made in two sizes —19 inches over all and 21 inches over all. If your dealer cannot supply this Electro Portable, we will deliver, prepaid, East of the Mississippi River, the smaller size for $3.75, and the larger size for $4.75, without shade or bulb; West of the Mississippi River—50c additional.

Insist on having this (H) trademark on the glassware you buy—then you have high quality without high price. Our free book contains helpful hints for the hostess. Write for copy.

A. H. HEISEY & CO.

Dept. 78 **Newark, Ohio**

The Spring and Summer

Baby Book

Is Now Ready

The Baby Book is a big store that comes into your home and enables you to shop from your easy chair, away from the crowds, at your leisure.

It illustrates and describes the prettiest, daintiest, dressiest clothes for baby—everything to wear from cradle-time to six years of age. And it quotes prices that make it a big economy *as well* as a great convenience.

You will also find in it a complete range of expectant mothers' wearing apparel, nursery furnishings, drug sundries and novelties for the amusement of the small child, and many suggestions for appropriate gifts for baby showers, birthdays and holidays. It also contains an extensive assortment of birth announcement cards.

Write for "The Baby Book, No. 77H84." Please address me personally.

Eliza Emerson Goff
Baby Merchandise Dept.

Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago

$43.00 Worth of Finest Furniture Direct From Factory For $24.25

Brooks Rocker, No. 23

Retailers' Price . $18.00
Our Factory Price 9.75

This splendid Rocker made of solid Quartered Oak—36 in. high—30 in. wide—24 in. deep—cushion and back pillow complete—covered with Marokene Leather.

Our Sectional Method (we are the originators) enables us to save you big money when you buy.

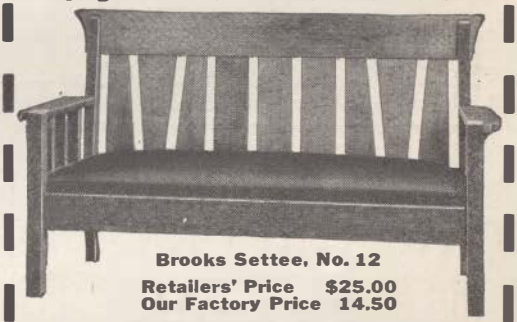
Master Built Furniture

We save you this money because we are not a mail order house—or jobber or wholesaler—but simply straight manufacturers who turn raw materials into finished furniture. We have devised an efficient 20th century method of reducing the package—all being

Shipped In Easily Assembled Sections Anyone Can Set It Up In 20 Minutes

This saves ⅔ of the freight charged—it saves ¾ the cost of packing and crating—and ½ the immense factory floor space usually required. Then, we save you all the jobbers' and dealers' profits. All this enables us to save you money. And every piece of Brooks furniture is guaranteed. Write for big Free Catalog, —handsomely illustrated.

Brooks Mfg. Co., 3103 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.
Originators of Sectional Furniture
Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World



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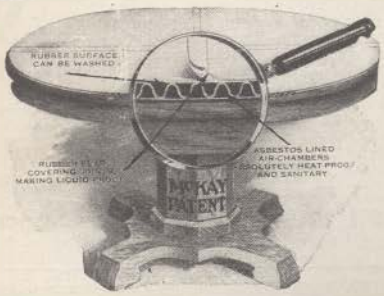

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and not a drop of it will reach your table, nor will any of it be absorbed by the pad. Wash the surface of the pad with soap and water, or a damp cloth without removing it from the table, and not a trace of the gravy will remain.

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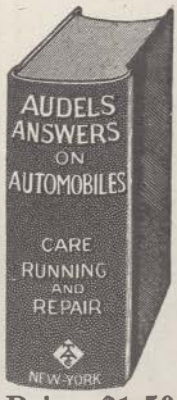

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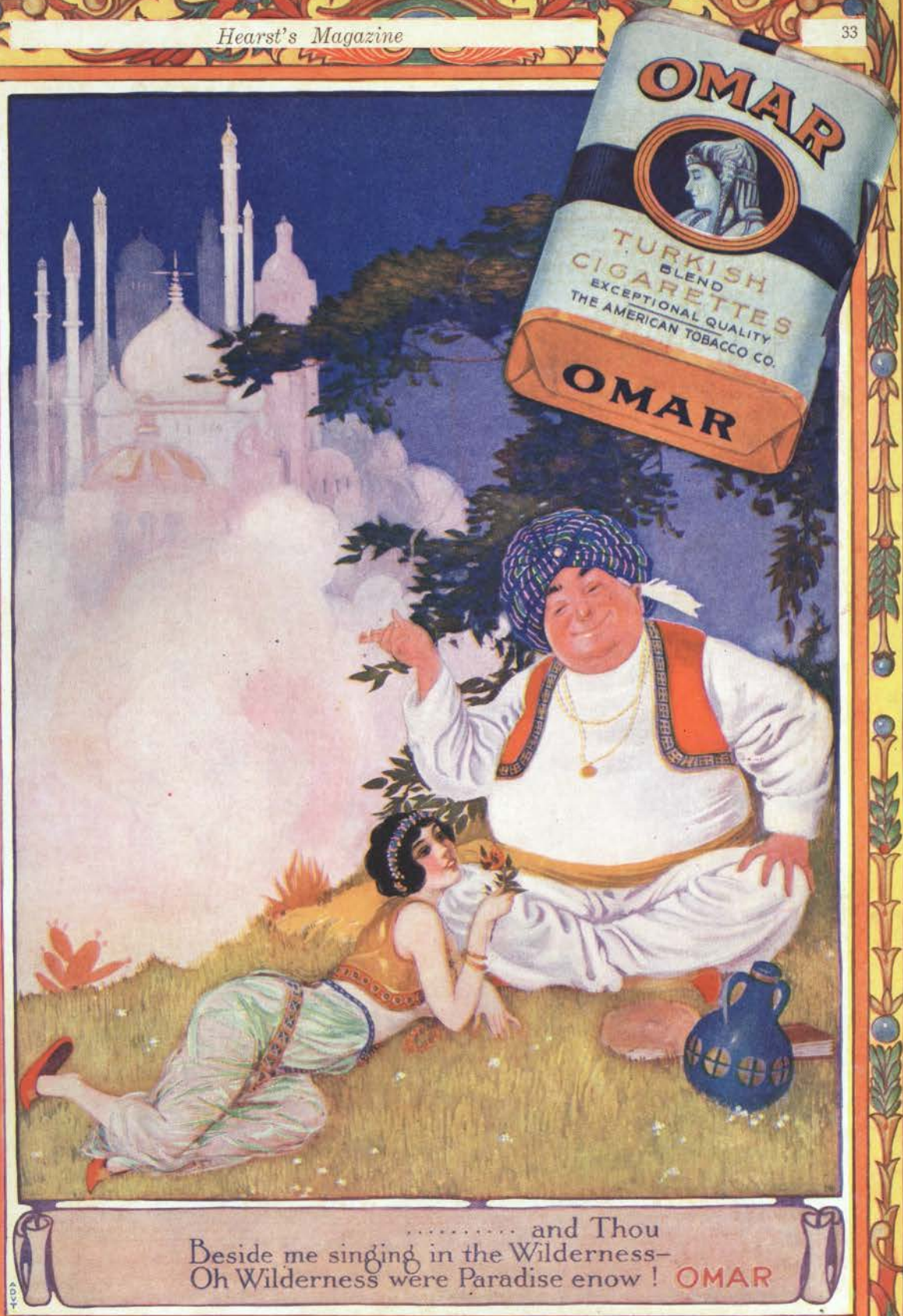


..... and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness–
Oh Wilderness were Paradise enow ! OMAR

An Old Man at Fifty —A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco Business Man, Who Has Solved the Problem of Perpetual Youth

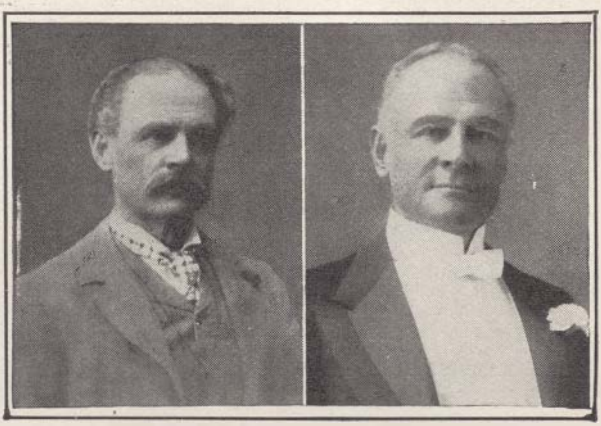
By C. E. PAGE, M. D.

Author of "Natural Cure for Consumption," "How to Feed the Baby," etc.

THERE is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world famous mission, ages ago, Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco business man, believes he has found. He says he can prove it too, right in his own person.

At 50 he was partially bald. To-day he has a thick head of hair, although it is white. At 50 his eyes were weak. To-day they are as strong as when he was a child. At 50 he was a worn-out, broken-down man. To-day he is in perfect health, a good deal of an athlete and as young in feeling as the average man of 35.

All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practises for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem.



Sanford Bennett at 50

Sanford Bennett at 72

As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving good health, but one of rejuvenating a weak middle-aged body into a robust old one, and he says what he has accomplished, anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which would seem to put the Dr. Osler theory to shame.

I haven't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age —Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a wonderful book. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of retaining their youth as long as possible, after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and as Mr. Bennett firmly believes, the one hundredth milestone of life should read.

For the purpose of spreading broadcast the methods of promoting health and longevity developed by Mr. Bennett an interesting eight-page booklet which is, in effect, a summary of his system, has been prepared by the publishers of Mr. Bennett's interesting book—the Physical Culture Publishing Company, 4103 Flatiron Building, New York City.

This booklet they will send free to anyone sufficiently interested to write for it.

The grandest thing in the world is Youth, and it is one of the really great hardships of life that "its beauteous morn" should pass so swiftly and give place to old age.

For having solved the problem of prolonging youth, the world owes Sanford Bennett a vote of thanks. Of course there are those who will scoff at the idea, but the real wise men and women among those who hear of Sanford Bennett and his return to youth, will most certainly investigate further, and at least acquire a knowledge of his methods.

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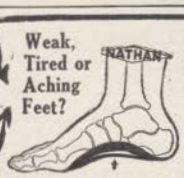

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Federal Law to Kill Panic

PANICS like that of 1907 we shall in all probability see no more, if the new Currency Law is properly administered. What it does to prevent the recurrence of panics is primarily to mass the credits of the banks by associating as a unified whole the National banks, the great majority of which will enter the new system, and the State banks and trust companies, of which a very large number are expected to become members under the Federal Reserve Act. The country is to be divided into not less than eight or more than twelve districts, in each of which will be established a regional institution to be known as a Federal Reserve bank. Of this bank National and State banks and trust companies located in the district will be stockholders, and from it they will be able at any time, even when panic is in the air, to obtain an ample supply of currency to meet the demands and thus allay the fears of their depositors. This currency will be furnished them upon their re-discounting the commercial paper held by them, that is, selling to the Federal Reserve bank the paper which they themselves have previously in the ordinary course of business bought from their own customers.

Above the Federal Reserve banks is the Federal Reserve board, a body which has the authority to require one regional or Federal Reserve bank to come to the relief of another in the district of which financial trouble threatens; and this authority may be likened to a system of conduits connecting all of the eight to twelve regional reservoirs of credit and amounting for the purpose substantially to a central bank. Another factor which will be potent in checking panicky conditions, however formidable, is the power vested in the Federal Reserve board to suspend for as long a total period as necessary any of the reserve requirements of the new law—in other words, to permit reserves to be unlocked and applied to the use for which they were really created, that of resource in time of acute need.

But prevention of panic is far from being the only feature in which the new law shows such timely improvement over the National Bank Act.

The whole basis of the currency has been changed, and will now consist of commercial paper, instead of Government and other bonds, as heretofore. Important consequences will flow from this change, which brings the banking practice of the United States into line with that of other great nations. In the past a New York bank having a plethora of funds, largely made up of reserve or surplus funds of interior banks, sent to it because profitable employment could not be found for the money at home, has made heavy loans on call, at the best rate it could get, often not above the two

(*Continued on page 44*)

The Postal Life Employs No Agents

You Deal *Directly* With the Company

Postal Life N.Y.

Accomplishing a great reform

THE HUGHES' INSURANCE INVESTIGATION OF 1905, found that all life-companies were heavily burdened by **agency-expense** which came out of the pockets of policyholders, of course.

Press and public agreed that the **elimination of the agent was the great reform needed.**

The Postal Life Insurance Company was organized that same year to help work out this very reform.

It has accomplished its part by demonstrating that the business of life insurance can be done **direct;** it has thus transacted business successfully for **more than eight years;** it does not employ agents at all but **gives its policyholders the benefit of the saving thus effected.**

THE FIRST YEAR, policyholders receive a **guaranteed commission - dividend** corresponding to what other companies pay their agents, less a moderate advertising charge.

This dividend ranges up to

40%

of the premium on whole-life policies

In **subsequent years** policyholders can deduct the **entire agents' renewal commission of 7½% and an office-expense saving of 2%,** making up the

Annual dividend of

9½%

guaranteed in the policy

AND, IN ADDITION, the Postal pays, **every year after the first,** the usual **contingent dividends** earned by the policy.

Agents, of course, find it hard to compete with the Postal; they fight it and get certain easily-influenced insurance periodicals to help them.

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Write and find out the exact sum the Company will save *you* at your age on any standard form of contract—Whole-Life, Limited-Payment Life, Endowment, Joint-Life or a Monthly-Income Policy.

Call at the Company's office if convenient, or write for full official information. Simply say:

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Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

Postal Life Insurance Company

WM. R. MALONE, President

35 Nassau Street **NEW YORK**

The Financial Bureau

(*Continued from page 42*)

per cent. which it had to pay the interior banks for their deposits. But call loans, that is, loans which can be cancelled by a bank on demand, are made only on marketable securities as collateral, and the borrowers almost always use the proceeds in stock market operations, so that easy money has generally stimulated Stock Exchange speculation, often to a dangerous extent. But with the re-discount privilege open to them the member banks of this and other large cities are expected to do a materially decreased call loan business, because they will feel it safe to buy freely good commercial paper, bills of exchange, bankers' acceptances and similar paper, since they will not have to hold these instruments until maturity, as before, but can realize upon them, by turning them over to their Federal Reserve bank, as promptly as they could realize upon their call loans.

One significant new departure in the new act is the authority granted any National bank not situated in a central reserve city to make long-time loans to farmers. Such a loan may be made on improved and unencumbered farm land, up to 50 per cent. of its actual value, and may run for five years; but the amounts so loaned by any bank must not exceed in the aggregate one-quarter of its combined capital and surplus, or one-third of its time deposits.

We shall continue to handle the familiar National bank notes for a good while to come, but along with them, after two years, and entirely supplanting them after twenty years, there will be in circulation notes issued by the Federal Reserve banks. These institutions are to be allowed to buy each year from National banks up to $25,000,000 United States bonds securing circulation, and will issue their own circulating notes, to the par value of the bonds. The vexed question of retirement of the two per cent. Government bonds without injustice to the National banks, which so largely hold them, at a price much above their investment value, has been solved by the new law, a satisfactory system of exchange for other securities having been devised.

The Federal Reserve Act materially reduces the reserve now required to be maintained by member banks. Banks in central reserve cities, as for example New

(*Continued on page 46*)

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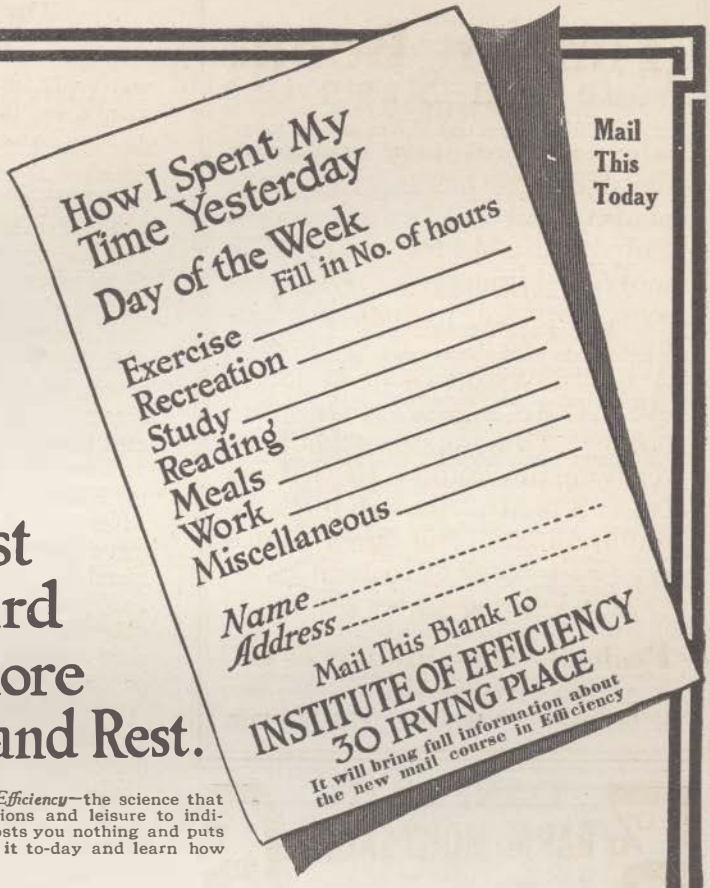

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The Financial Bureau

(*Continued from page 44*)

York, have had to keep in their own vaults cash to the amount of 25 per cent. of their deposits, but the reserve will now be reduced to 18 per cent., of which six parts will be held in a bank's own vaults, seven parts in the Federal Reserve bank of its district and the remaining five parts in either of these places, but one-half of the reserve lodged with the Federal Reserve bank may consist of prime commercial paper, instead of cash. The required reserve of banks elsewhere in the country is also reduced in amount and is similarly apportioned, except that for three years a minor part may be kept on deposit, as is now the custom, in National banks of the larger cities. After three years, however, the entire reserve must be held in the vaults of the member bank and its Federal Reserve bank, which means that New York and other leading cities will then lose a large part of their so-called "country bank deposits."

The circulating notes of the Federal Reserve banks will differ from National bank notes in being receivable for customs duties and public dues as well as for taxes. Another vital difference is that, while a National bank cannot issue notes to an amount larger than its capital stock, no such limitation is placed upon the issuance of Federal Reserve bank notes, an avenue for possible inflation thus being opened. The new notes, against which a minimum reserve of 40 per cent. in gold must be maintained, may be based upon notes and bills accepted for re-discount by the Federal Reserve bank, as well as upon bonds purchased from National banks, already mentioned; and they are redeemable in gold at the Treasury in Washington or in gold or lawful money at any Federal Reserve bank.

Owing to the facility with which the Federal Reserve banks can secure this circulation, their notes will probably end the annual money market stringency at the crop-moving season, as they will be able to send ample supplies of notes to the West and South as required, thus doing away with the former drain of currency from the large cities at this period.

Each Federal Reserve bank is to have a capital of at least $4,000,000, upon which cumulative dividends of 6 per cent. are to

(*Continued on page 48*)

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

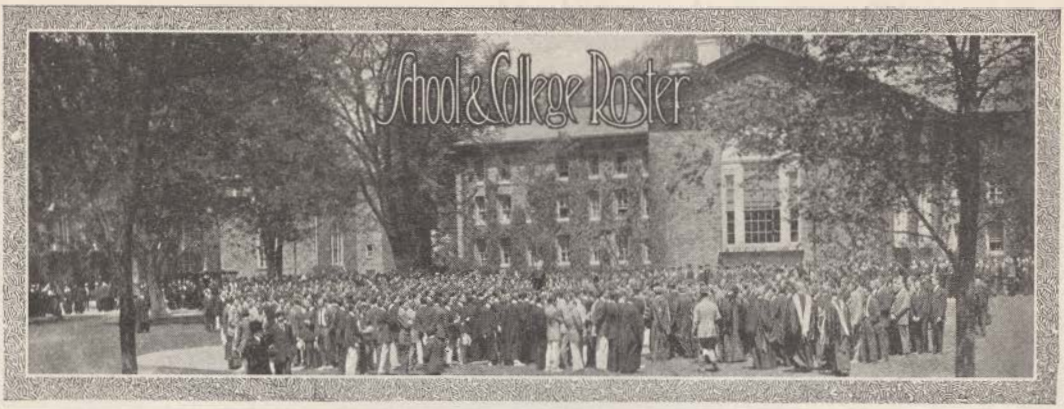
The Financial Bureau

(*Continued from page 46*)

be paid, the excess earnings going to the United States; and each of these institutions will have branches. The capital stock of a Federal Reserve bank must be subscribed for by National banks in the district, under pain of losing their charters, and may be subscribed for by State banks and trust companies and, under certain conditions, by individuals and corporations and by the United States. A National bank entering the system will, if its capital and surplus exceed $1,000,000, be allowed to establish branches abroad, as trust companies do at present; and another new privilege granted them is that of acting as executors, administrators or trustees. Each Federal Reserve bank is to be ruled by nine directors, of whom three are to be chosen by the member banks, three are to be actively engaged in their district in commerce, agriculture or other industrial pursuit, but must not be connected with any bank; and the remaining three designated by the Federal Reserve board, one of this class to be chairman.

The Federal Reserve board, which is to have direction of the new banking system and final authority in all questions arising in its operation, will be composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Controller of the Currency and five men to be appointed by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate. Of these five men, at least two shall be "persons experienced in banking or finance"; one of the five, to be known as the Governor, will be the active executive officer of the board, and another will be designated as Vice-governor. The new Law makes the members of the Federal Reserve board and the assistant secretaries of the Treasury ineligible to hold any position in a member bank while they are in office or for two years thereafter.

Supplementing the Federal Reserve board is to be an important body known as the Federal Advisory Council, composed of one member elected by the directors of each of the Federal Reserve banks. The Council will have power to confer with the Federal Reserve board on general business conditions and to call for information and make recommendations regarding the various activities and operations of the reserve banking system.



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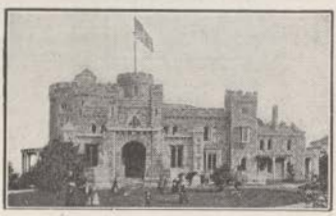

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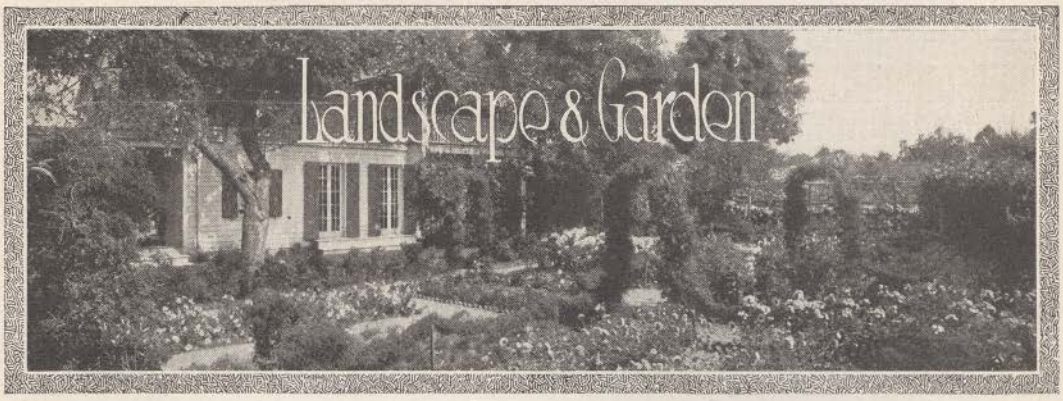

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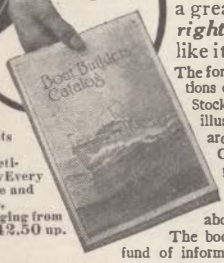

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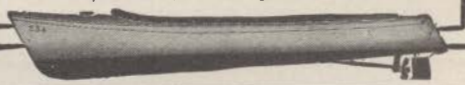

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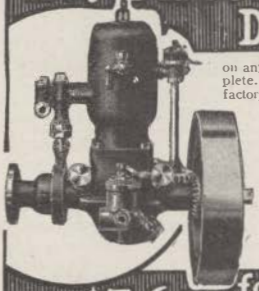

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Index to Advertisements

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(Concluded from page 8)

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The solemn duty, therefore, of making the information conveyed by this magazine absolutely accurate and authoritative will be recognized by everyone, and is peculiarly appreciated by the management, which feels a deep sense of responsibility for the character and quality not only of the text pages of the magazine, but of the advertising pages, as well. The management has determined that not only shall the text in the magazine be as near absolute accuracy and genuine truthfulness as care and conscience can make it, but that the advertising shall be equally accurate and truthful.

The management of this magazine pays writers the highest prices paid by any publication in the world, to tell its readers what is good and what is true, and no inducement will persuade the management to allow anyone, for any price, to hire a page in any part of the magazine to tell its readers anything that is not good or not true.

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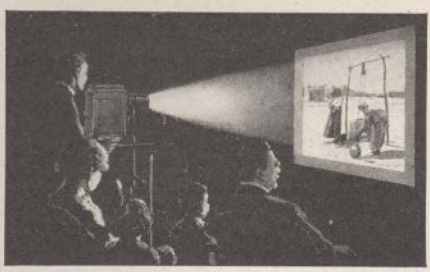

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Do you care enough for the woman who has entrusted herself to you to safeguard her with the lightning quick Ten Shot Savage Automatic—the strongest insurance policy that money can buy or love can provide?

The Savage Automatic shoots ten paralyzing shots, one to a trigger pull, as fast or as slowly as you please.

The Savage's two extra shots mean 25% *more protection.* The Savage is the one automatic which is guarded against the old excuse, "Didn't know it was loaded." A glance or touch tells positively.

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This is a department of service to readers as well as a department of book reviews. Do you want a particular book, information about which is not available to you? Do you want publishers' price lists and catalogues? Do you want to know which of the newest publications the greatest number of people are reading and talking about? Information about any book, new or old, will gladly be furnished by Hearst's Magazine upon request. If we can aid, let us hear from you. The Editor.

A Novel from a Nameless Author

HOME, the anonymous serial which has set many a-guessing at the author's name, comes now in book form; but the volume does not reveal the identity of the writer. New England at the beginning of the nineteenth century is the time and place of the story; yet to my mind the concept and handling of the theme seems southern rather than northern, and the author's use of certain epithets such as "mighty," is distinctly an idiom from Dixie. Red Hill, the home of three long-rooted families, is the spot from which the story radiates out to far places in Europe, Africa and South America, only at the last to bring the wanderers all back again into the dear old memoried "Home" of them all. Notwithstanding the modern placing and furnishing of the story, the romance swings along old lines. The home is the center of the universe. The women have no touch of the social fire that urges the new woman to help on the world. The two men go out in a big, elemental way to build bridges and to dig canals, but the thought of mere self-expression and self-completion rounds their striving. There is no thought of aiding mankind. Indeed, many bear cruel burdens that these supermen may work their will and develop.

Suffering saves the exiles at the end, and helps them to understand that there are home-folks to be considered. This is good as far as it goes. Yet mere devotion to home is sometimes only an extension of our selfishness: no man is really evolved until he includes the common good in his own good, and thus feels the longing to lift all men to his own level. And to my mind, any story—to take rank in the life-class in fiction—must have this larger view of humanity and progress, either expressed or implied. But if we accept this writer's scheme which shows the growth of personal character from mere brute indolence and indulgence, from mere brute power and persistence, then *Home* is a story full of fine action, vivid color and noble spirit. It gives with dramatic aspect and accent the life of alien and of native in the tropics. The picture of "Ten-Per-Cent. Wayne" lashing the cowering Africans building his bridges, and the picture of exiled Lansing reverted to primitive life among the Negroes and Portuguese—these are strong, simple, unforgettable situations. Not less telling is the sense of the woods and fields of our own land under the green fires of Spring or under the scarlet and gold conflagration of the Fall. The writer thrills with the wonder and beauty of the world and excites in us his own noble emotion. He also sees with keen vision the men of the same or of alien races, differentiated by a myriad variations of inheritance, of environment, of accidental happening; sees the small, unnoted daily choices that merge at the end to make destiny and bind souls. The book is out of the usual in appeal and requitement, and is "well worth the trouble of reading." (Century Co.)

Questioned by English Moralists

THE novels of W. B. Maxwell carry the undertow of a solemn moral purpose. His first story, *In Cotton Wool*, had somewhat the artificiality of the man-made canal laden with raft and tug; but his last story, *The Devil's Garden*, has almost the freedom of the winding sea-cave and estuary white with waves. His hero, William Dale, self-made and narrow, is a man with a temperamental flaw which always leads to impulsive, unconsidered reason-blinded action.

As the story opens we find that Dale's irascibility and stiff-neckedness are about to cause his removal from his hard-won and honorable place as post-office clerk in his own town. To all but himself his downfall is a certainty. His position is saved at the last moment by his girl-wife's well-meant (but abominable) sacrifice to the old voluptuary Barradine—the great man of the countryside, whose name is a power in London, a man who had long before secretly trespassed upon her youth and innocence.

(*Continued on page 62*)

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IF you would read the great book of life, with its countless thousands of lights and shadows, portrayed by the hand of a master, then **you must read Balzac.** But if you would read only that which is superficial, **then do not read Balzac,** for he deals with things not as they should be, but with things as they are, and his university is **the Great University of Human Experience.** Balzac's stories literally burn themselves into your brain and memory; they read as though they were his own actual personal experiences, and such is their master-grip and hold upon you that to read them is to live them for yourself. Volumes measure 8¼ by 5¼ by 1⅝ inches and are bound in deep blue genuine Imported "Library Cloth." Here is your chance to get these wonderful books—**at a bargain.**

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(3-14)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Best New Books

(*Continued from page 60*)

After a few hours of elation over his reinstatement in office, the husband almost psychically guesses the situation and turns bitterly against the imploring wife. But finally they begin life anew in a seeming content. Then after twenty years of her faithful, loving, agonizing service, the husband, now an influential citizen and churchman, begins himself to yield to just such a temptation as had been the pitfall of Barradine, the despised voluptuary. Realizing the danger of his temptation, he dares not trust himself to live. So, close to the Devil's Garden, where we now discover that years ago he had killed Barradine, he prepares to end his own existence. Happily (yet with a flash of the adventitious) he is called suddenly to a burning hospital where he saves six or seven children, and then rushes back into the flames and into death. We may of course imagine that this excitable temperament argues an ill-balanced mind, and we may admit that brooding on the unconfessed murder and on the secret love, may have wrought madness in his brain. This gives probability to the tragic climax of his life. The revelation of sordid village laxity and of abominable sybaritic "high" life, touches the quick of sensibility. The turning upon itself of a conscience, the wild poetic justice of the double death vengeance, the continual squaring with eternal rectitudes, all these combine to give the book a high place. A clean book, though plain-spoken. Not a book for the open shelf accessible to the young mind. But to a mature thinker a book purgative and tonic. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Stories of Adventure

FREDERICK FERDINAND MOORE, editor, traveler, observer, presents in *The Devil's Admiral* a novel kinetoscopic in adventure, beleaguered with danger and sudden death. The teller of this swift-moving tale, Mr. James A. Trenholm, a newspaper correspondent, is one of a boatload caught in a terrific struggle which occurs in the cargo-boat, *Kut Sang*, on the China Sea and on a reef where the boat runs aground. The Devil's Admiral, long considered by some to be a myth matching the sea-serpent, turns out to be on the boat; and Trenholm finds him to be none other than the Reverend Luther Meeker, presumably a perfectly pious missionary but a really dastardly villain who has long been killing seamen and scuttling sea craft carrying treasure. Only Trenholm and two men sailing with him have ever lived to tell of a cruise with The Devil's Admiral. The encounter and the escape on that wild, blood-letting night is the theme of this exciting story. Mr. Moore, having lived in the tropics and sailed the seas over, and being able to write direct and picturesque English, contrives to invest this tale of a pirate with an air of grim and gruesome reality, and to body forth characters having much of the dimensions of real folk. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Imagine John Burton without the price of another meal and no hope of earning, finding, borrowing or inheriting a penny. Imagine this man sitting in a restaurant, eating up his final coin and there being accosted thus by a total stranger: "If you will do what I want, I will give you ten thousand pounds. Go to my house and for three months live there as I should have lived. If you are still alive at the

(*Continued on page 64*)

Best New Books

(*Continued from page 62*)

end of that time, which is extremely improbable, you can do anything you please." Mr. John Burton accepts this curious offer, is given a diagram of the house, and is coached as to conduct; and then things begin to happen. Read it all in Victor Bridge's story, *Another Man's Shoes.* (George H. Doran Co., N. Y.)

If you fancy a historic novel, you will gladly seize upon *Idonia,* which is a story of the days of Queen Bess before Mary Queen of Scots had laid her bright head on the block, and while plots and treasons were smoking in the air. A boy from the country comes to London in that troublous time, and is caught in a train of adventures out of which he works himself with the lass Idonia. Mr. Arthur Wallis with this first book shows fine mettle, both in the manner and the matter of his story. Here is history vivified, dramatized. (Little, Brown & Co.)

A New Idea and a Fine One

IN book form we now get Charles Kenyon's play, *Kindling,* a comedy drama in three acts with introductions by Clayton Hamilton and Frank Chouteau Brown, both well known—Clayton Hamilton as a keen authority upon the form and spirit of the drama, and Frank C. Brown as an expounder of dramatic technic. This is the first volume of a series of strong plays to be issued under the guidance of the "The Drama League of America," in order that Americans, like Europeans, may have an opportunity to read and study plays as well as to hear and see them, and thus build up a public opinion of worth. At present, plays, accessible only to the few within reach of the theaters, make no appeal as literature. A standardized and meritorious series will come in this form, Percy Mackaye's new play *A Thousand Years Ago,* being the next to follow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

A Book of Wonder

IS it an admirable fooling, or is it really truth, Maurice Hewlett's assertion in *The Lore of Proserpine* that he has seen a strange elf teasing a rabbit, seen a dryad bathing in a pool of light, seen an oread mothering her little one, knows, even, that some fairy women are married to everyday mortals? Says Mr. Hewlett speaking of his book: "I hope nobody will ask me whether the things in this book are true, for then it will be my humiliating duty to reply that I don't know. They seemed to be so when they occurred; and one of them occurred only two or three years ago. . . . No candid reader can, I hope, rise from the perusal of the book without the conviction that behind the world of appearance lies another and a vaster with a thronging population of its own—with many populations, indeed, each absorbed in uttering its being according to its own laws." If not true, then the book should be true, for it opens casements into happy faerie realms that give a new space for the imagination, and a new rest-place for the spirit. It is a strange fact that a half dozen other distinguished writers—among whom are W. B. Yeats and George Russell—are telling the world that they too have seen these mysterious fairy folk. Science in its probings into the mystery, instead of making such statements seem a foolishness, is really extending

(*Continued on page 66*)

How to Write a Business Letter

Secrets of successful letter writing told by the chief correspondent of one of the world's greatest mail order houses.

By CHARLES R. WIERS

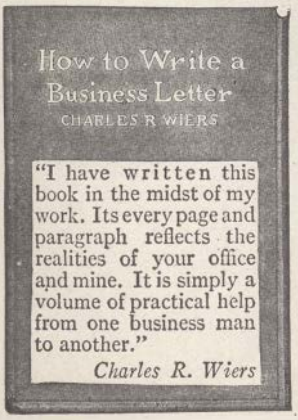
IN ONE of the great office buildings of my home city is the sales office of a well-known concern. There twenty salesmen have their desks. Each man calls each day on fifteen to twenty local prospects and customers and the twenty sold last year, I am told, eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods.

In a little ten-by-twelve office on the floor above, sits another salesman. He spends not one cent in traveling expenses or hotel bills—he seeks no interviews, he cools his heels in no buyer's office. Yet, this one man talked last year to more than a million men, in 5,000 cities, towns and villages, and sold two million dollars' worth of goods.

What It Means To Know How

Suppose that ten years ago when I first began to write business letters, I could have had an opportunity to talk for a few hours with this man, suppose that he had been willing to tell me all he knew about his work—the secrets of his methods, the principles upon which his letters are based, the exact way in which he applies those principles. It would have advanced me five years as a letter writer, for he could have given me, then, vital secrets which it had taken him years to develop.

I did not have that opportunity. I started as he started and learned the secrets of business letter writing first hand. I have spent ten years in every-day study of that one subject—the kind of study that one gets by writing business letters every day. It is my good fortune to be connected, as Chief Correspondent, with one of the largest businesses in America conducted entirely by mail.



Here I have learned in the thorough school of experience. Every element, every phase, every factor in business letter writing comes up in my daily work for practical application—an application on which actual business depends. To know what kind of a letter will get a certain result, just what elements in a letter have certain effects, is not a matter to theorize over in my work—we have to get those results here. An analysis of every kind of letter and the results obtained from it with definite conclusions on how to build up a letter to suit each certain situation has had to be a matter of practical business in my work. I have had to do this for every kind of correspondence—letters that sell goods, collect money, adjust complaints—letters to do everything that a personal representative could do.

And now I have condensed many of these lessons between the covers of a book. I have written it in order that you and thousands of others may have the opportunity I did not have ten years ago, that you may know *now*—without waiting to learn through long experience how to write letters that do what you want them to do. I have given this book the title "How to Write a Business Letter," because that is exactly what it tells. And because I know that what you want is not theory, but practical, actual help, I have applied to every point, idea and suggestion my own test of practicability. Every concrete, specific plan, every method, every simple, practical reason why, which I know would have helped me,—these and only these—I have put into this book and I have stated them so clearly and plainly that you can use them in answering your morning's mail.

> "The man who can *write a letter* that does what another man must make a personal call to do, is the greatest, most independent power in the modern business world."

I tell you in this book how to build up a letter step by step—how to appeal to the man you write to, interest him, win him—how to talk to him as you would in his own office.

200 Actual Letters

For every point, every suggestion, I give you an actual letter (200 all told) to show you just exactly what I mean. These actual letters—no two alike—lay bare the science of letter writing with the clearness, the vividness of a diagram.

If this great subject of better letter writing is interesting to you, if you want to know how to write letters that win, sway and convince the men who read them, let me send you a copy of this book.

If you are a manufacturer, a wholesaler, a retailer, a professional man—a man ambitious for bigger things—whatever your business, or occupation, if you write one letter a day or a hundred, this book offers you tangible, specific, practical help.

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Do not bother to write. Simply tear out this paragraph, write your name and address on the margin, wrap a dollar bill, check or money order in it and mail today. I will send you a copy of the new fourth edition, postpaid. Read it, study it, then, if you are dissatisfied in any way, simply send back the book and I will refund your money.

CHAS. R. WIERS, Dept.H, 631 W. Delavan Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Best New Books

(*Continued from page 64*)

the borders of wonder and is making room for these mysterious races and revelations. (Charles Scribner's Sons)

A Delightful Book on Greece

LILIAN WHITING, who has told charmingly of other travels, now sends out *Athens, the Violet Crowned*. Miss Whiting visited Greece last year and drank deep of its old and its new delights. The history, the sculpture, the philosophy and the poesy—she discourses upon all three as well as upon modern conditions in this old land that is the new now in its first century of independence. Two hundred thousand inhabitants has Athens, which runs almost to the Piræus with its fifty thousand more. Constitution Square in Athens is not unlike Copley Square of Boston. It has its beautiful library and academy, both built on classic lines. All of this news, and more of its kind, we find projected against the ancient glory that was Greece; and so the book is useful both for its modernity and its antiquity. (Little, Brown & Co.)

How We Look to an English Woman

MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE, who has also written of Finland, Sicily and Mexico, has turned her eye-glasses upon America. Her book, *America as I Saw It*, she calls a cubist impression picture of a great country. In 1901, 1904 and 1912 Mrs. Tweedie visited America, and each time she jotted down what she saw and heard and guessed. Necessarily her observations are personal and limited by her own preparation and prejudices. Her generalizations are not always based upon sufficient evidence and have now and then all the seeming of purely imaginative creation. But Mrs. Tweedie has an alert eye and a faculty of comparison, and she sweeps together a mass of curious data of things as they were in the time of her flitting by. She finds money always ranked above brains and more interest taken in stocks than in politics. She revolts (as we should revolt) against garbage utensils in front of entrances even in the afternoons. She flouts (and quite sensibly) the absurd commotion of press and friends over some young girl's advent into society. She finds the American woman afraid to say that she wants to save money, and ready to pay exorbitantly for a taxi where an English woman would boldly walk a few blocks. There are pages in this strain, mostly good-natured comment. She closes her preface with this jubilata: "I love America, her women, her oysters, her grape fruit, her express elevators, her roses, her quaint ways, her kindness to the stranger within her gates, and—dare I say it?—her serene satisfaction with everything American." (Macmillan Co.)

Up-to-Date Anecdotes

LITTLE Stories by Big Men, compiled by Annabel Lee, contains sprightly anecdotes related by many prominent Americans, as well as by foreign officials and diplomats. The anecdotes often touch off historic scenes and events, giving a characteristic savor of the man who utters the *bon mot*. Readers of this magazine will be glad to have in one portable volume these stories, many of which have added mirth to the flying months as they have appeared in HEARST'S MAGAZINE. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

SUBSCRIPTION LISTS WILL BE CLOSED AT THE END OF MAY

End of the Sale, Direct to the Public, of the *New Encyclopaedia Britannica*

Prices to be from $29 to $50 more
Discontinuance of Monthly Payments

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YOU must have a general idea of the characteristics of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, for it has been so much used and quoted and talked about that it is definitely classed as one of the greatest achievements of our day. But what you probably do not know is that it is a "*different*" *kind of utility book* from any that has ever been published; different in get-up, different in contents, different in style, different in method of construction, different and better suited to your needs in the fact that it was *built for service*—for *your* service.

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SEND FOR THE PROSPECTUS TODAY You will then be in a position to settle the matter once for all. Any argument in favor of waiting until tomorrow is also an argument in favor of waiting until the price has been increased in America, as it was in England in December last, and that is surely the wrong course to take. *For an inquiry form see the last page of this notice.*

58,000 SETS HAVE ALREADY BEEN SOLD It is "the most successful book of our time," and has been bought by all classes. The photographs of its owners on this and the following pages show some of the fields in which the new Encyclopaedia Britannica is performing its usual function of furthering the world's work.

A Great Author

A Great Inventor

A Great Statesman

A Great Emperor

Everyone who has the book is glad that he has it.

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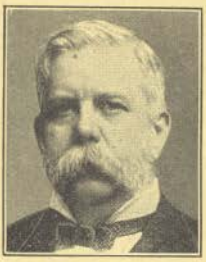
$29 to $50 more than at present—will not be an extravagant price for the book; *but it would be an extravagance for you to pay it needlessly,* after neglecting this opportunity to pay less.

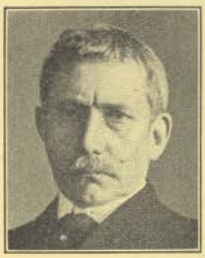
A Great Educator

A Great Business Man



A Great Manufacturer

A Great Banker



A Great Senator

ON BEING "ALERT"

TO be *"alert"* of mind does not mean that one must jump to a conclusion, but that when a conclusion has been formed, one must be in readiness to give instant effect to it. The word, indeed, comes from the old Italian *"all' erta!"—"Go to the watch-tower!"*, the warning which, in the eventful Middle Ages, sent lookouts to their post to see when rapid action would be necessary.

The public have shown alertness in recognizing the merits of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica. Those who are alert enough to obtain it now will be just in time to avoid the higher price which is about to be charged for it. That alertness has already been displayed by more than fifty-eight thousand purchasers.

If you become aware, today, for the first time, of the existence of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, you could not decide whether or not to purchase it without previously considering its merits. But you are not in that position. The desirability of the book has been demonstrated, as the pictures on these pages amply prove.

THE INEVITABLE CHANGE

The impending increase in the price and the discontinuance of the monthly payment system are, of course, regrettable. And if it had been financially practicable to continue indefinitely the sale on the present terms, no change would have been made. But the change is inevitable, because the low price does not yield a profit commensurate with the large investment ($1,500,000) which the production of an entirely new inventory of all human knowledge necessitated. Those who most wish to see the book in universal use must accept the inevitable, and it is satisfactory to reflect that within the next few weeks thousands of persons will buy it and begin to make use of it who might otherwise have remained irresolute.

WHY MANY HAVE WAITED

It has been easy to say "the book will still be there, if I find I want it." But that cannot much longer be said. It will not be "there"—in its present accessible position. It will be where you can get it if you pay $29 more than you need pay today, if you pay that higher price in cash instead of paying the $5, which is all you need pay in cash today.

The new price will not be prohibitive. It will, on the contrary, be considerably less than the price ($7.50 per volume) at which former editions were published; it will be a low price as compared with the price of other books and other articles which can be compared with the Encyclopaedia Britannica in respect of their intrinsic value based upon their cost of production, and of their usefulness and the pleasure which they afford. But, from another point of view, a price is relatively high or low according to who pays it; and the new price will be a high one for you to pay, because you now have the opportunity *to pay so much less.*

WHO'S WHO among the *58,000 Buyers* of an indispensable Book of *Universal Utility.*

IT may safely be said that no buyer of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica has purchased the work without first having asked himself: "*Is this a good book?*" and then, "*Is it a book that I ought to buy either for myself or my family?*"

A Civil Service Clerk

A Foreman Bookbinder

A Newsman

An analysis of several thousand orders for the new Encyclopaedia Britannica shows in a rough way the proportion of buyers in different classes.

Far the largest class, amounting to more than *one-third* of the total (just above 34 per cent), is made up of members of the *professions*—lawyers, doctors, clergymen, authors, etc. A small part of this class is wealthy; the great majority of its numbers are in moderate circumstances.

The next largest class, constituting more than *one-sixth* (over 17 per cent), is *manufacturers* and *traders*, large and small, wholesale and retail. In this class the small manufacturers far outnumber the large, and there are, of course, many more retail than wholesale merchants.

Next in size and constituting nearly *one-seventh* (14 per cent), are persons in small businesses, or workers with comparatively small incomes—clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, salesmen, agents, artisans, farmers, etc.

Very nearly as large (*nearly 1¼ per cent* of the total) is the class of universities, colleges, schools and libraries, many being institutions with small appropriations for books.

One-ninth (11 per cent) of the total is made up of women—mothers of families, women in business, or the professions now so generally followed by women.

About *one-twentieth* (5 per cent) of the total of this classified subscription list is officials of government and public institutions; of these the greater part are, of course, on small salaries.

One-twenty-fourth (4¼ per cent) are bankers and financiers.

It is evident that the new Encyclopaedia Britannica is being sold, not merely to "bookish" people, nor to men who have already achieved success or fame, but principally to people who have their way to make in the world, and who *cannot afford to do without it*, even though their incomes are small, because they recognize in it an aid to advancement.

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What will be your loss if you should thus altogether refrain from purchasing it?

First, the loss of available knowledge.

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You will be sure of making these gains, and of avoiding these losses, by signing and mailing now the inquiry form found on the last page.

A Farm Laborer

A Fireman

A Traveling Salesman

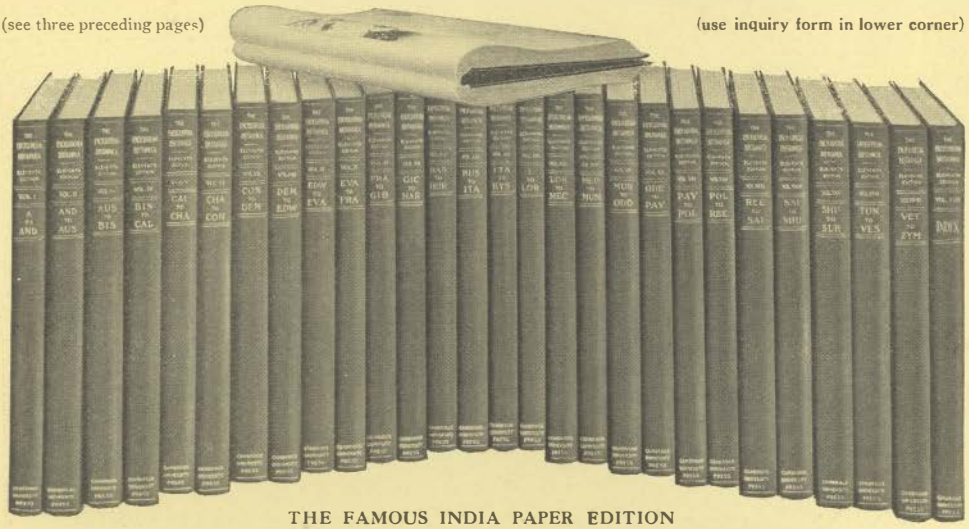
A Bookkeeper

A Retail Grocer

NOW—is The Time to Decide—NOW

(see three preceding pages)

(use inquiry form in lower corner)



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(9) the *human interest* and *practical value* of the work to all classes.

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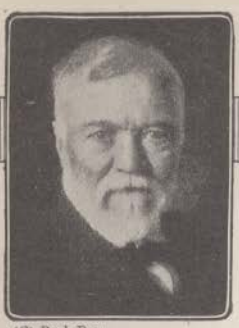
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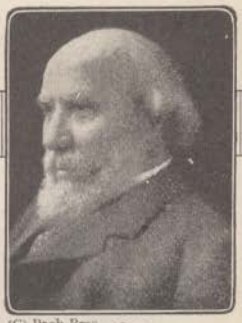
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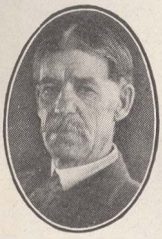

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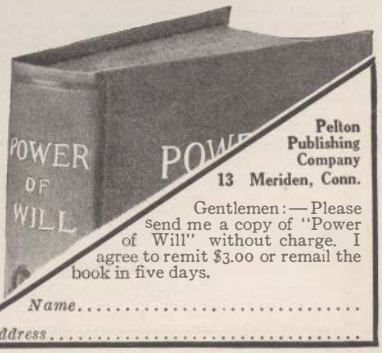

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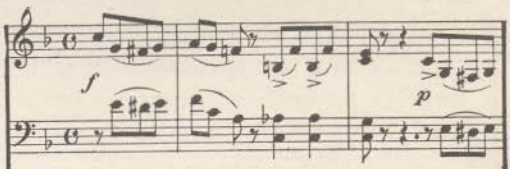

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The *"Arlington"* is a distinctive masterpiece in the science of clock construction. It is of solid mahogany (not veneer) and combines beauty and utility perfectly. Its lines are at once simple and distinctive and suggestive of the chaste elegance of the Colonial period. It is an adornment in the most richly appointed drawing room, and an ornament and a necessary convenience in living room, studio or office.

Through a special arrangement with the maker, we can offer the *"Arlington"* for a limited time at the unique price of ***$4.75, sent prepaid on ten days' trial.*** To anyone giving a satisfactory reference we will send the *"Arlington"* without charge, prepaid for a trial of ten days. Send *today* for our special offer. You cannot afford to miss such an opportunity.

COUPON H.

This coupon and $4.75 entitles sender to one solid mahogany, 8-day *"Arlington."* If, after 10 days' trial, you do not consider it the best clock value you have ever seen, return it and your money will be refunded.

Western Merchandise & Supply Co., Chicago, Illinois.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

An Ideal Time-Keeper

The *"Arlington"* is 9½ inches high and 8 inches wide. Its dial is 4½ inches in diameter. The convex glass front was imported especially for the *"Arlington."* This beautiful clock will run for 8 days without winding. It has the lever movement. Its parts, made of the finest steel and brass under the scientific direction of one of America's greatest clock experts, are perfectly adjusted. Each movement is tested and regulated with absolute precision before the clock leaves the hands of the maker. Knowing the skill and science that went into the construction of the *"Arlington"* we can guarantee it to be ***a time-keeper that will give perfect satisfaction.***

Send today, now, for the *"Arlington,"* using the coupon. *Nowhere* can you secure such a splendid clock value. *Nowhere* will you find this offer matched.

Alarm Attachment

To those wishing it, we will send the *"Arlington"* equipped with an 8-day alarm attachment. Please state whether or not you desire this alarm attachment on your *"Arlington."*

Western Merchandise & Supply Company

326 West Madison Street

Chicago, Illinois

Three Great New

Serial Stories

by

Three Famous Authors

in

Hearst's Magazine

during 1914

Winston Churchill

Gouverneur Morris

Geo. Randolph Chester

"The Literary Sensation of the Year"

Winston Churchill's Big, New Serial Story

FEW AMERICAN authors hold so vast and loyal a following as the creator of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis" and "The Inside of the Cup."

Mr. Churchill's stories make their appeal, in the main, to readers of discriminating taste and the habit of analysis. His is not a surface art; he probes deep into the heart of things; he paints with pen-point the souls of men and women. When you have done with one of his books the people you have met in its pages are living entities—flesh and blood, real humans.

Dickens had this gift of soul portraiture and Thackeray, after a more subtle fashion, and it does not seem to be pulling the truth apart to say that Mr. Churchill has, in common with these two great English writers, the mastership of character delineation.

In Mr. Churchill's new novel, to begin in these pages next month, he has spread a big canvas and on it he has painted the best picture of contemporary American manhood and womanhood that has yet been vouchsafed the reading public.

All the warring elements which go to the making of life in these United States are skilfully woven in the fabric of the tale. To the charm and stir of the author's narrative are to be added the grace, beauty and sympathy of the illustrations by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, than whom there is no more discerning interpreter of types and situations in visualized action.

We believe "A Far Country"—the title of the Winston Churchill serial—will be one of the great fiction successes of 1914.

George Randolph Chester's Story Masterpiece

YOU REMEMBER Wallingford—the slick and subtle Wallingford, the Get-Rich-Quick man who never really got rich, a lovable scoundrel but a highbrow piker? Perhaps you think that Mr. Chester is limited to drawing "con" men like Wallingford and care-free cut-ups like Blackie Daw. But it isn't so.

Mr. Chester has "put over" a new novel which is so big in its idea, so masterful in its handling, that you will sit up and gasp at the sheer audacity of it.

The cleverness of the plot, the reality of the men and women who move in and out of it are of a piece with the best that has been achieved in American fiction.

This Chester story is the kind of thing you will want to tell your friends about. It grips you hard and hits you in all your tender spots. It gets home to the heart. There's a sob and a smile in every paragraph, and it's all American and a nation wide.

We cannot tell you too much about this wonderful story right now. That would spoil all your fun in reading it. You must get the jolt of its tragedy and the caress of its humor from the free flow of the narrative as it will appear in these pages a few issues beyond.

An artist of national fame is illustrating this giant effort of George Randolph Chester, and the serial is one that will place him squarely in the front of the band wagon of native novelists.

It will be worth missing a meal to read this story. You will thank us for giving you the best all-around serial that has appeared in an American magazine in a half decade. Don't miss it.

Gouverneur Morris' Great American Novel

BEST KNOWN as a producer of short stories that stick to the memory, Mr. Morris has now come forward with a long serial that is likely to be recalled by your great-grandchildren.

It is a vivid piece of work. It tells a lot of painful truths about womankind—and a lot that are decidedly to their credit. Primarily it is a love story——strong in its sex appeal and beautiful in its manner of telling.

How a great maker of modern dramas puts on his productions; how a young woman with a ton of ideals and about two ounces of experience breaks into the theatrical game; how big ideas are "appropriated" in the sandbagging pastime gently called "producing a play"; how the call of love keeps a clean woman true to herself and away from the masculine caricatures who hover around the stage—all these things and a lot more we might tell you about are bits of a fictional mosaic that eventually forms a design that, we think, will be the best picture of the world of the theatre to-day that has ever been limned.

It means something to rank, on both sides of the Atlantic, as America's foremost short story writer—the position unhesitatingly given to Gouverneur Morris by those best able to judge. After the appearance of this serial Mr. Morris will be in line for the long sought honor of having written *the* great American novel.

Perhaps you won't agree to this. And it really doesn't matter. But what you will agree to is the fact that no more gripping story of love and the stage has ever been written than this Hearst serial. It begins in the May number.

Short Stories With an Idea

THE SHORT fiction of Hearst's Magazine during 1914 will not only come from master hands but it will mean something more than a means for killing an idle hour or two.

Hearst stories, in future, will be idea stories. Every big national and personal problem is capable of being described in a fictional way. Some of the greatest reforms in human history have been brought about through a presentation of disagreeable facts served up in the garb of fiction.

These are the kind of stories you will find in this magazine, from now on. We have half a dozen of them ready for you, and while they are sure to hold your interest as examples of the story writer's art, there will be a purposeful punch in every one of them.

The average short story is good entertainment. Nothing of this quality will be missing from Hearst's fiction. But back of all the romance, the drama and the love-making there will be a big idea, a problem if you will, that will leave you wondering, perhaps troubled, in any event—thinking.

It is the intention of the Magazine to attack injustice and civic and social rottenness by presenting real truths in a frame of fiction—stories with a purpose, stories that will burn and sting, and open the eyes of readers to human cruelties, governmental crookedness, industrial cussedness and other large frailties of our every day existence to which most of us are blind or indifferent. Here you will find stories as unlike those of other magazines as the Bible is unlike the Decameron.

Notable Short Stories

by

Elinor Glyn
Leonard Merrick
Vance Thompson
Henry B. Rowland
Arthur Stringer
Edgar Saltus
Rudyard Kipling
Perceval Gibbon
Montague Glass
Bruno Lessing
G. K. Chesterton
Robert W. Chambers

Detective William J. Burns

and many others of fame

Superb Illustrations

by

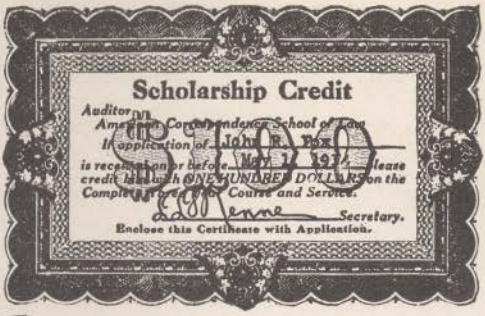
Charles Dana Gibson
Howard Chandler Christy

Frank Craig
Anton O. Fischer
Maxfield Parrish
J. Montgomery Flagg
Paul Helleu
A. B. Wenzell
Penryhn Stanlaws
Gayle Hoskins
G. Patrick Nelson
André Castaigne

and other great artists

"The Most-Talked-Of Magazine in America"

GIVEN AWAY



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This splendid offer—this exceptional opportunity—is for advertising purposes and may be *withdrawn at any time.* Get your name in before it is *too late.* It costs nothing. Don't throw away $100.00 by delaying, when you have nothing to lose and *everything* to gain by *quick action.*

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No need to give up your present occupation. You can *learn* while you *earn.* Men who never before even *considered* studying Law are investigating this remarkable offer. No matter what your occupation may be you can master the law *at home* during your spare time. Our Free Book explains everything and costs you nothing. It tells you how you can succeed—just as many others no more capable than you, are succeeding. It tells you how you can win prestige, power and an increased income. Decide NOW—this minute—to investigate this great opportunity.

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You can learn law right in your own home. It is easy by our simplified method. Practically no preliminary education necessary. This is the Largest Law School for Home Study in the World—over 40,000 students—distinguished Faculty and Lecturers. Our Course covers the same ground as HARVARD, MICHIGAN, LELAND STANFORD, and other leading resident Law Schools—prepares you to pass all subjects required in Bar Examinations.

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It entitles you to our COMPLETE COURSE and SERVICE at a saving of $100.00 if you use the free coupon NOW. The Credit Coupon which we will give you brings a legal training easily within your reach. This offer is for a short time only. It may be your last chance. HURRY! Use the free coupon at once. It brings you full particulars by return mail and our valuable Book of Facts, free. No cost—no obligation.

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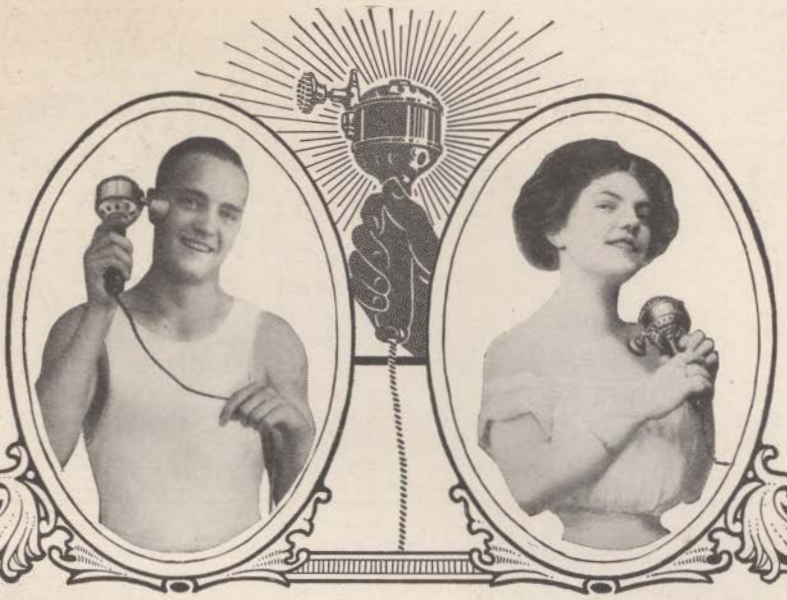

What Vibration Will Do *for YOU*

Nothing else in the world is of so much importance to you as your health. Your personal appearance is a close second. You want to do everything you can to preserve and improve them both. You *want* to be strong and healthy—with a fresh, clear complexion—full of *vitality* and *vim* from the moment you get up in the morning until you go to bed at night. *That's living. That's what vibration means to you.* Good circulation and good health go together—*always.* And vibration sends the blood humming along through every vein, artery and tiny capillary. Physicians advise it because they know its value from actual experience. These things are *vital* to you. Find out *all* about them. Get facts about the

ARNOLD Massage Vibrator

The "Original"—Costs Less Than Imitations

Don't get the idea that all vibrators are alike. There are some very interesting facts about the vibrator question that everybody ought to know. Let us tell you about them. Let us tell you too, about the splendid ARNOLD—the *original* vibrator—made in the largest vibrator factory in the world and perfected through many years of experience.

10 Days Trial FREE

We are willing to put the whole matter right up to your judgment and send you a genuine ARNOLD on ten days trial FREE. You prove every claim we make absolutely at our risk.

Write for 64-Page Book and Special Limited Offer

Now, find out the facts. The coupon or a postal or letter, brings you our valuable and interesting Book on Vibration and full information, including our Special Limited Offer FREE. Send right now.

Standard Electric Works, 1231 W. 12th St., Racine, Wis.

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Send me your Free Book about Vibratory Massage

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Street.....

City.....

State.....

Druggist's Name.....

or Electrical Dealer.....

What and Why Is the Internal Bath?

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.

MUCH has been said and written about the present generation living unnatural lives and being, for that reason, only half as energetic, enthusiastic, ambitious or even healthy as it should be—

And this is so—

The confined lives that we live, the lack of constant exercise (for it must be constant to be effective), and the strenuous requirements of our business or social duties, directly bring on a condition, to which little attention has been paid in the past, though it does more to rob us of power, spirit and ambition than any other one thing known to Medicine.

But Nature has provided, as in so many other cases, an immediate and perfectly natural relief for this condition, and over five hundred thousand Americans are already taking advantage of it.

When you are ill and a physician is called, the first step that he takes in a large majority of cases, *no matter what is the matter with you*, is to clean out the colon (large intestine).

There are two reasons for this:

One is that no medicine can possibly take effect while the colon is clogged with waste matter.

The other and *most significant reason* is that if the colon did not contain this waste, it is safe to say that you *would not have been ill at all.*

The penalty for the lives we live is agreed on by all Physicians to be the clogging up of our colons with waste matter which the system does not voluntarily carry off—

This waste is often extremely poisonous; the blood circulation comes in sufficiently close contact with such waste to take up by absorption any poisons that may be present and distribute them throughout the body—

The result is a gradual weakening of the blood forces; the liver becomes sluggish; biliousness asserts itself; we become heavy, dull, and develop a more or less nervous fear—the more this waste accumulates, the more we are affected, until at last we *become really ill* and incapacitated.

Now the Internal Bath is a process, with the assistance of simple warm water, properly introduced in a new and natural way, that will keep the colon as clean and sweet and pure as Nature demands it to be for perfect health.

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practiced for years.

Enlightened physicians by thousands are prescribing this new method which is fully explained in "The What, The Why, The Way" of Internal Bathing, by Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., of 134 West 65th Street, New York City. This he will send on request if you mention HEARST'S MAGAZINE.

It explains just why this method has proven equal if not superior to any other (including drugs), for removing this troublesome waste; it also contains many other interesting facts and statistics which cannot be touched on here.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

So if you are nearly well and want to get really up to "concert pitch"; if you want to feel consistently bright, confident, ambitious and enthusiastic—In fact, no matter what your condition, sick or well, the experience of other hundreds of thousands would prove it worth your while to at least send for the book, and look further into this method and its history. (*Advertisement.*)

"Advertised Goods on Sale Here"

She steps confidently into a store which proclaims that it sells nationally advertised goods.

It may announce this by a sign in the window; by an advertisement in the local paper; by handbills, even—but if it clearly tells the public, "We sell the goods the magazines advertise," it strikes a popular chord.

Every wide-awake woman wants ***some*** of the products recommended by Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan, Hearst's, Harper's Bazar, McClure's, Everybody's, Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, and other national mediums. She wants the latest, the modern, the guaranteed.

She doesn't want to be put off with unknown, ordinary, commonplace articles.

She will be wise if she deals with the Good Housekeeping Stores in her town. Their cardinal principle is to sell advertised goods—and if they have not them in stock, cheerfully to send for them, with no nonsense about something else "just as good" which has not been asked for.

Dealers' Service Department
Good Housekeeping Magazine

119 West 40th St., New York

THE FINESSE OF LIFE

Nowhere is it more glorified than at the Spring Races in Paris. At the Course de Longchamps the fashionable world finds all that is of the most *chic:*—horses of the noblest blood, women gowned in *le dernier cri* of the *couturiers,* men-of-the-world from all over the world. A great, glittering array of those in the very gusto of living! And right in the centre of the Longchamps *mode,* you find

RIZ LA+.

(Pronounced: REE-LAH-KROY)

FAMOUS CIGARETTE PAPERS

Favorite little aides to the man of elegance and refinement, the man who *makes up his own* cigarette from his favorite tobacco. To cherish your cigarette *for what you yourself put into it* and make out of it: this is the new decree among fastidious smokers. *And the only papers used are Riz La Croix!*

They are strong. Riz La Croix do not burst while rolling.

They are adhesive. Riz La Croix, made from natural flax-linen, adhere immediately.

They are light and thin. You smoke Riz La Croix papers, yet you never taste them.

They are pure. Purely vegetable, hence entirely healthful.

15,000,000 books of Riz La Croix papers are sold annually in Paris. 90,000,000 on the continent. 60,000,000 in this country!

FREE

An interesting illustrated booklet about RIZ LA CROIX Cigarette Papers, together with a booklet showing the best way to roll a cigarette, will be sent anywhere in U.S. on request. Address AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., 111 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Are You Ætna-ized?

ÆTNA-IZED means being fortified

against the everyday risks of accident
and resultant loss

Better To-day than Too Late

Buy by the Name—ÆTNA

Accident Insurance is not all alike. It all *looks* alike until you have an accident and a claim.
Then the Ætna Policy stands out like Bank of England notes in a panic or like government bonds in a crisis.
In these days of "high speed," caution is rarer than ever before. Will your family be properly taken care of if *you* are accidentally injured or killed?

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is too late to ÆTNA-IZE yourself. Get your Ætna Policy now and FORTIFY yourself in time. Act today—Use coupon below.

Ætna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341) Hartford, Conn.

I am under 65 years of age and in good health. Tell me about ÆTNA Accident Insurance
My name, business address and occupation are written below.

THE stress of modern business and the nerve racking activity of social life impose cruel penalties upon the typical American man and woman. No matter how strong the constitution—it must sooner or later break under so great a strain and permanent ill health may result.

Nature insists that we "slow up" now and then—give the fagged system a much needed rest—and permit tense nerves to relax.

Obviously, one cannot find relaxation amid the jarring distractions of a noisy city or the so-called "Health Resorts" where social activity defeats every attempt at rest.

The over-worked business man must divorce himself from all contact with commercial clatter, and the over-strained woman must seek restful influences—not merely a change of scene.

Battle Creek offers opportunities for rest and relaxation that are logically its own.

Here, there are no distractions—no health-defeating temptations—no contact with the noisy, jarring outside world.

Here, rest and relaxation are a science.

The visitor naturally fits himself to normal habits and a bracing, refreshing new viewpoint.

Almost unconsciously he falls into step with the health building work at the Sanitarium.

There is no sense of shock—no irritating discomfort of adjustment.

The diet, the medical treatments, the exercises, the educational talks—all become a perfectly natural part of the daily life.

We shall be glad to send you our new booklet, "The Measure of a Man," postpaid upon request.

It explains our system of preliminary medical examination and will give you an insight into the health methods which have proved so wonderfully successful. The illustrated prospectus comes with it.

The Sanitarium

Box 173-L *Battle Creek, Michigan*

Send me free your booklet "THE MEASURE OF A MAN" and the Illustrated Prospectus of the Sanitarium.
Box 173-L

Name

Street

City *State*

NYAL'S Face Cream SOAP

We Hand You something New in the Soapmakers' Art

A toilet soap which represents the highest excellence of modern chemistry combined with ripe experience of years of practical soap-making, **Nyal's Face Cream Soap** is at once sanitary, hygienic, delightful in use, **and still more delightful in the results it produces in its effect upon the skin.** It is dependable when regularly used for keeping the skin in a natural condition, fresh, rosy, clear, velvety and elastic; is excellent for the oily, greasy skin, because it cleanses and purifies; likewise for the dry, tight skin, because its emollient properties cause relaxation, and its cleansing properties stimulate.

Nyal's Face Cream Soap is fragrant and subtly sweet as the breath of a rose; yet, it is not what you would call "perfume" soap. Like a flower, it is fragrant in itself with an individual odor fairly bewitching. It makes a soft, bubbly lather which is so pure and safe that women with the tenderest skin can use it constantly. It is more than a toilet preparation—**it is a soap for everybody, and for every occasion.**

Nyal's Face Cream Soap is sold exclusively by Nyal druggists. 25 cents a cake.

There are 16,000 of the best druggists in America selling Nyal's Face Cream Soap. There is one of these druggists right near you.

Send 10 cents in stamps or silver, for valuable booklet by an eminent authority on "The Care of the Complexion."

NYAL COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

NYAL AGENCY
This is the sign of the Nyal Store

Hearst's

Floors Look Beautiful— Seem larger when they're Waxed

Nothing else beautifies the home so much as Old English Floor Wax. Its soft lustre seems subtly to increase the size of rooms, to beautify your furniture through the mellow radiance it gives your floors. Its beauty pervades the whole home—adds to its refinement.

Yet Old English Floor Wax is economical. Made mostly of two imported waxes—one hard, the other soft—it contains all it can hold of the hard and costly wax that gives it the body to spread far and to last. It costs no more than ordinary waxes—is less than half the cost of shellac, for all its qualities of refinement.

Old English Floor Wax is easy to apply. It doesn't dull nor show scratches, nor catch dust; and you can use it with or without stain.

Try a 60c can; it will keep a large room happy for a full six months. Dealers, House Furnishing Departments (Druggists) sell it.

For the Cottage— Nothing Cheaper
For the Mansion— Nothing Richer

Send for Free Sample and Our Free Book

24 pages—new edition—"Beautiful Floors, Their Finish and Care." It will teach you how to save money and housework, to beautify your home. It tells about

Finishing New Floors
Finishing Old Floors
Hardwood Floors
Pine Floors
Cleaning and Polishing
Care of Waxed Floors
Finishing Dance Floors
Kitchen, Pantry and Bathroom Floors
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Interior Woodwork
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THE A. S. BOYLE CO., 1945 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Old English Floor Wax

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Cincinnati, Ohio

Send Book and FREE Sample so I can try Old English at home.

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Address.....

My dealer is.....

When You Are Motoring You Must Have "PIPER"!

Eating up the road — nerves a-tingle — wish you had some tobacco. You can't smoke *then.* Your two hands are busy; you can't have ashes flying in your face; you can't light up without stopping. A hundred reasons.

What's your old pal yelling in your ear?

"Take a chew of 'PIPER'. Beats smoking anyway!"

PIPER Heidsieck

CHEWING TOBACCO — Champagne Flavor

In this way thousands of men have made the discovery that there is *more solid, satisfying enjoyment* in chewing PIPER Heidsieck than in any other form in which tobacco is used.

The *rich, wine-like flavor* that distinguishes PIPER Heidsieck from all other tobaccos, comes from the ripest, mildest, mellowest tobacco leaf, carefully selected from the world's choicest crops. This delightful, lasting flavor completely *satisfies the taste* as nothing else can.

FREE Send 10 cents and we will send a full-size 10 cent cut of "PIPER" and a handsome leather pouch FREE. The tobacco, the pouch and mailing expenses will cost us 20c and we are glad to spend the money to get you to try "PIPER" just once. We know that once you have started, you will become a permanent friend of this wonderfully wholesome, healthful and satisfying tobacco. (*This offer applies to U. S. only.*)

In writing us please tell us the name of the dealer of whom you buy your tobacco.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, New York

GENUINE

Pantasote

Stain
Dust
Grease
Crack
Wrinkle
Damp
Ice
Snow
Sun
PROOF

WHEN the sky batteries—*rain, snow, sleet, hail, dust-storms* and *sweltering sun* are trained on your Automobile Top, it's then that you realize the big difference between genuine

Pantasote Top Material

and the kind that only *looked* like ***Pantasote*** when *new.* ***Pantasote*** is really weather-proof.

Pantasote *will not fade* and look shabby—it will not stain from oil or grease or dirt. You can easily wash it clean with soap and water. Every Pullman railway car uses ***Pantasote*** for window curtains and has for many years. Pullman standards are the highest.

Every Motorist will benefit by knowing the facts about ***Pantasote*** —how it has been manufactured in one quality for over 20 years without any successful imitators.

Write today for "What's What in Top Materials"

This book has invaluable information for the motorist. It rips open and dissects *all* kinds of Top materials—***Pantasote*** included. Write for it today and we will send it without cost.

The Pantasote Company

143 Bowling Green Building
New York City

Look for this label on your Top—furnished free to Top makers with every yard of *Pantasote.*

TO USE THIS LABEL ON MATERIAL NOT TRADE Pantasote MARK IS A PENAL OFFENSE

Every puff of P. A. is a wallop!

Get *that* punched into your system!

Never was such jimmy pipe tobacco, because no other tobacco but P. A. ever was made by the patented process that *cuts out* the bite and the parch!

You, and every other man, can smoke a pipe all you want if you'll only get wise and stick to

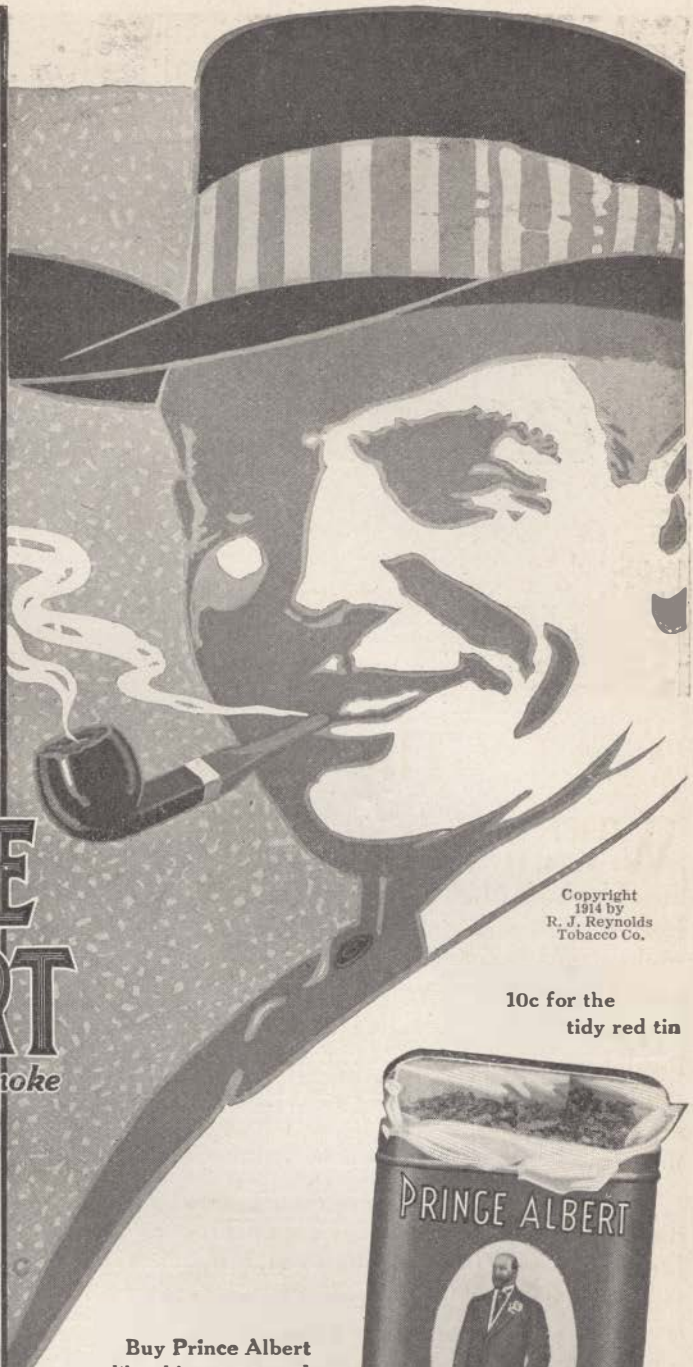
PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

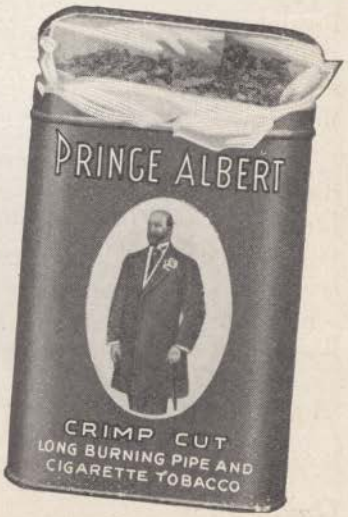
It's true blue sport to open the A. M. with a jimmy pipe packed full of P. A. So fresh and pleasing and so fragrant that the songs of little birds and puffs of joy smoke just put the music of the early sunshine right into your system!

Get the idea?

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



10c for the tidy red tin



Buy Prince Albert like this: toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also handsome pound and half-pound humidors. You can get it all over the world!

The Spirit of Service

WHEN the land is storm-swept, when trains are stalled and roads are blocked, the telephone trouble-hunter with snow shoes and climbers makes his lonely fight to keep the wire highways open.

These men can be trusted to face hardship and danger, because they realize that snow-bound farms, homes and cities must be kept in touch with the world.

This same spirit of service animates the whole Bell telephone system. The linemen show it when they carry the wires across mountains and wilderness. It is found in the girl at the switchboard who sticks to her post despite fire or flood. It inspires the leaders of the telephone forces, who are finally responsible to the public for good service.

This spirit of service is found in the recent rearrangement of the telephone business to conform with present public policy, without recourse to courts.

The Bell System has grown to be one of the largest corporations in the country, in response to the telephone needs of the public, and must keep up with increasing demands.

However large it may become, this corporation will always be responsive to the needs of the people, because it is animated by the spirit of service. It has shown that men and women, co-operating for a great purpose, may be as good citizens collectively as individually.

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But make a test at least. Many men—and women, too,—say a single month's use, is worth more than the price.

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Every Kenney Shower sold, is the center of new sales. There is a big demand, no missionary work, no competition to fight.

One firm contracted for 1500 Shower Baths in 6 months and sold 5200 in 3 months.

Another representative in Portland, Oregon, thought he could sell 500 in a year and has now, in a little over 4 months' work, sold over 750.

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A few territories are still unassigned. We want capable, wide-awake men, to handle them for us. We want men of some financial backing and selling ability—but the primary requirements are integrity, honesty, natural ability and sound business judgment. If you believe you can make good on a big proposition, write us today and

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The widespread adoption of billiards by Young Men's Christian Associations, Institutional Churches and Welfare Associations is the highest possible tribute to its value as an innocent diversion for young folks.

Your boys and girls will get a world of enjoyment and benefit from a Brunswick Home Billiard Table. Billiard playing affords a combination of mental training and mild physical exercise. It cultivates concentration and self control. Hundreds of parents gladly testify to the good results secured.

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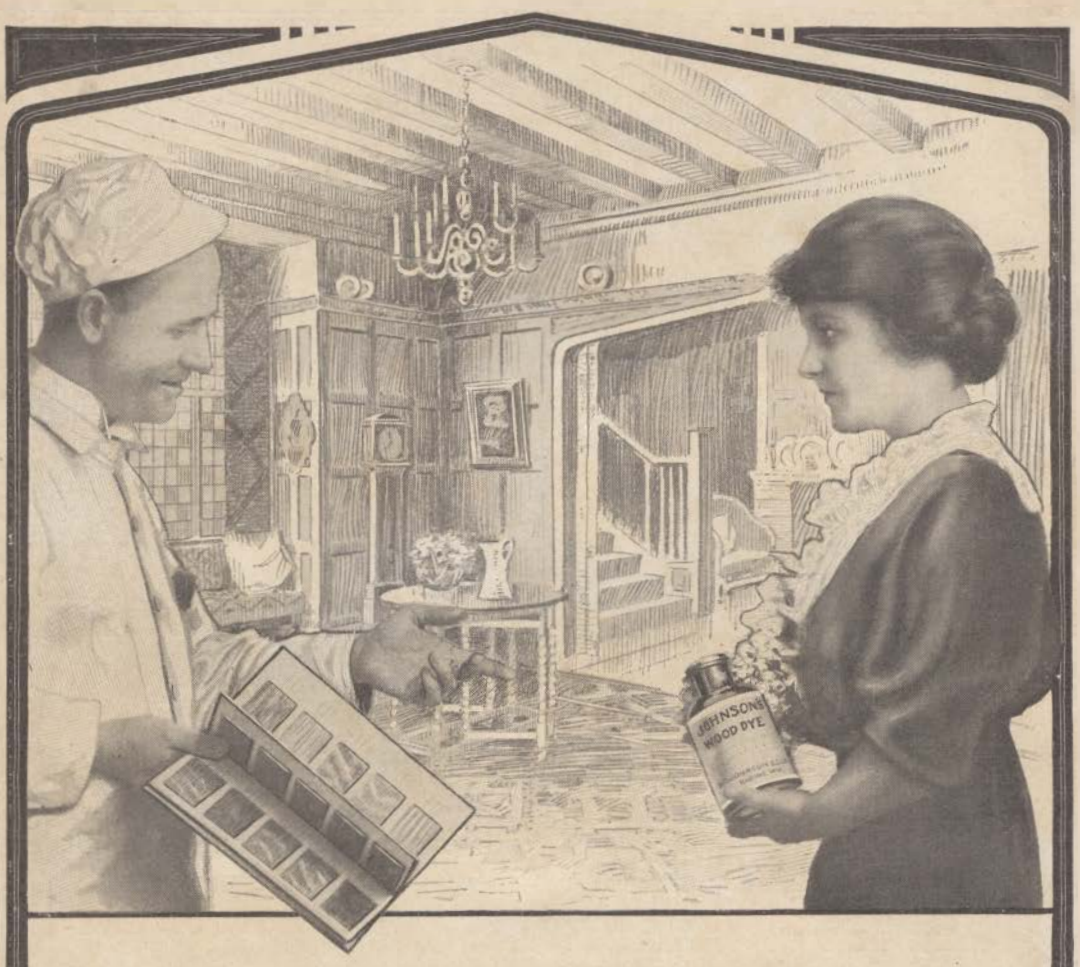

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