

The October

American Magazine

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The American Magazine

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The Bridge

A RIVER can be spanned by a bridge which will bring both sides into touch with each other. The advantages that result are mutual, and growth on both sides is promoted.

The American Magazine is a kind of bridge between the interested readers of this periodical and the reliable business men who offer good goods for sale in the advertising pages. By this particular bridge these business men enjoy close relationship with a great body of prosperous and progressive readers whom they

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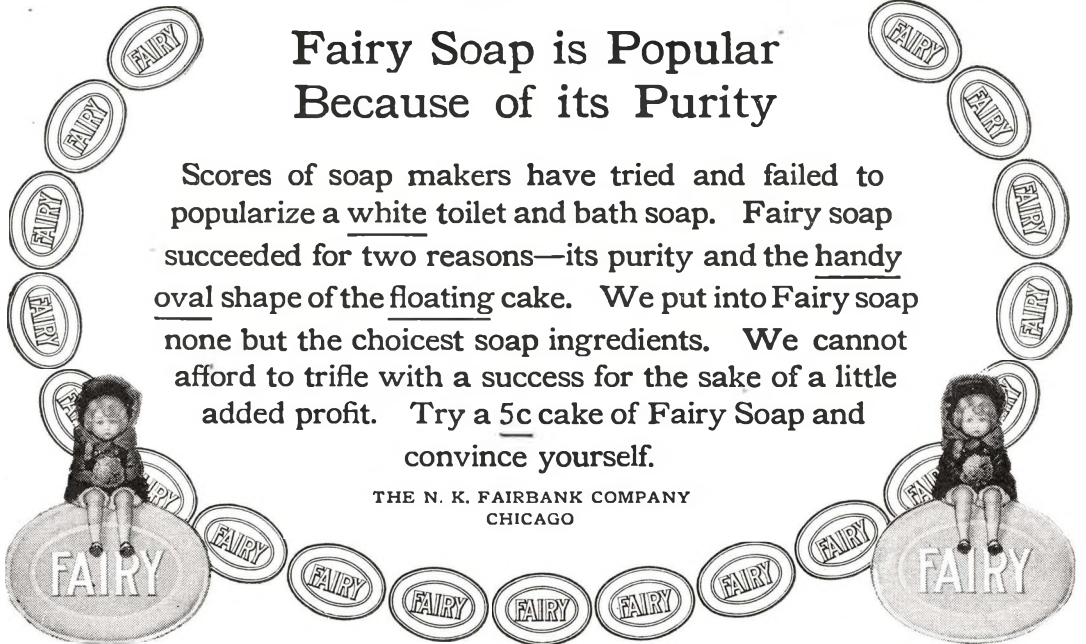
"HAVE YOU A LITTLE 'FAIRY' IN YOUR HOME?"



Fairy Soap is Popular Because of its Purity

Scores of soap makers have tried and failed to popularize a white toilet and bath soap. Fairy soap succeeded for two reasons—its purity and the handy oval shape of the floating cake. We put into Fairy soap none but the choicest soap ingredients. We cannot afford to trifle with a success for the sake of a little added profit. Try a 5c cake of Fairy Soap and convince yourself.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO



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could not otherwise reach and turn into customers. If it were not for this bridge these readers would not have such easy access to this particular group of honest and progressive dealers.

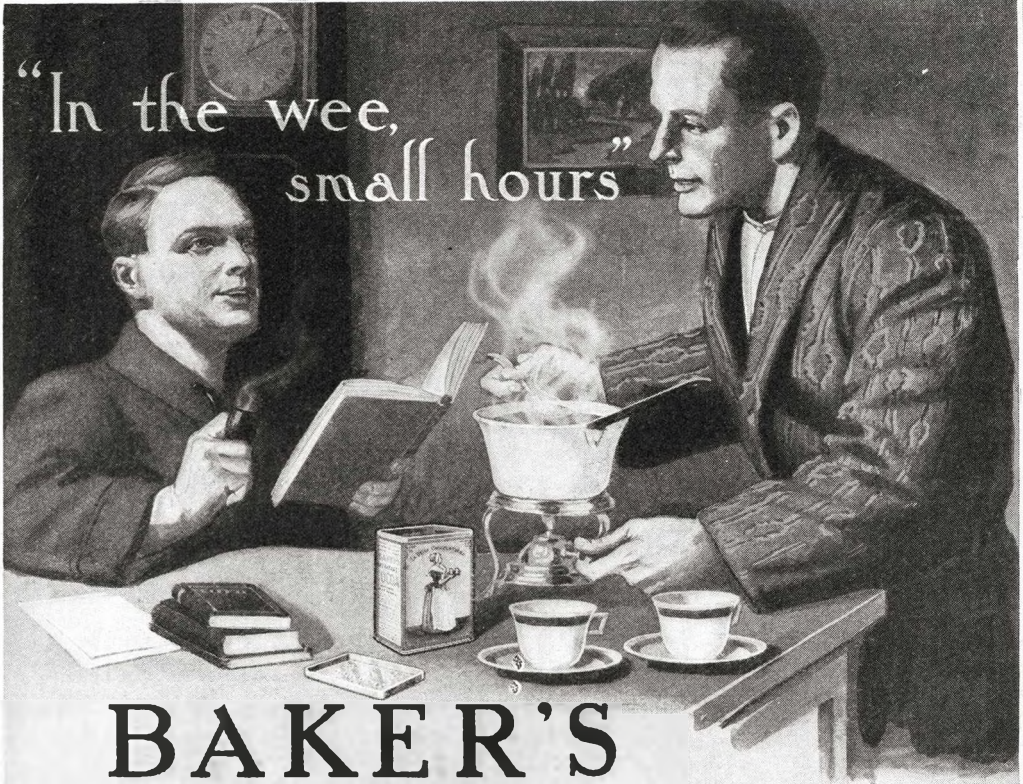
The advantages are distinctly mutual. Use the bridge.

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"In the wee,
small hours"



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Any Man can make it

Baron von Liebig, one of the best-known writers on dietetics, says of cocoa:

"It is a perfect food, as wholesome as delicious, a beneficent restorer of exhausted power. It agrees with those whose occupations oblige them to undergo severe mental strains; with public speakers, and with all those who give to work a portion of the time needed for sleep. It soothes both stomach and brain, and for this reason, as well as for others, it is the best friend of those engaged in literary pursuits."



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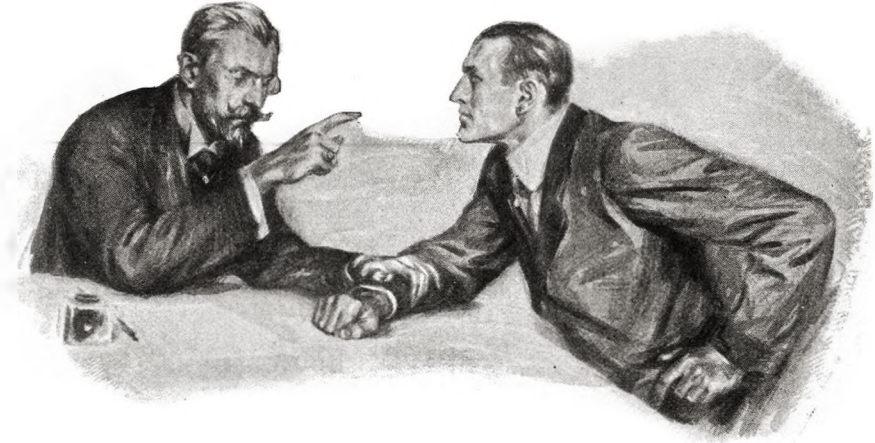
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Handsomely illustrated booklet of
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Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.



—“And you must take Sanatogen regularly for several weeks”

THIS urgent advice is given by physicians day by day in every civilized land—wherever sufferers from starved nerves and poor digestion seek relief. There is a reason for this. Physicians know that Sanatogen is a substance capable of supplying the real needs of a starved, overwrought nervous system—that it is a scientific combination of albumen and organic phosphorus—a compound eagerly absorbed by the hungry tissues and possessing unique tonic and reconstructive qualities. They also know from their *own observation* what Sanatogen has done for others. They have watched its revivifying action upon persons whose nervous strength has been undermined by overwork, worry or disease; they have observed how it has infused renewed energy, life and elasticity into starved nerves, how it has regenerated the appetite, digestion—in short, how wonderfully it has helped to make the human machinery fit to perform its functions in the most perfect manner.

There are on file with the owners of Sanatogen no less than 15,000 letters from practising physicians praising, endorsing Sanatogen. Truly a magnificent monument to the value of this food-tonic.

But no less impressive is the enthusiastic testimony of patients themselves. Men and women in the forefront of human endeavor, statesmen, prelates, authors, lawyers, have written above their own signatures of the wonderful benefits received from Sanatogen.

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first if you like, and we are only too glad to have you to do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book “Our Nerves of Tomorrow,” the work of a physician-author, written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, \$1.00, \$1.90, \$3.60

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price.

THE BAUER CHEMICAL COMPANY, 599 EVERETT BLDG., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

John Burroughs

The distinguished naturalist and author, writes:

“I am sure I have been greatly benefited by Sanatogen. My sleep is fifty per cent better than it was one year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved.”

Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P.

The eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:

“Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind.”

Hon. J. W. Kern

U. S. Senator from Indiana, writes:

“As a restorative and tonic, Sanatogen has been of real benefit to me. I feel sure that this preparation is deserving all the praise that has been bestowed on it.”

Hon. Miles Poindexter

U. S. Senator from Washington, writes:

“I am sure Sanatogen has benefited me greatly. A few weeks' use of it has produced better digestion, better sleep, and a feeling of greater strength.”

Prof. Thomas B. Stillman, M.S., Ph.D.

The well-known research chemist of Stevens' Institute, writes:

“The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition, and so combined that digestion and assimilation of Sanatogen are rendered complete with the greatest ease.”

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

PLEASE address a postal to the editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and on it write the names and addresses of your real friends. Mail it and we will tell them about La Follette and THE AMERICAN.

*Will You
Do This
For Us?*

HERE is a photograph of Senator La Follette and his family. It was taken recently on the lawn of his Maple Bluff farm, near Madison, Wis. *Collier's Weekly* said, the other day, in an editorial: "Omitting Roosevelt because he has the advantage of having been President, is there any doubt that La Follette will be remembered as the most conspicuous Senator of his time?"

H. G. WELLS, by many called the greatest living writer of English, begins in the November AMERICAN MAGAZINE a se-

rial, "Marriage." "Marriage" is a novel of to-day; dramatic, thrilling, intense, and so absolutely true and human that the events it narrates, which you follow with breathless interest, are happening now in your town before your eyes, in your own life.

*Our New
Serial Begins
Next Month*

You should no more miss reading this novel than you should miss a great piece of news in today's paper of special interest to you, because of the power with which it is done, because there is that in it which touches your life.

The story sweeps through the relationship of a man and woman, from the tangle of courtship to marriage under present-day conditions, with the strain upon the domestic relations coming from the hard facts of life—the extravagant wife, the hard-working husband, straining always to increase his income. The solution of the problem is one



Senator La Follette and Family

The Senator is standing, and Mrs. La Follette, whose great good sense and sound advice have helped him since the days when they were classmates at the University of Wisconsin, is seated in the center, by the side of Dr. Phillip Fox, a friend of the family. "Bobby," Jr., is standing, and "Phil," his brother, is in front of Dr. Fox. Mary is at her mother's feet. Miss Fola La Follette, an older daughter, who is not in the picture, is an actress.

of the most romantic pieces of fiction, for they solve their difficulties in a romantic way, yet the very drama of it, the very novel, adventurous plan, too, is in the spirit of to-day's life.

THERE are many other notable things in the November AMERICAN MAGAZINE. La Follette goes right on. Ray Stannard Baker begins a new series (see page 704 of this number). There is also a football article of general interest by E. L. Fox.

*Articles
and Fiction
of Note*

The fiction is the sort that makes you forget the hurry and annoyances of life. There is the new Edna Ferber story, "The Home Town Feeling," another Phoebe story by Inez Haynes Gilmore, a wonderful tale of the "Pore Folks's Boy," by George W. Ogden, and many others.

"ED" HOWE, author of "The Life, Death and Obsequies of George Coulter," page 700 this number, is the retired editor of the *Atchison* (Kansas) *Globe*, whose wonderful paragraphs in that newspaper were copied from one end of the country to the other for 30

*"Ed" Howe
and
"Kin" Hubbard*

years. We shall have more of his stories. We know that you will enjoy "Ed" Howe just as we know that you enjoy "Kin" Hubbard's "Abe Martin" contributions.

YOU'VE done it at last!" writes H. S. K. W., of Smyrna, New York. "You simply can't give us another AMERICAN MAGAZINE equal to that August number of yours." Then follows special praise of Kathleen Norris's story "Mother," which, by the way, made a tremendous impression.

"Of all the magazines I read," writes Mrs. C. B. C., of Stockton, Cal., "THE AMERICAN is nearest to my heart. There is a touch about it that you do not get in any other."

"There is one service which THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE performs that I have not seen mentioned," writes

T. D. E., of Portland, Oregon.

*As Others
See Us*

"Through your pages, and especially through 'Interesting People,' you are showing that there are many truly admirable plain American types; that such simple lives are worth living, and worth praising in order to preserve those types; and that for those who devote themselves to such ideals there will be praise from their fellow men."

La Follette's Autobiography

JUST as we were going to press, comment on the announcement of the La Follette Autobiography began to flow in.


"So far as readers of this newspaper are concerned," said the Philadelphia *North American*, "the announcement of the La Follette Autobiography suffices to make

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE one of the indispensable magazines during the coming year."

"If La Follette is able," says the Chicago *Evening Post*, "to tell one-tenth of what he must know about the inner workings of American public life, his story will prove illuminating."

Armour's

BOUILLON CUBES



Squares of Delicious Concentrated Bouillon

One cube. A cup of boiling water. Drop the cube in and stir. The result is bouillon that no chef in the world can surpass. And *twelve* of the Armour Cubes cost you but 30c.

You can get them at any drug store—squares of delicious beef and vegetable flavor.

The cream of America's choicest material comes to the Armour Plants. So no other cubes are so rich and full-flavored. Have them always on hand. Serve them at meals and to callers.

The Health-Drink for Night and Morning

A savory cup of this bouillon at night soothes the nerves with its warmth and sends you to sleep in a moment. And everyone knows that a cup of hot water is beneficial upon arising. It's the heat that's good for you. Add an Armour Cube to the water and you have a delicious appetizer as well as an aid to digestion and health.

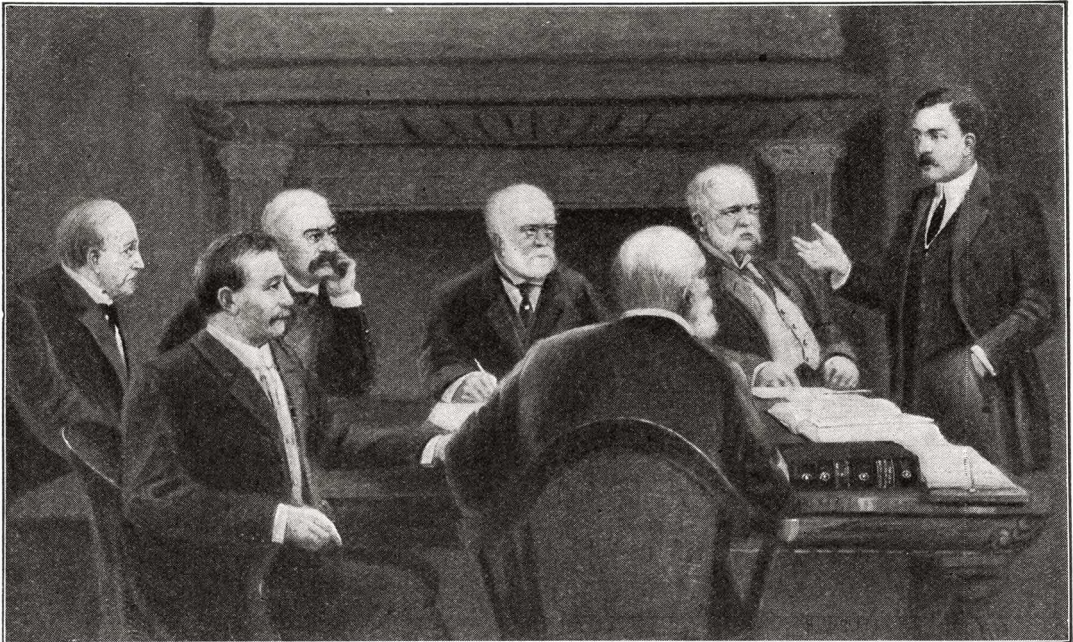
If your dealer hasn't these flavory cubes, send us 30c in coin or stamps and we'll send a box postpaid. Send at the same time the dealer's name.

ARMOUR COMPANY

Dept. 218, Chicago



\$500 in Cash Prizes Every Month for Economical Recipes Armour & Company are going to help American housewives combat the high cost of living. Our Kitchen Economy Contest will show you the best means. Send us your name and we will tell you how to win generous cash prizes as well as reduce your table expenses.



IN any group of big business men—or of leading professional men of today, there will be found two or three in five who are owners of The New International Encyclopædia, having selected it because of its clearness, its comprehensiveness, its accuracy, and the instant availability of its contents.

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22 Volumes 70,000 Articles Over 20,000 Illustrations

More big men in business and the professions would own The New International if they knew of its merits. This advertisement will offer some the opportunity to find out. The product of America's oldest standard publishing house and an example of advanced methods of encyclopædia building, The New International is constructed to meet the needs of busy, successful men. Each of its 70,000 articles is authoritative and complete, written by an authority and approved by other authorities before being accepted for publication. The language is plain and concise—the articles arranged with a special view to quick reference.

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Investigate the merits of ALL Encyclopaedias: you will decide on The New International

**DODD, MEAD & CO., 449 Fourth Avenue
New York City**

USE THIS COUPON TO SEND FOR SAMPLE BOOK

THE dramatic interest and the strength of the characters in the above picture can be compared only to Rembrandt's great masterpiece "The Syndics of the Drapers." In fact the above is not unlike Rembrandt's great painting in many ways. The picture is from H. I. Marlatt's painting, "The Man Who Knows," and we have reproduced this painting in 10 colors, size 18 in. x 28 in., suitable for framing.

American readers may have it for a limited time for 27c to cover postage and other expenses. But to the general public the price is \$1.00. It is well worth hanging in the school, home, private office or public library.

DODD, MEAD & CO., 449 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

151 American

Send me at once, without obligation or expense, your 80-page book about The New International Encyclopædia.

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When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



—By the author of “*The Garden of Allah*”

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By **ROBERT HICHENS**

This important long novel by the man who has been called the greatest living writer of English has a double distinction:

Its setting: Modern Rome with her heroic memories and her fascinating society—the Italian nobility, the brilliant diplomats, and the rich and cultured of all nations.

Its theme: The unsatisfied longing for children on the part of a mutually devoted couple—a beautiful Englishwoman of the finest type and her distinguished husband. How this want forces them through strength, weakness, blindness, circumstance, good and evil to the dramatic climax, is told in a story that is profoundly moving.

By his interpretation of human longing and motive, by the glowing color of his description, and by his tremendous dramatic power, Mr. Hichens in turn fascinates, charms and almost stuns the reader.

With frontispiece in colors by Jules Guérin. Cloth, 12mo, \$1.40 net; postpaid \$1.53

PANDORA'S BOX

By **JOHN A. MITCHELL**, Author of “*Amos Judd*,” “*The Pines of Lory*,” etc.

THE romance of an American architect and the daughter of a line of earls stretching back to the Conqueror, told in a vein of mystery, of exquisite humor and gentle satire by the distinguished editor of *Life*. It is a book of genuine feeling, of interesting plot, and of decidedly pleasant manner.

With four illustrations by the author. Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50 net; postpaid \$1.42

THE SECRET GARDEN

By **FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT**

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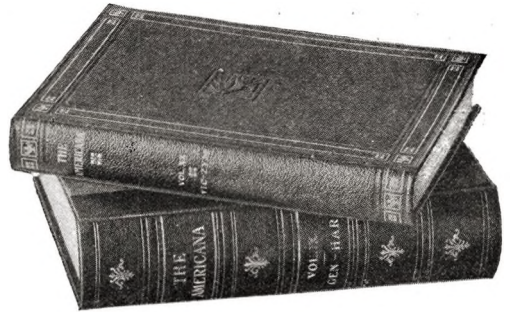
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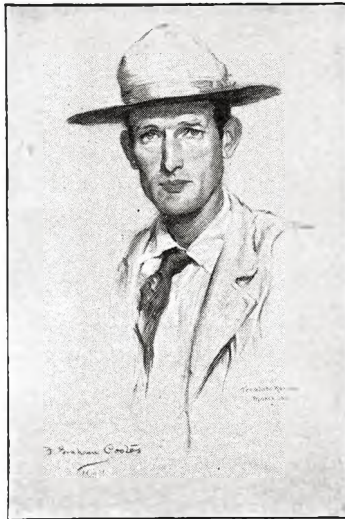
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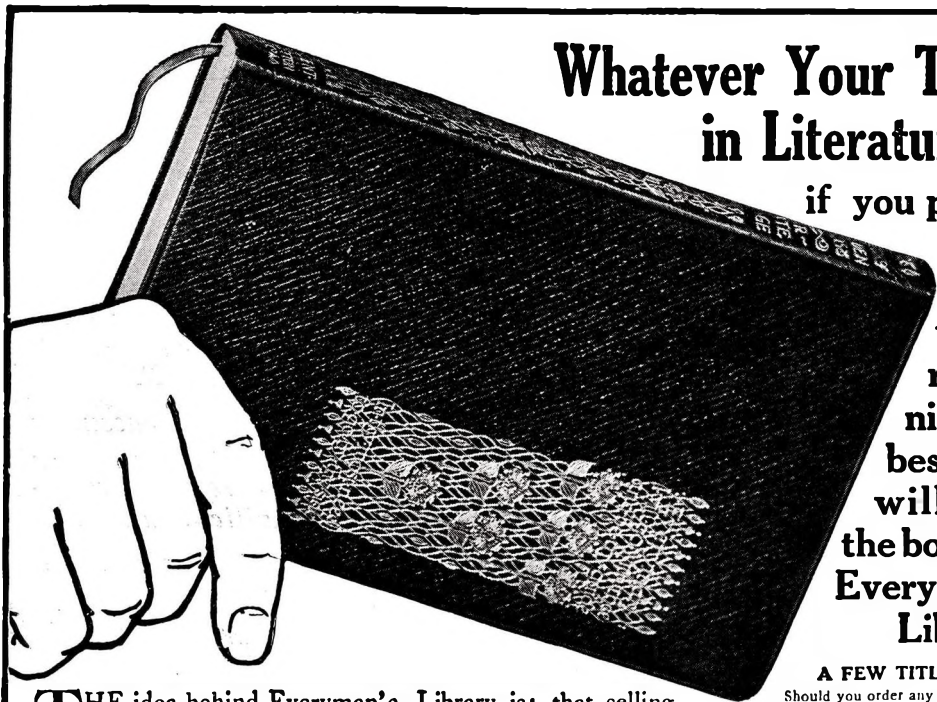
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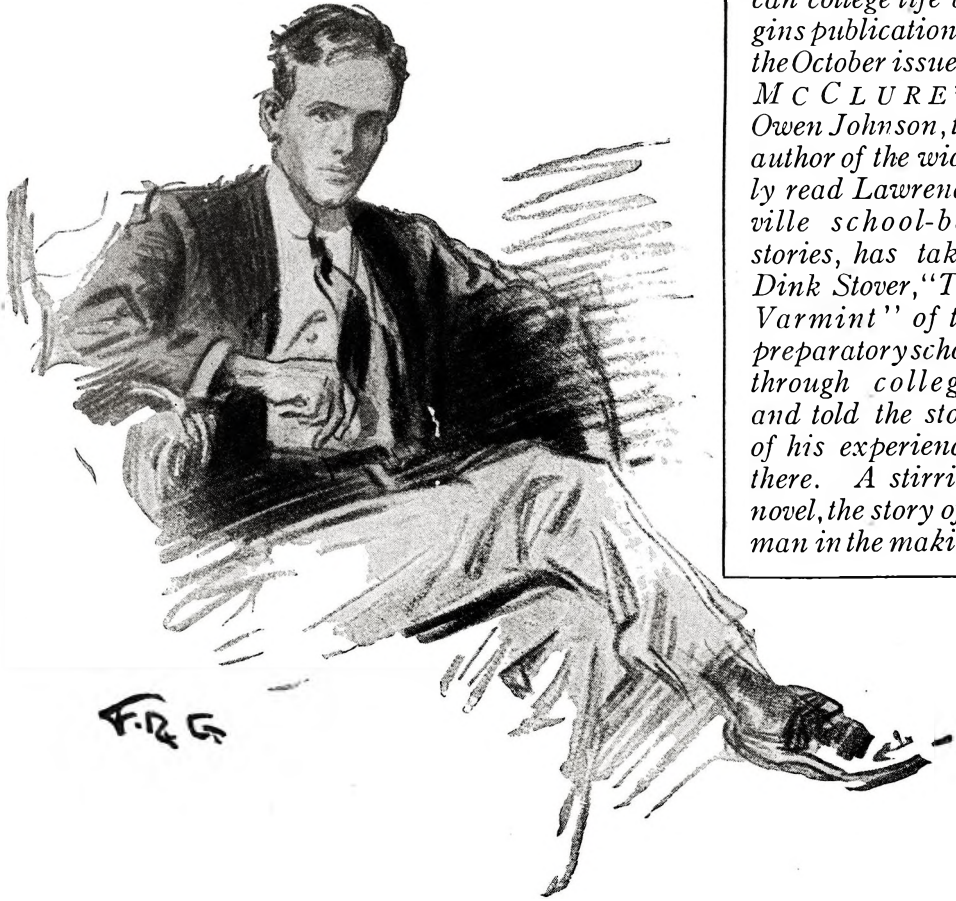
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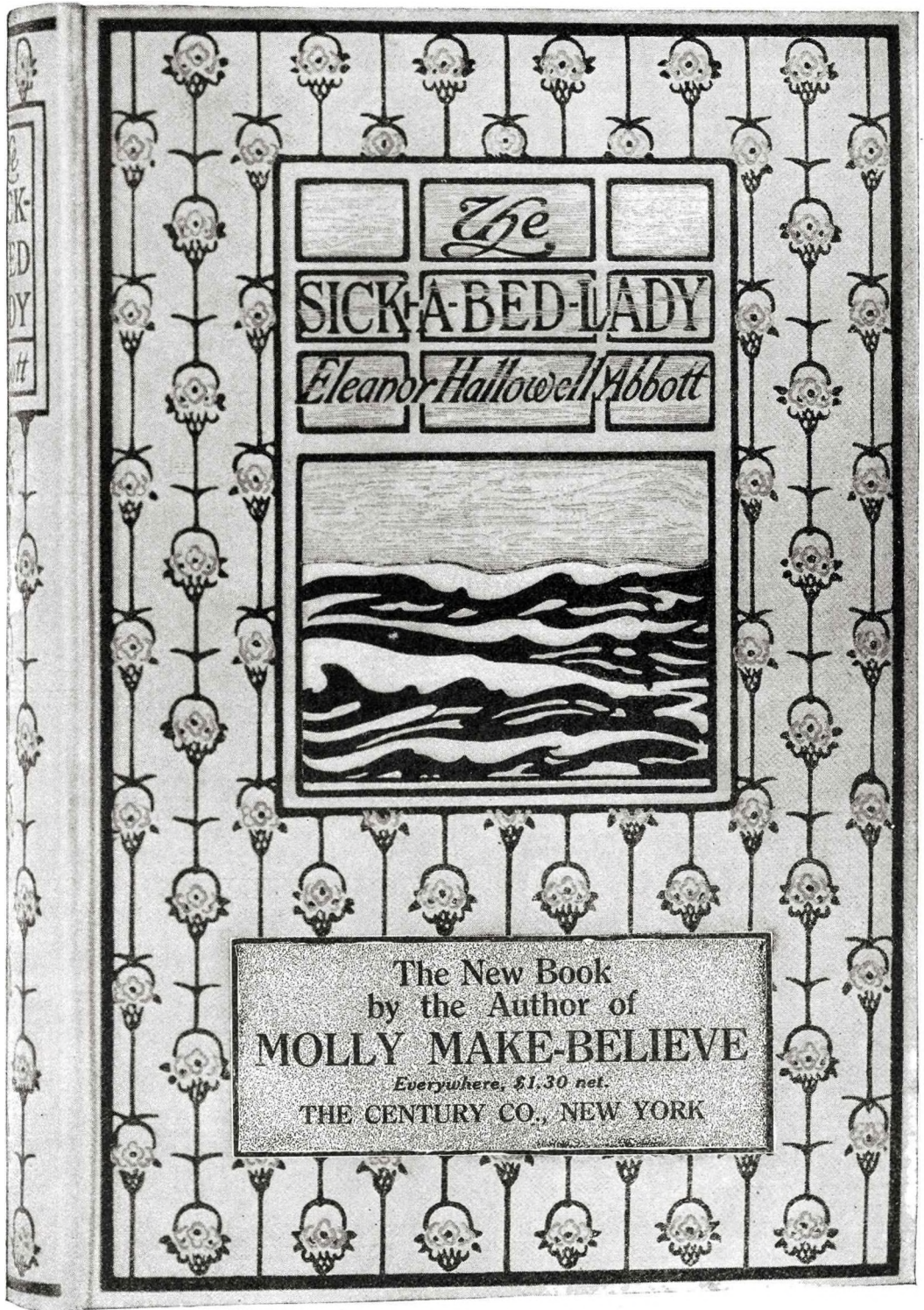
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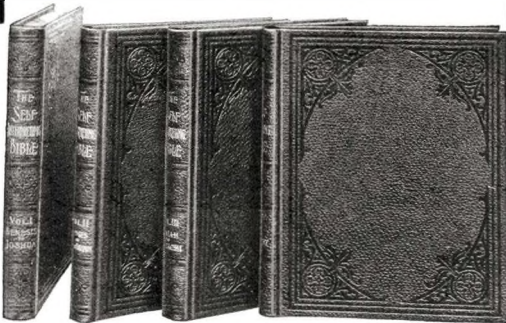
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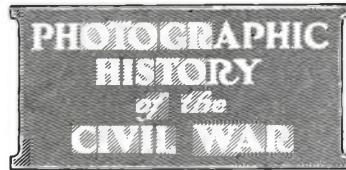
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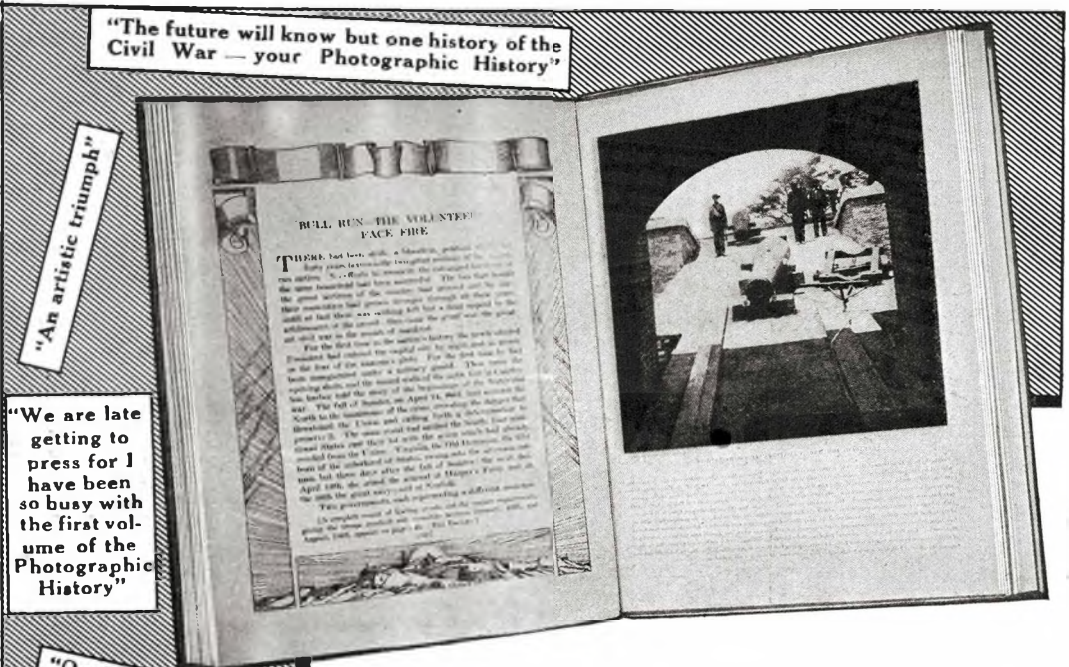
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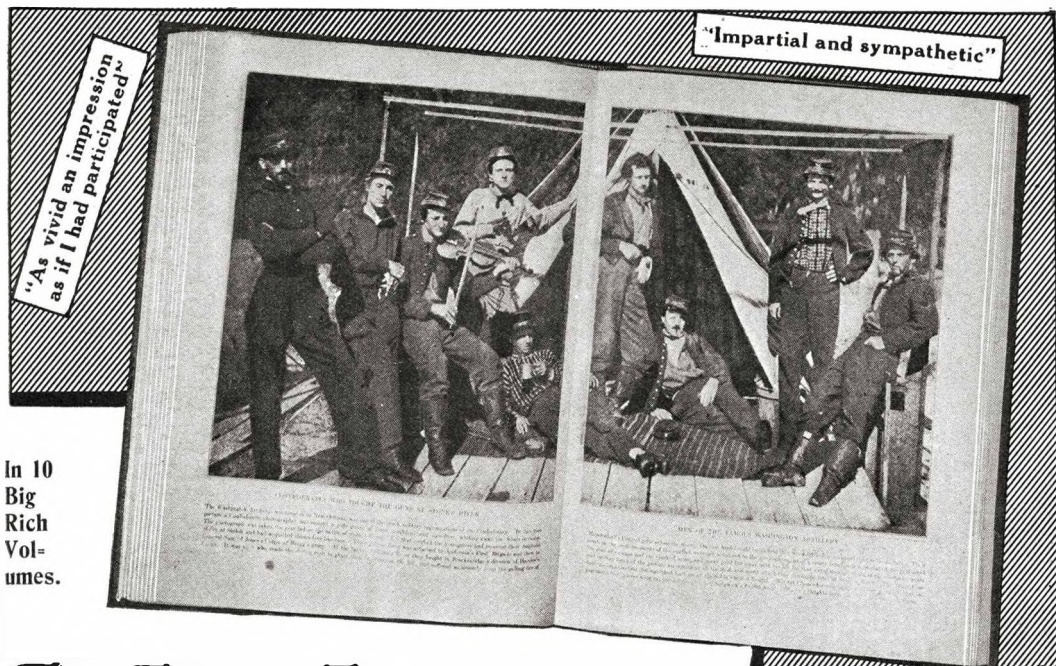
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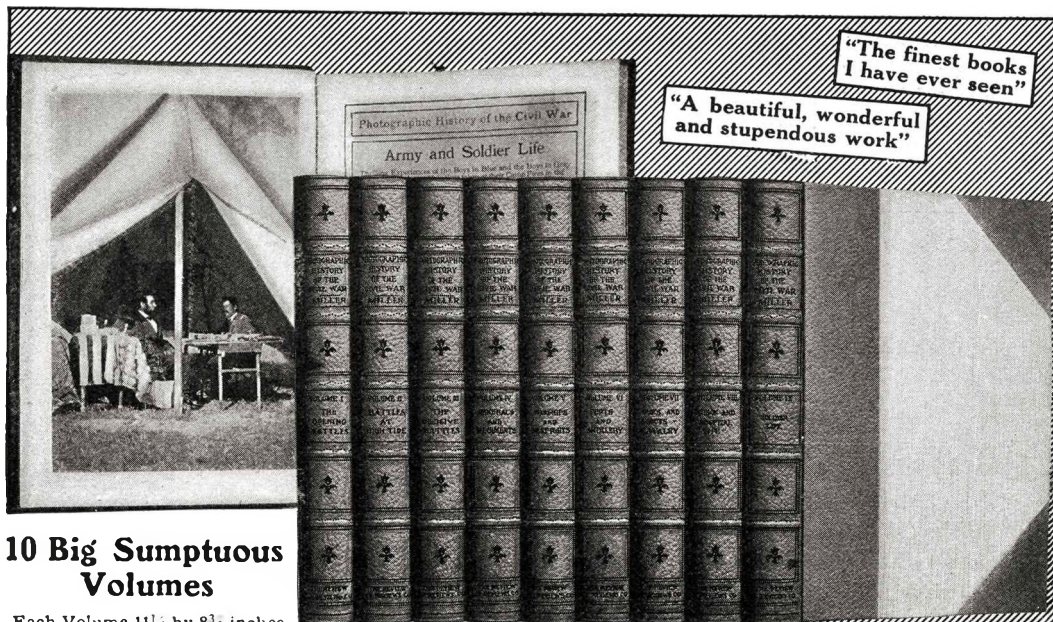
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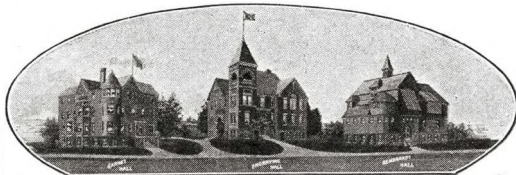
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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXII

OCTOBER, 1911

No. 6

Rembrandt's "Mill"

AFTER an interesting history of over two hundred years Rembrandt's "Mill" hangs at last in the private galleries of Mr. P. A. B. Widener of Philadelphia, who, last April, bought it from the Marquis of Lansdowne for one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

"The Mill" first appeared as a part of the famous Orleans collection, gathered late in the seventeenth century by a brother of Louis XIV of France. In 1798 part of this collection was taken to England to save it from destruction in the Revolution. When the noble owners became hard pressed in London they sold "The Mill" for five hundred pounds (\$2,433) to W. Smith, a member of Parliament. Early in the last century the painting was again sold, this time for eight hundred guineas (\$4,088), to the first Marquis of Lansdowne, who had been a great Cabinet Minister under George III. He placed it in his principal family seat, Bowood, where it remained for more than one hundred years until handed over to Mr. Widener.

The price of one hundred thousand pounds is probably a record one for England. The largest prices paid for "Old masters" added to the National Gallery during the last ten years are:

- 1909—£72,000 for Holbein's "Duchess of Milan"
- 1908—£25,000 for a large picture by Frans Hals
- 1907—£13,500 for a portrait of Van Dyck
- 1904—£30,000 for a portrait by Titian
- 1885—£70,000 for the Ansidei Madonna by Raphael

The sale of "The Mill" aroused great indignation throughout England, inasmuch as Lord Lansdowne offered it to the nation for ninety-five thousand pounds, a sum impossible to raise by popular subscription, and too great to be the contribution of a single public-spirited man, such as the anonymous donor who bought Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" for the National Gallery under similar circumstances.

The painting's history, before its incorporation into the Orleans collection, is absolutely unknown. The following authorities have attested its validity, however: Bode, Smith, Wurzbach and Michel. Dr. Wilhelm Bode of the Berlin Gallery, the supreme authority on Rembrandt, says, in his splendid eight-volume work:

"The largest and most famous of Rembrandt's landscapes, and also the latest, as far as we know, is the landscape with the windmill in Lord Lansdowne's collection at Bowood. Yet even this cannot have been painted later than 1655, to judge by the mellow treatment and the glowing brownish tone, broken only by a few touches of red and brownish green local color. It is by no means a large picture; it measures barely forty inches square. The motive is very simple in itself. But the refinement of the master's method gives grandeur and richness to the picture. By making the mill rise in fanciful outline over the dark walls of the fortress, against the glowing evening sky, by reflecting the golden atmosphere on the quiet surface of the water, so giving a yet more vigorous effect and deeper color to the dark portion in the center, he achieves an extraordinary effect, and produces an almost solemn impression."

Rembrandt, who has been called "the glory of the Dutch School," was born in 1606 and died in 1669. He painted about six hundred canvases. In 1880 America had four of these; now it has nearly a hundred.



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From a portrait taken during his fight for the Wool Tariff bill in the recent session of Congress

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INTRODUCTORY WORDS

IN the preparation of this narrative for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE I have no literary intent whatsoever. I am not writing for the sake of writing, nor for the mere purpose of relating the events of my political life. I have not yet reached the

secluded age when a man writes his autobiography for the enjoyment the exercise gives him.

Every line in this narrative is written for the express purpose of exhibiting the struggle for a more representative government

which is going forward in this country, and to cheer on the fighters for that cause. I am completing the preparation of these chapters at Washington during the months from August to November 1911, between the close of one important Congressional struggle and the opening of another. To this extent they are written from the field.

We have long rested comfortably in this country upon the assumption that because our form of government was democratic, it was therefore automatically producing democratic results. Now, there is nothing mysteriously potent about the forms and names of democratic institutions that should make them self-operative. Tyranny and oppression are just as possible under democratic forms as under any other. We are slow to realize that democracy is a life; and involves continual struggle. It is only as those of every generation who love democracy resist with all their might the encroachments of its enemies, that the ideals of representative government can even be nearly approximated.

The essence of the Progressive movement, as I see it, lies in its struggle to uphold the fundamental principles of representative government. It expresses the hopes and desires

of millions of common men and women who are willing to fight for their ideals, to take defeat if necessary, and still go on fighting.

Fortunes of birth, temperament and political environment have thrown me into this struggle, have made me in some degree a pioneer in the Progressive movement. I am therefore writing my own story in these pages because I believe this to be the best means of mapping out the whole field of conflict and exposing the real character of the enemy.

I shall give as faithful an account as I know how of political events in which I have participated and I shall characterize the strong men whom I have known, and especially I shall endeavor to present those underlying motives and forces which are often undiscerned in American politics.

I believe that most thoughtful readers, perplexed by the conditions which confront the country, will find that they have been meeting in various guises the same problems that I have had to meet, and that their minds have consequently been traveling along much the same lines as mine, and toward much the same conclusions. I trust these articles may be the means of causing many men to think as one—and to fight as one.

CHAPTER I—Political Beginnings

FEW young men who entered public life thirty years ago had any wide outlook upon affairs, or any general political ideas. They were drawn into politics just as other men were drawn into the professions or the arts, or into business, because it suited their tastes and ambitions. Often the commonest reasons and the most immediate necessities commanded them, and clear understanding, strong convictions and deep purposes were developed only as they were compelled to face the real problems and meet the real temptations of the public service.

My own political experiences began in the summer of 1880 when I determined to become a candidate for district attorney of Dane county, Wisconsin, and it resulted almost immediately in the first of many struggles with the political boss and the political machine which then controlled, absolutely, the affairs of the State of Wisconsin. I was twenty-five years old that summer. A year

previously, in June 1879, I had been graduated from the University of Wisconsin, and after five months' study of the law, part of the time in the office of R. W. Bashford, and part of the time in the University law school, I had been admitted to the bar, in February, 1880.

I was as poverty-stricken a young lawyer as ever hung his shingle to the wind in the State of Wisconsin. I had no money at all. My single term at the University law school had been rendered possible only through the consideration of the faculty in making an extraordinary exception in my case, and permitting me to enter without paying the usual matriculation fee. I had no money—but as fine an assortment of obligations and ambitions as any young man ever had. I had my mother and sister to support, as I had supported them partially all through my college course—and finally, I had become engaged to be married!

To an impecunious young lawyer almost

without clients, the district attorneyship of Dane County, paying at that time the munificent salary of \$800 a year with an allowance of \$50 for expenses, seemed like a golden opportunity. Though it appeared immeasurably difficult of attainment, I determined to make for it with all my strength. What I wanted was an opportunity to work—to practice my profession—and to make a living. I knew that trial work would appeal to me, and I believed I could try criminal cases successfully.

I had an old horse which I had used during my university course in riding out to a district school I had taught to aid in paying my way, and borrowing a buggy and harness from Ben Miner, a friend and supporter, I now began driving through the country and talking with the farmers about my candidacy.

It was harvest time and I remember how I often tied my horse, climbed the fences, and found the farmer and his men in the fields.

"Ain't you over-young?" was the objection chiefly raised.

I was small of stature and thin—at that time I weighed only one hundred and twenty pounds—and I looked even younger than I really was. Nor was I then in good health.

Throughout my university course I had been compelled to do much outside work. Besides teaching school I had become proprietor of the *University Press*, then the only college paper, burdening myself with debt in the purchase. It was published bi-monthly, and I not only did the editorial work but made up the forms and hustled for advertisements and subscriptions. Under the strain of all

these tasks, added to my regular college work, my health, naturally robust, gave way, and for four or five years I went down under the load at the end of every term of court. A marked physical change came to me later and I have grown stronger and stronger with the years.

But there were a number of things that helped me in my canvass for the nomination.

I was born in Primrose Township, Dane County, only twenty miles from Madison, where my father, a Kentuckian by birth, had been a pioneer settler from Indiana. I knew farm ways and farm life, and many of the people who were not acquainted with me personally, knew well from what family I came—and that it was an honest family. The people of the county were a mixture of New Englanders, Norwegians and Germans. I had been raised among the Norwegians and understood the language fairly well, though I could speak it only a little—but even that little helped me.

I also had something of a claim to recognition on my own account. In my last year as a student I had been chosen, after preliminary tests, to represent the University in the State Collegiate oratorical contest. I had won the prize at Beloit with an oration on the character of Shakespeare's "Iago" and then I had been chosen to represent Wisconsin in the Inter-State contest at Iowa City, Iowa. This I also won, and when I returned to Madison, university feeling ran to so high a pitch that the students met me at the train and drew the carriage up the hill to the university where I was formally welcomed,



The La Follette family, taken in Primrose Township, Wisconsin. Robert, about three years old, on his mother's knee; his sister Ellen, now Mrs. Eastman of Marshalltown, Iowa; his sister Josephine, now the wife of Judge Robert G. Siebecker of Madison; and his brother William, of La Follette, Tennessee

and that evening I was given a reception in the state-house at which there were speeches by William F. Vilas, the foremost citizen of Wisconsin and afterwards United States Senator, by members of the University faculty and others. All of this, of course, had been reported in the newspapers, especially the Madison newspapers, so that when I went among the farmers, I found that they were able to place me at once.

Thus while they considered me too young and inexperienced, I made a good many friends—men who began to believe in me then, and have been my warm supporters ever since.

Another thing helped me substantially in my canvass. Many of the farmers were disgusted with the record of inefficient service in the district attorney's office in the recent past, which had required the employment of extra counsel in trying cases. I promised them with confidence that I would do all the work myself and that there should be no extra fees to meet.

Up to this point everything had been clear sailing. I was asking the people for an office of public service which they had the full power to give me; but I had not learned the very first principles of the political game as it was then played,—indeed, as it is still played in a greater part of this country. I knew practically nothing about politics or political organization, never at that time having so much as attended a caucus or convention.



Boyhood picture of La Follette, taken at nine years of age, while he was attending district school at Argyle, Wisconsin, a country town forty miles south of Madison

The boss of Dane County was Colonel E. W. Keyes, the postmaster of Madison. He was rarely spoken of as the "Colonel" or "Mr. Keyes," but always then and for many years afterward simply as "the Boss." He had been for a long time the boss of the whole State but stronger men were then

coming into the field and he was content to exercise his sway over Dane and neighboring counties. He was a very sharp, brusque, dominating man, energetic in his movements, and not then very young. A Bismarck type of man, he had fine abilities, and if he used the methods of force and of bulldozery toward those who opposed him, he was often generous to those who supported him. And he was big enough to give excellent public service in the office which he held for so many years. He was a good representative of old-time politics: the politics of force and secret management. He was absolute dictator in his own territory; he

could make candidates, and he could unmake political office-holders. He fought me for twenty years.

I cannot now remember just how long I had been at my canvass before the Boss called me to account. My recollection is that I went in one day to the post-office to get my mail. He had probably directed his clerks to watch for me, and I was told that the postmaster wished to see me. I had known him, of course, as a student; he was one of the men who had spoken at the reception when I returned from the oratorical contest. I

went to him therefore with great friendliness; but I found him in quite a different mood. He burst out upon me with the evident purpose of frightening me at once out of all my political ambitions.

"You are fooling away your time, sir!" he exclaimed roughly.

He told me I was wasting my money, that I had better go to work, that I had not learned the first lesson in politics. He told me who the next district attorney of Dane County would be — and it was not La Follette!

Boss Keyes did not know it, but opposition of that sort was the best service he could have rendered me. It stirred all the fight I had in me.

"I intend," I said, "to go on with this canvass; and I intend to be elected district attorney of Dane County."

I set my face, and as soon as I left him I began to work more furiously than ever before. I kept asking myself what business Keyes or any other man had to question my right of going out among the voters of Dane County and saying what I pleased to them. And what had Keyes more than any other voter to do with the disposal of the district attorneyship?

I remember having had a similar overmastering sense of anger and wrong and injustice in my early days in the university — and it led to a rather amusing incident — my first experience as an Insurgent. Speakers, I recall, were to be chosen by the students for some public occasion. At that time college life was dominated by two secret fraternities; they controlled the student meetings, and directed the elections. Most of the students, of whom I was one, were outsiders or "scrubs," having little or nothing to say about the conduct of college affairs; and I was one of the greenest of all the "plebs" — a boy right from the farm. Well, the fraternities made their slate and put it through. That night I visited every non-fraternity man in the university and after several days' hard work, we organized a sort of anti-secret society of some two hundred members. Then we called a new meeting. The whole student body was there, including the fraternity men. We reconsidered the action of the previous meeting and had an honest and open election.

The same sort of feeling which dominated me in that boyish fight now drove me into a more vigorous struggle in Dane County. I traveled by day and by night, I stayed at farmhouses, I interviewed every voter in

the country whom I could reach. The boss was active, too, but he was so secure in his undisputed supremacy and I was so young and inexperienced that he did not take me seriously nor realize until afterward how thoroughly my work was done. He was dependent upon his organization made up of men, most of whom hoped sooner or later to get something from the State or county — some little office or job. But I had gone behind all this organization and reached the voters themselves. Whatever success I have attained in politics since then has been attained by these simple and direct means — and not otherwise.

There were five candidates at the convention. Quite unexpectedly, between the ballots, a Norwegian named Eli Pederson, a neighbor of ours, who had known and worked for my father and who called me "our boy," made a telling speech in my behalf. I can see him now — a big, black-headed, black-eyed man with a powerful frame, standing there in the convention. He was a fine type of man, a natural-born leader of his community, and he spoke as one having authority. It was to him, I think, that at the crisis I owe my nomination, which came on the fifth ballot.

This failure of his well-oiled machine astonished the boss beyond measure, and my fight for my nomination was nothing as compared with the fight for election. Then, as now, the boss was quite willing to support the candidate of the opposite party rather than to have his own authority questioned or defied. But the university boys, who were my strong friends and supporters, went out and worked tooth and nail for me all over the county — without regard to politics — and I was elected by the narrow majority of ninety-three votes. In January, 1881, I was sworn in as district attorney of Dane County.

As I look back upon it, politics was very different then from now. In these days fundamental issues and policies are being widely and earnestly discussed, but at that time the country was in a state of political lethargy. The excitement and fervor which accompanied the war had exhausted itself, reconstruction had been completed, and specie payment resumed. The people had turned their attention almost wholly to business affairs. The West was to be settled, railroads constructed, towns founded, manufacturing industries built up, and money accumulated. In short, it was a time of expansion, and of great material prosperity.

But the war and the troubled years which

followed it had left at least one important political legacy—one of the most powerful and unified party organizations that ever existed, I suppose, anywhere in the world. I mean the Republican party. We may never see its like again in this country. It had fought a desperate war for a great and righteous cause. It had behind it the passionate enthusiasm of a whole generation of men. It was the party of Lincoln and Grant and Sherman. I remember well the character of the ordinary political speeches of those years. Even well down into the eighties they all looked backward to fading glories, they waved the flag of freedom, they abused the South, they stirred the war memories of the old soldiers who were then everywhere dominant in the North. Of this old type of orator I remember to have heard Zach Chandler of Michigan, a great figure in those days—a sort of old Roman, of powerful and rugged personality, whose sarcastic flings at the Democratic party were accepted as the most persuasive of political argumentation.

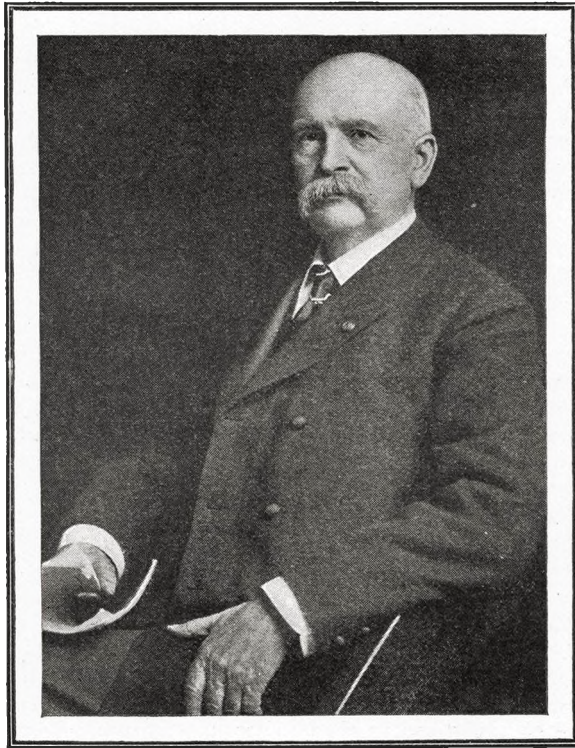
This unreasonable loyalty to party which was a product of the war drew thousands of young men like myself into its ranks with the conviction that this was the party of patriotism. It is a notable sign of robust political health in these days that every young man must have his conclusive reasons for voting the Republican or the Democratic ticket; old party names have lost much of their persuasiveness: men must think for themselves—and in that fact lies the great hope for the future of the nation.

Garfield was the first leader to impress me

—as I think he impressed many men of the younger generation—as facing forward instead of backward. He glorified the party, it is true, but he saw something of the work that needed to be done. I was greatly impressed with Garfield: I heard him at Madison in the summer after I was graduated. He was a very handsome man, fine presence, dignity and power; splendid diction and a rather lofty eloquence. I do not remember a suggestion of humor. His address at Madison at that time was a review of the birth and services of the Republican party. I do not recall that he talked about the tariff; he was not a high tariff man, and even at that time

urged lower duties and freer trade. I remember he impressed me more as a statesman and less as a politician than any of the men I had heard up to that time.

But if the old party and the thrill of the old party slogans were still dominant, the issues of the new generation were beginning to make themselves felt. Already there had been severe local political storms. Sporadic new movements began forming soon after reconstruction: the great dark problems of corporations and trusts and financial power were appearing on the



COLONEL E. W. KEYES

"He was absolute dictator in his own territory; he could make candidates, and unmake political office-holders. He fought me for twenty years"

horizon. As far back as 1872 there had been a Liberal Republican party organized to ask for civil service reform, and later, a labor party was organized to agitate the problems of capital and labor, the control of banks and railroads, and the disposal of public lands. In 1876 the Greenback party came into the field and rose to much prominence on a radical platform.

In the State of Wisconsin the progressive movement expressed itself in the rise to power of the Patrons of Husbandry. The Grange movement swept four or five Middle Western States, expressing vigorously the first powerful revolt against the rise of monopolies, the arrogance of railroads and the waste and robbery of the public lands. Those hard-headed old pioneers from New England and from northern Europe who thought as they plowed, went far toward roughing out the doctrine in regard to railroad control which the country has since adopted. At that time there was no settled policy, no established laws, but their reasoning was as direct and simple as their lives. It was plain to them that the railroad was only another form of highway. They knew that for the purposes of a highway, the public could enter upon and take a part of their farms. If then the right of passage through the country came from the people, then the people should afterward have the right to control the use of the highway. It was this simple reasoning which was subsequently adopted by legislatures and courts.

As a boy on the farm in Primrose Township I heard and felt this movement of the grangers swirling about me; and I felt the indignation which it expressed in such a way that I suppose I have never fully lost the effect of that early impression. It was a time, indeed, of a good deal of intellectual activity and awakening. Minds long fixed upon the slavery question were turning to new affairs; newspapers grew more numerous and books were cheaper. I remember when I was a boy a dog-eared copy of one of Henry George's early books got into our neighborhood. It was owned by a blacksmith, named Dixon, a somewhat unusual man—a big powerful fellow, who was a good deal of a reader and thinker. He had taken an interest in me and he urged me to read Henry George's book. I knew nothing of public questions, but I read the book.

In Wisconsin the Granger movement went so far as to cause a political revolution and the election in 1874 of a Democratic governor. A just and comprehensive law for regulating the railroads was passed and a strong railroad commission was instituted. It was then, indeed, that the railroads began to dominate politics for the first time in this country. They saw that they must either accept control by the State or control the State. They adopted the latter course; they began right there to corrupt Wisconsin—indeed to corrupt all the States of the Middle West. And as usual they

were served by the cleverest lawyers and writers that money could hire. They asserted that the panic of 1873 was caused by the Granger agitation and that capital was being driven from the State by popular clamor. To these arguments they added open threats and defiance of the law. On April 28, 1874, Alexander Mitchell, President of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company, wrote a letter to Governor Taylor in which he asserted directly that his company would disregard the State law. These are his words:

“Being fully conscious that the enforcement of this law will ruin the property of the company and feeling assured of the correctness of the opinions of the eminent counsel who have examined the question, the directors feel compelled to *disregard the provisions of the law* so far as it fixes a tariff of rates for the company until the courts have finally passed upon the question of its validity.”

A more brazen defiance of law could scarcely be conceived. The railroads looked to the courts for final protection but the law which they thus defied was not only sustained by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, but by the Supreme Court of the United States.

But the railroads did not intend to submit to control, courts or no courts, and by fallacious argument, by threats, by bribery, by political manipulation, they were able to force the legislature to repeal the law which the Supreme Court had sustained. By that assault upon free government in Wisconsin and in other Middle Western States the reasonable control of corporations was delayed in this country for many years.

From that moment in the seventies—excepting once, and then only for a period of two years when the agricultural and dairy interests defeated the corporations, and elected William D. Hoard governor—until my fight was finally successful Wisconsin was a corrupted State, governed not by the people but by a group of private and corporate interests. They secured control of the old Republican party organization—the party with the splendid history—and while its orators outwardly dwelt upon the glories of the past and inspired the people with the fervor of patriotic loyalty, these corporation interests were bribing, bossing and thieving within. The machine organization of the Democratic party was as subservient to the railroads and other corporations as the Republican machine and mastery of legislation was thus rendered complete through all these years.

I never shall forget the speech I heard the old Chief Justice of Wisconsin, Chief Justice



FORMER CHIEF JUSTICE RYAN OF WISCONSIN

“He was one of the most remarkable men who ever served at the Wisconsin bar. . . . It was he who had written the epoch-making decision sustaining the Potter Law, which in no small measure laid the foundation for judicial action in this country upon the control of corporations”

Ryan, make to the graduating class at Madison in June 1873, just before I entered the University. He was one of the most remarkable men who ever served at the Wisconsin bar or filled a judicial chair: an Irishman by birth with a fine legal education. Of an erratic, impulsive and passionate temperament, in his decisions he was as cold and judicial as any judge who ever sat on the bench. It was he who had written the epoch-making decision sustaining the Potter law which in no small measure laid the foundation for judicial action in this country upon the control of corporations. I remember his bowed figure, his fine, almost feminine features, his wavy auburn hair, and the luminous impressive eyes which glowed as the old man talked there in the Assembly Chamber to the graduating students. His voice shook with emotion and his prophetic words, which I

have never forgotten, conveyed powerfully the feeling of many thoughtful men of that time. I have used them in scores of speeches in my campaigns. Said he:

“There is looming up a new and dark power. I cannot dwell upon the signs and shocking omens of its advent. The accumulation of individual wealth seems to be greater than it ever has been since the downfall of the Roman Empire. The enterprises of the country are aggregating vast corporate combinations of unexampled capital, boldly marching, not for economic conquests only, but for political power. For the first time really in our politics money is taking the field as an organized power. . . . Already, here at home, one great corporation has trifled with the sovereign power, and insulted the State. There is great fear that it, and its great rival, have confederated to make partition of the

State and share it as spoils. . . . The question will arise, and arise in your day, though perhaps not fully in mine, 'Which shall rule—wealth or man; which shall lead—money or intellect; who shall fill public stations—educated and patriotic free men, or the feudal serfs of corporate capital?'"

It was this power, though I did not know it then, nor indeed fully until years later, that spoke through the voice of "Boss" Keyes when he attempted to deny my right to appear before the people of Dane County as a candidate for district attorney. It was this power which held together and directed the county machine, the State machine, the National machine, of both the old parties. Of course, the boss and the machine had nothing against me personally. All it wanted was the acceptance of its authority and leadership: what it feared and hated was independence and freedom. I could have made terms with Keyes and with the State bosses of Wisconsin at any time during my years of struggle with them and secured personal advancement with ease and profit to myself, but I would have had to surrender the principles and abandon the issues for which I was contending, and this I *would* not do.

In refusing to acknowledge the authority of Boss Keyes at the outset I was merely expressing a common and widespread, though largely unconscious, spirit of revolt among the people—a movement of the new generation toward more democracy in human relationships. No one had thought it out in sharply defined terms, but nearly everyone felt it. It grew out of the intellectual awakening of which I have already spoken, the very center and inspirational point of which in Wisconsin was then, and has been ever since, the University at Madison.

It is difficult, indeed, to overestimate the part which the University has played in the Wisconsin revolution. For myself, I owe what I am and what I have done largely to the inspiration I received while there. It was not so much the actual courses of study which I pursued; it was rather the spirit of the institution—a high spirit of earnest endeavor, a spirit of fresh interest in new things, and beyond all else a sense that somehow the State and the University were intimately related, and that they should be of mutual service.

The guiding spirit of my time, and the man to whom Wisconsin owes a debt greater than it can ever pay, was its President, John Bascom.

I never saw Ralph Waldo Emerson, but I

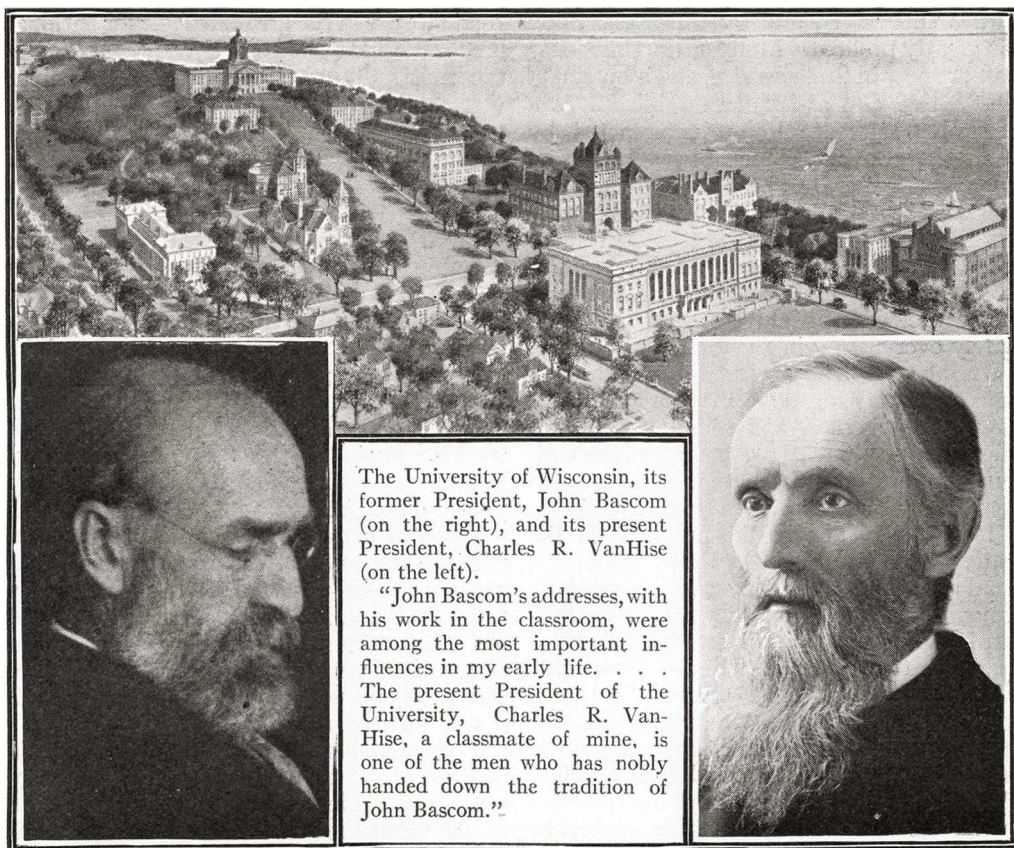
should say that John Bascom was a man of much his type, both in appearance and in character. He was the embodiment of moral force and moral enthusiasm; and he was in advance of his time in feeling the new social forces and in emphasizing the new social responsibilities. His addresses to the students on Sunday afternoons, together with his work in the classroom, were among the most important influences in my early life. It was his teaching, iterated and reiterated, of the obligation of both the University and the students to the mother State that may be said to have originated the Wisconsin idea in education. He was forever telling us what the State was doing for us and urging our return obligation not to use our education wholly for our own selfish benefit, but to return some service to the State. That teaching animated and inspired hundreds of students who sat under John Bascom. The present President of the University, Charles R. VanHise, a classmate of mine, was one of the men who has nobly handed down the tradition and continued the teaching of John Bascom.

In those days we did not so much get correct political and economic views, for there was then little teaching of sociology or political economy worthy the name, but what we somehow did get, and largely from Bascom, was a *proper attitude toward public affairs*. And when all is said, this attitude is more important than any definite views a man may hold. Years afterward when I was governor of Wisconsin, John Bascom came to visit us at the executive residence in Madison, and I treasure the words he said to me about my new work:

"Robert," he said, "you will doubtless make mistakes of judgment as governor, but never mind the political mistakes so long as you make no ethical mistakes."

John Bascom is now past 84 years old. He lives in Williamstown, Mass. His mind is still clear and his interest in the progress of humanity is as keen as ever. He divides his time between his garden and his books—a serene and beautiful old age. His occasional letters and his writings are still a source of inspiration to me.

In all my fights in Wisconsin the University and the students have always stood firmly behind me. In a high sense the University has been the repository of progressive ideas: it has always enjoyed both free thought and free speech. When the test came years ago the University met it boldly where some other institutions faltered or failed. The declara-



The University of Wisconsin, its former President, John Bascom (on the right), and its present President, Charles R. VanHise (on the left).

“John Bascom’s addresses, with his work in the classroom, were among the most important influences in my early life. . . . The present President of the University, Charles R. VanHise, a classmate of mine, is one of the men who has nobly handed down the tradition of John Bascom.”

tion of freedom was made by the Board of Regents in 1894 when Dr. Richard T. Ely was tried for economic heresy:

“We cannot for a moment believe that knowledge has reached its final goal or that the present constitution of society is perfect. . . . In all lines of investigation . . . the investigator should be absolutely free to follow the paths of truth wherever they may lead. Whatever may be the limitations which trammel inquiry elsewhere, we believe the great State of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continual and fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found.”

This declaration of freedom was framed by Herbert W. Chynoweth, then a member of the board, now deceased, and it was incorporated as a plank in the last Republican State platform as a pledge of the party to sustain the academic freedom of the University. It has also been inscribed on a monument erected by a recent graduating class.

In many ways the influence of the University has been profound. While I was governor, I sought the constant advice and service of the trained men of the institution in

meeting the difficult problems which confronted the State. Many times when harassed by the conditions which confronted me, I have called in for conference President VanHise, Dr. Ely, Professor Commons, Dr. Reinsch and others.

During my terms as governor I did my best to build up and encourage the spirit which John Bascom in his time had expressed by the appointment of strong trustees—the sort of men who would understand what the University should do and be. When I became governor the University graduates were not numerically strong on the Board of Regents; when I resigned the Alumni had at least their full representation, and I had also strengthened the board by the appointment of a woman member—the first ever appointed in Wisconsin.

I made it a further policy, in order to bring all the reserves of knowledge and inspiration of the University more fully to the service of the people, to appoint experts from the University wherever possible upon the important boards of the State—the civil service commission, the railroad commission and so on—a relationship which the University has

always encouraged and by which the State has greatly profited. Many of the University staff are now in State service, and a bureau of information and assistance established as a legislative reference library, conducted by Charles McCarthy, a man of marked originality and power, has proved of the greatest assistance to the legislature in formulating new laws and in learning the true attitude of public opinion toward them. He has built up an institution in Wisconsin that is a model which the Federal Government and ultimately every State in the Union will follow.

During the last session of the legislature a Saturday lunch club was organized, at which the governor, and some of the State officers and legislators regularly met the University professors—VanHise, Ross, Reinsch, Commons, Ely, Scott, Meyer, McCarthy and others—to discuss the problems of the State. Such meetings as these are a tremendous force in bringing about intelligent democratic government: they are very different, indeed, from the old secret, back-room conferences of bosses which once controlled Wisconsin in the interest of private corporations. It is not indeed surprising that Dr. Eliot of Harvard, after an examination of the work done at Madison should have called Wisconsin "the leading State University," for in every possible way it has endeavored to make itself a great democratic institution—a place of free thought, free investigation, free speech and of constant and unremitting service to the people who give it life.

I have endeavored thus to exhibit some of the underlying causes of the progressive spirit in Wisconsin, and I cannot leave the subject without speaking of one other influence which impressed me.

In the campaign of 1876 "Bob" Ingersoll came to Madison to speak. I had heard of him for years; when I was a boy on the farm a relative of ours had testified in a case in which Ingersoll had appeared as an attorney and he had told glowing stories of the plea that Ingersoll had made. Then in the spring of 1876 Ingersoll delivered the Memorial Day address at Indianapolis. It was widely printed shortly after it was delivered and it startled and enthralled the whole country. I remember that it was printed on a poster as large as a door and hung in the post-office at Madison. I can scarcely convey now, or even understand, the emotional effect the reading of it produced upon me. Oblivious of my surroundings, I read it with tears streaming down my face. It began, I remember:

"The past rises before me like a dream.

Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers."

I was fairly entranced. He pictured the recruiting of the troops, the husbands and fathers with their families on the last evening, the lover under the trees and the stars; then the beat of drums, the waving flags, the marching away; the wife at the turn of the lane holds her baby aloft in her arms—a wave of the hand and he has gone; then you see him again in the heat of the charge. It was wonderful, how it seized upon my youthful imagination.

When he came to Madison I crowded myself into the assembly chamber to hear him: I would not have missed it for every worldly thing I possessed. And he did not disappoint me. He possessed in high degree all the arts of the old-time oratory. He was witty, he was droll, he was eloquent: he was as full of sentiment as an old violin.

A large handsome man of perfect build, a face as round as a child's and a perfectly irresistible smile. Often, while speaking, he would pause, break into a smile, and the audience, in anticipation of what was to come, would follow him in irresistible peals of laughter. I cannot remember much that he said, but the impression he made upon me was indelible. One expression, uttered while flaying the Democrats, remains with me. Addressing himself to the workmen in the audience, he said:

"Turn up your hands; pick off the calouses, the blisters, and under every one you will find a democratic lie."

After that I got Ingersoll's books and never afterward lost an opportunity to hear him speak. He was the greatest orator, I think, that I ever heard; and the greatest of his lectures, I have always thought, was the one on "Shakespeare."

Ingersoll had a tremendous influence upon me, as indeed he had upon many young men of that time. It was not that he changed my beliefs, but that he liberated my mind. Freedom was what he preached: he wanted the shackles off everywhere. He wanted men to think boldly about all things: he demanded intellectual and moral courage. He wanted men to follow wherever truth might lead them. He took a powerful hold upon my imagination: he was a rare, bold, heroic figure.

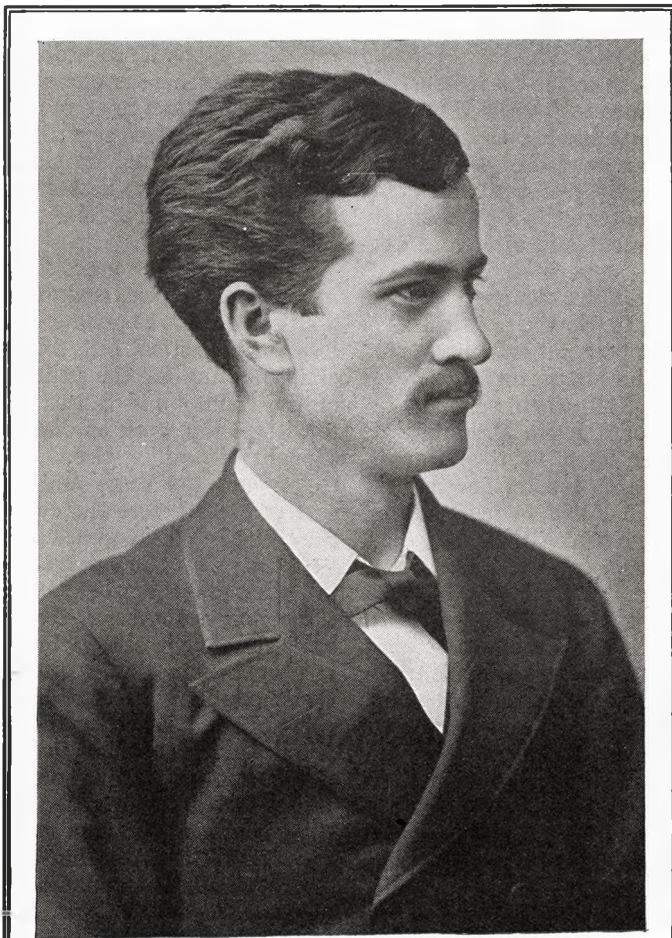
I have departed somewhat from my direct narrative, but it has seemed necessary to show some of the conditions and influences which have resulted in the spread of the progressive movement in Wisconsin and elsewhere.

I was sworn in as district attorney of Dane County in January, 1881. I was not yet twenty-six, and, besides the defense of a tramp charged with assault with intent to kill, a few collection cases, and two civil cases in the circuit court, I had had little actual legal experience. But I never worked harder in my life than I did during the next two years: I worked almost day and night. I liked it, it suited my talents, and from the first I was successful with most of my cases. I kept my word to the farmers literally:

although I often had to meet the foremost lawyers in southern Wisconsin—men like William F. Vilas—no legal assistance was ever employed in my office or to aid in the trial of a case while I was district attorney. I did all the work alone. At the end of two years' service, so well satisfied were the people with my administration that the boss did not even oppose my renomination and I was the only man on the Republican county ticket who was reelected. I ran over 2,000 votes ahead of my ticket.

During my service as district attorney I began to see some further aspects of boss rule and misrepresentative government, although I had little idea, then, what it all meant. It was a common practice for men

caught in the criminal net, or the friends of those men, not to go forward honestly and try their cases in the public tribunal, but repair to the boss and thus bring underhanded and secret influence to bear in blocking the wheels of justice. And why shouldn't they? The influence of the boss was all-powerful in the election or appointment of sheriffs, police, constables, usually the district attorney, and even judges. With their official life in some measure dependent upon the boss, a mere nod or a request might easily change the whole



ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

At the time of his graduation from The University of Wisconsin

course of justice; and there are few criminals who cannot muster some influence with a boss, whose secret of power lies in the personal loyalty of those upon whom he has conferred personal benefits.

I began to feel this pressure in all sorts of cases: they did not attempt to reach me directly, knowing that I had defied the boss in my election, but it came about in the curious ways in which witnesses faded out of the reach of the sheriff's office, in the dis-

agreement of juries, and the like. I remember one case of adultery in which the parties brought powerful influence to bear, defeating my attempts at prosecution. Finally I was taken sick and had to go to bed. Keyes seized eagerly upon the opportunity and used his influence to compel the dismissal of the case against the defendant. I heard of it, and, although too weak to walk, I had myself rolled in a blanket and driven to the court-house. I entered my appearance and asserted my official authority against having the case dismissed. There was a good deal of a fight, I remember, and I was threatened with being sent to jail for contempt. But I finally secured a postponement and afterward convicted my man.

Under such conditions, it may well be imagined, any man inside the political ring, or a man with great political influence, could escape punishment for almost any offense except, perhaps, a capital crime. I early determined that I would make absolutely no distinctions between men in the administration of justice, and I soon had a very severe test, in which I had to meet the influence of the system which then prevailed. Sanderson, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, came to Madison at the organization of the Legislature, got to gambling and drinking and went to bed in a state of intoxication. Feeling some one trying to take his money, he aroused himself enough to make an outcry, and the next morning the story was all over town. It came up to me and in the regular course of my duty I went to the hotel to get Sanderson to make a complaint. He was insulting; told me it was none of my business, and that if I knew where my political interests lay, I better keep d— quiet. I told him plainly that we did not permit such things to happen in Madison without prosecution and that I should require him to swear out a warrant. As soon as I left he set the wheels to moving, and before I could get the papers made out a number of friends came to me advising me that it would defeat me for reelection if I made trouble for so important a person. Sanderson got out of Madison by the first train and tried to get out of the State, but I caught him with a subpoena at Milwaukee. I also got the fellow who was charged with taking the money; but the pressure on the witnesses was so great that I could not convict him. However, the purpose of the prosecution—to make the law supreme in Dane County—was well served; and instead of injuring my chances for reelection, the case decidedly helped me.

I do not think, as I look back on my record as district attorney, that I should make as good a prosecutor now as I was then. I saw just two things then: the law and the individual criminal. I believe I broke the record for convictions in Dane County. I worked the sheriff half to death. If there was evidence anywhere to be obtained in my cases I got it, regardless of work or expense. I even sent one sheriff to England. Since then I have come to have a little different point of view regarding crime. I see that the individual criminal is not always wholly to blame; that many crimes grow directly out of the sins and injustices of society.

During the four years I served as district attorney I had practically nothing to do with politics; I made as good a canvass as I knew how for reelection, but I knew nothing and cared nothing for the political organizations of the county and State. I put my whole force into my work as district attorney and thought of nothing else. It was a keen joy to prepare the cases and present them in perfect order before the court. When it became known that a crime had been committed I tried always to be first on the ground myself, interview all the witnesses and see all the surroundings in person. It is facts that settle cases; the law is always the same. And this rule applies to things of larger importance than criminal cases. Facts count high everywhere. Whether the matter in hand is railroad legislation or the tariff, it is always a question of digging out the facts upon which to base your case. In no other one thing does a public man more surely indicate his quality than in his ability to master actual conditions and set them forth with clearness. Neither laws, nor opinions, nor even constitutions, will finally convince people: it is only the concrete facts of concrete cases.

The first and rather surprising suggestion made to me to become a candidate for Congress came about in this way.

Samuel A. Harper and I were classmates and chums in the University. Some time in his sophomore year, while wrestling, he injured his knee so severely that he had to leave the University. He taught school for a time, then studied law, and in 1884, while I was finishing my last year's service as district attorney, he came to visit me in Madison. He was full of imagination and the spirit of youth; six feet tall, lithe and athletic; eyes bright and black; hair in ringlets. He was a handsome and brilliant fellow—a charmer of men. He pos-



COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

"Ingersoll had a tremendous influence upon me, as indeed he had upon many young men of that time. It was not that he changed my beliefs, but that he liberated my mind. Freedom was what he preached; he wanted the shackles off everywhere"

sessed the most unerring political judgment of anyone I have ever known. Dear fellow! Our lives were knit together in a way that rarely comes to men. He became my law partner in 1886, and was my closest friend and most trusted adviser until his death in 1898.

Sam remained with me for several weeks and we talked as such friends will. One night he said:

"Bob, why don't you go to Congress? You can go to Congress just as well as not. You have the opportunity of a public career, and you have the stuff in you."

With inimitable spirit he developed his plan:

"There are five counties in this district," he said. "The two big counties, Dane and Grant, outnumber all the others in voting population. Now I live in Grant and you live in Dane. I'll carry Grant for you and you carry Dane for yourself. They will control the convention—and you go to Congress."

Well, we talked it over. It got into my

head. It seemed feasible. Neither Sam nor I ever thought of going to the Boss; indeed, I do not think we consulted anyone but ourselves until after I decided to run.

We both started out on the campaign as though it were some fine game, and with great enjoyment of the prospect. By this time I was thoroughly well acquainted in Dane County. Besides my service as district attorney I had built up such a good civil-law practice that in the year 1885 I had more civil cases on the calendar than any other lawyer in Madison. All this served to give me an assured place with the people. Well, I conducted my canvass among the farmers very much as I had gone about it four years before. It was the general feeling, I knew, that I had made good as district attorney and I argued that I could and would serve the people just as faithfully as Congressman. I found I had many friends among Democrats as well as among Republicans.

It was not long before the machine found

out what I was doing. The so-called "Madison ring," which controlled that Congressional district, was composed of Keyes, Phil Spooner, a brother of John C. Spooner, Oakley, United States Marshal, and Willet Main, a brother-in-law of John C. Spooner, who was deputy-marshal. As I was on my way home one day, Phil Spooner stopped me and said:

"What is this I hear about your running for Congress?"

I told him my purpose.

"Do you expect to be nominated?"

I told him I did.

"Don't you know," he said, "that there hasn't been a Congressman nominated for fifteen years who hasn't had our support? Why haven't you consulted Keyes and Oakley and me?"

I said: "I know of no reason why I should consult you. I've been out in the country consulting the people, and I'm going to consult a good many more."

"Well, young man," he said, "you can't go to Congress."

I said: "I think I can; anyhow I'm going to try."

They gave me a hard fight. They hired most of the teams in Madison and covered the whole country. There was no influence they did not use; no wires they did not pull. But I carried the caucuses against them and elected my delegates. The very night that I got the final returns from Dane County I received a telegram from Sam Harper saying that he had carried the last caucuses that settled Grant. That meant that I had won. Sam had not been out of his buggy for thirty days.

We never went into the other counties in the district at all, although the University men, who were then, as always, my warm supporters, did what they could for me there.

I cannot refrain here from speaking of another individual influence which was helpful to me in my campaign. Among the notable men of southern Wisconsin was General George E. Bryant, a gallant soldier who had commanded a Wisconsin regiment in the war and who had been Probate Judge of Dane County. He was long an intimate friend of General Grant, and one of the 306 delegates who stood out in the national convention for a third term for Grant in the presidency. He came from a fine old New England family, and he was a wise man, a good lawyer and judge. General Bryant was a potent influence in my behalf among the old soldiers who were then an important element in the electorate. When I was elected governor he became chairman of the State Central Committee, and he fought with me through all my campaigns. During his last illness, when he thought he would not see me again, he addressed this brief note to me, which I treasure highly:

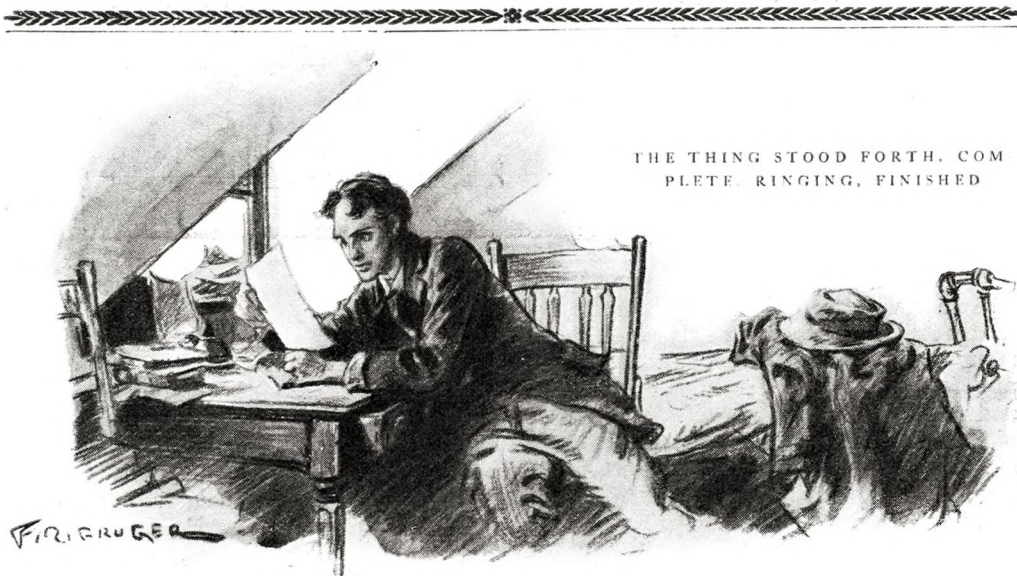
DEAR BOB: Next to my own two boys, I love you better than anyone else in the world.

GEN'L.

The convention was held at Dodgeville, and, although the old crowd was there in force, I was nominated on the first ballot. They tried to beat me at the polls by throwing support to the Democrat—and they had behind them the influence of the railroads—but I was elected by 400 votes.

My second term as district attorney closed on January 1, 1885. I continued my law practice until Congress met in the fall of that year. At the time of my election I had never been farther east than Chicago, and when I arrived in Washington I found myself the youngest member of Congress. I was twenty-nine years old.

In the November chapters Senator LaFollette tells of his entrance into Congress; of how he discovered legislation being promoted for private interest; of some stirring fights against such bills. In the course of the narrative he gives vivid pen pictures of Tom Reed, of Cleveland, of Carlisle, of Philetus Sawyer, the lumberman Senator from Wisconsin, and of other interesting men who played parts in the incidents. And there are some extraordinary facts and ideas about practical politics.



The Turn of the Coin

The Poet and the Scoop

By

Donal Hamilton Haines

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

GRIFFITH laid down his fountain pen, pulled toward him the sheet of paper covered with the fourteen lines of his neat, even writing and read them over to himself in an undertone. Having finished he pushed the paper from him and sighed.

"Now that chap across the hall," he muttered, "couldn't write a sonnet with a rhyming dictionary and a dozen helpers, but he earns eighteen dollars a week!"

And Griffith jangled uncomfortably the few coins in his trousers' pocket, and looked at the pen-mark through the figures on the calendar which meant the inevitable falling due of his weekly rent. He picked up the sonnet and read it through a second time.

The ecstasy of creation burned him as he read. It was good stuff and he had done it! The tricky technique was his, and he had not drowned his meaning under hard-won rhymes; the thing stood forth, complete, ringing, finished. He forgot everything but the verses in his hand until the door across the hall banged shut, and he heard his neighbor go whistling forth to his eighteen dollars a week. With a smothered oath, Griffith crushed the sheet of paper into a crumpled ball and flung it into a corner of the room. His mild-featured face took on the nearest approach to savageness of which it was capable, and he ground his teeth wrathfully as he listened to the man across the hall clumping merrily down the stairs. After a moment of this he

retrieved the wrinkled sonnet from the corner, smoothed it out and began carefully copying it on a second sheet of paper. Halfway through the operation he stopped and shook his head.

"No," he confessed, putting the cap on his fountain pen, "I can't stand the sight of another of those printed slips. They'll drive me to homicide or suicide—and I can't afford either!"

He shoved the verse into a drawer, already well filled with manuscripts, some fresh and neatly folded, others frayed and tattered by many trips through the mails. From the pile of them he selected several of the freshest and put them into his pocket. With an air of resignation he put on his hat and overcoat and walked down the wooden, uncarpeted stairs with a step wholly different from that of him who had gone forth sure of his eighteen dollars. As he reached the street he paused.

"*Times* or *Herald*?" he asked himself with a wry smile.

He thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a dime.

"Heads, *Herald*, tails, *Times*," he decided and spun the coin. It landed aggravatingly on edge in the crack between two pieces of frozen snow. Griffith looked at it critically. Then he whistled.

"Even the insensate money," he said to himself, "realizes that this is important. I *may* get a job! It hesitates to commit itself!"

Again he spun the coin, and this time it rolled and circled crazily about the snow before it finally fell on its side, the legend "One Dime," with its encircling wreath staring up at him.

"*Times*!" he announced with an expression of deep portent.

He pocketed the dime and walked slowly down the street. He was perfectly aware that he did not feel half as cheerful as he pretended. He had taken this walk before many times and with better prospects by far than he had this wintry morning, and his reception had always been the same. Yet he would not give up. He wanted to work on a newspaper; he had always wanted to. He felt that to do that would be life, while to do anything else would be merely existence. In his drawer at home there were many letters which he had written from a fictitious Paris and an imaginary London. He knew perfectly well that he could write much better English than he read every day in the columns of the papers, and it was that he longed to do. For the mere gathering of the news he cared

nothing; anybody could do that. He wanted to write it, to sit at a desk somewhere with a neat bottle of paste, an expensive fountain pen, a big blue pencil and a window from which he could look out over the busy city. The reporters would bring him their crude, hasty accounts of the things they had seen, and he would polish off the crudities and put the whole into English which would be a credit to the paper which printed it. The delusions under which he labored were not so profound as might be imagined. Not for one instant did he believe that he might be allowed to write editorial essays; he knew full well the value of pithiness. He felt, too, that he could prove to the editors what his value would be if they would only let him talk—but they never would. Usually he could not even get to the editors themselves, and when he did penetrate so far he was shown into the presence of keen-eyed, busy men, surrounded by clouds of tobacco smoke and an atmosphere of relentless rush which clogged his tongue, made the manuscripts in his pocket seem superfluous, and sent him back into the street with burning cheeks and a sense of impotency.

The noise and bustle of the down-town streets bothered and confused him as it always did. He skulked and dodged his way to the looming front of the *Times* building with a feeling that he was rather in everybody's way, and that everybody was perfectly certain who he was, what he was after, and how remote were the chances of his securing it. With his hand on the door of the forbidding-looking building he hesitated and almost drew back.

"If I went back home," he thought forlornly, "I could get enough to do, and maybe, after a while, the magazines would take to buying some of my stories and poems!"

There was temptation in the thought. After all, he was more in the way here than anything else. He didn't at all fit in with so many people. They were in too much of a hurry even to wait for him to tell them what it was he wanted to do.

"Well," thundered a big voice behind him, "if you're going in there, g'wan through, don't block up the door all day!"

Without waiting to look at the man behind him, Griffith scuttled through the door and hurried up the worn stairway. He had traveled the same path often enough to know where to go. He would pass down the hall, past the swinging door through which came the clatter of the composing room and into the room across the hall—full of tables, each

with a typewriter and a pile of paper on it, full of hurrying, coatless men dashing in and out, calling to one another, dropping onto the chairs in front of the tables, clattering busily at the rickety machines for a few minutes and then dashing out again, slipping into their coats as they went. He would sit down in a lonely chair near the door into the inner office and wait until somebody told him he could see Mr. Boggs now. Boggs was a big man with a beard and a huge voice. He would look at him searchingly through big-rimmed glasses, and Griffith would forget what he had intended to say, and would end by lamely asking if there was anything about the office he could do. Then Boggs would say "No" very shortly and turn back to his work as though he had already forgotten Griffith's existence.

The usual clash and clatter of metal greeted him as he passed the swinging door of the composing room, but the big office was different. The typewriters and tables were deserted. In a corner of the room, a single man was at work with a pencil near a telegraph instrument which clicked busily. Griffith hesitated; he always dreaded interrupting people, and it had been his experience that people around newspaper offices were more irascible than the general run when thus interrupted. And the man with the pencil, his eyes shaded by a green shade, appeared particularly busy. The door of Boggs' private office was closed, it seemed to Griffith, with an air of particular privacy. There was an air of exclusion in the firm line of the door knob and the tightness with which the bottom of the door hugged the sill. Again Griffith hesitated. Perhaps Boggs was not there; it might be just as well for him to try the *Herald* office anyhow, in spite of the turn of the dime. He had about made up his mind to a hurried retreat when the door of Boggs' office swung open with a jerk and Boggs himself stood framed in the doorway. He had a pencil in one hand and a bit of paper in the other, while the much-chewed stump of an extinct cigar stuck belligerently through a corner of the big beard. An instant he glared at Griffith with an intentness which made that young man almost forget his mission.

"Do you want a job?" Boggs roared suddenly.

Griffith's intellect and tongue strove frantically for speech and finally succeeded.

"Yes," he stammered, "but I——"

"All right," snapped Boggs, "you're hired. Come in here!"

He swung on his heel and walked back to his desk, Griffith following him with the manner of one narrowly saved from a large explosion.

"I'd hire anything with legs and a slight knowledge of the English language," announced Boggs, rooting about at his desk. "Ever work on a newspaper?"

"No, sir," admitted Griffith, and again he started to explain just what he wanted. "You see, sir——"

"Never mind," broke in Boggs, "I'll probably fire you in a week, but I've got to have a man, now—this minute. Sit down!"

Griffith sank into a chair and Boggs applied a match with seeming impartiality to the stump of the cigar and the surrounding beard. The young man's hand fluttered near the white edges of manuscript sticking from his coat pocket, and there trembled on his tongue the shreds of the things he wished to say, yet he could only sit with his knees pressed tight together while the editor turned the mere disorder of his desk into utter chaos. At length Boggs' hand emerged from the mess gripping triumphantly a newspaper.

"There!" exclaimed Boggs, holding out the paper, his thumb marking a column under a large "head," "you read that as you go. Hurry down to the Lennox Building and find Folsom. Tell him I sent you—there's more in that story than one man can handle. Got any money?"

Griffith shook his head, the paper hanging limp in his irresolute hand.

Boggs carelessly flung a couple of bills toward him and whirled back to his desk.

"Folsom's the reddest-haired man you'll see," he added, "with a crooked nose and a scar on his cheek. He'll be prowling around the Lennox somewhere. Now hurry!"

Griffith got rather weakly to his feet. He fumblingly pulled out the bundle of manuscripts and dropped them onto the desk at Boggs' elbow.

"There are some little things I've written," he explained haltingly. "I wanted you to look at them before I explained just what kind of work I wanted."

Boggs swung round with a roar.

"What the ——" he commenced, but Griffith had slipped out the door and closed it quickly behind him.

Boggs looked at the manuscripts without seeing them, scowling darkly.

"Of course," he muttered, "the big things come tumbling onto us when we're short-handed!" He picked up one of the folded

sheets aimlessly and opened it. "Wonder what sort of rot this is!"

Within the four walls of his office Boggs was an unfeeling, rough-speaking despot, with no other thought than his work. Nevertheless it was the eye of a trained critic which he bent on Griffith's work. He read a few lines without thinking, then stopped, flattened out the sheet of paper and read them again attentively. Afterward he whistled and put the manuscripts thoughtfully in a drawer.

"And I've sent him," he said aloud, "to help unearth a lurid sensation! I might better have set a lacemaker to darning sail-cloth!"

Griffith walked down the street from the broad entry of the *Times* office not quite clear as to where he was going or why. In his hand he grasped the open paper which Boggs had handed him, without in the least being conscious of what he was carrying. His mind wheeled crazily about two salient facts: Boggs had given him work before he could even voice a request—and here he was, doing the very sort of thing which he knew that he could not do! He was to go somewhere and hunt for a red-haired man with a crooked nose. Having found this individual, he had not the remotest conception what was to be done next. He had the vaguest of ideas of how reporters went about it to gather the information at whose ill-rendered paragraphs he scoffed in the daily papers.

He became conscious of the paper he was carrying in his hand, stared at it an instant, then threaded the crowded sidewalk to a sheltering telegraph pole and spread open the sheet. It required only an instant to find what he sought. Boggs' blue pencil had boxed in a short account of a fire of peculiar nature which had damaged the Lennox Building (a busy hive of offices) to the extent of some thousands of dollars, and had only been prevented from ruining the building by the prompt efforts of the firemen. In addition to surrounding the column with the marks of his pencil, the editor had written along the margin of the page—"There's more in this! Get it!"

Griffith folded the paper and stuffed it into his pocket. In doing so he thrust his hand against the little roll of bills which Boggs had tossed to him. His fingers closed around the soft, crumpled paper hungrily. It was a good many days since he had seen or felt any such thing in his pocket. If he could only please Boggs there might be more of these little rolls around which to curl his fingers. Yet

here he was, face to face with his first commission and obsessed by a sense of utter impotence. What did Boggs mean by saying that there was more in it than what was printed? It seemed to Griffith that the account of the fire was very complete. And to whom would he go to find out what more there was that had escaped first notice? How should he introduce himself, what should he ask? He had a nervous horror of intruding on people. Perhaps the mysterious Folsom would tell him what to do. Unquestionably he must find Folsom. After that events would have the advantage of the red-haired man's possible assistance in shaping themselves.

There was no trouble in finding the Lennox. A few curious people lined the sidewalks on both sides of the street, staring up idly at the somewhat smoked walls, the broken windows, and the prowling firemen and insurance men. Many of the officeholders in the building had already gone back into their quarters, and Griffith could see from the street that one of the elevators was running. He stood for a while in the fringe of people on the sidewalk, searching the faces of the idlers and passers-by for a man with red hair and a crooked nose. He saw no one and commenced to feel that he was wasting his time. He went into the building, pushed onto the one elevator which was running, and was jerked breathless to the top floor, where he got out feeling more lost and helpless than ever. He felt that the elevator boy looked at him with a prying and inquisitive eye as he stood indecisively at the door of the shaft. The big hall smelled of smoke, and from somewhere came the slap-slap of a brush, where a painter was already at work. On all sides of him were closed doors with names in neat, black letters on their ground-glass. He read the names one after the other trying to make up his mind to go into one of them and make inquiries. In the back of his mind lurked always the thought of Boggs chewing the butt of the extinct cigar and waiting his return.

A slight click behind him made him turn. The elevator indicator showed that the steel cage was again whizzing upward. Griffith felt that he could not face again the eye of the boy in brass buttons, and he slunk guiltily to the stairs and crept down to the next floor. It seemed exactly like the one he had left, save that the names on the doors were different. He could hear muffled voices and the faint click of typewriters from behind the closed doors. He made his way aimlessly

from floor to floor, dodging behind corners when he heard the whirring of the elevator, starting nervously at the opening or closing of a door, utterly at a loss what course to pursue. The one thing which occurred to him was to go down to the street and continue his hopeless search for the red-haired and mythical Folsom.

The names on the doors held a strange fascination for him. He paused at every landing and studied them intently, almost unconsciously hoping to find some combination of name and calling which might lead him to think that there he might go in and push his vague inquiries with safety. He was standing on the third floor reading the legend "Lanning & Thompson, Architects," when he became aware that some one was standing very close behind him in the shadow made by an angle of the wall. He started nervously and turned around.

"Sorry!" said a cheerful voice, "did I scare you?"

Griffith tittered a bit shamefacedly, conscious of the start he had given.

"I didn't know there was anyone there," he explained, peering into the semi-darkness. He saw a young man in a large overcoat and a gray velours hat, the string of a bag of tobacco between his teeth, his long fingers busy rolling a cigarette.

"Looking for someone?" queried the young man pleasantly.

The harmless question fairly appalled Griffith. He hesitated painfully before replying. Something kept him from saying that he was searching from floor to floor for a red-haired man he had never seen before, and he seemed mentally unable to formulate any other explanation of his presence. He became conscious that he was waiting altogether too long for a reply to such a question.

"Er—not exactly," he answered hurriedly, "I just thought I'd look about a bit to see what the fire had done."

The man in the gray hat went on rolling his cigarette while Griffith watched him, shifting from one foot to the other and making up his mind to go down to the next floor. The young man moistened the cigarette with his tongue and flipped it dexterously into shape.

"Got a match?" he inquired.

Griffith handed him the match, and in the flare of its lighting he saw that his companion was thin of feature, brown of skin and possessed a keen, rather shifty, gray eye. This same eye was traveling over Griffith's figure rather searchingly, and the object of the scrutiny was conscious that the bottoms of

his trousers were frayed, and that his thin overcoat was very shiny at the elbows and across the shoulders.

"Work here in the building?" demanded the young man suddenly.

Griffith shook his head, his hand on the railing of the stairs. The other puffed slowly at his cigarette and continued to stare.

"Guess you're out of a job, aren't you?" he asked bluntly. Griffith admitted that he was, and the other's manner changed on the instant. He reached out a lean hand and laid it on Griffith's sleeve.

"I'll put you in the way of a five spot," he said in a low tone, "and all you'll have to do is to drink a good bit of beer—more beer than Reddy Folsom can hold."

A flurry of little electric sparks seemed to shoot up Griffith's spine at the mention of the name. Before he could frame an answer he found that his companion had half led, half pushed him into the elevator, and they were dropping to the ground floor like a shot. They hurried through the entry of the Lennox, walked a few feet and passed into the swinging door of a big saloon. Straight to a little table in the corner went the man in the gray hat, holding up two fingers to the bartender as he passed. When he and Griffith had dropped into their chairs and two glasses of beer were in front of them, Griffith's captor pushed the gray hat onto the back of his head and spoke rapidly.

"My name's Keith," he explained. "I'm a reporter for the *Herald*. There's a big story in that fire at the Lennox. They can't tell me anything about faulty wiring. I know better. Somebody touched off that bunch of fireworks, and I'm going to find out who. Red Folsom of the *Times* is on the same scent I am, and he's been nosing around here all day. I guess we're both of us pretty warm, and he knows it. Now I want him out of the way—see?"

Griffith nodded and buried his lips in the foaming beer. New and peculiar sensations were stirring within him. He had not the faintest idea where all this was leading, but the dark corner, the little table, and Keith's lean, anxious face made his thin cheeks flush with unwonted excitement.

"I'm on my way," Keith rattled on, "to the biggest scoop of the year—or a good many years——"

"What's a scoop?" Griffith put in. Keith looked at him in amazement, and then explained tersely while Griffith nodded and drank more beer.

"Red Folsom, sober, may beat me out of

this," Keith continued, "but Red Folsom, drunk, will forget that there ever was a fire in the Lennox. Now he'll be in here within an hour; never knew him to fail. And I want you to get him drunk—drunk as a lord! It's not so much of a trick—that's why he's dubbing around on the *Times* instead of pulling down a big chunk from some New York sheet—drink! He likes it, he can't let it alone, and it don't take much to put him three sheets in the wind."

"Well," faltered Griffith, "I don't know. I'm not much——"

Again Keith leaned over and gripped his companion's arm with his lean fingers.

"It's a cinch!" he said quickly. "Do you know the least little thing about aeroplanes?"

"Quite a bit," admitted Griffith.

Keith banged on the table in his enthusiasm.

"Not another word!" he protested with a quick gesture, "not another word! Folsom's dippy on the subject. He'd stop on the way to his own funeral to talk about Antoinettes, Bleriotics and the rest of 'em. All you've got to do is to buttonhole him when he comes in here, start talking that stuff, and buy him a drink. Here"—he plunged his hand into his pocket and handed Griffith a crisp five-dollar bill—"pour the stuff into him, souse him! If you get stewed yourself and they run you in, don't you worry. I've got a pull at headquarters, and I'll get you out in a hurry. Just you get him lit up 'till he don't know where the Lennox is."

Griffith felt his heart pounding against his ribs. He knew that his voice would shake, but the spirit of the thing was getting into him. He leaned across the table with some of the same eagerness that Keith had shown.

"How'll I know him?" he demanded anxiously.

Keith laughed noisily.

"I'm getting to that," he answered. "You can't miss him. There's only one Red Folsom in the world. Hair like a carrot, a nose with a twist and an old gash on his cheek. You can't miss him."

Keith drew back his chair noisily, got to his feet and straightened the gray hat. Then he leaned over and put his lips close to Griffith's ear.

"And to-morrow morning," he whispered, "you watch the *Herald*. I'll have it all—and there won't be a stick of it in the *Times*!" He leaned still closer and sank his voice to an even lower whisper. "I found a pile of oily rags in the basement! It ain't much to work on, but I'll smell out enough for a scare head

all right! Just you handle Folsom. I'll look in maybe to see how things are going. I'd stay and do the job myself, but he'd smell a rat if it was anybody from our office."

He slapped Griffith on the shoulder and started for the door.

"I'd sling a couple of whiskeys into myself," he advised. "It'll hold up the beer better!"

Griffith sat perfectly still in his corner, staring fixedly at a little pool of beer on the wooden top of the table and waiting for the queer feelings to leave the pit of his stomach and the wobbliness to get out of his legs. The second glass of beer stood untasted before him, its "collar" of foam slowly settling, leaving a line of frothy bubbles around the inside of the glass. The experiences of the last ten minutes seemed to have split him into two John Griffiths, one of whom ardently desired to be back in the quiet little room at the boarding house, with no strange bills and thoughts of red-haired reporters to disturb the writing of a bit of verse or a deeply psychological story which would be politely rejected by impersonal editors—the other a new sort of a being with a new set of sensations, who had touched all at once the very center of a strange, serious game whose playing lured at the same time that it terrified him. So this was the fashion in which the newspapers were filled with printed matter! And this was the thing that Boggs expected him to do—he, a man who would not go into a theater after most of the seats were filled for very self-consciousness! Well, it was all very big and decidedly exciting, but it was for men cast in a different mold than John Griffith. He shuddered at the very thought of sitting there and deliberately setting about the befuddling of another man's brain with drink. Why, he knew that half a dozen glasses of beer would set his own head swimming and make his legs a pair of mops. The one glass he had taken had not been without its effect. With unsteady hand he pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his face, which felt uncomfortably warm.

"I wish," he said miserably to himself, "that dime had fallen the other side up!"

And yet there were those bills of Boggs in his pocket. He must take them back, and he did not feel that he could look into Boggs' scowling face with the fact of utter and abject failure behind him. No, he must take those bills back and admit that what little courage he owned had sapped off. And he *must* get back those manuscripts of his that were either on the managing editor's desk or in his waste-

basket. There was but one thing to do; he would wait Folsom's coming, tell him the whole business, and trust for his aid for intercession with Boggs. If he had not been chosen, Keith would have hit upon some other more courageous man, and the blotting out of Folsom would have been an accomplished fact after all. So in a way he was really of service to the *Times*, and maybe they would let him keep one of the bills. Maybe Boggs

chair while the man put the slopping glass before him.

"In a very short time," he accused himself with what struck him as becoming gravity, "I shall be drunk, and I do not like being drunk!"

Thoughts of the inevitable interview with Folsom began to appal him. From looking forward to it as a mild form of salvation he began to dread it. Probably Folsom would



THEN HE COMMENCED TO TALK WITH THE FEVERISH ENERGY OF A MAN WHO HAS SINNED, WHO BELIEVES HIMSELF FOUND OUT AND WHO CRAVES THE EASE OF FULL AND FREE CONFESSION

would even listen to him when he told of that plan for the bettering of journalistic English.

"It's a mess!" he admitted frankly, "but it may not be so bad after all!"

And to ease his rather perturbed mind, he recklessly picked up the generous glass of beer and drained it to the bottom. He kept his eye fastened on the door, anxiously scanning each man as he came in and lounged up to the bar or dropped into a chair at one of the little tables. None of the newcomers even remotely resembled the expected Folsom. All their noses had been straight, and their hair of most uncompromisingly plain hues. He became aware that the rather belligerent-looking bartender was scowling at his empty glass, and the exigencies of the situation were patent to him, yet he felt the effects of the second glass, and shuddered at the thought of a third. The increasing balefulness of the white-aproned man's eye, however, was no longer to be ignored. Griffith crooked his finger and sat motionless in his

not listen to his wild tale, would think him drunk, and would hand him over forthwith to the police. Newspaper men and policemen, he knew, were always on terms of reciprocal intimacy. Abruptly he raised his eyes and stared fearfully at the door.

A large man with a slight stoop of the shoulders, fiery red hair and a nose with a decided tendency toward one ear, stood looking down the length of the room. Griffith could not see the scar on his cheek, but that was easily laid to the score of the beer. It was Folsom! Had Keith not said that there were no two men with such hair and such a nose? Griffith knew that he must get up at once and tell Folsom about the aeroplanes—no! about Keith's plot and the pile of oily rags in the basement of the Lennox. He must contrive, too, to say a word about those manuscripts of his lying on Boggs' desk. He started to get to his feet, and then paused, thunderstruck, to see the red-haired man heading straight for his table—at least the table seemed the ulti-

mate goal of his movements, although the two walls of the long room were the only things which checked the width of his staggerings.

"Good Lord!" gasped Griffith in terror. "he's drunk now!"

Drunk the red-haired man unquestionably was, but his inebriation was largely of the legs, for he called for beer soberly enough as he lurched past the bar. Griffith had an opportunity to glance at him as he staggered into the chair opposite. Certainly Folsom was of a different type from Keith, for where the latter had been neat and carefully dressed, the man opposite him was distinctly dirty, and his clothes were those of a day-laborer. The red-haired man favored him with a lowering, half-suspicious glance, and Griffith, taking a long breath, prepared to deliver himself of all his many-phased message at one gasp. He leaned over and touched the red-haired man on the shoulder. The latter looked up dully.

"He's over there," Griffith whispered hurriedly, "in the basement of the Lennox now. He's found the oily rags, and I don't know what else——"

A vicelike grip suddenly fell on Griffith's shoulder. The red-haired man, his flushed face suddenly gone pale, was fairly boring into him with a pair of sharp, blue eyes.

"What's that?" he demanded jerkily. "What's that?"

"He's found out a lot," Griffith rushed on incoherently, "and he wanted me to get you drunk and keep you here so you wouldn't know!"

Something in the face of the man opposite stopped him. The man looked at him steadily, searchingly, then half rose to his feet and looked around the room with the air of a man in deadly fear. He dropped weakly back into his seat with an oath.

"Damn the whiskey!" he said roughly. "my legs are gone. I couldn't get away from a crutchless cripple! How long's he been there?"

Between the beer and the strangeness of the man's actions, Griffith felt his head spinning, but he gripped the edge of the table and steadied himself.

"Half an hour," he answered.

For a moment the other glared at the wet surface of the table, then he broke into a short, ugly laugh and shrugged his shoulders clumsily.

"Oh, well," he said, "they'd have got me in time anyhow. It's all the same whether it comes now or later. Incendiarism! I'll

get fifteen or twenty years. No matter, my heart's rotten and I won't last more'n two or three anyhow!"

He leaned back in his chair, staring moodily at the gay ceiling above him. Griffith sat spellbound, beginning to grasp the significance of what the man was saying, but utterly failing to comprehend why he was saying it. Some faint, instinctive precepts of this new game he was playing seemed born in him on the instant. He was conscious now only of a fear that the man would fall silent or that Keith would come in. The red-haired man sat silent for what seemed hours, staring at the ceiling while he made the beer glass revolve about the table in slow circles, leaving a path of moisture behind it which every new circle blotted out and remade. Then he commenced to talk with the feverish energy of a man who has sinned, who believes himself found out and who craves the ease of full and free confession. Some innate sense of the value of things spoken and things printed made Griffith's memory hook itself like a leech about the salient things in the confession to which he listened. Ordinarily he would have felt nothing but pity for the man who sat ripping open the sorry details of a spotted past; now he thought only of Keith and the shortest route to the *Times* office. He asked no questions, he only sat, his hands gripping the edge of the table hard, and listened.

It was only a variation of a very trite, commonplace story to which he listened. Two men and a woman—and the man before him had been the one not chosen. The lucky man had prospered—and abused the woman till he killed her. The other man had gone down, little at a time, until he rotted his heart with whiskey. So finally, he had tried to burn the Lennox because the other man had built and owned it, and it seemed to stand for the difference between their lives to the man who had lighted the oiled rags in the basement in the ghostly glare of a pocket flash.

"I'm not saying I did right, I'm not trying to excuse myself, but I'd just like to have any other man have stood where I stood and see what he'd have done," the red-haired man was saying as Griffith, steadying his legs with an effort, got slowly to his feet. He edged around the table toward the door, but the other did not notice him—did not even look at him, but continued talking, his eyes vaguely fixed on the wall.

Once clear of the table, Griffith made for the door as fast as his uncertain legs would



AND SO, WHILE BOGGS, PUFFING LIKE A CHIMNEY, STALKED UP AND DOWN, . . .
 GRIFFITH TOLD HIS TALE—FORGETTING HIS IDEAS OF NEWSPAPER ENGLISH
 AND GETTING THE INFORMATION OUT OF HIM AS FAST AS HE COULD

let him. In the doorway itself he almost plumped into the hurrying Keith. Griffith's heart fluttered wildly as the reporter caught his arm.

"Well?" demanded Keith.

"He's drunk," mumbled Griffith. Keith looked at him sharply. "Lemme go," continued Griffith, "I'm in a hurry."

Keith held him in a firm grip and stuck his head through the door. The red-haired man had removed his cap, and the carrotlike head was bowed over the table. Keith laughed gleefully.

"What'd you do it with? Wright bi-planes?" he asked with a chuckle.

Griffith nodded dumbly.

"Lemme go!" he repeated.

Keith looked at the pale face and shaking hands and laughed again.

"Lord, you're a soft one," he sneered con-

temptuously; "get out!" and he gave Griffith a push toward the street.

Ignorant though he was of such mystic terms as "closed forms" and the like, Griffith sped to the *Times* office with all the speed he could muster. He fell three times getting up the stairs and lurched painfully as he flung open the door and entered the clatter of the big office. As he stared about him it seemed that the room contained a million tables and that many thousands of men were writing upon them with a riot of noise that was deafening. His eyes focussed themselves suddenly on the figure of Boggs, a very picture of anger, standing with feet wide apart and watch in hand in the door of his inner office.

"What the devil's this?" raged Boggs in a voice that made everybody in the room drop his work.

Griffith laid hold of the door knob and straightened himself.

"Where've you been and where's that drunken Folsom?" stormed Boggs striding forward, "don't he know it's closing time? What d'ye mean by coming back here drunk?"

"I've got it, Mr. Boggs," pleaded Griffith weakly, "I've got it!"

Boggs by this time had him by the shoulder and the whole staff was looking on.

"Got what?" he demanded.

"Everything about the Lennox fire," blurted Griffith, "a man named Fredericks—a red-haired man I thought was Folsom did it!"

Boggs looked at him with eyes that went very deep.

"Sit down," he ordered, and when Griffith had dropped into a chair he commanded, "Now—talk!"

And, beginning at the beginning of things, Griffith commenced to talk. Before he had spoken a minute Boggs broke in with gatling-like orders:

"Miss Libby!" he yelled, "drop your work and bring that machine here! Somebody get a pitcher of cold water and somebody get some selzer! Storke, go out and tell Moerdyke to break up that front page and slap that St. Petersburg stuff anywhere. Now young man, go ahead!"

And so, while Boggs, puffing like a chimney, stalked up and down, and a squad of policemen were hurrying to the table in the corner of the saloon, Griffith told his tale—forgetting

his ideas of newspaper English and getting the information out of him as fast as he could. Halfway through the recital the door opened to admit a sheepish-looking man with red hair and a scar on his cheek, but nobody paid any attention. One man kept swashing cold water onto Griffith's head while another mixed him a foaming drink in a more or less clean tumbler. At the end of fifteen minutes Griffith, his head dripping and his face rather pale, looked up in time to see the figure of Boggs, holding in his hand the "lead" which the deft fingers of Miss Libby had hammered out, dashing toward the composing room in a cloud of smoke. The rest of the staff crowded around and said nice things to Griffith which he did not altogether understand. Also they patted him on the back and he could understand this, for it had not been done to him for many months. Finally he looked up at the circle of faces with a worried expression.

"Say," he asked rather querulously, "is this what you call a scoop?"

For a time, on account of the noise, he could get no coherent answer, and then the staff tried to tell him what he had done.

Boggs walked back from the composing room slowly, puffing at his cigar thoughtfully.

"You never can tell," he muttered. "I guess they're born, that's all. Maybe I'm putting my heel on a poet, but, by the Eternal, I'll make a whale of a star reporter out of him!"



The Dread of Age



By Louis How

I

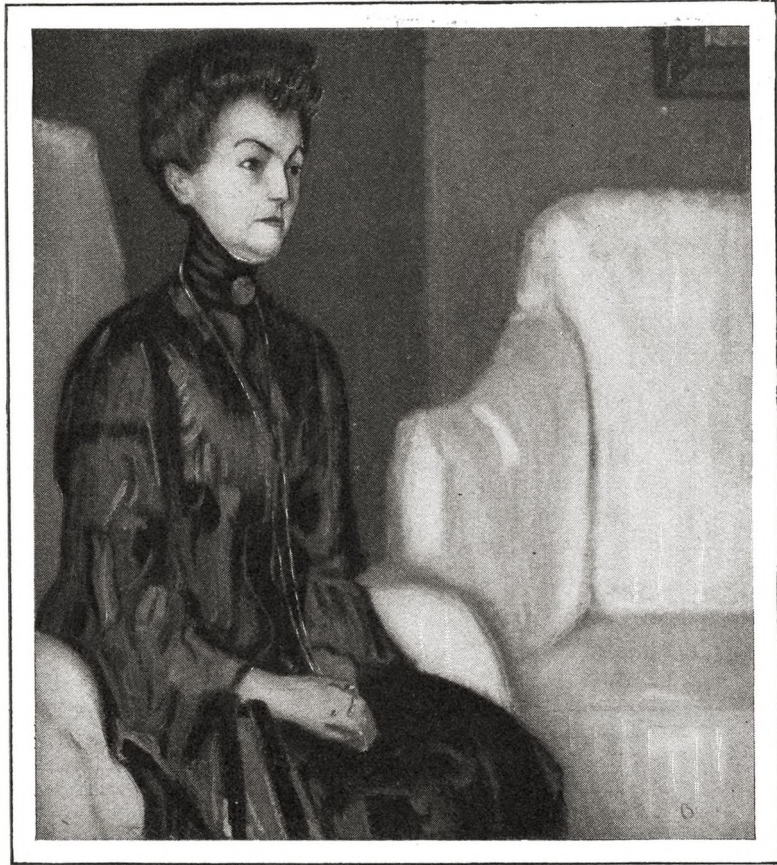
EVERYTHING'S always new to youth;
 Each day is fresh to plunder,
 Each sunrise is as strange as truth,
 And love's a constant wonder.

The very lamp-posts in the street
 Are suddenly known for stars;
 And the heart is ever strong to beat,
 Ay, and to break its bars.

II

Is anything ever new for age?
 Must not the wonder be
 That the moon and the heart don't drop apart
 From sheer recurrency?

Must not the odours of long ago
 Sicken old age's heart?—
 I cannot tell. I must wait to know.
 And that is the poignant part!



MRS. PETER CORNELIUS BREUKELLEN—THE PROUD ARISTOCRAT
OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

“When Adam Dolve and Eve Span”

A Story of Blood and Bluing

By George Madden Martin

Author of “Emmy Lou,” etc

Illustrations by Ernest L. Blumenschein

MR. ARTEBURN CALKINS is a widely advertised manufacturer of laundry bluing. You as a purchaser and patron of his wares save the wrappers and receive rebate, as we call it in these days (lagniappe as it was called

in the more picturesque days of Mr. Calkins' boyhood), in the shape of premiums.

I know a bright-visaged little girl on the extreme edge of this country who has secured an extension table, four straight chairs and one rocker to the family homestead of her

foreign-born washerwoman mother, by means of Mr. Calkins and his premiums. The illustration serves its purpose if it warms you to a kindly feeling toward the gentleman and the bluing, whatever the question back of the principle of premiums.

Mr. Calkins, whose factory, advertising manager, and family mansion are located on the western side of the Mississippi River, arrived in New York via the Pennsylvania one afternoon in late summer.

You shall picture for yourself what such a person, manufacturer of family bluing made in the Middle West and sold on a premium basis, on principle should look like. We all have our preconceived ideas about these things.

I will add that there is a Mrs. Calkins, a pleasing number of junior Calkins, and that the predominance of silver emphasizing their last wedding anniversary marked it as their twenty-fifth.

Meanwhile a taxicab was carrying the gentleman and his pig-skin bag eastward. Toward one of the famous and glittering hostleries of the city? Not at all. Who are the actual and unfailing patrons of art in these days of the pictorial advertisement, if it is not the moneyed disseminators of bluing, soaps, soups, flying-machines, milk chocolates, motors, and all the other crying and staple needs of the every-day American family?

The cab carried Mr. Calkins and his bag to a certain club planned to stand in *loco parentis* to the allied arts.

It pleased Mr. Calkins to stop at this address when in town. Moreover, it was not overly removed from the neighborhood of West Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue, which is just off Washington Square, as everybody knows, and to which address Mr. Calkins was to repair at 10.30 of the clock the next morning.

Here he was to find as the object of his call, and indeed as the purpose of his coming to New York in August from his summer home in Wisconsin, Mrs. Clara Breukelen, widow of the late Peter Cornelius Breukelen, himself the son and grandson of a Peter Corneelissen Breukelen, in turn the descendants of a Pieter Corneelissen Breukelen.

All this the lady had indicated in the letter penned by herself in a delicate chirography, appointing this hour and this date, and received by Mr. Calkins in his Wisconsin home along with mail from the bluing works and other incidental matter. In order to meet him at the given number in West Tenth Street, Mrs. Breukelen was to come up to town from her Long Island estate.

A club in New York in August is a dismanted and cheerless place. It does not always follow that a manufacturer from the West is given to roof-gardens, and it happened that Mr. Calkins was of a mind that his bedroom, an electric fan, an Apollinaris lemonade and a green-shaded drop-light, offered the appealing way to spend the hours to bedtime.

Mr. Calkins was a friend of the president of this club, though this may surprise you. Still, since it has been pointed out that it is commercialism's calls upon modern art that in some degree sustain it, you may explain it in this way if you choose.

The president maintaining a suite of rooms at the club in which he housed some rare prints and considerable of a library, it was understood that Mr. Calkins should have the run of these at all times whether their owner was in town or not.

So it was that when the magazines and papers palled, Mr. Calkins turned to a pile of thin yellow-clad pamphlets which he had picked from this gentleman's shelves.

The choice was idle except that he, like his friend the president, had a pretty taste for things historic and colonial relating to his own country. He had read a paper before his wife's woman's club indeed, with smiling gusto and considerable charm, in which, among other praise for the early American woman, he extolled one Eliza Pinckney as the original introducer of the indigo plant in the colonies. Though the fact that bluing and indigo are indissolubly as well as solubly one of course may explain this particular enthusiasm.

Right now at his ease beneath the drop-light, he pulled his half dozen pamphlets toward him. "Half-Moon Series, Papers on Historic New York," was their general title.

As he looked through them, it was evident he had stumbled upon the sort of thing which pleased him, for he settled back in his easy chair with that comfortable leisure which descends upon one established for enjoyment, and began to run the pamphlets through more slowly.

At the appointed hour the next morning, Mrs. Peter Breukelen came down the white stairway of her shrouded house on West Tenth Street. Mr. Calkins, manufacturer of family bluing, had arrived on the moment.

You were asked to picture this gentleman for yourself. So far as the imagination of Mrs. Breukelen pictured anything, she had done this for herself. In a vague and anxious and even distressed way, she foresaw in the



SHE MOVED TO HIM AND HE DROPPED THE BOY'S HAND TO RECEIVE HER

person she was going down to meet, a big, genial and probably coarsely bluff male, who with a certain sophistication would have treasured up something of his unsophistication as an asset. A blatantly self-made person with nothing morally to base objection on, no doubt, but with much to offend.

Mr. Arteburn Calkins, with grizzled, close-trimmed hair and mustache, in grizzled

and natty pepper and salt clothes, his lean face quizzical, his eyes keen, stepped forward to meet the lady.

At the end of a half hour, the conversation, according to the gentleman's summing up, had come exactly to where it had started.

"For all the ground covered, we have not changed the facts. My boy, who is of age and is earning a fair living—and I grant him

that he is earning it, not I conceding it—announces that he proposes to marry your daughter. And your daughter, also of age and who seems to have been adequately consulted by my son, is, as I gather from you, of the same mind in regard to my son. You are not pleased. Eliminate my feelings in the matter altogether. Whatever they are I have not so far expressed them if you will recall. Also eliminate any question as to the personal character of my son on your own admission. Finally eliminate dollars as a factor. To call for a show-down on either side would smack of that excess which I am afraid you would deem vulgar. I must take it, therefore, that your disapprobation springs from an objection less tangible and more insurmountable. That against blue blood you urge—”

The lady winced.

The gentleman was smiling. “Oh, not in words, my dear lady, do I mean that you would urge against us the family bluing, never in actual words.”

Mrs. Breukelen was distressed. Her fingers played with her long chain. She murmured something about traditions and background, and gaining support as it were, from such utterances, her voice grew clear. “It was to reestablish my stepdaughter and stepson in their original environment that I came back to New York City with them on the death of their father. Charming as Mexico is, there was no reason for us to remain when his interests no longer held us. You have been looking at my stepdaughter’s portrait above you? It was for the purpose I had the cover slipped. The one facing her is her brother Peter. She has the dash and spirit of the two? Perhaps, yes. Peter is the blonde, as you see, and Katrina being the older too, possibly has dominated him. I suppose I should not say that my ambition, if there be a difference, has been the greater for her?”

Mr. Calkins had risen. “Ah, well!” he said, his eyes on the portrait of the young person who had declared her intention of becoming his daughter-in-law, “a truce to these parleyings as the books say. I am Arteburn Calkins of family bluing fame and my son is my son. And also without doubt a Breukelen is a Breukelen. The present Long Island estate, if I may ask, is the surviving stronghold of the original Pieter?”

Mrs. Breukelen was prettily perturbed again, but she dismissed it with a gesture. “No. So far as my stepson Peter, who is equally interested with me in these things, can uncover, the estate would embrace a section of the city of Brooklyn itself. It

seems to have been parted with early, for a removal of the Breukelens across to this city. My husband, the children’s father, was a silent, engrossed man, not given at any time to much talking. But Peter and Katrina both recall a frequent remark made to them in their childhood by their great-aunt, Miss Cornelia Breukelen, and a most unpleasant and sharp old person she was, that they would do well always to remember that a Peter Corneelius Breukelen, a forebear, was the third person buried in Washington Square.”

Mr. Calkins received this information with so visible a shock of some kind, it could almost be said that he stared. Certainly with recovered breath, he repeated the assertion.

“Buried? The third person? In Washington Square?”

Mrs. Breukelen responded with a decrying pleasantness as she too arose.

“It was this fact, indeed, which decided Peter, who is coming up slowly with the Breukelen family tree from the time of the first Pieter, to settle upon this neighborhood for his permanent home.”

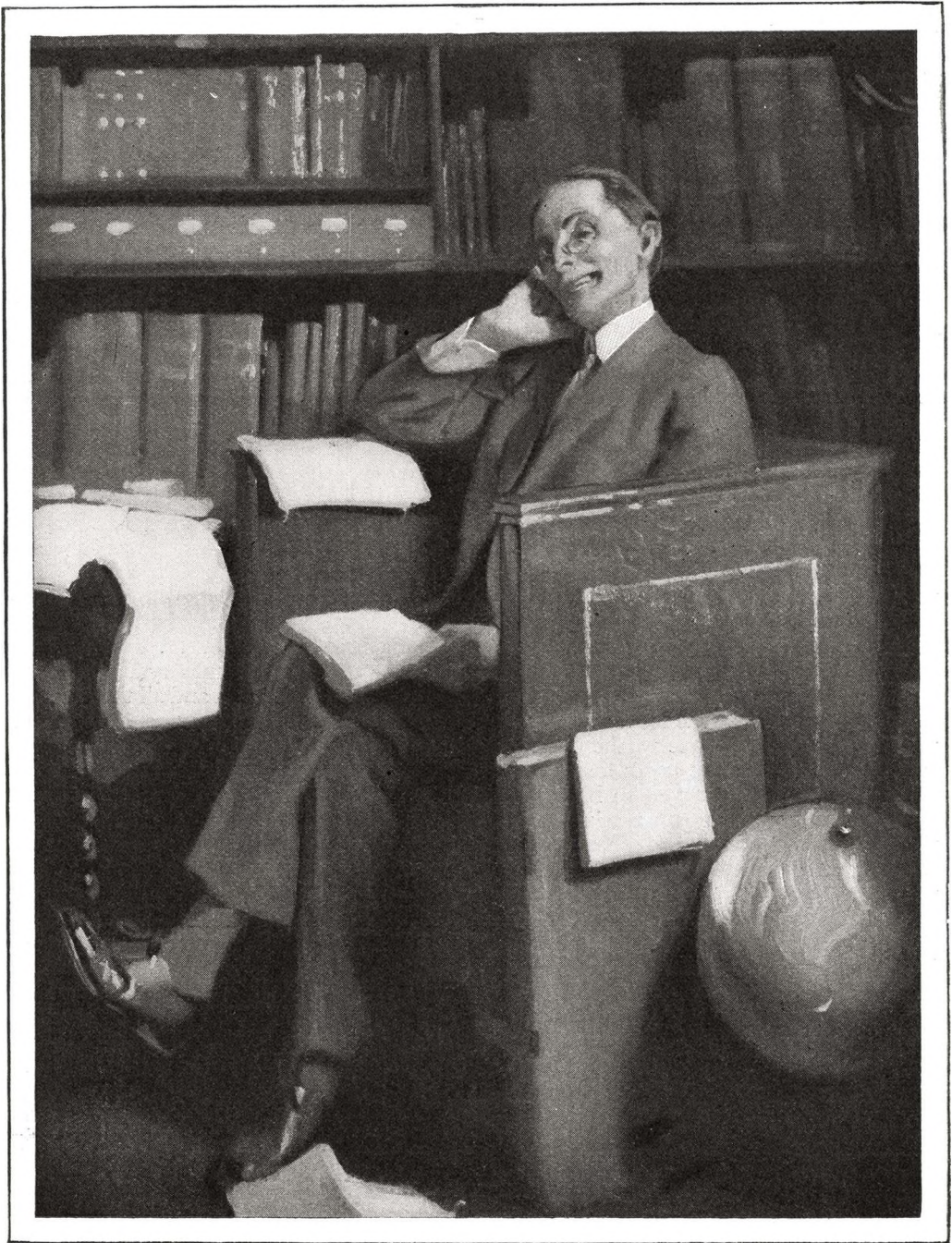
Mr. Calkins recovering from the fixity of his gaze, sought his straw hat. “I—I had a task imposed upon me when I came here this morning, Mrs. Breukelen. I confess myself worsted at it. You have anticipated me with a check at each approach. I shall leave the ungrateful task to others. As for myself, stirred by your information, I feel oddly impelled to go forth and gaze upon the past as presented in Washington Square.”

Mr. Calkins was due to meet a young man and a young woman by appointment at his club at noon. But first he compassed a brief stop on his way back to that hostelry, at a certain dignified building given over to matters of American history and research.

It did not keep him long. How should it when the monograph he desired to refresh himself from was one compiled and written by himself?

“The Commercial History of Indigo in the Colonies and Since,” was the title of the volume. This brought, it took him some three minutes to make his penciled extract and return the book at the desk.

When he reached the club he ordered the luncheon already bespoken for three, served in as quiet a corner of the always pleasingly quiet dining room as might be. And when the expected young man and young woman arrived, he received them here, because of the shrouded condition of the rest of the place in its midsummer emptiness.



AND AS HE HELD IT HE LAUGHED, A WICKED, COMICAL, NAUGHTY BOY'S LAUGH

He held out a hand to each as they entered and came quickly to him. The young man, who was a size larger than himself, was lean, earnest, the quizzical part being that which would assert itself later. The young woman by his side, coming with him, was slim, sweet, keen, and good to see. He was also much in and appealing. And they both were star-

eyed, soaring, sublimated as with the daze and wonder of a great thing new upon them.

Mr. Arteburn Calkins held out a hand to each. His smile was more than quizzical, it was eloquent with understanding and very sweet. "If I were young and eloping to town by motor on a certain summer evening upon the heels of an unpersuaded lady parent, I think I too would have taken the maiden of my heart to her own wise and sensible pastor."

He looked from the one to the other and his smile deepened. "But there is more. Since this sensible pastor knew that I, a parent on the one side, was in town, by reason of my seeking an appointment with him over the telephone on my arrival, it is only fair to confess that he had me on the line again while he kept the two of you waiting in an adjacent room. And while I can see how it would not have been wise for one parental side to be represented and not the other, at that wedding ceremony which followed in his library, I may say I would have liked exceedingly to be there. And though I thus knew of it when you yourselves telephoned me this morning, immediately on learning I was in town, it takes nothing away from the fact that you yourselves did promptly telephone me."

He had not released the hand of either, but was looking from the one to the other, the smile in his eyes. But as his look met the gaze of the girl, she moved to him and he dropped the boy's hand to receive her. It was very whole-souled and oh, sweet, the gesture with which she went and the one with which he met her. After which she cried a bit against his coat lapel.

He patted her shoulder. It was necessary for him to clear his throat.

"Artie, old chap," then he said, addressing his son, "with five boys of you at home and never a daughter, how are we going to keep that arch-spoiler, Mother, from incontinently ruining her with petting?"

By the time it came to dessert, the two young people had revived, and held it up to him reproachfully that he had not broken the news to a certain lady on whom he had called that morning.

Mr. Calkins the elder, shook his head, and looked at his son and his new daughter a bit fixedly. "You must do it yourselves, you know."

The girl caught the point first, rushing upon

it with sweet and self-accusing fair-mindedness. "You did not tell her because we ourselves called you up to tell you. It would not have been fair to her. We will go straight now and do it. Then if you will have us, we have planned our trip to be West with you?"

And so an hour later, Mr. Calkins deserted, sat alone up-stairs at his reading table. Before him lay the yellow pamphlet series of New York City's earlier history. He had one in hand, in fact, with a finger within to hold the place. And as he held it he laughed, a wicked, comical, naughty boy's laugh. After all he was but forty and six and lean and alert at that.

"The third person was he, a Peter Corneelius Breukelen, to be buried in Washington Square?"

Should he be base enough to tell Mrs. Breukelen what lay within the pages of the little yellow book? Surely not. At least not unless she forced the issue. The girl and Artie had found each other, it was enough.

Nevertheless, he laughed again as he opened and read from his pamphlet,

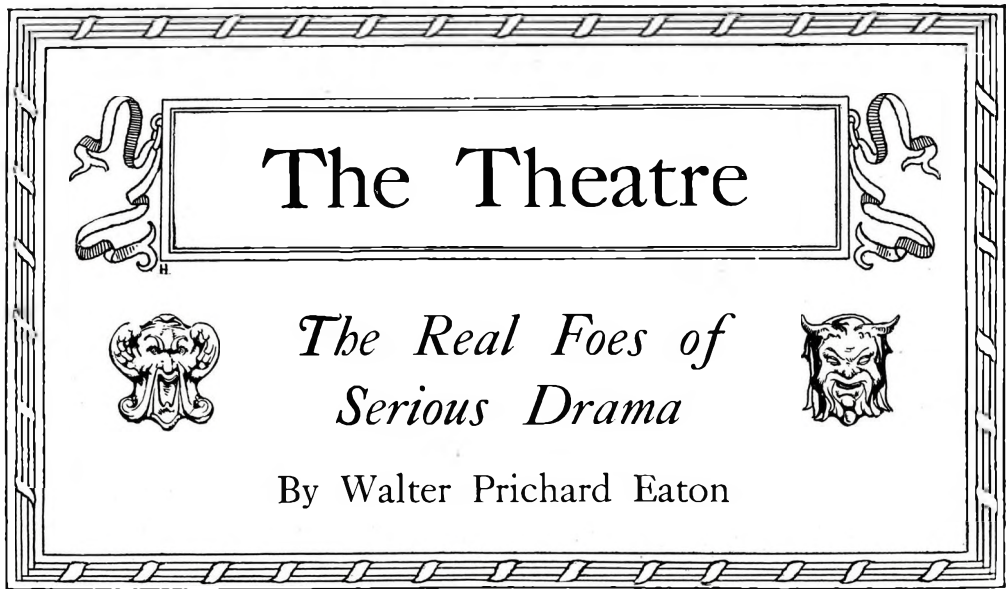
"Washington Square was bought for a potter's field in 1780. . . . It and Union Square and Madison and Bryant Park were all potter's fields in turn and all thus saved as open spaces to become centers of fashion in turn."

Mr. Calkins went down into a pocket and drew forth from a wallet the paper transcribed by himself that morning from "The Commercial History of Indigo in the Colonies and Since." Laid beside the yellow pamphlet the two made history.

"Adam digged," remarked Mr. Calkins in genial apostrophe. "There are no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession."

Whereupon he read from the transcribed paper:

"It became the humble part of a young English laborer newly emigrated to New York City in 1786, or thereabouts, one Artie Byrne Calkins by name, to manufacture the first bluing for the market in this country. He is said to have made it with the aid of his wife and daughters in an open kettle in his own back yard. The records would go to prove that the business was not overly remunerative, as we find this same Artie Byrne Calkins on the list of laborers hired by the city, serving as a grave-digger in its first potter's field."



AS a new season opens in the play-house, we might do well to pause and consider our attitude toward the play, for it is our attitude toward the play, quite as much as it is the players or the playwright, which ultimately determines what kind of a drama we shall have.

The real foes of a serious, effective and socially important national drama in America are not the managers, who are glad enough to produce any kind of a play demanded—if somebody will pick it out for them! The real foes are not the frivolous thousands who prefer musical comedy or vaudeville—"tired business men," drummers, ladies on shopping expeditions, and their like. Such frivolous folk we have always with us, always have had, and always will have. Indeed, the best of us are frivolous now and then, and the man who says he doesn't like a good musical comedy we regard very much like the man who says he doesn't like onions—as a liar. No, the real foes of a serious, effective drama in America, which shall rank as literature on the one hand and as a social force on the other, are the thousands of good men and women—more women than men, unfortunately—whose attitude toward the stage is represented by their reiterated remark in the face of a serious drama, "There's enough unhappiness in the world without showing it on the stage."

The attitude of these people toward the stage is only too apt to be their attitude toward all art; but it is only the theatre which concerns us here. Who are these people?

They are not the frivolous, the unintelligent. They are more often than not most serious-minded, and even pursuers of culture at Chautauquan conventions, middle-aged and elderly women, passionate workers in the church, seekers after the salvation of the heathen and their pastor's health, rigorous adherents to the strictest standards of morality—of such are the foes of a serious drama. Men of solid standing in the community, of mature judgment, of high civic ideals—of such are the foes of a serious drama. Younger women, neither frivolous nor unintelligent, but just ordinary girls grown up into the responsibilities of motherhood, with comfortable homes and a wholesome desire for the occasional pleasures of the theatre—of such are the foes of a serious drama. They are its foes because they are the very people who should support it. Instead they, whose attitude toward life is one of sane recognition of its gravity, assume toward the stage an attitude of evasion, and demand of art not honesty and seriousness, but a pretty story which shall ignore the facts of life and take account only of the fictions of romance; which shall, at any rate, if it takes account of the facts of life, select only the pleasant facts.

A preacher in a certain Pennsylvania city once preached a sermon describing the squallors and privations among the mill and factory laborers and their families at the other end of the town. After the service a good lady of his congregation came up to him reproachfully. "Why do you preach such sermons?" she asked. "You have harrowed



Photograph by Moffett

JANET BEECHER

Who shared with Leo Dietrichstein the honors in "The Concert," the most successful—both from a commercial and an artistic standpoint—play of last winter



JULIA MARLOWE

Photograph by Sands

Who, associated with Mr. Sothern, is a staunch believer in the higher uses of the drama. For a number of years Miss Marlowe has been seen only in Shakespearian rôles and plays of literary distinction

me all up; I come to church to be spiritually uplifted and soothed."

That, we fear, is the attitude of a great many good ladies, and not a few good men, toward the drama.

We have said that such people are the real foes of a serious national drama, a drama that shall be literature and shall be of social value, because they are most often the people who, in the community at large, represent the solid element of average intelligence and civic service. They are the ones who support the church, the village improvement society, the Y. M. C. A., the boys' club; who keep their lawns and their children in order; who are, whether rich or poor, the people at whom our patriotic orators proudly point. They are honest in their lives; they are dishonest in their art. They declare that they "want to get away from unpleasant things in the theatre"—and they do not mean that they want vaudeville or musical farce, because they are not the supporters of stage frivolity. They mean that they want drama which is pleasantly romantic, which has no relation to the stern facts of contemporary society. They want, like the good lady in church, to be soothed. Thus the very class of the population which, in the practical matters of life, may be relied upon for support, in the matter of art cannot be relied upon at all. These people do not regard art as a practical matter of life, but as something quite apart from life, and of consequent unimportance. That is their error. Once convince them that art, especially the drama, is of quite as much living and practical importance as Chinese missions or the minister's salary or the trimming of the side-walks, and we fancy an astonishing change would come over our stage; there would be a widening and deepening of the scope and appeal of our serious drama, due to the new encouragement and support.

But how convince them? The task sometimes seems hopeless, because there is something perversely illogical in their attitude. We have said they regard art as unimportant. That is not entirely true. They are willing to admit it possesses a practical power for harm, but they cannot see how it can, conversely, possess a practical power for good, by treating seriously the serious facts of life. "The Easiest Way," for example, or "Mrs. Warren's Profession"—to name two exceptionally unpleasant plays which the sentiment of these people succeeded in forbidding, one in Boston, one in New York—are not to be tolerated because "no good can come of showing such things on the stage; there's

enough of such unhappiness in the world," and our young people "will learn from such plays a great many things they shouldn't know."

Just how far this attitude is inspired by a real regard for our young people, or how far it is inspired by an aversion to face the unhappy facts of life when presented in so concrete and vivid terms, is a question we need not go into here. The truth remains that it is not the part of wisdom to adapt all our drama to the young-person, but to pick what plays our young shall go to see. Thus we dispose of the young-person argument.

When we come to the argument that "there's enough unhappiness in the world, and no good can come of depicting it on the stage," we can only answer that so long as there *is* so much unhappiness in the world, it is our duty to keep people reminded of it, by every means in our power, until they are driven to remedy matters. It is a psychological banality that man is roused to action much less readily by indirect than direct stimulus. We read without a shudder of 100,000 Hindoos dying of famine in India. But if a family we know, in our town, should starve, we would cringe with the horror of it. We have read, most of us, of insufficient wages paid to working girls, and the dreadful moral result; but how many of us have been roused to see what remedial steps we, personally, can take? How real an impression has it made upon us? Depict such conditions truthfully on the stage, in the vivid terms of the theatre, let your audience become absorbed in your story, caught up into the lives of your characters, and you have done the next best thing, for purposes of rousing response, to striking your audience directly through the tragedy of some one near or dear to them. Most Englishmen have never been in prison, and they remained indifferent to the abuses of the English prison system till Mr. Galsworthy's play, "Justice," was produced. There is unhappiness enough in the world, enough and to spare, but Mr. Galsworthy proposed that there should be a little less, so he roused the nation by a drama. That is the good which can come of "putting such things on the stage."

So much for the social side of the serious drama. No less important is the more strictly literary side. No artist who is worthy of the name writes or paints or carves or composes in a constant spirit of levity, or with a disregard of the relations between his work and the facts of nature. Art, for the genuine artist, is not play; it is serious busi-



Photograph by Moffett

MARIE DORO

A pretty actress whose admirers like best to see her in plays of light or comedy nature



Photograph by Boissonnas Taponier

MME. SIMONE

The great French actress, interpreter of Bernstein's plays and the original *Hen Pheasant* in "Chantecler," who is coming to this country this fall to appear in an adaptation of Rostand's "La Princesse Loontaine" which is to be presented in English



MAUDE ADAMS

Photograph by Moffett

Who is associated in the minds of the theatre-going public with the plays of Rostand and Barrie, in the presentation of which she has done much in upholding the literary standards of our stage



Photograph by Lisings

CRYSTAL HERNE

Whose conscientious work is beginning to receive the recognition it deserves. Miss Herne has almost invariably been associated with plays of serious and thought-provoking nature

ness, the business of recording in coherent and significant form his observations of the world about him and his sense of their drift and significance. No enduring art has ever been created, nor ever will be created, which is not the artist's conscious comment on life; and the highest pleasure which we derive from a work of art is the pleasure of realizing its truth, expanding our own experience of life by living thus vicariously in an art work, and gaining through the artist's eyes a new sense of beauty or of power. Such art is only created by large-minded and serious men. Such men can only create it when they are unhampered in their choice of subject, when they are permitted to follow their natural bent, write of what interests them, paint what seems to them worth painting. And just so long as the public puts a check on the freedom of the playwright's choice by refusing to enjoy or to patronize plays which are not sweet, romantic fictions, just so long will a true literary drama remain in abeyance, true artists of intellectual power and serious interest in the problems of life turn to other fields of endeavor than the stage.

It is a curious fact that the older generation especially, which mourns a decline of Shakespeare from the stage (though, as a matter of fact, Shakespeare is still played more often than any other dramatist), which sighs for the good old days of Booth and Forrest, for the days when the drama was "sweet" and "wholesome," forget, or cannot comprehend, that the old order changeth, and that our "unpleasant" realistic plays of to-day are the modern counterpart of the elder tragedies in which Booth and Forrest thundered.

No good can possibly come of reviving "Virginius" to-day, because the theatre-goers of to-day don't want "Virginius"—it bores them. Since our modern drama is intimate and realistic, our modern tragedies must be intimate and realistic, and their subject matter must be what is tragic in modern life. If the good souls who once accepted "Virginius" but now reject "The Easiest Way" or "Mid-Channel" would only pause to consider the question fairly, they would see that the only reason why "Virginius" isn't as unhappy and unpleasant as the modern plays is because it is a story of ancient Rome instead of modern New York or London—it is 2,000 years in the past. We fancy that the lust of Appius Claudius is no more "pleasant" a thing to contemplate, *per se*, than that of the broker in "The Easiest Way" or the husband in Brieux's play, "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont." We fancy that certain

physical facts are quite as frankly suggested by "Virginius" (or "The Winter's Tale," for that matter, or "Othello") as by the modern plays of Pinero and Shaw. But the difference is that girls to-day are not in danger of seduction by Appius Claudius; a great many of them are exposed to the perils of the Tenderloin of New York, to the perils of marriage, of sweatshops and department stores, of idleness and vanity. If we may have the stage depiction of ancient perils passed, by what logic can any theatre-goer deny us the depiction of present perils? There is no logic in it. The fact is that the depiction of ancient perils did not trouble us because they were far away; the modern tragedies "harrow us up," like the preacher's sermon, because they are near to us, and so we do not like them. We are cowards in art. After all, none but the brave deserve a literature.

An inevitable accompaniment of the opposition to serious modern social drama is the argument that by tolerating such plays you will "banish beauty from the stage," murk it o'er with gloom and depression. You will do, of course, nothing of the kind. In the first place, the men of the largest purpose, the finest human sympathy—that is, the men best fitted to write such drama—are very frequently the men also best fitted for comedy, by their very qualities of sympathy. Pinero of "The Thunderbolt" is also the Pinero of "Trelawny of the Wells" and "Sweet Lavendar." Barrie of "The Twelve-Pound Look" is the Barrie of "Peter Pan." It further follows that the qualities required of an audience to appreciate serious social drama are the very qualities which are required for the appreciation of satire. Still further, the depth and richness of the humor in any literature is most frequently measured by the depth and richness of its serious plays or novels, even when the two are not united in one man, as in a Thackeray or Shakespeare.

The world is not all bad; men love to laugh; other men love to make them laugh; we still have romance, happiness, poetry, and we shall continue to have them. A problem play does not make the world any worse; it strives, indeed, to make the world a little better. Neither J. M. Barrie nor G. M. Cohan is going to stop writing comedies because Pinero and Eugene Walter wrote "Mid-Channel" and "The Easiest Way." When we plead for the encouragement by American audiences of earnest, outspoken, native sociological dramas, we are only pleading for the widening and deepening of our dramatic

literature, the enrichment and vitalizing of its appeal. A stage must be universal in its range, it must embrace the grave as well as the gay, if it is to class as literature, if it is justly to reflect life, if it is to be of social service in the community.

Once upon a time to a certain sectarian college came a student from the rural regions. "I want to study for the ministry," he said, "but I don't want to study any subjects which will shake my faith, no science nor anything like that. My faith is grounded on the Rock of the Church, and I propose to keep it there."

The wise Dean replied that if his faith was

so insecure that it would not resist honest study, he had better go back to the farm.

Are not those good souls who cannot tolerate serious social drama on the stage "because there is enough unhappiness in the world" much like this prospective parson? Their faith in the ultimate goodness and beauty of the world must be insecure indeed if they cannot face the depiction of its evils on the stage that they may understand those evils better, and, through a better understanding and a wider sympathy, gained by the noble service of Art, move toward the day when there is less "unhappiness" in Life.

The Life, Death and Obsequies of George Coulter

By

Ed Howe

Illustrations by John Wollcott Adams

ALTHOUGH I have always worked as an editor and printer, it has been in a country printing office, and I would know no more about working on a city newspaper than I know about building or repairing telephone lines. In a country printing office, we do everything: reporting, editing, soliciting, job work, writing cards of thanks, making rollers of glue and molasses, and running the engine and press occasionally. All these things I have done so long, as proprietor, editor and devil, that I can almost do them with my eyes shut.

But one day a journalist drifted into the country newspaper office where I was editor and owner. He was a specialist; a real live wire, and had worked in a city. His name was George Coulter, and his specialty was the subscription department. He was also a writer; indeed, although he did not say so directly, he gave me to understand that when he worked in Denver, on the Trib., there was

some question as to whether George Coulter or Eugene Field would finally become noted in the world of letters. But George Coulter decided that he preferred the business end, and the prize went to Mr. Field. Our subscription list needed help, so we put Mr. Coulter on. He convinced me that our way was old-fashioned and ineffective, which I had long suspected, and he at once introduced his new ideas, although we never noticed much change.

Coulter was a very small man, and there were wide spaces between his front teeth. His health was never good, and his head was so small that the bows of the man-size spectacles he wore wrapped twice around his ears. It soon developed that some of the other employees, who had never had experience in a big town, and had drifted into the front office from the pressroom or the composing room, were worth seven or eight Coulters, but we all rather liked him, and, as his pay didn't amount to much, we kept him.



Soon after George Coulter's arrival, we met his wife, a very tall, stout woman, probably sixty-five years old. Coulter was not to exceed thirty, and really didn't amount to much, but I have never known a husband to be admired as he was. Mrs. Coulter was a doctor, and had been married before. I heard of two previous husbands, both of them doctors. Whether she had had others, I never knew, but she worshiped George, and believed him to be a great journalist. She occasionally irritated me by giving the impression that the prosperity of the paper was due to her husband's efforts, but she was a kindly old woman, and I let her believe that Coulter did

what the rest of us were doing, and had been doing many years before he came.

I discovered, also, that the domestic relations of Mr. and Mrs. Coulter were not always happy. Coulter frequently went on the road to solicit subscriptions; by going into a territory where the paper was not well known, he sometimes did very well, and was useful in a way. And I discovered that before starting on these trips, he usually had a difference with his wife. And his wife was so distressed about it! She seemed to be to blame; anyway, she took the blame, and often came to me, and asked me to coax Coulter to return to her. He was working on a commission basis, and we never paid much attention when he came and went; we never really cared whether he ever came back. But his wife loved him sincerely, and, as she had money, earned in practicing a profession learned from her other husbands, she brought money to me, and asked that I send it to Coulter, that he might come home. She feared he might be ill on the road, and poor, and, as he was very sensitive, she felt that maybe he was staying away from her because he hadn't a new suit of clothes. So I often sent him his wife's money, when there was none coming to him from the office, and he would come back, and loiter around in his listless way a few

weeks, and then disappear again. Coulter was really a disagreeable problem to us, but he was inoffensive, and drifted along from month to month.

About this time, Coulter returned from one of his long trips, and I noticed he wasn't looking very well. After appearing at the office every day for a week or two, he disappeared, but I supposed he was mad at his wife again about something, and had gone away. A week later, however, I heard he was ill. I had a distinct consciousness that I should go to see him, but was very busy at the time, and kept putting it off from day to day.

One morning, a strange little girl appeared at the counter with a note for me. Somehow I had a feeling that the note was from Mrs. Coulter, and that her husband was worse. Then I felt guilty because I had not called to see her before.

It turned out as I feared; Coulter was not only worse: he was dead, and Mrs. Coulter asked in the note if I would come and see her. Feeling guilty, I went at once. She lived over a jewelry store, on the main street, and, when I climbed the stairway softly, and rapped at the door, was admitted at once. Mrs. Coulter was in a pitiful state of grief, and I was thoroughly ashamed of myself because I had neglected her. It also developed that she was almost in need. She had been unable to practice during her husband's illness, and asked if I would help her provide a coffin in which to send the body to a brother who lived in another town. I cheerfully agreed to do this, and comforted the distressed widow as much as I could.

Mrs. Coulter told me what a wonderful man her husband was; how journalism had been robbed of one of its brightest ornaments, and how he was just getting started



J.W.A.



J.W.A.

in the world when death accepted all she said, as such circumstances, and added a comforting word myself, although the actual facts were that Coulter, during his lifetime, had not amounted to much.

Then I went away to make the funeral arrangements. Arriving at the undertaker's, I felt so ashamed because of my neglect of Coulter that I purchased a very good casket, and resolved to have a choir, and a funeral service. Mrs. Coulter intended leaving with the body on a late evening train, so I had plenty of time, and went at once to the most popular preacher in town. When I told him how friendless Coulter was, the preacher readily agreed to officiate at the funeral, and helped me make up a quartet to sing appropriate hymns. The soprano and contralto hadn't much to do, and, as they were friends of mine, I had no difficulty in securing their consent by telephone. I had some trouble, however, with the tenor and bass. Both of them worked for employers who were often bothered with requests to let the singers off, but I called on these employers, and, by telling them what a good fellow Coulter was, they not only agreed to let the singers off, but promised to attend the funeral services I had arranged.

Then I went to work on the pallbearers. I picked out five of the most prominent men in town, determined that Mrs. Coulter should be satisfied with the funeral, however much she resented my neglect to call during her husband's illness. The men I picked out as pallbearers were very kind, and readily consented to act when I explained the case; men are always very nice about such things.

cut him off. I The funeral was to occur at 5 P.M., and people do under the men who were to act with me as pall-



bearers were instructed to meet at that hour at the foot of the stairway leading to Mrs. Coulter's rooms over the jewelry store. They were all there promptly, except Balie Waggener, the lawyer. When he didn't come, I recalled that he was always promising to deliver public addresses, and then disappointing the committee; but I hadn't time to be indignant, for the hour of the funeral had arrived, and we lacked a pallbearer. The big bankers I had selected were also indignant because of Balie's failure to appear, and said that was the way he did in everything. But just then Sam Kelsey, the mayor, came along. I wondered I had forgotten to invite the mayor, so we grabbed him, and told him we wanted him to act. He had just lighted a fifteen-cent cigar, but threw it away, after tak-

ing a few regretful puffs, and we hurriedly pushed him up the stairs ahead of us.

Sam Kelsey was a noted lodge man, and knew just what to do at a funeral, so he at once took charge. All the pallbearers except the mayor had sent flowers, as had the two employers who had excused the tenor and bass to sing in the quartet. The singers were all present, when we arrived, as was the preacher, and the two girls from the office. Mrs. Coulter had always believed that the two girls at the office flirted with her husband, although they really abominated him, but in the presence of death, she forgave all, and had her arms around one of them.



Sam Kelsey, being experienced, saw that we were ready to begin, so he made a signal to the members of the quartet, and they sang

two beautiful selections. It was really very impressive, and Mrs. Coulter shook with emotion; indeed, all of us were moved. Mrs. Coulter evidently thought the leading men of the town were paying George the attention he deserved, now that he was dead, and her grief greatly affected me, for she was really fond of her husband. Sam Kelsey, the mayor, tip-toed over to Mrs. Coulter, and spoke a comforting word to her, and if any of the pallbearers did not stand in exactly the proper position, he gently and quietly put them right. Then the preacher spoke impressively of the dead. I had given him an idea of the life of the deceased, making it as favorable as possible; and, after the quartet sang another hymn, Sam Kelsey knew it was time to carry the casket down the stairway to the hearse, which had backed up to the sidewalk. So he arranged the pallbearers according to size, and at a signal from him, we picked up the casket, and carried it reverently down the stairs.

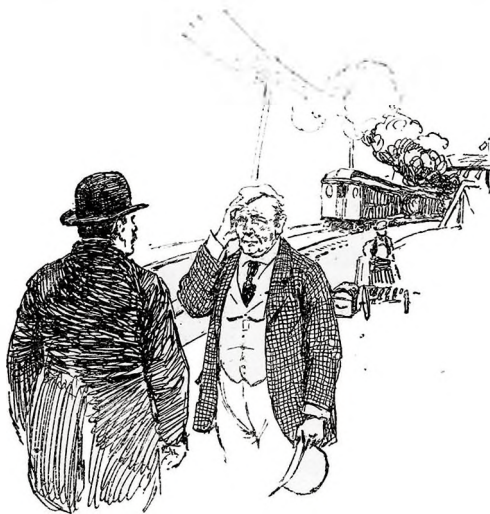
My idea was to cut across lots, meet the hearse at the depot, and put the casket in the baggage car, but Sam Kelsey wouldn't have

it that way; he lined us up on either side of the hearse, three on a side, and, after squinting along the lines, to see that we were properly placed, he gave a signal to the driver of the

hearse, and we walked with measured tread to the depot. We had on white cotton gloves much too long for us in every finger, but altogether we made rather an impressive procession, with Mrs. Coulter and the two girls from the office following in a carriage.

Arriving at the depot, we placed the casket on a truck, and wheeled it to the baggage car. It was a very hot day, but Sam Kelsey made us remove our hats while taking the casket from the hearse to the baggage car. The casket was very heavy, and it was hard work getting it into the car, but finally this was accomplished, and the flowers placed on the casket. Then we stood around in solemn silence for a moment, before departing, and Sam Kelsey, with his hat still off, wiped a lot of perspiration from the top of his bald head, and, leaning over to me, asked in a tender, sympathetic whisper:

"Who was he?"



J.W.A.

Sons of Men

By Lee Wilson Dodd

WE seek we know not what of bliss:
 Kissing but lips we strive to kiss
 The soul; we are not satisfied
 If the unimagined be denied.
 Something impalpable we crave.
 The rainbow in the breaking wave.
 And when we long for death, even then
 Beyond death's quietude we quest,
 And discontented with the grave
 Refuse the deep reward of rest—
 Longing to live and long again.



Announcement



Hawaii—A World Experiment Station

A Short Series by Ray Stannard Baker

NOT since the constitution of the United States was adopted has there been such a time of anxious inquiry into the true meaning of our Government and its institutions as that which has been going on during the last five years.

In seeking a clear understanding of conditions, we are met with a multitude of conflicting interests and complex situations. We cannot see the forest for the trees. What we require is some simple illustration in which the diverse factors of the common problem are clearly presented.

Such a simple illustration is to be found in the territory of Hawaii. Here in a group of isolated islands in the mid-Pacific with a total area not so great as that of the single State of New Jersey and a total population (191,909) less than that of many of our second-class cities, are to be found acutely developed all the complex problems (whether of capital or labor or land or race) which now confront our civilization.

In Hawaii modern business organization has reached an extraordinary stage of development. A single great industry, that of sugar-growing and sugar-grinding, is predominant in the islands, and the methods employed in the development and organization of this industry and its relations to the ownership of the land, the control of the labor supply, and the government of the territory, are of supreme significance.

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker has recently completed an investigation of conditions in Hawaii, and next month the first of several articles presenting the results of his studies will be published. While in their entirety they constitute a map of the modern economic and sociological situation, they are at the same time full of picturesque descriptions and vividly interesting stories illustrative of the remarkable conditions which now prevail in these far-away tropical islands.

It must be borne in mind that Hawaii is not a "possession" like the Philippines or Porto Rico, or even an unorganized district like Alaska, but that it is a territory of the United States, as much a part of the Union as Arizona, and that in asking for statehood and full powers of representation in Congress, as it has already done, it raises many questions wholly new to our Government. Its distance from the mainland, its insular position, its tropical climate, its diverse population, all add to the complexity of the situation. Moreover, no part of the Union, not even the old and rich East, is so dependent upon our peculiar high protective tariff system as Hawaii. Rhode Island has been described as a "tariff-made State," but the industries and institutions of Rhode Island are notably free when compared with those of Hawaii, where the nearly exclusive industry—sugar raising—is dependent almost wholly upon a protective tariff, and therefore dependent upon the uncertain economic policies of a great nation. This aspect of the Hawaiian situation will be found to be highly illuminating.

While the two great parties of the mainland are drifting about on broken seas, out there in Hawaii the last two political campaigns have dealt directly with the two fundamental questions—the land question and the labor question—which are plaguing all civilized countries. Stripped bare of all rhetorical garments the naked problems in the islands are these:

Who shall own or control the public lands of Hawaii? Who shall do the hard manual labor in Hawaii? And, incidentally, as an agency in deciding both of these questions, who shall control the government of the islands?

No articles published in this magazine ever gave a clearer idea of the tendencies of our modern industrial life than these.

The first of these articles will appear next month



JENNIE STOOD IN THE ROW BEFORE THE WINDOW, AND STARED

Maymeys From Cuba

A Hungry Girl Story with a New Slant

By

Edna Ferber

Author of "The Frog and the Puddle," etc.

Illustrations by Irma Dérèmeaux

THERE is nothing new in this. It has all been done before. But tell me, what is new? Does the aspiring and perspiring summer vaudeville artist flatter himself that his stuff is going big? Then does the stout man with the oyster colored eyelids in the first row, left, turn his bullet head on his fat-creased neck to remark huskily to his companion:

"The hook for him. R-r-r-rotten! That

last one was an old Weber'n Fields' gag. They discarded it back in '91. Say, the good ones is all dead, anyhow. Take old Salvini, now, and Dan Rice. Them was actors. Come on out and have something."

Does the short story writer felicitate himself upon having discovered a rare species in humanity's garden? The Blasé Reader flips the magazine pages between his fingers, yawns, stretches, and remarks to his wife:

"That's a clean lift from Kipling—or is it Conan Doyle? Anyway, I've read something just like it before. Say, kid, guess what these magazine guys get for a full page ad.? Nix. That's just like a woman. Three thousand straight. Fact."

To anticipate the delver into the past it may be stated that the plot of this one originally appeared in the *Eternal Best Seller*, under the heading, "He Asked You For Bread, and Ye Gave Him a Stone." There may be those who could not have traced my plagiarism to its source.

Although the Book has had an unprecedentedly long run it is said to be less widely read than of yore.

Even with this preparation I hesitate to confess that this is the story of a hungry girl in a big city. Well, now, wait a minute. Conceding that it has been done by every scribbler from tyro to best seller expert, you will acknowledge that there is the possibility of a fresh viewpoint—twist—what is it the sporting editors call it? Oh, yes—slant. There is the possibility of getting a new slant on an old idea. That may serve to deflect the line of the deadly parallel.

Just off State street there is a fruiterer and importer who ought to be arrested for cruelty. His window is the most fascinating and the most heartless in Chicago. A line of open-mouthed, wide-eyed gazers is always to be found before it. Despair, wonder, envy, and rebellion smolder in the eyes of those gazers. No shop window show should be so diabolically set forth as to arouse such sensations in the breast of the beholder. It is a work of art, that window; a breeder of anarchism, a destroyer of contentment, a second feast of Tantalus. It boasts peaches, downy and golden, when peaches have no right to be; plethoric, purple bunches of English hothouse grapes are there to taunt the ten-dollar-a-week clerk whose sick wife should be in the hospital; strawberries glow therein when shortcake is a last summer's memory, and forced cucumbers remind us that we are taking ours in the form of dill pickles. There is, perhaps, a choice head of cauliflower, so

exquisite in its ivory and green perfection as to be fit for a bride's bouquet; there are apples so flawless that if the garden of Eden grew any as perfect it is small wonder that Eve fell for them. There are fresh mushrooms, and jumbo coconuts, and green almonds; costly things in beds of cotton nestle next to strange and marvelous things in tissue wrappings. Oh, that window is no place for the hungry, the dissatisfied, or the man out of a job. When the air is filled with snow there is that in the sight of musk-melons which incites crime.

Queerly enough, the gazers before that window foot up the same, year in, and year out, something after this fashion:

Item: One anemic little milliner's apprentice in coat and shoes that even her hat can't redeem.

Item: One sandy-haired, gritty-complexioned man, with a drooping ragged mustache, a tin dinner bucket, and lime on his boots.

Item: One thin mail carrier, with an empty mail sack, gaunt cheeks, and an habitual droop to his left shoulder.

Item: One errand boy troubled with a chronic snuffle, a shrill and piping whistle, and a great deal of shuffling foot-work.

Item: One negro wearing a spotted tan top-coat, frayed trousers, and no collar. His eyes seem all whites as he gazes.

Enough of the window. But bear it in mind while we turn to Jennie. Jennie's real name was Janet, and she was Scotch. Canny? Not necessarily, or why should she have been hungry and out of a job in January?

Jennie stood in the row before the window, and stared. The longer she stared the sharper grew the lines that fright and under-feeding had chiseled about her nose, and mouth, and eyes. When your last meal is an eighteen-hour-old memory, and when that memory has only near-coffee and a roll to dwell on, there is something

in the sight of January peaches and great strawberries carelessly spilling out of a tipped box, just like they do in the fruit picture on the dining-room wall, that is apt to carve sharp lines in the corners of the face.

The tragic line dwindled, going about its



THEN SHE MOVED ON.
SLOWLY



"PLEASE. CAN YOU HELP ME OUT WITH A SHILLING?"

business. The man with the dinner pail and the lime on his boots spat, drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and turned away with an ugly look. (Pork was up to \$14.25, dressed.)

The errand boy's blithe whistle died down to a mournful dirge. He was window-wishing. His choice wavered between the juicy pears, and the foreign-looking red things that looked like oranges, and weren't. One hand went into his coat pocket, extracting an apple that was to have formed the piece de resistance of his noonday lunch. Now he regarded it with a sort of pitying disgust, and bit into it with the middle-of-the-morning contempt that it deserved.

The mail carrier pushed back his cap and reflectively scratched his head. How much over his month's wage would that green basket piled high with exotic fruit come to?

Jennie stood and stared after they had left, and another line had formed. If you could have followed her gaze with dotted lines, as they do in the cartoons, you would have seen that it was not the peaches, or the prickly pears, or the strawberries, or the musk-melons or even the grapes, that held her eye. In the center of that wonderful window was an oddly woven basket. In the basket were brown things that looked like sweet potatoes. One knew that they were not. A sign over the basket informed the puzzled gazer that these were maymeys from Cuba.

Maymeys from Cuba. The humor of it might have struck Jennie if she had not been so Scotch, and so hungry. As it was, a slow, sullen, heavy Scotch wrath rose in her breast. Maymeys from Cuba. The wantonness of it! Peaches? Yes. Grapes, even, and pears, and

cherries in snow time. But maymeys from Cuba—why, one did not even know if they were to be eaten with butter, or with vinegar, or in the hand, like an apple. Who wanted maymeys from Cuba? They had gone all those hundreds of miles to get a fruit or vegetable thing—a thing so luxurious, so out of all reason that one did not know whether it was to be baked, or eaten raw. There they lay, in their foreign looking basket, taunting Jennie who needed a quarter.

Have I told you how Jennie happened to be hungry and jobless? Well, then I sha'n't. It doesn't really matter, anyway. The fact is enough. If you really demand to know you might inquire of Mr. Felix Klein. You will find him in a mahogany office on the sixth floor. The door is marked manager. It was his idea to import Scotch lassies from Dunfermline for his Scotch linen department. The idea was more fetching than feasible.

There are people who will tell you that no girl possessing a grain of common sense and a little nerve need go hungry, no matter how great the city. Don't you believe them. The city has heard the cry of wolf so often that it refuses to listen when he is snarling at the door, particularly when the door is next door.

Where did we leave Jennie? Still standing on the sidewalk before the fruit and fancy goods shop, gazing at the maymeys from Cuba. Finally her Scotch bump of curiosity could stand it no longer. She dug her elbow into the arm of the person standing next in line.

"What are those?" she asked.

The next in line happened to be a man. He was a man without an overcoat, and with his chin sunk deep into his collar, and his hands thrust deep into his pockets. It looked as though he were trying to crawl inside himself for warmth.

"Those? That sign says they're maymeys from Cuba."

"I know," persisted Jennie, "but what are they?"

"Search me. Say, I ain't bothering about maymeys from Cuba. A couple of hot murphies from Ireland, served with a lump of butter, would look good enough to me."

"Do you suppose anyone buys them?" marveled Jennie.

"Surest thing you know. Some rich dame coming by here, wondering what she can have for dinner to tempt the jaded palates of her dear ones, see? She sees them Cuban maymeys. 'The very thing!' she says. 'I'll have 'em served just before the salad.' And she sails in and buys a pound or two. I wonder,

now, do you eat 'em with a fruit knife, or with a spoon?"

Jennie took one last look at the woven basket with its foreign contents. Then she moved on, slowly. She had been moving on for hours—weeks.

Most people have acquired the habit of eating three meals a day. In a city of some few millions the habit has made necessary the establishing of many thousands of eating places. Jennie would have told you that there were billions of these. To her the world seemed composed of one huge, glittering restaurant, with myriads of windows through which one caught maddening glimpses of ketchup bottles, and nickel coffee heaters, and piles of doughnuts, and scurrying waiters in white, and people critically studying menu cards. She walked in a maze of restaurants, cafes, eating houses. Tables and diners loomed up at every turn, on every street, from Michigan avenue's rose-shaded Louis the Somethingth palaces, where every waiter owns his man, to the white tile mausoleums where every man is his own waiter. Everywhere there were windows full of lemon cream pies, and pans of baked apples swimming in lakes of golden syrup, and pots of baked beans with the pink and crispy slices of pork just breaking through the crust. Every dairy lunch mocked one with the sign of "wheat cakes with maple syrup and country sausage, 20 cents."

There are those who will say that for cases like Jennie's there are soup kitchens, Y. W. C. A's, relief associations, policemen, and things like that. And so there are. Unfortunately, the people who need them aren't up on them. Try it. Plant yourself, penniless, in the middle of State street on a busy day, dive into the howling, scrambling, pushing, maelstrom that hurls itself against the mountainous and impregnable form of the crossing policeman, and see what you'll get out of it, provided you have the courage.

Desperation gave Jennie a false courage. On the strength of it she made two false starts. The third time she reached the arm of the crossing policeman, and clutched it. That imposing giant removed the whistle from his mouth, and majestically inclined his head without turning his gaze upon Jennie, one eye being fixed on a red automobile that was showing signs of sulking at its enforced pause, the other being busy with a cursing drayman who was having an argument with his off horse.

Jennie mumbled her question.

Said the crossing policeman:

"Getcher car on Wabash, ride to 'umpty-second, transfer, get off at Blank street, and walk three blocks south."

Then he put the whistle back in his mouth, blew two shrill blasts, and the horde of men, women, motors, drays, trucks, cars, and horses swept over him, through him, past him, leaving him miraculously untouched.

Jennie landed on the opposite curbing, breathing hard. What was that street? Umpty-what? Well, it didn't matter, anyway. She hadn't the nickel for car fare.

What did you do next? You begged from people on the street. Jennie selected a middle-aged, prosperous, motherly looking woman. She framed her plea with stiff lips. Before she had finished her sentence she found herself addressing empty air. The middle-aged, prosperous, motherly looking woman had hurried on.

Well, then you tried a man. You had to be careful there. He mustn't be the wrong kind. There were so many wrong kinds. Just an ordinary looking family man would be best. Ordinary looking family men are strangely in the minority. There are so many more bull-necked, tan-shoed ones. Finally Jennie's eye, grown sharp with want, saw one. Not too well dressed, kind-faced, middle-aged. She fell into step beside him.

"Please, can you help me out with a shilling?"

Jennie's nose was red, and her eyes watery. Said the middle-aged family man with the kindly face:

"Beat it. You've had about enough I guess."

Jennie walked into a department store, picked out the oldest and most stationary looking floorwalker, and put it to him. The floorwalker bent his head, caught the word "food," swung about, and pointed over Jennie's head.

"Grocery department on the seventh floor. Take one of those elevators up."

Anyone but a floorwalker could have seen the misery in Jennie's face. But to floorwalkers all women's faces are horrible.

Jennie turned and walked blindly toward the elevators. There was no fight left in her. If the floorwalker had said, "Silk negligees on the fourth floor. Take one of those elevators up," Jennie would have ridden up to the fourth floor, and stupidly gazed at pink silk and val lace negligees in glass cases.

Tell me, have you ever visited the grocery department of a great store on the wrong side of State street? It's a mouth-watering experience. A department store grocery is a

glorified mixture of delicatessen shop, meat market, and vaudeville. Starting with the live lobsters and crabs you work your hungry way right around past the cheeses, and the sausages, and the hams, and tongues, and head-cheese, past the blonde person in white who makes marvelous and uneatable things out of gelatine, through a thousand smells and scents—smells of things smoked, and pickled, and spiced, and baked and preserved, and roasted.

Jennie stepped out of the elevator, licking her lips. She sniffed the air, eagerly, as a hound sniffs the scent. She shut her eyes when she passed the sugar-cured hams. A woman was buying a slice from one, and the butcher was extolling its merits. Jennie caught the words "juicy," and "corn-fed."

That particular store prides itself on its cheese department. It boasts that there one can get anything in cheese from the simple cottage variety to imposing mottled Stilton. There are cheeses from France, cheeses from Switzerland, cheeses from Holland. Brick and parmesan, Edam and limburgger perfumed the atmosphere.

Behind the counters were big, full-fed men in white aprons, and coats. They flourished keen bright knives. As Jennie gazed, one of them, in a moment of idleness, cut a tiny wedge from a rich yellow Swiss cheese and stood nibbling it absently, his eyes wandering toward the blonde gelatine demonstrator. Jennie swayed, and caught the counter. She felt horribly faint and queer. She shut her eyes for a moment. When she opened them a woman—a fat, housewifely, comfortable looking woman—was standing before the cheese counter. She spoke to the cheese man. Once more his sharp knife descended and he was offering the possible customer a sample. She picked it off of the knife's sharp tip, nibbled thoughtfully, shook her head, and passed on. A great glorious world of hope opened out before Jennie.

Her cheeks grew hot, and her eyes felt dry and bright as she approached the cheese counter.

"A bit of that," she said, pointing. "It doesn't look just as I like it."

"Very fine, madam," the man assured her, and turned the knife point toward her, with the infinitesimal wedge of cheese reposing on its blade. Jennie tried to keep her hand steady as she delicately picked it off, nibbled as she had seen that other woman do it, her head on one side, before it shook a slow negative. The effort necessary to keep from cramming the entire piece into her mouth at once

left her weak and trembling. She passed on as the other woman had done, around the corner, and into a world of sausages. Great, rosy mounds of them filled counters and cases. Sausage! Sneer, you pate de foie grasers! But may you know the day when hunger will have you. And on that day may you run into linked temptation in the form of Braunschweiger Metwurst. May you know the longing that causes the eyes to glaze at the sight of Thuringer sausage, and the mouth to water at the scent of Cervelat wurst, and the fingers to tremble at the nearness of smoked liver.

Jennie stumbled on, through the smells and the sights. That nibble of cheese had been like a drop of human blood to a man-eating

tiger. It made her bold, cunning, even while it maddened. She stopped at this counter and demanded a slice of summer sausage. It was paper-thin, but delicious beyond belief. At the next counter there was corned beef, streaked fat and lean. Jennie longed to bury her teeth in the succulent meat and get one great, soul-satisfying mouthful. She had to be content with her judicious nibbling. To pass the golden-brown, breaded pig's feet was torture. To look at the codfish balls was agony. And so Jennie went on, sampling, tasting, the scraps of food acting only as an aggravation. Up one aisle, and down the next she went. And then, just around the corner, she brought up before the grocery department's pride and boast, the Scotch



MAY YOU KNOW THE LONGING THAT CAUSES THE EYES TO GLAZE AT THE SIGHT OF THURINGER SAUSAGE, AND THE MOUTH TO WATER AT THE SCENT OF CERVELAT WURST, AND THE FINGERS TO TREMBLE AT THE NEARNESS OF SMOKED LIVER



"'S FAR'S I CAN MAKE OUT. SHE SAYS HER NAME'S MAMIE. AND SHE'S FROM CUBA. WELL, WOULDN'T THAT EAT YOU! I ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY WAS DARK COMPLETED"

bakery. It is the store's star vaudeville feature. All day long the gaping crowd stands before it, watching David the Scone Man, as, with sleeves rolled high above his big arms, he kneads, and slaps, and molds, and thumps, and shapes the dough into toothsome Scotch confections. There was a crowd around the white counters now, and the flat baking surface of the gas stove was just hot enough, and David the Scone Man (he called them Scuns) was whipping about here and there, turning the baking oat cakes, filling the shelf above the stove when they were done to a turn, rolling out fresh ones, waiting on customers. His nut-cracker face almost allowed itself a pleased expression—but not quite. David, the Scone Man, was Scotch (I was going to add, d'ye ken, but I will not).

Jennie wondered if she really saw those things. Mutton pies! Scones! Scotch short bread! Oat cakes! She edged closer, wriggling her way through the little crowd until she stood at the counter's edge. David, the Scone Man, his back to the crowd, was turning the last batch of oat cakes. Jennie felt strangely light-headed, and unsteady, and airy. She stared straight ahead, a half-smile

on her lips, while a hand that she knew was her own, and that yet seemed no part of her, stole out, very, very slowly, and cunningly, and extracted a hot scone from the pile that lay in the tray on the counter. That hand began to steal back, more quickly now. But not quickly enough. Another hand grasped her wrist. A woman's high, shrill voice (why will women do these things to each other?) said, excitedly:

"Say, Scone Man! Scone Man! This girl is stealing something!"

A buzz of exclamations from the crowd—a closing in upon her—a whirl of faces, and counter, and trays, and gas stove. Jennie dropped with a crash, the warm scone still grasped in her fingers.

Just before the ambulance came it was the blonde lady of the impossible gelatines who caught the murmur that came from Jennie's white lips. The blonde lady bent her head closer. Closer still. When she raised her face to those other faces crowded near, her eyes were round with surprise.

"'S far's I can make out, she says her name's Mamie, and she's from Cuba. Well, wouldn't that eat you! I always thought they was dark completed."

Abe Martin's Neighbors

Hoosier Biographies

By Kin Hubbard

(*ABE MARTIN*)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



LAFE BUD

LAFE BUD travels for a crayon portrait house and registers from Philadelphia. He studied bookkeeping but, not caring for coffee and doughnuts, he decided to be a traveling salesman and can ride with the window down. He is twenty-eight years old and has been married four times and still carries a cane and uses perfume. Mr. Bud was kicked out of a hotel at New Paris, Ohio, last St. Patrick's day for eating with an orange spoon, and was recently blackballed out of a suit club. Mr. Bud lost his first position as a commercial salesman for entering a charge of three dollars for breakfast at Switz City, Indiana, in his expense account.



MISS FAWN LIPPINCUT

MISS FAWN LIPPINCUT is a clever recitationist and trims her own hats. She is just mannish enough to get a seat on a Niagara Falls excursion or buy chewing gum at a cigar store. Miss Lippincut gets her dramatic ability honestly as her father tore paper for the first production of "The Two Orphans," at Urbana, Ohio, and later wrote some creditable calliope music. Miss Lippincut writes: "I was just a little child when father was struggling with his first calliope scores, and I can remember distinctly of seeing him working on them with a sign painter's brush. The notes were as large as croquet balls." Miss Lippincut is the author of "How to

Hold Your Husband's Love Thro' the Rhubarb Season," and has sent many recipes to the newspapers that show marked literary ability.



CONSTABLE PLUM

CONSTABLE NEWT PLUM is one of those rare characters whom nature sometimes raises out of most inhospitable soil. Mr. Plum was born in 1845 on a fertile farm in the Mad River valley near Pickreltown, Ohio. After exhausting the rude educational facilities at hand young Plum was dispatched to a famous Western college where his astounding pole vaults bewildered his classmates. Leaving this institution splendidly equipped he entered the Cincinnati Law School where he finished in fine form. With only a surplus of something over two thousand dollars he started out at the age of thirty to make his way. Being a man who could drink or leave it alone he soon found himself in Indiana working as a common field hand, saving his earnings through the day and playing pool at night. Finally wandering over into Brown County, of the same State, Mr. Plum struck an off year and was nominated and elected constable, an office he has been re-elected to for many years without interruption. So it will be seen that after battling with all the hardships and vicissitudes of life, which are so often the common share of the world's greatest celebrities, Mr. Plum has emerged triumphant.

During Mr. Plum's many years of service as constable he has only been thwarted once.

A goat muff was recently stolen from the ice cream parlor of the Little Gem restaurant. Taking up the scent Mr. Plum followed it to the livery stable where he became confused.



PROF. CLEM HARNER

PROFESSOR CLEM HARNER is the organizer and director of the Brown County Silver Cornet Band which plays on the slightest provocation.

Mr. Harner was identified with many of the earlier minstrel shows and talks most entertainingly of having been poisoned on canned corn twice and of once walking home from Albuquerque, New Mexico. He has shaken hands with William Jennings Bryan three times and, during the last campaign, he and his band serenaded ex-United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge [at a hotel at Vevay, Indiana. On this occasion Mr. Beveridge appeared at his window and dispersed the players with a neat speech on child labor of twenty-one words.



MISS TAWNEY APPLE

MISS TAWNEY APPLE first attracted public attention through her snappy contributions to various poultry journals and her many invaluable hints to farmers were eagerly sought after. She is the real type of the literary woman, affecting a bulky appearance, caring little or nothing for her hair and eating raw onions on Sunday. Following are a few choice examples of her power as a writer:

A farmer may keep his finger nails looking up to date by polishing them with ground pumice stone. It should be applied at least ten times a day with an orange wood stick.

Never force rhubarb. It will get ripe soon enough.

A slice of egg plant makes a dandy sink stopper.

The farmer that goes to town to play pool because it's too wet to plow gathers no moss.

Chewing gum loses its strength when left exposed on the plow handle overnight.

In making apple butter select only the largest turnips.

When a farmer's wife cuts his hair she should be careful to scald the crock before putting it back in the spring house.

The farmer boy that joins the navy to see the world might just as well go to the work-house to learn broom making.

A farmer should never wear celluloid cuffs while playing croquet. The rattle disturbs the other players.

A farmer should either cut out his whiskers or spaghetti.



UNCLE NILES TURNER

UNCLE NILES TURNER was one hundred and three years old last November, and has never reported a conductor. He retains his faculties

to a marvelous degree and can remember when tomatoes were poison and derby hats were lined like coffins. When in a reminiscent mood Mr. Turner is highly interesting and rejoices in recounting the Treaty with Red Jacket and Charles Dickens' stopover at Bellefontaine, O., en route to Sandusky, where he was to lecture the following week. Mr. Turner claims that he once had a chance to buy the land where Indianapolis now stands for seven dollars but the owner did not have change for a ten. Although Mr. Turner once read a president's message and also brought the first organ to Brown County, Indiana, he is generally respected.



PROF. ALEX. TANSEY

EVERY now and then we meet a fellow in some honorable walk in life that was once admitted to the bar, and Prof. Alex. Tansey, the subject of this sketch, is a notable example. Mr. Tansey attended law school at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and was licensed to trim in 1906. One month after he began to practice he was found in his office unconscious from cold and hunger and induced to accept a position as teacher in Brown County, Indiana. During the evenings he reads a little medicine and at vacation time he hangs paper. Mr. Tansey also has the exclusive rights for three counties to sell the Peerless lightning rod. Professor Tansey's side whiskers belong to the last shaggy remnant of a once popular pastime on the North American continent.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

Fred B. Smith Mrs. Daniel Williams
Charles F. Stevens Lay Brother Joseph Dutton
Dr. L. O. Howard

FRED B. SMITH

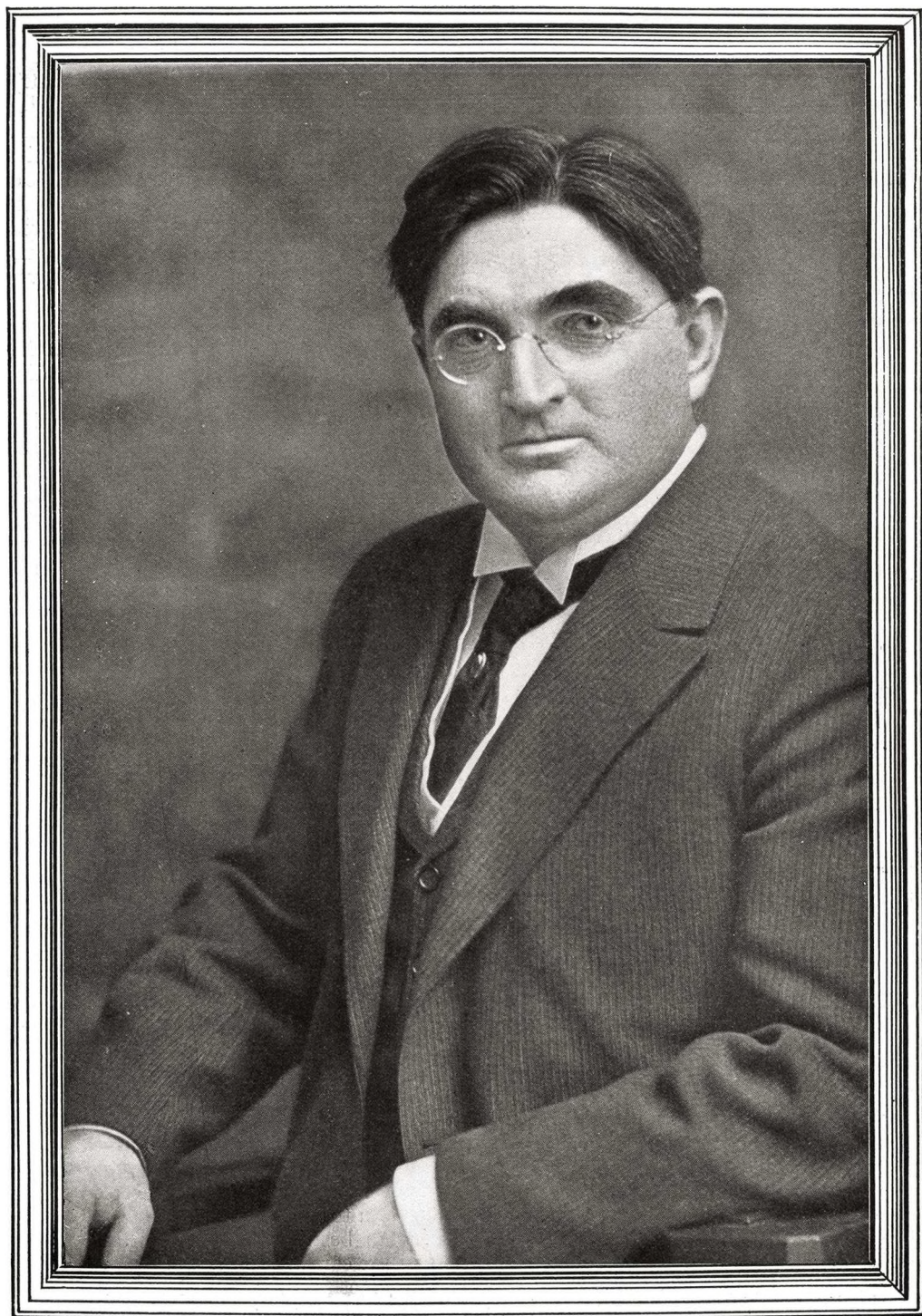
YOU painted me black, but not half as black as I am," confessed a soldier in the camp at Chickamauga during the Spanish-American war. There were 65,000 soldiers in Chickamauga at that time, rusting with impatience to get to the front. A man got up before a crowd of them one day and began to talk. He had a book in his hand. The book was the Bible and the man was Fred B. Smith. He didn't put on any airs in particular. He had huge bushy brows and hair that for blackness and bristle would make an Esqui nau pale with envy. His eyes looked level and unflinchingly into the eyes of men about him without boldness and without timidity. His features wore a half smile and a look that seemed to say "Now, boys, don't try to fool me, I know all about you: but I like you just the same and I have something to say that will do you good." In the nine weeks that he was there he swayed soldiers by the thousands.

And no wonder. Fred B. Smith is the most expert lay preacher to men in the English speaking world. He has belted the globe. He has talked to men in fourteen different countries. His name on the windows and his presence on the platform will bring more men together in more different cities of the United States on Sunday afternoon regularly, year in and year out, than any other name and presence in the United States. For twenty-one years Smith has been doing this sort of thing. He is known from Coast to Coast. Young Men's Christian Association workers put up

the sign "Smith is Coming;" they name the place and date, and then prepare to take care of the results. The largest meeting place will be filled to overflowing.

Smith was brought up on a farm in South Dakota. In 1887 he entered the Association work, throwing into it his tremendous vitality and power with men with such effect that in 1898 he was made Secretary of the International Committee. In 1899, as a member of the Committee, he campaigned the Associations of North America, holding conferences and evangelistic meetings in each city, organizing Bible classes, and everywhere inspiring young men. Smith doesn't coddle his auditors. He talks to them straight of right living. As a preacher he doesn't rant. His methods are quiet ones. He waits upon God. And while he waits, men, and mostly young men, by the hundreds will rise and ask to be prayed for, or stand and confess a new born faith in Jesus Christ. Somehow, when he takes hold of your hand you feel that he is just the squarest, keenest, sanest man you've ever come in contact with.

As for organizing genius, it is Smith who has conceived and pushed the Men and Religion Forward Movement, the most complete and varied program of religious activities with reformative connotations ever assembled. And he has been genius enough not only to conceive the plan, but to get it going. The International Sunday School Association with its marvelous ramification of sub-organizations that reaches to the last Sunday School in the most obscure corner of the country, the denominational men's Brother-



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FRED B. SMITH

The most expert and experienced lay preacher to men in the world. "The Men and Religion Forward Movement," which he heads, is to begin a campaign this month which is to move across this country in four parallel lines, reaching every city and hamlet



MRS. DANIEL WILLIAMS

For forty-one years she has been keeper of an important light on the Great Lakes at Harbor Point, Mich. Her husband, who preceded her as keeper of the light, was drowned one night in 1870 while trying to rescue a shipwrecked crew

begin eight-day campaigns, moving across the country in four parallel lines, until the ninety chief cities of the United States have been thoroughly fired with the plans which the Movement involves, each city having previously pledged itself to repeat the campaign with all of its adjuncts with workers taken from its own religious forces, in from twenty to thirty tributary cities, these cities to repeat it in surrounding towns and those towns to repeat it again until the last village, hamlet and farmhouse in the United States has felt the pulse of this ancient Gospel in modern panoply.

The purposes of the Movement are the preaching of righteousness, the inculcation of a more modern and more Christian ethical standard, the presentation of Jesus Christ as a salvatory force in the personal lives of men, the reviving of the churches and

hoods that are hitching on to the mighty Niagara of masculine force in the church which for generations has simply been flowing over the falls, and the International Young Men's Christian Association, with its magnificent equipment and its thousands of trained experts in work among men, have all hurried into alliance with the plan.

The first movement in the campaign begins in October of the present year, when four teams of eight specialists each, gathered from all over the Anglican world,

readjustment of their working methods to the needs of the day, a special appeal to boys and instruction to all churches and church workers in the best ways of organizing for the permanent carrying on of work among boys, training methods for special work for Bible School and for social service, even to the point of the making of a survey under the direction of experts with the inevitable political and civic reconstructions which would follow.

When social workers like Jane Addams,

Edward T. Devine, Owen R. Lovejoy, Graham Taylor, and Charles Stelzle join with a dozen other leaders of the same prominence in its endorsement, it is time to call such attention to the Movement and the man who leads it that all people may be forcefully informed of this new cloud upon the horizon.

P. C. MCFARLANE.

MRS. DANIEL WILLIAMS

MRS. DANIEL WILLIAMS for forty-one years has kept Little Traverse Bay light, out at the end of that point which, curving like an arm in the blue waters of Lake Michigan, forms the deep haven of Harbor Springs. In the summertime Harbor Point has the loveliness and charm that attach to the first of those beautiful resorts that are strung around the Bay from the Point to Petoskey. But in early spring and in those months of the fall and early winter when the sailors still brave the treacherous and angry lakes, the lighthouse on the wind-swept Point is a lonely place. Summer visitors to this region, the "resorters" as the natives call them, who go to see the lighthouse, find Mrs. Williams a quiet, mild-faced woman, with her own pride in the lighthouse, the burnished lens and the sand about it where little but sea grass and creeping charlie grow. Something about the house, with its boxed-in



CHARLES F. STEVENS

Phot. graph. by Nicholas

Superintendent of the Workhouse in Toledo, Ohio. Appointed by Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo to carry out the idea that all workhouse prisoners should not be treated as criminals, because many of them are merely victims of poverty

porch overlooking the waters, the white paint renewed with a maritime constancy, and all the snug contrivances for comfort, have the suggestion of a ship, so that one is not surprised to learn that Mrs. Williams' family have all been sea-faring, or at least lake-faring folk—we shall need a new word when the Great Lakes are discovered and someone with imagination sees the romance and beauty in them—and she herself says that she never feels lonely when she can see ships and water and hear the plaintive cry of the gulls.

Mrs. Williams lived in northern Michigan not only in the pioneer but in the savage days; she saw the first settlers build their cabins, and she lived in them when they were covered with the heavy snows of the awful winters of that region. She has heard the wolves howling around the cabin at night, she has seen fights with the Indians, she has known perils by land and perils by sea—or perils by lake—and she has experienced the joy that came when the Indian postman broke the stillness with mail from the outer world, or some French voyageur, pushing on westward from Mackinac, stopped at the cabin and whiled away an evening with old chansons. From northern Michigan she went to Beaver Island, where her husband was given charge of the lighthouse that guards the beautiful horseshoe harbor of Beaver Island.

"Many nights," said Mrs. Williams, "when a gale came on, we could hear the flapping of sails and the captains shouting orders as the vessels passed our point into the harbor, seeking shelter from the storm. Our harbor full of ships looked like a little city with its many lights. We could hear the sailors singing as they raised the anchors in the early mornings. One dark and stormy night we heard the flapping of sails and saw lights flashing in the darkness. A ship was in distress. After a hard struggle she reached the harbor and sank, and then—" The story halts, for Mrs. Williams's husband, in his efforts to rescue the crew, was drowned. For three days the storm raged, but the new-made widow, though weak from sorrow, remembered the light. Each day she crept up the winding iron stairs and trimmed the lamp. And she discharged this duty until the Government learned of her predicament. Uncle Sam then appointed Mrs. Williams keeper; that was in 1870 when it was not usual for a woman to fill such positions, but the Government was wise enough to know that the wife, who even in the very valley of death could remember others and keep the harbor light for them, was to be trusted, and from that day to this, Mrs. Williams has kept the lights, first on Beaver Island and now at Harbor Point. OCTAVIA ROBERTS.

CHARLES F. STEVENS

CHARLIE STEVENS, superintendent of Toledo's workhouse, is a sort of denatured Falstaff. He copies the figure with wonderful fidelity to detail, but has managed to exclude Sir John's faults

without any loss of lovability. A circus man all his life—a happy-go-lucky follower of fortune in many lands—he went into office without the slightest knowledge of the "criminal problem" or "police methods." That was exactly why Brand Whitlock appointed him.

No one is often in a workhouse from other cause than poverty. The sentence of the police judge is generally alternative—a certain number of dollars or a certain number of days. Those with money to pay the fine go free—those without money go to prison. Inasmuch as Mayor Whitlock does not believe that involuntary poverty is a crime, he holds that all work house inmates should not be treated as criminals. In order that this idea might be carried out, he looked about him for a superintendent without "copper blood" in his veins. Charlie Stevens was further removed from a policeman than anyone he knew, so Charlie got the job.

Mr. Stevens entered upon his new duties with no other insignia of office than a nice new shave. On his first morning, as he walked around testing the floors with reference to his weight, the prisoners went marching by, each man's hands on the shoulder of the man in front, their feet clanking a ponderous and despairing rhythm.

"Gee!" exclaimed the new superintendent, turning the preternatural gravity of his big round face upon the carefully uniformed turnkey. "All cripples, eh?"

"Cripples!" The man's jaw sagged. "Sure not."

"Well, then, what makes 'em lean on each other that way?"

"It's the lock step." The turnkey said it very proudly. By treating the workhouse inmates like real convicts, and giving the place all the airs of a real penitentiary, he hoped to become a real warden some day.

"Don't say!" exclaimed Charlie. "I'll bet it's fine for fellows with bum legs, but I don't seem to get it as the right glide for able-bodied men. Hey, boys. Just cut out the kangaroo lope and walk natural."

Walking into a little side room in the course of his exploration he came upon the workhouse barber carefully removing all human suggestion from a new prisoner. After watching the operation for a few moments, he poked the scowling victim in the ribs.

"Say," he murmured, "excuse me for buttin' in, but I shouldn't think you'd want it that short."

"Want it!" exploded the man. "I'd like to know what my wantin's got to do with it."

"Good gracious!" He turned a pained visage full upon the barber. "You don't mean to say you poodle these chaps whether they like it or not?"

"Sure. It's the custom to——"

"Pass it up. Pass it up quick. Shaving don't reform men. If it did we'd cut out the churches and build barber shops."

Up and down the line he went—ruthlessly eliminating all attempts at aping penitentiary punishments and discipline—atmosphering the whole place with his simple kindness. Without prying or impertinence, he got the stories of the men, and without preaching and hectoring he helped and strengthened. When he walked up to a group of sweating prisoners in the brickyard and gravely inquired, "Well, boys, how goes the battle?" not a man could hide his grin. Intensely human is Charlie Stevens—absolutely at one with his fellows—and it is out of this perfect understanding that he works more real uplift than many professional uplifters put together.

The Toledo workhouse comes under the operation of a very fair parole law that Mayor Whitlock succeeded in obtaining. And it is a heaven-sent boon to Toledo's unfortunates, insomuch as the police judge—fine Draconian soul—considers 176 days a nice, light sentence for the pettiest offenses. Joe Mooney, the Director of Public Safety, sits as a parole board once a week, and throughout the seven days Superintendent Stevens works hard preparing his "commencement class." Unlike the usual official he doesn't look for excuses to *keep* the poor devils in jail, but excuses to let them out. And Mr. Mooney, unlike the usual parole board, doesn't go over the case again to see whether the man was really guilty, but simply considers whether justice is best served by paroling him or detaining him. Thanks to Mr. Stevens, a "diploma" is rarely refused.

And as they go out, Charlie invariably stands at the door and makes this touching appeal:

"Got any kick comin' on the way I treated you?"

"Not on your life."

"Wouldn't mind doin' me a favor then?"

"You bet I want to do you a favor."

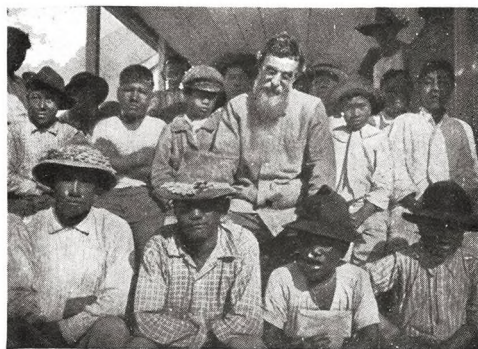
"Don't come back. That's all. A crowd worries me. Of course, work isn't very pleasant or profitable nowadays, but take a job just to oblige me. All I need to hold my job is just one prisoner, and I've got him all picked out. That wife beater back there just suits me as a sole companion. Now get to work—don't drink or fight or steal. It'll be

an awful mean trick if you ever come back here."

And out of the two or three hundred paroled last year—returned to useful activity—only four or five were "mean" enough to come back. Something of a lesson in this for the cities where the workhouse chiefly works to the manufacture of criminals.

GEORGE CREEL.

BROTHER DUTTON OF MOLOKAI



"—every fourth face a blot upon the landscape; had you visited the hospital and seen the butt-ends of human beings lying there, almost unrecognizable, but still breathing, still thinking, still remembering—

" 'Tis the most distressful country that ever yet was seen."

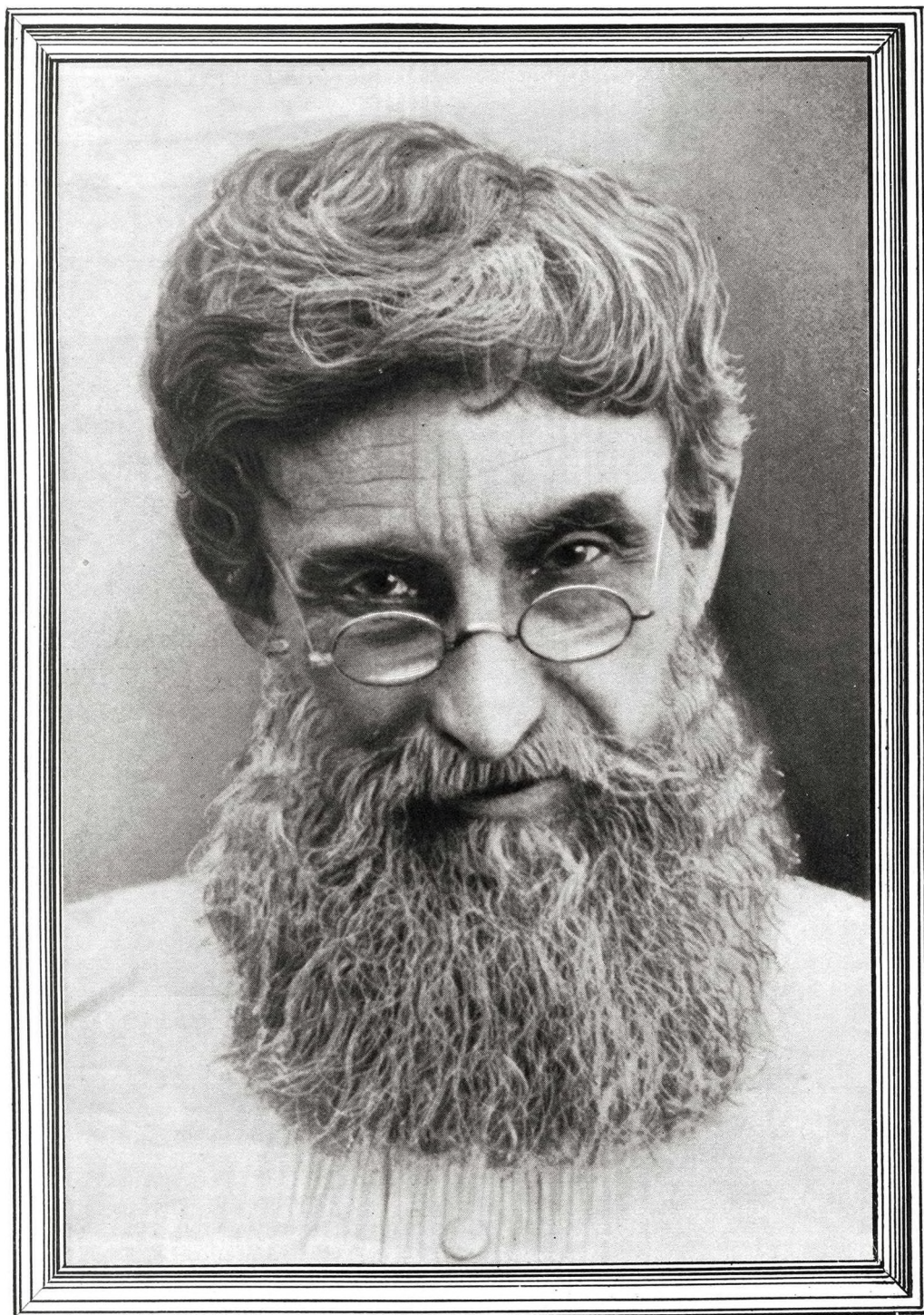
—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SOMETHING in the heroism of renunciation always strikes an answering chord in the human heart.

This is the story of Brother Dutton of Molokai, who for twenty-five years has lived among the lepers of Hawaii. Once in that time, as the story is told, he climbed the mountains back of the prison-like settlement where the lepers are confined, and looked far out to sea—and returned to his place.

Brother Dutton came to Molokai when Father Damien was still alive—that father Damien made famous by Robert Louis Stevenson. When Damien's swollen and leprosy hands could no longer hold the crucifix the leadership passed on to Brother Dutton.

A very remarkable man is this lay brother of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. Although most of the Roman Catholic work in the Hawaiian islands is in charge of Belgian priests, Brother Dutton is an American, coming, indeed, of an old New England family. His life up to the time he was forty years old was like that of tens of thousands



LAY BROTHER JOSEPH DUTTON

Of the Leper Settlement of Hawaii. "When Father Damien's swollen and leprous hands could no longer hold the crucifix the leadership passed on to Brother Dutton"

of other Americans—and then, suddenly, came the call to renounce. He was born of protestant ancestry in Vermont in 1843, and he lived during his boyhood at Janesville, Wisconsin, where he was employed in a newspaper office. He served through the Civil War and for distinction in service was promoted to the rank of major. After the war, Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War, appointed him a government agent with headquarters at Memphis, Tennessee.

It was here that the change in his life came about. The reason for that "revolt of the soul" is known only to a few intimate friends. A deep personal grief and a fancied sin against society suggested to this ascetic spirit the need for atonement.

At Memphis he turned from the world, seeking refuge first in an Episcopal Cathedral; but it was not long before he had embraced the Roman Catholic faith, being baptized in 1883 under the name of Brother Joseph. Then he began a search for that religious brotherhood in which he could work out his religious salvation as seemed best to him. For nearly two years he was a member of the famous Trappist monastery at Gethsemane, Kentucky, a community which exacts a vow of silence and where one is shut in by walls and forests in almost absolute seclusion.

It was here that Brother Joseph is said to have laid the foundation of James Lane Allen's story "The White Cow." One day while taking the place of one of the teaching brothers by the roadside he rescued a young lady who had been thrown by a runaway horse. Out of this incident, Mr. Allen wove his fanciful tale. The prior of the order hoped that Brother Dutton would take the final vows and so become the first man of American parentage to enter the monastery as a monk, but he longed for a more active life. For a time he was at the Convent of the Redemptionists, at New Orleans, and it was here that he first heard of Father Damien and his work among the lepers. At once he decided to use his life, if he might, in helping Damien. He closed all of his business affairs and started as an emigrant for San Francisco. He shipped for Honolulu, registering as a "servant"—"the only occupation I could state," as he explained.

At Honolulu he transhipped to Molokai, landing at the leper settlement just at sunset on July 20, 1886, and there he has been ever since. He assisted Father Damien until his death, helping him build his church and school, and after Damien fell ill with

leprosy, taking full charge of the work. Although he has been surrounded for twenty-five years with lepers in every stage of the disease, and although he has cared for them often in the most intimate way, he has not contracted the disease. A hearty, wholesome, sensible man with a fine gift of human companionship, he has made life pleasanter for hundreds of these poor prisoners of disease.

LELAND O. HOWARD

AN Englishman, bearing letters of introduction after the manner of his kind, once arrived in Washington on a varied quest. To begin with, he was chasing an earthquake. Also, he wished to be put on the track of an obscure issue of Confederate postage stamps. Finally, he sought information regarding certain tribal customs of the Hopi Indians. These matters, one by one, he laid before his host, a Washingtonian of long standing.

"Earthquakes?" said the resident. "Seismology? I'd better give you a letter to Dr. Howard."

"Thank you," said the Englishman. "And about the stamps?"

The other considered. "I think Howard is your man for that," he decided.

"And from what department shall I make inquiries as to the Hopis?"

"I can't do better than to refer you to Leland O. Howard," returned the Washingtonian with a smile. "You'll find him at the Bureau of Entomology."

"But, I say!" exclaimed the visitor. "Does your friend, Howard, know everything there is to know?"

"Perhaps not quite," admitted the resident, reluctantly. "But if he doesn't, he knows the men that do."

Dr. Leland O. Howard, Chief of the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture, is an encyclopedia of his own branch of science, and a living directory of every other branch. He has the widest personal acquaintance among scientists of any man in America; and this acquaintance extends far beyond the borders of his own country, into Europe, Asia, Africa, and the remote islands of the earth. It began with his secretaryship of the Cosmos Club, which is the scientific center, socially, of the United States. Subsequently he became Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, an office which he has held since 1898, and which



DR. L. O. HOWARD

An expert on insects in the Department of Agriculture who has turned his great scientific knowledge into service valuable to the whole public. One of his flashes of ingenuity was the creation of the term, "typhoid fly."

keeps him in constant touch with every phase of progress. He has, perhaps, more important, difficult and technical questions put to him than any other man in public life to-day.

Entomology had no particular appeal to the popular imagination when Dr. Howard became the head of the Bureau in 1894. Immediately he set about "connecting up," in the popular mind, his branch of endeavor with the practical affairs of every-day life. Notoriety, or even notice for himself he has never sought; but shrewd newspaper men in Washington began to perceive, as they came in casual contact with him, that there was "special" news of interest to be obtained from the obscure bureau devoted to the study of insect life. The North began to learn about the boll-weevil and the South about the gipsy moth and the whole country became interested in that dangerous nuisance now known to be eradicable, the mosquito. Finally, Dr. Howard, with a flash of ingenuity truly literary, damned the familiar and universal summer pest with the name "typhoid fly." In that telling and now current phrase inheres more instruction and warning than in many tons of pamphlets. This sort of thing has established Dr. Howard's repute, in this country, as an educator of the public. In foreign countries, however, where his scientific fame is of the first rank, he is known chiefly as a technical investigator and expert, more particularly in the difficult and obscure realm of parasitology. The list of his European memberships is long, and (for the purposes of this brief sketch) futile. But his standing is indicated by the fact that he is the only American on the International Agricultural Committee.

If I were put to the test of guessing Dr. Howard's occupation, at first sight I should say that he was a successful surgeon; and, for a second venture, I should guess him to be the head of some great business concern. In manner and bearing he is typically the man of execution and of affairs. He is robust, powerfully built, blunt, direct, and friendly. In his little office at the Bureau, he sits

amidst an indescribable litter of pamphlets, specimens, and instruments, and gets through an incredible amount of work. Given five minutes of leisure, he seizes upon his pet microscope and loses himself in his favorite study of parasitic insect forms, until some polite and inquiring expert from Japan, or a delegation of progressive farmers from Kansas drag him forth to answer questions. His notion of the millenium was once declared to be the time when a controlling parasite should be found for every insect which destroys mankind's crops or poisons mankind's veins.

Two years ago Dr. Howard was elected president of the Cosmos Club in one of the liveliest campaigns ever known to that sedate organization. The opposition had put up Dr. Wiley, of pure food fame. Now, both Wiley and Howard are reckoned among the most popular men in Washington (I don't mean the ebb-and-flow Washington of politicians and millionaires, but the real Washington that stays and works). Also, they are great friends. Each set out and electioneered, tooth and nail—for the other fellow. Dr. Wiley is fond of boasting, with a chuckle, that he proved to be the better politician, for Dr. Howard won by half a dozen votes. Dr. Wiley can afford the chuckle, as he is now president of the club.

There is plenty of Leland O. Howard besides the scientist. He is a man of wide enjoyments, who plays as heartily as he works. He swings a good club at golf and a better cue at billiards, and plays a sound hand of bridge. He is learned in music and an omnivorous reader. As his scientific duties take him much about the earth he knows "cities and the hearts of men"—their tongues, too—and he can fraternize with a group of French laborers in a third-class compartment with the same catholicity of enjoyment that he derives from an abstruse discussion with a German savant. As much as any man whom I know, Dr. Howard lives up to the Terentian standard of life: nothing human is alien to his interest.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

The Right and Wrong of Baseball

Tricks and Schemes, Block- ing and Interfering; the Art of Balking



By Hugh S. Fullerton

Author of "The Inside Game," "Watch His Arm!" etc.

Illustrated with Diagrams

SPORTSMANSHIP" is a relative quantity. In cricket it is unsportsmanlike to bowl until addressed by the batter. In a logging camp it is sportsmanlike to kick a fallen adversary in the face with spiked boots. In most games the money must be placed before a bet holds, while in cockfighting a bet by word of mouth is binding and none is so low as to welch.

The standard of sportsmanship varies with every sport and no fixed rule applies to all. Lord Eustis, when in America last summer, saw a game of baseball. He criticised and declared the game marked by unsportsmanlike acts. He was judging baseball by cricket standards—which is unfair. Baseball indeed has the strangest code of ethics of any game played by men. A hundred things are considered "fair" in baseball that would be "muckerish" in any other game, yet the players, professional as well as amateurs, rule certain things as "unsportsmanlike" and resent them as a sportsman would resent the shooting of a fox.

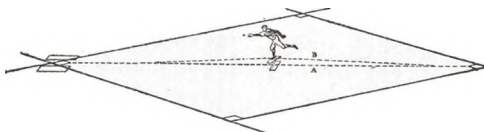
The reason for this difference in the ethical code of sports lies in the fact that baseball is a game of the wits quite as much as, if not more than, of the arms and legs, and the professional

season is like a long military campaign. The things branded as "unsportsmanlike" are the bits of strategy by which one team seeks a trivial advantage of position, and one might as well accuse a military commander of being "unsportsmanlike" in taking advantage of every point as to bring the charge against the players of baseball.

Almost anything is ethical and proper in baseball that will win games except maiming or injuring opponents, playing for a personal record rather than for the team, and "laying down." Professional players accept everything as "fair" and "part of the game" that involves the use of the wits, provided the opposing players have an equal chance to detect the trickery and turn it to their own advantage.

The tricks and schemes used by major league players to win games and to secure an advantage over their opponents are remarkable to an outsider, but are accepted by the players without question. And in almost every case of seeming unsportsmanlike playing it can be found to result from some

weakness in the rules, or from some rule that is impossible of enforcement. The players have found the weakness, and profit by it—and all players accept the plays as legitimate,



If a manager has a staff of tall, overhand pitchers, the pitcher's box is sometimes raised over a foot in height to add to the angle of the ball in delivering it

because "what's fair for one is fair for the other." To outwit; to outthink; to think too rapidly and to plot too deeply for the other fellow is the greater part of the modern game. Detection of the trick usually ends its usefulness, provided the lawmakers can frame a rule that will prevent the repetition of the act.

"Fixing" the grounds so as to give the home team the advantage and handicap the visiting players is the commonest form of trickery, yet in professional ball it is not considered wrong, any more than a commander of a defensive army would consider it wrong to prepare breastworks to meet an enemy. The extent to which the fixing of grounds is carried is amazing. There probably is not a major or minor league grounds in the country on which the home players have not the advantage, and visiting teams are forced to be on the alert from the

moment they enter a field to discover, if possible, what they are up against.

The practice of stealing signals by mechanical means, which has been decreed almost a crime in professional baseball, has been largely employed in the past but probably never will be again. It is a paradox that all teams consider it right and proper to steal signals, if they can be stolen by quickness of eye, either by active players, the coaches, manager, or benchmen. Yet it is now a high crime to try to steal the signals by use of buzzers, semaphores and other devices operated by outsiders.

I have been told many times that signal tipping by outsiders is an impossibility, and some players believe that no one possesses eyes keen enough to detect and interpret the catcher's signals. Yet Morgan Murphy, an attaché of the Philadelphia club, for three years, by the use of powerful field glasses, kept the batters and base runners of that

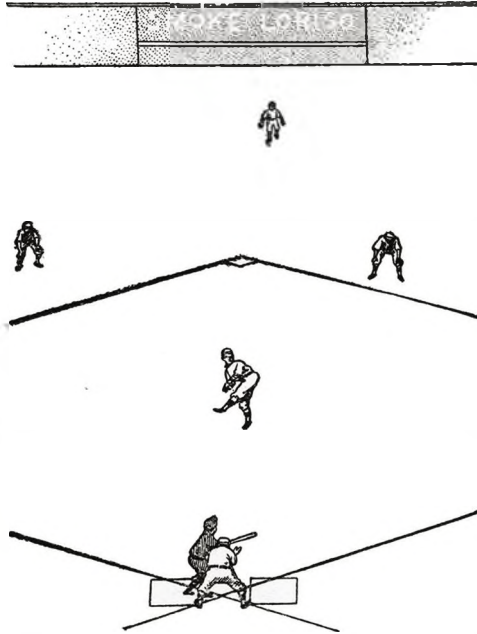
team informed constantly what ball the pitcher intended to pitch, when the pitcher would pitch out, and what play was to be attempted. To do this he conveyed the signals by means of an electrical "buzzer"

planted in the ground under the feet of the coacher. In vain the pitcher and catcher changed signals or changed their meanings. Murphy seemed uncanny in his ability to understand their signals. Years afterward I asked Murphy how he managed it.

"Why those bone-heads," he laughed, "they never seemed to think that if anyone in the clubhouse could see the catcher's signals he could see the bench. They would sit on the bench and explain the signals to each other and with the glasses I could see as plainly as if I was sitting with them."

The New York American League club created a scandal only recently by stealing signals, using a

rather clever device. There was a sign on the center field fence and the letter **H** was prominent in it. The cross bar of the **H** was movable and behind the sign a man with field glasses signaled the batters by turning the bar. The scheme worked for a time—but such trickery cannot endure long. The man employed to steal the signals happened to be a friend of Hughie Jennings, and he had an intense desire for the Detroit team to win the championship. So when the "Tigers" visited New York, the man behind the wigwag system explained it to Jennings, saying the system would not be used to beat Detroit, but would be used against other teams. Instead of trying to profit by this favoritism Jennings warned the Washington club and scattered the word through the American League. The result was the exposure of the stealing system and a scandal that resulted in orders forbidding any such trickery under penalty of expulsion from baseball.

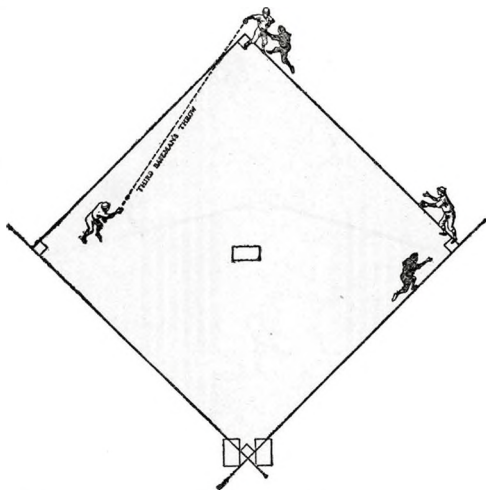


"There is nothing more disconcerting to a batter than a break in the background. . . . The lower background is green. Above that is a blue sign. Between them, not more than six inches wide, is an open space. When the pitcher's hand swings so that he releases the ball on a line with the crack between the blue and green, the batter is lost"

Betraying of signals by mechanical devices is, however, a very small part of grounds-“fixing.” The very contour of the grounds is altered continually, so as to give the home team certain advantages which will suit pitchers’ or fielders’ peculiarities. Nor is it considered unsportsmanlike. One season the local club will run to a certain type of pitcher, who is most efficient when working at a point above the batter’s head. If a manager has a staff of tall, overhand pitchers the pitcher’s box is a mound, sometimes more than a foot high to add to the angle the ball must take from the overhand pitcher’s hand to the plate. If the team has a pitching force of short, underhand or side-arm pitchers, the slab is level with the rest of the diamond, or lower.

One of the best examples of “doping” grounds to favor the resident team was the Baltimore grounds, during the epoch of McGraw, Keeler, Kelley, Jennings and Robinson—all great baseball generals. The team was composed of fast men, several of them left-handed batters and good bunters. The players were extremely fast going to first base and they ran the bases well after reaching that vantage point. From the stands the grounds looked much like all other grounds—but they did not look that way to the players. The base lines and portions of the infield had been filled in with a concrete-like substance, which, when dampened and tamped down hard was as fast and springy almost as gutta percha. The first base was quite two feet lower than the home plate, second base still lower, third base just a little higher than second and the runners needed alpine stocks to come home from third. The pitcher’s slab was elevated or depressed to suit the style of the pitcher, center and left fields were level, while right field, where the clever and speedy little Keeler played, was at such a sharp down grade that when Keeler played “deep” the

batter scarcely could see him. The field was kept rough and the weeds and grass grew high. The visiting right fielder was all at sea as to which way a batted ball would roll, or how to reach it, while Keeler knew the angles perfectly and sprinted along rabbit tracks known only to himself. The “Orioles” favorite method of attack, especially against slow teams, was bunting toward first base, the team being one of the pioneers in using the bunting attack as a method of demoralizing the defensive infield. The bunting was varied by “chopping”; that is hitting the ball on top, to make it bound high. The hardness and springiness of the grounds made chopped balls bound to enormous height and the fast sprinters beat out scores of chopped balls while the helpless infielders were waiting for the ball to come down.



“With a man on first when the batsman hits to the infield and the ball is played to second base, forcing out the runner coming from first, he (the runner) is supposed, in baseball ethics, to get his body into the best position to prevent the baseman from throwing to first base to complete the play”

Not satisfied with all these advantages, they banked up the base lines until they resembled billiard cushions, in order to keep bunted balls from rolling foul.

These things were permitted, tacitly, but they resulted in wholesale imitations so rank as to interfere with the sport, and then the powers passed rules regulating the growing evil. The Pittsburg club banked up its third-base line and “doctored” the diamond in almost farcical fashion one season, and the National League forbade the practice, although dozens of less glaring cases are passed unnoticed.

Doctored the earth around the pitcher’s slab is common—almost universal. The rules prescribe the height of the slab, but they are not enforced. Some clubs change the height of the slab regularly and the pitchers keep ground keepers busy, each striving to get the keeper to elevate or lower the foot brace to the height he imagines will aid him.

Few clubs attempt to gain advantage by lengthening or shortening the pitching distance, although there have been instances.

Peculiarly enough, that is "unsportsman-like" in this odd code of ethics and the team trying it is scorned by all others. The quickness with which the trained player detects any shortening or lengthening of the pitching distance also acts as a detriment to such work. In one case a pitcher for the Boston club stepped onto a slab, pitched two fast balls, stopped the game and announced that the distance was short. The umpire secured a steel measure and discovered that the pitcher's plate had been moved forward twenty-two inches. The pitcher had detected the change in pitching twice.

George Huff, leader of the perennial Western Collegiate Championship team of the University of Illinois, uncovered an effort of that kind at a rival college. He was on the bench while his pitcher was warming up and saw the curve breaking at the plate instead of in front of it, and exposed the trick, the pitcher's plate being over two feet too near.

Softening the infield by keeping it water logged, to slow up a fast team (keeping an infield "slow" to help out a poor fielding club) is resorted to regularly, yet there is a riot if a home team dares wet the grounds in order to cause a postponement of a game. This has been done. In fact Anson still claims that the Cincinnati club robbed him of a championship by soaking the grounds after a slight rain and forcing the postponement of a game which, if Chicago had won, would have meant the pennant.

One of the newest ideas is that of "soaping" the ground around the pitcher's position. It consists of placing some greasy substance in the dirt. When the dirt is "doped" the home pitchers either have a safe spot in which to rub their perspiring hands, or carry dry dirt in their pockets. The luckless visiting pitcher reaching down to grab a handful of dirt, finds his pitching hand greasy and has trouble in controlling the ball. This trick grew so general that pitchers resorted to carrying pumice stone and sand in their pockets, then it was abandoned because it did not profit anyone.

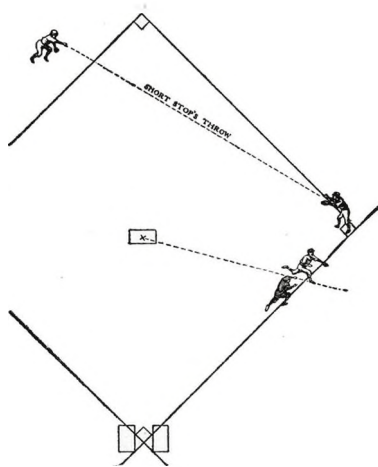
One club, fearing a great spit-ball pitcher, filled the dirt around the pitcher's position with a burning substance, knowing that he would convey it to his mouth in wetting the ball.

"Doping" the ball, a practice which grew general after the discovery of the spit ball, has been frowned down as unfair. It grew to be a disgusting evil before it was suppressed. The players themselves regard changing the balls or using unfair balls as radically wrong. There have been cases of players getting "live" or "dead" balls into play, but such trickery is considered as bad as cheating at cards among the reputable players. This evil was remedied by the adoption of a uniform ball in each league. The manufacturer vouches for the balls, and each is inspected and then signed for, not by, the president of the league.

Discoloring the ball is a common practice, but the custom has been legislated against until it is passing away. The object, of course, is to make the ball black on the theory that the batter cannot see the dark ball as well as he could a white one, but except on dark, cloudy days this makes little difference. On such days, when speedy pitchers are working, usually every player on the infield is armed with licorice, or some other blackening substance, and the new balls are blackened within a minute after

they are thrown into play. The use of backgrounds which help or hurt the eyesight of the batters is well known and on practically every grounds in the country the background in center field is painted a soft olive green, which is judged the best to see against. Some weak-hitting teams, knowing their own inability to bat, use confusing color schemes on the background to handicap the heavier hitting visitors and make all batters look alike.

The Chicago White Sox, which never was a hard-hitting club, had grounds on Thirty-ninth Street on which, players aver, no



Showing how the pitcher, pretending to back up the first baseman on a throw from the shortstop, interferes with the base-runner by passing in front of him, impeding his progress

batter could hit .300 per cent. The hitting on that grounds for years, both for the home team and the visitors, was the weakest in

the major leagues. The background was responsible, a row of varied colored bleachers filled with moving spectators, confusing the batters. The condition helped make the White Sox pitchers the greatest in the country. The team moved to a new grounds with a green batting background. It began to hit better, and its great pitchers began to be batted harder, although even on the new grounds the background is faulty.

There is nothing so disconcerting to a batter as a break in the background—which may cause him to lose sight of the flying sphere for perhaps a twentieth of a second as it speeds toward him. That is the condition on the White Sox park now. The lower background is green. Above that is a blue sign. Between them—not more than six inches wide—is an open space. When the pitcher's hand swings so that he releases the ball on a line with that crack between the blue and green the batter is lost. Half a dozen of them lost sight of the ball late last year and were hurt, Meloan seriously.

There was one inventive minor league manager who attempted something new last season. He has a changeable background, dark green when his players were batting and a glaring brilliant, yellow-green when the other fellows were trying to hit. The scheme was abandoned when the umpires threatened to report him, although no rule forbids it. His trick was varied by another Western manager who placed a movable disc in the shape of a sign on the center field fence. The disc was a neutral green in color, and formed, seemingly, the best possible kind of background. When his own men were batting the disc remained stationary, while as soon as the visitors came to bat a boy, stationed behind it, turned it quickly

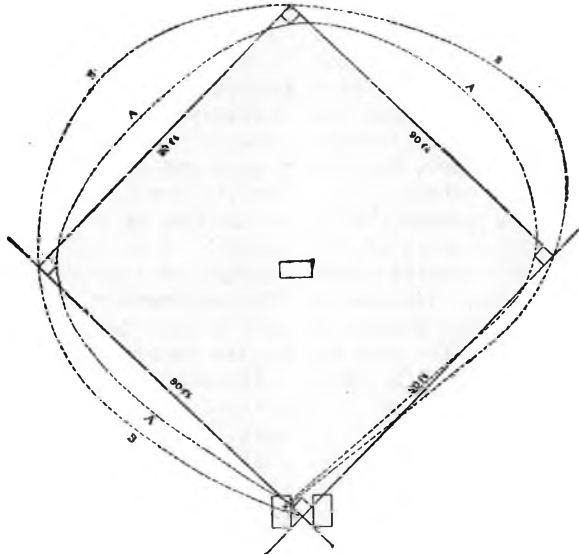
just as the ball was pitched. The batters could not understand what confused them. They saw the ball as if through a blurred haze. Some one on the bench ultimately detected the trick, and the exposure of the

scheme called a stiff rebuke from the league to the manager, who disclaimed all responsibility. Later it was alleged that two of the players invented the device.

The hitting of batters with pitched balls is entirely proper and ethical in professional baseball—under certain conditions. The rules forbid batters taking first base when they purposely permit themselves to be hit by pitched balls. The rules also define clearly where the batters shall

stand, but these rules are dying, if not dead letters, because it is extremely difficult for the umpires to enforce them. The best batters are those who "crowd the plate," that is, who stand as near the plate as the rules or the umpire will permit and lean over the corner of the rubber to make it difficult for the pitcher to pitch across that corner without taking a chance of hitting the batter.

The players recognize the fact that the lines of the batters' position are obliterated within a few minutes after a game starts and that the umpires practically are helpless to enforce the rules or to tell, while watching the course of a pitched ball, whether or not the batter steps over the line. So it has become part of the unwritten law of the game that the pitcher may "bean" (that is pitch at the "bean" or head) any batter who "crowds" in order to drive him back from the plate. It is ethical under the players' code to hit and to injure any player who persists in encroaching upon the forbidden ground, and the batters themselves recognize this danger and accept it as part of the game.



- A. Ty Cobb's record-breaking course around the diamond with no men on bases, made in Chicago, October, 1908; time, $13\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Estimated distance, 408 feet.
- B. Ty Cobb's path in running the bases with the basemen in position, forcing him to take the outside track. Time, $15\frac{3}{8}$ seconds. Estimated distance, 476 feet.

They argue that, if they take a chance of serious injury, they are entitled to whatever batting advantage they may gain. It is considered good sportsmanship not to complain if hurt.

The same odd basis of understanding exists between basemen and base runners. If the runner or the baseman "takes a chance" of injury to himself, then he is entitled to whatever advantage he may gain. The runner always is entitled to "the line," and must be given a clear path to the base except in cases in which the baseman is compelled to block the line in order to field or catch a ball. If the baseman steps across in front of the runner to take a wide throw, theoretically the runner must turn out and permit him to make the catch. Again the impossibility of deciding whether or not it is necessary interfered with the working of the rule. Under the unwritten rules of the players, the one who weakens and dodges a collision is the loser, while the one who is daring enough to risk injury to himself is entitled to the benefit, regardless of the rules. The player who is willing to risk the greatest damage to himself naturally becomes the best base runner.

Much of this appears unsportsmanlike—yet it is not viewed that way by the players. They regard the game as one of nerve and daring as well as of speed, skill and brains—and stand ready to reward the daring ones.

One of the commonest forms of interference, and a play distinctly "unfair" and "unsportsmanlike" in almost any other game, is the kind of interference used in "blocking a double play." Yet in professional and in amateur and college baseball the players have accepted it as legitimate, and it is considered good playing and good sportsmanship to block the fielder—almost

as much so as blocking in goal at soccer. Any manager in the country will rebuke a player if he fails to block an opponent. The only provision is that the runner must not "make it too raw." The play is permissible

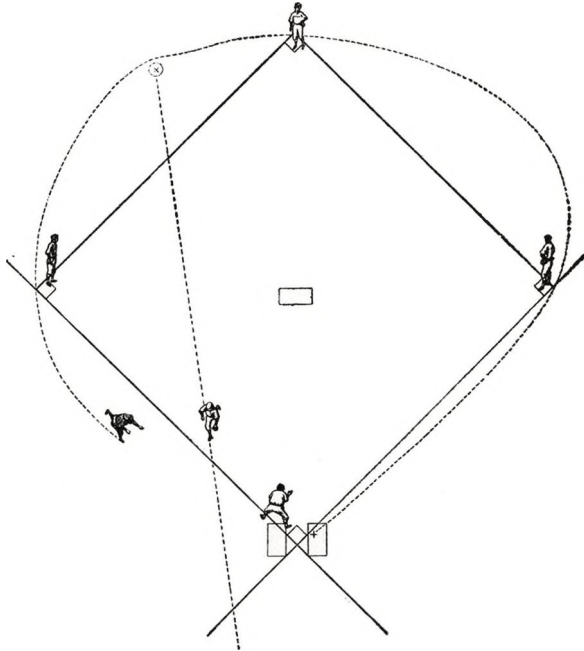
really as a reward of cleverness.

With a man on first when the batsman hits to the infield and the ball is played to second base, forcing out the runner coming from first, he, (the runner) is supposed, in baseball ethics, to get his body into the best position to prevent the baseman from throwing to first base to complete the play. If he does it so cleverly as to raise a reasonable doubt as to his intentions, the play is permitted, in spite of the fact that the rules give the

baseman the right to make the play unhampered, and state that the runners shall be called out in case of interference. If the player bumbles, throws up his hands, bumps or catches the fielder, the interference is allowed. They base their argument that the violation of the rules is right on the ground that all have an equal opportunity.

It is not the intent of the rules that base runners shall be blocked off bases by the basemen using feet and legs to hold them away until they can be touched. Yet blocking has become one of the recognized arts of the game and every baseman is supposed to block off the runners at every opportunity. No infielder is considered competent unless he is able to "block" well.

Four fifths of the injuries of players result from blocking. The player who blocks, risks getting cut with the spikes of the runners, and the runner is conceded the right to "cut his way to the base," as Cobb remarked last fall he was compelled to do. Both runner and baseman risk injury, and neither com-



Positions of players in the infield while the batsman is making a home run; their intention being to delay him in every possible way

plains of the result unless, as in some cases, one uses foul means.

Making the runner take a wide turn in rounding bases, bumping the runner just hard enough to throw him off his stride, and crossing in front of him just close enough to make him shorten his steps, are considered legitimate. It is remarkable how little pressure is required to unbalance a runner who is turning a corner at full speed. Just a touch will send him staggering, and even to step toward him throws him off his stride, and frequently losing even one step results in an out or prevents a score.

Few basemen permit a runner to pass their station without making some effort to delay him and unless the umpires are watching closely the interference will be serious. The only justification of this they give is that they take a chance of being seen. If they interfere so cleverly as to deceive the umpires, all right. If they are caught the runner is advanced.

Ordinarily a runner circling the bases without interference runs from four hundred and ten to four hundred and twenty-five feet, because he is forced to run from base to base in arcs. But when he hits a home run in a real game he is fortunate if he can make the circuit without running four hundred and seventy-five feet.

Ty Cobb, who probably is the speediest man circling the bases that ever ran the distance, loaned his wonderful speed to some experiments last year. Cobb ran the bases on the Chicago National League park in October, 1908, timed by three watches at thirteen and one fifth seconds, establishing a record. His run that day was marvelous in that he took every base in exact stride and lost extremely little ground in making the turns. Last year Cobb did some sprinting on the bases to establish a basis of time and distance for me. We placed the regular infield in position and Cobb started, each man acting exactly as he does when Cobb hits a

home run. The result was that he ran four hundred and seventy-six feet in fifteen and four fifths seconds, and not one of the infielders did anything that an umpire would analyse as "interference" although he actually was interfered with five times before he reached the plate.

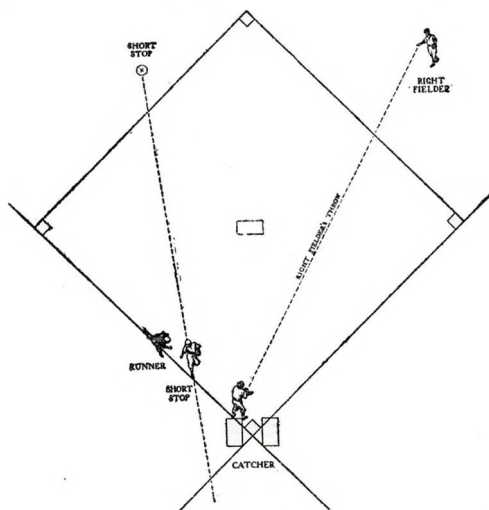
The moment Cobb started the first baseman "covered" the bag, standing on the inside corner, to make Cobb pass back of him. This compelled him to swing far into right field before straightening for second base. He approached second base with the second baseman running ahead of him to reach the bag. The baseman stopped on the bag, as

he is entitled to do, and forced Cobb back of him, compelling another outward turn, and the shortstop was in his path, getting out just in time to let him pass. The shortstop then started for the plate, ostensibly to back up the catcher, but really to pass in front of the runner again. The third baseman was "anchored" on the base, forcing Cobb to swing out onto the grass, and when he reached the dirt again homeward bound the shortstop crossed directly in front of him, and made him shorten his steps to avoid actual

contact; from that point home he had no interference, except that the catcher was two feet on the third-base side of the plate, and in a game would have blocked the runner had he been forced to slide.

The basemen merely took the full limit of their "rights" under the rules and made Cobb "take the outside track." They gave the outfielders two additional seconds in which to get the ball back to the plate.

Each one of the infielders interfered artistically. Failure to calculate to a step their own speed or the speed of the runner means actual interference and in "crossing" in front of runners the professional player reveals the nicety of his judgment of time and pace. The pitcher is supposed to cross in front of runners going to first base frequently on pretense of backing up the baseman on throws.



When the runner is attempting to score from third after a fly has been caught in the outfield, the shortstop tries to delay him by crossing his path on the pretext of backing up the catcher

All this is interference, of course, but it places a premium upon skill, cleverness and quick-wittedness. Occasionally the trick reacts. There was a nice exhibition of this last summer in a game at Philadelphia. Doolan, of the Phillies, was trying to go from first to third on a base hit. Tinker, seeing the umpire's attention was directed elsewhere, started to cross in front of Doolan and throw him out of step. Instantly Doolan, seeing that he probably would be out at third, changed plans. Tinker saw it too and started to leap out of the way. Doolan grabbed him, bumped him, rolled over and leaping to his feet ran toward the umpire claiming interference. The umpire had turned just in time to see the mixup and he promptly called Doolan safe and allowed him to reach third. And Tinker, who fights for every point, said not a word. He gave Doolan credit with acting too rapidly for him.

Tommy Leach had a habit, when he was playing third base, of standing on the bag when a runner was trying to score from third on a fly to the outfield and yelling at the umpire, "Watch his feet! Watch his feet!" thereby ordering the umpire to see that the runner did not start before the ball was caught. All the time Leach would be setting himself to grab the runner's belt and hold him just an instant to check his start for the plate. He worked it so often and so well that opposing players were angry. One day Del Howard, now manager of the Louisville team, reached third base with one out. The batter lifted a short easy fly to Wilson, one of the best throwers in the league. It was 3 to 1 Wilson would throw Howard out at the plate if he started, yet Howard poised in sprinting position as if to take the chance. Leach at once prepared to give the belt a jerk. Wilson caught the ball. Howard leaped—and the belt was left in Leach's hand while Howard claimed interference and it was allowed. Howard, knowing Leach might give his belt a jerk, had unbuckled it and allowed it to slip off.

The runner trying to score from third base on a fly catch is expected to start before the ball is caught. It practically is impossible for the umpire to tell within a step or two, whether the start is made before the ball actually strikes the fielder's hands. Every runner, therefore, is expected, not only by his own manager and teammates, but by the opponents, to gain the advantage of a step or two—possibly eight feet. The best runners state they watch the ball until it is

about fifteen feet from the fielder's hands, then turn and start. They all admit it violates the rules, but they consider it legitimate to gain a step, since if they watched until the ball hit the fielder's hands they would lose one, and "what's fair for one is fair for all."

But perhaps it is in balking that the odd ethics of baseball are best shown. For thirty years the baseball lawmakers have been trying to increase base running and to evolve some rule that will prevent pitchers from balking, that is, making deceptive motions to lure the runners into making a premature start from the base. They have not succeeded. The balk to baseball is what the rebate is to interstate commerce. Rules have been made so stringent that it would seem that the pitchers must be helpless, yet in the major leagues no pitcher is considered really competent until he has perfected a "balk motion" which, while warranted to make all runners "hug first" or start at the wrong time, must be one that the umpire cannot detect. The pitchers work for hours at a time, day after day, striving to cultivate some peculiar motion of the arm, shoulder, or body that will deceive base runners without being detected by the umpires. The famous balk motions of Clark Griffith, "Hoss" Radbourne, Nick Altrock and Mattie Kilroy were all achieved the same way—just a slight forward tilt of the body and a scarcely perceptible "hunching" of the pitching shoulder. If any one of them could get an umpire to stand directly behind or in front of them, they balked as they pleased, deceived the base runners with every motion and yet the umpires could not see even the slightest motion. The double umpire system, which permitted the umpire to stand at one side of them made balking harder, but still men like Walsh, Ford, Mathewson and many of the left handers balk steadily.

There are, on an average, forty actual balks made in every major league game, yet the number of balks called in the two major league seasons hardly will average one hundred, which is a tribute to the skill of the pitchers at beating the rules.

Peculiarly enough a great many of the "balks" that are called are not balks at all. In fact, I doubt if the umpires see any except the rankest kind of balks—which are mostly accidents. When they call a balk, they judge from the actions of the base runner, rather than from the motion of the pitcher, that a balk has been committed and they find the pitcher guilty on circumstantial evidence.

The greater part of the sharp practices

and seemingly "unsportsmanlike" plays really are the result of weaknesses in the rules and the refusal of the players to handicap the smart and speedy players down to the level of the mediocre brains and bodies.

One may regret that the morality of the game is not higher—but if, for instance, the ethics of cricket prevailed in baseball, the game would lose much. What would an American "fan" say if the first baseman politely sidestepped a runner and allowed the ball to go to the stands rather than handicap him in reaching the base? Or if a shortstop sidestepped to permit a runner to slide to second, rather than block him?

Still it is cheering to know that every year baseball advances in real sportsmanship. Tricks common fifteen years ago now would bring censure upon any player. Every year the players improve their standard of demeanor on the field, and it is not noticeable that the game has been emasculated. Gradually the players are adapting the game to the public's standard of fair play. For, after all, the public makes the standard, and even the wildest American "fan" revolts if his team resorts to unfair and unsportsmanlike tactics.

There was a pretty instance of this on the Polo grounds in 1908 when the New York and Chicago teams met to play off their tie for the pennant.

Perhaps the maddest, wildest, most frenzied fan in all that host of violent partisans

was a well-known actor. This actor secured part of a seat in the press box and during the early stages of the struggle he raved and raged. He shouted, howled, almost wept. Reporters tugged at his legs and swore wildly at him. He walked on their hands and danced on telegraph instruments, seeing only the players. Behind him hundreds of men were raving almost as wildly. Chicago was leading, but in the middle of the game the Giants had runners on second and third, one man out and a base hit meant a tied score, perhaps victory and the pennant. The crowd went insane—and the actor made the ravings of John McCullough sound like the prattle of an infant. The batter swung and a weak foul fly floated back toward the stand. Kling trotted back and stood, face to the stand, waiting for the ball. In that instant some wild person hurled a pop bottle full at the Chicago catcher. Another threw some other object at Kling's head. The bottle whistled past his face, the other object grazed his arm. The ball dropped into Kling's hands.

The moment the bottle was thrown a roar of anger and a storm of hisses swept the stand. The actor, leaping onto the desk screamed, facing the crowd:

"Just for that I hope New York loses."

There is little danger of lack of sportsmanship wrecking the game when the patrons have that kind of love for fair play.



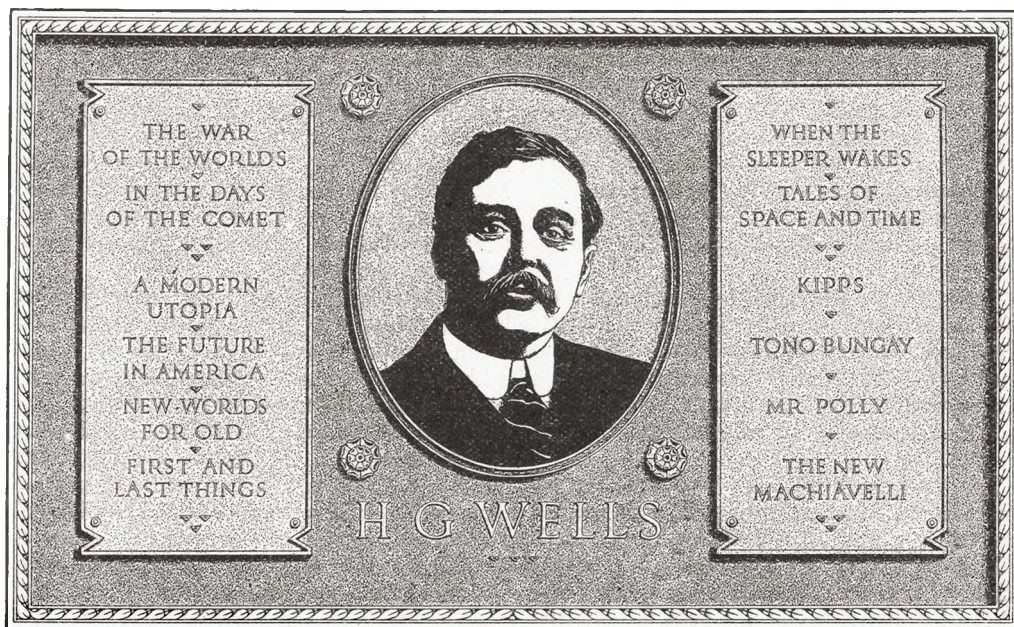
The Street Lamp

By William R. Benét



HOMES stand in slumber. Sleep broods shadowingly
 In this deserted street's far-vista'd night,
 Save only where a little mortal light
 Sheds on the pave its careful boundary,
 And shines a kindly host to each degree
 Of city wraith, where wan street shadows plight
 Strange troths. Lost footsteps echo and unite
 In a refrain that seems a threnody.

The sweet low laughter of a girl's first tryst,
 The sob of homeless poverty, faint cries
 Struck dumb,—loud Folly, Mirth the satirist!—
 In silence once again Fate's byway lies.
 Brave little star, dawn pales, and through the mist
 Sadly you wane. How sad, and oh how wise!



An Appreciation of
H. G. Wells, Novelist
 By Mary Austin

Author of "The Land of Little Rain," etc.

*A new serial novel by H. G. Wells entitled "MARRIAGE"
 begins in the November number of this magazine*

THE very ancient conception of a genius as one seized upon by the waiting Powers for the purpose of rendering themselves intelligible to men has its most modern exemplar in the person of Herbert George Wells, a maker of amazing books. It is impossible to call Mr. Wells a novelist, for up to this time the bulk of his work has not been novels; and scarcely accurate to call him a sociologist, since most of his social science is delivered in the form of fiction.

There are people who call him a Socialist, and that, with some definition, is what Mr. Wells calls himself; there are others who call him a revolutionist; but, under whatever caption, he is distinguishedly a maker of books, informing, vitalizing, indispensable books;

and when one attempts to account for the range and variety of Mr. Wells' product, the first inescapable inference is that behind them is a man of broad and specific learning.

It is not possible, by naming the schools where he has been educated, to give any notion to an American audience of the quality of Mr. Wells' scholarship. He is not, as we understand it, a University man, but so far as his learning relates him to his time, better educated than most University men dare profess to be—a scholar of human conditions. Chiefly, besides finding out how the things that are came to be, Mr. Wells' preparation for his work consists in living.

He has lived, not episodically nor by proxy, as so many literary men tend to do, but consciously and actively, for forty odd years.

How many American men one knows who let their wives and children do half their living for them! But Mr. Wells has done his own living, which probably accounts for his having done so much of his own thinking. At any rate he has never clouded his genius with the obscurations of an "Art Atmosphere."

All the time I knew Mr. Wells in London I never persuaded him to speak but once of Art.

"An artist," said he, "has nothing to do with success; neither must he concern himself whether he is read by one or one million; he must just do his work." And Mr. Wells has demonstrated that, if an artist does that sincerely, success will have much to do with him.

The first book of Mr. Wells to attract attention in America, though it was not his first writing, was "The War of the Worlds," published in 1898, the first of a group of singular but irresistible romances in which Mr. Wells, by anticipating the bent of scientific discovery, or by deflecting it slightly from its present course, created an original background against which he worked out the socialistic remedy for the economic disorder.

It was just here that the Powers seized upon Mr. Wells. The pressure of economic discontent in England, so much greater than the home-bred American can realize, the chafing of regenerative forces against the social superstitions (conservatism is the stately word for it, but really there is a lot of it on a par with the objection to sitting down with thirteen at table) produced the electrical conditions which demanded a man as the medium of discharge. No doubt Mr. Wells was primarily a novelist, but then and for a long time the social forces were too much for him. All through his earlier work the artist can be seen shaken in the teeth of the Social Consciousness. Even in his latest work, "The New Machiavelli," it runs neck and neck with the story until the reader is left a little in doubt which of the two had the better of it. But in 1900 Mr. Wells wrote "Love and Mr. Lewisham," and gave the first intimation of what his work might become when he had subordinated the reforming impulse to the simple mastery of human life. "Love and Mr. Lewisham" is the story of a very usual young man and the struggle of his ambitions and egoisms with the mating instinct. It is so satisfying as a story that it is not until a long while after reading it you discover that what Mr. Wells has been saying all the time is that it is only our disordered social system that sets the mating instinct at war with a man's

personal development. The real trouble with Mr. Lewisham was not that he was in love or ambitious, but that he found it difficult to make a living. That, in one way or another, is the crying difficulty of Young England, and none sees more clearly than Mr. Wells the relation of all our so-called immoralities to the economic condition and the impossibilities of remedying one without correcting the other.

¹ Socialism is Mr. Wells' remedy, but it must be understood that his particular brand of it is not so much a system as a state of mind; a kind of awareness, a realization of the pain of social maladjustment in the farthest, least little toe of the social organization. Earlier in his career Mr. Wells was active in the society of Fabians, and the various tentative measures by which the growing pains of social discontent manifested. But of the theory of Socialism as it exists now in England he says, "It has gone up into the clouds and the practice of it into the drains." Those who are interested can find the best explication of Socialism as it appeals to Mr. Wells as a "plain human enterprise" in "The Misery of Boots," first published as a Fabian tract. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion, on reading it, that you are some kind of a Socialist yourself.

Mr. Wells is the most contemporaneous of writers. He has more and more sensitive tentacles laid along the lines of growth of Modern England than any other writer, and they outreach the budding tendency by so much as makes his work hopeful. When Mr. Wells writes about a no more striking person than a draper's clerk bicycling for a holiday, you perceive not only how he came to be just there in the social order, but also how he might have been bettered in the making. In this Mr. Wells differs from his contemporaries, Mr. Galsworthy, who leaves the reader under the impression that things are so bad that something ought really to be done about it if anybody only knew how, and Mr. Bennett, who sets you wondering if it ever occurred to him that anything could be done.

In nothing is this contemporaneous character of Mr. Wells' work so notable as in his acceptance of the machine. Gears and coherers, radioactivities and the powers are as much a factor of Mr. Wells' world as pounds, shillings and pence. They are part of the communicating medium. That is, perhaps, why he is able to make them pass current in his tales as no other, not excepting Mr. Kipling, has done. Mr. Kipling's feeling for machinery is the feeling of a poet, it comes

alive for him, presents itself as personality; but Mr. Wells' feeling is of a man stretching himself and realizing to the full his extended capacities and powers.

His motors and aeroplanes are the swift feet and the wings of a man, and somehow Mr. Wells convinces you that it is not in the least surprising for a man to be possessed of such conveniences, or even of others much more remarkable.

The quality of Mr. Wells' work is uneven, which is perhaps natural to the earlier stages of an artist's development, but it is of increasing humanness. In "Tono Bungay," his most successful novel, the story of the rise and decline of a patent-medicine millionaire, it is possible to forget for whole chapters that the author is writing in England of Englishmen.

The locale of the story is never actively a protagonist except in the presence of the ladies. Barring the accent and a difference in taste in neckties, it is possible to find most of Mr. Wells' men in Indiana, but his women are all Englishwomen. There is sometimes a touch of the method of Balzac in the sense Mr. Wells gives of having got to the bottom of his male characters; there is nothing left in the crucible. But it is conceivable that of

his women the best of them might have known the novelist better than he knew them. But Mr. Wells is an avowed feminist, and has been active in the dramatic struggle now going on in England for the enfranchisement of women, and this failure of the world-touch in the delineation of femininity might very well be due to the fact that women themselves are not yet molded to the world type, but retain longer than men the stamp of their particular environment. It is the possibility that Mr. Wells may be able to pass even this limitation that gives the fillip of interest to his forthcoming novel, "Marriage," which is to begin in the November *AMERICAN MAGAZINE*. If he can lift the subject out of little London, into the universality achieved in "Tono Bungay," he will at the same time raise himself to a citizenship in the world of human understanding not attained by any Englishman since Mr. Dickens, and by few before him.

It is because Mr. Wells exhibits possibilities of doing just this thing that he is so well worth watching. There is no writer to-day who gives his readers such a satisfying sense, by the mere delight of attending to him, of having participated in a social solution.

The Foundations of a Sky-scraper

By John S. Reed

GHASTLY the pit with thousand-candle flares
 Sharp as a sword,—white, cold and merciless.
 Bared to the world, the rock's swart nakedness,—
 Shadows, and mouths of gloom, like dragon's lairs.
 Thunder of drills, stiff spurting plumes of steam,—
 Shouts and the dip of cranes, the stench of earth,—
 Blinded with sweat, men give a vision birth,
 Crawling and dim, men build a dreamer's dream.

Clamor of unknown tongues, and hiss of arc,
 Clashing and blending; screech of wheel on wheel,—
 Naked, a giant's back, tight-muscled, stark,
 Glimpse of mighty shoulder, etched in steel.
 And over all, above the highest high,
 A phantom of fair towers in the sky.

“On Strike”

A Collection of True Stories

By

Mary Field

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*A few months ago, in Chicago, forty thousand women and men, girls, boys and little children suddenly dropped their needles and thread, their chalk and shears, and refused to make clothes. The garment workers were on strike. No walking delegate called them out; no labor organization drilled them. It was a people's movement, deep-seated, leaderless; marked by all the folly, all the heroism, all the childlikeness, all the grandeur of a peasants' revolt.*

OUT of the back room a fat, loose-jointed woman, jiggling a baby in her arms, came toward me.

“Mrs. Wolfsohn not home,” she began. “She go by the tracks for a little coals. I gives care on the childrens. Them two’s mine.” She pointed to two little kinky heads, just visible above the kitchen table, who were taking turns drinking from a cup of tea. “The other five’s Mrs. Wolfsohn’s.”

“Mr. Wolfsohn is on strike yet?”

“Oh, sure!”

“He won’t go back?”

“How? Why, no; he’ll stick. You see, he must to stick, ’cause he ain’t out just for hisself. You see, it’s so with a strike; we poor people is like two horses hitched together, pullin’ a load. The bosses puts even so much on the load they think we can to pull. They gives us just so little oats, just so little rest. So we pull. Sudden we fall. We cannot to pull more. ‘Get up!’ says the boss. We lie still. ‘Give us more oats, more rest,’ we say. ‘No,’ says he, ‘it’s a strike!’ We say, ‘Take off from the load.’ He swear; he whip; he call the police; he say, ‘Get up and pull.’ He wait long time cause he think like this—‘Pretty soon we get hungry.’ We wait. Then he say: ‘Quick, I must to get to market. I will give you little more oats, little more rest.’ So we gets up together. We falls together and up together, and ev’ry time we falls, we

falls farther up the hill, and each time we get a little more oats, a little more rest. Say, my man says that the load we’re pullin’ wouldn’t be so hefty if the boss wasn’t settin’ on the top. Excuse me, that’s his way of speakin’.”

“*What’s a Dell?*”

In the back room the children had formed a circle and were swaying slowly about.

“A farmer in a dell; a farmer in a dell; high-ho the dairy-o, the farmer in a dell,” one of the children chanted dully, out of tune. Listlessly, the children circled and circled, moving like slightly animated bags of rags.

“They don’t get enough to eat—they poor childrens. Strikes is fiercest on women and childrens. You ought to see the crowd by the expensary. I’m tellin’ my husband that a strike’s a good thing f’ doctors and undertakerers. Yes’m, I am.”

The chanting had ceased. The children did not seem to have enough energy to finish the game. One of them came toward me and eyed me solemnly, and in the stare of that baby’s face I seemed to see the face of all workingmen’s children, asking the eternal why of existence.

“What’s a dell?” I asked her, wondering what conception of “rocks and rills and dells” a tenement child had.

“Adel? That’s a gurri’s name. Give me a penny.”

The mother in charge slapped the child’s face.

“F’shame on yourself! You *schnorrer* (beggar)!” Then, as the child began to whimper, the neighbor said in a tone pitched only a little lower than the child’s whine: “It’s a shame how, when yer anxious and worried all the time, yer ain’t got no time to learn yer childrens manners. Seems like, when all yer thinkin’ is as what’s goin’ into yer child’s stomach, it don’t seem so awful important as what comes out of their mouths. A strike is sure hard on mothers and childrens. A man now can always go to a “free lunch,” and it ain’t so bad on young people as can get other jobs. But mothers and childrens can’t do nothin’ and they must stay to home.

“Mrs. Wolfsohn wasn’t always like this, livin’ this here way—eight of them in three tiny, little rooms. She had a swell place, five rooms, before the strike; with embroid’ry pillows and a silken quilt. But when her husband couldn’t pay the rent, they got convicted (evicted), and they sold everything—the quilts and underwears, the furnitures, all her embroid’ry what she brought with her out of Russia. It’s the truth I’m sayin’, that last week come on so bad with the gas shut off, that she pawns her weddin’ ring as she was married with twelve years. She was cryin’ ’bout that, poor thing, but children’s crys is loudern mother’s. You know how it is yourself that a mother would drag out her hairs for her childrens to eat. And they’s many as pawns their feather beds, and moves closer up on account of this strike.”

“Where do they all sleep here?”

“Well, excuse me, but four of them sleeps in the one bed with the father and mother, and the baby sleeps in the buggy. The old grandfather sleeps there,” indicating a rickety bed-lounge whose broken springs were covered with pieces of quilt. “He’s an old man and like’s not will die pretty quick now.” She seemed to ask pardon for the old man’s continued existence. “But he ain’t much trouble and he don’t eat much. He’s over by the *Schul* (synagogue) now, sayin’ prayers. I suppose they’s lots of old mens as is prayin’ for the strike to be over; it gives the poor things something to do.”

She lighted a candle and set it on a shelf. It’s pale flicker lighted up a picture of George Washington beneath a gay American flag.

“You burn candles?”

“Yes, since they shut off the gas ’cause

the bill ain’t paid. So she buys candle-ends in the market. They’s a man there as buys the ends off churches.”

I started to go. “Come to-morrow and excuse me for talkin’ so much. We’ll get along all right.”

Cheering Up Husband

Not far away, down the alley, lived the Rubensteins. Mr. Rubenstein, a little hollow-cheeked Jew, opened the door. A tiny boy clung to his leg as if he feared being shaken off.

“Sure, I’m on strike! Ain’t everyone? I make my good livings when I work, every week \$12, \$14. Been in the trade now ten years. The Mrs. Rubenstein is in there,” pointing to the bedroom off the kitchen.

“Yes, she’s sick.”

I went into the bedroom. At first I could not distinguish the yellow face of the sick woman from the musty bedclothes. Gradually, a face, wrinkled and crisscrossed, seemed to gather out of the folds and creases of the pillow. I thought she was sixty years old, but she told me she was thirty. Very softly she spoke. I had to bend down to hear her. Eggs she said she needed; and milk, meat, and air. And the fumes from the soft coal were bad for her.

Her husband folded his arms on the foot of the bed while tears dropped onto the tumbled bedcovers. On his coat a little red and blue button gleamed—the Union button—for which tiny speck of color, with its great symbolism of brotherhood, he had been on strike for three long months.

The sick woman pulled me down toward her again. “Say,” she whispered, “I’m blindish. Tell me, does the child look sick? I won’t ask my husband; he might go for a scab then, and he musn’t work till they all goes. A curse on the scab!” She raised a skeleton hand. Her husband, a weak little man, sobbed.

Quickly she comforted. “Oh, we’ll get along all right now. There’s the charities, though we ain’t came to that yet. And Sara will work. I takes her out of school and she goes for to learn neckties. That’s four dollars a week if she’s workin’.”

The Italian Who Dressed Like a Sport

Mr. Ferella’s home was near by. Mrs. Ferella and four little Ferellas had just come from Italy. Want and distress met them at the threshold of their new home. They

dared not apply for aid for fear of deportation.

In a spotless little kitchen, the kitchen which Mr. Ferella had furnished for his wife, we talked over the strike.

"You bat you life, I no go back. The padrone (landlord), he maka me so much trouble. Allatime knock on door and say: 'Giva de mon for de rent!'" He talked on, now in Italian to his wife, now in broken English to me. Suddenly he stopped, put his hand to his neck and felt of his shirt band. Tears gushed to his eyes.

"I notta shave; gota no coll. I shama myself. 'Fore deesa strike, I dressa myself just so lika 'Mericana, de collar, de necktie. Fixa myself so fine, jes lika sport. I go by de grocerie; de grocerie man he say 'Gude morning, Mr. Ferella.' I go by de padrone; he say, 'Gude morning, Mr. Ferella.' Now de grocerie man, he no speak; de padrone, he no speak. I gotta no shave; no coll. I shama myself."

The Whole World Akin

When I looked at the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of Goldie and Theresa, finishers on coats; when I heard their young laughter; when I saw Joe and Sam, cutters, swelling about and at the same time trying to look unconscious that the occasion had titled them "chairman" of their respective shops; when I watched big Polish Michael play the mouth organ in the back of one of the strikers' halls for a group of boys and girls to dance by—I realized that the strike did not press heavily on youth.

"Ain't he a swell fellow!" whispered Goldie. "You know them cutters used to be so stuck up in the shop. They wouldn't speak to a finisher. Now everybody's speakin' to everybody. You know in the shop, we'se all fightin' so, and usin' bad languages, we are so jealous one to the other; but now since we're strikin' and talkin' on how it all is, how it don't make no difference how you're Jew or Crisst, or a padder or cutter, it's all the same, and how we got to stick to one another or bust, it's—it's grand now. You got so many more friends!"

In forty-three halls the forty thousand met, and, whether the strike itself was radical or not, the counsel of the speakers sounded strangely conservative. Almost two thousand years ago a leader of the people in Galilee used the same terms in addressing the working people. "Bear ye one another's burdens," and "Know ye not that

ye are brothers," and "No man liveth to himself." In forty-three halls in nine languages the words most repeated, over and over and over, were "brotherhood," "solidarity," "unity," "self-sacrifice," "the child."

Down from the halls came the people: women with shawls held tight under their chins; men worn and haggard with toil; spruce young fellows and wide-eyed girls; heavy-jawed peasants and keen little Jews. And their faces all shone with a purpose, as did the face of Moses when he came down from Mount Sinai.

Many wonderful things took place in the halls. The young boys and girls met on a common footing, met freely, met under wholesome circumstances. There was love-making in the corners, there was holding of hands, there were whispers and appointments.

"So it always happens with a strike," said the County Commissioner of Marriage Licenses; "it means many marriages. The people's got a holiday! They can make a little honeymoon! They have a little spare time for luf!"

Over in the Italian hall, the place looked like an "Old Home Picnic." The Italian men who worked during the summer on the railroad construction were there; the mothers, "home finishers," were there with their babies; black-eyed little children ran in and about. They all gossiped and lunched, told stories of the old country, and saved coal on their separate hearths by being together. It struck me as rather queer that people had to go out on strike in order to have a little leisure in which to play, to visit and to cultivate the sweet, friendly side of life.

In many of the halls orators developed. Dumb men became silver-tongued. Mere boys spoke as ones "having authority," and shy girls, children they seemed, swayed audiences of rich and poor, cultured and illiterate. It was the blossom time of youth, when stunted and starved intellectual vigor was suddenly forced into rich fruition.

The Funeral of a "Martyr"

"I will tell you something, brothers, which you will say impossible to a civilized country that is like America situated," said an earnest speaker, addressing a large group of Bohemians. "You must excuse my hollering, but in regard for this big hall I must holler. One of our sisters is dead. She died on account of her lungs when she was out selling papers for the strikers. To-morrow her



"A STRIKER IS DEAD!"

The streets were filled with snow. Many people were without coats; shoes were worn through the soles

funeral is, and we should all turn ourselves out to show her how great our sympathy is."

And they, and hundreds of others, turned out by the thousands. As the endless stream filed slowly by the coffin, shriveled Italian women crossed themselves and cried aloud. Big, unsentimental men had tears in their eyes, a girl fainted, and flippant young men were grave. Then eight strong men, Poles and Lithuanians, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, bore on their shoulders through the streets the white casket of the little Jewish garment worker. Buried in that white casket with their "martyr" were the prejudices, the hatreds, the intolerances of a thousand years. In the Valley of the Shadow of Death man learns that all people are one.

"Taint no more'n right that you and Miss E——, representin' The Vomans Thrade Union Leg, should march behind the corpse," said a self-appointed, officious little master of ceremonies, leading us to the front.

"March by fours! Go yourselves by twoz!" he commanded, as he ran frantically up and down the lines of disorganized, straggling marchers who paid no heed whatever to his martial orders.

The streets were filled with snow. Many of the people were without coats; shoes were worn through the soles. All along the line

of march men on the sidewalk took off their hats, and the women in the windows bowed their heads. Street cars waited, and teamsters reined in their horses. Groups of little boys and girls huddled on the curb and whispered, "A striker is dead!" Their little faces were solemn.

There was no music, no dirge, no tolling of bells. Even the tramp of feet was muffled by the deep snow. Now a sob, now a cough, now a whispered command given in Yiddish, or Polish, or Italian. The shadow from a cross on the spire of a Catholic church and from a "Sholem David" on the peak of a Jewish temple fell athwart the silent procession with its symbol of unity at its head.

"I tell you vot I seen by dees strike is beyond subscription," declared a German woman. "Ofer and ofer again our Herr Pastor say we are brudders, but seems like we are not till we be. I haf seen Jews in Christian churches mit one eye, and Catholics in Protestants mit der odder. Ist vunderful!"

The Story of the "Martyr"

The night of the funeral I heard the story of "the martyr," as they all called the dead striker; told me by a sixteen-year-old girl as she sat on the edge of the bed in the tiny

windowless room where she and her chum boarded.

"When I hear for sure thing a girl striker is dead, I lay on the bed cryin' like every-thing. And then Anna, my chum, she lays on the bed cryin,' and we both cry together so, on the bed. I don't know the girl, but I feel so sorry that I must to cry. Oh, she was a poor girl, poorer'n we, an awful poor girl, and when I think on how it is with poor girls, I can't help from cryin.' She lives in one little room, no fire, no clothes, just stickin' out for the Union, and when she was sellin' papers for the benefit on the street, she take such a cold, and she ain't got no doctor, no medecin or nothin' till she's worse. Then comes a doctor, but he ain't so good 'cause he ain't a professor. Well, he kills her, of course, but he can't help it. And so when I was thinkin' on how she was stickin' for us girls, I and Anna was cryin' for that poor girl as we ain't never seen.

"Then sudden I stop cryin' and I say to Anna: 'For why do we cry? Ain't she better off'n we! She ain't cold; she don't have to buy no winter underwears; she don't have to worry for the eats; she won't never go scabbin'. She's lucky, lucky more as we.' And Anna says 'Sure, she is.' And then we both say ain't it a foolishness for to cry for some one as is luckier'n we. So we get dressed and we goes out on Halsted Street and we looks on nickel show pictures and mill'n'ry windows. Honest, I ain't been to a nickel show in nine weeks, and I'm forgettin' how they looks!

"I heard she had a swell funeral, something grand. I says to Anna like this: 'Honest to God, Anna, it's better to die stickin' to the Union than it is to go scabbin'!' You might as well be dead as go scabbin', 'cause you ain't got no friends no more nor nothin', and you ain't respected in the neighborhood. But this here girl what's dead, everybody's respectin' her so. If I'd had underwears and shoes I'd gone to the funeral. 'Tain't no more'n right. Didn't she die stickin' for us girls?

"Say, if I was her boss and I read on the papers how it stands with her, I'd be so ashamed of myself. That's the truth, I'd be so ashamed that I couldn't eat nothin', cause really then you come to think on how it is, you can see for yourself how it is the boss as really kills her."

"Ida," I said, "the boss perhaps would like to be kind. But he can't. Each is trying to beat the other."

"I s'pose so." She reflected a moment.

"I s'pose it's like with us. We try to get

the most done than some one else; to sew faster'n some one else, so's no one will get our jobs off'n us. That's mean, too."

"*Somethin' Cheerful wid Jokes*"

The reading room over in the public park was full of boys and girls, wriggling around in their seats like a lot of little worms.

"They come here to read, or to pretend to read," said the attendant. "They say it's 'fierce' home. You know that anxiety makes a mother cross and fretful. The children come here to read now because their parents won't let them take the books home with them for fear of something happening to the book and a fine being incurred. Life has gotten down to the penny! In all the children's clubs there has been a perceptible falling off of membership. Parents haven't one or two cents for the child's dues.

"And it isn't only the children who throng the library! The main library building downtown is a rendezvous for the strikers. Not a seat to be had in the reference room! Habits of reading and study are acquired in a period of enforced leisure, and a foreign people are becoming acquainted with American history and with American institutions. The attendants say they cannot supply the demand for books on these subjects.

"And over in the Art Museum the crowds are enormous on the free days—Italians by the score, groups of little working girls, and people who never had time to go before or were too tired on Sundays. I heard of one young man who looked longingly at Millet's "Skylark" and then asked the attendant where he could get a print of the picture. He wanted to buy one after he went back to work.

"They say that the foreigners are ignorant. Why, they don't have a chance to be much else! But a strike certainly demonstrates that they are hungering and thirsting after righteousness. It's the way a man spends his leisure that proclaims what manner of man he is!"

She swept her vigilant eye over the wriggling room.

"See that little Solly in the corner. He came into the library to-day and asked me for 'somethin' cheerful wid jokes,' adding that 'pa's on strike and ma's fierce cross, and the baby's cryin' all the time.'"

The Trail of Blood

Part of the trail is stained with blood. It is recorded in police registers, in court pro-



THE STRIKE DID NOT PRESS HEAVILY ON YOUTH

ceedings, in the bitter memory of those who were beaten and bruised. The daily violence to a man's soul of a low wage, the deteriorating effect of long hours of exhausting speed, the slow poison of festering irritations for which there had been no normal outlet, all found sudden expression in violent attacks upon the property of the employers and upon the persons of those who were loyal to them.

A "scab" became a thing of loathing—a leper, a heretic. They regarded him much as the poor, shivering patriots of Valley Forge regarded the Tory adherents to the

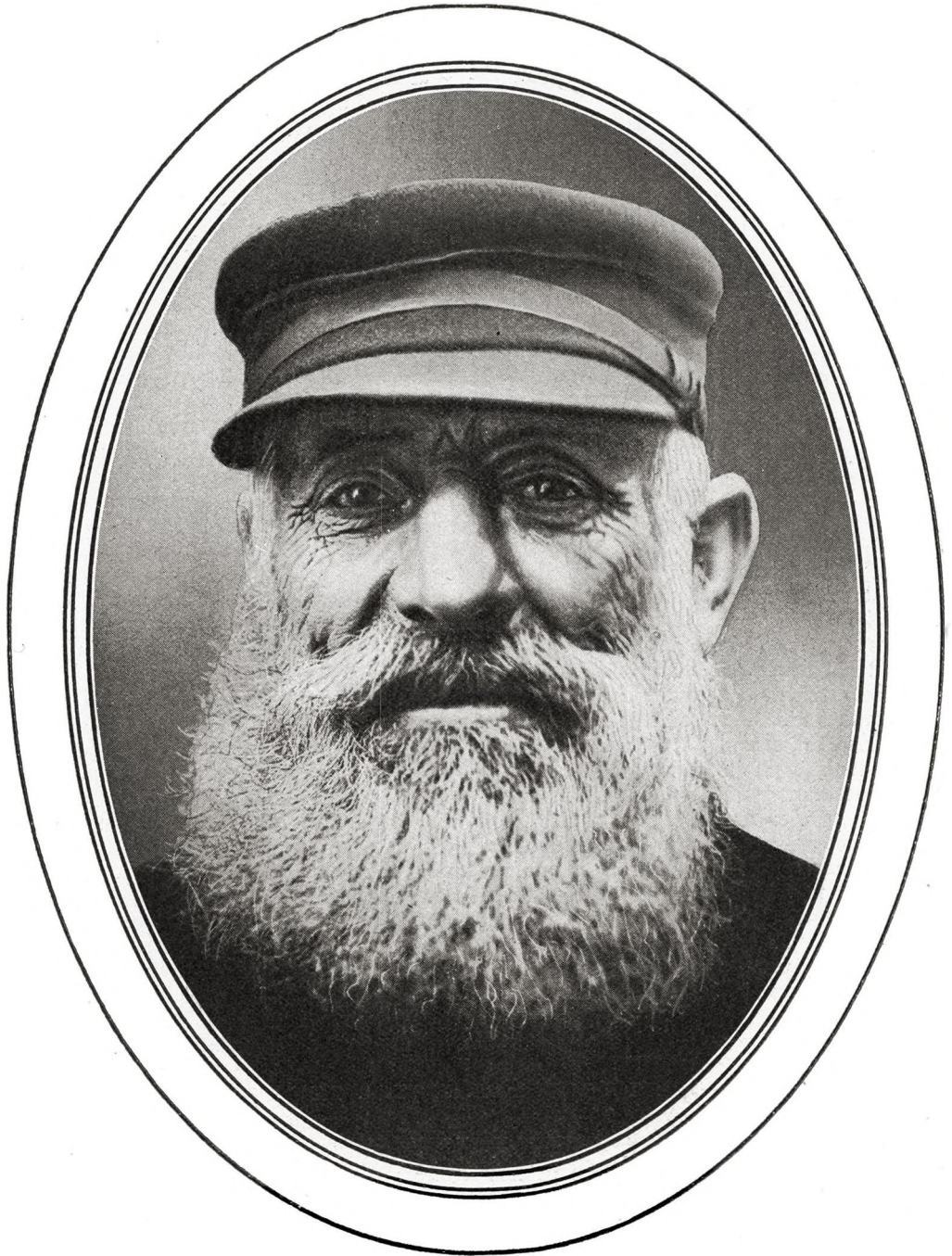
King. Those who remained at work were persuaded by threats, by intimidations, by violence to join the ranks of the workers. In the dead of night, homes were entered and scabs dragged from their beds and beaten. The houses of landlords who evicted strikers were plastered with signs. Gentle girls with kind eyes and soft voices suddenly sprang tigerlike upon women who worked, upon police who guarded, and scratched and dug their nails into their enemy. Acids were thrown, plate glass windows shattered, machinery wrecked, mobs hooted in front of



SCARRED BY MANY BATTLES

the factories. A secret night committee of young "terrorists" prowled after dark, spreading alarm more by their dire threats than by any actual fulfillments.

And to all this violence of the mob, the police, hired like Hessian troops, responded with like brutality, often provoking quarrels for the love of a fight: and because they had



“BY DAY HE PULLS BASTINGS AND BY NIGHT HE
READS DARWIN”

unlimited power on their side, they became more inhuman, more bloodthirsty than the mob. Innocent boys and men were shot to death, heads were split open, women and girls were clubbed and beaten, pedestrians were trampled under the feet of plunging horses. In the municipal courts, records rolled up of arrests, of fines, of sentences. Seven hun-

dred and eighteen arrests, fifteen per cent. of them young women; 109 held for violence. Foreigners they were, recently come from lands of oppression, young, passionate, excitable.

They were taken into court, there to meet for the first time the American system of law proceeding. "Jury trial," they repeated the minute the door of the courtroom opened. "Jury trial." And those words, whether spoken by Lettish or Slav, by Pole or Italian, became the "open sesame" to the hall of justice. From lands of the despotic Roman law these foreigners had come. Back of them lay a grim memory of tyrannical police courts, of scant justice and arbitrary decisions. In their adopted country a trial by their peers was accorded them, and upon the foreign population of the city dawned a vision of America's wider liberty.

The Public's Interest

Not a silent witness to the struggle was the public. Again and again the public spoke. It spoke through its churches, through its women's clubs, through its labor organizations, through its legislative bodies, through its press and through private citizens.

"This is our battle!" said the trade unions. That was all they said, but from the first week of the struggle, plumbers, carpenters, hodcarriers, painters, miners, printers, factory workers, the toilers of the city and country, stood unflinchingly between the forty thousand garment workers and starvation. From four centrally located stations they distributed twenty-two carloads of rations—tons of beans, of rice, of oatmeal, and coffee, of macaroni and herring; hundreds of thousands of loaves of bread.

Clearly and simply spoke the women of Illinois. The State Federation of Women's Clubs, representing 150 bodies, and the Illinois Suffrage Clubs, unanimously endorsed the strike and sent the strikers aid. This was indeed a new voice, the woman's voice, in industrial disputes. These women knew practically nothing of what the strike was about; many came from small towns and rural communities. They were sheltered women, home women, unacquainted with the actual conditions of the working world, but they said: "Simply because we are mothers, because we are home folks, because we are women, we wish to protest against conditions which seem to make motherhood a sorrow, childhood bitter, and the maintenance of a decent home a growing impossibility. For

centuries we have been silent about these matters, but we are finding ourselves. You men, you who have so long run the world and made its laws without us, you are going to listen in the future to what we, the mothers of the race, have to say about the world in which we and our children live."

And the churches spoke; all too feebly, too indecisively it seemed, for institutions founded in memory of a Carpenter, yet here and there its words rang clarion clear.

In scores of churches, in many pulpits, the garment workers themselves told the story of the human cost of the production of clothes. Is not the body and soul of the worker more than raiment, they asked, and what shall it profit a city if it clothe the whole world and lose the health and happiness of the workers? The people down in the pews listened eagerly. For the first time they realized that back of each process in the making of clothes was a human being like themselves. And it took 150 of them to clothe one usher! Over the pockets and seams, the collars and flaps, the linings and hems, the fingers of 150 men and women and little children had raced and torn with frantic speed. Lo, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed by his slaves in so wonderful a manner as was the very sexton of the church by the modern garment workers.

Down from Springfield came a senatorial committee, clothed with the authority of the State to investigate the cause of the strike, to bring about peace and to find if possible a solution for industrial deadlocks.

To appear before its secret sessions, the State subpoenaed employer and employee, demanding that records, minutes, file cards, and correspondence be brought before the Judicial tribunal of the people. (Was a man's business really his own?)

The employers stated their side. They would not concede; they would not arbitrate. "There is nothing to arbitrate," they said.

"Forty thousand people say that they have something to arbitrate but that you refuse to meet them," said Senator Henson.

"We have nothing to arbitrate," replied the employers with quiet dignity. They restated their position. "We will adjust shop conditions and wages with individuals."

"But you yourselves are organized in an Association of Tailors in order to achieve collectively what is impossible to achieve individually."

"Nevertheless we will deal only with individuals."

“But are the terms of contract equal between the owner of the means of livelihood and so perishable a commodity as a day’s labor? Can a little foreign girl, or an old Italian woman, a hungry man, or an anxious father make a just bargain with his employer? Is not the employer of necessity precluded by the stream of competitive pressure from effectually resisting the promptings of self-interest?”

“Nevertheless we will deal only with individuals.”

Back to the State capital went the lawmakers, with their records and volumes of testimony. Senator Henson said: “Your committee finds that, by means of a card-index system kept by the clothing manufacturers, men employed in the clothing industry are absolutely boycotted and blacklisted and prevented from securing employment in any of the ‘Association Houses,’ and that frequently men are given no reason whatever

for the notations and characters placed upon said cards or indices; and that as a result of this condition existing on the part of the manufacturers, they are absolutely able to control the wages paid to any person in their employ. Your committee is of the opinion that there should be a criminal prosecution of this unlawful combination of manufacturers by the attorney general of the State on charges of conspiracy.

“And as for the future: Arbitration of industrial disputes, a minimum wage below which society feels it indecent to let people live, an increasing surveillance of industry by the State, an eight-hour day for women who must work, the abolition of “tenement home-finishing—these are the measures we will consider and seek to embody in legislation. We will make it possible for you manufacturers to be human in the conduct of your business.”

So the strike bore fruit in a public revela-



“SHE GOES BY THE TRACKS FOR A LITTLE COALS”

tion of a system long known and familiar to the workers.

In a tiny home of three rooms, with a widowed daughter and two grandsons, lives an old gray-haired philosopher. By day he pulls bastings and by night he reads Darwin.

"We're moving right along," he said. "Every strike makes me more cheerful.

"When I was a little boy, six years old, I used to pull bastings. Now I am an old man, a child again, I pull bastings. Such a change have I seen in the trade! I worked in a London-sweat-shop. Terrible! Terrible!" He put his bony hand knotted with rheumatism over his eyes as if to shut from sight the memory of those days. "We were slaves! I earned a few shillings a week, four shillings if I worked fast. They put me in the corner where it was dark because I had a child's bright eyes. There I sat for years, ten, twelve, sixteen hours a day, I cannot remember. And sometimes all night, bent over my work. Now I am bent for always, bent with rheumatism. I can use but this one finger to pull the bastings—but, oh, the difference!

"Now I sit in the light! I have air! The hours for us children are short!

"Do you know that man took thousands of years to rub off the shaggy hair of his body; to stand upright; that this slow process was a struggle, a terrible struggle? You have read your Darwin. So the dying brute fought the evolving man!

"Now look! With the hairs of the sheep and the camel man is learning to weave a covering for himself again. And this process is a struggle, a terrible struggle. Again the brute in man's system contends with the human in man. In the garment trade is written man's upward effort.

"He has learned about hygiene, and he built sanitary shops. He learned the necessity of air and light to the human plant, and he let in the sunshine and opened the windows of the factory. He learned about fatigue and illness, and he shortened the hours of labor. He learned how to build, to control the forces of the universe; and he put in elevators, warmed the workshops, and harnessed electricity. He found that it was socially wasteful to exhaust little children, and he released them from work.

"All this have I seen with my own eyes. My life is almost over, but I know that year by year, as man becomes more enlightened, he becomes more human. This process is deathless."

The Results

The strike is long since over. Lost, they say. True it is that the still, small voice of the people is drowned again in the roar of industry. Daily, as the workers bend over seams and buttons, pockets, flies and flaps, rankles the memory of what seems to them an injustice—the denial of the right of representation; while stored away in the mind of the public lies the silent condemnation, a growing impatience of those powers which hinder the oncoming of democracy.

Thus, in spite of physical discomfort, in spite of vanishing savings, in spite of bitterness and anxiety, men and women lived through a momentous period, and in that brief twenty-two weeks the common men and women, mere operators and basters, canvas-sewers and buttonhole-makers, had something momentous about them. Ignorant Sicilians, stupid Galicians, with no assumption of singular grandeur, endured the privations of a siege. Inefficient workmen, long trained in the school of want, accepted with pathetic cheerfulness still scantier rations. The fiber and strength of a foreign people was tested; their loyalty, their patriotism, in insisting on American institutions and standards of living, strained to the breaking point; and to this strain and test the workers rose in supreme adequacy, remarkable for its unconscious heroism, for its childlike and profound expression.

It is in these moments in a nation's history that its leaders are born. It is in this soil of travail and joy that literature and music and the drama take root and flourish. It is the epic time of the people; the lyric time of youth. It is only when people forget how many pockets they can make a day, how many miles of seams they can travel, how many thicknesses of cloth they can cut, how many buttons they can sew on, how fast they can work, how many dollars they can make—the "how many's" and "how much's" of life—that they forget their little thoughts, their petty differences. Then it is that they march together, they sing together, they die together. And that is why a sympathetic strike, whether justified or not in the cold analysis of economics, unites man to his fellow and breaks down for a season the artificial barriers which competitive methods rear between man and his neighbor.

And this is why no strike is ever lost.



The Wife

By

James Oppenheim

Author of "Dr. Rast"

Illustrations by Harry Townsend. Heading by Howard Heath

CITIES are full of white waste: human beings without health, strength, beauty, youth or brain—a breed, to all appearances, run down, fit only for machine work and light routine. They crowd the streets, the cars, the factories: they pass unnoticed, like the eddying dust in the gutter. Yet they are the children of the million years of human history: they are one of the products of evolution.

To this breed belonged Lena Kessler, of Second Avenue and Seventy-eighth Street. She was five feet high, but shorter by an aching back. On her head she wore the Hebrew marriage-wig, a brown hair-helmet with a perfect part down the center. Under that wig was a thin face with burning, pink-rimmed eyes, two front teeth missing. Her arms were long, her hands large and coarse. Her age might have been anywhere from

thirty-five to sixty; at any rate it was a patent fact that her "life" had been lived, and that she was an old woman.

Twilight came early to the little back bedroom, which was on the ground-floor of the tenement. The old woman moved restlessly from window to window and glanced out as she had glanced nightly and daily the last ten years. As one window was on the left wall and one in the rear, she had an L of life disclosed to her—the ten-foot-distant tenements with their fire-escapes and open windows. Lights glared behind some of these windows and Lena watched the evening-life of several families. The scene, full of the activity of busy mothers, resting fathers, restless children, was amazingly interesting to her. Silently here she shared a richer life—became an actor in each of the lighted rooms. When a little child was hugged by its mother, Lena was that mother, the child her child. This was Lena's only occupation when she sat alone in the bedroom.

But in the soft twilight she moved restlessly and finally slouched (she was in her stocking feet) through the tiny kitchen and peered from darkness into the front shop. The shop, which opened on Second Avenue, was over-lighted by a ghastly globe, so that it looked like a stage, unreal and startling. Walls, counters, tables and floor swarmed with stationery and toys, a fantastic gathering of go-carts, dolls, fire-engines, trains, hoops, etc. etc. This confusion was dominated by a short, stout, coatless, perspiring man—Lena's husband. Children came in for a penny's worth of candy: Abram Kessler carefully counted out sixteen of them on the glass counter. Then, as Lena watched from the dark kitchen, a large showy woman entered the shop. Lena recognized Rosie Rauss, and a twinge of scornful dislike visited her. Rosie was dressed in spangled black; her fat arms were bare to the elbow, but visible to the shoulders; her neck and the swell of her palpitating bosom showed through the cheap black lace. Her hair was a tall mass of "rats" and "puffs," swinging heavily over a cold and flashing face. Large and red were the proud lips, large and black the eyes, large and powdered the nose. Were the cheeks slightly rouged? Lena thought they were. More, Lena was sure that Rosie smelt of cheap perfumery, and almost sniffed at her. Was that a way for a widow with two children to dress and act?

The widow made straight for Abram and engaged him in intimate talk. Abram became strangely animated; he laughed; he wiped the

drip from his neck and forehead with a large red handkerchief (Lena noted with amazement that it was his best); and finally he leaned over and patted Rosie on the cheek. Whereupon Lena quickly returned to the bedroom, with the burning knowledge that she was indeed an old woman.

As she sat, trying vainly to act the lives about her, her head hummed with the past, and restlessly she rose now and then and slapped a cockroach dead on the wall. The room, though it had grown into her very heart through long usage, oppressed her. It was a strange room, narrow and small. In one corner stood a marble-top bureau, on which was set forth some cut-glass, all she possessed. On the bedstead rose the undulations of an old German featherbed. On the wall hung some old crayon portraits, notably the two of Lena and Abram made when they were married. Also, on the wall, was hung Abram's citizenship paper, neatly framed and glassed. There were three chairs, no carpet on the floor, and two empty beer-bottles on the window-sill. Strange, and out of place, was a long panel, gilt-edged mirror on the rear wall, reaching nearly to the ceiling; and, typical of Lena's housekeeping, the open door was used as a clothes-rack, for over the top of it hung a mixed mass of dresses and trousers and coats. This was the room in which Lena had grown old. It seemed to smother her now, and she longed to escape.

She heard the squeak of Abram's heavy shoes, and arose timidly.

"Lena," he called. She detected a triumphant excitement in his tone, and trembled slightly.

"Yes, Abe." Her voice was as worn out as her life.

He stood in the dimness, coughing with a sudden embarrassment.

"I'll make a light," said Lena.

"No," he cried. "Wait."

She waited.

He spoke as if he were slightly drunk:

"You and I have been married twenty years—na?"

She sat down, thunder-struck. Such candor between them had not been for a decade.

"Ya," she said, weakly.

"Well——" he paused, and then blurted. "We have no children—na?"

No children! Had he not upbraided her with the fact ever since they were married? But usually he was bitter—to-night triumphant. She began to tremble violently and said nothing.

Then he spoke like a boy surprised in some guilty act:

"Well—you know as well as I what the marriage-law says."

Yes, she knew what the marriage-law said: that the husband of a sterile woman may get a divorce from the Rabbi and marry again. Yet all that Lena thought was: "So it's that Rosie Rauss—I knew it was coming."

He was in suspense, and so exploded:

"Well—why don't you say something?"

Force of habit made her obey.

"When will you do it?"

"Right away!"

She arose, sank on the featherbed and put on her shoes.

Abram was startled.

"What you doing?"

"I'm going out for a walk."

Lena going out for a walk! That was unbelievable! And *that* was all she had to say. In fact, Lena at that moment, did not feel the blow. She had drunk the words and knew somehow that they were terrible, but she realized nothing. All she knew was that the room was strangling her, and that she had to get out in the fresh air. As she passed Abram she saw in a brief glance that his cheeks were burning and that he had a guilty and abashed bearing, but not even that affected her. She walked through the glaring shop—a little old woman with a brown wig—wandered a block up Second Avenue and turned down Seventy-ninth Street toward the East River.

Although her room was dark, twilight was still outdoors. The wide street was a soft silver sea of mist studded with spots of light and the shadowy forms of people. She walked under those lights; she walked among those people. The quiet evening was shrill with the noise of playing children. Boys fought in the gutter; girls danced—she saw two little ones dancing on a fire-escape. Everywhere the irrepressible spirit of youth broke out into some form of revel; and it was well that it did, for youth in the city is brief. Soon these children would have to go the common way: to take up their heritage of hard labor, pack their possibilities into routine—men that toiled for a growing family, women that bore children and drudged to rear them. Perhaps Lena dimly sensed this, for looking at the children she felt sorry for them. How soon they would be old!

She reached the wide and muddy spaces of river-margin and went down to the brink. Opposite, over the water, loomed the prison-houses of Blackwell's Island, and from her feet to that misty shore the river raced by on

the ebb-tide. It rolled into little waves, it sloped gray and swift; and from its surface arose the haunting smell of the sea. A tug-boat, plumed with black smoke, swung by, borne by the tide—a thing of rare beauty, lonely, rapid, black under the last gray heavens.

Then, standing there, drenched with the soft melancholy of the evening, Lena felt that she had reached the end of her life. How soon life was over! Only yesterday she was young, even beautiful—a girl of seventeen, just married. She and her young husband had found it no hardship to live in the steerage on their way to America. It was a glad adventure. They had left the Jew-street of Frankfort, left the old, old world, to go on an endless honeymoon in the new. Neither had it been a hardship to live in a crowded East Side tenement while Abram ran a peddler's cart of stationery. They had skimped, they had saved—ten years of savage hoarding, adding penny to penny, while they were underfed, badly housed, scantily clothed. But in the process their honeymoon was put by; they were too busy; and in the process Lena lost her youth. It went quickly. She was soon an old wife.

And then after ten years the savings were invested in the Second Avenue shop. That, indeed, was a great adventure. The poor do it universally—plunge all their savings into independence, only to lose all in a month or two. But Abram had succeeded, for Lena went on saving and skimping for him. Her one passion was to keep the shop up. She figured down to a cent, and Abram sold his goods cheaper than one could buy them elsewhere. In fact he proudly put up a sign on the shop-window:

"Cheap Abe—the only and original Cheap Abe." And he had prospered; he had saved four thousand dollars. After much pondering he daringly bought the tenement in which he lived; throwing in all his cash and taking a heavy mortgage. The rents not only paid the interest on the mortgage, but left a narrow margin of profit. He was a prosperous man.

But he had no children—no one to inherit the business and the property, no one to carry on the "Cheap Abe" tradition. There was nothing to work or live for. So he had often told Lena. But what could Lena do? No children came to earth through her thin body; she was a barren woman. Others had more children than they wanted; she had not one. And the marriage-law, the holy writ, said distinctly that he could and should di-



THEN. STANDING THERE, DRENCHED WITH THE SOFT MELANCHOLY OF THE EVENING, LENA FELT THAT SHE HAD REACHED THE END OF HER LIFE. HOW SOON LIFE WAS OVER!

voice her and marry a woman who could bear children. Why should he not do it?

Lena was used to accepting the "inevitable." Her hard life had made her somewhat numb, and so she took whatever came, and shrugged her shoulders. For such is life! Glancing out on the gray tides she told herself that this all had to be and that her life was ended! Only it seemed hard that she had endured all the hardships, that she had freely given her beauty and her youth, that she had lived to make Abram succeed, and that now some other woman should come and enjoy the sweets of that success. She, poor old woman, was pushed out now, having done the dirty work. And that Rosie Rauss—! For a moment Lena was madly rebellious. She knew! It was all Rosie's scheming! That perfumed, powdered fat thing had ensnared her husband! The widow was after his money and his house. She wanted to be "grand" and live like a lady.

Evening deepened and the world was lost in mist, and Lena remembered again that once she had been young and beautiful, that once Abram had clung to her, had kissed her, fondled her, lived on her beauty. She went back through the years and was a young girl again. On such a melancholy night how eagerly she would have turned home, run through the streets, fresh and wistful, burst into the dim East Side room and given Abe a hug and kiss, and been glad that he could warm her away from the sad weather.

She turned, an old woman, and walked back to Second Avenue. How soon life was over! Abram was standing at the shop-door, peering out, but she passed him humbly without looking at him. She gained the black back room, sharply hollow against the nearby blazing windows. And then suddenly Lena realized. This room in which she had lived ten years was now another's. This man she knew so well (he was her life indeed) belonged to another woman. Her life was ended; she was to be thrown out. How could she live? How could Abram be so cruel? How could life be so bitter cruel? She gave a sharp strangling sob. Her heart was eaten as by acid. Her limbs were like lead. She was crushed and broken.

She got into bed and lay for hours, smothering that bitterness of sobs that rises from the heart and chokes the throat. And then her husband lay distantly beside her in the blackness. After a long while she mastered herself and spoke meekly:

"Abe."

His voice was nervous:

"What do you want now?"

She spoke slowly:

"What are you going to do with me, Abe?"

"Do with you? What do you mean?"

"I have no money."

He spoke with hard excitement:

"Didn't I support you twenty years? What more do you want?"

She was silent for some time; then she spoke very humbly.

"Abe, you could send the janitress away, and I could be the janitress. You could give me three dollars a week and I could live downstairs. I would work very hard; I would do the work just as good as Mrs. Schwenfeld. And then I could get along. And I wouldn't bother you, Abe. You would never know I was there."

There was a silence. Then suddenly Abram snorted and turned about, and went to sleep.

II

ABRAM KESSLER, of course, was not to be blamed for being what he was. He was, like all the rest of us, a child of the past. He was born of bad parents in a bad place, and though for a while the health and joy of youth overflowed his heredity and gave him a chance—showed his possibilities—yet soon modern civilization unconsciously did its best to misshape his soul. He was given no opportunity of life in Frankfort, so he escaped to a new land. But this new land took no note of him—being merely millions of people fighting each other for a chance to live, unorganized, undisciplined, chaotic and vast. How could he get a foothold in the maelstrom? He bravely set his teeth and plunged in. He became a peddler, and then single-handed he fought, one man (backed by a woman) against the millions. In such a life-struggle, where every cent means life or death, it is not surprising that he became rapacious, hard, selfish, grasping, and narrow—a sort of a social wolf. He and his mate fought the whole pack—and won. His success was an overwhelming triumph: it went to his head. He swelled out, as it were, and demanded power and joy. Not he among the "white waste." The millions are a defeated lot—they toil without independence and with no future; they labor for the day's bread; if they have mere health and a living they are lucky. But Abram, starting with the same handicaps, had by his more ferocious drive, his more relentless labor, won his way to the top. And behold, when he reached there, he found his wife

among the defeated—broken, old, barren, ugly—and he himself without an heir and a successor. What had availed those twenty years of struggle?

Yet his new undertaking made him very nervous and self-conscious. He had religion in back of him, and yet he had to keep in a state of excitement in order to carry the thing through. Rosie would flash in his shop and his home and among the neighbors like a diamond-ring on his finger, and yet she rather frightened him. She had hovered about the shop for over a year, and gradually drawn him into an intimacy wherein he confessed all his troubles. The rest was easy. Rosie was a capable man-hunter.

The next day, a holiday, he closed the shop at one o'clock and dressed himself in new clothes—a very odd proceeding—before the panel mirror. Whenever, however, his eye caught Lena's eye in the glass he became horribly self-conscious. Lena had not troubled him, but gone about her usual work, humbly and quietly. It was rather ridiculous to dress so jauntily before her, after so many years of doing otherwise. It was too absurd to be tragic. Lena thought:

"She's making him act like an old fool!"

And possibly Abram, jabbing a stick-pin in his scarlet tie, felt a glimmer of this truth. But he spoke at last, importantly:

"I'm going out for the day."

"With her?" escaped Lena.

His ruddy cheeks burned.

"No," he said sarcastically. "with Mrs. Schnicklefritz."

He was almost tempted (habit is a strong master) to ask Lena how he looked. But he desisted, and went out into the hot, brilliant afternoon. He took the elevated train to Brooklyn Bridge. The holiday-spirit was in the air; there was an exodus of families from the city; the cars were packed, and down at the Bridge an immense throng moved slowly up the numerous stairways, rows on rows of bobbing heads, like moving steps. Rosie, in all her spangled black splendor, waited him at a pillar in the hot gloom. She suddenly disclosed from behind her large skirts two youngsters—a little black-eyed girl and a somewhat dirty boy.

"I brought the children along," she said grandly.

He had a choking sensation in his throat. He had not bargained on the children. Besides, now that he was actually going out with a woman not his wife, he felt very guilty. It had been more discreet to wait until the

divorce was secured. But he had gone in to be a "sport" and he had to be "game."

"All right," he grunted thickly. "Come on then, and don't stand around."

He led the way; and soon they were pushed into the current, swept past the ticket-booth and up the stairs onto the platform. The crowd here was immovable under the high gray dome and the heat was withering. Train after train pulled in, filled, and swept away. The crowd grew no smaller. It seemed as if they would never get to Coney Island. Yet the crowd was in good spirits and very patient. Evidently the whole city had been evacuated, and stood here in gross black batches, willing to undergo the torture of the heat and the crowding, in order to get out for an afternoon. This was the only escape from the streets, where, in the dust and stony desolation, the people had heard the call of the sea.

It was with a feeling of wild triumph that Abram, using himself as a wedge, drew Rosie and her children into a car after him. Miraculously they got seats. The car was filled in an instant. And then they drew out, spanned the Bridge, swept through Brooklyn and then past suburb after suburb on the level ground of Long Island, until at last the white tower and some of the pleasure-minarets of Coney gleamed in the distance.

Suddenly, then, the train stopped, and the conductor, running up and down the aisle like an excited chicken, muttered that the "power was turned off." The crowd understood that the road was blocked. There was much muttering. A big jolly man arose from his seat, at this juncture, and publicly taking it for granted that the conductor was looking for someone who hadn't paid his fare and that the train was being stopped until the fare was paid, shouted:

"You, back there, why don't you pay your fare so that we can start the boat?"

And then as the conductor passed, he held out a nickle:

"Here, Bob Fitzsimmons, here's his fare. Now start the boat."

The conductor was indignant, and the crowd laughed joyously.

Two babies in the rear of the car began to shriek simultaneously. The jolly man shouted again:

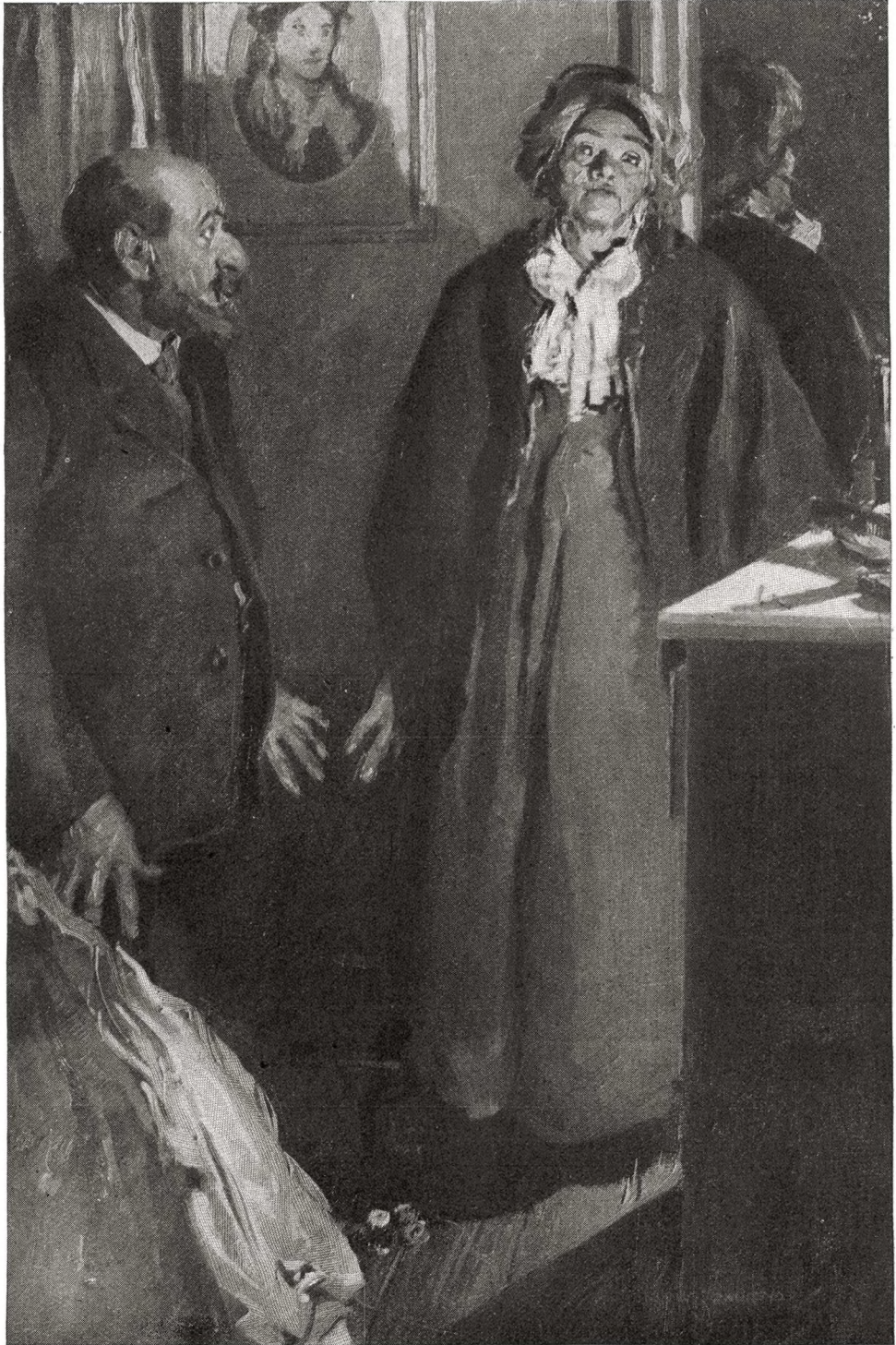
"Margaret, bring that bottle down here!"

The crowd laughed uproariously.

"Margaret, *won't* you bring that bottle down here?"

The crowd was convulsed.

And then, as the babies shrieked louder, the jolly man sang:



POOR LENA! SHE LOOKED LIKE A FREAK—DISPROPORTIONED, FADED, VENERED,
TARNISHED, HALF-OLD, HALF-NEW

"No wedding bells for mine."

The crowd regarded this as a crowning joke indeed, and the car shook with joy.

People began getting off the car to walk the rest of the way, and Abram, burdened with the responsibility of a family, perspiring and smothering in the narrow car, followed suit. They crawled in a slow-moving file of people for a long distance under the cruel sun, passed through the station and came out in the strident chaos of Coney. There was the clashing music of the carousels; the blare of the ballyhoo men; the shouts of hucksters; the beating of tom-toms; the rasping voices of a multitude. Blinded was the eye with white plaster-walls, glittering glass, swift-moving "scenic railway" cars, whirl of merry-go-round, and the push and jostle of faces. It seemed as if all New York were down that narrow dusty avenue, lost black among the motors and the trolley-cars, the taxis and the stages. One got here a bird's-eye-view of the "white waste"—these indeed were the factory and office people, the laborers, the clerks, the shop-girls, the mechanics, the drudging wives, the children of a great industrial city. After a week of dreary monotony yonder clerk was enjoying the novel sensation of "Looping the Loop"—turning upside down in a car, and paying for the privilege. Yonder shop-girl paid her dime for Bumping the Bumps to get a shriek of laughter.

A subtle spirit of joy was in the air, as if after holding in for a whole winter, the populace now "let go." Perhaps this was not an ideal type of recreation for human beings, but it was infinitely better than nothing. And so these people of bad health, of scant strength, of poor brain—this run-down breed—here regained their youth; drank of illusion; roused their blood with joy; lived for a few hours *intensely*, and thus re-felt their hidden humanness, their hidden possibilities.

Not so with Abram Kessler. He was not used to piloting a family. His holiday was spoiled for him, and besides, it was now so many years since he had made an excursion that he felt awkward and embarrassed. He did not know just what was expected of him, and so he put himself into Rosie's hands. But whenever Abram lost money he became sullen and stoney. So this afternoon gradually he grew morose, silent, with an ugly look on his face.

"Can't Isidore have some popcorn?" asked Rosie.

"How much?"

"A nickel!"

He bought some popcorn.

"Oh," cried Rosie, "we must see this show. The Globsky's saw it only last week. It should be something fine."

"Sure," he muttered, "sure."

As children were half-price, he paid out seventy-five cents. And so it went.

Besides, the children were naughty. Rosie had continually to pull them by the ear, administer slaps, shriek after them, snatch them from danger.

"It strikes me," muttered Abram, "they're pretty bad children."

Rosie spoke haughtily:

"Bad? Huh! They're as good as any other children!"

It was not, however, until they were seated in the excursion boat, on their way home at eight that evening, that Abram realized how he had been "done." Seven dollars! The clever Rosie had drained him of seven dollars! But she had made a great mistake to bring the children with her. He realized that now; possibly she did, too, for she leaned near him, and cooed in his ear:

"Abe, you're the finest man I ever see!" And, "Do you love me, Abe?"

He suddenly turned on her.

"Shut up!" he snapped.

She glared at him, and drew back.

Twenty years beget almost unbreakable habits, and Abram could not help but feel how ludicrous it was for him to go on an excursion with a strange family of three, while he had a wife at home. He reflected that after all Lena was easy to get along with—never troubled him, saved money, kept out of the way. To tell the truth he was a bit weary of perfumed Rosie. And thrice weary was he of the children. And yet he had bitterly upbraided Lena for not having any. Suddenly he realized what a fool he was. But it was too late now: he had given his word to both women, and he was not the kind to admit he was in the wrong.

The boat pulled out and glided over the swaying bosom of the ocean. Out on the decks sat a jam of a thousand people; holiday-happy, talking, laughing, as the boat vibrated under them. Out of the water, against the western evening, rose the white tower of Coney, a mass of golden electrics, and to either side ran loops and strings and scantlings of bulbs, splashing the water with a golden tide. In the quiet beauty and vastness of the evening rose the moon with a glitter of silver for every little slapping wave. And then on board the swaying boat the Italian musicians began playing on violin and 'cello. A cool breeze bathed the warm faces. The

music rose and fell; the sound of water slapping the boat came to them; and somehow in the vast space of open sea and open sky a magic awoke and enveloped the gliding ship. Lovers put their arms about each other; older people began to muse and dream and look out over the waters as on a world of beauty and good, as if they understood life now and found it satisfying; and little children went fast asleep.

Possibly Abram would never have felt the wonder and power of the evening, if he had not heard the mournful clanging of a bell-buoy. But the strokes of that bell put him back years. Long, long ago, he and Lena had gone to Coney. How beautiful she was then! He saw her again, the bright eyes, the flushed cheeks, the slim girlish form. They had come back on the boat, her head on his shoulder, his arm round her back. There was a moon that night, too . . . they had kissed as they sat up in the windy prow . . . how the wind blew her skirts wild, how her eyes shone wild in the moonlight . . . how passionately they had kissed. . . .

He turned sharply and saw the Island of Enchantment . . . Coney lifting golden in the dark night, far on the horizon. . . .

The night was softening him, making him younger. Why had he not gone on excursions oftener? How could a man busy in a shop remember the glorious past? How happy he and Lena had been. . . . Truly Abram was selfish and self-centered. It would be pleasant to record that suddenly he saw the tragedy of his wife's life and felt pity and love for her. But such was not the fact. He only knew that he did not want Rosie; that he had been mulcted of seven dollars; that he was used to Lena; that once he and Lena had been foolishly, gloriously happy, and that now—it was too late.

No, he would never give in, not he. He had invited trouble, and now he was "in for it."

He went through his shop very guiltily and therefore very pompously. He opened the back door. To his amazement there was a light in the bedroom. Eleven o'clock, and Lena still up! He stepped in, startled and dazed, and then froze, as it were, in the doorway.

Who was this woman, standing before the panel mirror? It was Lena, and yet not Lena.

The brown wig was gone, and in its place was a new batch of hair, coiled, puffed, pompador. The cheeks were suspiciously flushed. The dress—what dress was that? Had she made "over" her wedding dress, and all in one day? Impossible!

Poor Lena! She looked like a freak—disproportioned, faded, veneered, tarnished, half-old, half-new. Even Abram noticed it, and to his disgust felt a lump rise in his throat. So these devices were to "keep" her man! to meet the competition of Rosie! What madness!

Lena turned and trembled from head to foot.

"Well," he muttered, a little wildly.

Her eyes flashed; her lips stirred, and suddenly came from her a cry that pierced through him:

"Abram! Abram!"

He leaned against the door.

"What do you want? What's the matter?"

She took a step toward him

"Abram!"

He was frightened:

"Yes, Lena."

She looked close in his face:

"I'm not a Jewess any more! I've taken off my sheidl (wig). I'm not a Jewess any more."

He was terrified:

"Not Jewish? What do you mean?"

She came nearer, and spoke sharply:

"You can't divorce me now."

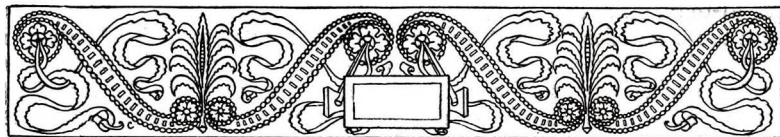
This was of course not true; but Abram chose to accept it as truth. It was his way out. It was his excuse for throwing over Rosie. He glanced at her quickly. This was a new Lena, resourceful, energetic, rebellious, asserting the rights of her trampled womanhood.

He gave a strange laugh and touched her sleeve:

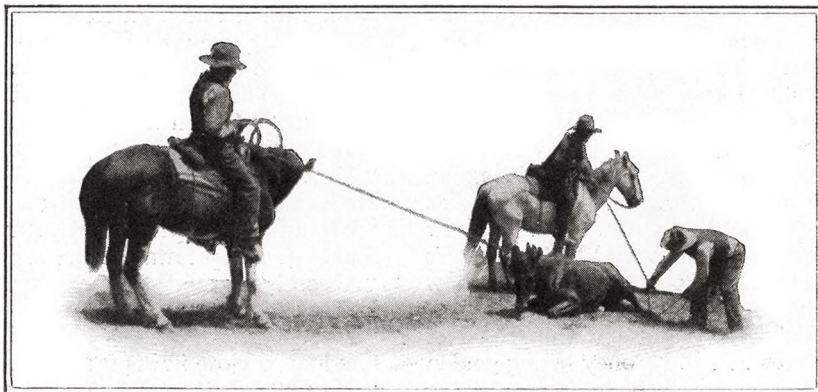
"Lena," he whispered, "to-morrow we go to Coney and come home on the boat." He paused, full of sickening memories of his day out, made a wry face, and waved his hand rapidly, "no! no! not Coney Island—*Glen Island!*"

He went to the panel mirror, and started to loosen his necktie. Lena sank in a chair and wept. Suddenly he turned to her.

"Say, Lena," he said gruffly, "we two get along—we'll do, all right! Hey?"



Mustangs, Busters and Outlaws of the Nevada Wild Horse Country



By Rufus Steele

Illustrated with Photographs

UNDER a June sun that made saddle leathers curl, two men leaned over the pommels to ease their horses up a little peak in Central Nevada. Moisture dripped from the heaving sides of the animals and formed queer little globules with the powdered rock of the trail. The first rider was a white man, the second a half-breed. Dust and sun had given them a common copper color, and it would have been hard to say at a glance which was which. At the summit their actions distinguished the white from the breed. When they had unknotted the cinches so that the horses might blow to the capacity of their nostrils, the first man spread himself loosely upon the ground with his sombrero tilted to save his face and head from the glare, while the second crouched, as for generations his ancestors had crouched, in a way that afforded the thinnest possible target to the sun, and which yet did not fail to relax those muscles strained by the saddle. For half an hour there was not a sound except the regular exhaust from the horses.

The white man revived. The sombrero slid

to one side as he raised his head and did the thing he had climbed to this perch to do: he looked. He commanded the whole of Antelope Valley, a sea of desert brush from which the sun and wind had taken toll to the final drop of moisture, with here and there a glistening patch of white alkali. The man searched Antelope Valley with his eyes, a square mile at a time. At length his gaze steadied and did not waver as he unslung a leather case with his fingers and brought a pair of field glasses into play. His eye had caught a procession of dim objects in motion. They might have been tumble weeds at one mile or something else at twenty. The Indian had noted the aiming of the binoculars. The white man turned to him with a grin that cracked the baked dust upon his face. The Indian grunted an affirmative to the other's unspoken question.

"Mustangs!" exclaimed the white man.

He sat up now, sighted again, and fell to counting. "One, two, three, four, five—" There were fifteen in the first bunch. They were heading into the sea of brush from the

opposite shore, single file. The heads held only high enough to clear the ground, told how thirsty they were. Half a mile behind came another mustang. It was the stallion, the big, proud commander of the band, who had put some trusty old mare in the lead of the column while he guarded the back trail and watched ever for the single enemy they had to fear. A little wait and another file of a dozen came into the ken of the watchers. A third column emerged; finally a fourth. The men leaped up and began to tighten the cinches. They had received their message as plainly as if it had been heliographed across the shimmering expanse. At last the wild horses had given up the search for isolated snow patches in the mountains to

the west of the valley and were being forced to cross to the dangerous springs of the east side—to the springs which were always the last resort because strange traps seemed to start up out of the ground in that vicinity and the man scent would lie strong upon the trails and hidden pools, even though no man might show himself at all. The two scouts swung down from the little peak to carry the word back fifty miles to their employer and his trained crews, who would set in motion all the cunning and elaborate machinery for the summer campaign.

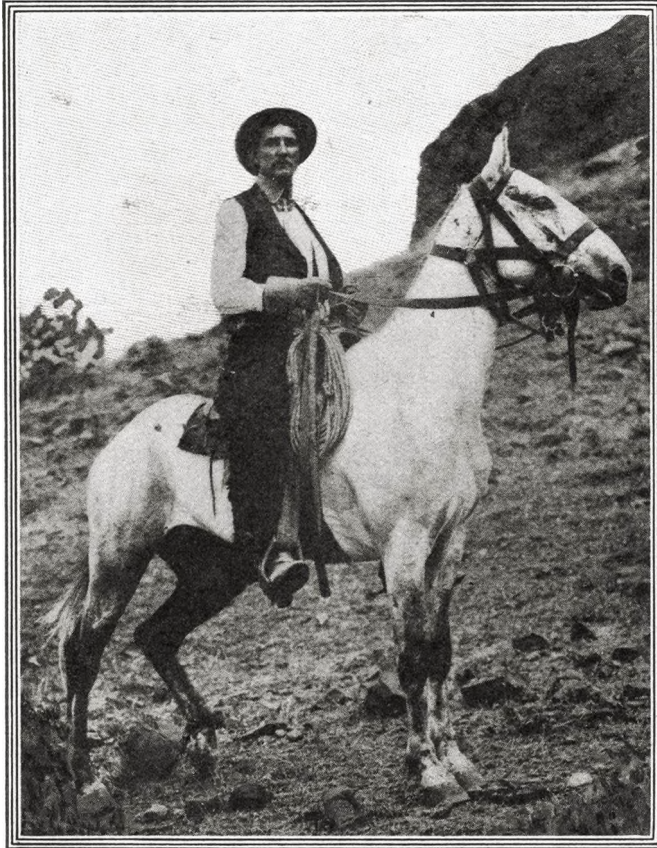
A common impression among city dwellers is that the wild horse vanished from the plains of Western America at the heels of the buffalo and in the company of the Indian. In the

State of Nevada there are perhaps seventy thousand live, four-legged reasons for believing that the popular obituary of the wild horse is premature. There are more wild horses in Nevada than there are citizens. But unless you are a vaquero, you might try a year and

never get close enough to rope one of the wild prizes or even approach within rifle range. Almost any day you would see the horses and be able to study their ways. From any sheltered lookout you might gaze upon the most plentiful big game that remains to us, for the wild horse is properly and splendidly big game, though the sport consists in capturing him alive for domestic purposes instead of felling him for the pot.

Wild horse trapping is to-

day the most perilous trade and the finest sport in the West. It is full of excitements, dangers and big rewards. Most men could not endure the physical strain; many men who turned to it as a means of livelihood proved that they had not the brains to make it pay. It remained for Charles ("Pete") Barnum, a young ranchman with a college education, to devise and set up in the wilderness a system of wholesale trapping against which equine cunning could work no sure deliverance. And when he had made his capture, Barnum was ready with unique methods of transporting and training his prizes, and in the end he developed a hazardous sport into a trade the legitimacy of which is assured by a bank account that has grown and grown.



A STALLION OUTLAW THAT NEVER WAS SADDLED OR RIDDEN WITHOUT A STRUGGLE

The desert of Nevada is by no means limited to the level sagebrush plains. The arid area embraces a great region so upheaved that foothills give way to precipitous mountains and the jagged ranges succeed each other like billows. The trees are weazened scrubs; vegetation is baked brown before it can reach maturity; chamise, chaparral and sage grow in tangles among the boulders. This is the grazing ground to which the wild horse has been forced in his extremity. The mountains are furrowed by narrow trails that glisten with white dust twelve inches deep. These are the runways of the wild horse as he moves from one feeding place or waterhole to another ten, twenty or fifty miles

away. Occasionally the horses wander down into the valleys, making inroads upon planted ground, but the mountains, the very peaks, are their refuge and home.

These uncounted thousands of wild horses are ready to become the undisputed property of any man who can put his rope upon them or force them into his trap. The uselessness of the roping method was made apparent long ago. After hours or days of hard riding a party of vaqueros might rope each his single prize, only to find that the horse that could be taken in this way was seldom worth as much as the trained saddle animal that had been ruined to make the capture. At times circumstances made roping less difficult, but every ranchman who seriously embarked in the business forsook it

sooner or later in disgust. "Pete" Barnum devised a canvas corral trap which was composed of sections readily portable and which could be moved quickly upon the backs of pack animals, and by setting his trap during the night in hidden places on the

trails and by skilful outriding, he found that he could capture wild horses not singly but in bands, securing from six to thirty at one time. When he had learned that the captives could be driven on three legs out of the mountains and to the shipping pens at the railroad, the business began to pay. With several traps and as many organized parties of trappers, Barnum captures and ships one thousand to two thousand horses each year. The



CHARLES ("PETE") BARNUM, THE SUCCESSFUL WILD-HORSE TRAPPER

knowledge, skill and patience required make competitors slow to enter the field.

The wild horse does not attain the proportions of a draft animal: he weighs from eight hundred to eleven hundred pounds. The horses move about in bands composed, usually, of eight or a dozen mares and colts led by a stallion extremely jealous of his family rights. No other stallion may join the band without first subduing the leader in a bloody fight with teeth and heels. Encounters of this sort are of constant occurrence. Often the fight continues until one of the stallions is dead. The survivor is accepted by the mares as their leader. In fleetness and endurance these horses are equaled by few horses that take their fodder from a manger. They are of every horse color

and some are of rare beauty. When captured and broken to harness most of the horses accept the new life readily and make such good work animals that Barnum will never be able to exhaust his market. The settler, who is not able to catch them or who has all the horses he needs, regards the wild bands as a scourge and he does not fail to try his rifle on the leader whenever a fair shot is offered. Once bands of antelope held the desert and always the leader kept the lookout, enlarging his horizon by mounting to the top of a boulder. To-day the stallion leader keeps the same faithful watch and at the first sign of the coming of man, his neighing sends the herd off at breakneck speed. He lingers to gather as much information as possible and then flies off as the rearguard of his band. When immediate danger seems to have been passed, the stallion will take the place of the old mare who relieved him temporarily and lead the band to safety in some far-off place.

Years of shooting and trapping have improved the breed of the wild herds. The weaklings, the scrubs, the laggards—all but the fleetest of foot and strongest of vitality—have fallen victims to the rifle of the irate ranchman and the ingenious traps of Pete Barnum. The elimination of the unfit has made the taking of the herds that remain a man's task.

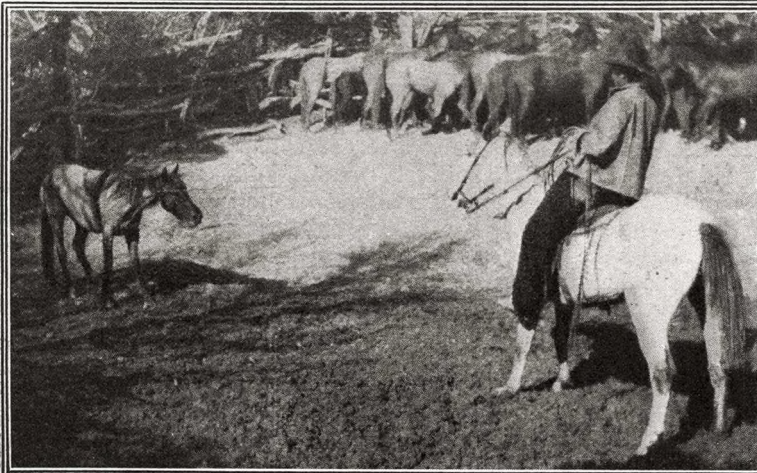
Barnum catches them and finds his task but well begun. Subjugation is as difficult as capture. By his sure methods this trapper moves his captives across a hundred miles of rough country to the railroad where buyers await him;

but he does not sell all of them. The best two in every hundred he sends to his private corral to be broken and trained for use as mounts in the business of capturing others of their kind. Into the reserve go intelligent, crafty, powerful stallions that fought through numberless bloody battles to leadership of the herds. The capture of some rare old leader comes often as the reward of several years of persistent endeavor. Thus it is that when the trapping season is over and the traps have been stored until the deep snows shall have buried the pastures and melted away, there occurs at the Barnum ranch a festival of "busting" such as hardly has a parallel. The quarter-hour in which a man and a mustang stallion get together for the first time with only the thickness of a saddle between them, represents a period of activity such as may not be measured. The man may, and often does, come flying from his perch, but he goes up again, and in the end conquers. Occasionally comes a horse that does not yield even after he has sent a vaquero or two to the hospital or the graveyard. He never does yield, and the hate in his heart is stilled only with the stilling of the breath in his wide nostrils. He is the hardest problem of the range—the outlaw.

Experience has shown that the best corral for the busting of wild horses is the same canvas corral in which they are trapped. A wild horse will try to run through a woven wire fence. He may impale himself in trying to clear the poles of a driven palisade. A stretch



A SUCCESSFUL THROW—THE TWO FORE LEGS CAUGHT IN THE NOOSE ABOVE THE KNEES.
A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH



A CLEAN THROW AROUND THE NECK



ANOTHER ROPE ON A HIND LEG

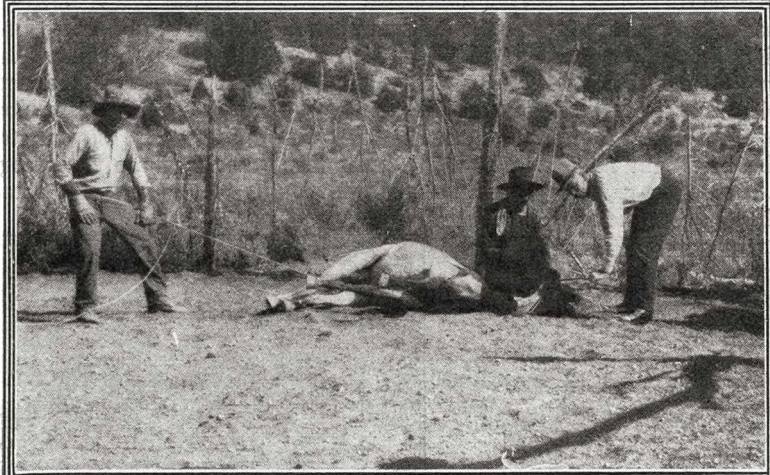


PULLING HIM OVER

of canvas appears to his inexperienced eyes as impenetrable as the granite walls he has learned to avoid. He will not charge the canvas except in a stampede, or when madness has succeeded desperation. When three men enter the corral and take their positions at its center the horses act exactly as so many antelope might if they found themselves hemmed by a fence they could neither leap over nor crawl through. Round and round the mustangs go, climbing upon one another's backs in their terror. After fifteen minutes of kicking the alkali dust into the air in clouds, the frenzy passes and the time for action arrives. Allison, a man of marvelous strength and agility, has coiled his rawhide lariat. He is about to perform a feat such as few men have ever undertaken, though with him it is daily work and pastime. He has tied the end of his fifty-foot lariat around his waist. Hard and fast is the knot, for he must rely upon it when the shock comes. As a big stallion is about to pass, Allison steps forward. The horse leaps away. Swish! With masterly precision Allison has placed his loop where the

stallion cannot fail to jump into it. There is a snarl as the *honda* slides home. The horse feels a rope for the first time in his life. Frantically he bounds off. Allison hurls his iron body backward so that his shoulders seem almost to touch the ground at the instant the stallion reaches the end of the rope. Allison is jerked to an upright position in the same second that the stallion's feet fly from beneath him and he crashes down upon his side. An amazing trick is this! The horse scrambles for his feet, but Allison has taken slack and jerks the flashing feet into the air again.

A second man leaps astride the stallion's neck and after a struggle, twists the long head upward and to one side. The forefeet are slashing in spite of Allison's rope, and the man upon the neck must avoid the hoofs if he would save his life. The long teeth too are brought into play: they could crunch a man's wrist. In his fury the horse lifts the man's weight clear of the ground with the muscles of his neck. As the neck relaxes the horse groans his first bitter acknowledgment to his masters. A third



DOWN GOOD AND HARD



"BRING ON YOUR SADDLE!"



READY TO RISE; A SINGLE PULL OF THE ROPE WILL SET HIM FREE

man has put a rope upon one of the hind feet. A hackamore is slipped over the head and drawn tight around the nose, or a snaffle bit is worked into his mouth and the bridle buckled in place. Neither is easily accomplished. No horse opens his teeth to a bit until after he has made the best fight that is in him. At this stage a curb, ring, gag, or spade bit would only cut the tongue without serving any useful purpose. Bring on your saddle. Attach a rope to the cinch ring and work the rope along under the neck and past the shoulder as the horse lies upon the ground. A few jerks and the cinch comes into place. Never mind about a blanket; it will not be needed for the first ride. Throw your weight into the cinching, for you want the rigging to stay when your life is depending upon it. Put the left foot into the stirrup, straddle the horse, and if he isn't lying upon the right stirrup, slip a foot into that. Take your reins. Get your quirt in hand, but don't slip your wrist through the loop; you want to let it go in a hurry. At your command, the men release the horse's feet with a single jerk upon the ropes. Reach over now and sting the stallion across the nose with the quirt.

He struggles to his feet with you in the saddle and for a moment stands bewildered. Now is your chance to get that right stirrup if you have not already caught it, and by a quick movement of the body to settle the saddle squarely upon his back. Gather the slack in your reins, for something is about to happen.

A touch of the spur or a flick of the quirt signals the start. His knowledge of what to do must be a heritage from his ancestors, for all horses do it, and all American wild horses are sprung from horses that once carried men. He pops down his head and levitates straight heavenward. While he and you are high in the air he arches his back and stiffens his body to iron rigidity. Thus he comes back to earth. The sensation to the rider is as if his spinal column had been struck by a pile driver. The impression is not analyzed at the time, for the horse goes into the air again immediately. He swings to right or left, or he "changes ends" completely while in the air, and you come down facing southward, whereas you were facing northward when you ascended.

If you are a novice it is all over with that first or second levitation—all but picking yourself out of the dust. But if you are no novice, just as he made that first leap you raised your quirt and, as he came down, you swung it across his nose with all your strength, and at each succeeding jump you stung him again and again. The long rows of scratches upon his shoulders



MOUNTING AFTER THE SADDLE IS ON IS ALWAYS TRICED UP WHEN THE

and his flanks, with an occasional drop of blood, show that your spurs have not been idle, though you hardly gave them a thought. This is a contest for supremacy and it must soon be decided in favor of you or the horse. With whip, spur and voice you have called for the limit of his action. He is now fatigued. He may stop the terrific bucking and trot distractedly around the corral. Instantly the rough treatment ceases. The rider scratches the sweating withers soothingly. A few minutes of riding around at a trot and the first lesson is ended. Look out for trouble as you dismount, for defeat breeds hatred. Gather your near rein short, seize his mane and drop from his back so that you will land in front of him, avoiding the risk of a vicious kick.

There has been no attempt to teach the horse the rein. To-morrow you will saddle him in the same manner and before the second lesson is over he will feel the pull of the bridle. The third day you will go for a short ride. The mustang is a "bronc" no longer; he is now a "snaffle bit colt."

A wild horse may cease bucking entirely after ten minutes, or he may not cease after five years. Again, a lively stallion may make his rider feel that he is living years while the clock is ticking away minutes. One day a vaquero, a wonderful rider in spite of the fact that one leg was permanently withered from an injury received in his early busting days, straddled

worry him to walk five miles. He is a man without thighs or calves, never having had any of the sort of exercise that develops them. He will squat and sit back comfortably on his bootheels to eat his supper when out on the range and remain by the campfire half the night swapping yarns with you without once altering his posture.

He will tell you that broncos are like bicycles when it comes to teaching one to carry you—you must understand how to take a fall with the least possible damage.

I have seen busters actually practising the art of taking falls on straw-covered ground, for none knows when his accomplishments in this line may alone save him from death or injury. When the buster is hurled into the air he may land upon his hands, or he may land upon his hands and knees, but he is most likely to land upon his feet. Frequently he flies from the saddle: he knows that it is the safest way to dismount from a bad one that has not yet "run down." Having begun his riding lessons at an age when the boy of a tenderer breed is careering wildly upon a hobby horse,



A TICKLISH BUSINESS. SOMETIMES THE HIND LEG BRONCO IS ESPECIALLY UNRULY

dled a nine-year-old bay and ordered the ropes cast off. The horse rose and bucked steadily for nearly fifteen minutes, when the vaquero let go with hands and feet and allowed himself to be tossed over the animal's head. He landed on his hands and knees in approved fashion, suffering no injury by the fall, but he could not rise. The horse stood quivering with his legs set far out to keep him from tumbling over. After that terrible jolting both man and horse were bleeding from the nose, mouth and ears. The vaquero was never again the first to mount a "bad one."

The buster, as a rule, is under thirty-five. When a man's frame has acquired rigidity and his bones have become brittle he had better be the second, third or fifth, rather than the first man to board a "bronc." Busters take up their trade in boyhood. They have lived in the saddle five or six years by the time they cast their first vote. Properly mounted, one of these riders will cover ninety or one hundred miles in a day and feel no special weariness. Take his horse from under him, and it would

it may be assumed that the buster does not rate feats of this kind as especially dangerous or unusual.

The outlaw never surrenders. He may evade the traps entirely for years. Once inside the canvas wall he is almost human in devising ways to escape. If he gets away it is usually at the cost of the lives of other horses. An outlaw has caused a stampede in the trap and has leaped over the canvas barrier from the top of a pyramid composed of the writhing bodies of his band. The outlawry of a wild horse is proclaimed by the fact that his breaking is of no avail. Should an outlaw kill or disable his buster in the first encounter, he is thrown to the ground while another buster mounts him in that position. The outlaw will continue to buck-jump until he is exhausted, then he will stand quietly or trot about with the man upon his back. The submission is but temporary and when next he is saddled the terrific bucking will go on as long as the horse is physically able to keep it up. And at the next saddling, and the next and the next. Some horses plainly

prefer death to submission to man, and violent death has sometimes come in a way that could be called nothing but suicide. The horses that survive the first strenuous lessons and continue to fight can be divided into two classes—those that refuse ever to yield in the slightest degree, and those that surrender conditionally, renewing the fight as opportunity arrives. A horse of the first class has, almost invariably, a misshapen head; "crazy" is written across his face. Horses of the second class are far above the average in intelligence. Their violence is not without method. They will charge a mounted man when necessary to escape and will even put the rider and his mount under foot. They give slack unexpectedly in order to cut in two with their teeth a rawhide riata such as no horse could break.

Some sections of the wild horse range are famous for the outlaws that have fought and died there in the past or that are there to-day. "The southern part of Fish Creek Valley, near the Eureka-Nye county line, has produced many of these horses," said "Pete" Barnum, "and undoubtedly most of them were descendants of that same spotted mustang stallion which defied every attempt to capture him. He weighed less than 1,000 pounds and was peculiarly marked, his body being almost white, while from head to tail he was covered with irregular splashes of black. We hated the horse because of his way of spreading uneasiness among all the bands that might be grazing within several miles; many a time he cost us our quarry. Of course we tried to capture the stallion, and we got many members of his band, but he was never to be taken captive. His very obstinacy saved him; he could not be steered into the hidden trap, and no man was ever able to rope him. Three years ago he was sentenced to death by the men who could not take him after ten years of trying, but it was not until last August that the sentence could be carried out. He wandered to a spring on a range new to him and went down before a rifle while drinking. Not until after his death—which was unfairly dealt—did we learn that the black spots with which he was covered were but marks of battles with other stallions. Where savage teeth had torn away skin and hair, nature had supplied new hair that was black instead of white.

"For years a big blood-red stallion ranged the rugged mountains dividing Antelope and Monitor Valleys. The section was so thickly covered with cedars that even to locate him was difficult. When we tried to run him down he eluded us in the timber; our traps, effective

enough with other horses, he discovered and evaded. In the winter of 1905 the snow was so deep in his mountains that he could not paw through it to grass, and he was forced down into the valley, mingling, for the first time since we had known him, with the bands. One day in early spring three of us took up the chase, mounted upon strong, eager horses. We separated when we had the red stallion located and one man made a wide circuit, dismounted, and by crawling actually got within a few hundred yards of the old renegade. The stallion scented the man before he saw him and set off at top speed. The vaquero gave him a hard race for two miles, when a second man cut in with his fresh mount and kept the stallion leaping. Half an hour later the third man, following the program, spurred out of cover and took up the pursuit, armed with a sixty-foot riata. They had not gone half a mile when the rider 'nailed' his game. It took all the rope to do it and only eighteen inches was left to snub around the saddle horn. He made a splendid fight, rearing and surging, but finally went down and we bound him fast.

"Until we saddled him we did not realize his desperation. We fastened the riata to his front feet; when he tried to run away we jerked his feet from under him, throwing him heavily; as he attempted to rise we threw him again, and repeated the maneuver until exhaustion necessitated his capitulation. But his surrender was only temporary. For three years we tried to break him, using every artifice known to us—as quickly as one man gave up the task another would try to conquer him; but every time a human being approached or tried to bridle or saddle him he would bite viciously, while his eyes, protruding from the sockets, blazed fiery red with hate. As the cinch was drawn tight the outlaw, if upon his feet, invariably reared straight up, poised upon his hind legs, then hurled himself backward to the ground. We always mounted him while he was tied down, and to 'stay' after he gained his feet called for action which boiled a day's work into thirty minutes of struggle. His end was as tragic as his career: in making an attempt at escape by jumping out of a stockade corral he misjudged the distance and became impaled on a jagged post, and a forty-four was turned loose upon him to end his suffering.

"The big chestnut stallion we named Stampede was another example of the outlaw that never yields to the mastery of man. Reared in a rocky section of the mountains bordering Cortez Valley, early in life he developed remarkable surefootedness, plunging down the boulder-stream slopes at appalling

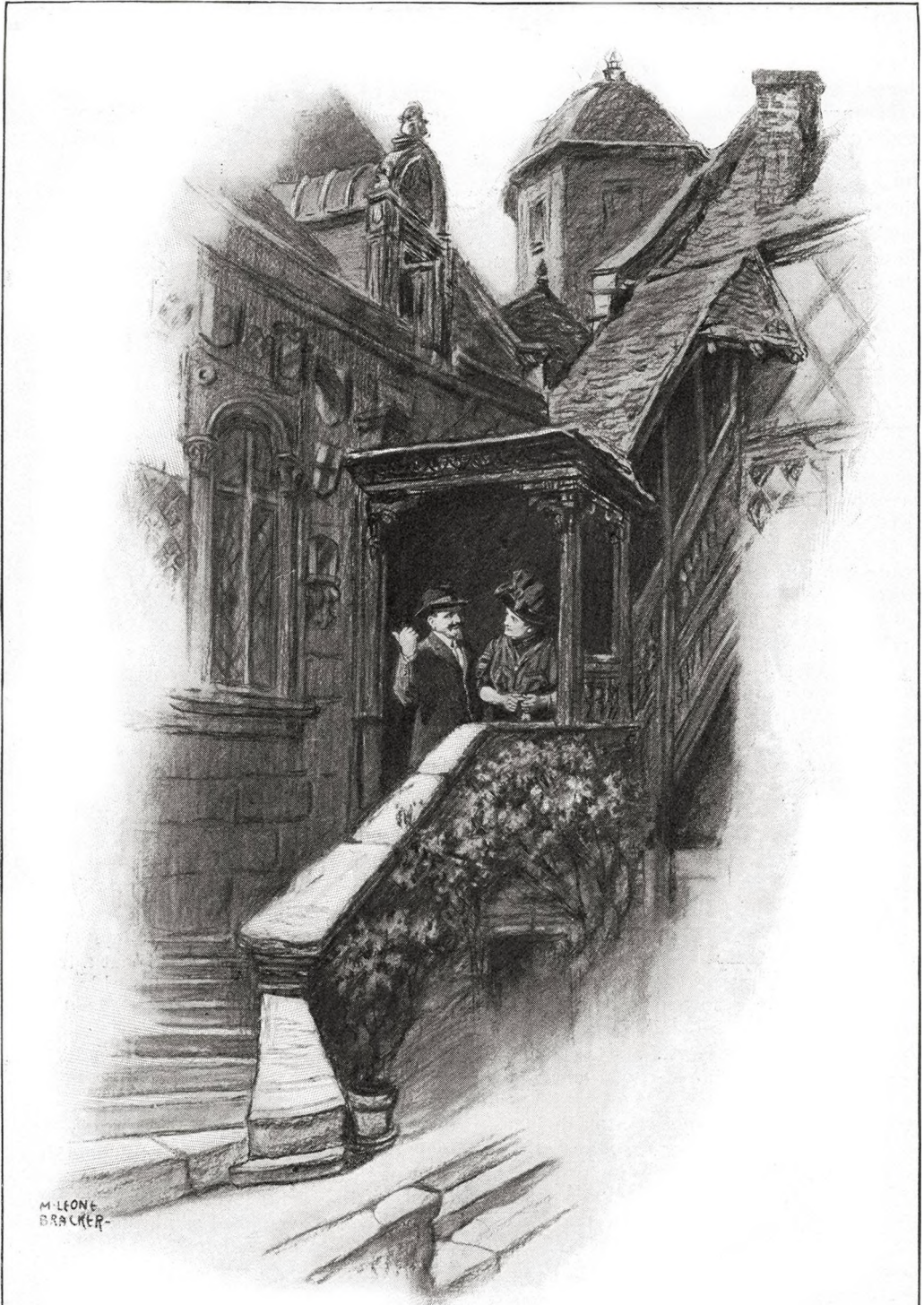
speed, never halting or stumbling, and seeming to fly over obstacles rather than go around them. In fleetness he surpassed any other horse known to have been bred in these mountain ranges. The mare that raised him was an ordinary mustang, but the colt had the markings and many of the traits of a thoroughbred. The contrast between mare and colt caused them to be spotted among the bands of wild horses seen in that part of Eureka County. Expedition after expedition set out to capture the fine colt—and came back without the quarry.

“It was late in August when the chestnut was eight years old, after the grass had browned and withered, that Nookie, a Shoshone Indian, secreted himself and his horse in a mass of boulders close to a mountain spring to which Stampede led his band to drink. As the stallion stood with lowered head filling himself with cool water, the Indian rode out from the rocks and shot his riata. The rawhide was about the stallion’s neck almost before he realized his danger. As he felt its sting and restraint, he threw himself against it with such force that the Indian’s horse was jerked to his knees. Stampede took instant advantage of the situation. He had started up the mountain, but now turned and ran straight down, and had not the rope caught under a pine stump and then snubbed around it, the stallion would have made his escape. He struggled until his breath came in gasps and his eyes protruded, but the rawhide held. The Indian, after reënforcing his hold upon his prize with a second rope, executed a dance of joy, for all alone he had taken the racehorse stallion that had defied the mustangers for eight years.

“Stampede was not a difficult horse to mount or to ride. He never resisted the saddle, but to bridle him required the services of two strong men. One man had to hold him upon the ground with a rope while the other forced the bit between the teeth and buckled the leather into place. Unless heated in a contest, he would obey the rein, but in a race with other horses he could not be controlled. Started after a bunch of mustangs, he would soon overhaul them and would continue on ahead of the flying herd; pulling and jerking on a spade or ring bit had absolutely no effect upon him.

“Looking down into Cortez Valley is a wide

bald flat known as Frenchy Mountain. Many bands of mustangs that fed here escaped time after time because we had no saddle horses sufficiently fleet and surefooted to outrun them down the jagged, precipitous side of that mountain. As we sat around our campfire one evening, Nookie announced a surprising proposition. He offered to go alone to the summit of Frenchy Mountain, start the bands of mustangs and race down that awful mountainside with them, relying upon his skill and his ability to manage Stampede to divert them into trails along which the men would lie concealed until time to spring out and rush the bands into the trap. On the day selected for the run Nookie left camp early. Stampede was in an ugly mood, having bruised one eye badly against the ground while fighting the men who bridled him. Nookie reached the summit and as he burst out upon the mustangs and set them to leaping down the mountainside, Stampede ran with the ease and grace of a deer. Nookie, shouting and swinging his quirt, did not attempt to restrain his runaway horse, which came bounding down the ridges like a rolling boulder. A run of two or three miles brought the mustangs to the brink of a canon, the sides of which were perpendicular walls of porphyry. Stampede had carried his rider into the midst of the terrified herd and together they raced toward the edge of the chasm. I was watching them through my glass from a good point of vantage. Suddenly the wild band swerved sharply to the left and tore along the canon edge. Nookie jerked furiously upon one rein and then upon the other, but Stampede did not turn. The Indian could not guide his horse, and neither could he check him. I realized that Stampede was running away for the last time, that a tragedy was about to be enacted, but I could not take my eyes from the glass. I shall always believe that that last hundred yards to the brink was covered with a burst of speed. Stampede did not tumble over the edge—he leaped. Mine was a profile view. For an instant I saw a man on a horse silhouetted against blue sky. Under them, over them, around them was nothing but air. The outlaw’s body was broken upon the rocks and cactus three hundred feet below, and under the horse died as plucky an Indian as ever climbed into saddle.”



"LET US DRAIN TOGETHER," CRIED HE. "THE LOVELINESS OF PERIGUEUX TO ITS DRESS!"

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol

The Adventure of the Miracle

By

William J. Locke

Author of "Septimus," "Simon the Jester," etc.

Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker

ARISTIDE, by attaching himself to the Hôtel du Soleil et de l'Écosse as a kind of glorified courier, had founded the Agence Pujol. As he, personally, was the Agence and the Agence was he, it happened that when he was not in attendance at the hotel, the Agence faded into space; and when he made his appearance in the vestibule and hung up his placard by the bureau, the Agence at once burst again into the splendor of existence. Apparently this litfl career of the Agence Pujol lasted some years. Whenever a chance of more remunerative employment turned up, Aristide took it and dissolved the Agence. Whenever outrageous Fortune chivvied him with slings and arrows penniless to Paris, there was always the Agence waiting to be resuscitated.

It was during one of these periodic flourishings of the Agence Pujol that Aristide met the Ducksmiths.

Business was slack, few guests were at the hotel, and of those few none desired to be personally conducted to the Louvre or Notre Dame or the Statue of Liberty in the Place de la Bastille. They mostly wore the placid expression of folks engaged in business affairs instead of the worried look of pleasure-seekers.

"My good Bocardon," said Aristide, lounging by the bureau and addressing his friend the manager, "this is becoming desperate. In another minute I shall take you out by

main force and show you the Tomb of Napoleon."

At that moment the door of the stuffy salon opened, and a traveling Briton, whom Aristide had not seen before, advanced to the bureau and inquired his way to the Madeleine. Aristide turned on him like a flash.

"Sir," said he, extracting documents from his pockets with lightning rapidity, "nothing would give me greater pleasure than to conduct you thither. My card. My tariff. My advertisement," pointing to the placard. "I am the managing director of the Agence Pujol under the special patronage of this hotel. I undertake all traveling arrangements—from the Moulin Rouge to the Pyramids, and, as you see, my charges are moderate."

The Briton holding the documents in a pudgy hand looked at the swift-gestured director with portentous solemnity. Then with equal solemnity he looked at Bocardon.

"Monsieur Ducksmith," said the latter, "you can repose every confidence in Monsieur Aristide Pujol."

"Humph!" said Mr. Ducksmith.

After another solemn inspection of Aristide, he stuck a pair of gold glasses midway on his fleshy nose and perused the documents. He was a fat, heavy man of about fifty years of age, and his scanty hair was turning gray. His puffy cheeks hung jowl-wise, giving him the appearance of some odd dog—a similarity greatly intensified by the eye sockets, the



FOR ONE POOR LITTLE MOMENT IN A LIFETIME IT IS GOOD TO WEEP ON SOME ONE'S SHOULDER AND TO HAVE SOME ONE'S SYMPATHETIC ARM AROUND ONE'S WAIST

lower lids of which were dragged down in the middle, showing the red like a bloodhound's; but here the similarity ended, for the man's eyes, dull and blue, had the unspeculative fixity of a rabbit's. His mouth, small and weak, dribbled away at the corners into the jowls, which in their turn melted into two or three chins. He was decently dressed in gray tweeds, and wore a diamond ring on his little finger.

"Umph," said he at last, and went back to the salon.

As soon as the door closed behind him, Aristide sprang into an attitude of indignation.

"Did you ever see such a bear! If I ever saw a bigger one I would eat him without salt or pepper. *Mais nom d'un chien*, such people ought to be made into sausages!"

"*Flègeme britannique!*" laughed Bocardon.

Half an hour passed and Mr. Ducksmith made no reappearance from the salon. In the forlorn hope of a client Aristide went in after him. He found Mr. Ducksmith, glasses on nose, reading a newspaper, and a plump, black-haired lady with an expressionless face knitting a gray woolen sock. Why they should be spending their first morning—and a crisp, sunny morning, too—in Paris in the murky staleness of this awful little salon, Aristide was at a loss to conjecture. As he entered, Mr. Ducksmith regarded him vacantly over the top of his gold-rimmed glasses.

"I have looked in," said Aristide, with his ingratiating smile, "to see whether you are ready to go to the Madeleine."

"Madeleine?" the lady inquired softly, pausing in her knitting.

"Madame," Aristide came forward, and, hand on heart, made her the lowest of bows. "Madame, have I the honor of speaking to Madame Ducksmith? Enchanted, madame, to make your acquaintance," he continued, after a grunt from Mr. Ducksmith had assured him of the correctness of his conjecture. "I am Monsieur Aristide Pujol, Director of the Agence Pujol, and my poor services are absolutely at your disposal."

He drew himself up, twisted his mustache, and met her eyes—they were rather sad and tired—with the roguish mockery of his own. She turned to her husband.

"Are you thinking of going to the Madeleine, Bartholomew?"

"I am, Henrietta," said he. "I have decided to do it. And I have also decided to put ourselves in the charge of this gentleman. Mrs. Ducksmith and I are accustomed to all the conveniences of travel—I may say that

we are great travelers, and I leave it to you to make the necessary arrangements. I prefer to travel at so much per head per day."

He spoke in a wheezy, solemn monotone from which all elements of life and joy seemed to have been eliminated. His wife's voice, though softer in timbre, was likewise devoid of color.

"My husband finds that it saves us from responsibilities," she remarked.

"And overcharges, and the necessity of learning foreign languages, which at our time of life would be difficult. During all our travels we have not been to Paris before, owing to the impossibility of finding a personally conducted tour of an adequate class."

"Then, my dear sir," cried Aristide, "it is Providence itself that has put you in the way of the Agence Pujol. I will now conduct you to the Madeleine without the least discomfort or danger."

"Put on your hat, Henrietta," said Mr. Ducksmith, "while this gentleman and I discuss terms."

Mrs. Ducksmith gathered up her knitting and retired, Aristide dashing to the door to open it for her. This gallantry surprised her ever so little, for a faint flush came into her cheek, and the shadow of a smile into her eyes.

"I wish you to understand, Mr. Pujol," said Mr. Ducksmith, "that being, I may say, a comparatively rich man, I can afford to pay for certain luxuries; but I made a resolution many years ago, which stood me in good stead during my business life, that I would never be cheated. You will find me liberal but just."

He was as good as his word. Aristide, who had never in his life exploited another's wealth to his own advantage, suggested certain terms, on the basis of so much per head per day, which Mr. Ducksmith declared with a sigh of relief to be perfectly satisfactory.

"Perhaps," said he, after further conversation, "you will be good enough to schedule out a month's railway tour through France, and give me an inclusive estimate for the three of us. As I say, Mrs. Ducksmith and I are great travelers—we have been to Norway, to Egypt, to Morocco and the Canaries, to the Holy Land, to Rome, and lovely Lucerne—but we find that attention to the trivial detail of travel militates against our enjoyment."

"My dear sir," said Aristide, "trust in me and your path and that of the charming Mrs. Ducksmith will be strewn with roses."

Whereupon Mrs. Ducksmith appeared, arrayed for walking out, and Aristide having ordered a cab, drove with them to the Made-



MILTON
BRACKER

SHE OPENED IT. A POOR DUMPY NIOBE. ALL TEARS. HE PUT HIS FINGER TO HIS LIPS

leine. They alighted in front of the majestic flight of steps. Mr. Ducksmith stared at the classical portico supported on its Corinthian columns with his rabbit-like, unspeculative gaze—he had those filmy blue eyes that never seem to wink—and after a moment or two, turned away.

“Humph,” said he.

Mrs. Ducksmith, dutiful and silent, turned away also.

“This sacred edifice,” Aristide began in his best Cicerone manner, “was built, after a classic model by the great Napoleon, as a Temple of Fame. It was afterwards used as a church. You will observe, and if you care to, you can count, as a conscientious American lady did last week, the fifty-six Corinthian columns—you will see they are Corinthian by the acanthus leaves on the capitals. For the vulgar, who have no architectural knowledge, I have *memoria technica* for the instant recognition of the three orders—cabbages, Corinthian; horns, Ionic (’orns, iornic—you see); anything else Doric. We will now mount the steps and inspect the interior.”

He was dashing off in his eager fashion when Mr. Ducksmith laid a detaining hand on his arm.

“No,” said he solemnly. “I disapprove of Popish interiors. Take us to the next place.”

He entered the waiting victoria. His wife meekly followed.

“I suppose the Louvre is the next place,” said Aristide.

“I leave it to you,” said Mr. Ducksmith.

Aristide gave the order to the cabman and took the little seat in the cab facing his employers. On the way down the Rue Royale and the Rue de Rivoli he pointed out the various buildings of interest, Maxim’s, the Cercle Royal, the Ministère de la Marine, the Hotel Continental. Two expressionless faces, two pairs of unresponsive eyes met his merry glance. He might as well have pointed out the beauties of the New Jerusalem to a couple of guinea pigs.

The cab stopped at the entrance to the galleries of the Louvre. They entered and walked up the great staircase on the turn of which the Winged Victory stands, with the wind of God in her vesture, proclaiming to each beholder the deathless, ever soaring, ever conquering spirit of man, and heralding the immortal glories of the souls, wind-swept likewise by the wind of God, that are enshrined in the treasure houses beyond.

“There!” said Aristide.

“Umph! No head,” said Mr. Ducksmith, passing it by with scarcely a glance.

“Would it cost very much to get a new one?” asked Mrs. Ducksmith timidly. She was three or four paces behind her spouse.

“It would cost the blood and tears and laughter of the human race,” said Aristide.

(“That was devilish good, wasn’t it?” remarked Aristide, when telling me this story. He always took care not to hide his light under the least possibility of a bushel.)

The Ducksmiths looked at him in their lack-luster way and allowed themselves to be guided into the picture galleries, vaguely hearing Aristide’s comments, scarcely glancing at the pictures and manifesting no sign of interest in anything whatever. From the Louvre they drove to Notre Dame, where the same thing happened. The venerable pile standing imperishable amid the vicissitudes of centuries (the phrase was Aristide’s and he was very proud of it) stirred in their bosoms no perceptible emotion. Mr. Ducksmith grunted and declined to enter; Mrs. Ducksmith said nothing. As with pictures and cathedrals so it was with their food at lunch. Beyond a solemn statement to the effect that in their quality of practised travelers they made a point of eating the food and drinking the wine of the country, Mr. Ducksmith did not allude to the meal. At any rate, thought Aristide, they don’t clamor for underdone chops and tea. So far they were human. Nor did they maintain an awful silence during the repast. On the contrary, Mr. Ducksmith loved to talk—in a dismal, pompous way—chiefly of British politics. His method of discourse was to place himself in the position of those in authority and to declare what he would do in any given circumstances. Now, unless the interlocutor adopts the same method and declares what *he* would do, conversation is apt to become one-sided. Aristide having no notion of a policy should he find himself exercising the functions of the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, cheerfully tried to change the ground of debate.

“What would you do, Mr. Ducksmith, if you were King of England?”

“I should try to rule the realm like a Christian statesman,” replied Mr. Ducksmith.

“I should have a devil of a time,” said Aristide.

“I beg your pardon?” said Mr. Ducksmith.

“I should have a—ah, I see—*pardon*—I should—” he looked from one paralyzing face to the other and threw out his arms. “*Parbleu!*” said he, “I should decapitate your Mrs. Grundy and make it compulsory for bishops to dance once a week in Trafalgar Square. *Tiens!* I would have it a capital

offense for any English cook to prepare hashed mutton without a license, and I would banish all the bakers of the kingdom to Siberia—ah! your English bread which you have to eat stale so as to avoid a horrible death!—and I would open two hundred thousand cafés—*mon Dieu!* how thirsty I have been there!—and I would make every English work-girl do her hair properly—and I would ordain that everybody should laugh three times a day under pain of imprisonment for life.”

“I am afraid, Mr. Pujol,” remarked Mr. Ducksmith seriously, “you would not be acting as a constitutional monarch. There is such a thing as the British Constitution which foreigners are bound to admire even though they may not understand.”

“To be a king must be a great responsibility,” said Mrs. Ducksmith.

“Madame,” said Aristide, “you have uttered a profound truth.” And to himself he murmured, though he should not have done so, “*Nom de Dieu! Nom de Dieu de nom de Dieu!*”

After lunch they drove to Versailles, which they inspected in the same apathetic fashion; then they returned to the hotel where they established themselves for the rest of the day in the airless salon, Mr. Ducksmith reading English newspapers and his wife knitting a gray woolen sock.

“*Mon vieux,*” said Aristide to Bocardon, “they are people of a nightmare. They are automata endowed with the faculty of digestion. *Ce sont des gens invraisemblables.*”

Paris providing them, apparently, with no entertainment, they started, after a couple of days, *Aristide duce et suspice Pujol*, on their railway tour through France, to Aristide an Odyssey of unimagined depression. They began with Chartres, continued with the Châteaux of the Loire, and began to work their way south. Nothing that Aristide could do roused them from their apathy. They were exasperatingly docile, made few complaints, got up, entrained, detrained, fed, excursionized, slept, just as they were bidden. But they looked at nothing, enjoyed nothing (save perhaps English newspapers and knitting) and uttered nothing by way of criticism or appreciation when Aristide attempted to review the wonders through which they had passed. They did not care to know the history, authentic or Pujolic, of any place they visited; they were impressed by no scene of grandeur, no corner of exquisite beauty. To go on and on, in a dull, non-sentient way, so long as they were spared all forethought, all trouble,

all afterthought, seemed to be their ideal of travel. Sometimes Aristide, after a fruitless effort to capture their interest, would hold his head, wondering whether he, or the Ducksmith couple, was insane. It was a dragon-fly personally conducting two moles through a rose garden.

Only once, during the early part of their journey, did a gleam of joyousness pierce the dull glaze of Mr. Ducksmith’s eyes. He had procured from the bookstall of a station a pile of English newspapers and was reading them in the train, while his wife knitted the interminable sock. Suddenly he folded a *Daily Telegraph* and handed it over to Aristide so that he should see nothing but a half page advertisement. The great capitals leaped to Aristide’s eyes:

“DUCKSMITH’S DELICATE JAMS.”

“I am the Ducksmith,” said he. “I started and built up the business. When I found that I could retire, I turned it into a Limited Liability Company, and now I am free and rich and able to enjoy the advantages of foreign travel.”

Mrs. Ducksmith started, sighed, and dropped a stitch.

“Did you also make pickles?” asked Aristide.

“I did manufacture pickles, but I made my name in jam. In the trade you will find it an honored one.”

“It is that in every nursery in Europe,” Aristide declared with polite hyperbole.

“I have done my best to deserve my reputation,” said Mr. Ducksmith, as impervious to flattery as to impressions of beauty.

“*Pecaire!*” said Aristide to himself, “how can I galvanize these corpses?”

As the soulless days went by, this problem grew to be Aristide’s main solicitude. He felt strangled, choked, borne down by an intolerable weight. What could he do to stir their vitality? Should he fire off pistols behind them, just to see them jump? But would they jump? Would not Mr. Ducksmith merely turn his rabbit eyes set in their bloodhound sockets vacantly on him and assume that the detonations were part of the tour’s program? Could he not fill him up with conflicting alcohols and see what inebriety would do for him? But Mr. Ducksmith declined insidious potations. He drank only at meal-time, and sparingly. Aristide prayed that some Thais might come along, cast her spell upon him and induce him to wink! He himself was powerless. His raciest stories fell on dull ears; none of his jokes called forth

a smile. At last having taken them to nearly all the historic Châteaux of Touraine, without eliciting one cry of admiration, he gave Mr. Ducksmith up in despair and devoted his attention to the lady.

Mrs. Ducksmith parted her smooth black hair in the middle and fastened it in a knob at the back of her head. Her clothes were good and new, but some desolate dressmaker had contrived to invest them with an air of hopeless dowdiness. At her bosom she wore a great brooch containing intertwined locks of a grandfather and grandmother long since defunct. Her mind was as drearly equipped as her person. She had a vague idea that they were traveling in France; but if Aristide had told her that it was Japan she would have meekly accepted the information. She had no opinions. Still she was a woman, and Aristide, firm in his conviction, that when it comes to love-making, all women are the same, proceeded forthwith to make love to her.

"Madame," said he one morning—she was knitting in the vestibule of the Hôtel du Faisan at Tours, Mr. Ducksmith being engaged, as usual, in the salon with his newspapers—"how much more charming that beautiful gray dress would be if it had a spot of color."

His audacious hand placed a deep crimson rose against her corsage and he stood away at arm's length, his head on one side, judging the effect.

"Magnificent! If madame would only do me the honor to wear it."

Mrs. Ducksmith took the flower hesitatingly.

"I'm afraid my husband does not like color," she said.

"He must be taught," cried Aristide. "You must teach him. I must teach him. Let us begin at once. Here is a pin."

He held the pin delicately between finger and thumb, and controlled her with his roguish eyes. She took the pin and fixed the rose to her dress.

"I don't know what Mr. Ducksmith will say?"

"What he ought to say, madame, is 'Bountiful Providence, I thank Thee for giving me such a beautiful wife.'"

Mrs. Ducksmith blushed and, to conceal her face, bent it over her resumed knitting. She made woman's time-honored response.

"I don't think you ought to say such things, Mr. Pujol."

"Ah, madame," said he, lowering his voice, "I have tried not to; but *que voulez-vous*, it was stronger than I. When I see you going

about like a little gray mouse"—the lady weighed at least twelve stone—"you who ought to be ravishing the eyes of mankind, I feel indignation here"—he thumped his chest, "my Provençal heart is stirred. It is enough to make one weep."

"I don't quite understand you, Mr. Pujol," she said, dropping stitches recklessly.

"Ah, madame," he whispered—and the rascal's whisper on such occasions could be very seductive, "that I will never believe."

"I am too old to dress myself up in fine clothes," she murmured.

"That's an illusion," said he, with a wide-flung gesture, "that will vanish at the first experiment."

Mr. Ducksmith emerged from the salon, *Daily Telegraph* in hand. Mrs. Ducksmith shot a timid glance at him and the knitting needles clicked together nervously. But the vacant eyes of the heavy man seemed no more to note the rose on her bosom than they noted any point of beauty in landscape or building.

Aristide went away chuckling, highly diverted by the success of his first effort. He had touched some hidden springs of feeling. Whatever might happen, at any rate, for the remainder of the tour, he would not have to spend his emotional force in vain attempts to knock sparks out of a jellyfish. He noticed with delight that at dinner that evening, Mrs. Ducksmith, still wearing the rose, had modified the rigid sweep of her hair from the mid-parting. It gave just a wavy hint of coquetry. He made her a little bow and whispered "Charming!" Whereupon she colored and dropped her eyes. And, during the meal, while Mr. Ducksmith discoursed on bounty-fed sugar, his wife and Aristide exchanged, across the table, the glances of conspirators. After dinner he approached her.

"Madame, may I have the privilege of showing you the moon of Touraine?"

She laid down her knitting. "Batholomew, will you come out?"

He looked at her over his glasses and shook his head.

"What is the good of looking at moonshine? The moon itself I have already seen."

So Aristide and Mrs. Ducksmith sat by themselves outside the hotel and he expounded to her the beauty of moonlight and its intoxicating effect on folks in love.

"Wouldn't you like," said he, "to be lying on that white burnished cloud with your beloved kissing your feet?"

"What odd things you think of."

"But wouldn't you?" he insinuated.

Her bosom heaved and swelled on a sigh. She watched the strip of silver for a while and then murmured a wistful "Yes."

"I can tell you of many odd things," said Aristide. "I can tell you how flowers sing and what color there is in the notes of birds. And how a cornfield laughs, and how the face of a woman who loves can outdazzle the sun. *Chère madame*," he went on after a pause, touching her little plump hand, "you have been hungering for beauty and thirsting for sympathy all your life. Isn't that so?"

She nodded.

"You have always been misunderstood."

A tear fell. Our rascal saw the glistening drop with peculiar satisfaction. Poor Mrs. Ducksmith! It was a child's game. *Enfin*, what woman could resist him? He had, however, one transitory qualm of conscience, for with all his vagaries, Aristide was a kindly and honest man. Was it right to disturb those placid depths? Was it right to fill this woman with romantic aspirations that could never be gratified? He himself had not the slightest intention of playing Lothario and of wrecking the peace of the Ducksmith household. The realization of the saintlike purity of his aims reassured him. When he wanted to make love to a woman *pour tout de bon*, it would not be to Mrs. Ducksmith.

"Bah!" said he to himself, "I am doing a noble and disinterested act. I am restoring sight to the blind. I am giving life to one in a state of suspended animation. *Tron de l'Aïr!* I am playing the part of a soul-reviver! And, *parbleu*, it isn't Jean or Jacques that can do that. It takes an Aristide Pujol."

So, having persuaded himself, in his southern way, that he was executing an almost divine mission, he continued with a zest, now sharpened by an approving conscience, to revive Mrs. Ducksmith's soul.

The poor lady who had suffered the blighting influence of Mr. Ducksmith for twenty years with never a ray of counteracting warmth from the outside, expanded like a flower to the sun under the soul-reviving process. Day by day she exhibited some fresh, timid coquetry in dress and manner. Gradually she began to respond to Aristide's suggestions of beauty in natural scenery and exquisite building. On the ramparts of Angoulême, daintiest of towns in France, she gazed at the smiling valleys of the Charente and the Son stretching away below, and of her own accord touched his arm lightly and said: "How beautiful!" She appealed to her husband.

"Umph!" said he.

Once more (it had become a habit) she exchanged glances with Aristide. He drew her a little farther along under pretext of pointing out the dreamy sweep of the Charente.

"If he appreciates nothing at all, why on earth does he travel?"

Her eyelids fluttered upward for a fraction of a second.

"It's his mania," she said. "He can never rest at home. He must always be going on, on."

"How can you endure it?" he asked.

She sighed. "It is better now that you can teach me how to look at things."

"Good!" thought Aristide. "When I leave them she can teach him to look at things and revive his soul. Truly I deserve a halo."

As Mr. Ducksmith appeared to be entirely unperceptive of his wife's spiritual expansion, Aristide grew bolder in his apostolate. He complimented Mrs. Ducksmith to his face. He presented her daily with flowers. He scarcely waited for the heavy man's back to be turned to make love to her. If she did not believe that she was the most beautiful, the most ravishing, the most delicate-souled woman in the world, it was through no fault of Aristide. Mr. Ducksmith went his pompous, unseeing way. At every stopping place stacks of English daily papers awaited him. Sometimes, while Aristide was showing them the sights of a town, to which, by the way, he insisted on being conducted, he would extract a newspaper from his pocket and read with dull and dogged stupidity. Once Aristide caught him reading the advertisements for cooks and housemaids. In these circumstances Mrs. Ducksmith spiritually expanded at an alarming rate; and in an inverse ratio dwindled the progress of Mr. Ducksmith's sock.

They arrived at Périgueux, in Périgord, land of truffles, one morning, in time for lunch. Toward the end of the meal the maître d'hôtel helped them to great slabs of pâté de foie gras, made in the house—most of the hotelkeepers in Périgord make pâté de foie gras both for home consumption and for exportation—and waited expectant of their appreciation. He was not disappointed. Mr. Ducksmith, after a hesitating glance at the first mouthful swallowed it, greedily devoured his slab, and, after pointing to his empty plate, said solemnly:

"*Plou.*"

Like Oliver he asked for more.

"*Tiens!*" thought Aristide, astounded, "is he too developing a soul?"

But, alas! there were no signs of it when they went their dreary round of the town in the usual ramshackle open cab. The cathedral of Saint-Front extolled by Aristide and restored by Abadie—a terrible fellow who has capped with tops of pepper castors every pre-Gothic building in France—gave him no thrill; nor did the picturesque, tumble-down ancient buildings on the bank of the Dordogne, nor the delicate Renaissance façades in the cool narrow Rue du Lys.

"We will now go back to the hotel," said he.

"But have we seen it all?" asked Mrs. Ducksmith.

"By no means," said Aristide.

"We will go back to the hotel," repeated her husband in his expressionless tones. "I have seen enough of Périgueux."

This was final. They drove back to the hotel. Mr. Ducksmith, without a word, went straight into the salon, leaving Aristide and his wife standing in the vestibule.

"And you, madame," said Aristide, "are you going to sacrifice the glory of God's sunshine to the manufacture of woolen socks?"

She smiled—she had caught the trick at last—and said in happy submission, "What would you have me do?"

With one hand he clasped her arm; with the other, in a superb gesture, he indicated the sunlit world outside.

"Let us drain together," cried he, "the loveliness of Périgueux to its dregs!"

Greatly daring, she followed him. It was a rapturous escapade—the first adventure of her life. She turned her comely face to him, and he saw smiles round her lips and laughter in her eyes. Aristide, worker of miracles, strutted by her side chokeful of vanity. They wandered through the picturesque streets of the old town with the gaiety of truant children, peeping through iron gateways into old courtyards, venturing their heads into the murk of black stairways, talking (on the part of Aristide) with mothers nursing chuckling babes on their doorsteps, crossing the thresholds, hitherto taboo, of churches and meeting the mystery of colored glass and shadows and the heavy smell of incense.

Her hand was on his arm when they entered the flagged courtyard of an ancient palace, a stately medley of the centuries, with wrought ironwork in the balconies, tourelles, oriels, exquisite Renaissance ornaments on architraves, and a great central Gothic doorway, with great window openings above, through which was visible the stone staircase of honor leading to the upper floors. In a

corner stood a mediæval well, the sides curiously carved. One side of the courtyard blazed in sunshine, the other lay cool and gray in shadow. Not a human form or voice troubled the serenity of the spot. On a stone bench against the shady wall Aristide and Mrs. Ducksmith sat down to rest.

"*Voilà*," said Aristide. "Here one can suck in all the past like an omelette. They had the feeling for beauty, those old fellows."

"I have wasted twenty years of my life," said Mrs. Ducksmith with a sigh. "Why didn't I meet some one like you when I was young? Ah! you don't know what my life has been, Mr. Pujol."

"Why not Aristide, when we are alone? Why not, Henriette?"

He too had the sense of adventure, and his eyes were more than usually compelling and his voice more seductive. For some reason or other undivined by Aristide, overexcitement of nerves, perhaps, she burst into tears.

"*Henriette! Henriette, ne pleurez pas.*"

His arm crept round her, he knew not how; her head sank on his shoulder, she knew not why—faithlessness to her lord was as far from her thoughts as murder or arson, but for one poor little moment in a lifetime it is good to weep on some one's shoulder and to have some one's sympathetic arm around one's waist.

"*Pauvre petite femme*—and is it love she is pining for?"

She sobbed; he lifted her chin with his free hand—and what less could moral apostle do?—he kissed her on her wet cheek.

A bellow like that of an angry bull caused them to start asunder. They looked up, and there was Mr. Ducksmith within a few yards of them, his face aflame—his rabbits' eyes on fire with rage. He advanced, shook his fists in their faces.

"I've caught you. At last, after twenty years, I've caught you."

"Monsieur," cried Aristide starting up, "allow me to explain."

He swept Aristide aside like an intercepting willow branch and poured forth a torrent of furious speech upon his wife.

"I have hated you for twenty years. Day by day I have hated you more. I've watched you, watched you, watched you. But, you sly jade, you've been too clever for me till now . . . yes! I followed you from the hotel. I dogged you. I foresaw what would happen. . . . Now the end has come. . . . I've hated you for twenty years—ever since you first betrayed me—"

Mrs. Ducksmith, who had sat with over-

whelmed head in her hands started bolt upright, and looked at him like one thunder-struck.

"I betrayed you?" she gasped in bewilderment. "When? How? What do you mean?"

He laughed—for the first time since Aristide had known him—but it was a ghastly laugh that made the jowls of his cheeks spread horridly to his ears, and again he flooded the calm, stately courtyard with the raging violence of words. The veneer of easy life fell from him. He became the low-born, petty tradesman, using the language of the hands of his jam factory. . . . No, he had never told her. He had awaited his chance. Now he had found it. He called her names. . . .

Aristide interposed, his Southern being atrob with the insults heaped upon the woman.

"Say that again, monsieur," he shouted, "and I will take you up in my arms like a sheep and throw you down that well."

The two men glared at each other, Aristide standing bent, with crooked fingers, ready to spring at the other's throat. The woman threw herself between them.

"For Heaven's sake," she cried. "Listen to me. I have done no wrong. I have done no wrong now—I never did you wrong. I swear I didn't."

Mr. Ducksmith laughed again, and his laugh reëchoed round the quiet walls and up the vast staircase of honor.

"You'd be a fool not to say it. But now I've done with you. Here, you, sir. Take her away—do what you like with her—I'll divorce her. I'll give you a thousand pounds never to see her again."

"*Goujat! Triple goujat!*" cried Aristide, more incensed than ever at this final insult.

Mrs. Ducksmith, deadly white, swayed sideways, and Aristide caught her in his arms and dragged her to the stone bench. The fat, heavy man looked at them for a second, laughed again and sped through the *portecochère*. Mrs. Ducksmith quickly recovered from her fainting attack and gently pushed the solicitous Aristide away.

"Merciful Heaven!" she murmured, "what is to become of me?"

The last person to answer the question was Aristide. For the first time in his adventurous life resource failed him. He stared at the woman for whom he cared not the snap of a finger and who, he knew, cared not the snap of a finger for him, aghast at the havoc he had wrought. If he had set out to arouse emotion in these two sluggish breasts he had done so with a vengeance. He had thought he was

amusing himself with a toy cannon and he had fired a charge of dynamite.

He questioned her almost stupidly—for a man in the comic mask does not readily attune himself to tragedy. She answered with the desolate frankness of a lost soul. And then the whole meaning—or the lack of meaning—of their inanimate lives was revealed to him. Absolute estrangement had followed the birth of their child nearly twenty years ago. The child had died after a few weeks. Since then he saw—and the generous blood of his heart froze as the vision came to him—that the vulgar, half-sentient, rabbit-eyed bloodhound of a man had nursed an unexpressed, dull, undying, implacable resentment against the woman. It did not matter that the man's suspicion was vain—to Aristide the woman's blank amazement at the preposterous charge was proof enough; to the man the thing was real. For nearly twenty years, the man had suffered the cancer to eat away his vitals—and he had watched and watched his blameless wife until, now, at last, he had caught her in this folly. No wonder he could not rest at home; no wonder he was driven Io-wise, on and on, although he hated travel and all its discomforts, knew no word of a foreign language, knew no scrap of history, had no sense of beauty, was utterly ignorant, as every single one of our expensively state-educated English lower classes is, of everything that matters on God's earth; no wonder that, in the unfamiliarity of foreign lands, feeling as helpless as a ballet-dancer in a cavalry charge, he looked to Cook or Lunn or the Agence Pujol to carry him through his uninspired pilgrimage. For twenty years he had shown no sign of joy or sorrow or anger, scarcely even of pleasure or annoyance. A tortoise could not have been more unemotional. The unsuspected volcano had slumbered. To-day came disastrous eruption. And what was a mere laughing, crying child of a man like Aristide Pujol in front of a Ducksmith volcano?

"What is to become of me?" wailed Mrs. Ducksmith again.

"*Ma foi!*" said Aristide, with a shrug of his shoulders, "what's going to become of anyone? Who can foretell what will happen in a minute's time? *Tiens!*" he added, kindly laying his hand on the sobbing woman's shoulder, "be comforted, my poor Henriette. Just as nothing in this world is as good as we hope, so nothing is as bad as we fear. *Voyons*. All is not lost yet. We must return to the hotel."

She weepingly acquiesced. They walked

through the quiet streets like children whose truancy had been discovered and who were creeping back to condign punishment at school. When they reached the hotel, Mrs. Ducksmith went straight up to the woman's haven, her bedroom.

Aristide tugged at his Vandyck beard in dire perplexity. The situation was too pregnant with tragedy for him to run away and leave the pair to deal with it as best they could. But what was he to do? He sat down in the vestibule and tried to think. The landlord, an unstoppable gramophone of garrulity, entering by the street door and bearing down upon him, put him to flight. He too sought his bedroom, a cool apartment with a balcony outside the French window. On this balcony, which stretched along the whole range of first-floor bedrooms, he stood for a while, pondering deeply. Then in an absent way he overstepped the limit of his own room frontage; a queer sound startled him; he paused, glanced through the open window, and there he saw a sight which for the moment paralyzed him.

Recovering command of his muscles, he tip-toed his way back. He remembered now that the three rooms adjoined; next to his was Mr. Ducksmith's, and then came Mrs. Ducksmith's. It was Mr. Ducksmith whom he had seen.

Suddenly his dark face became luminous with laughter; his eyes glowed, he threw his hat in the air and danced with glee about the room. Having thus worked off the first intoxication of his idea, he flung his few articles of attire and toilet necessaries into his bag, strapped it, and darted, in his dragon-fly way, into the corridor and tapped softly at Mrs. Ducksmith's door. She opened it, a poor dumpy Niobe, all tears. He put his finger to his lips.

"Madame," he whispered, bringing to bear on her all the mocking magnetism of his eyes, "if you value your happiness you will do exactly what I tell you. You will obey me implicitly. You must not ask questions. Pack your trunks at once. In ten minutes' time the porter will come for them."

She looked at him with a scared face. "But what am I going to do?"

"You are going to revenge yourself on your husband."

"But I don't want to," she replied piteously.

"I do," said he. "Begin, *chère madame*, every moment is precious."

In a state of stupefied terror the poor woman obeyed him. He saw her start seriously

on her task and then went downstairs where he held a violent and gesticulatory conversation with the landlord and with a man in a green baize apron summoned from some dim lair of the hotel. After that he lighted a cigarette and smoked feverishly, walking up and down the pavement. In ten minutes' time his luggage and that of Mrs. Ducksmith was placed upon the cab. Mrs. Ducksmith appeared trembling and tear-stained in the vestibule.

The man in the green baize apron knocked at Mr. Ducksmith's door and entered the room.

"I have come for the baggage of Monsieur," said he.

"Baggage? What baggage?" asked Mr. Ducksmith, sitting up.

"I have descended the baggage of Monsieur Pujol," said the porter in his stumbling English, "and of madame, and put them in a cab, and I naturally thought monsieur was going away too."

"Going away!" He rubbed his eyes, glared at the porter, and dashed into his wife's room. It was empty. He dashed into Aristide's room. It was empty too. With a roar like that of a wounded elephant he rushed downstairs, the man in the green baize apron following at his heels.

Not a soul was in the vestibule. No cab was at the door. Mr. Ducksmith turned upon his stupefied satellite.

"Where are they?"

"They must have gone already. I filled the cab. Perhaps Monsieur Pujol and madame have gone before to make arrangements."

"Where have they gone to?"

"In Périgueux there is nowhere to go to with baggage but the railway station."

A decrepit vehicle with a gaudy linen canopy hove in sight. Mr. Ducksmith hailed it as the last victims of the Flood must have hailed the Ark. He sprang into it and drove to the station.

There, in the *salle d'attente* he found Aristide mounting guard over his wife's luggage. He hurled his immense bulk at his betrayer.

"You blackguard! Where is my wife?"

"Monsieur," said Aristide, puffing a cigarette, sublimely impudent and debonair, "I decline to answer any questions. Your wife is no longer your wife. You offered me a thousand pounds to take her away. I am taking her away. I did not deign to disturb you for such a trifle as a thousand pounds, but since you are here——"

He smiled engagingly and held out his curved palm. Mr. Ducksmith foamed at the corners of the small mouth that disappeared into the bloodhound jowl.

"My wife," he shouted, "if you don't want me to throw you down and trample on you."

A band of loungers, railway officials, peasants and other travelers awaiting their trains, gathered round. As the altercation was conducted in English which they did not understand, they could only hope for the commencement of physical hostilities.

"My dear sir," said Aristide, "I do not understand you. For twenty years you hold an innocent and virtuous woman under an infamous suspicion. She meets a sympathetic soul, and you come across her pouring into his ear the love and despair of a lifetime. You have more suspicion. You tell me you will give me a thousand pounds to go away with her. I take you at your word. And now you want to stamp on me—*ma foi*, it is not reasonable."

Mr. Ducksmith seized him by the lapels of his coat. A gasp of expectation went round the crowd. But Aristide recognized an agonized appeal in the eyes now bloodshot.

"My wife," he said hoarsely. "I want my wife. I can't live without her. Give her back to me. Where is she?"

"You had better search the station," said Aristide.

The heavy man unconsciously shook him in his powerful grasp as a child might shake a doll.

"Give her to me. Give her to me, I say. She won't regret it."

"You swear that?" asked Aristide, with lightning quickness.

"I swear it. Where is she?"

Aristide disengaged himself, waved his hand airily toward Périgueux and smiled blandly.

"In the salon of the hotel, waiting for

you to throw yourself on your knees before her."

Mr. Ducksmith gripped him by the arm.

"Come back with me. If you're lying, I'll kill you."

"The luggage?" queried Aristide.

"Damn the luggage!" said Mr. Ducksmith, and dragged him out of the station.

A cab brought them quickly to the hotel. Mr. Ducksmith bolted like an obese rabbit into the salon. A few moments afterwards, Aristide, entering, found them locked in each other's arms.

They started alone for England that night, and Aristide returned to the directorship of the Agence Pujol. But he took upon himself enormous credit for having worked a miracle.

"One thing I can't understand," said I, after he had told me the story with his wealth of gesture and picturesque phrase which I have not ventured to reproduce, "is what put this sham elopement into your crazy head. What did you see when you looked into Mr. Ducksmith's bedroom?"

"Ah, *mon vieux*, I did not tell you. If I had told you, you would not have been surprised at what I did. I saw a sight that would have melted the heart of a stone. I saw Ducksmith wallowing on his bed and sobbing as if his heart would break. It filled my soul with pity. I said: 'If that mountain of insensibility can weep and sob in such agony, it is because he loves—and it is I, Aristide Pujol, who have reawakened that love.'"

"Then," said I, "why on earth didn't you go and fetch Mrs. Ducksmith and leave them together?"

He started from his chair and threw up both hands.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried he, "you English! You are a charming people, but you have no romance. You have no dramatic sense. I will help myself to a whiskey and soda."



The Pilgrim's Scrip



*Readers' Letters, Comments
and Confessions*



THE UNINTERESTINGNESS OF LIFE IN A SMALL TOWN

IN the article "True Canadian Reciprocity" Albert Jay Nock has presented a phase of American life that I think should receive more attention than it has.

Life is not interesting in the average town in the United States, and in this fact I am inclined to think lies the core of the problem of the idle, ignorant, and useless young person, the loafer and incompetent.

At one time I spent some years in one of the largest plants in this country and my work brought me in contact with many men. I left that work, yet, though I have been within a block of the place several times within the past three years, I have not been inside the plant. And I have met only three men of that association. The work was under such conditions that it did not store the mind with pleasant memories.

In this place, which is somewhat the same as a small town, there is nothing to awaken an interest in any form of improvement. There is no opportunity for a young person to learn anything by which he can make a decent living.

There is no social life to develop the character nor anything of interest; on Sundays a gang of boys and men loaf on the steps of the stores. The street is the meeting place and subjects of conversation are neither plentiful nor elevating.

In this problem of the small town, and the development there, lies a deeper and more vital problem than many that are widely discussed, and I would like to see more articles along this line.

The average town is full of incompetent people and they never have much interest beyond what they eat and what they wear.

I was walking with one of the ministers tonight and discussing this problem. He frequently calls and usually talks of some phase of it, while in many sermons is the demand for industrial education.

Perhaps the church, in its divided efforts and lack of expert advice, is the greatest hindrance we have to practical improvement in living conditions. Its lack of knowledge even that there are vital problems to-day is an obstacle to the

efforts of those who wish to try out plans for uplifting the ideals and aspirations of the people.

I am writing to express my appreciation of the spirit of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE in its attitude toward modern life. It is developing a character that has power.

H. H. McNAUGHTON.

We should like to hear from other business men on this subject, for our own enlightenment and possibly that of our readers. A frank expression of ideas and experiences will be welcome, whether intended for publication or not. It is a subject of great importance to business men and manufacturers, particularly in small towns.

APROPOS OF "NEW IDEAS IN CHILD TRAINING"

I READ in an article in your magazine on education of children, that some mother had stopped her two-year-old boy from playing with his blocks because he had learned his alphabet.

I thought I would try my boy, who is just two and a half years old. One afternoon I took three blocks with A, M, and U on them. I would show him the letter and tell him what it was. I did this two or three times with all the letters, then I tried it without telling him what it was, and let him say. In less than ten minutes he knew them. I spent about fifteen minutes, not more than that, each afternoon for a week. Now he knows all his letters except Q and that block is lost. He stops at large sign boards and says the letters, names in the sidewalk, on magazines and newspapers.

I bought some different colored candy and with a little time he has learned to know colors. He knows red, pink, brown, white, yellow, purple and black, and he learned blue and some other colors from pieces of cloth.

In a few minutes' time he learned the colors and difference between Logan berries, dew- and black-berries, raspberries, strawberries and cherries.

I don't know if this is wonderful, but it shows what a small child can learn in a very short time with a small amount of teaching.

ARTHUR T. ELLIS.

In the Interpreter's House



*So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter),
and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house.*

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS



“Old Masters to Order”

IT is interesting to hear you talk this way—said the Observer—because I was once by chance brought close to the Old Master industry.

Perhaps you would like to hear about it. Years ago I made the acquaintance of Nolan, the detective.

**Nolan,
the
Detective**

Of all the amusing and interesting men I have known I think he was the one I liked most to talk with. With proper training he would have shone in any calling, but he was especially gifted and to an extraordinary degree

for the detection of crime. With a sound reasoning mind and a memory for facts and faces that was, or seemed to be, absolutely perfect, he was blessed with such power of eyesight as I have seen in but one other man, and that was Burnham, the astronomer. You remember Burnham, a stenographer in the United States Court, who rigged up a telescope on the roof of a little suburban cottage and startled the scientific world by the discovery of more double stars than had ever been heard of before and so passed, late in life, into the company of the great astronomers. Nolan's eyes and Burnham's were much alike, gray in color and seeming smaller than they really were, from the habit of their owners of concentrating sharply on any object before them.

Next to Burnham, Nolan was the best pistol shot I ever saw. I remember his “partner” telling me of an exploit of the detective which Devlin said “Made me bless myself.” “We were walking together in a side street one very foggy night,” said Devlin, “when a man came out of the basement of a house down the block and disappeared in the darkness. That is, I say it was a man but I couldn't have told if it was a man or a woman at the time and he was gone from my eyesight in a second. But

Phil whispered, ‘That's “Chick” Swanson,’ a fellow we were looking for. ‘He won't stop if I holler and I'm going to plug him in the leg,’ and he outs with his gun and lets fly, and may I never live to see daylight again, if we didn't hear a yell in the black night ahead of us and run up

**Eyes That
Could
Perform
Wonders**

and find our man lying on the sidewalk with a hole in his thigh and a bundle of silver beside him.

“But Nolan's marvelous eyesight was the smallest part of his equipment. I have always remembered Locke's definition of judgment as differing from wit. It goes something like this: ‘Judgment consists in separating from each other ideas in which there can be found the least difference, thus avoiding being misled by similarity of relationship into mistaking one thing for another.’ This would have formed a good description of Nolan's mind. Joined with his extraordinary powers of vision and memory and applied to the relatively simple business of identifying criminals it produced results that used to make the ordinary wooden-headed detectives think he was in league with the devil. He could drag out of the store house of his memory the recollection of a badly-printed half-tone in a newspaper two years after it appeared and fit it to the face of a suspect in ‘the line.’ He would pick out of a Broadway crowd a man who was ‘wanted’ after merely glancing at a photograph at headquarters. No disguise would fool him. If he had ever seen his quarry before he could detect it at a glance by its manner of walking or by some unconscious trick of gesture. He had great contempt for the so-called cleverness of the average crook and the advertised shrewdness of the average detective. I never knew him to fail in a case when the crime had

been committed by a professional criminal. He was sometimes puzzled by crimes of passion but even in such cases his common sense and his natural shrewdness in discarding improbabilities made him successful beyond any of his colleagues. And he pursued his work with keenness, but with an appearance of lazy good nature that made it possible to despatch a rogue to the State's prison without incurring his ill-will.

"Naturally such a man could not long remain a detective. He got off the force, made as much money as he needed and retired to enjoy life in travel, study and a keenly humorous survey of the passing show. Although he had commenced as a mechanic without education he had acquired such a knowledge of men and even

of books that he could be an agreeable companion for any person who cared for agreeable companions, and as he possessed a natural Irish sociability of disposition he made acquaintances everywhere and might be found dining one night with the Sirdar in Cairo and the next with Pat Sheedy at Sheppard's hotel.

"Nolan's feeling about criminals was interesting. He hated a thief; enmity to the birds of the night who prey on innocence and virtue and helplessness was as much of a passion with him as anything could be; to a housebreaker he would show no mercy and he held in especial aversion the yeggmen, those uncanny bandits with whom robbery is a business and murder a luxury. But he had a certain respect for safe-blowers and he appeared to hold even a liking and sympathy for the gay and polished confidence operator. 'A man shouldn't be punished for working the green goods game or selling a gold brick,' he said, 'for in every case the victim is a crook. No one was ever buncoed who wasn't trying to get money dishonestly.' 'Was that true about — —?'

I asked, mentioning the name of a worthy who was robbed in Broadway. 'Certainly,' said Nolan. 'I knew the case very well. The old man was induced to take part in a poker game on the representation that he was to be a confederate in robbing a stranger. In technical language the gang "sold him a big mitt," which he bet on. Unfortunately for him they dealt a bigger hand to the supposed victim.'

"Still, in the line of his business it was

necessary for him to put some of these financiers away and among those so treated was a young fellow named Rankin. As a matter of duty, Nolan sent him to State's Prison and then as a matter of sentiment got him out and reformed him. Nolan's method of reforming criminals was all his own. He knew it would be barbarous to suggest to a refined confidence operator that he must abandon the luxuries of Broadway and go to work at a trade. When he took a man in hand to reform him he always got him a job as sheet-writer on the race-track, roulette dealer in a gambling house or clerk in a pool room, where he could earn ten or fifteen dollars a day.

"Rankin's case was a little more difficult than the ordinary. He was a high-class expert who had himself more than once made the dealer 'turn over the box' and to ask him to subject his high spirit to the irksome routine of a place in a gambling house would be almost insulting. Consequently, when Nolan went up to the prison and took Rankin back to town, and told him he was in bad and could never again practise his profession in that neighborhood in peace, and Rankin asked plaintively, 'What am I going to do?' Nolan's sole reply was 'Blow.' And Rankin 'blew'—that is to say, went away. I

was privileged to see the last meeting between these friends. Nolan was sitting in a big chair in the corridor of the hotel when a tall, thin, muscular young man walked up to him and said: 'Well, Mr. Nolan, I came to say good-by.' 'When are you going?' 'On the midnight rattler.' 'Where?' 'London.' 'Soft?' 'I hope so.' 'Well, good luck—and no booze.' 'You don't need to tell me. I'm through with that.' 'Say,' said Nolan, when he had gone, 'if that fellow ever gets really started in England he won't leave cigarette money for the Prince of Wales.'

"A good many years passed. Nolan retired from the force, made his fortune and settled down to his ease. One day I was in London walking in the Strand when I came across the detective who was strolling leisurely along and following his habit of scrutinizing the passing faces. He carried me at once into a famous English hotel, where one can meet on a summer's evening many Americans who have been exiled from their country for their country's good. A very pleasant and profitable time they have, trimming the unwary Englishmen and enjoying the only police protection that is absolutely impregnable, namely, the espion-

**A
Violent
Hater of
Thieves**

**A Famous
Crook
Leaves Our
Shores**

**Some
Victims
Not Worth
Pitying**

age of Scotland Yard. That a person should be a thief and still wear good clothes and preserve a gentlemanly exterior, is a fact that has not dawned on the imagination of the yard, and the Broadway 'con men,' who are persons of great nicety in externals find London as safe an Alsatia as exists anywhere in which to exploit the un-

**England
Easy
Ground for
"Con" Men**

wary. Unless they become too exuberant and shoot each other up, as sometimes, indeed, the high-spirited fellows will, or attempt a foray on the Bank of England, or blow open the strong box in the office of the commissioner of police, they are practically safe in any adventure of a gentlemanly character, and as they are cheerfully communicative with their fellow countrymen who because of the meagerness of their purse or the wariness of their disposition are difficult to rook I always make a point when in London to pay one visit to the Hotel Burley barroom and gain at first hand the news of the underworld. Besides, from frequent admonition, the bartenders at the Burley have really learned to mix a cocktail, while at other English taverns the recipe for a cocktail is equal parts of gin, Scotch whiskey, ketchup, milk, the white of an egg and a pickled walnut, served warm.

"Seated at a table when we went into the Burley were perhaps a score of well-dressed ruffians some of whom nodded their heads or waved their hands at the ex-detective as he entered. In an undertone he mentioned their names and told of the past performances and the present career of each. 'Do you remember Rankin?' he said. I did. 'There he is, the one at the third table facing us.' I turned cautiously and saw two men sitting together. One was a commonplace plethoric looking individual; the other appeared to be a rather languid but athletic Englishman, with a long grayish mustache. He wore a monocle in his eye as firmly as if he had been born with it. This, my friend assured me, was Rankin, although, even after an effort, I could trace no resemblance in the smart Englishman to the fugitive confidence man of fifteen years before. Presently he came over to our table. 'Aren't you Mr. Nolan?' he asked. 'That's my name,' said Nolan. 'Then surely you haven't forgotten me,' said Rankin, 'Yellow-

**Shall Old
Acquaintance
Be Forgot?**

stone Park, San Francisco and all that—Sir Edward Tomlinson.' 'Why of course not,' said Nolan, without moving an eyelash. 'I

thought it was you when I came in, but my sight is failing me as I grow older and I wasn't sure. Sir Edward, I want you to know——' and the introductions took place with the greatest politeness. Sir Edward promptly said good-by to his plethoric companion and joined us again. He talked cheerily and at great length about dear ol' America, jolly place, spiffin' place to spend a few months, such top-hole fellers as he met there. He had acquired an English accent and a command of the slang of the English racing and sporting world that would have dizzied a member of the Meadowbrook colony near New York. Nolan listened patiently until his friend had finished these preliminaries and then said quietly: 'How's the graft, Danny?' Promptly there followed an exchange of nods between the two and Nolan, pointing his thumb toward me, said: 'Don't you remember him the night you came to say good-by?' Sir Edward gave me a shrewd glance and then his monocle flopped out of his eye and discarding his English accent as a man throws off a tight-fitting coat in his own bedroom, he cried: 'Say, this English climate must've affected my bean. Of course, I remember you. You was in the hotel the night I made my get-away.' And so, assured of my trustworthiness, the two settled down to a most diverting exchange of views chiefly concerned with the fates and fortunes of the members of the lower strata of financiers. It would take too long to repeat the tales and indeed most of the language was cryptic to me for Nolan also fell gracefully into the jargon of Romany and modern thieves' slang which is the crooked language all over the world. Sir Edward's admiration for the English race was enormous. 'They're the nicest people I ever met,' he said. 'I used to be homesick for old Broadway, but I wouldn't go back there to live if Morgan gave me the key of his damper. They're kind and they're hospitable and they're easy. But what I like most about them is they're law-abiding. A man's life is safe here. I haven't carried a cannon in twelve years and say, I wouldn't walk from Jack's to Considine's at noon without a couple of gats on me. Just to show you how strong they are on

**The
Case of
Eddie
Kennedy**

justice—you remember Eddie Kennedy from Chicago? Course you do. Well, after he bombarded a policeman's hat off his head, he couldn't stay around home for every bull got the office to kill him on sight, so he came over to France and within a month he tried a little rough gam-

bling with a sand bag on the Champs Elysées and got seven years in the galleys. When he was let out he stayed quiet for a year. Then he rushed the American Express office in Paris and got away with \$40,000. He didn't get away far. There was one of them French big feet with a sword right after him and Eddie had to hurry so he lost his hat. The French police had been watching him and they knew he'd bought this hat and Eddie fell at Calais with twenty gendarmes on his back and all of them needed. The French courts are pretty prompt when it comes to handing it to a gun. They never lag you till they're sure and then they settle you quick. There wasn't any doubt about them having Eddie right, so inside of a week after he'd rolled the police force of Calais down the quay he was hooked to a post in the basement of a steamboat on his way to the Devil's Island, the same place where they had Dreyfus for a while. Eddie got all they could give him—life, and the judge hoped he'd live to a ripe old age so he could enjoy it. I guess from what Eddie tells me that this Devil's Island is quite a stir. The mosquitos look like Bleriot aeroplanes, the sun is hardly higher than the shingles of your house, and the undertaker is as busy as the one-armed paper hanger with the prickly heat that you've heard about.

“But there never was a place in the world except a burying ground or a brace faro game that a man can be put into that he can't be

**A Bad
Man
Out of
Trouble**

got out of if he's got friends outside and his friends have got money. For a fellow that was careless about who he shot, Eddie had friends and they were strong with the coin. I don't know who he got to.

He'd never tell. But anyhow, one dark night he rowed out into the ocean in a boat that a careless keeper had left on the beach, got to a sloop that was waiting and sailed to British Guiana where they sneaked him aboard a ship for England. He had a girl in London by the name of Philadelphia May, who was a great badger worker, and while he was on the ocean he got thinking about her and what does he do when he gets to Liverpool but go right up to London to look for her. He found her one night on the Strand walking along with Big Perkins, the send man from Boston, and lamping him affectionately. This made Eddie cross and he spoke so sharp to Perkins that the big fellow outs with a forty-five and shoots him in the leg. That was curtains for Perkins. They nailed him on the spot and give him life, handed something to the girl on

an old charge and held Eddie for extradition to France. It looked bad for the poor fellow but he managed to get hold of a good lawyer. The lawyer took a look at the extradition treaty between England and France and found that under it a subject of the king, who had committed a crime in France couldn't be extradited from England. And vice versa, do you see? The only thing to do was to prove that Eddie was a subject of the king. Eddie was willing to swear that he was and play “God save the King” on a jew's harp if they wanted him to. But that wasn't enough. He was born in America and it was necessary to prove that his father was born a British subject and had held his allegiance and had never become an American citizen. Now, if there ever was a guy who was not a British subject it was old man Kennedy. He was born in Ireland but he wasn't a British subject while he lived there, you can bet. When he landed in Chicago the first place he went to was the county clerk's office to take out his intention papers and he thought there was a conspiracy of the Cobden club or Scotland Yard or Dublin Castle because he had to wait a year for his second papers. For forty years he voted as often as they'd let him for the candidate that looked sorest when he talked about England. Besides he was a square old fellow and perjury wasn't in his line at all. It was a terrible thing to ask him to swear that he was a British subject. “Anything but that,” he said. He actually cried. “A British subject! I may be everything else that's bad but I ain't that.” But they got him to swear he'd never been naturalized to save the boy—you know he liked that crazy duck better than any of the others—and good old British justice that can digest anything if it's raw, swallowed his testimony, wrapped the British flag around Eddie, chased the French flatties home and turned loose a new red-headed Briton on London. He's around now.

“I tell you all this to show you how safe life and property are here. It sure is a fine, damp country. I wouldn't live anywhere else if the police gave me the first search. No, sir. Why, say, do you know, when some good fellow broke into my house in Bloomsbury and got away with a lot of stuff, I was half way down to Scotland Yard to squeal when I come to my senses. What do you think of that? I was actually going to the police about it! Say, wouldn't it be funny if I had gone and they'd got some old pal of mine.”

“Who was your fat friend that you just sent away?” asked Nolan.

“That guy? Oh, he’s a half Dutchman, half Englishman, from Buenos Ayres. I’m selling him a quarter interest in one of the richest mines in Nevada. It isn’t high-grade ore but there’s an unlimited supply of low grade only it requires capital to work it. He wants to see the mine before he buys it and I was telling him about the horrible climate and the hydrophobia skunk and the scorpions and tarantulas and gila monsters that you find in bed with you every night. I don’t think he’ll fall but even if I do make a bloomer of it I’ve got plenty. Besides selling mines isn’t my graft. There’s too much competition from Broad Street in little old New York. I’m a picture dealer. I sell old masters to American millionaires.’

**A Dealer
in Fake
Old
Pictures**

“How did you happen to get into that?” asked Nolan.

“Well, it was this way,’ said Sir Edward. ‘When you gave me the office I went to New York and got on a streamer for England. I had a little money—you know where it came from—and I don’t forget—so I sat into a poker game in the smoking-room. I used to be pretty good at the broads. The Oregon Jew taught me all he knew and that was some. The game was pretty soft but there wasn’t much in it. After you have to divide the money fifteen ways from the captain, with the head steward, the purser, the smoking-room steward, the bulls on the piers at both ends and a lot of occasional mitts, there’s hardly a Methodist minister’s salary in it. But there was a guy came into the smoking-room one day and the minute I saw him I says to myself: “That’s a smart guy and wrong.” So I got acquainted with him and he told me the story of his life. I’ll cut out the first forty years but he’d tried everything except work and had finally landed as a picture dealer. But he wasn’t making it go the way he ought to because he couldn’t get hold of a good wire.’

“He means salesman,’ said Nolan.

“Right-o, old top,’ said Sir Edward. ‘All the salesmen that he’d happened to get hold of were failures. They weren’t gentlemen, do you see. They’d either frighten the millionaire so when they went to his house that he’d holler “Police” or if they worked him up with a good line of patter they’d spoil everything by trying to cop an overcoat or a hat in the hall on their way out. Once he got a fellow who had handled a rooster from Akron, Ohio, so well that he was just ready to give an order

for two dozen Gainsboroughs and a hundred thousand running feet of Rubenses. This here salesman who’d been a mitter for a gang of green goods men working out of Hoboken was asked to join in a poker game with the millionaire and some of his friends. He was getting along all right when he forgot himself and began shuffling a stack of checks with one hand. That’s what all faro bank dealers learn to do to amuse themselves when there isn’t a sucker in front of them and it was force of habit with this fellow. But the minute the millionaire saw it he cashed in and all his friends cashed in and the next day when my Jew friend went around with one of the Gainsboroughs, the millionaire who’d started in life as a lumber jack threw him out of a window. The Jew was mighty down-hearted when he met me. If he had been a good-looking fellow he could have sold the pictures himself, but I will say this for Rosenbloom that he’s a bad looker. He’s the squarest guy I ever met bar yourself and he’d go to hell for me, but he’s got a map on him that would make your teeth ache to look at it till you know him. Besides all the tailors in the world couldn’t make his clothes fit him. He walks like a goose and in addition to everything else he stammers. What chance did he have to get by a varnished door let alone sell a genuine Velasquez to a millionaire with a yacht? He hadn’t talked with me an hour before we were partners. I handed him a little line of good words and he saw at once I was class. We went to work together the day we got to London and I’ve been at it ever since. I don’t mind telling you I’ve done pretty well. It’s easy graft, it’s respectable and it’s safe. How can you beat that combination?”

“I’ll tell you why it’s so easy. Because these fellows that have made a lot of money are so stuck on themselves. You take a fellow that’s been running a big tin shop and about making it pay and business booms and along comes a crowd of bankers and takes him into a trust and pays him eleven times more than his old plant is worth and there’s nothing you can teach that fellow, he’s so sure of himself. You’d think he made the world. If you can reach his egotism you can sell him anything from a coat-of-arms to a hair restorer. It’s the fashion for rich men nowadays to collect pictures. I guess it always has been the fashion and I suppose good fellows like myself always got a bit out of it. Well, a lot of money falls on top of some old fellow that’s

been squeezing a dollar for years till the eagle screamed and at first he's bewildered by the flood and then he begins to think he made the money because he was wiser than anybody else and then he begins to branch out. He reads in the papers about Morgan and Kahn buying old masters for a million a piece and he wants to get into the game. He don't know much about art at first and he's leary of it. His dream of beauty up to this time has been a few specimens of Harlem art in the front parlor, his name in geraniums in the front yard and a herd of iron deer frisking on the lawn. It's my business to grab him at this stage when the family have brought him to Europe and educate him. Say, Bill, you talk about your Berensons and your Richters but I have made more art connysoors than all the lecturers on Art between Rome and Pekin. I can take a millionaire who hasn't owned his roll long enough to get the axle-grease out of his finger nails and in a week have him telling the crowd at the National Gallery where Hobbema spoiled his picture of the avenue in the woods by slamming in too much madder lake.

"How do I go about it? Why I start by telling him that he's the best natural judge of pictures I ever saw. "Why shouldn't you know about them?" says I. "A man that's amassed the fortune that you have can do anything. Why if you'd taken it up you probably could have painted as well as anybody."

The Greatest Sucker on Earth

They always fall for that. Take it from me there's no bigger sucker on earth than an American millionaire who is setting up as a collector. He'll stand for a line of talk that would make an Indiana farmer call for a cop. But you have to lead him on. I always begin with a Gerome, a rare Meissonier or a fine example of the late Sir Frederick Leighton. But in about six months he warms up and I have to get him pictures of the Fontainebleau school. In about two years he'll stand for nothing less than Rembrandt or Velasquez. Why, last winter, I had to find a triptych by Cimabue (it's pronounced Chimmy Booeey) who lived about a million years ago and this guy had read about in Baedeker. It set Rosenbloom and me back three thousand dollars to get the plant right. We had to find a palace in Florence and an Italian marquis who was forced to part with his ancestral treasures and a lot of old family retainers at three dollars a day and then we nearly lost the customer because the wop that was boring the worm-holes in

the triptych had a death in his family and laid off work for a month. If you ever go to Florence you want to go to see that worm-hole maker. He's the best in the business. He's president of the Worm Hole Makers Union. He's an artist. Most of the old Italian furniture in America has worm-holes made by him. I think he must've started life as a worm. He came around all right and we sneaked the triptych out of Florence by night, on account of the Public Monument law which prevents Italians from selling these rare old treasures to foreigners. The man that bought it was a butcher. When Rosenbloom went to America the butcher took him around to see his collection. The kike knows more about pictures on the level than any one living and he told me that the average age of the butcher's collection was about two and a half years. I bet you that what we sold him didn't sweeten the average much.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you how many fake paintings are sold every year. It's awful. There was a Western senator over here about fifteen years ago. He had got a thorough education in art by buncoing his friends out of mines and long before the statute of limitations was out on his money, he was ready if anybody had asked him, to qualify as a lecturer at the Beaux Arts. He fell to a friend of Rosenblooms who lives in Vienna and as good a fellow as ever you see, who sold him an entire collection of about 200 pictures and everyone of them phony. Every one, mind you. Hardly dry. Not one of them on the level. He exhibited them at a New York club and came back for more and he's been getting them ever since. Don't these people ever go to the police? What thick talk! The few that find out are ashamed to squeal, then there are others who don't want to hurt their property by admitting that it ain't genuine and the rest are so sure of themselves and have so jollied themselves into a belief that they couldn't be fooled that they wouldn't believe their pictures were crooked if the fellows whose monnickers are on 'em would come back to life and tell them so. You ought to hear one of these ducks talk and then you'd know why picture dealers weren't put in jail. You don't have to tell them that a picture is by Titian. All you have to do is to paint "John H. Titian" across the bottom of the picture, give them a magnifying glass and turn them loose in the gallery and they'll decipher the name. They buy the picture; you don't sell it to them. You get them up

The Maker of Worm- Holes

to it with a good spiel and their confidence in themselves does the rest. Rosenbloom calls them self-confidence operators. They cheat themselves.

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you how crazy about their own judgment these fellows can be. It’s fun to hear one of them standing before one of our Goyas and saying: “A man could tell that brush work a mile off. The secret died with him.” “Wonderful,” says the other old pawn broker. “But don’t

**Meat
Packer
Turns
Art Critic**

you think the foreshortening of the leg of the goat near the tree is carelessly done?” “That,” says Come-on No. 1, “is the one fault which stamps the picture as genuine.” Some of them grow so bughouse after a while that they actually take to painting themselves. I know a railroad president who makes etchings and there’s one of the gang who’s bought a lot of old masters from us who makes water-color sketches of his paintings for his catalogue. I showed the catalogue to a French art critic who sometimes stalls for us and he burst into tears. You couldn’t hurt this patron of art by telling him a picture was faked. He’d say, “Ah, I suppose that may be true. It may not be a Greuze. But I didn’t buy it for the signature. I bought it because it is a magnificent work of art and because it pleases my taste.”

“Where do we get the pictures?” Rosenbloom attends to that. I’m a sporting English baronet and I’m not supposed to know anything about art. I only hear of the bargains on the quiet, tell about them to the come-on and lead him to the bargain counter. We’ve got a fellow working for us in Milan and he’s the greatest old master that ever has been. He’s all the old masters. He’s fooled half the experts in Europe and his pictures are in every public gallery in America, I’ll bet. I don’t care who the painter is, he can imitate him so close that not one expert in a thousand who isn’t a painter himself is liable to detect the fraud. He could imitate Michael Angelo so Mike couldn’t tell the difference.

**The Greatest
Old Master
Now
Living**

And the funny thing about this guy is that when he paints for himself he’s the worst artist that ever lived. He’ll paint a portrait by Rembrandt that you might see off on Wertheimer and with the proceeds he’ll sit down and paint a portrait by himself that will make the sitter

do a Brodie off the first bridge he comes to. He’ll paint a Diaz in two days and age it in three that is certain to land in Fifth Avenue, and then he’ll go out and spend a month painting a woodland scene that looks as if a horse had wallowed in a tub of bluing. I can’t understand it, but there it is. Anyhow we hear that old Mr. Ole O’Margerine has bought a Tintoretto, suppose, from one of our friends. We know that Mr. Carpet Tacks who used to be his partner is sore on him because he didn’t cut up fair with him and has been trying to make him feel bad by paralleling his railroads and putting up office buildings higher than his and paying more for old masters than he’s paid. Old Tacks is sure to want a Tintoretto, so I lay for him when he comes over and steer him against the busted nobleman in Venice. Rosenbloom goes down to Milan and starts the ginny to work and there you are.’

“I should think,’ I ventured to remark, ‘that some man with courage finding he had been, shall I say, defrauded—?’

“It’s a good word,’ said Sir Edward laughing. ‘But mild.’

“Well, then, some man who had been defrauded would find out and insist on having his money back.’

“I’ve had some cases,’ said Sir Edward. ‘But when worst comes to worst Rosenbloom has an arrangement with ——— and ——— to certify the genuineness of the picture. He never would tell me why they do it. He must have something good on them.’”

The firm Sir Edward mentioned was a very eminent house, well known throughout the world.

AT this moment Mr. Worldly Wiseman returned to the room.

“We were just pampering our eyes with the sight of your treasures,” said Mr. Wenham. “By the way, did you ever happen to run across a man called Sir Edward Tomlinson.”

**Worldly
Wiseman
Corroborates
Everything**

“Oh, yes,” said Mr. Worldly Wiseman. “A stupid Englishman but excellent family somewhere in Somersetshire. He did me a good turn once. He discovered for me that Velasquez over the mantelpiece. There was a great fuss about it when I brought it here and some of the critics said it wasn’t authentic. I haven’t the slightest doubt in the world about it. I can tell Velasquez with my eyes shut. But as I said then, I didn’t buy it for the signature. I bought it because it is a magnificent work of art and because it pleased my taste.”

WHY MAN OF TODAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT

By WALTER WALGROVE



If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the

food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so

as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed, and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body, instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be

thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively, and which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.



THESE GENUINE WIEDERSEIM KIDS

Were not fed on

Post Toasties

(Who wants the dog?)

but hope to be.

The kids are delicious and the food even more so, especially when served with nice yellow cream and a sprinkle of sugar.

'The Memory Lingers''

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There is no reason on earth why you should hesitate another moment in placing this greatest of all musical instruments in your home.

All we ask is that you go to any music store and hear this new Victor-Victrola.

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Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

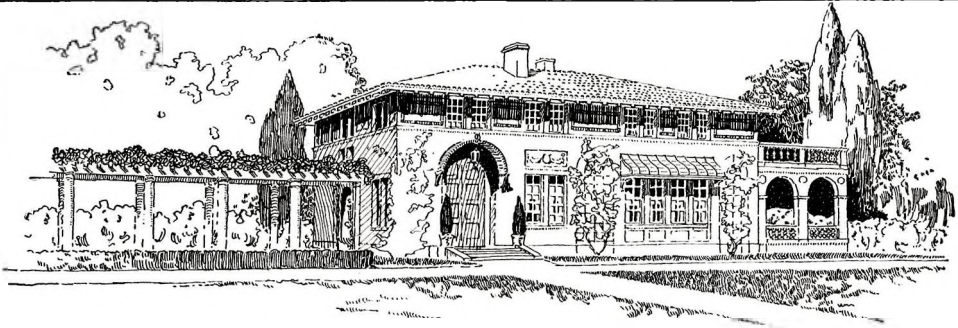
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Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone

Victor Needles 6 cents per 100; 60 cents per 1000

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EVERY MAN HIS OWN BUILDING MANAGER

NEARLY every man who builds a house violates a principle he applies to his own business.

Relying on merely superficial knowledge of all that is involved in a building operation, he undertakes to manage the job himself. He begins with a light heart and a heavy pocketbook—he ends with a heavy heart and a light pocketbook.

The various contractors he engages may be proficient, but before the work is completed he has had to make alterations in his plans; he has had disputes to settle; the house when done is not exactly as he wanted it; and the bills when paid total far higher than he had expected.

What has he gained? Experience.

What is his conclusion? That the management of a building operation requires specific knowledge and experience in the same degree that the management of his business requires specific knowledge and experience.

The Hoggson Method of Building is simply the application of the most efficient and economical methods to the management of building opera-

tions. Every detail of the work is covered by the *single contract* which we make with you.

The results obtained for the owner are these: The work is completed within the sum decided upon; the building is the kind of a building the owner wants; the progress of the work from step to step is smooth; no steps have to be retaken; the owner has the pleasure of seeing his house grow to completion, without carrying on his shoulders the onerous responsibility of endless details.

In the past eleven years, houses, banks, clubs, libraries, and churches have been designed, erected and furnished under the Hoggson Method, in almost every state in the Union. We have had many clients. What have they gained? Experience. What have been their conclusions? That if they were building again they would again adopt the Hoggson Method. Many of them have already done so.

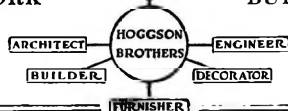
Let us first explain, and then prove to you what you would gain by adopting the Hoggson Method in your building operations.

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The really complete home has the air of generous hospitality. It is warm all over. Even the first breath of air from the hall causes the visitor to say, with Shakespeare: "The air smells woefully here." Our radiator heating accomplishes that, and more. It puts cordial warmth into family life. It means hospitable halls, genial living-rooms, healthful sleeping-rooms, surely-warmed bathroom.



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supply these steady comforts, with the least expenditure of money and household energy. IDEAL Boilers are so easily regulated that they produce just the degree of warmth necessary for mild to severe weather. They bring no dust, dirt or coal gases into the rooms. Compared with old-fashioned methods, you get *full returns* from coal burned, while the entire house-cleaning labor is reduced fully one-half.

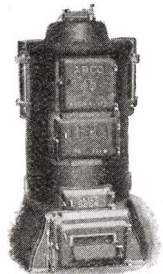


A No. 2-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 460 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$205, were used to heat this cottage.

At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

AMERICAN Radiators are built in many heights and shapes which admit their location in any part of a room. They radiate warmth at the exposed points where most needed. Made in handsome plain or ornamental designs with smooth surfaces and bas-reliefs, which take the finest bronze or enamel finish in tints to harmonize with any furnishings, however artistic. Easy to keep clean; our radiator brushes reach every angle

Made also in special forms for ventilating purposes, insuring liberal volumes of fresh air throughout the building. No parts in IDEAL-AMERICAN outfits to loosen, warp, corrode. They have a popular reputation which increases property rentals and selling prices. Made in special sizes for cottages, residences, churches, schools, stores, public buildings of all kinds. Are you having trouble with your present equipment? Are you planning to build? In either case—write us about your heating problem. If you want cordiality and comfort united for family and guests, our booklets and special service (available in every section of the country) will be helpful. Inquiries welcomed—puts you under no obligation to buy.



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“No one would ever imagine your parents past sixty. They seem to have more energy and vitality than most people of middle age.”

When the “Sunset Days” of life arrive the recuperative powers of youth begin to wane and the need of strengthening, easily digested, quickly assimilated food is felt—something that will build up the wasted tissues and revive the nervous force without overtaxing the digestive function.

Pabst Extract

The “Best” Tonic

is an ideal food-drink for the aged—“the staff of life” in highly concentrated liquid form—rich in tissue building, muscle building elements of pure malt combined with the tonic properties of hops. It is easily and quickly assimilated by those whose digestive organs are greatly impaired. By taking a small amount of Pabst Extract, The “Best” Tonic, before each meal, the quantity of solid food can be greatly reduced and more real nourishment obtained.

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for evidence convicting anyone who, when Pabst Extract is called for, deliberately and without the knowledge of his customer, supplies an article other than Pabst Extract.

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IMPORTANT: The introduction of the Printype Model came as the climax to our great advertising campaign in which we offered The Oliver Typewriter No. 5 on the 17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan. For months past we have devoted all our advertising announcements to the new Printype Oliver Typewriter, with its revolutionary improvement in typewriting type.

The impression has gained ground that the 17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan does not apply to the Printype Model. In some instances the idea prevails that we can even charge extra for The Oliver Typewriter equipped with Printype.

We desire to state with all possible emphasis that The Printype Oliver Typewriter can be purchased on the "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan at the regular price of \$100.

The Machine That "Typewrites Print!"

America rings with praise for The Printype Oliver Typewriter—the first writing machine that successfully TYPEWRITES PRINT!

This remarkable machine combines all the operative conveniences, all the practical improvements of the most highly perfected typewriter, with the type that from time immemorial has been used for magazines and books!

It is infinitely superior to the old style, thin outline Pica typewriter type—a fact which none will deny. It ranks in importance with visible writing, which the Oliver introduced.

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The advantages of Printype are self-evident. The story is told at a glance.

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Not only does Printype enhance the artistic appearance of typewritten matter, but it enables the operator to attain greater speed, as the type is so

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The Standard Visible Writer

With all its commanding advantages from a purely mechanical standpoint, and its new artistic triumph, its supremacy is unquestioned. Its simplicity, versatility and extreme durability all revolve around the great basic feature—the Oliver Double Type-Bar.

Without this Double Type-Bar the successful use of Printype would be absolutely impossible.

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This machine—The Printype Oliver Typewriter—offered on the famous "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan—has all the improvements, all the exclusive features which our experts have developed. It has the Vertical and Horizontal Line-Ruling Device, the Disappearing Indicator, the Back Spacer, the Tabulator, the Adjustable Paper Feed, the Double Release, the Automatic Spacer, the Locomotive Base and many other innovations which contribute to high efficiency. It operates with the lightest touch and, of course, writes in sight.

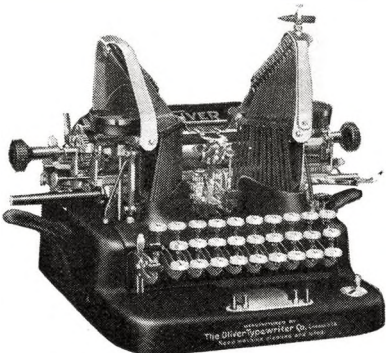
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How can you resist the attractions of "Printype" and the appeal of the "Penny Plan"?

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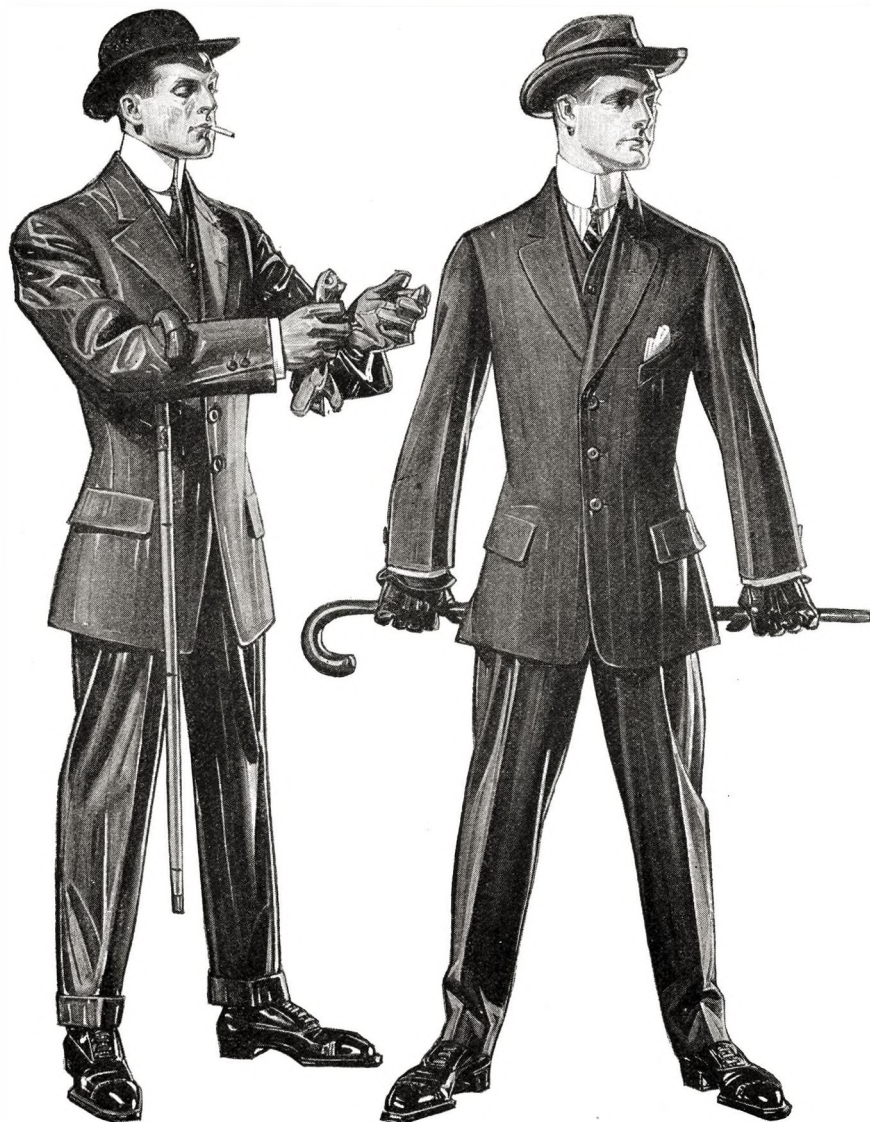
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Sold by good clothiers everywhere. Our book showing the latest fashions will be sent on request.

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These blades have been evolved during ten years of untiring experimental research in our own laboratories and workshops, in determining the best formula for producing razor steel and in the gradual perfecting of automatic machinery and tempering systems.

The result is a shaving implement of rare quality—uniform, keen, hard and lasting—as near perfection as human ingenuity can approach.

No expense has been spared in bringing about this achievement. In fact, the recent expenditure of \$170,000.00 on special blade machinery has largely made possible the matchless Gillette Blades we are now marketing.

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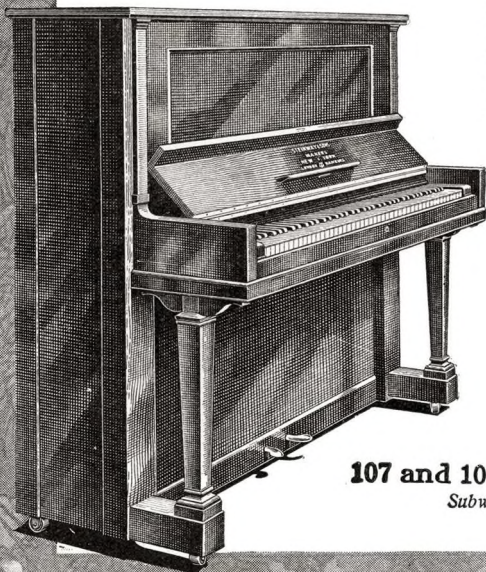
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Merit made the reputation, and reputation established the prestige which maintains the Steinway leader among all pianos.

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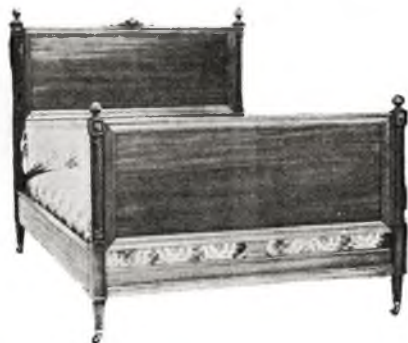
A characteristic Steinway achievement. Constructed to produce in a piano of upright form the same musical expression that has always individualized the Steinway Grand — "An Upright Piano of Grand Value."

Price, in Ebonized Case, \$550

The name of the Steinway dealer nearest you, together with illustrated literature, will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

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WE have grown out of the old time methods, but we have not outgrown the old fashioned principles. The purchaser of a five dollar bed-room chair or a thousand dollar dining table of our make knows that in it and through it and back of it stands our reputation and good faith.

WE have never made "cheap" furniture. Cheap furniture never loses its pricemark. There is character in our furniture—the character that lives in worthy wood and worthy workmanship. Our period pieces are carefully studied from the best efforts of the old masters of furniture, and faithfully reproduce the thought and purpose of the pieces of the ages in which the different period designs originated. When you put Berkey & Gay furniture in your home you know you have something

For Your Children's Heirlooms

YOU can always identify Berkey & Gay furniture by the shopmark. It is not only an identification; it is a protection to you and to your dealer. With the display on his floors and with our magnificent book of direct photogravures, your dealer enables you to choose from our entire line of more than two thousand different pieces.

Read "The Story of Berkey & Gay" in Munsey's Magazine for September. It tells of our beginning and our half century of influence upon the furniture of America.

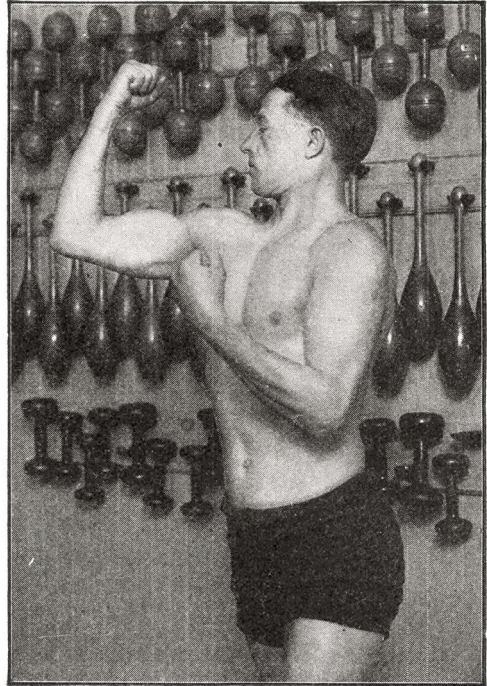
YOU will appreciate our de luxe book, "Character in Furniture." It is a most interesting history of period styles, and is illustrated by Rene Vincent, whose artistic drawings are a real delight. We send it by return mail for fifteen two cent U. S. stamps, and with it, if you ask, a colored card bearing Eugene Field's famous poem, "In Amsterdam," in which we are mentioned.



Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.

163 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan

This is the inlaid mark of honor that is in or on every Berkey & Gay piece



The Question of Strength

MEASUREMENTS show these two men to be of equal muscular development. But a lifting test shows the blacksmith to be 20 per cent. the stronger man. The explanation of this difference in strength is that the "professor" of physical culture has by the use of his "system" of gymnastics developed his muscles alone, while the blacksmith by actual work at his trade has developed not only his muscles but the tendons which attach the muscles to the bones. Ability to do work is the real test of strength.

How is a fire insurance company's strength determined? By a lifting test, similar to that applied to the strength of these two men--the test of actual work done.

The **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** does today the largest fire insurance business in America. In its one hundred years of life, it has paid the largest total fire loss of any American company and the largest loss in any one conflagration. It has today over twenty-four million dollars in assets, accumulated for the protection of its policy holders by actual work in the business of fire insurance. The **Hartford's** strength stands the highest test, so when you want fire insurance



Insist on the HARTFORD

Limited Train Conductors Must Have Accurate Time.

Conductor J. L. Servis, of the "Golden State Limited" train on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, whose picture is shown here, wrote us the letter printed below about his Hamilton Timekeeper.

The Hamilton Time-keeper

Over one-half (about 56%) of the Engineers, Firemen, Conductors and Trainmen on American Railroads where official time inspection is maintained carry Hamilton Timekeepers.

JOLIET, ILLINOIS, 1911.

"About one year ago I purchased a 992 Hamilton Timekeeper. It was taken from the shipping case, set, and given to me. It kept PERFECT time from the start, not even requiring the slightest regulation (which I consider remarkable). It is still keeping PERFECT time and I could not be induced to part with this movement for any reasonable consideration. It is by far the best watch I ever carried in my 23 years' service as Conductor."

J. L. SERVIS,
Conductor.

The Hamilton Timekeeper was originally, and for many years, solely a railroad watch. For two years, now, we also have been making a few beautiful, thin-model, complete, 12-size Timekeepers, which have proved marvelously and continuously accurate. Our 12-size, shown here, is the finest and thinnest 19 or 23 jewel 12-size watch made in America. Prices of complete watches in case and box vary, according to movement, size and jeweling, from \$38.50 to \$125.00.

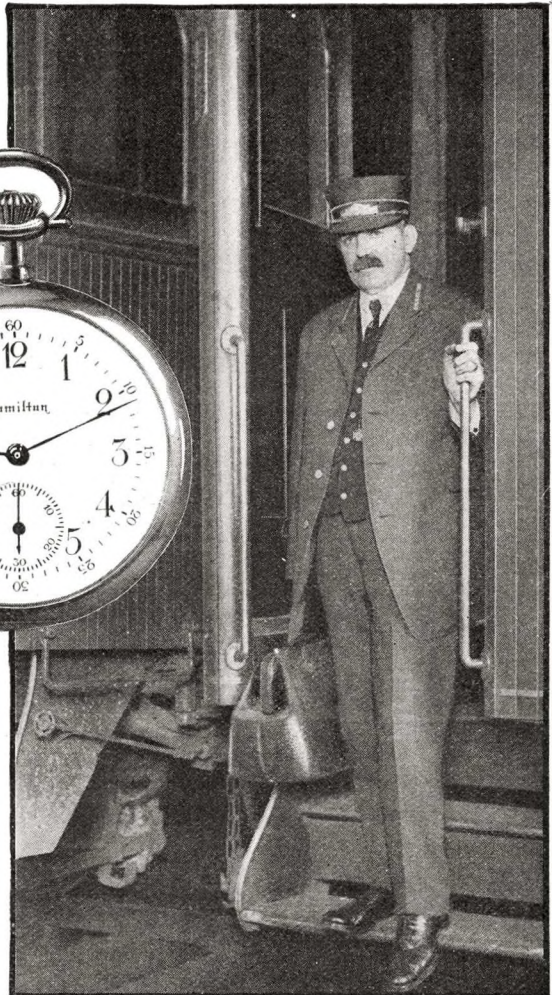
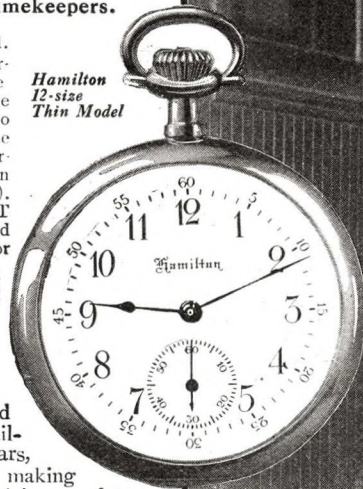
Jewelers can supply Hamilton Movements for your present watch case

If you are considering the purchase of a watch, you can glean some valuable information by reading our booklet.

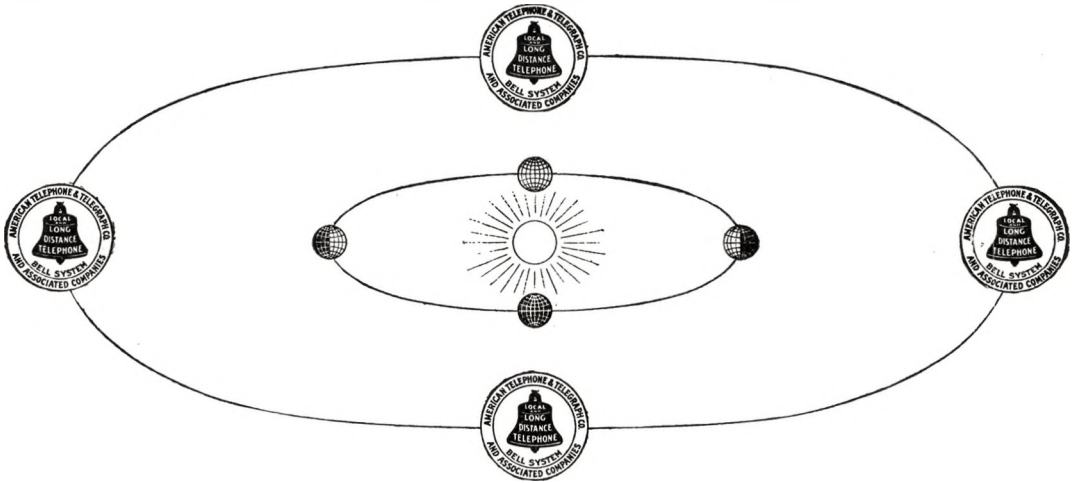
Write for "The Timekeeper"

It contains facts about watchmaking and timekeeping that many people who buy watches do not know, but ought to. We gladly send it.

Hamilton
12-size
Thin Model



HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, Dept. C, Lancaster, Pa.
Makers of The Railroad Timekeepers of America



Comparison of the Distance Traveled by Earth and Bell Telephone Messages

The Orbit of Universal Service

In one year the earth on its orbit around the sun travels 584,000,000 miles; in the same time telephone messages travel 23,600,000,000 miles over the pathways provided by the Bell system. That means that the 7,175,000,000 Bell conversations cover a distance forty times that traveled by the earth.

When it is considered that each telephone connection includes replies as well as messages, the mileage of talk becomes even greater.

These aggregate distances, which exceed in their total the limits of the Solar system, are actually confined within the boundaries of the United States. They show the progress that has been made towards universal service and the intensive intercommunication between 90,000,000 people.

No such mileage of talk could be possible in such a limited area were it not that each telephone is the center of one universal system.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



"Are your pink ears listening, Betty?"

"Yes indeed. Will they hear something nice?"

"Better than nice—it's true. Betty, are pearls any less lovely because they all have a grain of sand at the center?"

"No but what of—?"

"Then how is table silver the worse for having a center of different metal?"

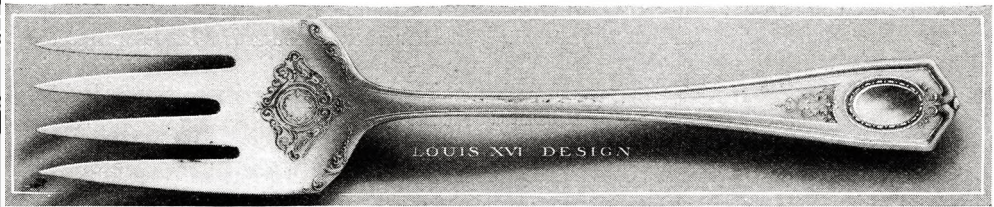
"Well I somehow feel—"

"Pardon me dear, but that's just it: you only *"feel."* If you will just stop to *reason* a little you will see that table silver is for a purpose. If it fits that purpose gracefully and completely, I'm for it. Let me read you this:

COMMUNITY SILVER

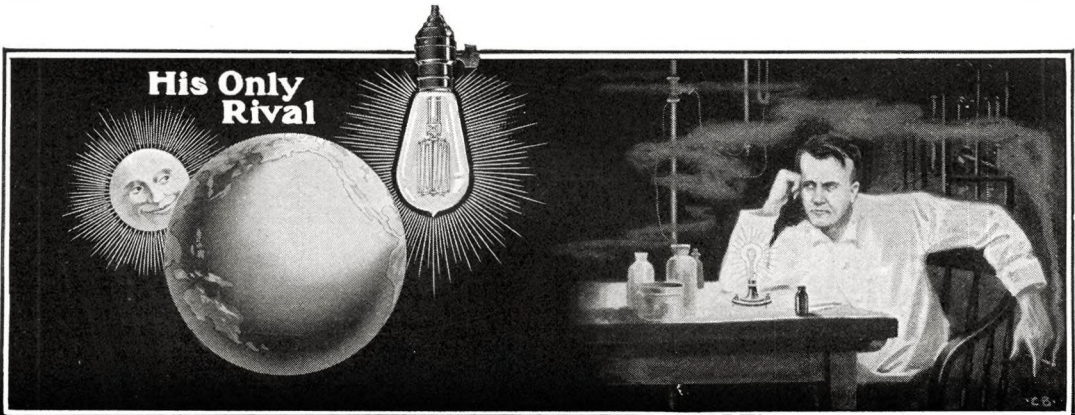
is built by overlaying solid silver upon a center of stronger, stiffer metal. Do not confuse it with ordinary "plated" silver, for Community Silver is so specially thickened at the wearing-points, and toughened to withstand wear, that in a long lifetime you will never see or touch anything but the purest of pure silver. There are many attractive designs at your dealer's. The price is attractive, too. For instance, six teaspoons, \$2.00.

Guaranteed for 50 Years



FREE OFFER: Any Community Silver customer can obtain *free* above Coles Phillips poster drawing, together with another of this series in color. These posters contain no reading or advertising matter, and are printed on plate paper in a size suitable for framing. Ask your silverware dealer to show you samples of these pictures and to get them for you.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



Thirty-two years ago the Wizard of Menlo Park dreamed his great dream which has now come true—Electric Light for Everybody.

Edison's Dream Comes True

Edison put a little paper horseshoe filament, that he had carbonized, into a glass bulb and pumped out the air. Next he passed a current of electricity through this horseshoe.

The Dream

As it glowed white hot, lighting up the darkened room, another light glowed in his face, for he saw the revolution that tiny bulb would bring about in the world's sunless hours.

The Revolution

After a quarter century another invention in electric lamps revealed the dawn of a new era in electric lighting—unseen in the dreams of anyone—except Edison.

This was the Tungsten filament lamp which—instead of the original 16 candlepower—gave actually 80 candles of light from the same 100 watts.



Edison's Original Lamp Invented 32 Years Ago.



Latest Edison Mazda Lamp with Non-fragile Filament.

This lamp almost materialized the Dream—but the filament was brittle—and the cost was high.

Both these obstacles are now cleared away. First, a brilliant invention has resulted in the production of a drawn wire stronger than steel. This wire is used to make the filaments in Edison Mazda lamps.

The filament or "burner" in Edison Mazda lamps is so sturdy that hundreds of thousands are in use under severe and trying conditions, even for lighting railway trains and automobiles.

Next of prime importance—the full advantage of the General Electric Company's reduced cost of manufacture has been given to the public.

And the present price of the perfected Edison Mazda lamp is about one-half that of the first, brittle tungsten lamp.

The Dream Comes True

So, with lower cost and a better lamp, Edison's dream of the Sun's Only Rival has come true.

Now, you can have Electric Light in your home, office, store, factory—at a price you have been waiting for, if you use the latest invention—Edison Mazda lamps, made only by the General Electric Company.

Buy these Lamps and see how Edison's Dream has come true for you

Sold by Electric Light Companies and Dealers everywhere.



General Electric Company



Principal Office: Schenectady, N. Y.

Main Lamp Sales Office: Harrison, N. J.

Sales Offices in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco and 33 other large cities.

Look for this General Electric Monogram, the Guarantee of Excellence on Everything Electrical.

Look for this General Electric Monogram, the Guarantee of Excellence on Everything Electrical. (162)

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Woman's Fight with Dirt has Always been an Unequal One



Many a woman wears herself out before her time trying to keep her home spotless—simply because up till now she has had the most imperfect of tools to work with.

At best, brooms or carpet-sweepers remove not more than 20% of the dirt and dust. The balance, 80%, either remains where it is or simply changes its location to some other part of the room.

It is this fine dirt ground into carpets and rugs that causes them to wear out—that makes wall-paper, hangings, furniture and pictures look dingy, and ruins beautiful belongings long before their time.

With "**RICHMOND**" Vacuum Cleaning, all this is changed.

Instead of devoting a day out of every week and a week or more out of every year, the work can be done in a few hours now and then—without bother, annoyance or disturbance.

RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning may be installed in any building, large or small, old or new, town or country. Wherever installed—in a ten-room residence or a building which measures its floor space by the acre—it will pay for itself in from eighteen to thirty months.

"RICHMOND" VACUUM CLEANING
STATIONARY PORTABLE
 ELECTRIC - STEAM - GAS ELECTRIC - HAND
 Collect the Dust - Don't Spread It

RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning embodies the combined ingenuity of all the best inventors of Vacuum Cleaning machinery; including the Kenney Basic Patent and eighty-four others.

With a "**RICHMOND**" you clean everything right where it is, with tools specially adapted for the work. There is only one operation—and that an easy one—moving the tool over the surfaces to be cleaned. No more beating rugs; no more tearing-up. No more clouds of dust through the house, for the "**RICHMOND**" way is absolutely dustless and sanitary.

With "**RICHMOND**" Vacuum Cleaning, house cleaning is forever ended. That expense is instantly stopped for all time. And your house is cleaner *Every Day* and *Always*, than it is even on the day when house cleaning is finished!

The expense of two or three house cleanings would easily pay the whole cost of a "**RICHMOND**".

"**RICHMOND**" Vacuum Cleaning embraces every provedly successful type of apparatus. It includes Hand Power Cleaners for \$29.00; Portable Electric Cleaners for \$73.00; and Stationary Plants which can be installed complete for \$275.00 and upward—all on our "Easy Payment Plan"; or a liberal discount will be allowed for cash.

Send for booklet entitled "How "**RICHMOND**" Vacuum Cleaning Saves Money"; also Reference Book giving names of 1800 prominent installations all over the world.

Our "Special Agency Plan" enables live, energetic young men to become the "**RICHMOND**" Vacuum Cleaning Representatives of their respective communities. Our "Special Correspondence Course in Salesmanship," together with direct instructions from our trained representatives, insures success. Write for particulars. Local agents wanted everywhere.

THE McCRUM-HOWELL Co.

Largest Makers of Vacuum Cleaning Systems in the World.

RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning Systems (manufactured and sold under the protection of the Basic Kenney Patent and 84 others) **RICHMOND** and "**MODEL**" Heating Systems, **RICHMOND** Bath Tubs, Sinks, Lavatories; **RICHMOND** Concealed Transom Lifts, Casement Window and Outside Shutter Adjusters.

General Offices
 NEW YORK CHICAGO MONTREAL
 103 Park Ave. 401 Rush St. 15A Concord St.

Branches or Agencies in other Principal Cities
 SEVEN MANUFACTURING PLANTS
 One at Norwich, Conn.; two at Uniontown, Pa.; one at Racine, Wis.; one at Chicago, Ill.; one at Philadelphia, Pa.; one at Montreal, Canada



A Truly Portable Suction Cleaner

The "**RICHMOND**" Portable Suction Cleaner shown in the illustration weighs but ten pounds instead of sixty. All that any portable cleaner can do, this one does. And it does besides some things which no other portable machine can do. You can, for example, use this "**RICHMOND**" Suction Cleaner either with or without the hose. For use with the hose, we furnish, without extra cost, special tools for cleaning portieres, walls, books, bedding, upholstery, clothing, hats—in fact, tools and attachments for more than twenty different uses. Please note how small and compact the "**RICHMOND**" is, and how light and readily portable it must be. It represents as great an advance over heavy weight portable cleaners as these cleaners represented over brooms, for it is the lightest and simplest suction cleaner ever designed. There is nothing to wear out. There are no gears, no diaphragms, no valves. Nothing to jiggle loose. To operate simply attach to any electric lamp socket. Costs only 1c per hour to operate.

**Quality
Is
Economy**

*You deny it. You buy
Clothes, not Cloth.
You don't bother your
head about the cloth.*

You leave the selection of cloth to the tailor, with instruction to use the cheapest. The cutting and trimming and making cost so much that you must save on something. The smart thing is to save on cloth.

Of course there's a lot of talk about "genuine" and "shoddy," but that's talk. Cloth is cloth. All cloths are about alike, except in price. Some cloth-makers have got a big name, and they charge for the name: but you're too old; they can't fool you.

In the language of the lamented Bunsby: "The bearin' o' these observations depends on the application on 'em." Suppose you apply 'em to Varnish. They may not seem quite as foolish, at first; but they will be every whit as foolish.

**The Varnish
That Lasts
Longest**

Murphy Varnish Company

FRANKLIN MURPHY, President

Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK,
N. J.
CHICAGO,
ILL.

Can You Get Hot Water When You Want It?

Can you get hot water at the turn of the faucet when there are no fires in the house—without waiting, or without lighting any heating device?

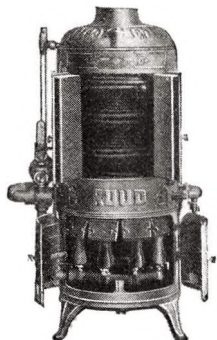
Can you always get hot water though there has been an unusual call upon the supply by other members of the family?

Can you get all the hot water you want the first thing in the morning or late at night? If not, you are missing one of the modern conveniences easily available in every home.

This miracle worker, which will give you an unlimited supply of hot water at any time of day or night, is called the **RUUD AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER**. It requires no attention. You do not have to light it or put it out—all you do is turn the faucet and hot water flows.



Standard Dwelling
Size, \$100
Pacific Coast, \$115
Delivered



The How and Why of the Ruud

Here is the entire operation.

A tiny pilot light is burning—somewhere a hot water faucet is opened—the pressure valve turns on the gas and it is lighted by the pilot light and heats the copper coils through which the water flows.

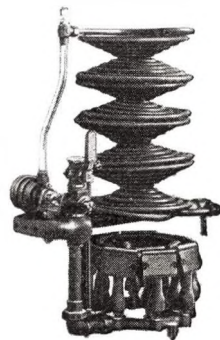
When the water gets too hot, the temperature regulator turns down the gas. When the coils start to cool, the temperature regulator automatically turns on the gas again.

This is a great saving, for no more gas is burned than sufficient to heat the water used.

The water is heated to an even temperature as long as it runs, and when you turn off the faucet the pressure valve shuts off the gas and the Ruud stops work.

Look in the telephone book and see if we have a branch in your town—if not, the gas company or dealer has the Ruud and will gladly show it in operation. Send for free descriptive booklet.

Skeleton view
of the Ruud,
with case removed



RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. F, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Branch Offices in all Principal Cities



The Ostermoor Smile
 in the morning means a day of clean work and clear thinking. It's the smile that proves the difference between the Ostermoor and an imitation.

For the Ostermoor is essentially a mattress of COMFORT. It compels relaxation and drives away fatigue; you arise in the morning with a thoroughly refreshed feeling—and that year-round Ostermoor Smile. Get inside facts about mattresses—

Send for Our 144-page Book, Free
 (With Ticking Samples)

and learn how the Ostermoor differs from common cotton mattresses that are merely "stuffed." The Ostermoor is *built*—four thousand downy, interlacing sheets of cotton are scientifically compressed by our own exclusive process into a mattress that can't mat, can't get lumpy, and never loses its resiliency.

The book gives proof of service (as no imitator can do) by telling what prominent people, after five to fifty-five years' use, say of the

OSTERMOOR
MATTRESS \$15.

Don't buy a "just-as-good." Our trademark is your guarantee. When necessary, we ship mattress, express prepaid, on thirty nights' free trial, same day your order is received. Money back if you want it. Be sure to send for the *free* book.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 105 Elizabeth St., New York
 Canadian Agency:
 Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

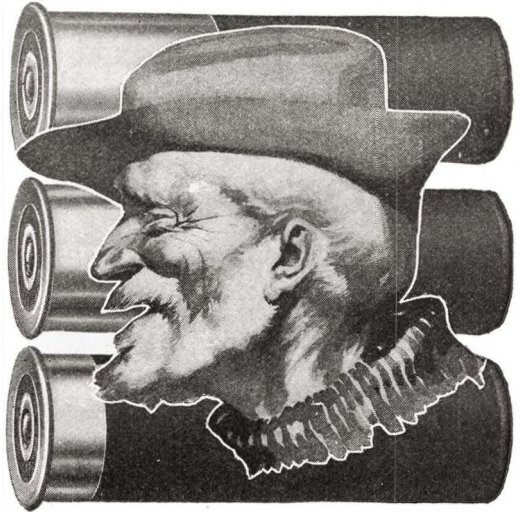
MATTRESSES COST
 Express Prepaid

Best Blue & White Ticking	
4'-6" — 45 lbs.	\$15.00
4'-0" — 40 "	13.35
3'-6" — 35 "	11.70
3'-0" — 30 "	10.00
2'-6" — 25 "	8.35

All 6 feet 3 inches long.
 In two parts, 60c extra.
 Dust-proof, satin-finish ticking, \$1.00 more.
 French Stereozed Art Twills, \$3.00 more.



"Built—Not Stuffed"



I Want Some of
THE BLACK SHELLS

are the words which, if addressed to your dealer, will bring you the best shooting year in your experience.

Our claim, that the new BLACK SHELLS will give you a 5% better record at the traps and 10% better in the field, is worth proving.

Our NON-MERCURIC PRIMER means sure and quick ignition every time. Our FLASH PASSAGE (the hole in the shell base through which the flame from the primer reaches the charge) is 100% larger than ordinary. There can not be a hang-fire of the smallest fraction of a second.

Fog, rain, or even a ducking, can not make THE BLACK SHELLS miss fire or swell and stick, for they are absolutely waterproof.

There are three classes of BLACK SHELLS:

ROMAX, a black powder shell with 5/16 inch base.

CLIMAX, the most popular smokeless (both dense and bulk) shell made. One-half inch base.

AJAX is the highest grade smokeless (both dense and bulk) shell made. It has a long one inch brass base.

Send for book about SHELLS. If you enclose 10c we will send a beautiful, colored poster, 20 x 30 inches, called "October Days." Sure to please every shooter.



U.S. CARTRIDGE CO
 Dept. V. **LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.**



SEE that your floors are finished with "61" Floor Varnish. It is the one varnish that withstands the heavy wear every floor receives. "61" doesn't show heel or furniture marks, never turns white from water, never cracks. The floor finish made famous by heel and hammer tests.

Send for Sample Panel finished with "61"

and test it yourself. Give it the treatment all floors receive. *Prove that you may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.* Convince yourself that "61" is the only varnish for floors. It adds to the life of linoleum and oil-cloth. Send for booklet, "*The Finished Floor*," and learn how to finish and care for your floors.

Vitalite

The Long-Life
WHITE ENAMEL

Vitalite is another of the 300 "P & L" Products you ought to know about. It never cracks, discolors nor chips. Applicable to all surfaces—wood, plaster or metal— withstands severest outdoor conditions. Easy to apply because it never shows brush marks or laps. Easy to clean. You can wash off the dirt but not the Vitalite.

Here are two other "P & L" Varnishes for the home:

"38" **Preservative Varnish**, best for all interior woodwork except floors. Never cracks nor blisters. Never turns white. Is unaffected by water. Preserves the wood.

"P & L" **Spar Finishing Varnish**, the most durable varnish for front doors, vestibules, boats and all work exposed to the weather.

Send for booklet, "**Decorative Interior Finishing**," a valuable guide to color effects in home decoration. Shows how and where to use "P & L" Varnishes.

Send direct to us if your dealer can not give you the "P & L" Varnish you want. Address: 61 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 3 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES
AMERICAN FACTORIES New York Buffalo Chicago **ESTABLISHED 62 YEARS** FOREIGN FACTORIES LONDON PARIS HAMBURG
BRIDGEBURG CANADA



Harmony and Durability in Paint

It is a fortunate thing in house painting that beauty and wear may go hand in hand. The color scheme should be one that will make the home an attractive and harmonious part of the neighborhood picture. That gives you beauty.

The wear that is the duration of the beauty depends on the materials and the way they are applied. When you buy or specify

"Dutch Boy Painter" Pure White Lead

and pure linseed oil, you have gone as far as any one can go in the choice of right materials. They are standard and reliable. A good painter does the rest.

The cost of this best sort of painting is not excessive, for two simple reasons: White lead paint covers better than substitutes and wears longer.

Painting Helps,

one of our booklets, gives you practical aid in deciding what combination of colors will best suit your style of house. Other booklets and specifications will show you the advantages of "Dutch Boy Painter" white-lead. Ask for Painting Helps No. 710



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Cleveland
 St. Louis Chicago San Francisco
 (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
 (National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

Paint Insurance

If the paint on your own house is not cracked, peeled or blistered, there are enough examples of faulty paint in your neighborhood to show that "What paint?" and "What painter?" are important questions to the property owner.

Usually the only remedy for a paint wreck is to burn and scrape off all the old paint clean to the wood—an expensive and somewhat dangerous operation.

Paint satisfaction is insured by having a house painted continuously with Carter White Lead and pure linseed oil, by an experienced painter. Then such a condition as is shown in this photograph can never develop.

CARTER Strictly Pure **White Lead**

"The Lead with the Spread"

is whiter and finer than other brands of strictly pure white lead. It makes beautiful and durable paint, any color, and, on account of its great covering capacity, is economical to use.

Pure linseed oil is no less important. It is "the life of paint" and there is no substitute which can be safely used for house painting.

Any paint must suit the varying conditions of lumber, old paint, atmosphere and exposure. It should be mixed on the premises. The painter who is sufficiently expert to mix his own colors is more likely to understand what your house requires than one who has not progressed so far in his profession.

Our free book, "Pure Paint," contains much useful and authoritative information about house paint. Send for it and for our set of color schemes, which will help you to choose harmonious and durable colors, of which any tint or shade you select may be made with Carter White Lead.

Carter White Lead Company
12069 So. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.
Factories: Chicago—Omaha

For a Domestic Water Supply

these points are of vital importance. You must have a pump that you are sure will do all the pumping necessary; it must be one that cannot easily be put out of order.

It must be so simple that any member of the household can run it without danger of injury to themselves or the pump, economical and noiseless.

The "Reeco" Rider & "Reeco" Ericsson Hot Air Pumps

are all this and more, as over 40,000 users will testify.

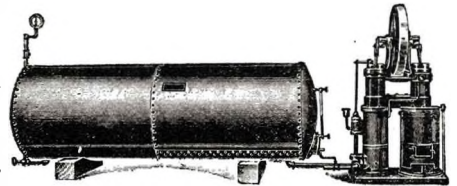
The "Reeco" Pumps and Pneumatic tanks are a luxury at a very moderate cost.

Write for Catalogue C to nearest office.

RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.

New York. Boston. Philadelphia. Montreal. P. Q. Sydney, Australia.

Also Makers of the "Reeco" Electric Pumps.



When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BEFORE YOU BUY A FOOT OF LUMBER

FOR ANY PURPOSE, big or little, indoors or out, in city or country,

Write for the proper volume of **The Cypress Pocket Library. (Free)**

Backed by our "All-round Helps Dept.," it is the "guide, counselor and friend" of

ALL THE PEOPLE WHO CARE WHAT VALUES THEY GET for their LUMBER MONEY.

Why not buy WOOD with the same discrimination you apply to other things?

We do not advise CYPRESS for *all* uses, but *only* where it can *prove* itself "the one best wood" for *your* use.



- 1** You don't tell your broker: "Buy \$10,000 of Railway stocks!" Hardly! You tell him *what*.
- 2** You don't simply tell your Real Estate agent: "Buy me 'some land!'" You tell him *where*.
- 3** You don't tell the dry goods clerk: "I want 8 yds. of cloth!" You say "silk," "wool," or "linen."
- 4** You don't merely order "200 head of live stock!" You specify Horses, Cattle, etc., *and the Breed*.
- 5** You don't tell the contractor: "Build me a house!—and paint it!" You dictate the *plans*. *And the colors*.

WHY NOT BUY **LUMBER** WITH EQUAL CARE? **INSIST** on **CYPRESS**—"THE WOOD ETERNAL."

WRITE AT ONCE for VOL. of **CYPRESS PKT. LIBR.** that fits your case. **WE'LL REPLY AT ONCE.**

THESE VOLUMES MAY BE HAD NOW:

5. How to Avoid Mistakes in Bungalows.
9. CYPRESS for SIDING—and Why.
22. Cypress SILES and "Panks (of course).
18. Cypress Bungalow "A" (Complete Working Plans and Specifications Free).
6. Cypress Bungalow "B" (Complete Working Plans and Specifications Free).
3. Cypress, "Only GREENHOUSE Wood."
29. Cypress Shingle House (Free Working Plans and Specifications).
16. Cypress for Porches, etc., and the Reasons.
31. Cypress' Great Beauty for Interior Trim.

12. "The Wood Eternal" for Exterior Trim.
30. Cypress Pergolas, etc. (8 Working Plans Free).
7. Cypress Shingles "Yes Book" (Last century).
- THESE IN PREPARATION—APPLY NOW:**
10. Cypress for Artistic Doors (a revelation).
2. "Peky" Cypress—"The Vaccinated Wood."
4. Cypress "A" Nothing Else," for BARNs, etc.
1. "The Wood Eternal"—What It Is (incl. U. S. Govt. Report).
8. Cypress Bungalow "C" (Free Working Plans and Specification).
28. Cypress for all Trellises and Arbors.
15. Cypress for Dairy Uses—"The Only Wood."

19. Cypress for Canoes and Boats (defies decay).
24. "What People (who know) SAY of Cypress."
26. Japanese Effects (Sugi) in Cypress.
11. Cypress for Sash, Blinds and Frames.
14. Cypress for Gutters, Curbs and Culverts.
23. Cypress "Perfect for Exterior Painting."
25. "Perfect for Interior Painting and Staining."
27. As a "Preventive of Property Depreciation."
20. Cypress for All FARM Uses.
33. "How I Finish Cypress," by a Craftsman.
32. "Caustic Surfacing of Cypress," (novel).
21. Cypress for "All Outdoors" (of course).
17. Cypress for All "Odd Jobs" (of course).

When planning a Mansion, Bungalow, Pergola, Pasture-Fence or Sleeping-Porch, remember—"With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE."

Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

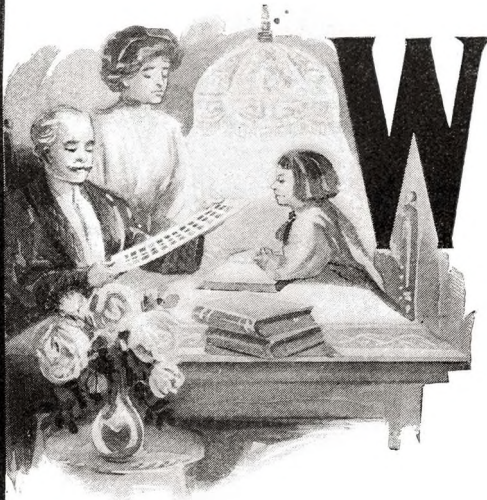
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WHEN you select the colors for your house, remember quality also.

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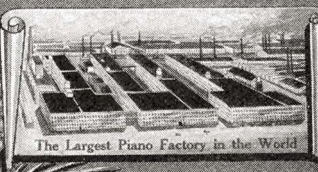
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We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in oil.
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The Largest Piano Factory in the World

When you see the name *Steger & Sons* on a piano, remember that it means something more than mere name association. It means that the man who more than a quarter of a century ago built the first *Steger* piano supervises the manufacture of every *Steger & Sons* piano that leaves the factory. Under such conditions it is not surprising that their popularity has made the *Steger* factories the largest in the world—that these famous instruments sell at remarkably low prices, made possible only by the *Steger* policies of visible, audible result-valuation and small margin of profit.

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Pianos and Player Pianos

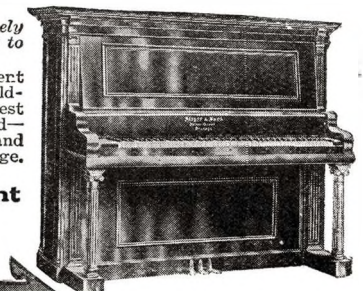
FREE We want every music lover to have our handsomely illustrated free catalog, which is a real necessity to those contemplating the purchase of a piano.

The *Steger & Sons* Piano is in a class by itself—each instrument is the supreme effort of an enormous corps of expert piano builders—under the personal supervision of J. V. Steger, the greatest master piano builder in the world—in the largest piano factory in the world—at Steger, Ill.—the town founded by J. V. Steger. The *Steger & Sons* Pianos and Player Pianos are delivered anywhere in the United States free of charge. The greatest piano value offered, within the easy reach of all.

Our Plans For Payment Make Buying Convenient

Liberal allowance made for old pianos. Write today for new Catalog—yours for the asking—and will give you some wonderful information.

Steger & Sons, Steger Building, Chicago, Ill.



19 Story Steger Bldg.

Our "Style Portfolio of Home Decoration"



contains twenty beautiful color plates of exterior and interior decoration, showing the many advantages to be gained by the correct use of Paints

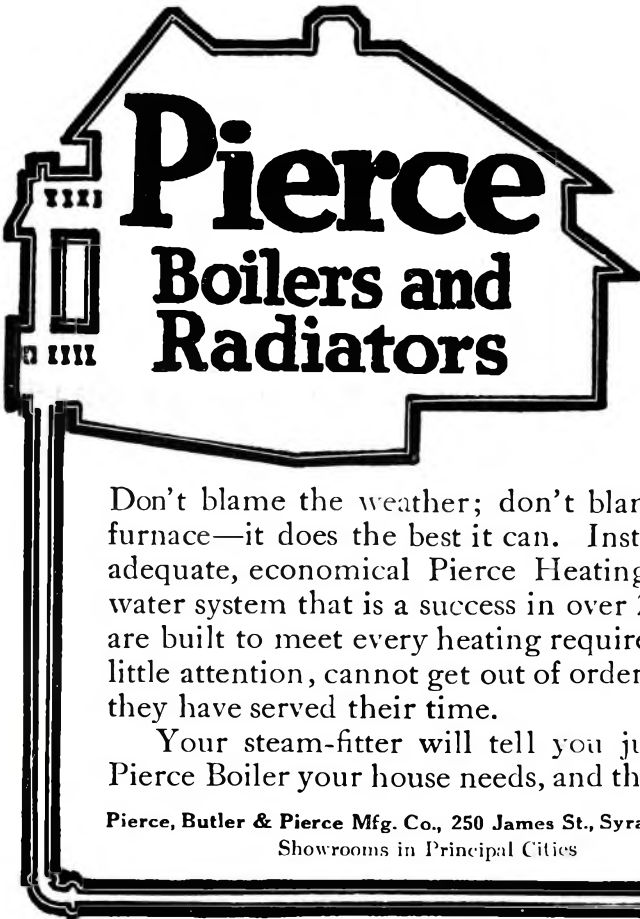
and Varnishes in and about the home. It should be in the hands of everyone building, remodeling, or even interested in correct decoration.

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Sent on receipt of 5 cents in stamps to cover mailing.

Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co., 610 Canal Road, N.W., Cleveland, O.



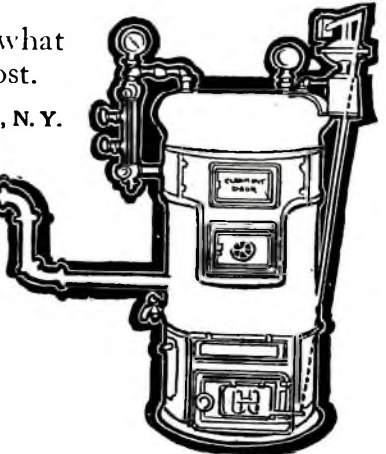
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There is another Winter coming. Does it mean furnace drudgery, excessive coal bills and a shivery breakfast every cold snap for you?

Don't blame the weather; don't blame the house; don't blame the furnace—it does the best it can. Instead, put in a modern, sanitary, adequate, economical Pierce Heating Equipment—a steam or hot water system that is a success in over 200,000 homes. Pierce Boilers are built to meet every heating requirement. They save fuel, require little attention, cannot get out of order, and save their cost long before they have served their time.

Your steam-fitter will tell you just what Pierce Boiler your house needs, and the cost.

Pierce, Butler & Pierce Mfg. Co., 250 James St., Syracuse, N. Y.
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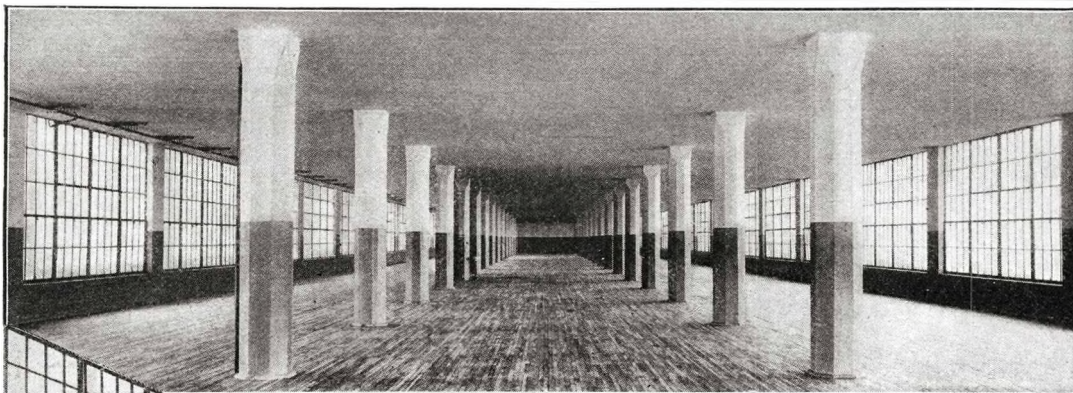


What Heat for your House?
A primer for the man who is about to build a new house or make an old house comfortable

Be sure to send for our **HEATPRIMER** It's free and it's just the kind of information you ought to have; presented in simple, non-technical language. Send for it.



There is a Pierce Boiler exactly suited to your needs. This is the "Modern," one of 200 styles.



This illustrates the combination of **United Steel Sash** for Windows with **KAHN SYSTEM** Reinforced Concrete Construction. Note absolutely flat ceiling. That the windows extend flush to the ceiling, and occupy practically the entire wall.

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Make possible better workmanship, higher efficiency, increased output. **United Steel Sash** for windows give perfect, daylight illumination, and reduce the cost of artificial lighting. These solid steel sash are fireproof, permanent, and cannot burn or wear out.

Exceptional Strength—not weakened by cutting or punching out large areas of metal at the joints.

Superior Finish and Workmanship.

Everyone interested in building should write for our free copy of **UNITED STEEL SASH** Catalogue, containing complete details and valuable information.

United Steel SASH

Large, Wide Ventilators, with double, circular-contact joints to shut out drafts and rain.

Special Spring Clips provide an improved method of glazing.



TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.

715 Trussed Concrete Building

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Sleep Out-Doors In Your Own Room

This FREE Book Tells You How

—you may receive the benefits of out-of-door sleeping at all seasons—the face only coming in contact with the crisp, out-door air—the body enjoying all the comforts of a warm room, by using a

Walsh Window Tent

It is provided with both awning and screen to protect the sleeper from drafts, storms, cold or insects. Instantly adjusted to any window without nails or screws to mar woodwork. Every sleeping room should be equipped with one. If not at your dealers, write for free book—What Fresh Air Will Do.

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THE BEST LIGHT



makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. a week to operate. No dirt, grease nor odor. A pure white light, more brilliant than electricity or acetylene. None other so cheap or effective. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue and prices.

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SHADE ROLLERS

Original and unequalled. Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine:

Steward Hartshorn

SOLID OAK EXTENSION DINING TABLE AND CHAIRS \$20.50

48 inch, Round Top, Pedestal Dining Table, extends to 72 inches, \$13.50. 4 Dining Chairs, \$7.00. 6 Dining Chairs, \$10.00

This sensational price is made possible by our original exclusive method of manufacturing in sections and shipping in a compact package which may be unpacked and the furniture made ready for use in thirty minutes.

Don't confuse this furniture with cheap furniture. We manufacture quality furniture only.



You do not risk one cent. Use the furniture for thirty days in your home. Prove our claim that you cannot duplicate it for double our price—then if you are not satisfied notify us and we will return all the money you have paid.

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ITHACA

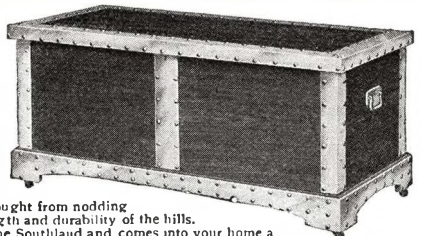
FEEL THE QUICK SNAPPY PULL

- If you are shooting holes in the air and leading your birds several feet because your gun has a creepy trigger and a slow lock, you'd better pass the "old timer" along and get a down-to-date Ithaca.
- Our new gun has a quick, snappy pull, and the hammer travels less than half an inch and falls in 1-825 of a second.
- Beautiful catalog FREE; 18 grades, \$17.75 net to \$400.11st.
- Our 5 1/4 lb. 20 bore is a howling success.

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Colonial Red Cedar Chest

The Ideal Wedding, Birthday or Xmas Present



This Red Cedar has gathered sunshine from the skies, fragrance from each zephyr brought from nodding blossoms, strength and durability of the hills. It is grown in the Southland and comes into your home a chest of beauty, into whose safe care is placed the priceless linens, dainty lingerie, winter furs, blankets and fleecy woolsens—forever GUARDED FROM MOTHS, MICE, DUST, DAMP. These chests are made in many styles, from elegant simplicity to the elaborate handicraft of the artist. We ship direct from our factory at factory prices, ON 15 DAYS' APPROVAL—freight prepaid. Write for our handsome new illustrated catalog showing all the many styles and giving prices. Also beautiful booklet, "The Story of Red Cedar."
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CHEER UP !

Get a 50c bottle of LIQUID VENEER anywhere. Dust with it. If you're not positively delighted with the wonderfully beautifying results, take it back and get your money back. We'll pay the dealer. Dust *everything* with

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OUR 5000 DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE U.S.
ARE READY TO TAKE YOUR ORDER

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
CHICAGO

500
STYLES

\$20
TO
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**LARTER SHIRT STUDS
& Larter Vest Buttons**



DISTINCTIVENESS and beauty are not the only features of Larter Vest Buttons that commend them to well-dressed men. They have the famous Larter automatic backs—no parts to separate—can be inserted or removed instantly.

Every Larter Shirt Stud or Vest Button may be identified by this trade-mark on the back. If your jeweler can not supply you, write us for the name of one who can. Write for Illustrated Booklet suggesting correct jewelry for men for all occasions.

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27 Maiden Lane, New York.

A Larter Vest Button

Showing side 1 1910

John Wanamaker

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Over 1000 fine pictures of still finer merchandise.

A valuable book, for reference or for ordering goods; you should get one.

We never seem able to print enough to meet all requests, so write us TODAY:

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JOHN WANAMAKER
New York

NO METAL TOUCHES THE SKIN

Brighton Garters

25 AND 50¢

AT THE BEST SHOPS-OR BY MAIL-

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
PHILADELPHIA



Pad

Flat Clasp

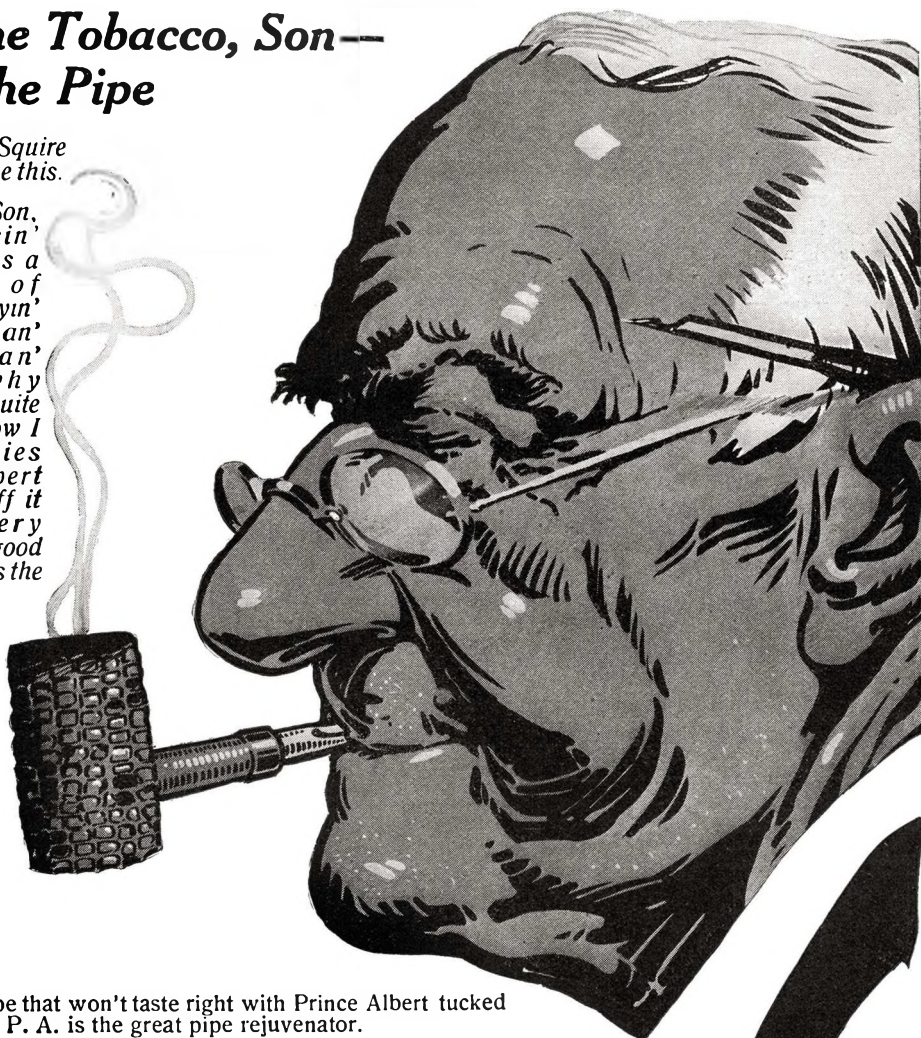
Double Grip

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It's The Tobacco, Son— Not The Pipe

*It's the old Squire
that hands me this.*

*Says he: "Son,
I been fussin'
with pipes a
whole lot of
years. Dallyn'
with this an'
tryin' that an'
wonderin' why
none suited quite
perfect. Now I
know, I tries
Prince Albert
and right off it
makes every
pipe I have good
as gold. It's the
tobacco—no,
the pipe."*



It's a poor pipe that won't taste right with Prince Albert tucked in the bowl. P. A. is the great pipe rejuvenator.

Take down 'most any old hod. Load 'er up with Prince Albert and she smokes sweet and clear. No sour heel, none of the old rankness, no tongue-bite.

It's the tobacco—not the pipe.

Prince Albert is made special for joyful pipe smoking. Made by a patented, exclusive process that takes out the old pipe drawbacks, takes out the bite and the rankness.

Now listen! These are facts. P. A. has worked a revolution in pipe smoking because it's different—a new deal—a real tobacco without a fault. No other tobacco can be like P. A., because of the patent process. Do you get that? Now try the others if you want to. Get the tobacco question settled.

But you're wise when the "justthesame!" bunc is passed across.

All on-the-job dealers are ready to swap the joy smoke for U. S. coin. They know it's a steady-growing seller because it fills. Ten cent tins, 5c bag wrapped in weather-proof paper—awful handy when you want to roll up a cigarette—classy half-pound and pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



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Fits the Figure Perfectly—Won't Shrink Always Springs Back to Shape

UNDERWEAR is a necessity—but Wright's Spring-Needle Ribbed Underwear is a *luxury* at the moderate price of a *necessity*—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 for shirts or drawers; \$1.50 to \$4.00 for union suits; at all dealers.

WRIGHT'S Spring Needle Ribbed UNDERWEAR

is a wonderfully *elastic* fabric, permanently *springy*. Fits any figure perfectly, and keeps its shape under the hardest usage. *Very durable*. The Non-Stretching Neck (pat. applied for) ensures neck will always *hug snug*.

Made in fine Egyptian cotton, all-wool, or cotton-and-wool, in various colors. All weights for all seasons. If not at your dealer's, send us his name and we'll see you are supplied.

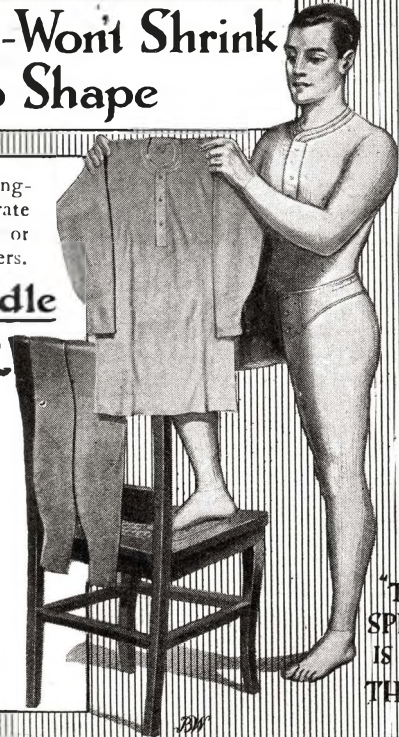
Write for booklet showing samples of different fabrics



WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.

Makers of the famous Wright's Health Underwear (all-wool, fleece-lined), and Wright's Spring-Needle Ribbed Underwear.

71 FRANKLIN ST. NEW YORK



"THE SPRING IS THE THING"

Good Bye, Corns No Wait—No Pain



Just listen to this. There is a little plaster which holds a bit of soft wax—a wondrous invention called B & B wax. This little plaster is applied in a jiffy, and the pain of the corn stops instantly.

But that isn't all. That bit of soft B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the corn comes out. No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience—no feeling whatever. The callous simply separates itself from the toe, and the trouble ends.

Five million corns annually are removed in this way—removed by Blue-jay plasters. Get a package—end yours, too. Don't temporize with corns.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters 15c and 25c per package

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters. All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them.

Sample Mailed Free.

(28)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



Child's Lawn Dress at 98 cts.

Fine quality lawn, well made throughout. Yoke of embroidery lace insertion, finished with feather-stitching and fine tucks. Notice depth of ruffle on skirt, which is edged with lace, as well as the sleeves. A dainty, dressy frock for children six months to two years old

Best & Co.

Importers, Originators, Makers and Retailers of Distinctive Juvenile Apparel

Children's Complete Outfitting At Inexpensive Prices

Our advanced methods and modern facilities, coupled with a great demand, allow us to carry an assortment of Children's Apparel unattempted by any other concern.

The efficient plan we have adopted, of selling direct to the home, saves our patrons all middlemen's profits and provides the finest Children's Wear at inexpensive prices.

The child's dress illustrated is simply one example of what may be purchased here for little money. We offer everything for children's wardrobes at prices equally as economical.

Our Fall and Winter Catalogue features the newest and most inexpensive styles in Dresses, Suits, Coats, Wraps, Hats, Shoes, Hosiery, Underwear and Furnishings for Infants, Children, Misses and Young Men. We will send a copy, postpaid, to any address, upon request.

A personally conducted Mail Order Service makes long distance shopping with us as gratifying as a visit to the store. Satisfaction assured, because, notwithstanding our inexpensive prices, we sell nothing that we do not fully guarantee.

Please Address Department 7

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A Collar Button is Little

But there's a mighty deal of satisfaction in having one that is perfect in workmanship—absolutely smooth on the back, so it will not scratch or chafe the neck—made with an honest layer of gold that won't wear off in years of use—made in one piece and so strong that it cannot break—and made in so many different styles and sizes that you can select one to suit your exact needs—either of solid gold or in the best quality of rolled gold plate—That collar button is the



KREMENTZ



and to make sure that you are getting the genuine, look for the name stamped on the back. Each button guaranteed—a new one free in exchange if broken or damaged from any cause.

Krementz & Co., 57 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.



This Label on Every Garment.

Summer Underwear



YOU don't have to take any one's word. You know "Porosknit" every time by this label.

**50c a Garment
Union Suits, \$1.00**

Boys' 25c each. Union Suits, 50c

Sold Everywhere

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., Amsterdam, N. Y.

You can wear better gloves than those we made for George IV



The Fownes gloves you may secure to-day at your haberdashers are really far superior in fit, in comfort and in stylish appearance to those we made for King George IV of England. Modern progress in the art of making good gloves is contemporaneous with the progress of the house of Fownes Brothers & Company, founded by John Fownes in 1777. Gloves worn then by princes of the blood would not equal the standard we set now even for the most inexpensive gloves in our line.

Photograph of one of a pair of gloves made for George IV of England by Fownes Brothers & Co. The mate of this glove was in the possession of Queen Victoria and is still preserved in the royal collection.

FOWNES GLOVES

As an example of a stylish and very durable street glove, we suggest an inspection of the Fownes glove for men selling at \$2.00 a pair. Name in wrist and trade mark on clasp identifies the genuine.



Gokey's Boots & Moccasins



sold under a *real* guarantee. For hunters, fishermen, prospectors and engineers. Waterproof—hand-made throughout of best leathers tanned. Uppers of durable "Moose" Calf; "Rock Oak" hand-sewed soles.

Also, special shoes for Golf, Tennis, street and dress wear, that embody the extremes of comfort and durability. Made to measure for men and women.

Write for Boot and Moccasin Catalogue No. 35, or for Golf Shoe Catalogue No. 36.

Wm. N. Gokey Shoe Co., 24th St., Jamestown, N. Y.

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Story of the Fifty-one Committees and the "Homo"-toned Haddorff Piano

ALL BUY SAME PIANO

Piano Dealer's Great Success with Committees

Mr. Wigell, speaking at his piano dinner last evening, emphasized the value of letting the world see your victories. He said:

"In selling the piano which I handle—the Haddorff—I always welcome competition with other makes, because my success in contests always makes known the merits of the Haddorff. I have sold pianos to fifty-one committees, under the keenest of competition, and no committee that has investigated a Haddorff has bought anything but a Haddorff."



HADDORFF

The Piano with the "Homo"-Vibrating Sounding Board

THE HADDORFF Sounding Board is constructed according to a special process, so that the same rich beauty and volume of sound that the best note receives is also given to every other note. This unique full-volume tone throughout is the "Homo"-tone, (from Greek, "even or like tone") and means to music what sterling means to silver.

SINCE committees, after the severest tests, have chosen the "Homo"-tone HADDORFF in preference to others because of this great evenness of tone which adds to the beauty of all chords, therefore it will pay you to bear this piano before purchasing. If your dealer does not have it, we will tell you what dealer does.

Write for name of dealer and for "Homo"-tone folder.

HADDORFF PIANO COMPANY

Makers of Grands, Uprights and Player-Pianos—Rockford, Illinois

AGENTS! A REVELATION NEW BUSINESS

REMARKABLE OFFER

READ EVERY WORD

Investigate this phenomenal opportunity to make money. Sells on sight. Actual experience not necessary. 100% PROFIT. Everybody enthusiastic. Irresistible selling proposition. I want live agents, general agents and managers at once everywhere. No charge for territory.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

—your chance to make good. Jump into the big income class. No reason on earth why you shouldn't get there, simply follow my instructions, make an earnest effort—success is yours. **Anyone can sell this marvelous machine.** Half a minute demonstration does the trick. Everybody amazed at the wonderful accuracy of this device. **You pocket 100% profit every sale.** Opportunities like this come only once in a life time. You've been looking for opportunity—felt you were built for better things. Catch hold. **Success is ambition, plus a plan.** Listen to the words of success. Young men, old men, farmers, teachers, carpenters, students, bank clerks—everybody makes money. **One man (H. C. Wingo) sold 720 sharpeners in six weeks; profit, \$1080.** Stauffer, Penn., sent third order for 300 machines. Krantz, N. D., says: "Had a good day and stropers selling fine. Took 27 orders." Corey, Me., "Went out at bed time and took 5 orders in one hour. **People want it.**" Applewhite, La., "Took 6 orders in thirty minutes." Crafts, New York, "Sold 3 in fifteen minutes." Harmon, Texas, says: "The man who can't sell the Never Fail Stropper better go back to chopping cotton, for he couldn't sell \$10.00 gold pieces for \$1.00 each." Strong talk, but true. **\$1,000.00 Reward** to any one proving that any testimonial given is not genuine and unsolicited.



\$45 TO \$90 A WEEK

can easily be made as sales agent for the NEVER FAIL at home or traveling, all or spare time. **This is a new proposition.** A positive Automatic Razor Sharpener—absolutely guaranteed. The thing all men had dreamed of. Perfect in every detail, under every test. With it you can sharpen to a keen, smooth, velvety edge any razor—safety or old style—all the same. Handles any and every blade automatically. Just a few seconds with the NEVER FAIL puts a razor in a better shape to give a soothing, cooling, satisfying shave than can an expert operator, no matter how careful he works. Men are excited over this little wonder machine—over its marvelous accuracy and perfection. They are eager to buy. Women buy for presents to men. Agents and salesmen coin money. Field untouched. Get territory at once. Write for full facts concerning this high grade offer. Sworn-to proofs of success never before equaled. Don't envy the other fellows. Make big money yourself. **Don't pass this opportunity by.** Act prompt. Investigate.

THE NEVER FAIL CO., 1152 Colton Bldg. TOLEDO, OHIO

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von Gal made Hats

"CORRECT STYLES
FOR MEN"

are not only correct, but they confer a fine air of distinction. Styles that are recognized as always right—quality that is the finest that can be put into a hat—splendid workmanship—these unite to give the tone that is appreciated by men who know hat values.

The favor in which these hats are held is not a matter of chance, but of merit. Whether you pay \$3.00, \$4.00 or \$5.00 for a *von Gal made Hat*, you are assured of getting the best quality that can be put into any hat at the price.

You are assured of the money's worth that only a great organization can give—assured of the styles that lead because created by the most artistic, skillful designers. Satisfaction in the hat you wear is guaranteed by the dealer in *von Gal made Hats*. It must be to your liking. We stand behind him in this absolute guarantee.

Prices, \$3, \$4 and \$5. At your dealer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for Fall and Winter Style Book F, and we will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover expressage.

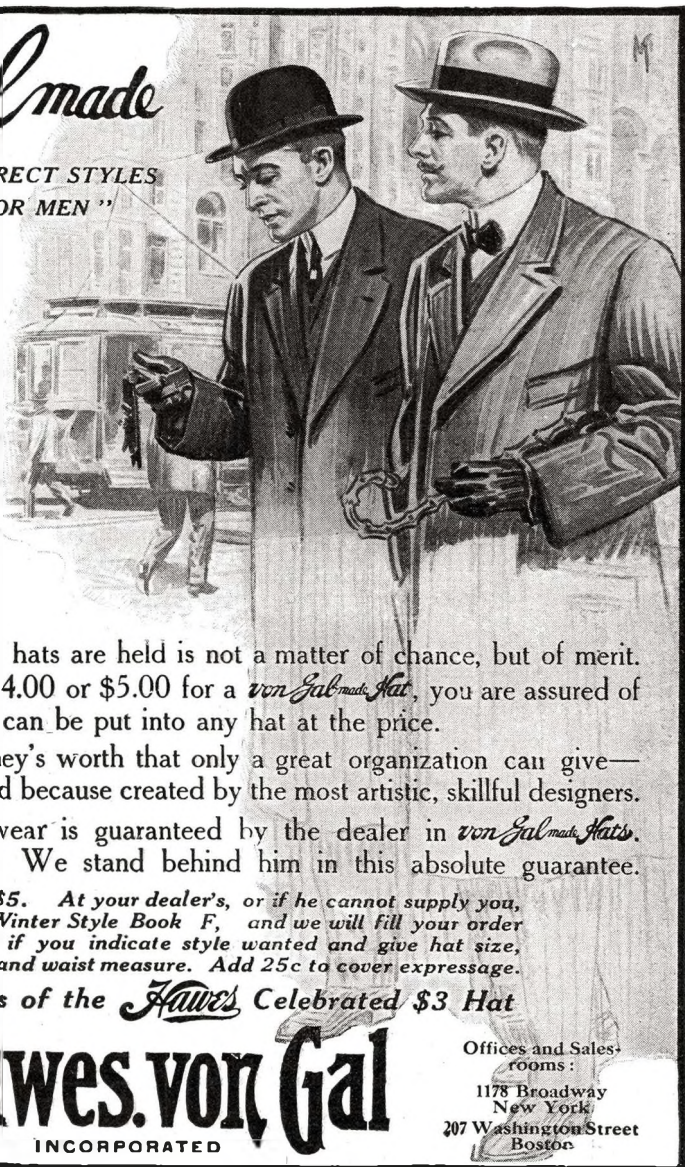
We are Makers of the *Hawes* Celebrated \$3 Hat

Factories:
Danbury, Conn.
Niagara Falls
Ontario, Canada
Straw Hat Factory:
Baltimore, Md.

Hawes.von Gal

INCORPORATED

Offices and Sales-rooms:
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FOR forty-three years the best that England produces in cloth for gentlemen's wear has come to America through the import house of W. P. Willis & Co.

Imported fabrics bearing the Willis mark are to be had—

W.P. WILLIS & CO.
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only of Custom Tailors — Never in Ready-made Clothing

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One of 100 uses—
For the mouth and teeth

Dioxogen

Many serious disorders can be prevented by maintaining *germ-free* cleanliness of the teeth, the mouth and the throat. Dioxogen is ideal for this purpose because it is a most efficient germ destroyer and yet is *absolutely harmless*. The daily use of Dioxogen *prevents* sore throat, decayed teeth and many serious ailments due to the entrance of germs through the mouth.

Write for free two-ounce trial bottle and booklet.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 106 Front Street, New York, N.Y.

"CRAFTSMAN"

HOUSE PLANS FREE



Designed by GUSTAV STICKLEY

Send 6 cents for a copy of "24 CRAFTSMAN HOUSES" showing exterior and floor plans of 24 houses that cost from \$9,000 up to build. To interest you in our magazine, "THE CRAFTSMAN," our Free House Plans, and in Craft articles, we will also send you a beautifully printed 32-page booklet entitled "The Craftsman House." If you are interested at all, both of these books will be very useful to you.

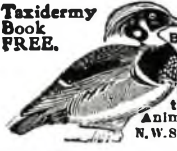
"THE CRAFTSMAN IDEA" means *real homes*, not mere houses; it shows you how to save money on useless partitions—how to avoid over-decoration, how to get wide sweeps of space (even in a small house), restful tones that match and blend—and enables anyone to always have a beautiful and artistic home.

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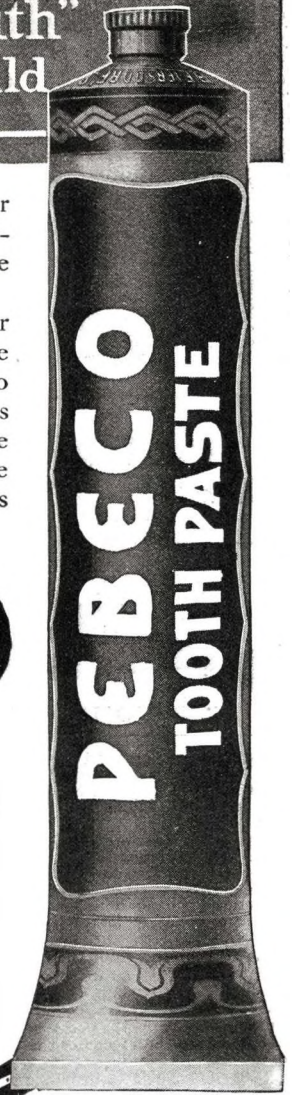
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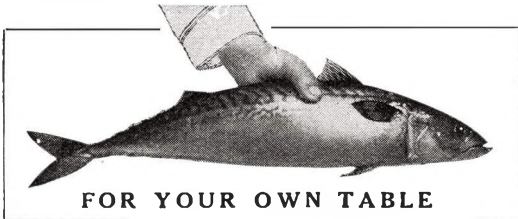


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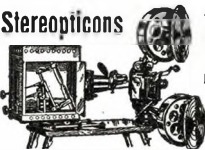
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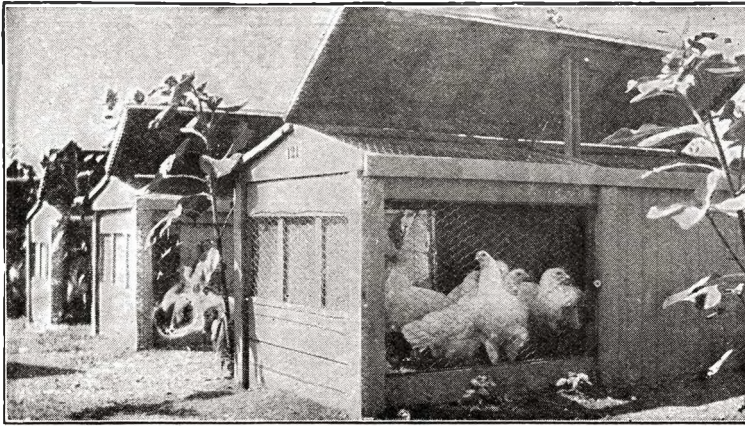
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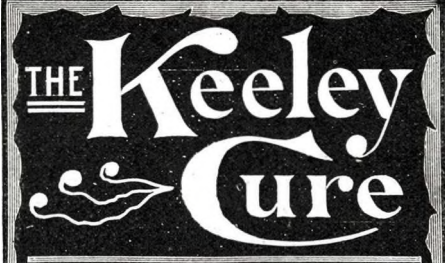


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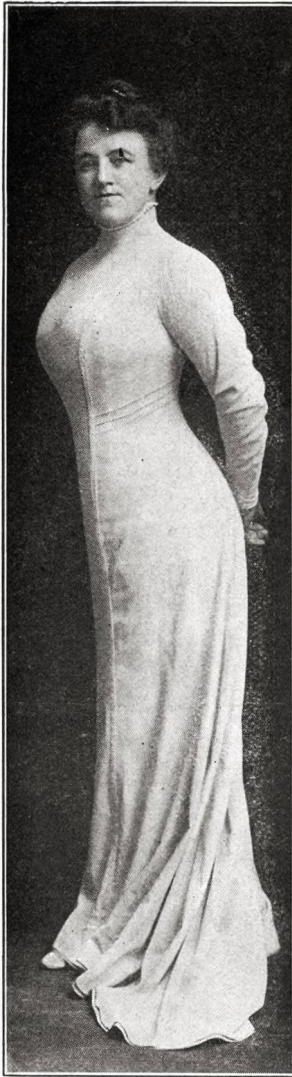
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You Can Weigh Exactly what You Should Weigh

My pupils are among the most refined, intellectual women of America. They have *regained* health and good figures and learned how to *keep* well. Each has given me a few minutes a day in the privacy of her own room to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit each individual's needs.

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Improve Your Figure—in other words, be at your best. You wield a stronger influence for good, for education, for wholesome right living, if you are attractive and well, graceful and well poised—upright in body as well as in mind—and you are happier. **I want to help every woman to realize that her health lies, to a degree, in her own hands, and that she can reach her ideal in figure and poise.**

Judge what I can do for you by what I have done for others.

I think I do not exaggerate when I say I have corrected more

Chronic Ailments and built up and reduced more women during the past nine years than any ten physicians—the best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are my pupils.

I have

Reduced about 25,000 women from 10 to 85 lbs. I have rounded out and **Increased the Weight** of as many more—all this by strengthening nerves, heart, circulation, lungs and vital organs so as to regulate the assimilation of food.

Won't you **join us?**—we will make you and the whole world better.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly, and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement of health and figure through natural means.

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I have had a wonderful experience, and should like to tell you about it.

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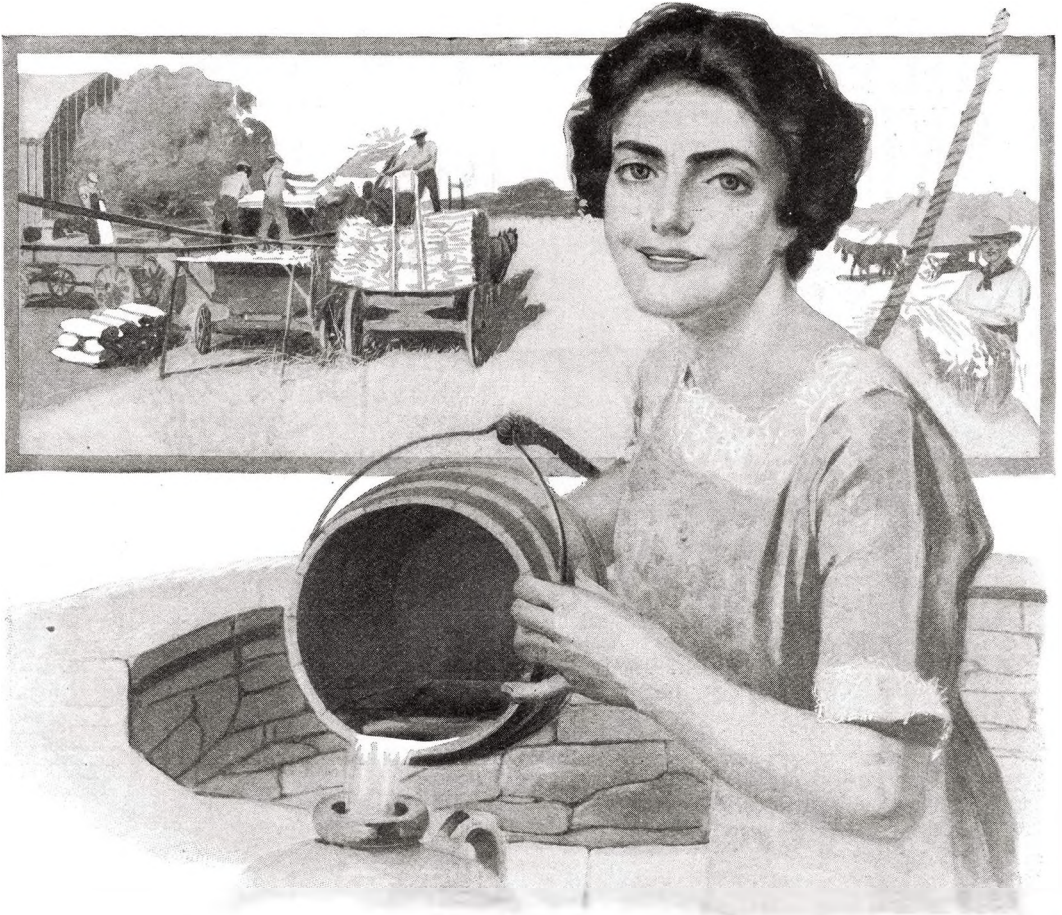
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PRICE,
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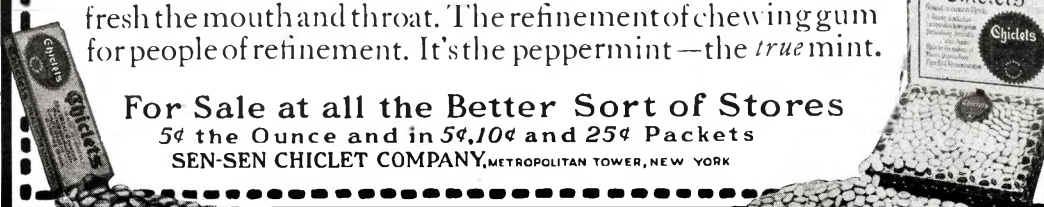
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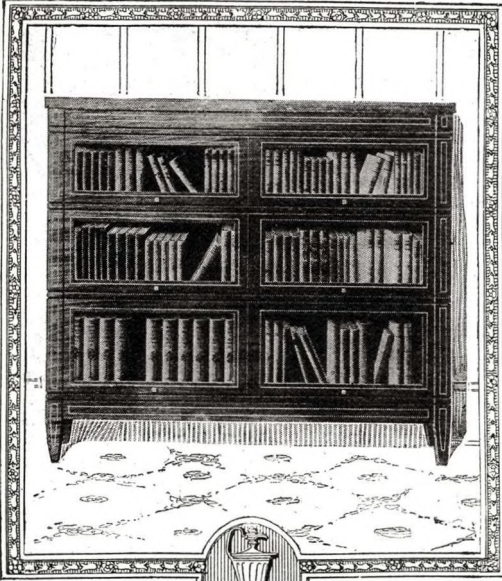
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The publishers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION have recently issued a little booklet that tells, in an interesting way, the experiences of many of our readers, who are building up profitable businesses of their own as members of our Subscription Staff.

These experiences are written by the Staff Members themselves and can be read with profit by every reader of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE who is making his or her own living or who must earn "spending money" during spare moments.

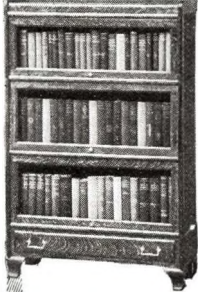
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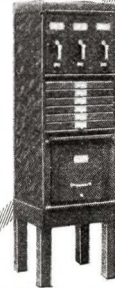
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China Pumpkin Teapot, 25c. China Pumpkin Bowls, 5c, 10c, 15c. Pumpkin Jack-Horner Pie, 12 Ribbons, \$3.50. Pumpkins and Witch Ice Cream Cases, 60c dozen. Pumpkin Shape Ice Cream Cases, \$1.20 doz.

Halloween Paper Napkins, 40c package. Halloween Snapping Motions, 50c box. Halloween Tally Cards, 25c doz. Dinner Cards, 40c doz.

Send for our \$2.00 assortment of Halloween Favors.

We positive's do not pay mail charges.

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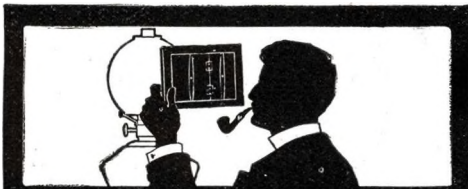
"How I Became a Nurse" is the title of a book issued in celebration of 10 years' successful correspondence training in nursing. It contains 184 pages of intensely interesting experiences by graduates of this school who studied, practiced, and mastered the art of professional nursing by the C. S. N. home-study course. Thousands of our graduates, with and without previous experience, are today earning \$10 to \$25 a week.

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Tooth Brush

Cleans the teeth
Cleans *all* the teeth
Cleans them *thoroughly*

"A clean tooth never decays"

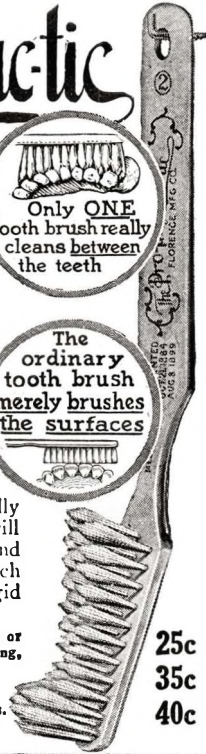
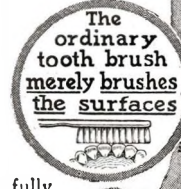
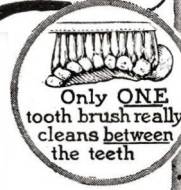
The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gets around every tooth—between all the teeth, both back and front alike—thoroughly cleansing every crevice. Its curved handle gives direct access to every part of the mouth—the long end tufts reach every tooth in the head.

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Our interesting booklet—"Do you Clean or Brush Your Teeth" is yours for the asking, send for it.

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25c
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The Logical Dentifrice



YOU will acknowledge that good teeth are an asset.

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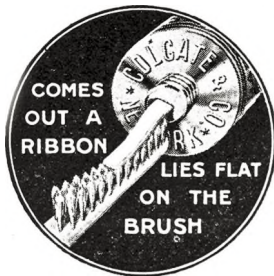
The logical dentifrice is one which is both efficient and pleasant to the taste.

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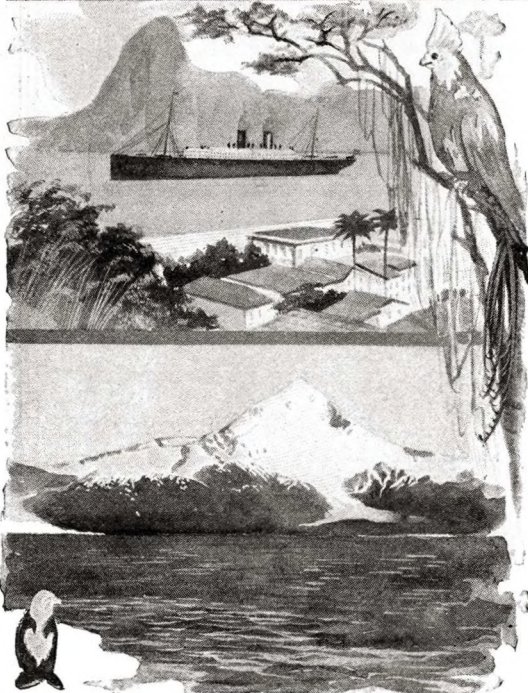
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28 days, Jan. 23, Feb. 24, 1912, \$150 and up—
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80 days, the duration of this cruise, will be spent
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The Bread and Butter Question

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This policy yields the wife and children a bread and butter income and now and then a little cake and cream. It is worth looking into, even though you already carry some insurance. Send coupon for particulars.



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8

THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING ITEM

The Phila. Evening Item.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

"The Paper of the People."

Progress in Fire Protection

Philadelphia, Pa., July 10, 1911.

We are in receipt of a kind letter from the Rochester (N. Y.) Chamber of Commerce, by its President, Albert B. Eastwood, in which we are assured of the appreciation by that body "of your splendid editorial, entitled, 'Public Rising to Prevent Fires.'"

That the "Rochester Chamber of Commerce is by that editorial stimulated to carry on this work aggressively, not promiscuously, for the country at large, but for the results to be obtained within the limits of the City of Rochester.

"If our example will stimulate other communities to like activity, this stupendous fire waste can be somewhat checked."

We reproduce that letter in part as an instance of a popular uprising among the business interests all over the country to reduce our enormous fire losses, losses which the present year shows to be largely on the increase.

In connection with this subject we have just received, with the personal compliments of its author, F. W. Fitzpatrick, consulting architect, formerly of United States Service, etc., entitled, "Fires and Fire Losses," a handsome work most carefully prepared for instructive purposes.

Mr. Fitzpatrick says fire is the most dreaded of devastators; "it has been used in war for discharging weapons, and in its crude state, so to speak, as an auxiliary which ranks with carnage and rapine.

"In the form of conflagrations, it has supplied some of the most spectacular and memorable and saddest events in history."

Mr. Fitzpatrick very properly puts the weight of his argument for fire prevention upon the fire-resisting construction of buildings.

In connection with that conclusion, which is practically unanimous among those who have made a study of the matter, we recently gave considerable time to an examination of the recent development of using drawn steel in the place of the in-

terior wood work of dwelling and office buildings, and for interior furniture in both classes of buildings, and for interior railway car work.

To be frank about it, we were greatly astonished at the BEAUTY, STYLE AND FINISH OF THIS STEEL INTERIOR WORK, which is now in use aboard steamships for stateroom and other interior work, as well as in the other cases above mentioned.

This interior steel work cannot be detected by visible inspection. It so closely resembles the finest wood work, both in design, grain, rounded edges, and inlaid ornamentations, that the occupier of a room so fitted up would not suspect, were he not told, that he was not surrounded by the finest wood work producible.

Then, too, this steel interior work is used for practically every purpose—flooring excepted—fine or plain woods are used for.

Of course, it is fireproof, will not burn, and overcomes that complaint of fireproof building constructors who have said: "How can we make a building fireproof when its occupants fill it up with inflammable furniture?"

For window frames, doors and frames, wainscoting, walls and ceiling, and all interior work, this DRAWN STEEL IS MADE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE FINEST CABINET FINISH OF THE BEST TROPICAL WOODS. And far more beautiful artistic work is possible in shaping this steel than could be worked out in wood.

In fact, artistic designs in this steel, as beautiful to-day as they are, in study and practice are in their infancy.

* * * * *

The preceding excerpt can give but the faintest idea of the beauty and utility of the Dahlstrom Products.

We are the originators of this class of work and have developed drawn steel construction to its highest efficiency. The Dahlstrom Products are to be found in the structures exemplifying "fireproof reality" such as The Singer Building, New York; William Hunter High School, Philadelphia; First National Bank Building, Denver; Amicable Life Insurance Building, Waco, Texas; U. S. Battleships Florida and Utah, and so on.

"Buildings as They Should Be"

—a book, fully describes the Dahlstrom Products.
To the interested a copy free for 6 cents postage.

DAHLSTROM METALLIC DOOR COMPANY
Executive Offices and Factories, 52 Blackstone Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.

Branch Offices in all Principal Cities





Confidence Inspiring Ability

There's exhilaration in a dash into the real country—through the crisp autumn air,—with perhaps a mountain stream to ford at full speed, when you have perfect confidence in your car. The owner of an Oldsmobile enjoys every moment of such a ride, without strain or fatigue. The Oldsmobile is *emergency-proof* and the more intimate your acquaintance with the car the more confidence you feel in its ability under "out-of-the-ordinary" conditions.

This ability cannot be measured by rated horse-power or a printed list of specifications. For example, while retaining all the manifest advantages of a long-stroke motor,—such as the persistent application of power over varying grades and smoothness of operation, the Oldsmobile will accelerate under full load; is "quick on its feet" and marvelously responsive to the throttle.

Engine and Chassis

T head Motor: 5 in. bore, 6 in. stroke. Compression release for easy starting. 4-speed transmission with unusually quiet gears. Demountable rims. $\frac{3}{4}$ elliptic springs and shock absorber equipment. Improved system of lubrication.

Body and Equipment

Ventilators in fore-doors, an exclusive Oldsmobile feature. Nickel and black enamel finish on metal parts. Regular equipment includes top and slip cover; wind shield, speedometer, electric and oil side and rear lamps of new design; tire irons, etc., all of the finest quality.

The "AUTOCRAT," 4-cylinder, \$3500 The "LIMITED," 6-cylinder, \$5000

38 x 4½ in. Tires

43 x 5 in. Tires

Touring, Roadster, Tourabout and Limousine Bodies.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

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Peter's Chocolate

The ideal food for mountain climbing, or for any out-of-door exercise, or for any exercise anywhere—or as a food any time you are hungry.

Peter's has that truly delicious flavor that makes you always want more.

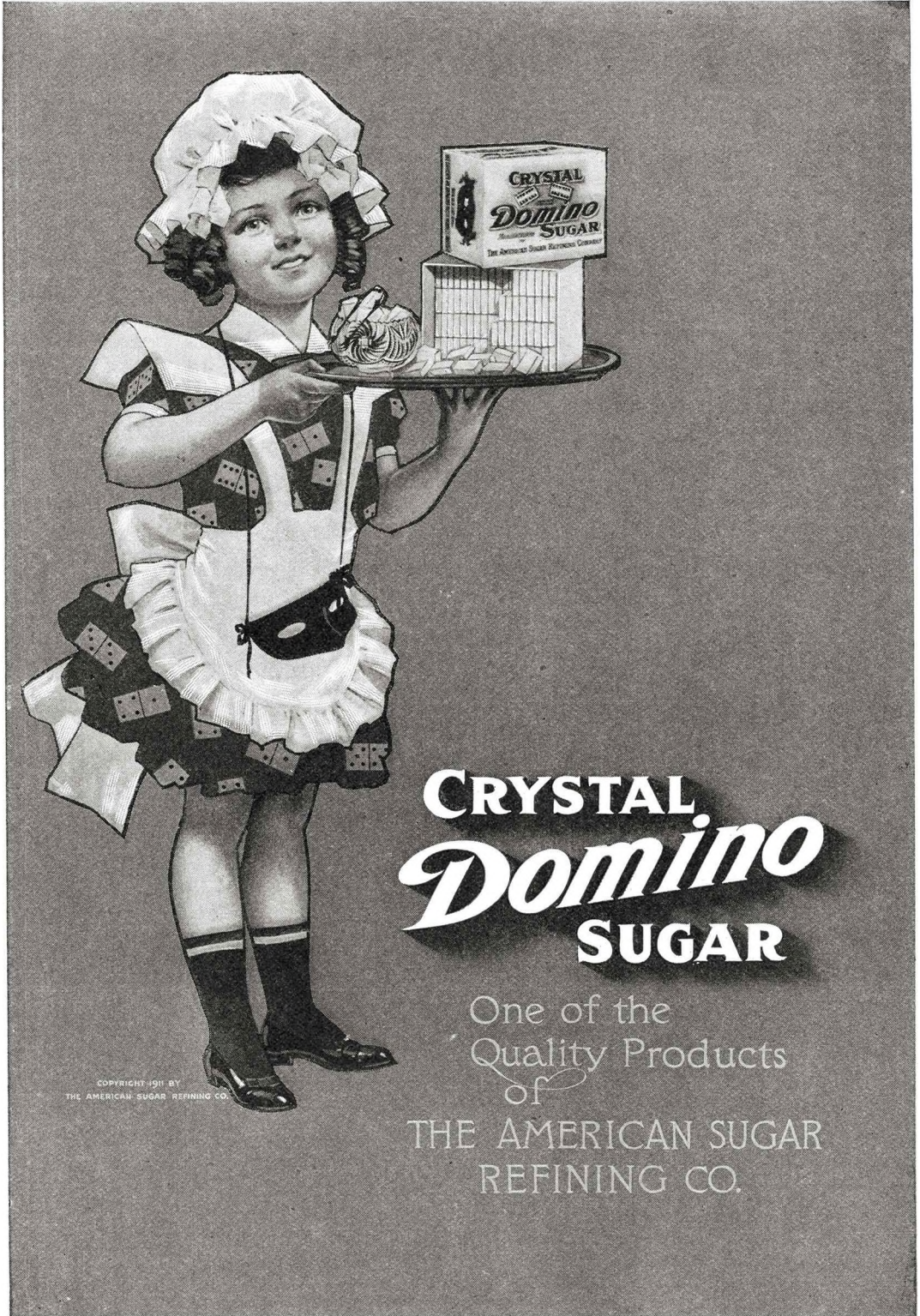
Peter's Milk Chocolate

Peter's Milk Chocolate Croquettes

Peter's Thimbles with Roasted Hazelnuts

Peter's Almond Milk Chocolate

Peter's Bon-Bons

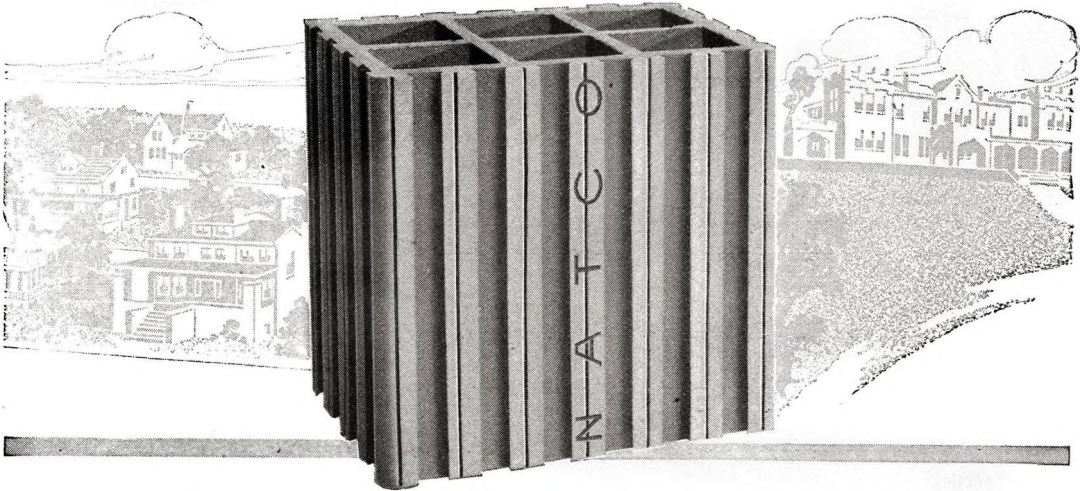


CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR

One of the
Quality Products
of
THE AMERICAN SUGAR
REFINING CO.

Unless each tile bears the word "NATCO"
impressed in the clay, it is not genuine

NATCO HOLLOW TILE



As a result of the great demand that has developed for NATCO HOLLOW TILE many other concerns have engaged in making products imitating the design and appearance of NATCO.

Samples of such imitations may often compare well with "NATCO" and the argument is invariably lower price. The vital difference becomes clear only in the delivery of the material in quantities for actual construction, and affects for all time the investment worth of the building.

Only genuine "NATCO" has behind it the vast experience and modern equipment of this company, whose methods and materials have fireproofed most of America's great business and public structures.

The cost of "NATCO" is only slightly higher than imitations, but the added living and market values of the resulting building are great.

NATCO HOLLOW TILE is rapidly superseding older forms of construction for all moderate-sized buildings, residence, commercial and industrial. It is fireproof, decay-proof, moisture-proof, vermin-proof. Buildings of "NATCO" are cooler in Summer, warmer in Winter.

Send for our elaborate 96-page handbook, "FIREPROOF HOUSES." Every detail of Natco Hollow Tile construction explained, with technical drawings and typical floor plans, also illustrations from photographs of forty-five houses built of Natco Hollow Tile, ranging in cost from \$1,000 to \$200,000. An invaluable guide to the prospective builder. Write today.

NATIONAL FIRE PROOFING COMPANY

Dept. A.

Offices in all principal cities.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

“Standard”

GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

BECAUSE of their durability and efficiency “Standard” guaranteed plumbing fixtures never cease to add value to your building investment, as long as your building endures. Their comfort and convenience are a constant source of satisfaction.

Build permanent sanitary protection into your home by specifying, *not verbally, but in writing* (using catalogue numbers), “Standard” plumbing fixtures, and seeing to it personally that they, and not substitutes, are installed. Each “Standard” fixture bears a guarantee label for your protection. It is the assurance of you of modern and sanitary equipment of the highest quality.

Genuine “Standard” fixtures for the Home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label with the exception of baths bearing the Red and Black Label which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand “Standard” quality at less expense. All “Standard” fixtures with care will last a lifetime. And, no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.*



Send for a copy of our beautiful catalog “Modern Bathrooms.” It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom, kitchen or laundry. Many model rooms are illustrated, costing from \$78 to \$600. This valuable book is sent for 6 cents postage.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

Dept. 20

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Pittsburgh.....106 Sixth Street
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Nashville.....315 Tenth Avenue, So.
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Boston.....John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville.....319-23 W. Main Street
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NEW-SKIN

\$250
In Prizes

WE are frequently surprised to learn of some new use for New-Skin.

Look down the following list of uses and see if you know of any others.

If you do, send us a letter or post card with the information. For the ten suggestions which we consider best worth advertising, we will pay \$25.00 each.

Uses For New-Skin

We know that New-Skin is good for Small Cuts and Wounds of all kinds, including Scratches, Abrasions, Bruises, Burns, Scrapes, etc.

For Protecting the Skin in anticipation of unusual wear—A man who is going to take an unusually long walk, for example, can paint his feet with New-Skin and the shoes will chafe on the New-Skin film and not injure the skin underneath.

For Chapped and Split Lips and for Hangnails.

For Chilblains and Frosted Ears and Feet.

For use by Physicians and Medical Students, in certain cases as a protection to the fingers and hands.



10c and 25c

For Photographers' Fingers—to avoid staining the hands with chemicals.

For Stings of Insects.

For Corns and Calloused Spots.

For Repairing Photographic Films, Eye Glasses, etc.

If you happen to know of any other uses, send us a post card and perhaps you will win one of the prizes.

If more than one person makes the same accepted suggestion the prize will be equally divided.

Contest will close December 31, 1911.

Address "Prize Offer Manager."

NEWSKIN COMPANY

Dept. Q

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Shaves, Strops, Cleans Without Detaching Blade



SINCE the invention of the AutoStrop Razor, it is just as unnecessary to acquire barber's skill as it is to add with the head now that we have adding machines. Just as the adding machine does the adding for you, so the AutoStrop Razor does the stropping for you, and this is how:

You simply slip the strop through razor itself, in under the blade. You push the handle back and forth. The blade falls on the strop at exactly the *barber's angle*, first one side, then the other. After a few strokes you slip the razor straight from strop to face and shave. In all the stropping, shaving and cleaning you take nothing apart and put nothing together.

Standard set consists of silver plated, self-stropping Razor, twelve blades and strop, in handsome case, price \$5, which is your total shaving expense for years, as the stropping makes one blade often last three to six months, sometimes a year. Sets for travellers \$6.50 upwards. Factories in United States and Canada; and sold in both countries at \$5 upwards. Send for free booklet.

Your dealer will refund your money if you are not satisfied. We protect him from loss.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, 343 Fifth Avenue, New York; 400 Richmond Street, W., Toronto, Canada; 61 New Oxford Street, London; 23 Rue Vica-d'Azir, Paris

AutoStrop

SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS ITSELF

Shaves, Strops,
Cleans without De-
taching Blade

Far Quicker, Hen-
dier than a No-
Stropping Razor

Cheaper Than a Dollar Razor, as the Blades Last so Long



Bon Ami

Makes Housecleaning Easy

For polishing kitchen ware—don't use a coarse scouring soap, for that will quickly wear away the surface upon which it is used. Try Bon Ami. It brightens and cleans but never scratches.

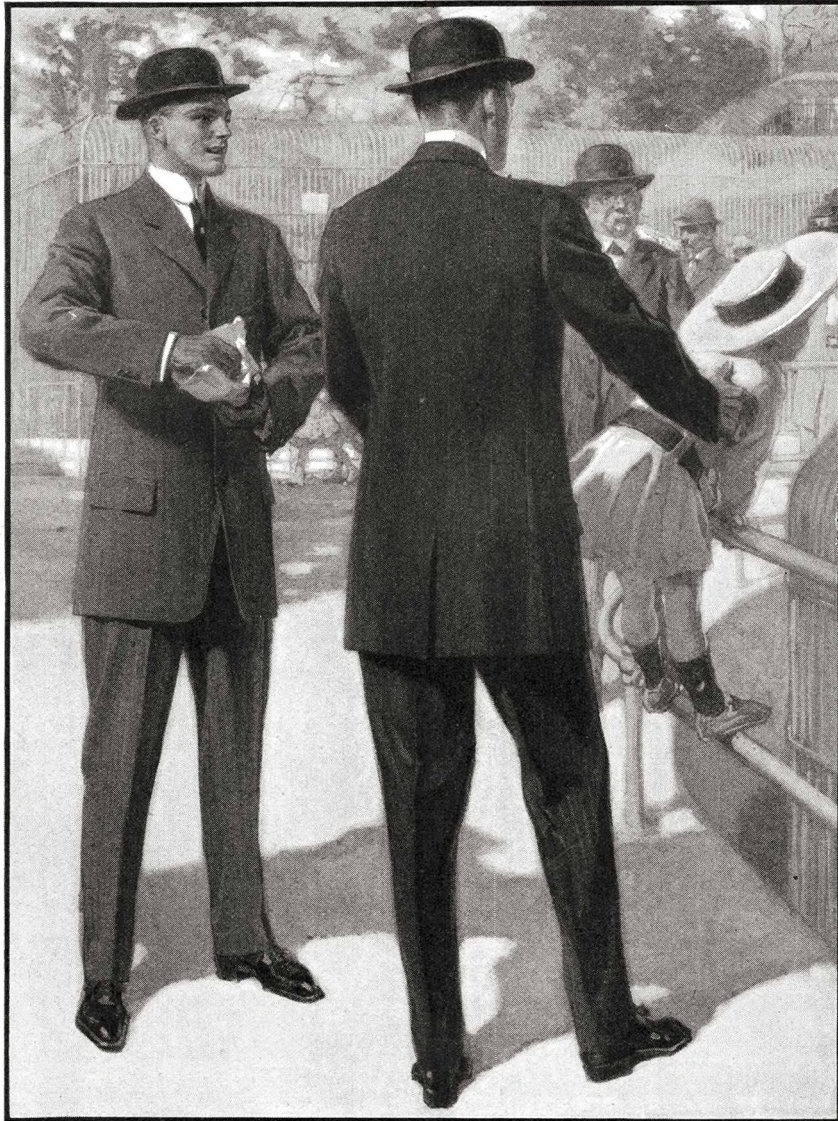
Cleaning windows *without* Bon Ami is a hard task. *With* Bon Ami a bright sparkling window is always the result and you can clean "a window a minute."

For cleaning painted wood-work, avoid coarse scouring soap. Use Bon Ami as directed and the stains and grime will vanish, leaving the paint uninjured.

For polishing bath room fixtures, porcelain, brass and nickel use Bon Ami. It always gives a perfect polish.

"20 years on the market—
Hasn't scratched yet."





Bronx Park Zoo, New York

NEW models in business suits this fall; smart styles for young men; all-wool fabrics and the right tailoring.

Copyright by Hart Schaffner & Marx

Our name in clothes is a guide to quality. Send for the Style Book

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Good Clothes Makers

New York

Boston

Chicago

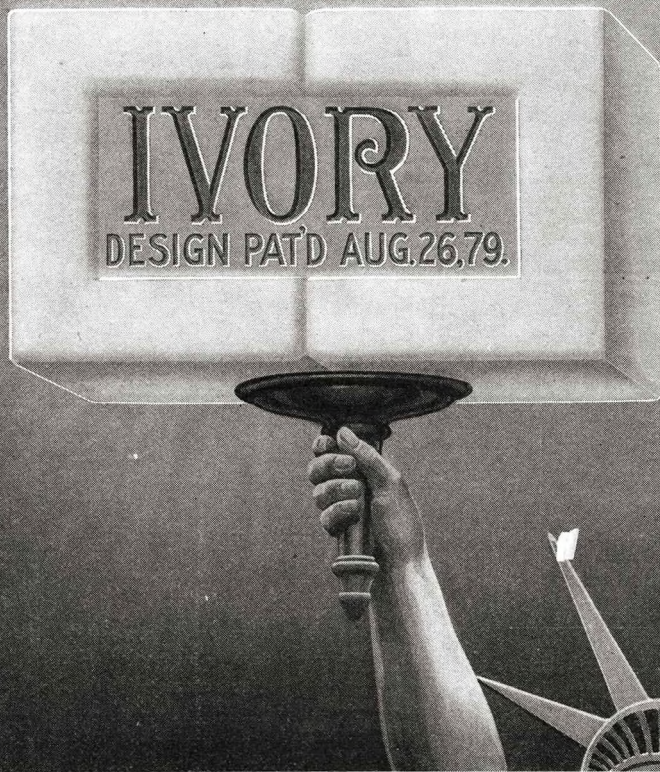
The Symbol of Household Liberty

Use Ivory Soap for everything—bath, toilet, in the laundry, in the kitchen.

Wash the dishes with Ivory Soap. Clean the refrigerator with it, the cut glass, the silver—*everything*.

Do this, and see what an improvement there is in the appearance of your home. See, too, how much better your hands look—how much better they feel. They will be as soft and white as if such things as dishpans and washtubs did not exist.

Ivory Soap . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure



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