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IN VIEW of the general raise in watch prices and the current newspaper reports, as here shown, we desire to state to American consumers on behalf of the high-grade Ingersoll-Trenton and the low-priced Ingersoll Watches (comprising over 50% of the watches made in the United States) that we were not parties to the action of the combined watch manufacturers in securing the increased duties in the Payne Tariff Bill and advancing the prices of watches.

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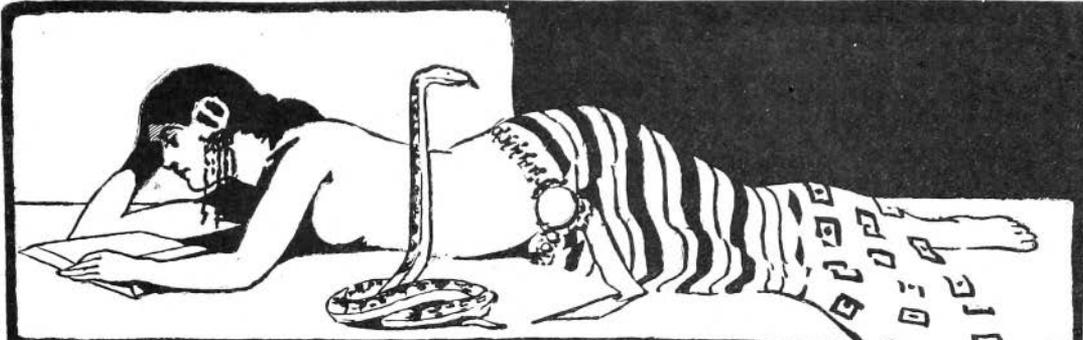


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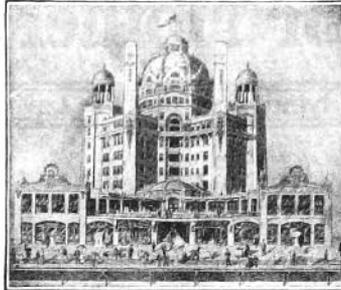
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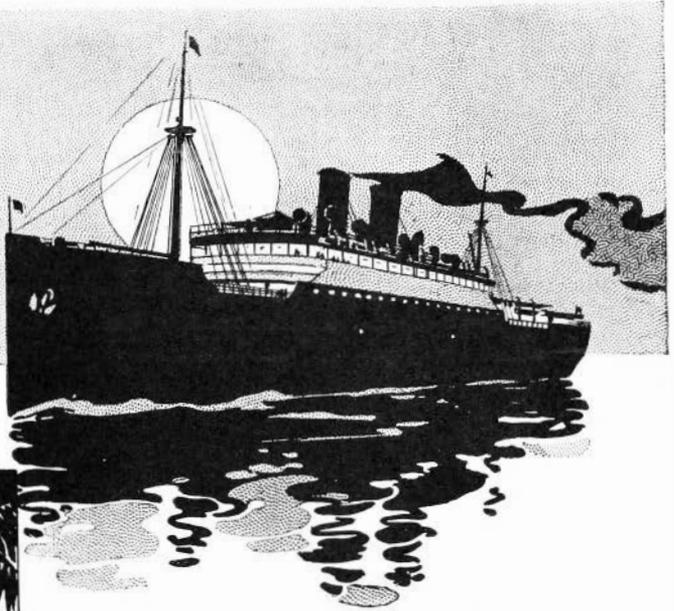
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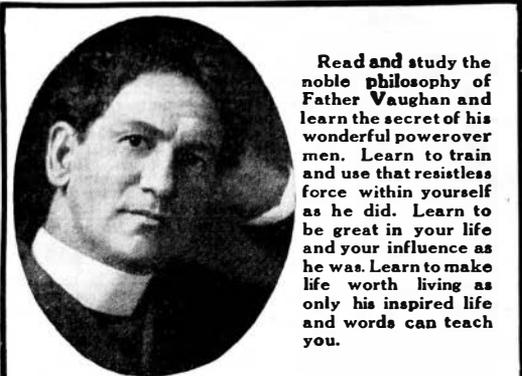
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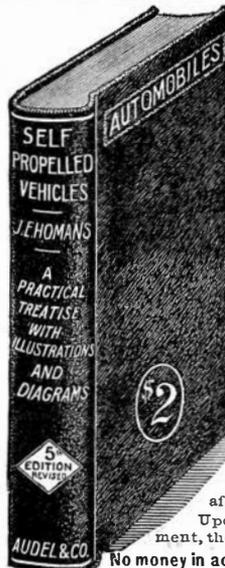
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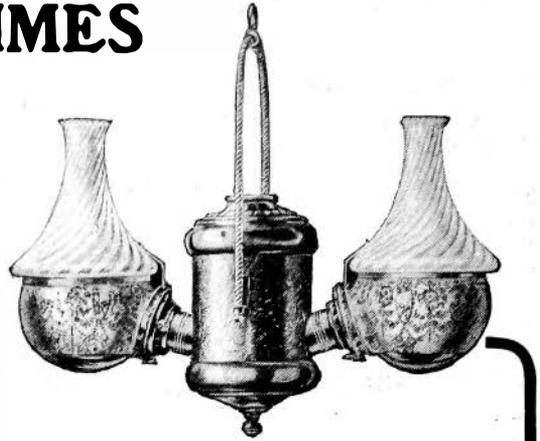
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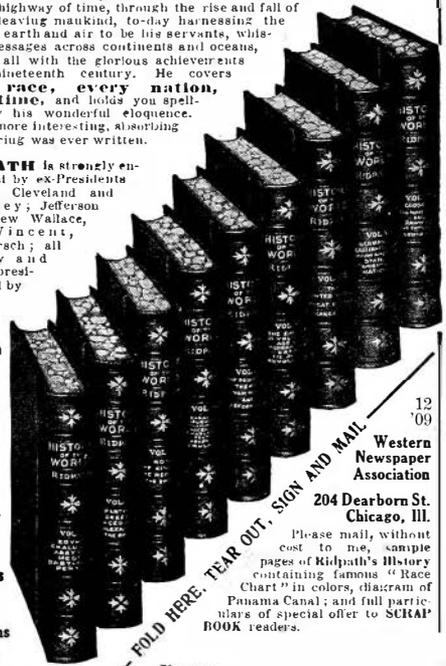
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Vol. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1909.

No. 6.



TRUE STORIES OF THE OCCULT, BY WELL-KNOWN MEN.

JOHN D. CRIMMINS, SENATOR DEPEW, SENATOR PERKINS, GENERAL MERRIAM, DR. J. D. QUACKENBOS, COLONEL R. M. THOMPSON, REAR-ADMIRAL EVANS, SENATOR TOWNE, PROFESSOR HYSLOP, THOMAS A. WISE, WILLIAM HODGE, WILTON LACKAYE, J. E. DODSON, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, DISCUSS THE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THEIR OWN EXPERIENCE.

THE STRANGE POWER CALLED INTUITION.

BY JOHN D. CRIMMINS.

I HAVE never been interested in the study of occult phenomena. In the first place, I am a Catholic, and the church does not encourage investigations of this order. Besides, as I said before, I am not interested in fostering a superstition. But I do believe that people are born with certain gifts. As an illustration, I have been gifted with a memory for faces and names which has served me in good stead on many occasions. One of New York's mayors, who was particularly noted for his bad memory for faces, would often have me sit by him to give him the names of callers on occasions of semipublic meetings.

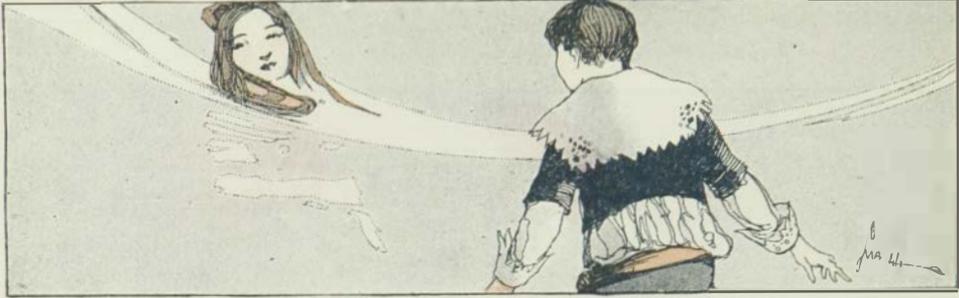
Frequently I have picked a man out in a crowd, whose characteristics I had merely heard about, but whose face or photograph had never before come under my observation. I could frequently anticipate what a caller's purposes were, moreover, before he uttered so much as a word on the subject of his call, and seldom made a mistake in forestalling him.

From my fourteenth or fifteenth year, I have carefully studied the impressions I received when a card was brought to me, and it is a curious fact that I often anticipated what the caller wanted, even before I saw him, and though I sat far removed.

You may call it telepathy or what you will, I have never tried to analyze the process, but only know its results. I do not say that I have always done this, but many instances have occurred both in public and private life when the thoughts of others were like

messengers that I could read at will. It has occurred time and again.

I have called it intuition, and have never attached any peculiar superstition to it, accepting it, in fact, as nothing more than gift of birth.



HERE IS A CLAIRVOYANT VISION.

BY WILTON LACKAYE.

WHenever I hear occult phenomena ridiculed I always rise to its defense, because I remember so vividly a striking experience of this nature which occurred at an age in childhood entirely too young for dissembling. At this particular time, our family was mourning the death of my little sister. I was not old enough to sorrow over her loss, neither could I reconcile myself to the fact that she was not present. I was perhaps six years of age, and while I knew that her body was lying in the parlor, on that day before the funeral, I began to talk to her.

My parents had left me alone for a while,

and upon returning were amazed at my conversation. Mother was plainly alarmed when she questioned me, for I ignored her presence entirely, and continued the conversation. Mother and father exchanged glances and then she questioned me again.

"But your sister is not here," mother explained.

I could not understand why she talked like that, for I was seeing my sister plainly. Then, as I was pressed to throw light upon the subject, my sister disappeared through the door, and I called out impetuously: "Now, you see, you have frightened her away."



SOME IMPRESSIONS AND PRESENTIMENTS.

BY GENERAL MERRIAM, U. S. A.

AS to my own presentiments, I have had many, and some of them have been fulfilled, but the strangest one that I recollect was on the evening of the great battle

of Antietam. I had witnessed the awful slaughter of that day's battle, and the effect of the carnage convinced me that I was going to die on the following day. Several

times I was on the verge of telling a friend about my gloomy forebodings and what to do with my effects, if I should be killed. It certainly was one of the gloomiest nights of my life. I lay awake most of the night thinking about my life being cut off and of the grief of my friends, and the next day there was not even a battle fought.

However, while my presentiments have not always been reliable, there was one member of our family who had premonitions that caused the rest of us uneasiness. In every instance my father's predictions had been correct.

In the year 1867, I was stationed in the southwestern part of New Mexico, where I was accompanied by my wife—a bride—who shared with me the hardships that wait upon an overland journey. Three years later, we had gained sufficient courage to again try the lonely road of one thousand miles to the nearest railroad station. In the meantime, I had written to my parents

in Maine of our intended visit, and started off with my wife and child. Naturally, when my folks received my letter, there was great rejoicing, and every one, with the exception of father, was counting upon the exact day of our arrival.

No amount of enthusiasm from the rest of the family could dispel his conviction that something was going to happen, and that they were rejoicing too soon; and whenever he would hear any member of the family telling a neighbor of our coming, he would immediately say, "They have only started, they are not here yet."

The effect upon the others was most depressing for, as the days passed, he became even more gloomy. A fearful foreboding seemed to have taken possession of him.

Meanwhile, we had proceeded nearly five hundred miles of our hard journey, when we were overtaken by a terrible cloudburst, and I lost my wife and child. The foreboding was true.



THE GHOST OF THE FOREROYAL.

BY ROBLEY D. EVANS, REAR-ADMIRAL, U. S. N.

ALL my life I had heard of dreams and death-warnings that frighten sailors with their superstitious awe, and I never had a chance to run down one of these tales until the year 1875, when we were cruising in the Mediterranean. I have chronicled the event in a sailor's log.

On the run to Madeira, the superstitious feelings of our men, and, indeed, of some of the officers, were much excited by a curious incident. We were under sail and the moon shining brightly, when, for some reason, it became necessary to shorten sail. When the topgallant sails were clewed up, there stood a man on the foretop-gallant yard, clearly outlined against the flapping canvas of the foreroyal.

The officer of the deck hailed the officer of the forecastle to know what that man was doing aloft, and was assured in reply that the men were all on deck.

But there stood the man in plain sight in the moonlight. The officer then hailed him but could get no answer. Finally, he sent a man aloft to tell the chap, whoever he was, to come down at once and report on the quarter-deck.

All hands were by this time much excited, and waited anxiously to see what would happen. Just as the man who had been sent from the deck reached the foretop, the figure on the yard disappeared, as if he had fallen overboard. The watch was mustered and all hands were found to be present.

After this, sleep was out of the question; the men stood about in groups, watching the foretop-gallant yard, waiting to see the figure reappear, many of them too frightened to reason, and all of them expecting some awful disaster to befall the ship.

On the following night, when the moon was about in the same relative position to

the ship, the sails were again clewed up, and, after changing the course slowly a few times, there was the man again standing in the same position on the yard.

The mystery was solved; a shadow from some of the canvas on the mainmast was responsible for the ghost.

Another of our ships had a very curious ghost experience, while cruising in the Mediterranean, which is well worth recording.

At about midnight, when over a hundred miles from land, and while everything was perfectly quiet about the deck, the sound of a tolling bell was distinctly heard, and it continued for several minutes.

To the crew, it sounded like a funeral bell, and they decided that some one was going to die. With much difficulty, the men were sent to their hammocks and ordered to keep silence. The next morning, the story was all over the ship from the forecandle to the officers' messes.

When night came again, many had forgotten the incident; but at about the same hour the tolling of the bell was distinctly heard again, and the whole crew gathered on deck to listen in superstitious silence.

The officers were much puzzled and many theories were advanced to account for the strange and unusual noise. The third night found captain and all hands, officers and men, on deck, determined if possible to find a solution of the mystery.

At the proper time, the sound of the bell came clear and distinct, tolling as if for a funeral. The captain and several of the officers then began a careful investigation, which soon cleared the matter up. The galley of the ship, where the cooking was done, was under the topgallant forecandle, about twenty feet from the ship's bell. The fires in the galley were put out at nine o'clock, and it was found that, at a certain point in the process of cooling, the contracting of the metal in the galley made it give out a cracking noise, which accorded with certain tones in the bell and caused it to ring.

The very puzzling ghost-story was solved, and the men went to their hammocks, many of them still shaking their heads and predicting trouble.

So far as I know, their forebodings proved groundless.



A PREMONITION OF DEATH.

BY WILLIAM HODGE.

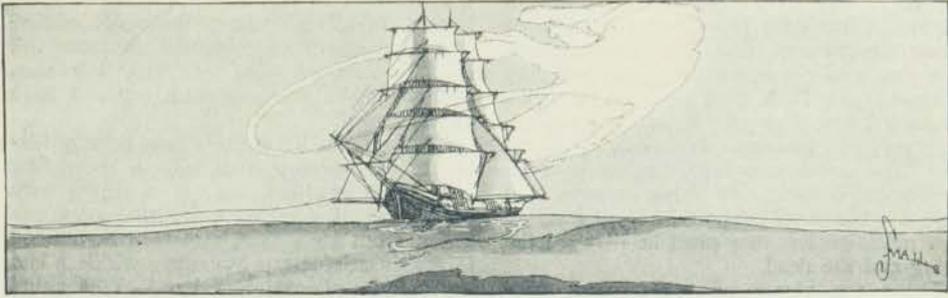
I RECOLLECT distinctly an experience I had a few years ago while rehearsing with Helen Bertram in a musical show. The rehearsal was not a tiresome one, and so I could not account for my mood as one induced by fatigue. About three o'clock in the afternoon, I was suddenly overcome with melancholy. The chorus was singing, "When the Corn is Waving, Annie, Dear." I could not sing without breaking down, and all the members of the company were upset over my condition.

I had never had a like experience. I had no physical pain, but was plunged into an awful fit of the blues.

My appearance and condition grew worse, until I was sent to my room by a friend.

There, I threw myself upon the bed and tried to study my part. It was useless. I felt benumbed and dead to every thought except an insistent one, that of my father. At last, about two o'clock in the morning, I received a message from home telling me that father had died that afternoon about three o'clock.

Whether it was the thought of the grief-stricken family which reached me more swiftly than Western Union, or whether it was the presence of the disembodied spirit of my father, I do not know. But I do know that when we have discovered the secret to the transmission of thought, that it will be a more wonderful achievement than the world has ever known. That day may now be near.



THE CHERUB THAT SITS UP ALOFT.

BY SENATOR GEORGE C. PERKINS.

I DON'T know that there is anything supernatural about them, but all my life I have had queer impressions, or rather, for want of a better term, I might call it a mental mirage. I seem to be peculiarly gifted in this way only when hope is about gone and when everything is blackest; then, without anticipation, my old cares vanish and life seems bright again.

When a young boy, I was a sailor, and have had all of the hardships with which a jolly tar has to contend. I rounded the Horn in seas that meant death; stood at the rail bent upon self-destruction; when, instantly, my mind's eye would picture sunny skies, and fear would be dispelled. So it was always.

Now, if this feeling of safety would come with any apparent indication of relief, then there would be nothing extraordinary in the occurrence; but, apparently, all signs por-

tend disaster when I am overwhelmed with the conviction that all is well.

I have been becalmed in a vessel off the equator for two weeks with the knowledge that the fresh water had all, or nearly all, been used; then suddenly, my forebodings would conjure up a spanking breeze and a well-filled sail. Strange to relate, this new impression was always a forerunner of what occurred a few hours later.

I have been lost on the desert, nearly dying of thirst, and sure that my time had come to enter the next world, when a mirage of trees and rock-lined streams suddenly spread across my mental horizon and led me to a real oasis.

In the severest trials of my life, I have been visited by that "high and welkin-like" infinity that the sailors call the "Cherub that Sits Up Aloft" to buoy up the spirits of poor Jack.



EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT RETURN.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES H. HYSLOP.

WHAT is my most convincing proof of occult phenomena? My knowledge in this direction consists of a collection of these facts. It is not the individual fact that will settle this question, no matter how

good it may be, but a collective mass of them having the same meaning and unity.

These things have been occurring since the time when we were savages. The Society for Psychological Research has not been

the only body of persons having facts to show, but has only given better credentials to its experiences, that have characterized every race of people on the globe from the earliest times. The total mass of facts has impressed me, and all we can do now is simply to add to facts. If any one will reflect for a moment on the difficulties of communicating between two living persons, who have not the same language, he can imagine how much greater they must be between the living and the dead.

There are plenty of supernormal phenomena, covering telepathy and spiritistic communication, and there is some evidence of clairvoyants, clairaudience, and prevision.

But it is all the manifestation of the same law, whether produced by the teacup-reader or the card-reader, who tries to hide his knowledge of spirit communication from the public. It is not the intellectual character of the messages that determines the necessity of supposing their origin in discarnate spirits, but it is the assumed possibilities of accounting for them by chance, guessing, or by telepathy.

I shall give an instance of my own, which

I have used in my book of "Science and Future Life." However, the most important incidents of an evidential character are several connected with Mrs. Piper's trances, and two other mediums with whom I have experimented.

I had shortly before this time been unfortunate in experimenting with a fraudulent New York medium, and, at a sitting with Mrs. Piper, I received a written communication from my father, in which he alluded to my unsatisfactory attempts—which I had not mentioned—and told me that he could not communicate with me through this fraudulent source. He gave me as security against future mistakes, a pass sentence in a language which Mrs. Piper does not know, and by which I was to recognize my father in future experiments with any other mediums.

Later on, I discovered a lady, the wife of an orthodox clergyman, who had mediumistic power, and I resolved to test the case. My father's name was given and a part of the pass sentence.

These facts are beyond the possibility of fraud.



AN EXPERIENCE IN MIND-READING.

BY EX-SENATOR CHARLES A. TOWNE.

JUST after I left college, I went to Lansing, Michigan, where I obtained a place as chief clerk in the board of construction. Also, I made it a habit to go into the Legislature every day to listen to the debates. This was about the year 1882. I used to be accompanied often by a friend, George Royce.

At this particular time, the debate in question concerned the railroad rates. Senator Cravath had the floor. He was an old man with considerable dignity, slow and painstaking to an extreme. We listened with what patience we could; and when the Senator stopped in his speech to get a glass of water, I said to my friend: "George, I

bet you a dollar that I can tell you what the Senator is going to say next."

Then I seized my pencil and wrote like mad until the Senator adjusted his glasses and, to George's astonishment, word for word fell from the speaker's lips just as I had noted it in my book.

The Senator was speaking extemporaneously, and the incident was clearly a case of mind-reading. I had been able to write at least two paragraphs while the speaker interrupted himself, and I might have written more had not the debate continued.

This phenomenon is not infrequent, but I never had a repetition of it. However, I remember another circumstance of nearly

twenty years ago that can also be placed among the inexplicable things of life. I was awakened during the night by my wife, who was crying most piteously. As soon as she was able to control her emotions, so that she could speak, she told me that her girlhood chum was dead and that she had seen her die. She even described the death-bed scene and the people who were about the bed. I tried to quiet her, to

convince her that she had been dreaming; but she insisted that she was awake and had actually been present in the grief-stricken home. I will only add that my wife's experience was verified the next day, and that the occupants of the room and the manner of death had been faithfully portrayed to my wife at the hour of the occurrence the night before.

What is the explanation?



GENERAL GRANT AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

BY SENATOR DEPEW.

I HAVE never had any personal experience in occult phenomena. Yet, whenever I had the leisure, I have gone into the question as a truth-seeker, without any prejudices, and have heard of many things which could not be explained. One of the most striking incidents was a conversation to which I listened with intense interest many years ago.

Immediately at the close of the Civil War, early in April, 1865, General Grant came to Washington. He took up his headquarters at the War Department as commanding general of the army. The anxiety to meet him was beyond anything I have ever known. One of the first dinners given to him was by Senator Morgan, of New York. It was a large and brilliant company and the dinner, as usual in those days, was of many courses.

In some way, the conversation ran upon clairvoyance. Quite a discussion began. The protestants against the possibility of such communication far outnumbered those who affirmed the belief. Finally, the wife of one of President Johnson's Cabinet produced a deep impression by the following narrative. Though it was forty-four years ago, it impressed me so deeply that I can remember the story almost in the words in which it was told.

She said that her family lived in northern New York. When she was a young girl, one of her brothers went to Mexico to

seek his fortune. Communication was difficult at that time, and the brother was heard from only at rare intervals. One afternoon, she dropped off into a sleep, or trance, and there appeared to her a Mexican house with broad veranda and tropical verdure in the large front yard. She was strangely aware that the scene was in New Mexico, though of New Mexico at that time she had never heard. She saw her brother sitting on the piazza beside a Spanish-looking girl, to whom he was eagerly talking. A Mexican came up and began a violent quarrel with her brother. Finally, the Mexican stabbed his rival, who fell dead.

The lady who told this story, says she awoke with a scream which brought out the entire family. They ridiculed her story and scoffed at her vision, but they made a note of the day and hour.

Many months afterward her father received a letter detailing the circumstances of the death of his son, just as it had been revealed in the vision, giving the place, the day, and the time of day—which corresponded with the difference in distances with their memoranda—and concluding with the information that the youth was killed by a jealous rival.

General Grant was a most interested listener. Up to that time he had taken little part in the conversation because, whenever he uttered even the most commonplace remark, all conversation ceased and everybody was

intently endeavoring to catch every word. When the lady concluded, however, the general said:

"I have the greatest reason for believing in this occultism, or second sight, or whatever it may be called. While farming near St. Louis, after my retirement from the army, I drove into the city one day with a load of wood from my farm. The farm was not doing very well, and I was somewhat discouraged. On the way home I saw in a window the sign, 'Fortune-telling here.' I jumped out of the wagon, went in, and a negress, who seemed to be a hundred years old, offered to tell my fortune for fifty cents. I made the investment.

"She examined my hand very carefully and shuffled an old and greasy pack of cards. In the silence which followed she had a dreamy, far-away look as if trying to peer into the future, and then she told me what would happen.

"It was a detail of events which were to come into my life, which seemed most im-

probable to me then, but I may say that, up to date, everything has occurred exactly as she predicted."

We all knew what had occurred in that interval. Some years after the interview with the seeress, the Civil War broke out. Captain Grant recruited a company and enlisted with it in the volunteer service. He rose rapidly to be colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general, and had become commander-in-chief of the Union armies, numbering about two millions. He had fought sixty-three battles and won them all, and was fresh from the surrender of the Confederate forces at Appomattox — victories which had saved the Union.

The breathless silence which followed was broken by the Senator asking, "Well, general, is there more to follow?"

The general simply answered, "Yes."

No one presumed to question him further, but the general became afterward twice President of the United States. Did he know of it then?



A REAL CASE OF TELEPATHY.

BY COLONEL ROBERT M. THOMPSON.

SOME years ago, in Washington, a peculiar incident came under my observation—an incident which seemed all the more marvelous in that it occurred at a period when such phenomena did not meet with the tolerant views prevalent to-day. But times have changed since then, and the little incident which I am about to relate can be explained easily in the light of modern scientific research, as an ordinary case of telepathy.

I was a guest at my brother's home in Washington at the time, and, as my brother and his wife had accepted an invitation to dine with Senator Sherman, I retired early and slept soundly. In fact, I was wholly oblivious to the confusion that arose when my brother's wife fell suddenly ill, shortly after midnight.

When I met my brother in the breakfast-

room, the next morning, he was considerably irritated, and held an open telegram in his hand which he gave me to read:

"Bear up Nell. I'll soon be with you. Leave for Washington on first train.

"(Signed) MOTHER."

"I am sorry you alarmed her mother," my brother exclaimed, not noticing my look of surprise. "You know she is not strong, is old, and the journey at this time of year will be hard on her. Besides, Nell is very much better."

Then and there I disclaimed any knowledge of my sister-in-law's attack, or of any part in the sending of the telegram. We at once set about to relieve her mother of suspense by telegraphing to the train on which she was speeding on her way to Washington.

But not until the lady arrived did we get a solution to the problem.

She informed us that she had been spending the evening pleasantly at her son's home and had but returned to her own house when she became possessed with the idea that her daughter was dangerously ill. She told her fears to her immediate family, and they laughed at her; but she would not be

quieted, and insisted that she might send her message to Washington. When they asked her how she knew that her daughter was sick, she exclaimed: "Why, I heard her calling me."

Upon comparing the time of these occurrences, that is, the crisis in my sister-in-law's sickness and the time of her mother's alarm, they were found to be identical.



CLAIRVOYANCE AND CLAIRAUDIENCE.

BY THOMAS A. WISE.

EVER since my childhood, I have steadfastly held to a belief in spiritualism, or in the communication between mortals and the disembodied spirit, because my mother had justified this belief in her experience shortly after my father's death. My father was killed in an explosion, and long before any news could reach my mother of this disaster in England, my mother told our family of our bereavement. She said my father appeared to her as she last saw him in life, told her of the accident and its fatal

results, and even spoke to her at length as to what she should do with her children.

She could both hear his voice and see him; and his advice, given under those strange circumstances, mother insisted should be carried out to the letter. After a time, the news of this fatal explosion was conveyed through the ordinary channels, but mother was prepared for it. She even told the man who brought the information the tragic details more completely than he himself could have done.



CURIOUS CASE OF A TRUE PSYCHIC.

BY J. E. DODSON.

I HAVE a Hungarian friend who has demonstrated some marvelous phenomena of the occult order which, he declares, he receives as an outward impression.

Upon more than one occasion he has startled the skeptic with a revelation of some hidden history. He does not pose as a prodigy, nor does he require the darkened

room for his manifestations. On the contrary, just as a social pastime, he engages in a conversation in a most ordinary way, and, while talking or listening, will launch a veritable bombshell.

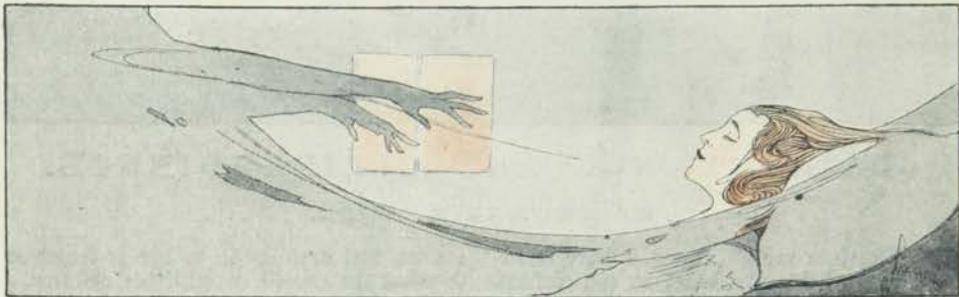
I have known him to tell the birthplace, date of birth, and the life-history of a man who pool-pooled the idea of any one being able to read one's life without a personal acquaintance. Indeed, he disclosed some very embarrassing episodes in this man's past, covering the doubter with confusion.

At one time, there was a dispute as to the number of brothers one of the investigators had. The Hungarian insisted that the man had eight brothers, and the skeptic declared

he had but seven. The argument was closed by the Hungarian's request that the matter should be referred to the man's mother. The man stepped to the phone and called up his mother, who informed him that he had had eight brothers, but that one had died very young.

I have never known this man to fail in his predictions.

At one time, while aboard a transatlantic steamer, he was able every day to guess the number of miles the ship would run. When questioned as to how he knew it, he would reply: "Something outward puts these numbers into my mind and I just repeat them."



A REAL CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

BY JOHN D. QUACKENBOS.

(Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine.)

SOME time ago I had an interesting experience in treating a patient brought to me, who was suffering from homesickness. She was a German servant, and gave such satisfaction to her employers that they were anxious to keep her in the family, but felt their inability to do so unless something could be done to cure her of longing to go to the old country. At last she was persuaded to come to me; in fact, her employer, who was an old friend of mine, accompanied her to my office. She said she was pleased with her home and her treatment by the family, and would be glad to remain if she could overcome her feeling of homesickness that made her so unhappy. Periodically she would develop this malady that amounted almost to hysteria, often making her quite ill.

Her employer was in the room at the time. I gave her the suggestive treatment that she would find contentment in her American home, and we were both astonished at the remarkable manifestation of clairvoyance which she demonstrated, just as soon as her objective mind was under control.

She began to describe objects of furniture in my chamber up-stairs. She told us how many chairs were in the room, a fact which I did not know, and described in detail the pictures on the wall, insisting that there was a picture of a horse on the mantel, which I stoutly denied, admitting that this assertion of hers was the only discrepancy in her description. But she insisted that she was right, and that she would describe the horse, which she did. To prove to her that she was mistaken, I took her employer above and, to my astonishment, found a small kodak photograph of a favorite horse of mine, which my wife had taken and placed there that very day without my knowledge.

We returned to the clairvoyant and put her through a series of tests, directing her to visit the home of a friend of ours in the Bronx, where I knew a party had gathered, and commanded her, while in this hypnotic state, to repeat the conversation of this party and to tell us what they were doing. We even asked her to tell us the time by the clock in this home, which she did. We made a memorandum of the conversation, which was verified five minutes later over

the phone; also a description of the people in the room, which was proven to be accurate in every detail.

In both instances, we proved that it was not a case of telepathy; for, in the first instance, I did not know of the presence of the photograph on the mantelpiece nor the number of chairs in the room; and, in the second experiment, I could not know of the conversation occurring at this home in the Bronx, which the girl recounted.

Not long ago I had a most singular experience with a young lady who came to me for treatment for some mental disorder, and I gave her the suggestive cure along the lines I usually follow by calling the subliminal mind into control; she slept for a period of an hour or so, and the nurse did not wake her, as is customary, but let her wake herself.

She dressed and started for her home up in the Bronx; but she had awakened quite another personality, which proves that there are two entities battling for control in the human mind.

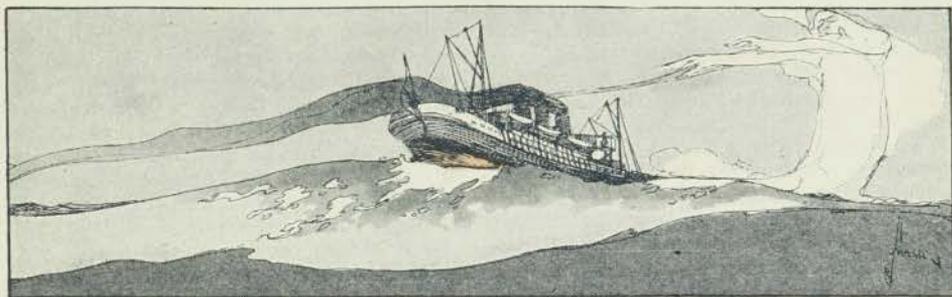
On the way home, she afterward told me, she had not the slightest recollection of people she had met, or sights she had seen, until she entered the elevator leading to her apartment, and was reminded by the boy that her breast-pin was unfastened. Then she retired.

The next morning I received a telephone call from her asking whether she had left her gold watch and chain at my home. She had worn them the day she called at my office, which I recalled, but could not find them after making a most thorough search of her room.

I asked her to come down to my office as soon as she could conveniently do so, and that same afternoon she came in. I talked the matter over with her. I felt that she must have secreted it somewhere while in this hypnotic trance, and was convinced that if I would appeal to this subconscious mind she would recover the lost articles.

Accordingly, she was put to sleep with the admonition that she knew where she had hidden the watch, and that she would find it immediately upon her return to her home. I waited somewhat anxiously for her report, for I recognized the danger of allowing patients to go upon the street without first waking them by command into a conscious state, and, since then, this carelessness has not been repeated.

However, an hour later the lady in question called me up by phone and told me that she had found the watch and chain, hidden in a most unusual place, and that she had gone straight to this spot as soon as she had entered her room upon her return from my office.



A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE.

BY DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

A FEW years ago, when I first started in my career upon the stage, I had a most singular experience. During the summer following my first season of theatricals, I became anxious for a trip to Europe, and secured passage by working my way over on a cattle-steamer. Up to this time, I had had no ambitions for musical comedy, and, therefore, my mind while I slept could not have been influenced by my waking consciousness. So this dream of mine seemed most improbable.

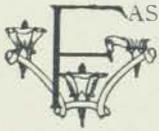
I dreamed that I was cast for a part in a comic-opera, in Chicago, of which Jefferson De Angeles was the star. I could see myself dancing and singing, and the only face in the whole company that I knew was that of De Angeles.

Now, the peculiar part of the incident is this. When I booked for my winter season, which was at least two months after my dream, I was cast for a part in a musical comedy which opened in Chicago, and De Angeles was the star.



WHAT HAVE YOU NAMED HIM?

PARENTS FOLLOW THE FASHION IN NAMING THEIR OFFSPRING, AND THE RESULT ISN'T ALWAYS HAPPY.



FASHIONS in names are no less marked than fashions in hats. The difference is that if the hat doesn't become you, it can be cast into the fire. The name you have always with you. In the large majority of families, the interesting problem of what to name the baby is solved very simply. The first boy or girl is christened after the father or mother, and the successors take the names that have been handed down in the family from generation to generation—and this without a thought of the cruelty practised on the unconscious infant of fastening Adoniram or Mehitabel on it for life. Still, fashions do change.

The Pilgrim Fathers named their children remorselessly out of the Old Testament, or else after the Christian virtues. The custom still lingers to a certain extent among their posterity, as appears in the tuneful lyric of California:

I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James.

The reaction from this ancient usage has taken many forms that are more or less open to objection. The descendants of the Puritans have imitated the patriotic examples of their fellow citizens of other lineage, and outraged their sons by baptizing them George Washington, and Benjamin Franklin and John Quincy Adams, until thousands upon thousands have come to bear these prefixes to their patronymic, just as in Virginia every other boy used to be named John Randolph or Thomas Jefferson or Patrick Henry.

Then there are the classical names, of

which President Grant was one of the victims, entailing such dreadful wrongs as Tiberius Gracchus Snooks and Cincinnatus Maximus Popkins; and the aristocratic names, out of the novels, of Marmaduke, Lionel, Orlando, and the like.

For the girls, as an escape from the commonplace, the termination of *ie* has alarmingly prevailed of late years in Bessie, Fannie, Katie, Maggie, Sallie, and we suppose Patsie, Mollie, and Sukie (why not? since this is but another form of Psyche); after which the most popular names are taken from the garden and the field, as Rose, Pink, Daisy, Blossom, Violet, Lily, which are pretty, though a Lily with red hair, and a Pink with a sallow complexion, or a Blossom for an aged maiden-lady, are apt to be pitiful; and a Lily spelled Lillie (as it is in nine cases out of ten), becomes unendurable.

Eccentricities of names and happy accidents of names open so wide a field of playful speculation and research that no limits short of a book will admit of an excursion therein. Such conjunctions as Preserved Fish, Honor Bright, Mahogany Coffin, Temperance Pledge, Virginia Weed, Last Chance, Dunn Browne, and Return Swift may be multiplied indefinitely out of the directories.

In High Holborn, London, there is a firm named Flint & Steel, which, if they were dealers in fireworks, would suggest danger, and a difficulty of obtaining insurance; and near the church of St. Dunstan's, in the city of London, the names of Ward & Lock may be seen on a sign over the door of a publishing house, though they might more appropriately refer to the business of bank safes. In other parts of London,

Lamb & Hare, Holland & Sherry, and other odd combinations strike the attention of the passer-by.

Many years ago, before the railway had been pushed through Alabama, the proprietor of the regular line of stage coaches from Montgomery to Mobile rejoiced in the happy appellation of Jehus Golightly, which the incredulous passenger positively refused to believe accidental, and a ferry-boat on the Ohio, between Louisville and Jeffersonville, used to give, in its name of "John Shallcross," a positive assurance to the public of getting over.

One of the most prominent politicians of the South, who held a place in the Confederate Cabinet at Richmond, came to America with no name at all, having drifted ashore as an infant from a wreck, in which both his parents had been lost, and having been christened from the name of the vessel which had gone down.

We all recollect the old story of the worthy lady who having named four sons successively Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, insisted on calling the fifth Acts, a perversity that can only be equaled by the father of ten children, who, having been blessed with three more, named them More-over, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. But an odd case occurred the other day in Paris, which is well nigh as remarkable

for obstinacy on the part of the parent. In France, baptismal names can only be selected from the saints in the calendar, but names unhallowed with the sacrament are often given to children from some circumstances connected with the day of their birth. M. Mocqueris, the son-in-law of Eugène Pelletau, had a son born to him on election day. He went to register the new-comer, and gave its name as *Non*. The clerk refused to accept either *Non* or *Oui*, much to the man's chagrin.

Recent statistics show that of every thousand persons in England sixty-eight are named Mary, sixty-six William, sixty-two John, sixty-one Eliza, thirty-nine Thomas, thirty-six George, thirty-six Sarah, thirty-three Anne, thirty-one James, twenty-three Charles, twenty-one Henry, nineteen Alice, eighteen Joseph, seventeen Jane, and sixteen Ellen.

This shows a lack of imagination such as never would be found, for example, in the Republic of Liberia. A traveler recently returned from that interesting African state says that some of the citizens show downright rivalry in the race for pretty names. The Bible having been exhausted long ago, they are now calling in the aid of science. Belladonna Johnson was married the other day to C. Hexapod Wilson. Nor was their case unusual.



A RIVAL OF MAMMOTH CAVE.

"MARBLE HALLS OF JOSEPHINE COUNTY," OREGON,
BECOME THE CENTER OF A NEW NATIONAL PARK.

THE famous Oregon caves, or "Marble Halls of Josephine County," as they are more often called, have been created into a national monument through the signing of a recent proclamation by President Taft. The document sets aside as public property an area of one square mile, including the entrance to this Oregon natural wonder. These cave wonders are located in the vicinity of Cave Mountain, one of the peaks of the Siskiyou National Forest, and about thirty miles south of Grant's Pass, Oregon. Though these caves were discovered in 1864, so intricate and

extensive are they that they have never yet been fully explored. The main entrance to the cave is at an elevation of four thousand feet, and in the side of a mountain at least six thousand feet high. The cave channels extend through a limestone formation, and water may be seen and heard at various levels. Many miles of galleries and caverns have already been explored, these being filled with beautiful formations. It was in order to protect the natural beauty of the Oregon cave-wonder, and to prevent its future exploitation in private hands, that it was created a national park.

NOBODY'S SONG.

BALLADS enough have been written by the famous to the famous, but here is a song written by the unknown to the unknown. It was sent to a newspaper some fifty years ago by a correspondent who remained anonymous, dedicated to that great anonymous public which, after all, is humanity itself. The editor of the newspaper wrote of the poem: "Swift, himself, never wrote anything better in verse." And the hand that copied these lines into a scrap-book, now yellow with age, added the single word of comment: "Amen."

I'M thinking just now of Nobody,
 And all that Nobody's done,
 For I've a passion for Nobody,
 That Nobody else would own;
 I bear the name of Nobody,
 For from Nobody I sprung;
 And I sing the praise of Nobody,
 And Nobody mine has sung.

In life's young morning Nobody
 To me was tender and dear,
 And my cradle was rocked by Nobody,
 And Nobody was ever near;
 I recounted my tale to Nobody,
 For Nobody was willing to hear;
 And my heart has clung to Nobody
 When Nobody shed a tear.

And when I grew old, Nobody
 Gave me a helping turn;
 And by the good aid of Nobody
 I began my living to earn;
 And hence I courted Nobody,
 And said Nobody's I'd be;
 And asked to marry Nobody,
 And Nobody married me.

Thus I trudged along with Nobody,
 And Nobody cheers my life,
 And I have a love for Nobody
 Which Nobody has for his wife;
 So here's a health to Nobody,
 For Nobody's now "in town,"
 And I've a passion for Nobody
 That Nobody else would own.

THE SALVATION OF "JONES."

BY
CHARLES J.
WILLIAMS.



THE GIRL PAUSED, THREW
HIM A FRIGHTENED
GLANCE, AND FLED.

It was Christmas morning. The clock over the city editor's desk had sounded the half-hour after two o'clock. The presses were humming in the basement. The night's work had ended.

Patten, idly smoking his discolored corn-cob, turned to the man seated at a table a few feet away.

"I see, Fuller," he said, "that that fellow Manning, who made such a hit with the papers in the West, is now managing-editor of the Chicago *World*. Know him, don't you?"

Fuller grunted a petulant "hmm!" in reply.

"What, grouchy? And Christmas Day not three hours old?" Patten mildly returned.

"Excuse me, old man," Fuller apologized, "but, really, I *was* mad for a moment. The 'old man' sent me out to cover a special Christmas Eve service held for the bread-line at the Bowery Mission, last night. Got a column of good human-interest stuff, but he ordered it cut to the bone because local news ran heavy."

"Forget it," Patten remonstrated, "you've been in the business too long to mind a thing like that."

"The story was a peach," the other murmured.

"Yes, I know, there's a lot of good 'copy' on the Mission bread-line. I covered several of those special meetings when I was on the *Star* about five years ago." Patten remarked consolingly. "By the way, did I ever tell you of that down-and-

out newspaper man I met up there one night.

"Young fellow, too," he went on hurriedly. "Wouldn't tell me who he was. He'd been in a saloon row that day and his face was almost completely concealed by bandages. A pitiable sight. That's why I picked him out. Seems, from what he told me, he'd been a victim of too much girl and too much booze.

"Mr. Down-and-out Newspaper Man—I'll call him Jones—began by doing social personals for a Brooklyn sheet. He made good, and within a few years had a chance to go to Washington as a correspondent."

Fuller glanced up with a sudden show of interest, and Patten continued:

"Enter, very much girl. Jones was afflicted by an obsession of her. The girl liked him, but preferred the stage. She had some talent and much ambition to be a star. Stage, it must be, she said, to which she would devote herself. However, before Jones left town she had said things that made him hope.

"He made good, both as a correspondent to the paper and to the girl. The paper was satisfied, the girl ignored him.

"A letter from a friend one day casually mentioned that the girl was about to start with a stock-company. Jones wrote to her, pleaded, argued, declared that unless he heard from her, he would desert his job and go to the devil.

"Result—he found himself in New York a few days later, jobless and girlless. He sought comfort in liquid form, and developed an unquenchable thirst. He drowned his sorrows, and with them his

chances of getting a job. A few years of hard drinking and irresponsible living reduced him to a condition that drove him frequently to the bread line."

Patten filled his pipe and lit it

"I often wonder," he concluded, musingly, "what became of him. Eventually turned crook, I suppose. Probably had no intention to brace up or he wouldn't have 'fessed up the way he did."

Fuller leaned back in his chair and looked queerly at Patten.

"Patten," he said, "you have rattled on without interruption. Now I'll talk. I think I know this man you call 'Jones.' Perhaps I can tell you what became of him."

Patten stared, amazed, inquiring.

"Don't look at me as though I'd told you I'd been raised fifty per." Fuller remarked with a laugh. "Hear the rest of it.

"Jones *didn't* go to the devil," he slowly began. "There was another girl in the case. The second girl was not like the stage-lady. Among other things, she was much younger—not more than nine or ten.

"Jones met her in Central Park one day—a rather unusual meeting.

"More ragged and dissolute than ever,

Jones sat dozing on a bench. The little girl came running along the path. The patter of her shoes roused Jones and he looked up. The girl paused, threw him a frightened glance, and fled.

"It was a thing that had never happened to Jones before. The full meaning of it flashed over him. The girl's fear of him hit him full in the heart. Then it went to his head and made him think—as he should have thought, long ago, before he left Washington.

"After that, it was all grit and purpose. Jones, in the end, triumphed over the bottle and got back into the newspaper game.

"And he is in the game now," Fuller quietly added.

Patten's lips framed a question.

"Jones," Fuller went on with a subtle emphasis, "is none other than that fellow Manning whom I knew in Chicago."

For several moments there was silence.

"Do you know, Patten," it was Fuller who spoke, "it seems particularly fitting that we should have spoken of Manning this morning—Christmas morning."

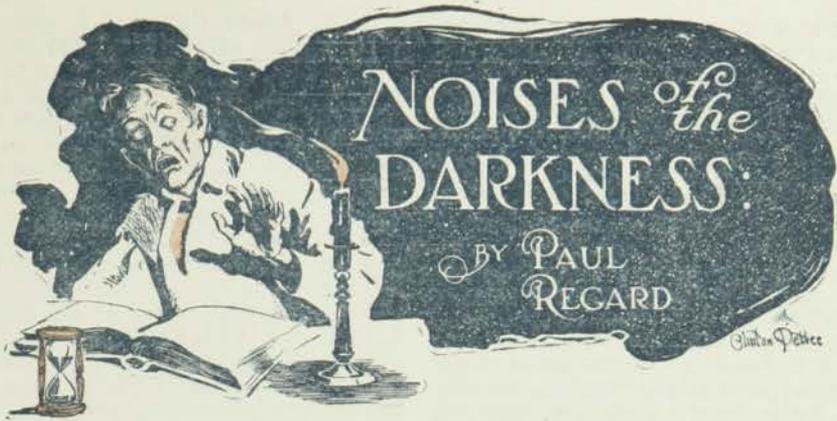
"You mean—"

"Yes, about the child—and Manning's being born again," he answered.



THE HUDSON RIVER'S MANY NAMES.

THE great river which Hudson explored has had many names. It was called Cahohatea and Skanehtade Gahunda by the Iroquois, Mahicanituc or Mahican River by the Mohican Indians, and Shatemuc by other Indians; Una Grandissima Riviera by Verrazano (1524), whence Rio Grande, Riviere Grande and Grand River; Rio de San Antonio, or River of St. Anthony by Gomez (1525); Rio de Gamas by the Spaniards (1525-1600); River of the Mountains by Hudson (1609), or Montaigne Rivier on Dutch maps (1615-1664); River Manhattes by De Laet (1625), or Manhattans Rivier on Dutch maps (1615-1664); River Mauritius, or Maurits Rivier from Maurice, Prince of Orange, during the Dutch period; and the Noort Rivier (Dutch period), or North River (English), to distinguish it from the south or Delaware River. Hudson's name has displaced all of these, except the North River, which is applied in a limited way to that portion of the river opposite the City of New York.



LITTLE MYSTERIES OF THE LAMP, AND FIRESIDE,
WHICH INVESTIGATION CANNOT ALWAYS EXPLAIN.



LISTEN! What was that? The solitary night, full of mystery, has settled down about you. Beyond your book and the lamp-lit table, the room and the house are dark. You are alone. You have forgotten time as you read, and all you know is that "it is very late." One by one, the little noises have gone out—the rumble of a cab, the whir of a distant motor, footsteps of a night-walker, the chord of a neighbor's piano—these noises have gone out, unnoticed, like the candles at a wake, and left you the bottomless silence of night. Your mind goes cruising over the printed page to distant seas. Everything physically near has ceased to exist. You are out in the ghost-world, somewhere, yourself a ghost, helping ghost-heroes rescue dazzling spirit-heroines. Then, suddenly: Listen! What was that?

As you plunge back into reality, you gasp as though it were a cold douche. You heard that sound, yet now, as you strain your ears, silence and darkness both flood over you. What was it? The question is one of the most fascinating that man can ask. It is the wail of the banshee, the tapping of familiar spirits, Crusoe's weird footprint made audible—who has not heard it!

Most of the haunted houses, so-called, have won their reputation through strange noises in the darkness rather than from inexplicable apparitions. There was the classical case, for example, of the haunted house in Plymouth, once occupied by the mother of the British premier, George Canning. The house already had its sinister reputation when she went to live in it.

Her bedroom was just over a carpenter's

workshop, which occupied the ground floor. This, as, indeed, the entire house, had been bolted and barred for the night. The lady had read until a late hour. It was a quiet neighborhood. The house and the town were still and dark. Suddenly she heard a noise. It seemed to her that it came from the lower floor. Wasn't that some one sawing wood?

Presently, other such noises as usually proceed from a carpenter's workshop were added, till, by and by, there was a regular concert of knocking and hammering, and sawing and planing, the whole sounding like half a dozen busy men in full employment.

Being a woman of considerable courage, she resolved, if possible, to penetrate the mystery; so, taking off her shoes, that her approach might not be heard, with her candle in her hand, she very softly opened her door and descended the stairs, the noise continuing as loud as ever, and evidently proceeding from the workshop, till she opened the door, when instantly all was silent—all was still—not a mouse was stirring; and the tools and the wood, and everything else, lay as they had been left by the workmen when they went away.

Having examined every part of the place, and satisfied herself that there was nobody there, and that nobody could get into it, she ascended to her room again, beginning almost to doubt her own senses, and to question with herself whether she had really heard the noise or not, when it recommenced, and continued, without intermission, for about half an hour. She, however, went to bed, and the next day told nobody what had occurred, having deter-

mined to watch another night before mentioning the affair to any one. As, however, this strange phenomenon was repeated on the following night, she called in some friends to watch and listen with her. They also heard the sounds. Yet, to this day, the mystery has never been cleared.

As a matter of fact, many of these noises that come to us out of the darkness can be explained.

Sir David Brewster gives an excellent account of a mysterious night-sound which would have frightened many persons, but which proved harmless when tested. A gentleman heard a strange sound every night soon after getting into bed; his wife heard it also, but not at the time when she retired, a little earlier than he. No possible cause could be assigned, and the effect upon the imagination became rather unpleasant.

Creaking Furniture.

He found, some time afterward, that the sound came from a wardrobe which stood near the head of his bed. He almost always opened and closed this wardrobe when undressing, but as the door was a little tight, he could not quite close it. The door, possibly affected by gradual changes of temperature, forced itself open with a sort of dull sound, which was over in an instant. From the lady not being in the habit of using that wardrobe, the mystery became associated with her husband only.

Many a ghost-story would receive its solution by a little attention to the sounds resulting from the expansion and contraction of woodwork, such as doors, panels, wainscoting, and articles of furniture. Heard at night, when all is still, the sudden creaking of furniture in a room is apt to be startling—delightfully so to some natures—until one comes to know that it is simply due to "the weather."

But even scientifically considered, sound hath its mysteries. There are conditions which will permit you to hear the human voice from a great distance. Some time in the night the voice of an enemy or a friend may come whispering out of the silence—and the thing be perfectly natural, however uncanny it may seem. Nor does science demand that two people, side by side, acknowledge such phenomena. Some of us are strangely tone-deaf—deaf to the chirp of a cricket or the squeak of a bat. And even great noises, such as that of a fog-horn, meet odd "walls of silence" through which they cannot pass, although traveling in other directions for many miles.

But regarding small sounds that travel far.

At St. Albans Cathedral, it used to be said, the tick of a watch could be heard from end to end of that very long building. Dr. Hutton heard a person reading at a distance of a hundred and forty feet on the Thames. When Lieutenant Foster was wintering in the arctic regions, he found he could converse with a man a mile and a quarter distant, both being on the ice in Bowen Harbor. The human voice, it is asserted, has been heard ten miles off at Gibraltar.

The whispering gallery at St. Paul's, in London, and of the Capitol, in Washington, are familiar—a whisper becomes distinctly audible at the opposite side of the gallery, but not at intermediate positions. The late Sir Charles Wheatstone once made a curious observation on sound at the Colosseum, in Regent's Park, since pulled down. Placing himself close to the upper part of the interior wall—a circle a hundred and thirty feet in diameter—he found that a spoken word was repeated many times; that an exclamation appeared like a peal of laughter, and that the tearing of a piece of paper was like the pattering of hail.

In the cathedral of Girgenti, Sicily, a whisper can be heard the whole length of the building if the whisperer places himself in the focus of the semicircular apse at one end. A story is told that long ago a confessional-box was inadvertently placed just at that spot; that the details of a confession were audible at another spot near the entrance to the church, and that the authorities were first made acquainted with this awkward fact by a ferment arising out of one particular confession.

Almost every quarter of the world has its whistling-wells, its talking-mountains, its musical-caves, and similar phenomena. It is more than possible that some of these phenomena escape notice altogether, save in the still watches of the night.

The Haunted Mountain.

Humboldt describes a granitic mountain in the Orinoco region as "one of those from which travelers have heard from time to time, toward sunrise, subterranean sounds resembling those of an organ. The missionaries call that stone *lozas de musica*. "It is witchcraft," said a young Indian guide. "The sound is only heard when a person lies down on the rock, with his ear close to the surface." Humboldt expressed a belief that the rock contains a multitude of deep and narrow crevices; that the temperature of the crevices is different from that of the open air; that a sonorous current slowly issues at sunrise, and that the sound is probably due to this issuing cur-

rent striking against thin films of mica in the granite.

Near Tor, in Arabia Petræa, is a mountain which gives forth a curious sound. A legend is current among the natives to the effect that a convent of monks is miraculously preserved underground, and that the sound is produced by the *nakous*, a long metallic bar suspended horizontally, which a priest strikes with a hammer to summon the monks to prayers. A Greek is even said to have seen the mountain open, and to have descended into the subterranean convent, where he found fine gardens and delicious water; and in order to give proof of this descent he produced some fragments of consecrated bread.

The Buried Convent.

Seetzen, the first European traveler who visited this spot, played sad havoc with this imaginative picture. Accompanied by some Greeks and Arabs, he found a bare rock of hard sandstone, inscribed with Greek, Arabic, and Coptic characters. He came to the conclusion, on close examination, that the surfaces of two inclined planes of sandstone are covered with loose, disintegrated sand, and that this sand, in gradually rolling down, produced a sound like the swelling and waning tone of a humming-top.

But it is the inexplicable sounds of the occupied house which fascinate most.

A great many years ago there was a famous bit of litigation in the highest courts of Scotland over this very subject. It seems that a certain Captain Molesworth had leased a house from a certain Mr. Webster, who lived next door. A few weeks later the house was infected by a plague of strange noises. The captain and his landlord sought in vain for an explanation of the mystery. Do what they would, the thing went on just the same; footsteps of invisible feet, knockings, scratchings, and rustling, first on one side and then on the other, were heard daily and nightly. Sometimes this unseen agent seemed to be knocking to a certain tune, and if a question were addressed to it which could be answered numerically, as "How many people are there in this room?" for example, it would answer by so many knocks. The beds, too, were occasionally heaved up, as if somebody were underneath, and where the knockings were, the wall trembled visibly, but, search as they would, no one could be found.

Captain Molesworth had had two daughters, one of whom, named Matilda, had lately died; the other, a girl between twelve and thirteen, called Jane, was sickly, and generally kept her bed; and as it was observed that wherever she was these noises most

frequently prevailed, Mr. Webster, who did not like the *mala fama* that was attaching itself to his house, declared that she made them, while the people in the neighborhood believed that it was the ghost of Matilda warning her sister that she was soon to follow.

Sheriff's officers, masons, justices of the peace, and the officers of the regiment quartered at Leith, who were friends of Captain Molesworth, all came to his aid, in hopes of detecting or frightening away his tormentor, but in vain. Sometimes it was said to be a trick of somebody outside the house, and then they formed a cordon round it; and next, as the poor sick girl was suspected, they tied her up in a bag, but it was all to no purpose.

At last the captain moved away, his remaining daughter died, and the noises were never heard again. But the whole affair had led to a lawsuit, which stirred Scotland as no other litigation, before or since. What was the explanation?

And then, there is the true story told by Thomas Westwood about his experience in the old house of Enfield Chase. He had gone there to dine with friends, and had been shown to an upper chamber to dress, and left alone.

"But no sooner was my friend gone," says Mr. Westwood, "than I became conscious of a peculiar sound in the room—a shuddering sound in the room, as of suppressed dread. It seemed close to me. I gave little heed to it at first, setting it down for wind in the chimney, or a draft from the half-open door; but moving about the room, I perceived that the sound moved with me. Whichever way I turned, it followed me. I went to the farthest extremity of the chamber—it was there also. Beginning to feel uneasy, and being quite unable to account for the singularity, I completed my toilet in haste and descended to the drawing-room, hoping I should thus leave the uncomfortable sound behind me, but not so. It was on the landing, on the stair, it went down with me, always the same sound of shuddering horror, faint, but audible, and always close at hand.

The Invisible Guest.

"Even at the dinner-table, when the conversation flagged, I heard it unmistakably several times, and so near that, if there was an entity connected with it, *we were two on one chair*. It seemed to be noticed by nobody else, but it ended by harassing and distressing me, and I was relieved to think that I had not to sleep in the house that night.

"At an early hour, several of the guests

having far to go, the party broke up, and it was a satisfaction to me to breathe the fresh, wholesome air of the night and feel rid at last of my shuddering incubus.

"When I saw my hosts again it was under another and unhaunted roof. On my telling them what had occurred to me, they smiled and said it was perfectly true, but added they were so used to the sound it had ceased to perturb them. Sometimes, they said, it would be quiet for weeks, at others

it followed them from room to room, from floor to floor, pertinaciously, as it had followed me.

"They could give me no explanation of the phenomenon. It was a sound, no more, and quite harmless.

"Perhaps so, but of what strange horror," demands Mr. Westwood, "not ended with life, but perpetuated in the limbo of invisible things, was that sound the exponent?"

WHAT CONSTITUTES GOOD CHEER.

FREE AMERICA'S TURKEY AND CRANBERRY SAUCE DOES NOT APPEAR AT OTHER YULETIDE FESTIVALS.

EVERY country apparently has its own ideas about what constitutes good cheer at Christmas. Foreigners are apt to regard the American fondness for cranberry sauce as very queer. Nor are they particularly keen as regards turkey. England continues to swear by her plum-puddings and roasted "joints." Who would have it otherwise?

The Frenchman's Christmas bill of fare is much more extensive and varied. The great national dish is the black-pudding, or *boudin*, of which every Frenchman makes a very hearty meal on Christmas Eve. Then there is a wonderful Strasburg pie, whose contents are truffles and slices of the livers of fattened geese; boar's-head jelly, plentifully stuffed with pistachios; oysters, lobsters, and crayfish, and last, but by no means least, delicious, edible snails. The best come from Burgundy.

The Russian's chief Yuletide meal consists largely of two dishes—one wheat-porridge served with honey, and the other a curious compound of stewed pears and apples, oranges, grapes, and cherries, sweetened with honey, and served cold. To this meal, which is washed down with liberal drafts of vodka, the Russian sits down with his family and servants. Before the meal is commenced he throws a spoonful of the porridge against the ceiling, the fortune of the coming year be-

ing determined by the quantity that sticks there.

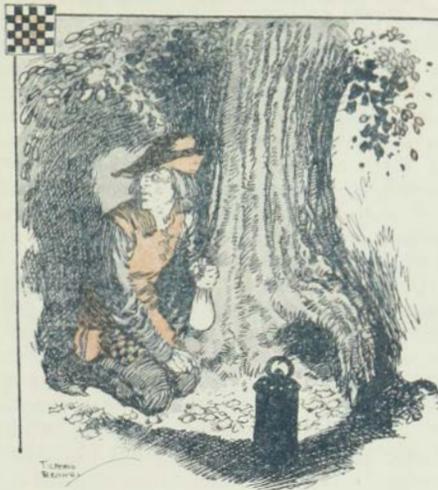
The principal Yuletide delicacy in Austria is *fruchtbrod*, made of raisins, currants; figs, and chopped dates, of which enormous quantities are eaten. Other cakes, made of poppy-seed or ground nuts, are also in high favor; while the national meal, partaken of on Christmas Eve, is of soup, carp chopped and baked, boiled beef and vegetables, and Vienna pudding.

At Christmas time the Italian also revels in cakes of various kinds, sweet and indigestible, while the favorite Christmas Eve supper is one of eels, periwinkles, and vermicelli.

The Germans, like most of our Continental friends, make the Christmas Eve supper the principal Yuletide feast; and at this meal the chief delicacies are carp cooked in beer and *mohnpiclen*, a dish composed of white bread, almonds, raisins, and poppy-seed stewed in milk. The German, too, like the Austrian and Italian, has a very sweet tooth, which he indulges regardless of consequences at this privileged season of the year.

The most popular delicacy of this kind is the marzipan tart; but it has many rivals, by no means to be despised, in the honey-cakes of Brunswick, the Dresden *stollen*, and the rich Nuremberg ginger-cakes.





THE ROBBER WHO CAME TO LIFE.

BY KURT KNODE.

A WEIRD STORY OF OLD FRANCE,
STILL RETOLD BY PEASANTS
IN THE VALLEY OF THE LOIRE.

STORIES of robbers, ghosts, and wolves, of men changed into animals, and of animals changed into men, are as current throughout the rural districts of Europe to-day as they were in the darkest periods of the Middle Ages. And this is the season when such stories flourish best. In France it is the season of the *veillée*, the vigil, when, for the sake of society and the economy of fuel and light, the peasants of an entire neighborhood will assemble in the stone-flagged kitchen of one of their number to gossip, sing, and tell the oft-told tale.

There is one of these stories, related time out of mind, by the graybeards of the Loire, which has an actual foundation in fact. It is variously called "The Robber Who Came to Life Again," "The Shadow On the Road," or "The Beggar of Orléans." Its fascination is perennial. While some ancient is telling it, in the flickering fire-light, the young people gasp and shiver, and the old solemnly nod their heads. But young and old alike are apt to glance furtively over their shoulders as they make their way home over the dark and silent road.

Shorn of individual invention, varying according to circumstances, the story is substantially as follows:

Many years ago a man was broke alive upon the wheel at Orléans for a highway robbery. And there being no relatives or friends to claim the body, the executioner, having concluded that his task was well finished, gave the body to a surgeon, who had it carried to his anatomical theater, as a subject to lecture on. The thighs, legs, and arms of this unhappy wretch had been

broken; yet, on the surgeon's coming to examine him, he found life reviving, and by the application of proper cordials the victim was soon brought to his speech.

The surgeon and his pupils, moved by the sufferings and solicitations of the robber, determined on attempting his cure; but he was so mangled that his two thighs and one of his arms were amputated. Notwithstanding this mutilation and loss of blood, he recovered, and in this situation the surgeon, by the robber's own desire, had him conveyed in a cart fifty leagues from Orléans, where, as he said, he intended to gain his livelihood by begging.

His situation was on the roadside, close by a wood, and his deplorable condition excited compassion from all who saw him; in his youth he had served in the army, and he now passed for a soldier who had lost his limbs by a cannon-shot.

A drover returning from market, where he had been selling cattle, was solicited by the robber for charity, and being moved by compassion, threw him a piece of silver.

"Alas," said the robber, "I cannot reach it—you see I have neither arms nor legs"—for he had concealed his arm which had been preserved behind his back—"so, for the sake of Heaven, put your charitable donation into my pouch."

The drover approached him, and as he stooped to reach up the money, the sun being shining, he saw a shadow on the ground which caused him to look up, when he perceived the arm of the beggar elevated over his head, and his hand grasping a short iron bar.

The drover arrested the blow in its descent, and seizing the robber, carried him to his cart, into which having thrown him, he

drove off to the next town, and brought his prisoner before a magistrate.

On searching the cripple a whistle was found in his pocket, which naturally induced a suspicion that he had accomplices in the wood. The magistrate, therefore, instantly ordered a guard to the place where the robber had been seized, and they arrived there within half an hour after the murder of the drover had been attempted.

The guard, having concealed themselves behind different trees, the whistle was blown, the sound of which was remarkably shrill and loud; and another whistle was heard from under ground, three men at the same instant rising from the midst of a bushy clump of brambles, and other dwarf shrubs. The soldiers fired on them, and they fell. The bushes were searched, and a descent discovered into a cave.

Here were found three young girls and a boy. The boy, scarce twelve years of age, was son to one of the robbers. The girls, in giving evidence, deposed that they had lived nearly three years in the cave; had been carried there by force from the highroad, having never seen daylight from the time of their captivity; that dead bodies were frequently carried into the cave, stripped, and buried, and that the old soldier was carried out every dry day and sat by the roadside for two or three hours.

On this evidence the murdering mendicant was condemned to suffer a second execution on the wheel. As but one arm remained, it was to be broken by several strokes, in several places, and the *coup de grâce* being denied, he lived in torture nearly five days. When dead his body was burned to ashes and strewn to the winds of heaven.

ABOUT HANGING UP YOUR STOCKING.

AMERICAN CUSTOM PROBABLY CAME DIRECT FROM HOLLAND, AS DID ALSO REVERENCE FOR "ST. NIC."

THE habit of hanging up a stocking on Christmas Eve is by no means a universal one. Holland is practically the only country in Europe where children take this means of reminding St. Nicholas of his duty, and it is doubtless from Holland that both the stocking and "St. Nic." came to America. As for the other countries, they are contented with "something just as good."

In Belgium the children fill their shoes with beans and carrots on Christmas Eve, and set them in the chimney-place for the good saint's horse. In the morning they expect to find them filled with sweetmeats and fruit in return for their good behavior during the year.

Bohemian children listen anxiously on Christmas Eve for the chariot and white horses of the Christ-child, as he comes flying through the air with his *Krippe* full of presents; but the Italian children go gravely with their parents to churches and cathedrals, to see the *Bambino*, who presents them with their Christmas gifts.

The Spanish children hide their shoes or slippers in the bushes on Christmas Eve, and find them filled with fruit and sugar-plums on Christmas morning.

In France the young people stand their shoes in a convenient place for the good Père Noel to drop gifts in; sometimes, if the shoe of a bad boy is among them, he

finds a whip in it in the morning. Very different is the feeling of the German child: he waits with feelings of mingled awe and pleasure for the coming of two important personages, the Christ-child and the "Knecht Kuppert." The latter person questions naughty children, and threatens them with punishment, till the Christ-child's intercession saves the culprit and wins its pardon. Then these two Christmas apparitions lay down their burden of gifts and depart.

The English child's Christmas has none of the delightful features, except the Christmas-tree, lighted with tapers and hung with gifts; but he has the Christmas-box, and the evening is spent in all sorts of sports, such as snap-dragon, blind-man's buff, and some more modern games.

In the Scandinavian countries the shoes of all the family are cleaned very carefully, and brightly polished on Christmas Eve, and set in a row before the hearthstone, to indicate that during the coming year everything will be peaceful and pleasant in the family. In the country places almost every family spreads a table with good cheer, and then the doors are left open so any one may come in as a guest. The person who wishes to give a present wraps it up in a quantity of straw and paper, and slyly flings it in at the door or window when no one is in sight.

A PRESENTIMENT.

BY MARCEL PRÉVOST.

Translated by HARRY THURSTON PECK from the French.



It is only a short story and extremely slight—so slight, in fact, and so simple, that I am afraid lest, in setting it down on paper, I may destroy its delicate grace and evanescent flavor. Why, then, I often ask myself, when it was told to us one evening amid the elegant luxury of a modern dinner-table, by the charming woman who is its heroine, did it make upon us so lasting an impression as to become, in our corner of the Parisian world, one of those classic narratives such as every section of society possesses, and to which any allusion is always intelligible and always welcome?

I suppose it must be because it formed a little rift in the mass of scandal and insipid political and literary tattle that we are always listening to. Perhaps, also, just as an attitude or a gesture is sometimes sufficient to reveal the form that is hidden beneath a robe, so these few unaffected words, spoken by a good and beautiful woman, sufficed on this occasion to reveal to us the simplicity and purity of her soul.

We had been talking about those curious impulses which science has now begun to name and classify, and from which so few moderns are entirely exempt—impulses that urge one irresistibly to count the figures in a bit of wall-paper, or the books in a bookcase, or anything else in sight that can be counted; that impel others, when walking along the street, to reach a certain gas-jet before an approaching cab shall have caught up to them, or before some neighboring clock shall have finished striking; or that constrain one, every night before going to bed, to make some new and odd arrangement of the articles in the room, or to visit certain pictures or cabinets—in fact, we were speaking of all the infinitesimal

affections of the modern brain that are, in reality, seeds of madness transmitted from generation to generation, until, at last, they are dispersed and scattered over the entire human race.

On this occasion, then, we had all been confessing our nervous weaknesses and mental absurdities, being rather comforted by each other's admissions, and each of us rejoicing to find the rest of the company as bad as himself or even worse. One young lady present, however, had said nothing, but had listened to us with a look of surprise on her beautiful face that was framed in masses of soft dark hair. At last we said to her:

"Come, *madame*, can it be that you are free from all these little touches of mania? Have you not also some slight peculiarity of the kind to confess?"

She appeared with perfect sincerity to question her memory for a moment, and then replied, with a shake of the head: "No, not the slightest."

We felt that she was speaking the truth; and all that we saw and knew of her confirmed us in this belief—her placid look, her reputation as a thoroughly happy wife; everything, in fact, that separated her from the fashionable puppets who had just been confessing their strange, neurotic obsessions.

Doubtless her very modesty made her unwilling to claim for herself a more complete indemnity than was enjoyed by the rest of the company with their frank admissions, for suddenly she interrupted us.

"Oh, really—yes, it's perfectly true that I can't tell you about adding up the numbers on cabs or making an inventory of my wardrobe before I go to sleep; but still, now that I think of it, the other day I *did* have an experience that has a sort of resemblance to those that you have been telling about, if, at least. I have quite understood you—



that is, a kind of internal compulsion which compelled me instantly to perform an act of no real importance, as though it were a matter of life and death."

We begged her to tell the story, which she immediately did with a very good grace, but with an apologetic air, as if asking pardon for taking up our time over so trilling an affair.

"Well, then, in a few words, this is what happened: About five or six days ago, I had gone out with my little daughter Susette. You know her, I think; she is just eight years old. I was taking her on her morning walk, for this important young person already has to have her daily promenade. As the weather was fine, we decided to stroll along the Champs Elysées and the boulevards, starting from our house in the Rue Lafitte. We were walking along, chatting together gaily, when, on one of the corners, a poor young cripple hobbled up to us, holding out his hand without saying a word. I had my parasol in my right hand, and with my left, I was holding my skirt. I must confess that I hadn't the patience to stop and hunt for my pocketbook; so I passed along without giving the beggar a single sou.

"Susette and I kept on through the Champs Elysées as before. The little thing had all of a sudden ceased to chatter; and I myself, without exactly knowing why, no longer felt any desire to speak a word. We reached the Place de la Concorde without having exchanged a syllable after our meeting with the unfortunate beggar; and little by little I began to feel, springing up within me and increasing more and more, a sort of discomfort—a feeling of intense disquietude, a consciousness of having committed some irreparable act, and of being threatened for that very reason with a vague and indefinable danger.

"Now, ordinarily, I can force myself to a sort of mental examination; and so, as I walked along, I searched my conscience diligently. 'Dear me,' said I to myself, 'I haven't committed a very serious sin against charity in not giving anything to this beggar. I've never pretended to give to everybody I happen to meet. I'll simply be more generous to the next one, and that's all there is to it.' Yet, all my reasoning failed to convince me, and my internal disquietude kept increasing until it became a sort of anguish, so much so, that a dozen times I longed to turn about and go back to the place where we had met the man. Would

you believe it? It was a reprehensible feeling of pride that made me unwilling to do it in my daughter's presence.

"We were almost at the end of our promenade, and were just about to turn the corner of the Rue Lafitte, when Susette pulled gently at my dress and stopped me.

"'Mama,' she said.

"'What is it, dearest?' I answered.

"She fixed her great blue eyes on me and said gravely:

"'Mama, why didn't you give something to that poor beggar in the Champs Elysées?'

"Like myself, she had thought of nothing else ever since we had met him. Like mine, her heart was profoundly depressed; only, being better than her mother and more sincere, she was willing to confess her unhappiness with perfect frankness. I did not hesitate a moment.

"'You are right, my dear,' said I.

"We had walked faster than usual under the constraint of this one haunting thought. Only twenty minutes remained before her lessons were to begin. I called a cab, we entered it, and the driver set off toward the Champs Elysées, stimulated by the promise of a generous *pourboire*.

"Susette and I held each other by the hand, and you may imagine how anxious we were! Suppose the beggar had gone away! What if we shouldn't be able to find him? Having reached the corner we hurried from the cab and looked up and down the avenue. The beggar was not in sight. I questioned one of the women who let chairs. She remembered seeing him. 'He is not,' she said, 'one of the regular mendicants who beg upon the corner, and I am sure I don't remember' in which direction he went.' Time was flying, and we were going to leave with a feeling of great unhappiness, when all of a sudden Susette perceived the man behind a tree, sleeping in its shade with his hat between his knees.

"She ran to him on tiptoe, slipped a bit of gold into his empty hat, and then we hastened back to the Rue Lafitte. I am well aware that it was perfectly absurd, but we gave each other a good hug as soon as we entered the house, exactly as though we had escaped from some great danger."

She finished her story, blushing hotly at having spoken for so long a time about herself; but the rest of us, who had listened with a sort of reverence, felt as though we had been breathing for an instant a whiff of pure air, or drinking a draft of clear, cool water from an untainted spring.

TO be stronger than a woman, you must be more of a woman than she.—Paul Bourget.



THEY WHO SELL IN THE STREETS.

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

WHERE THE GREAT VENDING ARMY OF YULETIDE
GETS ITS RECRUITS—A TALE OF THREE CITIES.

THE modern Christmas brings with it, in addition to the holly, the blazing log, and the candle-lit tree, a great and growing host of street-venders, whose origin and intimate ways and means have remained hidden from a shopping public that has hurried past their story. They are a varied lot, these minor salesmen, and it can hardly be said that they bring with them peace on earth. Any policeman will assure you of that. Weeks before Christmas they swoop down on the thoroughfares, take up their positions along the curb, set out their diverse wares, and begin in their own peculiar and particular ways to attempt to attract the attention of passers-by. They compose one big army, but it is an army that fights within itself for supremacy and dimes.

New York, London, and Paris are the three chief battle-grounds of the vending hosts of Christmas, and each year is witnessing their marked elaboration, growth, and graduated subtlety. The streets of these cities during the Christmas season are choked at all points of vantage by the sellers of everything from a mechanical Billiken to the latest device for lighting the topmost candle on the tree without striking a match.

New Yorkers, who believe that Manhattan is the main stamping-ground for the *al fresco* P. T. Barnums (they believe that a

customer is born every minute), need only take a trip across the winter sea to find an equally impressive array of venders in the two capitals named. The art of Christmas vending is peculiar not to one city, but to three—and very peculiar, at that.

Three years ago, during the first week in December, the streets of New York were invaded by approximately twenty times the number of venders that had been seen on the thoroughfares the previous season, and the real birth of the present enormous conclave of holiday street-merchants is to be chronicled at that time. They were, to be sure, many venders in evidence during Christmas seasons before, but they first became a factor then. The reason for the sudden growth was attributed to the equally sudden evidences of popular approval of the various new-fangled, new-idea, trick toys and "patented" bits of more or much more less useful apparatus.

In some mysterious way—probably in much the same manner that pickpockets learn of a new and fertile field for operation, or tramps of a willing kitchen—the news spread at that time that New York was becoming a gold-mine for venders in the open. Each season since the number has been augmented to such a degree that, at present, the Christmas venders have become a troublesome problem to the metropolitan police. In other leading cities of the United States the vending armies are steadily increasing in a similar way, although

they have as yet to reach the huge proportions of the street-selling masses of Manhattan.

Curious to know exactly who these venders are, whence they come, and what they do to make a living after the Yuletide season has come and gone, several students of street-salesmen psychology conducted an investigation last year among the venders that brought to light an odd assortment of facts. The investigation was an intimate one, and

they would have been professional *camelots*. For instance, if a large convention of Elks was advertised for Cincinnati, Ohio, these venders would travel West and would seek to reap a dime-harvest from the sale of Elk badges and souvenirs. Or, if a historical parade was announced in Philadelphia, as was the case not so very long ago, the professional venders would go there and offer for sale various appropriate articles,



ONE MERCHANT HIRED A SMALL BOY TO PROCLAIM THAT A RIVAL WAS SELLING NON-UNION GOODS.

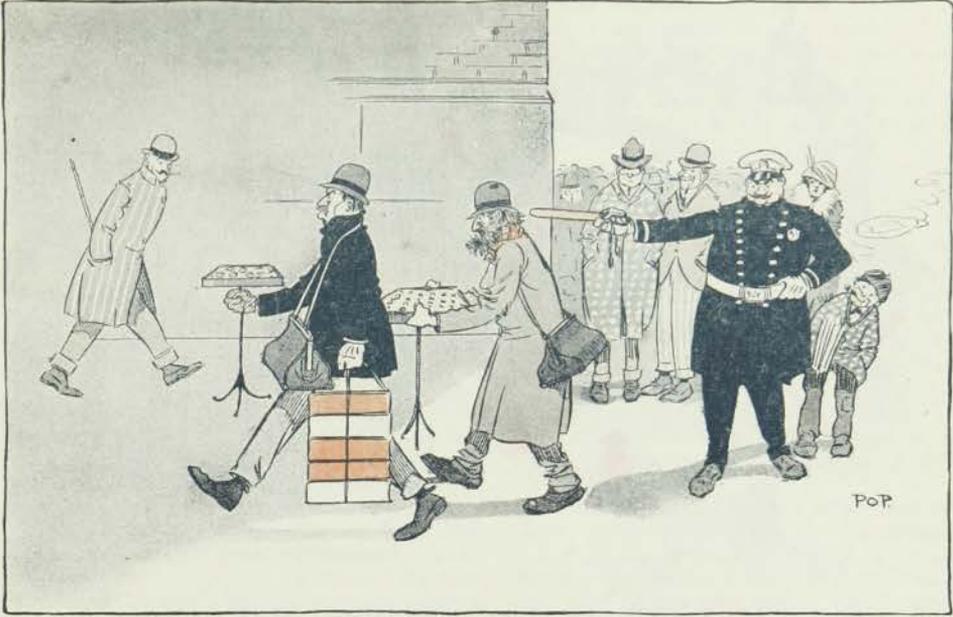
was conducted in and about the Madison Square district, the favorite haunt of the venders during the weeks before Christmas. All in all, thirty of the street-merchants were worked into a friendly, communicative spirit by discreet diplomacy, and the statistics are now given for inspection.

Of the thirty, only nine were regular, dishonest-to-goodness venders. These nine said that they were professional street-salesmen, that they had been in New York during the Christmas season for seven years past, and that they traveled from city to city during the rest of each year, covering a route that followed the trend of conventions, celebrations, anniversaries, *et cetera*. In Paris

such as flags, small clay figures, and canes with pictured handles.

The professional vender takes his work seriously. He has made a study of it, and his route-book is as carefully arranged as is that of a theatrical company. Of the nine professional venders in question, four were what might be termed partners, and divided desirable territory among themselves. The rest worked as individuals, and not infrequently "crossed each other's tracks."

Out of the thirty venders, therefore, of whom only nine were regulars, there were twenty-one whose identities had to be accounted for in some other way. Of the twenty-one, this catalogue was made: Two said they were street-car conductors out of work, and had entered the Christmas vending field to make a living, which, incident-



"MOVE ON!" AN INCIDENTAL FEATURE OF THE TRADE IN NEW YORK.

ally, they admitted was a far better one than they had made through their former jobs. Four were men who had been working several weeks previous for the Department of Street Cleaning, and who had been lured from the broom and shovel by the glamour of ease and easy money that beckoned through the sale of wiggly snakes and rubber faces—the kind that you can make smile or frown by squeezing.

Six said that they worked regularly, before and after their Christmas vending, either as bootblacks or news-stand assistants, and that they had been vending around Yuletide for the last four years, thus clearing considerable extra money.

Four were finally prevailed upon to admit that their chief occupation was "hoboing," as they put it; and two others—who seemed to be more prosperous than any of their fellow venders—said that they had worked for two years before as attendants in the check-room of a well-known hotel in Washington. As has been suggested, their check-room luck had evidently not deserted them in their newly chosen field of activity.

The three remaining venders, out of the thirty chosen, were not so willing to testify as to their every-day vocations, and the statements they did make did not have the engaging ring of truth necessary to carry conviction. A policeman, whose post was in the district and who was well known to one of the investigators, said that one of

these latter venders was a "dip," or pick-pocket, whom he had arrested several years before, and who was just "out" after having been committed for a second offense.

That pickpockets frequently take up vending as a cloak under which they may better ply their profession among the jostling, pushing crowd of Christmas shoppers, is admitted by the police, who are regularly instructed to keep an eye open all the time on certain suspicious members of the fraternity.

How does this varied assortment of venders originally get its stock? It saves up enough money to buy the first day's lot of toys, or whatever it wants, and the revenue therefrom permits of gradual elaboration. When several venders work together, as in the case of the four cited above, they usually pool their money, choose different articles for sale, and subsequently divide the profits.

To give a fair idea of the scope of articles offered for sale on the sidewalks during the metropolitan Christmas season, the following list was compiled last year from the offerings of the phalanx of venders who had taken up their stand on crowded Twenty-Third Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue.

Handkerchiefs with prints of Christmas-trees and Santa Clauses; rubber snakes, mechanical toys of forty different kinds—ranging from a manikin that waved its



IMAGINATION MADE THIS BUSINESS GOOD—

arms, to a small automobile that ran around in a carelessly realistic fashion; pins in the shape of holly leaves, with imitation corals for the berries; explosive cigarettes, boxes, matches, and candles; red and green neckties; parlor fireworks, Santa Claus masks, miniature Christmas-trees for table decorations, and paper flowers of every description.

Then there were patent candle-holders, tinsel ornaments for tree embellishment, red-and-green combination shoe-ties, paper caps, miniature Yule logs with room for a small electric bulb inside, to give the burning effect; colored spinning-tops, picture-books, paint-sets, at a dime each; small, fuzzy toy dogs, toy bears—in fact, a whole toy menagerie, at from ten to fifty cents an animal.

Further additions to the list of "patented" objects offered for sale were "patent" candle-caps to prevent fire; "patent" tie-clasps, each bearing the image of Santa Claus; "patent" ice-cream figures of reindeers, whose horns might be decorated with tiny lighted candles; "patent" puzzles for Christmas parties, and so on to everything of an equally congruous nature save, possibly, patent-leather shoes. And if most of the alleged patents had really not been applied for by the venders, the crowds clamoring in front of the latter gave every indication that they were being applied for by the shoppers.

It is a matter of common knowledge, of course, that many of these things—the best ones, unfortunately—are imported from the other side. The toy-trade in Germany does

an enormous business with America every year, and many of the large department-stores are running their street rivals a lively race in presenting the thousand beautiful and attractive novelties imported into this country from Paris.

The matter of street-vending in the French capital attained the dignity of organized trade many centuries ago. There, the Yuletide host of "little tradesmen"—*des petits commerçants*—have privileges which would undoubtedly turn their New York colleagues green with envy. For mile after mile, the Grand Boulevards are lined on both sides by temporary, but well-constructed, booths, which remain in place until long after New Year's. An interesting feature of this annual fair is that most of the products shown—mechanical toys, beautiful dolls, and what-not—have been manufactured in the homes of the venders themselves.

In London, on the other hand, the street-venders are less "classy," if anything, than the New York brotherhood. In London, a vast proportion of the great vending army, if not the majority, is composed of disconsolate Amazons—forn women in dingy black, bareheaded, or wearing the classic black-straw "sailor."

One of the greatest successes of the London streets in past years was certainly that engineered by a certain typical, shabby gentleman. He wore a threadbare "Prince Albert" coat and an old silk hat. His face was pale, his fishy blue eyes were wistful. He was perfectly serious, dignified, respectable. And he wore suspended about his

neck a big placard: "Victim of a horrible mistake in the public hospitals. Full account of the case, with Christmas poem, one penny." He did business where his shoe-string colleagues along the curb couldn't make tuppence. Those of us who knew him better than his patrons wondered how he did it. We had seen him out of office-hours over his diet of beer and kidneys. The mistake — "the or-

rible mistake, sir"—oh! he had been entered in the observation-ward instead of the usual one. It may have been 'orrible for him, but not for the public.

Considering the great number of competing venders and the all-embracing list of articles that they try to sell—it may easily be appreciated what novel means the venders use to attract the crowds.

By way of illustrating this, there may be cited the case of two venders in New York, offering the same kind of mechanical toys and standing not more than twenty feet apart in West Twenty-Third Street, last season, who engaged in a business battle that became warmer and warmer as the climax of the season approached. At the outset, some two weeks before the twenty-fifth of the month, each rested content to merely offer his wares for sale and to trust to luck that the customer would buy of him rather than of his rival. But the spirit of trade jealousy, so strong among the venders, would not be lulled. One vender, taking the first step,



—AND KILLED THE POOR RIVAL'S.

One vender, taking the first step,



POP

THE PROFESSIONAL VENDER TAKES HIS WORK SERIOUSLY.

claim that his boss's rival was selling "non-union made" buttons.

As soon as the latter saw what his competitor had resorted to, he got hold of two youngsters to make a similar announcement as to *his* rival's wares. And, after the boys had blackened each other's eyes, it was not to be entirely unanticipated that their elders would do the same thing—which they ac-

the ex-street-cleaners and ex-street-car conductors have known what they are about.

Moreover, it would be a mistake to think that the trade is exclusively one of pennies, nickels, and dimes. Back of the man on the sidewalk is the jobber, whose business often involves hundreds of dollars, and back of the jobber is the manufacturer and importer, whose business may involve a fortune. It



HIS STOCK IN TRADE, AN ORIGINAL POEM AND A TALE OF WO.

cordingly did to the extent of ten dollars' fine each.

Yet, Christmas vending is lucrative, inasmuch as the profit on the articles sold usually runs to a hundred per cent or more. A vender holding a good post on a crowded thoroughfare can clear as much as twenty dollars on a busy day and, as has been recorded in the cases of venders who have dealt in the more expensive mechanical playthings, the profit has reached a higher notch. From which it may be gathered that

requires as much skill in knowing what the public is going to want six months hence in the toy line, as it does to predict what shade of blue will be preferred next year at the *Grand Prix*. Success or failure to guess right falls with a heavy hand on every one, from the highest to the lowest. And right here, it may be said, there is probably no other business in the world involving a greater element of downright luck.

A man died in Paris the other day who had always guessed right; but there are not



IN PARIS, THE THING IS BETTER MANAGED.

many like him, even in the brainy circles back of the sidewalk-man. The Parisian champion guesser had probably brought more amusement to the public than any professional comedian; yet his name was unknown.

He had begun life as a ragpicker, and, among other things, sold ancient tin cans at a bare profit to a wholesale junk-man. The ragpicker meditated on the scant profit on tin cans until a brilliant idea occurred to him; and, being an energetic fellow, he put his idea into execution. After that

he sold no more tin cans. He bought them instead. And by the time Christmas came around, the ex-ragpicker had about a thousand tin rats—worked with rubber and string in a most lifelike way—a thousand novelties that Paris gobbled up in a single afternoon.

His fortune was assured after that if he could make another lucky find. He did, many of them. And, strange to say, the field is just as wide open to-day as it ever was, for both success and failure. Just watch it, this year!



THE OLDEST BELGIAN NEWSPAPER.

IN answer to an inquiry from a Western university. Consul-General Ethelbert Watts, of Brussels, reports that the oldest newspaper in Belgium is the *Gazette van Gent*, which received the privilege of printing the *Gedtsche Post-Tydinghen* on

November 17, 1666, and which has existed almost continuously since the first number was printed, on January 1, 1667. The oldest copy preserved is No. 69, of September 8, 1667. The next oldest newspaper in Belgium is *L'Indépendance Belge*.



IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER.

BY JOHN KEATS (1795—1831).

IN a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 't were so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passèd joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
Was never said in rime.





THE SEARCH FOR BOB JONES.

BY KIT DEALTRY.

LA WYER KLYDE MANDEVILLE had just finished breakfast when Aline Gray's letter was handed to him.

The first line of it brought him to his feet with a white face and a cry of horror.

"Good God!" he said—then stared blankly before him as though unable to grasp the full significance of the news.

His mother looked up at him in surprise. It was rare that Klyde was stirred out of his habitual calm.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

He pointed to the letter.

"It's from Aline," he answered hoarsely. "Terence—Terence has been arrested for—" The words stuck in his throat.

"Terence arrested!" repeated Mrs. Mandeville, her gentle face now the one to pale. "For what?"

The answer came in a gasp.

"Murder!"

"Murder!"

For a minute there was silence in the cozy dining-room of the Mandeville house in Seventieth Street. The woman sat motionless, her eyes on the letter in her son's hand. The man stood like stone, for the first time in his career a prey to an emotion that stunned him.

The minute passed, and with it the emotion. Klyde pushed his chair back with a jerk.

"I must go down to the hospital at once," he said. "I must see Aline and do what I can to help."

"Didn't she give you particulars?" asked Mrs. Mandeville, as she helped him into his coat.

"No. Here is the letter, mother. You can see for yourself what she says. I'll be back as soon as I can."

The front door closed upon him, and Mrs. Mandeville heard his footsteps hurrying down the street.

Full of perplexity, she read the letter.

"KLYDE—Come to me at once. Terence has been arrested for murder, and I need your help.

ALINE."

That was all.

Terence had been arrested for murder. The grim words echoed in Mrs. Mandeville's brain over and over again. Yet they held no distinct meaning for her. It was more as though some terrible mistake had occurred; for, of course, crime—the crime of murder—could play no part in the life of the Grays, nor in their own.

Terence Gray was a young surgeon, and his sister Aline a nurse, at the Great West Hospital, Central Park. The Mandevilles had known them intimately for many years, and not long since Klyde had become engaged to Aline—a girl as true as she was beautiful—their marriage having been arranged for the early part of the coming spring.

The news about Terence, therefore, had struck Klyde with a particular force. It was the same to him as though his own brother had been arrested. He had the

same instinctive certainty of his innocence, even though as yet he knew no details of the affair.

At the hospital he found Aline Gray almost crazy with her trouble.

"I can tell you nothing—nothing," she said. "The only thing I know is that Terence went to see a friend named Charles Selwyn, at the Broadway Hotel, last night, and that he was arrested there, at Dr. Stanhope's instigation, at four o'clock this morning."

"He did not come home, then?"

"No. He never came back. Oh, Klyde—I can't understand it. But he isn't guilty. Terence could never do—that!"

A short laugh came from Klyde. Terence a murderer! Terence, with his upright, gentle nature—his honest, fearless eyes!

"I guess not," he said dryly.

Aline clung to his hand.

"You'll get him off?" she said.

Klyde nodded.

"Yes. I'll get him off," he replied.

For he had no doubt that he could. It did not matter what evidence there was against him, Terence was innocent and would be freed.

He looked into the sweet face of his betrothed, repeating the words.

"I'll get him off, dear. Don't worry. Just wait, and trust me."

"It's Terence's life as well as mine. You must save him—you must save him or—"

"Or what, Aline?"

She turned from him.

"Or you and I can never be married," she said.

"Aline," replied the man quickly, "do you imagine that anything in the world—"

"If my brother were convicted," she interrupted, "I could be no man's wife."

A torrent of protesting phrases rushed to Klyde's lips, but he stemmed them in a single statement.

"Your brother will not be convicted," he said.

As the words left his mouth, the door of the little waiting-room in which they stood opened, and a man looked in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he apologized, then vanished.

A new expression had leaped into Aline's face.

"Did you see that man?" she said rapidly. "It was Dr. Horace Stanhope, the man who had Terence arrested."

Klyde made a mental note of the fact.

"Who is Dr. Stanhope?" he asked.

"He's the chief consulting physician here," she answered. "And he hates Terence."

"Oh—he hates Terence! Why?"

"I don't know why. But he does. We've both noticed it for weeks."

"I'm — I'll remember that," mused Klyde. "And now, dearest, I'll be off."

"You're going to Terence," said the girl.

"Yes, right away."

"Find out when I can see him—will you, Klyde?"

"I will, dear."

"And, oh—tell him I believe in him. Tell him I know he is innocent!" she cried.

"I am sure Terence won't need telling that," he said. "But I'll give him the message."

A moment later he was on his way to the Tombs.

On being admitted to Terence Gray's presence, the young lawyer experienced a shock.

A man rose from a chair and extended his hand. But was it Terence? Was this pallid, hollow-eyed ghost the radiant, cheery fellow he had seen not twenty-four hours since?

Klyde found it difficult to control himself as he stammered out a greeting.

"Well, Terence, old boy—" he said.

"You never expected to visit me here, Klyde," said the other, adding after a pause: "But I'm glad you've come."

"Why didn't you send for me at once?" asked Klyde.

"I didn't think. I haven't done any thinking since they brought me in," was the dull, hopeless reply. "That was about five hours ago."

"Well—we'll do a bit of thinking together now," said the lawyer, exerting himself to be cheerful. "I'm going to take this case for you—of course. That goes without saying."

"I suppose I shall need some one," said Terence.

"Need some one! Come, stir yourself up, boy. Tell me everything. How did it happen?"

The young surgeon looked at his friend with bloodshot eyes.

"Klyde," he said, "I didn't do it. You believe that—don't you?"

"Indeed I do," answered Klyde. "You know that, Terence."

"And Aline?"

"Look here," said the lawyer abruptly. "Don't let us waste time, old boy. Aline is your sister and I'm virtually your brother, and we aren't fools. We know you are innocent. But the world has got to know it, too. I want to get to work. Give me the story."

Terence roused himself.

"You're right," he said. "Yesterday aft-

ernoon I received a letter from Charlie Selwyn—an old school chum of mine—whom I had not seen for two years.”

“Selwyn is the man who was murdered?”

“Yes—poor old Charlie!”

“Well, go on.”

“Charlie was a sailor—second officer on board a lime-juicer called the Ariel. It was wrecked about a month ago, just off Colon. Charlie and one other man, the cook, were the only souls on board when she was wrecked, the rest of the crew having died of some mysterious disease while coming up the coast of South America.

“Well, as can be imagined, my friend had an awful time of it; and when he and the other fellow were picked up by one of the coasting steamers, they were nearly played out. Charlie arrived in New York yesterday morning, thoroughly ill in mind and body. He sent for me, but I couldn't go round at once. I had some cases to get through first at the hospital.

“Meantime, he sent for Stanhope, whom I had mentioned to him when he was in New York before. Stanhope prescribed for him, then left, promising to see him again this morning. It was evening before I managed to get away from the hospital. I found Charlie in a state bordering on collapse. I persuaded him to go to bed, and undertook to remain the night with him. He dropped off to sleep. I sat watching him, and after a while I dozed.

“When I woke up the room was dark. The lights had gone out. Something had gone wrong with the electricity in the hotel, and I went out into the passage to get a candle! When I got back with it, I saw that Charlie was dead. I rushed down and telephoned for Stanhope, then returned to the room.

“I can't remember much that happened after that,” Terence said wearily, “excepting that when Stanhope came, he sent for the police and had me arrested.”

“On what grounds?” asked Klyde.

“He refused to give a certificate. He said Selwyn had been poisoned.”

“Poisoned!”

“Oh, he was right so far,” said the young surgeon. “It was a clear case of poisoning. But I didn't do it. . . . I didn't do it!”

“Why did Stanhope have you arrested?”

“I was the only person with Charlie from six o'clock up to the time of his death.”

“That was scarcely a sufficient reason?”

Terence averted his gaze.

“There was something else. When Stanhope arrived, I—I was trying to open Charlie's grip.”

“What in the world for?”

“To find a letter. Before going to sleep, Charlie had told me he had left a letter for me in his grip, and that if anything happened to him I was to take it.”

“And you got it?”

“No. When Stanhope came in, I naturally put the grip down. The police opened it. They found the letter. But they wouldn't let me have it. I think they arrested me because—because of what that letter contained.”

“H'm—I must see that letter,” said the lawyer. “Anything else to tell me?”

“No—there's nothing else.”

Klyde rose.

“Cheer up!” he said brightly, as he put his hand on Terence's shoulder, “you'll soon be out of this, you know.”

“Of course—I must!” said the other in a low tone. “They can't prove anything against me. And Charlie was my pal.”

His voice broke with the last words. Charlie was his pal, and he, Terence, had been accused of murdering him.

Klyde Mandeville felt vaguely perplexed as he left the Tombs.

He had asked many more questions, but they had elicited no facts from the unhappy Terence which could be of material help in his case. On the contrary, they might tend to prejudice it.

Terence had told him that Charlie had eaten and drunk nothing in his presence save a dose of the medicine prescribed by Stanhope. He, Terence, had himself poured out and administered it.

He could not say whether Charlie Selwyn had been dead when he left the room to fetch the candle. He was absent about five minutes.

Selwyn had said nothing which could suggest suicidal motives. Terence felt sure that had his friend risen at all, he would have known of it. He was a very light sleeper. Moreover, the bed was against the wall, and he had sat at the only free side of it.

Klyde's first move was to go to the police and demand a sight of the letter which had been left for Terence in the dead man's grip.

A cloud fell upon him as he read it.

Was it going to be so easy a task to vindicate Aline's brother, after all?

He went down to his office in Broad Street heavy with anxiety.

II.

THE news fell like an avalanche on the young surgeon's numerous admirers—for Terence Gray was popular at Great West Hospital.

Terence's parents had died during his early youth; and, with the exception of his sister, Aline, he had no near relatives living—a fact for which now he was grateful.

He did not dream that a certain Edyth Emory was weeping for his shame, and praying every hour that he should be set free.

After Klyde left him, he lapsed once more into a state of numbness. Not even a visit from Aline could rouse him. It seemed as though he were in the midst of some fearful nightmare, and the nightmare proceeded until the hour of the inquest.

Then, all, at once, he awoke, and began to take a lively interest in his own case.

The first witness called was the manager of the Broadway Hotel.

Charles Selwyn, he told the jury, had arrived at three o'clock on the day of his death and asked for a room. No one had come with him. He had brought no baggage save his grip.

"He mentioned that he was the second officer of the shipwrecked Ariel, and I asked him a few questions about it. But he didn't seem inclined to discuss his adventures, and went up almost at once to his room."

"Did he complain of illness?" asked the coroner.

"No," answered the manager. "He said he was tired, and told me to send up a bottle of whisky—which I did."

"Did you go to his room at all?"

"No. I did not see him again alive."

"Now, tell us—what visitors did Charles Selwyn have yesterday?"

"Dr. Stanhope and Mr. Gray were the only people who went up to see him, as far as I know."

"Some one might have gone up without your knowledge?"

"Yes—if they were aware of the number and position of his room."

"But you can tell us of no one else but these two gentlemen who saw him after he went to his room?"

"The porter took up the whisky," said the manager.

The porter was called.

"Yes," he had taken the whisky to Mr. Selwyn, and he had drawn the cork in the room. Mr. Selwyn did not speak. The whisky was left on the table, and the porter then left the room. Twenty minutes later the bell rang, and he went again to Mr. Selwyn's room. Mr. Selwyn gave him two letters, and told him to send them off by messenger. One was addressed to Mr. Gray, and the other to Dr. Stanhope, both of Great West Hospital. The porter despatched the notes. Again the bell rang.

This time, Mr. Selwyn wanted two witnesses to put their signatures to something he had written. He asked the porter if he could find some one else, and the man went for the elevator-boy. When they came back they signed their names. Mr. Selwyn gave them each a dollar and they went out. The porter did not see Mr. Selwyn again.

"Did you read the document you had signed?" asked the coroner.

"No. I asked about it, but Mr. Selwyn laughed, and said that he had been making his will," said the porter.

A brief silence followed as this piece of information was noted down and digested.

The elevator-boy was the next to give evidence.

He repeated the porter's story as regards the will. He had taken no one but Dr. Stanhope and Mr. Gray up to see Mr. Selwyn. Dr. Stanhope had only remained a few minutes, but Mr. Gray was with Mr. Selwyn from six o'clock, and had not left up to the time the elevator-boy went off duty.

The night elevator-boy stated that Mr. Gray had descended about three o'clock in the morning, and that he had gone into the telephone-room.

"Did you notice anything peculiar about Mr. Gray when you took him down?" inquired the coroner.

"I thought he looked a bit scared," was the boy's answer. "But he didn't speak."

"You are sure he said nothing?"

"Sure."

The next witness called was Dr. Horace Stanhope.

Terence Gray's eyes met those of the elder man for one brief instant. From Terence, it was a long, deep, penetrating look that seemed as though it would pierce the elder man's very soul. From Stanhope, it was the same cruel, steely look which Terence had seen more than once in the past few weeks. And as Terence caught it, he wondered, as he had so often wondered before, why Stanhope hated him.

"Be good enough," said the coroner. "to tell us, Dr. Stanhope, how you came to attend Charles Selwyn."

"I received a note from him at about two o'clock that day," answered the physician. "Until then, I had never heard his name. He wrote asking me to call round at his hotel at the earliest possible moment."

"Did he give any reason?"

"No. He merely added that the case was urgent."

"And you went at once?"

"Yes, I happened to be free then, and I drove to the hotel at once. I found Sel-

wyn in a highly nervous condition. He described to me how his ship had been wrecked, and spoke of a mysterious fever which had swept the Ariel of its crew. The fever was his main theme. He seemed to be in mortal terror of it, which would account for the nervous state in which I found him."

"Were there any symptoms of fever?"

"None whatever. He was suffering from nervous collapse. I prescribed for him and said that it would not be necessary for me to call again. But he begged me to do so, and I promised to come this morning."

"Did he speak to you of anything else but the ship and the fever?" questioned a juror.

"Yes, he mentioned Mr. Gray."

The coroner became alert.

"Oh! He mentioned Mr. Gray?"

"Yes, he alluded to a will—a will which he had just made in Mr. Gray's favor," stated Stanhope.

At these words, a murmur of excitement came from the crowd.

"Dr. Stanhope," said Klyde, "will you please tell us how that will became the subject of discussion between you and Mr. Selwyn?"

"Mr. Selwyn said that he had written to Mr. Gray to come and see him about the will," answered the doctor.

"Was it you or Mr. Selwyn who first mentioned Mr. Gray's name?" pursued Klyde.

"I am not able to recall which," replied Stanhope.

"Oh, come, Dr. Stanhope," said Klyde impatiently, "surely you must know. Which of you spoke of Mr. Gray first?"

"I fancy I did," at length said the doctor.

"Oh, you did. Then, would you kindly explain how you came to know that Mr. Selwyn was acquainted with Mr. Gray?"

"I—I had heard Mr. Gray speak of Mr. Selwyn."

"That is not—" began Terence sharply—but a warning glance from Klyde as he resumed his seat prevented his finishing the denial.

"And now," said the coroner, "will you please tell us when you next saw the deceased?"

Stanhope obeyed. In cold, deliberate tones, he related his story. At about three in the morning he had been awakened by a telephone message from Mr. Gray.

"What were his exact words?" inquired a juror.

"He said, 'Could you come to the Broadway Hotel at once? Charles Selwyn is dead.' I dressed and drove round without delay. On entering Selwyn's room, I saw

Mr. Gray. He was standing near the window. Mr. Selwyn's grip was in his hand. When he saw me, he put it down and came toward me. I asked what had gone wrong with the lights. He said he did not know. He offered to fetch a lamp, for it was difficult to make an examination by the light of one candle. While he was out of the room, I looked at the dead man."

Here the doctor gave a description of the body.

"When Mr. Gray returned with the lamp, I told him that I could not give a certificate. He asked why. I said that the man had died by poisoning, and that I considered it a case for the police."

"How did this affect Mr. Gray?" asked the coroner.

"He was undoubtedly disturbed, but he said nothing. I sent for the police at once. Then the case passed out of my hands."

Klyde Mandeville rose once more.

"Dr. Stanhope," he said, "will you be kind enough to tell us how long you have known Mr. Gray?"

"I became acquainted with him about three years ago, when I accepted the post as consulting physician at Great West Hospital," answered Stanhope.

"Have you during that period ever had any disagreement with Mr. Gray?"

"None whatever."

"Thank you!" said Klyde, and sat down. Terence was now called.

Deathly pale, but entirely self-composed, he faced the coroner.

"I had known Charles Selwyn for fifteen years," he said in answer to the first question. "We were at school together. Selwyn went to sea at about the same period that I entered upon my medical studies. We used to meet in New York when Selwyn's ship came into port. We were always the best of friends."

"Did you receive a letter from Charles Selwyn asking you to go and see him at the Broadway Hotel?" asked the coroner.

"Yes."

"Did that letter contain a reference to a will which Mr. Selwyn had made in your favor?"

"It did not," answered Terence firmly.

"Have you got that letter still?"

"No, I destroyed it the day I received it."

Then the fact that Terence had been trying to open the dead man's valise was taken up and explained.

"Did Mr. Selwyn mention anything to you about a will which he had made in your favor?" The coroner went on.

"He never mentioned any will," answered Terence firmly.

"Did you notice last week that Charles

Selwyn was being advertised for in the newspapers by a firm of lawyers in Canada?"

"I did."

"Did you mention that advertisement to Charles Selwyn?"

"No."

"Why not?"

Terence's face grew a shade whiter as he met the coroner's steely gaze.

"I had very little conversation with Selwyn," he answered in a low tone. "He was too ill and nervous to talk, and he had been drinking a good deal. My one thought was to get him to bed. When I had succeeded in doing so, he went off to sleep at once."

"Were you aware that Charles Selwyn had expectations?"

"I knew that his only relative, an uncle who resided in Canada, was very wealthy."

"Then, of course, you could easily surmise that this advertisement was connected with Selwyn's uncle."

"Yes, I did surmise it."

"How long were you with Charles Selwyn?"

"From six o'clock to the time of his death."

"What time did the death take place?"

"I do not know. I slept in my chair from midnight till three in the morning. When I brought the light into the room, I saw for the first time that Selwyn was dead."

"Had you given him anything to eat or drink?"

"Nothing, except a dose of Dr. Stanhope's medicine."

"Did you add anything to that medicine?"

"I did not."

"Mr. Gray, I should like to ask you a question," said a juror. "Are you in any monetary difficulties?"

Terence's pale cheeks reddened.

"No," he answered almost inaudibly. "I am not."

"Have you any means beyond the fees you obtain at Great West Hospital?"

"I have not."

The juror gave a self-satisfied nod and leaned back.

A few more searching questions, and Terence's ordeal ended.

Then followed the evidence of the doctors who had performed the post-mortem examination. They stated that they had found a strong irritant poison in the body, but that as yet they had not been able to determine its name.

And so the grim drama dragged along to its close.

With the production of Charles Selwyn's letter to his friend, Terence Gray's fate was sealed. It brought a sensation to the public and jury alike. For in it was Selwyn's last will and testament—a briefly composed document which had been written and witnessed in the Broadway Hotel a few hours before his death.

He had left Terence Gray everything "of which he might die possessed." This was the fatal motive.

The jury pronounced their verdict—"wilful murder against Terence Gray." And the unhappy man returned to the Tombs to await his trial.

Klyde Mandeville took the news back to Aline with an aching heart. Her anguish was his own. To have saved the woman he loved even one hour of that sorrow, he would have done anything. But it was beyond his power.

He could only assure her again and again that he would fight for her brother's life as he would fight for hers or his own.

"I'll not rest night or day until I have cleared him," he told her. "And I shall win—for he is innocent."

Aline placed her hands on her lover's shoulders and looked into his face.

"Yes," she said. "I believe you will win. I believe you could conquer the world if you made up your mind to do it. Oh, Klyde, thank God, you are so strong, and clever, and brave!"

"If I am any of those three," he answered her, "it is through my love for you. Aline, be my wife now. Let me go tomorrow to Terence as a brother, not only as a lawyer."

"No—I can't do that," said the girl sadly. "I love you too much."

"But I want you. It will help the three of us. It will help Terence most of all."

"I will never marry until my brother is cleared," she answered.

"And then—"

"The day he is free—then, Klyde, if you want me still, I will be your wife."

And from this decision, Klyde could not move her. He knew that if the worst were to happen—if he failed to establish Terence Gray's innocence—it would not be the end of Terence's life only, but also of his own.

With set teeth, he told himself again as he left Aline that he would not fail. He had never yet lost a case which he had defended. His career, brief though it had been, was one long series of brilliant successes.

"And, thank Heaven, I have money!" he reflected. "For the unraveling of this mystery may cost something. But if I have to spend every cent I've got, I'll do it to

get at the truth. Terence must be freed, Aline must be my wife."

III.

WHEN Klyde next saw Terence, he found him no longer steeped in despair and shame. The attitude of the young surgeon now resembled that of a caged lion. He was furious with indignation and resentment.

"They think I killed Charlie for his fortune!" he cried. "Good God! and I would have given all I had to save his life that night!"

"Terence," said the lawyer, "why does Dr. Stanhope hate you so? What have you done to him that he should behave as he is doing—for he showed his antagonism plainly at the inquest yesterday."

"And he lied," added Terence through closed teeth. "He didn't mention my name to Charlie. He could not have known we were friends unless Charlie had told him."

"And you never spoke to Stanhope of Selwyn?"

"Never! Why, I have never had one single conversation with Stanhope which hasn't been restricted to hospital matters."

"You can't tell me why he is so vindictive?"

"No, I haven't any idea."

"Well, we must find out. It will help."

"Klyde—am I going to have even the ghost of a chance?" presently asked the young surgeon.

"More than a mere chance," declared the lawyer hopefully. "I shall pull you through, Terence—though I'm not going to deny that it may be a tough job."

"It was that will that did it," muttered Terence.

"Yes. I'm afraid it was."

"But Heaven knows I did not know of its existence. When Charlie told me of that letter, he said nothing that hinted at a will. Poor old Charlie—and he left me a fortune!"

"He had no other relatives besides that uncle in Canada?"

"No, and I do not think he expected much from the uncle."

"Well, the uncle died a bachelor, and left Selwyn five hundred thousand dollars."

"And I," said Terence with a groan, "am being held for murder because of that money! God! the things that happen to one!" he added with abrupt passion. "Do you know, Klyde, only last week I was trying to screw up my courage to ask a girl to marry me."

"Was that so?" said the young lawyer. "But you didn't."

"No—I—the truth is, I wasn't sure of

her. I hadn't the pluck to ask her—thought I'd wait till I could be more certain she loved me. Well, I'm thankful now I didn't speak."

"You'll be able to ask that girl to marry you before long," Klyde asserted, and he slapped his friend cheerfully on the back. "Cheer up! This will make you a hero."

"If Stanhope doesn't make her feel as *he* does about me."

"Oh! Stanhope knows her?"

Terence nodded.

"Yes. She's the chief nurse who assists at his big operations."

"And you love her. Say, Terence, how about Stanhope? Does he love that girl, too?"

"I don't know."

An idea flashed into Klyde's head.

"Tell me her name, old boy," he said.

"One can never say what won't help in a case like ours. What is that nurse's name?"

"Emory—Edyth Emory." Terence answered in an undertone.

Klyde noted it down.

"And she's Stanhope's chief nurse. Beautiful—eh?"

"Yes," said the young surgeon, looking away. "She is beautiful—as beautiful as Aline."

"Well. Just think of her, and forget everything else," advised his friend. "You'll come out of this all right. By Jove! Terence, you've got to! My own life and Aline's are as much at stake as yours. So you see, we're not going to miss a single point. So long, old boy. Keep up your courage."

Klyde's handsome face was puckered with thought as he went from the Tombs into the April sunshine.

He mentally recapitulated the story of Charles Selwyn's voyage as the young officer had briefly related it to Terence.

Selwyn had gone on board the *Ariel*, a lime-juicer, two years since, as second officer. During that period, the vessel had been trading in the tropics.

At the commencement of the month just past, the *Ariel*, proceeding from the South Seas, had encountered a gale. She was blown some distance out of her course. After three or four days, the captain had sighted an uncharted island. He decided to take shelter under its lee, and then to land so that certain repairs might be made to the ship.

In due course, the *Ariel* weighed anchor, and set off in fair weather. But it was not long ere fresh misfortune overtook her, for the captain was taken ill and died within a week. The day after his burial, two of the sailors sickened. One of them also died a

speedy death, the other lingering on with intermittent convulsions.

Gradually the sickness spread, the number of burials increased, and the crew of the *Ariel* became alarmingly and tragically few.

After rounding the Horn, the first mate took sick and succumbed after a few hours. Then the remainder of the sailors became panic-stricken and raided the stores, while the second mate was on the bridge, and the third lay dying in his berth.

That night, all the sailors who had drunk the rum died in convulsions, and the morning dawned with only three living souls in the stricken ship.

To work the *Ariel* now became a desperate task. Bad weather set in. She lost both her masts; and, somewhere along the Florida coast, a steamer, plying between Colon and New York, found the drifting hulk, manned only by Charles Selwyn, second officer, and Bob Jones, the cook.

Klyde remembered certain words which Terence had repeated to him. "It wasn't only the ship's danger that worried me," Selwyn had said to him, "it was the fear of that fever. I'd rather drown any day than die as those men died!"

At the inquest, Stanhope had told the jury that Selwyn had seemed in mortal fear of the fever.

Was it not more than feasible, therefore, to surmise that the wretched man had succumbed to his fear and died by his own hand?

Some one had poisoned Selwyn. It was his, Klyde Mandeville's, task to prove that Terence Gray had not committed the crime; his method to assume absolute innocence on his client's part.

Selwyn had been poisoned. Not by Terence. Not by Stanhope—for he had nothing to gain by Selwyn's death. Then, by whom?

Suicide presented the one and only theory upon which to work. Selwyn had seen no one but Dr. Stanhope, Terence, and the porters, after he entered his room. He had told Terence that he had left a letter for him, "in case he should die that night."

Stanhope had declared to him that he was suffering merely from nervous collapse, and that he would soon recover. Why, then, had Selwyn admitted a possibility that he might die in the night—unless he meant to kill himself?

It was true that no poison had been found in Selwyn's room. But was it not possible that he might have had a tiny pill in his possession? Might he not have had one by him for use at any second, in case a symptom of the dreaded *Ariel* fever should show itself?

A man in mortal terror of a disease would be likely to be thus on the alert, and could not Selwyn have taken such a pill to bed with him? Could he not have slipped it in his mouth at any hour during the night unseen by his friend, who had fallen asleep?

Such suppositions might be extravagant, perhaps, but not impossible; and they were rendered all the more plausible since the doctors had failed up to the present to give a name to the poison which had caused Charles Selwyn's death.

This was the strong point in their case.

What had been Selwyn's manner on landing in New York? What had he done during the interval between his leaving the *Colon* steamer and his arrival at the Broadway Hotel? Had he seemed excited, overwrought, paralyzed with fear of the fever?

There was only one person who could answer these questions—the man who had been side by side with Charles Selwyn in his peril, who had been rescued with him—the cook of the *Ariel*.

This man had been on the ship for the same length of time as Selwyn. He could say whether Selwyn had obtained, or might have obtained, any kind of poison from one of the tropical islands which had been visited by the ship. He could say whether Selwyn had ever given expression to a desire for suicide.

Klyde drew himself up as he came to a resolution.

He must find the cook of the *Ariel*, and without delay.

He went at once to the office of the company who had owned the *Ariel*. Here he obtained the information that the cook's name was Bob Jones, and that he lived at a small village on the coast of New Jersey.

But he ascertained something else. He, Klyde, was not the only person who had inquired after Bob Jones that week.

"Funny thing," the clerk at the desk observed when Klyde made his request, "another gentleman came in two days ago and asked the same question."

"Oh! Did he mention his name?" queried Klyde.

"No. In fact, I didn't ask him."

"Would you mind telling me what he was like?"

"He was a tall fellow, good-looking, smartly dressed. He came in a white automobile. I didn't take much notice of him, though. I was busy at the time."

"Did you give him the information he wanted?"

"Yes. Why not? I've given it to you. If Bob Jones is lucky enough to have a crowd of rich friends, he's lucky."

"One more question. Is Bob Jones likely to ship again from this office?"

The clerk shook his head.

"Guess not!" he replied. "When he came in here on his way home, he said he'd had enough of the sea. He was going to settle down to farming in New Jersey."

Klyde's head was whirling with speculations as he boarded a train for the coast of New Jersey, where lay Bob Jones's home.

The person who had inquired for Jones two days since was undoubtedly Dr. Stanhope. Stanhope was tall. He was good-looking. He dressed smartly. He owned a white automobile.

Now, what did Dr. Horace Stanhope want with the cook of the Ariel?

Klyde's imagination could not help him here.

At the tiny village to which he had been directed, a fresh surprise awaited the young lawyer.

He found the cottage without much difficulty—a small, whitewashed, weather-beaten house standing in about half an acre of ground. But it was locked up.

After waiting a few minutes, Klyde went to the next-door house and knocked. An old woman came out.

"Can you tell me where I can find a man named Bob Jones?" he asked.

"Well," said the woman, "I'm afraid I can't. Bob Jones left here yesterday, and I guess he isn't coming back."

"Why should you think he isn't coming back?" questioned Klyde.

"Because, he's sold out," she answered.

Klyde stared at her.

"Sold out!" he repeated.

"Yes. Bob Jones," continued the dame volubly, "is a bit of mystery to us. When he come home from the sea, he says to me, 'Mrs. Brown, I'm done with sea-life. I'm about fed up with it. Guess I'm going to stay home now and turn this place of mine into a chicken-farm.' 'Oh,' says I, 'you ought to do well at chickens, Mr. Jones.' And then we began to talk of poultry, and where he could buy some hens to make his start with."

"When was this?" asked Klyde.

"About a week ago, when he come back from being wrecked."

"Did he tell you how the Ariel was wrecked?"

"Well," said the old lady, "he did say a good deal about it. Of course, we were all eager to hear about it."

"Did he tell you about the other man who was saved?"

"No, sir. I didn't know there was anybody saved but Bob Jones."

Here was a curious point. Why had Bob

Jones concealed the fact that the second officer of the Ariel also had been saved? Was it merely the desire to shine as a hero in this miniature village?

"You say that he has sold out," said Klyde. "Do you happen to know why?"

"No, none of us know that, sir. He did it in such a mighty hurry. But I guess it had something to do with that gentleman and lady who came to see him the other day."

"Oh—a gentleman and lady came to see him?" Klyde pricked up his ears. "What was the lady like?"

"Well, sir, she had such a thick veil on, I couldn't see her face. But I should say she was young. Her figure was tall and slight. They came in an automobile."

"A white automobile?"

"Yes. Bob Jones looked scared when the car drove up, but the gentleman and lady smiled and seemed very pleasant, and after a minute, Bob took them into his cottage."

"Did they stay there long?" asked Klyde, deeply interested.

"Well, sir," reflected the old lady, "I think they were there about an hour. When they drove off, Bob ran in to see me. He seemed all of a flutter. 'Mrs. Brown,' says he, 'I'm not going in for chickens.' 'Why not?' says I. 'I've got a better job,' he says. Then he laughs, sort of triumphant-like."

"Oh! He's got a better job. Er—did he say what kind of a job?"

"No," answered the old lady. "But he asked me if I knew of anybody who might like to buy his cottage."

"And did you?"

"Yes, I told him that the man who keeps the inn had once said he'd like to get it, and off went Bob Jones to see him."

"Did he sell his cottage to that man?"

"Yes—and for a mere song! That's what I can't make out," said Mrs. Brown slowly. "Bob Jones—he used to say he would not sell that cottage for five thousand dollars. His mother died there, and he was fond of her. And now he gives it away in an hour for five hundred!"

Klyde glanced across at the cottage.

"How much was it worth?" he questioned.

"The lot alone has been valued at a thousand," said the woman.

"Can you tell me any more about Bob Jones? For instance, where he has gone?"

"I can't, sir. When he come to say good-by yesterday, he says, 'I'm not coming back any more, Mrs. Brown, so I'll wish you good-by for good.' 'Oh,' I says, 'have you suddenly come into a fortune, Mr. Jones?' And he laughs and says, 'Per-

haps I have. But I'm not giving away anything.' And off he goes, without another word."

There was no more to be gleaned in the village. Bob Jones's sudden departure after the visit of the automobile was a complete enigma to every one.

Klyde could not doubt after what the shipping-clerk had told him that the gentleman in the white car had been Dr. Stanhope. But who was the lady? All Mrs. Brown could tell him was that she was tall and slight.

Perplexed, Klyde returned to town.

Dr. Stanhope was acquainted with Bob Jones. Therefore, he could probably tell why Bob Jones had made this sudden move, and where he had gone.

Klyde decided without hesitation.

He would go to Stanhope with a direct question. Would he receive a direct answer? He wondered!

IV.

WHEN Klyde reached the metropolis it was five o'clock.

Jumping into a car, he went to the foot of Twenty-Seventh Street, where the office of the Ariel company lay.

The clerk whom he had seen in the morning was just leaving for home.

He nodded and smiled as the young lawyer approached him.

"Did you find Bob Jones?" he asked.

"No," said Klyde. "He'd left, and I want to find out where he's gone."

The clerk looked at the lawyer curiously.

"Has Jones done anything?" he asked.

"Are the police after him?"

"No. But I want him. I'm the lawyer who is defending Mr. Terence Gray. You have read the Selwyn murder case?"

"Yes."

"What did you think of the evidence?"

"Well, the whole thing is a bit of a mystery. Looks pretty black against that young surgeon. If he didn't poison Selwyn, who did?"

"That's what I'm going to find out," said Klyde quietly.

"Selwyn was in that hotel twelve hours before he died."

"It has not been ascertained what time Selwyn died," corrected the lawyer.

"Well, he was alive at midnight, according to Gray, and from three o'clock to twelve is nine hours. And if he had been given poison before he entered the hotel, would he have taken nine hours to die in?"

"It would depend on the poison."

The clerk meditated for a few seconds.

"It's curious they can't find out what the poison was," he observed.

"That's one of our strong points," said Klyde. "In my own mind, I've no doubt that the poison is one which could not be bought at any price in the United States. By the way, you must have seen Selwyn when he arrived?"

"Yes. He came into the office that day, about twelve, and delivered up the log-book and the rest of the ship's papers."

"Did you notice anything particular about him then?"

"He looked very ill," answered the clerk.

"Did he and Bob Jones seem to be on friendly terms?"

"Oh, yes; they were laughing when they came in. And when they left the office, Selwyn invited Jones to go and have lunch with him. There was a woman waiting for them outside."

Klyde glanced sharply at the clerk.

"A woman!" he repeated. "Oh! Did you see her face?"

"Well, I just caught a glimpse of her as the three of them passed the door. The woman was tall and dark-haired. She had a thick veil on, and I could not distinguish her features. Neither did I hear any of their conversation."

"And you say that Selwyn and Jones went off with this woman?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where they intended to go to lunch?"

The clerk shook his head.

"Haven't the ghost of an idea," he replied.

Klyde stood on the pavement outside the office, pondering.

Charles Selwyn, Bob Jones, and a woman, had left this spot to go and partake of luncheon together. The hour was then a little after twelve. Selwyn had not arrived at the Broadway Hotel until three. Therefore, it was to be presumed that the meal occupied about three hours.

In the ordinary course of events, the three would walk along the street until they came to a restaurant, and they would probably remain on this side of the road.

Klyde glanced across at the opposite side. There were no eating-houses there; and there were none on the waterside of the office.

He began to walk along in the other direction.

Presently he came to a small and not over-inviting restaurant which blazened forth an advertisement for a twenty-five-cent dinner of six courses.

He entered. An obsequious man in a frock-suit hurried to meet him. It was rare that so elegant a customer graced those rooms!

But Klyde was no customer. He was hungry for information, not for food. He put the question without preamble.

"Do you remember a couple of sailors and a woman coming here to lunch one day about a week ago?" he asked.

The manager exerted himself to think. Presently he shook his head.

"Plenty of sailors," he replied. "But I don't remember any two coming in with a woman lately."

The attendants were questioned. No, none of them could recall the incident.

Klyde left the restaurant and walked onward.

The next eating-place he came to was of a slightly higher class.

The owner of it proved to be a business-like woman with a sharp, brisk manner.

To her Klyde repeated his question.

Oh, yes. She remembered such a party distinctly. The two men and a woman had come in at about one o'clock and sat down at a table at the farther end of the room.

"One man was tall, and the other one short and bow-legged. The woman was young, dark, and very pretty.

"They ordered claret and a lunch.

"As the meal proceeded, the conversation grew loud and excited. The woman and the tall man appeared to be arguing hotly with each other. The short man did not talk much, but ate a good deal.

"Before the last course was served, the tall man pushed back his chair, got up and left the others.

"He came down to the desk and threw me a five-dollar bill. 'That will cover the three lunches, I guess,' he said, and then went out."

"Did you notice his face?" asked Klyde.

"One couldn't help noticing it," replied the woman. "He looked so ill. He was as white as a ghost. And he seemed pretty miserable, too, when he left. He didn't look back at the others, but went out quickly and slammed the door behind him."

"How long had he been here then?"

"About an hour."

"Did you see him again?"

"No. He didn't come in again."

"How long did the others remain?"

"Oh, they went in about ten minutes."

"Did they seem on good terms?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you remember what the man was like—the one who stayed behind with the woman?"

"As far as I can recollect, he was short, stout, and bow-legged."

Klyde took a photograph of Charles Selwyn from his pocket. He had obtained it from Terence.

"Did either of those men resemble this one?" he asked the woman.

She took the photograph and studied it carefully.

"Yes," she said after a pause. "The tall one looked like this. But, what is all this about? Are you a detective; or—"

Klyde explained briefly.

"Well," said the woman, "if any of that party come in again, I'll let you know if you leave your address."

Klyde gave her a card.

Here, then, were new features in the case. A dark, tall woman of elegant appearance had luncheon with Selwyn and Jones and had been in hot argument with Selwyn about something. The dispute had not ended happily, for Selwyn had abruptly taken his departure—even though he had chivalrously paid for the three meals.

Selwyn had gone out of the restaurant soon after one, and alone. What had he done between one and three o'clock? Was the tall, dark woman who had lunched with them the tall, slender woman who had driven to see Bob Jones in the white automobile?

Klyde asked himself the question helplessly, and once again the necessity for finding Bob Jones asserted itself. In Bob Jones's hand lay the key to this problem—to all the problems in the Selwyn murder mystery.

Klyde dined alone in a Broadway establishment, puzzling the matter out. It was his one thought now. He had resolved to devote his whole time and energies to it. He had refused to take any other cases for the present. Social duties were neglected. Even his mother saw but little of him now!

After dinner, he walked up to Fifty-Ninth Street and entered the Park. And here, in the misty light of the spring evening, along the lonesome paths which he and Aline had grown to love since their engagement, he walked the mile to Dr. Stanhope's apartment.

V.

TWENTY-FOUR hours had passed since Terence Gray had been taken back to the Tombs to await his trial.

Dr. Horace Stanhope sat in his private room at the Great West Hospital writing a letter. It was a letter that appeared to cause him considerable thought and trouble. Every now and then he would pause, stare before him, knit his brows, and make sundry ejaculations to himself before proceeding with it.

One paragraph he penned with even more thought than the rest. It ran thus:

"Since seeing you yesterday, I have de-

cided that it will be wiser for you to leave New York at once. Be in readiness for a message from me at any moment. I enclose the necessary money for all immediate expenses."

He was about to place this epistle in an envelope and address it, when a knock sounded at his door.

A woman in the neat gray uniform of the hospital entered. She was a tall, handsome woman of about twenty-five. Her hair was dark, almost black, and her face had the creamy hue of the Southerner.

In her hand was a long envelope.

"Oh, it's you, Nurse Edyth," said the physician, rising.

"The matron told me to give you this," said Edyth Emory, handing him the envelope.

"Thank you. Er, Nurse Edyth—"

The woman stopped on her way back to the door. Her expression as she turned was remarkable for its coldness.

"Yes, Dr. Stanhope?" her voice was frigidly uninviting.

The man's color vanished.

"I have not had any answer to my letter," he said in a low tone.

"I have been too much occupied lately to write letters, Dr. Stanhope," replied Nurse Edyth. "And, besides, I had already given you an answer to that particular question."

"It was an answer which I could not accept as final."

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Stanhope. We cannot discuss the matter now."

The man took a step after her and laid his fingers on her arm. She shrank from his touch as though it burned her; but the movement served to increase rather than quench the fire in him.

"Edyth," he said, "we must discuss it. I can't wait. Oh, do you imagine I care where we are, or what the hour or circumstance may be? I love you. I must have you. I am becoming mad for love of you."

"You have become a coward!" she flashed back. "You forget your position in the hospital here, Dr. Stanhope, and you imagine you can make me forget mine. But you are mistaken. Kindly permit me to pass."

"No—you shall not go—"

"I shall appeal to the matron. Oh, you are driving me to do it," she went on in a voice of concentrated excitement. "I will not suffer any more persecution from you, Dr. Stanhope. Let me pass!"

"I don't wish to persecute you," cried the man, still holding her. "I love you. Haven't I shown it? Haven't I obeyed all your wishes? Think, Edyth—remember what I have done—what I am doing—for you!"

"You are doing nothing for me," she flashed back.

"For whom else, then?" he asked.

"I refuse to admit that I am under any debt of gratitude to you, Dr. Stanhope. What you have done has been entirely in your own interests. It is you who gain. I gain nothing. Don't forget that."

"Well, we won't argue the point. But you speak of persecution. Edyth, I am offering you my name—my life. Is that persecution?"

"I have told you I will not be your wife. I do not love you. I hate you."

"What have I done?" he asked.

"I read the papers this morning," she replied. "I saw how you gave your evidence against Mr. Gray."

"Ah! Mr. Gray—" a smile curled the physician's lips, as he let her arm go.

"Mr. Gray is an innocent man!" declared Edyth Emory. "This man Selwyn committed suicide. You know Mr. Gray is innocent—for all who are acquainted with him must know it. Yet you could stand there and exaggerate every point that could tell against him. Oh! it was the act of a coward!"

"Why should I do this? Have I anything to gain by proving Mr. Gray guilty?" Stanhope asked, looking at her curiously.

"Oh, I know that you hate Terence Gray," she answered.

"You know that I hate him? Then you know that I have cause to do so?"

The woman's eyes left his. A wave of color sped over her cheeks. But her voice was cold as she answered:

"No. I know of nothing."

"You love Terence Gray," said the man.

"How dare you make such an assertion," she asked indignantly.

"You can't deny it," he said.

"I deny your right to couple my name with that of any man," she cried.

"Let me tell you this," said Stanhope quietly, his eyes fixing hers. "You'll never marry Terence Gray. You'll be my wife."

"Your wife!" she smiled with contempt.

"Yes. I am certain of it, so certain that I can afford to wait."

To this Edyth Emory made no answer. With a defiant toss of the head, she passed out of the room.

Dr. Stanhope returned to his desk slowly.

Leaving the hospital, a few hours later, he met Aline Gray in the hall. He nodded to her, but the movement she made in response was scarcely perceptible.

She looked indescribably anxious and pale.

Had he stopped to think, he must have realized what she was suffering; what a

strain her present occupation must be placing upon her—since, above all things, it was imperative that she should show a cheerful face to her patients.

But Aline Gray was of no importance to Horace Stanhope. Edyth Emory was the only woman who occupied his thoughts; and the alternate hope and despair of winning her were driving him to desperate deeds.

That evening, Klyde Mandeville called at Dr. Stanhope's luxurious apartment in Central Park.

Stanhope had never before come into personal contact with the clever young lawyer. He received him with courtesy and interest.

"You are aware, Dr. Stanhope," began Klyde, as they seated themselves, "that I am representing Mr. Terence Gray."

"Yes—I am aware of that fact," said the doctor, holding out his cigar-case. "Will you smoke, Mr. Mandeville?" The doctor was perfectly calm.

Klyde took a cigar and lit it.

"I have come to ask you a few questions," he went on. "I suppose you will not mind—"

"I shall be delighted if I can help you in any way," put in Stanhope affably. "But what are the questions? I'm afraid I don't know anything that could assist your case, Mr. Mandeville."

"One can never tell," observed Klyde casually. "A case has been won on the merest detail ere now."

"Or lost," added the elder man sententiously.

"Or lost," echoed the lawyer. "Now, Dr. Stanhope, I think you will agree with me that mine is a case which ought to be—which, indeed, must be—won?"

"I am afraid I can't discuss that question," said Stanhope slowly.

"Forgive me," said Klyde, watching him with lynx-like eyes. "And after all—whether you think him innocent or guilty cannot influence the case. No! That is not the question I came to ask you. It is this: Can you—or rather, will you—give me the address of Bob Jones?"

Dr. Stanhope started. It was the barest perceptible movement, but it did not escape Klyde.

"Bob Jones?" repeated the doctor, with an admirable assumption of surprise.

"Bob Jones—late cook of the Ariel," said Klyde.

Stanhope shook his head.

"I never heard of the man before," he declared. "Why should you ask me for his address!"

"For this reason," answered Klyde quiet-

ly. "I know that you ascertained where Bob Jones lived and that you drove down in your automobile to see him."

The physician knocked the ash from his cigar and laughed.

"My dear sir!" he said, "you must have been dreaming. I never heard this man's name until this moment!"

Klyde meditated silently for a space as he took a deep puff at his cigar. Stanhope was lying: of that he had no doubt. A quick change of color, and unwillingness to meet his gaze, the tone of his laugh, all went to strengthen the opinion.

Klyde had asked a direct question. He had been answered with a direct lie.

"Then you refuse to help me?"

"I cannot do what is not in my power."

Klyde rose slowly.

"Then I won't waste your time or mine," he said. "I must ask your pardon for troubling you, Dr. Stanhope. I made—a mistake."

He flashed a look into the elder man's eyes that was as indefinable as it was disconcerting.

Stanhope stood up.

"I'm sorry," he murmured. "I wish I could have been of some assistance to you, Mr. Mandeville."

Klyde bowed. Then, without another word, he went out of the room and from the house.

A man stood outside awaiting him. Klyde said a few words to him rapidly.

"I did no good, but I am surer than ever that it was Stanhope who saw Bob Jones. Stay here. Watch him. Follow him. And let me have your reports often."

The man nodded, and Klyde vanished into the night.

Horace Stanhope stood alone in his library. He stood where the young lawyer had left him, thinking deeply, perplexedly, anxiously.

"So Gray's lawyer is his friend and is engaged to Gray's sister," he reflected. "H'm—that means that he'll fight to the death."

Presently he walked over to his telephone and called for a number. When it had been given him, he spoke a few rapid sentences into the transmitter.

"Who is that? . . . Oh—yes, you had my letter and money? . . . That's right. Well, now, there's a train out in half an hour. You'd better take it. You understand? . . . Very well, do. . . Yes, in a few days. At the general delivery. . . . Good-by."

He replaced the receiver on its hook, then went into the hall and put on his coat. There were one or two patients whom he

had to visit before midnight. He took up his bag of instruments and went out.

The man on the pavement watched him enter his smart white automobile and drive off.

At the same instant a small, black runabout whizzed up to the door.

The man turned sharply.

"From Mr. Mandeville?" he asked.

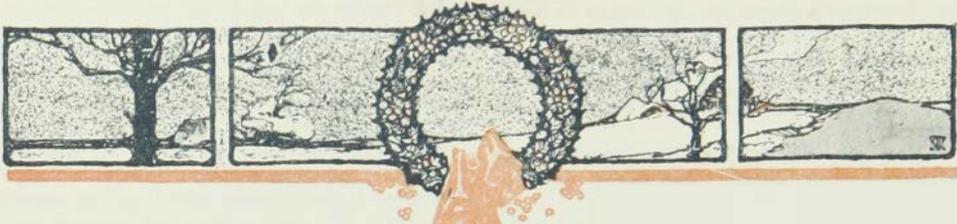
"Yes," said the chauffeur.

"All right," said the detective, leaping in. "After that white car as fast as you can."

The runabout went off.

For the first time in his career, Horace Stanhope, eminent and respected physician of New York City, was being "shadowed."

(To be continued.)



THE KING AND THE BIRDS

HOW IT HAPPENS THAT IN SOME PARTS OF SWEDEN
FEATHERED SONGSTERS GET A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

ONE Christmas morning many years ago, the King of Sweden was returning from church in his sleigh, when he noticed great flocks of small birds circling about in the air above him. The little feathered creatures were uttering shrill cries, and seemed to be flying hither and thither without any fixed purpose.

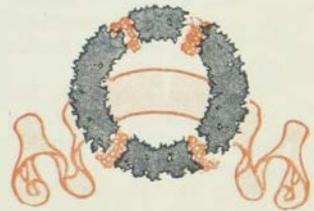
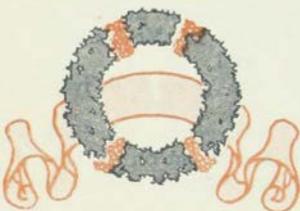
The king spoke to his coachman about it, and asked him the cause of the commotion among the birds. The coachman, who was of the peasantry, explained to the king that the birds had been driven from the fields and forests by hunger, being unable to secure food, owing to the deep snow, and had found their way into the cities and towns in search of it.

The king listened attentively to the old coachman's recital, and then told him to drive as quickly as possible to the palace. Upon arriving there, the king sent for the chief steward, and directed him to have the largest sheaf of wheat in the royal granary bound to a tall pole, after which the pole was to be erected in front of the palace, that the little birds might suffer the pangs of hunger no longer, and that their Christmas be made a happy one. The

king's instructions were carried out, and all day long the birds made merry.

The hundreds of holiday merry-makers passing the palace stopped to gaze upon the unusual sight. The story of the king's act was passed quickly from one to another, and by nightfall it was known in all parts of the city, and had even found its way into some of the near-by rural districts.

To this day, says Charles R. Russell, in relating this legend, in many sections of the great Scandinavian peninsula, when the wheat harvests are gathered, the farmers always make one particularly large sheaf, which is known as the "Christmas sheaf," and is used to perpetuate the custom inaugurated by the king many years ago. On Christmas morn, as old and young, rich and poor, journey to their respective places of worship, they are greeted everywhere with the huge sheaves of wheat, surrounded by the chirping and twittering little feathered creatures, calling to the minds of the older folks how, in childhood, their parents had told them the story, and they in turn had taken such delight in relating to their own little ones the origin of the legend of "The King and the Birds."





THOSE ODD AGREEMENTS BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.

BY ROSE C. TILLOTSON.

THERE IS MORE THAN ONE WAY OF CHEATING THE
DIVORCE-COURT, AND THIS ARTICLE PROVES IT.



MATCHES may be made in heaven, but modern matrimony is the work of man. At least such would seem to be the case when one considers the number of husbands and wives who have remodeled their marriage-vows on finding the conventional connubial contract inadequate for their needs. There are any number of odd agreements existing between men and women to-day.

It may seem strange to those of us who are not numbered among the nuptially knotted, or to those whose domestic relations are so felicitous as to need no alteration, that a sacred pledge, given at the altar, could be violated with apparent unconcern, while a second verbal vow of one's own making is kept with all the sanctity of an oath. Yet, such is often the case. Why, it is hard to explain.

Some cynic has likened love to a fascinating flight in the clouds; and marriage, to the dizzy descent to earth. Perhaps from the rude awakening these second agreements arise; for, after the aviators have readjusted themselves to the changed conditions, it is not surprising that they should feel the need of a new conjugal compact.

The original nuptial bond, itself, does very well for a starter. It seems to be a perfectly good contract as far as it goes. But that's just where the trouble comes in—

it doesn't seem to go far enough to suit the average couple.

Almost invariably a young bride and her benedict, after having pulled double-harness for six months or more, come to some mutual agreement concerning their conduct toward each other, which is respected as much, if not more, than the primary pledge "to love, honor, and obey till death do us part." The arrangement may consist of only a mutual understanding, which is tacitly carried out by both parties to the affair, or it may assume the more important proportions of a full-fledged contract, and blossom forth as a legal document properly signed and sealed.

A few of the unique and interesting agreements between husbands and wives are here presented in proof of the previous assertion that matrimony, to-day, is merely a matter of your own making.

In a game of hearts that was played recently in Los Angeles, California, it was a case of man proposing, Cupid disposing, and Hymen disclosing, the flaws in a matrimonial bargain that started out as a sacrament and almost ended as a sacrifice.

When the bride and groom stood at the altar and took the vow that signaled their entry into the world-old agreement between man and woman, they implicitly believed in the perfectness of their pledge, and intended to keep to the letter of the contract that had made them one. That was a year ago;



yet, six months later, the woman who had wedded in haste, was ready to divorce at leisure. She considered that Hymen had handed her a matrimonial misfit, for her erstwhile husband had failed to fulfil his promise to love and cherish her forever. This domestic drama, however, was not terminated with the usual fashionable finish—"and so they were divorced and lived happily ever afterward"—for Cupid at the crucial moment took up the broken threads of their differences and wove them together again in a secure and satisfactory manner. But not before another agreement had been pledged between the two. It is this second compact that has to do with our story.

The man was a mighty hunter, his bride merely a Diana of domesticity, and it soon developed that it was a case of too many rifles spoiling their romance. The hasty courtship represented the first leisure in years that the prospective groom had granted the bears and bob-cats; but the fair party to the wooing was all unaware of this. She dreamed only of settling down in a pretty home of her own, where the most exciting hunting offered would be in the trapping of a competent kitchen mechanic.

But Fate decreed it otherwise. No sooner was the wedding-day set, than the benedict-to-be figured out a glorious honeymoon filled with big game and mountain wildernesses. The bride-to-be listened to the plan at first with dismay, then with resignation. She relinquished her ideals of Paris boulevards and Italian skies, and fortified herself with pride in her lover's prowess as a hunter of wild things.

Besides, she figured, that a brand new bride would naturally play the star part, leaving bears and bob-cats as mere supernumeraries in the honeymoon drama.

From the marriage-altar it was a scramble to the mountain-peak where, in the midst of clouds and snow, and surrounded by wolves and other wild things, the bride took her first dip into domesticity.

She emerged six months later alone, and

commenced suit for divorce on the grounds of "cruelty"—the cruelty of a husband who preferred hunting to home and who would rather be hugged by a bear than his beautiful wife. The hunter, on hearing the news, dropped his guns and bid a hasty adieu to the tall timbers. That's the last they have seen of him. He has since been converted into a model of matrimonial meekness whose life is regulated by a set of rules, signed and sealed at the lawyer's office, in lieu of the dreaded divorce. They read something as follows:

I, A. H. Reed, of Los Angeles, California, do hereby promise that, on and after July first, Nineteen Hundred and Nine, I will,

(1) Hunt happiness only with a latch-key; (2) Desert my guns and stick to the family fireside; (3) Pursue only the love game; (4) Renounce bears and bob-cats and embrace bridge and balls; (5) Administer target-talk only in small doses; (6) Substitute kisses for cartridges; (7) And furnish a honeymoon of the customary kind without any further delay.

With this code to guide them, the young couple again set sail on the matrimonial sea, and as distress signals have not yet been hoisted, it's safe to surmise that the new contract has steered them into the harbor of happiness.

To some men the sweetest kisses, like the biggest fishes, are the ones that are fought for hardest; but George Harney, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, doesn't sympathize with this theory. He had such a hard time collecting any evidence of affection from his wife that he was finally forced to bring her to court in order to collect his dues.

Theirs was a misunderstanding over microbes.

No happier household could be found in all Kalamazoo than the Harney *ménage* until Mrs. Harney got the "bug" bee in her bonnet. That started all the trouble. The pretty little matron, who was scarcely more than a bride, having been married only

three years, one day read in a newspaper that a learned professor of Chicago had issued an edict against kisses, and all lip-to-lip demonstrations of affection, as dangerous transmitters of microbes, from which most ailments spring.

Thereupon, the scientific sage straightway acquired a disciple, for Mrs. Harney, after reading his wise and weighty words, decided that kisses hereafter would be tabooed in the Harney household. Unfortunately for the peace of the pair, she hadn't taken her husband into consideration.

When that gentleman arrived at his dove-cote, after a busy day at the office, he found, to his consternation, that his customary kiss had been put in cold-storage, and a cordial, but somewhat unsatisfying, handclasp substituted in its place.

"What's up?" he inquired, not wasting any time in getting to the bottom of the trouble. "Not mad, are you?"

"No, not mad; just microbes," his wife answered with her sweetest smile, while she flaunted the newspaper clipping in front of his astonished eyes. Her spouse took one look at the flagrant head-lines, then burst into a fit of laughter.

"Bosh," he said, and proceeded to help himself to the article under discussion. But he only got half way in the operation.

Mrs. Harney was small, but her determination was large, and when she had expressed herself exhaustively upon the subject of kissing, her husband sank subdued and helpless upon the nearest chair.

That was the beginning of a domestic dispute that almost broke the tie that binds. In vain did George Harney expostulate; in vain, even, did he offer to furnish kisses of a microbeless make. His wife's mind was made up, evidently for keeps, and for three whole months the distracted husband remained unkissing and unknissed.

Then he went to court. There, a sympathetic judge furnished him with a writ requiring his wife to supply him with six kisses a day, or appear before a tribunal of justice.

Nowadays, George Harney gets all the kisses that are coming to him, and sometimes a little bit more.

The Harneys, however, were not the only couple whose marital misunderstanding was caused by kisses. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schmidt, of St. Louis, also came to grief over the osculatory problem, but for a very different reason.

Mrs. Schmidt had the kissing craze, Mr. Schmidt hadn't. During the honeymoon days, the bride was supplied with all the kisses she could accommodate, but when the couple settled down to housekeeping, the ardor of the genial German waned. Not so, his wife! She continued to assure her newly acquired husband that he had Apollo and *Lancelot* lashed to the post, while showering an avalanche of caresses upon him. She succeeded in extinguishing the fire of affection with a heavy blanket of reciprocation. Love's young dream soon turned to a nightmare for the long-suffering husband, who awoke to the fact that he had made the common mistake of diagnosing the hectic flush and the chills and fever of a passing attack of fancy for a fatal case of love. Then he tried the absent treatment.

The domestic downfall of the Schmidts didn't end in divorce, however, for the two finally patched together the broken pieces of their marital tie after signing a contract wherein Mr. Schmidt agreed to imprint daily, no more and no less, than twelve kisses upon the loving lips of his wife; and she promised to be content with this meager amount, on the theory that 'tis better to be kissed a little than never to be kissed at all.

But the odd agreement between the Schmidts was not a patch to the unique document which a wife from Cairo, Illinois, compiled for the benefit of her hapless husband. She ruled her roost with the aid of ten commandments.

The culprit in this case was afflicted with the *wanderlust*, also an eye for pretty women, and his wife, at last rebelling at the constant fracturing of his nuptial vow to





cleave to her and her alone, threatened to give him legally the freedom he took so often without even the asking.

Cupid, however, had not flown from this household for good and all. He returned with a rush when he realized how near to the danger-mark matters had progressed, and brought the pair together again after the repentant husband had consented to acknowledge ten commandments of his wife's making, which were to rule his conduct in the future. They read as follows:

I am thy love, thy wife; thou shalt have no other loves but me.

Thou shalt not take unto thy heart any stenographer, or any other love-pirate; thou shalt not bow down and worship them or even take them out to dinner, for I, thy wife, am a jealous wife, and shall visit all the sins of thy past upon all thy future; but I shall show mercy to thee as long as thou lovest me alone.

Thou shalt not promise to love me in vain, for I shall not hold thee guiltless if thou promiseth in vain.

Remember that thou come home the Sabbath. Six days mayest thou wander, but not six nights; nor the seventh day, which is the day of thy wife.

Honor thy mother-in-law, that thy days may be long in the land of love.

Thou shalt not carry a latch-key.

Thou shalt not return to thy happy home at three o'clock in the morning. The doors will be bolted if thou dost.

Thou shalt not grumble at thy lot. Thou shalt not object to buttoning my gowns, nay, even if they be five-hundred-button-dresses.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's peace; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's pleasures, nor his wife's sweet temper, nor any other thing that is his.

This strict set of household rules was so successful in putting a crimp in the gay career of the benedict that to-day he no longer wanders from the straight and narrow path prescribed for peace-loving husbands.

While the matron from Cairo called in the commandments to straighten out her domestic differences, an ingenious husband

from Columbus, Ohio, went her one better and improvised a litany. It contained a few wise words on ways and means of ameliorating the maelstrom of matrimony, and was framed and hung in a place of honor in the living-room of the man's home.

These were the sentiments inscribed within the interesting document:

From wives who forget to powder their noses and neglect to polish their smiles,

Good Lord Deliver Us;

From wives who regale you with woes and warnings in the morning, at noon, and at night,

Good Lord Deliver Us;

From wives who compare some neighborhood Lothario with the shortcomings of their own mates,

From wives who hear burglars more than three times a week and rudely rout you out of slumber,

From wives who knock and wives who know it all,

From wives who spend more than their husbands make,

From wives who gossip and scold,

From wives whose sweet temper and speeches are prompted by cupidity and not by Cupid,

From wives who make a man feel like a martyr instead of master of his own home,

From these and all other matrimonial misfortunes,

Good Lord Deliver Us.

Matrimony would certainly seem to be an open question, when one considers the number of marital mishaps that are chronicled in these contracts.

A single day's perusal of the papers will disclose any number of domestic differences which have been settled, either in or out of court, by some odd and interesting agreement. Only recently the case of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Douglass, of Macon, Georgia, attracted public attention, because of the unusual features of the connubial contract existing between the two. The husband required his wife to sign an agreement regulating her conduct, any violation of which was punished by one hundred kisses.

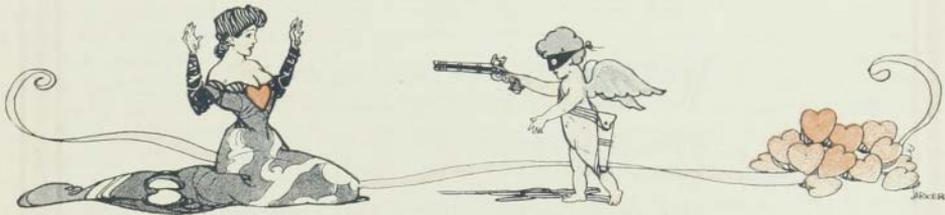
Mrs. Douglass, who is described by her husband as a "spoiled child of wealthy parents," signed away enough privileges to stagger a more experienced matron.

She promised to live within her husband's allowance and not to want an automobile; she agreed to restrict her light, trashy reading to two novels a week; she gave her word to pursue serious study under her spouse's direction; she consented not to shop and gad about every day in the week; not to play bridge more than three times in seven days; not to imitate actresses in attire or manner, and not to threaten to go home to mama more than once a month.

But perhaps the most unusual, as well as the most famous, agreement between a man and woman in recent years, was the one which existed between Ferdinand Pinney Earle, the man who made affinities famous, and his first wife, Mlle. Emilie Fischbacher, a Frenchwoman, with beauty of character as well as of face. Their story will take but a few words to recall.

For five years the artist-pupil of Bouguereau lived with his pretty wife in apparent happiness. Then, one day, Mr. Earle came to the mother of his little boy and frankly explained that he had found his true soul-mate in Miss Julia Kuttner. Mrs. Earle, with unusual fortitude, not only accepted the situation, but agreed to invite and entertain her rival in her own home. This she did, and when two years ago the reporters swarmed to the home of the artist in search of the most unusual story of the age, they found the three living together in apparent peace and unconcern. The whole country was thunderstruck.

The contract was broken, however, when Mrs. Earle returned to the home of her French parents to seek a divorce from the man whose eccentricities have since made him famous.



CEMENT HOUSES IN CHINA.

* MANY WERE BUILT THREE CENTURIES AGO, BUT THEY STILL STAND AS SOLIDLY AS WHEN THEY WERE NEW.

IT is said that in the district around Swatow, China, there are houses and walls of cement which have been standing for three or four centuries, at least, and yet which are as solid to-day as they were when their designers put them up. According to the American consul at Swatow, the industry originated with a French priest, who constructed one of his chapels of this material.

Very small pebbles, sand, and lime are the ingredients of which the material is made. The mixture, after being thoroughly stirred, is slightly moistened, and then pounded in a rough wooden mold, which is elevated in a runway supported by firmly set poles, and in spite of the crude methods employed, a height of sixty feet can be easily reached. When the walls have been constructed, all supports are removed and the concrete is for some days exposed to the air. To this exposure is its characteristic solidity solely attributed. The walls vary from twelve to sixteen inches in thick-

ness, and the cost of construction is considerably less than brickwork. The thickness of the walls gives an absolute guarantee of fire-proof qualities. Storehouses and buildings constructed of this material many years ago are conclusive proof of its strength and durability. No single instance has been known of the accidental collapsing of such concrete-built walls.

In some instances split bamboo poles have been used to reinforce the material, the wood preventing cracks from appearing, and adding to the strength. Bamboo embedded in the concrete in this manner does not rot, and it seems odd that the practice is not more general. Steel or iron reinforcing, owing to the added expense, is never used.

It has been suggested that the more economical bamboo could be as readily used for reinforcement of concrete in America and other countries; or, if not bamboo, some other strong, fibrous wood could be utilized.

THE BABY.

EORGE MACDONALD was at one time a very well-known Scottish novelist, retiring from the ministry in order to become a writer. His novels are now but little read, and he is best remembered by such poems as that which is given here. They are all marked by simplicity and an appeal to the home instinct. One of his books, written for children, and called, "At the Back of the North Wind," still has many readers. MacDonalld is spoken of by literary historians as a sort of connecting link between John Galt and J. M. Barrie.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
"Out of the everywhere into the here."

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
"Out of the sky as I came through."

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
"Some of the starry spikes left in."

Where did you get that little tear?
"I found it waiting when I got here."

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
"A soft hand stroked it as I went by."

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
"Something better than any one knows."

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
"Three angels gave me at once a kiss."

Where did you get that pearly ear?
"God spoke, and it came out to hear."

Where did you get those arms and hands?
"Love made itself into hooks and bands."

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
"From the same box as the cherubs' wings."

How did they all just come to be you?
"God thought about me, and so I grew."

But how did you come to us, you dear?
"God thought of you, and so I am here."

THE MAGIC MACE OF CONGRESS.

BY GEORGE GRAY HAVEN.



SOME INFORMATION ABOUT THE STRANGE WAND WHICH BRINGETH PEACE TO WRANGLING SOLONS.

WHEN the blood of Congress is red-hot, and there are scenes of wild disorder on the floor of the House; when expostulation and the Speaker's gavel fail to quiet the tempest among the Representatives, there is just one thing left to do.

"Get the mace!" cries the Speaker.

Instantly, as if by magic, while the great mace is carried about the House, the most obstreperous Congressman sinks into his seat.

You can almost hear a pin drop way up in the visitors' gallery. In fact, the appearance of this symbol of authority has never yet failed to restore order.

Yet, there have been new members of Congress who for months have never even noticed the elaborate ceremony of the mace that is enacted at the opening of every day's sitting, so quietly is it done. If you should stand in the Speaker's lobby just before noon, this is what you would see beneath the portraits of former Speakers, Blaine, Stevenson, Polk, Clay, Pennington, "Czar" Reed, and the rest.

Congressman are passing in through the swinging baize doors. Up in the gallery, for an hour or more, spectators have been crowding in to get the choice seats. In their two corners the pages gossip in subdued tones. A newspaper man, perhaps, is sketching Congressmen as they read at their desks, while several others interview chairmen of committees. A few constituents walk proudly on the floor, fingering in their pockets passes good for that day until eleven-forty-five.

Just then the clerk very formally requests artists, reporters, and visitors to leave the floor. Slowly the hands of the clock approach each other at noon. The blind chaplain feels his way through the aisle.

And then, if you are looking toward the east entrance, you will see a page with his

hands tightly clasped about a massive, silver-bound, ebony staff, coming from the office of the sergeant-at-arms. Through the lobby he walks and into the chamber, bearing the mace. Then he quietly deposits it by the side of a pedestal of malachite near the Speaker's desk.

"Uncle Joe" comes swinging in from his room, climbs the steps to his dais, and, if he happens to have his famous cigar, lays it down carefully, the lighted end out, so as not even to scorch the marble.

The Speaker is punctual as the clock. Just at the dot of twelve he seizes his gavel. As it is poised aloft an instant, the great mace is elevated to its pedestal. Down comes the gavel with a crash. "The House will be in order!" says the Speaker.

Instantly conversation stops. Congress is in session. The blind chaplain feels his way through a prayer as he did down the aisle. With the "Amen" scarcely over, instantly pandemonium breaks out again. The journal is being read, and no one pays any attention to that. The day's work has begun.

There the magic mace remains on its pedestal until the House goes into the Committee of the Whole. Then it is lowered, and remains lowered until the committee rises. Again it is elevated to its pedestal.

After the session is over the page reverently bears it back to the office of the sergeant-at-arms again—the symbol of the authority and dignity of the representatives of the people of these United States in Congress assembled.

But that is not all. If it were not profane, one might suggest that the chief office of the symbol at those times when the Speaker has to say, "Get the mace!" is much like the effect of "Get the hook!" on amateur night at a popular theater.

Take, for instance, the latest occasion when it was used, in February of this year, the first time, as a matter of fact, for a number of years when recourse was had to it.

The General Deficiency Bill had been reported, and was being read when Mr. John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, arose and called out:

"Mr. Speaker."

He was told by the Speaker that he was out of order. To which he retorted, hotly, that the rules of the House were changed so often that one couldn't tell when he was in order—even the Speaker had to keep a man to post him.

The Retort Discourteous.

The Speaker rapped the gavel angrily. "The gentleman from Tennessee is absolutely discourteous."

"The gentleman from Tennessee is no more discourteous than the Speaker," replied Mr. Gaines.

Instantly there was an uproar, the Speaker ordering the gentleman to take his seat, and the gentleman remaining standing.

Finally the Speaker turned and said: "The sergeant-at-arms will enforce order. Get the mace!"

The eagle-surmounted staff was taken from its dusty resting-place, and the sergeant started in the direction of the belligerent Mr. Gaines. Reluctantly, he dropped back into his seat, and the mace was returned to its place on the green pedestal at the right of the dais.

This wonderful symbol was, as we shall see, borrowed from the usage of the English House of Commons, after which the House of Representatives was closely modeled by the framers of our Constitution.

The first mace was destroyed by fire when the British burned the Capitol in 1814. From 1814 to 1834 a mace of painted wood did service, but in the latter year the present mace was made after the model of the original.

The date, 1841, is engraved on it, but that was done at a time when it was repaired and remounted.

The mace is about three feet high, and weighs about twenty pounds. It consists of a bundle of ebony rods, thirteen in number, one for each of the original thirteen States, bound together with a band of silver, after the fashion of the old Roman *fascēs*. From the center of this bundle of rods protrudes a silver stem, on which is a silver globe, four or five inches in diameter. Surmounting the globe is an eagle of solid silver with outstretched wings.

Such is the peace-restoring instrument of Congress, which has been used on some notable occasions.

Let a storm arise, and words and fists come in evidence, and the mace appears borne aloft majestically in the area in front

of the Speaker's desk, up the main aisle, and down the side aisles, calming the quickened pulses, calling the House to its sober self.

The Congress that held the record for its use was the Fifty-first (1889—1891) where it was used five times. Perhaps Speaker Cannon remembered, while he was conjuring Mr. Gaines, the several times in 1890 when the mace was used—once against himself. Things were different then.

To be sure, they were revising the tariff, but the present House dictator was only a member on the floor and the immortal Dictator Reed was Speaker. Here is what happened during this record-breaking session:

The first time the mace was used was on January 31, 1890, when the Democrats made a fight against the Speaker's assumption to count a quorum under what he called general parliamentary law. There was an attempt to unseat Judge Jackson, of West Virginia. The galleries were packed, and the whole House was in an uproar.

Even the careful John G. Carlisle became so excited that he rushed down the aisle, demanding recognition.

On the Democratic side, Mills, Breckinridge, McMillan, Crisp, Bland, and others, clamored to be heard. At the same time, McKinley, Grosvenor, Rowell, Cannon, and other Republicans, claimed the floor, and shouted at the top of their voices: "Regular order!"

Out of the chaos strode the tall Mr. Bynum, down to the front desks, and, with powerful lungs, gave the Speaker an execration that boomed like a bass horn. The galleries were in uproar. Vainly the Speaker strove to get the House in order. Then the mace was brought out.

Oil on the Waters.

It was supposed, at first, that the sergeant-at-arms intended to arrest Mr. Bynum, and a brawny Illinoisian stood by him, prepared to resist. But the mace was merely carried up the main aisle and down the side aisles, amid the turbulent knots of members. It was like oil on troubled waters. The excitement died as quickly as it arose. The members seemed to recognize the significance of the symbol.

Again, on May 14 of the same year, the mace was in use. The House was sitting in the Committee of the Whole on the McKinley Bill. General Grosvenor, of Ohio, was in the chair. There was a bitter personal dispute between Mr. Bynum and General Bayne, of Pennsylvania, concerning the character of a glass manufacturer of Pittsburgh.

The confusion became terrible. Three-

quarters of the members were on their feet at once, shouting, applauding, and hissing.

At the height of the controversy, Mr. Bynum said that the glass manufacturer was a liar and a perjurer, and that, furthermore, he himself had just as great confidence in the manufacturer's character as he had in the character of General Bayne.

The Fight That Failed.

General Cutcheon demanded that the words be taken down, and the confusion became worse than a bridge-rush. Fists were raised, and it looked as if a free fight would result.

Just then the deputy sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Cavanaugh, appeared with the mace. Though the members were simply boiling over with rage, they sank back in their seats, and the House became so still that whispers could be heard.

Later that same night, Mr. Bynum was censured in front of the Speaker's desk, surrounded by Democratic sympathizers, for refusing to go to his seat when ordered by Speaker Reed. The mace was not ordered out—it had done enough for one day.

The third occasion came on June 25, while the Force Bill was under discussion. There had been a sharp exchange of personalities between Mr. Cannon and John H. O'Neill, of Indiana. Mr. O'Neill had made a cutting allusion to alleged purchasing of votes in Mr. Cannon's district, and "Uncle Joe" was on fire in an instant.

He had the floor, and was therefore able to shut off Mr. O'Neill from replying.

The hubbub became universal. On the Democratic side were cries of "Fair play! Fair play!"

Meanwhile the Republicans cheered Mr. Cannon and howled "Regular order!" Mr. O'Neill was very angry and insisted on being heard. Nor did he stop insisting until the mace came down the aisle where he was standing. Then it was over.

Two months later, on August 26, the services of the mace were again required during the exciting scenes attending the passage of the Conger Land Bill by the House. Three minutes after Mr. Cannon's celebrated reply to Mr. McAdoo there was an actual collision on the Republican side of the House. Blows were exchanged, and the floor became like bedlam.

Again the great mace went down the aisle, and in a few seconds order was restored.

The last time it was used during that Congress was in the turbulence and wild commotion caused by the effort of the Speaker to suppress Mr. Roger Q. Mills.

The terms "traitor" and "treason" were

being handed about rather freely, and some promiscuous profanity flooded into the argument. Every one expected a fist-fight, at least; but the mace, as usual, proved efficient, and things were soon quiet again.

The Fiftieth Congress, just preceding that one, had, in all, two occasions calling for the mace. But the worst single occasion of all was the time when it was required during the disorder in the Thirty-Sixth Congress, 1859—1861. Bad as scenes have been in other Congresses, they have borne no comparison to those in this one, which grew out of a dispute between Messrs. Keitt and Grow, just before the war.

Then there was a real free fight on the floor of the House. Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, who attempted to interfere, lost his artificial scalp. Men were floored with cuspidors. Vainly, at first, the mace was carried up and down the aisles; for the time being nothing availed.

But finally, as the symbol majestically moved about the House, one after another of the participants in this unprecedented fracas recognized it. Though the bitterness remained, the contestants respected the dignity of the symbol.

Congressman McCall said recently that the House of Representatives "is the most disorderly and noisiest legislative body in the world."

But even then it has never broken up the furniture, piled it in the center of the room, and had its picture taken standing on the ruins, as a Hungarian legislature did several years ago. But, of course, Hungary had no mace. Still, though the British House of Commons has a mace, on occasions of disorder there it has been the police who finally restored the peace.

The Mace of King Charles.

The history of the British mace is quite interesting. When the first one was made, no one knows; but, after the execution of King Charles I, in 1649, a new form of mace was demanded, more befitting the Commonwealth, and savoring less of royalty.

The royal mace had been surmounted by a crown of crosses and *fleurs-de-lis*. The new one had a coronet formed of St. George's crosses for England and harps for Ireland, and bore engraved on it: "The Freedome of England by God's blessing restored."

Above the coronet were four sprays of oak-leaves meeting, not with a ball and cross as before, but with the arms of England and Ireland on an acorn. This was used until 1653, when Cromwell bade one of his soldiers "Take away that fool's bauble."

Several cities, like Kingston, Jamaica,

claim to have this mace now, but really it was brought back later.

In 1660 a new mace was made for the House of Commons. It stands about four feet high. Its head consists of four royal badges, with the initials "C. R." and the royal arms of Charles II, surmounted by a royal crown with an orb and cross. The shaft is chased with roses and thistles.

When the Mace Was a Club.

Antiquarians tell us that it is probably composed of the shaft of the old mace of the days of Cromwell, to which was added a new head in place of the old one, in 1660.

So that the famous "hauble" is not really lost or reposing in some far-off city, but is still borne in front of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

The mace was originally, of course, a weapon of offense, and its recognition as a symbol of power or authority came later. As a weapon, it had a tearing, crushing effect on armor, due to its original flanged head. When pistols came in the mace became a symbol only and, from being useful, became merely ornamental. Then it contracted all the later artistic additions.

Civic maces were military maces turned upside down. Kings, judges, ministers, and other officials had a liking for the mace with its fine metal work and carvings. It took its place with the sword of state.

It was the mark of judicial or executive authority. The *sergeant-at* or *of-mace* was for ages invested with ceremonial authority in the House of Commons.

In the Tower of London are maces, scepters, and rods in great profusion. There is St. Edward's mace, which weighs ninety pounds, and is a golden staff surmounted by a ball containing a piece of the "true cross." Other royal scepters are those of the Dove, of Victoria, Mary, and Maria d'Este.

Many cities in Great Britain still have maces, or are authorized to have them. Most famous is that of the Lord Mayor of London, dating from the fifteenth century.

It is still carried in his ponderous coach on state occasions. The king receives the sword of the city, but not the mace. This same mace was used in giving thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada, in 1588. It is a staff nearly two feet long, surmounted with gold and pearls, rubies and sapphires, in the shape of crosses and *fleurs-de-lis*.

Canterbury has a mace dating from James I. York has a silver mace. Winchester has one, and Southampton has two large ones and a small one. Glastonbury has one which is three hundred years old. Carlisle has a famous mace, while Edinburgh has one,

bearing the date 1617, made of gilt silver, with a crown and the national emblems.

Some forty other towns have maces, including Oxford and Cambridge, with gilt-silver maces and small maces for the town sergeants. Bristol has nine maces.

Some of these municipal maces are so arranged that the tops can be taken off and used as drinking-cups at civic banquets, being filled with wine for the higher officials and spiced ale for the lesser.

But the mace has even a more ancient and honorable origin. Under the old Roman republic the magistrates went from one place to another on foot, setting up little courts here and there, and executing sentences on the spot. They were accompanied by a small body of men called lictors, who made way for them, made arrests, and executed sentences.

Each lictor carried a bundle of rods tied together with thongs and having an ax bound to the outside of it. The thongs were used for scourging, the ax for beheading, and the rods for beating.

These bundles were known as *fascies*, and in time came to be the symbols of authority. When the magistrates passed, the *fascies* were borne aloft ahead of them. If disorder arose, the *fascies* appeared; and all Roman citizens, upon the mere sight, were required to be orderly.

When the Romans conquered Britain they, of course, brought in the use of the *fascies*, and, like many other Roman customs, this remained with the British people. It was no longer used in inflicting punishment, but became merely a symbol—the badge of office.

The Ancient Symbol.

The great councils of the early Saxons developed into one general body in the fourteenth century, which became known as the House of Commons. In all the early councils the use of the *fascies* was continued, but it came to be known as the "mace," and gradually the Roman *fascies* and the English military mace grew into one symbol of legislative authority.

And so it is that the "American *fascies*" is really much more than a mere name. It is the symbol of everything that underlies the modern Anglo-Saxon theory of representative government—respect for law and order, which makes modern civilization possible.

It is a matter worth noting that in those parliaments where no mace exists, disorder is far more frequent and violent than it is, for example, at Westminster or Washington.

Is this coincidence, or temperament, or The Mace?



ALAS! FOR THE EARLY VEGETARIAN!

A SCIENTIFIC REPORT OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE
MANY YEARS AGO, WHEN INDUCED TO EAT MUTTON.



IT seems strange, to-day, that as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, a vegetarian should have been regarded as an anomaly. The *Journal de Médecine* for the month of August, 1760, relates that the Abbé Devilleclieu had, from his infancy, an insurmountable aversion to all food "derived from an animal having once had life." Neither the caresses of his parents, it is said, nor the threats of his preceptors, could prevail, even at a tender age, over the strength of this feeling. It was the same during the progress of his youth; and, even till he was thirty years of age, he fed only upon eggs and vegetables.

Pressed, however, to make some efforts against this habit, he began by taking soup made with beef and mutton. Insensibly, he grew to eat these meats; and, for some time, he used them without inconvenience. "Little by little," the annal proceeds, "he grew fat, but a plethora soon followed; he lost his sleep, and fell into a state of frenzy, followed by convulsions."

"His new food," continues the writer of this article, "furnished him with juices more abundant than his former. Hence, the slightest of fever (and he had this) occasioned a rarefaction of his fluids, and a considerable distention in his vessels—a distention which extended to those of the brain, where the danger was greatest. There followed a strong compression of the smaller vessels of the nerves, and nothing more was requisite to disturb the economy of this viscera, produce an inflammation, and convulsions which became fatal to the patient in spite of an issue on the arm, two on the feet, one on the jugular, the use of embrocations and bathtings, which only procured

him temporary tranquillity and momentary sleep."

The following is another phenomenon, not so fatal, but equally extraordinary, related by the same author:

"A very amiable lady, much cherished by her husband (a particular which must be kept in mind, not because it is a rare one, but because it adds to the remarkableness of the phenomenon in question), was unable, without becoming ill, not only to eat, but even to look on veal, in whatever manner it was prepared. This antipathy went so far that, if it were brought to table, she would become unable to rise, and in need of being carried away to bed. The mere odor of this meat produced the same terrible effect.

"One day veal soup was mixed with the beef she was to take. Scarcely had she swallowed a few drops, when her hands grew stiff, her countenance pale, and her look wild; terrible convulsions followed, and she suffered from the injury during three days.

"Her husband thought that, by eating veal in her presence, he should insensibly accustom her to its use. The event was otherwise. He became himself the object of her invincible hatred; his presence produced the same symptoms and convulsions as that of veal, and, though this man loved her to distraction, she detested and could not support his sight."

Cases of similar antipathies are, of course, not rare; but it should be remarked that these antipathies are quite as often directed against vegetables as against meats. Instances of persons to whom apples are anathema occur quite as frequently as of persons who cannot eat beef. But it is rare that such antipathies lead to death.



THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

A MOST PRECIOUS TREASURE LONG SOUGHT
BY THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

WHAT was the Grail? Where did it come from, and what became of it? Many people who have seen references to this one of the most famous legends in all history, have wondered how the old story originated, and how it came down to us in its present form. Briefly, these are the facts concerning it and the legend, as nearly as we can know them, for the dust of ages which has so long obscured them.

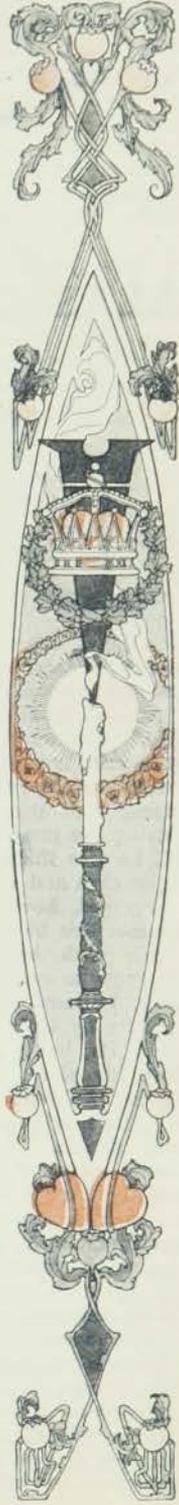
Many different writers have used this ancient story, which in its primitive form, was of Celtic origin, and which was one of the most popular romances of the Middle Ages. The first trace we find of it is as an unfinished poem—by Christien de Troyes, a French trouvère, who died about 1195—called "Parceval," or "Le Conte del Graal," which was completed by a person or persons unknown. On this poem, Wolfram von Eschenbach, of South Germany, founded, about 1210, his "Parzival," which is considered the finest poem on the legend.

There are two versions of the romance. In the oldest form, the hero is *Parzival* or *Percival*. In the other, of which the best and most complete version, and the one most familiar to us, is by Sir Thomas Malory in his "Morte d'Arthur," the hero is *Sir Galahad*, the son of *Lancelot du Lac*. Tennyson uses this second form in his "Idylls of the King." On the other, older version, Wagner founded the music-drama "Parsifal."

The Holy Grail, called the Sangreal by the ancient writers, was the cup from which Christ drank while at the Last Supper. Joseph of Arimathea, wishing to preserve something of our Lord's, took the cup with him from the table. During the crucifixion, when one of the Roman soldiers thrust his spear through the dying Savior's side, some of the blood which flowed from the wound was caught by Joseph in this cup, which thenceforth became doubly sacred.

Joseph took the cup to England, and placed it in the abbey of Glastonbury, which he founded. Here it remained for many generations, an object of veneration. Many mystic qualities were attributed to it, and by its beneficent presence peace and plenty were shed over all the land.

So long as the guardians of the cup were pure in thought, in word, and deed, all was well. But at length a young monk, to whose care it was committed, forgot his vows. The Grail vanished, and with it went the prosperity of the land. Violence and distress became the people's portion, until the reign of



King Arthur. He did his best to restore what he could of happiness and prosperity, but without much success.

One day, when all the Knights of the Round Table were feasting with the king in the great hall at Camelot, a soft radiance suddenly illumined the place, and the air was filled with sweet odors. The Holy Grail appeared, veiled in a scarf of white samite, so that it could be seen only indistinctly. It hovered in the air above the table for a moment, and slowly vanished again.

Then rose in his seat Sir Gawaine, the Courteous Knight, and vowed a solemn vow to go upon the pilgrimage of the Grail, so that, if by chance, it might be recovered and brought back, the torn land would be at rest once more.

Then appeared an old man, leading by the hand a youthful knight of fair countenance, and the old man said:

"Peace be with you, fair sirs! I bring you here a young knight of the line of Joseph of Arimathea"—and the name of the knight was Sir Galahad.

Now at the Round Table there were twelve seats for the twelve disciples of Christ, and one for the traitor Judas. None of the knights had ever ventured to sit in that seat, since a Saracen, who once placed himself therein, was swallowed up; and it was called the *Siège Perilous* from that day. But Sir Galahad sat there unharmed, so that the king and his knights each looked at him in wonder; and on the table before him there appeared these words:

"This is the seat of Sir Galahad, the good Knight."

So they marveled more than ever, and said:

"Perhaps this is he who may achieve the adventure of the *Sangreal*."

The knights then celebrated a solemn mass, and set forth each upon his own way to seek the Holy Grail. But only three ever saw it; and to but one of these did it appear unveiled.

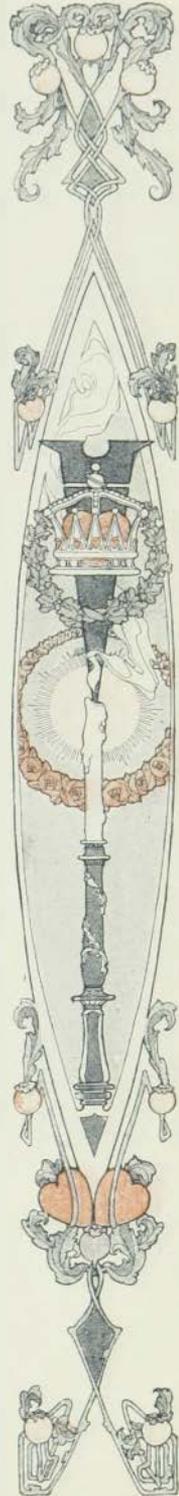
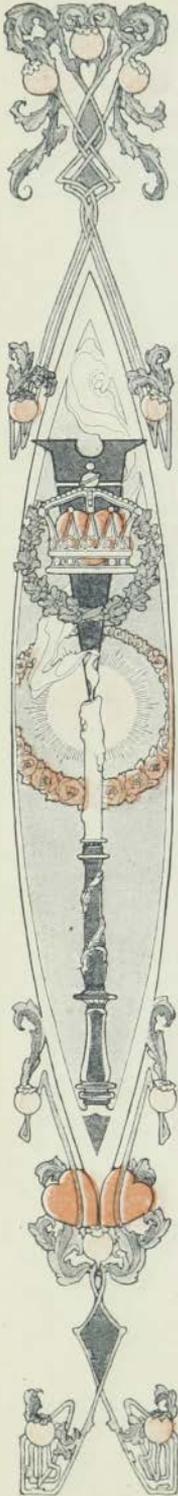
First of them all started out Sir Lancelot du Lac, the bravest and most accomplished knight of all the *Table Round*. For many a day he rode through pathless forests, until he came at last to a stone cross, near which was an old chapel; and looking through a chink in the wall, he spied an altar richly decked with silk, and on it a tall branched candlestick of silver, bearing lighted tapers.

Here he would fain have entered, but there was no door. So he laid himself down upon his shield beneath a tree at the foot of the cross, for it was night. And as he lay between sleeping and waking, there came a sick knight, borne in a litter, who lamented and complained, crying:

"Oh, sweet Lord, how long shall I suffer thus before the blessed cup shall give my pain relief?"

Then Sir Lancelot, as though in a dream from which he could not waken, saw the candlestick come out before the cross; and after it came the Holy Grail, veiled in red samite, and borne by invisible hands, and the knight was healed of his disease. Then the tapers and the cup returned into the chapel, and all was dark.

As the stranger knight kneeled before the cross to give thanks, he beheld Sir Lancelot, and wondered





that he could rest thus when the holy vessel was present near him. But his squire said:

"I trow this man is guilty of sins of which he repenteth, but which he hath not confessed;" and this was true. For Lancelot was the lover of his king's wife, Queen Guinevere, and therefore the Grail was not for him. So they departed, and Sir Lancelot woke, and wept and sorrowed until the break of day.

Then he arose and wandered on until he came to where dwelt a saintly hermit, and to him he confessed his sins. The hermit absolved him, and ordered him to perform a severe penance, and Sir Lancelot abode with him for a while, and repented sorely.

It chanced, then, that one night he came to a great castle, guarded by lions. And as he entered, he laid his hand upon his sword, but it was smitten out of his grasp, and a voice cried:

"O man of evil faith, trustest thou more in thine arms than in thy Maker?"

Sir Lancelot crossed himself and the lions suffered him to pass unarmed. He came at last to a chamber where the door was shut, and within a voice, sweeter than any mortal's, was singing. Sir Lancelot kneeled down and prayed, and the door opened. All around him was a wondrous brightness; and the voice said:

"Enter not, Sir Lancelot!"

In the chamber he beheld a table of silver, and on it the Sangreal, veiled in red samite. And about it stood a throng of angels holding a cross, and the tapers and ornaments of the altar.

In joy and amazement Sir Lancelot forgot the command, and stepped forward to enter the room, but a hot breath smote him to the ground, he felt himself lifted up, borne away, and laid upon a bed, where he lay for twenty-four days; and in his sleep he saw many a vision of strange and wondrous things. When he awoke, and told those about him of what he had seen, they said to him:

"Sir, you have seen all that you shall see, and the quest of the Sangreal is ended for you."

Sir Galahad, when it came his turn, rode forth without a shield upon his journey, and on the fifth day he came to a great white abbey, where he met two knights, who told him that within that place was a shield that none might wear save he alone who was worthy.

On the morrow they rode to where the shield was hanging; when one of the knights called King Baydemagus, took it and hung it about his neck. Then came riding a knight clothed in white armor, who tilted with King Baydemagus, overthrew him, and wounded him sorely, for the shield slipped from his shoulder and refused to cover him.

The next day Sir Galahad put on the shield, when it hung in its place. He then rode to the place of meeting, and asked of the white knight a solution of the mystery.

The latter replied, "This is the shield of the gentle knight, Joseph of Arimathea, and when he died he declared that none should ever after safely bear it, save only the good knight Sir Galahad, the last of his



line, who should perform many wondrous deeds;" and speaking thus the white knight vanished from sight.

Many great deeds did Sir Galahad, and many a lonely heath, many a gloomy forest, many a pleasant countryside, and many a town, did he visit in his wanderings, till at last he came to the borders of the sea, guided by a gentle woman, the sister of Sir Perceval, a brother Knight of the Round Table.

There he found a vessel in which were Sir Bohort and Sir Perceval, who welcomed him warmly. They afterward passed over the sea to the great rocks, where was a fearful whirlpool; and there lay another ship, by stepping on which they might gain the land. The three knights went on board, Sir Galahad first.

Here they beheld the table of silver and the Holy Grail, veiled in red samite; they all kneeled before it, and Sir Galahad prayed that whenever he should desire to die, his prayer might be granted. Then was heard a voice saying:

"Galahad, thou shalt have thy wish; and when thou desirest the death of thy body, it shall be granted thee and thou shalt find the life of thy soul."

The ship now began to drive before the wind till it came to the city of Sarras. There the knights took the silver table out of the ship, Sir Bohort and Sir Perceval going first and Sir Galahad behind.

On reaching the city gates they met a man upon crutches, and Sir Galahad called him to come and help to carry the table; when the cripple arose and bare it with Sir Galahad, although it was ten years that he had not walked without aid.

The king of that city had just died, and in the midst of the council a voice cried out bidding them choose as ruler the youngest of the three strangers. When Sir Galahad was chosen king, he commanded a chest to be made of gold and jewels, wherein he placed the Sangreal, and every day he and his comrades kneeled down and prayed before it.

When it was a year to a day that Sir Galahad had reigned in that country, he went in upon a day to do homage to the holy vessel. And first he saw a man who kneeled before it in shining raiment, surrounded by a multitude of angels; and the man rose, and said to Sir Galahad:

"Come, servant of the Lord, and thou shalt see what thou hast long desired to see."

And he stepped back, and the angels with him, and lo! there was the Holy Grail, shining as though with the very light of heaven, and the veil of samite had fallen from it. When Sir Galahad saw this, he trembled. The stranger said:

"Knowest thou me?"

"Nay," said Sir Galahad.

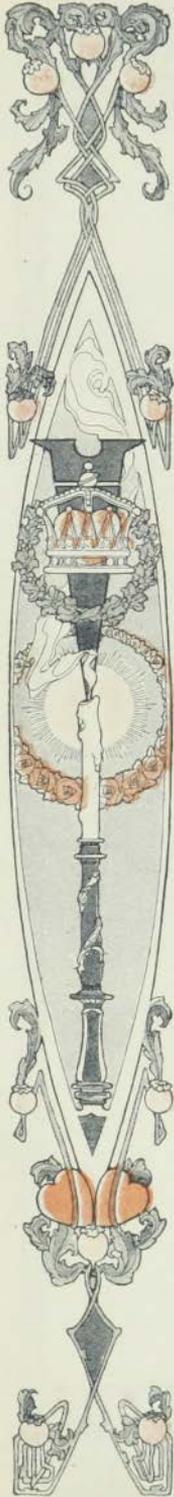
The man said:

"I am Joseph of Arimathea, whom the Lord hath sent to bear thee fellowship."

Sir Galahad lifted up his hands to heaven, and said:

"Now, Lord, if it pleaseth thee, I would no longer desire to live."

And after he had prayed the angels bore his soul up to heaven, and a hand came from above and took the Sangreal up out of their sight, nor hath mortal man ever since beheld it.





A GREAT SEA-SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM (1784—1842).

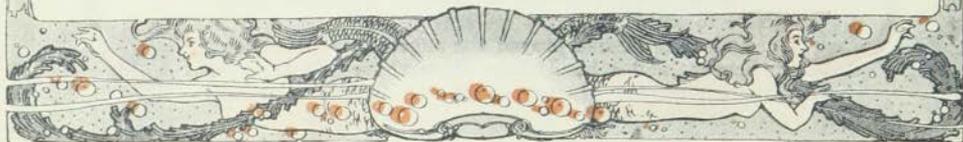


INSTANCES are numerous in which the fame of a poet rests almost entirely on a single song. This is the case of "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea." The phrase has passed into the nautical parlance of both England and America, and is the title of innumerable pictures. It was written almost a hundred years ago by a Scotch poet who began life as a stone-mason.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant-mast;
 And bends the gallant-mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

"Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!"
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snorting breeze
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free;
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

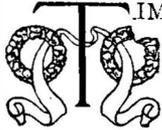
There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud;
 And hark the music, mariners—
 The wind is piping loud!
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.



BUSINESS AND POLITICS.

BY FRANK MACDONALD.

EX-LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR WOODRUFF SUCCESSFUL
IN BOTH, AND FINDS TIME FOR OTHER THINGS.



TIMOTHY LESTER WOODRUFF, three times elected to the office of Lieutenant-Governor of New York, is actively engaged in as great a diversity of employments as any man in the United States. Besides having been the president of a prosperous insurance company, he is also president of the Smith Premier Typewriter Company, of a company that makes a malt-extract, is connected with savings institutions and industrial corporations by the score, and is continually active in New York politics. When Charles E. Hughes, Governor of New York, ran for the office, Woodruff conducted his campaign for him.

"How does Woodruff manage to find time for all his work?" asked one of the visitors at campaign headquarters.

"Makes it, I guess," said one of the men there. "He wouldn't be happy unless he was crowded with work, and had more to do than three or four ordinary men could attend to."

Woodruff was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1858, and studied at Philips Exeter Academy and Yale, being graduated from the latter in 1879. Immediately after graduation he commenced a business career, and has continued it with uniform success. His family connections enabled him to launch out at once in positions of importance, and his own ability was such that he made good in these early undertakings and added others on his own account. There was no apparent limit to his versatility, for before he was twenty-five years old he had made his mark in twenty industries. About as good work as any he has done has been in connection with the life-insurance business.

The Provident Savings Life-Insurance Company, under his presidency, figured as a sound and conservative concern that steadily built up a solid business without resorting to spectacular and costly methods. In relation to its income, it is the twenty-first largest company that makes reports to the New York State insurance department, and it has an income of nearly four and

one-half millions of dollars a year, and pays to its policy-holders close to two millions a year. Under Woodruff, who became president when the affairs of the company were at low ebb, it prospered and built up a following among people to whom the other insurance companies do not appeal.

The development of the business of the Smith Premier Typewriter Company is another thing with which Woodruff has been intimately connected. When the machine was put on the market, the field seemed to be crowded to such an extent that there was hardly room for the newcomer. Yet it was pushed to such advantage that it speedily found its public and won, and still holds, a place as a standard machine and one of the best sellers and biggest money-earners in the country.

Since the Smith Premier first made its appeal for public approval and support, over three hundred different makes of typewriters have tried to gain a foothold. All of them struggled on for a while, and finally many were forced to give up the battle. Another enterprise that Woodruff has headed with good financial results to himself and all concerned is the malt-extract company.

The result of the business ability which he has shown is such that he has built up a considerable fortune, and stands as one of the richest and most influential men in the Borough of Brooklyn, where he lives. In the Adirondacks his summer-home, Camp Killkare, has been the place where political meetings of leaders were often held and where policies for the State party were formulated.

Woodruff, even before he left college, had begun to take an intense interest in politics. The game appealed strongly to him, and, as soon as he was well settled in business, he entered politics, and has stayed there ever since. The first real fight he had was in 1886, when he sought and won a position as delegate to the Republican State convention. This was followed up, in 1888, by his becoming a delegate to the Republican national convention that nominated Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton.

During the campaign that followed, Woodruff was one of the hardest of the workers, and it was at that time he learned the finer moves in politics.

His activity and tireless industry in behalf of his party won recognition, both in Brooklyn and in the State. In 1896, he was rewarded with the nomination for lieutenant-governor. Frank S. Black was the candidate for Governor, and he and Woodruff were elected. Two years later, after one of the most memorable conventions ever held in the State, Theodore Roosevelt was nominated to succeed Black, and Woodruff was again nominated as lieutenant-governor. The nomination of Roosevelt as Vice-President withdrew him from State politics, and Benjamin B. Odell was made the gubernatorial candidate, with Woodruff again in second place. Thus, he served three consecutive terms as lieutenant-governor, with three different men in the position of the State's chief executive. The record is unique.

After retiring from office, at the end of 1901, Woodruff did not again seek office. However, his interest in politics continued, and he was conspicuously active in the Presidential campaign of 1904. He was also one of the leaders in a factional fight that broke out in the State Republican organization, and when the fight was finished

Woodruff and his followers were on the top of the pile.

The uncertainty and demoralization that characterized the Republican ranks cleared away, in a great measure, after the Saratoga convention had placed Charles E. Hughes in nomination for Governor. Woodruff was selected to conduct the campaign, and in spite of the split within the organization, and the opposition of warring factions, he managed to succeed with the head of the ticket, although the rest of the State ticket went down in defeat.

Woodruff's political activity has never interfered with his business, and except for the six years he was in office, he has been a tireless worker at his desk, and he also has the faculty of getting work out of other men. His ability to act as a placator was shown when a crowd of Yale boys, elated with victory, had grown boisterous in New York, one night, and were apparently bent on proceeding from loud words to destructive deeds. Woodruff, as a Yale alumnus, was known to all of them, and he plunged in and managed to divert their energies to non-dangerous channels.

"He did that neat," said a policeman, mopping his brow.

"Sure," said a student knowingly; "why don't you know that fellow can make even a politician keep the peace?"

MORE FACTS ABOUT ANIMALS.

HOW THE CUCKOO CONTRIBUTED TO THE WORLD'S MUSICAL SCIENCE—THE CATS OF OLD ENGLAND.

CATS came into England before the Norman Conquest.

A camel has twice the carrying power of an ox.

There are seven million cats in the United Kingdom.

There are no fewer than one thousand eight hundred known sorts of lizards in the world.

In Great Britain there are nearly twelve million head of cattle.

A goose has been known to live fifty years, a swan one hundred years, a sparrow forty years, a hen ten years, and a robin, twelve years.

Pheasants sometimes live fifteen years.

Hawks fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

A dog has lived thirty-nine days without food.

A good-sized turtle gives eighty pounds of tortoise-shell.

An offer of two thousand five hundred dollars for a Persian cat at the Sydenham show in 1869 was refused.

The first settlers in Brazil paid one thousand five hundred dollars for a cat, and for kittens their weight in gold-dust.

The cuckoo may be said to have done much for musical science; because from that bird has been derived the minor scale, the origin of which has puzzled so many; the cuckoo's couplet being the minor third sung downward.

Many years ago when the Prussian authorities, under pecuniary pressure, were about to cut down certain trees near Cologne, which were frequented by nightingales, the alarmed citizens purchased the trees to save the birds and keep their music.



SPUKENSWALD.

A Ghost-Story Translated from the German.



COUNT ROGUEINVALT resided at a large, but antiquated, castle about two leagues from the town of Fulda, in Germany. He was one of those persons who may travel by water without the least dread of any disaster from that element; for, in the words of Gonzalo, there "was no drowning mark about him." Many noblemen of his time were justly celebrated for rascality, but Count Rogueinvault was a little in advance of them all; or, to use the phrase of a respected contemporary, he was "one of the d—dest."

He had passed through a regular apprenticeship to the devil, and had now set up business on his own account, having discovered the incapacity of his master to give him any further instructions. His soul had a very suitable residence in a body shockingly distorted; he was hump-backed, hip-shotten, wry-necked, bandy-legged, and, in fact, too ugly even for the acceptance of an old maid of forty-six, and that is about as extreme a case of deformity as we can conceive. His features were much on a par with his figure.

The castle which the count inhabited was on the edge of an extensive forest, which literally swarmed with robbers, so that few travelers, who had anything to lose, took it into their heads to pass that way. The count was on the best terms imaginable with the freebooters; indeed, he was, to all intents and purposes, their captain. His hall was the scene of their carousals, and there they divided their booty and planned their future depredations. His cellars were constantly stored with the best wines, which his kind coadjutors had extracted from the vaults of the neighboring castles. It may be imagined that the lives of these worthies passed away very comfortably—if we suppose conscience and the dread of punishment to be left out of the question.

One great difficulty which robbers generally meet with in their professional operations is the disposal of their prisoners. Killing them is usually regarded as an approved method of getting them out of the way; but then the question arises, "What

is to be done with the bodies?" The maxim that "Dead men tell no tales" is not altogether true, for the very bones of a dead man have been known to rise up in judgment against a murderer, and blood itself is a most eloquent witness.

Now, the manner in which Count Rogueinvault and his gang disposed of their prisoners is very ingenious, and should be recorded for the benefit of other practitioners who may be placed in similar situations. They killed them first, and then ate them. This custom, adopted at first merely for concealment, became at length so agreeable by practise that they preferred human flesh to all other viands. When no stranger was to be had, some fat peasant was frequently kidnaped to supply the deficiency.

Many country people in the neighborhood disappeared in the most mysterious manner, and, as they were too poor to tempt the cupidity of the outlaws, their relatives were entirely unsuspecting of their fate. Alas! they little thought that their beloved fathers, brothers, or sons were then seething in the caldrons at Spukenswald Castle, or smoking on the board of their flint-hearted landlord! When there was more than enough to supply their own wants, Rogueinvault caused his servants to make up the residue into sausages, which were disposed of in the markets of Fulda and Cassell.

The Countess of Rogueinvault was scarcely behind her husband in the cruelty of her heart. She assisted in the slaughter of the prisoners, and sat with the robbers at their unnatural banquets.

They had three children. The eldest was a daughter, called Wilhelmine, a very beautiful girl of eighteen, but, as might be expected, rather unamiable in her disposition. The other two children were boys.

One day as Wilhelmine was walking on the road at some distance from the castle, she discovered a gentleman advancing on horseback, and immediately congratulated herself on the prospect of making a captive. When he drew near she perceived, with little emotion, that he was young and very handsome; but what chiefly interested her was that he was tolerably fat.

The gentleman seemed struck with her appearance, and made some inquiries about the road to Coblentz. When she had answered his demands she courteously invited him to repose a while at Spukenswald Castle, seconding the invitation with a languishing glance, which convinced him that he had made an impression on her heart. As he was already half in love, he instantly resolved to accompany her, and dismounted from his horse, that he might walk by her side and converse more conveniently. The apparent modesty and amiability of the designing girl soon completed her conquest, and ere they had reached the castle he had made an offer of his hand. He informed her that he was the eldest son of Prince Puckenick, going with despatches to the emperor.

By this time they had entered the castle, and young Puckenick, at a signal from Wilhelmine, was seized by four ferocious men, who hurried him to the apartment they had fitted up as a slaughter-house. This was a place underground, about fifteen feet square, lighted only by an aperture in the top. The pavement was of brick, in the form of an inverted pyramid, intended to carry off the blood through a sink in the earth. The unhappy young man could not imagine why he had been dragged hither, and begged his treacherous mistress, who had followed them, to explain.

"You will know it all soon enough," said one of the ruffians, as he fastened a rope around the prince's legs; another of the villains then pulled up the rope, which passed through a block near the ceiling, and the ill-fated youth was suspended with his head downward and his back against the wall. A third ruffian then began to sharpen a long butcher's knife on a grindstone, which was turned by the fourth.

While this was going on the prince sorrowfully entreated Wilhelmine, who stood observing the process, to tell him why he was treated in this manner. A smile of contempt was all the answer she vouchsafed to his queries. At this moment Wilhelmine's two little brothers came in to see the fun, for boys always like to be where there is any mischief going on; one urged the fellow who was grinding the knife to make haste, and the other was so impatient that he seized a cleaver and was about to perform the operation himself, when his sister called on him to forbear, lest he should spoil the meat.

At length, the knife being deemed sharp enough, the wretch who held it, coolly whistling some horrible waltz, approached the prince, and was about to draw the edge of the instrument across his throat.

"Hold, one moment!" cried Prince Puckenick, in a tone of the deepest horror. "Oh," he piteously exclaimed to Wilhelmine, "will you not save me? Can you see me butchered in this most cruel and causeless manner?"

"Why," said Wilhelmine, with a sneering laugh, "I merely wish to eat a piece of your heart; and as you just now told me that it was all my own, you surely cannot blame me for using it according to my fancy."

A few faint struggles marked the last moments of the unhappy prince, and in less than two hours the robbers were feasting on his remains!

On account of the dangerous condition of the forests through which the young prince had designed to pass, he had commenced his journey under the protection of a large troop of horse; but, being naturally of an adventurous temper, he had that day ridden some leagues in advance of his guard. The latter, however, had reached the spot where the prince had met with Wilhelmine, just about the time when the body of the prince, disjointed and reeking from the caldron, was placed upon the tables in the great hall of the castle. Thirty robbers sat down to the repast; many were the songs and the jests which resounded through the apartment, as the diabolical company prolonged their merriment. The count, the countess, and their daughter joined heartily in the mirth, which was shortly to meet with a fearful interruption.

The prince's guard soon discovered by the tracks what route their young master had taken, and, unsuspecting of any foul play, the whole troop, consisting of fifty armed men, arrived at the castle while the outlaws were in the zenith of their hilarity. The latter were taken completely by surprise when the guard entered the room, and inquired for Prince Puckenick. They were informed that the prince had proceeded on his journey about half an hour before their arrival.

"We have come in good time," said the captain of the guard to Count Rogueinvault; "in good time to claim your hospitality; but the number of your guests is already so large, that we fear we shall tax your kindness by availing ourselves of your entertainment."

So saying, the captain and his troop, without waiting for an invitation, seated themselves on the benches which the robbers had just relinquished. The countess affected great affability to her unexpected guests. While the feast was in progress, Rogueinvault ordered in a large quarter of wine, which was impregnated with a deadly

poison. This was distributed freely among the soldiers, so that each soon drank a sufficient quantity to make his death inevitable.

"This is excellent veal," said the captain of the guard, as he greedily swallowed slice after slice of the prince's body.

"No wonder at that," answered Count Rogueinvalt, with a demoniac leer; "doubtless the calf was well pastured."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed one of the guard, as he put his fork into the dish and drew forth a human hand. At this exclamation, all eyes were turned on the person who made it, and the latter held the hand up on his fork, in full view of the company.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the captain of the guard, in a faltering voice; "have we fallen among cannibals?" Then, as if stung by a sudden suspicion, he turned to the count and said severely, "Whose hand is this?"

The count made no reply. Rising from his seat, the captain ordered the castle to be searched. In a short time, the clothes of the murdered prince were found, dabbled in blood and stripped of all their valuable ornaments. A servant of the count was seized and ordered to confess all that he knew relative to the murder, which was now reasonably suspected. At first the man refused to make any acknowledgment, and the captain of the guard ordered him to the courtyard, to be put to the rack. When his finger and toe nails had been torn off with pincers, and the soldiers were proceeding to apply thumb-screws, the wretch requested them to forbear; and he then made a full confession of his own and his master's guilt.

In the meanwhile, the robbers and the remaining servants had fortified themselves in the hall, and it was some hours before the guard could succeed in dislodging them. At length, however, they were routed, and the whole of them put to death. But no sooner was this punishment inflicted than the avengers themselves began to feel the effects of the poison they had taken, and the whole troop dropped dead almost simultaneously.

The count, his wife and children, had hid themselves in some back building, and so escaped. The nerves of the countess, however, were so much shocked by the fright she had received, that she died that night in a fit of hysterics. The two boys entered the banquet-room the next morning, and stealthily drank some wine which had been left, not knowing that it contained poison; so they died, also, and now the count and Wilhelmine were all that were left alive.

Rogueinvalt, in the course of his nefarious practises, had amassed immense sums of money, and he now resolved to remove, with his daughter, to a distant part of Germany. From this time, the castle of Spukenswald was uninhabitable. Never was any place so terribly haunted before; though all the old-fashioned castles in Germany had the name of being haunted, more or less. Here it may be remarked that all antiquated buildings are especially liable to be infested with rats, snakes, cockroaches, and other vermin.

* * *

LET us leave the castle for a space of about five years, while we conduct the reader to the town of Freiburg, and introduce him to a young gentleman of good family, called Hermann von Bogel. Christopher von Bogel, the father of this young gentleman, was in reduced circumstances at the time of his death, as he was a younger son, but his elder brother, Baron Wiggensberg, inherited a large fortune; and, as he was childless, it was generally thought that Hermann would be his heir. But the baron had disappeared in an unaccountable manner, and had not been heard of for several years; so that it was unknown whether he was living or dead. Hermann, whose hopes of future subsistence were centered in his uncle, had now but a frail dependence, as the baron had most probably died intestate.

Hermann had become enamored of a charming young lady, Margaret Schemmerhorn, and he had the pleasure to find that his attachment was reciprocated. But, a short time before their union was to have been consummated, Hermann's affections were strangely alienated, and fastened on another object. This object was on Fräulein Dorothea Zieglendorffer, the daughter of a very wealthy gentleman who had lately become a resident in that neighborhood. Herr Zieglendorffer lived in the greatest splendor. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of his entertainments, and an air of unbounded opulence prevailed.

His daughter was superlatively handsome, and the effect of her charms was heightened by the richness of her dress, for her person was literally covered with jewels. Of course, she was very well qualified to strike the imagination of a young man in straitened pecuniary circumstances. But Hermann was sagacious enough to discover that he was not so likely to strike the imagination of Fräulein Zieglendorffer. However, there are few young men who do not see in themselves something likely to attract the favorable regard of young

ladies, and indeed we must say, young ladies are seldom very fastidious. So Hermann indulged many delicious hopes that his person and talents would make him acceptable in the eyes of Fräulein Zieglerdorffer.

He succeeded in becoming acquainted with the lady, for her father kept open house. Then Hermann selected a moment which he deemed most propitious, and made an avowal of his passion; but she coolly replied that she "had no intention whatever of getting married."

It was now the mere cast of a copper with Hermann whether he should hang himself or persevere in his suit. The latter course seemed to be hopeless, and the former offered no very inviting prospect. Thus situated, he thought it advisable to consult an old astrologer who lived in a cave, about two leagues from Freiburg. To this course he was chiefly impelled by an admonition formerly given him by his father, concerning which more will be said hereafter.

It was late in the evening when Hermann arrived at the door of the astrologer's cell. The seer sat on an iron chair; before him was a table of the same durable material, covered with parchments, full of strange figures. He raised his head as Hermann entered, and regarded the youth sternly.

"Sir," said Hermann von Bogel to the ancient wizard, "these were the last words of my dying father: 'When thou findest thyself, my son, in circumstances of the greatest peril and distress, go to the great master of cabalistic art, mine ever dear friend Schafner; ask his advice, for he can assist thee when all human aid besides is powerless to render thee service. But, beware, my son; trouble not the man of art on any slight and trivial occasion.'"

"And how dost thou heed thy father's advice?" demanded the wizard, with a stern voice and angry countenance. "A childish affair of love brings thee to interrupt my studies and squander that time, every moment of which is more valuable than the emperor's treasury."

"Pardon me," responded the youth. "Once in my life had I resolved to require thy counsel. Once only shall Hermann von Bogel intrude on thy kindness. The time has come. Let me have the benefit of thy instructions now, or to-morrow I will not be living to renew the request."

"Thou hintest at self-destruction," said Schafner. "Thou wouldst have the madness, the impiety, the silly temerity, to commit suicide; and yet thou hast not the courage to win thy mistress, when nothing but

courage is wanted for the attainment of that object."

"Reverend sage," returned Hermann, his cheek glowing and his eye flashing with indignation, "do thou name any means by which Dorothea Zieglerdorffer may be won; and though exposed to all the powers of earth and hell, thou shalt see that I have courage to engage in the task."

"Listen, then, to this prophecy," said Schafner, taking from a shelf a large volume, bound in black leather, which he opened and read as follows:

**Who enters, at midnight, dread Spukenswald's hall,
And the talisman ring away shall bear,
Though the sweetness of love may be chang'd into gall,
Fulfill'd are his wishes, whatever they are.**

"About sixty leagues hence, on the road to Fulda, you will find the castle spoken of in these verses. Any of the peasants in the vicinity can direct you to the spot. Your success depends entirely on your presence of mind and unbending courage. The least alarm, or even horror, at aught you behold may not only frustrate your wishes, but will place your life in imminent jeopardy. I must tell you no more now; if you obtain the ring, bring it to me, and I will give you further instructions. If you fail, your immediate destruction is unavoidable.

* * *

INVIGORATED by hope, and burning with impatience, Hermann took leave of the astrologer. The next morning, by break of day, he mounted his horse and proceeded on the route which Schafner had indicated. On the evening of the fourth day he arrived at the neighborhood to which he had been directed. A light gleamed from the window of a small hovel. He was exhausted and fatigued, and resolved to obtain some refreshment, if possible, before he entered the dreary grounds which surrounded the castle of Spukenswald.

He alighted, rapped gently at the door of the wretched dwelling; a voice within invited him to enter. On opening the door, he perceived an aged woman seated on a shattered chair, and reading by the light of a fir torch.

"Mother," said Hermann, "I am benighted, wearied, bewildered. Can you afford me a morsel of food, permit me to rest myself for an hour, and direct me to the castle of Spukenswald?"

The woman closed her book, and fixing her eyes on Hermann with an air of astonishment, repeated, "The castle of Spukenswald!"

"Aye, my good mother, that is my destination," answered Hermann.

"The castle of Spukenswald lies northward, at the distance of two leagues," said the old woman, "and surely, young man, thou art as ignorant of its character as of its location; for, to my knowledge, human footsteps have not crossed the drawbridge of that castle for the last five years."

"Is it uninhabited, then?" asked Hermann.

"Uninhabited! No," replied the old woman; "it is inhabited, but not by beings of this earth. But ere I relate the history of Spukenswald, refresh thyself with such provisions as I can offer thee; and surely after thou hast heard what I have to disclose, thou wilt abandon the design of entering or even approaching the castle."

"Whatever may be the consequences," said Hermann, "I must go thither to-night."

"I cannot think thou wilt be mad enough to do so," said the old woman, as she placed some milk and brown bread on the board which served for a table, "or be assured," she continued, "thou wilt never return alive to speak of what thou hast seen."

"Come, then," said Hermann, as he began to partake heartily of the homely fare, "come, give us the history; and see if thou canst make it sufficiently horrible to deter me from my purpose."

In compliance with this request, the old woman resumed her seat, and repeated to Hermann the substance of what has already been related by us concerning Spukenswald Castle. She concluded her narrative with some appalling accounts of the present state of the old fabric—having derived her information from certain peasants who had ventured near the castle, in pursuit of strayed cattle, or for other urgent purposes. Hermann laughed at these tales, which he supposed to be fictions, and having rewarded the old woman for her entertainment, he resumed his journey.

As soon as he struck into the by-road which led to Spukenswald, he was impressed with the fact that few travelers had preceded him on that route for some years past. The bushes and weeds had grown up luxuriantly in the very center of the way; and, in fact, it was only by the separation of the trees that the road could be distinguished. There was a faint moonlight, which, on such an occasion, is scarcely to be preferred to total darkness; for, when objects are dimly perceived, imagination is apt enough to clothe them with something of the terrific.

When Hermann had approached, as he supposed, within a mile of the castle, he

found himself on the edge of a piece of water, through which his road evidently passed. The stream was but three or four feet in its greatest depth, but there was something in the surrounding scenery which was more than gloomy and desolate. The shadows of the forest gave to the waters an appearance of Stygian blackness. The opposite bank of the rivulet presented no indication of a road, but the branches of the trees seemed to be thickly interwoven, and almost impenetrable. Everything now betokened the hideous loneliness of the spot, and Hermann felt, with what emotions we cannot say, that he was alone in a place where no mortal but himself dared to tread.

When he had crossed the stream, he found it impossible to proceed any farther on horseback, and he was under the necessity of fastening his beast in the wood, and following the scarcely perceptible path on foot. After toiling for half an hour through briers and bushes, he found himself at the drawbridge, and perceived, through the gateway, the gloomy and forbidding aspect of the ancient fortress. As soon as he entered the courtyard a number of white objects, scattered over the ground, first attracted his attention. On examination these proved to be human skeletons. A slight and momentary shudder was the result of this discovery, but Hermann, remembering what was at stake, repressed every feeling of dread, and walked boldly into the hall, the doors being all open. Seating himself on a broken bench, he began to deliberate on the next step which was proper to be taken. The moon had, by this time, thrown aside the cloudy veil she had worn in the early part of the night, and shone forth with undiminished luster. As the beams came through the large windows of the hall, Hermann perceived that the floor was strewn with skeletons, in the same manner as the courtyard.

While he was meditating on this strange state of affairs, he was astounded by hearing a loud, clear voice, which seemed to come from the battlements above, utter the words, "Past twelve o'clock, and all's well."

At this signal, the whole posse of skeletons suddenly started from their recumbent postures, and began to perambulate the hall with as much apparent indifference as visitors promenade at the hotel of a fashionable watering-place. Hermann sat in a recess of the apartment, and seemed to escape the observation of the spectral company. Bows and other gestures of salutation were frequently exchanged by the skeletons, as they walked through the room, but not a

sound was heard, except the rattling of their bony feet on the stone pavement. After the lapse of a few minutes, a large black box, fixed on truck wheels, moved spontaneously into the hall. Hermann was puzzled to conceive what might be the use of this locomotive engine; but while he gazed intently upon it, two skeletons advanced and removed the pall with which it was covered. It was full of disjointed bones, skulls, ribs, vertebræ, etc., etc.; the very bones, doubtless, from which Rogueinvalt and his associates had formerly such delicate pickings.

One of the skeletons then took a skull from the box and laid it on the floor, face upward. Then he took the spinal and cervical bones, and laid them so as to join the skull in a proper position—then came the ribs, the bones of the legs and feet, and so on, until the whole frame was completed. As soon as the skeleton on the floor became entire, up it jumped, cut a caper, and joined the others who were walking the hall. This process was repeated, until the bones of twenty or thirty defunct individuals were fitted together as cleverly as an expert cabinet-maker could set up a bed-stand.

By the time this was accomplished, the terrific voice from the battlements was again heard—"Past one o'clock, and all's well!" it said, though Hermann began to think otherwise.

At this sound, it was *exeunt omnes* with the specters, through the door which opened into another chamber of the castle. But it soon became evident that they retired merely to reenter in a new dress, for Hermann had barely time to rub his eyes before he observed a figure advancing with a slow and measured pace. As it drew nearer he perceived that it was clothed in the usual costume of that period, but the face was deadly pale.

It made a half-circuit around the hall, and paused within a yard of the bench on which Hermann sat; it then turned slowly, so as to face the young man, and, as it threw back its head, the astonished beholder saw that the throat was cut from ear to ear. The apparition then continued its walks around the room, and disappeared. No sooner had this figure vanished than another entered, went through the same ceremonies, and disappeared in the same manner. Then came another, and another, and yet another; and, in fact, they continued to come, until Hermann had numbered six corpse-like figures, all with their throats cut in the most horrible fashion.

The seventh now made his appearance. As soon as Hermann threw his eyes on the

ghastly countenance, he recognized the features of his uncle, Baron Wiggensberg. The phantom came nearer; every feature was distorted, as if by an agonizing death; the eyes protruded, the lips were drawn apart, so as to discover the long yellow teeth; the hair and beard were seemingly clotted with blood; in short, the whole appearance was revolting in the extreme. The specter had now arrived within a few feet of Hermann's bench, when the head was thrown backward, and the neck appeared to be almost severed. The shriveled skin shrunk from the terrible gash, and even by the light of the moon the separated windpipe was discernible. The apparition raised its hand, as if to point at the wound, and Hermann discovered a glittering ring on the attenuated finger.

In the first moments of amazement Von Bogel's powers of reflection were somewhat at fault; but when the figure began to move off, the necessity of obtaining the ring he had just beheld, and which he supposed to be the talisman, urged him to follow the specter. When the latter came to the opposite side of the hall, it passed through a door, and proceeded along an extended passage, Hermann still following. At the end of the passage was a large window, through which the rays of moonlight entering were now intercepted in part by the retreating figure of the apparition, on which Hermann kept his eyes fastened, until it seemed to sink through the floor. Hermann followed hastily, and beheld in the pavement a deep chasm resembling a trap-door. To this chasm he could discover no bottom, and no steps to enable him to descend. One moment he gave to reflection, and believing the place could not be very deep, he leaped down and was precipitated into a miry dungeon, totally dark, and filled with a terrible odor.

On recovering from the shock of his fall, he endeavored to catch a glimpse of the object which had led him to this subterranean den; but the gloom of Erebus surrounded him, and nothing was visible except the darkness. The hissing of serpents now assailed his ears, and he began to muse on the probability of being obliged to pass the remainder of a short life in these dreary vaults, when he felt something coil itself around his legs. He soon found himself in the grasp of a serpent of prodigious size, the compression of whose folds became tighter and tighter, until the bones of his legs actually cracked by the severity of the constriction.

One moment more and he would have been rendered helpless in the embrace of his enemy, but Hermann, with great pres-

ence of mind, drew his knife and lacerated the reptile so vigorously that its coils were relaxed, and the youth extricated himself without having received any serious injury.

He now observed a dim, phosphorescent light at some distance, and endeavored to walk toward it, but at almost every step he felt a reptile writhing beneath his feet. His long, heavy boots were all that preserved his life.

The pale, bluish, flickering gleam which directed him, seemed to evade his pursuit, and he began to be more and more surprised at the extent of the dungeon. At length he reached a flight of steps, and ascending to the top, he, with great difficulty, forced up a heavy trap-door, and emerging from the darkness, found himself in a square room, feebly lighted in a most extraordinary manner. Balls of sulphurous fire were rolling and crackling over the pavements, kicked and thrown by about half a dozen skeletons. Von Bogel threaded his way among the skeletons, found the door, and hastily departed. He was again in the long passage formerly mentioned, and from thence he reached the hall with little difficulty.

A skeleton band was again parading the hall of the castle as Hermann entered; but he had now become pretty well accustomed to these beings, and was so little embarrassed by their presence that he walked through the various groups to his former seat with perfect unconcern. As soon as he was seated, one of the fancies approached, and holding up his hand with a gesture of menace or reproach, Hermann again beheld the ring which had caused him so much trouble. It seemed that the ghost of Baron Wiggensberg had laid aside the dress it had lately worn, and now appeared in the nakedness of bones, for Hermann could not doubt that this was the skeleton of his uncle.

From that moment, Hermann's eyes were fastened on this skeleton, until the voice of the ghostly sentinel on the battlements announced that it was "past three o'clock."

At the sound, every specter glided to the spot it had formerly occupied on the floor of the hall, or in the courtyard, dropped to the earth, and lay as motionless as when Hermann first beheld them on his entrance.

They who had occupied the box leaped into it, one by one, and fell disjointed as before. Among the latter, Von Bogel described the specter of the ring, and nerving himself for a desperate purpose, he advanced to the box, just as it began to re-

cede. In another instant, he had seized the moving sepulcher, and was dragged violently for some distance, when, losing his presence of mind, he relinquished his grasp and fell senseless on the pavement.

When Hermann returned to consciousness, he found himself in a narrow and damp apartment, into which a feeble glimmer of moonlight was admitted from the top. Having now lost all traces of the ring, he supposed his design to be frustrated, and prepared, with a heavy heart, to leave the place. But on examination, he found that the iron door, through which he had probably entered, was closed and fastened, and he soon despaired of making an egress in that way. While groping about the walls, he discovered an archway, four feet and a half high, which mere necessity induced him to explore. The bottom of this passage was of soft clay, which made his progress very toilsome; and, as the place was totally dark, he was obliged to be guided by the sense of feeling only. After plodding onward for about a hundred yards, he reached another apartment, to which no light could find entrance, and the confined air made respiration almost impossible.

While he stood in doubt what course to pursue, he felt the fleshless hand of a skeleton touch his face. Thinking this might be the hand with the ring, he caught at it hastily; but, to his great disappointment, he found it was only the bones of a hand and arm, which had, for some purpose or other, been suspended from the ceiling by a string.

Proceeding a little farther, he stumbled over something which he at first took to be a pile of shells, but he soon ascertained that they also were human bones. A few steps more brought him within reach of something which he rapturously discovered to be the very box which had lately eluded his grasp. Greatly encouraged at this, he began to take out the bones, one by one, carefully feeling every hand, until he found the one which held the invaluable ring. The quest was ended.

With emotions not to be conceived, he placed this jewel on his finger, and again attempted to find a way out from the dungeon. An hour passed away ere he had found a low tunnel in one of the walls, through which he could scarcely creep on his hand and knees.

For fully fifteen minutes he struggled along in this manner, the top of the low passage rubbing the skin from his back at every pace. It was another quarter of an hour before he could extricate himself and recover his breath. Still, he was free at

last, and so scaled the wall with a heart full of joyful anticipations.

* * *

THE ring was gained, and four days after Hermann again stood in the presence of the astrologer.

"My son," said Schafner, examining the ring, "thou hast done well; even better, perhaps, than thou thinkest. Now, then, for thy reward. Take this ring, show it to thy mistress and her father, and boldly demand her hand in marriage. Both will immediately consent; but, before the marriage is consummated, be sure that thou returnest to me, and then the meaning of the prophecy shall be fully explained."

In accordance with these directions, Hermann flew to the residence of Zieglendorffer. He found Dorothea and her father both in the drawing-room.

"I have a remarkable ring here," said Hermann, as he displayed it to the view of father and daughter. Dorothea turned very pale at the sight, and Herr Zieglendorffer was unaccountably agitated. After some minutes of silence, Hermann made known his desire to espouse Dorothea.

"First tell me," said Zieglendorffer, in an unsteady voice, "do you know the history of this ring?"

"I do," said Hermann, "I myself took it from the castle of Spukenswald. But enough of that for the present. Do you agree that I shall marry your daughter?"

"I do," said Zieglendorffer.

"And will the lady herself make no objections?" said Hermann.

"None," said Dorothea.

"Then I am blessed beyond the lot of man," cried Hermann; "and now tell me, when shall the marriage ceremony be performed?"

"When you think proper; to-day—now, if you please," answered Zieglendorffer.

"Now let it be," replied Hermann; "let the village chaplain be sent for, and the indissoluble knot at once be tied."

This request was complied with. Hermann and Dorothea were united, and it was too late for repentance when Hermann remembered his promise to Schafner to visit him again before the nuptials were consummated. To his great grief and amazement, he observed that the conduct of his bride indicated nothing but indifference, contempt, and even aversion, and that her father scowled on him with the aspect of a demon. Such was his uneasiness of mind, that he resolved to proceed immediately to the cave of the astrologer, make a confession of his fault, and beg forgiveness.

"Thoughtless young man," said Schafner, as soon as Hermann entered the cell, "what hast thou done? Think thyself happy if a severe punishment be not the consequence of thy rashness. Know now that this ring was the property of thy uncle, Baron Wiggensberg, who was murdered, and his flesh devoured, in the castle of Spukenswald. It is thy duty, first of all things, to discover the murderers; and be assured, that until that he done, no domestic felicity shalt thou enjoy."

"But how may the murderers be discovered?" said Hermann sadly.

"By means of this ring," answered Schafner; "and know that those murderers now reside in Freiburg. Go immediately to the magistrates, and convey to them my request that all the inhabitants of the town be summoned to the great council-chamber without delay."

Hermann obeyed, and such was the astrologer's reputation that the magistrates readily complied.

The magistrates of the town were seated on an elevated bench, and the people were all convened in their presence, when Schafner, the astrologer, entered.

"I have come," said he, "to accuse two persons of murder before this tribunal. But first let me relate a tale of horrors which these murderers fondly hoped was sealed from all mankind."

The astrologer then recounted the atrocities which had been committed at the castle of Spukenswald; and, among other things, stated that Baron Wiggensberg, having had occasion to travel, had called on him, and deposited his will, which he requested might be produced in case of his (the baron's) death. Some time after, Schafner, by his art, ascertained that the baron had been murdered. The astrologer further said that he was now enabled to produce a talismanic ring, which had been the property of Wiggensberg, and which possessed the remarkable faculty of making known the persons by whom the baron had been murdered.

"This," he continued, pointing to the ring on Hermann's finger, "this is the talisman. When it is touched by the baron's murderers, the white stone surrounded by diamonds will suddenly change to a blood-red color. Let each person present now touch the ring and observe the result."

Many were the persons who singly advanced and touched the ring, and no change was observed. At length it was announced that all had submitted to this singular trial.

"All!" repeated Schafner, "that is by

no means the truth. I have not touched it; the magistrates have not touched it, nor have Herr Zieglendorffer and that young lady touched it."

As Schafner said this, he brought his own finger in contact with the ring, and the magistrates followed his example.

"Now," said Hermann, with a smile, as he presented the ring to his new father-in-law, "it is your turn to try this curious experiment."

The moment Zieglendorffer's finger rested on the talisman, an exclamation of surprise burst from every beholder—the white stone immediately changed to blood-red, and continuing thus for a minute, resumed its former appearance. Then Dorothea, by order of the magistrates, touched the ring, and the same results were observed.

"For your further satisfaction," said Schafner to the magistrates, "I can bring the most undisputed evidence to prove that these persons are Count Rogueinvalt and his daughter Wilhelmine, who have sojourned among us under the assumed name of Zieglendorffer."

Rogueinvalt, *alias* Zieglendorffer, now began to laugh in a most discordant manner.

"You may save yourself the trouble of bringing evidence, Herr Wizard," said he, "for, to tell you the truth, I am tired of such a life as I have lately led—without a morsel of man's flesh for five years. I have never enjoyed a meal since I left

Spukenswald. And let me tell you, good inhabitants of Freiburg, that your fellow-citizen, Baron Wiggensberg, made a rare dish for me and my jolly companions. I'd be hanged to-morrow for the satisfaction of making one or two more such dinners."

"His heart," said Wilhelmine, "was not so good as that of Prince Puckenick."

"Pooh! you are a dainty fool," answered her father. "Prince Puckenick was a mere kickshaw. But a piece of good solid German baron is the meat for me."

Hermann's love for Dorothea, or Wilhelmine, was now converted into horror, and he saw her and her wicked father led to execution without a sigh of regret. A priest attended on the culprits, but they could not be persuaded to repent of eating human flesh, for they declared that this was the only real pleasure they had ever enjoyed.

"But, though I cannot repent," said Rogueinvalt, "I can make the church a present of forty thousand rix-dollars; which, I suppose, will answer the same purpose."

The prisoners were brought into the public square, and as their guilt was evident, their execution was ordered to be immediate. Ropes were fastened around their feet, and they were hung up in the way they had often suspended others; and their throats were cut before the whole population, which was highly amused and edified by the spectacle.



HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

AT a Turkish election the ballot-box is carried about on a triumphal car, and is guarded by little girls dressed in white. On great occasions it is perched on the hump of a camel.

It takes 640,000 billions of microbes to make a cubic inch.

Prussian kings and princes invariably wear uniforms, and are never seen in civilian dress.

Over half of Japan's population are agriculturists.

To Tokio there is a "Rogues' Gallery," where the complete records of 150,000 criminals are kept.

By the mining laws and customs of

Derbyshire, a miner, if he finds ore, may dig for it upon any person's ground.

A suffragette, who was recently married, refused entirely to promise to "obey" her husband, and at the marriage ceremony would only assent to "love and honor" him.

It is estimated that in two years' time there will be two Germans for every Frenchman in the world.

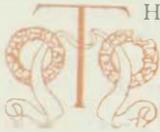
At one time among the Greeks the wearing of breeches indicated slavery.

Salt, petroleum, matches, and playing cards are state monopolies in Greece.

In Turkey proper there are not a million Turks.

T O G E T H E R .

BY GERALD MASSEY.

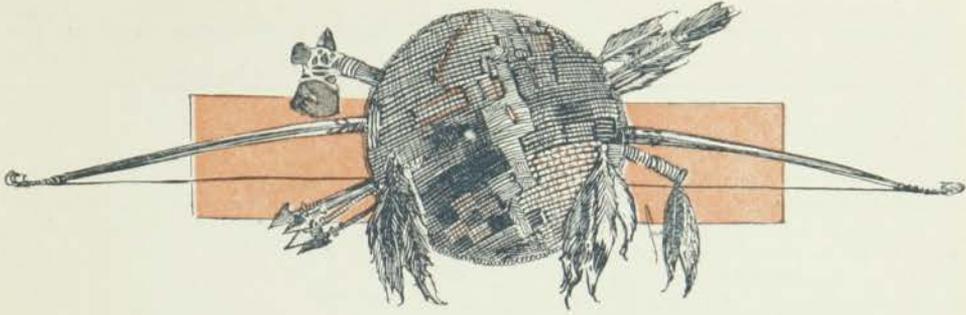


HE author of this beautiful poem was born in England in 1828. His childhood was spent in the lowliest surroundings, and he had little education; for, at the age of eight he was employed for twelve hours a day in a silk mill. At fifteen he was an errand boy in London, but he found time to compose verses, and also to train himself in writing prose. As he became known, he was helped by Canon Charles Kingsley, and finally took a leading place among the so-called Christian Socialists. Still later, he grew interested in spiritualism, upon which subject he lectured in England and the United States. His prose writings are now forgotten, and so are his more ambitious poems; but his lyrics have won a lasting place among our minor poetry.

OH, lay thy hand in mine, dear!
 We're growing old;
 But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
 That hearts grow cold.
 'Tis long, long since our new love
 Made life divine;
 But age enricheth true love,
 Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
 And take thy rest;
 Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
 And make thy nest.
 A many cares are pressing,
 On this dear head;
 But Sorrow's hands in blessing
 Are surely laid.

Oh, lean thy life on mine, dear!
 'Twill shelter thee.
 Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
 On my young tree:
 And so, till boughs are leafless,
 And songbirds flown,
 We'll twine, then lay us griefless,
 Together down.



THE LURKING DEATH.

BY ROGER O'DELL.

AN ACCOUNT OF HOW CERTAIN SENTINELS OF THE
KING'S ARMY DISAPPEARED IN THE HAUNTED FOREST.

EVERY war has its weird, unwritten chapters. Around the camp-fires of veterans, North and South, are still told some of the most thrilling annals of the great Civil War. The minds and hearts of the peasantry of France are still warmed, on the long winter evenings, by tales and songs of the lost provinces. Soldiers of the "Legion," in picturesque slang, recite adventures which would delight any amateur of history. Also, there occasionally comes to light, in parchment documents, yellow old letters, or the legends of the very aged, odd stories about the American War of Independence. One of the oddest of these is the story of "The Haunted Forest." It deserves preservation.

It should be remembered, says the old narrative, that much of this glorious conflict was in the nature of a hunt rather than a military campaign.

"If you fight with art," said Washington to his soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for retreat and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best of engineers."

So true was the maxim that the English soldiers had to contend with little else. The Americans had enlisted many Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life and the wild woodland had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and swamps, and, with their arrows and tomahawks, made daily

inroads on the red-coated army—surprising its sentinels, cutting off its stragglers. Even when the alarm was given and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that defied the speed of cavalry and found safety in rocky fastnesses, whither the English could not follow.

In order to limit, as far as possible, this species of guerrilla warfare, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments: to station sentinels some miles in the woods, and to keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment was at this time stationed upon the confines of a great, heavily wooded swamp. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body lying near the coast. The sentinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from its ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The sentinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm or being heard of after. Death lurked everywhere. The wooded swamp came to be called "The Haunted Forest."

This was due to a terrifying detail. Sentinels disappeared, but not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared on the leaves and grass. Some officers imputed this unaccountable disap-

pearance to treachery, and suggested, as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets and communicated the alarm to the neighboring posts. Others, who could not be brought to rank it as a treachery, were content to consider it as a mystery which time alone could unravel.

One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great, but the thing had occurred before. They left another man and departed, wishing him better luck.

"You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert!"

The relief company returned to the guard-house.

The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and at the appointed time the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment, the man was gone!

They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was now necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied. They were compelled to leave another man, and returned to the guard-house.

The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The colonel, being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time they all marched together, and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant and the man gone!

Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of this repeated disappearance of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed improbable that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects brave enough, trembled from head to foot.

"I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

"I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will."

A volunteer immediately stepped from the

ranks, and desired to take the post. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events, I will fire if I hear the least noise. If a bird chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery."

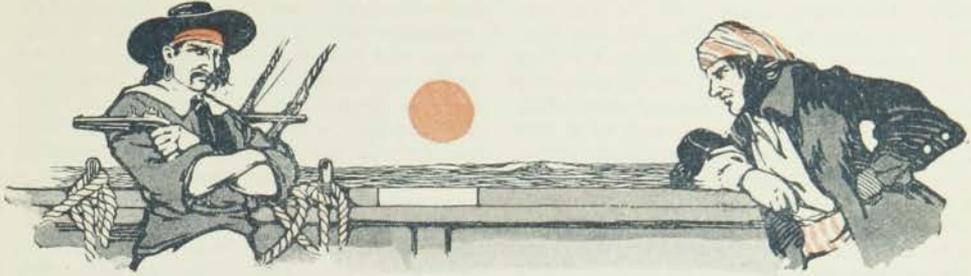
The colonel applauded his courage, and told him he was right. His comrades shook hands with him. They never expected to see him again.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was alert for the discharge of the musket, when suddenly the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the colonel and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing toward them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair. When they came up with him, it was seen that the victim was an Indian.

"I told you," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. That saved my life. I hadn't been long on my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance. I looked and saw one of those wild hogs, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, looking for nuts under the trees and among the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I didn't pay much attention to it at first. But, being on the constant alarm, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a source of danger, I finally kept my eyes fixed on it, and marked its progress among the trees. Still, there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter.

"It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. 'My comrades,' thought I, 'will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig!' I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated. I took my aim, fired, and the animal was instantly stretched before me with a groan which I knew at once to be that of a human creature. I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely, his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly like that of the animal that, seen through the trees, the disguise could not be penetrated."

The dead Indian had been armed with a dagger and a tomahawk. The mystery of the lurking death was solved.



LIFE ON THE SPANISH MAIN.

How the Buccaneers Founded a State Whose Sole Revenue Was
Derived from Bloodthirsty Villainy.

WHEN a pirate turns to literature, it does not necessarily follow that what he writes will freeze the blood in your veins or give you evil dreams. Yet, one of the "best sellers" of the late seventeenth century was such a work, and its appeal undoubtedly lay in the thrills it contained. Its title was as follows: "History of the Buccaneers. Made English from the Dutch copy written by J. Esquemeling, one of the Buccaneers, very much corrected from the errors of the original, by the relatives of some English gentlemen, that then resided in those parts. London, 1684." The following article was compiled from this unique source almost a century ago.

THE term buccaneer was applied to the earliest French settlers at St. Domingo, who employed themselves in hunting cattle for the hides and tallow; but on being driven by the Spaniards from their settlements, they entered into a league with English adventurers, and commenced a system of plunder, by way of retaliation; and, though their principal operations were directed against the Spaniards, yet they were frequently troubled with an imperfection of vision, which prevented them from distinguishing the flags of different nations. They seized the island of Tortuga, and fortified it, as a shelter and protection to their vessels, which, in the first instance, consisted of canoes and open boats. The numerous small islands, or keys, constantly afforded them a place of refuge in danger, and facilitated their projects; they likewise supplied immense quantities of turtle, which served them for food.

The success of a few individuals prompted others to similar pursuits; and that which, by a decisive blow on the part of the Spaniards, might have been easily destroyed, soon spread to such an alarming extent, that the pirates became the sole masters of the sea.

It was not, however, till the taking of Jamaica, in 1655, that they assembled together in large bodies, and framed laws among themselves.

This island was discovered by Columbus in 1494. The court of Spain vested the whole property in him, and his son became the first governor. The Spaniards built several cities; but losing the spirit of enterprise and industry, they sank into indolence, and contented themselves with a few plantations for their subsistence, and disposed of the surplus to ships passing along the coast. In 1655, the English made a descent on the island, conquered the capital, and settled there. This new colony consisted of part of the puritanical militia who had fought under Cromwell; but they were soon afterward joined by a number of royalists, who abandoned the country and cause they could no longer maintain.

Here both parties hoped to enjoy tranquillity; but the spirit of discord, which had excited so many quarrels in the mother country, again burst out in their new settlement, and the scenes of blood and slaughter were renewed. After the Restoration, a civil government was formed, and every effort resorted to, that could tend to promote culture and industry, without effect;

for the buccaneers, making it their principal resort, poured in such vast treasures, that the inhabitants amassed considerable wealth with little difficulty, and despised the more honorable occupations of honest labor. The population rapidly increased, and in a few years amounted to twenty thousand, whose only source of subsistence was derived from the plunder of the Spaniards.

Scattering the Booty.

Here the buccaneers found a ready market for their ill-got spoils, and obtained such supplies of ammunition and stores as were requisite to insure success in their hazardous undertakings.

The boundless extravagance of these marauders soon reduced them to distress; and, after squandering away, with thoughtless profusion their hard-earned prize-money, they were compelled to repeat their visits to the Spaniards. Under such circumstances, it is not difficult to decide; the temptations were indeed powerful; and the Spaniards, by their ostentatious display, materially assisted in their own ruin.

For instance, the city of Lima, in 1682, when the viceroy made his entry, actually had the streets paved with ingots of silver, to the amount of seventeen millions sterling. What a pretty prize for a few honest tars! Then the splendor and magnificence of their churches, ornamented with immense gold and silver images, crucifixes and candlesticks, and not unfrequently large altars of massive silver, became objects of a devout regard.

The governments of both England and France denied all understanding with the freebooters, though they secretly rejoiced at having so powerful a check upon the Spanish colonies. The buccaneers themselves pretended to hold commissions from the French and Dutch; but the principal part of them possessed only that authority which sailors term "a commission from the Pope."

Their first attacks were directed upon the shipping alone; till the Spaniards, weary of making so many valuable consignments to the hands of these desperadoes, shut up their ports and dismantled their vessels. This produced a contrary effect from what they designed; for the pirates now ravaged the coasts of the Main, making descents upon the cities and towns, and plundering them of all the valuables they could conveniently bring away. In these enterprises, they committed many disgraceful and barbarous acts; and, as the Spaniards, in their remorseless cruelty, had endeavored to disguise their depravity, under the cloak of religious zeal, so did these tarpaulin cru-

saders consider themselves instruments of retributive justice, in the hands of Providence, and resorted to similar means.

Las Casas, speaking of the conquest of the New World, says: "I once beheld four or five chief Indians roasted alive at a slow fire, and as the miserable victims poured forth their dreadful yells, it disturbed the commandant in his siesta, and he sent an order that they should be strangled; but the officer on duty would not suffer it; but causing their mouths to be gagged, that their shrieks might not be heard, he stirred up the fire with his own hands, and roasted them deliberately till they all expired. I saw it myself."

The pirates, in some instances, did the same by the Spaniards, to make them confess where their property was hidden, and often used a refinement in cruelty at which human nature shudders; but these acts were chiefly before the taking of Jamaica. When the English took the lead, and even freebooters began to get a little polished, their expeditions assumed an appearance of more honorable warfare, though often marked with brutal ferocity.

The discovery of the passage to the South Seas, through the Straits of Magellan, opened new sources of wealth; and Sir Francis Drake, whose inveterate hatred of the Spaniards prompted him on all occasions to wreak his vengeance on them, sailed on a predatory excursion, bearing however, the royal sanction.

After committing numerous depredations on the western coast of America, he returned to England with considerable treasure; and his example, operating on the romantic and daring spirit of the times, prompted others to pursue the same track; and thus the buccaneering system became more strengthened and established.

"Peter the Great."

The first pirate, whose name became celebrated at Tortuga, was a native of Dieppe, called Pierre le Grand. This desperado, taking advantage of the dusk of the evening, with twenty-eight men, boldly boarded the Vice-Admiral of the Spanish flotilla; sinking his own boat alongside as soon as they quitted it, that the pirates might have no place of retreat. Rushing into the cabin, where a party were assembled at cards, he commanded them to yield; an order which the astonished and terrified Spaniards immediately obeyed.

They then proceeded to different parts of the ship, cutting down all who made opposition, and eventually gained possession of her. Pierre's success very soon produced a lively sensation in the island; every man

became a pirate; and, treasuring up some of the property obtained as a common stock, a body of them were in a short time enabled to purchase two ships, in which they cruised against the Spaniards, and captured, among others, some large vessels, laden with plate for Caracas. These were carried to Tortuga, and their cargoes sold to merchant vessels bound to Europe.

The fame of such exploits, and the desire of sharing the spoil, brought out fresh adventurers; so that the number of vessels, in the course of three or four years, amounted to upward of twenty.

A Cargo of Pearls.

Another, and yet more daring attack was made by one Peter Francis, who, having had a tedious cruise without success, ran down to the banks where the pearl-fishery was carried on by a number of vessels, with a man-o'-war to protect them. In a boat, with twenty-six men, he dashed alongside the Vice-Admiral, of eight guns and sixty men, and, after a sanguinary contest, she surrendered. Flushed with victory, they now determined to attempt the man-o'-war; but, by a sudden squall, they lost their mast, and in their turn became prisoners, and were compelled to yield up their prize, whose value in pearls was estimated at one hundred thousand pieces of eight.

About the same time, a Portuguese, in a boat with four guns and thirty men, engaged a large ship with twenty guns and seventy men, which, after a desperate conflict, struck to them. The pirate, in this action, lost ten of his crew; the remaining twenty endeavored to carry their prize to a place of security, but, falling in with three other large ships, they were retaken and carried to Campeachy, where the Portuguese was immediately recognized, and sentenced to suffer death for the many robberies and murders he had committed on the coast.

For the better security of his person, as he had made his escape when taken once before, it was deemed by the magistrates most prudent to leave him on board, while they erected a gibbet for him on land. The prisoner, aware of their intention, and feeling no inclination for the exalted station they had assigned him, dexterously made his escape a second time, and floated to the shore with the help of two empty earthen jars, which supported him in swimming.

After being nearly starved, and encountering severe hardships, he arrived, at the expiration of a fortnight, at a place about forty leagues from Campeachy, and once

more joined the pirates. A fresh boat was now equipped, and, with twenty hands, the daring Portuguese returned to Campeachy, and, in the most undaunted manner, assaulted the very ship from which he escaped, and once more became its master. Still, however, fortune persecuted him; for, in attempting to reach Jamaica, she struck upon the rocks, and was wrecked.

Cruel and desperate as these men had been, there was yet another leader capable of surpassing them in brutal malice and bloodthirsty villainy. This was a Dutchman, who had been driven from the Brazils and came to Jamaica. Here he joined the pirates, and served as a private seaman, till one party separated from their old commander, and, choosing the Dutchman, whose name was Brasilano, for their captain, they set out on an excursion for plunder.

In the course of a few days, they fell in with and captured a large ship, in which they found a great quantity of plate, and carried vessel and cargo to Jamaica. This action caused him to be much esteemed among his class, and equally dreaded by the Spaniards, several of whom he roasted alive upon wooden spits, and committed such other horrid cruelties as make us shudder at the state of depravity to which human beings may be reduced.

Brasilano at last fell into the power of his enemies; but such was their terror of the pirates, that they feared to put him and his companions to death. These marine banditti were, therefore, released, under the oath to forsake their nefarious mode of life, and sent to old Spain. The folly of binding such men by an oath, who acknowledged no laws, either human or divine, was very soon evinced by their immediate return to Jamaica, where they recommenced robbery and piracy with their former activity and cruelty.

To Starve the Freebooters.

The Spaniards, finding that neither mercy nor punishment produced the desired effect, refrained, as much as possible, from trade, under the hope of starving the freebooters, but the latter, having increased in boldness and force, resolved on more daring enterprises, and prepared to attack the cities and towns.

The constant risks to which these water-rats exposed their lives inured them to every degree of hardship and difficulty on their own element, and prepared them for a more desperate undertaking on shore, while the Spaniards, rendered listless and effeminate by indolence and luxury, offered but feeble resistance. Though possessing

the advantage in numbers, yet they wanted the essential requisites of determination and courage, and contented themselves under the idea that they were not conquered by men, but infernal spirits.

Pirates Make Laws.

The pirates now began to assemble in bodies, and to frame a code of laws to regulate their conduct toward each other, which was rigorously enforced. Their first plan was to victual their fleet; but they disdained to purchase provisions, as inconsistent with their character and degrading to their profession, particularly as the Spanish cattle and swine-yards were always well stocked. Sometimes, however, they were glad to content themselves with *bauf-de-cheval*. The immense herds of wild cattle also furnished them with food.

The first land invader was an Englishman of the name of Scott, who sacked and pillaged the town of Campeachy, and obtained a large ransom to prevent its being burned. To him succeeded Mansvelt, who attempted to penetrate through Granada to the South Seas, but the want of provisions compelled him to abandon the enterprise. After him came John Davis, a man endowed with uncommon prudence and valor. With eighty out of his ninety men in the three canoes, he landed in Nicaragua, and on the third night he reached the city. The citizens, not expecting such unceremonious visitors, were quietly reposing; and great, indeed, was their consternation at finding the buccaneers in possession of the town, ransacking and plundering with incredible diligence.

The pirates did not forget to rifle the churches of everything valuable, and with the whole of their booty returned in safety to the ship. After this exploit, Davis was chosen admiral of the fleet, and pillaged St. Austin's, a town of Florida, notwithstanding it was strongly defended by a castle, garrisoned by two hundred men.

About this time, a Frenchman, named Lolonnois, born at Sabel d'Jonne, near Basque Roads, appeared on the scene of action. He had been banished when a youth, and sold as a slave in the West Indies; but after passing through various gradations in villainy, he was considered as qualified to superintend the rest, and, accordingly, was made Governor of Tortuga.

Still he continued his predatory excursions; but his ship being wrecked upon the Spanish Main, his crew was attacked by the Spaniards, and the greater part of them killed. Lolonnois was severely wounded, and would have shared the fate of the rest had he not smeared his face with sand,

gunpowder and blood, and concealed himself among the slain, till the Spaniards, satiated with the work of destruction, quitted the field.

When they were gone, he bound up his wounds as well as he could, and, in a Spanish disguise, entered the town of Campeachy. Here all were rejoicing for his supposed death. Bonfires and fêtes abounded, congratulations were heard on every side for the defeat and slaughter of the pirates, particularly of their leader, who had the satisfaction of being an eye-witness of their exultation.

By the agency of some slaves who naturally disliked their condition, a canoe was procured, in which, with his sable companions, he reached Tortuga, and once more embarked in a fresh determination; but having lost all his property when his ship was wrecked, he was obliged to be content with two canoes. With these he took post on the north side of Cuba, for the purpose of intercepting the trade.

The inhabitants of De los Cayes immediately gave information to the Governor of Havana, who could scarcely credit the intelligence, believing Lolonnois to be dead; yet, as they strongly importuned him for assistance, he sent a ship mounting ten guns, with orders to the captain not to return until he had destroyed the pirates, and for this purpose a negro was taken on board to officiate as executioner. Lolonnois himself was to be brought to Havana to honor the triumph of the victor, and to suffer severer tortures.

Nothing daunted, this marauder, understanding that the ship lay at anchor in the river Estera, resolved to attack her. To effect his purpose he seized some fishermen, and compelled them to pilot him in. On nearing the ship, they were challenged by the watch, who inquired from whence they came, and whether they had seen any pirates.

Hung Them All.

Lolonnois constrained the fishermen to answer, that "they had seen no pirates, nor anything like a pirate," which induced the Spaniards to imagine that they had frightened the pirates away. But the next morning they discovered their mistake, for Lolonnois assailed the vessel so vigorously, that, notwithstanding all the resistance they could make, they were compelled to surrender, and, one by one, suffered the fate intended for his crew.

Among the rest, the negro hangman appeared, who begged hard for his life; but, after gaining from him the intelligence of the whole affair, his head rolled after the

rest. One only was reserved to carry the tidings to the Governor of Havana, with a note telling him, "that he, Lolonnois, had only retaliated the kindness which he had intended for himself and his friends, and that he hoped to execute the same sentence upon his donship, which he had designed for his (Lolonnois's) punishment; assuring him that all the mercy which he should hereafter show to any Spaniard whatever, that fell into his hands, should be to give him no quarter."

Loaded with Plate.

Being now provided with a stout vessel, fit for his purpose, he steered for Maracaibo, and captured a large ship laden with plate and merchandisc. With this, he returned to Tortuga, and was received by the inhabitants with every demonstration of joy, as they well knew into whose hands his riches would soon pass.

Elevated with success, he now contemplated greater projects, and designed to equip an army, as well as a fleet, with every requisite to carry on his operations by land. In the course of a short time, eight vessels, with six hundred and sixty-six persons, were collected, and sailed for the Spanish Main.

In their passage, they took two valuable ships, one laden with money, seven thousand-weight of powder, and a great quantity of muskets; the other mounted sixteen guns, and became a formidable addition to their squadron. Maracaibo was fixed on as the place of their destination.

This city was considered both rich and populous, containing between three and four thousand persons, of whom nearly one-third were able to bear arms. Gibraltar was about forty leagues higher up in the country, with one thousand five hundred inhabitants, including four hundred able to carry arms, both places were likewise defended by batteries.

Setting the danger of the enterprise at defiance, the buccaneers boldly advanced upon the city, and, after several hours' sharp contest, obtained possession; but the principal part of the inhabitants made their escape to Gibraltar, carrying the best of their goods along with them.

The remainder were doomed to undergo the hellish cruelty of their conquerors. The rack and the flames were in constant requisition, and Lolonnois, whose demoniacal spirit did not fail to glut itself with blood, cut several to pieces with his own hand.

After remaining fifteen days at Maracaibo, they determined to attack Gibraltar, where they imagined the Spaniards to have concealed their wealth. This place was now

defended by several batteries and eight hundred soldiers, nor had anything been omitted which was calculated to oppose the progress of the invaders. But nothing could daunt the spirits of the buccaneers; they shook hands with each other, and solemnly swore to live or die together.

The desperate battle ensued; the Spaniards fought with bravery, but were compelled at last to retreat, leaving behind nearly five hundred men slain; while the loss on the part of the pirates amounted to eighty killed and wounded; of the last, not one recovered. The pirates entered Gibraltar, and commenced their system of plunder and brutality. Many of the prisoners perished through hunger and wanton cruelty; others were sacrificed to the caprice of their inhuman conquerors, who continued four entire weeks collecting the wealth of the surrounding country, and then demanded ten thousand pieces of eight for the ransom of the town.

The sum not being immediately paid, they set the place on fire; but the Spaniards bringing the ransom, it was extinguished, after doing considerable mischief.

With their booty, they now returned to Maracaibo, and agreed to preserve the city for twenty thousand pieces of eight, which was accordingly paid, as well as a supply of five hundred head of cattle. They had now been two months in these towns, when, to the great joy of the inhabitants, they took their departure.

On calculating the amount of plunder, they found in money two hundred and sixty thousand pieces of eight, and vast quantities of plate, jewels, silks, and other articles; most of which, in the course of a few weeks, was expended in the rude pleasures of a pirate-sailor.

An Indian Nemesis.

It would be a painful and disgusting task to follow the leader, further than merely to state, that his robberies and plunderings continued for some time, attended with acts of remorseless barbarity; for instance, he cut open the breast of a Spaniard, and tearing out the heart, actually gnawed it between his teeth, with the savage ferocity of a wolf. At last, he was himself taken by the Indians, and with many of his comrades, burned alive.

The remainder were reduced to extreme distress; some perished in the woods by famine, and the few who escaped were rendered incapable of further exertion through the remainder of their lives, and died, at last, of disease and misery.

Such were the commencement, progress, and termination of the earliest among the

buccaneers—men whose extraordinary acts of valor excite wonder and admiration, while their abandoned villainies, and atrocious cruelties fill the mind with horror and disgust. Yet even the lives of these desperate adventurers were not unproductive of advantages.

The treasures they had from time to time obtained, began to spread over the West Indies, and laid the foundation of that prosperity which many of these islands afterward enjoyed. Nor must we omit to mention another advantage derived from these pirates. To them we are, in a great measure, indebted for the earliest discoveries in the New World, as the Spaniards endeavored to keep every nation in ignorance respecting its history and numerous productions.

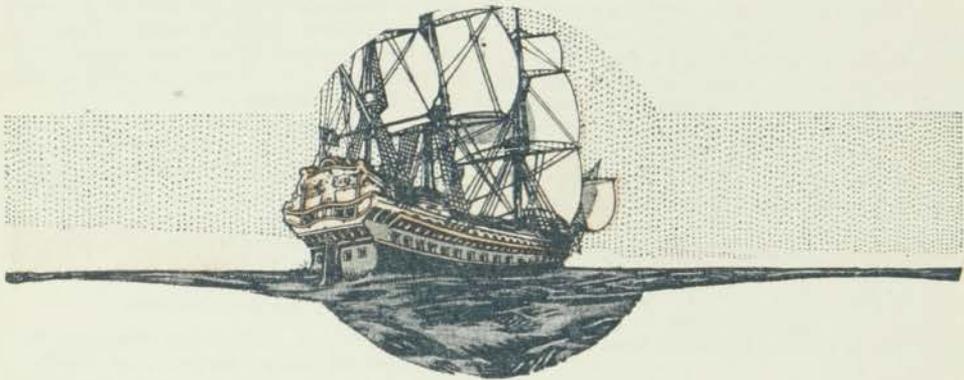
It is true, Sir Walter Raleigh sailed up the Orinoco, and signalized himself in his endeavors to obtain every information that could prove of service to his country, and promote the extension of knowledge.

The buccaneers, without being aware of the importance of their communications, were constantly spreading reports of the various places they had visited, and giving tolerably accurate descriptions of the man-

ners and customs of the inhabitants, with the nature of the soil, and the animal and vegetable productions of the country. There were but few spots left unvisited by them, either among the islands or on the continent.

The time of Elizabeth appears to have been the age of enterprise and heroism. The New World presented a vast theater for bold undertakings, offering fame and riches to the intrepid mariner. The increasing greatness of England as a maritime power, was viewed with envy by the other nations of Europe, and they would have gladly degraded her aspiring flag, but Elizabeth, aware how much the defense of her kingdom depended on its naval armament, liberally encouraged every attempt to increase its force, and promote navigation and commerce.

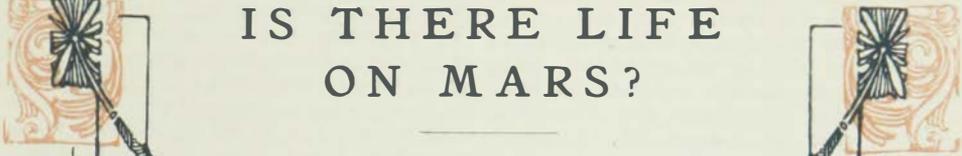
Nor were her efforts confined to Europe alone. She fitted out respectable fleets to attack the Spanish colonies, and her example was followed by the merchants. Though no mention is made in the history of the buccaneers of this queen, yet she was much concerned in their enterprises, aiding the privateering expeditions, and sharing the spoils.



HOW THE CZAR PASSES A DAY.

THE Czar of Russia is a hard-working monarch. He rises at half-past eight and spends half an hour on his toilet, after which he sits down at his writing-table to discharge important matters of state. From ten till eleven o'clock there is a pause, during which the Czar partakes of a light lunch, then working on again till one, signing documents, studying bills, and reading reports of ministers and governors. His majesty drinks, meanwhile, one cup of tea

after another, on rare occasions taking a glass of wine and a caviar sandwich. From one till four the Czar works again, takes a walk with his family, and then continues his labors till seven, the hour for the principal meal of the day. The rest of the evening till nine-thirty is again devoted to his family, after which he retires to his study, and punctually at midnight goes to bed. Throughout the twenty-four hours he is, of course, carefully guarded.



IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.



A FEW years ago, when Alfred Russel Wallace, the great English naturalist, expressed it as his belief that the earth was the only inhabited planet of the universe, he was met with a storm of dissension. His most powerful opponent was undoubtedly M. Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer. M. Flammarion's conception of a vast community of planets, where life and nature are not radically different from those on earth, has been splendidly stated more than once. In the following article, which was originally written for *La Lecture*, of Paris, he takes Mars as his theme, a theme particularly apropos, as the red planet is now nearer to the earth than it has been for many years previously.

FOR more than two centuries we have observed from the earth the principal facts of Martian meteorology. From here we behold the formation of polar ice, the falling and melting of snows, and inclemencies of the weather, clouds, rains, and tempests, and the return of fair skies; in a word, all the vicissitudes of the seasons. The succession of these phenomena is to-day so well established that astronomers are able to predict the form, the extent, and the position of the polar snows, as well as the probable condition, whether cloudy or clear, of its atmosphere. The geographical knowledge that we actually possess of the planet Mars is so far advanced that we can make a general map of it.

"To be sure, this map is still far from being definite, and certainly not until a century or two have elapsed shall we be able to flatter ourselves that we know it perfectly; yet this knowledge will continue constantly to improve, like that of terrestrial geography itself.

"When shall we catch sight of the great cities of this neighboring world? Skeptics smile, as they smiled in the times of Copernicus and Fulton. But he who has confidence in progress does not despair of such a result, which, besides, has within itself nothing impossible, and demands, in order to be reached, only the continuation of mod-

ern advances in optics. Already the general geography of Mars can be represented with greater certainty than that of the terrestrial latitudes about our two poles.

"All the evidence agrees that the seas, the clouds, the polar ice of Mars are analogues of ours, and the study of this geography can be pursued like our own. Nevertheless, we should not jump to the conclusion that absolute identity exists between the geographical and meteorological systems of the two planets.

"Mars shows characteristic disresemblances to us. Our globe is covered by the waters of the sea over three-quarters of its surface. Our largest continents are, so to speak, no more than islands. The vast Atlantic, the immense Pacific, fill their profound basins with their waters. Upon Mars, the partition is more equal between the lands and the waters, and there is rather more land than sea. The seas are veritable Mediterraneans, interior lakes, or narrow straits, like the English Channel and Red Sea, and form a geographical network entirely different from the terrestrial surface.

"Another fact not less worthy of attention, the Martian seas exhibit remarkable differences of shade. For one thing, they are darker near the equator than in more remote latitudes, and then again, some of them are particularly somber.

"To what cause is this graduation of shade due?

"The simplest explanation is to say that it varies with the depth.

"When one floats in a balloon above a large river, a lake, or the sea, if the water is calm and transparent, one sees the bottom sometimes so perfectly that the water seems to have disappeared (this is what has happened to me, notably one day, the 10th of June, 1867, at seven o'clock in the morning, while soaring at a height of three thousand meters above the Loire); along the edges of the ocean one distinguishes the bottom down to a depth of ten or fifteen meters, within several hundred meters of the shore, according to the clearness and the condition of the water.

"Upon this hypothesis, the light-shaded seas of Mars would be those which, like the Zuyder Zee for instance, are only a few meters in depth; the gray seas would be a little deeper, and the black seas the most profound.

"This is not, however, the only explanation that can be given, for the tint of the water may itself readily vary in different regions; the saltier the water the darker, and one can trace in the sea currents which, like the Gulf Stream, flow as rivers of slighter density upon the surface of the ocean, which forms their bed; the saltness depends upon the degree of evaporation, and it would not be surprising if the equatorial seas of Mars were briny and deeper colored than the interior seas.

"Still a third explanation presents itself to the mind. We have upon the earth the Blue Sea, the Yellow Sea, the Red Sea, the White Sea, and the Black Sea; without being absolute, these qualifications answer more or less to the aspect of these seas.

"Who has not been struck by the emerald green color of the Rhine at Basle, and of the Aar at Berne; by the deep azure of the Mediterranean in the Gulf of Naples; by the yellow channel of the Seine between Havre and Trouville, visible in the sea, and by all the various tints that the waters of streams and rivers present?

"The three explanations, then, may apply to the waters of Mars as well as to our own. The light regions may be only marshes or submerged lands.

"The continents are yellow, and this it is what gives to the planets the ruddy color which is recognizable to the naked eye. Herein there is an essential difference with the earth seen from afar. Our planet would appear greenish, for green predominates upon our continents and our seas. The presence of our atmosphere slightly accentuates this tint toward blue.

"With telescopes the astronomers of Venus and of Mercury should see our seas

tinted a deep green, the continents shaded a clear green, more or less variegated, the deserts yellow, and the polar snows very white, clouds white, mountain-chains marked by the snowy line of their crests. Upon Mars, the snows, clouds, and seas offer nearly the same aspect as with us, but the continents are yellow, like fields of cereals, of wheat, barley, or oats.

"The most plausible hypothesis that explains this coloration is that which attributes it to the vegetation, whatever it may be, that should carpet the continent of Mars. The existence of continents and seas shows that this planet, like ours, has been the seat of interior geological movements which have produced elevations and depressions of the land. There have been earthquakes and eruptions, modifying the originally uniform crust of the globe. Consequently, there are mountains and valleys, plateaus and basins, precipitous ravines, and cliffs.

"Thus, it is difficult not to see upon Mars scenes analogous to those which make up our terrestrial landscapes; brooks flowing over beds of pebbles gilded by the sun; creeks traversing the plains, or tumbling in cataracts to the bottom of the valleys; rivers descending slowly to the sea across vast stretches of country.

"The sea-shores receive there, as here, the tribute of aquatic canals, and the sea is now as smooth as a mirror and again lashed by a tempest.

"Such is the general physiology of this neighbor planet. The atmosphere that envelops it, the waters that moisten and fertilize it, the sun-rays that warm and illuminate it, the winds that sweep over it from pole to pole, the seasons that transform it, are so many elements to build up for it a scheme of life analogous to that by which our planet has been gratified.

"The feebleness of gravitation at its surface must have specially modified this scheme of life by adjusting it to its particular condition. So, henceforth, the globe of Mars should not be for us a mere block of stone revolving in space in the sling of the solar attraction, an inert mass, sterile and inanimate; but we should recognize in it a living world, decorated with landscapes resembling those that charm us in terrestrial nature—a new world, on which a whole human race actually dwells, labors, thinks, and meditates, without doubt, like us upon the grand and mysterious problems of nature.

"How interesting it would be to make a voyage thither!"

M. Flammarion next proceeds to discuss the special studies of Mars by Schiaparelli, the astronomer of Milan, who discovered

the so-called canals upon that planet. Just what that discovery means is thus explained:

"Imagine a globe like the earth sprinkled with continents, gulfs, and islands, wrinkled with banks of various contours, whitened with resplendent snows at its poles, colored with golden tints over its tropical lands, diversified with clouds and atmospheric variations which enable us to perceive from here its seasons and its climates. All this we have long known; but imagine upon this world, whose resemblance to ours is so striking, slender and rectilinear canals crossing its continents from end to end, canals from one thousand to five thousand kilometers (about six hundred to three thousand miles) long, and one hundred and twenty kilometers (about seventy-five miles) broad, running in straight lines across country, crossing one another, here at right angles, there obliquely, farther on coming together again like cross-roads in a woodland, and add that the greater number of these canals are double—that is to say, two parallel lines—separated by a distance of from three hundred and fifty to seven hundred kilometers, and you will understand the stupefaction that I experienced in receiving the news of this discovery."

It was in 1877, during a favorable conjunction of Mars—that is to say, at a time when Mars was unusually near the earth—that Schiaparelli first saw the canals. It will be recollected that in that same year Professor Hall discovered the two tiny moons of Mars with the great telescope at Washington, an instrument in comparison with which Schiaparelli's telescope is a pygmy; and yet, so far as we are aware, the canals were never seen with the Washington telescope. This fact, however, is by no means decisive, for, in the first place, Schiaparelli's telescope, though comparatively small, is of acknowledged great excellence; secondly, and more important, the skies of Milan are incomparably clearer and better suited to delicate telescopic observation than those of Washington; and, lastly, Schiaparelli, who possesses exceptionally sharp vision, was engaged in the special study of the features of Mars's surface when he made the discovery. When Schiaparelli first saw the canals in 1877, they appeared as single lines, but subsequently he found them double. He even watched the process of doubling, which was a very curious phenomenon. But we will let him speak for himself, as quoted by M. Flammarion:

"There are upon that planet great, dark lines, traversing the continents, to which may be given the name of canals, although

we do not yet know what they are. During the last three oppositions I have made a special study of them, and have recognized a considerable number, more than sixty. These lines run from one to another of the dark spots that we regard as seas, and form a well-defined network over the light, or continental regions. Their position appears to be invariable and permanent, at least according to the judgment I have been able to form by four and a half years of observation.

"Nevertheless, their aspect and their degree of visibility are not always the same, and depend upon circumstances which the present state of our knowledge does not yet permit us to discuss with certainty. In 1879, many were seen which were not visible in 1877, and in 1882 those that had already been seen were detected again, accompanied by new ones.

"Several of these canals present themselves under the form of vague, shadowy lines, while others are clear and sharp, like a mark made by a pen. In general, they are rectilinear: that is to say, drawn upon the sphere as lines of great circles. They cross one another obliquely, or at right angles. They are fully two degrees broad, or one hundred and twenty kilometers, and a number extend over a distance of eighty degrees, or four thousand eight hundred kilometers.

"Their color is very nearly that of the seas of Mars, but a trifle lighter. Every canal ends at its two extremities in a sea or in another canal; there is not a single example of one extremity ending in the middle of the solid land. That is not all. In certain seasons these canals split up, or rather become double.

"This phenomenon appears to occur at a fixed time, and is produced simultaneously over the whole extent of the continents of the planet. No indication of it was shown in 1877 during the weeks which preceded and followed the southern solstice of that world.

"A single isolated case was presented in 1879; the 26th of December in that year (a little before the spring equinox, which occurred on the 21st of January, 1880), I remarked the dividing of the Nile between the Lake of the Moon and the Ceraunique Gulf.

"These two regular markings, equal and parallel, caused me, I admit, profound surprise, the greater because some days before, the 23d and 24th of December, I had observed with care this same region without perceiving anything of the kind. I awaited with curiosity the return of the planet in 1881, in order to learn if any analogous

phenomenon would present itself, and I saw the same thing reappear on the 11th of January, 1882, a month after the spring equinox of the planet (which occurred on the 8th of December, 1881); the division was still more evident at the end of February.

"On this same date, the 11th of January, another doubling manifested itself, that of the middle section of the Cyclops Canal, on the side of the Elysée.

"Greater yet was my astonishment when, the 19th of January, I saw the Canal of Jamuna, which was then in the center of the disk, divided very accurately into two straight, parallel lines, traversing the space which separates the Niliaque Lake from the Gulf of Aurera.

"At first I thought it to be an illusion, caused by fatigue of the eye and a sort of strabismus of a new kind; but one must needs yield to the evidence. After the 19th of January, I simply passed from one surprise to another: in succession the Orontes, the Euphrates, the Phison, the Ganges, and most of the other canals showed themselves very clearly and incontestably split in two. There were not less than twenty examples of doubling.

"These doublings are not an optical effect depending upon the increase of visual power, as happens in the observation of double stars, and neither is it the canal which divides itself in two lengthwise. Notice what it is that appears; to the right or left of a preexisting line, without any change in the course or position of that line, one sees another line produced equal and generally parallel to the first, at a distance varying from six to twelve degrees, that is to say, from three hundred and fifty kilometers to seven hundred kilometers; there even seem to be some produced still nearer, but the telescope is not powerful enough to enable one to distinguish them with certainty. Their tint is reddish-brown.

"These twin canals are rectilinear, or very slightly curved. There is nothing

analogous in terrestrial geography. Everything points to the belief that it is a peculiar periodical phenomenon of the planet Mars, and intimately related to the course of the seasons.

"Here, then, are the observed facts. The increase in the distance of the planet and the prevalence of rains prevented the continuation of the observations after the end of February. It is difficult to decide quickly upon the nature of that geography, assuredly very different from that of our world."

M. Flammarion concludes, after quoting the account by the discoverer given above:

"When we consider that we can perceive the shores of the seas and the mouths of the great rivers of this neighbor world, and that, without a great effort of the imagination, we are able to divine the natural boundaries which no doubt do not separate but merely distinguish the Martian nations from one another, the dearest wish that arises of itself in our love of progress should be to see a colossal telescope constructed, by the aid of which we could take a decisive step—while waiting for some yet unforeseen method of communication to put us—and why not?—in correspondence with our brothers of the sky.

"If the thousands of millions that our foolish human nature throws every year into the abyss of standing armies were devoted to science, what giant steps would not be made in only a quarter of a century in the peaceful conquest of the grand secrets of nature!

"But progress is slow upon our planet. At this very moment Mars shines every evening in the sky, marking, with his ruddy light, the ancient constellation of the Twins. How many glances are cast upon him without a suspicion that there is a world resembling ours; without the knowledge that the earth, seen from afar, would also appear as a star to the eyes of the inhabitants of Mars or Venus! We are citizens of the sky without knowing it, and we live as strangers in our own fatherland!"

ADAM'S FIRST SLEEP.

HE laid him down and slept, and from his side
 Woman in all her magic beauty rose;
 Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman "Bride"—
 And his first sleep became his last repose!



ABOUT WOMEN IN GENERAL.

PROFESSOR MÖBIUS HAD SOME REMARKABLE VIEWS
ABOUT THEIR BEING BABY-LIKE—A FEW ANECDOTES.



NOT even those who oppose woman-suffrage seem inclined to recall, nowadays, a certain remarkable paper published some years ago by Professor J. P. Möbius.

The professor was a confirmed believer in woman's low intellectual status. Among other things, he expressed it as his conviction that woman was physically an intermediate between the child and the man, and in every respect man's intellectual inferior. The latter conclusion was based upon anatomical investigations. The extensive studies of Rüdinger were quoted to show that the "parts of the brain extremely important for mentality, the frontal and parietal convolutions, are less developed in woman than in man, and that the difference exists at birth." He found that this intellectual inferiority is manifest in every action dependent upon the exercise of mind.

Commencing with the senses, which respond to mental irritation, he showed that they are less acute in woman than in man. Lombroso found that the cutaneous pain sense was less marked in the former. Moreover, in occupations requiring fine sensory discrimination, as tea-tasting or wool-sort-

ing, men excel. The same is true when manual dexterity is required; even in such women's occupations as dressmaking, or cooking, men easily surpass the other sex, even the most expert.

In the life of women, instinct plays a much more important part than in men. "By instinctive knowledge," he said, "we arrive at judgments without knowing why." He continues, as follows: "The more the individual consciousness participates in cognition and action, the higher is the individual's development, the more independent he is. An intermediate state between the purely instinctive and clearly conscious we call feeling. To act from feeling, to hold something to be true from feeling, is to do it half instinctively. Instinct has great privileges, it is positive and unconcerned; feeling participates in half of the privileges. Instinct makes the woman animal-like, dependent, secure, and cheerful. On it rests her superior power; it renders her admirable and attractive. Very many feminine attributes are dependent on this animal-like condition. Chiefly, the absence of real judgment."

This predominance of instinct over reason, the author claimed, makes her con-

servative, fearful of innovations, non-progressive. "All progress," he said, "is due to man," and woman restrains him from noble actions out of deference to custom and convention.

* * *

MME. EDMOND ADAM, the brilliant woman whose salon in Paris was for nearly forty years the gathering place for all the most distinguished men and women in European art, literature, music, and politics, was certainly not a woman of the Möbius type. Her "Literary Life" is one of the most fascinating books that has come out of modern France, and gives an intimate view of most of the leading actors in contemporaneous history, by all of whom she was known and admired.

Here is a sketch of Alfred de Musset and George Sand, as related to her by Hetzel, who had found the poet overcome by drink and sitting on the steps of a house, pitying himself.

"What are you doing here?' I asked, attempting to raise him.

"They have ejected me, ejected me,' he replied with the maudlin whine of the drunken man.

"It is always women, my poor fellow,' I said, dragging him along the boulevard, where I hailed a cab.

"I want some supper. I am hungry and thirsty,' he exclaimed, when barely seated in the cab. He then set up such a howl that I was compelled to stop the cab at the first restaurant.

"I will give you supper and wine,' I said, pushing him into a private room, 'on the sole condition that you talk about Venice.'"

(It was at Venice that De Musset and George Sand lived together, and all the world was then curious to know the details of this life.)

"I will tell you everything, but give me something to drink.' While he was drinking I put some abrupt and searching questions to him.

"It is all a hoax; George [Sand] never loved you. At Venice she dropped you at once.'

"I tell you she did love me,' he replied in a raucous voice. . . . 'But it was her head that fell in love with my head, do you understand?' He laughed an idiotic, drunken laugh.

"But she also loved you with her heart, unfortunate man.'

"With her head; with her heart, no; it was not this. . . . I upbraided her, I accused her of not loving me. Her reply came back in gentle and soothing words,

which only maddened me the more. I could have killed her. . . ."

* * *

MME. ADAM quotes Princess Metternich as saying of the gay way she behaved herself in Paris when she was so dignified in Vienna:

"There is the same distance between the Hofburg and the Tuileries as there is between the Empress Elizabeth and Mlle. de Montijo" (the Empress Eugénie).

Also: "Mme. Fauvetz spoke to me about the début of a young actress, Sarah Bernhardt, whom she had seen a month before in 'Iphigenie en Aulide,' and who, she said, would one day take the place of Rachel and cause the latter to be forgotten."

* * *

A VISITOR at the beautiful cathedral of Winchester, England, desired to be shown the grave of Jane Austen. The verger, as he pointed it out, asked, "Pray, sir, can you tell me whether there was any thing particular about that lady; so many people want to know where she was buried?"

The ignorance of the verger is probably shared by most American readers of the present day, respecting the life and character of a lady whose novels commanded the admiration of Scott, Mackintosh, Macaulay, Coleridge, Southey, and others of equal eminence in the world of letters. Even during her lifetime she was known only through her novels. She lived in entire seclusion from the literary world; neither by correspondence nor by personal intercourse was she known to any contemporary authors. It is probable that she never was in company with any person whose talents or whose celebrity equaled her own; so that her powers never could have been sharpened by collision with superior intellects, nor her imagination aided by their casual suggestions.

She was another exception to the rule Professor Möbius would have us accept.

* * *

PSYCHOLOGISTS have never agreed on the subject of woman. Arsène Hous-saye, a gifted Frenchman, says: "It is not in vain that our first mother shook the tree of science. Thanks to her, women know everything without having learned anything," and he adds that "The one who has read the book that is called woman knows more than the one who has grown pale in libraries."

Balzac avers that "A woman who has received the education of a man possesses

faculties most fertile in happiness for herself and for her husband." Yet, he perpetrates the following: "Politics in married life consist in the constant application of three principles. The first is, never believe what a woman says; the second, try to understand the spirit of her actions, and the third, do not forget that a woman is never so talkative as when she keeps silent, and is never so active as when she is at rest."

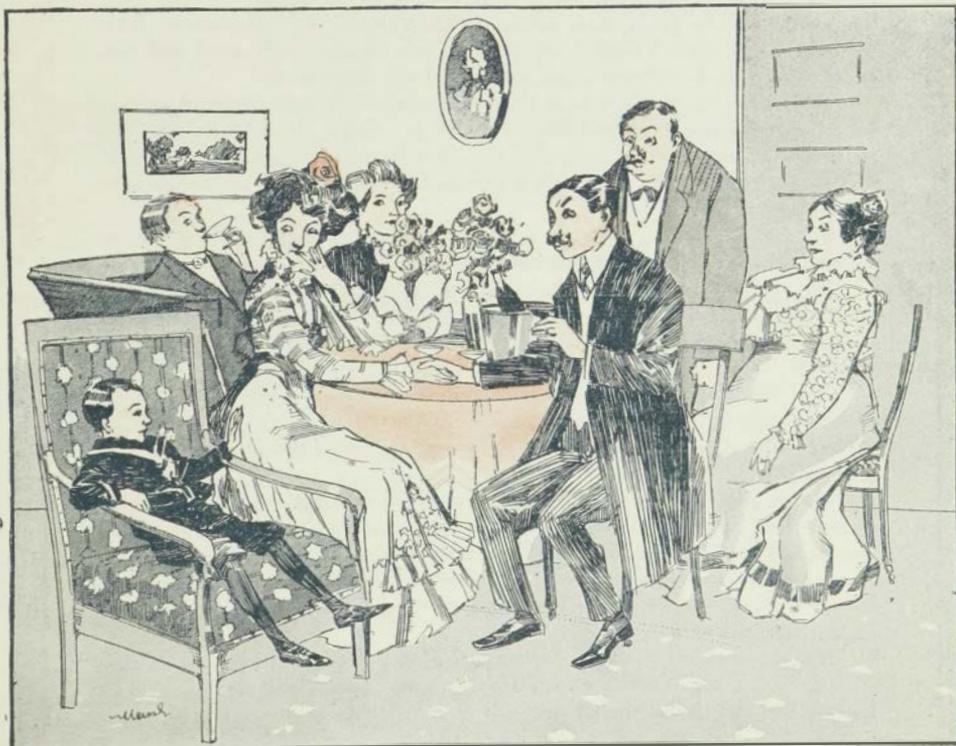
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"I HAVE observed among all nations," says Ledyard, "that the women ornament themselves more than the men, that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform an hospitable or generous action; not haughty or arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous, more liable in general to err

than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions, than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and, to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweet draft, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

And Washington Irving tells us: "A woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her ambition seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked—her case is hopeless—for it is bankruptcy of the heart."

IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME.



SISTER'S YOUNG MAN (AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE ENGAGEMENT): "NOW, KARL, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO TASTE SOME CHAMPAGNE?"

KARL: "OH, I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE. THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME SHE'S GOT ENGAGED."

Fliegende Blätter.

WAS THE POLE WORTH WHILE?

BY HERBERT KAUFMAN.

[*Copyright, 1909, by Herbert Kaufman.*]



NOTHER search of ages has been ended; another secret of the universe disclosed. A new leaf has been added to the laurel of achievement.

This wonder-century, which showed the way to talk across the vasts and whispered to Invention how to seize the highways of the air, has led the first explorer to the Pole.

And, of course, we all agree that it was very wonderful and brave—a deed of mighty courage—sublime—and everything else that is nice and praiseworthy. But—

When we pause to consider that it has merely shown the map-maker where to rule a few more lines upon his globes, and allowed the scientist to place its equivalent beside another long elusive "X," the game by far outweighs the candle.

For, beyond these things, what in the name of common sense are we to do with it? How may we use it?

It will not add to the wealth of nations, nor simplify processes of manufacture. It has no market value. It isn't a bed of radium, nor a mine of gold—only a weird, wild acre, whose trail is marked with tortured lives and haunted with their tragedies.

When you think of all the long, bleak journeys up there on the unpathed ice, with hunger always stalking close behind the sleds—the frost-fanged blasts that no furs could withstand, the maddening isolation, and the wearied limbs stung ever onward by the lash of courage, you surely can't be called narrow or unjust when you judge the achievement to be a woful waste of splendid energy.

But the wise old Earth wags her aged head at you and pityingly smiles. Mother of Creation, she knows what mighty thing has been deeded to her sons-to-be.

She gazes to the North and there beholds a spur to drive the laggard to the fore. She sees a dazzling light to burn away the mists of doubt; a tablet to endure within the halls of history, and there proclaim to all the lands and all the times how ALL is possible to confidence.

The chemist, spent with years of futile trials, will, at the recollection of the Pole, re-clench his teeth, and urge his dying courage back to spreading wing.

The artist, pleading to his brushes to transmute the dream within his soul, will, by its grace, paint on until persistence lifts him into genius.

Inventors, wearied with the teasing puzzle of wheels and cranks and springs, will call to mind how one more trial found the farthest goal; and, sped again to essay at their jumbles, will find that Fortune always answers to the louder Call.

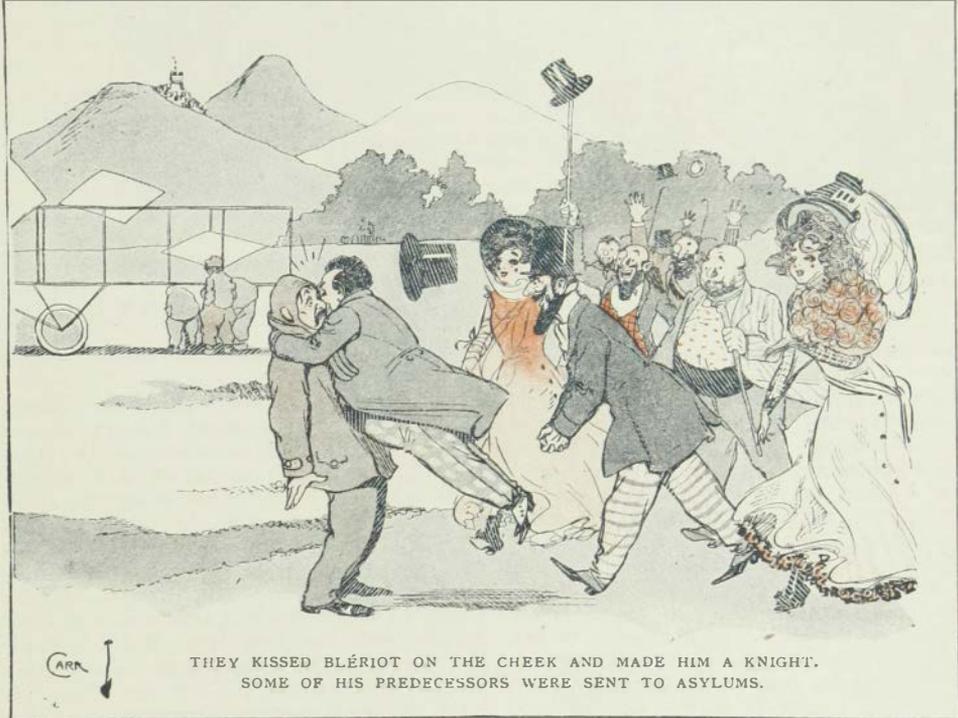
No scales can weigh, nor figures tabulate, its worth. Its memory means another ampere to the will of man—another tendon for his tiring arm—support to fagging hope—fresh resolution to repel despair.

It is a force brought from the uttermosts to nurture that in men which makes them climb up to their highest destiny—a ringing voice to cry "I can, I shall, I must!" into the hearts of all who truly seek the KEY.

SAY, ARE YOU CRAZY?

BY PAUL WEST.

THE ANSWER TO THIS MAY SEEM EASY TO YOU,
BUT IT IS SURPRISING HOW OPINIONS DIFFER.



THEY KISSED BLÉRIOT ON THE CHEEK AND MADE HIM A KNIGHT.
SOME OF HIS PREDECESSORS WERE SENT TO ASYLUMS.



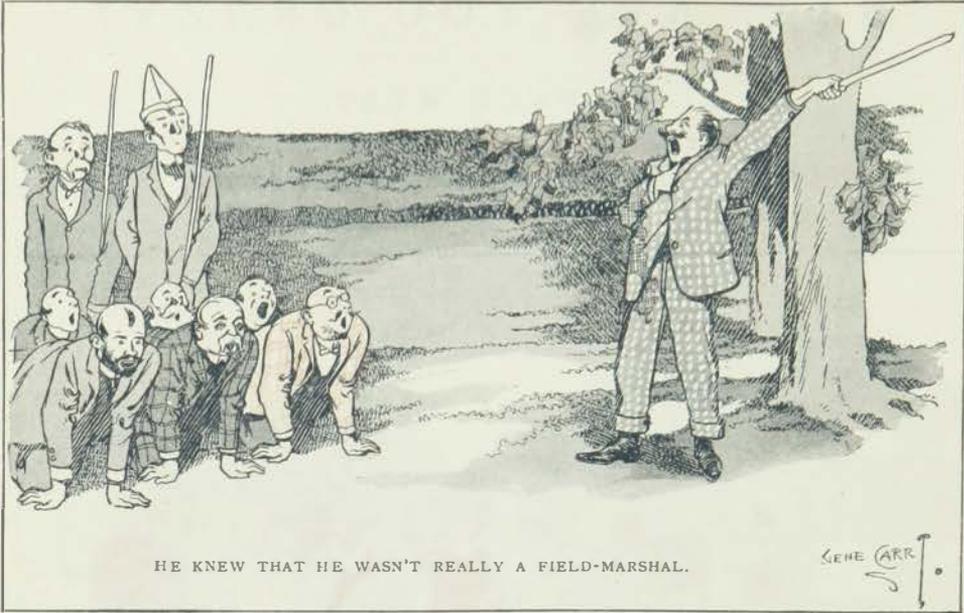
AN insane person, as the average individual understands it, is one who does things that seem to the majority odd and unreasonable. Thus, if John Smith suddenly takes it into his head that the only proper way to go down-town is to walk on his hands, and insists on practising that peculiar style of locomotion, his neighbors are apt to believe that he has gone crazy, and to urge that he be sequestered.

If William Jinks were to insist that he could not attend to his daily labors of balancing books in the commercial house where he is employed unless the head bookkeeper saw to it that his desk were continually supplied with cups of hot coffee for his, Jinks's, frequent consumption; and should demand that he be given at least seventy-five cups of the narcotic daily, it would

naturally follow that Jinks would be given his pay-envelope with the suggestion that he come back to work no more, on the grounds that he was insane. Yet, the composer Donizetti could never write music without a dozen or more silver coffee-pots, all filled, before him, and he was often known to drink the contents of the entire dozen at a single sitting.

Given these comparisons the alienist would argue that such evidences of mental bias do not necessarily constitute definite proof of insanity. Indeed, as a noted alienist in a recent celebrated case in New York testified, what may seem insane in one man may appear perfectly sane in another, or, at the worst, merely an eccentricity.

Going a little further, some time ago, Dr. Graeme M. Hammond, the eminent New York authority on mental diseases, allows himself to be quoted in the New York



HE KNEW THAT HE WASN'T REALLY A FIELD-MARSHAL.

World as saying that, if judged by a strict standard, almost every one would be found deficient in some one respect or another.

Just what this standard would be, and how it could be set, is hard to determine. Indeed, one has only to follow the testimony of the army of alienists at some "big" murder case, where the defendant is trying to escape death by proving that he did not know what he was doing when he killed the unfortunate victim of his wrath, to become convinced that the alienists themselves are about as far from knowing when a man is sane or insane as is the man on the street.

One group swears that the defendant is a driveling idiot, and always has been. The other group just as solemnly swears that he is a master mind. Presumably the members of both groups are honest men, who say what they think.

In such cases, there is always considerable talk of the "exaggerated ego" as an evidence of mental warp. An exaggerated ego is the condition of having an overweening confidence in yourself and your importance. Believing that you have a mission on earth, or that you are a little better than anybody else, or that you should really be running the universe. If this be so, and every man who labors under any form of this delusion be insane, what a lot of dangerous maniacs there must be abroad in our fair land!

For instance, in the crowd watching an unfortunate driver trying to start a balky

horse. For, every man in the assemblage, even though he has never held the lines over a horse's back, is absolutely certain that if he only had the job of starting the recalcitrant animal he could make him trot off without any trouble. And the throngs of people who could manage the government better than it is managed! And the small boy in his first "long pants," and the young man with his first mustache, and the mother with her first baby, and—oh, the list is endless. "Exaggerated ego" is a common ailment.

Of course, it appears in aggravated form sometimes; and we know that the victim is more or less out of mental balance.

Yet it is not always a sign of insanity in other ways. As, for instance, in the case of a woman, well known in New York, owner of much valuable real estate in the down-town part of Manhattan Island, and a shrewd speculator in land and buildings. Daily she is seen in the business district, where she transacts her affairs with brokers and bankers, sanely, cleverly, sharply, driving hard bargains and seldom getting the worst of any deal. Yet this woman labors under a strange delusion, which is that she has been divinely appointed a guardian over all trains arriving at the Grand Central Station.

She speaks of this mission to many people whom she meets, and sometimes, before they get to know her better, they put her down as insane, and try to get the better of her in business transactions. After one effort,

however, they come to the conclusion either that she has been joking with them about her "special mission," or that if it really is a form of insanity, they would like to have a little touch of the same thing themselves.

This delusion began to possess this woman some years ago, and her relatives at first thought that it was only a forerunner of other and more dangerous forms of mental decay. They got ready to handle her affairs, but soon found that there was no immediate need of their stepping in. Nor have they found any need of it yet.

At present they have almost given up hope that the existence of this delusion will prove sufficient grounds for their breaking their eccentric relative's will after she is dead.

The normal mind, physicians tell us, should be free from superstition. How many of us are thus free? How many of us feel uncomfortable on seeing the new moon over the wrong shoulder, or dislike sleeping in a hotel room numbered 13? All abnormal!

The delusion that you are Emperor of Labrador, and that all your neighbors should bow down to you in your daily progress, would doubtless be taken for a form of insanity by every one who knew that you had it. On the other hand, if you were suddenly to begin work on a huge cannon to shoot yourself and family up to the moon, while this would seem equally unreasonable, are there any of us certain that the plan would not prove perfectly feasible, if worked out properly?

To be sure, we cannot conceive of any such plan being carried out; but, then, neither could the ancients conceive the theories of Copernicus about the solar system; or, coming up to more recent times, neither could our ancestors believe that Robert Fulton wasn't a little bit "queer" when he began to talk steamboats.

The other day they kissed a Frenchman on both cheeks and made him a *chevalier* of the Legion of Honor because he had flown across the English Channel in an air-ship. A few days later, the United States government bestowed a prize of thirty thousand dollars on two young Ohioans who had proved that their aeroplane could fly according to certain tests.

Yet, only three or four years ago a broken-hearted man died in a Massachusetts asylum, who had been incarcerated therein by his rela-

tives on the grounds that he had suddenly gone insane, when, some fifteen years ago, he began to spend his time inventing a "heavier-than-air" flying-machine, which, in a general way, was much like those of the Wright brothers and Blériot!

We are, it seems, growing more lenient in our treatment of "delusions" and forms of the "exaggerated ego," as witness our polite acceptance of a Harvard professor's statement that he could signal Mars if he had ten million dollars with which to build a big enough reflector for a colossal light. Fifty years ago, a man announcing such a proposition would have been considered dangerous; to-day, we do not even stop to consider whether his plan is feasible or not. We just take it for granted that it is, and wonder whether he would get the ten million dollars from Carnegie, Rockefeller, or J. Pierpont Morgan!

In an asylum near Boston there was, and probably still is, a man who labors under the peculiar delusion that he is the late Field-marshal Von Molke, of Prussia. The grounds of this asylum are extensive, including a lawn, surrounded by a high wall nearly half a mile long. Out on this lawn, on pleasant afternoons, it used to be the delight of the self-styled field-marshal to drill the German imperial army.



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY WAS QUITE USELESS FOR FARM-WORK.

The German army consisted of as many of the asylum's male inmates as he could make believe that they had to belong to the army. Sometimes there would be a hundred, sometimes only a few dozen. Each newly arrived inmate was forced by this strict disciplinarian to get out and shoulder a "gun," under the pain of some terrible punishment.

At the head of his forces marched the field-marshal, a stalwart man of fifty, perhaps, brandishing a stick in lieu of a sword, and putting his troops through the most intricate maneuvers.

At the tail-end of the parade came about a dozen men, hopping along on "all fours," like dogs. A visitor, seeing this, said to a guard one day, "I suppose that is the cavalry, bringing up the rear."

"Not at all," said the guard. "Wait and see."

Reaching the proper place, the all-four detachment suddenly wheeled out of line, came to the front, and, at a signal from the field-marshal, shouted in chorus:

"Boom!"

"There," said the guard, "you see they are not cavalry. They are artillery!"

After the drill of the army, the visitor had a chat with the field-marshal, who returned to the main building of the asylum, much pleased when told that his army had done very well.

"Thank you," he said, "they are rather raw now, but in a short while I shall have them in better shape."

"No doubt of it," said the visitor. "By the way, how is it that a field-marshal of the German army is here in this country, drilling Yankee troops?"

"It's like this," explained the field-marshal, looking about him to see that none of the guards were listening. "I'm not the original Von Moltke. Oh, I know they think I think I am; but I don't. I'm merely his reincarnation, and I'm only here until I can make people generally understand it. Excuse me, now. I must go inside and attend to my accounts."

And he politely withdrew—not, as the visitor at first believed, to look up some make-believe, imaginary affairs, but, as was discovered, to balance the books of the institution, a task that he was permitted to fulfil constantly because he was such a fine bookkeeper!

"The man is undoubtedly insane," said the superintendent of the asylum, speaking of his case later; "he has the delusion that he is Von Moltke, but sometimes he realizes that it is a delusion, and tries, as he did with you, to make us believe that he doesn't think he is the original, but a sort of second edition, of the real Von Moltke. Now, when a man knows that he has a delusion, and is sharp enough to try to explain it away, I wonder if he really is insane."

The avowedly crazy often show such traces of saneness; or, to put it differently, shrewd understanding of their condition.

There was a husky inmate of the asylum at Center Islip, Long Island, New York, who announced one day, while working in the field, that he was the Statue of Liberty. He dropped his hoe and struck the familiar post of the Bartholdi monument. Nothing that the keepers could say or do would



CAN YOU BREAK A MIRROR WITHOUT A FEELING OF DISTRESS?

make him change his mind about his identity. He was Miss Liberty, and he had to pose, and that's all there was to it.

Finally, they let him pose. Next day, when the inmates selected to do farm-work went out into the fields, Liberty was left behind, posing. All day long he posed, stopping only when forced out. Next day he took up his pose again, and after that he made it his steady business.

A reporter, visiting the asylum on a "story," one day some months afterward, had the "statue" pointed out to him, and went up to the wobegone figure to talk to him.

"Hallo," said the reporter, "how's Liberty to-day?"

"Who?" asked the "statue."

"You. Aren't you the Statue of Liberty?"

"Certainly," said the poser. "I am—yet."

"What do you mean by 'yet?' You're not going to stop enlightening the world, are you?"

"I surely am," said the "statue," making sure that he was not overheard, "just as soon as they quit working the farm for the winter. I only played this game on them to get out of hoeing corn and pitching hay, and when the last crops are gathered in, I'm going to tell 'em how I fooled 'em, and give them the laugh."

The reporter, very thoughtlessly, told the superintendent of his conversation with the "statue," and the superintendent demanded of the poor fellow that he admit that he had been making game of the keepers. The "statue" denied having said any such thing as the reporter had repeated, and the superintendent, with a laugh, told the newspaper man that he guessed the scribe was trying to have a little fun with them. That winter, however, the reporter and the superintendent met in New York, and the latter said:

"Oh, by the way, you remember our Statue of Liberty? Well, by George, you were right about him! The other day, when he got tired of playing the game, he came into my office and exposed the



THEY BOTH MADE SURREPTITIOUS BRAIN-TESTS IN THE MANNER PRESCRIBED.

whole plot, just as he said he was going to. Of course he's crazy—on other subjects—but he surely showed saneness in this matter."

Every one knows the historical story of the inmate of the asylum on Blackwell's Island. A visitor saw him coming along with a wheelbarrow, turned upside down.

"Here," said the visitor, "don't you know that isn't the way to wheel a barrow? Turn it the other way up."

"Not on your life," said the unfortunate delicient, with a wink. "I had it that way the other day, and they filled it with bricks!"

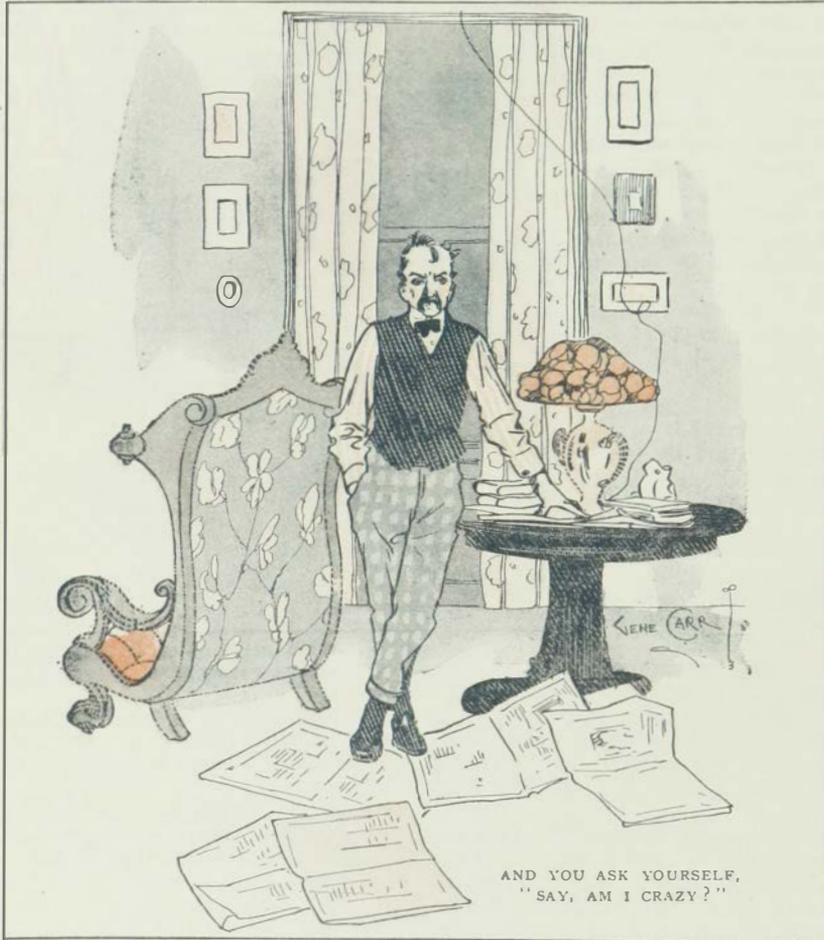
Any one would classify people exhibiting such noticeable delusions as these as palpably insane, and undoubtedly the classification would be correct. But how about the leading surgeon in New York, who confesses to the belief that if he were to perform an operation without a certain disreputable old knife among his instruments

the operation would not be successful? His faith has never been shaken.

The knife in question is the one with which he made his first cut into the anatomy of his first patient, and though it is worn, and in a condition entitling it to be put away forever, he insists always that it shall be among the tools the nurse lays out for him. Reasoning logically, the surgeon

as one of thirteen people with perfect comfort? Many people can; but, on the other hand, there are thousands who cannot do so without a queer, creepy feeling, as they recall the old saying that it means the death of one of the number before a year shall have passed on.

Can you break a mirror without a feeling of distress? Mighty few people can.



knows that a newer knife would do the work just as well, if not better; but he still clings to the old one, because, as he admits, he "has a superstition" about it.

Isn't that a delusion? It certainly is. Yet to call the surgeon insane would be stretching the facts.

Look yourself over and see if you have no delusions, no superstitions—for belief in a superstition, no matter how vague it may be, is, according to all reason, a delusion.

For instance, can you sit down to table

Do you ever "wish on" the first star you see at night, believing it will bring you good luck? Do you, in walking along the street with a friend, feel uncomfortable if any one passes between you? Would you "cut through" a funeral procession? Would you accept a knife as a present without giving the donor a penny, so as not to cut friendship? Would you—but do you believe in any of the time-honored superstitions, bad-luck and good-luck signs, and omens?

Honestly, now, are you absolutely free from them all?

If you are not, you certainly must be laboring under some delusions, however faintly defined. And any one who harbors delusions must be, to quote the alienists, insane.

Recently, a "test" was made in a New York court to prove the insanity or sanity of a woman. She was told by the judge to close her eyes and try to touch the tip of her nose with the tip of her forefinger. She failed to do it, and the judge decided that this was eminent proof of her being somewhat mentally unbalanced.

The writer saw two people in a Subway train reading the account of this occurrence, and both made surreptitious efforts to touch their noses in the manner prescribed by the court. Neither of them could do it on the first trial.

Can you?

As Dr. Britton D. Evans, of New Jersey, recently said: "Insanity is an unknown quantity." Nobody can say at just what point the line is marked, showing insanity one one side and perfect mental poise on the other. The presence of strange delusions in one man may be more than counterbalanced by calm logic and reasonable ideas on other subjects.

The individual who fancies that he approximates the attributes of the Messiah may be able to conceal that obsession from other people. His neighbor, who, harboring the same delusion, cannot keep it to himself, but insists on proclaiming it, is adjudged insane. In this case, it is the realization that he would be laughed at that makes the first man "sane" enough to say nothing about his claims. But, then, some of the most violently insane people have the faculty of great secretiveness and shrewdness.

It is an interesting subject for discussion, this: When is a man insane and when isn't he?

The increase in the practise of engaging "expert" alienist testimony in murder and will cases, instead of clearing it up, serves only to make the question the more hazy.

Signs, symptoms, evidences, attributes, "tests," and so forth, as the alienists advance them, to prove that a person is "all right" or "all wrong," result only in tangling the courts, the juries, the public, and the lawyers, to say nothing of the alienists themselves. And when it is all over, the average man is apt to find himself in a quandary as to his own mental standing, and to ask himself quietly, suspiciously:

"Say, am I crazy?"

JOHN BULL'S SCRAP BOOK.

IN the United Kingdom, in the three months ended June 30 last, two hundred and ninety-eight thousand eight hundred and seven births and one hundred and sixty-three thousand two hundred and twenty-six deaths were registered.

The Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick was established in 1783, and has twenty-five members, who are entitled to the distinction K. P.

Libraries in the County of London, established under the public libraries acts, issue between six and seven million volumes annually.

Turner's picture, "Mortlake," was sold last year for sixty-three thousand dollars, the highest price ever realized for an English landscape in the auction-room.

By the coinage act of 1870, the ancient post of master of the mint, as such, was abolished, and it was combined with that of the chancellor of the exchequer.

In 1881, 2,362,331 persons were engaged in agriculture in the United Kingdom. Ten years later the number had decreased to 2,249,756, while in 1901 it was 2,109,812.

Over eighty-seven thousand members of the International Anti-Cigarette League have pledged themselves to abstain from purchasing or using tobacco in any form until they are twenty-one.

Though a valuable institution, the British Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical, and Philological Studies is one of the least known. The maximum number of ordinary fellows is fixed at one hundred.

In England a domestic servant may be dismissed without notice for (1) absence without leave, (2) utter incompetence, (3) wilful disobedience to reasonable orders, or (4) gross misconduct.

At no provincial town in England or Ireland is there more than one delivery of letters on Sunday, Christmas Day, or Good Friday.

There is a permanent royal commission on horse-breeding.

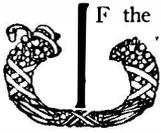
There are seven large Jewish elementary schools in London.

London has over seventy hospitals.

The British Museum was founded in 1753.

HARD LIBEL-LAWS IN ENGLAND.

TRIFLING COMPLAINTS ON WHICH SUITS WERE BROUGHT FOR LARGE SUMS AGAINST THE PRESS



If the average American who visits England find the newspapers there somewhat dull in comparison with the home product, he should consider that this is largely owing to the onerous libel-laws prevalent there. American newspapers print stories and comment which, in England, would mean heavy fines, or even imprisonment for reporter and proprietor, too. And now, according to that bright publication, *Answers*, a new terror has been added to the many that encompass the harmless journalist. The House of Lords is actually debating as to whether it is libel to use in a work of fiction a name which turns out to belong to a real person.

The lower courts have held that it does constitute a libel. If this decision is upheld by the Lords, the lot of the scribe-folk will, indeed, be an unhappy one.

Innocent libels, as one might call them, are by no means rare; and it would seem that no amount of vigilance could guard against them.

The memory recalls one for which a certain world-famous news agency was heavily mulcted.

The agency sent out an item, which was extensively printed, relating to a certain music-hall artiste, whose name, save for one letter, was identical with that of another performer.

Unfortunately, the transcriber added the fatal letter, and the artiste to whom the article did not really refer, but whose name thus appeared in it, instantly pounced down upon the offender.

He was backed by a sharp solicitor, and the case was hopeless from the first.

The agency paid one thousand five hundred dollars to the man it had so innocently libelled.

It is libelous to say that a lady is married to a certain person if she is not.

A London evening paper once alluded to a well-known actress's manager as her husband. The parties, however, were not married, and a writ for libel was promptly issued. It was no good for the editor and the paragrapher to plead that they honestly thought, believed, and were convinced that they had printed and written that which was

strictly true—the paper had to pay. There was no appeal.

Another innocent libel cost the proprietor of a periodical circulating among booksellers and stationers two hundred and fifty dollars.

By a mistake in the arrangements of no less august a paper than the *London Gazette*, he had inserted the name of a certain firm of stationers under "First Meeting Under the Bankruptcy Act," instead of under "Dissolutions of Partnership." This was, of course, a serious libel, although caused by pure inadvertence.

"How Lawyer — Treats His Clients!" was the head-line printed above a report which was not in itself libelous. But the unfortunately chosen heading was held by judge and jury to be libelous, as it conveyed the impression that Lawyer — generally treated his clients badly.

Once a great daily newspaper innocently described one actress as the daughter of another, the assertion being made in perfect good faith.

The charming lady indicated as the mother was justifiably indignant, as her years were not such as to make it possible for her to have a daughter of the age of the other charming lady.

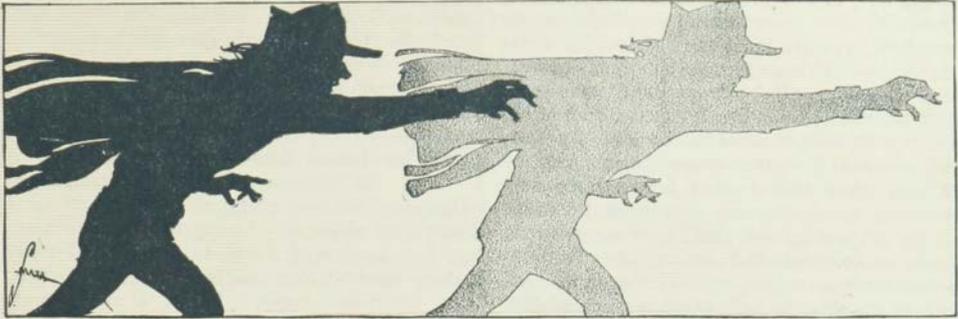
It was a serious libel, and the newspaper suffered accordingly.

It is amusing, also, to notice that a dramatist once recovered damages from a theatrical paper for, by a slip of the pen, attributing to him the authorship of a play really written by another dramatist.

Newspapers, however, may comfort themselves with the reflection that it has been laid down by a lord chief justice of England that it is not libelous for one newspaper to call another "the most vulgar, ignorant, and scurrilous journal ever published in Great Britain."

Still, what holds good in one case may not do so, equally, in all, and, therefore, editors interested would do well to go warily.

It is in France, perhaps, that papers have the greatest license. There it is quite common for a journal to refer to a man as a murderer, as soon as he is arrested on suspicion. But in France, the duel is still more popular than the libel-suit.



THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW.*

BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

VI.

AS the day passed, I stilled my hunger with wild berries and my thirst at the nearest brook. At night I slept under a tree. Bendel had evidently lost track of me, and I was glad of it, for I did not intend to return to human society, but rather to flee from it. Thus I passed three fearful days. On the morning of the fourth I found myself on a sunny plain, sitting among the rocks and enjoying the sunlight, of which I had been so long deprived.

Suddenly I heard a slight noise, and cast a hasty look about me, prepared to flee; I saw no one, but past me, over the sunny sand, glided a human shadow, not unlike my own, which appeared to have been separated from its owner.

A sudden impulse came over me to appropriate it, and I sprang after it. At my movement the shadow took to flight, and a breathless chase began, to which I was moved only by the desperate hope of retrieving my situation.

It fled toward a neighboring forest, in whose shade I should necessarily have lost it. The thought lent wings to my feet. I gained visibly on the shadow—I was about to reach it, when it suddenly stopped and turned toward me. I rushed forward like a lion on his prey to grasp it, and met the resistance of a solid body, while, from an invisible source, the most violent pummeling was inflicted on my ribs.

The effect of my terror was to cause me involuntarily to throw my arms about the unseen thing before me. In doing so I fell

forward on the ground, and beneath me a man now became visible in my embrace.

At once the whole affair became clear to me. The man must have been carrying the invisible bird's nest, which renders the bearer, but not his shadow, invisible.

I peered around, soon discovered the shadow of the invisible nest, and darted upon it. Soon I was standing, myself invisible and shadowless, with the nest in my hand.

The man quickly rose, looking about for his assailant, but nowhere could he find either the person or his shadow, to which, of course, his search was first directed. For he had not had time to notice that I myself had no shadow, nor could he suspect it. When he was convinced that every trace had vanished he tore his hair in despair. To me, however, the newly acquired treasure restored at once the possibility and the desire to mingle again with mankind, and I hurried away without looking back at the unfortunate whom I had despoiled. At least, so the circumstances appeared to me at the time.

I was eager to visit the ranger's and to prove the truth of what my hated enemy had told me, but I did not know where I was, so I climbed the nearest hill, and saw the town at my feet.

My heart beat fast and a great yearning lent speed to my steps as I hurried on, invisible to passers-by, and entered the garden. As I did so I thought I heard a laugh, but no one was to be seen; I advanced, and it seemed to me as if I heard the sound of footsteps; but I saw nothing, and supposed that my ears had deceived me. It was early,

* Continued from November SCRAP BOOK.

the garden was empty, and I reached the house. Yet, the same sound, more and more perceptible, accompanied me.

Anxiously I seated myself on a bench facing the door of the house, and imagined that I heard the invisible demon seat himself by my side with a mocking laugh. As the door opened and the ranger came out I felt something like a mist drawn over my head, and, to my horror, perceived the man in gray sitting by me gazing at me with a satanic smile. He had drawn his invisible cap over my head, as well as his own. At his feet his shadow and mine lay peacefully together; he held the familiar paper carelessly in his hand, and, bending over, whispered in my ear:

"So you have accepted my invitation after all! Now, give me back my bird's nest; you do not need it any more, and I am sure you are too honorable to keep it."

He took it from my unresisting hand, put it in his pocket, and again laughed in my face, so loudly that the ranger looked around. I sat petrified.

"You must admit," he continued, "that a cap is much more effective, for it covers not only the person, but his shadow as well, and as many more as he cares to take with him. You see, I have two of them again to-day." He laughed again. "Mark my words, Schlemihl, you will have to come to it. See, I will give you my cap in the bargain!"

The mother came out and the ranger asked: "What is Mina doing?"

"Weeping."

"Foolish child! We cannot alter our decision."

"True; but so soon! Oh, husband, you are cruel!"

"No, mother, when she is the wife of a wealthy man she will dry her tears and thank us. Do you think, after what has happened, that she would soon find so suitable a match as Mr. Rascal? He owns six millions' worth of property here. I have seen the deeds."

"He must have stolen a great deal!"

"Nonsense! he has been saving."

"A man who has worn livery!"

"But he has a faultless shadow."

"You are right, but—"

The gray man laughed and looked at me. Mina came out, pale with weeping. Her father took her hand and tenderly urged her to forget me and give her hand to Rascal. At last she answered with a lifeless voice: "I have no will; no wish on earth. Do with me as you please."

At this time Rascal was announced. Mina fell in a faint. My hateful companion looked angrily at me and whispered: "Will you endure that? What is it that flows in

your veins instead of blood?" With a rapid movement he slightly scratched my hand, the blood flowed, and he continued: "Truly, it is red blood! Now sign!"

The paper and the pen were in my hands.

VII.

DO not know, dear Chamisso, whether it was the tension of great emotion, the exhaustion of my physical powers, or the disturbing effect of the monster's presence, but just as I was about to sign I fell into a deep insensibility and lay for a long time in a deathlike stupor. When I awoke my companion was working over me and grumbling. I lifted myself painfully from the ground and looked about. It was late in the evening. Music sounded from the ranger's house, and guests were strolling through the paths. Some of these seated themselves on the bench which I had occupied, and talked of the marriage of the rich Mr. Rascal with the daughter of the house. So it was an accomplished fact.

I brushed the invisible cap from my head and hastened silently through the densest shade toward the entrance of the garden. But my invisible tormentor accompanied me, pursuing me with harsh words.

"So that is my thanks for caring for you all day, my fine gentleman with weak nerves! Very well, my obstinate friend, you may flee from me, but we are inseparable. You share my gold and I have your shadow, and that gives neither one any rest. Your shadow drags me after you until you take it back and I get rid of it. What you have failed to do now, you will be forced to do later; you cannot escape your fate."

In vain I fled; he pursued me with mocking words to the very door of my house. I scarcely recognized the place. No lights shone from the broken window, the doors were shut, and there was no sound of life. He laughed aloud.

"So it goes! But you will probably find your Bendel at home, so weary with his chase that he is not able to go out. So good night for the present. To our next meeting!"

In response to repeated rings, Bendel appeared with a light. When he recognized my voice he could hardly restrain his joy, and we fell weeping in each other's arms. I found him much changed, weak and ill. My own hair had turned quite white.

Bendel led me through the deserted rooms to an inner apartment, which had been spared. There he brought me food and drink, and he began his story. He had followed the gray man so far that he had lost me, and had sank to the ground with weariness. After he returned to the house the mob, urged by Rascal, had gathered, broken

the windows and destroyed all they could find. The servants had fled, and the police had given me twenty-four hours in which to leave the place as a suspicious person. Rascal, it appeared, must have known my secret from the outset, and had at once provided himself with a key to my strong box, with the contents of which he had laid the foundations of his wealth.

All this Bendel told me with frequent tears, and then wept for joy to see me again, and to see me bearing my fate calmly. For to this frame of mind despair had given place.

"Bendel," I said, "you know my lot. This heavy punishment rests on me not without guilt on my part. You, an innocent man, shall no longer be involved in my fate. This night I shall ride forth alone; do you remain here. Keep what remains of the gold for yourself, and I shall keep the memory of your faithful heart."

I remained deaf to his prayers and tears. He led out my horse; I pressed him once more to my breast, then sprang into the saddle, and, under cover of the night, rode away from the grave of my hopes, careless in what direction my horse should lead me, for henceforth I had no desire, no aim, no hope.

VIII.

I WAS soon joined by a foot-traveler, who was going in the same direction, and who soon began a sort of metaphysical monologue, for it could not be called a conversation.

The lucidity of his exposition and his eloquence drew my attention from my own troubles, and the time passed so rapidly that dawn was upon us before I noticed it. I was startled, for the sun would soon appear—there was no protection from the light in this open country—and I was not alone. I cast a glance at my companion, and was again startled, for he was no other than the man in gray!

He smiled at my agitation, and continued: "Let our mutual advantage join us for a while; there is always time enough to separate. I see you grow pale at the sight of the sun. I will lend you your shadow while we are together, and, on your part, you will endure my society. And let me serve you, as Bendel is not here. I am sorry you do not like me, but you can still make use of me. The devil is not as black as he is painted. Here, take your shadow for a time."

Against my will, I accepted his offer. He smilingly let my shadow fall on the ground, and it immediately took its place on the shadow of the horse I rode and trotted merrily along by my side. I gazed with

greedy eyes and beating heart on my former shadow, which I was now forced to borrow from an enemy.

The latter walked carelessly beside me, whistling. He was on foot, I on horse-back; the temptation was too great. With a sudden pull on the bridle, and digging both spurs into the horse's flanks, I dashed down a side-road. But I did not take the shadow with me; as soon as I turned it slipped from the horse and awaited its rightful owner on the main road. I was forced to turn back in confusion. The gray man unconcernedly finished his tune, laughed at me, readjusted my shadow, and informed me that it would stay by me only when I became its owner again by legitimate means.

We continued our journey, and I could once more enjoy all the comforts of life, for I had a shadow, even though it was only a borrowed one. My strange companion gave himself out as my servant, and showed a wonderful skill and readiness in carrying out my wishes. But he never left my side, and I feared as much as I hated him. It was true, a rich man must have a shadow; and if I wished to resume my position, that was the only result possible. But one thing I resolved, that after sacrificing my love I would never sign over my soul to this creature for all the shadows in the world.

We were once sitting near a cavern, and he was painting glowing pictures of what I might accomplish by means of my purse when I had once redeemed my shadow. At last I could no longer endure the struggle with temptation and began the decisive contest.

"You seem to forget, sir, that though I have permitted you to accompany me, I retain my full liberty."

"If you say so I will pack up." I was silent, and he at once began to roll up my shadow. I turned pale, but spoke no word. He resumed:

"You hate me, I know; but why do you hate me? Is it because you tried to steal my bird's nest? or because you meant to steal the shadow which I had entrusted to your sense of honor? I, on my side, do not hate you; it is only natural to me that you should try to use your wits and force against me. And I have no objections to your strict principles. Mine, indeed, are not so strict. But have I ever tried to get the better of you in one bargain? Have I ever attempted your life, as I might easily have done, to get possession of your soul?"

I had nothing to say.

"It is clear that we must separate, and I must say that I am beginning to grow tired of you. And so I advise you once more, in order to be entirely relieved of my presence, to buy back your shadow.

I held out the purse. "At this price?"

"No."

"Very well, then. I insisted on our parting. The world is large enough for both of us."

He smiled and answered: "I will go. But first I will instruct you how to summon me if you ever want me. You have only to shake the purse, and the jingle of the gold will bring me at once. But your shadow will never get back, except on one condition."

Bygone days came back to me, and I asked him quickly: "Had you Mr. John's signature?"

He smiled: "That was not at all necessary with so good a friend."

"Where is he?"

Hesitatingly, he put his hand in his pocket and drew out by the hair the pale, distorted form of Thomas John; and the blue corpse-lips moved: "By the just judgment of God, I am judged; by the just judgment of God, I am condemned."

Beside myself with horror, I hurled the jingling purse into the opening of the bottomless cavern, and cried for the last time: "Then I adjure you in God's name, monster, leave me and never let me see you again!"

He rose in grim silence and disappeared behind the rocks.

IX.

THERE I sat without a shadow and without money; but a heavy weight was lifted from my breast, and I was light-hearted. I lay down under the nearest tree and slept peacefully. When I awoke the sun was high in the heavens, but it was now in the east; I had slept all night.

Finding a few gold pieces in my pocket, I decided not to return to the inn, but set out on a little-traveled road, leaving my destination to fate.

In the forest I met an old peasant, with whom I got into conversation. He answered my questions pleasantly, and we walked on together. Coming to an open place in the forest, I let him precede me, but in the midst of the sunny clearing he happened to look back and at once saw what was the matter with me.

"How is this? You have no shadow!"

"Unfortunately," I answered, "I have had a long and severe illness, through which I lost my hair, nails, and shadow. My hair came back white, my nails are very short, and my shadow will not grow at all."

"No shadow; that's bad," replied the old man, shaking his head. "It must have been a bad illness." But he did not resume the conversation, and as soon as a cross-road appeared he left me without a word.

Bitter tears again coursed over my cheeks, and my good spirits were gone. Sadly I went on my way and thenceforth sought no man's society. I shunned the light, and directed my steps toward a mine in the mountains, where I hoped to find work below ground to support life and to save me from my painful thoughts.

A few rainy days helped me on my way, hut at heavy cost to my boots, which had been made for "Count Peter," not for a tramp. I was almost barefooted, and my need was increasingly urgent. Market-day in a neighboring village provided the opportunity. There I found a booth where both new and old boots were for sale. After long hesitation, I had to give up the idea of new boots, which were beyond my means, and contented myself with an old pair, which were still stout and in good condition. I put them on at once, and proceeded toward the north, thinking of the mine where I hoped to arrive that evening.

I had not gone far when I saw that I must have wandered from the road while absorbed in thought. Looking about, I found myself in an ancient pine forest, apparently untouched by the ax. I went in a few steps and found myself in a plain of snow and ice, broken only by barren rocks. The air was very cold, and the forest had disappeared. A few more steps, and the silence of death was about me; the ice-field on which I stood stretched out farther than the eye could see. Over it rested a heavy fog, through which the sun glowed like blood on the horizon.

The cold was rapidly becoming intolerable; it alone forced me to go on. And presently I stood on the icy shore of an ocean, into which countless seals plunged at my approach.

I followed the shore; rocks, land, forest again appeared, and in a few minutes the heat was stifling. All about were well cultivated rice-fields and mulberry-trees. Sitting down in the shade, I looked at my watch; it was not a quarter of an hour since I had left the market-place. I bit my tongue to discover whether I was awake, and closed my eyes to collect my thoughts.

Strange nasal tones struck my ear; two unmistakable Chinese were passing me with a friendly but an unintelligible greeting.

I stepped back; they disappeared, and I was in the midst of a forest-growth which I recognized as belonging to northern Asia. I took a single step toward one of the trees, and again everything was changed. Then I began to walk methodically forward, and the strangest succession of countries, meadows, mountains, deserts, unrolled before my as-

tonished gaze. There was no longer any doubt; I had on seven-league boots.

X.

IN silent thanksgiving, I fell on my knees and shed tears of gratitude, for my future stood suddenly revealed to me. Shut out by my sin from human society, I was now to turn to nature, which I had always loved, to study and investigate. It was not a decision on my part. I have since then tried with stern, silent industry, to carry out the plan which at that moment presented itself clear and complete to my soul. And my contentment has kept pace with the accomplishment of the design.

Without delay, I prepared to take a hasty survey of the great field in which I was to labor. As I stood at the height of Tibet, the sun—which I had seen rising only a few hours before—was now sinking toward the horizon; but as I traversed Asia from east to west, I caught up with it, and came to Africa, where I wandered in every direction.

As I gazed at the ancient pyramids and temples of Egypt, I perceived in the desert, not far from Thebes, the caves in which Christian hermits once made their homes. Suddenly it flashed on me that this was the place for my dwelling. I selected for my home one of the best hidden, which was roomy, comfortable, and protected from the jackals, and then proceeded on my journey.

At the Pillars of Hercules I crossed to Europe, and, after visiting the south and the north, passed over from northern Asia to Greenland and America. Here I delayed until day dawned in eastern Asia, and resuming my journey, followed the great mountain chain which stretches through both Americas. I stepped carefully from peak to peak, over flaming volcanos and snowy summits, reached St. Elias, and passed over Bering Strait to Asia.

Following the western coast, I examined with special interest the islands which were accessible to me. But, to my despair, I found that my efforts to reach the South Sea and its islands would forever be unavailing, and so my great work was doomed from the beginning never to be more than a fragment.

Sadly turning from the coast, I again penetrated into the interior of Asia, and proceeded, following the approaching dawn westward until I reached my chosen home at Thebes, which I had left the previous afternoon.

As soon as it was light I took measures to provide for my needs. First, I needed something to curb the excessive powers of my boots, for I had already learned how inconvenient it was not to be able to shorten my steps in order to get to near-by objects

without taking my boots off. A pair of slippers, drawn over the boots, accomplished the purpose, and afterward I always carried two pairs with me, because I often knocked them off without having time to pick them up when lions, hyenas, or human beings threatened.

My watch was a satisfactory chronometer on my short journeys, but I needed, besides, a servant, some instruments, and books. To procure these I made some anxious trips to London and Paris, choosing times when I was protected by a thick fog. When all my money was exhausted I collected African ivory, which was easy for me to find, although I was obliged to select the smallest tusks, which were not beyond my powers of lifting.

Soon I was provided with everything, and roved over the earth, measuring now its altitudes, now the temperatures of springs and of the atmosphere, now observing animals, now studying plant life. The eggs of African, ostriches or of northern sea-birds and fruits, were my ordinary food. In place of my lost luxuries I had tobacco, and instead of human friendship, the love of a faithful poodle, which guarded my cave, and greeted me loyally on my return, showing me that even now I was not quite alone on earth.

XI.

ONE more adventure was to take me back to the society of mankind.

Once, while I was gathering mosses in the north of Europe, a polar bear suddenly appeared from behind a rock. Casting off my slippers, I tried to reach a neighboring island by stepping on an intervening rock, which rose midway in the water. I stepped firmly on the rock with one foot and with the other plunged into the sea, because, without my noticing it, one slipper still clung to my foot.

With difficulty I rescued myself from the icy water, and as soon as I got to land hastened to the Siberian desert to dry myself. But when I exposed myself to the burning sun my head was so affected that I staggered north again for relief. Desperately sick, I ran with uncertain steps from east to west, and from west to east; sometimes in the night, sometimes in the day, now the summer, now the winter. I cannot tell how long I wandered thus. A burning fever was in my veins, and, with terror, I felt my consciousness leaving me. In my unwary course, as ill-luck would have it, I trod on somebody's foot. I must have hurt him, for I was pushed violently and fell to the ground.

When I regained consciousness I was lying comfortably in a good bed, which

stood, with many others, in a large and pleasant hall. Somebody was sitting at my head. Other persons were going from bed to bed, and at last they came to mine and conversed about me. They called me "Number Twelve," and yet on the wall at my feet—it was not a dream—a black marble tablet bore, in great gold letters, my name:

PETER SCHLEMIHL.

Under my name were two more lines, but I was too weak to read them, and closed my eyes. I heard voices reading something in which the name Peter Schlemihl occurred, and then a kind-looking man and a beautiful woman in black approached my bed. Their forms were not unfamiliar to me, yet I could not recognize them.

After a time my strength returned. I was called Number Twelve, and Number Twelve passed for a Jew on account of his long beard; yet, he was cared for none the less kindly. That he had no shadow seemed to have passed unnoticed. I was assured that my boots, together with everything that had been found on me, were in safe keeping. The place where I lay sick was called the Schlemihl Hospital, and what was daily read concerning Peter Schlemihl was an exhortation to pray for him, as the founder and benefactor of the hospital.

The man with the pleasant face was Bendel, the beautiful woman was Mina.

For a long time I lay there in a happy sort of daze, then I resolved to keep my secret.

I improved without my identity becoming known, and learned further that I was in Bendel's native place, where he had founded this hospital in my name with the remainder of my unblessed wealth, and that he himself was in charge of it. Mina was a widow, a criminal suit having cost Rascal his life, and Mina the last penny of her fortune. Her parents were dead and she was devoted to the cause of mercy.

On one occasion Bendel was talking with her at my bedside. "Why, dear lady," he asked, "do you so often expose yourself to the atmosphere of this place? Is it because your fate is so hard that you wish for death?"

"No, Bendel, since my dream ended, I have neither desired nor feared death. I can now think cheerfully both of the past and of the future. Are not you, too, at peace and happy in thus serving your master and friend?"

"Yes, thank God. We have gone through strange experiences; we have drank good and evil from a full cup. Now is it empty; now we might almost believe that all that

has passed was only a test, and that the real beginning is to come. We would not wish it back, and yet, we are, on the whole, content to have lived through it. And I have a feeling that our old friend, also, is happier than in the past."

"I feel it, too," answered Mina, and they passed on.

This conversation made a deep impression on me, and I was in doubt whether to reveal myself or depart unnoticed. At last my decision was reached. I called for paper and pencil, and wrote:

"Your old friend is happier than in the past; and if he is atoning, it is the atonement which brings forgiveness."

Then, feeling myself stronger, I wished to dress. I put on my clothes, slung my botanist's case, in which I was glad still to find my northern lichens, over my shoulder, drew on my boots, laid the note in my bed, and as soon as the door opened I was well on my way toward Thebes.

At home I found everything in order, and as soon as I recovered my full strength returned to my former occupations and mode of life, except that for a whole year I avoided the cold of the polar regions.

And so, my dear Chamisso, I live to-day. My boots do not wear out: only my strength diminishes. But I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have used it constantly for one purpose and not fruitlessly.

I have, as far as my boots permitted, gained a more intimate knowledge than any man before me of the earth, its form, its elevations, its temperature, its magnetic phenomena, and its life. I have set down the facts with the greatest exactness in a number of works. My "Flora of Both Hemispheres" represents only a great fragment of my system of Nature. In it I think I have not only, at a moderate estimate, increased the known species by more than a third, but have also accomplished something in regard to the geographical distribution of plant life. I have worked principally, of course, in those very lands which otherwise would have remained unknown.

I am now working industriously on my "Fauna." I have made arrangements to have my manuscripts deposited in the University of Berlin before my death.

And you, my dear Chamisso, I have chosen to be the guardian of my strange history, so that when I have disappeared from the earth it may perhaps teach some one a useful lesson. But do you, my friend, if you wish to live among men, give the first honor to the shadow, the second to money. But if you would live only for your better self, you are not in need of counsel.

WELL WORTH THE PRICE.



"WHAT ON EARTH MADE YOU GIVE THAT CHAP SUCH A BIG TIP?"
"WELL, LOOK AT THE COAT HE'S GIVEN ME."—*The Tatler*.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

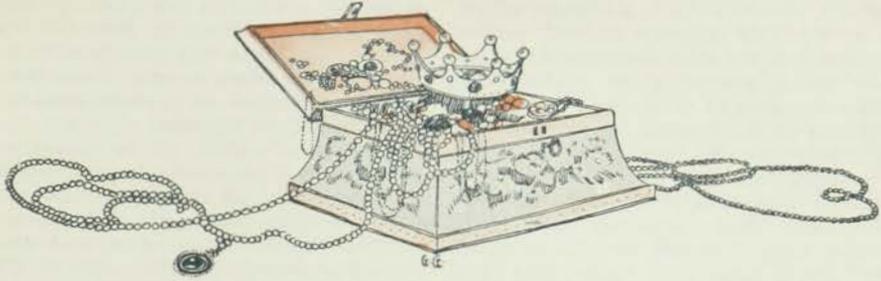
BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY (1797—1839).

THE mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
 The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
 And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
 And keeping their Christmas holiday.
 The baron beheld, with a father's pride,
 His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
 While she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be
 The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried:
 "Here tarry a moment—I'll hide—I'll hide!
 And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
 The clue to my secret lurking-place."
 Away she ran—and her friends began
 Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
 And young Lovell cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide?
 I'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day;
 And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away!
 In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot
 Young Lovell sought wildly—but found her not.
 And years flew by, and their grief at last
 Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
 And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
 "See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
 Was found in the castle: they raised the lid;
 And a skeleton form lay moldering there
 In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!
 Oh, sad was her fate! In sportive jest
 She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
 It closed with a spring!—and, dreadful doom,
 The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!



AMERICA'S UNDISCOVERED JEWELS.

VAST STORES OF DIAMONDS, RUBIES, AND OTHER
GEMS, MAY STILL LAY HIDDEN IN UNITED STATES.

THE belief held by some Americans that one of these days there will be discovered within the boundaries of the United States a diamond-mine to rival Kimberley is not altogether unfounded. Diamonds have been found on American soil. So have many other varieties of precious stones. Yet, gem-mining in the United States is in its infancy. As compared to the gigantic sums involved in gold-mines and coal-mines, our gem production, in fact, seems almost ridiculous.

For example, the value of the precious stones produced in the United States in 1908 was \$415,063, a decrease of \$56,237 from the value for 1907. These figures, which are in part furnished by the producers, and in part based on estimates from the quantity produced, are given by D. B. Sterrett, of the United States Geological Survey, in an advance chapter from "Mineral Resources of the United States for 1908."

The general trade depression appears not to have affected the precious stones industry as much as might have been expected, and the production of certain gems, notably turquoise and variscite, was greatly increased over that for 1907.

Turquoise and turquoise matrix formed the largest item in the list, the production being twenty-nine thousand five hundred and ninety pounds, with an estimated value of \$147,950, from Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, and California.

Tourmalin was the next largest item in point of value, the production being three thousand three hundred pounds, with an estimated value of \$90,000, from California, Connecticut, and Maine.

The third item in the list, sapphire, showed a great decrease from 1907, the production in 1908 having an estimated value of \$58,397, as against \$229,800 in the earlier year. The greater part of the 1908 output came from a single mine in Fergus County, Montana, but a small quantity was obtained in Morgan County, Missouri.

The production of diamonds from Arkansas, though not a large item, is of interest because this was the first locality in North America where diamonds were found in place. The first diamond was discovered August 1, 1906, about two and a half miles southeast of Murfreesboro, Pike County, in peridotite, an igneous rock. The production from this locality in 1907 had an estimated value of \$2,800. In 1908 the production was three hundred and sixty-two stones, with an estimated value of \$2,100.

These almost trivial figures do not indicate any paucity of America's natural resources. They merely indicate an amazing degree of undevelopment.

Take, for example, the Montana sapphires. They are much more brilliant than the sapphires of Asia, and often show double colors under different lights. Because the sapphire is of a dark-blue color, the Montana varieties have been accepted in the market only in small quantities. They are blue, green, yellow, purple, and white. When they are red they are called rubies, for the ruby and sapphire are almost identical in composition.

There is scarcely a gem known to the lapidary which has not been found in America. There are several gems which are almost peculiar to this country, and that should be better known for their intrinsic beauty. Among these are the golden

beryl of Connecticut (it is a brilliant yellow, full of life and sparkle) and the curious chlorastrolites and thomsonites of Lake Superior, which are useful as a green and mottled background in designs.

Superior to the emerald in vivacity is the green hiddenite. It is among the lesser but beautiful minerals found in this country which lend themselves to the purposes of ornament. The tourmalin, which varies in color from jet-black to almost water-white, and includes pink, brown, blue, and almost every shade of green, is another stone of this class. These tourmalins are more appreciated abroad than they are at home.

Neglecting Our Treasure.

Sapphires and rubies come from Burma, diamonds from Africa, topaz from Japan and Brazil, and turquoise from Persia, and yet we remain seemingly indifferent to the gems that come from Maine and Connecticut. Collectors have known them for years and have prized them highly. Many of the crystals show two and even three colors, being red at one end and green at the other, or green without and a deep pink within. Of these tourmalins about two thousand dollars' worth has been mined at Mount Mica, Maine, in a single year.

As for opals, it is true that they have proved a bonanza down in New Mexico, where two localities are worked. One of these mines has been worked for centuries probably, as hundreds of stone hammers are found scattered about the place. The mining has been done by means of a shaft sunk seventy-five feet, at the bottom of which is a lode running nearly east and west. Thousands of stones were obtained during the last few years, many of them of fine blue color, quite equal to the best Persian.

A single stone has been sold for about four thousand dollars. The discoveries have proved especially valuable at a time when the Persian mines have almost ceased to yield.

The stones from the Grant County mines are not an ideal turquoise blue, but are often slightly tinted with green. A heap of débris, fifty feet in height, and quantities of small fragments of turquoise show that this locality, like the other, was extensively worked by the aborigines.

The use made of these stones by the natives is said to be partly religious.

Opal-mining has also proved profitable at Whelan, Washington, where this gem was first found by a Yenkers jeweler in a heap of rock thrown out during the excavation for a well. These fine opals vary in size

from half a pea to a hen's egg, the smaller ones being frequently of very rich colors. The locality where they are found is known as Gem City now, possibly from the fact that a settlement of twenty miners has been formed at the mine.

Newspaper readers are occasionally regaled with sensational reports regarding the shipment of all kinds of precious stones from Mexico. They are alleged to be veritable Kohinoors in value, and are described as the accumulations of some adventurous spirits fleeing from the land of "God and liberty." It is a fact, however, that though many precious and semiprecious stones are to be found in the mountains of Old Mexico, the opal is the only stone of value which is found in quantities.

It is believed that the turquoise was mined by the Aztecs, to say nothing of the Indians, to whom it has been known for centuries. There has probably been no ornamental stone so extensively imitated. Hundreds are worn to-day which are in reality glass, enamel, or composition which closely resembles the turquoise in color and apparent texture. These imitations do not fade, as the genuine stone often does.

Topazes and sapphires are found in nearly all the States of Mexico, while the ruby is found in the State of Durango and in the placers of Lower California.

Emeralds and beryls are found in Teju-pilco, in Hidalgo and in Sierra Gorda, State of Guanajuato.

Agates, onyx, and jasper abound in such profusion that they are not claimed as precious stones.

Diamonds also have been found in the Sierra Madre Mountains of southern Mexico, near Tetela del Rio, in the shape of beads, with amethyst and rock crystal. Breaking these stones, the diamonds in the shape of octahedrons were discovered, similar to those found in the Indies and in Brazil. The weight of several was eighteen carats gross.

How About Our Diamonds?

As for diamonds in the United States proper, there are two theories as to how they got here. One is that they were brought down from Canada by the great glacial drift of ages ago; another is that they actually came from the sky. The latter theory is expounded by no less an authority than the great Sir William Crookes. And he finds "striking confirmation" of this in Arizona. To quote the eminent scientist's own words:

"Here, on a broad, open plain, over an area of about five miles in diameter, had been scattered one or two thousand masses

of metallic iron, the fragments varying in weight from half a ton to a fraction of an ounce. There was little doubt these masses formed part of a meteoric shower, although no record existed as to when the fall took place. Curiously enough, near the center, where most of the meteorites had been found, was a crater with raised edges, three-quarters of a mile in diameter and about six hundred feet deep, bearing exactly the appearance which would be produced had a mighty mass of iron struck the ground and buried itself deep under the surface of the earth.

"Altogether, ten tons of this iron have been collected, and specimens of the Cañon Diablo meteorite were in most collectors' cabinets. An ardent mineralogist—the late Dr. Foote—cutting a section of this meteorite, found the tools were injured by something vastly harder than metallic iron. He examined the specimen chemically, and soon after announced to the scientific world that the Cañon Diablo meteorite contained black and transparent diamonds.

"This startling discovery was afterward verified by Professors Moissan and Friedel, and Moissan, working on one hundred and eighty-three kilograms of the Cañon

Diablo meteorite, found smooth black diamonds and transparent diamonds in the form of octahedra with rounded edges, together with green hexagonal crystals of carbon silicide. The presence of carbon silicide in the meteorite showed that it must, at some time, have experienced the temperature of the electric furnace. Since this revelation, the search for diamonds in meteorites has occupied the attention of chemists all over the world."

In view of the doubts expressed regarding the startling "discovery" alleged to have been made by Professors Moissan and Friedel, who manufactured diamonds by shrinking hot iron on carbon, Sir William Crookes adds his word of corroboration. He states positively that he has himself extracted "true diamonds" from the Cañon Diablo meteorites. This fact points to the possibility that the so-called "volcanic pipes" of diamond-mines are, in Sir William's words, "simply holes bored in the solid earth by the impact of monstrous meteors—the larger masses boring the holes, while the smaller masses, disintegrating in their fall, distributed diamonds broadcast."

Who knows but what Arizona, some day, will develop a new Kimberley?

ODD FACTS ABOUT JEWELS.

THE most perfect production of the Golconda mines is what is now known as the Pitt diamond, which weighed, after several cuttings, one hundred and six carats. It was sold to the King of France in 1720 for five hundred thousand dollars.

The most beautiful stone ever known belonged to the King of Cabul, and was called the Mountain of Light. It was of the size of an egg, of great brilliancy, and at one time was valued at one and a half billion dollars.

The Brazilian mines were discovered in 1728. From these a diamond was taken weighing one thousand six hundred and eighty carats, or fourteen ounces. It was sent to the court of Portugal, where it was valued at one billion dollars. Later, however, more conservative and trustworthy judges set its value at two million dollars.

The Raja of Mattan owns a diamond that weighs three hundred and sixty-seven carats. Many years ago the governor of Borneo wished to buy it, and offered in exchange five hundred thousand dollars, with two war vessels equipped with a number of cannon and quantities of shot to boot. But the raja refused.

The great diamond of the Emperor of Russia weighs one hundred and ninety-three carats. The Empress Catharine II offered for it about five hundred and twenty thousand eight hundred and thirty dollars, an annuity of five thousand dollars for life, but this was refused. It was afterward presented to Catharine by Count Orloff, who bought it for the first-named sum, without the annuity. It is now in the scepter of Russia.

The Sanci diamond weighs one hundred and six carats. It was sent as a pledge to King Henry III by its owner, Sanci, a Frenchman. The servant in whose custody the gem was placed was attacked on the road by robbers, but managed to swallow the diamond before he was murdered. Sanci afterward found the body, cut open the stomach and recovered the diamond.

One of the largest pearls in Europe is the property of the Russian Prince Yousoupoff. It is pear-shaped and weighs five hundred and twenty-four grains. This pearl, in 1650, was purchased by Philip IV of Spain, for eighty thousand ducats, a sum equal to about seventy-five thousand dollars.

CROCODILES ALONG THE NILE.

MOST PERFECT TYPE OF SILENT DESTRUCTION TO WHICH BOTH MAN AND BEAST ARE LIABLE.



NE of the reasons given by old writers for the crocodile being worshiped in Egypt was the somewhat cryptic one that it "laid three-score eggs and lived for threescore years"; but from twenty to thirty is the common number of eggs found in a "clutch," according to an expert who deals with the subject in the *London Times*. In the reptile's easy code of ethics, however, its parental responsibilities end with the act of oviposition, for, having covered the eggs with a layer of sand, it leaves the sun to do the rest (whence doubtless Shakespeare's "your mud and the operation of your sun") and leaves it also to the ichneumon to do its worst.

In some places it seems that water tortoises, too, eat crocodiles' eggs; but the ichneumon is the real desolator of crocodile homes, scratching up the nests and eating or breaking the entire "sitting" at a meal. Crocodiles' eggs, however, are absurdly small, a mother twenty feet long being content with an egg no larger than that of a goose, and the newly hatched young, hardly more formidable than a common newt, are preyed upon by birds—which a little later the rapidly growing crocodile would like nothing better than to get within its reach—as well as doubtless by many other things, including old crocodiles themselves.

The real horror of the members of the crocodile tribe lies in their usual noiselessness. "They swim with great silence, making scarcely even a ripple on the water," says M. Du Chaillu, and the terror of the stealth of their approach is well conveyed in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Ripple Song":

"Wait, ah! wait," the ripple saith;
"Maiden, wait, for I am Death!"

The first sight of an alligator or crocodile, however large, sunning itself on a mudbank and pretending to be a stranded log, is usually disappointing. And if it is lying with its mouth open, as in the sunshine they all love to do, it becomes almost absurd.

But when you have come upon one unexpectedly with its head and forequarters out of the water, and have seen it slide

noiselessly back until it disappears, and then, even while you still watch the place where it vanished, not a movement having so much as made the surface of the water quake, the hideous thing suddenly, still in complete silence, thrusts itself out upon the bank many yards away—it may be farther off or nearer to you—to lie a mere snag at the water's edge, waiting for whatever may come within its reach, whether you or another, the dreadfulness of the thing is very chilling.

Sir Samuel Baker tells of the cunning of crocodiles which advance at an animal without any concealment and then, as if in disgust at their failure, turn and swim away, still in sight, only at last to sink below the surface and returning, without a ripple to betray them, rise immediately below the quarry, which has by this time returned to drink in fancied security.

By this trick he saw them again and again catch birds which settled on branches overhanging the water.

The chief food of most members of the family, and probably the entire food of some, is fish; but now that we know that a full grown rhinoceros can be pulled into the water and killed by a crocodile we may believe that few living things do not at one time or another fall victims to them. "Horses, oxen, buffaloes, boars, mules, and camels" is a list which one writer gives of animals which are known to have been eaten by crocodiles in Egypt.

In South America jaguars and tapirs have been seen being seized, pulled into deep water, and drowned; while as for man, consider the *Mugger* of *Mugger Ghawi* in Mr. Kipling's gruesome tale, "The Undertakers."

According to old writers the ichneumon, besides eating crocodiles' eggs, would run into the full grown animal's open mouth and so down its throat, whence, after reveling for a while amid Leviathan's vitals, it ate its way out of the dead carcass victoriously to daylight. The "hydra," it seems, did the same. But the dolphin's method was the more artistic; for, being provided with a knife-edged dorsal fin, it swam underneath "the encased crocodiles" and sliced clean open the soft, unprotected parts below.

In real life, however, the large crocodilia have probably no enemy but man, and even man without modern firearms was nearly helpless against them.

The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold; the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.

"Canst thou draw out Leviathan with any hook?" asks the sacred writer.

Herodotus says that in his day they could use a pig for bait. In India we know that they have been caught with goats, and M. Du Chaillu tells that in Africa the Anengue "harpoon them with a rude jagged spear."

Diodorus, however, averred that they could only be taken in iron nets, and the general belief that they were beyond the power of man to capture is reflected in the medal which Augustus struck to commemorate his conquest of Egypt, with the cro-

codile chained to a tree, and the proud legend, "No one has bound me before."

If in Egypt they bound the crocodile at all, it seems to have been with garlands of flowers and chains of gold and gems, a proceeding which probably interested the crocodile only in so far as it offered a chance of a succulent garlander coming within reach. The promiscuous beatification, which was shared with such things as cats and beetles, was, after all, but an indifferent compliment, nor even so was it seemingly universal among the Egyptians.

"Those about Thebes and Lake Moeris consider them to be very sacred. . . . but the people who dwell about the city of Elephantina eat them." Which fairly redressed the balance; but we must conjecture that whether for worship or for the table, the crocodiles were caught while still very young.



CHRISTMAS IN THE NAVY.

PRESENTS HAVE TO BE SENT OFF, SOMETIMES,
MANY MONTHS BEFORE BLUEJACKETS GET THEM.

ON every one of the great war-ships in the United States navy Christmas is celebrated in lively manner. The big event of the day is the distribution of the Christmas presents, or rather the Christmas boxes, from relatives and friends at home. Very often Christmas overtakes one of our naval vessels away off in some out-of-the-way part of the world, thousands of miles from home, and perhaps even thousands of miles away from people who speak our language, but this is not allowed to interfere with a rousing celebration of Christmas just as it would be celebrated were the sailor lads back home in the land of the Stars and Stripes.

When a ship is stationed in some remote quarter of the globe quite a little time is, of course, required for Christmas presents to reach the bluejackets, and so the parents and other relatives who desire to send a gift to a lad serving "before the mast" pack and mail their presents a full month or

more before Christmas. Sometimes war-ships are in such out of the way places that mail can reach them only occasionally, and then it may be necessary, if the presents are to be on hand for Christmas, to have them arrive some days before that time. This is not allowed to spoil the fun, however. Almost every box of gifts bears a sign in large letters to the effect that it is not to be opened until Christmas Day, and as a rule the officer who has charge of the mail simply holds these boxes in his floating post-office and does not distribute them until the holiday arrives.

In all the European and American navies, the festival is kept of course with as much homelike cheer as possible. Extra dishes are prepared by the cooks, leave of absence is granted whenever possible, and minor offenders against discipline are pardoned. This period of good cheer commonly lasts from the night before Christmas until after New Year's, and even until Twelfth Day.

ENGLAND'S MANY ODD SURVIVALS.

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS AND CELEBRATIONS STILL PERSEVERE IN MANY OF THE RURAL SECTIONS.



SOME queer local Christmas customs still survive in Great Britain. The origin of most of them lies concealed away back in the Middle Ages, and a few are traced to the days of early Saxon occupation. Those briefly described in what follows by no means complete the list, but they give a fair idea of the curious forms of superstition which still exist in many parts of rural England.

At Cumnor, a village in Herefordshire, about one hundred and fifty miles from London, a harmless Christmas custom is still observed, the origin of which no man can trace. On Christmas morning, after attending service in the parish church, all the villagers adjourn to the parson's house and are there regaled with beer and bread and cheese. This is by no means a kindness on the vicar's part. The usage is so old that now the parishioners claim the meal as a right, and the vicar is compelled to provide a certain quantity of the viands mentioned.

He must have ready for his visitors when they arrive half a hundredweight of cheese, two bushels of flour made into loaves, and a certain quantity of malt made into two kinds of home-brewed beer. The villagers proceed straight from church to the vicarage and remain for about an hour, eating, drinking, and joking.

If any of the viands are left over, these may not be taken away by the parishioners. They are kept at the vicarage until after the evening service, when they are distributed to the poor and needy who may come from the surrounding district. This is only an example of scores of picturesque customs which are observed in Britain.

In the western counties of England and some parts of Wales, it is the regular practise to salute the apple-trees on Christmas morning. The inhabitants of a village turn out about seven o'clock, while it is yet dark, and gather at a rendezvous previously decided upon. There they are joined by the parson of the village church, beadle, parish clerk and schoolmaster.

A procession is then formed and marches around the adjacent district, visiting each large orchard in turn. On arriving at an orchard the people are received by the owner

and admitted. Then they are conducted to one of the best trees in the plantation, which is considered a representative of all the others in the orchard, and around it they gather. The beadle, or another well-known man in the village, produces a large bottle of cider and sprinkles the tree with the beverage. Meanwhile all the other people remain silent and the officiating villager addresses the tree in a quaint fashion something like this:

"O tree! O tree! O tree! Bear fruit and flourish. Thy owner nourish. Give wealth and plenty."

The people repeat these words, and then, accompanied by the owner, the procession reforms and marches to another orchard, where a like ceremony is performed. It is supposed that every plantation treated in this way will be a fruitful source of income to its owner during the coming year.

At Glastonbury, in Somerset, where the first Christian church is said to have been erected in A.D. 60, the people have a curious observance. Joseph of Arimathea, who buried the Savior after the Crucifixion, is declared by tradition to have visited Britain and brought with him the Holy Grail, or chalice, used at the Last Supper. He is said to have landed near Glastonbury, and on his journey thither from the coast he sat down to rest on a spot now known as Weary-at-Hill.

Every Christmas Day this spot is visited by people who believe in the miraculous curative properties of its associations and of the famous Glastonbury thorn, which formerly grew here. A stone slab still marks the spot.

The story connected with the thorn is as follows: Joseph, when he sat down on the hill, fatigued with his journey, stuck his stick, a piece of hawthorn, into the ground. It immediately commenced to sprout, and so it was left there and became a holy relic. It is certain that for centuries a hawthorn-tree did grow on the hill at the spot indicated, and many attempts were made to steal it, but the tree was too jealously guarded by the abbey authorities.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the hawthorn-tree still flourished on Weary-at-Hill, and, strange to relate, it bloomed at Christmas only.

ACTOR CHAT

by The DRAMATIC CRITIC'S WIFE

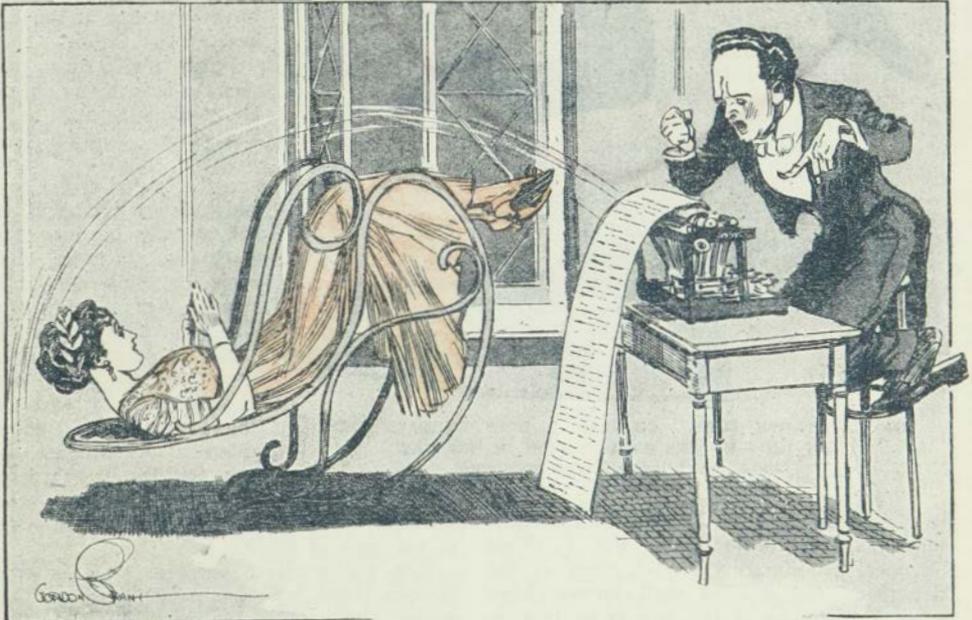
SIGHTS AND SIDELIGHTS OF THE THEATER-WORLD
WHICH ARE NOW INTERESTING THE GREAT WHITE WAY.

"MY dear," Jack said to me the other day, "I wish you would keep tabs on the storage warehouse for me." And after he had explained just what he meant, I almost felt as if he had asked me to become a funeral-director. For, in the world of actors, "the storage warehouse" means the tomb of hopes—in other words, the place where they keep the scenery and properties of plays that fail. Of course they keep them there on other occasions, too, but "storage-warehouse" always has an ugly sound to the profession.

You see, plays began to fail so fast in September, making room for so many new ones, that Jack was afraid he wouldn't have time to look after both records. Already I have down two shows from England—"The Flag Lieutenant" and "The Sins of So-

ciety"—both under the one roof, as it happened, in two theaters side by side—the Criterion and the New York. And the next failure, "An American Widow," was on that same block, too, at the Hudson, just around the corner. I suppose you might call this play English, too, as it was written by Kellett Chambers, who is a brother of Haddon.

I hear that it was tried a season or two ago under the name of "The Butterfly," by Lillian Russell, who may be wearing weeds pretty soon for another widow, "The Widow's Might," which I didn't take the trouble to go to see. It was produced at the Liberty a week after "An American Widow" came to town with Grace Filkins (who was very good, as was also the play, in my opinion and that of the critics); but the notices were bad for everything except Miss Russell's gowns, and a day or two



AT THE DICTATION OF "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS," DONALD BRIAN THUMPS OUT A LOVE-LETTER TO A SUPPOSED RIVAL.

later a hurry-call was issued for rehearsals of "Springtime," the new piece for Mabel Taliaferro, whom we are all asked to call "Nell" now, in the Lotta fashion. So I suppose this means that the Liberty will be turned over to her pretty soon, but I dare say Lillian Russell's name is strong enough to side-track "The Widow's Might" from the storage-warehouse to the road.

The poor road! The only time it is sure of getting a really good play is when there is no star in it—plays like "The Lion and the Mouse," you know, and "Paid in Full."

This season, it is the musical shows without stars that seem to be making the money. Take "The Dollar Princess," for instance.

last winter in "Kitty Grey," would be almost as big a favorite. In "The Dollar Princess" he and Miss Angarde have a song the refrain of which lingers enchantingly in your ears long after they have ceased to sing it. Adrienne Angarde was here last year in "Peggy Machree," and is a charming girl, who made her first hit at the London Daly's. I heard Valli Valli over there the summer before last in "The Waltz Dream."

"The Dollar Princess," you must know, hails from Vienna, where it was evidently built closely after "The Merry Widow," for Donald Brian has almost exactly the same sort of things to do he had in that immortal work, and at one spot the music he sings is very, very similar. The two other musical shows that are doing well without stars are also from the city on the Danube, "The Love Cure" and "The Chocolate Soldier." I think I like "The Love Cure" best of all. May be this is because it is the simplest of all three in plot, being almost like "Camille" set to music again; again, I say, for you know "Traviata" is the same story of the woman who tries to disgust her lover with her at the behest of his father.

Fresh stories for operas seem to have given out all along the line, for "The Chocolate Soldier" is Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," and a terribly clever theme it is, but awfully hard on the women, showing what fools they make of themselves over a uniform. The *Chocolate Soldier* is Jack Gardner, whom I simply love to watch act, he has such a sort of dogged way of going about it, which just fits him for the Bernard Shaw military man, who

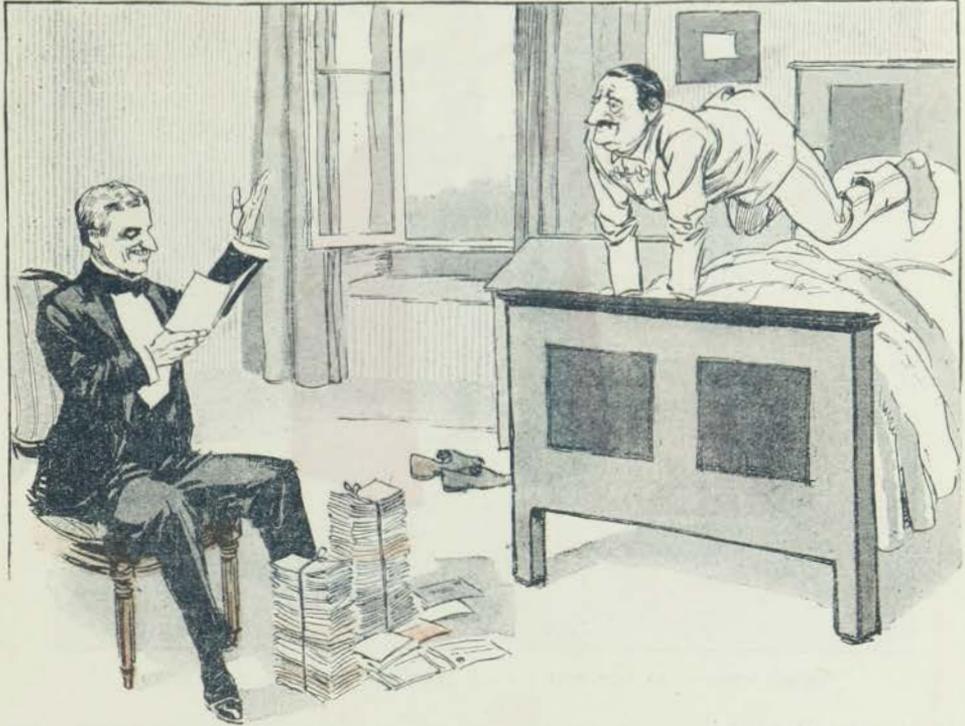
is really a better Swiss hotel-keeper than he is any sort of soldier.

But my greatest surprise was in Ida Brooks Hunt, who failed last year in "Algeria," and now, as the prima donna in this chocolate affair, turns out to have a splendid voice, and an acting-ability by no means to be despised.



IN "THE LOVE CURE," CHARLES J. ROSS WALTZES WITH MY LADY OF THE SOFA-CUSHION IN DEFAULT OF A MORE RESPONSIVE PARTNER.

In that cast we have Donald Brian, Adrienne Angarde, Valli Valli, and F. Pope Stamper, all simply splendid, even if the last three are not as well known here, being English, as is the boy from Boston, who seems to radiate good nature when he acts, from every pore. And I should think Mr. Stamper, who was here with Valli Valli



IN THE SECOND ACT OF "INCONSTANT GEORGE," JOHN DREW IS IN CONSTANT ACTION JUMPING IN AND OUT OF BED.

If in things musical we are this year running strongly to Austria, in the plays Charles Frohman provides, France is there with a great big F. He has already given us "Arsène Lupin," then he has listed "Israel" by the author of "The Thief," "The Scandal," and "Chanticleer," the Rostand play in which all the characters are birds. John Drew has appeared in "Inconstant George," also from the French. I can't imagine that John Drew is very pleased at having to act in this sort of thing. As the Picture Man said to us the next day, "The more I think about it the worse piffle it seems to me."

Now I know plays are not made with a view to one's deciding the next morning whether they are good or bad, but with the sole aim of pleasing you while you are watching them; and certainly there are many things that are pleasing in "Inconstant George," especially the dialogue. Usually a talky play is a bore, but in this case the talk is more enjoyable than the action, the latter being generally silly, making John Drew hop in and out of bed in his blue pajamas nearly a dozen times, and bringing Mary Boland, his really clever leading woman, up a ladder to his window at four o'clock in the morning.

Still another play from the French, which, to my mind is really more satisfying than this, is "The Noble Spaniard," adapted by W. Somerset Maugham, the Englishman who gave John Drew his "Jack Straw" last year. *The Noble Spaniard* is Robert Edeson, and a splendid figure of the fire-eating duke in love he makes. Even though the play is a farce, there is really more backbone to it than there is to "Inconstant George," whose hero is a veritable weathercock, with whom it is hard to get up any sympathy. In "The Noble Spaniard," on the other hand, you cannot help admiring the persistency of this Castilian lover, who does not know even the name of the lady to whom he has lost his heart. Her supposed husband is not a barrier to him, merely an impediment to be removed. Mr. Edeson has a fine company to help him make the play convincing. Rose Coghlan, her niece Gertrude, and Ann Murdock, the Long Island girl who made her very first appearance at the Hudson last autumn and is already an established favorite. In "The Noble Spaniard" she has to sing a song in execrable fashion. You know the way and the song—one of those sentimental affairs which make up the parlor tricks of young women



ROBERT EDESON, AS THE FIRE-EATING HERO IN "THE NOBLE SPANIARD."

of all periods, but more particularly of that Victorian era before the piano-player was invented to spare us the infliction of mediocrity and absolve us from fibbing our appreciation of that which bores us to death.

The loveliest play I have seen in a long while is "The Fortune Hunter," by Winchell Smith, with John Barrymore as a near-star. He would be starring, you see, if the program read "John Barrymore in 'The Fortune Hunter.'" But it is the other way around: "The Fortune Hunter," with John Barrymore. Any way, it is perfectly delightful entertainment; although, like so many of the plays of to-day, it is awfully hard on us poor women. Just because a young man doesn't drink or smoke, dresses well, goes to church, and appears to be very studious, village girls are supposed to fall in love with him out of hand. All the same, I enjoyed watching the evolution of the plot immensely, and John Barrymore as the drug-store clerk who knew more about highballs than he did about soda-water, was one of the funniest things I ever saw.

But there is pathos as well as comedy in the story, and more than once I had a lump in my throat. For you see, in the end, *Nat Duncan* deliberately turns his back on the money he had come to the village with the express purpose of marrying, and mates with the daughter of the poor inventor for

whom he had done so much. And that is a touch of sure human nature. We all love the people for whom we do things more than we do those who do things for us. We oughtn't to, but we do.

All the men-types in the play are splendidly acted; much better than the women, which is something I have been noting lately. I wonder if this is because men, as a rule, only go on the stage because it is born in them, or because they have shown a certain aptitude for the life, while girls become actresses because they covet the applause and admiration, because they happen to be pretty, and so on. At any rate, just watch and see if you don't see more bad actresses than you do poor actors. And yet, on the other hand, acting is the one profession in which the woman can rank as high as the man.

Speaking of good actors, I had a chat with one the other day who is really one of the cleverest among the younger men of the stage, and yet he never seems to arrive anywhere. You see, he isn't a pusher, doesn't go about telling everybody how good he is, which, after all, is what the managers seem to expect nowadays of any player who is good for anything. I suppose this is because the big bugs all do it, so the men who hire actors have come to look upon this self-puffery as a matter of course, and to have a

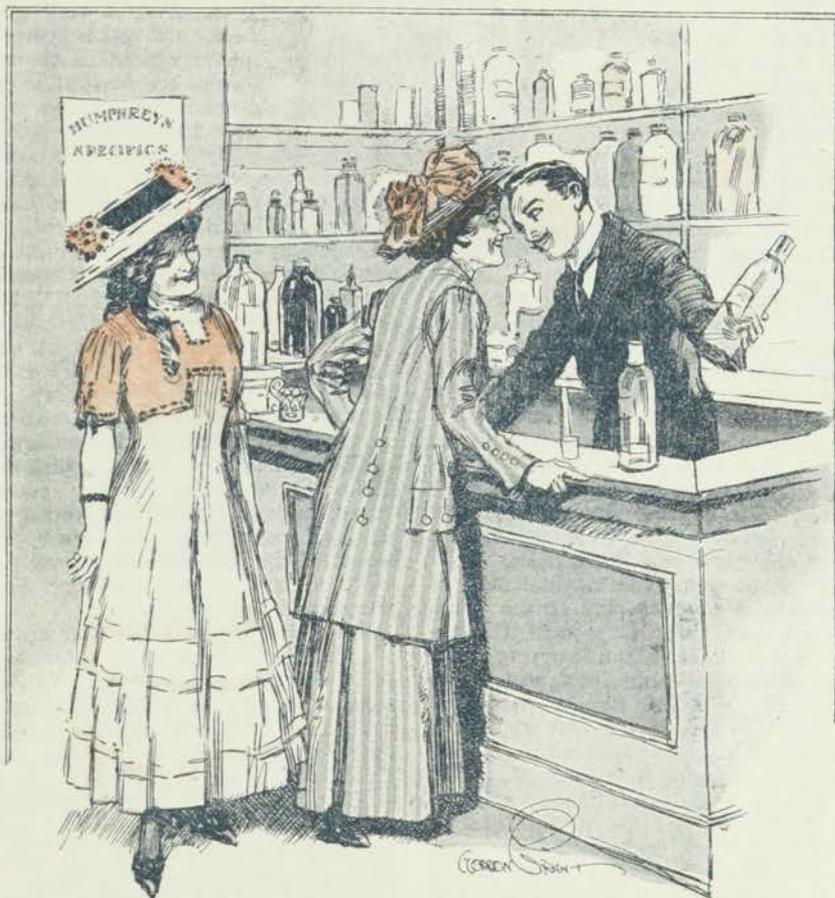
poor opinion of those players who aren't addicted to it. But this particular actor's grievance isn't with the managers so much as with the stars.

"You people in front," he said to Jack and me one day, "have no idea of the lengths to which the egotism of these people will drive them. They not only want everything, but they want it all the time. Why, the manner in which they sacrifice the meaning of a whole play merely to suit their own convenience is something awful. Take 'The Sunken Bell,' for example. I was once playing with a certain star in that symbolic drama and had to stand by and see the entire point of the play sacrificed merely because this was embodied in a long speech assigned to one of the minor characters and to which the star is supposed to listen patiently. But solely because this would seem to give the subordinate the center of the stage and put the star in the passive voice

for the moment, out comes the entire speech, and with it the explanation of what the whole play means.

"And here is what happened to me one night, right here in New York," he went on. "We were doing one of Shakespeare's plays, two stars in the lead. I played a character which called in one place for quite an address to these two, which could not very well be omitted. And where do you suppose they insisted that I should stand, so that they might have the center of the stage? Why, right at the side, with my back to the audience and one leg in the footlight-trough, so that they could be well down center."

But playwrights suffer from other sources than the actors. Jack and I went to see "The Intruder" on its second night. This, you know was written by young Thompson Buchanan, who made such a hit with his "Woman's Way" last winter for Grace George. The criticisms hadn't been particu-



JOHN BARRYMORE, IN "THE FORTUNE-HUNTER," DOES SOME ORIGINAL STUNTS AT THE SODA-WATER FOUNTAIN.

larly favorable, and after the second act Jack and I were chatting with Mr. Buchanan in the lobby about this. He took it all in very good part, and seemed quite reconciled to the fact of not making a ten-strike with every play he put out, particularly as "The Intruder," in its original form, had been produced a year or so previous to "A Woman's Way."

While we were talking, up came a young actor, rushed up to Mr. Buchanan, wrung him heartily by the hand, and congratulated him most effusively on his new success, calling particular attention to the favorable newspaper notices. And poor Mr. Buchanan had to stand there and thank him, knowing that the fellow had only spoken in that way because he felt that he ought to smooth things over. Surely, if ever, this was a case when a man might pray to be delivered from his friends.

Speaking of critics, I am glad Jack has a natural liking for the theater, and didn't go into the business with a "mission" or a chip on his shoulder, or the hope to elevate the stage. When you come to think over the matter carefully, you really can't blame the managers for getting mad sometimes. Why, the other night at a musical comedy, I watched a certain row where the critic of a certain evening paper happened to be sitting in the center instead of on the end where they usually put them. Well, several times I noticed people on both sides of this man laughing heartily while he sat there with rigid face-muscles, for all the world like some island with a frowning cliff set down in the midst of a smiling sea.

It is just as well, after all, that most of our comedians want to play serious parts. Just think what Warfield's success is responsible for. Louis Mann is trying to do the comedy and pathos business, so is Francis Wilson. De Wolf Hopper has given over singing, which is the first step along the same path, and Sam Bernard limits himself to only one song in his new show, the piece I have already mentioned, which is called "The Girl and the Wizard," rather awkwardly, I think, and just as if it was the only title the managers could call to mind when it became absolutely necessary to have something for the posters. Really, they seem to spend more time this season on



classifying the show and trying to call it something else than musical comedy than in selecting the name for the thing itself. For instance, "A Musical Romance of Stage-land" is a far prettier name than "The Love Cure," which, somehow, suggests hospitals. It's rather odd, though, isn't it, that "The Love Cure" should be playing just across the street from "Is Matrimony a Failure?" so that the two names face each other?

But to go back to "The Girl and the Wizard," its subtitle is "A Romance of the Austrian Tyrol," and it is certainly a relief to have a piece of the musical type laid elsewhere than in Morocco, Persia, London, or New York. Some of it is very good indeed, and other parts made me very tired. I think I object to the musical show with a star. As I have said, we have had so many good ones lately without this adjunct.

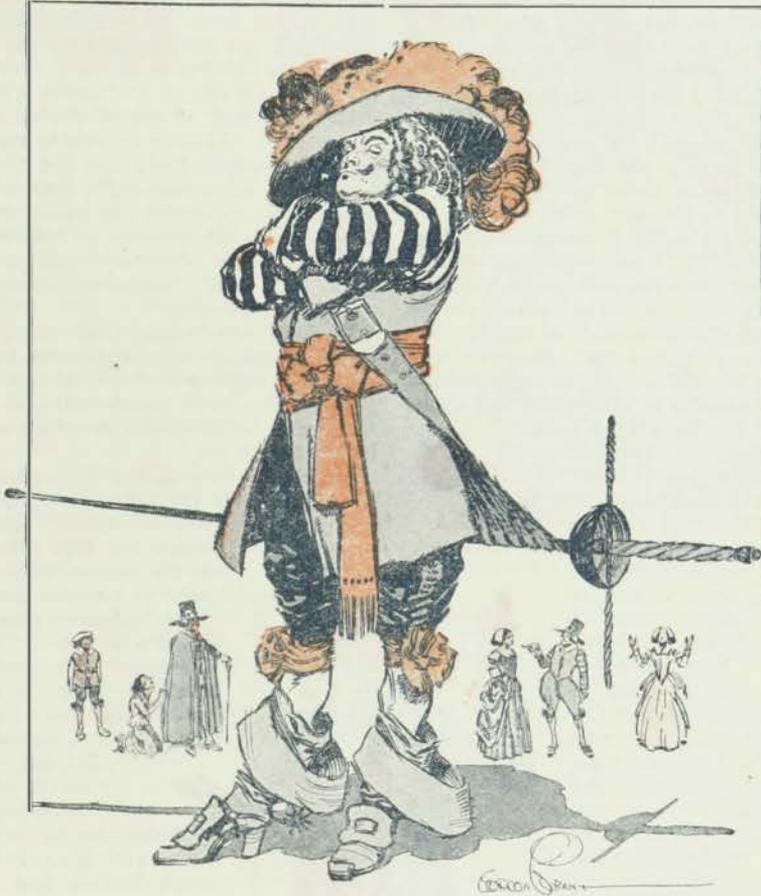
You see, stars want the earth, as they say, and hug the center of the stage so much that if only they are encouraged by a very slim minority in the house, they will draw out their scenes until you are sick to death of them. I, for one, don't find Mr. Bernard's German accent funny. I was hoping this time we were going to get along without it, but I suppose it is a sort of trademark with him. Besides, he is an East Sider, you know, and perhaps can't talk any different. Kitty Gordon, the leading woman from London, with the near Leslie Carter hair, is very good. She seemed to have real flesh and blood to her, and you never caught her posing for the benefit of the Johnnies down front as, I am sorry to say, so many of our American actresses in this line do.

If any of you girls must set up a matinee idol, I can think of no more appealing figure for the pedestal than William Roselle, who was in "The Ringmaster" a while ago, and now appears songless as Sam Bernard's nephew in "The Girl and the Wizard." He is that rare type among blond men—a really manly appearing man with yellow hair. I think he is quite the best-looking actor now on the New York stage. If you don't believe me, go to the Casino and see for yourselves. There will be plenty of time; for, according to the number of speculators crowding around the

doors, it looks as if "The Girl and the Wizard" would run almost as long as "Havana" did. There is nothing of the namby-pamby about Mr. Roselle's acting. He just seems perfectly natural on the stage, and I never caught him posing once. Jack tells me he was in "Brown of Harvard," and with Ada Rehan just before she gave up the stage.

we have had since "David Harum." I never read the book, but I know it's a terribly long one, and yet the play Charlotte Thompson has made out of it contains only nine characters, which shows what a lot of stuff she must have left out.

I can't remember when I have seen Miss Anglin in a part that suited her so well. And she is one of my favorite actresses.



THIS REPRESENTS THE AVERAGE STAR'S IDEA AS TO HIS OWN SIZE IN COMPARISON WITH THE REST OF THE COMPANY.

Well, I have just seen Margaret Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Richie." and I didn't cry my eyes out. But, then, I never do cry at the theater over the hard times the heroines have; only when people are reconciled after long estrangements and fall into each other's arms in a fashion they never thought to do again. And this couldn't occur in "Helena Richie" because *Helena* gives up her lover and has only the small boy *David* left to console her. To my mind, this is the best dramatized novel

But in "Helena Richie" I liked her as much for what she didn't do as for what she did. She didn't weep all over the place, and didn't try to tear passion to tatters even when she had a good chance. In one place, where most actresses would eagerly have seized the opportunity to seasaw their voices up and down with emotion, Miss Anglin simply spoke very fast and got the same effect in a good deal less hackneyed a way. She is one of those refreshing players who doesn't take herself seriously off

the stage. Most actresses in her line would go about pretending that they were strong on emotion at any and every opportunity, but she makes no bones about telling you that she only pumps this up at will.

I remember her relating for Jack, once, that she could bring tears into her eyes simply by looking at the dish of ice-cream brought on at dinner, and saying: "You poor plate of cream. I am so sorry for you because I am going to eat you."

Well, Jack printed it, and Miss Anglin told us a year later that she was nearly all broken up on the stage one night while playing in a Western city by overhearing a man in the front row whispering to his neighbor the words, "You poor plate of ice-cream." You see, she knew he had read the anecdote about her, and was telling it just as she was going through one of her big scenes. It was disconcerting.

"The Intruder," I told you about a little way back, ran only ten nights, and was then put away in the awful storage warehouse the theatrical people all dread so much. The funny part of it was that the actor who came up to Mr. Buchanan and congratulated him on the success he claimed he had made, got a job in the very play that took the place of "The Intruder" at this same Bijou Theater. This was "The Master Key." It was written by Cosmo Hamilton, and I think Mr. Brady bought it when he was in London last summer. Nevertheless, the scene is laid in America. May be that is what made it seem so queer in spots. They probably shifted the whole thing to this country after it was finished. Any way, there was a *Lady Wilding* in it trying to marry her daughter off to a wealthy American. That at least is refreshing from the everlasting other way round in our plays and stories of having the American parents crazy to win an English earl for their girls, or a European lordling coming over here to get a wife with money. And still another novelty about this episode in "The Master Key" was the fact that *Stella Wilding* married for love after all.

While "The Intruder" was heading its way into moth-balls in New York, "The Master Key" (under

the same management), was playing in Philadelphia, where one of the papers, speaking later about its being hurried to New York to replace a failure, said: "If 'The Master Key' is an improvement on 'The Intruder,' the latter must have been a pretty bad show." Jack says "The Master Key" doesn't hold water; won't bear analyzing. It's all about labor and capital. There is a strike in a big foundry and the proprietor's son, whose father has lately died, comes down to look into things and resolves to go out and live among the men in disguise and try to find out their side of the case. Of course he falls in love with a pretty girl, and of course she is a school-teacher. Authors invariably make them school-teachers in cases like this, so that it will seem reasonable they will know enough to match up with scions of wealth who are experts in ordering high-balls, cheering on their college football team, and other like accomplishments of wealth and position.

Well, as soon as she finds out that he is really somebody else, she sends him away from her without a chance at any explanation, for you see it is only half past ten, and there must be something saved up to happen in the fourth act.

Of course he gets her by eleven o'clock, and while your curiosity is excited to find out just how, you are almost ashamed to admit the fact. Maybe this is the reason the play lasted only a week in New York. Orrin Johnson, who tried to be a singer in "The Gay Hussars," did as well as could be expected with the unconvincing hero, and Frances Ring talked and looked more like her sister Blanche than ever as the pretty school-teacher. Never in my life have I seen so much kissing and hugging in any one play as in this "Master Key."

"The White Sister" goes to the other extreme, as there is not a kiss in it from beginning to end, except the one pressure of her lips Viola Allen gives to William Farnum's hand after she has persuaded him to tear up the appeal to the Pope to annul her vows. Miss Allen is thoroughly charming as the nun. This is the sort of part she simply loves



to play. And I am not certain that she does not enjoy the whole thing more than the audience does, for there is no denying the fact that the affair is harrowing to one's feelings. And why should people be expected to pay two dollars a seat to be made uncomfortable even if the woes they see are not only those of other folks, but fictitious ones at that?

The plot is changed quite a little from that of Marion Crawford's novel, the last one he wrote before his death, you remember. Usually managers like to have their plays end happily; but, in this case, although the story left the characters with a prospect of happiness, the play makes the man die. I believe that it was Miss Allen who insisted on this. It is contrived rather prettily, I must admit, but the piece, from the very slim nature of it, certainly needs all the drawing powers of the well-known people in the cast.

For there is James O'Neill, for years a star on his own account in "Monte Cristo," and who appears now as the Italian prelate *Saracinesca*, although, from his brogue, you could more easily fancy him a priest of the Irish persuasion. Another man in the company with a brogue nearly as thick as his back hair is William Farnum, so long seen as *Ben-Hur*. He is the lover returned to life after poor *Angela*, mourning him as dead, has gone into the convent. I am sure, in her place, I should greatly prefer Richie Ling, some time of comic-opera fame, who really made a most engaging Italian officer as *Lieutenant Basili*.

Minna Gale, who enacts the villainess as *Countess Chiaromonte*, is another ex-star, having toured in Shakespeare as Minna Gale Haynes soon after she gave up being leading woman for Edwin Booth. I see that Miss Gale's name is printed in a size smaller type in the newspapers than O'Neill's and Farnum's. I think she is far better than either.

Did you ever see a play all fall to pieces at eleven o'clock, just as it was ending? Well that, in my opinion, is what "The Fourth Estate" did, and yet I see the managers are advertising it in big type as "the biggest success ever produced in New York City." Jack and I went the first night, and



"OH, YOU POOR SAUCER OF ICE-CREAM! I'M GOING TO EAT YOU." AND MARGARET ANGLIN BURSTS INTO TEARS.

certainly there are some splendid thrills in the thing, a good many laughs; and, although I went prepared not to like it, as the piece was all about newspapers and I had been told this sort of drama always failed, I was very much pleased with it as the action went along. This, too, in spite of the fact that it is another of those muck-raking plays we are growing so sick of.

Well, the curtain rose on the last act, and in ten minutes the hero had got himself in a frightful snarl. How was he going to unravel a tangle that involved several people besides himself? You were fairly tilting on the edge of your seat with eagerness to find out, particularly after he takes the bit in his teeth and decides to print an article, his chief, the owner of the paper, has forbidden him to publish. And then, what do you suppose happens? Poui! the lights go out, there is a pistol-shot, the curtain comes down, and on it appears a stereopticon legend stating that *Wheeler Brand* (the hero in question), tired of a life of prostitution, has killed himself.

Why, I almost felt as if somebody had slapped me in the face. And think of the



SAM BERNARD.

people who had paid to go to a show whose author was supposed to clear things up after he had muddled them, and then, at the last minute, balked at the job!

There was some very good acting in the play. Charlie Waldron,

whom we used to know in the old days when he was leading juvenile of the Murray Hill stock, was even better than he was in "The Warrens of Virginia." And another recruit from the Belasco forces showed you what good acting really is—Charles Stevenson, the king in "Du Barry." Then there was delightful Alice Fischer, playing again in the same theater where she had once starred as *Mrs. Jack*. Tom Hadaway, of the old Augustin Daly musical comedy nights, was excellent as her son, with a rich father and so little brains that when asked what his class at college was he was obliged to answer, "1909-1910-1911." This Hadaway, by the bye, is a most versatile chap, Jack tells me, being equally good as an old man or a very young one. His grandfather of the same name, was a famous actor of the old school.

Then "The Fourth Estate" brought forward in New York again young Argyle Campbell, who was such a fine boy as *Billy Wiggs* in the original "Cabbage Patch," which he played last year on the other side of the world in Australia and New Zealand. Then there was Pauline Frederick with gowns of bewildering hue and cut, and showing that marriage has not diminished her ability to do good acting. But when she sprawls



"THE GIRL AND THE WIZARD" OFFERS, IN WILLIAM ROSELLE, A NEW OCCUPANT FOR THE MATINÉE IDOL'S PEDESTAL.

her arms over the composing-stone in the grimy shop clad in the beautiful white frock and showed not a trace of ink on it afterward, Jack whispered to me that here was one point in that wonderfully realistic scene that wasn't a bit like the real thing. Printer's ink has quite a reputation.

Well, two nights after "The Fourth Estate" we took in another muck-raking play, "A Citizen's Home," by a new man. I don't think, from the reception this piece got, he will ever become an old hand in the business. The play is a weak dilution of "The Music Master," on the one hand, and "The Man Who Stood Still" on the other. It was fairly interesting in spots; but, like most purpose plays, terribly untrue to life. Characters did the things not that they would naturally do, but simply because the author wanted to prove a point by their doing them. Goodness, it is hard enough to get people to go to church for nothing and be preached to, so I don't see how you can expect them to pay to get the same dose at the theater!

Here's some splendid news: a play that does people good without ever once preaching or muck-raking has scored one of the few big hits of the season. I mean "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by Jerome K. Jerome, with the finest *Hamlet* I have ever seen, J. Forbes-Robertson, as its star. I say "star," but he really isn't this in the Times Square acceptance of the term, which seems to imply somebody who gets his name into big type because he or she has either a big voice, cute looks, or a rich backer. In the Jerome play Mr. Robertson has really less to say than almost any other person in the cast of twelve, but it is the way he does things that counts.

You know he is a lodger in a London boarding-house, which latter is filled with people of varying degrees of disagreeableness, who are turned by the new boarder's influence into people who are not only happier themselves, but



FLORA PARKER.



who think of the good of others where formerly they "knocked" constantly. And yet, not one of them becomes a prig or a saint, in the sneering sense of the term; and, as I have said, never does the magician who accomplishes this transformation lecture or try by direct word to swerve the other from his evil ways. No, it is all done by his finding the one good trait in the man or woman and complimenting the other on the possession of it to that extent that the *Cad*, for instance, of the prologue, becomes in the epilogue, *An Entertaining Person* simply because Mr. Robertson began by remarking

know the story from which it was taken was written a long while before Mr. Kennedy's play was produced. The atmosphere of the other play seemed remote; this one comes straight home to every one of us, and Mr. Robertson's quiet method of acting is a real treat.

Jack and I know him, and we both spoke of the coincidence in the fact that in his private life he appears to be very much the same sort of person as the character with the irradiating influence set forth in the play. When we saw him in London last summer he told us that he wasn't at all cer-



A ROW OF FACES AT MUSICAL COMEDY. FIND THE CRITIC.

of his strumming on the piano that he played well.

You can imagine, then, how a quiet play of this sort becomes alive with action of an entirely novel sort as you watch for the cleansing process applied to each of the eleven other people, from the landlady, mean and stingy, to the slavey (played by Mr. Robertson's wife, Gertrude Elliott, in London), set down as *A Sloven* at the outset and who receives the benediction of the goodly visitor just before he moves on, leaving a ray of light streaming over the doorway as a reminder of his passing that way.

"Well," I said to Jack, as we came away, "I defy any one to see a play like this without wanting to be better after it. And did you notice that young man who went out between the acts from the middle of our row, came back in the opposite direction so as not to disturb the same people twice? If this had been any other sort of piece, I don't believe he would ever have thought so far ahead as that."

Although a good deal was said about the similarity beforehand, I didn't find "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" in the least like "The Servant in the House." You

tain of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" making a hit in New York. In fact, he had been much surprised himself over the fact that it had run six months in London.

I shall be much surprised if "On the Eve" lasts the season out. This is a play of Russian life, its author, Dr. Louis Kampf. I happen to know was trying to place with Belasco something like three years ago. Now it turns up under Henry B. Harris, and with Martha Morton's name down as the author in one line, and underneath "from the German of Leopold Kampf." But my, how the critics did go for poor Martha in what she did to the play! You see, some of them had either seen it abroad or read it in the original, and in proportion as they praised the new actress, Hedwig Reicher, who has been playing in New York in German at the Irving Place Theater, they roasted the dramatist.

Miss Reicher, as I suppose we must call her now, is certainly fine. She has such a rich, full voice, is very pretty, and her figure is just tall enough to be commanding without making her too large for the ordinary-sized man as a lover. But the play reminded me of a jig-saw puzzle that some-



THE FUNNY SHOE-SHOP SCENE ENACTED BY HARRY FISHER AND GEORGE MONROE IN "THE MIDNIGHT SONS"—A SUMMER SHOW WHICH STILL LINGERS ON BROADWAY.

body had spilled and somebody else had put together wrong. You were all the time being dissatisfied with the way the pieces had been dovetailed, and wanted to see parts of the story the playwright either couldn't show or wouldn't show you. Anyway, it's the sort of play that belongs ten or fifteen years back.

After all, I don't believe people care as much for fine acting nowadays as they do to see any interesting story unfolded on the stage. The acting, in a way, stops the action. It does, that is, if any of the players have any long speeches to get off, and you know there are some stars who think they get no opportunity at all unless they have at least one speech that takes nearly three minutes to deliver.

That is the beauty of Forbes-Robertson. He doesn't have to resort to these old devices to show us that he is a fine actor. We are convinced of this by the way he uses his eyes, his arms, his voice in just the ordinary tones and gestures. And yet, there are still people who think they are not seeing acting unless the players mouth, and rant, and roll their eyes to heaven. I have just met one of these in the shape of a man who was bored to death by "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

What's that old saying—after something or other the deluge? Well, after "The Witching Hour" Augustus Thomas gives us "The Harvest Moon," and before the evening was half over I not only felt that I had been sitting in the theater a week, but

I am positive if words were liquid we should all have been drenched through and through with them. For of all talky pieces, this last one by the author of those splendid plays, "Alabama," "Arizona," "The Earl of Pawtucket," and "The Witching Hour," would easily win the blue ribbon at any talk-fest. And the worst of it is that you don't care a button for the subject on which all ten characters are chattering.

Dora Fullerton, daughter of a Harvard professor, wants to go on the stage. Her family are opposed to it, especially her *Aunt Cornelia*, who is forever reminding the girl in most unpleasant fashion that she is exactly like her mother, who died before the child could remember her. The whole four acts revolve about this one thing, and as *Adelaide Nowak*, who plays *Dora*, isn't in the least attractive except when she laughs, and she is in the dumps most of the piece, I for one didn't in the least care what became of her. Matters are somewhat complicated by the fact that she is in love with a *Mr. Holcomb*, who wrote the play in which she wants to appear, but at the dress rehearsal she quarrels with him because he says she does a scene vulgarly, and then refuses to marry him because she finally decides that he was right, that she has inherited from her dead mother unrefinement of heart, and so is not good enough for this *Holcomb*, who was once an actor, he tells us, merely in order to learn the technique of the stage.

She is brought around all right in the end by a *M. Vavin*, a Frenchman, who appears to be a sort of Victorian Sardou, and with whom she had been sent to study in Paris. He turns out to be her father, her mother having been divorced from the Harvard professor. She married this Frenchman a year later, although nobody knew it. All *Aunt Cornelia* knows about the thing is that *Dora* was born two years after her mother left the professor, and this she reveals to *Dora* one night, as the girl is singing for joy, having just told *Holcomb*, in the light of the harvest moon, that she loves him after all. *Aunt Cornelia*, you may conclude, is a most uncomfortable person to live with; but, for the matter of that, I don't believe there is a single soul in the whole outfit of ten I should care to introduce to any of my friends.

Just like "The Witching Hour," the play was made out of a one-act sketch Mr. Thomas did for the Lambs' Club, where it was a great hit. This is now the third act in "The Harvest Moon," and was certainly most entertaining. The funny part of it is, though, that it has really nothing to do with the plot of the play, and could easily

be left out. In that case, of course, we should lose a most interesting illustration of the effect of colors on emotions, and a very enjoyable rehearsal scene, with interruptions from *M. Vavin*, telling the two lovers just when to smile, show their teeth, and so on.

Three of the players in "The Harvest Moon" were also in the original company of "The Witching Hour," Jack's scrap-book tells me—Miss Nowak, who was *Viola Campbell*; Jennie A. Eustace, now *Mrs.*

to see. You know he always nowadays exploits some theory in his plays. You remember in 'Mrs. Lefingwell's Boots' it was something about the influence a blow on the head has on a man's subsequent conduct. In 'The Witching Hour' he let himself loose on telepathy, and now he runs riot on mental suggestion. The constant drumming into *Dora's* ears by her *Aunt Cornelia* that she was like her mother would have made her so had *M. Vavin* not interfered and married her off to *Mr. Holcomb*."



VIOLA ALLEN, IN "THE WHITE SISTER," DEMANDS OF WILLIAM FARNUM (OUR ARTIST THROWS IN THE TORTOISE-SHELL) THE KEY TO THE DOOR OF HIS ROOM.

Winthrop, something of a parvenu, then *Clay Whipple's* weeping mother; and George Nash, as *Frank Hardmuth*, the district attorney in the "Hour," and who has covered himself with glory and good notices for his work as *M. Vavin* in the "Moon."

"Why did Mr. Thomas write a play like this?" I asked Jack as we came away.

"Because," replied my husband, "he is a big enough man now to write what he wants to write, not always what the public likes

"Poor *Mr. Holcomb*," I murmured. "I am sorry for him with a wife like that. But why," I persisted. "when Mr. Thomas makes *M. Vavin* get off so many good recipes for play-building, such as having it mostly action and little talk, didn't he take some of his own advice?"

"Ah," replied Jack, "didn't I just tell you that Mr. Thomas has now got so far along in the game that he can afford to write plays to carry his fads?"

FROM UNCLE SAM'S SCRAP BOOK.

FACTS ON WEALTH, WASTE, AND CONSERVATION
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There are more than 300,000,000 acres of public grazing land in the United States.

The number of Americans engaged in agricultural pursuits is more than 10,000,000.

We grow one-fifth of the world's wheat crop, three-fifths of its cotton crop, and four-fifths of its corn crop.

The census of 1900 showed \$137,000,000 worth of poultry in this country, which produced 293,000,000 dozen eggs.

The known supply of petroleum is estimated at 15,000,000,000 to 20,000,000,000 barrels. It cannot be expected that the supply will last beyond the middle of the present century.

The known natural-gas fields aggregate an area of 9,000 square miles, distributed through twenty-two States. Of the total yield from these fields, 400,000,000,000 cubic feet, valued at \$62,000,000, were utilized, while an equal quantity was allowed to escape into the air.

The daily waste of natural gas—the most perfect known fuel—is over 1,000,000,000 cubic feet, or enough to supply every city in the United States of over 100,000 population.

Phosphate-rock, used for fertilizer, represents the slow accumulation of organic matter during past ages. In most countries it is scrupulously preserved; in this country it is extensively exported. The original supply cannot long withstand the increasing demand.

The mineral production of the United States for 1907 exceeded \$2,000,000,000, and contributed 65 per cent of the total freight traffic of the country. The waste in the extraction and treatment of mineral products during the same year was equivalent to more than \$300,000,000.

The consumption of nearly all our min-

eral products is increasing far more rapidly than our population. In 1776 but a few dozen pounds of iron were in use by the average family; now our annual consumption is over one thousand two hundred pounds per capita. In 1812 no coal was used; now the consumption is over five tons, and the waste nearly three tons per capita.

The available and easily accessible supplies of coal in the United States aggregate approximately 1,400,000,000 tons. At the present increasing rate of production this supply will be so depleted as to approach exhaustion before the middle of the next century.

The building operations of the country now aggregate about \$1,000,000,000 per year. The direct and indirect losses from fire in the United States during 1907 approximated \$450,000,000, or one-half the cost of construction. Of this loss four-fifths, or an average of one million dollars a day, could be prevented.

Since 1870 forest fires have destroyed a yearly average of fifty lives and \$50,000,000 worth of timber. Not less than 50,000,000 acres of forest is burned over yearly. The young growth destroyed by fire is worth far more than the merchantable timber burned.

Our forests now cover 550,000,000 acres, or about one-fourth of the United States. The original forests covered not less than 850,000,000 acres.

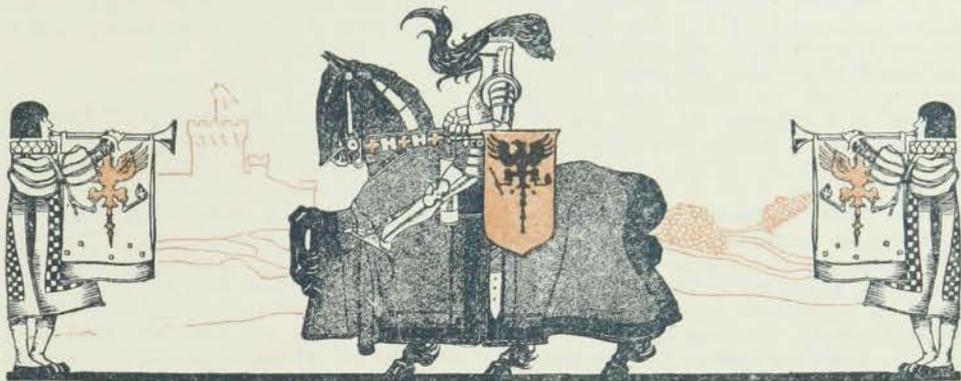
There has been a slight increase in the average yield of our great staple farm products, but neither the increase in acreage nor the yield per acre has kept pace with our increase in population.

The losses to farm products, due to injurious mammals, is estimated at \$130,000,000 annually; the loss through plant diseases reaches several hundred million dollars; and the loss through insects is reckoned at \$659,000,000. The damage by birds is balanced by their beneficent work in destroying noxious insects.

There are in continental United States two hundred and eighty-two streams navigated for an aggregate of 26,115 miles, and as much more navigable if improved. There are also forty-five canals, aggregating 2,189 miles, besides numerous abandoned canals.

THE HALL OF TRANSIENT FAME.

FORGOTTEN WHILE THEY LIVED, DEATH BROUGHT THEM A BRIEF RETURN OF FORMER CELEBRITY.



In the Transient Hall of Fame there appears, this month, many names that once were illustrious—names that stood for success and achievement a quarter or half century ago. To-day they are practically forgotten. If life robbed these erstwhile notables of the honor of lasting renown, death brought them recompense, for in their passing they were remembered by the fickle public and accorded a final, if fleeting, flash of the fame they once enjoyed.

Their names are many. We can mention but a few.

* * *

“Pony” Moore is dead, and with him passes away the last of the old-time black-face minstrels. “Pony’s” real name was George Washington Moore, but the famous founder of the celebrated Moore and Burgess company, was best known by his nickname. Though the chocolate-colored comedian lived the greater part of his life in England, where he died, he was born in Mulberry Street, New York, in 1819. It was in America he learned the negro melodies, with “patting juba” accompaniment, which so pleased Moore’s English audiences when he launched this novelty upon them fifty years ago.

When the negro melody-maker, with banjo across his shoulder, performed a “turn about, an’ turn about, an’ jump jes so,” there was something so contagious about the syncopated movement of the lazy, lanky figure, that he invariably set his audi-

ences wild with enthusiasm. Incidentally, Moore accumulated a large fortune.

* * *

Rodnia Nutt was a very small person, but his loss will be felt by a circle of admirers large enough to reach around the world. Twenty years ago, Rodnia was known to almost every city in the universe as the smallest dwarf in the troupe made famous by the late P. T. Barnum. Rodnia was sixty-nine years old when he died in Dorchester, Massachusetts, a while ago, and for nineteen years had been living a quiet life as a real-estate agent. He seldom spoke of his triumphs of his sawdust days, and the thousands who once acclaimed him seemed to have forgotten his existence.

* * *

Mrs. Charlotte May Wilkinson, daughter of the famous reformer and abolitionist, Samuel J. May, and cousin of Louisa May Alcott, author of “Little Women,” died recently of old age at her home in Briarcliff Manor, New York. She was seventy-six years old. Mrs. Wilkinson shines in the light of reflected glory, for her father was one of the most famous men of his time—his activity in the antislavery cause winning him a national reputation. His daughter rendered him every assistance in his work, and was at his side during many stirring campaigns.

* * *

Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn is no more, and the whole theatrical world mourns, for

Mrs. Blinn used to be one of the best-loved and best-known actresses in America. When the famous actress, as a young girl, went to San Francisco in 1868 with her father, Albert Holbrook, a prominent lawyer, she met and married Blinn and expected to settle down to a quiet life. But the unusual powers of elocution which she possessed caused Lawrence Barrett and John MacCullough to take an interest in her, and by them she was persuaded to go upon the stage. Her first part was that of *Lady Isabel* in "East Lynne," and she was the first woman to play the part of *Hanlet* in this country.

* * *

Mrs. Carrie Burnham Kilgore was the first woman to become a doctor in New York, and the first woman to be admitted to practise at the bar in Pennsylvania. She was born seventy-one years ago near Montpelier, Vermont. She was already an M. D. in 1871, when she applied for admission to the law department of the University of Pennsylvania. The idea of a woman studying law at that time seemed impossible, and admission was refused. Then she went before the board of examiners. The board ruled that there was "no precedent for the examination of a woman for admission to the bar." Still Mrs. Kilgore persisted. She applied once more to the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1881 became a student there. Two years later, she received her degree, and was admitted to practise in the Orphans' Court. From that time until 1886, Mrs. Kilgore fought for admission to every branch of all the courts. She triumphed.

* * *

Theodore W. Kennedy, when a lad of nineteen, had an hour's interview with President Lincoln, at Washington, while seeking a commission as lieutenant. He was first sergeant of Company B, Eighteenth New York Infantry, when the war began. When word reached New York that his regiment was not to go to the front, young Kennedy started for Washington with a letter of introduction to President Lincoln. For ten days the enthusiastic lad haunted the White House, but failed to reach the President. Then, one morning young Kennedy passed the watchman, walked boldly to

President Lincoln's room and knocked on the door.

"Come in!" said the President, who had not yet had his breakfast, and was only partly dressed. The President complimented the young man upon his enthusiasm, talked with him for nearly an hour, and finally wrote notes to the Secretary of War and General Wadsworth requesting them to aid the New York man.

* * *

Dr. William C. Doane and the Rev. Dr. John G. Butler were two men who knew Abraham Lincoln intimately during Civil War times. Each was eighty-three years old, and each had risen to prominence in his particular profession. Dr. Butler was one of the first army chaplains appointed by Lincoln in Civil War days.

Dr. Doane, who campaigned with Horace Greeley in 1856, and with Mr. Lincoln in 1860, was one of the committee which wrote the first platform for the Republican party in 1855.

* * *

John O'Neill was a scout, an Indian-fighter, a Civil War veteran, and the "Father of Track-Elevation." He was the Chicago alderman who was responsible for the bill proposing to raise the street-car tracks of the city at all street corners, so that pedestrians might pass underneath unimpeded by the traffic of surface-lines. Millions of dollars have since been appropriated for this cause, and the work is now going on.

"Honest John," as John O'Neill was known, was born in Newark, New Jersey. He once went with "Kit" Carson on a tour through New Mexico, which was a constant succession of fights with the Indians. In Utah, he served with the United States forces as scout and guide.

* * *

Egbert P. Watson drove the first bolt in the Monitor, the Civil War iron-clad. With this single blow he was boosted into fame. But Mr. Watson's glory was fleeting, and when he died in Elizabeth, New Jersey, some time ago, he was practically forgotten by the public that had once so proudly acclaimed him.

THE good trait in man is that he sins. Humanity is a compound of good and evil. It is God's game. Man is His coin, and He could not make it without alloy.—Arsène Houssaye.

THE LEAD CHAMBERS OF VENICE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN JACQUES DE CASANOVA.

IN the annals of brilliant roguery, perhaps the most remarkable name is that of Jean Jacques de Casanova, or (to use the Italian form) Giovanni Jacopo di Casanova (1725—1803). Casanova's father was of noble birth, but was disinherited by his family when he married a very beautiful girl who was the daughter of a shoemaker. From this union sprang Casanova, born in Venice, and gifted with all the arts of pleasing. Partly educated for the church, he showed himself to be an eloquent speaker; but he much preferred to live by his wits, to roam over Europe and to engage in every form of intrigue and adventure. He visited Russia and was presented to the Empress Catharine. He figured at the court of Frederick the Great. He was a lover of Mme. Pompadour. Wherever he went, he made a deep impression by his charm and by his utter unscrupulousness. Late in life he settled down as librarian to a German count, who, as it happened,

possessed no library. Casanova devoted this time to the preparation of his "Memoirs," in which he wrote down, with perfect shamelessness, all of his adventures, pretending at the same time to a sort of piety which he did not possess. The "Memoirs" have been published in many languages; and while one cannot trust the veracity of their author in everything, his eight volumes give a remarkable picture of the times in which he lived. The following passage is one of the most famous. It narrates what happened to him in the year 1755, when he was imprisoned in the dreadful Lead Chambers at Venice, on the charge of treason. The narrative has been slightly abridged.

CASANOVA had long been an object of offense to the Venetian police, but the protection of the Senator Bragadino for a time defeated its purpose—it being a law in Venice that the officers of justice should not enter any patrician house, except at the express command of the tribunal; and this is seldom, or never given. His passion, however, for a young girl lured him from his safe retreat to lodgings in the suburbs, where he was seized by the *sbirri* and carried off to the Lead Chambers—prisons—so called from their being at the top of the building, immediately under a roof of lead.

After passing through three long passages, two of which were barred, he came to a large, dirty attic that he thought was to be his prison—but in this he was mistaken. There was a fourth door beyond, studded with iron, opening into a room so low that he could not stand upright in it, and lighted by a small loophole about two



fect in circumference, that was guarded by strong bars crossing each other in little squares. This was still further darkened by a near rafter, so that when the door was closed there was not light enough to distinguish the form of the room, which was a square, with an alcove at one end, intended for a bed, though the place had neither bed, chair, nor table.

At another side was a strange iron machine fastened against the walls, in shape like a horseshoe, which excited something more than curiosity in the prisoner; and the jailer, observing it, said, with a malicious laugh: "Ha! Ha! You are cudgeling your brains now to find out the use of this pretty piece of furniture, and I can tell it to you in a minute. When their excellencies order a prisoner to be strangled, he is placed on a stool, his back against the iron, which goes half around his neck; the other half is bound with a silk cord, the ends of which pass through the hole here, and are then fastened to a little windlass. This is turned till the poor sinner has given up his soul to Heaven, for the confessor does not leave him till he is dead."

"An admirable invention!" exclaimed Casanova; "and you, I suppose, have the honor to turn this same windlass."

But the jailer said nothing till he had closed the door on him, when he asked him, through the grating: "What will you have to eat?" And on Casanova replying that he had not yet thought about it, he walked off without further question, leaving his prisoner to the benefit of his meditations. These were anything but pleasant: the heat was intolerable, and, though for the first few hours the circumstance of his being neglected scarcely troubled him, yet, when, according to Italian computation, the clock struck twenty-one, he began to be anxious at this protracted absence of every human being. Still, he could hope, and did hope, till the twenty-fourth hour, when his wrath broke forth: he raged, he cursed, he howled, he stamped with his feet; but after an hour had elapsed in impotent fury, and still no one came, he abandoned himself to sleep.

At midnight he was again awakened by the sound of the clock, and scarcely could he believe that he had been so long utterly free from pain. He stretched out his right hand for his handkerchief, when it was met by another hand, cold and stark as ice. Horror thrilled through every vein. For several minutes he remained not only without motion, but almost without consciousness, and when recollection had in some measure returned, he tried to persuade himself that he had been the dupe of his imagination. Again he stretched out his

hand, and again it was met by the same cold flesh, which, in the agony of his heart, he first convulsively pressed, and then flung from him with a cry of horror.

As the first thrill of feeling died away he tried to reason with his fears. What could this be? Had a corpse been placed beside him as he slept—perhaps that of a friend, tortured to death and laid there as a mocking image of his own intended fate? The thought was madness, and a third time, with desperate resolution, he stretched out his arm to clutch the hand and drag the dead body to him, that he might at once fairly grapple with his fear in all its loathsomeness; but no sooner had he raised himself upon his left arm than he found the cold hand was his own. It had been placed under his body, and by the numbing pressure had lost all sensation. The discovery was ridiculous enough, but, instead of raising, it only served to depress his spirits.

In a few days, however, he had learned to measure his situation more accurately, and began to look to his present comfort. The state allowed him fifty sous a day; his own bed was brought and placed in the alcove, and whatever furniture else he wanted was fetched from his lodgings—books and articles of steel alone excepted. The money was left in the hands of Lorenzo, the jailer, to provide for him, and once a month he rendered an account of his disbursements; but Casanova had prudence enough to make him a present of the overplus to conciliate his kindness.

Hope, too, had not yet deserted him. Every night he went to rest with the full conviction that the next morning would be the last of his imprisonment; and when the next morning came without bringing any change he again went through the same round of hopes and doubts, to be again disappointed.

After a few weeks he was compelled to give up the idea; but then he turned to another hope, and believed that his confinement was to last for a certain time—till the first of October, when the new inquisitors superseded those in office. But this period came without any alteration in his condition, and he then determined, if possible, to escape, though in so doing he staked his life upon the hazard.

He stood with his eyes fixed on the loophole in the roof, weighing the means and difficulties of his purpose, when, on a sudden, the huge beam that crossed the window tottered and bent to the right side, and again sprang back to its position. The floor, too, trembled beneath his feet, and threw him off his balance. It was the effect of the terrific earthquake which, at the very same

moment, was hurling all Lisbon to the earth in one general mass of ruins. A second shock came, and he exclaimed: "*Un'altra, un'altra, gran Dio ma piu forte!*" and the jailers shuddered and fled from what they believed to be the blasphemies of a maniac.

This event by no means delayed his plans for escape. With admirable patience he contrived to sharpen an old bolt on a piece of marble, till he had formed it into a three-edged dagger—a labor of fourteen days, which worked his left hand into a blister and almost tore the right arm from its socket. With this he purposed to cut a hole through the floor under his bed, and to make his way to the room below, where he intended to hide himself under the table of the tribunal, and thence escape easily in the morning, when the door was first opened. Thus he hoped to reach a place of security before he was missed; for, even if any guard were left in the chamber, he determined to strike him dead with his poniard.

But there were other difficulties, not so easily got over—the floor might be double; it might be triple—and the work would then occupy him many weeks.

How was he to hide its progress from Lorenzo? For Casanova had hitherto insisted on having the chamber regularly cleaned and swept, and now to forbid it would excite suspicion. Yet, there was no alternative, and he adopted the measure at once, alleging as a reason that the dampness occasioned a spitting of blood, which, however, did not satisfy Lorenzo. He examined the room all over with a light, but as he found nothing to justify his suspicion, he fell into the snare and allowed Casanova to have his own way, and the latter now set about the work of his deliverance in good earnest.

His first object was to make a lamp, for which he wanted oil, a vessel to hold it, a fire-stone, wick, matches, and tinder; and all these he contrived to procure by his own unassisted ingenuity. The lamp he made out of a small saucepan that was used to prepare butter with eggs, and which he managed to conceal; the oil he saved from his salad; the steel he formed from a buckle, and the fire-stone he got from Lorenzo, under the pretense of dissolving it in vinegar for the toothache. Matches and tinder alone were wanting; but even here his ingenuity was finally triumphant—the matches he got from Lorenzo under the pretense of needing the brimstone for medical purposes, and the tinder he made out of sponge with which his coat had been padded.

About this time a new prisoner, Count Fanarola, divided his cell with him; but secrecy was the interest of both parties,

and Casanova continued his operations, cutting through the floors till his progress was stopped by a large joist. To work through this was impossible; the only remedy—and this cost time—was to enlarge the hole on the side, which, at last, with infinite labor, he accomplished. The light, glimmering through a crevice in the ceiling below, assured him that he had succeeded. The crack he stopped up with bread, that it might not betray him before the time of his flight, which he fixed for the night preceding the festival of St. Augustine.

On that day there was an assembly of the Great Council, and therefore the Bussola that lay close to the chamber through which he had to pass would be empty. He was not, however, so near the goal as he imagined.

It was on the twenty-fifth of August, at noon, that an event took place which, even in the recollection of his age, was terrible. The bolts rattled, a deadly terror seized him, the throbbings of his heart shook his whole body, and he dropped powerless into his chair. Lorenzo, while yet in the passage, cried out to him through the grating in a tone of joy: "I wish you joy of the news I bring you!" By this he imagined he meant his freedom, and he gave himself up for lost; the discovery of the hole in the floor would ruin everything.

Lorenzo now entered and desired him to follow. Casanova wished first to dress, but this the jailer said was unnecessary, as he was only going to take him out of his present abominable prison into a more convenient room, lighted with two windows, from which he could overlook half Venice.

He was now no longer master of himself; he bade Lorenzo return his thanks to the secretary and leave him where he was. Lorenzo only laughed, saying he must be mad to make such excuses, and offered his arm to lead him from the prison. There was no resisting: he suffered himself to be led away by Lorenzo, and in a few minutes a part of his furniture followed, and he was then left alone in all the terrors of expectation. Half an hour passed—an hour—what was to be the result? Was he not discovered? It seemed impossible.

And what would be his punishment? Death—or imprisonment in the Wells, the most horrible prisons that cruelty had ever invented. They were worse even than the Lead Chambers—always lying two feet deep in water, for the salt tide flowed through the same grating that admitted the scanty daylight.

Another hour—and he heard the sound of footsteps in the passage. It was Lorenzo, who, foaming with rage, demanded the ax

with which he supposed the floor had been cut, and the name of the person from whom it had been received. Seats, table, bed—all were examined to find this imaginary weapon, while the simple piece of iron which had done the mischief escaped their observation in the straw of the armchair. Lorenzo grew wilder than ever.

"You will not tell me who gave you the tools with which you broke through the floor? Well, you will tell it to others!"

"If it be, indeed, true that I have broken through the floor I will say that I had the tools from you, and have returned them."

At this Lorenzo began to howl and beat his head against the wall, and stamp with his feet like a madman, while his assistants seemed, by their applauses, to think the joke excellent. But he found ample means of vengeance in changing the diet of his prisoner, and fastening the window so that not a breath of air could come in. The place was a living torture, for so intense was the heat that it was scarcely possible to breathe, while the meat and the water were offensive almost beyond endurance. The complaints and questions of Casanova were received with a silent scorn that testified how well his jailer was satisfied with his triumph. At one time Casanova resolved to take an opportunity of plunging his steel into him, but on more reflection he contented himself with demanding his account. Yet, when the day came for this, his wrath had so much yielded to his better reason that he made Lorenzo a present of the overplus. They were now alone, and Lorenzo endeavored by quiet means to sound the mystery of the ax.

"You said it was from me that you got the tools with which you broke the great hole through the floor of your prison. But who provided you with the lamp?"

"Yourself. You gave me oil, flint, and sulfur. The rest I had already."

"That's true. But can you as easily show me that I gave you the implements for cutting through the floor? Tell me when I gave you an ax?"

"I will tell you everything, if you wish it; but the secretary must be present."

"I believe you, and wish to know nothing more. Be silent, and remember that I am a poor man with a family."

After this there was no more quarreling between them; and, indeed, Lorenzo began to relax even in his precautions—so much so that he suffered a mutual exchange of books between Casanova and a Venetian nobleman, Marino Balbi, who was confined in a dungeon over him. But the two prisoners abused his confidence. They held a communication with each other on the

blank leaves and margins of the volumes, as they passed to and fro; and though enough transpired in the course of the correspondence to show that Balbi was a weak man, Casanova resolved to trust him, more from necessity than choice.

With this determination he explained to him the secret of his steel, and promised to find some means of conveying it to him, that he might use it in cutting a hole into the dungeon below. To this he answered that Casanova would only be exchanging one dungeon for another, and would have declined the enterprise, but the propounder of the scheme was not so easily to be diverted from his purpose.

He sent word back that Balbi had only to do as he directed, and leave the rest to him. He then took the precaution to buy a quantity of holy pictures with which he might hide the hole from Lorenzo during its progress. There was, however, another difficulty more stubborn to be conquered than the dulness of Balbi, and this was the transmission of the steel, which could be done only through Lorenzo.

He tried to conceal it at the back of a large folio, between the binding and the book itself, but, unfortunately, it was two inches longer than the volume. His ingenuity, however, found a way of overcoming this evil; he told Lorenzo that he intended to celebrate St. Michael's Day with two great dishes of macaroni, one of which he intended to present to Balbi in return for the loan of his books. This feint succeeded; the macaroni was brought, placed on the book, and by its size hid the projecting part of the steel; and Lorenzo, without the slightest suspicion of the fact, conveyed the whole to Balbi, who had been previously prepared to receive it.

Eight days Balbi employed in making the opening, and at last gave the signal of its being nearly accomplished by three light strokes on the floor. Next morning he sent word by the usual mode of intelligence that he would finish his work the same day if the ceiling of the room below should prove to consist of two deals only, for the boards were not more than an inch thick. At the same time he promised not to cut quite through the ceiling, a point that Casanova had repeatedly forced on his attention, for fear their work should be discovered by Lorenzo.

Things were now rapidly drawing to a crisis; a quarter of an hour and Balbi would have accomplished his part, when, to the surprise and terror of Casanova, he heard footsteps in the passage.

The signal for Balbi to desist was hastily given, and only just in time to anticipate the

appearance of Lorenzo, who entered with a new prisoner. This fellow proved to be a government spy, by his own confession, and though under temporary disgrace, was hardly to be trusted. Casanova tried him, however, by confiding two letters to his charge, innocent in themselves, but which, as might have been expected, he gave unopened to the secretary of the tribunal. His companion pretended an indignation at this treachery which he did not feel, but he had a further object in the fiction, and now gave directions to Balbi to continue his labors while he persuaded the spy that the noise was the work of an angel. The brutal ignorance and bigotry of the man made him swallow this gross and palpable falsehood.

The work was at last done. As the clock struck seventeen a piece of the ceiling fell down, and Balbi was in the arms of his friend below. The spy was perfectly astonished, but fear kept him silent, and Casanova now ascended to the old count who had shared Balbi's dungeon, but who had neither body nor mind for an enterprise like this. In fact, he refused to join in it.

On returning to his dungeon, Casanova cut all the furniture and bed-linen into strips, tying them carefully together, till the length of the whole was a hundred yards. Thus equipped, he again ascended with his companions, and in about three hours he had cut an opening through the roof and forced away the lead sufficiently to allow a passage.

But on looking out he was greeted, and not pleasantly, by the light of the new moon shining clearly on the prison. As the head of this perilous expedition, he resolved to wait till the moon was down, which would be at five, and as the sun did not rise before thirteen o'clock, there would be seven hours of perfect darkness for their escape. These difficulties enraged Balbi. He protested that if he had known Casanova's plan he never would have helped him out of his dungeon; but Casanova had too much need of him to show any anger at these reproaches, and they now set out, leaving the count and the spy, who were too timid, or had too little opinion of their scheme, to follow them.

A fog had risen in the meantime, but not so thick as to prevent their seeing any near objects. Casanova was the first. By means of his steel, which he plunged into the joinings of the lead, he began to ascend the roof, dragging Balbi up with him, who held fast by his skirts; and thus they had got the half-way of their perilous journey, when the latter dropped his bundle. Supposing that it might have gone no farther than the gutter, Balbi begged his companion to stop.

The first impulse of Casanova at this trifle was, by a single blow of his foot, to send him after his precious venture, but his companion was indispensable, and he restrained his feelings.

After passing over sixteen plates, or perhaps more, they got to the ridge of the roof, where they rested, with their backs toward the island of St. Giorgio Maggiore, and before them rose the cupola of St. Mark's Church, a portion of the ducal palace, in which is the doge's chapel, more splendid than the chapel of any prince.

But to have got thus far was, as it soon appeared, only half, and the easiest half, of their adventure. Leaving his companion, Casanova crept along the roof for more than an hour, to find some place where he might fix his line; but still the places below were too much enclosed to allow of their escape, and to reach the *conica*, or vicarage, on the other side of the church, was impossible. In this dilemma, when every hope of safety seemed lost, he spied a window in the roof, something more than half-way down, which probably lighted a floor beyond the circle of the prisons.

Letting himself slowly down, his feet soon reached the projecting roof of the window, and, having seated himself, he bent over and felt about for the casement, which he had not long to seek for, but unfortunately it was protected by an iron grating. This seemed to offer an insurmountable obstacle to his farther progress.

For several minutes he was lost in a sort of mental apoplexy, unable to think or to act, when the clock of St. Mark's struck and awoke him from his stupor. Lying with his stomach on the narrow roof, he hung over, and, by means of his steel, worked at the frame of the grating till he forced it from its socket, after which the glass frames were easily broken. Having accomplished this, he returned to Balbi, whom he found in a state of rage and desperation, and preparing to return, under the belief that Casanova had fallen from the roof.

The question now was, how they should both get into the passage below the window?

For the first, it was a matter of little difficulty, as he might be let down by his companion sitting on the roof; but how was this to be managed by the second? Balbi proposed that he should be the first, after which Casanova's ingenuity, he had no doubt, would speedily devise some means for his own escape. Casanova had sufficient command over himself to show no symptoms of anger at this proposal.

According to this plan, Balbi was let down into the passage, but the length of line oc-

cupied by it clearly proved to his companion that he could not follow him without some additional aid to facilitate his descent. He returned, therefore, to the ridge of the roof, and after traveling a few yards was fortunate enough to find a ladder, with a heap of stones and mortar, left by some workmen who had been employed in repairing a cupola. But the difficulty was to get this ladder in the window, where it would serve their purpose.

With a view to this, he tied the line to the upper rail, and endeavored to drop it in the right direction; yet, after many efforts, the end uniformly rested in the gutter at the lower extremity of the roof. It was now near morning; something must be thought of speedily, or he was lost; and in this dilemma he ventured on the perilous experiment of sliding down, as gently as possible, into the gutter, the edge of which stopped his falling.

With a little labor he succeeded in forcing the ladder about a foot in at the window, which lessened its weight considerably, and in a few minutes he got it two feet farther, when he again climbed up to the window-roof, and, kneeling on it, endeavored, by pulling with the line, to bring the whole of the ladder into the passage. In this effort, that partially succeeded, his knees slipped, and he had only his breast and arms on the roof.

He struggled hard to regain his position, and had just succeeded, when the exertion brought on a violent cramp, as painful as it was paralyzing. For two minutes he hung

in this way between life and death, momentarily expecting the latter.

At last the pain subsided, and by degrees he not only regained the roof, but succeeded in forcing down the ladder, by the help of which he descended to his companion. They were now in the doge's chancery. Their difficulties, however, were not yet over, and so weary was Casanova from his exertions that he literally fell asleep, in spite of the perils that surrounded him.

But Balbi would not let him repose long. At the third hour he woke him to renew their toil, and, after breaking their way through two chambers, they at last found their progress stopped by a door that defied every effort made to force it. Here, to the great astonishment of his companion, Casanova sat down with grat content, exclaiming that he had done his part, and that Providence, or luck, would do the rest.

And Providence did effect the rest. Their figures had been seen at the window by some one passing, who, imagining that the porter had by mistake locked them in, gave the man notice of it, and he accordingly came to their release. He was alone; Casanova rushed by him, and Balbi followed; but no sooner had they cleared the palace than they walked quietly to avoid any suspicion.

"To the church! To the church!" exclaimed Balbi; but it was not there that Casanova hoped for an asylum. He hastened to the canal, sprang into a gondola, and ordered the boatman to row him to Fusino.

ODD FACTS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

THREE-QUARTERS of an hour is allowed for banks to consider drafts upon them and to determine whether they are to be honored.

The Salvation Army grew out of the Christian Mission established in the East End of London in 1865 by General Booth.

At Koishikawa the Japanese government arsenal turns out two hundred rifles and two hundred thousand cartridges a day.

A fly bacteriologically examined has been found to carry one hundred thousand bacteria.

Cattle-raising is the chief industry of Abyssinia.

Rumania's population is only six million five hundred thousand, yet it could place six hundred and fifty-thousand men in the field if war came.

There are sixteen cables across the North Atlantic Ocean.

Saddles were in use in the third century.

Artificial legs may cost as much as two hundred dollars each.

One-third of Germany's population is Roman Catholic.

Chinese divide the day into twelve parts of two hours each.

In Budapest is a school where people are taught the art of eating.

Last year the population of New Zealand increased by thirty-one thousand one hundred and fifty-eight.

Dogs kept solely for the guidance of blind persons are exempt from tax.

Asbestos was not used to any considerable extent for commercial purposes until the middle of the nineteenth century.

The tonnage of the Mauretania is thirty-one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight; that of the Lusitania, thirty-one thousand five hundred and fifty.

LITTLE LUXURIES OF THE POLE.



BOOTMAKER (TO ARCTIC EXPLORER JUST RETURNED): "HOW DID YOU LIKE THOSE BOOTS I MADE YOU, SIR?"

ARCTIC EXPLORER: "EXCELLENT! BEST I EVER TASTED."—*The Teller*.

SOME FAMILIAR OLD QUOTATIONS.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE PHRASES YOU USE,
WITHOUT ALWAYS BEING SURE OF THEIR SOURCE.



LN every language there is a vast amount of coined phrase circulating in common speech. Some of these phrases are so petrified, so to speak, that they are as indissoluble as single word-units. Thus, if anybody should happen to say, in your presence, "Consistency's a—" and then hesitate, you would immediately add, mentally if not aloud, the word "jewel." A lot of people are unable to say, "The ship So-and-so sailed, etc." They simply have to say, "The good ship, etc." And how about the "cup that cheers, etc.," when, as a matter of fact, it's a glass or a goblet which does the work. Such phrases are labor-savers. They call for no mental labor. They are the stock-in-trade of the "bromide."

Where do these phrases come from? Those who use them the oftenest are generally the very persons who know the least about it. As they will tell you, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and never suspect for a moment that they are quoting from Gray's "Ode on Eton College."

How many of the eager questioners who have been met with, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies," know that the tantalizing response is a direct quotation from Goldsmith? To him we are also indebted for "These little things are great to little men." And in Goldsmith's "Hermit," we find, "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long"; but earlier than that Dr. Young had said in his "Night Thoughts," "Man wants but little, nor that little long." "All that glitters is not gold," is from Shakespeare.

A question arose at a small party as to the origin of a line familiar to nearly every one present, "What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue!" and after great diversity of opinion and considerable search, it was found that not one of the company had given the true source. It is from a speech of Edmund Burke's, delivered at Bristol in 1789.

Pope is commonly but unjustly credited with the authorship of the popular quotation, "Immodest words admit of no defense, for want of decency is want of sense." It may be found in Lord Roscommon's essay on

"Translated Verse," which is also the source of "Choose an author as you choose a friend."

Daniel Defoe is quoted as the author of the proverb, "God no sooner builds a church than the devil puts up a chapel." Defoe wrote a poem, one verse of which was:

Whenever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil is sure to build a chapel there;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

But in writing this Defoe only versified a well-known proverb of his day. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says: "Where God hath a temple, the devil will have a chapel"; and Herbert, in his "*Jacula Prudentum*," expresses the same idea.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small," may be found among Longfellow's "Poetic Aphorisms," and is a translation from Friedrich von Logau, a writer of the seventeenth century.

From Pope's rich stores of thought we gather many popular maxims. "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," "Whatever is, is right"; "Order is Heaven's first law"; "Honor and shame from no condition rise"; "An honest man's the noblest work of God," may be found in Pope's "Essay on Man." In his "Essay on Criticism," "A little learning is a dangerous thing"; "To err is human, to forgive divine"; "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread"; "Your ease in writing comes from art, not chance—and those move easiest who have learned to dance." The well-known line, "Well should you practise who so well can preach," occurs in his "Wife of Bath."

There is an Italian proverb used in the extravagance of flattery, expressive of this idea: "When nature made thee, she broke the mold." Byron uses it in the closing lines of his monody on the death of Sheridan:

Sighing that nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die in molding Sheridan.

The source of the common saying, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," has puzzled many a scholar, and whether or not the following authority may be relied upon as the

starting-point, or as only using a borrowed idea, cannot be positively asserted. In a ballad entitled "Jolly Robyn Roughthead," published in 1764, in a little volume of English and Scotch ballads, the poet bewails the extravagance in dress, which he considers the enormity of his day, and he makes Robin address his wife as follows:

Tush! tush, my lassie! such thoughts resigne,
Comparisons are cruell.
Fine pictures suit to frames as fine,
Consistencie's a jewel!

In a collection of old songs, published in the sixteenth century, we find "The darkest hour is just before the dawn." To those great storehouses of wise sayings, Shakespeare's works, the following owe their origin: "Double, double toil and trouble," "Curses, not loud, but deep," "Make assurance doubly sure," "We shall not look upon his like again," and many others.

But while we owe a large debt of gratitude to Shakespeare, he usurps the credit of many good things which others have written; the line, "A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind," being one instance. This was written by Garrick in the occasional prologue spoken by him on leaving the stage. Scripture is often misquoted as Shakespeare, and *vice versa*, probably because Shakespeare was indebted to the Scriptures for many of his illustrations, and in reading his works we are frequently reminded of the Bible—not so much by a decided imitation of style, as by an elevation of thought and simplicity of speech not found elsewhere.

"The good die first, and they whose hearts are dry as summer dust burn to the

socket," is from Wordsworth's "Excursion." "Blessings brighten as they take their flight," from Young's "Night Thoughts." "God made the country, and man made the town," from Cowper's "Task," which is also the source of "The cup that cheers but not inebriates," and the oft-quoted line, "Not much the worse for wear."

Congreve, in his play of "The Old Bachelor," gives us "Married in haste, we may repent at leisure"; and "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" is by the same author, and occurs in his "Mourning Bride."

"Christmas comes but once a year," and "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," were written by Thomas Tusser in 1580. "Straws show which way the wind blows," by James Cheatham. "Out of sight, out of mind," by Lord Brooke.

"We live in deeds, not years." "Life is but a means unto an end," and "All up-hill work when we would do, all down-hill when we would suffer," are quotations from Bailey's "Festus."

For some time there was considerable perplexity as to the origin of the familiar line, "Though lost to sight to memory dear," but it has been finally settled that it originated with Ruthven Junkyns, and was first published in the Greenwich Magazine for mariners, in 1701.

"Through thick and thin," "None but the brave deserve the fair," and "Death and death's half-brother sleep," are from Dryden.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," and "Like angels' visits, few and far between," are from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope."



PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

It is a matter of history that George Washington ate his first Presidential Christmas dinner in the house which stood at Pearl and Cherry Streets, Franklin Square, New York. There were present, besides the President, Mrs. Washington, her grandchildren, and a few guests. Six years before this time he had laid down his office as commander-in-chief of the army. How little he expected the honors that were in store for him is evidenced by a letter which he

wrote to Baron Steuben on December 23, 1783: "This is the last letter I shall write," he says, "in the service of my country. The hour of my resignation is fixed at twelve to-day, after which I shall become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac."

It is interesting to recall the fact that he reached Mount Vernon, after having resigned, on Christmas Eve, and was there snow-bound so that he was unable to visit even his mother in Fredericksburg.

THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER.

WHEN George Holland, the well-known actor, died in New York, one cold December day, almost forty years ago, one of his friends called upon the minister of a fashionable church in Fifth Avenue to make arrangements for the funeral. On learning what the dead man's profession had been, the minister refused to allow the funeral to be held from his church, but said, "There is a little church around the corner where they will probably do what you want." This was the Church of the Transfiguration, which has since become famous as "The Little Church Around the Corner."

BY A. E. LANCASTER.

"**B**RING him not here, where our sainted feet
Are treading the path of glory;
Bring him not here, where our Savior sweet
Repeats for us His story.
Go, take him where such things are done
(For he sat in the seat of the scorer),
To where they have room, for we have none—
To the little church round the corner."

So spake the holy man of God,
Of another man, his brother,
Whose cold remains, ere they sought the sod
Had only asked that a Christian rite
Might be read above them, by one whose light
Was, "Brethren, love one another;"
Had only asked that a prayer be read
Ere his flesh went down to join the dead,
While his spirit looked with suppliant eyes,
Searching for God throughout the skies.
But the priest frowned "No," and his brow was bare
Of love in the sight of the mourner,
And they looked for Christ and found Him—where?
In that little church round the corner.

Ah! well, God grant when with aching feet,
We tread life's last few paces,
That we may hear some accents sweet,
And kiss, to the end, fond faces.
God grant that this tired flesh may rest
(Mid many a musing mourner),
While the sermon is preached and the rites are read
In no church where the heart of love is dead,
And the pastor's a pious prig at best,
But in some small nook where God's confessed—
Some little church round the corner.

NATURE'S ODD NIGHT-LIGHTS.

BOTH ON LAND AND SEA SHE SETS UP BEACONS,
BUT THEY ARE NOT ALWAYS USEFUL TO MAN.

THE old story of the will-o'-the-wisp which lures the lost traveler into a perilous quagmire is by no means an idle fiction. Nature has a trick of rigging up various kinds of night-lights unsuspected of men, and it is merely incidental if these lights lead to an occasional tragedy. *Shipping Illustrated* cites several examples of queer natural illumination, both on sea and land.

A few miles north of San Pedro, California, Point Firmin juts out into the ocean and receives the full force of the sea from the west. About two hundred yards off the point rises a towerlike pile of rock, the last of the land in that direction. It rests on a broad platform, and in a storm great seas come rolling in upon it, sending the spray a hundred feet into the air and presenting an extraordinary spectacle at night when the spray is blazing with phosphorescence. It shoots up like lava from a volcano, spreads out like a fiery fan, and forms one of the sights of the coast.

Out beyond this home of big seas is a kelp-bed which extends along shore for miles, then disappears to reappear again. It rises in water forty feet or more deep and spreads out upon the surface so thick as often to prove a serious inconvenience to vessels coming into port.

Few people have drifted over this ocean forest at night, but some who have can tell a weird tale of the wonders of the sea. When a swift current is running every leaf and frond stands out in lines of fire, as though lighted by electricity. Every fish is surrounded by lambent flames, and the scene might be described as a forest at white heat beneath the sea.

The kelp itself is not luminous, but the water is so filled with minute luminous animals which become phosphorescent and blaze with light at the slightest contact with a foreign body that it amounts to, about the same thing; certain other seaweeds appear to be really luminous, like many of the land plants, which emit singular lights at

various times and from differing causes. Sea phosphorescence is not, however, the only curious natural light seen by the traveler. In some California gardens, when the moon has set and the gloom is apparently unfathomable, a glimpse may sometimes be obtained of a phenomenon that does not fail to appeal to the most casual observer.

Beneath a thick hibiscus, which thrives out of doors in a California winter, close to the ground suddenly flashes a light so bright and clear as to convey the impression that a burning match has been dropped. It is about an eighth of an inch across, and when disturbed another appears very near it, and then both lights move away, stop, and move in the opposite direction.

This light-giver is from a little centipede which bears a pure glow upon head and tail, one of the most brilliant of all light-givers. It disappears and presently, deep in the gloom, shines a pure yellow light of a quality difficult to describe, brilliant in the center and fading away on the edges, as though it had been vignetted by nature. The light is nearly an inch in diameter, and some others appear about it. Taking up the material it does not burn, and when a delicate thermometer is placed against it the mercury drops several degrees, showing that the toadstool, for such the light-giver is, is colder than the surrounding air.

Taken up, this vegetable light-giver retains its light for some time, and is now seen to be blue, a light of beautiful tint—an illustration of one of the most mysterious and little understood of all the phenomena of the garden, yet to be seen at times from Maine to California, and to the islands of the sea in various species by those who have discovered that the night is not a closed season to the garden.

While many of the displays made by these forms are ephemeral and elusive, only seen by constant watching, the light appearing to be fitful and dependent upon certain little-understood conditions, that of others is brilliant, even sensational, making wonderful displays.



A not uncommon light-giver in American gardens is the toadstool, known to botanists as *Tianus stypticus*, which emits at times a steady yellow light of remarkable intensity. The phosphorescence is more often observed on the young specimens.

In tropical gardens these displays of luminosity are more often seen. Such a phenomenon was in evidence in a garden owned by an old colored man at Key West; a maze of tropical vegetation, where the soft-clashing coconut leaves made music the day long, and at night the odor of a thousand flowers filled the air.

On the leaf-stem of one of the palms a light appeared one night, so brilliant that it might have been a coal upon the leaf and fanned into a peculiar brightness by the night-breeze. This attractive garden was the home of countless fire-flies, and it was assumed that numbers of them had gathered and that their combined light was producing the strange illumination.

One of the boys finally climbed the coconut by means of a rope about it, literally walking up, to find that the light was a plant, a species of *Agaricus*, which dropped to the ground under his blows, and when it struck scattered a mass of light in every direction.

This phenomenon is common in some parts of Brazil, the agaric often being seen on a dwarf palm where the leaves are decaying. When massed, a brilliant greenish light is the result. These *flores de coco*, as the natives call them, have been collected,

and when suspended in the center of a perfectly dark room, emitted a light which made the faces of the observers faintly visible.

The phosphorescence of certain agarics of Borneo has more than once demoralized the superstitious natives and astonished whites.

Some years ago a party of English engineers found it necessary to survey a tract of low-lying country which was almost impenetrable, and to blaze the trail natives were employed to work at night, others during the day. The former came into camp one night, stating that they could not go through a portion of the bush or forest, strange "spirits" on the trees telling them that evil would befall them if they continued.

The "spirits" proved to be a magnificent display of phosphorescence emanating from agarics growing upon the dead limbs of the trees. These vegetable fire-bodies were traced for a considerable distance, producing a most remarkable exhibition, the light in some places being so brilliant that it was difficult to believe that the forest was not afire.

To test the brilliancy, the men held papers near the most brilliant portions and read by the light.

There appears to be little doubt that many of the "specters" which haunt old houses have a similar origin, dampness, and neglect being particularly favorable to such phenomena.

THE VISITING CARD OF OLD AGE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(*Old Age Meets the Professor.*)

"OH, how do you do, sir?" he says. "I am glad to see you so well. I have known you for some years, though I think you did not know me."

"Will you tell me this," replied the professor, "how it is you seem to be acquainted with every one you are introduced to?"

"I never compel a man," said Old Age, "to recognize me until I have known him at least for the past five years."

"Do you mean to say that you have known me for so long as that?"

"Oh, yes: I left my card for you longer ago than that, but I am afraid you never read it, but I see you have it with you."

"Where?"

"Between your eyes: three straight lines running up and down."

In such wise does Old Age creep upon us.

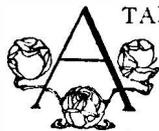
GLORY, AS IT GENERALLY IS.



THE CONVERSATIONALIST (TO WELL-KNOWN AUTHORESS): "I AM SO DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU—IT WAS ONLY THE OTHER DAY—I SAW SOMETHING OF YOURS—ABOUT SOMETHING OR OTHER—IN SOME PAPER!"—*The Sketch*.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST DETECTIVE.

EDWARD DREW TELLS HOW HE WRESTLED WITH A
DETERMINED SUICIDE—THE LOGIC OF DISGUISE.



TALL, a very tall man, broad-shouldered, lean - flanked, with the carriage of a grenadier, the snowy hair—hair that is prematurely blanched, be it understood—and heavy mustache of a retired colonel of dragoons, a handsome, well-groomed man, with the kindest of brown eyes set in a little meshwork of humorous wrinkles, the sort of delightful middle-aged, prosperous gentleman you meet airing his white waistcoat at Lord's or Hurlingham, living over again the athletic joys and triumphs of his youth—that is the portrait *M. A. P.* presents of Edward Drew, one of the most famous detectives in England.

"My beginnings?" Entirely humdrum; I started at the bottom of the ladder as a very youthful constable, and just climbed up steadily," says Mr. Drew. "I really don't remember the first arrest I ever made—such events slip by unnoticed in the course of duty, and I prefer not to mention the first big case in which I was engaged. 'Ever thought I was a dead man?' More than once, although, as a rule, the criminal, more especially of the swell-mobsmen type, with whom I had most to do, realizes when the game is up, and shrinks from bloodshed.

"But on one occasion I certainly thought my last hour had come. I held a warrant for the arrest of a certain rate-collector, accused of gigantic embezzlements, and I followed him to a certain house where he was hiding. The door was opened by his wife, who stoutly asserted that he was not at home, and refused me admittance. However, looking past her, I saw a man uncommonly like my quarry disappearing into a room at the end of the passage. I brushed past the woman and rushed into the room. I was just in time for the fugitive had a revolver in his hand, and was on the point of blowing his brains out.

"I made a grab for the weapon, and by great good fortune managed to get a finger over the pin-hole, so that the cartridge could not be exploded. Then ensued one of the most terrible struggles of my life. I am a pretty strong man, but so was my adversary; moreover, I was handicapped by the absolute necessity of keeping my finger where it was, for if the revolver went off it was

as likely to hit me as him. There was another man in the room, but, either from fear of being shot, or not wanting to be called as a witness, he stuck his head up the chimney and kept it there.

"For full twenty minutes the would-be suicide and I reeled, and swayed, and struggled round the room, but at last I succeeded in forcing the revolver from him, and it clattered to the floor. Before I could secure it, however, in rushed his wife, picked up the weapon, pointed it full in my face, and pulled the—well, no, not the trigger, or probably I should not be sitting here telling you all this. Mercifully for me, in the excitement of the moment she put her finger, not around the trigger, but round the trigger-guard, and before she could correct her mistake I had disarmed her.

"Yes, of course, I have made great use of disguises, but that is all in the ordinary course of one's work, and I think that the only 'disguise' incident worth recording is that when I succeeded in capturing a gang by posing as the early morning milkman.

"You must understand that our real difficulties often begin when we have tracked the criminal to his lair. Our problem is to take him by surprise, and that is seldom easy, for he is probably keenly on the alert, and he is not going to open the door to the first knock that comes to it. On the contrary, when he hears a knock, especially an unfamiliar one, the first thing he, or one of his gang, does is to inspect the visitor from an upper window, and, if he is unknown, the door remains closed.

"Of course, we can force our way in, but by that time the criminal has fled, or has prepared for armed resistance. The problem, in such cases, is to get him to open the door before he suspects your errand. In this particular case, I had tracked down a very astute gang, and, thinking over the usual problem, I hit upon the milkman-disguise idea for these reasons: the gang were a hard-drinking lot, and a cup of tea would be a very natural thing for them to want in the morning; the milkman comes at a regular hour, and his cry and knock are familiar. I argued it out that the gang, hearing, as they thought, the expected milkman at the door, would dispense with their usual precautions and open without demur. Events proved I was right."



FINANCE AND MONEY-MAKING.

HOW PETER COOPER GAVE A LESSON IN INTEREST.
LEARNING TO THINK IN TERMS OF "MY INCOME."

ALTHOUGH every schoolboy is aware how quickly compound interest mounts up, this very thing remains one of the most baffling features of finance. Even shrewd business men are often blind to this feature of the case. The following anecdote forcefully illustrates the point:

It is related that once while Peter Cooper was talking about a project with an acquaintance, the latter said he would have to borrow money for six months, paying at the rate of three per cent a month.

"Why do you borrow for so short a time?" Mr. Cooper asked.

"Because the brokers will not negotiate bills for longer."

"Well, if you wish," said Mr. Cooper. "I will discount your note at that rate for three years."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the would-be borrower.

"Certainly I am. I will discount your note for ten thousand dollars for three years at that rate. Will you do it?"

"Of course I will," said the merchant.

"Very well," said Mr. Cooper. "Just sign a note for ten thousand dollars, payable in three years, and give me your check for eight hundred dollars, and the transaction will be complete."

"But where is the money for me?" asked the astonished merchant.

"You don't get any money," was the reply. "Your interest for thirty-six months at three per cent a month amounts to one hundred and eight per cent, or ten thousand eight hundred dollars. Therefore, your check for eight hundred dollars just makes us even."

The force of this practical illustration of the folly of paying such an exorbitant price for the use of money was such that the merchant determined never to borrow at such

ruinous rates, and he frequently used to say that nothing could have so fully convinced him as this rather humorous proposal of Mr. Cooper.

* * *

THE average young American, while earning much more than his brother in Europe, is much more careless about his expenses—to such an extent, in fact, that the financial balance at the end of the year would be found almost invariably in favor of Alphonse, Fritz, or Salvatore. Your European learns early in life to estimate his wealth in terms of income, rather than cash balance; in terms of interest, rather than principal. The question, "How much are you worth?" gets a reply something like this: "I am worth three thousand francs, or marks, or lire, a year." In America we answer the question by saying: "I am worth twenty thousand dollars," or twenty millions, as the case may be. We have not got the useful habit of thinking in terms of revenue. So true is this, that the average young American has the vaguest sort of ideas, if he has any at all, about the accumulation of an income. He goes on, year after year, spending all that he earns, showing about as much wisdom in financial affairs as a farmer who every year would consume all his seed instead of placing it aside for next year's planting. Yet, an income is easily within reach of practically every intelligent American by the time that he reaches the age of forty.

This income will vary, naturally, according to taste, environment, and other circumstances. Many people will regard an income of, say, five hundred dollars, as cheap and insignificant. Yet, this amount is positive assurance against being a burden to friends or relatives. It is a positive assurance of honorable independence. No man with an income of five hundred dollars

will be forced to go with faltering steps and voice from office to office seeking for a job when he is so old that no one wants him.

Five hundred dollars, and a cottage, means ease and comfort in a thousand charming villages of the United States, not for one person only, but for two, or even three.

And all this can be had with a capital of only ten thousand dollars invested at five per cent. When you have saved a thousand dollars—it is easy to get, if you try—you will have an income of fifty dollars a year for the rest of your life.

What does this mean? It means:

Two suits of clothes a year. (No man needs more.)

Or your rent for a month or two;

Or free gas the year round;

Or a free theater ticket once a week;

Or exemption from taxes;

Or free chicken for your Sunday dinner.

The list, of course, could be continued indefinitely. Every man can make his own list. You may even take pleasure in reflecting that once a year a kind friend will come up to you and say: "Here is fifty dollars, brother; take it and forget that I gave it to you."

* * *

THINKING in terms of "my income" quickly becomes a habit; and, generally speaking, it is a habit worth cultivating. A lot of "the boys" take you out for a good time, and when you reach home you have ten dollars less in your pocket than when you started out. Now, you may think that you are out merely ten dollars, and that is all there is to it. Nay, nay! The annual interest on that ten dollars is fifty cents. You have taxed yourself for life at the rate of fifty cents a year—and it's a tax you will never, never dodge. Fifty cents a year, as you say, is too insignificant to consider. But how many such items are there already sapping your budget? And how many more do you expect to add?

Even the best of us will find, on consideration, that we have quite a collection.

* * *

IF you were a Frenchman, with a very small surplus to invest," says Charles F. Spears in the American *Review of Reviews*; "if, even, that surplus were but a modest franc, you might become the holder of a French government bond. From the cradle to the grave the French subject is taught to save and to turn his earnings into safe income-producing account. The state pays a premium on thrift. It rewards its

school-children for various good performances with a tiny bank deposit, which invariably will have grown into goodly size when the recipient has reached maturity. Having nursed its people through the early stages of economy, it directs their steps in the choice of investments, and even assumes paternal power in arbitrarily transforming the savings-bank account into government bonds, or *rentes*. Thrift is a national characteristic. France is a nation of little savers, of little incomes, and of little farms. Collectively, these exercise a tremendous power on the affairs of Europe. The holder of the one or two franc bond and the possessor of the bank account, so small that bankers of other countries would scorn it, have built up a monetary power that commands the respect of the world, and, indeed, regulates the finances and politics of much more presumptuous nations.

"Bonds of states and governments, of railroads with a government guarantee, bonds of cities and towns, of mortgage companies, are the Frenchman's choice. His portfolio contains the most varied collection of government securities imaginable. It is safe to say that, in Paris, coupons are cut from the bonds of nearly every government under the sun. Too often the Frenchman gambles and loses in mining shares. He will have none of his own country's industrial issues.

"Something over two years ago, in the *Review of Reviews*, I exploited the fact that France had captured from Great Britain the title of "world's banker," and that it was to Paris instead of to London that the borrower turned his steps. The shock of this statement to British pride was considerable. It was controverted. After the 1907 panic, English bankers pointed to the manner with which the Bank of England had guided the nations through the monetary crisis. By advancing its discount rate to seven per cent, gold was automatically brought to it from all corners of Europe. With this gold, debtors, whether individuals, corporations, or governments, were satisfied. But France and the Bank of France stood in the background, and really supplied most of the yellow metal, so that, when these debtors began to liquidate, they found that France and the Bank of France were, in most cases, their creditor.

"To-day France, even more than in 1906, is the world's banker. Her inexhaustible supply of funds waiting for investment is the wonder and the envy of all foreign bankers. Wars come and go, acute political crises follow fast after each other in mercurial Continental Europe, and panics flatten industry and draw sharp cleavage be-

tween creditor and debtor. Through all these changes and chances the great middle class of France continues to save enough from its income to finance countries with much greater industrial wealth and to fill the vaults of the Bank of France to overflowing with gold. The shores of France are laved with a golden flood that never seems to ebb. How could it be otherwise in a nation that so carefully trains its people to save and splits up its government debt certificates into pieces of one, two, and three francs (twenty to sixty cents); of whose ten million electors nine-tenths are investors, and where, of twelve million five hundred thousand savings-bank depositors, over fifty per cent have less than four dollars to their credit in bank."

* * *

A BUSINESS man of sixty recently gave some valuable testimony in the columns of the *New York Telegraph* on the relation of waste and failure. He estimated that he had wasted about one-fifth of his time since he was ten years old.

"I am a failure, a mediocrity rather, which probably is as bad, if not worse, than an utter failure. Sometimes, years ago, I used to kick and blame others because I was not a brilliant success. In fact, without boasting, I should have been a success. I am quite clever, I know my business, I can sell stuff, and can hustle as hard as any one. I am a fairly faithful worker, and have the experience and have had the backing. Yet, I have failed.

"The day I was sixty years old I made some calculations based on solid, sober fact, simply to show them to my boy, who is growing up, I hope, at least, to be a bit different from his father. I had found out several years before why I failed, and I made these calculations to make it plainer to him. Perhaps the figures may help some other young fellow.

"Plainly, as I found out after blaming everything else, I was not a fairly successful man because I wasted too much time. In fact, I wasted over eight years of time out of fifty available for work in which I should have been doing something to advance or improve myself. I was, and am, moderately well fixed. If I had availed myself of that time which I wasted carelessly, and added the results to the small things I have achieved, my family would have had a little more than my life insurance to depend upon.

"When I speak of time wasted, I mean time which actually was wasted—not hours devoted to serious thought and reflection—hours often the best of a man's life.

"These are the figures that I prepared for my son:

	Hours.
Overslept ten minutes a day for fifty years.....	3,050
Wasted hunting lost things twenty minutes a day for fifty years.....	6,100
Talking uselessly thirty minutes a day for fifty years.....	9,100
Waiting for cars ten minutes a day for fifty years.....	2,440
Smoking (excess) thirty minutes a day for forty-five years.....	8,190
Telephoning (delays) twenty minutes a day for fifteen years.....	1,830
Cards, billiards, pool, etc., forty minutes a day for forty years.....	7,280
Horses, dogs, babies, etc., forty minutes a day for fifty years.....	11,150
Barrooms, forty minutes a day for forty years.....	9,720
Plain loafing, forty-five minutes a day for fifty years.....	16,425
Total waste in fifty years.....	75,285

"And yet I am not an extraordinary case. I know hundreds of men who waste infinitely more time than I do. Just as in my case, they might have been successful if they had not wasted so much time.

"It is just like gambling—and the waste time represents the 'percentage' in favor of the winner. The person who avails himself of that percentage wins, and the others lose.

"There is just one other feature to this wasted time which I strove to impress upon my son, and which I would like to impress upon others. That is, that it costs more to loaf than to work. A man who works all day spends little money, but he cannot loaf without spending money at all times. I have figured that I cannot loaf over a billiard-table, in a barroom, or at cards under seventy-five cents an hour. It is impossible. I know, to figure now how much money I spent in my useless loafing, but it is possible to make a rough calculation. Counting only the time in barrooms, over cards, billiards, and pool, in excessive smoking, and half the time marked 'plain loafing' as being expensive loafing, and figuring it at fifty cents an hour, that loafing cost about \$16,800 cash in fifty years. That sounds high, but I can see no flaw in the reasoning, and those who loiter with the 'gang' in barrooms, who play billiards and pool and cards, will not dispute that fifty cents an hour expense is not high."

Most of us, unfortunately, regard our time as unlimited, until it is too late to begin economizing.

TRY KAT, STIMULATING AND DELICIOUS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE STRANGE HERB WHICH TAKES THE PLACE OF TOBACCO AND LIQUOR, IN ABYSSINIA.

 ROBERT P. SKINNER, the American consul-general at Hamburg, who, a number of years ago, was sent as a special emissary of the United States to the court of King Menelik, says that on reaching the town of Harrar, after a long and fatiguing climb from the Abyssinian lowlands, the Ras Makaanon served libations of "tedj," as variant of hydromel, to his numerous American visitors, and it was then learned that in this extremely refreshing beverage *Catha edulis*, or the kat plant, was used to some extent, and that largely because of the presence of this principle the beverage operated so agreeably. While it was readily ascertained that the natives find several interesting uses for the leaves and twigs of the kat plant, it was impossible to ascertain anything of scientific value.

Certain tribes in Abyssinia chew the leaves of the kat plant when they are compelled to exert special or long-continued effort, the immediate effect of which is to produce an agreeable sleeplessness and stimulation. The freshly cut leaves have a rather pleasant taste, and produce a kind of intoxication of long duration, with none of the disagreeable features of ordinary inebriety. Messengers and soldiers are enabled, by chewing the leaves, to go without food for a number of days.

The use of the plant is even more common in the Yemen (Arabian Turkey) than in Abyssinia, and in Hodeida there are cafés frequented by the common people, who consume an infusion of the freshly cut leaves, or perhaps chew the leaves. The better class of merchants chew these leaves two or three times a day, the habit being fairly comparable to the use of tea in the United States.

Mr. Gabriel Guigniony, of Harrar, says that, generally speaking, the action of the kat is stimulating and tonic and non-narcotic. Many natives would be incapable of accomplishing their ordinary tasks before the absorption of kat, which takes the place of the European alcohol, accompanied by the same phenomena of excitement. Among those who abuse the habit the body tends to dry, the visage becomes emaciated, and

nervous trouble follows, the most usual being a trembling of the limbs; but these cases are rare. At times a too copious absorption of kat produces a state of drunkenness, particularly when the large leaves are employed.

The consumption of the kat is general throughout the Yemen, while in Abyssinia it does not extend beyond the districts surrounding Harrar, and is unknown in Abyssinia proper.

The Christian element of the population consumes no kat, and the domestic crop is taken up by the Moslem population in the province of Harrar, the Djimma and Leka regions, and the Moslem territory between Harrar and Addis Ababa. The plant is the object of special culture in the gardens of Harrar, and is raised in three different ways—as dwarf shoots, shrub, and small tree. The dwarf plants do not exceed sixteen inches in height, and produce the most tender and popular leaves; these leaves are also the highest in price.

The bushes and trees are allowed to attain their full development, and their leaves are larger and less valued by the natives, although they possess in a high degree the qualities of the young leaves. This is contrary to the general opinion of foreigners, who fancy that the large leaves are disdained because of their inefficacy. The truth is that they are less highly regarded because of their disagreeable taste.

In West Africa, the function of the kat is served by the better-known cola-nut, which also has a record for sustaining the natives submitted to great effort and little food. The cola-nut, by the way, is not a nut at all, but the seed of the large, yellowish fruit of the cola-tree. A ten-year-old tree will sometimes yield considerably over a hundred pounds of seeds in a single season, and these have an increasing commercial value. Although the natives of West Africa have for ages used the cola-nut as a stimulant and for medicinal purposes, its introduction to civilization is of comparatively recent date.

Analysis shows that it has all the qualities of tea, coffee, and cocoa, and qualities of its own besides, whose hidden potency still remains a secret.



TRADITION OF THE MISTLETOE.

SOMETHING FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN MERE
SKYLARKING ASSOCIATED WITH HISTORIC PLANT.



ALTHOUGH the mistletoe-bough is chiefly associated in the young American mind with stolen kisses, there is scarcely flower or bush in the world so hallowed by tradition. Everybody knows that the mistletoe is a parasite, a waxen bush, which generally grows high in other trees. It is neither remarkable for its beauty nor its utility. The wonder of it is how it achieved its eminence. The secret of this, like the origin of so many familiar institutions, is shrouded in the dim past, going back to those priests of our Celtic ancestors, the Druids.

The cathedral arches under which the Celts worshiped were the spreading branches of the oak, the roof a dense foliage of greenery, and the mistletoe, the mystical parasite of the tree, was a symbol full of meaning, for it was believed to renew its life by some agency differing from that which propagated all other plants, and to exist by a divine power. Here, under the oak, the favorite tree of the Celtic sun-god, at the period of the winter solstice, priests and people sacrificed white bulls and human victims. The mistletoe was gathered and dispensed in small sprays, to be hung by the worshipers over their doors as amulets against evil and propitiation to the sylvan deities.

The Scandinavian legend of the mistletoe, which tells the story how Loki, the god of fire, made the mistletoe the agent of the

death of Balder, most glorious of Odin's children, is familiar to all students of Norse Sagas. The mistletoe continues to be specially cultivated in England for the sale, which is always large at Christmastide, but the apple-tree has taken the place of the oak, as the soil on which the plant feeds the most generously.

In France practically all the mistletoe offered for sale at this time of the year comes from the poplar-trees. It grows so abundantly that there is no need of cultivating it. In fact, the thrifty peasants are only too glad to have some itinerant mistletoe-merchant come and carry it away.

The kissing privilege connected with the mistletoe during the days of Yule is probably the most familiar relic of its traditions. Both the Yule-fire and the mistletoe were of old believed to have special virtue as safeguards against the powers of evil, yet, when they became thoroughly embodied in the Christian legend it was not so much this as their suggestion of the divine power which, at Christmas, kept the Prince of Darkness and his satellites in abject submission, that gave them their value.

All readers of Shakespeare will remember the legend and its association with the crowing of the cock, as put in the mouth of Marcellus, in Hamlet:

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;

And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Christmas Day was first celebrated as the birthday of Christ about the year 180, although its institution is attributed to Telesphorus in 138 A.D.

But it is certain that Christmas carols, trees, feasts and presents, like the mistletoe, are many centuries old, inaugurated by the early church to combat and purify the heathen customs of the great Yule-feast, reaching from December 25 to January 6. The Puritan Parliament in England abolished Christmas altogether, proclaiming ivy, holly, and mistletoe to be seditious badges, but after the Restoration the Christmas festivities were renewed.

The exchange of presents is typical of the gifts offered by the three Eastern kings to the infant Christ.

In the early days there were some curious superstitions regarding the days of the week Christmas should happen on. If it fell on a Sunday there would be a good winter, with plenty for all; the summer following would be fair and dry; all lands were to have peace; and any boy born on that day would be a great lord. But, if Christmas happened on a Saturday, the winter would be very hard, with violent storms and tempests, which would kill many people; fruit and corn should fail; many old folks would die; the succeeding summer would be cold and wet, and children born on that day would not live six months.

Of the intermediate days not much is said.

At the Christmas dinner of long ago the first dish brought to the table was the head of a wild boar, with a lemon in its mouth, and rosemary, with other sweet herbs, in its ears and nostrils. The one selected to carry in the head saying the following rime to an old tune. The words were written by Sir Wynkyn de Worde in 1521:

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.
The Bore's Head in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary;
I pray you all syngre merely
Qui estis in convivio.

The Bore's Head, I understande,
Is the chefe serveyce in this lande,
Look wherewe it be fande,
Servete cum Cantico.

Be glade, Lords, both more and lesse,
For this hath ordayned our stewarde
To cheer you all this Christmasse:
The Bore's Head with mustarde.

Following the boar's head came the peacock. This royal bird was carefully skinned without disturbing the plumage, and, after having been cooked, was sewed up in the skin again, and placed on a huge platter in a standing position, its gilded beak holding a piece of cotton, which had been saturated with spirits and set on fire as it was carried in. "Geese, capons, pheasants, drenched with amber-grease, and pies of carps' tongues," helped to furnish the table, but the most important national dish, which was never omitted, was the furnety.

The old formula for its preparation is in these words:

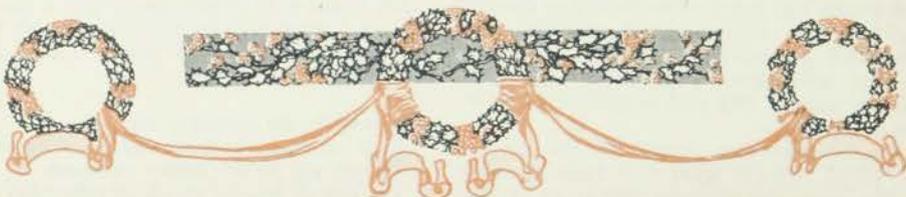
"Take clean wheat and bray it in a mortar, so as to get off all the hulls, seethe till it burst, let it cool, then add fresh broth, sweet milk of almonds or sweet milk of kine, and the yolks of eggs; boil it a little and mess it forth with fat venison or mutton." Plum porridge was another of the chief dishes, and, with the bag pudding, was served first of all. It was made of "mutton broth, thickened with brown bread, and, when half boiled, currants, raisins, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger were added, boiled well and served hot."

Mince pies were baked in coffin-shaped crust, to represent the cratch or manger in which the infant Savior lay.

In Cromwell's time the Puritans were not allowed to eat mince pie, the following quotation showing how they regarded it:

The chiefest food they found most good in
Was musty bacon and bag-puddin'.
Plum broth was popish; and mince pie—
Oh, that was flat idolatry!

Then, once again, after the Restoration, the world succumbed to the idolatry—"flat," but sweet withal—of mince pie and mistletoe.



NUBIAN DIVORCE SONG.



NOT many readers of THE SCRAP BOOK are aware, perhaps, that even Nubia has its poetry. Nubia is the fairly modern name of what the ancients called Ethiopia—a country which loomed large in early civilization. The following poem, or song, is ascribed to the fifteenth century. The refrain, "Sing Durwadeega," etc., is Nubian for "My hen-house, oh, my hen-house"; this hen-house being the property of the wife, and a part of the dowry which the husband is obliged to return to her in case of a divorce. Divorce in America hasn't inspired the poets yet; but it may, some day. Here's a literary precedent.

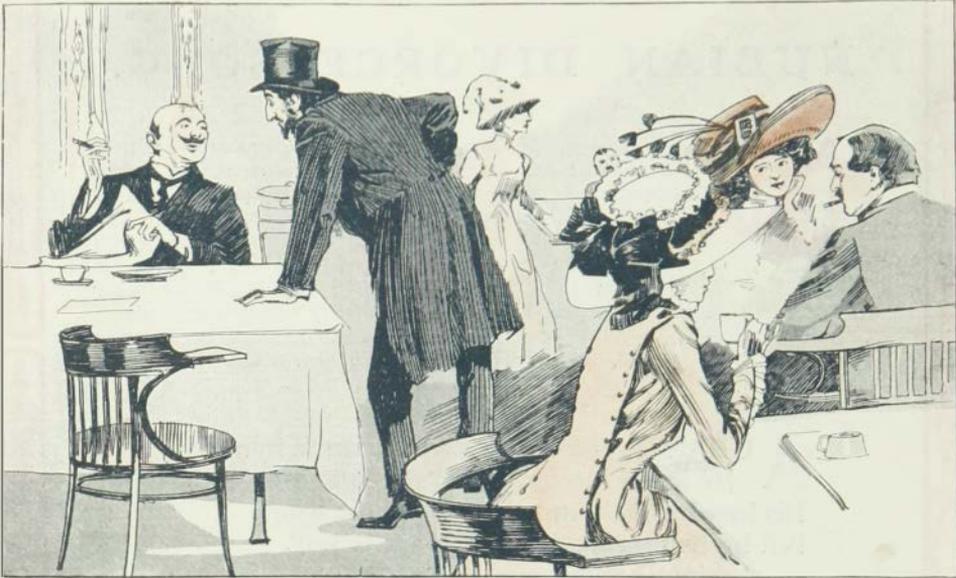
A CHANGE came over my husband's mind:
He loved me once, and was true and kind;
His heart went astray, he wished me away,
But he had no money my dower to pay.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh, dear to me is Durwadee.

For, blessed be Allah! he's old and poor,
And my cocks and hens were his only store;
So he kept me still, for well he knew
If I went, that the cocks and hens went, too.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh, dear to me is Durwadee.

But I saw him pining day by day,
As he wished his poor wife far away;
So I went to my rival's home to call,
And gave her the hen-house, and him, and all.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh, dear to me is Durwadee.

Then he tore his turban off his brow,
And swore I never should leave him now
Till the death-men combed his burial locks:
Then blessed forever be hens and cocks.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh, dear to me is Durwadee.

SOME RECENT EXPLOITS OF—



HIS FATAL BLUNDER.

"COHEN'S ILL IN BED, I HEAR?"

"YES. HE SMOKED A CIGAR FROM THE WRONG POCKET."—*London Opinion.*



"JOHN, COME AND UNDO MY DRESS FOR ME."

"YES, MY DEAR. WHERE—WHERE SHALL I START?"—*London Opinion.*



THE BUSY STORK.

AN INCREASE IN THE HIPPO FAMILY.

-INTERNATIONAL HUMORISTS.



GALLANTRY CARRIED TO EXTREME.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY TELLING MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER ALL THOSE LIES?"
"I MERELY WANTED TO BE ENTERTAINING."—*Fliegende Blätter*.



PROSPECTIVE LODGER: "IT LEAKS."
LANDLADY: "WELL, I TOLD YOU THERE WAS
WATER ON EVERY FLOOR."—*Sourire*.



OUR STAFF-ARTIST SUBMITS A DESIGN SHOW-
ING HOW USEFUL IT IS FOR A PORTER TO HAVE
A LONG NOSE.—*Sourire*.

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

ODD FACTS ABOUT LANDS AND POPULATIONS, TRADES AND OCCUPATIONS, BEYOND THE SEA.



KING ALFONSO, of Spain, is one of the best amateur shots in Europe.

The King and Queen of Italy seek relief from state and social burdens by retiring all alone to a small island in the Mediterranean.

The many-sided Kaiser often personally superintends the setting of a new opera.

Ex-President Loubet, of France, has a "flat" in the Latin Quarter of Paris, and often attends student reunions.

Ranavaloo, former Queen of Madagascar, is held in exile by the French government, which allows her a generous annuity.

In France, matches and tobacco are a government monopoly, but most of the matches come from Sweden and most of the tobacco is American.

Emperor Franz-Josef, of Austria, is the oldest reigning monarch in Europe, and King Manoel, of Portugal, the youngest.

King Edward, of England, is generally conceded to be the most skilful diplomat in Europe.

Italy has experienced a great trade revival in the past few years, chiefly owing to the development of her water-power.

The French government pays its military conscripts one cent a day.

The rock on which Gibraltar stands rises one thousand four hundred and thirty-nine feet from the sea.

For short distances the salmon is stated to be the swiftest fish.

Chickens can now be plucked by means of a special electric fan.

In England no representations of living personages are permitted on the stage.

Kaiser William, of Germany, is the owner of several shops in Berlin.

Mails were first sent by rail in 1838.

German school-children number nine million seven hundred and fifty thousand.

"Cash" originally meant a case for money.

Calico derives its name from Calicut, a town in India.

Magic-lanterns were invented in the seventeenth century.

There are more than thirty thousand steamships and sailing vessels of one hundred tons and upward in the world.

In Italy no ancient monument can be re-

stored, or old building altered, without first obtaining special permission from the government.

The London Mendicity Society possesses nearly forty thousand begging letters, of which eighty-seven per cent are absolutely undeserving.

Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, has a most successful and paying dairy farm not far from her place at Het Loo.

The London Zoological Gardens have recently acquired a specimen of the takin, an animal in appearance between a goat and an antelope. This is the only specimen in the whole of Europe.

It is stated by a German biologist that the two sides of a face are never alike; in two cases out of five the eyes are out of line; one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten, and the right ear is generally higher than the left.

For maintaining and cleansing London public roads for a year, nearly seven million five hundred thousand dollars is spent.

Lieutenant Shackleton's antarctic expedition is said to have cost almost two hundred thousand dollars.

A negro woman has been licensed to drive a taxicab in Paris.

London streets were first lighted with gas-lamps in 1814.

Pianos were invented early in the eighteenth century.

England imported over twenty-five million dollars' worth of tobacco last year.

Paris and Madrid will soon be connected by telephone, by which means it will be possible to talk from London to Madrid, via Paris.

Belgian postal authorities have arranged that, in addition to the date, etc., all post-marks shall bear the words "International Exhibition, 1910," in order to advertise the great event which is to be held at Brussels.

Military uniforms were first adopted in English military service in the seventeenth century.

In birds, the normal temperature is one hundred and ten to one hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit—a temperature fatal for human beings.

Members of the Reichstag, in Germany, are paid seven hundred and fifty dollars per session, with a deduction of five dollars for each day of absence.

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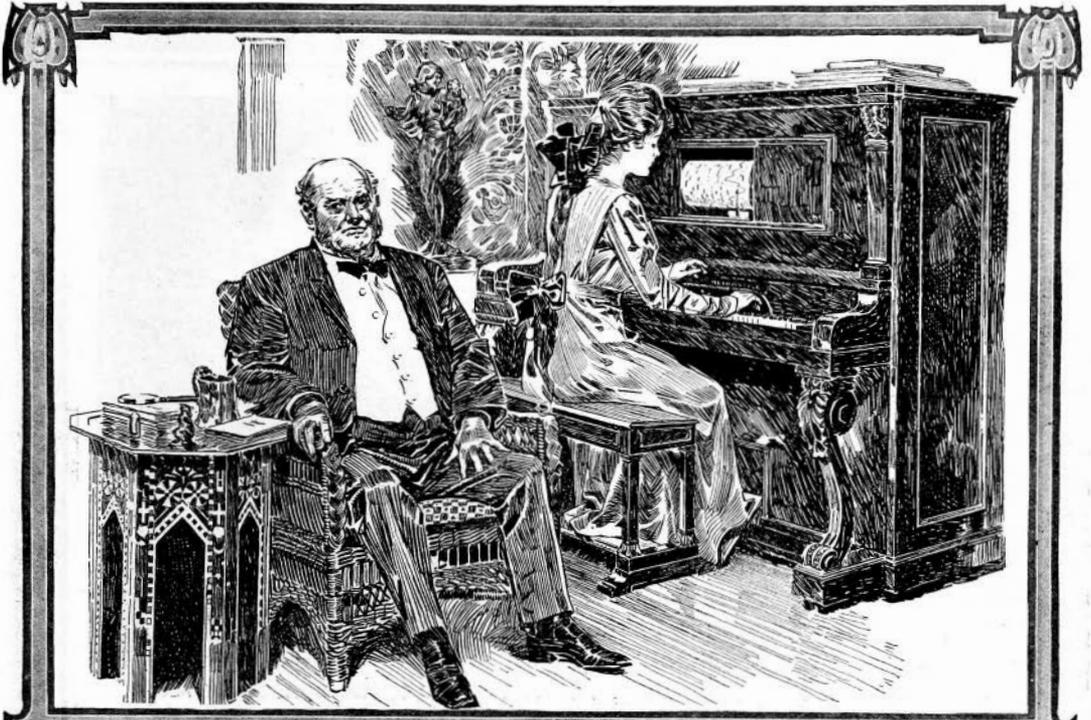
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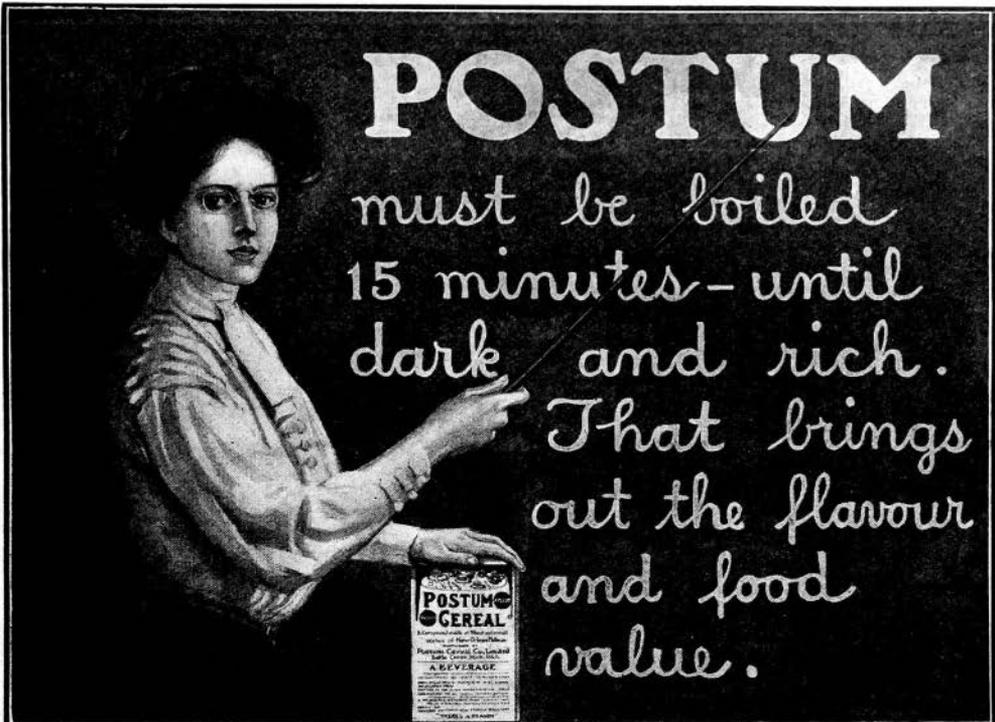
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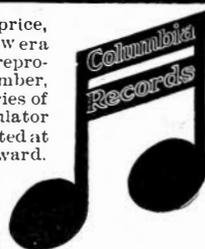
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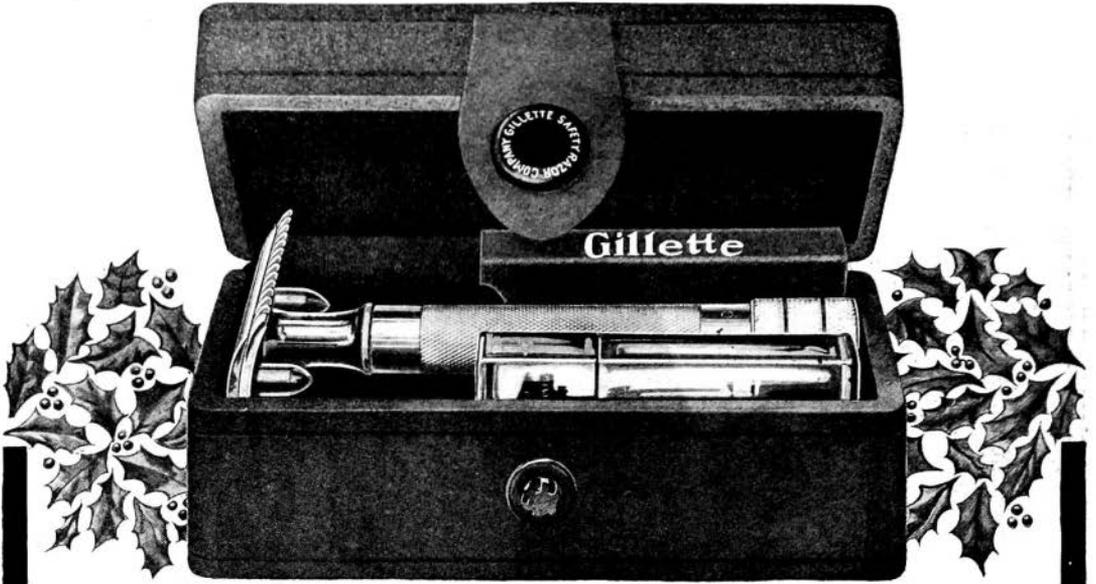
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The most useful and practical gift for a man. Something he will use every day of the year, and every year of his life. Something he will treasure. * A man forms a peculiar attachment for his Gillette Razor—thinks more of it than any other article of personal use. It is so efficient and workmanlike, so easy and safe—no stropping, no honing—no special care.

A beautiful gift, too! The Gillette is as compact and as handsomely finished as a piece of jewelry.

If he has never tried the Gillette he will be astonished and delighted when he uses it and will thank you for a great comfort and convenience.

If he already owns a Gillette, give him one of the new models. Hundreds of Gillette enthusiasts own half a dozen or more Gillette razors.

Standard Set, full leather case, \$5.

Standard Set, in neat metal case, \$5.

New Pocket Edition, \$5 to \$7.50.

Combination Sets, \$6.50 to \$50.

GILLETTE SALES CO.

501 Kimball Building, Boston

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

New York, Times Bldg.

Canadian Office

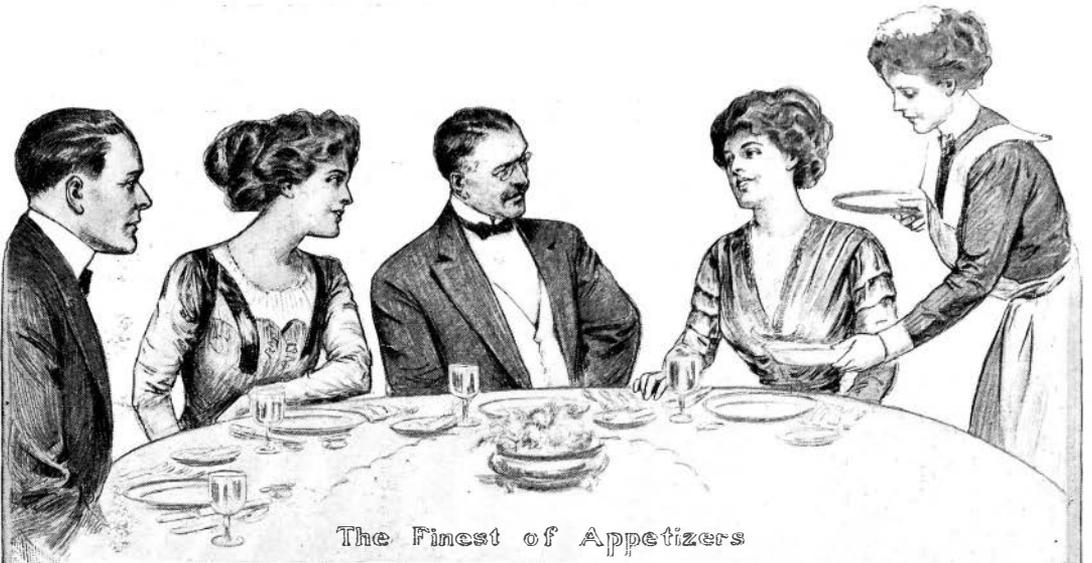
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.

63 St. Alexander St.

London Office, 17 Holborn Viaduct

Montreal





The Finest of Appetizers

NO amount of money and care will produce more delicate and appetizing soups than Campbell's.

You could not offer a more acceptable dinner-course than Campbell's Consommé or Julienne or Tomato Soup. We use selected prime fresh beef for our beef stock. And beside clarifying the broth with the white of eggs we force it through our two-inch-thick patent filter which renders it as clear as amber. Our vegetables are all fresh from the garden; and put up the day they are picked. And the best tomatoes that grow are raised specially for

Campbell's SOUPS

You never tasted a more tempting soup than Campbell's Tomato. New Jersey tomatoes are famous for their fine quality. And we have the choice of the whole crop—large red-ripe juicy tomatoes grown from our own selected seed. They are picked with the dew on them; brought in cool and fresh; washed five times in running water, and made into soup before noon.

We use only the rich juice and pure fruity pulp. Every particle of skin and seeds and indigestible core-fibre is strained out by our improved strainer with a screen as fine as the point of a needle—the only kind of apparatus that thoroughly does this important work. Unless you have eaten Campbell's Tomato Soup you cannot imagine its creamy smoothness and delicious tart aromatic flavor.

You cannot judge Campbell's Soups by the price. You must try them. *If not completely satisfied the grocer returns your money. Why not learn how good they are—today?*



Campbell's Soup is mighty fine.
And some folks think they're smart.
But I can coax the cook for mine
Before they even start.

21 kinds 10c a can

Tomato	Mulligatawny	Celery	Pea
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra	Beef	Bouillon
Ox Tail	Clam Chowder	Julienne	Printanier
Mock Turtle	Clam Bouillon	Asparagus	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Mutton Broth	Consommé	Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
	Vermicelli	Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

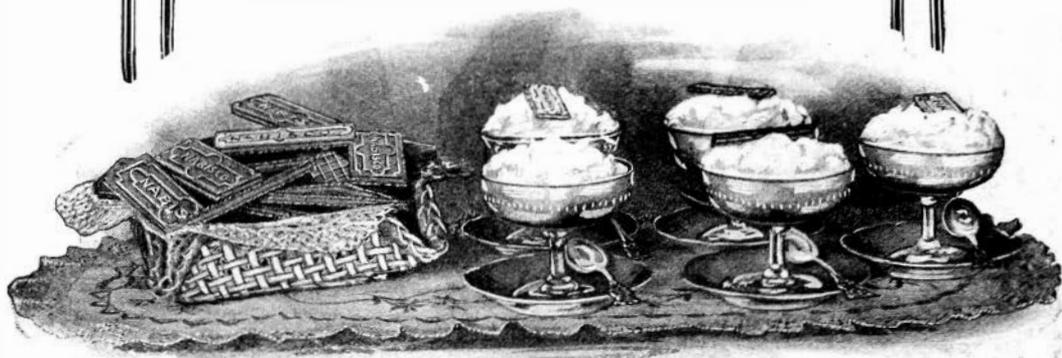
You'll find 90 good sensible menus beside many other useful suggestions in Campbell's Menu Book. Shall we send you a copy free?

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY, Camden N J

Look for the red-and-white label



French Ice Cream
Served with
NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS



Originality is the secret of success in entertaining. The adaptability of **NABISCO Sugar Wafers** to the creation of successful desserts offers surprise after surprise. At the next "at home" serve French Ice Cream with

NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

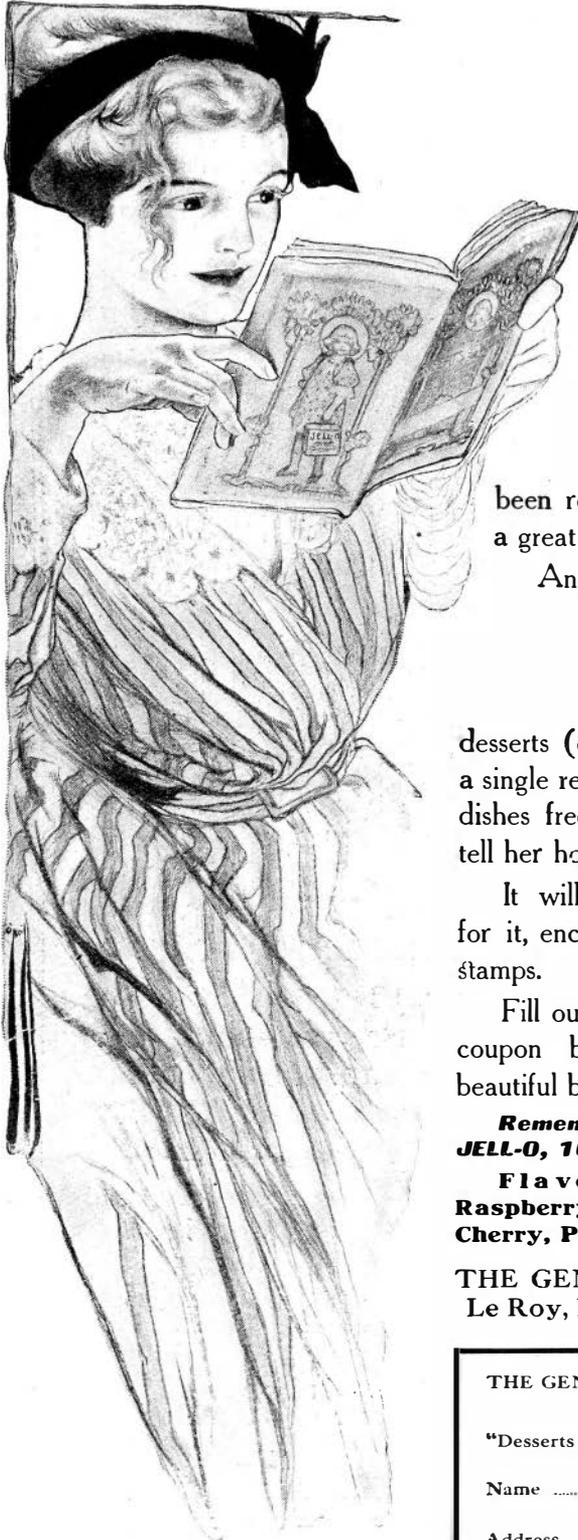
— Recipe for French Ice Cream —

Put yolks of four eggs into saucepan, add one cup of sugar and two of milk. Stir over fire until thick. It must *not* boil. Strain, cool, add one pint whipped cream, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon vanilla extract. Freeze—serve with **NABISCO Sugar Wafers**.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



“Desserts of the World”

The most beautiful recipe book ever published. Scenes from life in Arabia, India, Japan, France, Russia, the Hawaiian Islands, and other countries, have been reproduced in it in ten colors and gold by a great artist.

Any woman can make

JELL-O

desserts (one can be made in a minute) without a single recipe, but every woman likes to serve new dishes frequently, and the new Jell-O Book will tell her how to do it.

It will be sent to every woman who writes for it, enclosing four cents in stamps.

Fill out and mail to us the coupon below and get this beautiful book.

**Remember all grocers sell
JELL-O, 10 cents a package.**

**Flavors: Strawberry,
Raspberry, Lemon, Orange,
Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.**

**THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.**



THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.:

Please send me the beautiful new JELL-O Book,
“Desserts of the World.”

Name

Address



Christmas Candy—all the fun of making it at home and a sure success if you use Karo—the great candy syrup. Karo fudge, taffy, caramels, pop-corn balls are famous. You can eat them more freely than other sweets—they are wholesome and digestible.

Eat it on

Griddle Cakes
Hot Biscuit
Waffles

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Use it for

Ginger-Bread
Cookies
Candy

Karo is delicious on buckwheat cakes.—It is the best and purest syrup in the world for all table uses, for cooking and home candy-making. It agrees with everybody. As a spread for bread, you can give the children all they want.

***Send your name on a post card for Karo Cook Book—fifty pages including thirty perfect recipes for home candy-making.**

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. J, New York



In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention THE SCRAP BOOK.

Study the “inside facts”

See the photographic likeness of a cross-section, shown in the picture. Note the extra length of the bristles, sunk deeply into a bed of vulcanized rubber, from which no bristle is ever to part.

No other method in all the arts of brush-making holds permanently or defies destruction like the RUBBERSET construction. There can be no other like it. We have patents that guarantee this.

Buy one RUBBERSET for a lifetime. Pay enough to insure that it's Badger Hair. Badger Hair retains its fullness, softness and cleanliness after constant usage.

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Brushes

selling for \$1 and over have Badger Hair and handles of ALBRIGHT IVORY, a composition of indestructible quality, that retains its clean-cut, bright color, smooth finish, through endless service.

Keep in mind one all-important fact—whether you pay 25c. for your RUBBERSET Brush or many times that price—for the line is big and the range of prices is broad—the bristles are gripped in hard, vulcanized rubber, and are there to stay.

The best brush should have the best soap, so try your next shave with BERSET SHAVING CREAM. A lather that quickens the shave, softens the beard and soothes the face. A 25c. tube will give 100 shaves.

RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes and BERSET Shaving Cream are on sale at DRUGGISTS, HARDWARE and GENERAL STORES.

If not at your dealer's, send for fully illustrated catalogue and order direct.

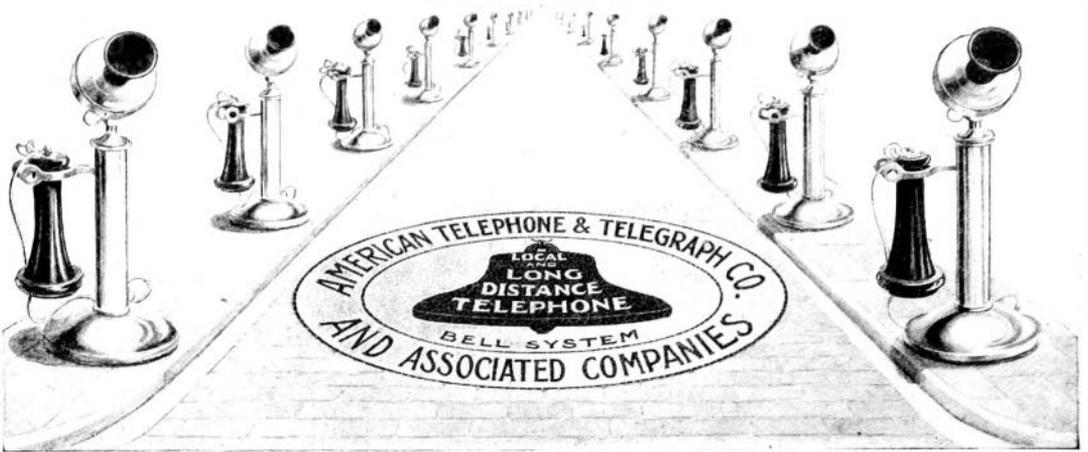
RUBBERSET COMPANY

New York Salesrooms : 50 CHURCH STREET

Factory and Laboratory : 56 Ferry St., Newark, N. J.



Each bristle gripped in
hard vulcanized rubber



A Highway of Communication

It goes by your door. Every Home, every office, every factory, and every farm in the land is on that great highway or within reach of it. It is a highway of communication, and every Bell Telephone is a gateway by which it can be reached.

Millions of messages travel over this highway every day. In the great cities they follow one another like the bullets from a machine gun, and over the wide reaches of the country they fly with the speed of shooting stars.

The Bell service carries the thoughts and wishes of the people from room to room, from house to house, from community to community, and from state to state.

This service adds to the efficiency of each citizen, and multiplies the power of the whole nation.

The Bell system brings eighty million men, women and children into one telephone commonwealth, so that they may know one another and live together in harmonious understanding.

A hundred thousand Bell employees are working all the time on this highway of communication. Every year it is made longer and broader, and its numerous branches are more widely extended. Every year it is furnished with a larger number of telephone gateways and becomes the means of greater usefulness.

The Bell Long Distance Telephone will meet your new needs and serve your new purposes. It means — one policy, one system, universal service. Every Bell Telephone is the center of the System.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

A Revelation to Many—

Scientific dietetics and practical experience prove:

That beans—when properly cooked—contain more nourishment than any other vegetable—

More than Meat.

That beans contain a large amount of “protein”—the body-building, tissue-forming element in food—

A large amount of “carbohydrates” and “fat”—the heat- and energy-making elements.

But, beans—as ordinarily cooked—also contain an irritating, annoying element which causes gas and discomfort.



Snider Pork & Beans

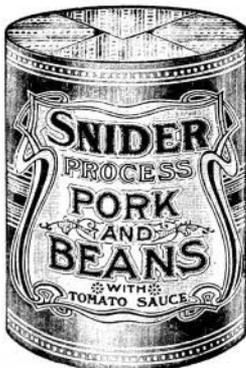
are free from all irritating elements.

The Scientific “Snider-Process” of cooking, removes these irritating elements—

Keeps them whole, yet mellow and porous, and makes every single bean delicious and perfectly digestible, with all the rich food elements retained.

“It’s the Process”

Only the choicest of materials are used, and in all the process they are not touched by human hands.



“The Mark of
Guaranteed Quality.”

The appetizing **Tomato Sauce** which is blended through and through every bean in the can is made from the famous **Snider Tomato Catsup**, and imparts a mild, sweet, spicy zest—delightful beyond description.

If you like good things try **Snider Chili Sauce**, **Snider Oyster Cocktail Sauce**, and **Snider Salad Dressing**. They create appetite—an aid to good digestion.

Snider Pork & Beans and all Snider products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World.

Upon receipt of 2 **Snider Pork & Beans** labels, we will send you one of our beautiful 50-piece jig-saw Picture Puzzles.

Address Dept. 24

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

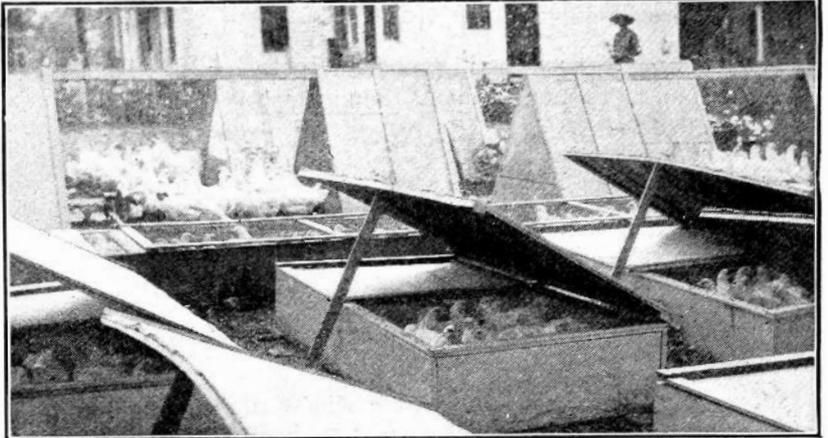
A LIVING FROM POULTRY

**\$1,500.00 FROM 60 HENS IN TEN MONTHS
ON A CITY LOT 40 FEET SQUARE.**

TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it is an easy matter when the new

PHILO SYSTEM

is adopted.



THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY,

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

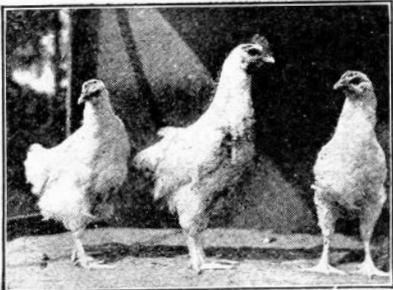
TWO POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler without any loss, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here three cents per pound above the highest market price.

OUR SIX-MONTHS-OLD PULLETS ARE LAYING AT THE RATE OF 24 EGGS EACH PER MONTH in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, the PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 16 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL.

One of our secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.



THREE POUND ROASTERS TEN WEEKS OLD

CHICKEN FEED AT 15 CENTS A BUSHEL.

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply, any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

OUR NEW BROODER SAVES 2 CENTS ON EACH CHICKEN.

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, overheating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 30 CENTS.

TESTIMONIALS.

Bellefontaine, Ohio, June 7, 1909.
Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.
Dear Sir:—I just want to tell you of the success I have had with the Philo system. In January, 1909, I purchased one of your Philo System books and I commenced to hatch chickens. On the third day of February, 1909, I succeeded in hatching ten chicks. I put them in one of your fireless brooders and we had zero weather. We succeeded in bringing through nine; one got killed by accident. On June 1, one of the pullets laid her first egg, and the most remarkable thing is she has laid every day since up to the present time.
Yours truly,
R. S. LaRue.

205 S. Clinton St., Baltimore, Md., May 28, 1909.
E. R. Philo, Publisher, Elmira, N. Y.
Dear Sir:—I have embarked in the poultry business on a small scale (Philo System) and am having the best of success so far, sixty-eight per cent of eggs hatched by hens, all chicks alive and healthy at this writing; they are now three weeks old. Mr. Philo is a public benefactor, and I don't believe his System can be improved upon, and so I am now looking for more yard room, having but 15x30 where I am now.
Yours truly,
C. H. Leach.

South Britain, Conn., April 14, 1909.
Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I have followed your system as close as I could; the result is a complete success. If there can be any improvement on nature, your brooder is it. The first experience I had with your System was last December. I hatched 17 chicks under two hens, put them as soon as hatched in one of your brooders out of doors and at the age of three months I sold them at 25c a pound. They then averaged 2 1/2 lbs. each, and the man I sold them to said they were the finest he ever saw, and he wants all I can spare this season.
Yours truly
A. E. Nelson.

Osakis, Minn., June 7, 1909.
Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.

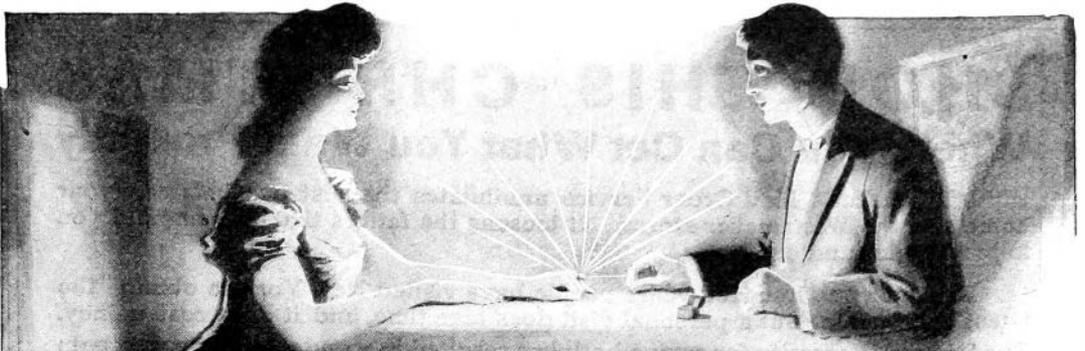
Dear Sir:—You certainly have the greatest system the world has ever known. I have had experience with poultry, but I know you have the system that brings the real profits. Yours
Jesse Underwood.

Prockport, N. Y., Sept. 12, 1908.
Mr. E. W. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I have had perfect success brooding chickens your way. I think your method will raise stronger, healthier chicks than the old way of using lamps and besides it saves so much work and risk.
Yours respectfully,
M. S. Gooding.

Send \$1.00 direct to the publisher and a copy of the latest revised edition of the book will be sent you by return mail.

E. R. PHILO, PUBLISHER, 345 THIRD ST., ELMIRA, N. Y.



DIAMONDS

ON CREDIT

Our Christmas Specials Ideal Presents that Last Forever



These are splendid gems—marvels of brilliancy, purity and color. Not too expensive for the income of salaried people, yet of such beauty as to awaken the admiration of all lovers of Diamonds.

Every woman loves a Diamond. Every man covets a Diamond. Diamonds increase a man's prestige and open the door of Opportunity. Diamonds enhance a woman's beauty and win social position.

GIVE YOUR SWEETHEART ONE FOR CHRISTMAS



Write for Our Handsome Christmas Catalog containing over 1500 photographic illustrations of beautiful suggestions for Christmas Gifts. Diamond Rings, Pins, Brooches and Earrings, Chatelaine Watches, Silverware, etc., for Wife, Sweetheart, Sister or Mother. Sparkling Diamond Studs, Scarf Pins and Cuff Buttons, Watches, Fobs, etc., for Husband, Father or Brother. With its aid you can select in the privacy of your home suitable Gifts for all.

Any Person of honest intentions, no matter how far away he or she may live, may open a Confidential Charge Account for a Diamond, Watch, or other valuable article of jewelry, and pay for same in monthly payments. The Loftis System makes any honest person's credit good by adjusting terms to meet their earnings or income.

An Account With Us is a confidential matter. We require no security, charge no interest, impose no penalties and create no publicity. Our customers use their charge accounts with us year after year, finding them a great convenience at such times as Christmas, birthdays, anniversaries, etc. We have no disagreeable preliminaries or vexatious delays. Everything is pleasant, prompt, and guaranteed to be satisfactory. We want your account.

Our Prices are 10 to 15 per cent lower than those of the ordinary spot cash retail jeweler. We are direct importers, buying our Diamonds in the rough, which we cleave, cut and polish in our own work shops. In buying from us you save the profits of broker, jobber, wholesaler and retailer.

To the Cash Buyer of Diamonds we have a proposition which is less than a written agreement to return the full amount paid us for a Diamond—less ten per cent, at any time within one year. Thus one might wear a fifty dollar Diamond for a whole year, then send it back and get \$45, making the cost of wearing the Diamond for one year less than ten cents per week.

Diamonds as an Investment are better than a savings bank because they pay four times the rate of interest. They are increasing in value from 15 to 20 per cent each year. They are better than real estate, because you can realize their full value at any time at the highest market price. Our prices are lowest, our terms easiest.

We Are the Oldest, largest and most reliable Diamond, Jewelry and Watch Credit House in the world. Est. 1858. We refer to any bank in America—ask your local bank how we stand in the business world. They will refer to their Commercial Agency books and tell you that we stand very high, and that our representations may be accepted without question. Our guarantee has over \$1,000,000 behind it.

Our Guarantee Certificate, given with every Diamond, is the broadest and strongest ever issued by a responsible house. Our exchange system is the most liberal ever devised, for it permits you to return any Diamond bought of us, and get the full amount paid in exchange for other goods or a larger Diamond. Buy now.

Our Handsome Souvenir Booklet, telling all about "How Easily You Can Wear and Own a Diamond on the Loftis System," will be sent free on request. The Diamond is the emblem of success.

**THE OLD RELIABLE, ORIGINAL
DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE,**

Dept. 612, 92 to 98 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

BRANCH STORES—Pittsburg, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.

LOFTIS
BROS & CO. 1858

SHOP THIS CHRISTMAS

Where You Can Get What You Want Promptly

Wanamaker's Mail Order Service annihilates the distance between your home and the Wanamaker stores. It loosens the fetters that have bound you to local styles and equipment.

For over one hundred years people have visited New York to obtain "the latest and best." But a personal visit does take time, and it does cost money. The frequent necessity for saving both has resulted in wonderful improvements

EXHIBIT "A" in the handling of orders by mail.



Order No. AA-141
Give Bust Measure

\$3 postpaid for this knitted three-quarter length coat sweater for women. It has fitted back, two pockets, cuff sleeves, fastens with 6 large pearl buttons, fancy weave. Many call the yarn "all-wool." We call it *mostly* wool, because there is a little cotton in it. Never before have we been able to sell this most popular length for less than \$5. Send for it at once. We know you will say it's the best value you have ever had for the money. At the same time send for the cut-glass Nappie,—see opposite page. \$4 brings both of them, postpaid. Either of them makes a nice Christmas present. Ask us to send you a catalog covering any want.

Years ago a distant customer wrote Wanamaker's to send her two spools of silk of a certain shade "in a hurry." Shipment was made in 3 hours, the selection perfect. The customer was pleased, and soon ordered something more valuable. It came promptly and right.

Trying it again and again, she learned, as thousands of others have since, that Wanamaker's service is dependable, whether you trade in person or ask us to make selections for you. In one way, perhaps, it may be said that we pay even closer attention to the order by mail, because when you call in person it

naturally relieves the store of some of the responsibility of selection. When you write us to do the work for you,

We at Once Become Your Personal Agent,

and are glad to assume all the responsibility, that of *buying* as well as *selling*.

And please do not think that your order is thrown into a hopper with thousands of others, to be ground out mechanically—nothing of the sort at Wanamaker's.

None but the most experienced employes are even allowed to touch it. An expert "Shopper" who is required to take all the time necessary, goes straight to the stock, selects the goods personally, and is in every way just as careful with your order as you could possibly be. And would it be strange if long service in this work should make the shopper's judgment even *better* than the customer's in many lines of goods?

It is this *conscientious* handling of orders, as well as the high quality of merchandise, which accounts for the steady growth of Wanamaker's Mail Order Service. It is to-day "International."



WANAMAKER'S PHILADELPHIA STORE

AT WANAMAKER'S

By Mail, No Matter Where You Live

Not a week passes that we do not fill orders from every State in the Union, and from all over the World.

From Porto Rico and Panama to Alaska, and from Hawaii to the Philippines, our citizens have learned that an order to Wanamaker's brings the exact goods wanted, quickly, and at a saving in price.

It makes little difference what you want—it may be two spools of thread, or it may be a Paris hat, or a petticoat, or a piano, or a crochet needle, or a bed-room suite. You may want an excellent iron bed at \$6.50, or a cast-brass one as high as \$500. We have all of them.

We will redecorate and refurnish your entire house, all arrangements being made by mail. We have specialists for such things—they know how. Just tell us what you want.



WANAMAKER'S NEW YORK STORE (Two Buildings)

On this and the opposite page are two typical value offerings, Exhibits "A" and "B." One of them is \$3, the other \$1, *postage paid*. Send at once for one or both of them.

Also tell us what you want in wearing apparel for men, women and children, dry goods, jewelry, books, fancy goods, etc. The right catalog will come to you by next mail.

Be sure to ask for the New Holiday Catalogs of Gifts and Toys.

We have the greatest Furniture display in New York, in Mission, Colonial, Modern, and Palatial styles. If you will mention the style and pieces of furniture you are interested in, we will send you beautiful photographic reproductions of them, with price lists.

It is, of course, understood that if goods bought from us prove unsatisfactory in any way, they may be returned at our expense.

Write to-day to

Section 68, JOHN WANAMAKER, New York

The Third Arm of the Service

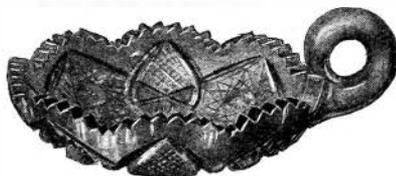
Millions have leaned on the First Arm of the Wanamaker business, founded in Philadelphia 48 years ago; and other millions on the Second Arm reaching from New York throughout New England. The Great Third Arm—

The International Mail Order Service

is not stronger, but longer—it will reach you safely wherever you may be. Let us submit the evidence to you. Try us in any way.

Remember always that the Wanamaker name is back of everything we sell.

EXHIBIT "B" Cut Glass Nappie
For Olives and Bouquets



Order No. BB-145

This exquisite cut-glass "Nappie" \$1, *post-paid*. *Real* cut-glass, flawless, true ring—*not* pressed glass touched up on the cutting-wheel. It is 5-16 inch thick and 6 inches in diameter, exclusive of handle, in prismatic, geometric "Chrysanthemum and Hobnail" cuttings. Sent *postpaid*, anywhere in the United States, for \$1. See also the Women's coat-sweater offer on opposite page. The sweater and the nappie together, including postage, for less than you would have expected to get the sweater alone. Send for one or both at once, and at the same time tell us what else you are interested in. The right catalog will come by next mail.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN N.Y.

Avoid substitutes.
Look for the
Globe trade-mark.

A Christmas Reminder

Simple and good as Waterman's Ideals are, they make the best and most useful gifts that you can select for your friends or relatives. We emphasize the trade-mark to assist you in buying; it characterizes the only pen that is carefully made from the finest materials. The prices run from \$2.50 for the handsomely finished plain style up to as much as you fancy to pay for the richly gold or silver mounted styles. Whatever you pay our unconditional guarantee covers the pen. Gold Pens to suit every hand are exchangeable.

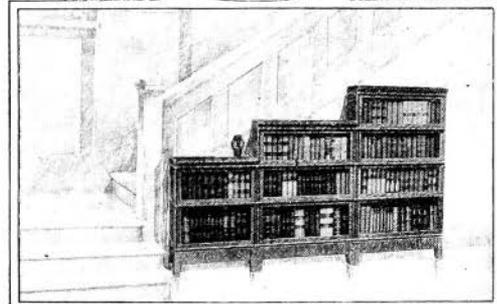
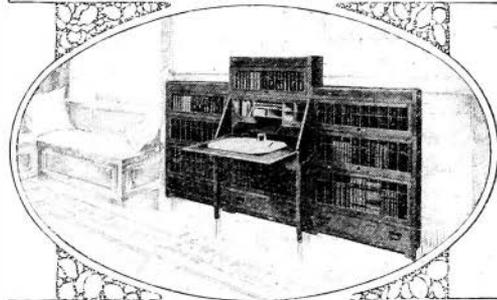
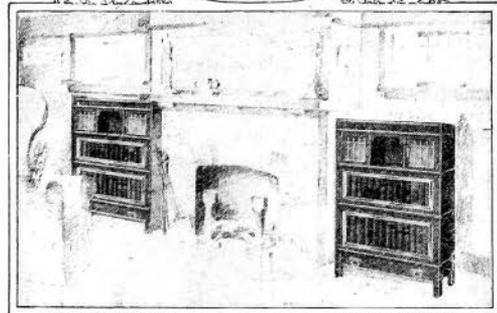
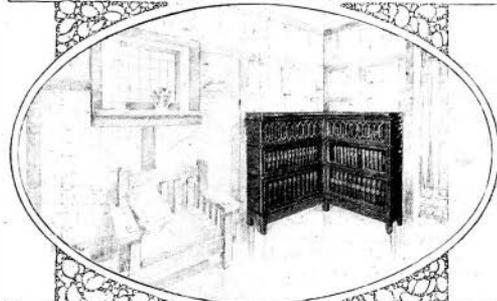
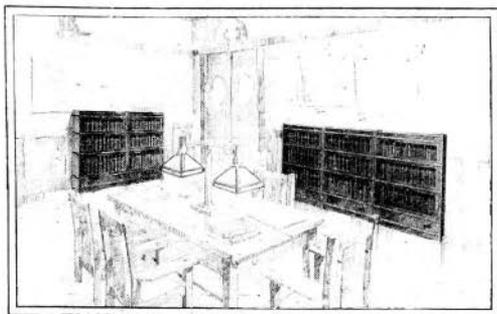
From Dealers Everywhere. Illustrated Booklet on Request.

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Oakland, Montreal, London, Paris, Mexico.

No. 12 \$2.50
No. 13 3.50
No. 14 4.00
No. 15 5.00
No. 16 6.00
In Gift Boxes.
Clip on Cap
25c. extra.

Sterling Silver
Filigree
No. 412 \$5.00
No. 414 7.00
No. 415 8.50
In Gift Boxes.
Sterling
Clip on Cap
50c. extra.



The World's Best Books and Globe-Wernicke Bookcases

The widespread use of books for Christmas gifts has prompted us to publish lists of the 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 "best books," for children and adults, as selected by such authorities as Hamilton W. Mabie, John Ruskin, Canon Farrar, Dr. Eliot, Sir John Lubbock, etc. Sent free on request.

For Christmas gifts **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcases are most acceptable. They are built in sections or units, that interlock and can be built up into stacks of any desired height or width. You can start with one or more units, and add to them as your books increase.

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

have many special features of superiority, such as the *patent equalizer* to prevent doors from binding and the *interlocking strip* to insure true alignment. *Uniform prices and freight prepaid* everywhere.

Look for the **Globe-Wernicke** trade-mark. It is your guarantee of quality—your protection against inferiority—your assurance of being able to obtain duplicates at any future time.

Write for Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue containing 25 original designs for home libraries—describing the distinct styles and finishes of **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcases—and quoting prices on every size and style made. Mailed free, with lists of "World's Best Books" upon receipt of the coupon below.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Branch Stores:

New York, 380-382 Broadway.

Chicago, 224-228 Wabash Ave.

Boston, 91-93 Federal St.

-----*Fill out and mail this coupon today*-----

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Dept. X, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Mail to the address below lists of "The World's Best Books" and your illustrated catalogue of **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcases.

Name.....

No. and St.....

Town..... State.....



What Will You Give to Be Well

To Have Good Figure,
Vibrant Health, Rested Nerves?

I CANNOT tell you *how happy I am* that I have been able to bring health and strength to 43,000 women in the past seven years. Just think! this means a whole city. It is to my thorough study of anatomy, physiology and health principles, and to my 12 years' personal experience before I began my instructions by mail, that I attribute my marvelous success. It would do your heart good to read the reports from my pupils—and I have done this by simply studying Nature's laws adapted to the correction of each individual difficulty. If vital organs or nerve centers are weak I strengthen them so that each organ does its work.

I want to help every woman to be perfectly, gloriously well, with that sweet, personal loveliness, which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, full of the vivacity which makes you

**A Better Wife
A Rested Mother
A Sweeter Sweetheart**

I teach you to *stand* and to *walk* in an attitude which bespeaks culture and refinement. A good figure gracefully carried means more than a pretty face. Nature's rosy cheeks are more beautiful than paint or powder.

Too Fleshy?

You can easily remove the fat and it will stay removed. I have reduced over 25,000 women. One pupil writes me:

"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I have reduced these hips and I feel so well I want to shout! I never get out of breath now. When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, and oh, dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look! I never dreamed it was all so easy. I thought I just had to be fat. I feel like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her of you."

You Can Be Well Without Drugs

The day for drugging the system has passed. The strength of vital organs gained by a forceful circulation relieves you of such chronic ailments as

Constipation	Rheumatism	Irritability	Nervousness
Torpid Liver	Weaknesses	Weak Nerves	Sleeplessness
Indigestion	Dullness	Catarrh	

This is accomplished by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a buoyant, vivacious, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own home.

If you will tell me your faults in health or figure, I will cheerfully tell you about my work and if I cannot help your particular case, I will tell you so. I give each pupil the individual, confidential treatment which her case demands.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 7, 246 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc.

Arise to Your Best

In the privacy of your own room, I strengthen the muscles and nerves of the vital organs, lungs and heart, and start your blood to circulating as it did when you were a child. I teach you to breathe so that the blood is fully purified I help you to arise to your best.

Too Thin?

I may need to strengthen your stomach, intestines and nerves first. A pupil who *was* thin, writes me:

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman.

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my nerves are so rested. I feel so well all the time."



A corset is not needed for a good figure.

Note: Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.



Espey's Fragrant Cream

Makes the Skin Soft, White and Smooth

A liquid preparation that dries quickly—never sticky or greasy, but delightful to use.

It soothes and heals irritation.

Endorsed by the public for 34 years as the most effective toilet cream for chapped hands, lips or any roughness of the skin.

Gloves can be worn at once after using.

Excellent also as a face lotion for gentlemen after shaving.

AT ALL DEALERS. Two Sizes—25c and 50c. [3]

J. E. ESPEY, Mfr., 324 South Center Ave., Chicago



Schlitz

Priscilla Calendar

for 1910

Is in panel form seven and a quarter inches wide and thirty-six inches long. It is beautifully lithographed in twelve printings and gold, and has the roughened finish like burlap. The dates are clearly depicted at the bottom of the design.

The principal incidents in Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," are faithfully reproduced.

The central figure is a beautiful Puritan Maiden typifying the goodness and purity of

Schlitz Malt Extract

a food, a digestor and a tonic

It is richest in the food and tonic values of barley and hops.

It is brewed in careful cleanliness. It is aged and sterilized to avoid biliousness and impurity.

Be sure next time to get Schlitz Malt Extract.



This beautiful calendar will be mailed upon receipt of 10c in stamps or coin.

JOS. SCHLITZ
BREWING CO.
Dept 21
Milwaukee, Wis.



COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE FORBES LITHO. MFG. CO.



COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE FORBES LITHO. MFG. CO.



SIZE 20 X 30 IN FULL COLOR

REPRODUCED FROM ORIGINAL OIL PAINTINGS

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE FORBES LITHO MFG. CO.

Forbes Art Pictures

The Three for One Dollar or Fifty Cents each postpaid

THE FORBES LITHO. MFG. CO.
BOX 5130 BOSTON, MASS.



The Grace of a Shoe depends quite as much on the leather as on the shoemaker.

Foerderer's "Vici"—the original "glazed kid" is supple and elastic—lustrous—wear-resisting. Kinder to the foot and more lustrous the more it is worked over the last.

See that your dealer gives you *Foerderer's* "Vici" in your kid shoes. He can—and the shoes will cost you no more.

Send your name on a postcard for a sample of "Vici" kid.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.

Manufacturers of



Chrome-Tanned Kid Skin



PHILADELPHIA

Guaranteed Jewelry for Christmas

LARGE figures are needed to tell how many styles of jewelry (most of them of our own design and making) are pictured in the LAMBERT NEW JEWELRY BOOK. But small figures suffice for the prices. Write for the Book today, while Christmas jewelry is in your mind. We promise you a substantial saving on everything you order, and back our promise with a reputation which we began to build up over 32 years ago.

All Lambert Jewelry is guaranteed, and we send the money back if anything you order does not please you. You could not ask more complete protection.

All the diamonds in the great Lambert stock are directly imported. That means that you pay only one profit on them. There is a great big saving for you on Christmas diamonds, as on every other kind of Christmas jewelry if you make your selections from the LAMBERT NEW JEWELRY BOOK.

208	10-Karat Brooch, Amethyst, - - - - -	\$7.00
209	10-Karat Tie Clasp, 1 Diamond, - - - - -	\$7.50
210	16-Inch Platinum Neck Chain, - - - - -	\$7.75
211	Platinum LaValliere, 16 Diamonds, 1 Fancy Pearl, - - - - -	\$85.00
212	14-Karat LaValliere, 1 Jade, 2 Baroque Pearls, - - - - -	\$4.00
213	14-Karat Brooch, Ruby Eyes, - - - - -	\$7.50
214	10-Karat Tie Clasp, 1 Diamond, - - - - -	\$4.00
215	14-Karat Masonic Charm, Blue Enamelled G., - - - - -	\$7.00
216	14-Karat Brooch, 2 Baroque Pearls, - - - - -	\$2.75
217	Platinum Top Ring, 1 Sapphire, 29 Diamonds, - - - - -	\$190.00
218	10-Karat Signet Ring, - - - - -	\$3.50
219	10-Karat Signet Ring, Raised Figure, - - - - -	\$6.25
220	10-Karat Locket, 1 Diamond, - - - - -	\$10.75
221	Fine Diamond Ring, - - - - -	\$135.00
222	Fine Diamond Ring, - - - - -	\$50.00
223	Fine Diamond Ring, - - - - -	\$25.00
224	10-Karat Veil Pin, 3 Pearls, - - - - -	\$4.00
225	10-Karat Handy Pins, a Pair, - - - - -	\$4.25
226	14-Karat LaValliere, 1 Diamond, 2 Pearls, Enamelled Leaves, - - - - -	\$21.00
227	14-Karat LaValliere, 1 Turquoise Matrix, 1 Baroque Pearl, - - - - -	\$6.75
228	10-Karat Tie Clasp, Raised Figure, - - - - -	\$1.75
229	10-Karat Locket, - - - - -	\$6.50
230	10-Karat Sleeve Links Rose Diamonds, - - - - -	\$6.00
231	10-Karat Scarf Pin, 1 Pearl, - - - - -	\$1.50
232	14-Karat Scarf Pin, 1 Amethyst, - - - - -	\$6.00
233	14-Karat Scarf Pin, 1 Sardonyx, 1 Pearl, - - - - -	\$4.75
234	10-Karat Scarf Pin, 1 Coral, 1 Pearl, - - - - -	\$3.00
235	14-Karat Brooch, - - - - -	\$2.75
236	10-Karat Brooch, 2 Baroque Pearls, - - - - -	\$2.00

Address Dept. K

Lambert Brothers

Third Ave.
Cor. 58th St.
NEW YORK



This Beautiful Art Calendar Free

No other art calendar was ever so beautiful as the 1910 Armour calendar entitled "The Debutante."

In this calendar Penrhyn Stanlaws, C. Allan Gilbert and James Montgomery Flagg have done their very best color work.

You have never seen girls more attractive. The drawings are not mere ideals—they are true to life. Each page of the calendar looks like an "original."

The size of the calendar is 10x15 inches. There is no gaudy advertising to disfigure it.

How to Get One

Send the metal cap from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef or paper certificate under the cap, with four cents to cover cost of mailing, to Armour & Co., Dept. DB, Chicago. Or send us 25 cents in stamps. We'll send you a calendar by return mail.

Individual Picture Offer

We have a few of these drawings, size 10½x16½, printed on extra heavy paper, with calendar dates and all printing eliminated, which we will send prepaid for 25 cents each. Or we'll send the four separate drawings of this size and the calendar all for \$1, express prepaid. These separate plates are ideal for framing.

Why This Offer is Made

We want you to know the hundred uses for a good extract of beef—not in the sick room, but *in the kitchen*.

Armour's Extract of Beef

We are willing to give you the calendar simply to get you to use one jar. For you'll never be without the extract once you know what it means.

Add it to soups and to gravies. See what your people say.

Inpart it to "left-overs"—see how it freshens them. Make stews from the parts of meat that you now throw away. Note how good they are. But be sure you get *Armour's*.

Extracts costing a trifle less go but one-fourth as far. Just try one jar of *Armour's*. Learn at least one of its hundred uses.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO



Copyrighted 1909
Armour & Company
Chicago

Penrhyn Stanlaws



Copyrighted 1909
Armour & Company
Chicago

Get these four beautiful drawings in the Armour calendar with the top from your first jar of Armour's Extract of Beef, and 4c for mailing.

Address Armour & Co., Chicago, Dept. DB.

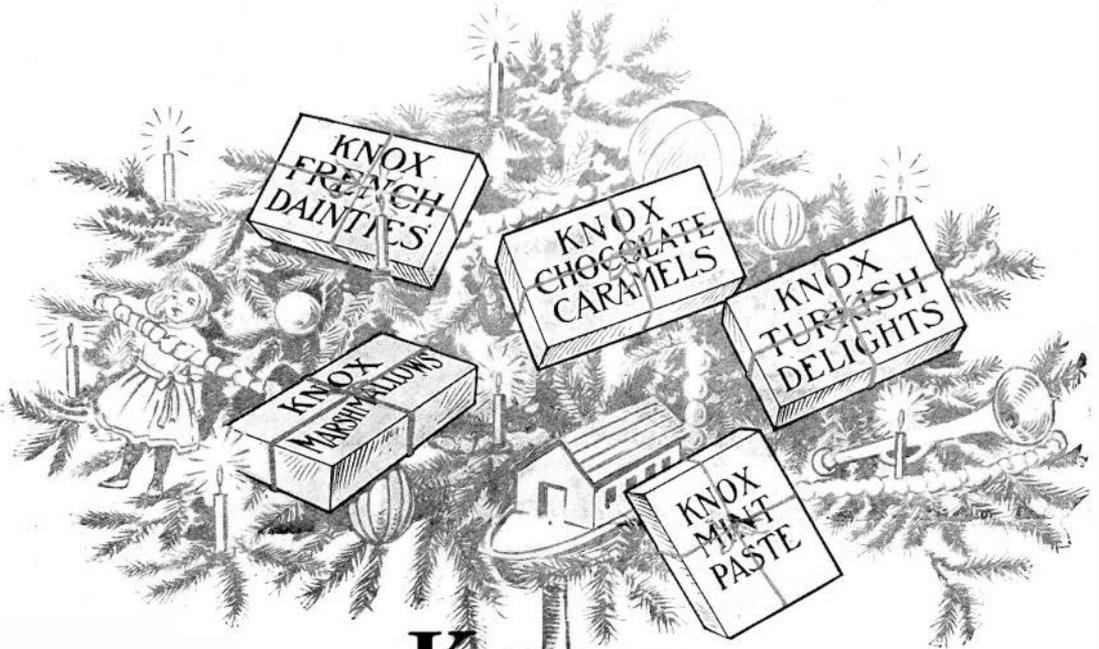
Save the library slips in Extract of Beef jars. They get you magazines free.

CRYSTAL

Domino

SUGAR

2 lb and 5 lb Boxes! • Best Sugar for Tea and Coffee! • By Grocers Everywhere!



Knox Gelatine Candies

If your Xmas candies have been coarse grained and mealy, you can make them velvety and creamy by using KNOX Sparkling Gelatine.

Send for our Recipe Book, and make Knox Turkish Delights, Mint Paste, French Dainties, Marshmallows and Chocolate Caramels in *your own home.*

"DAINTY DESSERTS FOR DAINTY PEOPLE"

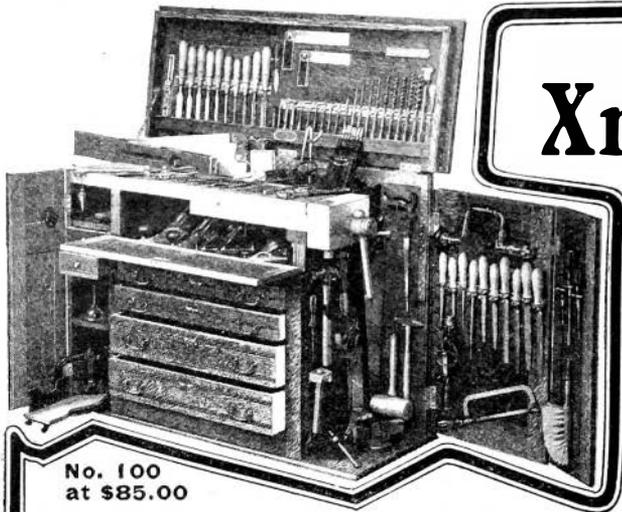
Contains recipes for a hundred desserts and salads in addition to the candies.

It is free on request for your grocer's name. A pint sample for a 2c. stamp and grocer's name.



Address
Chas. B. Knox Co.

312 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, N. Y.



No. 100
at \$85.00

reach. Nothing handier, nothing more practical. No present for man or boy of such lasting educational value. We have four smaller "Wall Cabinets." with same quality tools, but not so many.

No. 47 at \$7.50 No. 52 at \$10.00 No. 53 at \$15.00 No. 54 at \$20.00

We are pioneers in the sale of high-grade tool outfits for home use; every set bears our regular guarantee of quality. Order direct (we have no agents) or send for Catalogue No. 2705.

Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co., New York Since 1848 4th Ave. & 13th St.
HARDWARE, TOOLS AND SUPPLIES

Practical Xmas Gifts

for Man or Boy

Our Combination Bench and Tool Cabinet

A first-class, elegantly finished Oak Cabinet. A practical Work Bench with Vice: 95 of the finest tools made: when closed, an attractive piece of furniture: when opened, immediately ready for work with every tool easy to

FIRST AID TO
THE PENLESS



JUST A WORD about its ACTION. It has the ONLY NATURAL FEED, therefore the BEST. The flow in the SWAN FEED is the same as dipping in an ink bottle—it holds the ink above and below. Then it's ADJUSTABLE. A touch of the finger regulates the quantity of ink supplied. Many styles.

MABIE, TODD & CO., Dept. G

17 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK
London

Established 1843
Paris

149 Dearborn St., CHICAGO
Brussels Manchester

The "Long-Short" Stylo is a handy, serviceable little Ink Pencil that will go in a purse. Costs but \$1.50, red or black rubber—made in our English Factory. Our new Booklet is ready—send for it today.

The "SWAN" is very long lived, that is why the makers of the most durable Fountain Pen adopted the name "SWAN" for a Trade Mark.

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

Prices from
\$2.50
upwards



FOE
OF THE
INK
BOTTLE

CHRISTMAS Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

IN SINGLE
PAIR BOXES
50¢

Why not buy
him a pair of
Bull Dog Suspenders
for Christmas
in a beautiful gift box?

The city business man who receives Christmas morning a pair of hand-knitted stockings from his grandmother in the country is no worse off than thousands of other men. For while all remembrances prompted by affection are deservedly acknowledged, it's the practical, service-giving gifts which a man really appreciates.

This explains why every year, as the holiday season approaches, there is an enormous demand for **Bull Dog Suspenders** in handsome embossed single pair boxes.

A Seasonable Suggestion

Order a few boxes from your dealer to-day (there was not enough to go around last year) and have them ready to put on the tree. They will please father, brother, nephew or sweetheart, and their pleasure lasts because **Bull Dogs** are so durable and satisfactory.

They outwear three ordinary kinds

Christmas Bull Dogs come in many beautiful colors and designs, with leather ends to match and gold gilt metal trimmings; light or heavy weight and extra long at same price.

A Sensible, Pleasing and Inexpensive Gift for 50 cents

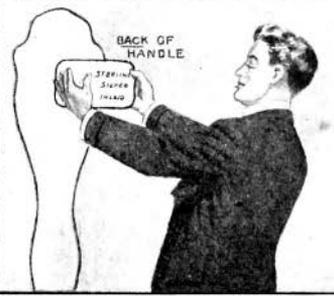
Refuse substitutes. Look for **BULL DOG** on the buckle and box—50 cents at your dealer's or by mail, postpaid if he will not supply you.

HEWES & POTTER

Dept. 2, 87 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

Largest Makers of Suspenders in the World





BACK OF HANDLE

STERLING SILVER INLAID

Holmes & Edwards

**BLOCKS OF STERLING SILVER
INLAID AT THE BACK
OF BOWL & HANDLE
BEFORE PLATING**

American Beauty ROSE

Lafayette

STERLING SILVER INLAID

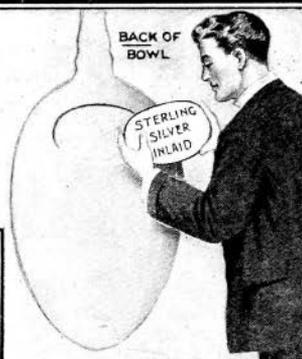
PATENTED PROCESS
TRADE MARK

E HOLMES & EDWARDS
SILVER INLAID HE

ON EVERY PIECE

**NO
WORN
SPOTS**

BACK OF BOWL



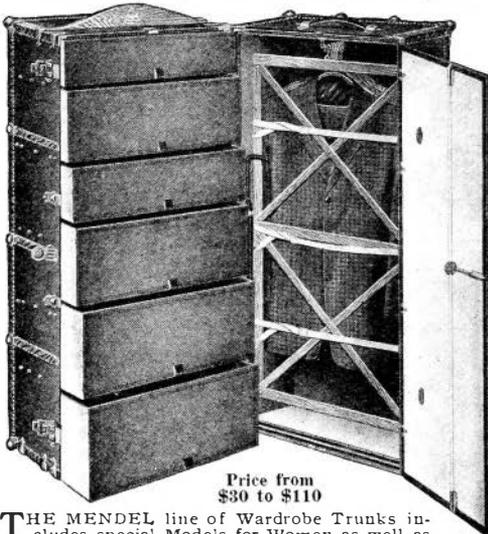
STERLING SILVER INLAID

SEND FOR BOOKLET 134
THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. SUCCESSOR
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT.

SOLID SILVER WHERE IT WEARS
AT 1/3 THE COST OF STERLING SILVER

The Mendel Wardrobe Trunk

Sold by Leading Dealers in Principal Cities. Where We Have No Dealer, Trunk Will Be Sent on Approval.



Price from \$30 to \$110

THE MENDEL line of Wardrobe Trunks includes special Models for Women as well as Men. Compartments are dust-proof. Every article of clothing in sight ready to wear without pressing. Patent automatic self-locking door and other exclusive features. Write for free illustrated booklet and name of dealer in your town.

MENDEL & CO.

109 West Pearl Street,

Cincinnati, O.

CONGRESS

PLAYING CARDS

— Gold Edges. —

NEW DESIGNS

90 Picture Backs

LARGE INDEXES



50 Cents per Pack.

BICYCLE

PLAYING CARDS

The Most Durable
25¢ Card Made.

More Sold Than All
Others Combined.

LARGE INDEXES



**OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES,
HOYLE UP TO DATE.**

SENT FOR 15 C. IN STAMPS, OR 3 SEALS FROM CONGRESS WRAPPERS, OR 6 FLAP ENDS OF BICYCLE CASES, DEPT. 14 THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U.S.A.



The Tragedy of the Worn-Out Office Stool

*Old — Worn-out — Thrown-out.
Likewise the man whom it wore out.*

Here you see it — the tragedy of the office stool — the silent story of day in and day out routine, worry and grind — of the *job* that became a *rut*.

Be the master of your calling — don't let it master you. Training will put the mastery on your side by enabling you to *compel* success. It is *not* too late. No matter how old you are, where you live, what you do or how little you earn, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton have a way by which you can get out of the rut; earn more; win promotion and Independence.

This is not fancy; it is *fact*, supported by thousands of letters received from once poorly-paid men who have made their mark through *I. C. S. help*. On an average, 300 students every month report advancement. During September the number was 308. To learn how you can achieve similar success, *mark the attached coupon*.

No Books to Buy

An I. C. S. training means there are no books to buy — no leaving home or giving up work. The I. C. S. goes to you *in your spare time*, and fits its way to meet your particular case. *Trains you for a position in the line of work you really like*.

Mark the coupon so that the I. C. S. may make it all clear — that it may convince you *there* is a way for you to succeed in life. Mark the coupon. No charge or obligation is incurred in marking it.

Avoid the rut — the worn-out career — the "down-and-out" club by marking the coupon.

Mark the Coupon NOW.

"Better Position" Coupon

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 840, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

Bookkeeper	Mechanical Draftsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Designer & Craftsman	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Architect Draftsman
Chemist	Architect
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Banking
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

The Best Xmas Gift



Something that is not only appropriate, but useful—that will, in years to come, be a happy reminder of the giver.

Just think of it—a hot water bottle of absolutely one piece of moulded Para rubber—of uniform strength and thickness.

No Seams, No Joints, No Cement

Nothing to give way under the action of hot water—no more danger of burns, scalds or water-saturated bedding. Will outlast three of any other bottles made, yet costs no more than some others.

Walpole Hot Water Bottle

Fusible Core Process
(PATENTED)

You never saw or heard of a hot water bottle like it. While other bottles are constructed of several pieces of rubber, cemented together (liable to spring a leak any time), the Walpole is absolutely of one piece of rubber only.

Positively Cannot Leak

The Gleason fusible core process eliminates all possibility of over or under vulcanizing (which is bound to weaken the rubber) through a second heat treatment, necessary in the curing of other bottles.

An ideal Xmas gift. A necessity in every home. A blessing to housewife, nurse and patient alike.

Ask your druggist for the Walpole hot water bottle. Always look for the Gleason fusible core process around edge of seal on bottle. No others of one piece of rubber.

If he cannot supply you, order from us direct, giving his name, enclosing express or money order and we will send it prepaid, 1 quart, \$1.75; 2 quarts, \$2.00; 3 quarts, \$2.25; 4 quarts, \$2.50. Money back if unsatisfactory.

WALPOLE RUBBER WORKS

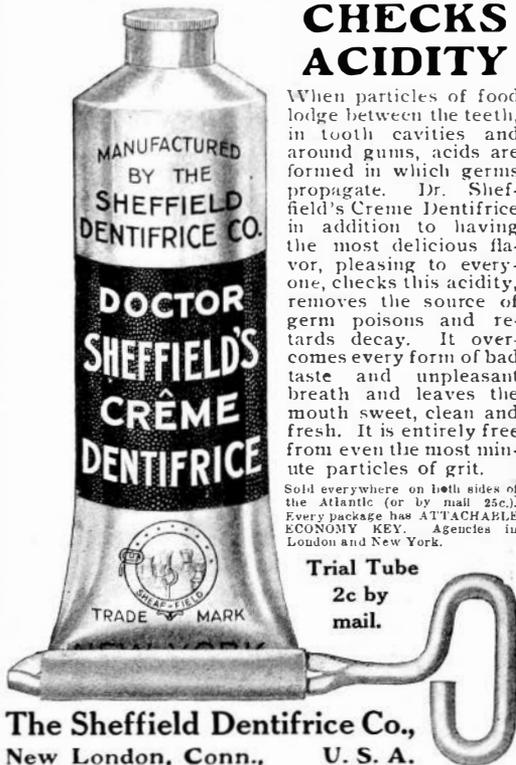
Dept. H, 185 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Canadian Sales Office, Eastern Township
Bank Building, Montreal

CHECKS ACIDITY

When particles of food lodge between the teeth, in tooth cavities and around gums, acids are formed in which germs propagate. Dr. Sheffield's Creme Dentifrice in addition to having the most delicious flavor, pleasing to everyone, checks this acidity, removes the source of germ poisons and retards decay. It overcomes every form of bad taste and unpleasant breath and leaves the mouth sweet, clean and fresh. It is entirely free from even the most minute particles of grit.

Sold everywhere on both sides of the Atlantic (or by mail 25c.). Every package has ATTACHABLE ECONOMY KEY. Agencies in London and New York.



The Sheffield Dentifrice Co.,
New London, Conn., U. S. A.

Our
Newest
and
Best



Women's Only
\$1.75
Delivered

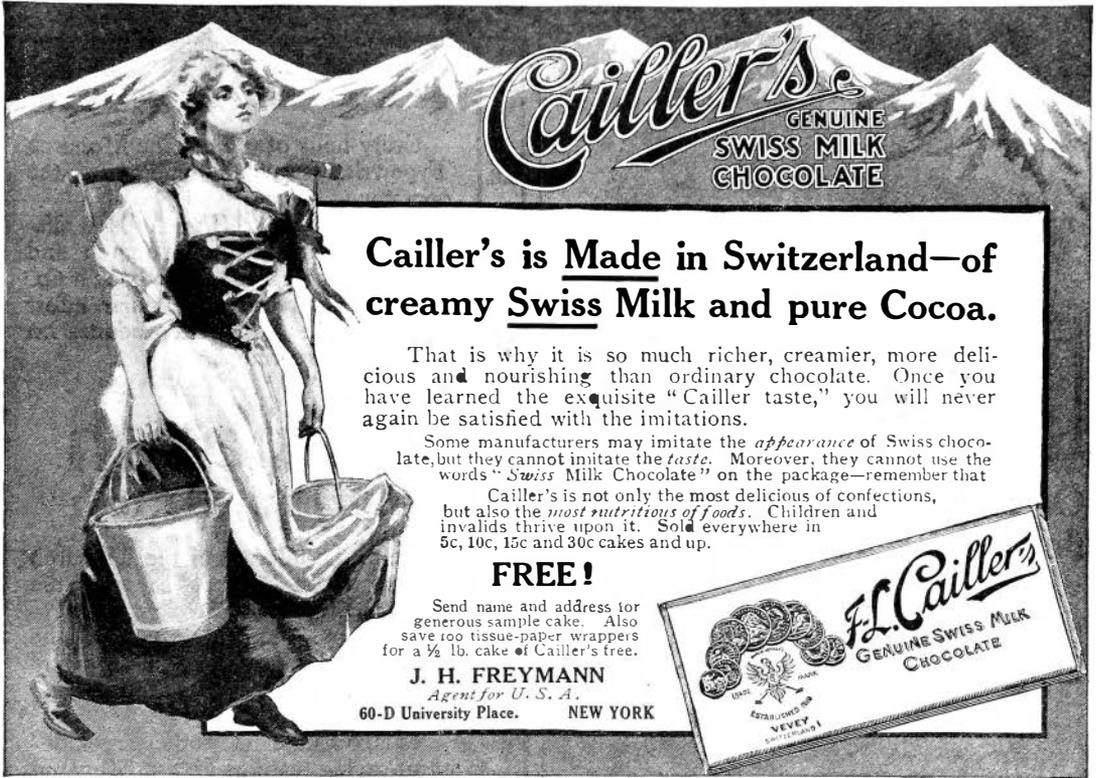
The Antoinette

Made of fine "Comfy felt," noiseless belting leather soles and low heels. Trimmed with ribbon in colors to match. This is perfection in a slipper to cover the whole foot.

Colors: Black, Red, Brown and Gray.

Send for CATALOGUE No. 28, showing many new styles.

DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO.
114-116 East 13th Street, New York.



Caille's
GENUINE
SWISS MILK
CHOCOLATE

Caille's is Made in Switzerland—of creamy Swiss Milk and pure Cocoa.

That is why it is so much richer, creamier, more delicious and nourishing than ordinary chocolate. Once you have learned the exquisite "Caille's taste," you will never again be satisfied with the imitations.

Some manufacturers may imitate the *appearance* of Swiss chocolate, but they cannot imitate the *taste*. Moreover, they cannot use the words "Swiss Milk Chocolate" on the package—remember that

Caille's is not only the most delicious of confections, but also the *most nutritious of foods*. Children and invalids thrive upon it. Sold everywhere in 5c, 10c, 15c and 30c cakes and up.

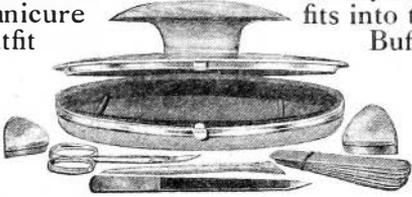
FREE!

Send name and address for generous sample cake. Also save 100 tissue-paper wrappers for a ½ lb. cake of Caille's free.

J. H. FREYMANN
Agent for U. S. A.
60-D University Place. NEW YORK



ALLWON
Manicure
Outfit



Everything fits into the Buffer

This Novel Manicure Set
Soon Saves Its Cost

A Welcome Christmas Remembrance

You've never seen a manicure set like this—the **Allwon** has new features—it's unusually convenient.

Please look at the picture. You see the **Allwon** Buffer is hollow—velvet-lined like a jewel-box. It's the case for the rest of the set.

Then note this: All other buffers, no matter how expensive, must be thrown away as soon as the chamois soils—you are always buying new buffers. But owing to a simple patented feature of the **Allwon** Buffer, you can quickly put on a new chamois whenever you want—so you'll never need a new buffer. That saving soon pays for the set.

And, for little more than the price of a good old-style buffer alone, you get the complete **Allwon** set—the beautiful money-saving buffer—imported cuticle scissors—duplex nail file—6 emery boards—orange-wood stick—special nail-luster—and nail-salve and enamel. Every article of surprisingly good quality. All fit in the novel Buffer-Case—always all together—compact—handy at home or in traveling.

With Buffer beautifully Nickel-Plated, the complete **Allwon** set is only \$2—Silver Plated \$2.50—Sterling Silver \$5. Sold by Department, Dry Goods and Leather Goods Stores, Jewelers, Druggists. Or, if not yet on sale in your town, send us your dealer's name, together with the price, and we will supply you.

U. S. SPECIALTY CO.
736 Broadway, New York City

Suite 114

TRADE MARK

EVERSTICKS

PAT. AUG. 11th & NOV. 24 1903

INVISIBLE RUBBER

The Everstick Invisible Rubber

is different from all other rubbers in construction—being an invisible rubber that protects the sole against wet—dampness, and cold—combining grace in design and outline with absolute protection, yet allowing the feet to breathe freely—which the ordinary rubber does not do.

Everybody needs Eversticks

and can always find them on sale where good shoes are sold.

The genuine always have the **Everstick** trade mark stamped inside and on the bottom of every shoe.

The Adams & Ford Co.
Cleveland
Ohio



NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS MARK



R

EMEMBER that cotton is not an Ostermoor—any more than flour is bread.

While nothing but cotton can be made into an Ostermoor, nothing but the exclusive Ostermoor process can make an Ostermoor Mattress out of cotton.

So it isn't half so much what the

The Mattress That is Built—Not Stuffed
Ostermoor \$15.

Mattress is made of as it is *how* it is made that accounts for Ostermoor fifty-year comfort. The Ostermoor is

“Built—not Stuffed”

MATTRESSES COST
 Express Prepaid

4 ft. 6 in., 45 lbs.	\$15.00
4 ft., 40 lbs.	13.35
3 ft. 6 in., 35 lbs.	11.70
3 ft., 30 lbs.	10.00
2 ft. 6 in., 25 lbs.	8.35

All 6 ft. 3 in. long
 In two parts, 50c. extra

Our book, "The Test of Time," contains proof of Ostermoor merit and is handsome as well as convincing, contains over 200 illustrations.

Our 144-Page Book with Samples—Sent FREE

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places—the livest merchant in town. *Write us and we'll give you his name.* But don't take chances with imitations at other stores—make sure you're getting the genuine Ostermoor—our trademark label is your guarantee. We will ship you a mattress by express prepaid same day your check is received by us when we have no dealer or he has none in stock.

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 242 Elizabeth Street, New York
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An Even Day's Work

Every hour of the day the Monarch Typewriter saves the energy of the operator.

Monarch Light Touch is a distinctive feature of the Monarch and has a mechanical reason to back it up. It so greatly reduces muscular effort that using the Monarch produces no perceptible weariness.

Monarch Light Touch

is due to the fulcrum of the Monarch typebar which "creeps" toward the key or point of depression, reduces the leverage gradually, making the stroke of the key easy to start and very rapid at the end without added pressure.

This, with the many other time-and-effort saving features of the Monarch saves the operator and assures work of even quality and—

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Let us show you by demonstration in your office the many advantages possessed by the Monarch.

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Branches and dealers throughout the world.

4 to 5 P.M.



Keeps after it is opened
BLUE LABEL
KETCHUP

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**Every Ingredient
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U. S. Government

“Quality” has always been our watchword and our products are and always have been

Pure and Unadulterated

Not only ketchup, but soups, canned fruits, vegetables and meats, jams, jellies, preserves, etc.

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Write today for our free booklet “Original Menus.”

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Albrecht Furs

Northern-Caught. “From Trapper to Wearer, Direct.”

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Illustration Shows 1909 Model Inland Seal Military Coat, 30 Inch

Best substitute for genuine Seal-skin ever produced. Skinner satin lined. Price in Inland Seal, like illustration, \$155.00. Or in genuine Alaska Seal, \$400.00. In Coast Seal \$67.50. In Electric Seal, \$61.00.

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The Corning Egg-Book is sold in combination with the

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to raise its circulation to ONE MILLION for 1910. The F. J. is the standard monthly farm, home, and poultry paper, with over 600,000 subscribers already.

Special Offer—For \$1.00 (cash, money order, or check) we will send postpaid the Corning Egg-Book, and the Farm Journal for FIVE YEARS. And if you send order and money WITHIN TEN DAYS, we will add FREE “Four Richard Revived,” a splendid 48-page farm almanac for 1910.

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Atwood Grape Fruit

First, those who want the most delicious grape fruit they ever tasted, the thin-skinned kind that is filled with luscious juice and has the genuine grape fruit flavor; the kind that has resulted from years of experimenting and the outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars; the kind that a prominent physician of New Haven prescribes for all his patients telling them to "be sure to get the ATWOOD, for other grape fruit to the ATWOOD is as cider apples to pippins;"

Second, those who would increase their energy, clear their complexions, brighten their eyes, renew their youth, and rid themselves of rheumatism or gout. These eat ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT morning and evening.

The Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, in speaking of citric acid as found in grape fruit says:

"It combines with certain bases and the resulting combinations in turn are transformed into carbonates, thus rendering an unduly acid urine alkaline."

All genuine Atwood Grape Fruit has the Atwood trade-mark on the wrapper, and may be purchased from high-class dealers by the box or dozen. Price per standard box, containing 54 or 64 or 80, Five Dollars.



Buy it by the box—it
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MINT COVERED
CANDY
COATED
CHEWING
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FIVE CENTS
THE OUNCE
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PACKETS

Chiclets

REALLY
DELIGHTFUL

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

Try Them! If you can't buy Chiclets in your neighborhood, send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with Chiclets.

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chip off, like a
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LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH

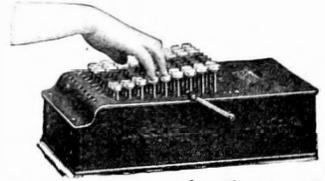
DELICIOUS

The antiseptic dentifrice which combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste. Gives a pearly-lustre to the teeth and a perfect polish to gold-work.

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Adds scattered items, checks, cross-footings as readily as straight columns—no writing whatever. **MULTIPLIES, DIVIDES, SUBTRACTS.**

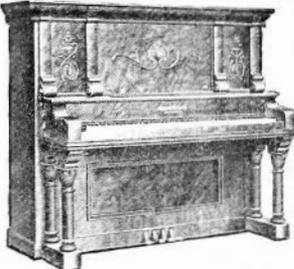
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All good stores have them or can get them, instanter.

Plain, cork-tip or mouthpiece. Fifteen Cents and a Quarter.

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 We Pay the Freight and Deliver our Houses to any R. R. Station in U. S.

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Substantial, beautiful summer and winter Cottages and Bungalows. Inexpensive, complete in every detail. Save labor, worry and material. Wind and weatherproof. Built on Unit Plan, no nails, no carpenter. Everything fits. Anyone can set up.

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Heat Controller For 30 Days—FREE?

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Gentlemen: Please send to

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Your book, "The House Comfortable," with full particulars of 30 days free trial.

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON

Scrap Book Dec.



When the thermometer varies one degree the controller acts.

Set this pointer to indicate the exact degree of heat desired.

Set like alarm clock. The temperature changes at time indicated.

If, after a fair trial of thirty days, the Jewell does not do all we say it will or if you feel that you don't want it, send it back at our expense (our representatives give you same guarantee).

Here are five good reasons why your Heater should be equipped with a JEWELL CONTROLLER with Time Clock Attachment.

In the first place: it costs you nothing to prove or disprove everything we say of it. Our 30 days FREE TRIAL enables you to know exactly the value of the Jewell to you before you pay for it. A Jewell lasts a lifetime.

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Send for our booklet, "The House Comfortable," prices and full particulars regarding 30 day's free trial.

Tear off the Coupon, fill in and mail to-day

THE JEWELL MFG. CO.,

19 Green Street, Auburn, N. Y.



Vapo-Cresolene
(ESTABLISHED 1879)
for Whooping Cough
Croup, Sore Throat
Coughs, Bronchitis
Colds, Diphtheria
Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

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Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

For Sale By All Druggists.

Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York
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**Change Your Coat
Collar in an Instant**

ready for storm or sun. In rough weather you protect your lungs, your throat, your shoulders, your neck, by closing the "chinks" that let in pneumonia, bronchitis and rheumatism. Just turn up your Presto Collar and it keeps you safe. When the weather has less bite, you just turn Presto down and you are ready for the sun.

The Presto Collar is so simple that someone ought to have thought of it before—but nobody did. It is an invention that is fast sending the old-fashioned overcoat collar to the rear. It is on the coats made by America's best clothes makers, who insist upon style for all their products. The Presto is smooth and graceful without even a hint of bulk or a lack of neatness.

The Presto label is on every coat having a Presto Collar. If you don't find it, don't buy an overcoat or a raincoat until you get a Presto-scope, which will show you by moving pictures what the Presto Collar is and why it is best.

Don't put it off,— send now for the FREE Presto-scope. Please give us the name of your dealer.

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Many dainty dishes can be prepared in a chafing dish.

Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



CREX
Grass Furniture

Xmas Gift for Your Husband

Any man would be delighted to have a CREX chair, and if you want to give him a real merry Christmas, give him something for

his comfort—something that will last.

From our list of over 400 original designs of

CREX GRASS FURNITURE

you can select just the gift for man or woman, and at an attractive price.

Carried by all best Furniture Shops.

Ask for "CREX-EASE" cushions.

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Booklet No. 17.

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Sole Manufacturers

Glendale, Long Island

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One Xmas Gift must be
a Box of

Keyler's
Candies

The Masterpiece of the
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The Candy of Character

ON THE CHARACTER OF CANDY
DEPENDS ITS FITNESS FOR

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Karpen Pieces for Christmas Presents

You cannot think of a more acceptable Christmas present than Karpen Trademarked and Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture.

A chair either in leather or fabric, a library table, a davenport, a lounge, one of the new Karpen davenport beds, or a Karpen suite is an ideal Christmas gift—one to remind the recipient of the giver year after year, and to afford pleasure and satisfaction through a lifetime.

Karpen furniture is the only trademarked and guaranteed upholstered furniture in the world—the only upholstered furniture that bears the maker's name.



This trademark stands for everything the furniture is represented to be, inside as well as out. It means the finest materials, perfect construction and finish—Karpen oil tempered steel springs, the kind specified by the United States Government—hair filling instead of excelsior—Karpen Sterling Leather, the tough natural grain outside of the hide instead of split leather so commonly used.

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For the same money that is asked for the nameless, unguaranteed kind, you can have genuine Karpen furniture. You



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Send for the Karpen Free Style Book MD

It tells you facts that every furniture buyer should know; how to judge furniture, and to protect yourself from fraud.

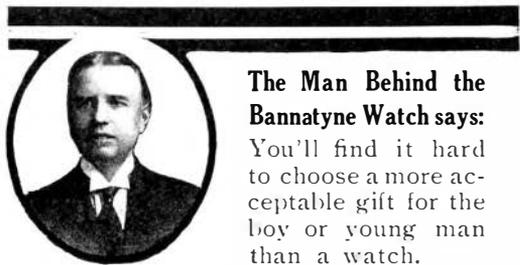
72 pages—a foot and four inches deep, and nearly a foot wide—show over 500 illustrations of Karpen pieces, all made from actual photographs. The book contains many full page interiors drawn for us by leading decorators, giving you ideas for furnishing your own home.

With the free book we will give you the name of a dealer authorized to make you a special introductory price. Write today. (21)

S. Karpen & Bros.

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1,829 Karpen pieces have been used in furnishing the new U. S. Senate office building throughout. Karpen Furniture was specified in competition with manufacturers everywhere.



The Man Behind the Bannatyne Watch says:

You'll find it hard to choose a more acceptable gift for the boy or young man than a watch.

And you'll find it impossible to find a better one for the money than the

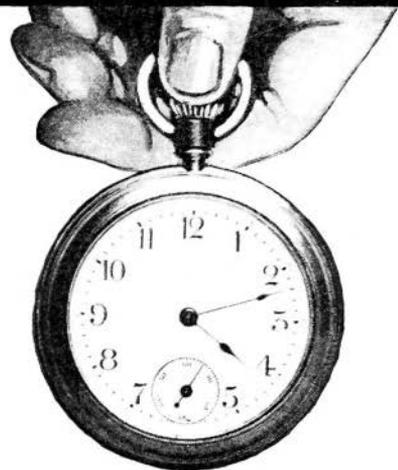
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NOT a cheap "near-watch" like most low-priced timepieces, but a *real* watch that no one need be ashamed to carry. The most durable, most accurate and easiest winding watch ever produced for the price. Built strictly on watch principles with many special features found in no other low-priced watch, such as:

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Ask your jeweler or watch maker about the BANNATYNE or send for our free booklet, "A Timekeeper Ahead of the Times." If your dealer doesn't carry the BANNATYNE, we will mail it postpaid on receipt of price.

Nickel, \$1.50; Gun Metal or Gilt, \$1.60
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**BURROWES BILLIARD
AND POOL TABLES**

\$1.00 DOWN

Puts into your home any Table worth from \$6 to \$15. \$2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, etc., free.

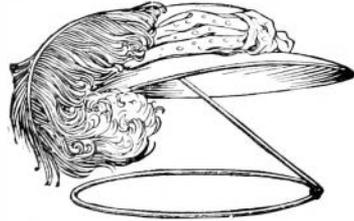
BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write to-day for catalogue.

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Latest Christmas Novelty



Ladies' Hat Rest

Preserves the hat—suited to any hat. Supplying a need felt by every lady. Keeps hat off dusty surface and preserves shape and feathers or other trimmings. A **practical everyday necessity** for every woman. Don't place your hat on the dusty surface of the table—or hang it on the hat rack to be knocked off on the floor.



Open for use.



Folded for mailing or packing.

This novel patented Hat Rest is made of strong steel wire, nickel plated and highly polished. Can be **adjusted to any height** to suit any shaped hat, no matter how the styles may change. Can be placed on any surface or hung in closet. Fits in any hat box.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

especially when wound and trimmed with satin ribbon.

A special advantage of this Hat Rest is that it can be **folded up** to pack in trunk or to send through the mails as a present to a friend.

PRICE Nickel Plated (postpaid) 25 cents, or trimmed with satin ribbon (any color desired) 60 cents, postpaid.

Agents will find these Hat Rests great sellers, especially for the Christmas trade. Write us for special terms to Agents, Stores or Church Fairs.

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Established Thirty-one Years.

For the exclusive treatment of cancer and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths (except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs, and the thoracic cavity),

With the Escharotic Method
(without resorting to surgical procedure).

Ask your family physician to make a personal investigation. This institution is conducted upon a strictly ethical basis. Complete information given upon request. Address,

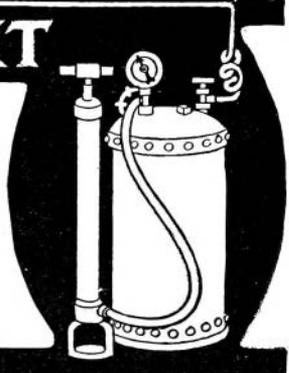
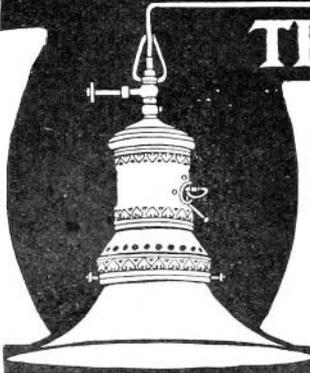
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Has been so successful it is widely imitated, but has never been equalled. Enables you to own your own gas plant which operates any number of lights. Pure white light, 100 to 1000 candle power. Casts no shadow. Odorless, greaseless, smokeless. Absolutely safe. Cheaper than any other form of lighting. Best for Homes, Stores, Hotels, Churches, etc. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted everywhere. Write for catalog, now.

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6 Months' Guarantee

goes with every pair of "NF 10" Shoe Laces. That's the quickest way of saying "NF 10" are the strongest and longest-wearing shoe laces ever made.

"NF 10" Shoe Laces

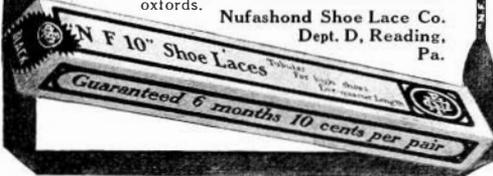
are made of highest-grade long-fibre Sea Island cotton, especially processed; and are tipped with exclusive patented tips that are fast in color and won't come off.

Every pair in a sealed box, with the 6 months' guarantee printed on it. That, and the patented tips, with "NF 10" stamped on them, protect you against imitations.

10 cents per pair—black and tan. Four lengths for men's and women's high shoes—36, 40, 45, 54 inches. At all shoe and dry-goods stores, and haberdashers.

If your dealer hasn't "NF 10" we'll send them on receipt of price. Write us anyway for illustrated booklet which shows our complete line of shoe laces, including our patented Nufashond for oxfords.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. D, Reading, Pa.



Double-Wear Silk Hose

Why wear "ordinary" hosiery when you can have durable silk at practically the same price?

Double-Wear Silk Hose

are guaranteed *pure silk*. They are seamless, and will outwear other silk hose because the toes, heels and garter tops are durable, mercerized cotton, *knit into the stocking*. This greatly reduces the chance of a thread pulling out through the entire length of the stocking if a break is started. Dyed with fast vegetable dyes that will not rot the thread.

Direct to you by Mail

Men's Double-Wear Silk Hose
all colors, 3 pairs \$1.50

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Write to-day for these elegant, splendid-wearing stockings, stating size and color. Send money by registered letter or money order and we will ship the stockings direct to you by return mail. If, upon receipt of the stockings, you are not perfectly satisfied, you are privileged to return them, and we will cheerfully refund your money.

DOUBLE-WEAR HOSIERY MILLS
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MEN'S
3 PAIRS
\$1.50

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3 PAIRS
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Christmas Stockings

Peck & Peck

are now receiving from Paris and London very smart Hosiery, for Men, Women and Children, purchased especially for Christmas presents.

Peck & Peck

have for Men very acceptable presents. Sets of sox and scarfs, 18 different combinations. The sox are shaded silk mixtures, also plain colors, with pure silk scarfs. Sets for \$1.00.

Peck & Peck

have sox with hand made clocking and scarfs, handsome colorings, \$2.00 a set. Also pure silk sox with and without cotton soles, ties to match perfectly. \$3.00 to \$8.00 a set.

SPECIAL

Pure Shot Silk Rib, 12 combinations, \$3.75.

Peck & Peck

recommend their popular SEA-ISLAND cotton stockings, for comfort and durability. They are almost as handsome as Pure Silk. They carry them in all colors, for Men, Women and Children, and cannot be had elsewhere.

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carry all grades, and for Christmas presents will sell finest FRENCH HAND MADE SILK STOCKINGS, value from \$8.00 to \$15.00 a pair. Special price \$7.00 a pair.

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CUTICURA
Soap and Ointment

The constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment, not only preserves, purifies and beautifies the skin, scalp, hair and hands of infants, children and adults, but tends to prevent clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, black heads, inflammation, irritation, redness and roughness, and other unsightly and annoying conditions.

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Post-free, 32-page Cuticura Book, an Authority on the Care and Treatment of Skin and Hair.



**Banish Pain
Vanish Strain**

If jangled nerves and aching head follow the stress of shopping or social duties, try

MENTHOLATED VASELINE

IN CONVENIENT, SANITARY,
PURE TIN TUBES

(Contain No Lead)

Rub the forehead with this scientific combination of Menthol and Vaseline, and the head becomes clear. Away go dull ache and neuralgia's twinging pain. Carry a tube in your shopping or vanity bag.

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It tells you what each preparation is specially good for, and how it should be used to gain immediate relief.

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PERFECTION OF PURITY AND PERFUME

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Of Dainty Women and Well-Groomed Men Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is acknowledged to be the most delightful and meritorious of all toilet accessories. The results which it accomplishes, its unvarying quality, its absolute freedom from harmful ingredients, and the fact that it never becomes rancid, have given it this international recognition of superiority.

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Its daily use is the best evidence of its remarkable value in getting rid of chaps, roughness, blemishes and other complexion disturbances, in preventing the formation of premature wrinkles and in preserving unimpaired the softness and beauty of a perfect complexion. As a Hygienic Clean-up after exposure to wind, dust and the grime of travel D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream, applied with a hot, wet cloth, quickly cleanses the pores and leaves the skin soft, clear and supple. Jars 50c. up. Traveler's tubes 10c. up. Sold everywhere.

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Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for position marked "X."

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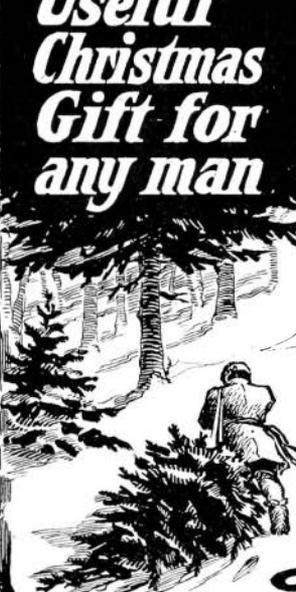
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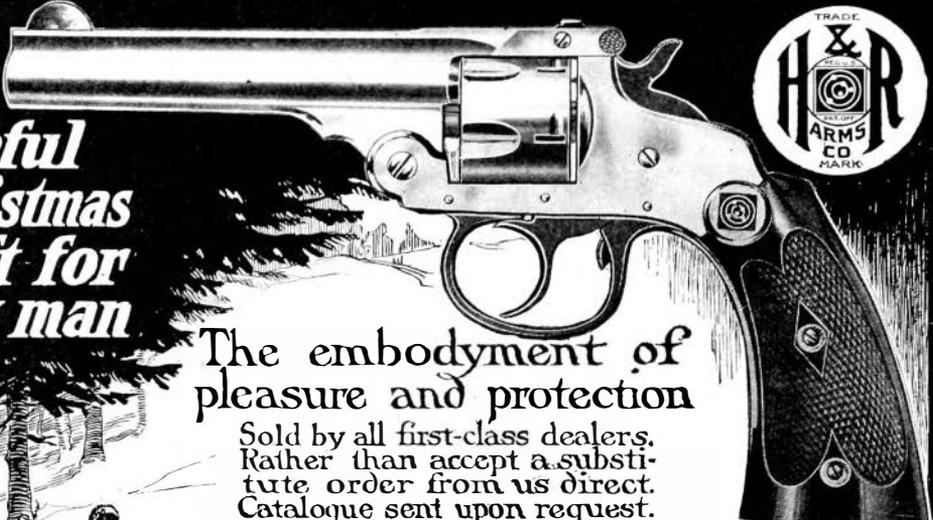
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WITH TARGET GRIP (AS ILLUSTRATED)
5 BARREL \$8.00
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Macbeth Pearl Glass is the only kind of glass that would ever be used for lamp-chimneys if every maker considered his interests identical with those of the user.

It is only the user's interests, however, that you have to consider.

See that my name, Macbeth, is on the lamp-chimneys you buy, and they won't break from heat.

One quality; to get the correct size and shape for any burner, have my lamp book. Free. Address

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2000 Weight Furniture with Diamond Velvet Castors Will Not Mar the Finest Floors

NO scratched, unsightly, shabby floors—no tugging and straining at moving or cleaning time. With Diamond Velvet Castors on your furniture a child can move your piano or any heavy piece with perfect ease.

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Send 75 Cents for a Sample Set and give your dealer's name. If you are not convinced that they are the only castors worth using — your money will be refunded.

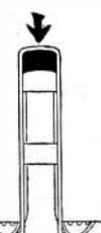
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Pounds on Your If Equipped Castors Will




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NONE JUSTAS GOOD

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Now, I want to make you that very offer—with this exception—that I don't want you to pay for the cigars until after you've smoked the ten. *Here is my offer in full as I've stated it for seven years.*

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers Panatelas on approval to a reader of Munsey's Magazine, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

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Every cigar is made right here in my own factory (and it is not a small affair, but a full size business building in the business heart of Philadelphia), and I know that the filler is *all* clean straight long Havana grown on the island of Cuba, and the wrapper genuine Sumatra, the cigars are hand made by skilled workmen in a clean, sanitary factory. That's why I know that my cigars will stand this offer.

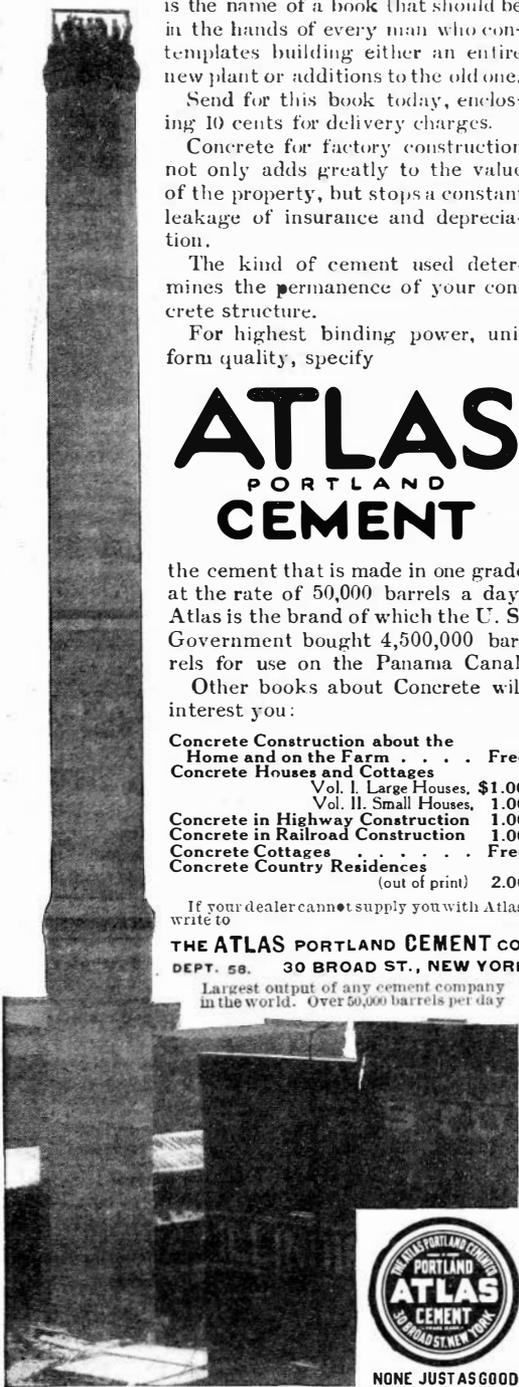
In ordering, please enclose business card or send personal references, and state which you prefer—light, medium or dark cigars.

MY BOOK FREE—it tells a lot of things about tobacco, cigars and smoking in general that every man should know. Write for it.

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are "thoroughbreds." The K & H trade mark is positive assurance of good value. It insures service, finished workmanship, exclusive design.

Our sterling handles are extra heavy, and we use only Virgin Color Gold,—richest color,—and guarantee all our handles to give satisfaction.

Ask for umbrellas bearing the K & H mark on handle, rib or crown. If no dealer near you handles K & H Umbrellas, tell us and we will see you are supplied.

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Here is a self-playing musical instrument whose tones are never harsh, never scratchy, never tiresome, but always marvelously sweet and mellow.

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make it easy for anyone to own a Mira. You can enjoy it while paying only a little at a time, if you choose.

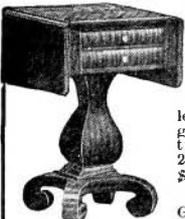
Just send us your name on a post card for our free catalog showing all styles and prices of the Mira. Address Dept. G.



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FOR CHRISTMAS

Send for Bishop's Free "Gift Booklet"



"Prisella" Sewing Table

of the finest material throughout and will give a life-time of comfort and satisfaction. Rockers of equal quality sell elsewhere for \$50.

"Mine Own Little Christmas Ideas" contains a special selection of 175 articles which have proved extremely popular for Christmas gifts. We show three of them here.

\$19.50 buys this Genuine Mahogany Sewing Table. It has drop leaves and two drawers with either wood, glass or brass knobs. Has removable trays and five compartments. Height, 28 inches. Size of top, 35 x 18 inches. A \$30 gift for only \$19.50.

Large luxurious Genuine Turkish Leather **\$29.75** Rocker. Made high grade. Made



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\$13.50 buys this handsome Mozart Music Cabinet in Golden Oak, or \$15.00 in Genuine Mahogany or Walnut. It has French legs, hand carved feet, graceful roll edge, adjustable shelves, and drawer fitted with wood, glass or brass knobs. Height, 28 inches. Width, 20 inches. A \$20.00 gift for \$13.50.



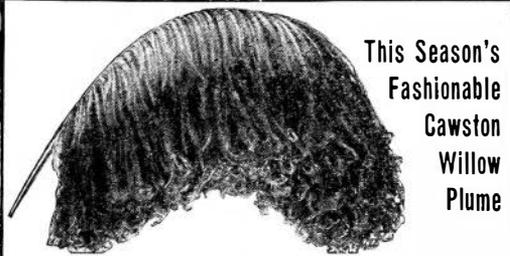
"Mozart" Music Cabinet

Bishop's Book of Correct Furniture Styles illustrates and describes in detail over 1000 designs of dependable furniture—has color plates of artistically furnished rooms in "Period" and "Modern" styles. It tells how you save one-third in buying direct. While this Book costs \$1.50 to publish we mail it to those interested in fine furniture on receipt of 25c. In stamps, which may be deducted from your first purchase.

We ship ON APPROVAL and PREPAY FREIGHT to all points east of the Mississippi river and north of the Tennessee line, allowing freight that far to points beyond.

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This Season's Fashionable Cawston Willow Plume

Made entirely of male bird feathers. 15 inches long, in black, **\$7.50**. White or colors, \$1.00 extra.

We deliver free and return your money if not pleased.

Cawston Ostrich Feathers

First Prizes at World's Expositions

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Your Old Feathers Are Valuable

Send them to us and we will make them over into willow plumes.

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CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM
P. O. BOX 31, SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

In Our
Special
Holiday
Boxes



At Regular
Price
Fifty Cents

Make the most beautiful and practical holiday gift. Three strikingly artistic cover designs by the famous artist, Leon Moran. The subjects are—"Fair Rosamond"—"Bachelor Girl"—"Lady in Yellow."

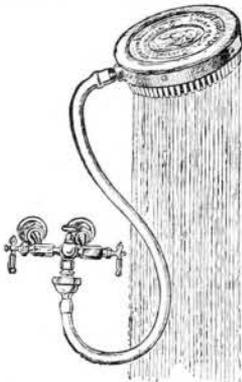
☐ President Suspenders are the most popular with all men for their long-wearing and comfort-giving qualities and their exclusive designs. In these new boxes they are the best gifts you can possibly decide upon for men.

☐ Made in light-weight lisle for office and dress wear. Medium weight for ordinary wear. Extra lengths for tall men. Also youth's size.

Makers' guarantee on every pair. Buy today. At all dealers. Or order from us. We mail direct to any address. Presentation card enclosed if you wish.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
1762 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

The 1916 President Suspender Calendar has all three box designs, with Poinsettia flower cover panel (size 7x15) carrying the calendar. Art panels contain no advertising. Beautiful for den or living room decoration or for narrow spaces. Send 25c. for it.



The Knickerbocker Spraybrush

MADE OF RUBBER in place of bristles—carries clean water directly to the skin through countless tiny teeth-tubes—gives a practical shower bath—nothing so fine for massaging—has detachable handle and flexible back—aluminum connection guaranteed to fit any faucet.

There is nothing "just as good" as the Knickerbocker. It is different and better—correct in principle and perfect in construction—nothing will cleanse the pores so thoroughly. Nothing can compare with it.

For Bath, Shampoo and Massage

Supplied in five styles—\$1.50 to \$3.50. Sold at drug, department, hardware, plumbing and rubber goods stores. **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK.** Write for free descriptive booklet.

THE PROGRESS COMPANY, 712 Rand-McNally Bldg., Chicago

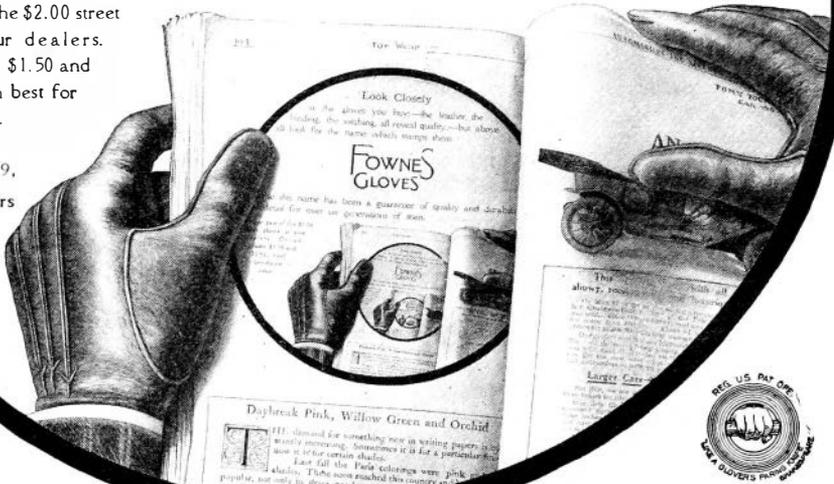
Look Closely
at the gloves you buy;—the leather, the binding, the stitching, all reveal quality,—but above all look for the name which stamps them

FOWNES GLOVES

because this name has been a guarantee of quality and durability in every detail for over six generations of men.

Try one pair of the \$2.00 street gloves at your dealers. Other grades, \$1.50 and \$2.50, each best for the price.

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The World's Standard—Choice of Champion Skaters for over 50 years.

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Easiest to adjust—Smoothest running and the fastest and the finest skates that skill and science can produce. Please send for our new illustrated catalogues. They are free. Kindly state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

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Winslow's skates stay sharp longest.



(Actual Size)

Send for this special Christmas sample to-day, enclosing 5c., and write to our American Offices

WOULD YOU PAY 5c. FOR THIS LARGE SAMPLE?

For Christmas

Ed. Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal

Makes a delightful gift. It is an exquisite perfume, used for handkerchief, atomizer and bath, and is acceptable to all women and men of refinement.

Send for the sample to-day, enclosing 5c. (to pay postage and packing). Try it and then buy a large bottle from any first-class drug or department store.

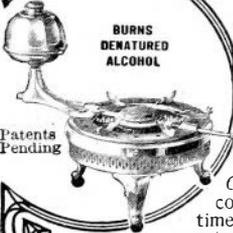
Price 75c. per bottle (6 oz.)

We have put up for the holiday trade a limited quantity of this fragrant preparation, one bottle in a box. Order early from your dealer.

ED. PINAUD'S Lilac embodies the very heart of the living blossom—it is exquisitely delicate and lasting.

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Patents Pending

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That's exactly what you can do with the Manning-Bowman Alcohol Gas Stove. Has no end of cooking uses. Ready any time of day or night. Can be carried anywhere. The

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Alcohol Gas Stove

is not merely for cooking small dishes; you can cook a *dinner* on it. Makes its own gas from denatured alcohol. Quick, clean, handy.

Costs a little over one cent an hour to operate. Made with single or double burners. Real Manning-Bowman Quality through and through—the very best. Many utensils to match, from Cutlet Dish to Coffee Percolator, singly or complete with the stove. Dealers everywhere. Write for booklet "AM-18"

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., MERIDEN, CONN.
Makers of "Eclipse" Bread Mixers and "Meteor" Coffee Percolators.



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Cut Glass of Rare Beauty

"Clark" Cut Glass has for 25 years been popular among dealers and collectors because of its exquisite patterns, depth of cutting and color.

The newest "Clark" design, "Rose," may now be had in various articles. It is of striking beauty, rich in its delicacy; one of the most impressive ever made.

When selecting cut glass gifts ask for

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Cut Glass

The name "Clark" is stamped on every article. An arrow points it out. The name is a guarantee of perfect workmanship.

If your dealer does not sell "Clark" Cut Glass, send for illustrated booklet, showing new and exclusive designs in this famous ware.

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INCANDESCENT KEROSENE OIL LAMP BURNER

THE SAXONIA



Lights same as any lamp and produces gas off the top of the wick, a fine white light. Burns one-third oil of ordinary lamp; gives three times light. One-fifth cost of gas, one-tenth cost of electricity. Pays for itself. Imported chimney and mantle of extra strength with burner complete for \$3, express paid. Money refunded if not as represented. **Boildret free.**

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Don't pay big profits—on your Diamonds—

Buy direct from Importers

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All 14K settings.



Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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The Syracuse "EASY" washer has proved its claim to greatest duration in service, because it is made of steel, greatest saving of labor and fabric, because it's frictionless. Try it for 30 days on everything washable in the house at our expense. A postal card will get our booklet worth dollars in every family.



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So confident am I that simply wearing it will permanently remove all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit. When you see your shapeliness speedily returning I know you will buy it.

Try it at my expense. Write to-day.

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Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE **MENDETS** PATENT PATCH



They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, granite, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; three million in use. Send for sample pkg., 1c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 142, Amsterdam, N. Y.

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Our ties are 50c and 70c retail value and are made in the newest styles from silk woven on "Our own Looms" and are sold direct from "Weaver to Wearer" for

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Our "Cambridge," a full, flowing end-four-in-hand, shown here, comes in stripes or figured effects in various color combinations. A neat, serviceable tie that is

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which means money instantly refunded if you do not want the ties. Every half-dozen packed in a handsome holiday box. When ordering ties, state color preference, stripe or figure and collar size.

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Send money order, check or five cent stamps.
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Made Happy

If they have worms, give

Dr. DANIELS WORM EXPELLER

Sure, safe & satisfactory. At any dealer's, or by mail, 50 cents. Book on Dog and Cat free.

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Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

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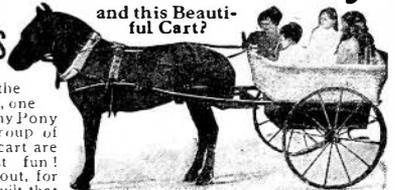
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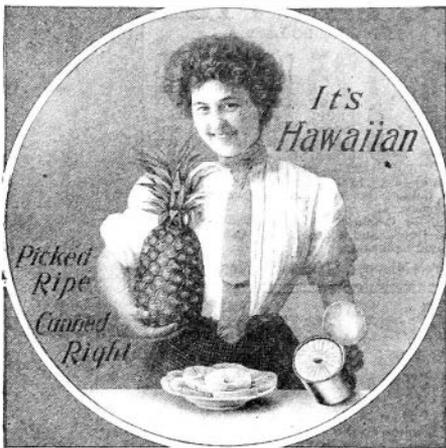


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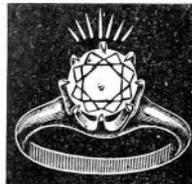


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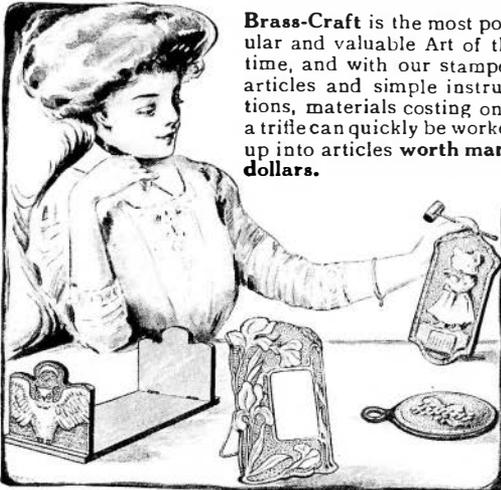
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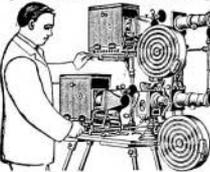
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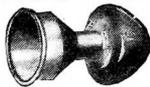
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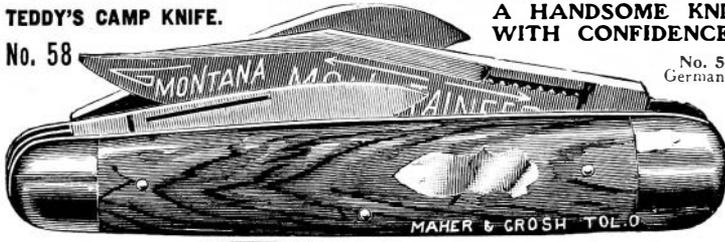
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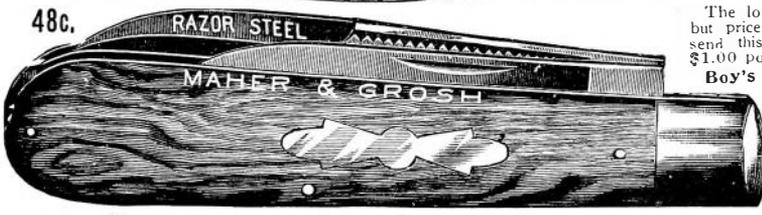
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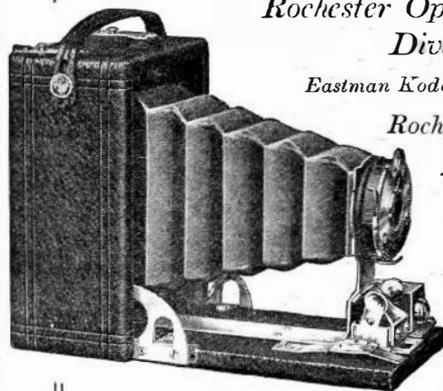
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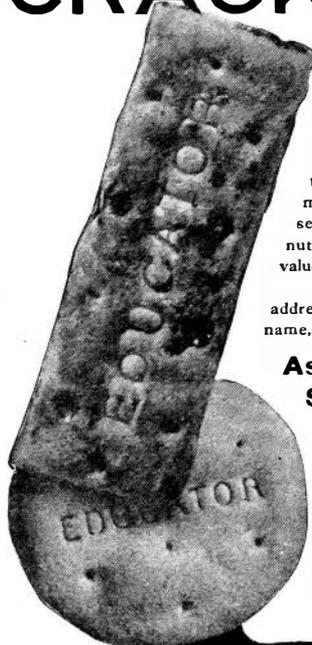
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Richardson & Boynton Co.'s Fresh Warm Air Heaters
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ESTABLISHED 1837
Manufacturers of Heating Apparatus

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON



For Christmas

No other gift presents such possibilities for pleasure and healthful sport. Every boy and girl is entitled to this longed-for gift. Make your young friends supremely happy by buying for them

Barney & Berry Skates

Sold by hardware and sporting goods dealers everywhere. Write for copy of our

Complete Catalog—
It's Free

It gives Hockey Rules and tells how to construct an Ice Rink.



BARNEY & BERRY

Makers of Ice and Roller Skates

97 Broad St., Springfield, Mass.

**ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE
IMPOSSIBLE**



The Iver Johnson is the only revolver that is worthy of the name "Safety."

It simply can't go off until the trigger is deliberately pulled.

It can be safely dropped, thrown against a wall, or you can

Hammer the Hammer

It won't go off. When you pull the trigger, it shoots straight and hits hard.

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Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
Richly nickered, 3-in. bbl., 22 rim-fire, 32 center-fire, or 3 1/4 in. 38 center-fire cartridge **\$6**

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
Richly nickered, 3-inch barrel, 32 centre-fire, or 3 1/4 inch 38 centre-fire cartridge, **\$7**

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 161 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street
San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

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Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss-Bridge Bicycles



**At
Christmas
Time**

be especially careful to guard against inferior articles and substitutes. To get the best, all-around revolver, simply ask for the

**IVER
JOHNSON
Safety
Automatic Revolver**

And to be sure that it IS a genuine Iver Johnson, look for the Owl's Head on the grip

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42 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Farm Lien Securities

Interest, 6%

Among all the bonds that we handle, there are none so attractive to men who know, as Irrigation bonds.

These are among the reasons :

Irrigation bonds are secured by first liens on the most fertile farm lands in America.

The liens are given by individual land owners in payment for water rights. The water immediately multiplies the land's value. The first crop from the land will usually pay the whole lien, and sometimes by several times over.

The liens are conservative. Bonds are rarely issued to more than one-fourth the land's value.

The liens are paid off in annual installments, so the indebtedness constantly decreases.

The bonds are additionally secured by a first mortgage on all the property which the Irrigation Company owns. So we have a corporation, with large interests at stake, to guard against any delinquencies.

The demand for irrigated land, because of its enormous fertility, greatly exceeds the supply. Irrigation projects are profitable; and, if rightly conducted, are free from risk. So there is great demand for money to help finance these projects, and six per cent is paid to obtain it.

\$100—\$500—\$1,000

Irrigation bonds are issued in series, some due in two years, some in twelve years, some due every year between. One may make long-time or short-time investments. Every bond paid off increases the security back of the rest.

They are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, so they appeal to both small investors and large.

Irrigation bonds have become the most popular bonds that we handle. They are the safest six per cent bonds that we know.

Some Are Municipal

Some Irrigation bonds are issued by organized districts, the same as School bonds. Such bonds form a tax lien on all the taxable property in the community. They form a high grade of municipal security.

Other Irrigation bonds are issued under the "Carey Act." Such projects, until they are completed and turned over to settlers, are under the constant supervision of the State Engineer and State Land Board.

Behind every Irrigation bond that we handle there is ample and ideal security.

Six Per Cent

Irrigation bonds pay six per cent interest. That is a higher rate than can now be obtained on any large class of bonds based on equal security.

73 Issues Sold

In the past 15 years we have sold 73 separate issues of Drainage and Irrigation bonds, based on farm lien security. Not a dollar of loss has resulted to any investor.

We are now the largest dealers in bonds of this class. We have our own engineers and attorneys to pass on every detail. An officer of our Company constantly resides in the irrigated sections, watching the projects we finance.

Because of these facilities we get our pick of these bonds. There are very few issues which are not offered to us.

We have now written a book based on all this experience. It will give you a clear idea of all that pertains to Irrigation and Irrigation bonds. Every investor, small or large, owes to himself its perusal. The book will be sent on request.

January Investments

For January investors we have on hand 100 varieties of bonds. They include Municipal, Public Utility, Water Power, Corporation and Irrigation Bonds. Please ask for our list. Cut out this reminder so you won't forget.

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Trowbridge & Niver Co.

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Trowbridge & Niver Co.

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Please send your free book on Irrigation Bonds
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Name _____

City _____ State _____

Name of my bank _____ 617

THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC

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HARRIS, WINTHROP & Co.

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Ormont's Camphor Ice protects your complexion against cold weather injury, relieves chapped skin, promotes a clear ruddy glow to the cheeks and an exquisite satiny softness.

We want you to know for yourself its comfort and value by trying it at our expense.

A large sample sent absolutely free if you will mention the name and address of a druggist with whom you deal.

ORMONT CHEMICAL CO., Dept. M
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Feel-Fine Air Heels

FOR ALL WHO WALK

From one of the greatest living Medical Scientists :

“Concussion conveyed to the spine from walking on modern pavements is the cause of a majority of cases of Nervous Prostration.”

Avoid this by wearing our Shock-Absorbers. Attached by Wearer.

At Department Stores and best Dealers, including all stores operated by Regal Shoe Co., Emerson Shoe Co., Crawford Shoemakers, Inc., Hanan & Son; or four pair by mail on receipt of \$1.00 and size of shoes. Money refunded if not more than satisfied.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co.
 371 Asylum Street
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**25c
 Per Pair**



Here's the Reason



Make This a
REED & BARTON
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by selecting all your gifts of Reed & Barton Silver from a Reed & Barton Jeweler.

It will reflect your own good taste and be a pretty compliment to the recipients.

For Reed & Barton Silver gives enduring satisfaction. It is substantial in weight, uncommon in design and faultless in workmanship.

Reed & Barton productions rarely win in a competition of prices. They are not advertised or put forward because cheapest. Nor are they sold in every kind of a shop. They are obtainable only in the better jewelry stores.

Hence a gift of Reed & Barton Silver, either Sterling or high grade plate, is the more choice and desirable.

So make this a Reed & Barton Christmas.

Reed & Barton

Established 1824

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

Factories:

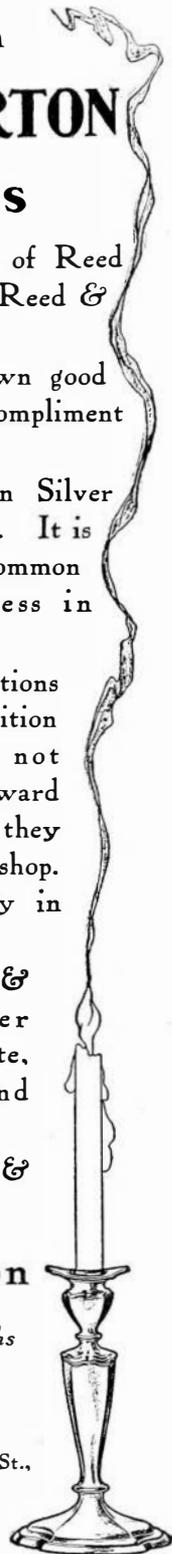
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will not bulge because the lower end of the bosom
is detached from the body of the shirt and will
slide down outside the trouser band. **\$2.00**

Send for booklet, "Proper Dress." CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, Makers of Arrow Collars, 433 River Street, Troy, N.Y.

The Gift That Brings Real Christmas Cheer



This crystal Glass Humidor, filled with PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO, is the ideal Yule-Tide Gift for men.

The humidor—a real necessity for Smoking Table or Den—preserves the delicate fragrance and exquisite flavor found in this famously good tobacco.

Prince Albert Tobacco DOES NOT BITE THE TONGUE

It is prepared under the process discovered in making experiments to produce the most delightful and wholesome tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette Smokers. Process patented July 30th, 1907.

Our printed authority to dealers to refund money for PRINCE ALBERT Tobacco, if not satisfactory, is placed in every 2 oz. cau, and 1 oz. bag.

Be sure of getting this tobacco by placing orders with your dealer to-day for delivery when desired, or use coupon below.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Dept. B.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Add 25c. for Express when ordered shipped West of Mississippi River

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company (Dept. B)
Winston-Salem, N. C.:

Enclosed find \$1.00, for which please ship, with my greetings, to the address, and on the date written below. One Crystal Glass Humidor and Pound of PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO, by express, charges prepaid.

Ship on..... of..... 1909

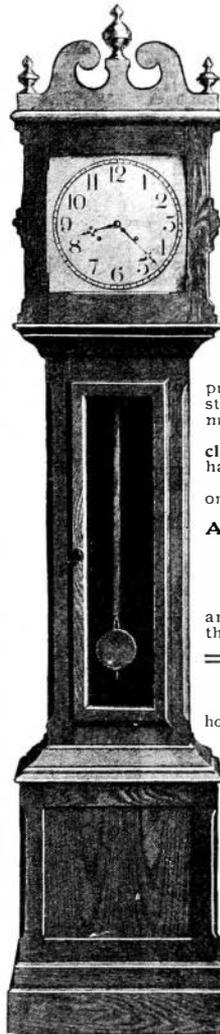
To.....

Address..... State.....

(My name is)..... Address.....

An Elegant Christmas Present THIS HANDSOME HALL CLOCK

\$28.80 Sent, freight prepaid, on receipt of price, to any point in the U. S.



Constructed of polished cherry, mahoganized, or polished, selected oak.

Hall Clocks have heretofore ranged in price from \$80.00 to \$1,000.00.

We will sell this beautiful Colonial timepiece, exactly like photograph, directly into American homes, charges prepaid, from our factory at the

**LOW PRICE OF
\$28.80**

Partial Payment Plan. If you prefer to pay for this clock by installments, remit us \$8, and \$3 per month for eight months.

Up to the present time a first-class hall clock at a popular price has been unknown.

An ornament to any room, hall or staircase.

An appropriate birthday, wedding or Xmas gift.

(File order early.)

A hall clock is a treasure for any home. It lends a dignity to the home.

DESCRIPTION.

Constructed of polished cherry, mahoganized or polished selected oak.

Size—Height 7½ feet. Width 19 inches. Depth 11 inches.

Ornaments—Top ornaments, brass, polished and lacquered.

Doors—French crystal.

Dial—12½ in. square, black Arabic figures.

Movement—Our standard heavy brass 8 day movement. Polished brass visible pendulum. Strikes hours and half hours, on soft-toned gong.

Each clock is guaranteed for 10 years. State if oak or mahoganized cherry is wanted.

We refer to any commercial agency. Remit to

ITHACA CALENDAR CLOCK CO.,
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Established 1865.

Makers of the world-renowned Ithaca Calendar Clocks. If interested in Calendar Clocks send for catalogue.

CIGARS for XMAS on FREE TRIAL

**Our Unique Holiday Idea
"Made Expressly for Mr. ———"**

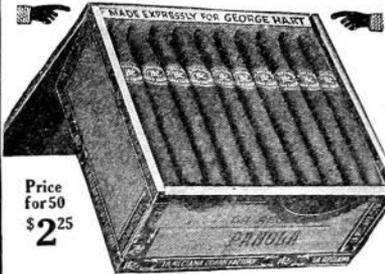
See Box Illustrated

No gift is more appropriate or acceptable than a box of GOOD cigars, and the easiest, safest and surest way to get the RIGHT cigars is—BY MAIL—directly from our factory at strictly wholesale prices. OUR FREE TRIAL OFFER is a guarantee of satisfaction and an assurance of the highest quality and finest workmanship, which is of vital importance at this, the Christmas buying season.

We highly recommend the La Reclama Panola. This cigar, which is being enjoyed by thousands of particular men, is hand-made in the size and shape here illustrated. It has a long Havana filler wrapped with the finest quality of imported Sumatra and is a mild, delicious, fragrant cigar, which will burn evenly with a firm white ash.

Our Free Trial Offer: Write the request on your business letter head and we will ship our cigars to you on free trial. If they please you, as we are sure they will, send payment within ten days. However, you reserve the privilege of smoking five or six samples at our expense and returning the balance of the cigars, expressage collect, should you not care to consider the shipment a purchase.

Our Special Holiday Feature: To emphasize the care with which you selected the purchase so that your gift will be exceptionally impressive, we will neatly imprint on the box the name of the man to whom the cigars are to be presented "MADE EXPRESSLY FOR MR. ———." See illustration. This special packing places a new value on cigars as Christmas gifts, making them doubly acceptable.



Price for 50
\$2.25

OUR FREE TRIAL OFFER enables you to order cigars from us with the greatest of confidence, knowing that they must represent a product of the highest type in quality and workmanship. Furthermore, we are the largest manufacturers selling cigars exclusively—BY MAIL—from factory to smoker direct and by thus eliminating the profits and expenses of jobbers, salesmen and retail dealers OUR CUSTOMERS ENJOY A SAVING OF FIFTY PER CENT.

OUR CHRISTMAS BOOKLET sent free on request places before you in exact sizes and in natural colors, handsomely packed for Holiday gifts, a variety of cigars at various prices. By making La Reclama cigars your general gift this year you can cut your Holiday Remembrance bill in two without any sacrifice in quality or quantity.

Write to us today

Exact size 4 1/2 in. long

La Reclama Cuban Factory
E. H. RIDGEWAY President
CIGARS from MAKER to SMOKER by MAIL Inc.
Est. 1875

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Rieger's "Flower Drops"

THREE MARK REGISTERED

An Ideal Christmas Gift

Fifty times the strength of ordinary perfume. Real flower perfumes in the most possible concentrated form. Free from alcohol. The finest perfume science ever produced. One drop diffuses the odor of thousands of blossoms and lasts for weeks. A dainty Christmas, Birthday or Wedding Gift.

Four odors—Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Crab Apple. Bottle with long glass stopper from which to drop the perfume. Put up in polished, turned maple box. Packed ready to mail. Money refunded if this is not the finest perfume you ever used.

\$1.40 a Bottle—At Druggists or Mail.
Send Check, stamps, or money order or currency.

PAUL RIEGER, 135 First St., San Francisco.
Sample free if you mention THE SCRAP BOOK.

The Rapid

"BUILT FOR BUSINESS"

You can make from \$100 to \$500 a week with one of these cars. Facts and figures mailed free.

RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO., 5 SAGINAW ST., PONTIAC, MICH.

THE LITTLE WIZARD BOOK MARK

AN Index Finger which Automatically Marks the Open Place in Closing Book AT ANY PART. Neat, simple, durable, harmless.

SAMPLE 50c
Agents Wanted
SAWYER CO.
10 Summer Street Boston, Mass.

FOR CHRISTMAS

WHITE SAPPHIRES

\$5 Per Carat

As brilliant as the Diamond. The next hardest substance. Guaranteed to never show any wear. Send for booklet of Gold Mountings, etc.

WM. COMERFORD, 26 S. Division St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

“Onyx” Hosiery



A HOLIDAY GIFT of “ONYX” HOSIERY has a deeper meaning than the mere observance of a well established custom.

The giver implies through the “ONYX” quality that “Nothing but the Best” is good enough for Friends.

Some very excellent qualities for Men, Women and Children have been specially put up in attractive holiday boxes at attractive prices.

The entire range of “ONYX” Hosiery, be they of Cotton, Lisle, Silklisle, or Pure Thread Silk for Men, Women and Children will be on sale at the foremost shops in the United States, and we counsel those who desire to provide their friends with a gift of three-fold value—Sensible, Practical, Beautiful—to select for their medium the “ONYX” Brand of Hosiery.

Any hose at whatever Quality, Color, Fabric or Price, bearing the “ONYX” stamp is the best that money will buy. A few well-known “ONYX” numbers are described below.

Our new “DUB-L TOP” Our new “WYDE TOP” Our new “DOUBLEX QUALITY”

FOR WOMEN

E 960—Women's “ONYX” Black “DUB-L TOP” Cobweb Lisle—resists the ravages of the Garter Clasp. 50c per pair

409 K—Women's “ONYX” “DUB-L TOP” Black, White and Tan Silklisle—double sole, spliced heel. Feels and looks like Silk, wears better. 50c per pair

E 710—Women's “ONYX” Black “DUB-L TOP” and “WYDE TOP” Gauze lisle double sole, spliced heel—very wide on top without extra width all over. 50c per pair

FOR WOMEN

310/13—Women's “ONYX” Black, Medium Weight—Six-Thread Heel and Toe, Four-Thread all over. A hose that is unequalled for wear and elasticity. 50c per pair

E 970—Women's “ONYX” black “DUB-L TOP” Silklisle double sole, spliced heel—an excellent quality. 75c per pair

OUT-SIZE HOSE

170 S—Women's “ONYX” Gauze Lisle “DUB-L TOP” Black, White, Pink, Tan, Cardinal, Sky, Navy, Violet; double sole, spliced heel. 50c per pair

SILK HOSE FOR WOMEN

498. Women's Pure Thread Silk with Lisle Garter “WYDE TOP” Black, White, Tan, Pink, Sky, Bronze, Helio., Catawba, Wistaria, Olive, Gold and every fashionable shade—re-enforced Heel, Sole and Toe. This is the very latest exclusive novelty in Silk Hosiery—doubles life of Hose and unmatched for comfort.

106. Women's Pure Thread Silk—the extraordinary value—best made in America—every possible shade or color—Black, White, Tan, Gold, Copenhagen Blue, Wistaria, Amethyst, Taupe, Bronze, American Beauty, Pongee, all colors to match shoe or gown. Every pair guaranteed. \$2.25 per pair

FOR MEN

E 310—Men's “ONYX” Black and Colored Fall Weight—Six-Thread Heel and Toe, Four-Thread all over. Known by most men as “The Best Hose I ever wore.” 50c per pair

E 325—Men's “ONYX” Black and Colored, Silklisle, double sole, spliced heel. “The satisfactory hose.” 50c per pair

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to nearest dealer, or send, postpaid, any number desired. Write to Dept. G.

Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors

New York

Especially to the Man with the Smaller Store

(The Larger Stores have Looked into This)



What's it Worth to You?

For you to get rid of —>

BUT EVEN THAT ISN'T ALL THERE IS TO IT

Isn't it worth a lot to you to be able to stay in the front of your store greeting customers, seeing that they are waited on and keeping an eye on things—which you can't do if you are hid away in your office at the back of the store with your head buried in your books?

There isn't any kind of figuring that the Burroughs can't do in seconds to your minutes and do it accurately every time. There's no chance for a Burroughs to make a mistake. It adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides as fast as the old-time mathematical expert, but gets the right result without possibility of error. Anything that's done in figures the Burroughs will do more quickly and do it absolutely right.

- | |
|-----------------------|
| Night Work |
| Mistakes in Figuring |
| Trial Balance Worries |
| Inventory Troubles |
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(Nine out of every ten adding and listing machines sold are Burroughs)

Adding and Listing Machine

The larger stores have long ago proved the usefulness of the Burroughs, and now we want to prove to you what this wonderful book-keeping machine will do in your smaller business. It will give you the time you ought to have to run your business right by giving you the most time for it and yet save you the hire of extra help on your books that otherwise you'd have to have to give you that needed time. Don't take your valuable time and spend your labor that ought to be producing business, to do what this machine can do more quickly than you can possibly do it and with perfect accuracy.

"A BETTER DAY'S WORK"

is a business man's book for Free Distribution, prepared by us from the experience of thousands of Burroughs users and is filled with methods of shortening practically every step taken in the process of accounting. We want every business man to have it for it shows the simplest and easiest way to keep books. Whether you use a Burroughs or not, you'll be glad to use the methods shown in this book for getting your day's work done more quickly, more easily and better. *This book is FREE. Send for it.*

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Sign here your
NAME AND ADDRESS

I send you these particulars so you may know how to advise me.

Name

Town

State County

Kind of Business

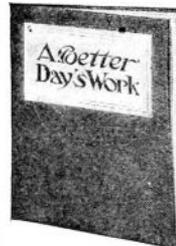
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"A BETTER DAY'S WORK"



From what you say I believe this book will be of use to me. Please send it, FREE. I understand this does not bind me to anything whatsoever.

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Journey may start at interior points

DELIGHTFUL TRIP THE YEAR ROUND

Round Trip Fare \$63.00

Inquire

L. H. NUTTING, General Passenger Agent, 1158-366-1 Broadway, N. Y.
Or Any Southern Pacific Agent.



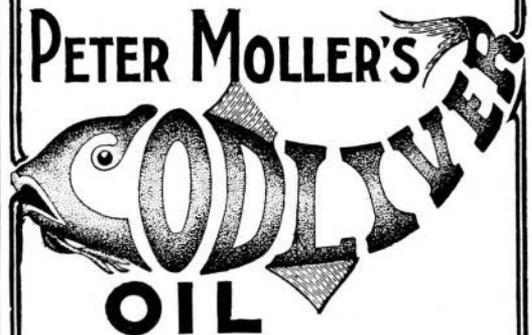
Admirals' Suspenders
50¢

Admiral Duplex Ends will not rip or tear and the Metal Bearing Cast-off takes all strain and friction off the leather. These make Smithmade "Admirals" wear longer than other suspenders. They are the simplest, easiest, most comfortable as well. They are superior at every point, yet cost no more.

Four styles and extra lengths. At best dealers or from us direct, 50 cents. Every pair guaranteed by us—the oldest suspender makers in the United States.

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It is the *impurity* or *adulteration* in cod liver oil that makes it offensive to taste and smell.



is just pure cod liver oil—free from disguise, because none is needed. The PURITY of Moller's Oil makes it

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It is this purity that makes Moller's Oil so digestible and without that nauseous "repeat."

The genuine is sold ONLY in flat, oval bottles, imported from Norway, bearing the name of

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LESLIE SPIRAKIT



A COMPLETE, PRACTICAL SHAVING-KIT

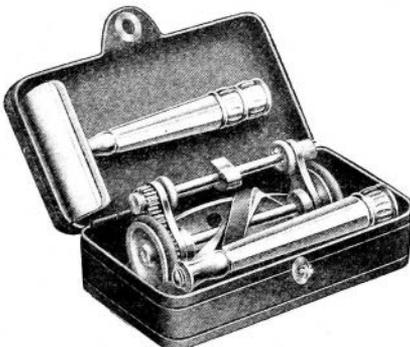
CONTAINS the only perfect razor for self-shaving and the full automatic Spira-Strop, the only really new achievement in shaving in four hundred years.

RAZOR—A marvel of convenience and utility. Has straight, smooth guard, micrometer adjustment and positive, anti-vibration blade grip.

BLADES—Keenest you ever used—and the spiral keeps them so. Six of them in each kit—enough to last six years.

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You can't strop wrong with the Spira.



STANDARD KIT—Razor, Blades, and Spira-Strop—in handsome leather-covered case that fits the pocket, triple silver-plate, price \$5.00.

COMBINATION KIT—Same with soap and brush—in leather-covered case, price \$7.50.

Everywhere razors are sold.

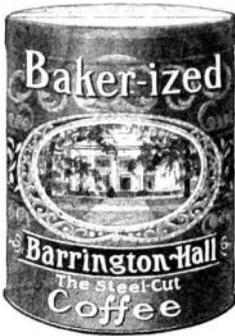
Send for Spira-Book. Tells all about it.

Mention dealer's name and we will include a 25-cent stick of Spira Shaving Soap.

LESLIE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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Barrington Hall

The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

If you like good Coffee, Barrington Hall will prove a treat for you and you can drink it to your heart's content without fear of ill effect.

"Baker-ized" means that it is different from other Coffee.

It is blended and roasted in a different way.

It is steel-cut to fine even particles, not ground to an irregular mass.

The worthless and, in fact, injurious chaff that you pay for in other Coffees, is removed from Barrington Hall by a patented process and thrown away.

From a pound can of Barrington Hall you get a pound of *all* Coffee, but it costs no more per pound than any good Coffee and less per cup.

Try it on your own table at small expense.

**Send Us
10 Cents**

And your grocer's name and we will send you postpaid a large trial can, enough to make 16 cups of delicious Coffee.

Barrington Hall is now for sale in all cities and most towns.

Price 35 to 40c. per pound, according to locality. In sealed tins only. Write for grocer handling it.

Cut off or copy this coupon
Send to nearest office

BAKER IMPORTING CO.

120 Hudson St., or 220 North 2nd St.,
New York, N. Y. Minneapolis, Minn.

For ten cents enclosed please send trial can Barrington Hall Coffee as advertised. In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

My name _____



A Household Necessity

THE most acceptable gift that can be made to any member of the family. Useful alike to Baby, Mother, Father, Sister, Brother, Grandma, Grandpa, Aunt or Uncle, Niece or Nephew, Husband, Wife or Sweetheart, Athlete or Invalid, Old or Young—for everyone, at all times and all places.

THERMOS FOR CHRISTMAS

Make Your Christmas gifts distinctive. Instead of the usual Handkerchiefs, Books, Gloves or Hosiery give a Thermos Bottle, Pot, Jar or Decanter.

Make your presents mark the Introduction of a brand new way—THE THERMOS WAY.

You know the advantages of the Telephone, Sewing Machine, Vacuum Cleaner, Electric Light, but you do not know what Comfort is unless Thermos is in your home and with you on your journeys.

THERMOS KEEPS THINGS HOT 24 Hours in coldest places.
THERMOS KEEPS THINGS COLD 3 days in hottest places.



HUMIDOR

Thermos Bottles, Tea and Coffee Pots and Jars are ideal for Artists, Huntsmen, Fishermen, Yachtsmen, Tourists and home lovers.

The Thermos Humidor is an ideal Christmas gift for Father, Husband or Brother. It preserves the moisture, the flavor of the leaf and the original aroma of cigars, cigarettes or tobacco. Made in Silver-Trimmed mahogany and Circassian wainut.

Fifty thousand progressive dealers in all civilized countries sell and guarantee genuine Thermos articles. Every up-to-date store has a complete display of these ideal Christmas gifts.



DECANTER

Please Be Cautious Thermos are the only genuine temperature retaining products. You will be disappointed if you permit some dealer to sell you an attempted imitation. Insist on getting the genuine Thermos Bottles, Pots or Jars.

Look for the name Thermos. It is stamped plainly on the bottom. Five grand prizes awarded Thermos products by Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition.

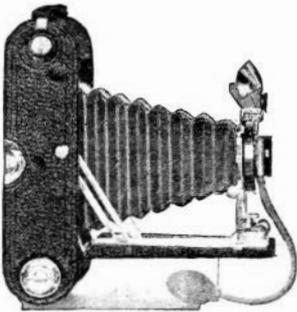
AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY
Broadway and 27th Street, New York City

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Put "KODAK"

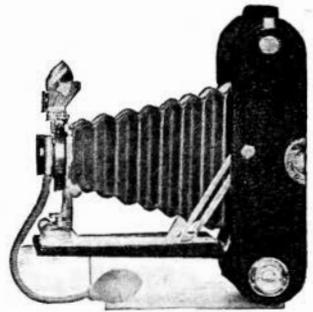
on that Christmas List.

There's nothing, unless it be the after-delight in the pictures themselves, that more universally appeals to young and old than picture taking. And it's inexpensive now, for Kodak has made it so. There are Kodaks and Brownies for all people and purposes—but none more popular than the simple and compact



FOLDING POCKET SERIES.

No. 1, 2¼ x 3¼ pictures,	\$10.00
No. 1A, 2½ x 4¼ "	12.00
No. 1A, Spl. 2½ x 4¼ "	15.00
No. 3, 3¼ x 4¼ "	17.50
No. 3A, 3¼ x 5½, "	20.00
No. 4, 4 x 5 "	20.00



Box form Kodaks at \$5.00 to \$12.00 and Brownie Cameras (they work like Kodaks) at \$1.00 to \$12.00 and high speed Kodaks with anastigmat lenses at \$40.00 to upwards of \$100.00 offer an infinite variety, but in none of them have we omitted the principle that has made the Kodak success—simplicity.

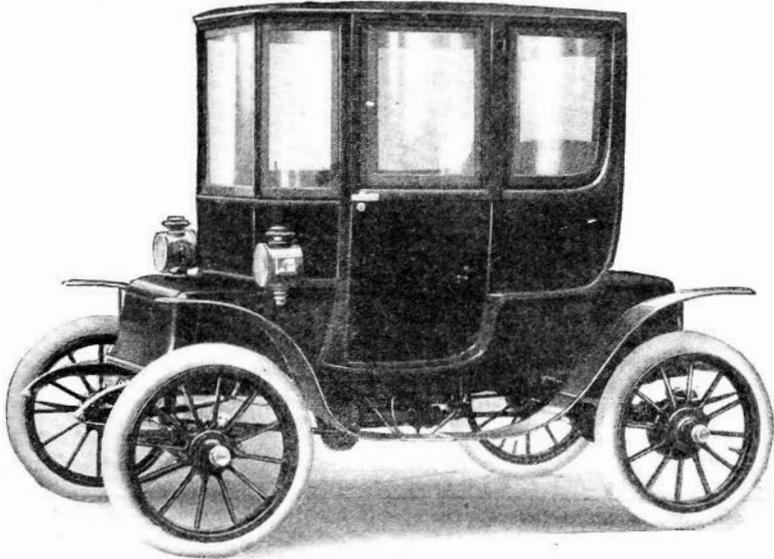
Kodak means Photography with the bother left out.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

*Catalogue free at the
dealers or by mail.*

A New Departure
Shaft Drive
 BEVEL GEAR—ON ALL
Baker Electrics



THE ONLY SHAFT DRIVEN ELECTRICS
The Greatest Advance Ever Made in Electric Motor Cars

After many years of experimenting we have perfected a shaft drive, which excels any chain drive in efficiency, and have adopted this new transmission, because of its unquestioned superiority over every other type. This is in accordance with the practice of all high grade gasoline motor car manufacturers, both American and foreign.

We Now Present For the First Time
A COMPLETE LINE OF SHAFT DRIVEN ELECTRICS

Write for booklet giving specifications and full information regarding our many other exclusive improvements.

The Baker Motor Vehicle Co.
 64 West 80th Street CLEVELAND, OHIO

**THE OLDEST AND LARGEST MANUFACTURERS
 OF ELECTRIC MOTOR CARS IN THE WORLD**

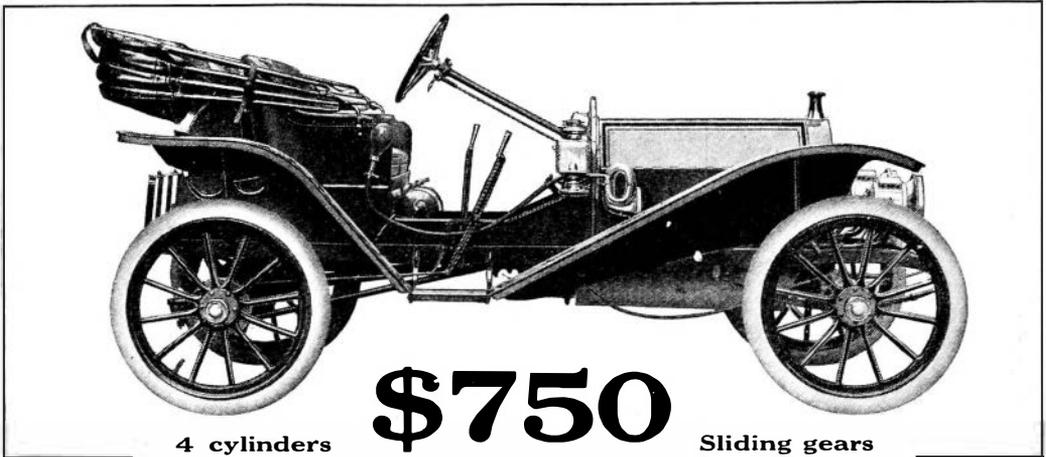
Side by Side in the Same Private Garage with Cars of the Highest Price—the Dashing

Hupmobile

"I want one of those Hupmobiles," says the man with the big income. "They're smart and stylish and I can jump in and skim away a dozen times a day where I wouldn't want to bother with my big car."
"I want one of those Hupmobiles," says the man with the modest income. "They're just what I've been waiting for—a thoroughly sound piece of

automobile engineering at a price that I can afford to pay."

Of these two classes who are buying them by the hundred, the first man to grasp the goodness and soundness of the Hupmobile is the man who owns a fine big car which cost him five or maybe ten times as much money.



**4 cylinders
20 H. P.**

\$750

(F. O. B. Detroit)

**Sliding gears
Bosch magneto**

Fifty miles an hour is no extraordinary speed for the Hupmobile—and it will climb any hill that the biggest automobile can climb

The difference between the big car and the Hupmobile is just a relative difference—a difference in size, but not in quality. Both are made from the same fine metals; both are the brain-children of skilled designers—the Hupmobile a long-cherished ideal of E. A. Nelson, whose fine engineering ability has never lent itself to anything less worthy than cars of the highest calibre.

The Hupp Motor Car Company will not have it said that the Hupmobile is any less an honor car than the car that costs \$7,500 instead of \$750.

It will not have it said that the Hupmobile is any less sturdy, any less substantial.

After you've recovered from your astonishment at the dashing appearance of the Hupmobile, your first impulse will be to look for some lack of sturdiness to account for the \$750 price.

SPECIFICATIONS

ENGINE—4 cyl., 20 H. P., 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. bore, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. stroke; water cooled; offset crank shaft; fan bladed fly wheel in front; Parsons white bronze bearings; noiseless cam shaft.

TRANSMISSION—Selective sliding gears, shifting without noise.

CLUTCH—Multiple disc type, running in oil.

REAR AXLE—Shaft drive.

BRAKES—Two foot and two emergency (internal expanding) lined with Thermoid on rear hubs.

IGNITION—Bosch high tension magneto.

TIRES—30x3 inches.

WHEEL BASE—86 inches.

TREAD—56 inches.

SPRINGS—Semi-elliptical front, patented cross spring rear.

EQUIPMENT—Two side and tail oil lamps, dragon horn, tools, repair kit, pump.

WEIGHT—1100 pounds, regular equipment.

You won't find it.

If you know anything about metals, you'll see that the steels employed are the very best and finest.

If you expect slight and skimpy axles, you'll find instead rugged strength and toughness sufficient to support twice the weight.

When you lift the hood, you'll uncover a power plant that's a perfect gem of smooth and scientific workmanship—with an offset crankshaft; all bearings made of Parson's white bronze; and a camshaft absolutely noiseless in its operation.

Even on the costliest cars you've heard the clash of shifting gears,—but you'll listen in vain for that grinding sound on the Hupmobile.

These are a few of the Hupmobile features which will send your admiration for the little car up and up by leaps and bounds.

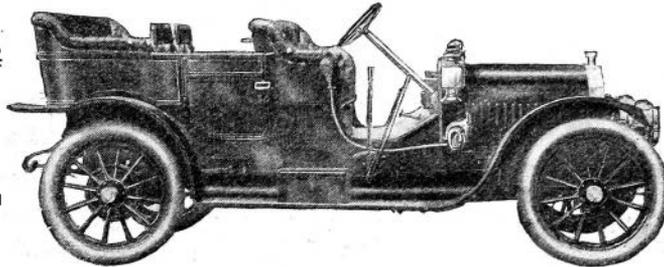
Write for the literature and the name of the nearest Hupmobile dealer, so that you can see the car itself
HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. V, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

What Reliability Really Means, Magnificently Exemplified by the

Elmore

Model 36—36 H.P.

- 5 Passenger
4 cyl. Touring Car
- 4 Passenger
4cyl. Demi-Tonneau
Landaulet and
Doctor's Coupe



Model 46—46 H.P.

- 7 Passenger
4 cyl. Touring Car
- 7 Passenger
4 cyl. Limousine

The Frank A. Munsey Run from Washington to Boston and return was valuable because it gave spectacular prominence to a vital fact which has been familiar for years to four or five thousand Elmore owners.

Every man who owns a valveless two cycle Elmore knows that his car, *precisely because* it has a two cycle engine giving double the number of power impulses of a four cycle engine, and *because* it has no valves, possesses greater powers of reliability and endurance than any other in the world.

He knows that without replacement of any sort (because there is nothing to replace) his engine will be exactly as efficient two years after he buys it as the day it left the factory.

Can you conceive any two-year-old four cycle car which had traveled 20,000 miles, being entered without replacement or repair, in the severest reliability run of the season?

Can you imagine any four cycle car being as good, at the end of two such strenuous years (and at the conclusion of such a contest) as the day it left the factory—unless its internal mechanism had been constantly nursed; or unless the valves or some other vital parts had been adjusted or renewed?

Assuredly not—and for that reason the results of the Frank A. Munsey reliability run are worthy of serious study.

The fact that the Elmore car was awarded the prize in its division; and also the sweepstakes trophy over all other entrants in all classes, is not the important point.

The important thing for you to know is that this Elmore car was a two-year-old model; that it was driven by an amateur (the son of the owner); that there was no stripping or tuning or special preparation; that it competed with 44 of the finest cars in the country selling up to \$5000; and that it was the only one of the forty-four which passed the rigid scrutiny of the judges with an absolutely perfect score.

Some of the other cars had charged against them as many as 5000 points.

None of them, save the Elmore—this two-year-old car with a touring record of 20,000 miles—was pronounced as sound and perfect at the close of the run as at the start.

The car covered in all 1282.2 miles, or an average of 183.1 miles per day on a 20 mile per hour schedule.

The second day's run included at least 50 miles of mountainous and hilly country; the third day covered the worst route the committee could find, through and over the Catskill mountains, most of it in a pouring rain; the fourth day took the car through the Berkshire hills; the sixth through continuous sand and mud; and the seventh and eighth in pouring rain and over roads so dangerously slippery that chains were called into commission.

We have no desire to lay special stress upon the triumph of the Elmore in this run except, as we have said, as it gives widespread dissemination to fundamental facts which are a matter of common knowledge to Elmore owners.

A great deal of the success of the car (in this instance) was due to careful driving; but the element of reliability which was evidenced, is possessed in the same high degree by every Elmore car which leaves the factory and every Elmore car driven in this country today. Why?

Just because the Elmore embodies the two cycle principle—which means, in the fewest possible words, a continuous, unbroken flow of power—which no four cycle car can give you.

Second, because the Elmore engine has no valves—no parts to be replaced or adjusted.

Third and finally, because it is the simplest and therefore the surest and longest-lived engine in the world.

Isn't it high time that you advised yourself more fully concerning the vital facts educed by this remarkable run?

Fill out the coupon and mail it to us.

The
ELMORE
Mfg. Co.

504 Amanda Street
CLYDE, OHIO

Please send the 1910
Elmore literature.

Name.....

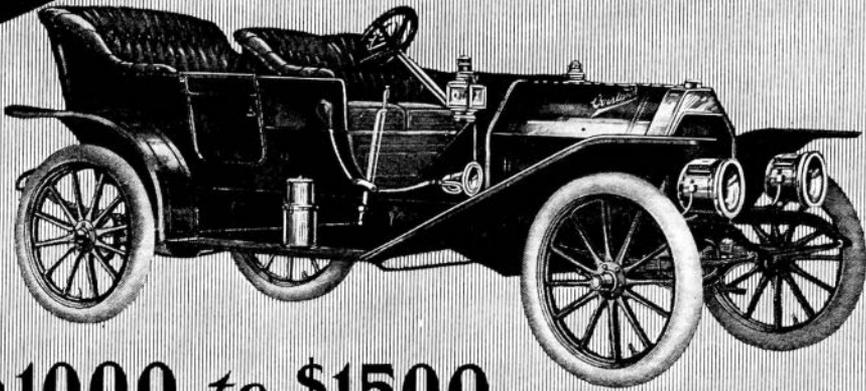
Address.....

THE ELMORE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 504 Amanda St. Clyde, Ohio

Members of Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. Licensed under Selden Patent No. 549,160

Overland

AN AMAZING CAR
AT
AN AMAZING PRICE



\$1000 to \$1500

The most serviceable, most classy car of the season, at the price you ought to pay.

What You Get:

In an Overland you get actually \$3,000 worth of real car-value at one half or less than half the price.

Combines power, strength and easy riding qualities to a greater degree than are had in any other car at double the price.

4 cylinder engine on three point suspension, shaft driven, planetary transmission, double system of ignition with high tension magneto, long wheel base, long elliptic springs.

1910 Improvements:

Larger and more powerful engine, greater radiating service, larger wheels, larger tires, longer and roomier bodies, increased brake service. These insure greater power and speed with less chance for engine heating; easy riding, absolute comfort and safety while making descents.

The Overland means a car that will carry you farther on a gallon of gasoline, will give you more real service and carry a bigger load farther and faster at a smaller expense than any other car. A car that's built right and stays right. *A car whose construction insures maximum service, power and speed at minimum expense.*

See the New 1910 Models at the nearest Overland dealers. Write us for the new Catalog.

OVERLAND AUTOMOBILE CO.

Member A. L. A. M.
Licensed under Selden Patent

Factories, TOLEDO, O., and INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Offices, TOLEDO, OHIO



Royalty Could Desire No Finer Gift

This is truly the car for Christmas—the gift beyond compare.

All the appointments are in such exquisite taste, the lines so graceful, the upholstery and finish so luxurious and the power control so perfect that this car captivates every woman at sight.

The seats are wide, soft and deep—you fairly revel in their comfort and roominess.

The upholstery of rich, imported broadcloth or leather matches the body in any desired color. Every body requires ninety days in the making. We put into its building the experience gained in 57 years of high-class carriage making for particular people.

Only one thousand Rauch & Lang Electrics can be built in a year. But each one is a masterpiece, superb in style, finish, power and charm.

The Car a Woman Can Drive With Safety

All the power is controlled by one single lever. A Rauch & Lang Car cannot be started accidentally—the controlling lever must first be in a neutral position.

Yet all the power can be shut off instantly in any position.

The small, flat key which locks the power connection can be slipped in the pocket-book when leaving the car.

The highest type of Exide batteries are used,

giving power to run a Rauch & Lang car as far as you'll want to go in a day.

*Rauch & Lang
Electrics*

Get It For Christmas

Our dealers in most of the principal cities will be glad to demonstrate this exclusive car. Delivery will be made to suit your convenience, on Christmas day if desired.

Cut out the memo below and mail it to us today for the catalog with prices.

The Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.

2207 West 25th Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send your catalog and name of your local agent.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

(17)

FISK
TIRES *are the*
BEST
 The Fisk Rubber Company Chicopee Falls Mass.

Two Minutes—that's all



After a puncture on the road, you make a complete tire change and are actually on your way in two minutes when you're equipped with the

FISK Removable Rim With the Fisk Bolted-On Tire

For absolute safety, the Fisk Bolted-on Tire is the recognized standard in the automobile world, and the Fisk Removable Rim is bolted on to the wheel—here is a combination that removes the possibility of accident.

Add to this factor of safety the greatest durability of any automobile tire, and you'll understand why so many experienced motorists specify Fisk equipment.

Write us for our Booklet and full information.—Dept. "M."

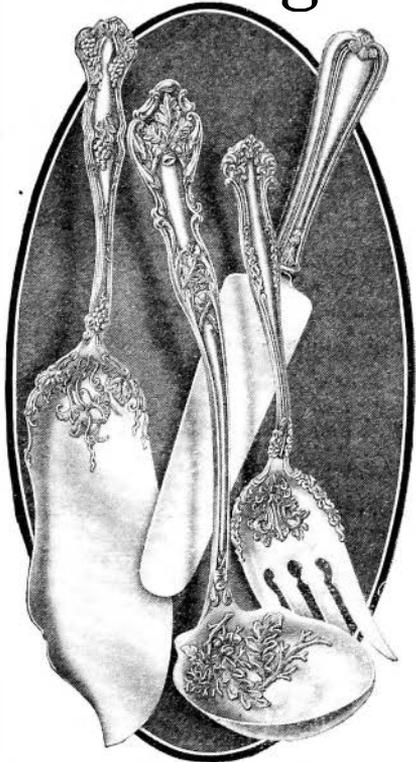
THE FISK RUBBER CO., Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

Branches in 17 Cities

WRITE US FOR SERIES OF POSTERS. SENT FREE

FISK
TIRES *are the*
BEST
 The Fisk Rubber Company Chicopee Falls Mass.

For Christmas Giving



No gift is more welcome, more appropriate than beautiful, durable silverware.

Look for this trade mark on spoons, forks and fancy serving pieces.

1847

ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE

Made in the *heaviest* triple plate and in the most attractive designs.

Long service has won for this popular brand the title "*Silver Plate that Wears.*"

There are many combination sets arranged in chests and fancy cases that are especially appropriate for holiday presents.

Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue MS-34 showing designs.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
(International Silver Co., Successor)

Meriden, Conn.
Chicago

New York

San Francisco



Impossible To Puncture

that's exactly what our records show. We never had a puncture reported to us. Read how

Standard Tire Protectors

enable you to avoid the Advanced Tire Prices

A few months ago all the tire companies advanced prices 15% and very recently another 15% making your tires cost you 30% more than last year. **STANDARD TIRE PROTECTORS** actually protect you from these extra heavy expenditures, for a set of our protectors on your car will preserve your present tires, thus *eliminating the buying of new tires at the advanced prices.*

Our Prices Will Not Advance. Having long contracts for pure para rubber we are able to continue our present high grade construction at the old prices. Our handsome revised booklet explains how you can save time and money. Send for it today.

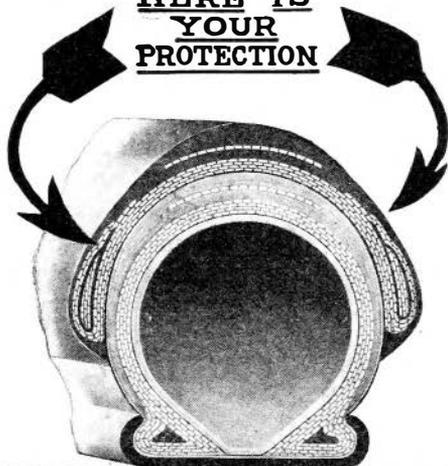
Protectors just slip over the tread surface of the tire and the natural inflation holds them firmly and rigidly in place. There are no metal fastenings. Sand or gravel cannot get under. Made for any size or style tire. Our descriptive booklet contains valuable information. Write today.

STANDARD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.

700 S. Water Street

SAGINAW, MICH.

HERE IS YOUR PROTECTION



Why You Need the Murphy System of Motor Car Finishing

Because Varnish alone does not make a fine finish, any more than the finish alone makes a fine car.

Primer, Surfacer, Color, Rubbing Coats, Finishing Coats, all go into the Finish; and if any one of them goes wrong the Finish is poor.

In our System Finish, each material is scientifically adjusted to all the others, and they all amalgamate into one, fine, firm, lasting coat.

Let us give you our book—“*The Murphy System of Motor Car Finishing.*”

Address us at 131 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.

Murphy Varnish Company FRANKLIN MURPHY, President

Makers of THE VARNISH THAT LASTS LONGEST

Head Office: NEWARK, N. J. Also BOSTON CLEVELAND ST. LOUIS CHICAGO

ALVIN PLATE

Alvin Plated Ware is made in but one grade or quality and that the very best. We have heretofore manufactured only sterling silver tableware and now in making plated ware we are maintaining the same high standard of die work and finish and we are also using the finest grade of metal adapted for the manufacture of Plated Ware. Thus it is that Alvin Plated Ware has the unique sterling silver character and finish found in no other plated ware.

Each article is stamped

ALVIN PATENT

LEXINGTON

BRIDES BOUQUET



No Imitator Can Equal The Original 88-Note Apollo

THE MELVILLE CLARK PIANO COMPANY ARE THE ORIGINATORS OF THE 88-NOTE PLAYER PIANO AND THE PIONEERS IN THAT LINE OF INDUSTRY. FOR EIGHT YEARS THE APOLLO PLAYER ENJOYED A MONOPOLY IN THIS FIELD, AND THOUSANDS OF THESE INSTRUMENTS WERE SOLD BEFORE ANY OTHER 88-NOTE PLAYER WAS PUT ON THE MARKET. THE 88-NOTE APOLLO PLAYER PIANO HAS REVOLUTIONIZED THE PLAYER BUSINESS OF THE WORLD, AND NOTHING EVER MADE IN THE PLAYER LINE WILL EQUAL THIS INSTRUMENT. NO 88-NOTE PLAYER PIANO IS ORIGINAL UNLESS THE NAME "APOLLO-PIANO" APPEARS ON THE FALLBOARD. ALL OTHER MANUFACTURERS OF 88-NOTE PLAYER PIANOS MUST FOLLOW. THEY CANNOT LEAD.

THE MELVILLE CLARK

Apollo-Piano

The Famous Human Touch

The **Marvelous Human Expression of the Apollo Players** is secured by the **DOWNWARD STROKE** of the pneumatic fingers on the piano key in front. This is the **STROKE GIVEN IN MANUAL PLAYING**, and a **GENUINE HUMAN EXPRESSION** is the result.

Other desirable features of the **APOLLO Players** are: **THE ADJUSTING AND TRANSPOSING DEVICE**, by which you can change instantly to five or more different keys by the touch of a finger; the **SELF-ACTING MOTOR**, which regulates the power and distributes it equally, preventing sudden and inartistic changes in tempo by unconscious hard pedaling.

An Innovation in Player-Pianos

The new **SOLO-APOLLO** contains all the superior features of the regular 88-Note **APOLLO** and has in addition the **marvelous accenting Device**,

which brings out the **MELODY IN STRONG RELIEF** without impairing the symmetry and power of the accompaniment. Other so-called accenting devices **MERELY GIVE A PROMINENCE** to the theme by subduing the accompaniment. **NO STOPS OR LEVERS ARE REQUIRED TO PRODUCE THE BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS IN THE SOLO-APOLLO**—the merest novice can secure them immediately.

Cultural Influence of the Apollo Player

The 88-Note **APOLLO Player-Piano** plays the music of the world's greatest composers exactly as written, without mutilation. It thus educates music lovers to the highest ideals. It familiarizes beginners with absolutely correct technique—the most delicate shading and true tone values from the very start. Its influence as a cultural medium in the home is incalculable.

The Melville Clark Piano, in which the Apollo action is placed, is THE HIGHEST TYPE OF PIANO ARTISTRY.

(6)

Write for free illustrated catalogs, explaining all about the Melville Clark **SOLO-APOLLO** and the **APOLLO Player-Pianos**.

Melville Clark Piano Co., 402 Steinway Bldg., Chicago

Deaf Persons Can Now Hear

Wonderful Invention Has Delivered Thousands from the Handicap of Deafness.

Don't think you have to worry along if you can't hear well. Every deaf person is at a hopeless disadvantage, deprived of social pleasure, barred from active business. Any dullness of hearing is a constant mortification.



But now this misery is unnecessary. Every deaf person can hear as well as ever before by simply wearing a pair of

WILSON'S EAR DRUMS

A wonderful little device that fits into the ears without the slightest discomfort. Invisible when inserted—so tiny, so perfect, that you forget you are wearing them. And the effect is magical. This marvelous invention was perfected by Mr. Geo. H. Wilson, after years of suffering from hopeless deafness. They enabled him to hear perfectly. And this miracle has been repeated for 200,000 persons. Send today for a book written by Mr. Wilson that tells the whole story—gives hundreds of letters from grateful users. This priceless book is FREE for your name on a postal. Just ask for Mr. Wilson's book. It will come by return mail. Address **Wilson Ear Drum Co., 498 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.** (2)

Six Minutes to Wash A Tubful!

A Marvelous Motor Washer

The 1900 Motor Washer is the wonder of the age. In six minutes, or even less, it will wash a tubful of clothes. Costs 2c a week to run it—by electric or water power. Thousands in actual use, doing both washing and wringing! Women who see it work just rub their eyes in amazement, for no other washer has ever before begun to do what this will.

Let Us Send a **1900 Motor Washer** On 30 Days' Free Trial

Ask for Washer on trial. See the clothes made spotlessly clean in six minutes! See it do all the wringing! We gladly pay the freight and take all the risk of the trial. Unless you actually see it working you may doubt these startling statements. We welcome requests for tests and we gladly give 30 days' free use of the machine. It does all we say, you may keep it and pay monthly out of what it saves. Otherwise, we cheerfully take it back at no expense to you. Write for fascinating Free Book today. All correspondence should be addressed to **1900 Washer Co., 3209 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y.** If you live in Canada, address **Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.** **BRANCH HOUSES:** We maintain branches at 1947 Broadway, New York City; and 1113 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn; and in all principal cities. We also make shipments from our warehouses in Kansas City, San Francisco and Seattle. (3)



30 Days' Free Trial

Save Your Brain-Force

Increase Your Efficiency, Your Mental Comfort, and the Efficiency of Your Subordinates

by an investment of only 1/2 cent per day

The Busy Man's Friend—Keeps you in touch with your affairs—the ideal pocket reminder—you can forget and not suffer for it. Keeps your jottings where you can find them. Used six years by thousands of successful men all over the world. Adapted to all kinds of business and professional life.

Only five matter carried.

Dated cards from the desk tray are carried in the handy leather pocket case three or six weeks at a time. Records also filed alphabetically. The ideal system for memoranda.

Cards for the rest of 1909 free
Express prepaid on receipt of price.

	Small	Large
Cowhide Seed Leather Case, hardwood tray and cards..	\$2.00	\$2.75
Genuine Morocco Case, quartered oak tray and cards..	3.00	3.75
Genuine Solskin Case, mahogany tray and cards.....	5.00	6.00

Sundays extra, 5c. 50c. Five-Year's Card, \$1.00, \$1.25.

Your outfit shipped the same day we get your check.
In Canada 20% more duty paid.

No Other Device Answers its Purpose

Has special advantages as a card index but is for a very different purpose: A simple, handy, automatic device for taking care of all kinds of memoranda at just the right time. If we had space to tell you, it would seem like exaggeration. Ask for our booklet and "Actual Results in 21 Kinds of Business."

Wilson Memindex Co.
39 Day Street, Rochester, N. Y.

POCKET CARD CASE

You who wear GLASSES

The Comfort in the "Clip"

will realize complete eye-glass comfort by having them fitted with the

Harris Suction Clip

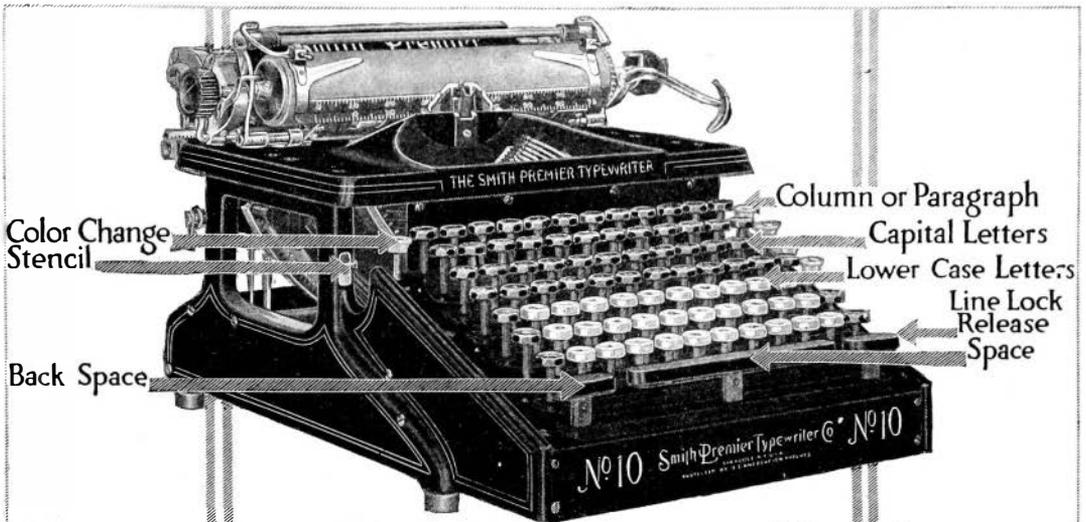
no matter what the shape of your nose may be. They hold eye-glasses in the optically correct position, their "Cling" is Sure—Safe and Secure, and they do not pinch. Attach a pair to your glasses at once.

Price 50 Cents in German Silver
\$1.00 in Gold Filled, \$2.00 in Solid Gold

("Harris Suction Clip" Stamped on the back of every genuine clip—Demand It)

If there is no optician advertising and selling Harris Suction Clip in your town, we will fill your order direct on receipt of price.

Harris Sales Co., 54 E. 23d St., N. Y.



Complete Control *from the* Keyboard

Practically every operation required in producing typewriting on the Smith Premier Typewriter is centered in the keyboard. This complete control, right under the operator's fingers, makes for speed and accuracy and is an exclusive feature of the

New
Model
Visible

Number
10

Smith Premier

Other exclusive Smith Premier Features, such as complete, straight-line keyboard, combination paragrapher and column finder and removable and interchangeable platens are fully explained in our literature. Request it.

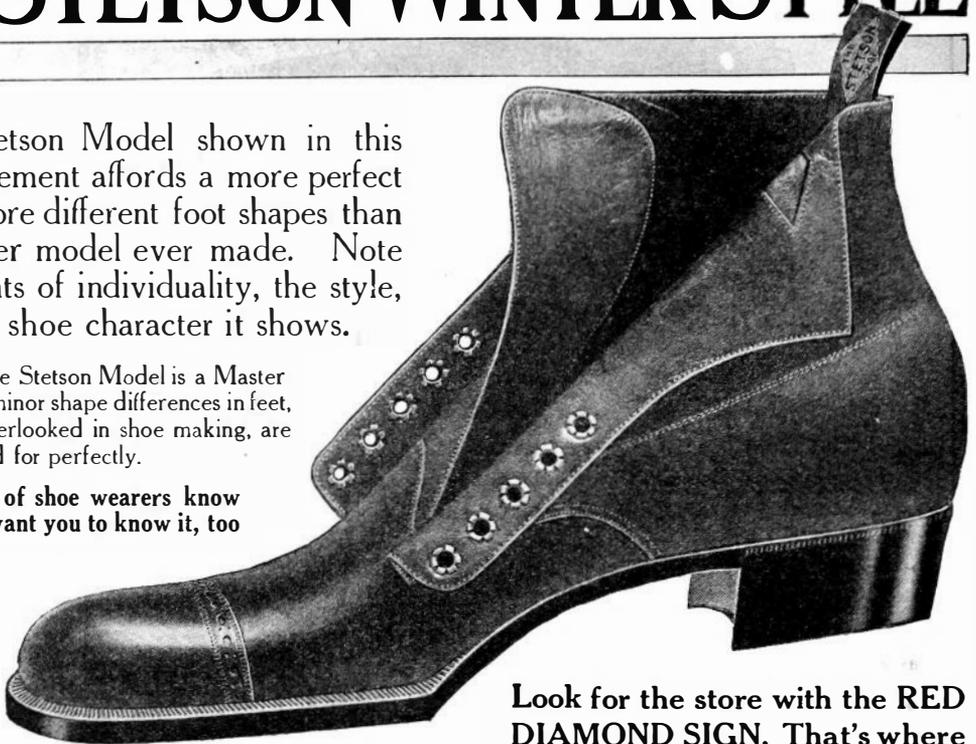
Write for information to
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Branches everywhere

A STETSON WINTER STYLE

The Stetson Model shown in this advertisement affords a more perfect fit to more different foot shapes than any other model ever made. Note the points of individuality, the style, the real shoe character it shows.

Because the Stetson Model is a Master piece, the minor shape differences in feet, so often overlooked in shoe making, are all provided for perfectly.

Thousands of shoe wearers know this. We want you to know it, too



THE RED DIAMOND TRADE MARK



Look for the store with the RED DIAMOND SIGN. That's where this and other Stetson shoes are sold; from \$5.50 to \$9.00 the pair.

THE STETSON SHOE CO.

Dept. H
South Weymouth - - Massachusetts

APPEARS ON EVERY STETSON SHOE

New York Shop, - - 7 Cortlandt Street



Hair Like This

FREE Let me send you a remarkable treatment for Baldness, Dandruff, Gray Hair, etc., at my own expense. It will surprise and delight you.

Write to-day to
WM. CHAS. KEENE, President,
LORIMER INSTITUTE
Dept. 2662, Baltimore, Md.



Indian Moccasins

Laced, also Moccasin Slippers made of Genuine Moosehide, Indian tanned and elaborately embroidered with Indian tribal designs, make sensible Christmas presents. Beautifully made and very comfortable. Men's sizes, 6 to 11, \$2.75; Ladies' and Boys' sizes, 2 to 5, \$2.25; Children's sizes, 5 to 10, \$1.50. Either kind sent prepaid upon receipt of price. Money refunded if they are not satisfactory. Send for free catalogue.

METZ & SCHLOERB,
118 Main St., Oshkosh, Wis.

HORLICK'S Malted Milk

A nourishing quick lunch for professional and business men.

Original and Genuine
Pure rich milk & malted grain
Served at Restaurants, Hotels, Fountains.
A Nutritious Food-Drink—For All Ages
All druggists.

BOOKS

*Finely Illustrated Books—
Gift Books—History—
Travel—Biography—
Standard Sets—Books
for Children—all kinds of*

BOOKS

SEND FOR HOLIDAY
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DUFFIELD AND COMPANY
36 WEST 37TH ST. NEW YORK

The ARGOSY

Satisfies Every Member of the Family

It is edited solely with that idea in view. It has the widest range of story-telling interest of any magazine published in the English Language.

10 Cents a Copy, or by the Year One Dollar.

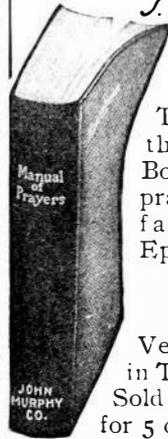
THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York.

“I urge upon all Catholics

the use of the

**Manual
of Prayers”**

J. (Card. Billings)



The Manual of Prayers is the Official Catholic Prayer Book which comprises every practice, rite, ritual, precept, faith, hymn and psalm. Epistles and Gospels.

See that the name

JOHN MURPHY CO.
is on the title.

Very convenient in size, bound in Turkey Morocco, limp back. Sold by all book-sellers, or sent for 5 days' examination.

----- MAIL US THIS COUPON -----

JOHN MURPHY CO., Dept. A, Baltimore, Md.

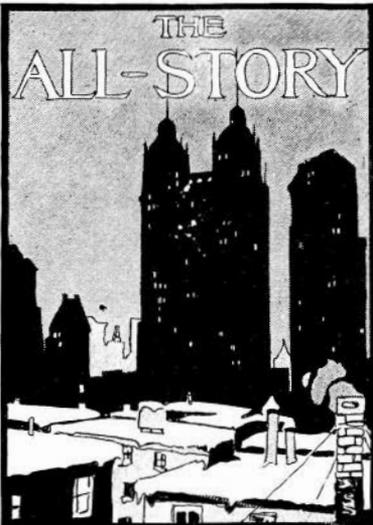
Please send me the "Manual of Prayers," for which I enclose \$2.00. You to refund money if I do not like book and return it within 5 days at your expense.

Name _____

Address _____

With name stamped on cover \$2.25

10 cents a copy



THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, NEW YORK AND LONDON

On All News-stands

This is the magazine that picks the "best sellers."

Many of the most popular novels of the day make their first appearance in *The All-Story Magazine* in serial form.

"The Black Bag," "The Circular Staircase," and "The Man in Lower Ten," three of the biggest successes of recent book seasons, were originally published in *The All-Story*. During 1910 there will be no end of smashing good fiction.

It costs a dollar a year—less than you pay for a book after it comes out in cloth binding.

And in a single year you get from ten to fifteen brilliant novels in *The All-Story*.

Subscribe for a year and try it out.

The Frank A. Munsey Company, New York City

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Direct From Our Factory To Your Home

The **Vose** is the ideal home piano. Over 65,000 can now be found in music loving homes. We deliver, when requested, direct from the factory free of charge and guarantee perfect satisfaction. *Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.*

The **tone, touch** and **magnificent wearing qualities** of the

Vose Pianos

are only explained by the exclusive patented features, the **high grade** material and superb workmanship that enter into their construction.

FREE—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautiful illustrated catalogue, that gives full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
142 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



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Traveling Salesmen are the best paid class of men in the world. Thousands of them earn from \$2,500 to \$5,000 or \$10,000 and on up to as high as \$25,000 a year. Many of the richest most famous men in the United States, such as Marshall Field, the great dry goods merchant of Chicago; John W. Gates, millionaire stock broker; Ex-Governor Black of New York; several of Carnegie's millionaires and scores of others got their start selling goods on the road. We receive calls for thousands of Salesmen from the leading firms in the United States and Canada, and have assisted thousands of men to secure good positions or better salaries. A great many of them, who had no previous experience and who formerly earned from \$40 to \$75 a month have since earned from \$100 to \$500 a month and all expenses, and some a great deal more than that. There are over half a million Traveling Salesmen employed in the United States and Canada and the demand always exceeds the supply. No matter whether you have ever had any experience as a Salesman or whether you are an old hand at it, a few week's study of our Course in Salesmanship by mail will enable you to increase your earning power from two to ten times what it now is and our **Free Employment Bureau** will assist you to get a position should you desire one. More calls for our graduates than we can supply. Hundreds of good positions now open. If you are ambitious and want to get into a profession where your earning capacity is unlimited our free book, "*A Knight of the Grip*" will show you how to do it. Write for it today. Address nearest office, Dept. #15

National Salesmen's Training Association
New York Chicago Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco U. S. A.

The MUNSEY Publications for December

Munsey's Magazine

"Thomas A. Edison, Benefactor of Humanity"

"How 10,000,000 Bibles a Year
Are Sold"

A Christmas Story by John Kendrick Bangs

The Argosy

"The Eyes of 7,700"

One of those engrossing complete novels for which THE ARGOSY is justly celebrated. A novel that will tie your interest right down to the page.

Railroad Man's Magazine

Judge Lovett

The man who is to complete the great work Harriman began—a sketch of his personality and career.

The Cavalier

"The Paddington Mystery"

A complete novel in this issue. One of the most thrilling detective stories of the year, with a mystery that baffles the keenest mind until the final chapter.

The All-Story

"Beyond White Sea"

A tale of mutiny and adventure that takes place far north of the Arctic Circle.

10 Cents a Copy On All News-stands



*The furnace fire
is poor and the
house cold.*

*Jack, too, is
cold—and cross.*

*Suddenly, the
door opens and
Mother comes in
with a "Perfection"
Oil Heater.*

*You can read
the answer in
Jack's face.*

PERFECTION

Smokeless Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

The Perfection is the best oil heater made from the standpoint of efficiency, simplicity and durability.

It is the **ONLY** heater equipped with an
**Automatically-Locking
Smokeless Device**

Turn the wick as high or low as it will go—there's no smoke, no smell—the device prevents either, and permits instant removal for cleaning.

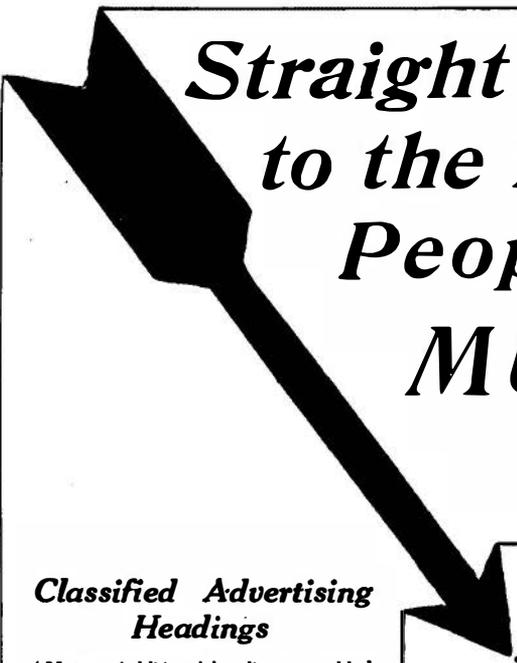
The Perfection has a solid brass font, holding 4 quarts of oil; sufficient to give glowing heat for 9 hours. Solid brass wick carrier; damper top, oil indicator, "Alaska" cold handle.

Attractively finished in nickel or Japan in various styles and finishes.

Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest Agency of the

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)





*Straight as an Arrow
to the Homes of the
People, through
MUNSEY'S
Magazine*

***Classified Advertising
Headings***

(*Note*—Additional headings are added whenever circumstances warrant it.)

Agents and Salesmen Wanted
Business Opportunities
Correspondence Schools
Elocution and Dramatic Art
For the Home
For Advertisers
Freight Shipping
For the Deaf
For Women
For Men
Help Wanted
Hotels and Travel
Invalid Furniture
Investment
Life Insurance Policies
Miscellaneous
Machinery
Motor Cycles
Popular Sheet Music
Photography
Pianos
Patent Attorneys
Poultry
Real Estate
Shetland Ponies
Stamps and Rare Coins
Seeds and Plants
Telegraphy
Typewriters

The Classified Advertisement makes it possible for every merchant or manufacturer with something to sell to advertise it nationally.

Nobody is too small to use the Classified Advertising pages of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

It is possible to reach half a million homes at from \$10 to \$30 a month.

If you wanted to send a circular to these homes the postage alone would cost at least \$5000, and you would have to send it to names selected at random.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE goes to alert, wide-awake, progressive homes—the kind that are worth reaching with your advertising.

Write us to-day for "A New Force in Business," a booklet full of valuable advertising information.

The Frank A. Munsey Company
175 Fifth Avenue, New York



ON THE WINGS OF THE NEW
COMES A PRESENT FOR YOU

The rush of air through its wings upholds the aeroplane, but rushing air has been made to do a greater service for man than this.

The application of air suction to household cleaning is a greater advance over our old laborious, inefficient ways of cleaning than is the flight of the aeroplane over our old methods of transportation.

Man is truly happy only as he progresses; for progress is the law of the universe.

Make for yourself a merry Christmas and a happy New Year by getting in line with progressive standards of cleanliness.

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner

Operated by *It Eats Up the Dirt* or Electric
Hand Motor

What a splendid Christmas gift this truly wonderful machine would make for your wife, your young married daughter or some other loved one or friend! This is *the* machine that has brought all the tremendous advantage of Vacuum Cleaning within the *every-day* reach of all.

IT COSTS ONLY \$25 COMPLETE

Weighing only 20 pounds, it is carried about as easily as a pail of water, and you work it by hand with an ease that makes the labor of cleaning seem like play.

Either this or, at a total cost of \$60 or \$65, you can enjoy the luxury of having your machine equipped with a first-class motor that is readily attached to any electric light socket.

Christmas is fast approaching. Don't put off getting this machine. Cut out this advertisement now. **Act at once.**

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner is sold at our various agencies throughout the country. If no agency is handy, write us direct. Valuable booklet on Cleaning Problem sent free.

AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, 225 E Fifth Ave., New York City

Keep Your Home at an Even, Healthful Temperature.

day and night all the winter through—with reduced coal bills—
by installing a

HOWARD THERMOSTAT

Easily applied to all heating plants. Every one that is installed demonstrates to the entire satisfaction of its owner that it is a most wonderful fuel saver.

WITH CLOCK ATTACHMENT

it still further reduces the coal bills by permitting a lower temperature throughout the house at night, and at the time set, automatically adjusting the draft and check, so that by rising time the temperature of the house is at the degree desired for the day. To accomplish all this, it is but necessary to wind the clock, set the alarm hand and adjust the pointer before retiring.

GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS. THOUSANDS IN USE MORE THAN 25 YEARS

The most perfect and most reliable heat controlling device ever placed on the market. Coal saved pays for it; therefore it costs you nothing.

HOWARD THERMOSTATS

Are Sold by Heating Men and Electricians Everywhere

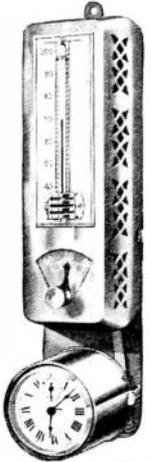
If you will kindly send us the name and address of your furnace man, steam fitter or electrician, we will send you our booklet No. 15, which gives complete details about the Howard Thermostat. Write today.

HOWARD THERMOSTAT CO., - 376 W. 1st St., - OSWEGO, N. Y.

New England Office, 188 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

New York City Office, 143 Liberty St., Telephone 7607 Cortlandt

Canadian Representative, The Gurney Foundry Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.



DO YOU ADMIRE BEAUTIFUL HOMES ?



Name price house wanted.—Art circular free

Modern Dwellings—9 x 12 in. 200 Illustrations (\$2,500 to \$50,000).....	\$1.50	} BOTH BOOKS	\$2.00
American Homes—150 Illustrations (\$1,500 to \$10,000).....	\$1.00		

“MODERN DWELLINGS” AND “American Homes”

Two Magnificent Books on Home Building

By Geo. F. Barber. Contains hundreds of

STANDARD DESIGNS, PLANS AND INTERIORS IN

Georgian, Colonial, English, Mission, Craftsman, Bungalows, Barns

GEO. F. BARBER & CO., Architects, Knoxville, Tenn.

Full Working Drawings for those who are Planning to Build



“It's all in the Edge”

It will give you real razor service true razor comfort. Every turn of the crank gives six complete stroppings.

Shave Ten Days

Try our strop free—then if you can part with it, return it—no cost whatever to you.

Perfection Automatic Razor Strop

Made for all kinds of safety razor blades and for ordinary razors. The only automatic mechanical device which perfectly adapts the barber's knack in the peculiar twist of the wrist as he draws the blade, not flat, but diagonally, across the strop. It gives a perfect, easy-shaving edge to your razor blade in a few seconds.

Write for circular—send name of your dealer and we will arrange with him to supply a Perfection Razor Strop on 10 days' trial. Name make, if your razor is a safety.

PERFECTION RAZOR STROP COMPANY

93 Dearborn Street - - - - - CHICAGO, ILL.

Interesting proposition to dealers or agents



**Madam, You Need Never Sweep nor Dust Again
A Free Demonstration**

of the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner in your own home will convince you that it will do the work ten times quicker, ten times easier and ten times better. Rugs and carpets are cleaned on the floor, and the furniture is not disturbed. Think what it will mean to you—day after day—year after year—to have your entire home spotlessly clean and sweet, purged of the disease germs that swarm in the dust—germs of consumption, pneumonia and diphtheria. Not just twice a year, but every day—all the time. And it is so easy to clean house with the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner. The drudgery and confusion are all gone. There is not enough labor left to tire a child. The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner makes housecleaning the work of a few minutes, instead of many hours, and costs to operate less than 3c an hour.

And I am willing to prove all this to you at my own expense. I will send you a cleaner for a free demonstration in your home, no matter where you live. You may use it and test it severely. It will speak for itself. I am not afraid to send the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away and let it tell its own story. I am willing to do even more. I will rent you a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner by the month—for as many months as you desire—and when you have decided to buy it outright, all rentals you may have paid will be deducted from the purchase price. I gladly make this offer, because I know the machine is reliable and durable, and that the people who use it on the Rental-Investment basis will wish to own it, for the longer they use it the more they will like it.

Fill out the coupon below, and let me send you our booklet on scientific housecleaning.

**A Business of Your Own with
Duntley
Pneumatic Cleaners
On the Pay-from-Profit Plan**

To those who wish to earn \$5 a day and upwards, by cleaning for others and taking orders for Duntley Cleaners, we offer a fine and permanent arrangement. It enables you to engage in a most profitable business of your own. By this plan you have three separate ways of making money easily and quickly—by cleaning for profit—by renting—and by selling Duntley Cleaners to those who will want to buy after you have done work for them. To prove what you can do, we send you the machine, instruct you in its use, advertise you and put you in business. Before you invest a cent you get the free use of the machine and actually begin making money. You therefore take no possible risk. Fill in the coupon below—right now, before you forget—and let me tell you all about it.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 419 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

.....Cut on this line and mail coupon at once.....

Duntley Mfg. Co., 419 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

Send me catalog of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for
.....household..... pay-from-profit plan.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

Mark X before the use in which you are interested.

**\$2.40 Per 100 \$5.00
Instead of**

Morton R. Edwin Panatela

is by all standards of comparison a top cigar. It will satisfy the most cranky smoker of imported brands. It is fully 5½ inches long, strictly hand-made, of choicest Havana tobacco—genuine Sumatra wrapper. It smokes freely and evenly—never chars down the side, but keeps burning coolly and fragrantly to the last toothhold.

The reason this cigar is sold at \$2.40 instead of \$5.00 per hundred is because I buy and sell for cash. I ask no credit, neither do I give it. I personally buy my tobacco direct from the grower in Cuba, and pay him at least five weeks before the tobacco reaches the U. S. Custom House. I buy for less and sell for less. The man who buys and sells on credit cannot compete with me. I believe in what Elbert Hubbard said in April, 1907, issue of the *Philistine*:

"A Credit Account is the most insidious form of borrowing money. When you don't pay the merchant at once for the goods you buy from him, you are borrowing money from him, and disguised in the price is much more than the legal rate of interest. Better to borrow the actual cash and know how much you have to pay for the accommodation; but it is better still to practice self-denial and go without the thing you want till you have the cash to pay for it."

"All the losses of the merchants who give credit are made good by the people who pay."

"The merchant who gives credit is not in business for his health any more than the pawn-broker is."

Among my 35 different brands I have an "in-between" smoke called "Old Fashioned Havana Smokers." I want you to be on smoking terms with them, because they are just the thing you want when you don't want a big cigar. They are Havana-filled—4 inches long—blunt at both ends—made the way the Cuban planter rolls tobacco for his own use—without a binder.

I'm so eager to have you try this smoke that I'll send you a sample box of 12 free along with an order for my Panatelas, because you'll buy them again.

Send me \$2.40 for 100 Morton R. Edwin Panatelas. Smoke as many as you like—smoke them all if you want to, and if you then tell me that you didn't receive more than you expected, I'll return your money and we'll remain friends.

If you want to know who I am and whether or not I run my business on the square, if you have any doubts as to my making good if my cigars don't, just inquire from any bank or commercial agency about me. If you don't like the report you get, keep your cash at home.



Actual Size



Illustrated Price List sent on request

Morton R. Edwin

Dept. N. 64-66 W. 125th St. New York

Make checks payable to Edwin Cigar Co

Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar for 1910

The exquisite beauty of the Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar for 1910 cannot be described.

• It must be seen to be fully appreciated.

So pure—so subtly charming—so sweet and beautiful is this portrayal of the American Girl that it will appeal to you at once.

In panel shape, measuring 7 inches in width and 36 inches in length, it lends itself perfectly to the filling of those corners that are so hard to decorate. Printed in fourteen delicately blended colors, it harmonizes pleasantly with the color scheme of any room.

You will surely want one of these calendars for your room, den or office.

This calendar is free from advertising, even the pads being printed on the back. All we ask is that you think, when you glance at it, of

Pabst Extract The Best Tonic

and remember "It brings the roses to your cheeks"—that it is the perfect blending of malt and hops into a builder of health, strength, vigor and vitality—a tonic that enriches the blood, steadies the nerves and rebuilds the wasted tissues of the body.

For Sale by All Druggists—Insist Upon It Being Pabst

This Calendar is Free

All we ask you to do is to send us ten cents in stamps or silver to cover cost of packing and mailing. Write today.

**PABST EXTRACT DEPT. 14
Milwaukee, Wis.**



It won't leak

MOORE'S NON-LEAKABLE



Begin Early and Begin Right

**\$2.50
AND UP**

BEGIN EARLY by making up your list of Christmas Presents now. **BEGIN RIGHT** by placing **MOORE'S NON-LEAKABLE FOUNTAIN PEN** on your list of presents that you want to feel sure will produce permanent pleasure.

The reason that you can feel absolutely confident that **MOORE'S** will give lasting pleasure is based on its unique construction which absolutely eliminates the possibility of trouble.

When we speak of **MOORE'S FOUNTAIN PEN** as "non-leakable," we mean literally that "It Won't Leak." It won't leak because it can't. Its construction positively prevents that possibility.

Unlike other brands, this pen is easily filled. Instead of unscrewing a section, the pen is pulled down into the barrel and filled quickly without staining your hands. The pen coming out of the ink writes instantly, and doesn't require shaking. The barrel is jointless, thereby overcoming the annoyance of sweating, and is always clean.

MOORE'S is not limited to the use of any special fluid inks, but will carry all grades. If you do not find a dealer in your locality who sells this pen, write us at once his name and address with your own, and we will see that he has an assortment from which you can choose.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR WOMEN.
MOORE'S NON-LEAKABLE MIDGET, 3½ INCHES LONG, OCCUPIES VERY LITTLE SPACE IN YOUR POCKET OR BAG.

AMERICAN FOUNTAIN PEN CO. 168 DEVONSHIRE ST.
BOSTON, MASS.



"The Standard for 60 years"

POND'S EXTRACT

The test of time has only served to strengthen confidence in the efficacy of Pond's Extract, the most useful household remedy.

**Soothing, Refreshing
and Healing**

Ask your druggist for POND'S EXTRACT. Sold only in sealed bottles—never sold in bulk. Refuse all substitutes.

VANISHING CREAM

(POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S)

is an ideal non-oily toilet cream of great purity and exquisite Jacque Rose fragrance. "Vanishing Cream" effectively promotes that fineness of skin texture so requisite to a clear and beautiful complexion.

Send name and address for a liberal **FREE SAMPLE**

POND'S EXTRACT CO.

Dept. J, 78 Hudson St., New York



“Don't Envy a Good Complexion; Use POMPEIAN and Have One”

YOU will never know the reasons for Pompeian popularity—how clean you can be and look—how refreshed, healthy and wholesome in appearance—until you test Pompeian. Rub it on your moistened face, well into the pores; a few moments of massaging, and out comes the cream many shades darker than when applied. You are astonished—never suspected that so much dirt was in the skin, despite soap-and-water scrubbing.

Glance in your mirror—the old sallow “dead skin” appearance has gone, and in place is a skin with the freshness and smoothness of perfect health and youth.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

“The Standard Face Cream”

“Don't *envy* a good complexion; use Pompeian and *have* one.” If you wish to try before you buy, send 6c in coin or stamps for a trial jar. Or read poster-calendar offer below, and send 16c for trial jar and a copy of “Pompeian Beauty.”

Send for 1910 “Pompeian Beauty” Poster-Calendar

Our lavender-and-gold 1910 Poster-Calendar panel is 3 feet high and 7¼ inches wide. The small reproduction of “Pompeian Beauty,” as shown on the right, gives but a faint idea of the exquisite detail of color and costume. No advertising matter is printed on front of panel—just the artist's name-plate as you see it in the small reproduction herewith. 1910 Calendar is printed on rear to permit of artistic framing, but the panel effect obviates the necessity of framing. A loop at top permits easy hanging. This “Pompeian Beauty” girl will be the Poster-Calendar sensation of 1910. The supply is limited—send for one early enough to avoid disappointment. Write now before you lay this paper aside. Enclose 10c in coin or stamps. For 16c we will send a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream, the standard face cream, and “Pompeian Beauty,” 3 feet high and in lavender and gold. You may order either or both.

Pompeian for Men

READ WHAT USERS SAY:

1. “Makes shaving a success.”—Mr. J. H. M., Portland, Me.
2. “Makes your face clean and clear on the morning after.”—Mr. J. H. M., Nashua, N. H.
3. “Clears the skin like a month in the mountains.”—Mr. D. R. F., Philadelphia, Pa.
4. “Introduces you to your handsomer self.”—Mr. L. L. G., Buffalo, N. Y.
5. “A near-easer for the close shaver.”—Mr. F. H. S., New York City.

The above lines are a few of the many thousands entered in a recent contest for the best lines describing the merits and benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream. Get Pompeian to-day at your druggist's or have it used at your barber's. Look for “Pompeian” on the jar. There are countless cheap, injurious imitations on which the barber makes more money—at your expense.

Pompeian rubs in and roll-out, cleansing the pores as even soap and water can not. The dead-skin “old-man” look departs with it.

A TRIAL JAR sent for 6c in coin or stamps. Why not send 16c to-day for poster-calendar and trial jar? Read description above.

Sold by 50,000 dealers—used in 40,000 high-class barber shops.

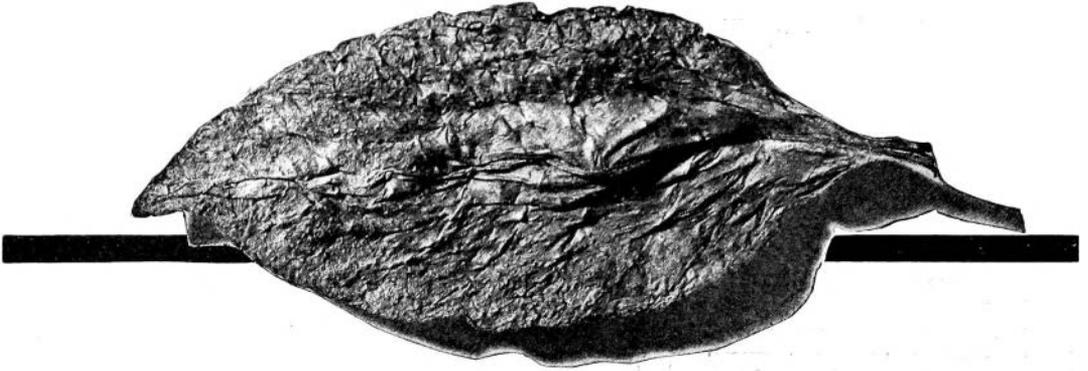
Dealers Everywhere; 50c, 75c and \$1

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 54 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio



POMPEIAN BEAUTY
BY FORBES

SEE POSTER-CALENDAR OFFER



Judge No Cigarette By the Price

Some makers buy Turkish tobacco from merchants. They pay a third more than we pay—direct to the planters.

Some makers let others select their leaves. We send our own experts to thousands of Turkish farms.

We get the pick of each crop.

Some makers buy "from hand to mouth," so the cigarettes constantly vary. We carry a three years supply of tobacco—all bought at times when we get the choicest leaves.

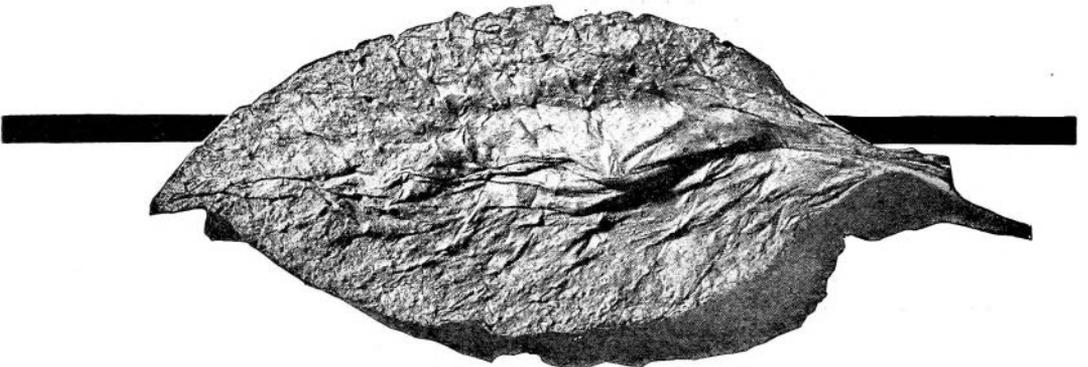
That's why Murads—with their exquisite flavor—sell for 15 cents.

MURAD

10 for 15 cents

CIGARETTES

S. ANARGYROS, New York
A CORPORATION



Ever-Ready Safety Razor

TRADE MARK
OF FACE



With
12 \$
Blades

The newer "Ever-Ready" is even a better "Ever-Ready"—the best Safety Razor at any price. The most remarkable value in all the world. \$1.00 for the complete outfit means a safety frame that will last a lifetime—twelve (12) of the finest blades ever produced—a clever stropper device and all compactly arranged in a fine button-lock case—and all for one dollar.

Two million users vouch for the EVER-READY. An unqualified guarantee that the EVER-READY will shave you.

Extra Blades 10 for 50c

Each EVER-READY Blade separately wrapped in patented package—keep—clean—sanitary—beware of exposed blades. Exchange 10 dull blades for ten new ones any time for 50c.

Sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Drug and General Stores everywhere. Be wise—refuse imitations. Mail orders prepaid.

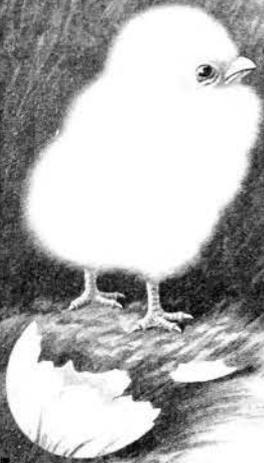
American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
320 Broadway, New York

Canada—International Distributing Co., Montreal



Bon Ami

Hasn't scratched yet !!!



There is no reason for having two or three kinds of cleaning and scouring soaps or powders, when Bon Ami will do the work of all.

Bon Ami cleans, scours, polishes.

You can use it in the kitchen sink, you can use it on brass, copper, steel and tin ware, on the glassware, mirrors and windows, and for the bathroom, woodwork and floors.

Bon Ami is an efficient aid to quick housework. The housekeeper who uses it saves time, labor and money.

*17 years on the market
"Hasn't scratched yet !!!"*



In all the World

There's no Catsup like

Snider's

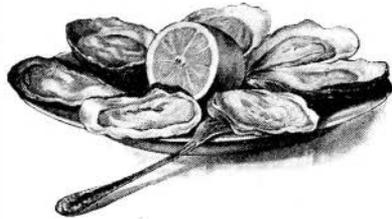
Made after an old-fashion "Kitchen Recipe" from ripe tomatoes, sound and red to the core.

Absolutely free from chemical preservatives or artificial coloring.

So good and deliciously flavoured that it has won its own way since the first bottle was made—

"It's the Process"

Get a bottle from Grocer and try an
Oyster Cocktail



Recipe

Two tablespoonfuls **Snider Catsup**, one teaspoonful finely grated horseradish, a pinch of salt, and Cayenne pepper to taste.

Snider Tomato Catsup and all Snider products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the world.

Upon receipt of 2 **Snider Pork & Beans** labels, we will send you one of our beautiful 50-piece jig-saw Picture Puzzles.

Address Dept. 25.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.





Copyright, 1909, B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

Perfection in protection — no words better describe Kuppenheimer overcoats.

They're quality coats with thoroughbred style sticking out of every line.

Coats that wrap a man about with a sense of right appearance — a good feeling to have.

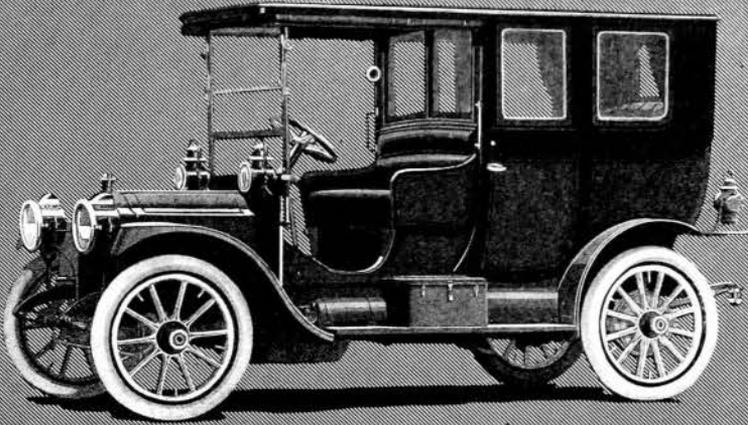
You'll find them at the better clothiers.

The House of Kuppenheimer

CHICAGO

NEW YORK

BOSTON

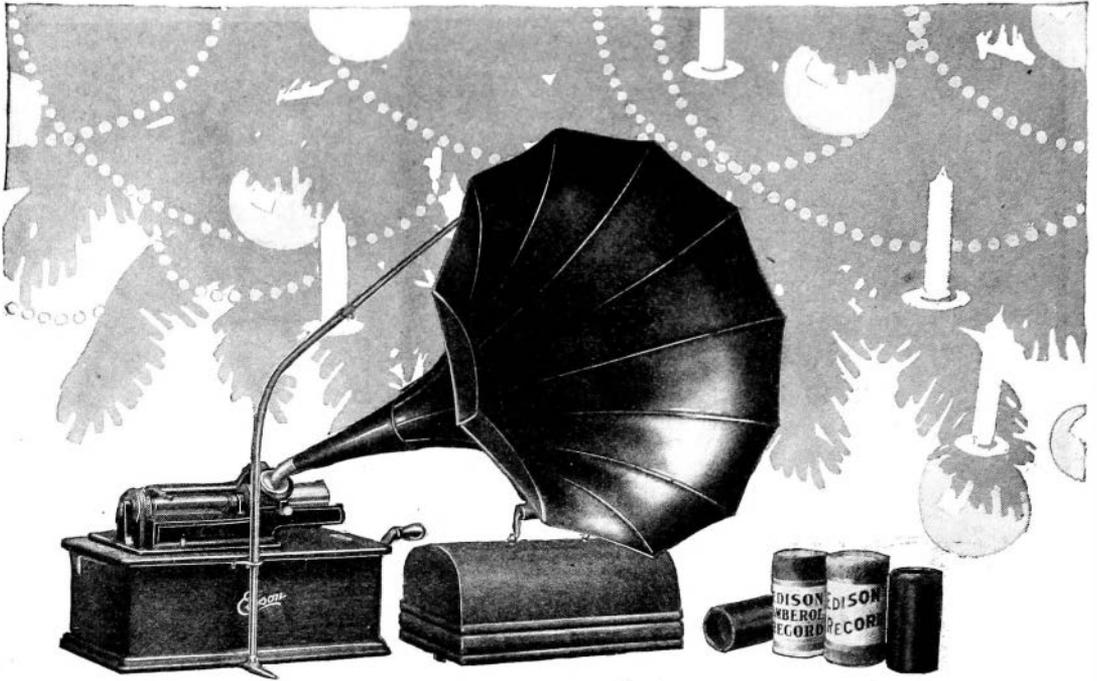


PACKARD EIGHTEEN—WITH LIMOUSINE BODY

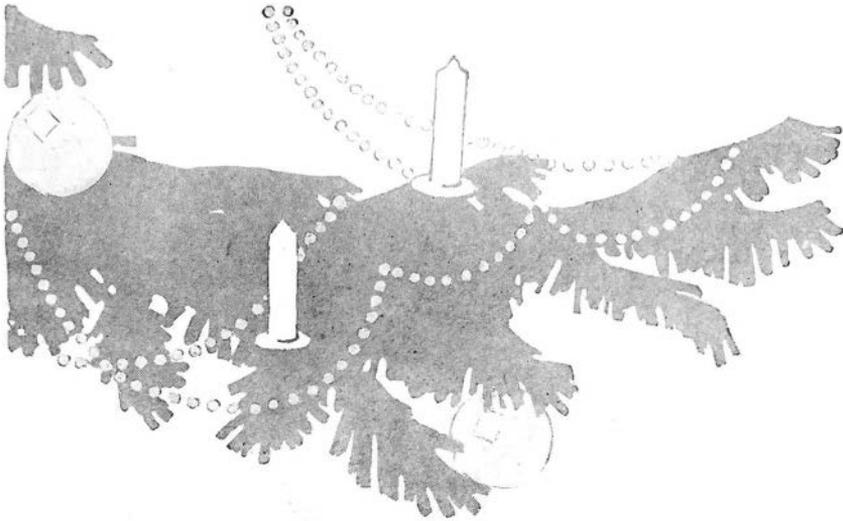
Packard
MOTOR CARS
1910



Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan



In every home
somebody ought to
buy somebody
an **EDISON**
PHONOGRAPH
for Christmas this year



THE one thing that brings joy to all the household, big and little, old and young, is an Edison Phonograph with a selection of Edison Amberol Records.

The best Christmas present is something all can enjoy. All can and do enjoy the Edison Phonograph.

If every member of the family would take the money he or she expects to use to buy presents for the other members of the family, and put it together, there will be enough not only to buy an Edison Phonograph, but also a large supply of Records.

Edison Phonographs sold everywhere in the United States at the same prices \$12.50 to \$125
 Edison Standard Records - - - 35c
 Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) 50c
 Edison Grand Opera Records - 75c and \$1.00

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records and get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 22 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.



*Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
'Tis very clear,
Their craft was queer,
And yet they reached their goal.
Since Ivory Soap kept them afloat,
The incident seems quite worthy of note.*

For bath, toilet and fine laundry purposes; for the nursery; for shampooing; for everything and anything that necessitates the use of a better-than-ordinary soap, Ivory Soap is unequalled.

Ivory Soap It Floats.

Swift's Premium Calendar for 1910

Four Famous American Songs

This is by far the most beautiful, interesting and valuable calendar we have ever published.

Each of the four large sheets (9 1/2 x 15 inches) illustrates in color the homes and childhood scenes of the authors of the four most famous American songs, giving a portrait, autograph and biography of the author, the history of the song, words of the song, and on the reverse side a full piano music score with the words.

One of these Calendars should be in every home

It is an authentic picture history of songs dear to every American heart.

Sent postpaid for 10 cents in coin or stamps. Or—One cap from a jar of Swift's Beef Extract. Or—10 Wool Soap Wrappers. (In Canada 10 cents additional is required on account of duty.)

SWIFT'S PREMIUM CALENDAR 1910

Photo of S. F. Smith, Author of "America," (Chicago, Ill.)

America

"AMERICA" was written in February, 1892, and was first sung that year at the Park Street Church, Boston. While the words were written by a lady of Massachusetts, the tune is English. The author had just graduated in a private academy in Andover, Mass. "AMERICA" was at once in the forefront of leaders, it was instantly the rage, and it was destined to stir young America's soul. Dr. Edward Wendell, Boston, was sent from the north of Maine, Francis Sibley was brought by every steam boat to the land where the song became a part of our national life. It is the only song which has been so widely and so rapidly adopted in every part of the world. It has for years been the national anthem and the national melody of the United States.

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing,
Lift every voice and sing,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every bosom rise
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy rocks are holy,
I love thy soil and rocks,
The winds and songbirds,
My heart with rapture thrills,
That e'er I breathe.

Let every voice arise,
And sing thee praise,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Let words and music
Lift every voice and sing,
The land we love,
Our God is here,
America.

JULY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

SEPTEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT

When ordering for the household, remember

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon Swift's Silver-Leaf Lard

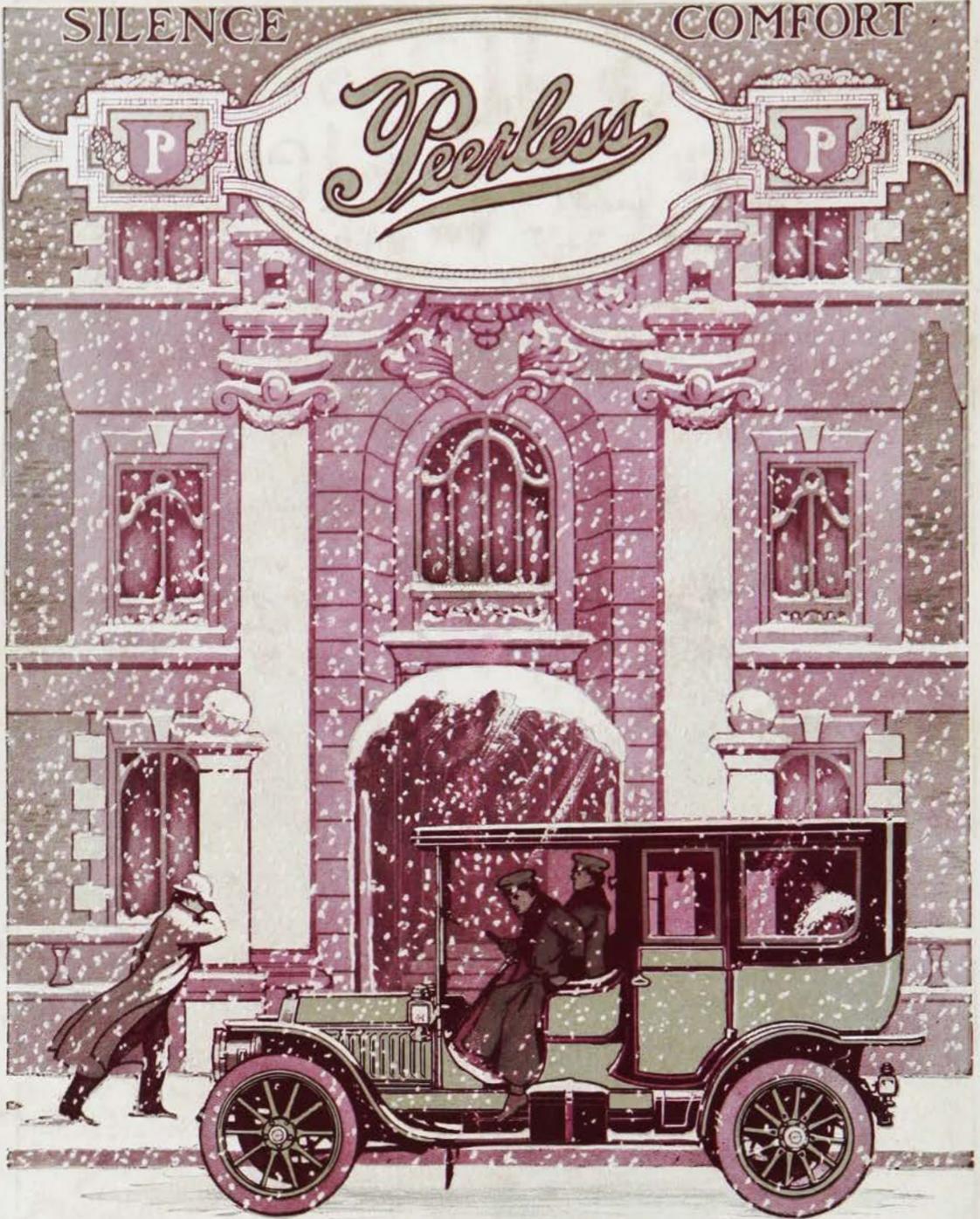
are always to be depended upon for excellence and are the most economical from the standpoint of quality and satisfaction. When you write for the calendar address

Swift & Company, 4120 Packer's Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SILENCE

COMFORT

Peerless



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