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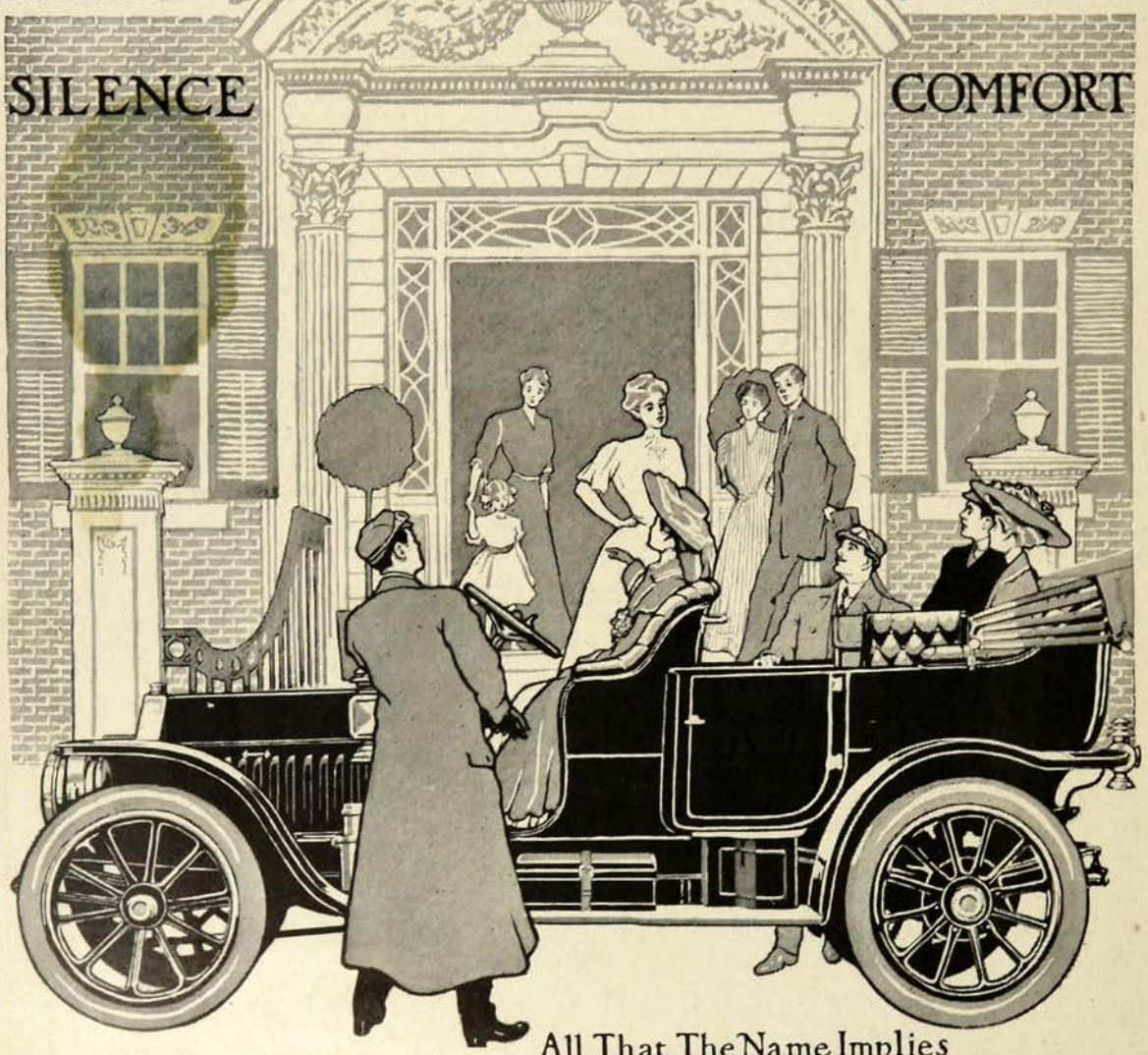

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Contents for September, 1909

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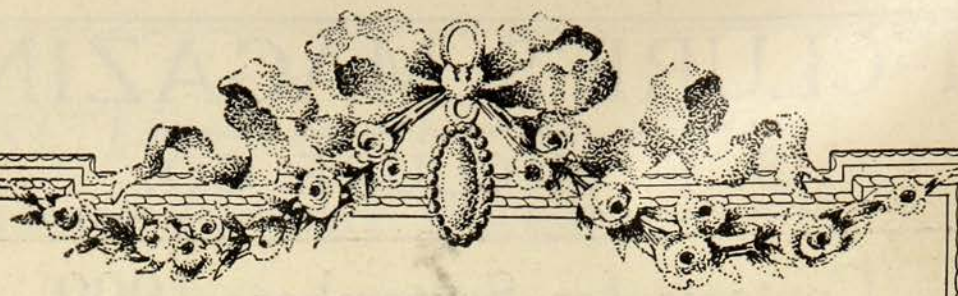

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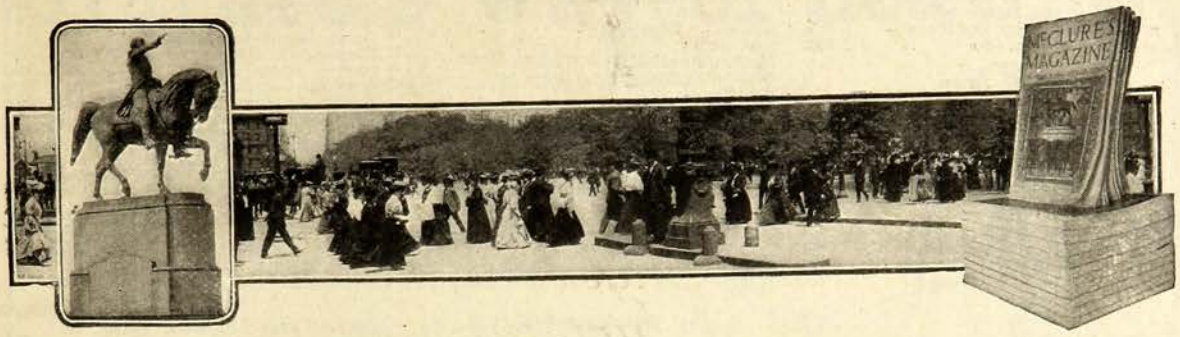

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(Continued on following page)

(Continued from preceding page)

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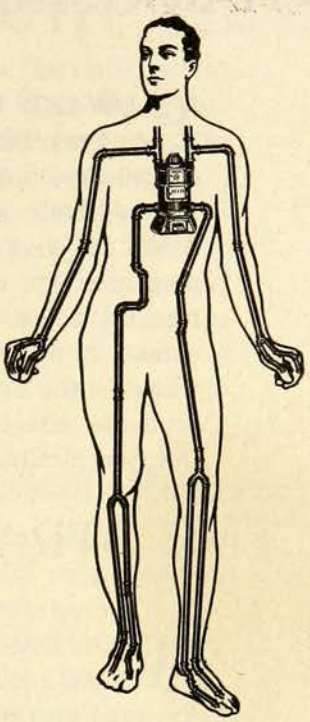

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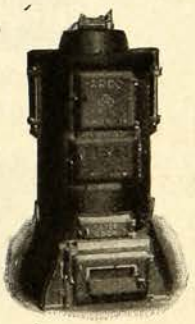

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SHORT FICTION

A South Sea tragedy of elopement and shipwreck. By John Fleming Wilson.

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The October McClure's

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The SECRETS of the SCHLUESSELBURG PRISON

THE article by Youvatshev, on his confinement in the Schluesselburg, which appeared in the August number of McClure's, will be followed by an authorative article by Doctor Soskice, on the secret history of the prison—its treatment of the political prisoners who have been confined there for many years.

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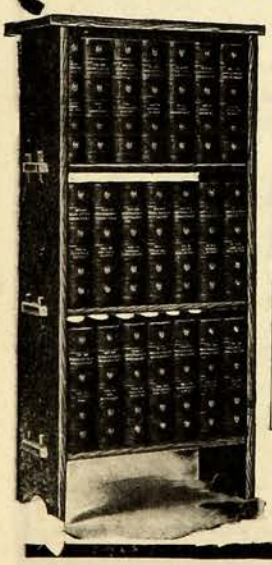

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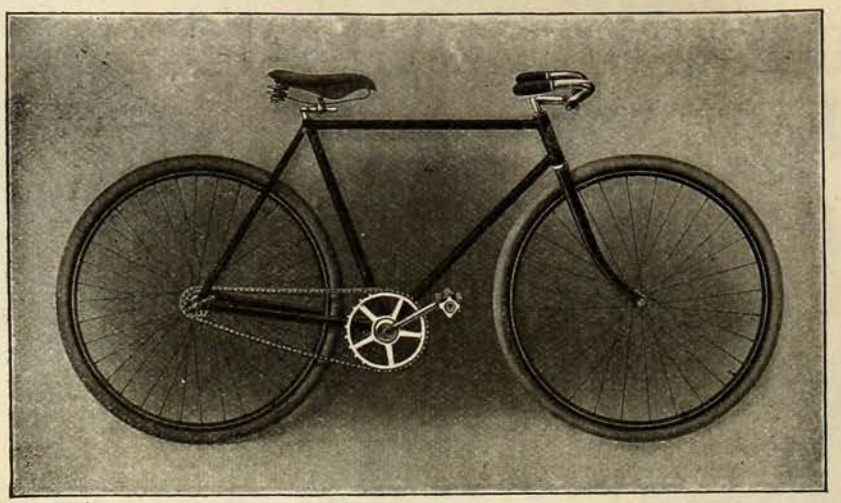

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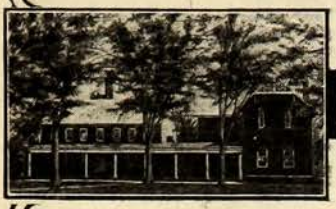

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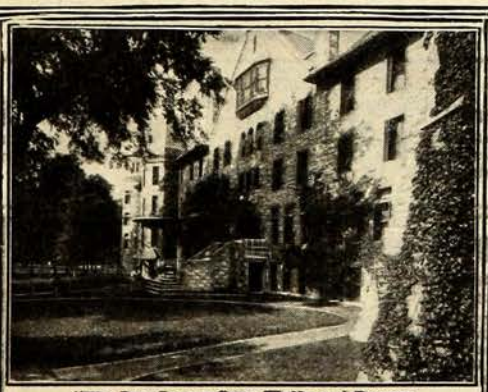

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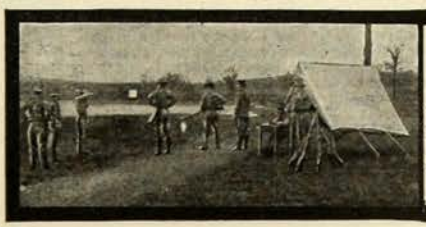

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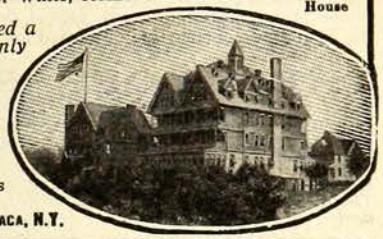

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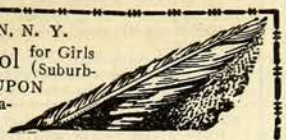

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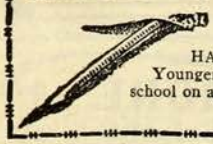

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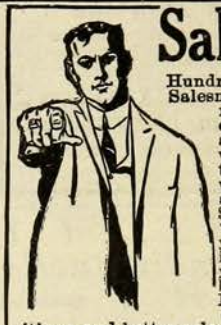

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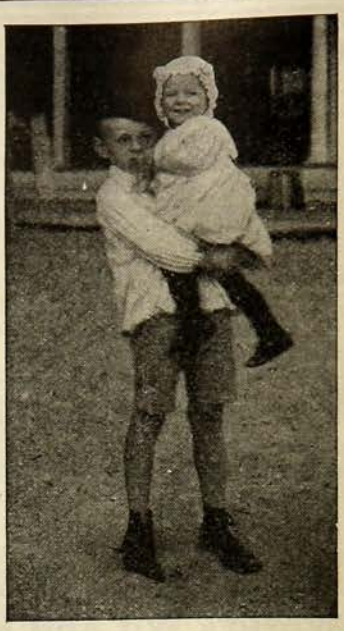

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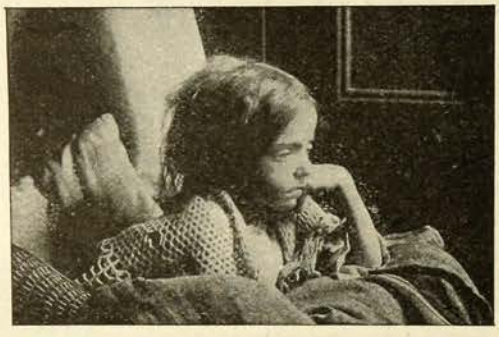

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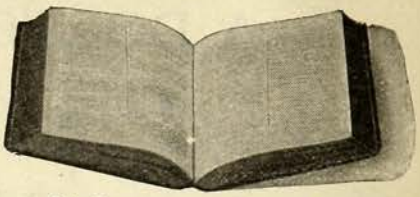

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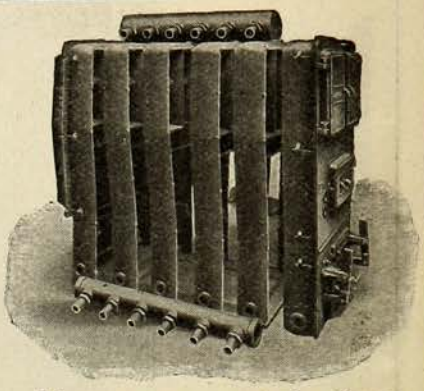

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Two factories at Uniontown, Pa.—One at Norwich, Conn.

LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON
AND HIS LITTLE SON

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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FARTHEST SOUTH

BY

LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND MAPS

AFTER my return from the National Antarctic Expedition* I felt that much had yet to be discovered in that least-known portion of the surface of the globe, and I therefore decided to make an attempt to organize another expedition, with the object of furthering our general knowledge of Antarctic geography, and of trying to reach the South Pole.

I hoped, by including in the expedition a good staff of scientific men, to combine with geographical research some important work in various branches of science. There was room for an enormous amount of careful investigation in connection with the biological conditions of the South Polar regions, as well as in the domains of geology, meteorology, and kindred sciences. We knew that the coast of Victoria Land extended beyond latitude 83° south, and that there was land at the eastern end of the Great Ice Barrier, for on the National Antarctic Expedition we had seen the outlines of mountains and rocks loom dimly through the falling snow. It was on King Edward VII. Land (so named by Captain Scott) that before leaving Lyttelton I had hoped to make my winter quarters. As will be seen later on, I was forced to abandon this plan.

The initial difficulty which confronted me was that of securing the necessary funds, and a rather serious matter this was. After much delay I obtained sufficient support to enable me to announce the forthcoming departure of a new Antarctic expedition. That was in February, 1907, and on August 7, 1907, the *Nimrod*, equipped as far as funds would allow, made a start from Torquay.

Our little vessel was a forty-year-old sealer, well qualified to face rough work amongst the ice. The equipment of a Polar expedition calls for a very great deal of care and forethought, because, when once civilization has been left behind, it is not possible to repair any omissions, and a little forgetfulness may have serious consequences. A few words about our equipment may, therefore, prove of interest.

The first essential was a hut for the winter quarters, since it was proposed that the *Nimrod* should not remain in the ice, but should return to New Zealand after landing the expedition and the stores.

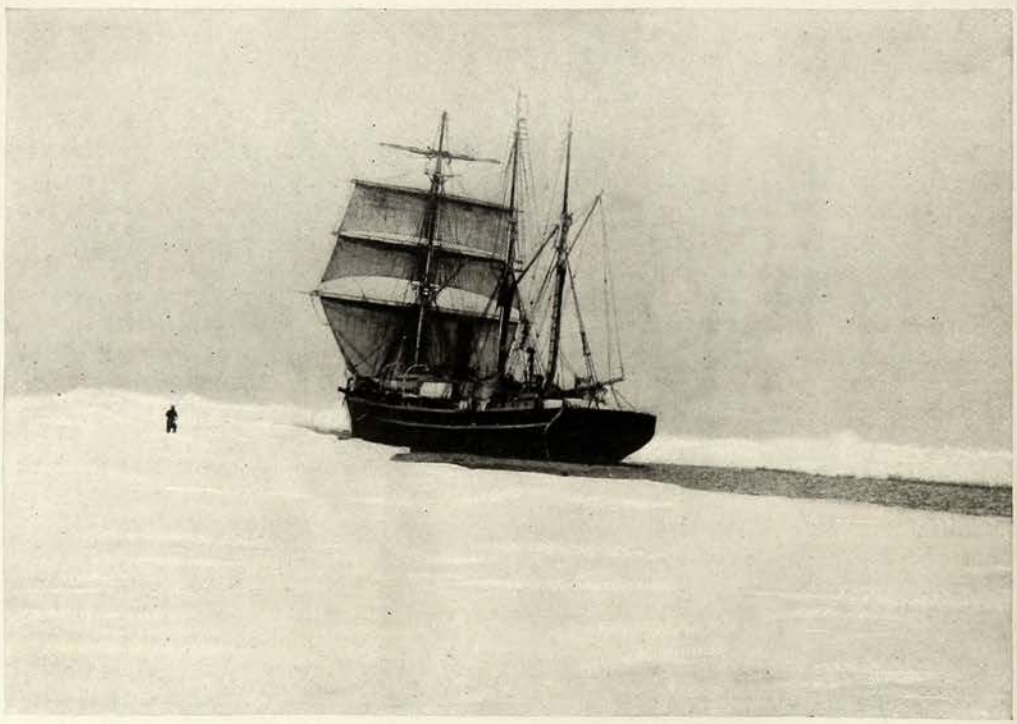
The hut was constructed of wood, and was taken south in sections, all carefully marked, so that it could be erected speedily on arrival at the winter quarters. The outside measurements of the hut were nineteen by thirty-three by twelve feet, and it was insulated with cork and felt as a protection against the cold. The original intention had been that the shore party should consist of twelve men, but finally this number was increased to fifteen, and therefore the winter quarters were none too roomy.

Laying in Our Food Supply

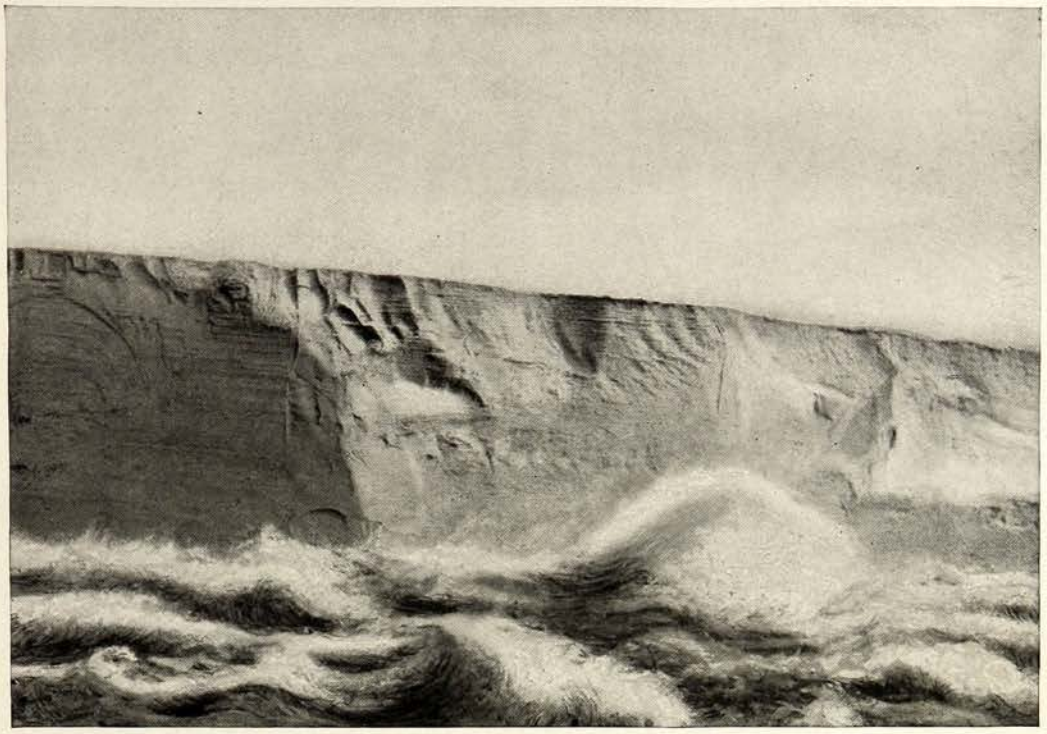
The question of the food supply was one of vital importance. We went to the best manufacturers, and in several instances were presented with some of our staple foods. The utmost care was taken to see that our foods were sound and good and suited to Antarctic needs, and the result has been that we have

* This expedition set out in the vessel *Discovery* in 1901, led by Captain Scott. It extended the approach to the South Pole nearly one hundred miles over the previous record, reaching a point in south latitude 80° 17′, 670 miles from the South Pole.

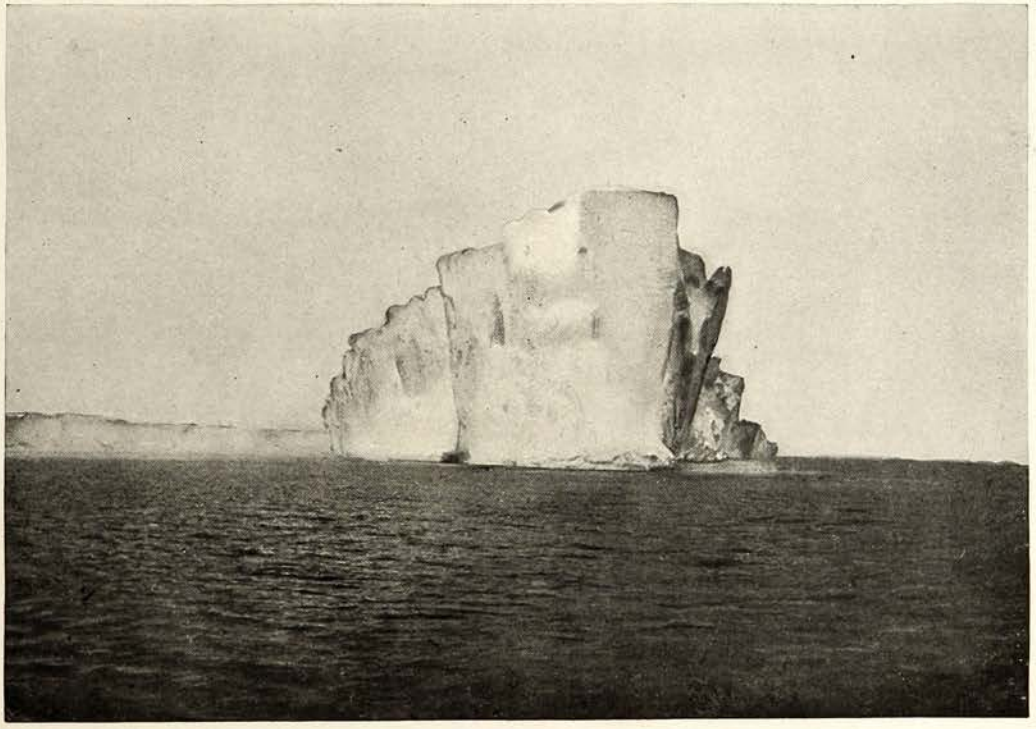
THE "KOONYA" TOWING THE "NIMROD" DOWN TO THE EDGE OF THE ICE-PACK, IN A HEAVY SEA. TAKEN FROM THE DECK OF THE "NIMROD"



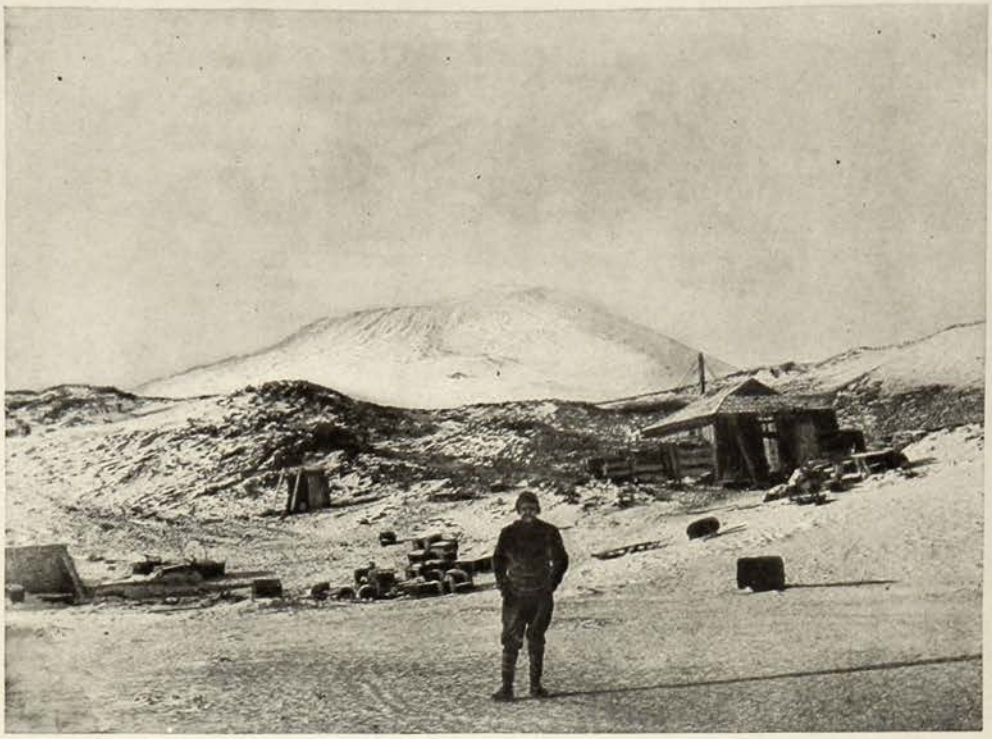
THE "NIMROD" IN THE PACK-ICE. AFTER PASSING BETWEEN HUNDREDS OF TABULAR ICEBERGS, THE SHIP REACHED THE GREAT ICE BARRIER, AN ENORMOUS CLIFF OF ICE AT THE EDGE OF THE ROSS SEA



THE GREAT ICE BARRIER, ALONG WHICH THE "NIMROD" SKIRTED; AT THE POINT SHOWN THE BARRIER WAS NINETY FEET HIGH

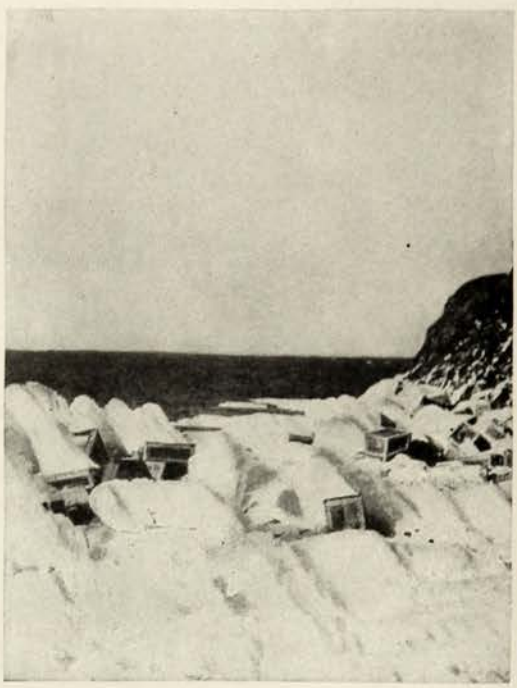


AN INLET IN THE GREAT ICE BARRIER, THE FRONT OF WHICH CAN BE SEEN CONTINUING TO THE LEFT OF THE HIGH POINT



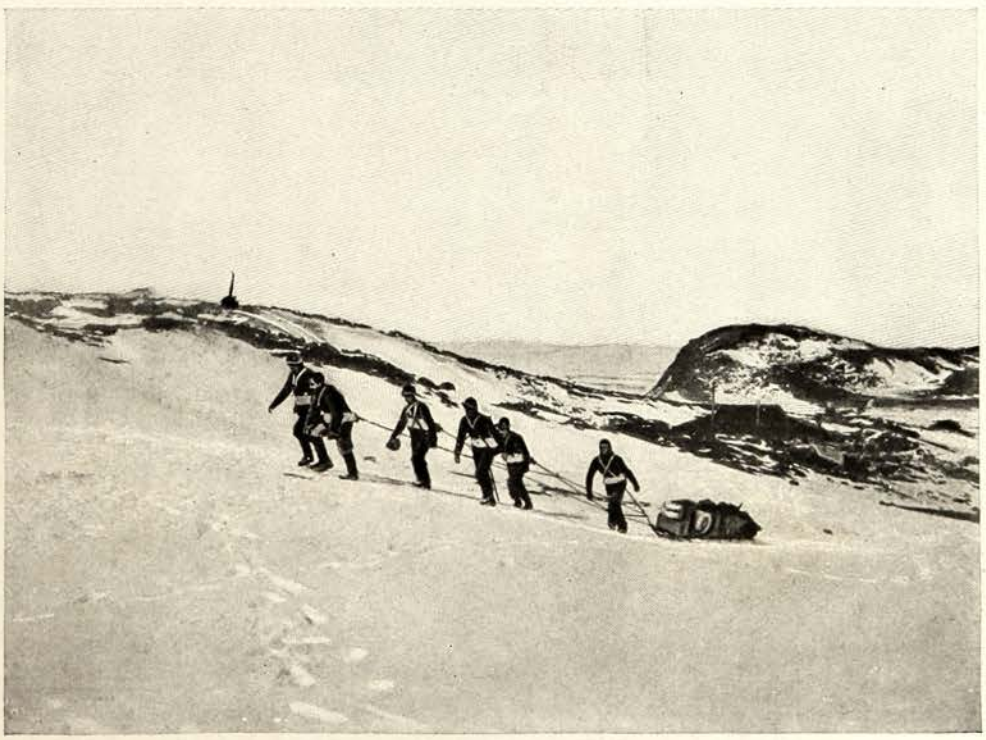
THE WINTER QUARTERS ON CAPE ROYDS, WITH THE VOLCANO EREBUS IN THE BACKGROUND THE LOW RIDGE BEHIND THE HUT AFFORDED GOOD PROTECTION AGAINST THE WINTER BLIZZARDS. THE FIGURE IN THE FRONT OF THE PICTURE IS LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON

MOUNT EREBUS IN ERUPTION ON JUNE 14, 1908. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY MOONLIGHT, WITH AN EXPOSURE OF TEN MINUTES



THE STORES COVERED WITH FROZEN SEA-SPRAY AFTER A BLIZZARD. CROWBARS WERE REQUIRED TO REMOVE THE ICE, WHICH IN PLACES WAS OVER FIVE FEET THICK

ONE OF THE CUBICLES IN THE WINTER HUT. ON THE RIGHT IS THE PRINTING-PRESS WITH WHICH THE "AURORA AUSTRALIS" WAS PRINTED, AND AT THE BACK CAN BE SEEN THE TYPE-CASE

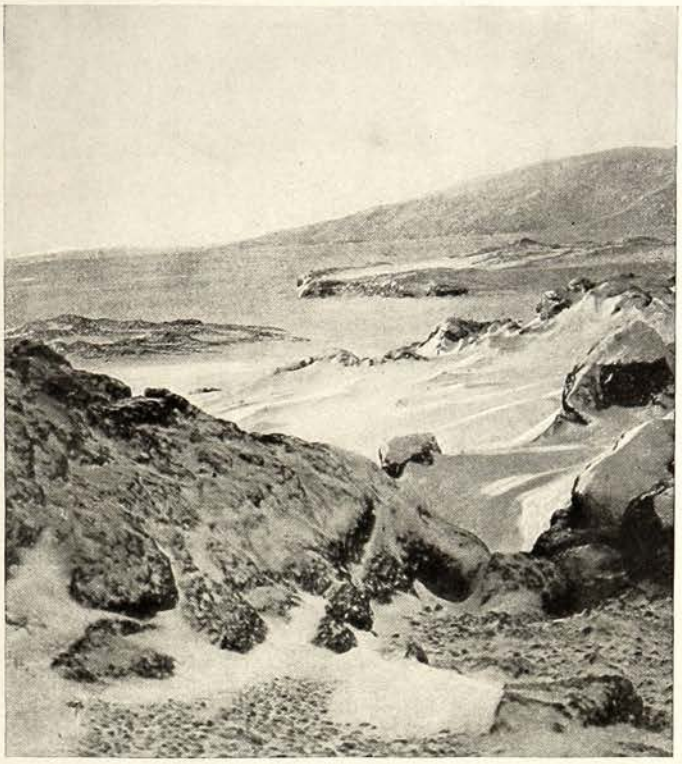


THE SLEDGING PARTY, CONSISTING OF DAVID, MAWSON, MACKAY, ADAMS, MARSHALL, AND BROCKLEHURST, ASCENDING MOUNT EREBUS

THE PENGUINS MIGRATED IN THE MIDDLE OF MARCH, WHEN DARKNESS WAS CLOSING DOWN ON THE ANTARCTIC. THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE LAST OF THEM ON THE SHORE, A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE THEY TOOK THEIR DEPARTURE

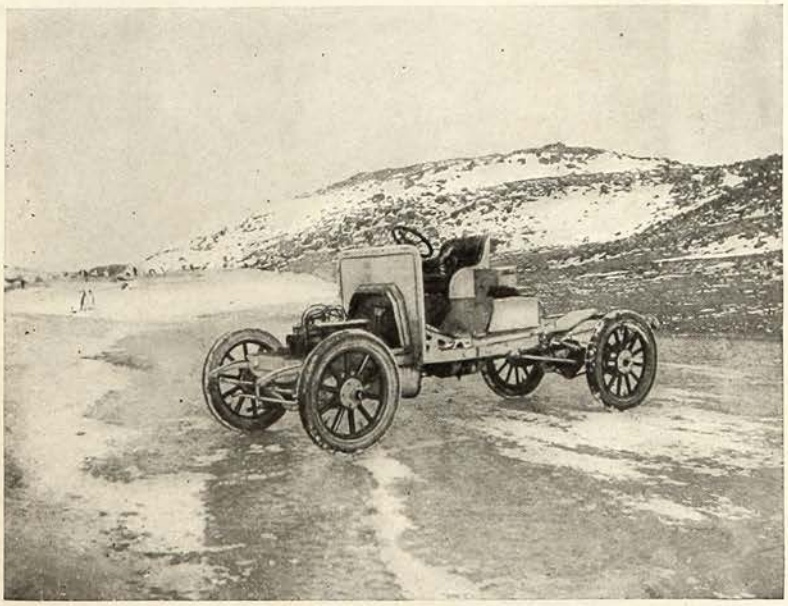
come through the expedition without one single case of illness due to our stores.

Flour and sweetstuffs, such as jams, golden syrup, sugar, bottled fruit, and dried fruit, formed a considerable part of our supplies; for in the intense cold of the Polar regions there is a natural craving for sweet things and for such dishes as puddings made with flour. We had supplies of tinned meat, fish, etc., but we largely supplemented these by the use of seal meat during the winter, as the fresh meat would help to ward off that bugbear of all Polar explorers — scurvy. The chief article of food for the sledging expeditions was pemmican, which we procured from Copenhagen; and in addition we had several preparations of a special character, designed to give the maximum of nourishment with the minimum of weight. These will be referred to again later on.



LOOKING NORTHWARD FROM A SPOT NEAR THE WINTER QUARTERS TOWARD CAPE BIRD, ROSS ISLAND. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN ON APRIL 7, 1908, SHORTLY BEFORE THE SUN DISAPPEARED

We provided ourselves with thick "Jaeger" woollen clothing, and over this we wore thin windproof Burberry material, which proved most efficient in resisting the icy blasts. We had also the heavy pilot-cloth garments that have been used by other expeditions; but after carrying out some experiments during the spring sledging journey, I decided that we would not take the heavy clothing on the journey toward the South Pole. The saving in weight was a matter of very great importance.



THE MOTOR-CAR ON THE ICE. THE CAR TRAVELLED WELL ON THE SEA-ICE, BUT COULD NOT BE USED ON THE SOFT SNOW OF THE BARRIER AND WAS THEREFORE USED TO LAY DEPOTS

The headgear was always a source of difficulty. Indeed, every Polar explorer tries to devise some method of his own for keeping his face from being frost-bitten. It is not practicable to cover up the front of the face, for the moisture of one's breath would freeze on the covering, and frost-bite would result very quickly.

For wearing about the hut in the winter quarters we had thick Russian felt boots, and for use on the

march Lapland *finneskoe*, which are large boots made of reindeer skin with the furry side out. Into these we put dried sennegraes to absorb the moisture of the feet, and then there was room for the feet and three or four pairs of thick socks. These *finneskoe* were tied round with lamp-wick to keep them in place.

A Modern Polar Equipment

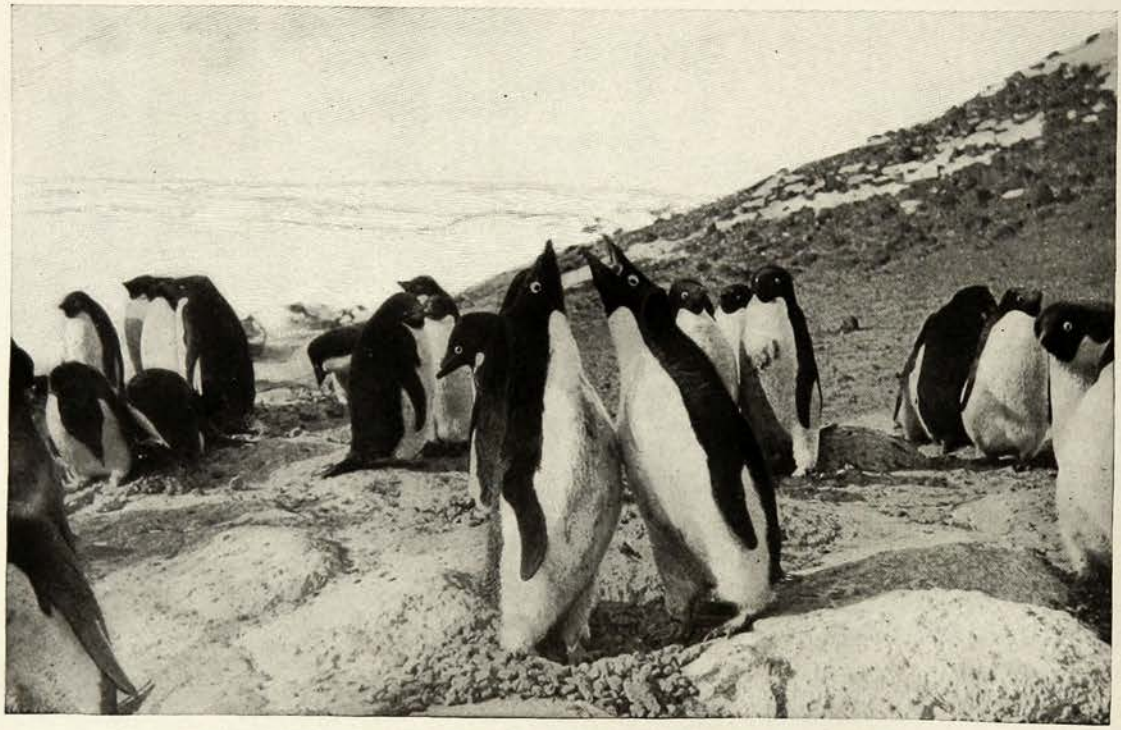
Jaeger sleeping-bags and blankets were used in the hut, while for use on the march we had sleeping-bags of reindeer skin with the fur inside. Our tents were made of light Willesden duck, and were pitched over five bamboo poles, fastened together at the top. Three poles were put to windward and two to leeward, where was the door, a loose circular opening like a spout, which could be tied from the inside. Snow was piled round the snow-cloth at the bottom of the tent to make all snug.

The sledges were a modified pattern of the *Discovery* sledges, and their general design is shown in the photographs taken on the southern expedition. They were eleven feet long, made in Norway of specially selected timber, and they weighed about sixty pounds each, with straps and boxes for carrying oil. The way in which they stood the rough-and-tumble work on the ice was beyond praise. Petroleum and lamps of the Primus pattern were provided for the sledging expeditions, and the cooking vessels were of aluminum. This important part of the equipment proved quite satisfactory, for with the temperature well below zero we could turn snow into boiling water in twenty minutes. A coal stove and an acetylene gas plant were used in the winter quarters, a supply of coal having been landed from the *Nimrod*.

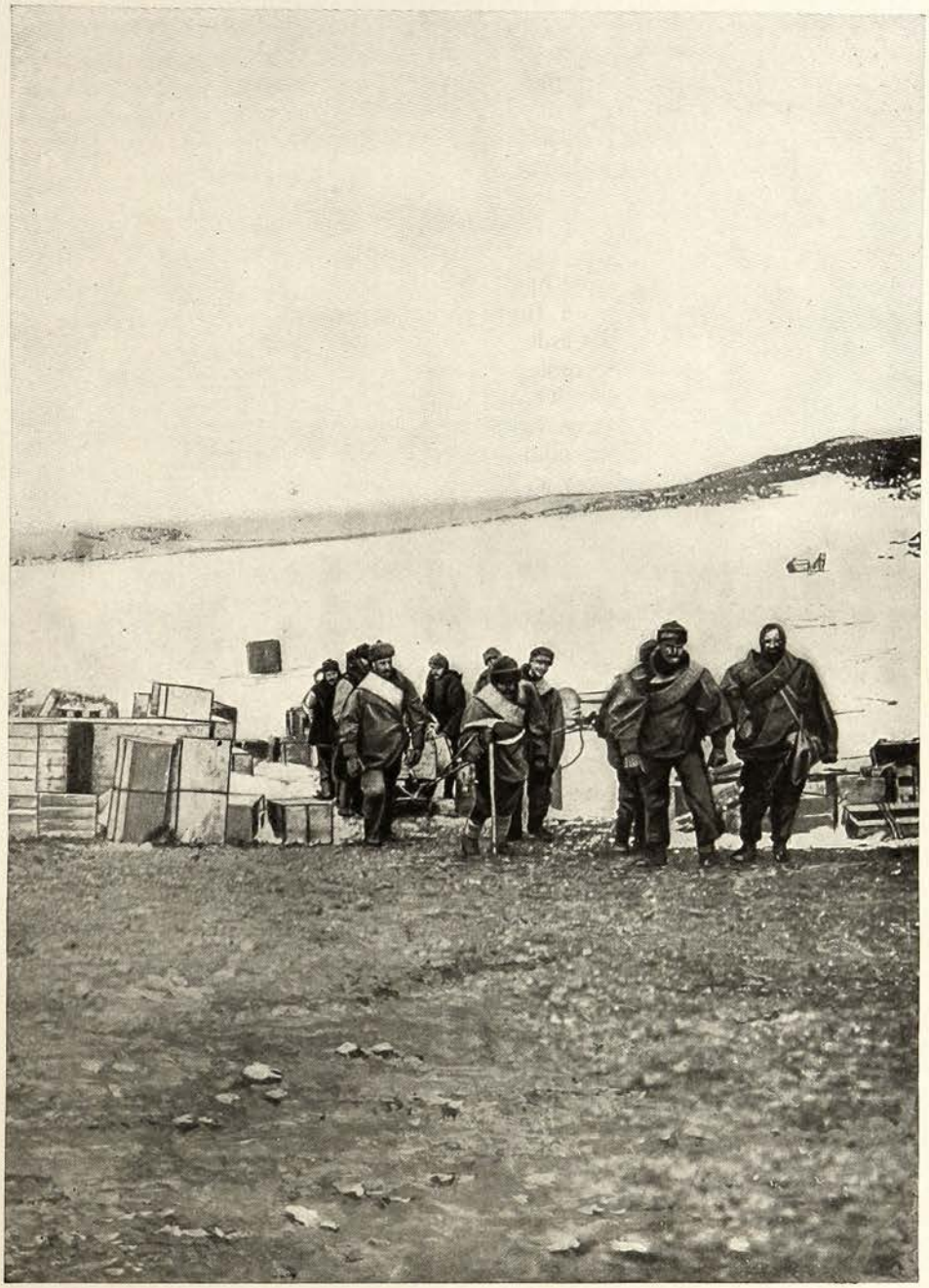
Manchurian Ponies and a Motor-Car for Travel on the Ice

A new departure was made by the use of Manchurian ponies and a motor-car. These ponies are probably the hardiest animals in the world. They are accustomed to living and working under conditions of extreme cold and to travelling over snow and ice, and their readiness to eat absolutely anything into which they can get their teeth was often a source of embarrassment to us. They would eat their harness or each other's tails if the least opportunity were presented.

I secured twelve of the ponies from a Manchurian village, and after a long voyage they were landed at Port Lyttelton, in New Zealand. Then they had to be broken in, and this work taxed to the utmost the skill and energy of some young New Zealand horsemen. Finally, I selected the best ten ponies and embarked them in the *Nimrod* for the journey down to the Antarctic. The motor-car was a New Arroll Johnston, specially adapted to meet the test of rough travelling in low temperatures; and though it could not be used on the soft



ADELAE PENGUINS QUARRELLING OVER THE OWNERSHIP OF A NEST



THE SLEDGING PARTY STARTING ON THE ASCENT OF MOUNT EREBUS ON MARCH 5, 1908
THE WHOLE PARTY REACHED THE CRATER OF THE VOLCANO AFTER
ENDURING GREAT HARDSHIPS

snow of the Barrier, it proved of value in drawing sledges over the sea-ice.

The Fifteen Men Who Made Up the Exploring Party

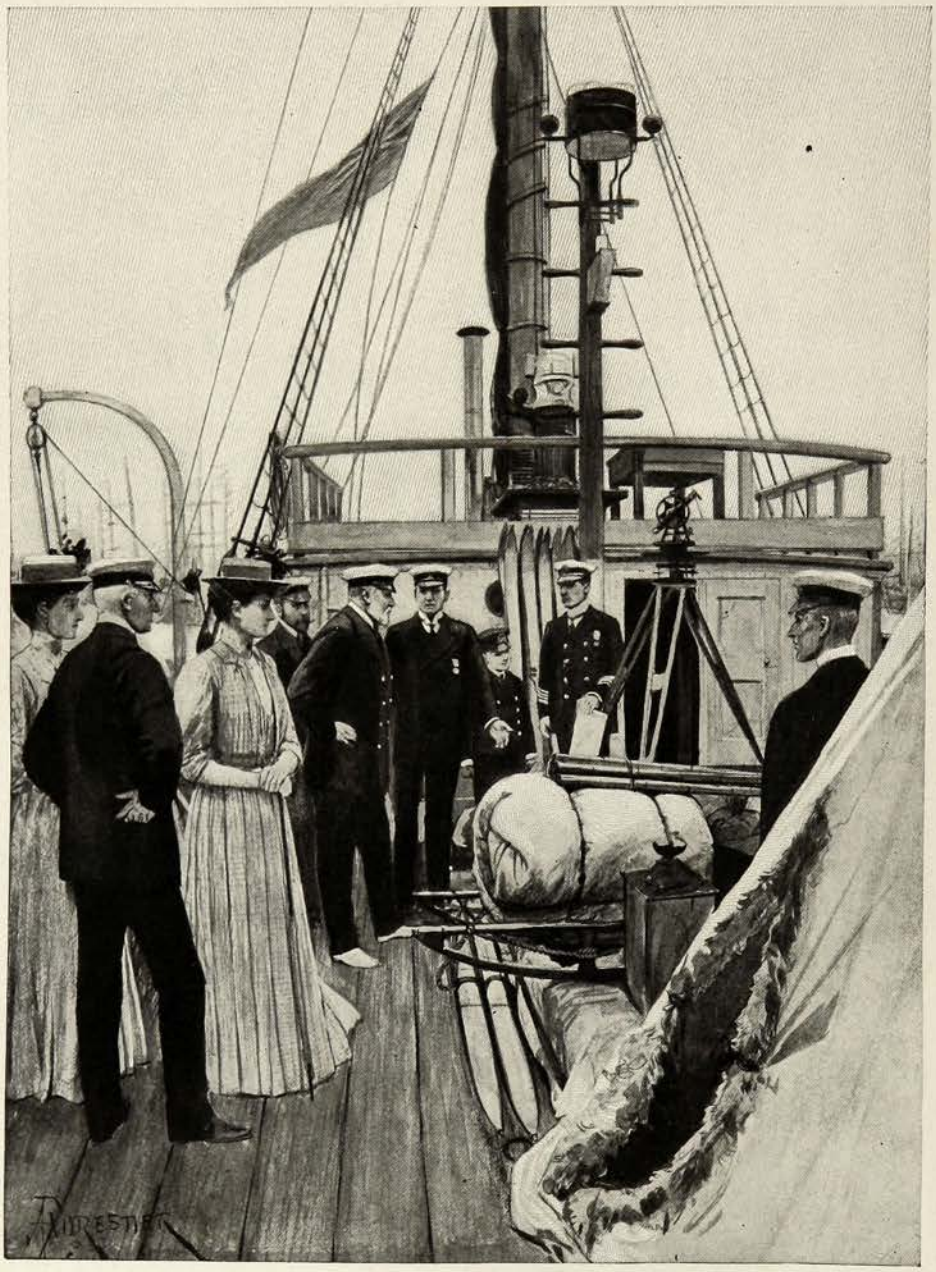
The scientific equipment was the most complete we were able to secure, but lack of funds made it impossible for us to obtain everything that we would have liked. The members of the shore party, in addition to myself, were as follows: J. Murray, biologist; Dr. E. Marshall, surgeon and surveyor; R. Priestly, geologist; Dr. Forbes Mackay, surgeon; Lieutenant J. B. Adams, R.N.R., meteorologist; Sir Philip Brocklehurst, Bart., in charge of current work and photography; Ernest Joyce and Frank Wild, in charge of dogs and sledges; B. Day, chauffeur and electrician; G. E. Marston, artist; W. C. Roberts, cook and zoölogist; Professor T. W. David, F.R.S., geologist; Douglas Maw-

son, B.E., B.Sc., physicist, geologist, and magnetician; B. Armytage, in charge of the ponies.

On the day on which we departed from Cowes, August 6, 1907, their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra graciously came on board the *Nimrod*, an honour which was greatly appreciated by the expedition, and her Majesty the Queen gave into our keeping a Union Jack which was carried on the southern journey. On January 1, 1908, we left Port Lyttelton for the southern regions. We had received from the people of New Zealand and Australia an amount of sympathy and assistance that I cannot adequately acknowledge, and the whole-hearted enthusiasm of the "send-off" given us at Lyttelton is one of the happiest memories of the expedition. Over thirty thousand people cheered us from the hills and the accompanying steamers as we moved down the harbour.

The "Nimrod" Towed Through Heavy Seas to the Antarctic Circle

We were towed down to the Antarctic circle by a steamer (the *Koonya*). in order



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA INSPECTING THE SHACKLETON OUTFIT ON BOARD THE "NIMROD"; DRAWN FROM LIFE AT THE TIME

that we might save our coal, and this part of the journey proved rather trying. The weather was very rough, and the little *Nimrod*, deep in the water and handicapped by the weight of the long tow-line, laboured heavily. Frequently it was necessary to heave to, because we could not afford to risk a sea coming aboard and carrying away the deck cargo, which included the ponies, dogs, motor-car, and oil. The severe buffeting caused our vessel to leak considerably and necessitated constant work at the pumps. We lost only one pony, which fell over on its back during a hurricane and had to be shot.

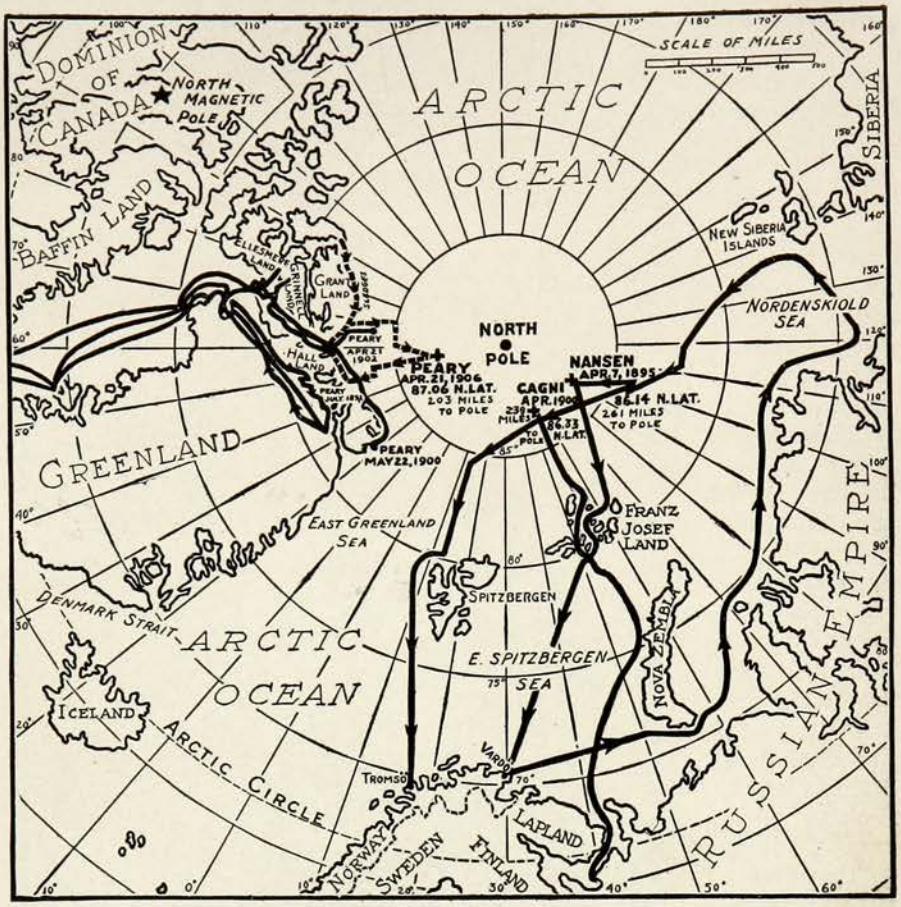
The weather cleared at last, and we sighted pack-ice about 1,500 miles from Lyttelton, after being towed for fourteen days. Our vessel was a little strained, but we had suffered no serious damage, and after casting off the tow-line and exchanging final messages with the steamer, we continued the journey southward under our own steam. We went down the 178th meridian west, a new route chosen in order to save the *Nimrod* as much as possible from the pack, and after passing between hundreds of tabular icebergs by means of narrow lanes, we entered the Ross Sea, and passed along the edge of the Great Ice Barrier, the enormous cliff of ice towering high above the *Nimrod's* crow's-nest.

LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON
THE MAN WHO HAS BEATEN ALL POLAR RECORDS, AND HAS COME WITHIN 111 MILES OF THE SOUTH POLE

We found that impenetrable pack-ice barred the way to King Edward VII. Land. Pack-ice is ice formed on the surface of the sea in the winter and broken up in the summer, when it floats northward toward the warmer regions and gradually melts away. Our original intention to winter on the land discovered in 1902 had, therefore, to be abandoned, and we steamed to McMurdo Sound, and established our winter quarters at a spot twenty miles north of the point at which the *Discovery* expedition wintered.

Unloading the Stores on Breaking Ice Floes

The next step was the unloading of the stores and equipment; but there was some delay before we succeeded in getting the ship into a position from which the work could be undertaken, owing to the condition of the ice. In the meantime a sledging party paid a visit to the bay in which the *Discovery* had wintered, and found the hut used by the previous expedition practically clear of snow and quite intact. At last we got the *Nimrod* close into the shore, near the point selected for the hut on Cape Royds, and we proceeded to discharge



FARTHEST NORTH

MAP SHOWING THE ROUTES FOLLOWED BY THE NANSEN, ABRUZZI, AND PEARY EXPEDITIONS, IN THEIR ATTEMPTS TO REACH THE NORTH POLE. PEARY CAME WITHIN 203 MILES OF THE POLE, 36 MILES FARTHER THAN THE ABRUZZI EXPEDITION, LED BY CAGNI, IN 1900, AND 58 MILES FARTHER THAN NANSEN IN 1895

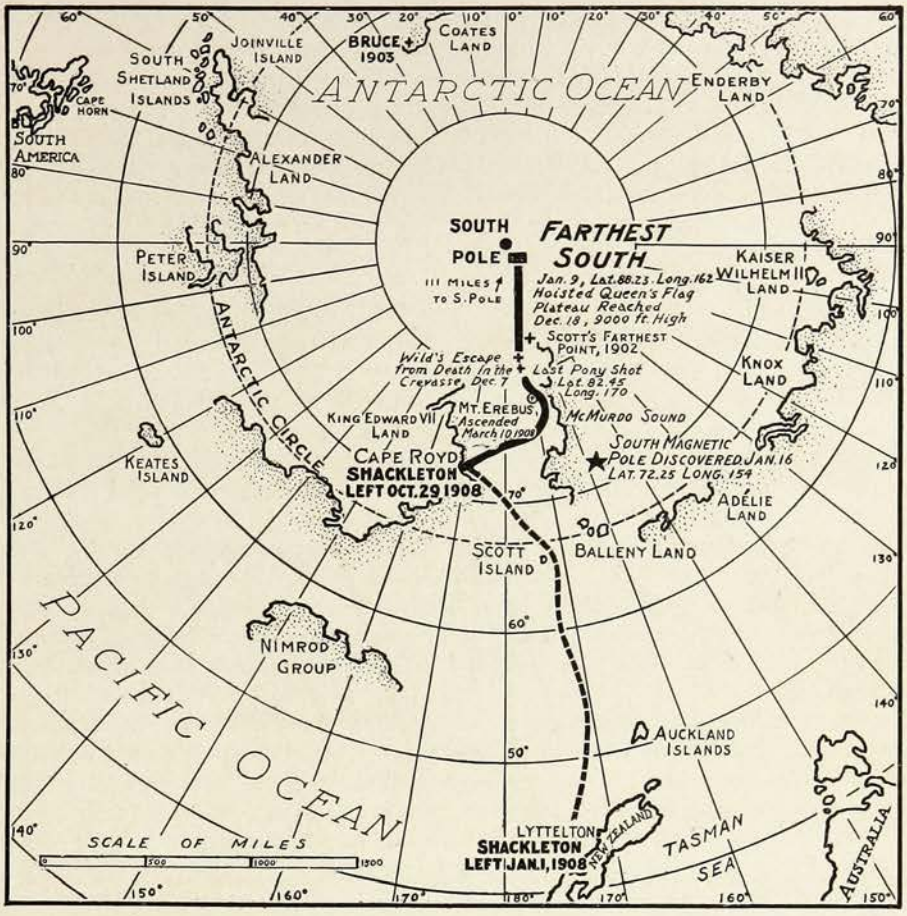
our impedimenta, a good deal of which had already been got on deck. The motor-car was put ashore first, and then the ponies, for there was a chance of the ice breaking up, and it would have been almost impossible to land these in boats. A period of strenuous labour followed. The hut had to be erected in a little valley close to the shore, and every member of the expedition had to assist in moving stores and equipment.

When the weather became bad the *Nimrod* had to be moved to more secure moorings, so that we lost time, and on several occasions we had to find a new landing-place on account of movements in the ice. Once a floe on which we were working broke up suddenly, and we nearly lost a pony; and had it not been for the splendid efforts of the members of the expedition during this trying time we should almost certainly have suffered the disaster of the loss or damage of a portion of our stores.

A Blizzard Buries the Stores Six Feet in Ice

A violent blizzard, which lasted for three days, was one of our trials. I was at sea in the *Nimrod* during those three days, and when I returned to the shore I found that the spray had been carried inland for nearly a quarter of a mile, and that our precious stores were buried in a mass of frozen sea-water, in places five or six feet deep. Our heap of coal was cased in ice, a fact that had probably saved the smaller pieces from being scattered far and wide. We had no time to attend to the stores then. It was imperative that the *Nimrod* should get away before the season had further advanced, and after a final rush to get coal ashore, our vessel steamed north on February 22d, and left our little party to face the work which was to be done.

The most prominent feature of the landscape in the vicinity of our winter quarters was



FARTHEST SOUTH

MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON FROM THE DAY HE LEFT LYTTELTON, NEW ZEALAND, ON JANUARY 1, 1908, UNTIL HE PLANTED THE UNION JACK GIVEN HIM BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT SOUTH LATITUDE 88° 23′, 111 MILES FROM THE SOUTH POLE, THUS BEATING THE WORLD'S RECORD BY NEARLY ONE HUNDRED MILES

Mount Erebus, and when we had rescued the bulk of our stores from the ice, with the aid of picks and crowbars, and generally settled down to Antarctic life, we were able to study this great volcano and the other features of the country.

The scientific members of the expedition began to turn their attention to their own particular subjects, and interesting discoveries were soon being reported. The meteorologist was happy in the vicinity of Erebus, for the cloud of steam which ever hung above its summit was a natural indicator of movements and conditions in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

Fitting Up Our Winter Quarters

There was still plenty of work of a general character to be done. We used the cases in which our stores were contained to prevent the air from getting under our hut, experience having shown that the floor was the weak point in the matter of admitting the cold. A rough store-room was erected on one side of the porch for the issue of foodstuffs, and on the other side Mawson built rather an ambitious structure which was to be used as a chemical and physical laboratory. As a matter of fact it was used only as a store-room, because the temperature inside it was just about the same as that of the outside air, and the warm, moist atmosphere coming from the door of the hut covered everything within the little room with fantastic ice crystals.

At the lee side of the hut was erected shelter for the ponies, cases of maize, bales of fodder, tarpaulins, and planks being used for the purpose. The hardy animals did not seem to be impressed with this provision for their comfort, and during their first night under shelter some of them, after making a great deal of noise, broke loose and returned to the valley where

they had previously been tethered. Shortly afterward Grisi, the most high-spirited of the lot, pushed his head through one of the windows of the hut. A store-room, built on the south side of the hut, succumbed to the first blizzard, and after the weather cleared we had to organize a party to search for lost property. I found a Russian felt boot, weighing over three pounds, lying three quarters of a mile from the crate in which it had been packed. It must have travelled in the air, for it had not been scratched by the rocks over which it had passed.

A dark room was constructed in a corner of the interior of the hut, the cases containing bottled fruit being used for the purpose, and in the opposite corner I had a tiny cabin, built of boards and roofed.

Life in the hut during the winter was not uninteresting. Each two men had a cubicle of their own, seven by six feet, and fenced off from the rest of our little world by means of steel wires and canvas. The general handiness of the members of the expedition could be judged by the manner in which these rooms were fitted and decorated.

One dividing curtain was painted to represent a fireplace, with a cheerful fire burning in the grate and a bunch of flowers on the mantelpiece — a cheering enough scene when the temperature was low. Another curtain showed life-size drawings of Napoleon and Joan of Arc. Joan was tied to the stake and flames were playing around her in a manner no doubt intended to suggest warmth. In order to give as much room as possible in the centre of the hut, we arranged to have the table hoisted up to the roof when not required, and this left space for the various operations that were carried on by members of the expedition.

The stove was not a success at first, but investigation showed that this was due to the absence of several important parts, which had not been put in when it was being erected in the hut, and after this omission had been made good it gave us every satisfaction. The stove was put to no light test, for it had to burn for over nine months, with an occasional break of not more than ten minutes on occasions when it was being cleaned. A meteorological station had been erected close to the hut, and here records were taken every two hours, sometimes in the face of blizzards that made work outside supremely unattractive.

MRS. SHACKLETON

The Ascent of Mount Erebus

When we had settled down in the hut, we began to turn speculative eyes toward Mount Erebus. The ascent of the mountain had been regarded as very difficult, if not impossible; but there was no doubt that if it could be climbed the scientific results would be most valuable, and we decided that the attempt should be made.

I selected Professor David, Mawson, and Mackay to try the ascent of the summit. They were to be provisioned for ten days, and a supporting party, consisting of Adams, Marshall, and Brocklehurst, was to assist the main party as far as possible. Eventually the whole six reached the top of the mountain. The party made its first camp at a spot about seven miles from the winter quarters, and 2,750 feet above sea-level. They started the next morning, with the temperature at ten degrees below zero, and, after strenuous climbing over snow furrowed by the wind during the whole of that day, managed to cover a distance of three miles and to reach an altitude of about 5,550 feet.

The nature of the volcanic fragments lying around their camp suggested that Erebus had been producing a little lava quite recently. A depot was made at this camp, provisions for three days being taken on, and the third camp was made at an altitude of 8,750 feet, with the temperature at twenty degrees below zero. That night a blizzard swept down on the party, and increased in fury during the following day. Progress was impos-

sible, and the men stayed in their sleeping-bags.

Two of the Men are Blown Into a Ravine

In the afternoon Brocklehurst emerged from the three-man bag used by the members of the supporting party, and instantly the wind whirled away one of his wolfskin gloves. He plunged after it, and was swept some distance down the ravine. Adams, who had emerged with Brocklehurst, was thrown down the ravine by the wind, and Marshall, who remained in the bag, had to struggle to save himself from following, bag and all. Adams and Brocklehurst succeeded in creeping back to the bag, the latter almost exhausted, and both numb with cold.

The party was able to proceed the next day, and after some more severe and dangerous climbing, in the course of which Mackay had a narrow escape from accident, they reached the rim of the old crater, above the southern end of which rises the active cone. They found themselves on the edge of a precipice of black rock, separated from the snow which filled the crater by a mighty moat scoured out by the blizzards.

A camp was pitched in a little gully on the northwest slope of the main cone and about fifty feet below the rim of the old crater, and here an examination was made of Brocklehurst's feet, as he stated that he had lost all feeling in them for some time previously. It was found that his big toes were black, and that four more toes were also frost-bitten, though less severely. It must have required great pluck and determination on his part to have climbed almost continuously for nine hours with his feet in such a condition. After his circulation had been restored, he was left in a sleeping-bag, while the other five men proceeded to explore the floor of the old crater.

The Crater of the Volcano is Discovered

Their attention had been attracted to some curious mounds dotted over the snow plain within the crater, and it was to these they directed their steps. They found that the mounds were fumaroles, which in ordinary climates may be detected by the thin cloud of steam above them. The fumaroles of Erebus have their steam converted into ice as soon as it reaches the surface of the snow plain, and the result has been the creation of the remarkably shaped mounds. Some patches of yellow-coloured ice were found to contain sulphur.

The next day the party made its way to the edge of the active crater, passing over beds of hard snow and vast quantities of felspar crystals, mixed with pumice, and climbing slowly and painfully because the altitude and the intense cold made respiration difficult. When they reached the crater edge — the first men to reach the summit of Erebus — they found themselves standing on the lip of a vast abyss, filled with a rising cloud of steam.

After a continuous loud hissing sound, lasting for some minutes, there would come from below a big dull boom, and immediately great globular masses of steam would rush upward to swell the volume of the cloud which swayed over the crater. The air was filled with the fumes of burning sulphur. Presently a light breeze fanned away the steam cloud, and at once the crater stood revealed in all its vast extent and depth. It was between eight hundred and nine hundred feet deep, with a maximum width of half a mile, and at the bottom could be seen three well-like openings from which the steam proceeded. On the wall of the crater opposite to the party, beds of dark pumice alternated with white patches of snow, and in one place the existence of scores of steam jets suggested that the snow was lying on hot rock.

The Party Glissades Down 5,000 Feet of Ice

The descent was rapid, for the party dropped down five thousand feet in four hours by glissading down the long ice slopes, much to the detriment of their clothes and equipment. They reached the depot made during the ascent, to find that the blizzard had scattered their goods far and wide, and the last stages of the journey back to the winter quarters were made under trying conditions. There was every appearance of the approach of a blizzard; the men were tired out, the oil was almost gone, one of the tents had a large hole burned in it, and one of their stoves had been broken in the glissading.

They abandoned their sledge and equipment at the spot on which they had made their first camp, and made a last forced march that brought them to the winter quarters in an exhausted condition. They had done their work, however, and within a few minutes they were forgetting their troubles in the enjoyment of an enormous meal. I will not attempt to deal in these pages with the results of the ascent from the scientific standpoint, beyond remarking that the party ascertained the height of the mountain to be 13,350 feet, and found that the moraines left by some gigantic ancestor of the Great Ice Barrier ascend the western slopes of the mountain to a height of fully

1,000 feet above sea-level. As the adjacent sea is at least 300 fathoms deep, the ice-sheet when at its maximum development must have had a thickness of not less than 2,800 feet.

The long winter months were busy but not eventful. Every man had his share of work to do, and some of the investigations undertaken and discoveries made by the scientists were of a highly interesting character.

We lived under conditions of steady routine, broken only when a blizzard rushed down from the icy south and made difficult and unpleasant the operations of feeding the ponies and dogs, fetching coal and supplies from the outside, and taking the records at our meteorological station.

We played hockey and football in the open while there was sufficient light, and in the hut some of us amused ourselves with bridge, poker, and dominoes; while midwinter's day and birthdays were made the occasions of happy festivals, which helped to preserve our band from any attack of Polar ennui. Several of the members of the expedition employed themselves in the production of the "Aurora Australis," a book which was written, printed, and illustrated in our winter quarters. The covers of the volumes were made from wood that had formed parts of the cases in which our provisions had been packed, and the amateur printing establishment provided occupation and amusement during the months of darkness.

Gradually those months passed, and as the spring approached we began to get impatient for the day when we should be able to make a start with the sledging expeditions toward the two goals of our ambitions—the South Magnetic Pole and the geographical South Pole itself.

Note.—In the October number Lieutenant Shackleton will describe the famous sledge journey which resulted in his planting the Union Jack within one hundred and eleven statute miles of the South Pole, thus winning the record in Polar exploration.—EDITOR.

GAELIC SONG

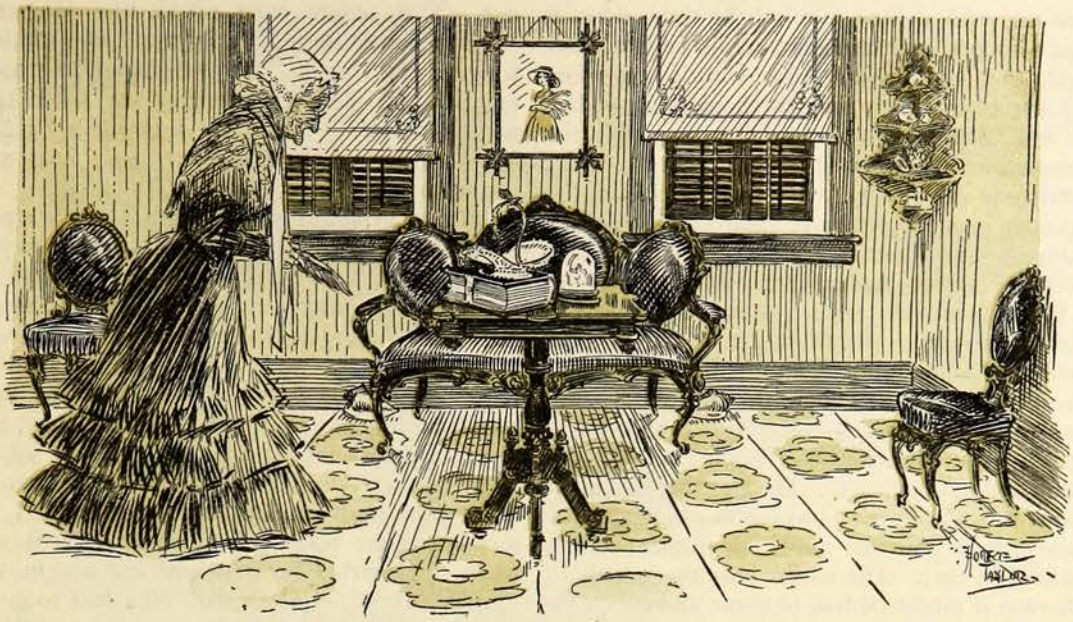
BY EDITH B. SPAULDING

AFTER the heat and the toil of the day-time
Cometh the night, and the moon on the sea;
Then drifts my biorlinn into the far land
Where I am loved and awaited by thee.
'Tis not beyond the gray boulders of Scarba,
Not where the lights of Scaur-Eris-geal shine,—
*A ghaol mo chroidhe, mo leannean failleach,**
'Tis only in dreamland that my dream is thine.

Love of my heart, unto thee have I given
Warmth of the Saxon and faith of the Gael,
In the cool evens when low sings the ocean,
And white gleams the moonbeam across the brown sail.
Though not a thought of the Brachadaile boatman
E'er may be thine in the land far away,
A ghaol mo chroidhe, mo leannean failleach,
Mine are the sea-dreams that follow the day.

When the sky, chilling in cold autumn showers,
Weeps, nor remembers its glad summer smiles,
Then will the north wind across the gray ocean
Waft the fair Saxon away from the Isles.
What can it matter? A world may divide us,
Yet in the night on the calm summer sea,
A ghaol mo chroidhe, mo leannean failleach,
I sail in the wake of the moonbeams with thee.

* "Love of my heart, my secret dearest"



THE PARLOR BACK HOME

BY

EUGENE WOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HORACE TAYLOR

OF the old-time home the Parlor was the pinnacle and blossom. How completely that has faded and gone is shown by the fact that the very name of "parlor" seems kind of old-fashioned and behind the times. Drawing-room, reception-hall, library, but not parlor. In my day I have seen it depart. Even when I was a little boy, I remember, its petals were kind o' droopy compared with their stiff rigidity out at Aunt Katy's.

Aunt Katy was a step-relation twice removed. She wore caps with wide strings untied and floating, which identifies her period; mine was that wherein "The Pilgrim's Progress" was still a rattling good adventure story, ere ever Antelope Abe had escaped from the circle of bloodthirsty redskins, who sought to cut his raw young heart out, by the ingenious device of turning handsprings and kicking Flying Arrow right spang in the nose.

"'Ugh!' exclaimed the discomfited chieftain as the brave boy ——"

But I digress.

Aunt Katy had a parlor. The inquisitiveness of youth elicited this fact, which seemed to be of the nature of a guilty secret, for the motto was: "Keep it dark." When in later years I encountered the line in the carol about the three kings of Orient,

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume

I understood at once how a perfume can be bitter, for I remembered the day I first stepped into Aunt Katy's parlor and, stealthily closing the door behind me, inhaled the chill, strange aroma — not aroma, not scent, not odor; these names are all too gross and heavy-handed for that faint, elusive quality that the air had. In the cellar below for years and years there had been apples stored away. Was it the ghosts of these apples, since gone to their long home? Was it the pale spook of lavender from the clothes-press in the spare bedroom off the parlor? Was it the trapped essences of cakes and pies and quince preserves that had thinly crept in through the door-crack and sought in vain to find their way out? Was it all these together, or was it that the air, prisoned and shut away from the glad light of day, had turned sad

and regretful, calling to mind the times when it had whooped and screamed across all the white fields that lay between Aunt Katy's house and the far country of the Northern Star; when it had played ring-around-the-rosy with the romping leaves; when it had rumpled the white petticoats of modest poplars, the while the thunder growled its surly disapproval of such carryings-on; when it had swooned in ecstasy over the blossoming apple-trees?

It was lonely for the air in Aunt Katy's parlor, waiting, waiting. Sometimes a lone fly, arrived there by some miracle impossible to believe, buzzed on the pane behind the thick blue paper shades with a blast so loud it seemed a trombone's. And presently the fly died out of pure ennui and lonesomeness. The air crept languidly about the room, with a motion to which a clock-hand's were hurried and impetuous, vainly seeking an exit. There were only two occasions whereon it might be free to come and go. One of them was past forever. The nest was empty; the birds were flown. There was none left to "stand up" now with anybody while Brother Longfellow read the binding words and glad dishes rattled in the dining-room. All that the poor, pale air in Aunt Katy's parlor had to look forward to was the day when horses and buggies would be hitched to the front fence as if Aunt Katy's were the meeting-house, and when the folks would have their Sunday clothes on, although it was a week-day, and would speak subduedly and with many a sigh such words as: "A shock of corn fully ripe," and "Oh, well, she's better off, I s'pose," and "We all have to go when our time comes," and "D'ye reckon Barzillai'll come in for his sheer, after all?"

A narrow strip of land, the North Atlantic seaboard not only considers itself (1) a part of the United States, but also that it is (2) *the* United States, the mountain-chain to the westward of it being practically the "take-off" for the jumping-off place. Against the pestilential heresy of Proposition Number 2 I wish to raise my feeble typewriter in earnest protest. In the matter of Proposition Number 1, I am open to argument. Technically speaking, I suppose I'll have to grant that the North Atlantic States are *pro forma* in the Union; aside from the legal fiction, I deny that the inhabitants thereof are our kind of folks at all. For peace' sake, we put up with them; we listen to what they have to say, and try hard to remember our manners and not let them know what we think of them. But there comes a time (and this is such a time) when the truth must come out. If you must know, we think they're scarcely human, let alone fellow-citizens. Americans? Not by a jugful. They may think so, but they're not. They can't even speak the language. "Quite some snow!" Is that *our* mother-tongue? Is "burla" comprehensible to reasoning beings? That's what they say when they mean "boiler." They call a swing a "scup." The land! And claim kin with *us! They* may claim it.

In that arrogant and stuck-up land I s'pose they do not prize the Parlor, because they've always had it. I reckon when the moving-vans drove up from the water-front with the Pilgrim Fathers' household goods aboard, there were haircloth sofas, and marble-topped center-tables, and real hand-painted pictures with which to dike out the Parlor, or what they, like enough, called the "best rum"; but it wasn't so in the real United States, where the people come from that amount to something. I remember Aunt Katy telling about how it was when she married her first husband and moved up from Clark County. Her man had to go to mill, which took him the best part of two days, and there was she, all alone, in a log cabin that hadn't any door except a quilt hung up. And she could hear the wolves howling over there in the woods where the Stillwell place is now.

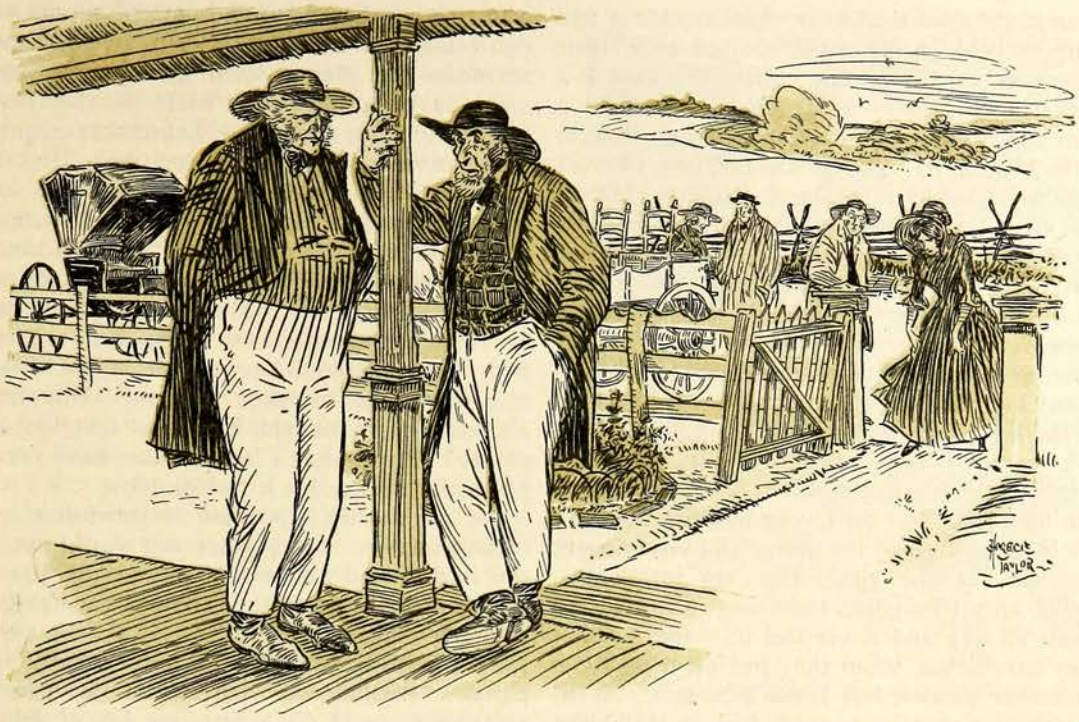
"Tell some more, Aunt Katy. Tell about bears. Did you ever see a bear, Aunt Katy? You did? Wasn't you afraid it would bite?"

And Aunt Katy told about a lady she knew that killed a bear with the ax. All by herself, so she did. Her husband was afraid, and run and hid.

"And, one time, when Pap was alive—" But, laws-a-me! I'll never get through if I keep wandering from my text this way.

However, you can see that in a one-room cabin with a floor of hewed-out slabs, a quilt hung up for a door, and mud chinking between the logs,— they still have some of these old cabins back home, and use 'em for cow-houses, — there wasn't much of a chance for a Parlor. The country had to be settled up, and folks had to make arrangements to sleep, and get dough to put in the bake-kettle and cover up with coals, and meat to hang up in front of the fireplace to roast, before they began to put on style. *First the essentials of existence, then Art.*

I suppose it is up to me now to define Art. Just how dangerous it is to attempt this, especially when the word is spelled with a capital A, I trust I am fully sensible. It is a sort of intellectual shooing the chickens out of the garden through a narrow gate. While you are getting one through (while you are delimiting one field of Art) the others are back among the cabbages tenfold more the children of the Bad Place than they were before. And while you are chasing them, the one chicken comes through



"'D'YE RECKON BARZILLAI'LL COME IN FOR HIS SHEER, AFTER ALL?'"

the gate again. Also, the job is complicated by the row of distinguished citizens leaning on the garden fence, sneering at the futility of all your efforts, most of them in Windsor ties, velvet jackets, and painty pants, with a sprinkling of those whose inky middle finger betrays the fact that they are not artists, but chroniclers of artists' doings. Nevertheless, I am going to try it if I break a trace.

Art is a subject of which we can all truly say: "I know well enough what it is, but I can't express myself."

I think I can come a little closer to the bull's eye than that. I should say: *Art is what you would put in the Parlor.*

For instance: The almanac, hung by a string by its northwest corner to the mantel, was in the sitting-room. But Fox's "Book of Martyrs" (wherein were pictures of folks undergoing the same rough-house for conscience' sake that had evidently been the unhappy fate of the gentleman on the second page of the almanac) was in the Parlor at Aunt Katy's. Her Testament, worn and brown and tattered at the place where the good words are that begin: "Let not your heart be troubled," was in the window of the sitting-room. The big pictorial Bible, bought of a student who was working his way through college and expected to become a minister of the Gospel, but found that it paid better to sell Bibles on subscription, was on the center-table in the Parlor. It was a magnificent affair weighing eighteen pounds, had lids embossed in high and scooped-out curves, was "profusely embellished with high-class reproductions of the Old Masters," and had enormous ornamental initial letters to each chapter. There was one big A that was a tent, and a soldier was throwing a spear, the spear making the cross-piece of the A. It looked interesting, but the reading said. "And these are the names of the men that shall stand with you: of the tribe of Reuben; Elizur the son of Shedeur. Of Simeon; Shelumiel the son of Zurishaddai — " Oh, a whole lot more like that, and nothing about the man in the tent and what he was going to do with the spear.

Aunt Katy's work-basket, with her spools of thread, and papers of needles, her scissors, and the ball of beeswax (no good at all for chewing-wax; it crumbs up so in the mouth), was in the sitting-room. But the alum basket was in the Parlor, as befitted its station as a Work of Art.

To begin with, it was a basket of corn-husks, deftly woven and fashioned to look like those in the steel engraving frontispieces of the *Ladies' Repository*, wherein girls in low-neck-and-short-sleeve dresses, gathered at the waist and made full in the skirt, without a smidgen of trimming or ruffles, sit on a mossy bank holding this kind of a flaring, shallow, and spilly basket full of pretty posies. Also the little bits of girls in the kind of pictures in the Department for the

Young, the ones that wear white stockings and slippers held on by tapes crossed over their extremely narrow insteps, carried this kind of a basket with flowers in it, unless they held a watering-pot over a flower-bed fenced in with little hoops. If those little girls weren't all dead and gone by this time, I should hesitate to add what I am going to; but they had on short skirts widely buoyed out by — what shall I call 'em? Let me see. Trouserines would be a good name. Very wide and full they were, and came down nearly to the ankles in points that were all punched full of round holes. I have heard say that these confections were tied on at the knee. Fancy!

You know what alum is that you get at the drug-store. It's good when your store-teeth don't fit right and hurt your mouth, or if you are learning to play the guitar and your fingers get sore at the tips. Dip 'em into alum-water, and it toughens them so you can twang away all day and never feel it. And I think they use it, too, when they put up these little cucumber pickles, but I won't be sure. Well, anyways, you take a good deal of this alum and some water and cook them together till they're done. I don't remember now how you tell that. . . . No, I don't think you use a broom-straw; as I recollect, that's for cake. But when the stuff is done, you put the corn-husk basket in it and put it away somewhere in a still place where nothing will bother it. As the hot liquor cools, the alum settles on the basket, and in a few days the graceful, curving lines of the basket are all hidden by sharp-pointed, clear chunks of alum, most beautiful to behold. The last time, though, that I saw Aunt Katy's alum basket, its glory was departing. Some of the crystals had come away, betraying the sordid substructure of corn-husk, and such as remained were dusty and had lost their pristine ruggedness of contour. Too many pink tongues had been surreptitiously extended in the pursuit of trustworthy information as to whether it tasted as much like rock-candy as it looked.

Up in Aunt Katy's garret hung bunches of boneset (the tea of which will cure 'most anything, or ought to, for it's bitter enough), sage, pennyroyal, mint, catnip — I don't know what all kinds of "yarbs," good to make the dinner smell good, or to stew up in a tin cup on the back of the stove when anybody about the house was grunty. These were useful, don't you see? In the Parlor, on a black velvet stand on the marble-topped center-table, covered with a glass bell, was another "yarb," which could by no possibility be of the least account. It was a Work of Art. The plant had been cast into scalding water and left there until its green flesh had come off its poor little bones, which had then been bleached to snowy whiteness and fastened up for exhibition as a "skeletonized plant." From what I hear it must have taken particular skill to get it to look right.

We are now in a position to generalize still further on Art. Art is what you would put in the Parlor; and you would put in the Parlor that which is of no earthly account but has had as much skill and time put on it as if it were. Also, this skill and time must be plainly apparent. It must advertise that the person creating it could do a first-rate job of useful work if he had a mind to, but that he doesn't have to, being a peg above that station of life.

As a sort of radio-active energy, Art percolated through the walls of the Parlor backward through the house — the kitchen, which was the most useful room, getting least of those enlivening and beautifying rays. There the rag carpet was a hit-or-miss. In the sitting-room red and yellow and blue stripes with their gay chains did what they could to dispel the horrid thought that Aunt Katy was using up

"THERE WERE HAIRCLOTH SOFAS AND MARBLE-TOPPED CENTER-TABLES"

her old clothes, and her three dead husbands' old clothes, and all the rags she could lay her hands on honestly to cut up into strips and sew together, end to end, that she might have something to cover the floor and keep it warm. But in the Parlor, entirely free from the least suspicion of economy or usefulness, was a beautiful ingrain of such reds and greens that I deny the imputation that the shades were drawn to keep the sun from fading them. That was done, not out of consideration for the ingrain, but for the sun; the colors would have hurt his eyes and likely put him out of business.

Similarly with the quilts about the house. Deeply do I regret my ignorance of all the different patterns of quilts. The Log Cabin I know, the Eight-pointed Star I know, the Hen and Chickens, and the Mexican Feather; but when I go out in company and the conversation turns on quilts, I have to sit there with my jaw hanging, and not a word out of me because I don't want to let on how green I am. But this much I can safely say: that the quilts that were meant for use, and where company wasn't supposed to look, were made up of scraps, this from Adoniram's "wammus," and that from Trypheny's "tier," and t'other from the old blue dress that faded so; whereas the quilt upon the bed in the spare bedroom off the Parlor was made out of calico bought a-purpose. I wish I could show you one such, pieced so long ago that the frail fingers which made those fine and even stitches are now fully restored to the earth from whence they came. But the colors, printed in another age, as you might say, are just as bright to-day as ever. As for the weavers of old blue-and-white bedspreads with their pretty patterns, I suppose they have clean vanished from the earth. I have one that says in the corner: "Pyna Rose, Wove by Joseph Buechel, 1847." I wonder what he'd think to find it a portière, a sort of curio, something they don't have nowadays.

If they don't have such colors in ingrain carpets and in calicos as they used to have, neither do they have them in pictures. I don't mean hand-painted pictures, but the colored lithographs that used to be before steel engravings with their cool grays conferred distinction on the Parlor. I don't mean chromos, either; I mean the real old lithographs, published by Currier & Ives, of Nassau Street, New York City. When you looked upon those pictures you realized that "Gotham" could not be so utterly and entirely a wicked city as was portrayed in "Sunshine and Shadow of New York," all about Harry Hill's, and the-ay-ters, and the Five Points, where they would knock you down as quick as look at you, and take your pocket-book away from you, and all like that. There must have been some nice people there; at any rate, Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives must have been nice people, or they wouldn't and couldn't have made such nice pictures.

"HER HUSBAND WAS AFRAID"

There was "Esther," for example, a fine-looking lady, in a short-waisted dress cut low in the neck, her hair done up high and a big shell comb to hold it, and three large, fat curls, glossy like stovepipe hats, hanging in front of each ear. And there was "General Winfield Scott," whose only fault was that his hair was a deep blue, like the ocean wave. And there was "The Sale of the Pet Lamb," which deplored the commercial spirit of the age, for it depicted in startling colors the greed for gold that would actuate an inhuman parent to sell to a cold-hearted butcher a household pet, in spite of the obvious fact that the three children of the said household, each arrayed in a red, yellow, or blue frock, were weeping copiously into a handkerchief of the same color as their respective frock. And when I use the expression "startling colors," pray do not mistake it for a flower of rhetoric. The colors were startling. Never were such reds, so red and inflammatory, such blues, so like Italian skies, such yellows, so "yaller."

It was of another product of these purveyors of Art that Christina Moots told, when she celebrated the glories of Mrs. Hanks's Parlor. Being "Pennsylwany Dutch," she was a little mixed as to the genders of personal pronouns, but she knew what she liked in Art, for she

declared, "Ach, my! Such a pretty picture she has hangin' up! All about Chesus an' her mammy."

Female beauty, historical portraiture, and moral and religious sentiment had their appeals, but no true American (by which I mean an American boy) could gaze unmoved upon another picture from the gifted hands of Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives. I now refer to the Work of Art entitled: "The Gallant Charge of the Kentucky Cavalry under Colonel Marshall at the Battle of Buena Vista." Oh, say! Now, that was all right. Horses, you know, United States horses and Mexican horses charging at each other lickety-split, and our brave heroes with their s-words slashing at the darn Mexicans, who don't fight fair at all, consarn their pictures! Whaddy you think? They had big, long spears that they poked our fellows with, so that they could run a spear clear through a United Stateser and have it come out at his back (unless it got caught on a rib, of course) before he could get close enough with his s-word to haggle up the Mexican's features. Do you call that fair? Well, I don't. It didn't say on the picture how it all came out, but our side won; it always does, because we're always right, and always fighting for liberty; but the way they did it, I guess, was this: Now, s'posin' I was the United States man and you were the Mexican man. And you'd go to stick me with your spear. And I'd grab aholt of it just like this, and kind of pull you along, changing my hold on your spear, till I got you close up to me, and then I'd hit you a clout, just like that! Oh, excuse me! I didn't go to hurt you. I was just trying to show you how it was. Why! Does your nose bleed as easy as all that?

"NO GOOD AT ALL FOR CHEWING-WAX"

But the appeal of the primary colors, real red, and real blue, and real "yaller," is too direct, and in the process of time "Esther" and "The Sale of the Pet Lamb" and "The Gallant Charge of the Kentucky Cavalry under Colonel Marshall at the Battle of Buena Vista" drifted back into the sitting-room and the kitchen even, before the cold-toed onslaught of the high-class steel engraving. When I gaze upon a steel engraving I feel guiltily conscious of my lowly beginnings. I am reminded that I say, "I reckon so," unless I am very careful, when I should say, "I presume so." I was never compelled when I was little to go to dancing-school, never forced to sit on a piano-stool and drudge at Richardson's School for the Piano-forte (to this day I can scarcely remember that it's thumb under for F in the right hand). I never had early advantages, and the steel engraving looks over my head with the cold hauteur of the better classes who do not know that common folks exist. Far, far above my rank in life are those who have "Washington and his Generals" and "Lincoln and his Cabinet" in their parlors, the latter especially interesting on account of Mr. Seward, who seems to be wondering if there isn't gas escaping somewhere, or if the folks haven't had picked-up codfish lately.

There were no molten or graven images with their attendant moral obliquities about Aunt Katy's parlor, unless you choose to include a shiny china object upon the mantelpiece, which was believed and asserted to be a dog, but which one might have bowed down to and served with a clear conscience, for it was not the likeness of anything in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. It was an ornament, just as were the conch-shells with their glossy, flesh-hued lining. Like them, the china dog demanded service, imperious care lest it be broken, meticulous wipings with a damp cloth, and ritual dustings. But there was a distinction between them. The china dog was of the very highest order of aristocracy; it rendered nothing in exchange for all this care. It didn't even pretend to. It was exactly in the position of those who have "an independent income." The conch-shells were a grade below that. They had to make some slight effort to pay their way.

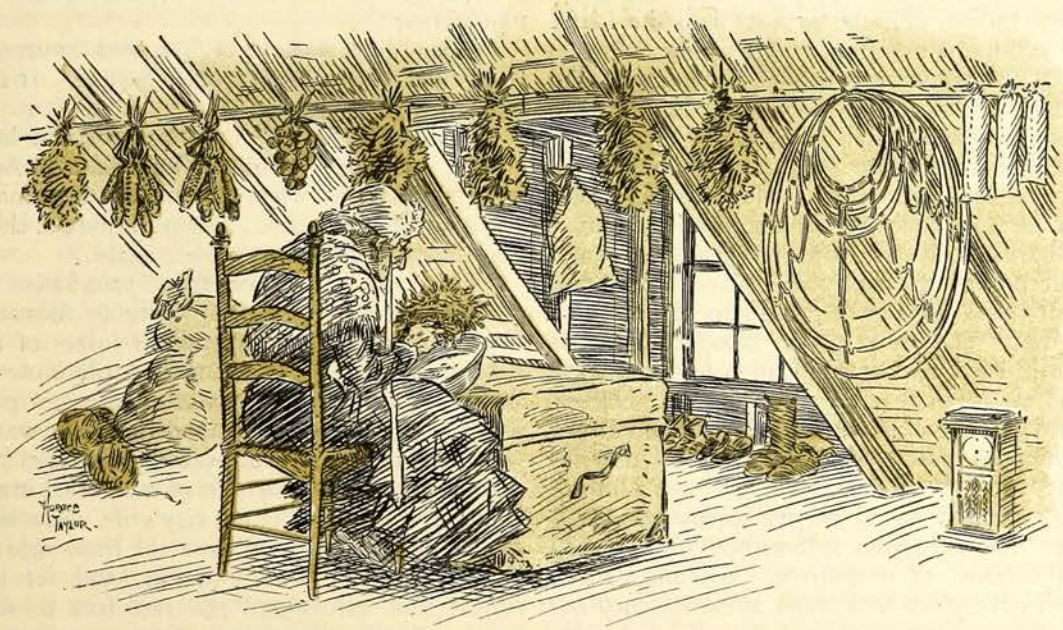
You must remember that while the people round about had never seen a body of water larger than Silver Lake, they were all descendants of seafolk. The sea was home to us, and so eager were we for any news from there that we maintained the conch-shells in high honor, because if we held them to the ear and harkened closely they told us what the sea

said. We could hear the roar of waves which the shells transmitted to us authentically, having that strange power. We afterward found out it was but the rushing of our own blood we heard — the salt sea within us.

There are some that say the Parlor's doom was sealed the day a carpenter named Carhart first took notice that his accordion sounded louder and finer when the wind was sucked through the reeds instead of being squeezed through them. That meant the discovery of the parlor organ. Pregnant event! Away went tinkling dulcimers to the garret — always out of tune, and poor things at the best. The parlor organ compelled the change of the piano from a luxury possible only to the rich into a necessity of life, within the reach of common folks. It made the piano a whole lot better instrument in the process of leveling down. Make a note of that. But whether Pa could afford a piano or had to get the cheaper organ, the shades in the Parlor had to be rolled up each day, and in cold weather there had to be a fire there, so that Elizabeth Jane could do her practising, thumb under for F in the right hand, thumb under for G in the left hand. And when Elizabeth Jane got so that she could play a "piece" without too many mistakes, it was fare ye well forever to the cold and aristocratic aloofness of the Parlor from the daily round, the common task.

Carhart helped; I grant you that. But I maintain that the disappearance of the Parlor was cosmic, elemental, the outworking of great economic forces, one manifestation of the spirit of the age which summons up on *quo warranto* proceedings every man-made institution, and would have it show cause why it should longer stay on the pay-roll. "What good are you?" it wants to know of every man and every set of men. The old-time aristocratic, idle, useless Parlor went because it was more bother than it was good. Take warning, all in the same line of business!

I never could see that the idling-place about a house had any better right to be prettier than the working-place about the house. Whether it was the First Isaiah or the Second Isaiah that wrote the fortieth chapter of the book of that name, I don't know or care. He had good ideas, whichever one he was, and when he says: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low," I'm right with him, whether the sentiment apply to house-furnishing or — or — other matters.



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT ALL KINDS OF 'YARBS'"

THE MARTYRDOM LOTTERY

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

THE Russian winter afternoon darkened quickly; by half-past three the light was already bad, and the shadows lay black in the corners of the big studio. Smirnoff, intent upon his canvas, with knit brows and parted lips like a man expended in effort, stepped back with a growl.

"Dark already!" he exclaimed, in a manner of lively indignation. "One would think there was a conspiracy. One gets to work, one has an idea, one sees one's way — and forthwith it is dark."

Sophie, posing for him in a blue robe, with bare arms and feet, nodded and relaxed her attitude with a little gasp of relief. Smirnoff never talked while he worked, and she found the still hours infinitely trying to her.

"You have worked enough for to-day," she said. "Or, at any rate, I have. Tea?"

Smirnoff had perched himself on a tall stool and was staring into his picture. He glanced up and nodded, still scowling thoughtfully. But his eyes followed her about as she thrust her bare feet into her little high-heeled shoes and went pattering about the studio, still in her scanty blue robe, on her business of preparing the tea. The stove, as she stooped to its red mouth, shed a warm light upon her, making a brief strong picture that touched the painter's instinct. She was small and slim and brisk, with lavish brown hair and brown eyes that enhanced a little careless, vivid face, and a hint of quick freedom in all her movements and gestures that suggested to Smirnoff the pertness and sureness of a sparrow. His unconscious scowl gave place to a smile as he watched her set the big copper samovar in order and range the glasses on the table. She was full of little fashions personal to herself; even in her manner of cutting the lemon in slices she was essentially Sophie.

"Thank you," he said, as she brought him his glass of steaming, straw-colored tea, with a disk of lemon floating upon it. "So you were beginning to feel tired?"

Sophie had put herself at her ease in a great chair of scarlet velvet and gilding, where her feet dangled six inches from the ground, and she looked smaller than ever. She cocked her chin disdainfully.

"Oh, me?" she said. "Tired? Why, I was feeling as if I were stuffed. Hour after hour to stand there, like a wax figure, watching you make faces at the canvas——"

"Do I make faces?" demanded Smirnoff.

"Always," said Sophie. "Like this."

She set her glass on her knee and twisted her face to a forbidding scowl, with teeth showing over a drooping lower lip. "That is how you do when you are happy," she explained. "And after many hours, with no word spoken, it grows monotonous."

"I can quite believe it," agreed Smirnoff. "But you're a capital model, Sophie. It's a pity if it really bothers you."

"Pooh!" Sophie blew the bother from her. "There are worse troubles," she said. "And in a time like this, when Moscow has gone mad, one does what one can. When people get their senses back, I can always dance again."

"That's the way to look at it," said Smirnoff.

Those were the days of fever in Moscow, when the scattered, ill-organized forces of rebellion gathered to strike their futile blow at authority, when the short winter days saw perplexities of hopeless strife, and the night was a sexton that covered the sprawling bodies of the slain. That short bitterness of revolution made a dam in the current of the city's life, and one of its consequences was to close the little theater in which Sophie was a dancer, and set the singers and actors and the rest free to find another livelihood or starve. It was owing to this that Smirnoff found Sophie, and in her the model he wanted.

"I've never seen you dance," said Smirnoff presently.

"It needs music," said Sophie, "or I would show you. I am different when I dance."

"Yes? How?" asked Smirnoff.

She was climbing out of her big chair, and

now she went across the room to set his glass and her own aside for washing.

"Ah," she exclaimed, as she came back, "I am different! That's all I know about it — I'm different. It is when I dance, with fine, quick music, that I forget things, as you do when you push your face close to the canvas and paint as if you were strangling an enemy. But — I do not make faces like an ape."

Smirnoff laughed; but Sophie paused, and from her pursed lips came a whistled fragment of melody. Her heel tapped the floor; she swayed; the hem of her blue robe floated about her, and in the wan light from the big north window she danced two, three easy steps. It was a fleeting outline, only: the mere dim ghost of a dance; but in the moment that it lasted the painter had a vision of rhythm, movement, form, of what dancing meant to Sophie. "By Jove," he said softly.

"You see?" asked Sophie, looking at him gravely over her shoulder.

"Yes," answered Smirnoff. "I do see, Sophie, and I almost understand."

What it was that he had come near to understanding was not told, for at that moment there was a tap on the door of the studio, and Smirnoff, after a moment of hesitation, went to open it. Sophie was coiling her hair, which had shaken loose; she did not pause when the newcomer entered and greeted her with a quiet word. He was a big blond youth, with the curiously frank face and stone-blue eyes of the northern Russian; he wore the uniform of a student at the University of Moscow.

"Tea?" suggested Sophie.

He shook his head, smiling. "I have no time," he said. "I only came to tell you that we shall meet to-night."

Sophie nodded. "I'll be there," she said.

Smirnoff, in the background, made a noise like a snarl.

The student laughed. "That disgusts him," he said. "He does not approve."

Sophie smiled in sympathy with his amusement, but looked with some anxiety at the painter.

"Approve!" repeated Smirnoff roughly. "You infernal fool! As if there wasn't trouble enough in Moscow without a set of boys and girls making more. It makes me sick — the sheer childishness of it."

The student shook his head. "But ——" he began, when Smirnoff turned on him sharply.

"Not here," said the painter. "Don't start preaching here. I'm not squeamish, and you know it; but I'll be hanged if I can stand a sermon on your principles."

"I see," said the student. "You're getting cranky, Smirnoff. To-night, then?" he asked of Sophie.

"I'll come," she said.

He smiled in farewell to her, nodded to Smirnoff, and went.

The painter shut the door behind him with a slam, and turned to the girl. She was washing the tea-glasses, with her back to him. For some moments he watched her, smothering an impulse to speak violently.

"You people will end by getting into trouble," he said at last, and sat down heavily.

"Perhaps," agreed Sophie, without turning.

"Why you do it is what puzzles me," cried Smirnoff. "You don't really care about politics, Sophie; all this revolutionary business and nihilism and so on — it's nothing to you. And yet, at a time like this, when life is difficult and dangerous at its best, you take up with a silly society that is bound to come to harm."

"Perhaps," said Sophie again.

"But why?" asked Smirnoff. "Why do you do it?" She did not answer. "If you were a fool — if you were in love with that fellow Emilian, I could understand it." He paused, but again she said nothing. Her silence and unreasonableness irritated him.

"You're not in love with him, I suppose?" he suggested angrily.

"Perhaps," said Sophie, very quietly, while she dried the glasses with deft hands.

Smirnoff started and sat upright, staring at her bent head aghast. For a while neither spoke. Then he sat back with a sigh.

"You poor child," said Smirnoff, very gently; "you poor child."

Her shoulders trembled a little at that, but she finished her task and put the glasses and spoons away in silence. When she turned round at last, her face had all its usual tranquillity. She spoke in her tones of every-day of trivial matters and made her appointment to pose on the morrow. Then she went to dress, leaving him to his mood of pity and wonder, alone and thoughtful in the gloom of the big studio. He was still deep in the stress of it when she came forth, in her costume of the street, her meek, colorless clothes that were none the less so apt to her personality. She smiled at his formidable countenance as she passed him, bade him good night, and passed out to the furtive streets of snow that lay hushed under the lamps. It was not till the crisp snow crushed under her feet that she lifted her face to the keen, still air, and laughed softly.

None of the usual little restaurants were open, and she had to go home and contrive a meal for herself, in the room she rented in a big block of workmen's dwellings. The streets through

which she passed were quiet with a stillness that was like a hush of expectation; they were cleared like an arena. She went by the spot at which, three days before, a barricade had been broken by field-guns. A group of soldiers, bivouacking among the wreckage, found her interesting as she went; but she held to her way untroubled. Only once she paused, and that was to look up at the front of the theater at which she had been employed, dark now, and empty of invitation, like a witless face.

When she arrived at Emilian's rooms, the meeting-place of that fervent little revolutionary society of which he was the head, she found the others already assembled. They were sitting about a big, bare, ill-lit upper chamber, half a dozen men and two other girls, and the air was hazy with the smoke of their cigarettes. In the midst of them Emilian, a-straddle on a chair, was voluble and gesticulatory, his hard blue eyes alight with the fire of enthusiasm. He did not break off to greet Sophie, who found herself a seat in a corner and composed herself to sit the proceedings through. She had no part in the wild talk that went on all about her; she was the silent member of the society, content to be still and watch Emilian soar through the gamut of his words. It was he — a chance acquaintance gained in the theater and exalted thereafter to a central place in her life — who had recruited her. He and his society had duplicates in a hundred houses in Moscow at that time.

There was one other of his listeners now who followed his words with a particular attention, and Sophie's eyes, wandering over the faces of her companions, found the face of this other and rested upon it. It was a girl who leaned back in a low chair and smoked slowly, without ceasing, while she watched Emilian fixedly. She was a tall, deliberate creature, with hair the color of burnished bronze coiled low about her head, and Sophie, noting her, was stirred with a sudden heat of enmity. She had all that delicacy of feature one sees in Russians of the noble class sometimes, and with it a manner of languor, of effortless grace. She was Irma Volkov, daughter of a wealthy government official; Sophie had met her before, and recognized in her, with the sure instinct of a child of the people, those attributes that decorate the dominant class. She sat now in her corner, watching her with a kind of angry curiosity, while the tall girl, with her cigarette poised in her hand, hung mute on Emilian's words. The lamp was nearly over her head, and shone on her bright hair with the gleam of scoured metal; she made a high note of young life in that absorbed circle of shabby folk. And while Emilian talked, racing through his pungencies of treason and revolution, her still, pale face, with its lips a little parted and its eyes wide and intent, never turned from him. Her attention drew him to her; he was speaking directly toward her. Sophie sat up a little straighter and smiled wryly, without mirth.

Her concern in the little drama prevented her from hearing what was said. But presently Emilian's voice changed; it came down from its ecstasy of eloquence, and the tall girl sat up with a start. The hearers leaned forward with a little shuffle of excitement, and Sophie looked up. Emilian was fronting them with an uplifted finger and a look of shrewdness on his big, fair face. He spoke in tones subdued to caution.

"It is plain, then," he was saying, "that this general must go." He paused and looked around at them; they returned him no answer. "He must be — executed," he went on; "otherwise, our existence as a body means nothing. It is to this that our principles and beliefs point us clearly. It is the proof of all our arguments. Is it not clear?"

He was looking at Irma as he finished speaking. She hesitated an instant and nodded.

"It is quite clear," she answered, in a low voice.

He put the question to each of them, and each in turn assented. When it came to Sophie, she smiled and said, "Of course."

All spoke quietly, with a pride in being matter-of-fact and unemotional, for the nihilist, when he takes his work in hand, can be as sane as a lawyer. Only, when all had answered, they looked from one to another a little breathlessly. The third woman present, Tata Saratin, a stout, fresh-colored girl, laughed nervously.

"Then it is settled," said Emilian. His eyes rested on Irma's face again, and he spoke thoughtfully, almost doubtingly. "It is settled," he repeated; "he is to be killed. Yes."

A slim, boyish student looked up quickly.

"How?" he demanded. "And who is to do it?"

But Emilian had that clear in his mind. In Russia at that time there were precedents in such matters, a formality which had general observance.

"There must be lots cast," he explained. "Three should be enough to do it, and those three must devise the means that will suit them best. Friday will be the best day, as he returns from the police bureau; and therefore we should cast the lots on Wednesday night, that the three may have time to make their arrange ments. Is that not so?"

A murmur of agreement confirmed his plans.

"And the lots must be secret," he said. "A

"'DO I MAKE FACES?' DEMANDED SMIRNOFF"

bag with tickets in it, one ticket for each of us. Three of those will be marked with a cross — the three who are to do the work. Those three can meet here next day; if I am not of them, I will leave the place free for them. Then, if they should escape after they have done their task, none will know who they were. But ——" He paused, and frowned round on them. Irma's face questioned him.

"But they must not count on escaping," he said. "The chosen three must go to their task as men go to the gallows, without hope. They will have chosen martyrdom to be their portion."

Irma nodded. Sophie had let the matter in hand pass from her again and was watching the tall girl once more, noting how Emilian turned to her when he had a point to emphasize, and how her look greeted him. For Sophie, life and its difficulties were no more than a series of flavors, bitter or sweet; she lived by feeling instead of thinking; and in the situation that now presented itself to her, this rivalry of the splendid, lofty girl, with her equipment of schooled graces and social arts, she found not a problem but a pang. Hatred, envy, and mere jealousy surged within her, and these were not the less since never once did Irma even look toward her.

"Then it is agreed," she heard Emilian saying at last. "We meet on Wednesday night, to cast the lots. And that is all there is to arrange now."

Sophie would have slipped away at once, eager to be alone with her trouble; she was like those animals that carry their wounds to a hiding-place. But stout Tata cornered her and held her with small talk about everything in the world that mattered least to Sophie, and when finally she gained her liberty Emilian was standing in the door, talking to Irma. He gave Sophie a smile, and stayed her with a familiar hand on her shoulder.

"Nothing of this to Smirnoff," he said. "He wouldn't tell, perhaps, but still ——"

Irma Volkov heard the name. "Is that Smirnoff the painter?" she asked. She had a voice full of rich tones, and her eyes traveled over Sophie with a slow indifference.

"Yes. Do you know him?" asked Emilian.

She nodded. "He painted my portrait once," she answered.

Emilian smiled. "Well, he's painting Sophie's now," he said. "Isn't he, Sophie?"

"No," said Sophie.

Her tone was harsh; Emilian glanced down at her quickly.

"I shouldn't think too much about Wednesday night, if I were you," he said, with kindly intention.

Sophie shrugged his hand from her shoulder with a vicious little ejaculation of impatience.

"I am not a lady," she retorted contemptuously. "I am just a working-girl. I do not need a smelling-bottle to keep me ready for my work."

She pushed past Irma and rushed down the narrow stairs, hearing as she went the sound of a slow, musical, woman's laugh.

Poor Sophie! With all her quickness of address, the pretty spirit that carried her unscathed through the vicissitudes of the city, and the lightness of humor that enabled her to float on the surface of things, there went also the limitations that make tragedy for such souls. When she presented herself at Smirnoff's studio next morning, she carried evidences of a night of unrest. The painter remarked her pallor and heaviness, the trouble of her eyes, and set her in position quickly and fell to painting. She was glad now of his habit of silence; the stillness of the big room, with its cold light falling from the big north window and its various furniture from all the ages of Europe, had for her the peace of a refuge, and Smirnoff's silence was like sympathy. She did not guess that the painter himself was disturbed, angry, and anxious. It was barely noon when at last he drew back from his canvas, scowling ferociously, and slapped his brush down on a table.

"It's no good," he growled, glaring at her. "I'll have to stop; it's as bad as if I had a toothache."

"You are not in the mood?" suggested Sophie.

"*You* aren't," he retorted. "You shed a gloom all around you. You make an atmosphere like a cemetery."

She smiled. "Sorry," she said.

Smirnoff snarled. "Sorry!" he repeated. "This is what Emilian does for you. I warned you, but you wouldn't believe me."

Sophie had stepped down from the model's "throne" and stood listening to him. He turned from her with a motion of the hands like one who resigns himself.

"You are a disturbance," he was saying. "You unsettle people, Sophie. And when you have unsettled me, I find you can think of nobody but a raw hobbledehoy like that Emilian."

She was frankly surprised. "Unsettled you?" she repeated.

"Yes," he said. "Thrown me off my balance, made me revise my mind." He paused in his pacing of the floor. "I suppose you did mean what you said?"

She did not understand.

"About Emilian?" he added impatiently. "About being in love with him?"

Sophie passed a hand across her eyes. Her bare arm was slender and smooth like marble, with the soft contours of childhood.

"Yes," she said wearily. "Oh, yes. I meant what I said."

He was waiting for her answer with the frown that always meant concentration of his thoughts; and now he nodded, with a sigh.

"I was afraid you did," he answered. "Well, so be it — since it must be. Go and dress, child. I shall paint no more to-day. But, Sophie ——"

She was turning to obey him, and paused upon the word.

"He'll get you into trouble," said Smirnoff heavily. "The trouble with Russia to-day is that even fools like Emilian mean what they say. And one of these days he'll put some of his frothy talk into practice, and all of you will be in a tight place. Well, if that happens, just remember this studio, will you? and how quiet it is — and how safe. Will you keep that in your mind, Sophie?"

"Yes," she answered. "It's — it's always quiet here, isn't it?"

He was at the other end of the room now, foraging for the cigar-box.

"It's outside the scope of disquiet," he said. "And that's what I mean it to be."

Sophie dressed herself with her usual deft speed, acquired in theater dressing-rooms where an insistent clock warned her to haste, and went forth to the street. It had occurred to her that she would go to church; her mood of trouble and unrest called for some such sedative. Sophie knew most of the thousand churches of Moscow as landmarks in the streets, but among them there was one she knew in another fashion. It was a little forgotten building tucked away at the back of a slum, in which there was always a restful dimness of shadow and the dry odor of undisturbed dust. She knew it of old, from her unpeaceful childhood, when she had come there with her thin, shrinking mother, who left her to play among the pillars while she shivered and wept on her knees before an icon. And when, in the course of her days, Sophie found a need to be alone, to have the sense of dependence which she knew as religion, it was still to this church that she went.

There was no change in it when she reached it across the snow-clad streets; no riot had touched its somnolent peace. At the altar, the big, long-haired, black-gowned pope was fussing with a duster; he did not turn his head as she slipped in at the door and dodged through the wooden pillars to a corner where a stand of

candles lighted the wan, empty faces of a group of icons. Here she dropped to her knees, resting on her heels, in the posture due to the place, and the familiar musty smell of it carried to her all the old associations. Through a broken pane of the opaque window above her, a single rod of sunlight slanted in and rested on her hair, touching its sober coils to glory, and some measure of peace came to her heart. She had no prayer to make in words, no ordered supplication to offer — only a need to be satisfied, a hurt to be cured, a strain to be relaxed. Never had the shabby little church failed her yet when she came to it thus; within its walls, at least, she was able to find sanctuary, to be apart from the throng of ill things and discomforts with which her world was beset. So, kneeling and all unconscious, she remained with loosely clasped hands and rapt face, while her thoughts strayed at their will, pasturing in pleasant idle places.

Others entered the church; she was screened from their view in her corner, and their footsteps did not break in upon her reverie. Even when the big pope began presently to engage in some ceremony, and his vast bass voice echoed among the wooden pillars, in the conventional splendid diapason of the Greek Church, she did not look up. But there was a moment when the priest ceased, and another voice, in the tones of ordinary speech, made some ritual response, and at the sound of it Sophie blinked rapidly and recovered herself. The pope was intoning again, sonorously and well, and Sophie dropped forward on to hands and knees and peered under the candle-stand. The liturgy drowned her short, shrill exclamation, for a single glance was enough to make plain to her what was going forward. At the altar-rail stood Emilian, facing the big priest; beside him, with her hand in his, was Irma Volkov: they were being married.

In the first stress of the discovery, Sophie rose to her feet and looked about her at the walls and pillars and all the poor ornament of the church, with some sense of outrage, of betrayal. Never before had her place of refuge played her false. Then she went, with guarded footsteps, to lean against a pillar and watch, with narrow eyes, while Emilian and Irma were made one. It needed no explanation to tell her what the two of them had in mind: the history of nihilism in Russia furnishes very many instances of men and women married on the threshold of murder, under the imminent loom of the gallows, as if, in these pitiful unions, they took their fill of tender things while they yet might. But Sophie was unmoved by the piteousness of it; she only knew the bitterness of defeat, of thwarted desire, of humiliation. In the tenseness of her wrath she watched the ceremony through, and was at the door when the pair came forth, smiling nervously under the dominion of a new sensation and some shyness. They did not see her till she stood before them, very little, trim, and slight, but facing them with something of significance and dark strength. Emilian was radiant — frankly radiant and boyish; his bride had a cast of seriousness, almost of apprehension, for no woman takes marriage lightly. Both started at the sight of Sophie.

"It appears I have surprised a secret," said Sophie. Her words came forth as cold as stones. "A real secret. But you will receive my congratulations?"

"It's Sophie," cried Emilian. "Why, what are you doing here, Sophie?" He turned to Irma. "You remember Sophie?" he said.

Irma, with a finer instinct than his, had recognized Sophie's tone. She looked at her with a quiet curiosity, aloof, superior, splendid. All that poor place was a mere setting to her. In her dark clothes, carefully plain and inconspicuous, she was still magnificent. She smiled.

"The young lady whose portrait is *not* being painted by Smirnoff?" she asked. "Yes; I remember."

Sophie's dark little face was hard with malice. "No," she said; "not young lady — girl. And so you are married. How strange that I should be here to see it!"

"Yes," said Emilian. "But since it's you, it doesn't matter, Sophie. I know you won't talk about it."

"Why not?" demanded Sophie.

"It wouldn't do," explained Emilian. "People would wonder, and explanations would be asked for. They would guess at something unusual."

Sophie nodded. "I see," she said. "Yes, of course. It would seem strange that Madame here, so aristocratic and high-bred, should make such a marriage. People would certainly wonder, since even to me it is remarkable."

Irma, poised on the church steps, smiled again.

"So you will say nothing?" pressed Emilian.

"Me?" Sophie shrugged, with a little broken laugh. "What has it to do with me? Why should I talk of it?"

"That's right," cried Emilian heartily. None of her passion and hostility had reached his intelligence. "You can always trust Sophie," he said to Irma. "Sophie's the gallantest and soundest of us all. Good-by, Sophie,— till Wednesday night."

Sophie watched them pass along the street, side by side. They had forgotten her as soon as their backs were turned, and they walked

"PASSED OUT TO THE FURTIVE STREETS, THAT LAY HUSHED UNDER THE LAMPS"

buoyantly, oblivious of all save their companionship and their new intimacy. And she saw that beside Emilian's loose-knit figure Irma was more erect, more queenly than ever, a woman framed for victories and government. They turned a corner and were lost to sight. Sophie looked back into the little church, once more serene in its dusty solitude, seeming to offer her again its silences and repose. She shivered a little and walked quickly away from it: it had played her false; its day-long dusk was an ambush.

All that afternoon, till the early winter darkness had settled on the city, she walked the pavements, the prey of angry unrest. In the Tverskaia she saw an aimless, drifting mob suddenly charged and scattered by Cossacks with whips — an eruption of wild violence flaming out of nothing — and she hardly slackened her feet for it. And in the great red square of Ivan the Cruel, which lies under the battlements of the Kremlin, there passed her at the gallop a sledge, and in it, packed with furs, a hard, gray man. She recognized him, as his black horses carried him past her, and laughed; it was General Tarasevitch, the man who was marked out for killing. Suddenly all that affair seemed utterly fatuous and trivial, a matter distorted out of its proportion. Sophie had grimmer cares to keep her company than the death of a strange man.

When at last the need of food forced itself upon her, and she returned to her one room, she found herself too weary to eat. She rid herself of her clothes hastily and went to bed, and no sooner was her head on the pillow than she lost herself in sleep. When she woke, the light in her window told her that the day was well advanced. She rose and cooked herself some food. It was Wednesday, and she decided to remain at home till it should be time to go to Emilian's room for the drawing of the lots. Her sleep seemed to have made no interruption in her thoughts, and the day dragged past while she sat on the edge of her tumbled bed, brooding. And when the little alarm-clock on the window-sill warned her of the approach of the hour, she made herself ready to go out.

She dressed herself carefully. She had no finery, but she managed to make the most of her small and dainty figure, to enhance the lightness of her poise and her suppleness. But she felt, as she estimated the sum of her efforts in her

mirror, that it all made no comparison with the fine, delicate quality of that other woman. She shook her head soberly, extinguished her lamp, and went out.

When she reached Emilian's room, she found the others already gathered and waiting for her. Irma was there, a little hesitant now, with a tinge of color in her cheeks, which became a flush as Sophie looked her over coolly. But Emilian had a new gravity and steadiness of

"SHE SAT ON THE EDGE OF HER TUMBLED BED, BROODING"

regard. All of them were rather subdued, a little given to lighting cigarettes and letting them go out; there was an atmosphere of strain and expectancy. On the table stood a wide-necked vase, and beside it, swept together into a heap, a pile of little squares of cardboard.

Emilian motioned her to sit down, and went forthwith to the affair that filled the mind of each. He stood in the midst of them and spoke very slowly, with eyes on the ground. Sophie noted that he never once turned to Irma.

"There are sixteen of us," he said. "And here are sixteen tickets, all the same size. Three of them are marked with a cross, and those who draw them will have the work to do. I will put them in this vase and we will each draw one forth. No one should reveal to any other what lot he has drawn, and the three who draw the marked tickets can meet here to-morrow at noon to make their arrangements. Is it agreed?"

No one spoke. "It is agreed, then," said Emilian. All eyes were upon him. He hesitated a moment, then began dropping the tickets into the vase, one by one. He was very slow in doing it, and one youth laughed aloud suddenly.

"We will call it the Martyrdom Lottery," he said shrilly. "It's a good name."

His jest jarred on them, and no one answered. The last ticket dropped into the vase, and Emilian took it in both hands and shook it.

"Now," he said, when he had put it on the table again, "who will draw first?"

"I will," answered Irma immediately, coming forward to the table.

Emilian gaped at her, but she put her hand out and dipped it into the mouth of the jar. It was a long, white hand; every one stared at it with a kind of fascination as it went groping after fate. It came forth, and Irma went back to her seat. She took a furtive glance at the ticket she had drawn, then slipped it into her purse. The look she gave Emilian was puzzled and anxious.

"She has drawn a blank," interpreted Sophie to herself; "and she fears he will draw a cross."

Stout Tata was next, stolidly cheerful, giving no index in her wholesome face of the result of her drawing. Then came three or four men, and meanwhile Emilian stood by, as if in a stupor. He came to himself with a start and reached for the jar. His large hand did not enter easily, and he had to tilt the vase to reach the tickets. Again somebody tittered, affording relief to taut nerves. Emilian looked swiftly at his ticket, and from it to Irma, with the glance of a man at bay and desperate. Sophie smiled. "He has got it," she told herself, and went forward to take her turn.

Emilian pushed the vase toward her. She smiled again in his face, with a sense of triumph. Sophie's instincts were all primitive, and suddenly she was uplifted with a feeling of power. Irma's face had become drawn, for she too had translated Emilian's glance, and Sophie, as she passed her hand into the vase, fixed her with remorseless eyes. As her exploring fingers lighted on a card, she knew, with full assurance, with entire faith, that fortune had served her well. She drew it out and looked at it. It was as she had known — a cross. She giggled and looked again at Irma. She had won.

Three more lots were drawn, and the thing was at an end. Sophie did not give herself the trouble to scrutinize more faces for the results of the drawing; she was content with her fortune. The men returned to their chairs, and soon a subdued chatter of talk arose. The big lamp that hung in the middle of the room shone on writhing clouds of tobacco smoke and white, startled faces striving to be composed. Emilian and Irma had already gone, and presently Sophie rose and went out also. She went slowly down the long stairs, treading lightly, and paused at the sound of voices on a landing below her. She smiled again in the darkness, for it was Emilian bidding good night to Irma. Leaning over the hand-rail, she could hear their words. "Go back," Irma was saying in a voice of entreaty. "Leave me alone now; I must be alone for a while." And Sophie continued her descent as the noise reached her of Emilian coming back, flying up the stairs like a man hunted. He passed her without seeing her, his face a blur of white in the gloom.

She overtook Irma in the doorway to the courtyard, coming up silently from behind her, so that when she spoke Irma gasped and started.

"And have you won a prize in the Martyrdom Lottery?" asked Sophie.

"HE HESITATED A MOMENT, THEN BEGAN DROPPING THE TICKETS INTO THE VASE"

"IN THE TENSENESS OF HER WRATH SHE WATCHED THE CEREMONY THROUGH"

"'GO BACK,' IRMA WAS SAYING IN A VOICE OF ENTREATY"

Irma stood, tall and silent for a while, looking down at her. "No," she answered.

"Well," said Sophie, "I have."

"You?" cried Irma.

"Yes," replied Sophie. "I do not know who the third is, and it doesn't matter; but Emilian and I are two of the winners. So I do not come off as badly as perhaps you thought."

She was annoyed that it was too dark for her to see Irma's face. She had promised herself that.

"I knew you were jealous," said Irma at last, very quietly. "You want to be cruel. I understand."

Sophie laughed. "Why not?" she said. "It is all that is left for me. I am not a lady; I am not grand and big and beautiful; I cannot have my portrait painted by Smirnoff: but at least

I have this." She showed the little ticket in her hand.

"Yes," said Irma, and thought for a space of moments, while Sophie tucked the precious ticket away again. The pair of them had the courtyard to themselves; the *dvornik* (door-keeper) was withdrawn to his fireside, and the four walls, freckled with blank windows, closed them in. The snow lay virgin on the ground, save for the trodden path to the gate, and over them a few bold stars stood out in the sky.

"You love him?" asked Irma suddenly, with an imperious note.

"Yes," answered Sophie. "I have loved him a long time."

"Then give me that ticket," said Irma. "Give it to me, I tell you. If you love him, save him. Give me the ticket!"

Sophie stared at her in amazement. "Why?" she demanded. "What do you mean?"

Irma put a hand on her arm and spoke with a low insistence.

"You say you love him; you hate me because of it; and yet you know so little of him. So little? Why, you know nothing. You think he is strong and fearless and noble, and you love him for that. I tell you, he is not; he is weak and a coward and untrue, and I — I love him in spite of all. Oh," she cried, in weariness and anger, "you are a child. You shouldn't think of such things as love. You don't know what it means. Do you imagine he will really risk his life to kill General Tarasevitch? He won't."

She thrust Sophie's arm from her with such force that the girl staggered back a pace.

"You are lying," gasped Sophie, feeling faint.

"Lying!" Irma pounced on the word. "You poor fool! He was with me on the stairs just now, urging me to run away with him to St. Petersburg."

Her tired voice had the level tones of truth.

"Then," cried Sophie, "what do you want with my ticket?"

"To be with him," retorted Irma; "to make him do what he has undertaken to do. Ah, I see you don't understand. I tell you, I can hold him up; I have courage for the pair of us. He will not shirk with me there to watch him. Give me the ticket."

"You are not lying?" demanded Sophie. "All you have said is the truth? Swear that it is true."

"It is true," answered Irma. And slowly, calling her wits to the task, she made the oath in form and in order.

Sophie heard her in silence, but she believed. Her world was dislimning about her; the landmarks of her life were shifting. She took the ticket out and held it in her hand.

"At any rate," she said, "I shall never love *you*. But this much I will do for you — and him."

And then, with swift hands, she tore the ticket to small pieces and threw them into the air. They snowed down on both of them. Irma uttered a short cry.

"This is the last I shall see of you," said Sophie, turning away. "After this I shall be at peace."

She did not even look back as she walked to the gate and passed out. Her mind was a vacancy, void of thought, but one thing she knew — she was free of her trouble.

She carried her wonted countenance to Smirnoff's studio next day, and the painter's face lighted at the sight of her.

"You good-for-nothing," he growled. "You heretic, you impostor! Where were you yesterday? I thought I wasn't going to see any more of you."

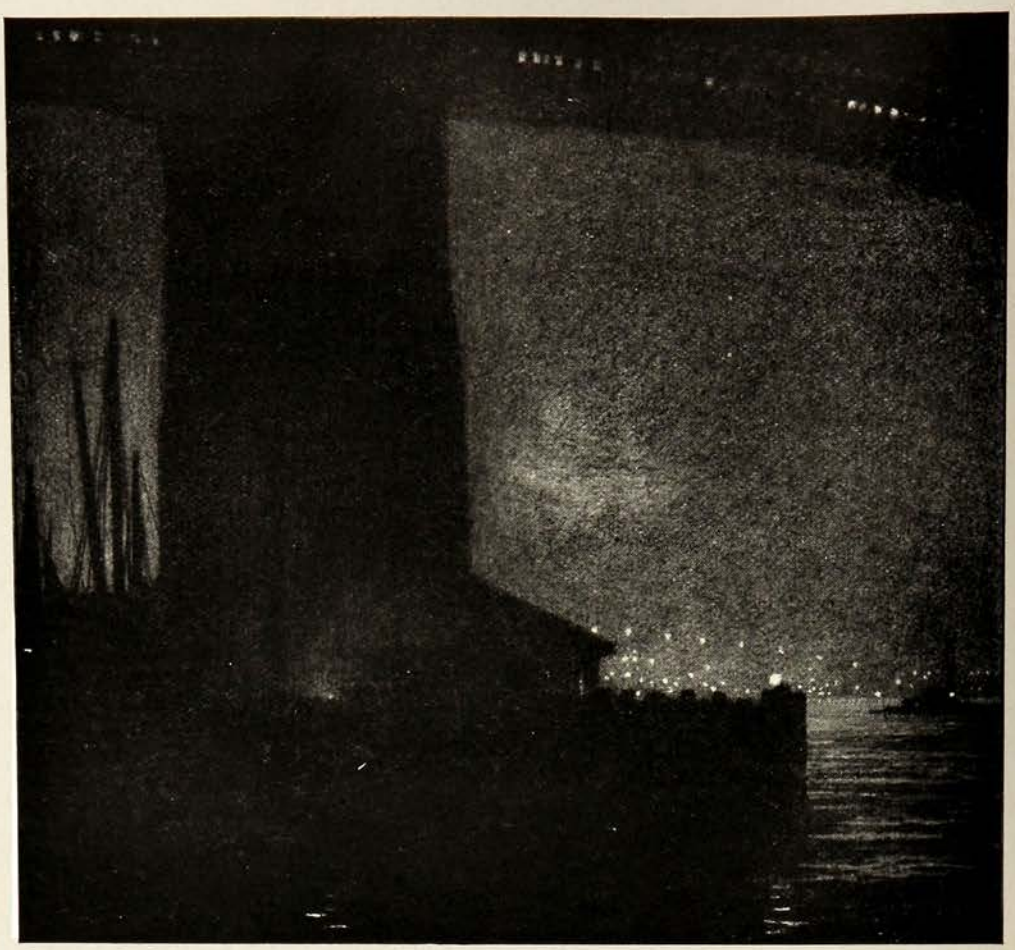
Sophie, from her place on the "throne," looked down on him with friendly eyes. "You were wrong," she answered. "You can see me as often as you like now."

He looked at her shrewdly. "You mean it?" he questioned. "You are — er — cured?"

"Yes," said Sophie. "It was painful, you know; worse than a mustard plaster. But I am cured."

Smirnoff wriggled his thumb free of his palette. "Then come down from there," he commanded. "Come down; I want to talk to you."

Sophie came.



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

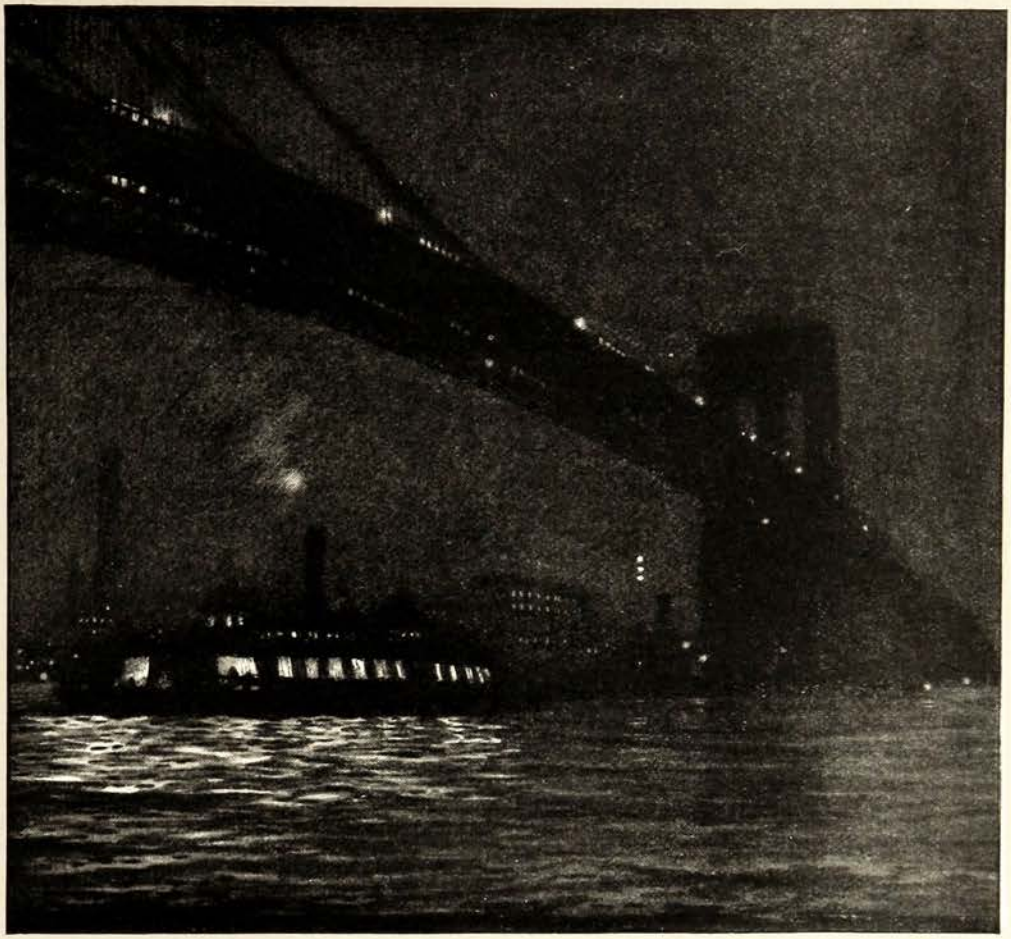
BROOKLYN BRIDGE

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

THE great bridge is as beautiful as death,
Death, spanning dreamless chasms;
As subtle and as simple as a child.
To stand upon it dazzles, drains the dizzy breath.

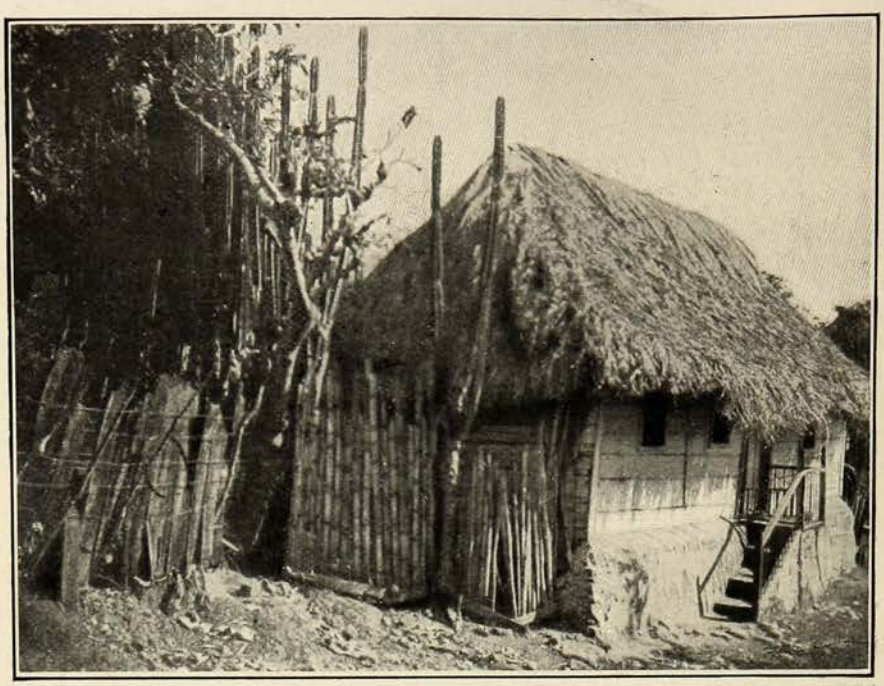
LIKE a wild running horse, curved out, four feet in air,
A sculptor's Icarus vision;
A motionless mirage with cities on its wings;
An armored angel poised 'twixt steel-bright grappling things.



BY night across the beaded blackness of the ferry
I trace the comets of the nebulous cars
Plunge through the unsupported void:
Glittering, they creep and vanish, a slow red line of stars.

BY day, a shifting checker-board of noiseless people,
Each carrying a destiny in his hand;
Like burdened ants intent on tribal goals,
Gregarious atoms with indiscoverable and separate souls.

OH, people of the bridge, quick solemn midges,
As dark as migrant plover flying in a wedge,
Spanning the dreamless chasm your souls go, bidden
To leap at last the gods' translunary edge.



A NEGRO COTTAGE IN EASTERN CUBA

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN RULE IN CUBA

BY

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE impartial traveller cannot but feel a sincere admiration for the results of American intervention in Cuba. Nowhere has the work of the Anglo-Saxon been better done or with happier results than during the five and a half years (1899–1902, 1906–9) of American administration of Cuban affairs. Yellow fever has been absolutely eliminated, and other diseases abated or abolished, by sanitary improvements, supplies of pure water, the draining of swamps, and the isolation of fever hospitals. Macadamized roads make it possible to reach many places by automobile or carriage; railways (mainly constructed with British or Canadian capital) have been pushed on till all parts of the island are accessible from Havana. American (and in some cases British) capital and energy have restored to efficiency the sugar, tobacco, and cotton plantations of the bankrupt Spanish planters—some of whom are in the employ of or in actual partnership with the newcomers; the cattle-raising industry of central Cuba is more flourishing than ever; the sponge fisheries of Batabano have been given new life; and a great impulse has been imparted to the cultivation of fruit and vegetables. The deposits of iron ore are being worked with a new vigor, springs of mineral water have been discovered or rediscovered, and an extended use (for illuminating purposes) is being made of the asphaltum deposits of central Cuba. The police force has been entirely reorganized, and crime of all kinds has diminished enormously. For

the resident and tourist, Cuba is now an absolutely safe country.

Complete freedom of religion has been established (prior to 1899, the Bible in any translation but the Vulgate was a contraband article at the customs houses, and any form of Protestant worship was contrary to law); education has been undertaken by the State and is extended into every town and commune in the island; old churches have been repaired and new ones built, some twenty new hospitals have been established, scientific stations for the elaborate study of the marine fauna of the coasts and of the local agricultural possibilities have been founded and endowed.

Nothing has yet been done systematically to preserve the once magnificent primeval forests of the mountain regions, which are being destroyed at a reckless rate by planters and settlers, both Cuban born and of foreign extraction. But, then, as we know, the American people are still content to witness unmoved the reckless, stupid removal of their own forests by fire and axe.

The American as a Colonizer

But the Americans are alive to the amazing beauty of Cuba, and, with very rare exceptions, they have not allowed the bad taste which still disfigures with advertisements large portions of United States scenery to mar the towns, the fields, the groves and mountains of the island they have held in wardship since 1898. Their additions and improvements in Havana — notably the magnificent domed building of the Lonja de los Viveres (Produce Exchange) and the Marine Drive along the coast from the end of the Prado to the suburb of Vedado — are so appropriate to Havana, such a necessary completion of her setting and architectural plan, that it is difficult to conceive of the place without them. Yet in 1898 the splendid avenue of the Prado ended meanly on the sea-shore in a filthy creek in which the cabmen washed their horses, and the great drive for miles along the edge of the sea had no existence.

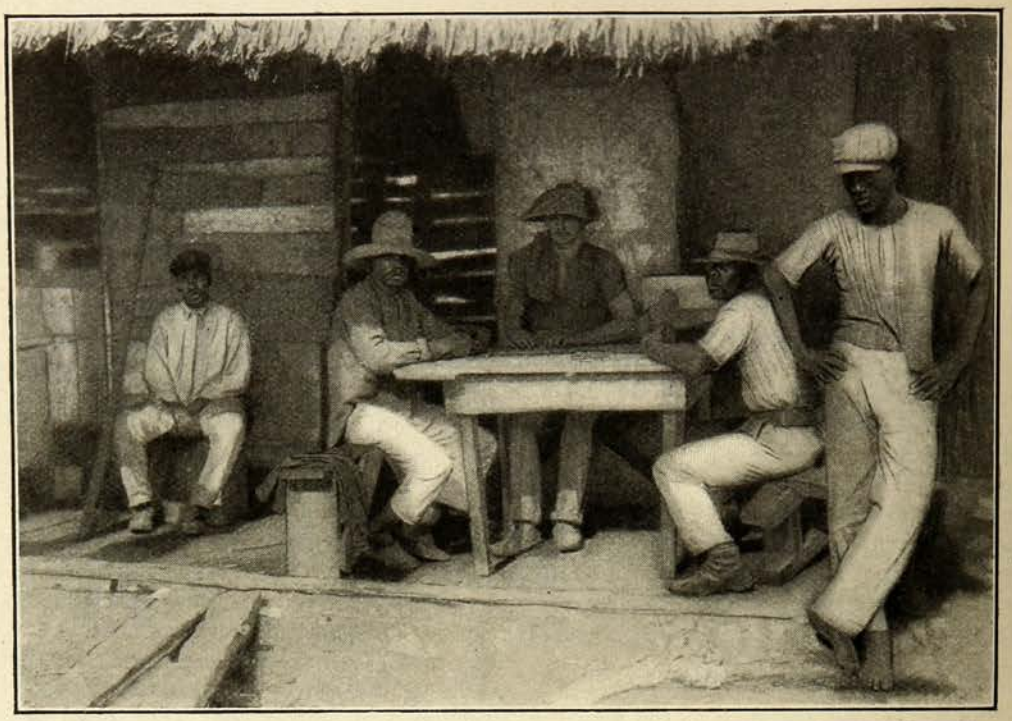
Look again at Santiago, the eastern capital of Cuba, and now one of the most beautiful places in the world. In Santiago the solidly constructed houses (the Spaniards, among many great qualities, had that of building appropriately and permanently) were painted in tempera almost every attainable tint, combined with white copings, window-frames, doorways, parapets, and skirtings. One house is ultramarine blue (and white), another dull mauve (and white), or pale green, maize-yellow, pink, terra-cotta, sky-blue, greenish blue, apricot, gray-brown. The effect, combined with the fronds of palm trees and bananas, the dense foliage of figs, ilexes, mimosas, orange trees, and giant laurels, the brilliant flowers of bushes and creepers, the brown-red tiled roofs, the marble seats and monuments, the graceful balconies, the white stone colonnades, the blue waters of the harbour, and the magnificent encircling mountains, was daring, but eminently successful. One might undergo at Santiago de Cuba a colour cure for melancholia. But in pre-American days the streets were utterly neglected, and the drains stank (as was also the case in all other Cuban towns). There was either a pavement of rough cobble-stones with a filthy, stinking gutter on either side, or there was no pavement at all, merely the dust, mud, and rock of the pristine pathway. The city was almost impassable for carriages; rough carts groaned and rattled over its uneven surfaces.

The Americans, represented by a deputy or provisional governor, changed all that. The steep streets were asphalted, tram lines were laid along the principal thoroughfares, and neat sidewalks of stone or brick were constructed, while, at the same time, a modern system of drainage was introduced. The town is now odourless, save for the scent of flowers; and its streets are accessible to all types of carriages, while poor people can for five cents travel this way and that, across the town and out into the country, in pretty little electric tram cars proportioned and painted to suit the narrow streets and gay colours of this fairy-tale city.

"An Achievement in the Best Anglo-Saxon Style"

Everywhere in Cuba American intervention has meant new life, wise preservation. Here artesian wells have been sunk to a depth of five hundred feet; there, quays and wharfs have been constructed or a channel dredged; elsewhere some ruined palace or barracks has been turned into a handsome yet appropriate hotel. National libraries have been founded or reorganized, Spanish highways have been repaired and completed, and an accurate meteorological record, of the greatest importance to planters and to seamen, has been established.

And all this work — as good as anything done by England in Egypt or by France in Tunis — has been carried out quietly, unostentatiously, honestly, and in a manner to attract and conciliate the Cuban people. It has been an achievement in the best "Anglo-Saxon" style, though the American officials and heads of industries who have brought happiness and prosperity to Cuba are (if one traces their origin) mainly of Irish, German, German-Jewish,



CUBAN NEGROES PLAYING DOMINOES

French-Huguenot, and Scottish descent. The fact is that the "Anglo-Saxon" capacity for setting other people's affairs to rights is really the wandering genius of the vanished Roman people, which, after reincarnation in the nations of northern and western Europe, has again manifested itself in North America.

Cuba's Experiment in Self-Rule

The United States governed Cuba from 1899 to the middle of 1902. Then the newly organized Cuban republic came into being, under President Palma. A few of the American specialists in important branches of the public service were retained by the Cuban government, but in a slight degree the work of regeneration stopped or slackened, especially in matters that required the application of pure inductive science. Six years ago the native Cubans were not as enlightened as they are to-day with regard to the vital importance of meteorology, of the prevention of disease, of scientific agriculture, the maintenance of roads, and a postal and telegraph service of fastidious efficiency.

President Palma was an essentially honest man. When he left office there was a large surplus in the Treasury. But he rather starved public works, and attempted to govern with a small clique and to put his partisans' friends into every government post. That, at any rate, was the clamour of the Liberal party, shut out from power. There were even Cubans — there are many such to-day — who would have preferred a longer period of United States rule for the sake of the great industries just beginning to be profitable, and the people only beginning to be educated. To close the "Palma" régime under the conservatives and to compel American intervention, the Liberals broke out into an armed insurrection in 1906.

The last three years, however, have made a great difference in Cuban politics. During that period a number of intelligent young Cubans of the rising generation have returned to their native land from terms of apprenticeship and education in the United States, England, France, and Germany. Young Cuba realizes that its fate as an independent nation is now in its own hands; that unless Cuban public officials fulfil the trust placed in them and serve the Cuban people with honesty and efficiency, unless the transfer of power from one political party to

A CUBAN NEGRO OVERSEER

another can be effected without a revolution and a disturbance of public order, the United States must once more step in and finally administer the Island as a Territory.

Cuba a White Man's Country

The latest official census of Cuba (1907–8) gave a native population of 2,049,000, of which no less than 609,000 are classed as negroes. Of these "coloured" people 242,382 are unmixed negroes, of very black complexion; the balance of the 609,000 are mulattoes of varying tints.* The colour line in Cuba is obviously not drawn with unkind precision; octoroons and people with only a slight evidence of negro ancestry may be classed officially as whites. And it is evident to any observing traveller penetrating into the country districts of Cuba that the Spanish peasantry of ancient settlement (as contrasted with the new Spanish immigrants since 1898) are considerably tinged with negro blood as well as with Amerindian. (The "Indian" aborigines of Cuba, officially extinct in the middle of the sixteenth century, have, as half-breeds, lingered in central and eastern Cuba to the present day.) There has also been a slight intermarriage with the Chinese, where these people have settled in the coast towns or along the railways.

Yet Cuba is more a white man's country than a future realm of the black man. The Cuban aristocracy and the town bourgeoisie are quite free from negro intermixture; are, in fact, very much like the population of southern Spain. This white element has been reinforced during the recent years by a stray contingent of Spanish immigrants, now (1908) numbering 185,398. These peasant settlers come mainly from Galicia, the Asturias, and the Basque provinces, and constitute a most valuable addition to Cuba's resources; for they are indefatigable workers, are sober, quiet, thrifty, and moral. Wives have accompanied husbands, and Spanish children are constantly raising the Cuban birth rate. The success of these new Spanish colonists is attracting other immigrants from Spain

* It should be borne in mind that there is much Moorish blood among peoples of Spanish descent.

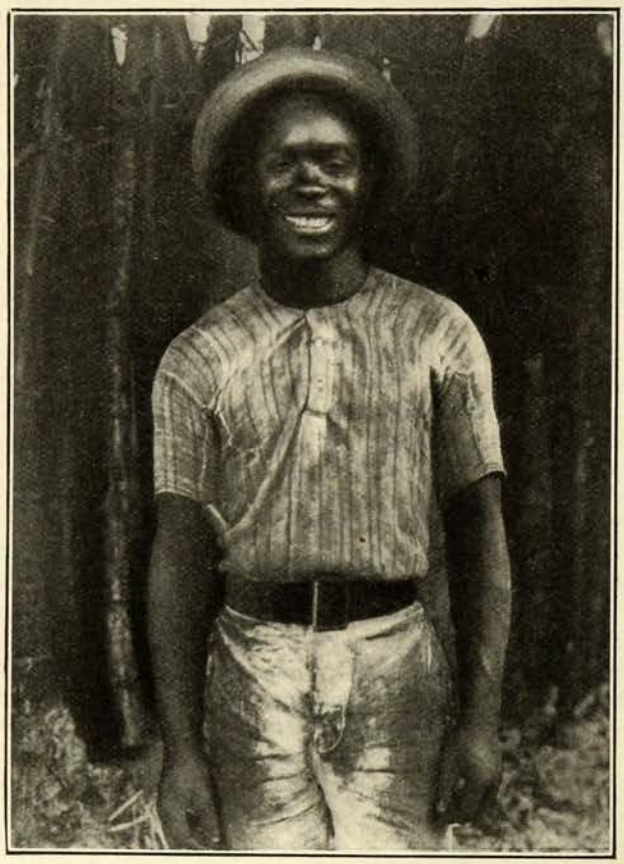
and the Canary Islands, and if this continues for a few more years Cuba bids fair to become an independent Spanish state.

But for this movement (since 1898), Cuba had a considerable chance in the near future of developing into another Haiti or a San Domingo. Many families of the Spanish planting aristocracy had been ruined by the War of Independence and had retired to Spain. Negroes were brave fighters and had been the backbone of the revolt, supplying the insurgents with their stubbornest fighting force. They, in common with all Cuban citizens, without distinction of race or colour, had received the franchise under the new Republican Cuban Constitution. In an independent Cuba without outside interference the "coloured" vote would soon have amounted to a third of the total, and before long to a half, and finally have preponderated over the white element — with what effect on public order or efficiency it is difficult to say, since the Cuban negro differs in many characteristics from the dark race in the United States and in Haiti, and has not yet been sufficiently tried in positions of responsibility and public trust to have established a racial character, good or bad.

But the recent Spanish immigration has decided the balance in favour of a white Cuba, and this will be strengthened by the several thousand Americans and the hundreds of Canadians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans who are settling in this country.

The New "Colour Party"

The black man, who fought so bravely to establish Cuban independence from the crippling, choking régime of nineteenth-century Spain, runs some risk of being shouldered to one side by the rising white interests. For this reason, a party of colour has come into existence during the election period of 1908. It is under the leadership of an officer in the long War of Independence, General Morna Delgado, and will proceed to watch politics in the special interest of the negro voters.

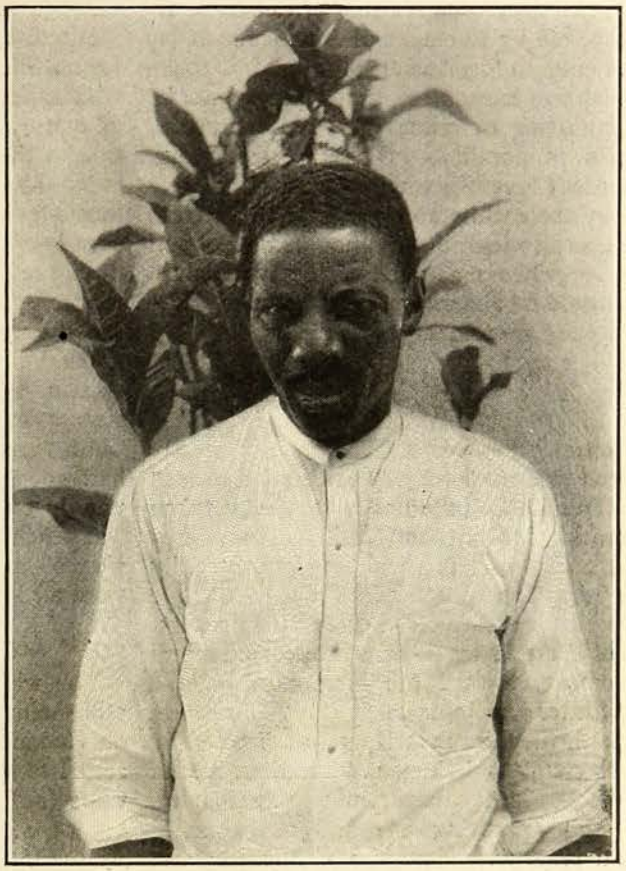


A NEGRO LABOURER IN CUBA

But up to the present time the negroes of Cuba (since 1898) have had no subject of complaint against the Cuban or American administration of the Island or against white "society." And it can be said, on the other hand, that the whites have no cause of complaint against the negro — the acts of violence against women, so common in the Southern States, being practically unknown in Cuba. There is as yet no "colour line" in public conveyances, resorts, or places of entertainment. There have been negro mayors of towns and even negroid candidates for the government of provinces. Several members of the coming Cuban government are persons tinged with negro blood.

Yet the negro is losing ground, politically and socially, and unless he is content with his present status of farmer, labourer, petty tradesman, minor employee, and domestic servant, there will arise a "colour" question here as in the United States.

Characteristics of the Cuban Negro



A CUBAN NEGRO COOK

At present, I repeat, there is none. Negroes and negresses travel alongside white Cubans in trains or street cars, sit next them in cafés, theatres, and churches, and the men match their birds against each other at those cock-fights which are still, despite American prohibition, the most important pastime in Cuban life. The negro or negress merits this liberality of treatment on the part of white Cuba by being always well dressed, clean, and well-mannered in public life. A larger proportion of the coloured people here (at the present day) can read and write than is the case in most of the Southern States of the Union. They can speak as good Spanish as the white Cubans, and struck me as being industrious, quiet, sober, and prosperous. I noticed especially the good taste and good quality of the negro costumes in town and country. There was no overdressing, no ridiculous ostentation of patent-leather boots at inappropriate seasons by the men, nor the perpetuation of the outworn horrors of European taste — chimney-pot hats and frock-coats. The women seemed just right in their costumes — so elegant, often, that after studying with interest the shape and colour of the dress one glanced with surprise at the dark-brown or yellow face of the wearer. There was no blind copying of European fashions, whether or no they were suited to a person of dark skin and woolly hair; but a certain originality in the colour and cut of garments, the shape of hats, and the arrangement of the hair which betokened thoughtfulness and innate good taste. If I were asked how the civilized negro and negress should dress in a warm climate, I should reply, "As in Cuba."

The country negroes, of course, clothe themselves more after the fashion of peasants — Spanish peasants; yet even here there is a self-respect, an eye for suitable colours and shapes, an appropriateness to the tasks to be performed, superior to the slovenly dress of the United States negro country-folk or the crude barbarities of the Haitian peasant-proprietors. The children in the country (white, even, as well as black) are most sensibly allowed to run about in warm weather with scarcely any clothes. In the towns the negro children, especially the little girls, are prettily dressed, and never in bad taste or with ostentatious finery.

Altogether, socially and materially, I have felt that in Cuba I saw the American negro at his best, so far as an average can be struck. Nowhere, of course, is there the intellectual development of the United States negro in his higher types; on the other hand, I did not see any real squalor, stupid barbarity, aggressive noisiness, or ill manners. The country homes seemed better and neater than the worst class of negro habitation in the Southern States; the town dwellings might not always be sanitary, but they had about them the dignity of Spain.

In Cuba the ever imitative negro race has

acquired the pride of bearing, the good taste in dress and demeanor, of the Castilian. The bad points in the negro population of Cuba are described to me by Cubans and Americans as (1) the tendency to form secret and masonic societies which are more often than not leagues for the committing of crimes and foul practices; (2) gross immorality; (3) petty dishonesty. Their ardent love of gambling is so completely shared by their white and yellow fellow citizens in Cuba, as also their overbearing demeanor and dishonesty when employed as petty officials, that it would be pharisaism on the part of white critics to add these charges to the list.

Why the Cuban Negro Becomes a Protestant

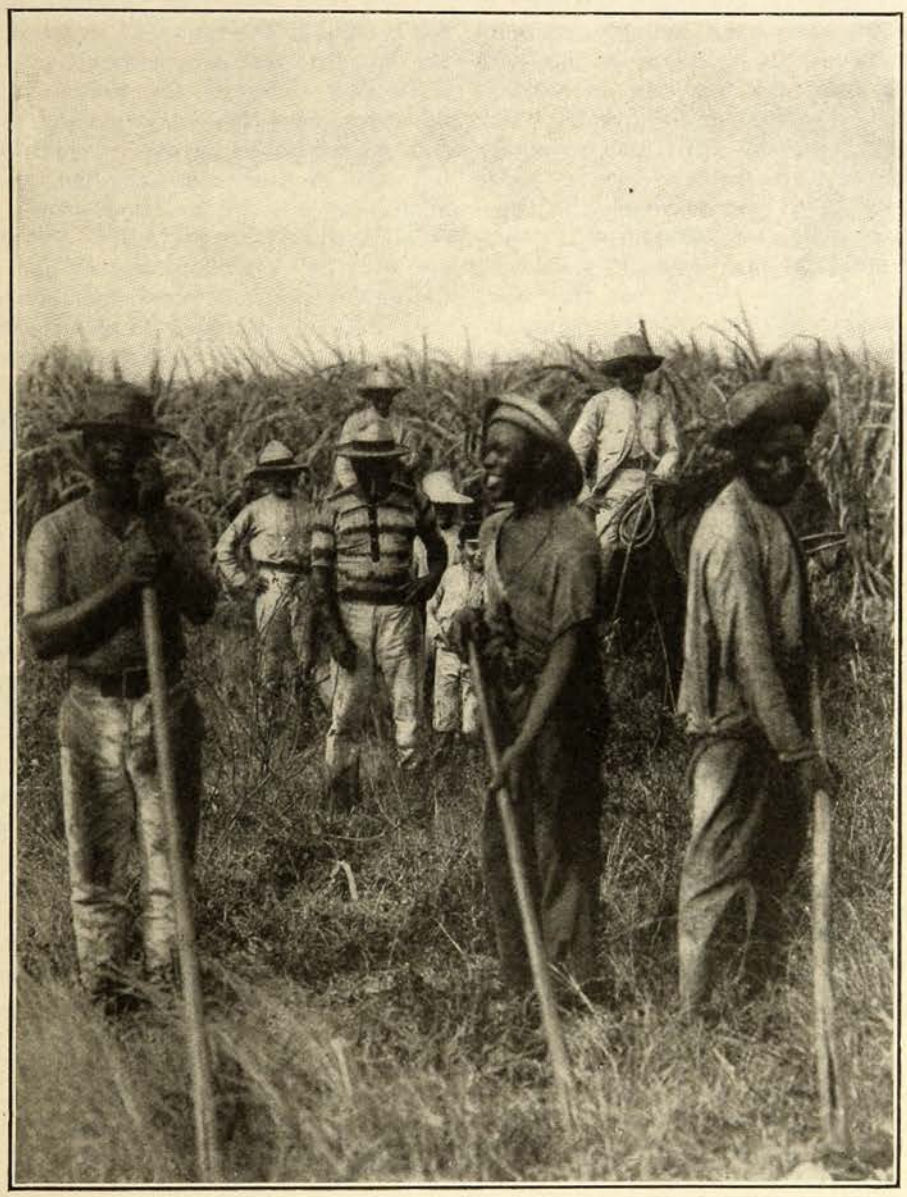
The country negroes of Cuba are imperfectly converted to Christianity. The Spanish branch of the Church of Rome has never really taken them to its bosom with any cordiality, and they are now, with real political freedom, steadily turning away from that church toward a vague and vicious heathenism — the fetishistic religions of West Africa — or, with decided moral improvement, toward the Methodism of the United States and Jamaica.

In Haiti, the Church of Rome, as directed by a French clergy and French seminarists, is seen at its best — in the forefront of scientific research and imparting a sound education in practical matters. Here the Methodists and Baptists, or the Episcopalians of the States, make little progress in religious propaganda, and the influence of Jamaicans is entirely commercial. But in Cuba — perhaps also Santo Domingo — the Jamaican and the American bishops, pastors, and teachers are rapidly drawing the negro population within the Protestant fold, certainly to the advantage of their moral and material value. Any religious influence which can sap and finally destroy these odious and, at their best, silly secret societies — against which Rome has always set her face — cannot but benefit the Cuban negroes. Moreover, missionary teaching — of any branch of the Christian faith — invariably breaks down racial prejudices and instils the love of a good and orderly government.

One direction in which Rome is losing negro adherents in Cuba, and Anglo-American Protestantism is gaining, is in the matter of marriages and baptisms. According to various informants, the Roman Church in this Island (as represented not only by the Spanish clergy, but by the recently established French priests, whom the religious troubles of the congregations have driven to Cuba and elsewhere) makes marriage so expensive a ceremony that Cuban negroes — or Cuban whites — prefer to live in a state of concubinage to paying the fees demanded. On the other hand, the Baptists, Methodists, or Episcopalians marry and baptize for nothing. The greatest attraction, however, which these younger churches offer to the negro all over America is a larger individual participation in the service. Hymn- and psalm-singing is enormously attractive to this emotional, music-loving race. "A Jamaican Baptist came here last year with a portable organ and interested the people in his services," said an English resident to me in eastern Cuba, "and there you see the result: the Catholic Church is abandoned and shut up, while over there is the new meeting-house where the people assemble to sing hymns." In another part of southern Cuba three thousand Cubans, mostly negroes, had gone over to American Episcopalianism, mainly owing to the genial services provided, "in which they themselves could take part." I glanced at the hymns used, and noticed they were all in Spanish translations.

The Dying Out of the Voodoo Societies

The white Cubans charge the negroes with still maintaining in their midst the dark Voodoo or Hoodoo mysteries of West Africa. There seems to be no doubt that the black people of Cuba (not the mulattoes) do belong to a number of secret or masonic societies, the most widely known being the "Nyanego"; and it is possible that these confraternities or clubs are associated with immoral purposes. They originated in a league of defense against the tyranny of the masters in old slavery days. Several of them (as described to me) sounded as harmless as our United Order of Ancient Buffaloes. But those seeking after scientific truth should discount much that may be read on Hoodoo- or Voodooism. This supposed Dahomeyan or Niger Delta cult of the python or big serpent (monitor, lizard, or crocodile), with which are associated frenzied dancing, mesmerism, gross immorality, cannibalism, or corpse-eating, really exists (or existed) all over West Africa from Sierra Leone to Tanganyika, and no doubt was introduced by Inner-Congo, Niger Delta, or Dahomey slaves into Haiti, Cuba, Louisiana, South Carolina, Jamaica, the Guianas, and Brazil. Where Christianity of a modern type obtained little or no influence over the negro slaves and ex-slaves, these wild dances and witchcraft persisted. They are fast becoming a past phase in the life condition of the American negro, and much of the evidence to the contrary is out of date, or is manufactured by sensation-mongers. The last vestige of noxious witchcraft lingering among the Cuban negroes is



CUBAN NEGROES IN A SUGAR CORNFIELD

said to be the belief that the heart's blood or the heart of a white child will cure certain terrible diseases if consumed by the sufferer. The black practitioners who endeavour to procure this wonderful remedy are known as *brujos* or *brujas* (male or female sorcerers). At the time I was in Cuba (December, 1908) there were four or five negroes awaiting trial on this charge at Havana. Other cases — said to have been proved beyond a doubt — have occurred in eastern Cuba within the last two or three years. But all these stories and charges are vague hearsay, and during the short time at my disposal I was not able to get proof of one. There is little doubt that occasionally in the low quarters of the old Spanish towns little white girls do disappear. It is too readily assumed that the negro is at fault.

I was informed by every resident or official whom I questioned that cases of negro assaults on white women were practically unknown in Cuba. On the other hand, young coloured or negro women and girls were never safe with men of their own race; that rape, or indecent assault, was the commonest charge on which negroes were arraigned. But further inquiry elicited that these attacks were generally made by young unmarried men on young unmarried women; were, in fact, a rough-and-ready courtship which would be more frequently followed by a formal marriage were it not that marriage fees were too high. The girl generally only brought the charge to compel the man to marry her. The Cuban courts in such instances are ready to waive punishment if the culprit and his victim are unmarried and are ready to go through the form of marriage in court.

Few people who have not visited Cuba are aware how emphatically "white" is a considerable proportion — at least one half — of its population of 2,049,000. The people of the large and ancient town of Camaguey, in central Cuba, are entirely of white Spanish descent, and their women are justly renowned for beauty. Another fact that is not appreciated is the considerable element of "Indian" blood in the peasantry of eastern Cuba. Pure-blooded Indians are said to have existed in the East Cuba mountains down to the early part of the nineteenth century, and I have seen Indian reservations of land which were only finally broken up and thrown open to general settlement (mainly by Indian half-breeds) by the Spanish government forty years ago. It is evident to me that the Amerindian population of Cuba at the time of the Spanish Conquest was not so much exterminated as absorbed into the Spanish-speaking community.

Thus in Cuba at the present day there are three main elements of population: a million pure-blooded whites (mainly Spanish, but with an American, Canadian, and French admixture not to be overlooked); half a million yellows (mixed Indian and Spanish); and over half a million negroes and negroids, the quadroon and octoroon members of which class are always eager to desert the negro camp and fuse with the yellow Cuban middle class. Gradually the three or four hundred thousand negroes or dark-skinned negroids of Cuba are segregating into a racial group apart from the whites and yellows, but a group to which it is incorrect to apply any derogatory classification as regards industry or intellect. Many Cuban negroes are wealthy citizens, dwelling in good town houses, and possessing flourishing country farms; their wives are well dressed, and their children are being well educated. Negroes or dark mulattoes are to be found in all the professions and in nearly every branch of the government service, notably in the police, army, post-office, and public works. While the negroes are inferior in many qualifications to the pure-blooded whites of Cuba, they may certainly be ranked next to the white element in physical efficiency and in mental vigor. They are a more potent factor in this country than the oldest section of the population, the yellow-skinned Spanish-Indian hybrid.

THE MIRACLE

BY ANITA FITCH

THE little new-born moon
Lies in the hollow skies;
A sweet and never-fading star
Within her hailing lies.

A narrow thread of moon,
A wide and gleaming star—
Within the deep and deathless sky
How wonderful they are!

JAMES GALBRAITH ABLE-BODIED SEAMAN

BY

JOHN FLEMING WILSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE HARDING

GEO. HARDING

WE were talking idly, leaning back in our chairs on the *lanai* of the Moana Hotel in Honolulu. My companion was telling me about the loss of the bark *Quickstep*, whose captain sat across the lawn, gazing stupidly out at the gaudy Pacific, with an expression of bewilderment.

"Yes, they fired him. The local inspector went for him, I can tell you! Just sailed into him and told him he was no seaman at all! Took away his master's papers for one year, by Jove! and nearly kicked him out of the office. A shame, too! Look at the man's reputation: never had an accident before. Because he abandons a leaky old tub that's sinking under his feet, they disgrace him."

The speaker lit another cigar, flinging the match away with a nervous and scornful gesture. "It's a shame!"

Across the *lanai* came Thomas Price, master of the tank steamer *Murray Wells*, and my friend hailed him jovially. "What you doin' out here at Waikiki, you old fraud? Is the *Wells* in drydock, that you're free for an hour?"

Captain Price smiled gently, shook hands quite formally, with a vast grip, and sat down. "The ship's all right," he announced. "But that wharf-pump is choked. Been choked two hours. So I thought I'd run out here." He took off his cap and laid it on the table.

"Yes, of course something happened." The speaker turned to me, tossing his head to emphasize the satire of his remark. "The *Wells* has been crossing the Pacific for three years, carrying crude oil, and in all those three years Captain Price here hasn't been ashore an hour at either end of the run. Think of it! Gets into Monterey eight days out from Honolulu, ties up, and the pumps start throwing oil into her hold again, while Price skips out, buys a morning paper, gets a box of cheap cigars, hands in his accounts and papers at the office, comes back, and sails for Honolulu after being just four hours in port after a voyage of twenty-five hundred miles. Crosses the ocean and gets into Honolulu at 10 P.M., pumps the oil out, buys an evening paper, turns in his accounts, buys six sacks of rice, and is off for Monterey again before daylight. Wah! Why don't you quit and be a street-car conductor? The sea's no place for a man any more."

"We keep pretty steadily at it," Price agreed gently, looking at me with a slightly humorous glance, as much as to say, "Listen to the lad!"

"Why, they run ships nowadays just like the old Fifth Avenue busses in New York. Up and down and up and down. Then they fire you if they don't like the color of your hair or you're sassy to a lady passenger.— Look at poor old Stuntser, there. Left the *Quickstep* just half an hour before she foundered. Did his best, by Jove! And they take his ticket away from him — disgrace him! Punish him as if he were a thief! It's a rotten shame, by Jove!" He looked at us with great ferocity, chewing on his cigar and evidently enraged to the last degree.

Price nodded slightly and thoughtfully. "Well," he said gently, "I suppose they looked at it this way: he didn't bring her in."

"Bring her in! Man, she *sank!*"

"Well, then, he let her sink," Price went on imperturbably.

"My heavens, Price, what sort of a machine-made man are you, anyway?" came the cross demand. "Would you have had the man go down with an old tub like the *Quickstep?* Ain't one man's life worth more than ten *Quicksteps?* Say, ain't it, now?"

The captain of the tanker looked at us meditatively. "Oh, of course," he said presently, digesting the matter thoroughly. "If they were passengers. Certainly, of course."

"Passengers!" roared our companion, in huge disgust. "Aren't sailors worth saving? Say, aren't they? You're a sailor. Answer me."

Price flushed faintly. "Stuntser was the captain. He was paid to bring the *Quickstep* into port."

"Look here," was the response. "The *Quickstep's* cargo was plain cement, worth something or other a barrel. She carried a crew of sixteen. She was sinking. Stuntser quit her three hundred miles offshore — came in in a little open boat, without the loss of a man. By Jove! after all that,— saving his crew an' all,— they *fire* him. It's a burning shame! And you run your old tanker like a street-car, at the beck and call of some little clerk in Monterey and another little clerk in Honolulu. Say, do you ring in on a time-clock when you get in and when you leave?"

I almost got up, the tone was so insulting. But Price simply flushed a little deeper and shook his head mildly. "You're young," he said very gently. "I used to think just that way. But I always remember Galbraith — James Galbraith, A. B."

"Galbraith? Galbraith? Don't remember him. Who was he? What did he do?"

The captain of the *Murray Wells* glanced at me apologetically. "He shipped with me once. I was very young at the time; really had no business with a command. It was a long time ago. It doesn't matter."

For the first time I interfered. "I'd like to hear about him, if you don't mind," I insisted.

"Mind? Oh, of course not. Why should I mind? Well, this was the way of it.

"I was a youngster on the steamship *Ardmore,* one of the steel wool-ships the Yellow Funnel line ran years ago to the Colonies. I was fourth officer — just out of my 'prentice days, you know, and quite lucky to get a start in so good a line. We carried coal up to Vladivostok that voyage from Japan, and found no place to discharge our cargo. It was in the fall, cold and a little stormy. We lay there for a month.

"Just above us I used to see an ancient, dingy, bark-rigged steamer, lying to a weedy cable. She was small, topheavy, and miserable-looking. Her name — it was in white capitals across her stern — was the *Patrick Dare.* I understood she was a sealer that had been caught by the cruisers off the Pribilof Islands and condemned as a poacher. She was waiting to be sold.

"They found us a place to discharge our coal, and we set to work, sweating through the short, chilly days, up to our eyes in dust and grime. I didn't like the job. We of the second mess used to complain bitterly at night. Not where the old man could hear us, though. We were afraid of him. One morning the captain came and called me up out of the 'tween-decks. 'Do you want to take the *Patrick Dare* to Honolulu?' he asked me. 'A Japanese has bought her and loaded her with stuff for his firm down there. There isn't a man in port who can or will take her out. They came to me about it. You'll have command, of course. An ugly job — pick-up crew. Will you go?'

"I am amazed now that I took it. But I was young. I had never commanded a vessel. That old, weedy sealer suddenly became magnificent in my eyes and utterly desirable. I left the *Ardmore* in an hour, looking back at the cloud of grime and dust that hung over her with pity for the men who were condemned to stay with her in their vile and commonplace toil. I even thought a little scornfully of the old man, who would continue in his decent, unadventurous position, conning that big steel hull through commercial waters, with freight rates at one end of the vista and engineers' indents at the other. While I ——

"Well, I saw my new employer. He was a delicate-fingered Japanese, quite alert and businesslike. 'You had better sail immediately,' he told me. 'The ice will soon freeze here. You will make the voyage in nineteen days. Leave to-morrow. That will get you into Honolulu on Wednesday, the thirtieth of November. See?' He laid it out for me with his pencil on the blotter that lay on the counter. And when he was done, he went and counted out a small bag of gold coin and handed that to me. 'For the ship's expenses. I have engaged a crew. The engineer is an American; the mate also. The rest are Japanese, Captain.'

"I left that little office with the last word ringing in my ears. I suppose I strutted through the bazaar with the air of an emperor or a freshly commissioned ensign. I took a

sampan and started out on the bay for my new command, with the bag of coin in my pocket, my instruments on my lap, and the ship's papers in a tin case at my feet. My pride received a slight setback when I told the Chinese boatman, 'The *Patrick Dare*,' for he glanced at all my paraphernalia, my uniform (minus the insignia, which I had turned in to the steward of the *Ardmore*, of course), and then at the rotten craft I was bound for. The final insult was when he took his fare and turned away without the usual demand to be my sampan-man for the ship. Evidently he thought that the *Patrick Dare* could not afford a sampan during its stay in port.

"The mate received me at the gangway, and the engineer thrust his tousled head out of the half-deck with watery eyes fixed on me. 'How-do, Cap'n,' he greeted me. 'When are them stores comin' off?'

"Now, this was a natural question which I should have been able to answer. I knew it, but I knew nothing of the stores. Nobody had said a word about them. I carried it off with a 'Stores will be off this afternoon. Got all your coals?'

"He nodded apathetically, and I turned to the mate with relief. He was a slight, energetic-looking, sharp-faced fellow, about my own age. He told me the crew was on board, and that what things he could find to do he had done. 'We've all Japs, sir,' he informed me.

"'This is a Japanese vessel,' I responded with dignity. 'Cargo stowed?'

"'Yes. This old tub leaks.'

"'What did you expect?' I demanded.

"'Nothing,' was the sulky answer, and he went off cursing the Japanese roundly.

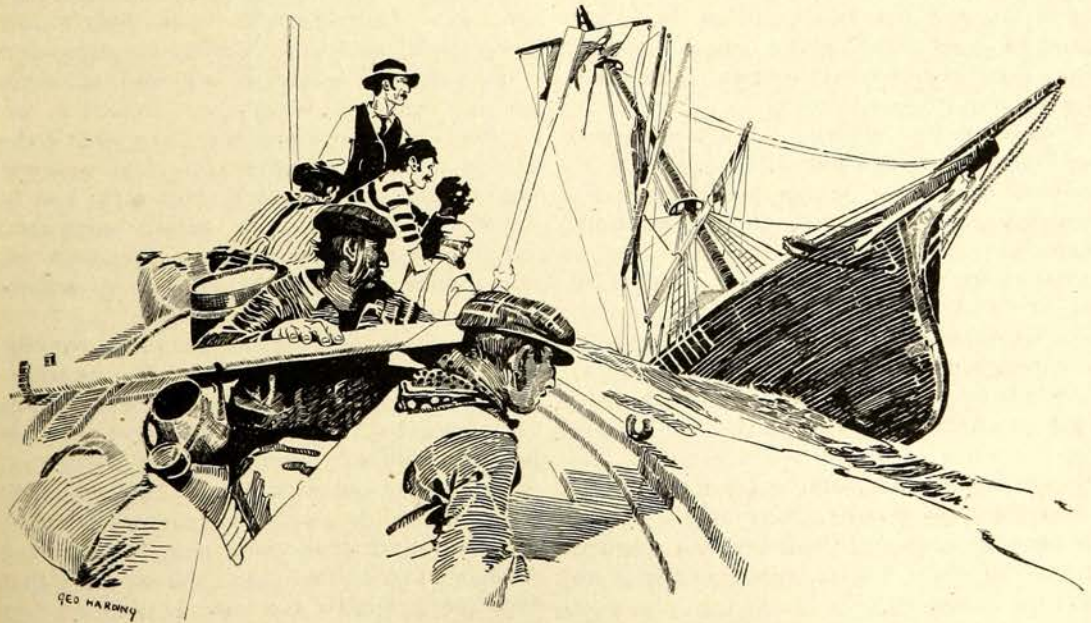
"You have no notion how disappointed I was as I inspected my new craft. The solitary virtue that I could find in her was possibilities of speed. The engineer, who cursed her from keelson to truck, admitted that she was heavily engined and that her lines were good. 'But she'll shake the plates out of her,' he asserted loudly. 'She's got high-speed, single-actin' machines, and they'll chew and chew and chew till the hull opens up like a rotten orange or she drops her propeller.' The boilers were bad. The starboard water-tank leaked like a sieve. The donkey-engine was wholly out of commission from rust and disuse. The bunkers were filled with the vilest of coal.

"I left him and went ashore, after long signaling for a sampan, to fetch off some provisions which the Japanese steward said were to come to us. They had not arrived, and I was bent on sailing at dawn. So I went after them.

"I found the *comprador*, and made him understand that there was no pay coming unless the provisions were on board by sundown. Then I went up to the Admiralty Building to get my correct time.

"As I came out and was hurrying through the bazaar, an old man met me. He looked at me a moment and then said, 'Captain, want another hand?'

"I stopped and stared at him. I saw an aged, rather feeble-looking European. His hands were stubby-fingered, and the backs of them tattooed. His face was big, round, with a fringe of white



"STUNTSER LEFT THE 'QUICKSTEP' JUST HALF AN HOUR BEFORE SHE FOUNDERED"

beard. He took off his cap, and I saw that his hair was thick and gray. But he gave every appearance of being too old to work. I told him so.

"'I've got good discharges, sir,' he croaked, reaching into some huge pocket and dragging out a tremendous book of them. 'All V. G., sir.'

"Now, I was in a hurry. However, it suddenly ran through my mind that here was an old seaman who might have to starve all winter if he didn't get a ship for the outside. I knew the *Ardmore* wouldn't take him, and the only other craft in port was the American ship *Charles F. Sargent*. She had been laid up, for my mate had been third on her and was taking this chance to get out of Vladivostok. The old man held out his preposterous bunch of papers and repeated, 'They're all V. G., sir. In sixty years I never got a bad discharge, sir.'

"Why didn't I tell him he was too old? you ask. God knows. Because I was young and pitiful and puffed up with pride and anxious to show my capacity, I nodded to this ancient shellback, and he followed me into the sampan and out to the *Patrick Dare*. Here I turned him over to the mate. 'I guess we'll take this man with us,' I told him. 'Put him on the articles, will you?' Then I was busy till dark.

"I had had my supper alone in the dingy saloon, when the same old sailor came into my cabin, cap in hand, and croaked out, 'Speak to you, sir?'

"'What is it?' I demanded crossly.

"'Mr. Buxton wants to sign me on as ordinary seaman, sir. I'm A. B., sir; I've been A. B. for sixty years. James Galbraith, A. B., sir.'

"I fancy I stared at him a long while, for he started to draw out his bundle of discharges again. I capitulated on the spot. 'Present my compliments to Mr. Buxton,' I told him, 'and ask him to come here.'

"When Buxton came I ordered him to sign the old man on as able-bodied seaman.

"'He's too old to be any good,' the mate protested. But I insisted, and he went off grumbling.

"Before turning in I went out on deck to see that all was well. The engineer was sitting in his cabin scrawling on his slate. In response to my inquiries, he said that he was all ready to go, as ready as his engines ever would be—giving me to understand that he had doubts of our arriving anywhere, on account of the weakness, inefficiency, and general worthlessness of the *Patrick Dare's* machinery. On my way back to my room I passed the old seaman. He was busy over a boat-lashing and paid no attention to me.

"I was up shortly after midnight, and at dawn the *Patrick Dare* had sixty fathoms of grass-grown cable dripping on her forward deck, an ancient wooden-stocked anchor was at the cat-head, and down below the rusty, high-speed engines were whining shrilly. From my place on the bridge I saw the harbor-lights swing a little and then begin to drop astern. The mate joined me, and wanted to know what to do with the anchor-cable. I told him to stow it as best he could, regardless of its weeds and barnacles. Then I rang to the engine-room for full speed, and we trundled off into the eye of the belated dawn, making something like twelve knots an hour, I reckoned. As we passed the *Ardmore*, standing out of the dark water like a huge building, I pulled the whistle-cord, and an appalling guttural blast of sound rose into the chill air. Ten minutes later we signaled the guard-vessel below and tooled out into the lower bay.

"Three days afterward the mate and the engineer and I sat at table, at our meager supper. We were disgusted with the ship and with each other. Buxton, the mate, threw his roving eyes about the saloon and openly cursed the whole outfit, easily and freely. 'By heavens, I never thought I'd get down to this,' he told me. 'Now, you've got a good berth waiting for you, Captain, when you get this old tub into port. But, I swear, I'll be ashamed to look for another ship. Who'd have thought I'd ever work for a Jap?'

"The engineer glanced up from his plate, and his watery eyes held a doubtful, sly look that offended me. 'If she breaks down we'll have a devil of a time getting to shore,' he said, almost menacingly. 'And it'll serve these stingy Japs right, too. Just serve the villains right to lose this old tub, blast 'em. Nobody but a heathen would send such a craft to sea. And of course she's not insured?' He glanced carefully at me. I nodded, and he burst out, 'Yes, that's the way! Couldn't trust their own dirty countrymen to take this hooker to Honolulu; had to get white men! We get nothin' but wages, and they rake in the profits!' He shook his head threateningly and departed to his engine-room, quivering with rage.

"The mate glanced at me and winked. 'Booth ain't stuck on his job,' he remarked. 'Well, if we don't fetch her in, there's no harm done. What's a Jap, anyway? Let 'em run their own coffins.' And he strolled away.

"I sympathized with my two officers; they were the only two white companions I had; I really was much of the same opinion as they. I cursed my first command and the Japanese that owned her. Really, she was a scandal.

"But we mogged along, and as the engines

recovered from their years of disuse we made steadily better time. The weather grew better after we were out of the Japan Sea and into the Pacific, and the days grew fewer that I must count before I handed the *Patrick Dare* over in Honolulu.

"My only recreation these days was James Galbraith. The mate had watched him about his work for a day or so, and then dubbed him Able-Bodied, a grim jest on his rating on the

"'DO YOU WANT TO TAKE THE "PATRICK DARE" TO HONOLULU?' THE CAPTAIN ASKED ME"

articles and his real physical weakness. The doddering old chap pottered round the deck, did odd jobs, kept himself incessantly busied over useless tasks. As the rest of the crew were Japanese, I accepted with great formality Buxton's jesting remark that we ought to make him second mate. I can see the old chap's face yet when I called him up and told him I had decided to have him act as second mate, and for him to move his luggage (he had only a little bag of it) into the empty room next to mine. He fumbled his cap, stared up at the stubby masts of the *Patrick Dare*, and croaked, 'I never was an officer, sir. I've stood the second mate's watch, but I'm no officer, sir. I've discharges, sir, to show that I've always done my duty. If you say so, I'll act as second mate.'

"'Certainly,' I responded curtly, and Buxton, with infinite humor, promptly handed him over my watch, as the mate and I were standing watch and watch. 'It will give the captain a rest,' I heard him explain solemnly, when I had stepped away. It was a great joke, of course.

"The old fellow took it all seriously. For two days we enjoyed it, and at the end of that time I was slightly astonished to find that it had ceased to be a joke. Old Galbraith was a good officer. He was far better than Buxton. He handled the crew in an easy, masterful style that even I envied. And the Japs seemed perfectly satisfied to jump when he croaked at them. Now and again he would say in all seriousness to me, 'I've never been an officer, sir, before. I've always been an A. B., not having the learning required. My discharges will show that I have done my duty well, sir.' And I'd respond, 'You are doing all right, Mr. Galbraith.' Then the old chap would stare out of his old eyes and clasp the bridge-rail in his worn old fingers and stand a little straighter and throw a little more volume into his queer, husky voice.

"Once Galbraith insisted on showing me his discharges. I sat at the little desk in his room while he stood hovering over me, handling the musty, stained, crackling papers that recorded his sixty years at sea. By Jove! you ought to have seen that prodigious mass of papers! Old discharges written by some long-dead captain by the light of a torch on some East Indian wharf fifty years before; others with the neat scrawl of Her British Majesty's consul in some

port you never heard of — an endless succession of slips of paper testifying under oath that James Galbraith had done his duty as an able-bodied seaman with good will and good judgment.

"'I'm getting old, now,' he said suddenly. 'It's hard to get a ship these days. They tell me I'm too old, sir.'

"'How old are you?' I asked him.

"'Seventy years old,' he croaked, gathering the papers up in his shaking hands.

"'That's too old to work,' I said carelessly. 'Why don't you quit it?'

"He glanced at me apologetically, with a feeble shake of his gray head. 'I'm only an A. B.,' he muttered. 'What would I do ashore? I never stopped ashore.'

"What was there to say to him? Nothing. I looked at him. His years of arduous and ill-paid toil were heavy upon him. He was losing the strength that had fought and vanquished so many seas on so many ships. His eyes were dimming. He was old. What could he do? What was the reward of this outrageous task that destiny had imposed on his manhood and which he had accomplished? It made me think, I tell you. It occurred to me that each day some seaman suddenly reached the limit of his inglorious activity, was no longer signed on by mates or picked out by anxious skippers — passed up forever by the users of the sea. And what had he learned? What had his life amounted to? It was a question, wasn't it?

"Day after day I watched Galbraith about his self-appointed duties and wondered what would become of him when he 'signed clear' in Honolulu. Probably this was his last voyage. Nobody else would be so foolish as I. What would become of him?

"I am not sure that I determined that all this was an injustice to Galbraith. In those days I accepted most of what was as right and proper. I might try to explain, but I don't remember questioning the justice of fate or Providence. I was young, and why should I? Age brings the doubts that hurt and destroy.

"One thing did impress itself slowly on my mind: the difference between Buxton and the acting second mate. Buxton was cock-sure, able, alert, loud-mouthed, quite fancy at times in his language and his notions of his own dignity. Galbraith was silent, slow, impassive, inexorably busy, never giving utterance to a thought, an imagination, or anything but an order. The endless spangles of stars in the sky, the rolling horizon, the changing sea never seemed to call up a single abstraction in his mind. He seemed to move in a world where things came up in regular order to be done and, being done, passed into the preterit forever. Now and then he displayed an odd skill or silently employed a daring manoeuver that showed that he had studied his profession with thoroughness and understanding. But otherwise he was simply an old man, fast declining in strength and able-bodiedness.

"I set our course so as to enter the Hawaiian archipelago much farther south than is usually done. In fact, I made so that I would see the island of Laysan, which is very far out of the ordinary course. But I reckoned that we should lose little time by doing this, and, to tell the truth, I didn't trust the seaworthiness of the *Patrick Dare*. First, she was ill laden; second, she was leaking badly somewhere aft. I thought it would do no harm to run among the islands in case of accident.

"We sighted Laysan and headed east for Honolulu, engines going full speed, smooth sea, fair breeze. Then, with the suddenness of an explosion, the engines jarred off the propeller, sent the tail-shaft grinding after it, and stopped with a roar of steam and a leaping of decks. Booth, the engineer, crawled out on deck, hanging to a Japanese oiler, and swore feebly. The firemen and the assistant engineer followed them with yelps of fear.

"It was mid-afternoon, and Galbraith was on watch, Buxton was asleep in the saloon, and I was reading a book. I came on deck with a jump, Buxton hard at my heels. Galbraith was staring down at the engineer, flinging questions at him which that scalded artisan answered with groans and tossings. It did not take us long to estimate the damage. It was irreparable. The water was pouring in the broken stern-bearings, flooding the engines. In time the *Patrick Dare* would sink. True, she might live for a day. She might live for a week, could we get the pumps going. But the pumps were below, clouded in hot steam. And the white plume on the funnel showed that the fires were going out fast.

"While the crew stood round with gaping mouths, Buxton and I talked it over. 'We gotta quit her right away,' he said. 'Laysan is astern there, not over a hundred miles. We can make it to-morrow in a small boat. We gotta do it, and do it quick.'

"Really, that seemed the only course. I ordered him to get the boats ready, and went about the work of saving the papers, finding out the particulars of the breakage, and assuring myself the case was hopeless. I must say, had we been in any steamer track I would have held on, waiting to be picked up. But we were a hundred miles out of the usual track. We might lie there a month without sighting a sail.

"'NOBODY BUT A HEATHEN WOULD SEND SUCH A CRAFT TO SEA'"

"The poor old craft settled very gradually, by the stern. Now and then she rolled in a queer, distressing way. Buxton passed and repassed with anxious face. The engineer was squatted on the deck, oiling his burns and wrapping his arms and neck with waste. Galbraith was on the bridge, silent and apparently asleep, so far as any comprehension of what had happened was concerned.

"It was just sundown when Buxton reported that all was ready. He had our three boats swung out, with provisions and water in them, and the crew mustered. The *Dare* was riding, her bow acock, tumbling wildly in the heavy swell. 'She won't last long, sir,' Buxton rattled off. 'We're all ready to go now. What's the course, sir?'

"'West by south,' I told him.

"'All right, sir. We'll follow you.—Mr. Booth, take No. 2 and keep just astern of the Captain!'

"I suppose I hesitated, for he snapped out, 'Shall you take Galbraith with you?'

"'Certainly,' I replied, and looked around for him. I did not see him, and turned and told them to clear away their boats and start out. 'I'll follow later,' I said.

"The two boats pulled away, and the six or seven Japanese who composed my boat's crew waited impassively. I went in search of Galbraith. I found him nowhere on deck. I searched the ship for him, and at last I heard the sound of a hammer tinkling on metal, somewhere in the hold. I went down the engine-room ladder to the 'tween-decks and yelled, 'Galbraith! Galbraith!'

"Far below I saw a sudden gleam of light on the shallow water that swept back and forth as the *Dare* rolled in the seaway. A white face was turned up to me, and the old fellow's croak ascended. 'Send another man down here, Captain.' The face was withdrawn, and I heard the tin-tink-tinkle of metal on metal again.

"Now, I fully intended to order Galbraith up and into the boat. Instead, I went on deck and ordered two Japs down to help him. They went without a word, lowering themselves into the dark engine-room swiftly and silently. I sat down on the nearest hatch and wondered what Galbraith was doing. A pretty thing for the master of a ship to do!

"Presently it struck in on me that I had better be doing something myself. Four sailors were still standing round, watching the departing boats, which were now mere specks on the fast-darkening ocean. I set to work to hoist what sail I could to the freshening breeze.

"An hour later the *Dare* was swinging along to the westward at a very fair gait. I put a man at the wheel and took a lantern and went below. It was not till I reached the platform far below that I saw Galbraith's light. There were three or four feet of water washing about the engine hold, and I saw that he was at work far in the shaft-tunnel. I managed to find sufficient footing to claw my way to him. He was jamming some calking in about the edges of a plank shutter he had made to stop the tunnel. The water was squirting round him, and he swore as he worked.

"When he had braced it to suit him, he croaked out, 'That'll hold a while. Now let's get them pumps a-going.' He saw me and

waved his hand respectfully. 'She was leaking down this tunnel over the shaft, sir. So I stopped it up. Not enough 'll come in now to hurt, just so we can get the pumps going. Where's the engineer? He can get his fires going again and pump her out.'

"'The engineer 's gone,' I told him. 'But the assistant is here.' I turned and ordered the Japanese machinist to start the fires, get up steam, and clear the pumps.

"Without a word those heathen went to their task alertly and energetically. As Galbraith climbed up the ladder and I followed him, I looked back into the hold and saw the lanterns glow out into the murk as they lit them. Then came a rattle of orders in Japanese, and the grunting song of the men swinging to their gear.

"On deck, Galbraith glanced at the sails, nodded, spat over the side, and asked, 'Where's the mate and the engineer, Captain?'

"'They thought the ship was sinking and skipped out with two boats for Laysan.'

"He pondered this, and shook his head, with profound wisdom. 'The mate's too young,' he rasped mildly. 'Does he think he's a passenger?'

"His voice rolled along the deserted deck to the bridge and the man at the wheel: 'Full and by, you —— ——!' He followed it with a bellow into the engine-room: 'Come up here, two of you, and set the foretopmast stays'l!'

"I was amazed. You could not have imagined such a volume of tone issuing from so feeble a frame. And it carried the note of command, of insistent and relentless discipline. Two men rushed up and on deck, staring round fearfully, muttering, 'Foretopmas' stays'l, sir!' as though suddenly wakened from a deep slumber.

"They ran the staysail up smartly; other sails, too. I saw Galbraith dive into lockers and drag out huge rolls of clumsily bound canvas. His men sweated under his quick orders, and the slender, ill-stayed masts of the *Dare* were clothed, yard by yard, with drumming sails. And as each new cloth went aloft and was spread, she drove on more swiftly.

"By midnight we were under all plain sail, and the assistant engineer reported that the leak was under control. Galbraith was on the bridge, conning the little vessel with skill and prudence, his gray head barely crowned by his old cap, now rakishly on one side. His great bellow filled the decks when he hurled an order, and I saw his pale eyes steady like those of a youth whenever they caught something amiss.

"Dawn found us hastening along with a big curl of white water under our bows. The wind was gradually hauling, and we headed the *Dare* up for Honolulu. Galbraith smiled as he saw how close to the wind we sailed, and muttered, 'Better'n steam, any day.'

"I had difficulty to get him to turn in and sleep. His long-slumbering spirit seemed to have wakened. He betrayed no sign of fatigue or weariness. His hands still shook, to be sure, but they obeyed his muscles easily. Now and then he glanced at me with a triumphant, respectful glance, as much as to say, 'You still have a mate; don't worry because Buxton is gone.'

"After his sleep he came on deck, and we determined on our course for Honolulu. When that was done Galbraith said hoarsely, 'Them other fellows must have thought they was passengers! What did they sign on for? Heh? Scared! Heh? But we'll take her in, sir.'

"Another time he approached the subject from another point of view.

"'Some of these young chaps think their bally hides are too precious to risk. What 'd that owner sign 'em on for? To save their own skins? Heh? No. *To take the ship to Honolulu.*'

"Now I have confessed that I nearly left the *Dare* myself — my first command, too. But I could not have explained why I stayed, or why Buxton's going was so paltry an affair, till the old seaman's words rang in my ears: 'What did the owner sign them on for? . . . *To take the ship to Honolulu.*'

"During the next three days, as we beat up for Oahu, I pondered this long.

"At my elbow was James Galbraith, for sixty years a sailor before the mast, unhonored, ill-paid, cared for by no one, yet doing his single duty with great steadfastness of purpose and simplicity of heart — earning his wage. I, in the heat of youth, had been willing to throw away my trust and save my own life, thinking that it was worth more than the business I was on. I had been saved from that. The big lesson had been written before me — by James Galbraith, A. B. Because he had learned this, and lived it, his pocket bulged with insignificant papers, discharges from a hundred ships that he had served well. Now, at the end of a long life, he passed on to me the duty of earning my wage, handing over to me the sum of his laborious toil: to take my ship to its port.

"It is a hard lesson. You will find many who value a human life above all else. That is right and proper. But at sea you are not paid

"I ORDERED BUXTON TO GET THE BOATS READY"

to live: you are paid to do your duty, as others do it, without repining, steadfastly, earning your wage."

"And you got in all right?" I demanded, when he paused.

"We did. I left Galbraith to look after the ship, and I went to the office of the consignees. I'm afraid I laid some

stress on the shape the *Dare* was in, but the Japanese merely nodded and paid me off, after my accounting. Never a word about my bringing in a steamer that was practically a wreck. And, after all, he was quite just. I recall that I said nothing about the six hands who had stayed with us because we had needed them."

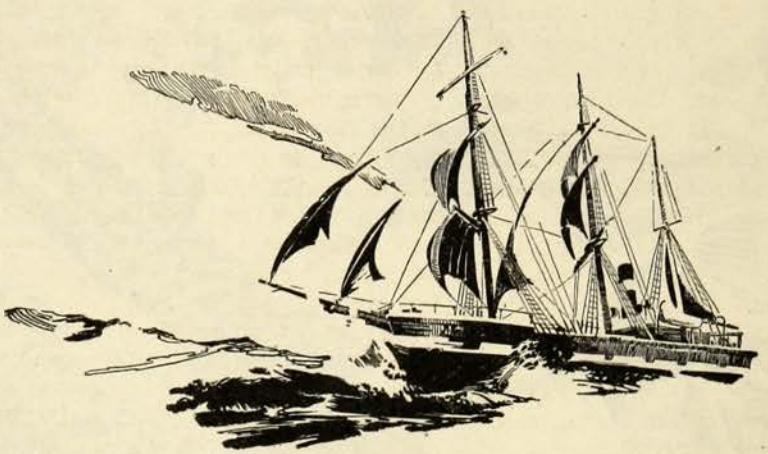
"And James Galbraith?"

The master of the *Murray Wells* put on his cap and prepared to go. "Galbraith? I don't know. Shipped out for some place or other, I suppose. Good man, too. I gave him a first-class discharge to put with all the others in his big book."

"Nothing more?" I demanded incredulously — "after all his work and ——"

Price glanced down at me with a faintly puzzled expression. "More? What more? He was paid for it."

He left us, striding back to the big tanker and his incessant industry, leaving me and my companion to stare at the disrated master of the wrecked *Quickstep*, still bowed down by the weight of a punishment he could not comprehend.



THE PRAYER OF THE WEAK

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

LORD of all strength — behold, I am but frail!
Lord of all harvest — few the grapes and pale
Allotted for my wine-press! Thou, O Lord,
Who holdest in Thy gift the tempered sword,
Hast armed me with a sapling! Lest I die,
Then hear my prayer, make answer to my cry:

Grant me, I pray, to tread my grapes as one
Who hath full vineyards, teeming in the sun;
Let me dream valiantly; and undismayed
Let me lift up my sapling like a blade;
Then, Lord, Thy cup for mine abundant wine!
Then, Lord, Thy foeman for that steel of mine!

THE BEST WAY TO PREVENT INDUSTRIAL WARFARE

BY

CHARLES W. ELIOT

PRESIDENT EMERITUS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE Canadian Act for the maintenance of industrial peace in all public utilities, including mines, went into effect on the 22d of March, 1907, and had therefore been in operation two years at the close of March, 1909. The results of proceedings under the Act ought to be very interesting to the American public; because it is obvious that in the United States industrial peace is not steadily maintained in all public utilities, and that, in consequence, the public suffers, both directly in actual loss of money and in deprivation of almost indispensable services, and indirectly in arrest or disturbance of business, and in the anxiety of mind which violations of public peace always cause to multitudes of persons who have no interest in the disputes. The recent strikes on the Philadelphia street railways and on the Georgia railroad illustrate the barbarous condition of American society in these respects, and the urgent need of adopting some means of diminishing the number of strikes and lockouts which arrest the operation of public utilities and cause violations of public order.

The chief feature of the beneficent Canadian Act called the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act was the requirement that, in the event of a dispute arising in any industry known as a public utility, it should be illegal to resort to a strike or lockout until the matters in dispute had been made the subject of an investigation before a Board of Conciliation and Investigation, to be established under specified rules by the Canadian Minister of Labor. Under this Act, either party to a dispute may apply for the appointment of a Board of Investigation. Each of the two parties to the dispute may nominate one member of the Board, and these two may select the third who serves as chairman of the Board of three. If either party fails to nominate a member, the Minister of Labor appoints that member; and if the two members fail to agree upon the third member, the Minister appoints the third member. The Board will therefore inevitably be constituted, and will go to work, if either party to the dispute applies for an investigation. The proceedings of every Board appointed and its final report are published throughout the Dominion in the most complete manner.

During the two years from March 22, 1907, to the end of March, 1909, fifty-five applications were received for the appointment of Boards, under which forty-nine Boards were set up. In the remaining six cases the disputes were settled, either during the discussions arising out of the application, or during the formation of the Board; but these six cases of prompt settlement are obviously due to the influence of the Act — that is, to the prospect of complete publicity with regard to the causes of the dispute and the claims of the disputants. The fifty-five applications were distributed as follows:—Concerning mines and smelters, 30; concerning transportation or means of communication, 23; concerning disputes in industries which were not public utilities, 2. In these two cases, both parties to the industrial dispute applied for an investigation, the Act providing that its benefits may be extended to industries other than public utilities, if both parties, instead of only one, make application for the establishment of a Board.

Ninety-six per Cent of Strikes Avoided or Ended

On the fifty-five applications received, strikes were avoided or ended in twenty-five coal mines, and four metalliferous mines; in fifteen railroads and three street railways; in two bodies of 'longshoremen; in one body of teamsters, and in one body of sailors; and in two industries not public utilities. There were two cases in which strikes were not averted or ended. Only two cases, therefore, out of fifty-five ultimately resulted in strikes, these two strikes being in perfect accordance with the wise terms of the

An article entitled "The Canadian Act," dealing with this subject, was published by Dr. Eliot in McClure's for December, 1907.

Act, which permit owners to lock out their men and workmen to strike *after* the public investigation has been completed and its results published.

The details of these two exceptional cases are highly interesting.

A coal mine strike occurred in 1907 among the employees of the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company at Spring Hill, Nova Scotia, concerning the rates of payment for certain portions of the miners' work which did not directly yield coal, such as pillar work. The Investigation Board appointed for this case could not agree, the majority report being signed by the chairman and the member nominated by the employers, the minority report by the nominee of the employees. The recommendations of the Board were not accepted by the employers. The strike which was threatened prior to the application for the Board on May 8th was averted for the time being, but took place on August 1st, continuing until October 31st, when the employees returned to work on the conditions recommended by the majority of the Board.

The other strike which was not prevented occurred among the employees in the mechanical departments of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Here, again, the Board did not present a unanimous report. The majority of the Board made certain recommendations for the settlement of the dispute which were accepted by the company with some demur. The employees refused to accept the findings of the Board, and ceased work on August 5th. They returned to work on October 5th, accepting finally the recommendations of the majority of the Board.

In this case, the tribunal was made up, first, of the representative nominated by the employees, secondly, of a representative appointed by the Minister of Labor with the consent of the employers, and thirdly, of the chairman, who was appointed by the Minister in the absence of a joint recommendation by the two members first appointed. In the former case, that of the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company and its employees, both the workmen and the company were represented on the tribunal by their own nominees; but the chairman was appointed by the Minister, because the two members first appointed could not agree on a joint recommendation.

Controversies Involved Tens of Thousands of Employees

The question naturally arises whether these Canadian disputes were on a large scale or a small; whether they directly affected a large number of persons or only small groups; and whether the general welfare of the community was seriously threatened by any of them. May it not have happened in Canada that these quarrels were insignificant as regards the number of persons affected?

The official reports (see the *Labor Gazette*, issued monthly by the Department of Labor, Ottawa, April, 1909, pp. 1080–91) make it plain that some of these disputes were serious, affecting directly large numbers of persons and indirectly threatening the common welfare. Among the strikes in mines may be mentioned that on the Cumberland Coal Company, with seventeen hundred men concerned; that on the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, in which eighteen hundred men were involved; that on the Dominion Coal Company, January 4, 1908, with seven thousand men affected; that on the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, with seventeen hundred and fifty men affected; and that on the Dominion Coal Company, on March 4, 1909, with three thousand men affected. Among the disputes in transportation companies, the most important were the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada and its locomotive engineers, with thirteen hundred men affected; the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and railroad telegraphers, with sixteen hundred and fifty-six men affected; the Canadian Pacific Company and carmen employed on the eastern lines of the company, with twelve hundred and fifteen men affected; the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the men in its mechanical departments, with eight thousand men affected; the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and its railway telegraphers, with sixteen hundred and five men affected; the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and its firemen and engineers, with seven thousand men affected; the Shipping Federation of Canada and the 'longshoremen of Montreal, with fifteen hundred men affected. These were all serious disputes affecting large numbers of persons and the general welfare.

The last case mentioned illustrates first a violation of the Act and then its successful application. On May 13th the 'longshoremen went on a strike, notwithstanding the provisions of the Act. On May 15th the Secretary of the Department of Labor went to Montreal and explained the provisions of the Act to both parties to the dispute. As a result, the employees returned to work, agreed to refer the dispute to a Board to be appointed under the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, and made a formal application for the establishment of a Board. The employing companies withdrew on May 18th the application they had

made on May 15th for the appointment of a Board. In the end the employing companies accepted the recommendations of the Board which the 'longshoremen had asked for; but the 'Longshoremen's Union did not formally accept them. Nevertheless, the members of the Union, with the exception of a few persons, signed individual agreements with the employers, based on the recommendations of the Board, which covered the conditions of employment for the seasons of 1907 and 1908. No further cessation of work took place.

As a rule, interruptions of work in coal mines and in industries which provide transportation and other means of communication are troublesome to the public, and occasion large losses both to employers and employed. The Canadian industrial disputes between March 22, 1907, and March 31, 1909, would have illustrated this rule, had they not been prevented or settled by the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act.

Of the fifty-five applications for the appointment of Boards, seven were made by employers, forty-six by employees, and two by both employers and employees. The Act requires that every application for the appointment of a Board shall be accompanied by a statement of the nature, cause, or subject of the dispute. In the fifty-five applications for the appointment of Boards, the alleged nature of the dispute covers the usual sources of industrial strife, such as the employment of non-union men; the hours of labor; the terms of the joint agreement concerning wages; the conditions of employment; alleged discrimination against members of certain unions; alleged wrongful dismissals; the reinstatement of former employees; and the introduction of machinery.

It is obvious that the Canadian workingmen, in numerous trades connected with public utilities, have acquired confidence in the just operation of the Act; otherwise they would not have applied, in forty-six cases, for the appointment of Boards. The satisfaction of the employers is not so clearly determined, because the number of applications for Boards on the part of employers has been relatively small. Nevertheless, the employers did not ultimately reject in a single case the advice of the Boards; and they must have taken satisfaction in the fact that interruption of service to the public was prevented in fifty-three cases out of fifty-five.

It is quite natural that the employers should have been slower than the employees to accept cordially an Act which relies on publicity. The sound principle, that the public has a right to know much about any business which is conducted on rights or privileges conferred by legislation, is not universally accepted by proprietors and managers — not even by corporations which enjoy the great privileges of limited liability and long viability, privileges exclusively conferred by the public through general or special laws. Its stout assertion that the public has a right to know about the causes of industrial disputes in public utilities, including mines, is one of the good incidental services which the Act of March 22, 1907, has rendered to Canada.

Majority of Each Board Familiar with Business Involved

It is an admirable feature of the Canadian Act that a special Board of three members has to be appointed for each separate dispute. Every corporation or body of employees can count on obtaining a Board of Investigation, two members of which, at least, will be well informed about the particular business in which the dispute has occurred. As soon as a Board has made its report, it disappears, and will probably never reappear.

It is another very important feature of this admirable Act that there is no arbitration in it whatever, and no standing Board of Arbitration, which must be employed in all sorts of industries. Neither party promises to abide by the decision of the Board, or to adopt its recommendations. It has long been known that arbitration is not a means of preventing industrial strife, and is, to say the least, a very imperfect means of adjusting a strife already declared and in effect. The Act absolutely abandons arbitration, and relies exclusively on discussion, conciliation, publicity, and public opinion.

Under the operation of this Act, both employers and employed are prevented from striking a sudden blow, either against the other. Employers cannot lock out their men without notice, and a strike cannot be suddenly declared. Although perfect liberty to strike or lock out ultimately is reserved under the Canadian Act, several weeks must elapse from the time the dispute began before work can be stopped. How long this time may be is a matter of importance; for both parties to an industrial dispute may reasonably object to a long delay of decisive action. The date at which each Board was constituted and the date of the receipt of that Board's report are both given in the official *Labor Gazette* with regard to every industrial dispute which has occurred in Canada in the two years between March 22, 1907, and March 31, 1909. The interval between the two dates has been ordinarily between one month and two months, although in twenty-one cases it was less than one month. Some days

must elapse, in most cases, between the sending in of an application for a Board and the bringing of the Board together — particularly when the dispute has occurred in some remote part of the Dominion. During this interval of from one to two months there is time for passions to cool, and for the costs of war to be counted by both parties. The interests of the public may also get some sort of effective expression during this interval; and when the report of the Board is thoroughly published, in accordance with the provisions of the Act, public opinion, being well informed, usually expresses itself with clearness and force. Indeed, the Act relies solely on the ultimate reasonableness of the parties to the dispute when the facts on both sides are publicly stated and discussed, and on the fairness and sound judgment of that long-suffering and patient public which ultimately pays for the greater part of the cost of industrial warfare.

American States Could Adopt a Similar Act

It is obvious, from these two years of experience with the Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, that it is the best piece of legislation in the world for the prevention and settlement of lockouts and strikes in an important class of industries, which, in the interest of the nation as a whole, ought never to be interrupted. It is simple, prompt, and just, and therefore effective.

Canada has this great advantage over the United States in regard to industrial disputes, that the central government can constitutionally take cognizance of industrial disputes; whereas in the United States the power of intervention in such quarrels resides with the States. The Canadian Minister of Labor can interfere equally well in a lockout or strike the effects of which are confined to one province, and in a strike on a continental railroad, or a telegraphers' strike which involves the whole Dominion and indefinite regions beyond.

The several States of the American Union could, however, exercise through some single official — Labor Commissioner or Governor — the powers which are exercised by the Minister of Labor in the Dominion of Canada, and could appoint the Boards applied for in local disputes. If an industrial dispute extended beyond the limits of a single State, some combination of State officials could probably be contrived to make the appointments for the Boards needed in such cases. The prompt appointment of Boards would be facilitated if the provision of the Canadian Act were copied whereby the normal mode of securing a Board is for each party to nominate one member to the Minister of Labor, and these two members to select a third.

One very formidable feature of lockouts and strikes in industries concerned with public utilities, or in monopolistic industries which deal with necessaries of life, is the secrecy with which preparations are made on both sides for a war to be suddenly declared. The Canadian Act does not prevent secret preparations on both sides; but it does prevent — not only by its theory or promise, but in its practical application for two years — the sudden declaration of secretly prepared hostilities. This is an enormous gain for the community as a whole, both materially and morally.

Some of the Canadian unions connected with railroads have suggested one or two amendments to the Act, which are under consideration at the present time; but these amendments relate to some of the existing requirements concerning procedure, and do not affect the Act in any material respect. The nature of the amendments suggested indicates pretty clearly that the unions have become entirely reconciled to the principle of compulsory investigation before resort is had to lockouts or strikes. Moreover, the Trades and Labor Congress of the Dominion have officially indorsed the Act at each of the sessions of the Congress held subsequent to its enactment.

An Incentive to Conservatism in Labor Leaders

The respect for the law shown by the workingmen and the labor organizations has been such that the government has had no occasion to consider the question of enforcing penalties against striking before public investigation. The possibility or impossibility of enforcing such penalties has, therefore, not come up for serious consideration. The Dominion government has wisely pursued the policy of non-interference; because the law against striking or locking out before public investigation has been made can be set in motion by any private person or corporation, and it may be presumed that any parties injured through violations of the law will take advantage of the machinery which the law itself has provided for their protection. If the injury is not sufficient to induce the injured parties to set the machinery of the law in motion, it is questionable whether the government ought to take upon itself that task.

The policy of non-interference on the part of the government has also another advantage. If individual labor leaders bring men out on strike without securing for them in the first

instance the advantages to their case that would probably accrue from public inquiry before an impartial tribunal on which the workmen are represented, the final issue of the dispute will probably discredit such leaders, and demonstrate the unwisdom of that method of proceeding; and this result would be highly educative to the unions concerned. In strikes which concern large masses of men, it is wiser for any government to try to educate and convince the masses through public discussion than to drive them — particularly when the driving process has to be applied to a comparatively small number of individuals. The Act of March 22, 1907, has proved to be an excellent means of public instruction.

Results in the Dominion

To the question whether the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act has been effective, the clear answer is that since its enactment in March, 1907, the Dominion has known no cessation in the continuous operation of any of its great agencies of communication — steam railways, electric railways, telegraph and telephone lines, or other public utilities of the kind — and the national industries and the public have not suffered any inconveniences other than a few of a purely temporary and local nature through the cessation of some mining operations. This remarkable record may not be continuously maintained; but it seems quite possible that never again will the interests of the Canadian public be injured through the threatening, or actual outbreak, of sudden and extensive industrial conflicts, such as frequently occurred in Canada prior to the enactment of the law, and still occur, with enormous and wide-spread damage, in the United States.

PROVENÇAL LEGEND

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

ON his little grave and wild,
Faustinus, the martyr child,
Candytuft and mustards grow.
Ah, how many a spring has smiled
On the turf he lies below.

Ages gone they laid him there,
Quit of sun and wholesome air,
Broken flesh and tortured limb;
Leaving all his faith the heir
Of his gentle hope and him.

Yonder, under pagan skies,
Bleached by rains, the circus lies,
Where they brought him from his play.
Comeliest his of sacrifice,
Youth and tender April day.

"Art thou not the shepherd's son? —
There the hills thy lambkins run? —
These the fields thy brethren keep?"
"On a higher hill than yon
Doth my Father lead His sheep."

"Bring thy ransom, then," they say,
"Gold enough to pave the way
From the temple to the Rhone."
When he came, upon his day,
Slender, tremulous, alone,

Mustard flowers like these he pressed,
Golden, flame-like, to his breast,
Blooms the early weanlings eat.
When his Triumph brought him rest,
Yellow bloom lay at his feet.

Golden play-days came: the air
Called him, weanlings bleated there,
Roman boys ran fleet with spring;
Shorn of youth and usage fair,
Hope nor hilltop days they bring.

But the shepherd children still
Come at Easter, warm or chill,
Come with violets gathered wild
From his sloping pasture hill,
Playfellows who would fulfil
Playtime to that martyr child.

From "April Twilights"

THE KEROSENE SPRING

BY

KENNETH BROWN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LEVERING

"PERHAPS it is a medicinal spring," I suggested, stopping my work of digging.

"P'r'aps it's a soda-water fountain," Ben Lackland jeered.

"But look at the way it oozes up through all kinds of roots and herbs — and probably, farther down, minerals, too. That ought to make it medicinal enough for anybody."

"That's so," Ben admitted. "And you remember the man we read about in the newspaper yesterday, who made a fortune by selling the water of a healing spring where the Indians used to come and bathe. Perhaps this is like that."

"Well, the Indians couldn't have come here and bathed, because there wasn't any spring till we dug it up."

However, we resumed our work with enthusiasm. Whether medicinal or not, this was a great discovery. It had been only a damp spot, half-way up the bluff, below the new orchard, and now we had a tiny trickle of water that was getting to be more and more truly a spring every minute.

The digging had been no simple matter, either. We had had to act with the greatest secrecy, working only when the Enemy was not around, and covering the place up with brush and leaves whenever we left it, so that the lynx eyes of our foes should not suspect its existence. For a spring like this is a most valuable possession. In an alkali plain, for example, it is liable to be fiercely fought for, at any minute, by the aboriginal Indians, or by Mormons. At present, however, its greatest value was that nobody — not the twins, nor the girls, nor Mr. Wookey, the hired man, nor Mr. Lackland himself — knew of its existence.

Think what its possession meant to us, among the dense, primeval underbrush! If the Enemy drove us from the Big Willow Fort down by the gate, and the Old Apple-Tree Fort at the side of the house, and the Crab-Apple Tree Fort on the Knoxville Road — if they drove us from every other stronghold, we could still retreat here, and they would never be able to starve us into submission while we had its water to drink — for we could always make forays down into the garden in the meadow to replenish our stores of food. Or again, supposing that we should happen to be cast away on a desert island surrounded by salt water — here would be the spring to keep us alive (with a few water-logged hard-tack and the eggs of turtles and of seagulls) while we dismantled the wreck and built

a boat to escape in. Now, if in addition it turned out to be a medicinal spring to heal us when we were grievously wounded in the joists — I mean the jousts ——

"If it *is* a medicinal spring, it might be better for the twins than sulphur water," Ben suggested, interrupting my thoughts with an idea that was worth consideration. Twice a week we had to drive to an artesian well, some miles away, and bring home a demijohn of sulphur water for the twins, who were supposed to be "nervous," although we never could see that they were nervous enough for anything except to get them out of being punished when they fought with us.

"Let's experiment and see if it isn't," I said.

As usual, Ben saw the gloomy side. "They'd never let us. The twins would snort at the idea just because it was ours; and mama'd ask us what we knew about medicinal springs anyway."

"I'll tell you what we *can* do, though," I said, after a further period of digging. "We can fill up the demijohn from our spring, without saying anything about it, and then go off and drive anywhere we want to, and just let them think we've been to the sulphur spring."

II

Two days later we were surreptitiously filling the demijohn.

"It *tastes* very much like ordinary water," Ben said dubiously.

We had hopefully waited for the character of the spring to declare itself more positively; but as yet no bad taste, such as one associates with medicinality, had developed. Still, that ought not to be so hard to fix up. Plenty of things tasted badly enough — though, to be sure, they were mostly things like string-beans and oysters and turnips, which would be hard to mix successfully with water. Suddenly I remembered a recent mistake of the cook's in flavoring.

"How would kerosene do?" I asked.

"TO-DAY, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IT HAPPENED TO BREAK"

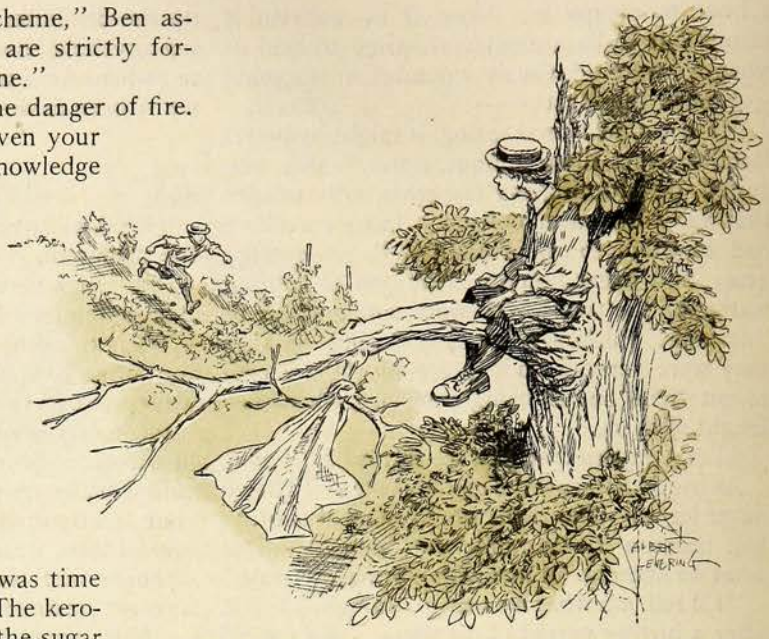
"H'm! that's not a bad scheme," Ben assented. "But you know we are strictly forbidden to monkey with kerosene."

"That was on account of the danger of fire. If it were mixed with water even your mother would have to acknowledge that there would be no danger — and we should only have to use a *little*."

"Perhaps the twins wouldn't drink it. You know they didn't like it in the ice-cream, Sunday, any better than we did!"

"We could put some sugar in, too. Then they'd drink it, fast enough."

It took considerable hustling on our part to get the required ingredients before it was time to go for the sulphur water. The kerosene was not hard to get, but the sugar was; and when we had obtained it, the self-denial required to abstain from eating it was harder still. Finally, however, we had a demijohn full of water that tasted almost as medicinal as cod-liver oil, and yet had a sweetness compounded with the purely medicinal taste which strongly tempted us to drink it ourselves.



"BEN CAME RUNNING STRAIGHT DOWN THE WALK, WITHOUT TRYING TO DISGUISE HIS TRAIL"

Triumphantly we drove away, and spent the afternoon most profitably in exploring every unknown road that invited us. The hot sun brought up to our nostrils the warm scent of the dog-fennel, and we saw three *Papilio Ajaxes* and two *turnuses* that we could easily have caught if we had had our butterfly-nets along. The best part of our enjoyment was that this was only the first of many days we anticipated spending thus.

But the crucial moment came on our return, when the water was poured out for the twins.

"How funny this tastes!" Norman said.

A prickly feeling came all over my face and up under my hair. As for Ben, he rushed out of the room, groaning as if he had the stomach-ache.

"What is the matter with Ben?" Mrs. Lackland asked quite anxiously.

Philip took the glass from Norman, and tasted the water.

"It's rather good," he said. "At least, it isn't as bad as usual."

III

The next week showed what we had surmised about our spring to be the actual fact. The twins became much healthier and less nervous by drinking its water. Twice we got into a fight with them before we remembered about our spring. As soon as we thought of it we stopped fighting. We felt that we ought to do everything we could to prove the medicinality of it.

The fourth time we set off on our travels all the auguries were most auspicious. The morning was as bright as when Jason went for the Golden Fleece; and it seemed as if nothing could arise to spoil our enjoyment of the day. We roamed far and wide, and finally turned for home, not satisfied with wandering, but seeing by the height of the sun — as well as beginning to feel internally — that the hour for dinner was approaching.

There was only one trouble with our drives now, and that was that the old demijohn *would* roll out of the buggy at times. When we were escaping from a pursuing band of Indians; or when, outnumbered ten to one by a squadron of British frigates, we were refusing the gage of battle without disgrace: at such moments the miserable bottle seemed to fall out of the buggy on purpose.

On this particular morning, I, in the buggy, was a shipful of Pilgrims who had been blown off their course and were skirting the coast of Africa; and Ben was a horde of Barbary pirates trying to capture the ship and make all the men walk the plank and sell the women and children into slavery worse than death.

There was the greatest excitement. The pirates were trying their utmost to board the ship, and I was repelling them with cutlasses and belaying-pins — and having hard work to

do it, too, for Ben had found a veritable Excalibur of a stick, and was raking the ship so fiercely with his withering fire that I almost capsized into a ditch. The pirates, pressing their advantage to the uttermost, grabbed hold of my whip, and, thus rendered almost powerless, it is small wonder I forgot all about the old demijohn, which rolled out, as usual, and let the wheel go over it.

And to-day, for the first time, it happened to break.

No reasonable person could blame a boy because a wheel went and ran over a bottle. But I knew the kind of a person Mrs. Lackland was. It is absolutely impossible to reason with her after anything has happened. For example, I have often heard her say that no one except a parent should punish a child. (This was when I had been fighting the twins.) Yet now I knew it would never occur to her not to punish *me* when we brought home the broken bottle. And it wasn't so very much broken, either. It was covered with wickerwork, and the wheel had only gone over the upper part of it and kind of cracked it.

Ben clambered in and sat down beside me, as sober a pirate as I was a Pilgrim. Things like this always happen when you are having the very best time.

"The twins are awful fools to need sulphur water, anyway," Ben remarked lugubriously as we drove in at the front gate.

IV

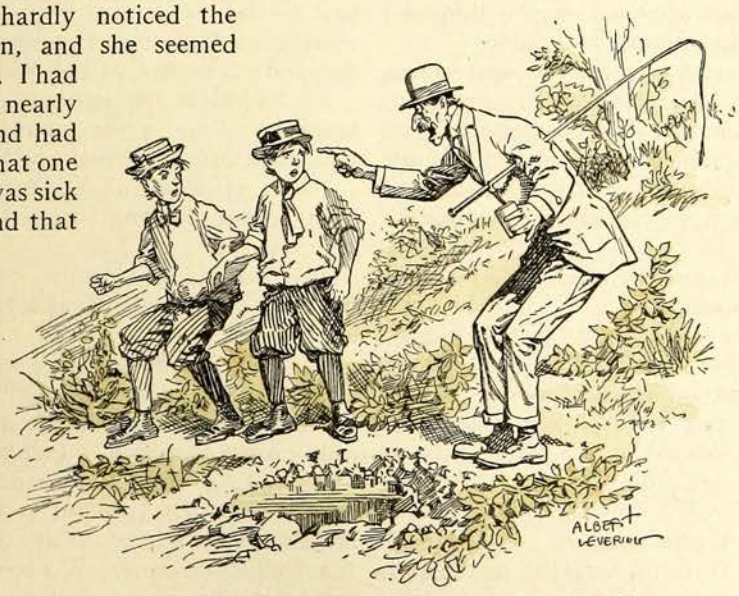
I was curled up in an armchair in the library, reading the "Scottish Chiefs" and trying to be as quiet and unnoticed as possible. Something was the matter. Mrs. Lackland had hardly noticed the broken demijohn, and she seemed subdued and sad. I had been reading for nearly an hour now, and had begun to hope that one of her relations was sick or something, and that she would forget to punish us, when Mr. and Mrs. Lackland came by the doorway, and I distinctly heard him say: "Damn scoundrel!"

I slipped out of the side door, through the little conservatory, and ran as hard as I could toward the pignut tree among the bushes at the top of the bluff. Evidently Mrs. Lackland had just told her husband about the demijohn, and this was what he thought of me. As I ran along, the bitterness was not so much that I should be blamed for breaking the bottle, but that he should use a word which we had been severely punished ourselves for using.

With these thoughts rankling in my mind I climbed up into the pignut tree. Its leaves were so thick, they completely hid you, but it was rather hard to get up into. One branch away at the top was dead, and we had arranged a signal of distress to be flown from it — an old apron of the cook's which we thought she could not possibly want any more. I fished it out of a squirrel hole and cast its folds to the breeze.

There was a storm coming up. The sky grew dark, and it began to thunder. I remembered how likely a tall tree, like the pignut, was to be struck by lightning. I also was afraid that the cook might come down in the meadow to help take in the clothes and recognize her apron — for we had been mistaken and she *did* miss it, after all. I felt that my plight was becoming desperate. "Damn scoundrel!" Quite likely I should have to run away and subsist on berries and roots and bull-heads, until I could walk home to Chicago, a hundred and sixty-five miles away.

At last I saw Ben carefully making his way toward our Watch Tower. (I forgot to say that that is what the pignut was.) He crept through the rows of currant bushes in the garden, taking care not to step on a twig which might crackle, and disguising his trail so that no one could follow him.



"YOU PUT PETROLEUM INTO THAT WATER!"

"What is the matter?" he asked, when he had climbed up beside me.

I told him everything.

"Damn scoundrel!" he repeated in an awed tone of voice.

We discussed the matter in all its bearings, and at last decided that Ben should creep up to the house and reconnoiter to see if there

was any possibility of my turning up at supper-time.

V

Ben was gone so long that I feared lest he had been captured and immured in some dungeon (that is to say, sent to bed). The branches kept getting harder and harder, the wind swished through the leaves, and the thunder growled. I should have climbed down, except that one really ought to watch from a Watch Tower.

Finally Ben came running straight down the walk, without trying to disguise his trail or anything.

"Will it be safe for me to venture into the lion's den?" I called as soon as he was near.

"Perhaps there won't be a lion's den in a day or two," he answered, panting.

"What?"

"Perhaps the roof will be sold over our heads and we shall all be turned homeless into the street — that is, into the Knoxville Road." His lips were quivering, but then he always did cry rather easily. This was a most extraordinary turn of affairs, and yet there was a thrill about it not altogether unpleasant. It was better than subsisting on roots and bull-heads by myself.

"I suppose we shall have to camp out like gipsies," I said, foreseeing possibilities in the situation. "They'll send away Mr. Wookey, and you and I will care for the horses."

"That's so," Ben assented, cheering up.

"Perhaps we shall go out West and make a new home amid the wilderness," I went on; "and when they see how we will shoot game for them and defend them against the Indians, they will be sorry. But what makes you think we shall be turned out of house and home?"

"Papa didn't mean you when he said — that word; he meant Mr. Westervelt. Papa indorsed a note for him — that's something like a mortgage," he explained; "and he says he must have the money by next week, and doesn't see how on earth he is to raise it,— I heard him telling mama all about it,— so I suppose they will turn us all out, just the way they do widows and orphans in books."

Great fat drops of rain began to fall, and we scrambled down out of the tree and ran for the house. All during supper it stormed; and afterward it was so cold that a fire was lighted in the library. It grew wilder and wilder outside, and I could not help thinking that even in a prairie schooner, with a rifle across my knees, I should not be very comfortable.

Mr. Lackland tried to read the newspaper, but I could see that he was thinking all the time of being treated like a widow and orphans. He chewed up his cigar, instead of smoking much of it, and occasionally he would get up and walk back and forth in the hall. I wondered if there were no way to avert this calamity hanging over their heads. If I could save the house and place, as I had often read of boys doing, they would be sorrier than ever for the way they treated me.

It came to me in the middle of the night: we could sell the water of our spring!

By eleven o'clock the next day we had fixed up a box under the crab-apple tree, near the upper gate, with a number of bottles and a pitcher. There was a big sign telling what the water was good for. The sign was more trouble than anything else, until we hooked a very interesting weekly paper from Mr. Wookey's room in the barn. Then it was easy enough to make.

SURE CURE FOR
Sciatica
Scrofula
Nervous Debility
Loss of Hair
Toothache
Rheumatism
1c. a Glass; 5c. a Bottle

It looked fine, and not more than five minutes after we put it up, a strange man in a buggy stopped in front of it.

"Hello, bub," he called; "what kind of a fake is this?"

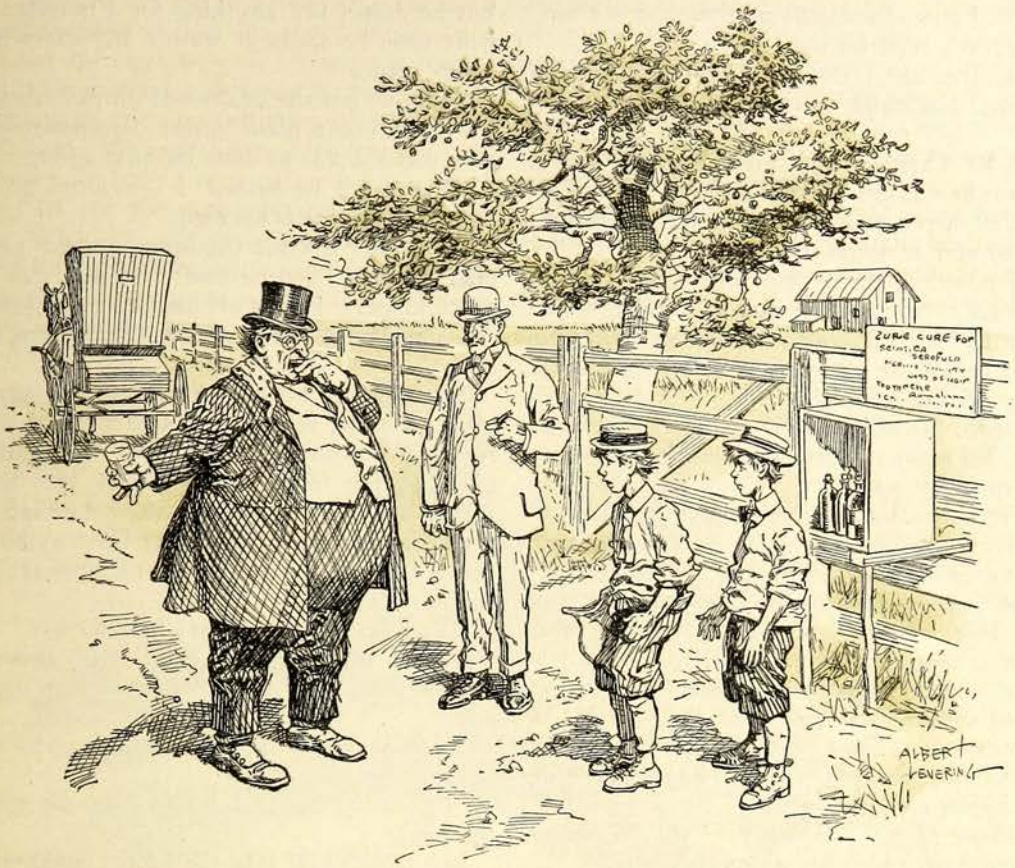
We didn't like the tone in which the man spoke; we didn't like his saying "bub" to us; we didn't like his calling it a fake; and we didn't like the man himself — he was too smart. At first we did not answer him. I wanted to say something withering, the way Mrs. Lackland does, only I couldn't think what to say.

He looked at the sign again, and burst out laughing. "Got a wart on my thumb — guess you could cure that, too, couldn't you?"

"This is from a secret medicinal spring with great healing properties," Ben said severely.

The man laughed some more. "Would it help my conscience? That's pretty badly used up."

We saw that he was only making fun of us. Grown-up people have the ability of making you feel uncomfortable, even when they themselves are beneath contempt. Just then we were glad to see old Mr. Branch, a friend of ours, coming down the road. He used to be a blacksmith, and now owns a livery-stable and two farms on the Kickapoo Crick. We considered him the most enviably placed man we knew.



"MR. BRANCH TOOK A LONG SWALLOW, AND THEN SPIT AND CHOKED HORRIBLY"

"Hullo, boys!" he called, as soon as he saw us. "What are you doing — peddling lemonade?"

Our spirits lifted considerably, and we explained to him about the spring.

"Well, gimme a glass of it," he said, fishing in his pocket, which was so tight against his stomach he could hardly get his hand into it. "I've got a conglomeration of diseases, and that water ought to hit 'em about right."

"We'd better put that on the sign, too," Ben whispered to me as we were pouring out the water. "'Conglomeration of diseases.'"

Mr. Branch took a long swallow of the water, and then spit and choked horribly.

"Say, boys, you must have upset the kerosene can into that," he sputtered, as soon as he could speak.

We felt awfully. We ourselves had become so accustomed to the taste, through preparing the water for the twins, that we did not mind it any more; and in mixing it that morning we had made it good and strong, so that people might feel they were getting their money's worth.

"That is the medicinality part of it," Ben said quickly. "The worse it tastes, the better it is for you."

"Eh! is that so? Well, I must be mighty nigh cured."

"If you do not think it has really done you any good, you need not pay for it," I said.

Mr. Branch got quite jolly again after this, and gave us five cents. He said he guessed he had got five cents' worth out of his glassful.

When he was gone, we were much surprised at the way the man in the other buggy acted. He must have been impressed by the way Mr. Branch had treated us.

"Here's a cent; I'll take a glass, too," he said eagerly.

We filled him a glass, feeling that it would not be very long before we earned a great deal of money, at this rate. The man tasted it and smelled it. Then he bought a bottleful, and acted in the same way with that, although he did not drink much of it.

"You say this water comes from a spring on the place?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"Will you show me the spring?"

"No," I answered.

"I think I will go up to the house and ask," he said, sort of to himself.

"No one at the house knows anything about it."

"Oh, I guess somebody up there can tell me," he said in a superior tone.

"No, they can't, though. Not Mr. Lackland, nor Mrs. Lackland, nor Mr. Wookey, nor any one."

"Is Mr. Lackland at home?" the man asked.

"No; he's at his office in town."

"Well, here's luck to you!" and he tossed us a quarter and drove off.

We now had thirty-one cents toward saving the place. Not another person stopped to buy water for several hours. Then we were surprised to see the same disagreeable man in the buggy driving back.

"Hello, boys!" he said in a friendly way. "Say, I'll make it worth your while to show me that spring of yours."

"I'm sorry, but we can't show it to you," I answered, though it is quite hard to refuse a polite grown-up person.

The man's friendliness vanished. "Look here, bub," he said angrily, "I've seen your father in town, and he told me I could see it — and if you don't show it to me I'll have you whaled within an inch of your life."

He looked so fierce that Ben and I scrambled up into the crab-apple tree and began gathering crab-apples for ammunition.

"Whale ahead!" I yelled. "He's no father of mine, and it isn't his spring, it's ours."

The man took his whip and climbed out of the buggy. I pegged a crab-apple at the horse and hit him in the nose.

"Whoa, there!" the man shouted, and got back into the buggy. His face was quite red, but he didn't say anything for a minute. The next time he spoke it wasn't any more in his "bub" voice.

"You've got the deadwood on me, boys, but I'll make you a plain business proposition: I'll give you a dollar to show me that spring."

"We won't be bribed!" I shouted. "'The Douglas' hand it is his own.'"

He sat for a while thinking, and not getting mad at all. Then he said: "I can't stay here much longer. Here's my final offer. I will give you a ten-dollar bill to show me that spring right away."

A ten-dollar bill! That was more than we could make by selling medicinal water in a long time. We accepted his offer. He tied his horse to the fence, and we took him to the spring, after he had given us the ten dollars. He smelled and tasted the water the way he had before, and then he turned to us more savagely than ever before.

"You *put* petroleum into that water!"

"Well, supposing we did," Ben answered, edging away from him. "Isn't it very medicinal?"

"You young brutes!" He picked up his whip again.

"Cheese it, Ben!" I yelled, and ran toward the house.

Ben scuttled off into the bushes, and the man came crashing down the hill after me, using language — well, I just wish Mrs. Lackland could have heard *him!*

I guess we made a lot of noise, for just as I dodged around the kitchen the cook came out

"THE COAL WHIZZED PAST ME AND HIT, CHUG! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE MAN"

with a big lump of coal in her hand. The coal whizzed past me and hit, *chug!* I think it must have been the man, because when I tore down to the crick and tried to jump it, and tripped, and all was lost — there wasn't any man there, though I had thought I heard his footsteps all the time.

I lay in the grass and gasped, and nearly burst. When I could move again, I made my way back to the bluff, and found Ben in the top of the Watch Tower, as scared as I. It was nearly dinner-time before we considered it safe to venture forth. Mr. Lackland was just driving up to the steps, and he called out to Mrs. Lackland:

"Oh, Martha! I've paid that note of Westervelt's."

"Paid it?" Mrs. Lackland repeated. "From whom did you borrow the money?"

"Nobody," Mr. Lackland answered, grinning. "A man came in this morning and offered me five hundred dollars for an option on the place, and I gave it to him."

"Oh, Will, shall we have to sell it?"

Mr. Lackland grinned more than ever, and shook his head. "He was an agent for the National Oil Company, and had a crazy idea there was oil on the place."

"What made him think that, I wonder?" Mrs. Lackland said.

I felt that our hour of triumph had arrived.

"We did it," I said.

They stared at me. I pointed to Norman, who was up in the silver-leaf tree. "Aren't the twins less nervous than they used to be?" I asked proudly. "We discovered a medicinal spring, and we've been giving them its water instead of the sulphur water for a long time."

"But what has that got to do with the oil man?" Mrs. Lackland asked.

Then I told them all about it, from the day when we first dug out the spring, to the time we showed it to the man and he chased me down to the crick. "We put kerosene in on purpose," I concluded, "because it is so medicinal. I read of a bald-headed man once who used to fill lamps in a hotel, and then rub his hands on the top of his head, and the hair——"

"THE COOK CAME OUT WITH A BIG LUMP OF COAL IN HER HAND"

But you can never tell what grown-up people are going to do.

Mr. and Mrs. Lackland began to laugh so hard that I was afraid I must have said something foolish, and I never told them how the kerosene had made the hair grow on the bald-headed man I had read about.

Just the samey, we kept the ten dollars and thirty-one cents. We bought an apron for the cook, because we felt that she had saved my life; but we didn't think the rest of the family deserved any of it, after the way they had laughed at us when we saved the place.

There was one good thing, though. We didn't have to try to keep from fighting the twins any more to show the medicinality of our spring.

BEER

AND THE CITY LIQUOR PROBLEM

BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

VIGOROUS temperance movements have been in progress in the United States for nearly a hundred years. Millions of people have been stirred by appeals against the use of alcohol, and have taken life-long pledges not to drink it. And now we are at the height of a third great nation-wide agitation for the absolute prohibition by State law of the sale of alcoholic liquor. Nevertheless, the average consumption of alcohol by each person in this country has nearly doubled in the past half century. This increase has come through the increase of the use of beer.

Practically all the alcohol sold as a drink in this country is in two main forms — distilled liquors and beer. For the past fifty years the per capita consumption of distilled liquors has been about stationary. Because of the Civil War, and the fact that great quantities of alcohol were used as burning fluids before the general introduction of kerosene, only estimates of the consumption of distilled liquor as a drink in the '60's can be had. The best of these was made by the Federal government's taxation commission of 1865, headed by David A. Wells. This placed the average consumption by drink at less than a gallon and a half. The government's excise commission reports show the average per capita consumption through the '70's to have been 1⅓ gallons; through the '80's 1⅓ gallons; through the '90's 1¼ gallons; while in the last four years — the period covering the recent active temperance agitation — it has been a gallon and a half. Roughly speaking, the whisky business has about kept pace with the growth of the country. It sells as it did forty and fifty years ago, a little less than three quarts of pure alcohol yearly for each person in the United States.

The American Beer Trade — A Business Miracle

In the same period the amount of alcohol sold in beer has grown from practically nothing to a quantity greater than is sold in distilled liquor. In 1860 the sale of beer in the United States was 3.22 gallons a head; in 1908 it was 21 gallons — two thirds of a barrel. The alcohol sold in this form was a little less than a pint a head in 1860; in 1908 it was a little more than three quarts. Since 1850 the volume of this remarkable new industry has increased fifty times; it is eighteen times larger than it was in 1860. This growth of the American beer trade has constituted one of the wonders of the liquor business — commented on in trade circles all over the world. The capital invested in it is over ten times that invested in distilleries, the value of its product two and a half times as great.

But the demand for this new drink is not evenly distributed over the country. It is limited very largely to about a quarter of the population — the residents of cities. Four fifths of the 55,000,000 barrels of beer made in the United States is consumed in cities, and at least three quarters of it by the population of cities themselves. The brewing trade statistics show that every man, woman, and child in cities of over 25,000 can safely be credited with drinking a barrel and two thirds of beer a year. Largely by this means the population of

American cities drinks at least eleven quarts of pure alcohol a head every year, while the population of the rural districts does not drink more than four quarts a head. If there is a liquor problem in America — which every one seems to concede — it is obviously of the city; and almost as obviously the brewery trade is connected with it.

Cities — Reservoirs of European Laborers

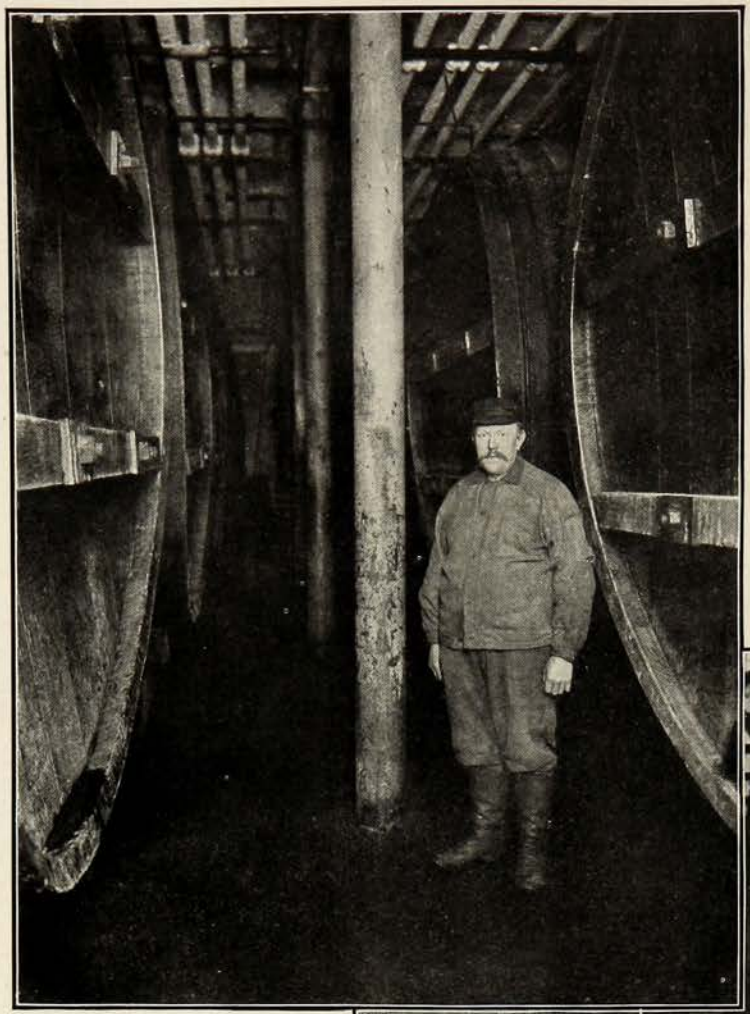
Sixty years ago the invention of machinery created modern cities. Practically speaking, these are nothing but great reservoirs of laborers collected to tend the mechanical processes of manufacture and distribution. Four out of five of the residents of American cities of to-day are European laborers or their descendants. These people constitute practically a European market for liquor. They drink, as their ancestors have always drunk, and as their European cousins drink to-day, freely, as a natural and usual source of pleasure. And they furnish an enormous and constantly growing field for the sale of alcoholic drinks — practically untouched by any temperance agitation. The brewing industry has secured and developed this trade for the excellent business reason that it furnishes the cheapest alcoholic drink.

When this population of European laborers first arrived in this country, the cheap drink was distilled liquor. Up to the early '60's whisky was retailed throughout the country at from seven to fifteen cents a quart, or from twenty-five to forty cents a gallon. One of the commonest arguments of the temperance agitators of that time concerned the unfortunate European laborer, coming from a country of high excise taxes and low wages, who must work seven days at home to get drunk one, while here he need work but one day to be drunk seven. Then the Civil War put the present tax of one dollar a gallon upon whisky, raising its retail price five times. The cheap drink of one of the largest bodies of immigrants immediately took its place.

A New Cheap Drink for Laborers

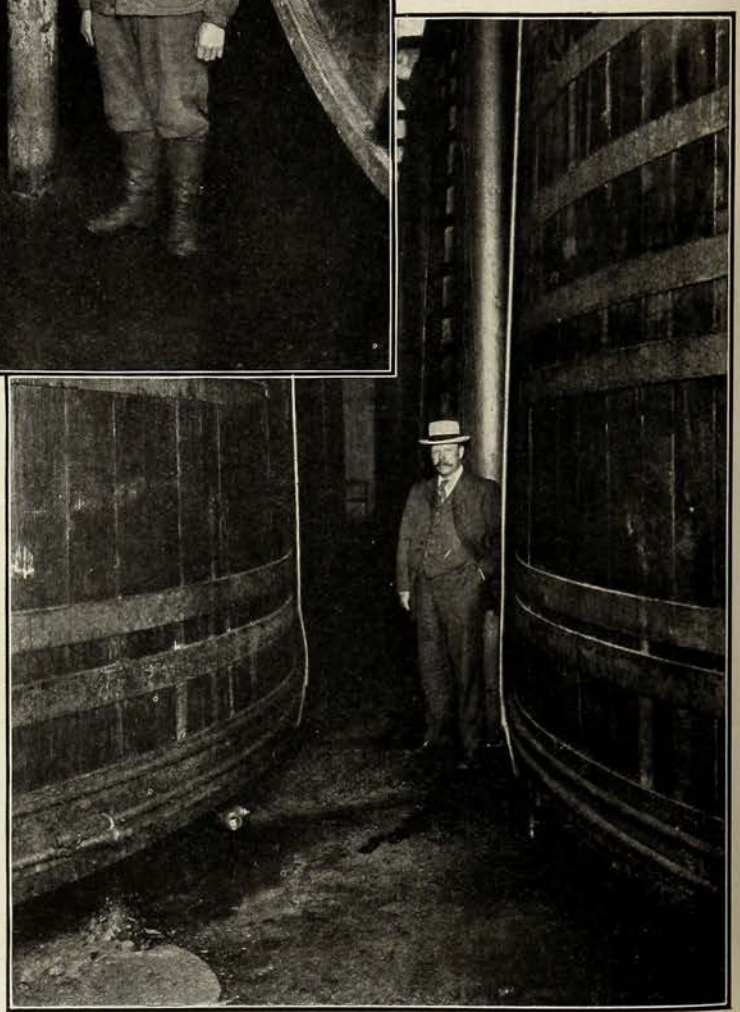
Among the Germans were a number of artisans who had learned the trade of making a new drink, lager beer; and they were soon making it in this country. Beer, generally speaking,— that is, the drink fermented from the sugar obtained from grain,— is as old as Egypt. But lager beer is a very modern product. Its manufacture originated in Bavaria in the '30's. Former beers — or ales, as we know them — were brewed at a comparatively normal temperature; lager beer must be brewed, kept, and served cold. It is a highly artificial substance, in the early days brewed only in winter, and even then preserved through the warmer months by the artificial cold obtained by digging caverns in the rock. Bock beer — flamboyantly advertised every spring — is merely a

NOON-HOUR BEER-DRINKERS
OUTSIDE THE GREAT STANDARD OIL WORKS AT BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY



reminiscence of the time when lager could be brewed only in winter. It was the choice beer simply because it had been brewed and ripened through the best and only certain time of cold storage — the winter months.

This new nickel drink — the only one that could be safely sold for that price — thrived exceedingly in the United States. From 1860 to 1870 the output doubled; from 1870 to 1880 it doubled again. Its spread was limited by only two things. It went no farther south upon the map than the natural ice crop of the North could be carried down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers; for storage with ice had become necessary for its manufacture in large quantities. And its manufacture centered about cities. It was too bulky for successful shipment through the country districts. American cities were growing very fast. They increased from 2,000,000 to 8,500,000 people between 1850 and 1880, or from one twelfth to one sixth of the total population of the United States. And, furthermore, this growth took place almost entirely in the colder sections of the country, where it was possible to make lager beer.



THE OLD-TIME AND THE MODERN BREW-MASTER
IN THE REFRIGERATED "STOCK-HOUSE" WHERE THE BEER IS FERMENTED, STORED, AND RIPENED.

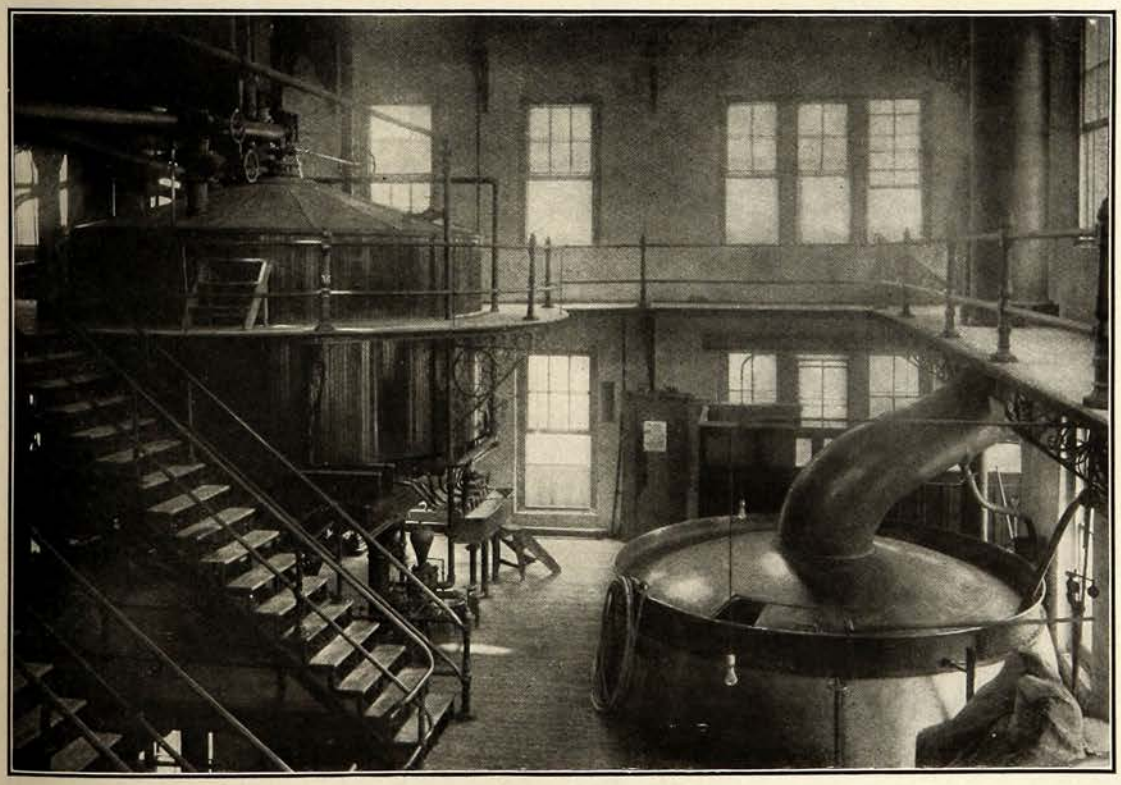
The Old-Time German Beer Cook

The German artisan who founded the American beer industry was a kind of special cook with a trade receipt he had learned in Germany. He began by boiling beer in small quantities in family kettles or wash-boilers, and often, with his wife, retailed it to a German trade in a small saloon. The man and wife were typical Germans of the working class — industrious, frugal, honest, and rather unsophisticated.

As the business grew to tremendous proportions a heavy burden was thrown upon this workman. Beer is full of organic matter. Its making requires two conditions — cleanliness and an even cold. Exposed to warmth and bacteria, it will rot and sour exactly as milk will, and for the same reason.

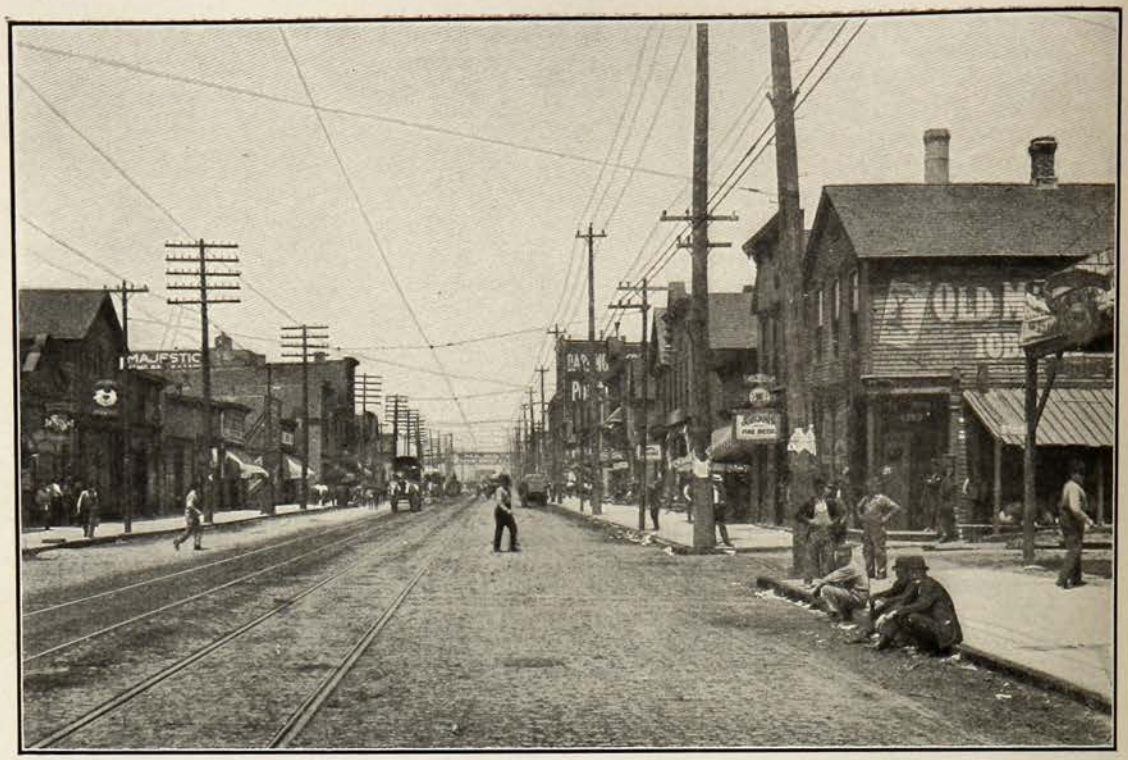
The old-time brew-master must secure this even cold by crude methods of using natural ice. He must work in necessarily uncleanly underground cellars, full of the drip of great ice-houses overhead, and of quantities of carbonic acid gas, sufficient to smother small animals, below; with floors saturated with the organic matter of former brews, and slippery with the molds that grow under such conditions. In this place he tramped — a heavy figure in a slouch hat, coarse workman's clothes, and high leather boots — with responsibilities piled upon him. One mistake might easily cost tens of thousands of dollars. But for this reason, for his special cook's knowledge of brewing, he dominated the brewing industry.

Then, suddenly, the old rule-of-thumb brewing industry, with its head cook, passed away, killed by new scientific discoveries. The first of these was the ice-machine, which made possible the brewing of beer anywhere and at any season under a constant and steady cold, and did away with the essential uncleanliness of brewing with the old vaults and ice-houses. The second was the discovery of the action of ferments in brewing, through the work of such men as Pasteur and Tyndall — which made brewing an exact process, governed by the scientific laboratory. The business changed entirely; from the exercise of a special trade, it became a regular commercial manufacturing industry. But the men at the head of it remained. The German artisan, now a magnate, intrenched firmly by the accumulations of two decades, still dominated the business. Into the hands of this class, by a chain of circumstances, was put the control of the destinies



THE "BREW-HOUSE" OF A GREAT BREWERY

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND BARRELS OF BEER ARE BREWED ANNUALLY IN THE SIMPLE MACHINERY OF THIS ROOM, CONSISTING OF TWO MASH-TUNS, LIKE THE ONE AT THE LEFT, AND TWO KETTLES, LIKE THE ONE AT THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE



A SOLID STREET OF SALOONS
ASHLAND AVENUE, BEHIND THE CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS

of the most dangerous social institution in America — the retail liquor saloon of cities.

The Rural Temperance Movement and High License

The American temperance movement — which is perhaps the most vigorous and important ethical movement that ever originated on this continent — is essentially rural. It was started in the first part of the last century in a country of farmers, which was in danger of drinking itself to death with the products of free and unrestricted rural distillation of alcoholic liquors. It still has its hold only upon the so-called native American stock, only one in six of whom live in cities. Since the European immigration has settled and controlled American cities, this party has had but one permanent receipt for treating the city problem — to compel cities to stop drinking, against their will. As this is obviously impossible under local self-government, this policy has had practically no effect. Since the forces of temperance used their entire strength in an impossible task, the city saloon developed without any practical restraint. In the late '80's it was the rank and unrestricted growth of fifty years. In the larger cities there was often one saloon to every one hundred people; on an average there was one to every two hundred and twenty-five. And these saloons could be kept — as they can in most cities to-day — by ex-convicts, aliens, any person whatever. Engaged in a business entailing more responsibility than any other, they are the most irresponsible class of retailers, financially and morally, in existence. As a matter of fact, they are, very naturally, immigrants. The United States census shows that four out of five of the saloonkeepers of the country are of immediate foreign parentage, and a good part of the remaining fifth are unquestionably of the same stock.

In the middle of the '80's the American rural temperance movement proposed the only idea it has yet offered that has had a practical and permanent influence upon the drink problem in cities. This was the high-license plan, which came out of the Western farming State of Nebraska. Its sponsor and foremost advocate was John B. Finch, then head of the National Prohibition Committee. Its proposal was to tax the weak and financially irresponsible liquor dealer out of existence, and make the license for selling so costly that the remainder would take no risk of disobeying the law. From this point it was believed that cities would advance to prohibition. Having given the idea of high license to cities, a great proportion of the rural temperance party disowned it, as not consonant with the principles of their belief,

and withdrew again from all practical influence on the city saloon problem. In the meanwhile the American city continued to grow much faster than the rural district. In 1890 it contained 14,000,000 people, more than a fifth of the population of the country.

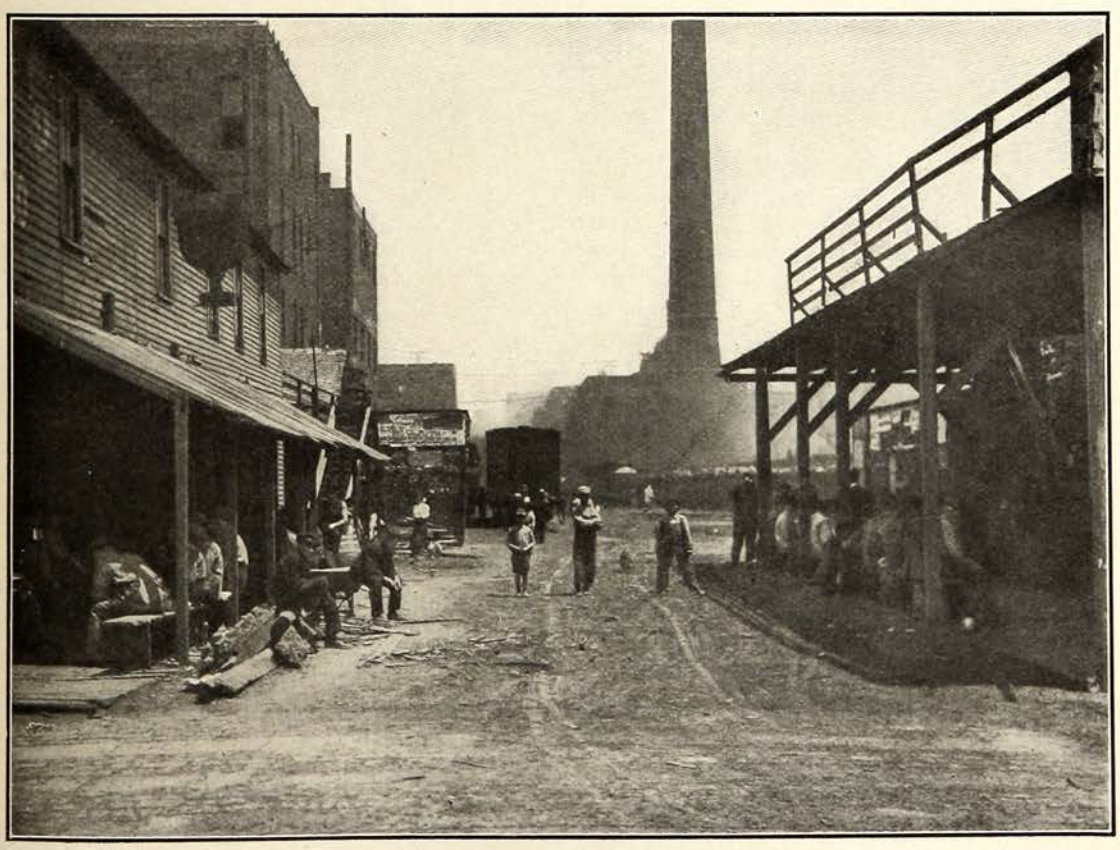
The Cities Gouge the Liquor Seller

The high-license idea grew for entirely different reasons than its originators had expected. The cities of the United States gladly welcomed it, and used it to gouge the greatest possible income out of the saloonkeeper. With the exception of the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania cities — which have had the best conducted licensed saloons in America for the past twenty years — the cities of the United States returned absolutely nothing to the saloonkeeper for the extra money it took from him. The saloons were not limited at all to the number which the population needed or could support. It was still a free-for-all competition for any one who had the money.

In its greed the American city overreached itself. Its smaller saloons, including the most respectable, were taxed to death. The remainder, including the most vicious, continued in the same wolfish competition as before. As anybody could always get a new license, directly or indirectly, the greatest possible loss that could come from breaking the law was the value of the license already secured. The same financially and morally irresponsible class continued to run retail liquor saloons. They borrowed money to pay their increased expenses from the one source available — the brewer. In this way unrestricted high license left the chief problem of responsibility in the sale of liquor just where it was. The liquor dealer himself was still irresponsible; and the brewer, who financed the saloon, was not made responsible in the slightest degree.

The Decade of the "Beer Wars"

But now a second savage competition was laid on top of the first. Up to the last of the '80's the increased demand for beer had kept pace with the capacity of the breweries. The problem was to make beer, not to sell it. Then all at once the ice-machine doubled the brewing capacity of the country. It not only built new plants across the South and Southwest, but it practically doubled the possibilities of production in the Northern plants by increasing the certainty of brewing, and by setting free for manufacturing the space formerly taken by their large ice-houses. Then, as though this were not enough, the brewery business was discovered



THE REAR ENTRANCE AT THE CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS, SHOWING THE WORKMEN AT LUNCH

by the corporation promoter.

The opening up of this new and secluded corner of industry was a sort of Klondike discovery in the investment security field. The popular idea of the manufacture of beer at that time is well shown by the concise analysis of the subject by a hostile saloonkeeper.

A LUNCH-HOUR BEER SUPPLY FOR A FACTORY

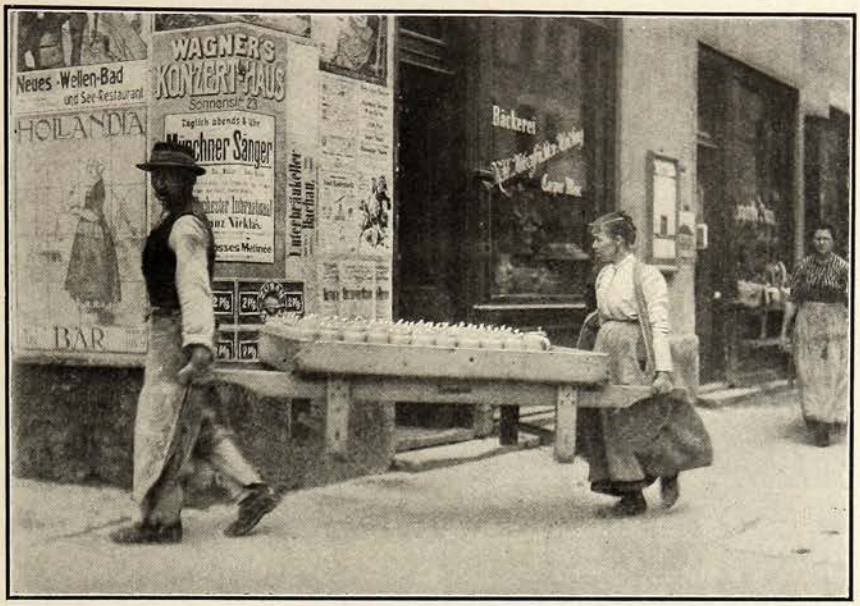
"You take a glass of the stuff and throw it on the ceilin'. What sticks there is beer; the rest is profit."

The rush for this new field of investment came almost entirely in England, starting with the successful public flotation of the Guinness brewery there toward the end of the eighties. English and American promoters promptly presented a swollen mass of American brewery securities in England — issued against combinations of breweries in our larger cities. In ten years fifty million dollars' worth of this water-logged stuff was placed abroad. The investors took it well up toward par, and it was soon quoted at par or above. Now the common stock is quoted at an average of about 5 cents on the dollar, the preferred at about 30 cents, and the bonds at 60 or 70. The English public got into this field of fabulous profits just as the profits disappeared. In the past twenty years it has dropped about twenty-four millions

THE SIMPLE OLD-STYLE LIQUOR SALOON

into this hole in American stocks alone.

A carnival of throat-cutting followed this expansion and over-capitalization of the beer business. A second band of financial pirates started up breweries in old mills and distilleries, seduced away the saloons trading with the English syndicate, and unloaded their valueless shells of plants upon the simple-minded British investor; former owners of the breweries this syndicate had bought started in business by themselves; and the more prosperous saloonkeepers started coöperative breweries of their own. And, with all this, the Spanish war doubled the beer tax; and hard times—the only cause that has ever had a permanent effect on the liquor traffic in this country—held the per capita consumption practically at a standstill for ten years. This was the memorable decade of the "beer wars." During this period prices were cut from twenty to forty per cent, and the trade was practically forced by competition to control the retail saloon business of the country.



MORNING BEER FOR A GERMAN FACTORY

THE ELABORATE MODERN AMERICAN SALOON; MADE POSSIBLE BY THE BREWER'S FINANCING

BEER FOR LUNCH AT THE STOCK-YARDS

The Great Drift toward Concentration

Competition for business is exceptionally severe with breweries, for a reason peculiar to that trade — the great saving to be made by an increase of the product. In ordinary manufactures, like those of steel or cloth, there are, of course, large savings from large plants; but the various elements of cost — like raw material and labor and interest and depreciation on machinery — remain at approximately the same proportion to the cost of the furnished article, whether large or small quantities are made. In the cost of brewing beer, only about two fifths — the cost of raw materials in the product — remains constant, whether large or small quantities are made. The other three fifths can be cut almost indefinitely, as the product grows. It requires very little more labor, no more general management expense, practically no more investment in machinery, to increase the brew of the average plant fifty per cent. And in the big item of selling and delivery — about a quarter of the cost of the production — great savings can be made, especially in salaries and labor. A great brewery can make an excellent profit, where a small one would starve.

This is not theory; it has been shown by the whole history of the brewing trade. Seven eighths of the beer of the country must be drunk within ten miles of the place where it is made; it is too bulky to ship with profit, generally speaking. Yet in 1870 — with a product one ninth that of the present — there were 3321 breweries; now there are 1644. In 1870 only one brewery made over 100,000 barrels. Now four make a million or more, and thirty-seven make over 200,000 apiece. These thirty-seven plants make one third of the beer produced in the United States. The other 1607 — or the vast majority of them — not only must get more business to increase their profit, but must hurry to keep from being eaten up.

The Fight to Get the Consumer

With a business of this kind there is only one limit to competition — the very last, the consumer. There are natural and fixed centers of thirst in cities, just as there are natural centers for every commercial demand. Corners on busy avenues, locations opposite great factories, places in the tenement sections can be counted upon to sell about so much beer. And if these places are held under control by a brewery, it can hope to dispose of its product regularly, and with less cut in prices than in a furious competition to sell to a middleman. In the early '90's the saloonkeepers had to have money; the brewers had it. There developed a fast and furious race to control retail stands, which continues very largely to this day.

This race, as usual, went to the strong. The obvious way to control a selling location is to buy it. The great and prosperous brewers — that is, the thrifty German citizen millionaires — with the savings of two decades in their pockets, invested heavily in saloon property. Old real-estate operators in New York recall the jeers when "that crazy Dutchman," George Ehret, was buying property wholesale at fancy prices in the '80's. In the early '90's the great shipping concern of Schlitz in Milwaukee cam-

paigned for corner saloons across the whole South and Southwest. The strong breweries, with stores of surplus cash, followed their examples, and the English syndicates, generally speaking, were not in that number. Then, again, the growth of cities came to multiply the prosperity of the brewer. City real estate doubled and quadrupled in value, and saloon property led all the rest. To-day the "crazy Dutchman" has land and buildings assessed at nearly $8,000,000 in Greater New York, and is the fifth largest real-estate holder in the city, ranking close behind the Astors and Trinity Church.

This was the achievement of the strong. The remaining brewers picked up the retailer by the easy means of debt. The saloonkeeper, always financially weak, was overwhelmed during the advance of the high-license laws across the country. He naturally handled but one draft beer, for one served every purpose, and the machinery for handling more than one was too bulky for the ordinary saloon. The brewer advanced the money that he needed, took a chattel mortgage on the place and a general lien on whatever security he could get, and specified that his beer, and his alone, should be sold. Both parties to the transaction were satisfied, and the brewer came to his present position in the retail liquor trade — that of the controller by debt or property ownership of seventy per cent of the city saloons in America.

The New Ruler of the City Saloon

The German artisan millionaire, the immigrant beer-boiler of fifty years ago,— the sudden creature of a new continent,— now dominated the great question of supplying alcoholic drinks to the vast European population of American cities. Others worked with him and under him; there were various other types in the business; but this one had a dominating influence. Every business has the atmosphere of the mental type that made it. The keen, commercial Scottish and Hebrew minds which made the dry-goods trade, the social and political Irish mind which dominates the contracting business, the acute and often unscrupulous Jewish type of mind which has taken charge of the wholesale liquor trade of this country, are all evident in the development of the various businesses they control. The mental processes of the German workman, turned suddenly from concentration upon his usual work, and applied to the unusual problems of a grave and threatening commercial situation, have dominated the development of the brewing industry in the United States to the present day, and, through that industry, the retail saloon in cities.

The Medieval Bookkeeping of Brewers

The reminiscences of the brewing trade are full of stock stories of the difficulties experienced in the turning of the German artisan's mind into the beaten path of commercial thinking.

"I remember one old German in the West," said a salesman, "who'd built up a big plant and was selling a lot of beer. I used to go into his office quite often. He'd bought a big new safe —one of the finest safes you ever saw. There wasn't a book in it — not a book. The only accounts he had, he used to keep with chalk on the inside of the safe door. And that's true: that's all he had — every figure he had."

Now, many of these current assets of conversation in the brewing trade are overloaded with ornament, no doubt; and naturally, in the course of years, the conduct of the business was improved. But that this quality of thinking has dominated the brewery industry for years, and even to the present time, is the agreement of all business experts who have approached it from outside and compared it with other industries. This general opinion was well summarized by George Wilkinson, one of the leading accountants in New York, in an article on "Brewery Accounting," published in *The Bookkeeper* for November, 1908, where he says in his opening:

"With the science of brewing still in process of development, with many clever men and deep students devoting their lives to working out the problems that beset the practical brewer, we find the books of account of most breweries to be still in the medieval ages."

Millions in Dead Saloons

Now, whatever may be believed concerning the ultimate solution of the liquor problem, it is obvious that the only feasible improvement in a self-governing community that both desires and intends to drink is to secure the best possible regulation of the sale of liquor; that is, practically speaking, in American cities, as few saloons as possible, under the most responsible management. It was bad enough that the saloon business of cities should be turned over to the unrestricted development of business competition, however intelligent. The competition by which the brewers developed the present saloon was infinitely worse. It went far beyond the bounds of commercial intelligence.

The only rational basis on which a brewer can invest money in a retail saloon must be fixed upon its total annual sale of his beer, for it is here that he must make his profit. The

brewing trade made its advances exactly as it had made its beer — by rule of thumb. They began at a period when the brewer was making a large profit on his beer. If he was clearing $2 or $2.50 gross profit on a barrel, he argued that he could easily lend a saloonkeeper a few hundred dollars. If his competitor got this saloon, he could start another beside it. Competition grew, trade was dull, and what there was the brewer kept split up to the vanishing-point by new saloons. The gross amount of loans continually increased; failures made bad debts; a system of gratuities, of Christmas presents, and of arbitrary discounts grew up; in many cities no interest was charged on advances. This whole mass of stuff was charged against the gross profits upon the beer. And the medieval bookkeeping of the brewers made it impossible for him to tell just how far he had gone or should go.

If divine Providence had set itself the task of growing two saloons where one should grow, it could not have chosen a fitter instrument than the American brewing industry and the type of intelligence that dominated it. Before he appreciated his position, the brewer had invested in many cases the possible profits of from three to five years in places that could barely be kept alive. The gross investment reached ridiculous proportions. An expert brewery accountant estimates that in Philadelphia — where the Pennsylvania law gives a license an extraordinary value and borrowing power — the breweries have an average loan to saloons of $5 a barrel — the profits of ten years — as much per barrel as it should cost to build a brewing plant. In other States, where the license security is not good, the loans can be counted to average from $1 to $2 of output.

There is some $550,000,000 of capital invested in the American brewing industry today, an average of about $10 a barrel, for the 55,000,000 barrels brewed. Of this, fully $1.25 can be counted as an advance to saloons. That is, entirely outside of its ownership of saloon property, which must reach well toward $25,000,000, the brewing industry can conservatively be estimated to have an investment of $70,000,000 in American saloons, based upon the slippery security of retail saloonkeepers' notes and second-hand saloon fixtures. It has millions and probably tens of millions invested in saloons that should long since have been dead.

Reaching Out for the Household Trade

The twenty years during which the brewing industry has absorbed the city saloon had far from bankrupted it, though it would not probably have done so with any ordinary business with less vitality. But it had left its marks on the industry's finances. From 1880 to 1905 its capital had increased nearly six times,—from $91,000,000 to $516,000,000,— while the value of its product had not quite trebled — having gone from $101,000,000 to $298,000,000. Capital had persisted in growing about twice as fast as the value of output; and a good share of the surplus capital had gone into saloons.

Now, having by this method secured about all the expansion it could get and much more than it should have had, it laid aside the saloon as an accomplished fact, and started upon a new field of enterprise — the bottled beer business, which was made possible only by the discovery of new processes of sterilization, and now dates back, as a large industry, only about a decade. With this the brewer opened up and is still opening up a large new business territory, largely household trade. It has been extremely successful. From 1900 to the present time the per capita consumption of beer has increased from 16 to 21 gallons — about as much as the entire per capita consumption of the country in 1870. Four fifths of this increase can conservatively be counted upon as coming through bottled beer. In the meanwhile, the brewer stimulated the saloon trade to the utmost; and the American saloon showed no great signs of improvement. Then, unexpectedly, came an attack upon the city saloons and the brewers' control of it — as usual, from the rural district.

This was the third of the great movements for State prohibition that have swept across the country. The first of these, in the middle of the '50's, was in New England and the Middle States — a large proportion of which were made "dry." After the increase of cities and foreign population, all of these, with the exception of the rural State of Maine, returned to a license policy. The second movement was successful in the rural States of the Missouri River section in the late '80's. This second prohibition movement suffered a recession for the same reasons that the first receded from New England — leaving only Kansas and North Dakota dry. The last movement very naturally started in the South.

If you take a map of the United States and run a pencil along the Potomac, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, you cut off the one country where the native Americans still live. The inhabitants of this section are fifteen of native parentage to one of foreign; twenty persons live on the farms to one in the cities; there are ten Protestant church members to one non-Protestant. This section, the South, preserves the conditions, habits, and religious feeling of

the country of middle-class farmers that the United States was, at the origin of the great Protestant temperance movement in the early part of the last century. It has been from this section, naturally, that there has come the third attempt to prevent the sale of liquor in cities throughout the United States by the use of the rural vote. In the '90's this section had completely eliminated its one great non-native element, the negro, from the franchise, leaving the voting population a solid native Protestant stock.

The Country Rises to Make the City "Dry"

The Anti-Saloon League, a Protestant religious body that started in Ohio, took general charge of this third campaign. It is a non-partizan organization, living on the proceeds of religious contributions, secured by the solicitation of a large staff of salaried agents. There are sub-organizations in practically every State of the Union, and their combined annual income is well over $500,000. Its campaigns are forwarded largely by strong religious appeals.

The program of this new movement has demonstrated a high order of political ability. Baldly stated, its program is this: "The United States is a rural country by a vote of three to one; many of its States have a rural majority of twenty to one; this rural majority can, generally speaking, be counted on to vote for prohibition. We will first secure the right to vote by counties on the question of prohibition. In this way we will carry most counties in most States 'dry,' making all the cities possible 'dry' in this way. Having done this thoroughly, we will go to the State legislatures, where a large majority of representatives are elected from country districts, and have them vote the State 'dry' by a State prohibition law. All cities in that State will then be forced 'dry.' When a sufficient number of States are 'dry,' we will make this a prohibition nation. We can do this by concentrating the rural vote upon this question, through appeals in the churches."

This program has carried five Southern States "dry" in the past two years; has secured a referendum vote on this subject in the sixth; and has barely escaped carrying three more in the last sessions of their legislatures. By its work among the counties in other Southern and Middle States, about a third of the population of the country is now on "dry soil." It has accomplished much in clearing rural territory of saloons. But, generally speaking, the great majority of the country districts of the South and Middle West have been "dry" for years. Essentially, the chief interest in the new movement is in its success as a move to make cities "dry" by the use of the rural vote. Its accomplishment in this field can be shown mathematically.

"Dry" Cities Willing and Unwilling

About 1,850,000 people living in cities of over 25,000 — approximately eight per cent. of the total population in these cities — are in places covered by no-license laws. Of these, 840,000 were made "dry" by State law. Another 450,000 are residents of suburbs of large cities, where liquor can be bought over an imaginary boundary line, within the five- or ten-cent limit of the local trolley line. There are, then, some 560,000 residents of cities, or two and a half per cent of the city population, who at the height of a temperance campaign can be said to have deliberately shut themselves off from immediate local access to saloons by a majority vote of their population. Two thirds of this two and a half per cent is made up of large Massachusetts cities, which went "dry" in the last temperance wave of the late '80's, and whose lapse following that, with their general record and make-up, shows that they can scarcely be counted as permanent additions to prohibition soil — Massachusetts cities voting every year on the question of license. These figures — at the top of a wave of temperance, which has put a third of the population of the country on "dry soil" — explain the essential attitude of the present city population of the United States in the prohibition move, without other comment. It is also shown by the sentiment of the cities which were captured against their will.

Three quarters of this group of "dry" cities have been forced to give up their saloons during the recent temperance movement in the South — for the old prohibition States were highly rural, with but few cities in them. Practically all of these Southern cities went under prohibition laws against their will, and with loud protests. One of them, Mobile, Alabama, expressed its feelings in a spectacular but ineffectual threat that it would secede from the State. In the great majority of these Southern cities — especially the cities of Georgia and most of those in Alabama — the enforcement of prohibition became a farce almost immediately. By a trick in Georgia legislation a loophole was promptly made by which beer is sold openly throughout the cities of that State. In one large Southern city, the mayor has expressed himself, in an after-dinner speech, in favor of entire disregard of the State law.

"I was elected by the city of ——, not the State of ——, and I propose to administer the laws as the people of —— want them administered."

This sentiment may not be good law, but it represents the inevitable attitude of the local politicians in a city that has been made "dry" against its will.

The Brewer as a Reformer

However, whether prohibition is or is not a success in prohibition territory, it certainly acts as a detriment to the sale of beer — a bulky, perishable article, which cannot be handled with the same absence of ostentation that is possible in the handling of whisky upon "dry" soil. The brewing interest, for the first time in its history, was severely hit by the recent temperance wave across the South.

Several million dollars' worth of brewery plants are now, or soon will be, refused the right of manufacture; and under previous court decisions a State, in closing down liquor factories, incurs no obligation to remunerate their owners. The great shipping brewers who supply the Southern territory from St. Louis and Milwaukee have suffered losses estimated at more than twenty per cent of the whole output; and finally the State of Missouri, containing St. Louis,— the largest brewery center in the country, with investments of some $25,000,000 or $30,000,000, — threatened to prohibit the manufacture as well as the sale of all drink. Two chief opponents were soon pitted against each other in the present temperance campaign — the brewer, the controller of the city liquor trade, and the Anti-Saloon League and other temperance bodies, representing a great semi-religious revival of rural feeling against the drinking of alcohol, and the debasing influences that center around its sale. The fight, in essence, was over the city saloon.

The prohibitionist charged that the brewer was responsible, not only for the business at large, but for the vicious and immoral saloon in particular. This charge was very natural. In accumulating customers in its fight for trade the brewing industry had shown no moral squeamishness. The signs of breweries flame before the worst saloons of the city red light districts across the continent — a frank advertisement of the essential coöperation of the manufacturer in the enterprise.

The brewers responded with movements in various cities and States to clean up the city "dive." In Texas and Ohio, and in various other States, in New York, Milwaukee, and other cities, the more reputable and responsible brewers have been at work themselves or have coöperated with other agencies in fighting to suppress the vicious drinking-place. This movement is, of course, entirely commercial. It is conducted by regular trade organizations formed originally for the purpose of regulating prices and general competition in the business. It is confined by the unyielding boundaries of commercial profit. And the sign of some brewery still hangs before the notorious saloons of the country. The prohibitionists quite naturally maintain that the brewers' work of reform is not undertaken in good faith. Yet a certain amount of good cannot be denied to have come from this movement.

A Dead-Lock in Legislation

But the main and critical fight has come in the State legislatures, where the temperance forces are making their aggressive campaign toward State prohibition. To offset this, the brewers, with other liquor trade interests, are offering substitute legislation for the regulation of the saloon. Generally speaking, the past winter's work may be considered a dead-lock. The temperance forces captured the legislatures of Florida and Tennessee, which the liquor interests had reason to expect were theirs, by popular votes based upon the prohibition issue; while the temperance forces did not carry Texas and Arkansas, as they had every reason to expect they would, or Missouri, for which they had good reason to hope. Regulative legislation prevailed in the great body of the Middle States. A score or more of the legislatures of States in which the temperance question is most imminent adjourned, and will not meet again for two years.

There is no reason to believe, either from present developments or past history, that the current prohibition legislation will greatly affect the existing situation in regard to the city saloons. It has not yet put under prohibition so large a percentage of the cities of 25,000 in the United States as did the movement of the '50's. The enforcement of the law has not, generally speaking, been successful in the cities of the South. And the adjournment of legislature and the postponement of prohibition success in large sections of the country necessarily militates against the chances of the prohibitionists. It is difficult to keep a moral propaganda at its high point of enthusiasm.

A commercial interest, on the contrary, is continually and inevitably watchful to protect itself. The brewing industry was asleep at the uprising of this campaign; it had never before been in serious danger. But it is now thoroughly awake. It is one of the greatest industries in the country, and it is a customer of all kinds of other business enterprises. How far this ramification goes was shown curiously in a recent session of the New Jersey legislature, where a legislator who was a soap manufacturer had

leanings toward temperance legislation. He was promptly informed that the great pleasure resort of Atlantic City would not exist without liquor-selling, and that any manufacturer of soap who was enrolled for temperance could scarcely expect the big Atlantic City hotel trade. It is clear everywhere that associated business interests, from malt to soap, will stand with the brewing trade against the application of prohibition of liquor-selling to cities. And back of them — and vastly more important — lies the city population itself, which intends to drink, which directs the enforcement of all laws with a police force chosen by itself, and which has shown over and over again that it will not be coerced into changing its habits of life on the liquor question by the mere registration in the statute-books of the overwhelming rural opinion that liquor should not be sold within the borders of the State.

The Brewery Still to Control the City Saloon

The great business interest of the liquor trade — the brewing industry — will, then, remain in chief charge of the city saloon, in all probability, in spite of the present temperance wave. Its conduct will be a matter of pure business, tempered by such legislation as can be supplied by the State. But the first matter to be understood in the problem is the essential business necessities that will in the last analysis direct the action of the brewing industry. Capital — the great unmoral force of invested money — will be served in modern life. It will bend every possible effort, and override every possible obstacle, moral or physical. This is a law no more applicable to brewing than to the making of nails.

The brewing industry — with no practical legal restraint — has been greatly overextended in America in the past twenty years. It naturally has made every exertion to recoup itself. In its effort to secure business, it has fought — as every other business fights — to sell the greatest possible quantities of its goods. And in doing this it has entangled itself with the worst elements of the city saloon, the greatest single corrupting force of the past fifty years in this country. As a purely business development the brewing industry, generally speaking, has been found to be connected with the worst influences, political and social, in the cities of America. Its great wealth makes it one of the chief forces to be reckoned with.

On the other hand, here is an industry with a capital of over half a billion dollars, which — in spite of savage competition — remains a group of highly profitable and responsible concerns. By the concentration inevitable to its processes of manufacture and sale, the trade has fallen into stronger and stronger hands, until to-day, out of sixteen hundred brewers, thirty-seven great and highly profitable concerns make a third, and one hundred and seventeen a half, of the beer manufactured in the country. Moreover, contrary to the general drift in commerce, these concerns are generally not the property of companies with widely distributed stock, but of rich families and individuals who have obtained them by inheritance. The financial stability of the industry is of the best. And the personal factor — as far as that goes — is much more satisfactory than might be expected in connection with the liquor trade. There have naturally been, and still are, influences of the most villainous kind associated, in one way or another, with the brewing industry. But the German workman who founded it was, generally speaking, so far as his vision went, the most honest and reliable type related to the liquor trade in the country. His descendants, with the men under them, in the present conduct of the business are a more intelligent and educated type; and, animated by the natural social ambitions of wealthy people, the owners of the largest breweries have now the desire to make the business as respectable as possible. This refers, of course, only to the great and responsible breweries. The management of many of the smaller ones is still unscrupulous and irresponsible.

The Brewery as a Temperance Agent

Commercially, the interest of every private business selling liquor is against the interests of the general public. Every normal commercial incentive drives it to sell the greatest possible amount of its wares; and any agency that tries to flood the community with any alcoholic drink certainly does not add to the public welfare. The brewers advance — and many of them thoroughly believe in — the German and European style of so-called moderate daily drinking as the best means of temperance. In fact, beer has really brought about that general style of drinking in the cities of America. But, while much of the violence and disorder from violent drunkenness may be avoided in this way, the daily consumption of considerable quantities of alcohol can scarcely be defended, in the light of present knowledge; and an industry whose product is principally responsible for an average daily liquor consumption, in our cities, equivalent to one and a quarter drinks of whisky — according to the average drinks taken in saloons — for every member of the population, can scarcely hope to be classified as a temperance organization.

Claims of this kind, indeed, cannot be taken very seriously. The history of the brewing industry is certainly not that of a philanthropic organization. Its only motive so far apparent is to sell beer, and it has as yet spared no means to do this. New fields of consumption are indefatigably opened up. Beer, bought by the pail in cities, is as cheap as milk; and as many barrels of beer as barrels of flour are sold to the city population. It is drunk with meals by the great hordes of laborers, in factories, in city buildings and streets; it takes the place of afternoon tea in the social life of the tenement; and more than any other single agency it has increased the habit of drinking among women.

The Dive a Poor Customer

On the contrary, the essential interests of the industry do not compel it to back the disorderly saloon — especially in view of the recent development of the bottling trade. In fact, it is very foolish business policy for it to do so. Fully twenty per cent of the beer brewed in the United States is now sold in bottles. Approximately thirty per cent is sold in bulk to the consumer — principally by the pail or "growler." This half of the output certainly does not pass to any appreciable extent through the "dive." In the bar sale, which disposes of the other half, the workingman's saloon and the tenement saloon are the large customers. The "dive" is one of the smallest and most undesirable, especially as it is likely at any moment to be put out of business by the authorities and become a dead loss to those interested in it.

A campaign against "dives" was started in one of the large American cities some time ago, and about forty places were put out of business. One of the greatest breweries of the country — a model plant in every way — found that eight of these saloons were its customers. On examining its books, it found that the entire eight saloons sold less than three hundred barrels of beer a year. This instance shows forth clearly and quite typically the lack of value of the "dive" as a customer of the brewer; but it shows also as typically the thoughtlessness and lack of business intelligence of the selling system of a factory which would allow itself to become involved to such an extent with a class of customers not only worthless, but highly threatening to its own interests. The relation of this very carefully conducted brewery with city "dives" is merely a mild example of the criminal carelessness that has characterized the brewing trade in America in this particular.

These are the essential characteristics of the agent that dominates and will continue to dominate the retail liquor trade of American cities. Its growth has been a perfectly natural and logical one; and any attempt to drive it from its financial backing of the saloon, such as has been made by the Nebraska legislature, will fail, as will any other effort to block the normal growth of an industry. This industrial power has been a great offender in the development of the city saloon. Yet, making every allowance for this, the situation it has created is much preferable to that which it found when it took charge of the industry twenty years ago. The saloonkeeper of that time was dangerous because he was weak and utterly irresponsible. The brewer has been dangerous because he was strong. This very fact, turned to advantage by intelligent legislation, gives ground for hope in the future.

Liquor-selling is purely a business transaction, with the ordinary motives of business behind it. The work of the city — having found a responsible agent in the liquor business for the first time — is to frame the laws it can enforce, and make it extremely unprofitable to break them. The difficulty is to find exactly the method of framing laws to give this financial responsibility. In England it is obtained by the open and direct ownership of the retail saloon by the brewery; and the problem there is very simple. But here the brewer hides himself behind a system of mortgages, through which it is almost impossible for the law to reach.

One Substantial Thing to Be Grasped

However, if it is not possible to fix responsibility upon the brewer, it is possible to fix it upon his property in the saloons. An investment of from $70,000,000 to $100,000,000 should furnish a rather substantial financial object to be grasped. The final method of legislation has probably not yet been devised; but the experience of two States in this country points the general direction quite clearly. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania have stood out for twenty years from all the remainder of this country because of their freedom from the vicious and law-breaking saloon; and their success in this direction is made all the more striking by the gross and notorious viciousness of Pennsylvania's political life. These two States have accomplished this result chiefly by limiting by law the number of saloons in proportion to the population.

The first two reforms needed in the sale of liquor in cities are fewer saloons, and more responsible management. Both of these objects are obtainable by the proper limitation of licenses. In both Massachusetts and Pennsylvania a license is so valuable a thing that its terms are rarely violated. The saloonkeeper

can afford to obey the law, because he can make a living; and he cannot afford to break it. Various brewing organizations are advocating reform along these lines in various States; and their work, so far as it goes, is in the right direction. But the industry as a whole cannot afford to go nearly far enough in this direction. Its huge investment in places that are valuable only as they are kept running precludes the possibility of its taking the radical steps needed by city populations. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the brewing industries in the greatest of beer-drinking States can afford to work for any reduction at all. For at least two out of every three licenses cut out would involve a dead loss of some hundreds of dollars to some brewer.

One Saloon to Every Thousand People

One saloon for a thousand persons is ample for the demand of any population. In fact, it has been found in Massachusetts to be more than ample. There is now about one saloon to every three hundred persons living in our cities. In New York and Chicago — which together hold nearly a third of the city population of the United States — two and three and even four saloons appear upon four corners of some sections; and in places like Ashland Avenue back of the Chicago stock-yards they are massed by the score. This condition is ruinous from any possible standpoint. It means that three quarters of the retail liquor dealers of the United States have no financial responsibility, indeed, are scarcely more than solvent; and that the fearful pressure of competition compels them to force their wares upon their public, regardless of any law that can be devised.

The liquor problem has been in process of immediate solution, by one means or another, for the past three thousand years — and it is not yet solved. It is a ridiculous optimism to expect it to be cured by any one method at a single stroke. But periods of great possible advance come from time to time, and should be eagerly taken advantage of by the friends of temperate living. A great opportunity now exists in regard to the city saloon. The obvious immediate step that can be taken is to cut down the number of saloons in American cities. A general movement toward this has recently resulted in legislation in half a dozen States; in various cities, including Chicago, the second largest on the continent, laws regulating the number of saloons have been put into effect in the past few years. And this movement now promises to cover the country. The friends of temperance — no matter what their belief as to the final solution of this question — should force this movement to its limit. It is not enough to say — as has Chicago — that no more licenses should be issued until the population brings the rate to five hundred persons for each saloon. Nor is it enough that there should be a reduction to one saloon for every five hundred persons. Nothing less than a ratio of a thousand persons to every drinking-place would make for stable and responsible conditions in the liquor trade.

This would be no final solution of the temperance question. Years of education alone will change the attitude of the general public toward the use of alcoholic drinks. Yet it would be a real and practical advance in the matter. And this, after all, is the great and immediate need.

There is but one large temperance problem now waiting to be solved in America — the problem of the city saloon. For fifty years it has drifted from one stage to another without any practical direction from the better and more intelligent forces in national life. It has been the curse of three generations in every way,— moral, physical, and political,— and still remains so. And the population affected is now much more than a quarter, and soon will be a third of the country's inhabitants, for the city is growing not only to tens of millions of souls, but to the absorption of a greater and greater proportion of the population of the country. No matter what new plans for dealing with this question may be devised in the future, it is time that something constructive be done. The first step taken, it will be easier to take the next. And the first step — not only here but through all European civilization as well, as recent agitation abroad has shown— is to remove the terrible and undisciplined commercial forces which, in America, are fighting to saturate the populations of cities with alcoholic liquor.

A QUESTION OF SALVAGE

BY

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. A. CAHILL

"DOWN! Down!" bawled Juozas Barthkus. On hands and knees — raw with the cutting of the jagged slate dislodged from the mine roof — he crawled along the gangway in the sudden, shrouding dark. Naked he was to the waist, round which a broad red sash was knotted in the manner of many a Lithuanian miner. On his forehead still smoldered the Wolf lamp, extinguished by the roaring shock of the explosion. His ears still rang with the splitting thunders of it; and all about him he still heard junks of coal and sandstone splintering down in the gallery, but he paid no heed.

"Down! Gat down!" he yelled. "You lis'n vat I says to tell you! *Atsigulk!* De gaas — de fire — he mebbe coom back! Gat —— !"

One of his mangled hands touched something that lay inert across the twisted tram-rail, something big and soft and terribly still.

"Antan, mine buddy!" groaned he, shaking the senseless form. "Antanai! You dead? Vake oop! Ve must to gat out off here, hey vat? De fire — he mebbe come back, now. Antanai!"

With all the strength that the catastrophe had left in him he shook his "buddy," but to no avail. Antan would not rouse. Juozas in the drowning blackness passed his hands over the lad's head.

It was wet — wet with a horrible warm wetness.

"Blood!" groaned the Litvak with stifling lungs. "Blood. Ach! I makes me 'fraid from such a beesness!"

He struggled to think. Thinking was harder labor for Juozas than cutting coal, at any time. Now it was doubly hard, with the resistless stupor of the after-damp numbing his brain. Still, he managed to get some connected idea of what had happened.

The New East workings, he knew, had "let go." And why? The incautious striking of a match, maybe; an overheated lamp; a blown-out shot; any one of a dozen mishaps — who could tell? New East, he understood, had been making gas very badly for some weeks. He himself had spoken about it to MacTavish, the fire-boss, but MacTavish had only cursed him and called him a "Hunkie." Mac's pet aversions were sobriety and East Europeans. Juozas had not answered. Who was he, a Lithuanian cutter, to question Authority? The more so as Katré and the little Domukas had always to be fed and clad, and the sliding scale

seemed never to slide up, but always down, down, down.

No, Juozas had not answered. He had simply kept on toiling, with Antan; and now — a spark, something,— the inevitable.

"*Teip, istiesų,*" he murmured dully. "Yas, sure. He gat to happen sometam. Dat so! He *gat* to!" Thus he felt resigned. Ages of fatalism in his blood asserted themselves. He sat down on the track and waited.

What, he wondered, had befallen the rest of high board fence topped by its trocha of barbwire; and outside that fence — the women! The women and the children, wailing in long, shrill, minor cries, or mayhap stricken into dumbness. The women, with their broad, flat, pale faces underneath their shawls. The crowding, jostling, agonizing women! Katré, he well knew, was there among them now, gripping the little Domukas by his thin paw.

And at thought of *that,* Juozas burst into long and hoarse howls, inchoate, horrible.

"KATRÉ, HE WELL KNEW, WAS THERE AMONG THEM"

Cumberland? How big had the explosion been? How far had the gases penetrated? Who, if anybody, was still living in the gallery? Juozas could not even guess. But in his dull, slow way, one concept at a time, he concluded that all the pit-men between the main shaft and the Old Sump, where he now was, must either have escaped by now or else be dead. That anybody except himself could still remain alive there he thought impossible. That explosion — ach! what an explosion it had been!

With painful mental gropings he got a vision of the pit-mouth: the huddle of dust-grimed buildings; the huge, lop-sided, roaring breakers; the reeking, ever-smoking culm-banks, and the

No answer! No call, no word of comradeship; nothing but the drip-drip-drip of the mine-water, somewhere, and the slide and rattle of still falling slate. No lights, no voices — nothing!

Once more the Litvak yelled. The stifled echoes died, leaving him all, all alone in that abyss of night.

Alone? No, he had forgotten Antan. There lay the boy, still prone across the rails. Juozas lowered his head, listening intently. A faint wheezing murmur reached his ears.

"He livin', hey vat?" panted the miner.

A moment his mind cleared, despite the dead air, foul with choke-damp. He realized that

there might still be some small chance for safety. But where? Up along the gallery, toward the main shaft? That was a good three quarters of a mile distant, the shaft was, and the gallery reeked with strangling gases. Even were it not choked by falls and menaced by fire, Juozas understood he never could win through. And the boy? Could he leave him, in search of safety elsewhere? He had to choose!

"If I stay, I mebbe to die," reflected the imprisoned man, with painful care. "If I go, he die, *teip!*" His mind sluggishly pondered the choice. To save Antan at all, he understood, he must in some way manage to drag him down along the gangway and into a "room" or working-chamber which opened off to the left, three hundred yards farther toward the heading.

This room, lower than the bottom of the cut, was joined to it by a narrowish neck hewn through the living coal. There, if anywhere, they might escape the fire, should the fire come — provided only that Juozas had sufficient strength left to get the boy thither in time. Only in that refuge could they find air enough to last till help should come.

Juozas felt absolutely certain that help *would* come! He had seen other explosions. He had helped dig out five buried Polacks, last year. He had witnessed their wild greeting just outside the colliery fence. He, too, he and Antan, would surely be saved and greeted thus — if only they could keep alive till some rescue gang found them!

"Dey von't to leave us die here. *Ne! Ne!*" said Juozas very slowly to himself in the close stillness. "*Niekada!* Dey vill not neffer do it! I makes me to go in de chamber now, me an' mine buddy."

With huge exertion — for he felt strangely weak — he got to his knees, then stood upright. His head struck a jagged rift of rock. His eyes dazzled with sparks, but he cared not for the pain.

"De roof!" his only thought was. "She been low. She mebbe to fall, hey vat? I been 'fraid from it, de roof, sure. Ve must gat avay, now, quick!"

He bent over the unconscious Antan. A sort of stolid rage welled up in him at so much darkness. If only he had a light, now, he might see what hurt the boy had taken; he might spy out the way and see what obstacles opposed. But there was no light. His lamp was smashed and dead; and to strike a match, he knew, might fire the whole cutting.

No matter. He would fight the dark just as he would fight the choke-damp, and the rock-falls, and the whole of Cumberland Mine, if that were necessary. He got a hand-grip on the buddy's coarse woolen shirt. Stumbling forward along the tramway ties, he half dragged, half carried Antan down along the gallery.

Once he fell, the lad with him, inert as a bag of slack. But again he found his hold, and sweated on. The footing was uncertain. His mine-boots slipped on the wet rubbish of the road-bed, slid on rucks of greasy slate and small loose coal. Fallen props tripped him. His breath, too, hampered him. It seemed hardly to penetrate his lungs at all, but merely to strain in his contracted throat. His head ached bitterly; his ears sang with buzzing diapasons, but he would not give in. Now and again he laid the boy down and explored forward on hands and knees, feeling always on the left wall for the chamber-mouth.

"Here she been!" he choked at last, and dragged Antan down the slope into the room.

The air, it seemed, was fresher here, damp and cool with the moisture of this lowest working of the Cumberland. Juozas felt a little strength return. On to the end of the chamber he drudged, right down to the "face," where the spur of the tram-line terminated.

There, with Antan's head upon his knees, he settled down for the long wait — the wait till help should come.

II

How long he sat there, who could tell? Time there seems none where there is neither light nor sound. The drowsiness that grappled him he fought off with a dogged patience. To yield — well, Juozas knew what *that* would mean!

After a time a slow thought was born in the Litvak's mind. He took off his crimson sash, tore it into strips, and clumsily bound up Antan's head.

"Mebbe he vake op, so. Hey vat?" he reflected. "It don't to be so lonesome if he vake op!"

He talked to the unconscious boy. "I like it you vake op!" said he, with mild persistence. "But mebbe it been better for you if you ain't — not till de help coom!"

His thoughts trailed out, long, ponderous, unafraid. Now that the first instinctive fear had died in him, no other took its place. Rescue, he believed, was only a matter of time. Men could live long, he knew, without eating. And as for drinking, was there not ditch-water, if it came to that? There might be much suffering, yes — but —— Juozas shrugged his massive naked shoulders in the dark.

"I go, myself, pretty soon," said he. "I go, ven I been sure de damp been clear out, an'

see where de gallery she been block op. But if I go, if I stay, no metter. Dey safe us, annyho!"

That thought never left him: Authority, up yonder at the pit-mouth, would save! — Authority, stern to repress, yet strong to rescue. So Juozas, leaning stolidly on perfect confidence, waited — waited — waited. Is there anywhere on earth or under earth any other patience like the dumb, slow, fatalistic patience of the Slav?

After a long time, very, very long, Juozas seemed to perceive a dull, vague blur against the black — just the ghost of a ruddy smudge.

"Mine eye she been bad," he told himself, and winked to drive away the blur; but it persisted. He decided it was not a trick of his vision, wrought by the foul, gas-laden air.

"De mine she been to burn, somewhere," he decided. "I guess so; I go see it."

He put the still unconscious boy down from off his knees and stumbled out once more to the gallery. Fear he had none. A fire? They would put it out! Smoke? They would draw it up with fans! "They" would do everything, even unto saving Antan the Polander and Juozas the Litvak.

Out in the gallery, when he had groped his way thither, he saw dim reflections from far off toward the main shaft. Fitful gleams played over the black walls and roof.

"I t'ink so, she burn," he remarked simply. "No metter. Before she burn here, help coom. Hey vat? Sure, *istiesų!* It coom — *if dey knows ve here! . . .*"

The new concept spoke itself almost without his own volition. *If they know!* But do they know? Or do they think both he and Antan are either dead or else out of the workings by this time? Has any count been taken? Do they know?

He pondered all this slowly, calmly, for a while, despite the strange pain that ringed his brows, despite the droning in his ears.

At last, "I *mak'* dem to know!" said he.

Bending, he groped in the road-bed, found a lump of slate, and with it squatted beside the tramway. He began to hammer on the twisted rail — *Tunk! Tunk! Tunk-tunk-tunk!*

A long time he hammered, with steady cadences. The light of the fire kept growing ever brighter, stronger. A scent of acrid, biting smoke began to drift down the gallery, mingling with the lethal air, making it still more deadly. Juozas' pain and lassitude increased. The work of signaling got very hard. The man's big bare arms rose and fell more slowly; they seemed to weigh a ton. A great weariness was rising up about him, as the tide rises about a castaway on a splinter of deserted rock. Exhaustion was engulfing him. His whole body seemed leaden. Moment by moment, his eyes kept sagging shut. He crouched there by the tramway, still hammering on the rail by sheer brutal, bulldog stubbornness. The time of rescue, he thought vaguely, was very long — much longer than he had expected.

"I must mak' dem to know!" he still repeated to himself, swaying at his task like a man blind-drunk. "Mak' dem know. Dey coom. Dey safe us, *teip*, me an' mine buddy!"

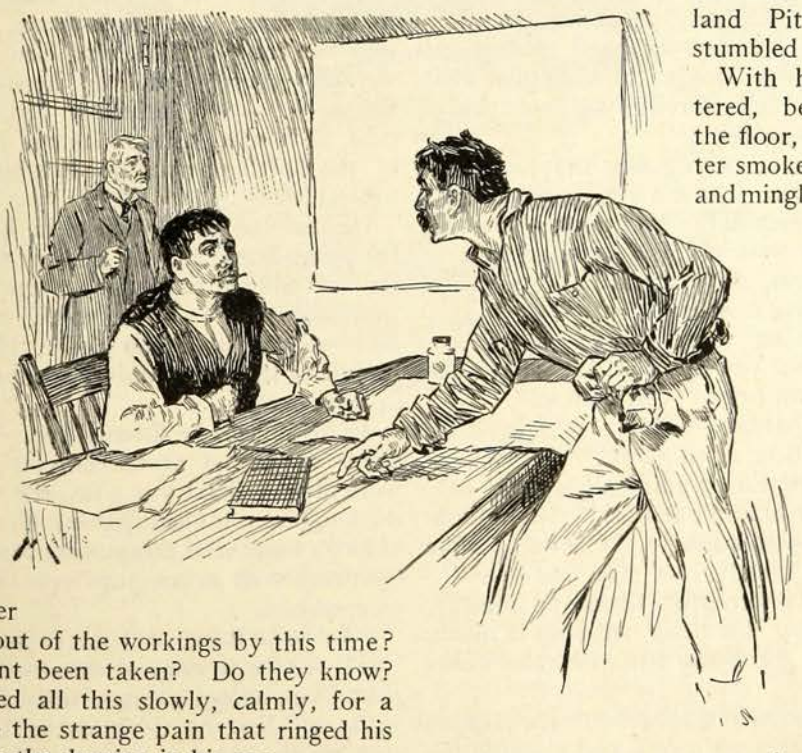
Tunk! . . Tunk! . . Tunk-tunk-tunk!

III

MacTavish, the fire-boss, his square face grimed with sweat and coal-dust, burst open the door of Cumberland Pit office and stumbled in.

With him there entered, bellying along the floor, a roll of bitter smoke, which blent and mingled with the already smoky air of the room.

"Feckless lunacy!" MacTavish bellowed with hoarse rage. "New East's all blazin' — Old Sump's like t' go next, an' *then* ——! Arrrh, these eejit Hunkies, ram-stam sooties out o' hell,



"'ALIVE, DOON IN OLD SUMP, AN' RAP-RAP-RAPPIN' ON THE RAIL!'"

t' burrn old Cumberland on me so! To go an'——"

"There, now, Mack, that's enough!" Connover snapped him short. Connover, the superintendent, was used to obedience or else fist-play; a lover of few words. This brawling fire-boss, mouthy, irate, alcoholic, was a red rag to him at any time, now trebly red.

"That's enough!" the "super" shouted. "Shut that there door, you! Want t' smoke us all out, here?"

MacTavish obeyed, chopfallen. Connover's scorn of him he paid back with bitter interest of hate — the hate of a small mind, a tyrant mind, for a large and vigorous soul which dominates, yet which is just.

"Come here!"

The Scotchman came. Blinking with smoke-rheumed eyes, he perceived another figure than Connover's, sitting across the table from the superintendent; a small figure, dry, wizened, keen-sighted.

"Eh? Why, 'twull be Maister Vandenburgh, sir?" he faltered, tugging off his cap.

Vandenburgh never so much as looked his way. With Cumberland ablaze, Cumberland, in which he held nine shares of every ten, he had no breath for fire-bosses.

"Drinkin' again, you?" Connover's voice rose sharp above the blur of tangled sounds that beat in from the colliery inclosure — sounds of creaking cables, hoarse coughing of exhaust-pipes, shouts, whistles, pandemonium from which he and Vandenburgh had shut themselves away in the office, to think, to plan what must be done. "MacTavish, you fool, you've been at th' booze again!"

"Na, na, mun, only a wee drappie," hiccoughed the Scot. "Juist a nip, sir, 'gainst fire an' water an' such-likes. Ye wadna blame me, sir?" His eyes were red and sullen as he gestured with great, dirty paws at his scorched hair and dripping clothes.

"Come here an' report. You ain't much, that's a fact, but you're somethin'. How's she stand now, down below? Out with it!"

"I'm sore afeared —— "

"Cut that! Give us th' facts!"

"A-weel, New East's guid as gone, an' only sax hours after blawin', at that." The intonation of the fire-boss was ugly. "Old Sump's like t' go, I tolt ye a'ready. An' after *that* —— "

"I know!" interrupted Connover sharply. "We got to stop this thing, an' stop it quick. Once she gets goin', she'll maybe take weeks to put out."

"Months!" roared MacTavish. He slapped one hand on Connover's desk and smeared the other over his red jowls, lining them with dirty marks. "Months? Years, mayhap, wi' the richness o' it — like Baker's Creek Number Five, ye'll mind?"

Vandenburgh stood up and made as though to speak, but changed his mind and closed his traplike jaws with a click. He turned and walked over to the office window, stood there, and gazed out; a little round-shouldered, ungainly creature, flint-faced, with gray, impenetrable eyes.

"Years!" the Scot reiterated fiercely. "Spite o' vent-holes an' brattices, spite o' wallin' up wi' masonry, spite o' hell! Once she gets her head —— "

Vandenburgh seemed not to listen. He seemed only to gaze out across the smoky inclosure, with hard eyes. In his heart blazed a fire of rage and hate hotter than the coal fire down there, very deep down, two thousand feet below him — rage at the inanimate, cursed, fiery nature of the Pit — hate of the dumb stupidity of what to him were jabbering, flat-faced, foreign beasts, the toilers in his mine.

His glance swept over the darkening place, with bonfires blazing here and there and smoke rising contorted from the headgear of the shaft. It took in the decrepit tipple on its gaunt, high stilts; the cables, runs, and wheels standing up in fantastic skeleton outline against the menace of the November sky.

Powdered with jetty dust was everything above; slimed with a greasy, sticky mud everything below. The mine-owner noted with supreme contempt his workmen clotted in a shifting group about the hoisting-lift — the figures wallowing hither or yon through the mud, all blurred, all made unreal and grotesque by the drifting smoke-clouds wherein the arcs winked feebly.

Beyond the engine-house, he knew, beyond the pump-house and the colliery fence, outside the restraining barb-wire, a great mob was swarming with frantic, ant-hill eagerness — a mob waiting its cheap dead. He heard the tumult of that mob, did Vandenburgh, but his lip only curled.

As he looked, he listened too. He harkened every word that Connover and the fire-boss were saying. That was a favorite trick of Vandenburgh's. It had gained him much, the ability (when vital things were forward) to slip indifference on as one puts on a coat. No word escaped him.

"An' so ye'll see, sir," MacTavish was saying, "ye'll see we've done a' we can do, save juist *that*. I've even got a gang o' fufty, in ten-minute shifts, wi' hose on th' breast o' Lower Seven. But 'tis no guid, in my opeenion. She's gainin' steady, worrkin' deeper —— "

"The men are all out, you say?"

"Ou aye — that is, sir, sax-an'-forty o' th' staumrel knurls was doon, ye'll onderstand. Weel, thirty-two's came up alive, in th' cage. Nine's deid. That'll mak' one-an'-forty, eh? Five unaccounted for. There'll be three o' them in Eight, I'm thinkin', an' twa in Sump. But, do ye no see?" and MacTavish rapped impatiently on the table with his filthy nail. "Do ye no onderstand? Th' three wull be dead lang syne. Whoosh, mun! 'Tis fair a furrnace the noo, I'm tellin' ye!"

"Yes, yes. But how about the two in Sump?"

"Oh, them? You mean that Ba'thkus eejit, I'm thinkin', and Antan What's-his Nameovitch. Aweel, seems like they'll be deid, too. Must be, eh?"

"How so?"

MacTavish leered and steadied himself against the table.

"They'll be deid th' noo!" he declared stubbornly.

"*Are* they?"

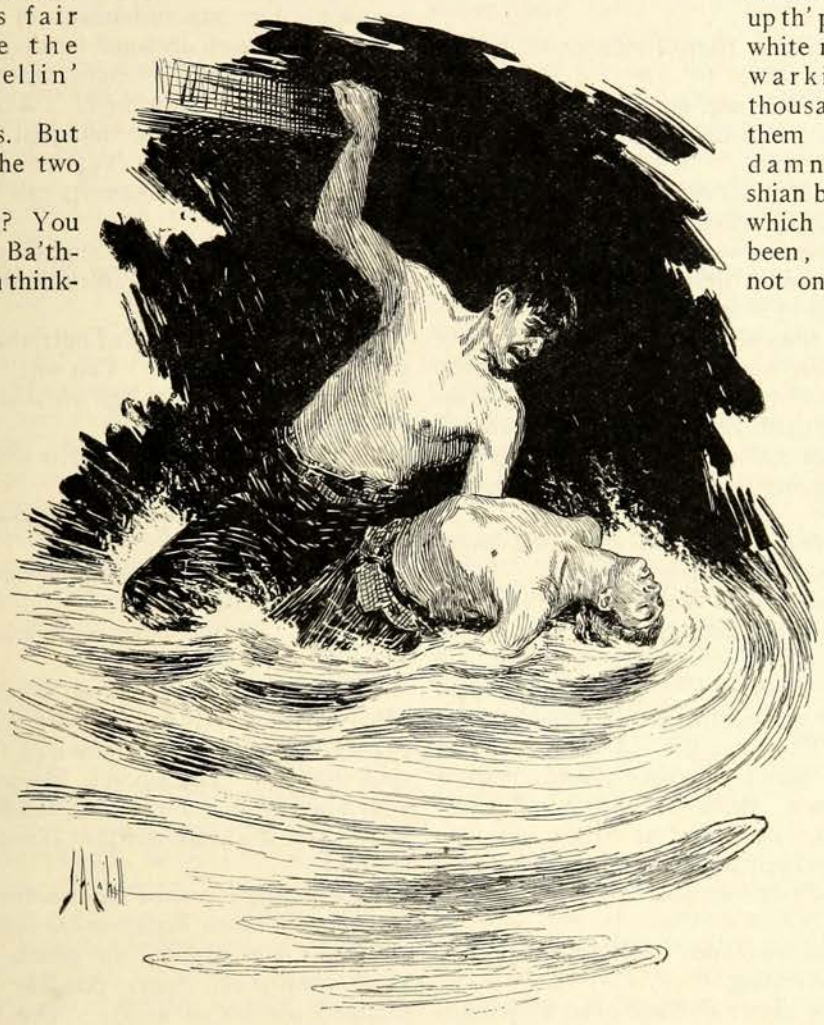
"Ou aye. They — "

"You're a damned liar! I know by th' way you answer, you!"

"Na, na, Maister Connover, sir! Deid? Why, for sure — or, if they ain't, forby, there'll be no whit's th' dufference!"

Connover shot a piercing glance at the fireboss. MacTavish could not meet the look. His bleary eyes shifted, and he stammered into incoherence.

"You lie, Mack, an' you know it! There's a lot you ain't tellin' me. Come, spit it out!"



"IN SOME VAGUE AND STUPID WAY OF HIS OWN HE THOUGHT MAYBE TO SAVE THE BODY TILL THEY SHOULD COME"

"*Hunkies!*" bellowed the Scot, with sudden blind rage. "Damn, chancy, jabberin' brutes, th' lot!" A withering fury blazed up in his drunken soul. "Hunkovitches! Likes o' *them* as sets off mines wi' their everlastin' nonsense! No safety-lamp but *they* can start a blaze wi'! No rules that *they'll* gie heed to! . . ."

His fists were swinging now; the eyes were rolling in his head.

"Likes o' *them* as burrns up coal by million dollars' worth — ties up th' pits — throws white men oot frae warkin', by th' thousan'! Alive, them twa? Aye, damn their Rooshian bones, alive — which they'd nae been, by God, no, not one, if I'd my way wi' 'em! Alive, doon in Old Sump, an' rap-rap-rappin' on th' rail, though I misdoot if any leevin' soul has heerd 'em but juist mysel', an' me th' lunatic t' tell it! Rap-rap-rappin'—for why? For men like us, white men, t' risk guid lives —— "

"MacTavish!"

Connover sprang up and faced the fire-boss. His chair clattered backward. The Scot remained open-mouthed, panting with the lust of murder.

"Mack, that's enough! You skunk! Say, for two cents I'd — I'd —— "

"Hold on there, Mr. Connover," said a voice, a dry, sharp, colorless voice. The superintendent found himself facing Vandenburgh.

"You mean?"

"I mean this, Mr. Connover, that every ques-

tion has two sides. Look at both, in this one, if you please." The mine-owner's courtesy was pungent. "I mean this, that we know now just where we stand and just how to choose our course."

"Choose? You — there's a — *choice* what to do?"

"Of course. From what MacTavish here says, we've got to act quick or the whole of Cumberland's likely to go up in smoke. If we take this thing in hand at once, if we flood the lower levels *now* —— "

"But, my God! There's men down in Old Sump — living men!"

"Only two. Only one, maybe. They can't be saved, anyhow, with the fire all ahead of them as it is in New East."

"Can't? How about Number Nine manway? Put on a big gang there, cut through from the adit to the old showdown tunnel, and then ——"

"How long would that take?"

"Only till to-morrow morning!"

"By which time we'd have lost thousands of tons, and the fire would have gained such headway — you see? No, decidedly not. MacTavish here is right, for once. You're wrong."

Vandenburgh smiled. It was a dry slit of a smile, cracking his beardless face into myriad puckers.

"You're wrong, Mr. Connover. Good intentions, and all, but bad judgment, very. Flood the mine, by all means. Yes, call up O'Donnell, please. Have the pumps started. Then ——"

"Living men!"

"See here, Connover." The mine-owner's voice got fine and cold as a razor-edge. "See here, don't be Utopian. We're all practical men here, I hope. Don't be a fool! Why, man, if you were down there, trapped, and those beasts were up here, and if by flooding the mine they could put ten cents a day more onto their cards, d'you suppose *they'd* hesitate? Not much!"

"Living men, I tell you!" Connover's protest rose harsh, unyielding.

"Idiot! How about all these other thousands of living men, eh? these other thousands that'll be thrown out of work, that'll starve, if this thing goes on? How about my duty to *them?* How about my duty to my stock-holders? To Christ Church, with its five hundred and sixty shares in Cumberland? How about the widows and children that look to Cumberland for their living from the dividends? We've got to choose, I tell you, and choose quick! If the mine burns out and the midwinter dividends are passed, what'll I have to meet *them* with?"

Vandenburgh came close up to the desk. He had a pencil in his hand. He rapped with it upon the desk, as though to drive his meaning into Connover's skull.

"Meet them?" asked Connover, in a daze.

"Yes, meet them! What'll I have to meet my duty with? My duty as one of the men into whose hands God has given the property interests of this country? What, eh? Words, just words! Words won't pay dividends! Words won't —— "

"By the living Lord!" cried Connover, and his clenched fist rose in air. "By the living Lord, so long's I'm superintendent of Cumberland there'll be no men drowned for dividends! Once the men are all out, all right, start the pumps. But out they're comin' first! I'll put two hundred men to work, three hundred —— "

"Rot! Those pumps, 've got to start at once; you hear? Call up O'Donnell; call him quick!"

"*What?*"

"You don't understand English, eh?" sneered Vandenburgh. "I said, start those pumps!"

"*No*, by Jesus!"

The mine-owner laughed outright. "Oh, yes, you will," he mocked. "You will! I just crook my finger, here, and things are done."

"*This* won't be done!"

"And why not, please?" His voice grew soft again, and fine.

"Because — because when O'Donnell knows — when the men know —— "

"Oh, but they aren't going to know, you see. Who'll tell them?"

"Who? Well, James R. Connover, that's who!"

"Ha, ha! Hardly! You won't leave this office till it's all over. And then what? Who's to prove it? Who's to believe it or even listen to such a story? *You* know! Nobody! It'll be your word against mine, here, and MacTavish's. Why, man, it's preposterous. Don't be a driveling fool!"

Vandenburgh leaned across the table and picked up a burnt match in his sleek fingers.

"Don't you realize," he gibed, "don't you know that I can break you like *that?*" He snapped the bit of wood. "Don't you know that if I say so —— "

Connover glanced round like a trapped lion. His eyes, wide with horror, fell on the telephone. Useless to try for that, he knew; insane even to think of it. He looked at the door, gaging its distance.

Vandenburgh saw the look.

"Now, now!" he shrilled, his mask of self-restraint slitting and tearing away in rags of passion. "Now, there, no foolishness!"

But already Connover was round the table, rushing for the door.

"Stop that lunatic!" screamed the magnate.

Up in front of Connover rose Burr MacTavish, his brute face empurpled with drink, with fury, with race-hatred and the long-pent bitterness of spite. Connover lashed out at him, but the man dodged. Then, suddenly, something that crushed, something that annihilated, smote Connover on the head.

Shrieking, he flung up both his arms, and fell.

Vandenburgh, laughing, dropped the pipe-wrench he had struck with, and reached for the telephone.

IV

The flood from the gigantic over-driven bull-pumps caught Juozas (screeching with sudden agonies of horror) right at the face of the chamber. It caught Antan, too, but that did not matter, for Antan had been dead an hour.

But Juozas the Litvak, husband of the flat-faced Katré, father of the little Domukas, had to die as a rat dies when its trap is soused beneath the water in a tub, with stones laid on to keep the creature down. You have seen that, eh? The rat swimming, swimming under water, with a fine silvery line of bubbles pouring from its nose and mouth as the bursting lungs refuse to hold? Then, kicking, writhing, palpitating, growing still, with glazed eyes and upturned lip that shows the fangs? Only a rat! A beast! Juozas had to die a rat's death.

He made a game fight of it, though, Juozas did; very game, considering his weakness and exhaustion — astonishingly game! When the loud waters first began pouring in, before the main flood burst upon him, he gathered up the body of Antan and tried to struggle up the sloping fore-breast. In some vague and stupid way of his own he thought maybe to save the body till "they" should come — for would "they" not come before it was too late?

Not for long, though, he held the body. In roared the deluge, frothing, leaping, crushing down roof-props, twisting tram-rails like bits of string. In it lashed, hurling forward on its lip a mass of timbers, ties, all manner of débris — a black, cold, foul, irresistible torrent, whipped to frenzy by its long fall, by its repulse at the heading of the cut, by its swirl through the gangway into the chamber. Round and round it boiled. From Juozas' clutch it dragged the body of the Polish boy.

Then higher up climbed Juozas, and higher still in the black dark, up the loose coal, with the loud waters at his heels, the thunder of its tumult in his ears. A handhold broke. He plunged backward. His screams became only a bubbling in the maelstrom as he, too, swept round and round the chamber, together with the body and the other refuse, in a cold, black, hideous dance of death.

It was a dream, then, to Juozas; just a wild nightmare, mercifully short, from which the miner knew there never would be any more awakening; a nightmare, monstrous, unreal, yet flashed through here and there by some coherent thought, some perception — as of Katré and the little Domukas standing in the rain and the sticky mud outside the colliery gate, waiting, watching with the others in that big crowd as things were carried out under blankets, things that had been men, husbands, fathers. He saw it all quite clearly for a second; then it faded and the kinetoscope-film of his mind grew dim and blurred, till up flashed a scrap of prayer in his own Lithuanian tongue, "'*Oh, Dieve!* . . ." and after that a wild, terrible, agonizing lust for life, for a sight once more of the sun, which set him fighting starkly, thrashing with supreme abandon as he whirled. Then *that* left him, and he sank, passive, swirled to the surface, sank again.

What was this torturing thought, this wild wonder? He knew; it was, Why had "they" failed to come, to save? . . . Juozas' last upgathering of reason flung itself upon that problem. Suddenly he knew! They had not heard his knocking on the rail!

"Dey not hear me! . . . Nobody hear — God! — nobody, only You! *You* hears me — even ven I don't to knock! . . ."

A whirling beam hit Juozas on the head. All thought ceased, all consciousness, all fear, all pain. Juozas ceased absolutely. Even the bubbles of his last breath, silvery bubbles in the black waters, made no sound above the droning roar of the great flood.

But for a long, long time his body, Antan's body, the shoring-timbers, tramway-ties, and all the other worn-out, broken, useless, unproductive rubbish whirled round and round and round together in the dark.

THE EFFICIENCY OF ENGLISH COURTS: AN EXAMPLE FOR AMERICA

BY

JESSE MACY

A BILL has been introduced in the Illinois House of Representatives to create eight additional judgeships in the Circuit Court of Cook County and four more for the Superior Court.

The population of England and Wales at the last census was, approximately, 32,000,000; the population of Illinois was 4,800,000. The legal establishment of England and Wales employs thirty-four judges in the Supreme Court of judicature and fifty-eight county judges, whose jurisdiction covers that of our justices of the peace. The total of judges who dispose of the litigation of England and Wales is ninety-two.

Illinois employs seven judges in a Supreme Court, 103 circuit and superior judges, 102 county judges, one probate judge, in Cook County, and twenty-eight judges of the Municipal Court. This, excluding the Federal judges and the justices of the peace in the State, brings the judicial establishment of the State up to a total of 241 judges. Consider, also, that England is the seat of government and the controlling financial and commercial center of the British Empire, and that its social organization, its social conditions, its commercial, industrial, and financial organization, and therefore the litigation and administration of criminal justice arising therefrom must bear a relation to that of Illinois far more striking than the ratio of population.

Why is a great nation of 32,000,000 well served by ninety-two judges, while a State of less than a sixth of the population needs more than two and a half times as many judges?

What is needed and what the tax-payers should demand is fewer judges—not more. There would be no need for even the judges we have if the leaders of the bar would perform their plain and urgent duty of formulating a reform of our present preposterous judicial establishment.

From the Chicago *Tribune* of February 12, 1909.

THE present general interest in movements for reform in American judicial procedure has led me to publish the following summary of observations made several years ago in various British courts. My notes taken at the time show that in all there were studied about fifty criminal actions in which juries were used, and about an equal number of civil cases in some of which juries were used.

American and English judicial procedure have a common origin. The English system was transferred to the colonies and, in many of its details, has continued in use with little modification to the present day. Since the colonies became independent, the British judicial processes have been radically reformed. Discretionary rulings of the court have been substituted for medieval ironclad technical rules which shielded the judge from responsibility. Observations on the proceedings of English courts involve, therefore, a comparison between the working of the reformed methods in Great Britain and that of the ancient methods in our own courts.

The Canadian Line a Boundary Between Law and Lawlessness

Reformed judicial procedure is in operation in Canada, where industrial and social conditions are in many respects similar to those in the United States. While spending some weeks at Seattle a few years ago, I was impressed by the reiterated statement that the police force and the courts of the city were burdened with the care of criminals properly belonging to Victoria. The reason for this was said to be that criminals were afraid to remain in the Canadian city and within reach of British law. A bit of information in support of this view came to me from a Canadian statesman who was my traveling companion on the train. He manifested great interest in the movement of immigrants from the United States into the western part of the Dominion. Largely through their help the Canadians, he said, were solving aright their own problem of public education. They were ready to accept our school system. "But," said the speaker, with emphasis, "there is one institu-

tion which we intend the people from the States shall leave behind them when they enter Canada, and that is the lawlessness exhibited in those family and neighborhood feuds that prevail in certain sections of your country and lead to riot and murder."

To illustrate he related a specific instance in his knowledge. A colony had been founded by settlers from our Southern States. A feud arose and, after the familiar Kentucky or Texas fashion, a man was slain. Somewhat to his surprise, the perpetrator of the deed found himself in imminent danger of being tried and hanged for murder. He ran for his life and took refuge in his native land. The Dominion authorities took the matter in hand, having determined that for the good of the country and for the sake of a needed lesson to the flood of immigrants from across the border they must not let the case go by default. A search for the fugitive was instituted and continued at great expense of time, labor, and money, until the criminal was brought back to Canada and duly executed. This had been a test case, and though the expenditure had seemed excessive, the Government nevertheless regarded it as a good investment. The intention was to make absolutely clear to all immigrants the purpose of the authorities effectually to prevent that particular form of lawlessness from taking root in the new country.

The Weakness of American Courts — One Law for the Rich and Another for the Poor

Very definite practical ends should be sought and attained in the proposed reformation of our own courts. The poor, the ignorant, and the friendless should be able to secure equal justice with the rich, the educated, and the influential. Innumerable instances might be cited to show how far we have been and still are from having reached that ideal. Many are well known to every person at all familiar with legal affairs. In my own county a cold and needy tramp once opened a front door and carried off an overcoat. In less than a fortnight he had been caught, tried, convicted, and was occupying a cell in the penitentiary. In the same county an educated, talented man, a preacher of the gospel, stole forty head of steers from a neighboring farmer. He was arrested, twice tried for theft, and twice failed of conviction. There was no doubt of the guilt of this man of parts, but he could not be convicted. Finally, to the real relief of the taxpayers and by the possible connivance of his jailer, he regained his liberty and was again free to prey upon his neighbors. These trifling instances illustrate as well as do more important ones the great weakness of our judicial system. A court of law that metes out stern justice to the weak and permits the strong to escape is a scandal and a shame in a country calling itself civilized.

Had our judiciary been subjected to radical and thorough reforms at the time they were instituted in England, that would have gone far to forestall and prevent the development of the worst abuses connected with corporate wealth. Railways would not have been wrecked and stockholders robbed through the forms of law. Predatory wealth would not have been shielded from punishment by means of legal technicalities. The courts could not have failed in their primary function of protecting the citizen in his property rights, and so have fostered, or permitted, the rise of those overgrown and dangerous combinations of riches that now threaten the very existence of the State. Overwhelmed as we are by the flood of evils sweeping over the land because of the failure of the courts, we seem to strive in vain to stem the tide by means of statutes aimed at the direct control of corporations. Until our judicial processes are radically reformed it is not probable that such statutes will ever be effectively executed.

Eleven Verdicts a Day the Record of an English Jury

The working of the British jury system exhibits a marked contrast with that of our own. It is possible that my experience in British courts was exceptional, but in not a single instance did I see a juror challenged or rejected. In all of the courts requiring juries the necessary number of men were present and they were sworn in without question. In the Sheriff's Deputy Court in Scotland the presiding judge gave notice to the jury that he expected to adjourn the court at two o'clock, and stated that if they could all remain until that hour he would at once dismiss the men who had been called for a second panel. The jurors conferred together and agreed to remain till one o'clock, whereupon the judge notified the other men to appear at twelve-thirty. The one jury impaneled for the morning session rendered six verdicts in cases involving prosecutions for theft, fraud, and burglary. In a Court of Quarter Sessions at Taunton, England, I saw a single jury in one day render eleven verdicts. I found that it was customary in the several sorts of court that I attended for the same jury to act in successive cases. In no instance did I see a jury leave their seats to make up their verdict. Usually the issue before them was made so plain that all who gave attention knew in advance what the decision would be. I made note of an excep-

tional instance of delay, when the court was forced to wait nine minutes for the report of the jury. In this case the judge who gave the instructions was himself in doubt as to what the verdict ought to be.

A Scottish jury consists of fifteen persons, and a majority may render a verdict. In England the number is twelve, and unanimity is required. But I noted no difference as to practical results in the two countries. The twelve men in the English jury were as prompt and certain in their action as were the eight out of fifteen in the Scottish jury.

The Dignity of the English Judge

A strong contrast is apparent likewise between British and American courts in respect to the relation between bench and bar. In our State courts a lawyer may be at one time a practising attorney, at another time a judge, and later a practising attorney again — all in the same court. Transition from bar to bench and from bench to bar is common. In Great Britain, on the contrary, two distinct classes are found in the legal profession. In both England and Scotland the office lawyer who prepares the papers in legal procedure is called a solicitor. The solicitor may sometimes conduct cases before minor courts; but the lawyers whose distinctive business it is to argue cases in court are called barristers in England and advocates in Scotland. Judges are usually chosen from the advocates or barristers; but when a lawyer has become a judge he does not again practise at the bar. A Scottish advocate told me that he had known a single instance of a change from the bench to the bar; but it was an instance due to altogether exceptional circumstances. The judiciary furnishes in itself a dignified and independent career, and men train themselves especially for that calling.

I met a law student in Birmingham who frankly declared that he was studying for the judiciary. A county judge said to me that when he accepted office he turned his back upon the world. He had formerly been interested in politics and still cherished political sympathies, yet he seldom attended a political meeting and would never consent to sit upon the platform at such assemblies. The Scottish advocate mentioned above testified that he could never quite get over the peculiar feeling of reverence for the man who had once been a judge, though he had afterward become a practising attorney. It was at the cost of distinct, conscious effort, even in the freedom of ordinary social intercourse, that he was able to regard and to treat as an equal a man who had sat in that exalted seat.

No Long Speeches in English Court-rooms

This illustrates what is, perhaps, the most striking difference between British and American courts. Our attorneys do not appear to be dominated by a feeling of veneration for the judiciary; their whole attitude is far removed from that. In England it is the judge, and not the attorney, who habitually interrupts, raises objections, and insists upon explanations. If the attorney puts a question to a witness worded in such a manner as to raise a false issue, the judge instantly interferes. He may even assume the chief burden of the examination of witnesses, or jurors or litigants may be encouraged to question the witnesses. In any event, the examining of witnesses is controlled in every detail by the presiding justice. If, in addressing the court, an attorney makes a statement which the judge regards as false or misleading, he is immediately interrupted and the errors are corrected. Or, if in the opinion of the court the remarks of the attorney are not edifying, they are promptly checked.

In some instances which came under my observation, the judge would question the lawyer who was trying to address the court and indicate the points which admitted of more light. Long speeches were at a discount. I do not believe that in all the trials that I attended any attorney's discourse exceeded twenty minutes. I recall just one instance in which a judge was interrupted by an attorney and accepted a correction from him. That was in the High Court of Scotland. The advocate called the attention of the judge to certain words found in the attorney's brief. The courteous gentleman replied, "I beg your pardon, sir. I ought to have known what you have written."

In a Quarter Sessions Court in England I did, indeed, once witness a scene which reminded me of the familiar American court-room. The magistrate in charge was not a man learned in law, and the cause was one in which much interest was manifested, it being conducted by two barristers from London. The presiding justice became confused, and the opposing lawyers ran riot after the American fashion. But, at the same time and in the same building, a session of the same court was presided over by Sir Richard Paget, in which nothing of the sort could possibly have occurred. In all my observations I remember and have made note of but the one sole instance in which the presiding magistrate failed to command.

The Case of Aunt Chloe and the Orangemen

The contrasts referred to may be made clearer by more detailed accounts of a few typical cases.

I was prepared to appreciate the great dissimilarity of legal methods in the old and the new countries by an experience in an Iowa District Court just before leaving home. I was called as a witness in a civil suit, and as the court was delayed more than a day in disposing of a previous case on the docket, I had opportunity to make some interesting observations. A negro boy had been punished so cruelly as to cause his death. The stepfather was already in the penitentiary as the principal offender, and the grandmother was under indictment as an accessory. Since the accused was without money or influence, it was expected that little time would be consumed in the trial. But Judge Lynch, a noted lawyer from Illinois, appeared as the friend and defender of the prisoner. He explained and elaborated the fact that "Aunt Chloe" had lived for years in his family. Learning that she was in trouble and among strangers, her old patron had come to see that justice was done. The County Attorney, having employed the best legal talent available, prosecuted the case with all his might. A battle of lawyers ensued, in which the fate of the poor negro woman was a minor consideration. Judge Lynch conducted the defense with great ability, making a fine address to the jury, that was intensely enjoyed by the other lawyers present. He described the idyllic conditions that prevailed at his prairie home in another State, where his innocent children had sported with the dark-skinned creatures who called "Aunt Chloe" mother. "And," he exclaimed, "on the Sabbath day, while my little ones went to the Catholic Sunday school, Aunt Chloe and her children were faithful attendants upon the Methodist Sunday school!"

The jury was out all night. While Judge Lynch was anxiously awaiting the verdict, the opposing attorney called his attention to the Catholic-Methodist passage in his speech. Said he, "You were all right as to the Methodists. There are Methodists on that jury, and they are probably pleased to learn that Aunt Chloe attends their church. But the men on that jury with Irish names are not Catholics; they are Orangemen. They would like to hang you, and you may depend upon it they will do all they can to hang your client." This was, in a sense, correct. The Orangemen stood out for a verdict for the highest crime possible. An illogical compromise verdict was finally reached. Aunt Chloe was made guilty of "*an assault, with the intention to commit manslaughter.*" That is, she was guilty of intention to accomplish an unintended result! Absurd as the finding appeared, the presiding justice explained that the State Supreme Court had ruled that such a verdict is valid, and he therefore sentenced the accused to three years' imprisonment. But for the attorney's mistake in assuming the Orangemen to be Catholics, his client would probably have been acquitted.

Baron Huddleston Refuses to Discriminate in Favor of a Gentleman

By way of contrast with this, I present a two days' session of Baron Huddleston's court at Warwick, England. Eighteen cases of serious crime were disposed of in the two days. On the first day the grand jury handed down indictments against twelve persons. Of these, nine pleaded guilty and were sentenced.

One of these concerned the conduct of a solicitor from Coventry, who was charged with committing fraud by forging the names of his relatives. The grand jury were informed that the evidence in this case was such that it would be their duty to find a true bill, and before the trial jury were ready for business a true bill was handed down against the solicitor. With great apparent contrition the accused pleaded guilty, and a barrister set forth on his behalf that, having a wife and four children, he had unfortunately lived beyond his means and had borrowed money at ruinous rates of interest; that at the beginning of his career he had fully intended to repay; that the sums obtained by fraud were not used for himself, but went to reimburse his creditors. Furthermore, it was pleaded that the prisoner had suffered intense agony during the months since his crimes were committed and had lost more than fifty pounds in weight; that he, belonging to an honored family in good social position, had always lived in the best society, and was himself a refined and cultured gentleman. Under such circumstances, urged the barrister, any sentence would have the effect of a severer punishment than if it were pronounced against a man in the lower walks of life.

In declaring sentence, the Baron called attention to the fact that one of the unpleasant duties required of a man in his position was sometimes to pass adverse judgment upon one of his own class. But such a circumstance, he held, should not have the effect of mitigating the severity of that judgment. That the criminal was a man of education and culture served only to aggravate his wrong-doing. "I can quite well understand," said the judge, "that the suffering of such a man is keener and more bitter than that of others. Yet on this account there should be no lighter sentence passed than would be given to the poorest and meanest of the Queen's subjects guilty of like violation of law. I therefore sentence you to twelve years

of penal servitude." Upon this the prisoner fell into the arms of attendants and was carried from the room.

The Trial of an English Workingman

The honored and venerable judge — at this time about eighty years of age — appears in this instance as the personification of stern and inflexible English justice. Other cases, however, illustrate other phases of the character of the trained jurist. A little later, at the same session, a tall, good-looking workingman was placed on trial for an offense that involved the life of a chimneysweep. The two men were talking politics when a quarrel arose between them. The father of the chimneysweep encouraged them to fight it out. They fought, and one of them fell on the pavement and died from the effect of the fall. Many witnesses appeared to testify to the good character of the prisoner. He was shown to be an honest, law-abiding man, not habitually quarrelsome. He had never before been known to fight or to violate any law. Yet the jury found him guilty, and it became the judge's duty to pass sentence. The old man hesitated and appeared to be in much mental distress. Said he, "I don't know what to do with you. I have not often listened to such satisfactory testimony to good moral character. I do not want to send you to prison. If I had before me the father who egged on the fight, I should know what to do with him." Then, entering into familiar conversation with the unfortunate man before him, he inquired into the particulars of the fatal political discussion. "What do you mean by talking politics?" he asked. "Why," said the prisoner, "I mean about Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury." The judge seemed much amused and his eyes twinkled with merriment. Questioning further as to the respective sides taken by the parties to the debate, he elicited the information that the survivor of the combat stood for Mr. Gladstone. Sentence was passed in the words: "I dismiss you upon the Queen's recognizance," and the man walked out of the court-room practically a free man. In this case I saw Baron Huddleston personifying English justice as flexible and considerate of the rights of the common man.

Another trial in the same court shows the marked consideration of the just judge for the rights of a known criminal. Two men, Wright and Grice, were indicted for theft and burglary. Wright pleaded guilty and offered himself as a witness in defense of Grice. The prosecuting attorney and the police who were his witnesses seemed determined to convict. By the form of his questions the attorney assumed that the two men were together when the crime was committed. For this the judge reproved him sharply, explaining that the very point at issue in the trial was whether or not they were together. Later the attorney repeated the offense, and then the judge summarily set the lawyer aside and himself assumed entire charge. Grice, who was on trial, though a youth of only eighteen, was encouraged to question the police who were witnessing against him. With one of them he fell into a wrangle, and the witness accused Grice of lying. Again the court came to the defense of the prisoner and sternly rebuked the witness, saying, "The defendant is a British subject, and he has a right to question you without being abused."

The witnesses for the defense were all of them criminals, and it was made clear that both Grice and Wright belonged to a den of thieves in Birmingham. The burglary to which Wright pleaded guilty resulted in securing valuable goods which were afterward taken from him by other thieves. When Wright was arrested, he was under the impression that it was Grice who had stolen from him, and from motives of revenge he gave his name as that of a participant in the original burglary. Afterward Wright became convinced that he was mistaken and determined to make reparation. When the jurors, following the instructions of the court, rendered the verdict, "Not guilty," they knew that the defendant was a thief and that the evidence in his favor came from criminals, yet they were convinced of his innocence of the particular crime charged in the indictment. It required expert work to clear the young man, and the judge, turning upon him, said, "I trust you appreciate what I have done for you." Grice protested that he did.

In criminal cases the presiding justice has before him the previous criminal record of the accused, though no reference is made to this document until the verdict is reached. In this case, young Grice had been already five times convicted of crime. Before dismissing the prisoner the judge gave him true fatherly advice, reproved him for his past sins, complimented him upon his manifest intelligence, and secured from him an apparently sincere promise that he would henceforth use his faculties to earn an honest living.

Skilful Detective Work by an Examining Judge

In so fair and just a court it is exceedingly rare for an innocent man to be condemned; nor is it easy there for the guilty to escape. The skill of the judge in detecting guilt was shown in the conduct of another case from Birmingham.

Several men were indicted for riot. They concocted an elaborate scheme to prove an alibi. The ordinary false testimony for that purpose is usually detected by the lack of agreement among the witnesses as to details. In this instance there was much detail, but perfect accord. The evidence for the prosecution was weak and unconvincing. Experienced attorneys saw no alternative to an acquittal; but the judge seemed possessed of a suspicion. Among the many witnesses for the defense was a little girl about ten years old. The judge ordered her to be brought back. Entering into familiar conversation with the child, he gradually led her to talk of her experiences in connection with the coming to court. Thus he won from her the artless story of the training to which she had been subjected to fit her for the part she was to play, together with the names of those who had taught her to testify as they wished. These were among the witnesses already examined. They were recalled, one by one, and the skilful questioner drew from them the confession that they had formed a plot to deceive the court by spending an evening together, so that they could all testify to the same events and all tell the truth, the only false statement being the bare fact of date.

It should be observed that during the trial the witnesses are isolated and each one is kept in ignorance of the testimony of the others. It is thus made dangerous to depart from strict truth.

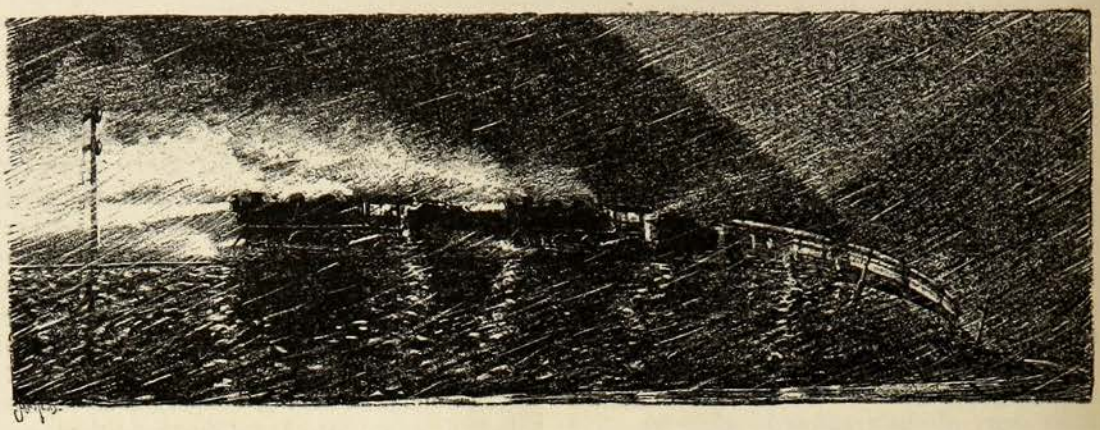
Six Criminal Cases Tried in Five Hours in an English Court

Two things in the procedure of Baron Huddleston's court were especially and profoundly impressive. One was the great care and deliberation in making use of all available evidence that the cases required. At no time was there any appearance of haste. On the contrary, there was apparent the utmost solicitude to gain a correct view of all the material facts. More surprising still was the speed with which final results were reached.

I made notes of the precise amounts of time occupied by the events of one session of the Warwick Assize. In all, six cases of serious crime were disposed of. One man indicted for murder pleaded guilty and was sentenced to be hanged. In passing sentence the judge carefully reviewed the evidence that had been presented to the grand jury. The accused availed himself of the privilege of making an extended statement before his condemnation was pronounced. This case consumed forty-seven minutes. The other five went through all the stages of trial, and verdicts were rendered. One of these was the case of Wright and Grice described above, which occupied one hour and fifteen minutes.

Another of the five cases was of a character such as in an American court would often take the time of the court for a week. A woman was on trial for the murder of her husband. Both husband and wife had enjoyed a reputation for good character. There had been no quarrel, no dispute or estrangement of any sort between them. They were not accustomed to use liquor to excess, yet at the time of the tragedy both were intoxicated. The husband had applied a vile epithet, and the wife had caused his instant death by the use of an iron poker. When I recall the large number of witnesses examined in this trial, the expert testimony of surgeons, the addresses of attorneys, the elaborations of the judge in explaining the various grades of homicidal crime, and the real difficulty that both judge and jury seemed to encounter in making due allowance for the fact of intoxication, it is hard to believe that all took place within less than two hours. It was in this case that the jury deliberated for nine minutes before delivering their verdict; and the verdict was: "Guilty of manslaughter." The three remaining cases occupied forty-seven, twenty-two, and twenty-four minutes, respectively. The entire time consumed by the six cases was five hours and twenty-eight minutes.

Rapidity of movement was equally notable in civil causes. In the English county court, in which civil causes involving $250 or less are litigated, parties to the suit meet in front of the judge and state their own cases. If there are witnesses, they have already been sworn and are placed at the right and left of the bench. In the most informal manner the judge, the parties to the suit, and the witnesses talk over the matter together. In this court plaintiffs and defendants conduct their own cases, it being quite unusual for them to employ attorneys. The judge comes to be an expert in getting at the essential facts. He settles suits involving a good deal of detail at the rate of one every five minutes. When no legal technicalities are recognized, when there are no opposing attorneys to make objections, with a trained jurist, familiar with the law, who has the litigants and the witnesses before him, it becomes impossible to consume much time in reaching a decision. Procedure in both civil and criminal courts resembles informal arbitration, from which legal technicalities and extraneous topics are strictly excluded.



BUFFALO MOUNTAIN TUNNEL

BY

ARTHUR K. AKERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. B. MASTERS

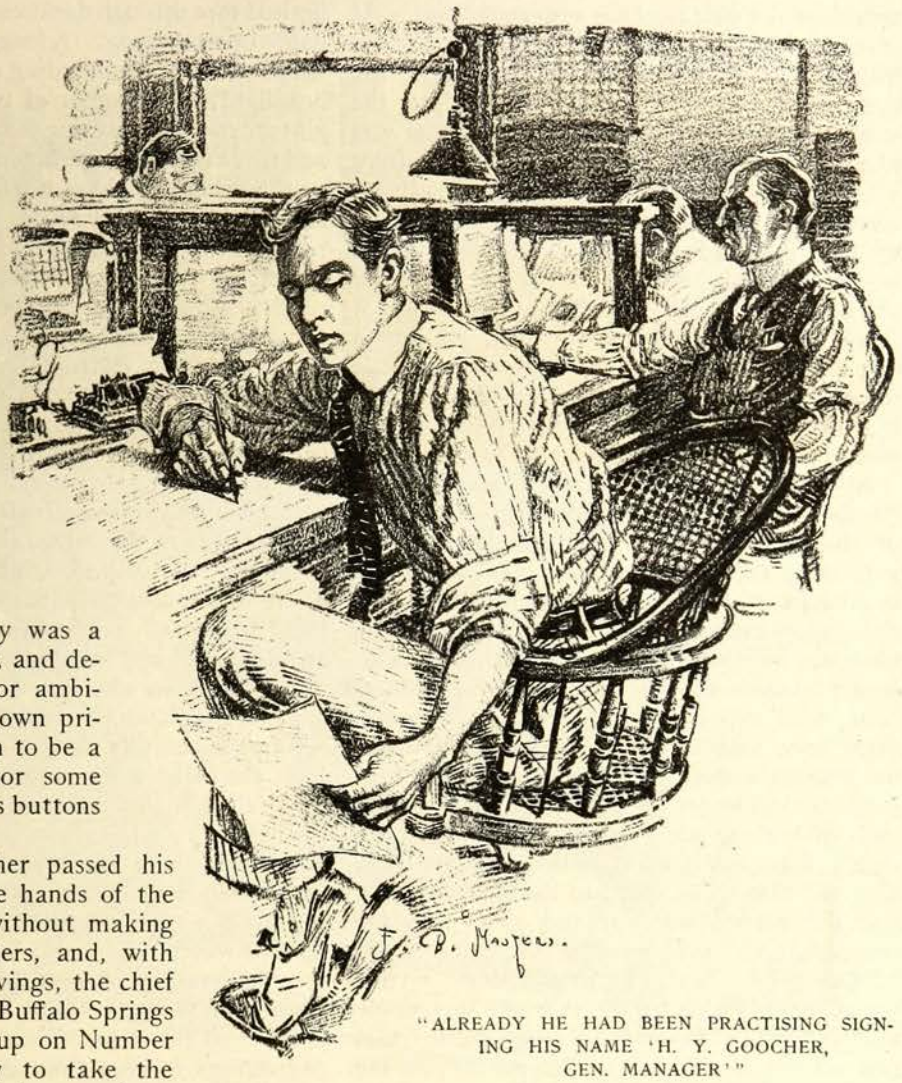
THERE came a lull in the clatter of the sounder on the south-end train wire, and McGrath stood for a moment at the open window, looking out on the gleaming rails, red and green switch-lamps, interminable lines of freight-cars, hurrying switch-engines, and high-hung arc-lamps that made up the picture of the Springfield railway yards at night. Something in the softness of the warm spring night brought a sense of peace and relaxation to the tired despatcher, and for a brief space his load of care and weariness was lightened and sweetened. A little breeze sprang up, the forerunner of a coming thunder-storm; then the staccato click of the instrument broke in again, and back to the table he went, to take up once more the burden of the Springfield division.

McGrath was young and capable, and a train-despatcher at twenty-three, but already the fearful nerve-strain of the work was telling on him and showing itself in the tired lines about his eyes and in the quick, nervous motion of his hands. Fairworth, the first trick despatcher, was sick, and for a week McGrath had been on duty fourteen and fifteen hours a day. All day long the fast fruit trains had been fighting their way up from the south, taking sidings only for the south-bound passengers; and, weary as he was, there had been no let-up in the pace as night came on. The fruit and vegetable movement was unusually heavy, and the despatchers and motive power men were on the jump to handle a double-track traffic on the single pair of rails. McGrath had been running them as closely together as he dared, and more than one rule had been broken that day in an effort to get trains into the division terminals without unseemly delays. So long as the guardian angel of train crews is able to forestall accidents, superintendents are not given to asking embarrassing questions as to why trains come in on time.

Finally, at eight o'clock, the division was in such shape that the despatcher could light his pipe and lean back in his chair for a moment's speculation on the probable outcome of the appointment of Goocher as second trick operator at Buffalo Springs.

Now Clark, the superintendent, really had no business putting Goocher out on the line as a telegrapher, but the new nine-hour law had him in a tight place for operators, and he took the risk in giving the boy a trial. Goocher had been hanging around headquarters for something over a year, doing various errands, and picking up telegraphy in his spare quarter hours; but he was more noted for his gastronomical ability

than for his good judgment. Along with his "brass pounding" and his forage he had absorbed a fair working knowledge of the rules and a soaring ambition to be General Manager. Already he had been practising signing his name "H. Y. Goocher, Gen. Manager," but this was in secret, where Billy Williams, the call-boy, could not see; for Billy was a child of the gutter, and devoid of illusions or ambitions, save for his own private determination to be a passenger conductor some day and wear brass buttons on his coat.



"ALREADY HE HAD BEEN PRACTISING SIGNING HIS NAME 'H. Y. GOOCHER, GEN. MANAGER'"

Somehow Goocher passed his examination at the hands of the chief despatcher without making any serious blunders, and, with a few secret misgivings, the chief gave him a pass to Buffalo Springs and orders to go up on Number Thirteen that day to take the second trick, which was from three in the afternoon until midnight. Fairly overwhelmed with happiness, he made his way out of the office, visions of his own brilliant future almost blotting out the every-day realities of the big depot. Operator, Despatcher, Chief Despatcher, Master of Trains, Superintendent, General Manager, President! He saw himself climbing the ladder of promotion, round after round, without a thought of difficulty.

Buffalo Springs is not a metropolitan place; in fact, it is hardly a town at all. Some seven or eight stores, the post-office, and one small hotel — these, with the depot, make up the business portion of the village. The railroad company finds it convenient to keep its telegraph-office in the station open all night, in order the more easily to handle the movement of trains through the mile-long Buffalo Mountain Tunnel, just north of the town, as it is the longest on the road.

That afternoon the accommodation stopped long enough to disgorge Goocher and his trunk, and then proceeded on its placid way. The new operator was immediately initiated in the mysteries of the local switchboard and wires, and as soon as the agent's back was turned, the third trick operator took advantage of Heaven-sent opportunity to inform the new man that it would be part of his duties to keep the waiting-room stove polished. That was the third trick man's own work, but the article mentioned was eloquent of sad neglect.

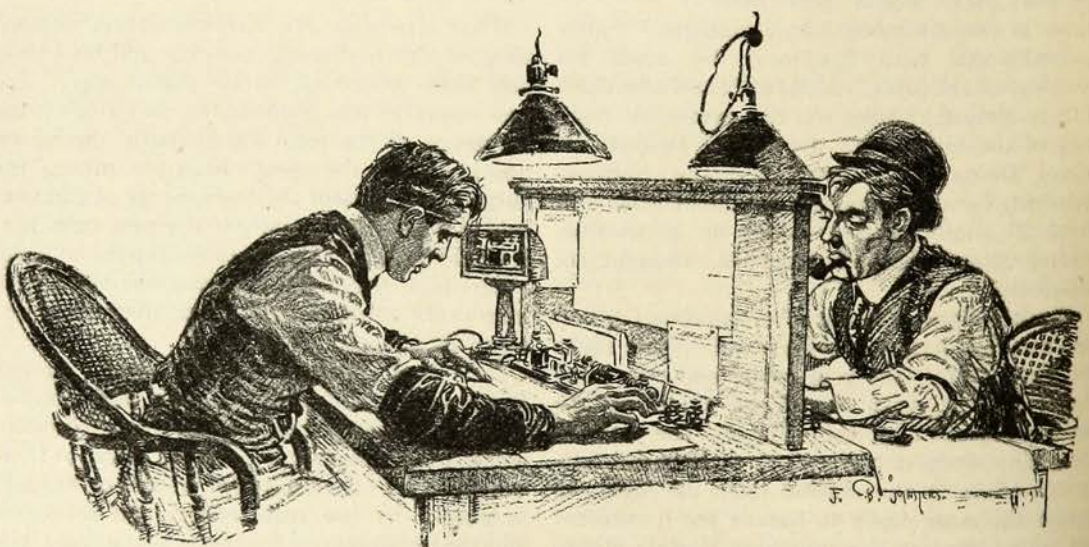
No local passenger-trains went through Buffalo Springs during the time that Goocher was to be on duty, and as a rule the two limiteds ignored the very existence of the place, so there would be no tickets for him to sell or baggage to check. A few train orders and messages, and the possibility of having to make some wire tests and "patches" for the Western Union wire chief at Springfield, a hundred miles north,

would be the extent of his responsibilities. At seven o'clock that night the agent went home leaving everything in good shape and the embryo official in charge. Two hours later the stove was shining brilliantly, and Goocher was filled with complacency at having successfully "copied" his first train order at his new post. Every little while the freights came storming up the long grade from the south toward the entrance to the "Knob Country" at the other end of the long tunnel, and once the little depot shook with the flying tread of the north-bound fast mail; but McGrath was throwing as little responsibility as possible on his untried operator that night, and making his meeting-points elsewhere, so they did not stop.

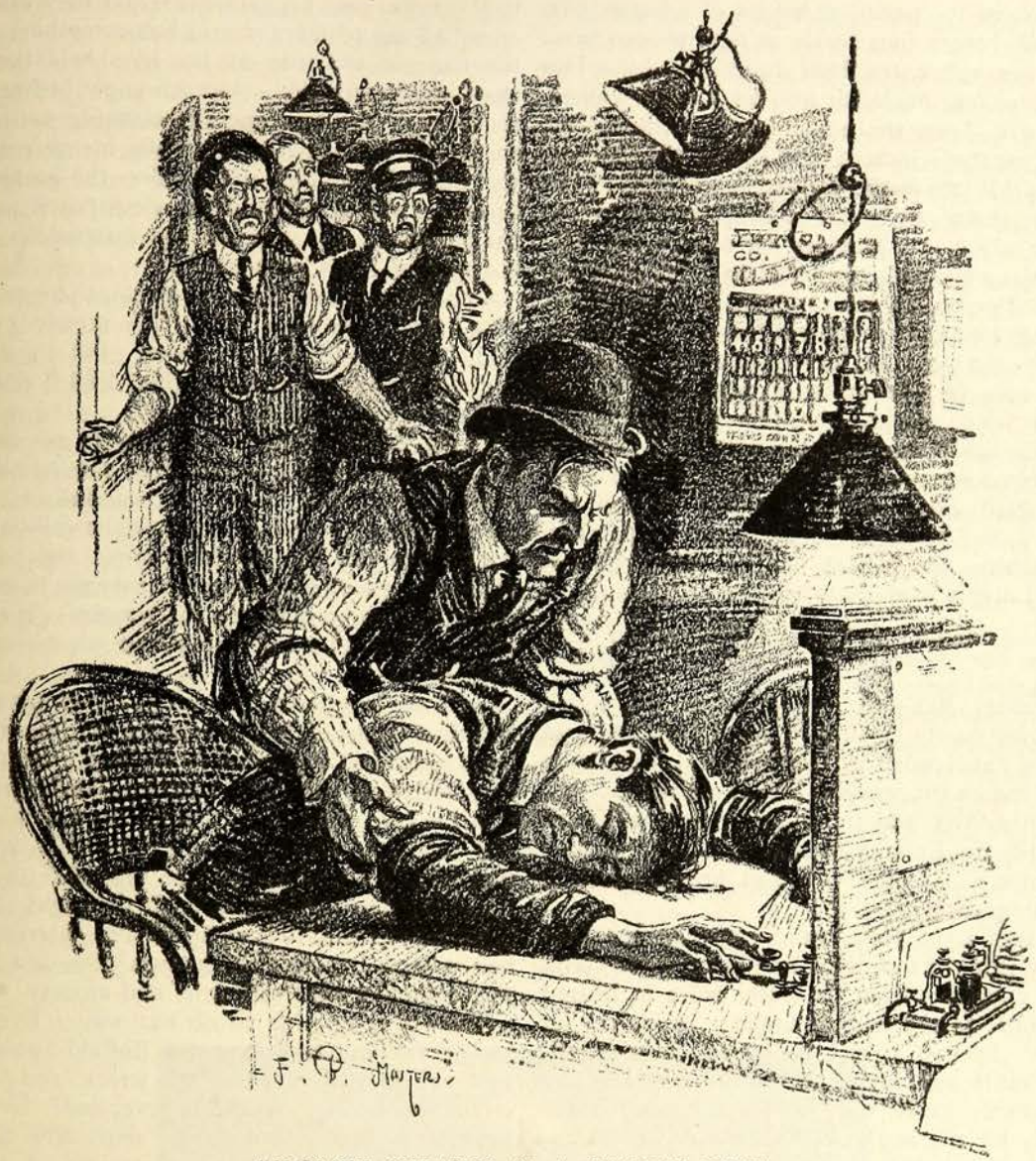
At nine twenty-two, Number Twenty-three, the flier for New Orleans, came into Springfield off the north division thirty minutes late and with three extra sleepers for the Crescent City in addition to the long string of Pullmans that she always carried. A big convention of some kind was on down there, and the through passenger business was very heavy. Five minutes later, with two engines at her head, Twenty-three drew slowly and easily out from under the long train-shed. Faster and faster the rail-joints clicked under the wheels, the short, quick puffs of her engines' exhausts deepened into a steady roar, the coaches settled into the long, easy roll that spells speed to the railroad man, and the limited was out and away into the storm that was just breaking.

"O. S., O. S. No. 23 by 10.45. XO.," rattled the sounder, which meant that she was safely past Dixonville, twenty-five miles south. Station after station reported her passage as the limited tore through darkness and storm without pause or slackening. A long-drawn, deep-toned whistle chime; the blinding glare of the electric headlight; the thunder of two huge racing engines; car-trucks beating madly on switch-frogs, and three red lamps glimmering down the tracks — this was the flight of the flier which operators in lonely towers and depots far out in the night reported to McGrath. With eye on the train-sheet and three quick fingers of his right hand on the key, he sat under the green-shaded electric and held the division in the hollow of his hand. Guiding, controlling, checking, starting, he handled the trains without a slip or a falter. For an ordinary mortal to err is, in a measure, excusable, but it is not so with the train-despatcher. A "lap-order" or a moment's forgetfulness may mean costly equipment and human lives in the ditch; then a "lost nerve," sometimes a suicide, and always disgrace. There are no old despatchers. Either "something happens," or the growing fear that this awful something will take place some day causes the man who has sat at the train-sheet for years without promotion to drop out, and a younger one fills the gap.

As the night wore on, McGrath's tired brain kept faithfully and almost mechanically at its task of keeping the trains out of one another's way. Once a heavy freight was delayed for thirty minutes, and for three quarters of an hour the slender threads of copper along the right of way pulsated the cancelations of orders and the making of new meeting-places. The storm was working havoc with the wires and made it all the more difficult for operators and despatchers to keep the road clear.



"GUIDING, CONTROLLING, CHECKING, STARTING, McGRATH HANDLED THE TRAINS WITHOUT A SLIP OR A FALTER"



"McGRATH COLLAPSED IN A CRUMPLED HEAP"

At eleven o'clock the first and second sections of train Number Eighty-four, a north-bound fast fruit train, were waiting in a siding at Roanoke for Number Twenty-three to pass. Only the third section remained, and after that there would be no more meetings for the limited on McGrath's division. Ten minutes before this, third Eighty-four had left Sand Mountain, the crew expecting to meet Twenty-three at Trenton, just north of the Buffalo Mountain Tunnel. No night operator was stationed there, and, once she was past Roanoke, the despatcher would be unable to stop the passenger-train until she reached Buffalo Springs. Thirty minutes passed; she must be nearly to Trenton, while Buffalo Springs had not yet reported the fruit train in from Sand Mountain, ten miles below. McGrath did not know that the freight had been laid up two miles south of the Springs, cooling a blazing hot-box, but he suspected something of the kind and sent this message to Goocher:

Operator, Buffalo Springs:
Set board quick to hold third 84, then go north up track with lantern and flag 23. Hold 23 until third 84 is in siding there. H. H. C.

These unusual orders upset Goocher's mental balance, and, forgetting in his haste to set the semaphore to stop the freight, he snatched up a lantern and plunged out into the storm. As he fought his way around the curve in the track, almost blinded with rain and scarcely able to hear for the roar of the wind among the trees,

he caught the frantic shrieking of a locomotive whistle behind him barely in time to leap from the ties before the fruit train shot by. The engineer had mistaken him for a track-walker. The fall down the embankment extinguished the operator's lantern, and by the time he had found his feet in the darkness and regained the track, it was useless to attempt to signal the train which was hurrying on toward the supposed meeting-place at Trenton; yet he must try. Desperately he fumbled in his dripping clothes for a dry match, but they only sputtered feebly and went out, leaving him helpless before the fury of the gusts of wind and pelting drops which mocked him. Something must be done quickly, and, covered with mud from his tumble down the side of the fill, he limped and stumbled along in the darkness toward the depot to warn the Springfield despatcher. Breathless and almost fainting, he reached it and faltered over the wire:

I forgot to turn the board. Third 84 passed 11.25.
B. S.

Quietly McGrath looked up at the watch hanging on the hook in front of him, and said to big Pat Henderson, the north-end despatcher, working on the opposite side of the table, "Pat, Twenty-three and third Eighty-four will meet head-on in Buffalo Mountain Tunnel. Get — Trenton — if — if ——" and he collapsed in a crumpled heap.

Bang! went Henderson's pipe on the floor as he threw it from him, and in came the clerks and operators from the outer office in instant response to the note of urgency in his cry for help. In two strides Henderson was around the table and lifting McGrath, who lay face downward on it, with his fingers groping aimlessly for the key. As soon as the others had carried the half-conscious man to another table, the only couch they had, and laid him on it, Henderson turned his attention to the train-sheet. It only confirmed the horrible thing that McGrath had told him. There was Trenton for the passenger-train yet to pass, and one chance in ten thousand that the day operator would be on hand; but the faintest possibility was worth considering now.

"Rn, Rn, Rn Di," called Henderson. Slowly and patiently he sounded it — "Rn, Rn, Rn," but the wire was dumb. Again he tried it: "Rn, Rn, Rn. For God's sake answer. Rn, Rn, Rn Di." Young Winkler broke down utterly and sobbed aloud. It was too heart-breaking to hear the pleading in the tones of the sounder.

Already news of the impending horror had in some strange manner penetrated downstairs to the ticket and baggage men, and they came crowding up to learn more; but something in the faces of the men at the keys held them awed and tongue-tied. Outside could be heard the beat of the rain and the clanging switch-engines in the yard below, while in the room was only the sobbing of Winkler, the gasping breath of the slowly reviving despatcher, and the pathos in the voice of the instrument as it implored Trenton to answer.

Henderson gave up the attempt to raise "Rn," and hope departed. "It's no use," he said, "Twenty-three is by there. But I'll ask Buffalo Springs again about third Eighty-four, just to be sure."

"I, I, B. S.," came the answer to his call, and the delicate relay registered the tremble of Goocher's hand. Slowly and carefully Henderson asked him for a report, while call-boys scurried to call the wrecking crew, and telephones rang with hurry summons for physicians and nurses to go down on the wrecker. There was no mistake; third Eighty-four was by and into the tunnel.

With the first dawn of returning consciousness McGrath struggled feebly to get down from his improvised bed and over to the key. Gently they restrained him and strove to assure him that the fault was not his, but he was too dazed and unstrung to comprehend; the only idea that his brain could grasp was that of the two trains rushing together through the night and he not at the wire to stop them. The overtaxed nerves were having their innings now, and he was becoming wild with grief and anxiety.

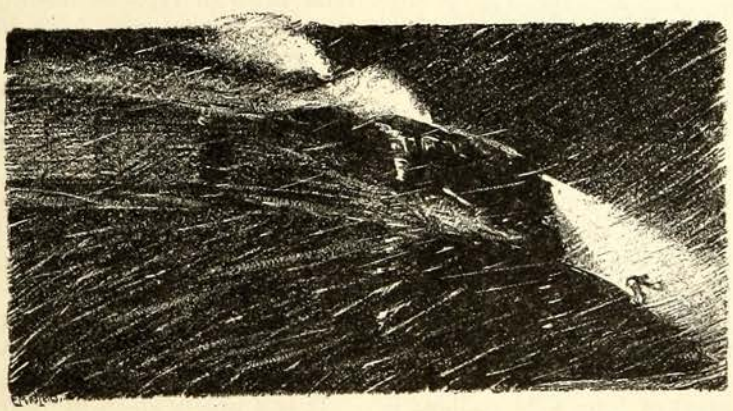
There was nothing to do but wait. Every second the watchers expected Buffalo Springs to break in with word of the wreck, and the strain was killing. Would it never end? Even news of disaster would seem a relief after this awful waiting. Then the chattering of the instruments died down for a time, a rare occurrence, which only added to the tension. Even they seemed to catch something of the spirit of doom which hung over the south division, and to be awed into silence by it.

Into the minds of the men in the room came a vision of the darkened cabs, silent engineers seated high up on the right-hand sides of the boilers, firemen ceaselessly shoveling coal into fire-boxes that were ever hungry for more, and the glare on the angry clouds as the furnace doors swung open and shut. They saw the dimly lighted Pullmans with their swaying curtains, behind which were the sleeping passengers who were being hurled so remorselessly toward destruction; and then even imagination mercifully recoiled from what would happen in the long black hole under the mountain.

The wrecking train was coming down the yard to get orders for a run like the wind to the scene of the wreck; a few of the near-by doctors were beginning to arrive; and a pile of bandages, medicines, and cases of instruments began to grow upon the floor.

Then, like a reprieve at the last moment to a man on the gallows, came the voice of the south-end sounder. Angelic songs were never sweeter than its message as it came to the men in the Springfield office that night. "O. S., O. S. No. 23 by 11.40. B. S.," it sang. But how was it to be explained? Was Goocher out of his head with fright? Where was third Eighty-four? Could two trains pass each other on a single track in a tunnel? All these questions flashed through the brains of the hearers as they waited to see if it could really be true, or were only a dream, that this horror had been averted. But Buffalo Springs insisted that the limited was by. It seemed preposterous, but Henderson held the wrecker, and when Roanoke reported the fruit special in, there was no more doubt. A great sigh of relief went up from the group around the despatcher's table, and in the joy of the reaction their happiness was almost uncontrollable; but McGrath was still there as a reminder of what might have been. He was sent home, and the wrecking train steamed slowly back to the shops. The explanation was simple enough, but it had never occurred to them during that terrible half-hour. Just before Twenty-three entered the last mile north of Trenton, a red light shone out suddenly on the right-hand side of the track — the electric block signal which all had forgotten — the silent sleepless guardian of the trains! One train at a time on each one-mile stretch of track was the only rule these signals knew, and they never forgot nor became confused. Instantly the engineers threw the air into the emergency brakes and eighty pairs of brake-shoes clamped down hard on as many tires of steel. Jarring and shrieking with the fire-wringing contact of the air-brakes, the long train came to a standstill, then backed slowly out of the block which she had slightly overrun, and stood panting in the darkness. A minute later third Eighty-four was out of the block and into the siding at Trenton; the signal lights in front of the passenger train changed from red to green; the great engines coughed up a shower of sparks into the night, and the limited was speeding southward once more. The sleeping passengers never knew how near death they had been.

Goocher came into headquarters the next morning looking like a ghost, and resigned; but it was a week before McGrath was back under the green shade, and a month before he was himself again. He says he still dreams of the smash that might have been down under grim old Buffalo Mountain, and I do not know, but a legend is whispered along the dark corridors of the Springfield station that when he passes one of the tall white poles that bear the signal-arms his lips move as if in a silent prayer.



THE FLY—THE DISEASE OF THE HOUSE

BY

E. T. BREWSTER

THE "typhoid fly" has been found out at last. He is no longer the pretty, harmless creature to be rescued from the coffee, "shooed" off the bread, or dug out of the omelet. He is the bearer of dysentery and typhoid fever, of cholera and tuberculosis, ophthalmia, and even smallpox. In our last war he killed more men in camp than the Spaniards killed in battle.

Almost overnight, we are beginning to realize where the fly is born and bred, and where his travels take him, and what it is he washes off into the milk. Certain facts are coming to light that are calculated to make the householder sit up and take notice — facts, moreover, which any one can verify for himself from what he sees with his own eyes, and what he can find in almost any set of reports of any Board of Health.

The Deaths of Babies Measured by the Life of Flies

For example, according to the latest Massachusetts report, the babies of Boston more than held their own through the summer of 1907, so far as ordinary infectious diseases are concerned. To the whole group of air-born maladies forty-five infants succumbed in June, and only twenty-six in August. On the other hand, from gastro-intestinal diseases, including the whole group of epidemic disorders commonly lumped together as cholera infantum, in which the contagion comes through infected food, the forty deaths of June were doubled in July; became six times as many in August, when flies are apt to be most abundant; continued at five times the June level during September, when flies are still abundant in spite of the cool weather; and did not become normal again until November. Hot weather! does one say? In large part, no doubt, for heat is good for microbes, and good for flies, and bad for babies. But September is cooler than July, has more flies — and shows more than twice as many deaths from the particular diseases that flies disseminate. October is certainly cool, but its mortality is almost as great as that of June and July together.

Or take the same facts from a slightly different standpoint. Breast-fed babies are exposed to dangers through air and water, but not through their food, and they die, at the worst, a third faster during fly-time. "Bottle" babies die three and four times faster.

What One Typhoid Fly Can Do

But, after all, one does not need statistics like these to make him suspicious of the fly; nor even such painstaking studies as that of Daniel D. Jackson, in New York City, who by means of fly-traps set in various places showed a remarkably close coincidence between the prevalence of flies and the onset of fatal cases of typhoid fever. The convincing evidence is that flies have been caught with the goods.

It is an old device, almost as old as the science of bacteriology, to let a fly crawl about on a sterilized plate of nutritive gelatin such as is commonly employed for growing cultures of bacteria. At first there is no sign; but, after a few hours in the incubator, the insect's track on the gelatin is outlined in flourishing colonies of microbes. Virtually every time the fly has put down any one of his six feet, he has planted at least one germ. A march of one inch results in a hundred vigorous cultures.

It is a pretty clean fly that does not bear a thousand germs. A fairly dirty one will carry fifty thousand. A fly just back from swill-pail or pig-pen, at the height of the season for flies and germs, carries a load approaching the record number in a drop of city milk — and this is well into the millions.

To be sure, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, these bacteria are pretty harmless. A few million bacilli of sour milk more or less,

or even of the common bacteria of putrefaction, make no special difference one way or the other. But there is always the hundredth case. A whole group of dreadful diseases, among them typhoid fever and the infectious intestinal disorders that slaughter the little babies through the summer, are propagated only as the feces of a sick person somehow or other mingle with the food of a well one. What is there that the house-fly likes better than to wallow and feed in this! Then he repairs to store or kitchen and crawls over our food.

It is easy to see why we, who during the Spanish war let the camp flies do about as they liked, lost four men by disease for every one by wounds; while the Japanese, who made war on the flies in camp as efficiently as upon the enemy in the field, lost four men by wounds for one by disease. Perhaps it was just as well for us that we were fighting Spain and not Japan.

A Perfect Contrivance for Spreading Fatal Diseases

The fact is that, regarded as a contrivance for disseminating the germs of fatal diseases, the fly is one of nature's masterpieces. A fairly large bacterium is as much smaller than a fly as a fly is smaller than an elephant. The microbes of many of our ordinary contagious disorders are a thousand times more minute than this.

The insect, moreover, is equipped with spines, hairs, folds, cavities, and projections innumerable for microbes to cling to. In addition, each of its six little feet has the sticky pad which we used to call a sucker, adhesive enough to hold the fly on a window-pane, and therefore just the thing for picking up germs by the hundred. One may well credit reports of a single fly, filthy from a swill-barrel and loaded with 582,000 bacteria of one species alone. Moreover, the fly, living on infected food, takes the microbes into his own digestive tract, carries them about for days, and deposits them by thousands in the "fly-specks." There, for example, *Bacillus tuberculosis* may live for two weeks.

It would be bad enough if the fly merely crawled about in the sputum of a tuberculous patient or the dejecta of a case of typhoid, and then simply infected the food on the way to our mouths. It does worse than this: it starts a culture of the deadly germs in the food which we are to eat to-morrow; and by the time to-morrow arrives, the single microbe has become a thousand.

Six Million and a Half Germs to a Fly

Here is a sample of a class of facts which may well give *pater familias* pause. At one of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Stations, by way of finding out how many bacteria a fly can transfer to a milk-jar, they tried shaking up flies in sterilized water and estimating the numbers washed off. The record number was 118,800,000 from eighteen individuals, or more than 6,500,000 apiece.

These, to be sure, happened to be, for the most part, harmless. But suppose they had not happened to be harmless! Recent experiments of the Massachusetts State Board of Health have shown that, at ordinary room temperatures, *Bacillus typhosus* at least doubles its numbers every three and one half hours. *Bacillus dysenteriae* multiplies somewhat more slowly, and *Bacillus diphtheriae* half as fast. Cold, short of freezing, does not affect any of the three. One typhoid bacillus, therefore, in forty-eight hours becomes 16,000, while a culture of typhoid germs introduced into milk not infrequently crowds out the harmless sorts and becomes the dominant species.

But microbes flourish and multiply in all sorts of human foods, and the human body, which might have resisted the attack of a small number, quickly succumbs when the enemy attacks in force. At Dartmouth College they have lately tried testing the air of their class-rooms by letting the dust settle on gelatin plates. If more than forty bacteria settle in ten minutes, the room is disinfected. This method does not pretend to eliminate the pathogenic organisms; it merely keeps down their numbers. But the effect has been notably to diminish sickness among the students, especially mild affections like tonsillitis, measles, and ordinary colds. It now appears that so simple a matter as filling a child's teeth cuts down by two thirds the chances of its taking the common infectious diseases of childhood, for no other reason than that the cavities in the teeth no longer serve as breeding-places for the germs already in the mouth. The worst of the typhoid fly is not merely that he visits the sick neighbor and brings home a few thousand bacilli; he concentrates the contagion in a culture of the disease.

The sucking flies are bad enough, with their sticky, germ-laden feet and their proboscides thrust into everything moist. Still, they do give their victims some sort of chance, for the germs they bear have to run their chances with human digestive fluids. The biting flies are even worse, for they inoculate directly their victim's blood.

A Greater Peril than the Automobile

Doubtless, in the course of time, the police or Congress will do something. But in the meantime what is the careful housekeeper to do? Given one easy-going neighbor, and by midsummer the flies will swarm by the ten thousand; and any one of them, loaded with the right kind of bacteria, puts the children of the household in greater peril than all the automobiles that pass the street in a year. There are housekeepers who rely on screens and fly-paper. There are kitchens where most of the accidental deaths among the insect population occur because the flies push one another off the ceiling into the food. Neither method is adequate, under modern conditions.

The fact is, the typhoid fly has opened up a new branch of medicine. The healing art began with the diseases of mankind. After hundreds of years, came the veterinarians and the study of the diseases of animals. Lately we have begun to treat diseases of plants. The next step must be to extend scientific medicine to the diseases of houses. And of all diseases of houses that is the worst which has for its microbe the typhoid fly.

But, unfortunately, when it comes to treating diseases of her dwelling, the best of housekeepers is in the herb-tea and mustard-poultice stage of medicine. All she knows about the fly is that he wants to get into the house, and that she wants to keep him out. Why he wants to get in, and how it happens that he is there at all, are questions belonging to a stage of preventive household medicine which we have still to reach.

Nevertheless, science has some contribution to make. There are certain facts concerning the household fly which, when the housekeeper understands them, will help not a little in the conduct of the war.

Why Flies Gather on the Screen Door

It is a long step toward keeping flies out of the house when one understands why they want to come in. Common opinion has it that the fly meditates profoundly on the conduct of life, knows what he wants and why he wants it, and deliberately joins the assembly around the top of the kitchen screen door to wait for the chance to dodge in when the cook comes out.

As a matter of fact, the fly is no such rational thinker. He has one supreme motive in life, and that is — to move toward the strongest smell. He enters the house because there are more smells inside than out, and, once in, he frequents the kitchen because there are more smells there than in the parlor. The fly does not find its food by sight, but by odor only. In fact, the fly's sight is extremely poor; for nature has never solved the optical problem of making a small eye see as clearly as a large one. The customary swarm of flies around the kitchen door means only that the kitchen windows are opened at the bottom, and since the top of the door is the highest opening in the room, that, rather than one of the windows, is carrying the out-draft and the smell of yesterday's soup. The moral is, adjust the ventilation so that the out-draft shall be through a screened window. No fly will ever see a door open and deliberately fly in.

For the same reason, all unused chimneys connected with fireplaces ought to be screened just as carefully as the windows. In the cool weather of early fall, when the flies are worst, the chimney-draft is usually outward. The fly never hunts for an opening to come in by; but he does head upstream to an air-current which bears the savor of most human foods. Therefore, when the air of the home goes out of a chimney, the flies come in.

Baiting the Fly with an Odor

This is where the vegetarians have the advantage over the rest of us. The smell of "triscuit" and "corn-flakes" and "strength-fude" does not carry like the smell of meat. One has only to compare the conditions in a vegetarian restaurant with those in one of the common sort, to realize that the difference in the appeal which the two make to one's own nose is a fair measure of the attraction of different sorts of food for the fly. Here, also, is one advantage of a good cook who can keep food flavors in the food instead of spreading them over the landscape. There is a good deal that might be said in favor of a flyless diet for summer.

The fly's main purpose in life, then, is to follow up smells. Here, therefore, is his weak side, and here the housekeeper must attack him. If the fly goes where the smell is, there is the place to put the fly-paper. A better way still, sometimes, is to bait the "tanglefoot." Any strong-smelling food will answer; cheese, meat (which need not be strictly fresh), whatever flies collect on, can be used to lure them to destruction. Of two sheets of fly-paper similarly placed, but one baited and the other not, the baited paper will catch two or three times as many flies as the other. But the bait must be, for the fly, the most prominent odor in the room. So there are kitchens where this device is foredoomed to conspicuous failure.

At the same time, however, that one is making his appeal to the fly's nose, one must not forget

another important set of impulses — the fly's reactions to light. Nearly all adult insects are, in greater or less degree, subject to that strange attraction which draws the proverbial moth to the candle-flame. All, in our scientific jargon, are "positively phototropic to lights of moderate intensity." This does not mean in the least that they prefer light to darkness, or that they have either interest or curiosity concerning candle-flames. They simply act like a green plant in a window, and head upstream to the light-ray. The green plants which move, move lightward. So, and for the same reason, does the insect. Curiously enough, too, just as in the case of the plant, it is the blue component of the light that is most effective. Too bright a light, however, works the other way. The insect becomes "negatively phototropic," heads away from the light, and, if it flies at all, flies, on the whole, toward the darker regions. In general, too, each sort of insect has its special place where it draws the line between the moderate light toward which it turns its head, and the excessive light on which it turns its back. With most insects, also, the point at which occurs the change from positive phototropism to negative depends on temperature, food-supply, and various other changeable conditions.

Those terribly scientific people, the Germans, are utilizing this common phototropism of insects to slay objectionable moths by the ton. They set a light, of just the right size and brightness, where it will attract the moths into the sphere of influence of a vacuum fan. After that, nothing remains to be said concerning the moths.

A Scientific Device for Ridding the House of Flies

The common fly is much less sensitive to light than the moth; nevertheless, he is sufficiently phototropic to be vulnerable on that side. Every housekeeper has noticed that on certain cloudy days her flies collect on the screens and window-panes, as if they were trying to get out. It is a good plan to let them. The dim illumination inside the house has made them uncommonly sensitive to light, while outside the light is not so bright that their phototropism becomes negative.

In fact, one can usually, after a little experience, no matter what the weather, clear a room of flies by the obvious device of opening the window and letting them fly out. The light in the room must be dim, but not so dim as to remove the stimulus to movement. There should be a single bright opening, so that all the light shall come from one region. That single opening should usually be where there is shade outside, that the light there may not be too bright. These conditions fulfilled, the flies can no more stay in the room than a house-plant can grow away from the window.

Or, if one fears to leave a window unscreened in fly-time,— this certainly does take nerve or an uncommon faith in science,— it is a good plan to adjust the light to bring the flies toward the window, and equip the bright part of the room with fly-paper. This device, combined with an odoriferous bait on the paper in the bright area, is often most effective. The tendency to head toward a smell is also of the nature of a tropism. With the two tropisms working together, the problem of free will for the fly becomes purely academic.

There is really a great field for inventions which shall utilize the tropisms of too-abundant insects. It would be well worth while for the possessor of a room infested with carpet-moths to experiment with an electric light of one or two candle-power set overnight in the middle of a sheet of "tanglefoot." So far as I know, only one such invention has been aimed specifically at the house-fly. This is a contrivance invented by the late Edward Atkinson, of Aladdin oven fame — "Shin-bone Atkinson," he used to be called by persons who resented his attempts "to ameliorate the condition of the eating classes."

Sending the Flies Down a "Fly Escape"

Atkinson's "fly escape" is a window, preferably on the east side of the kitchen, which has in its lower half a single large pane set flush with the sash on the side toward the room. Thus the lower part of the window, sash and glass together, is a single unbroken surface, on which a fly can crawl unobstructed. The usual position of the sashes, moreover, is reversed, so that the upper sash drops down inside the lower.

The trap is set by dropping the upper sash six or eight inches and drawing the curtain to its lower edge. The positively phototropic flies in the dim light of early morning are obliged to go to the window. But flies are also to a marked degree negatively geotropic, that is to say, they come to rest on a vertical surface head up. When they crawl, therefore, they crawl upward. Crawling upward, they crawl between the two sashes and out of doors, where they belong. The inventor of the "fly escape" had unlimited faith in it; but the general run of cooks do not seem to be well grounded in animal psychology.

There is, theoretically, a still simpler form of the "fly escape" — though, unfortunately, it can be used only under special conditions. The fly's eyesight is extraordinarily bad, so bad that if he looks at an ordinary screen against a dark background, he sees it as a continuous

surface; but if he looks at the screen against the light he does not see it at all. This is true even of a screen with a half-inch mesh. If, then, a room with windows on one side only were screened with coarse netting, the flies would go out freely toward the light, but come in only as they blundered through. A fine screen does noticeably check the draft through a window, and one can easily imagine circumstances under which one would be willing to put up with a few insects for the sake of much fresh air.

Incidentally one may note that there is no use in trying to slap one's palm down on a fly, because he will see it coming and stand from under. The hand of vengeance should approach slowly, and then, as the victim is about to take flight, while the hand remains motionless, the middle finger should be quietly dropped on his back. The fly with his little eye can see the moving hand against the background of the room; he cannot see one finger against the background of the rest.

The first move, then, in the campaign against the typhoid fly is to find out why he comes into the house at all; the second is to replace these motives for coming in by motives equally strong for going out. There remains, however, still another matter, before we call in the police: the reason why the typhoid fly comes into the world at all.

Flies Always the Stigma of Untidiness

Fundamentally, the fly is in the world because there are moist and smelly things there. Flies cannot breed in dry places; they will not breed in clean ones. In general, then, whatever is damp and dirty contributes to the plague. Among other contributory negligences are stables; cow-barns; piggeries; decaying vegetables, meat, and cheese; dead animals; rotting straw, paper, and rags; old mattresses — the thousand and one decayable objects that get into the ash-barrel and the dump, when they ought to go into the fire. If we had no decaying organic matter, we should have no flies.

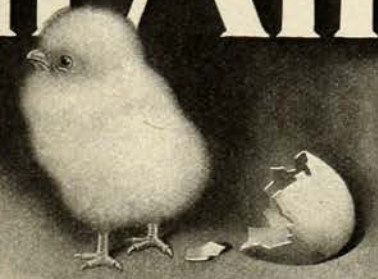
For every living creature tends to multiply up to the limit of its food supply. Communities that feed tramps at every back door have tramps, and communities that feed flies at every refuse-heap and barn have flies. Now, the staple food of the house-fly is horse-dung. Probably at least two out of every three that scrape and preen themselves over our plates have been hatched in a stable, while selected samples of stable manure are reported to assay 2,000,000,000 individuals to the ton. Luckily, these are selected and not average samples; but they show what one neglected horse may do for a neighborhood. Crude oil sprinkled over an ordinary refuse-heap will check the growth of larvae in it; but, unfortunately, this device is barred when manure is later to be used as a fertilizer, since growing crops seem to relish coal oil as little as do insects. There is nothing for it, then, but to fall back on netting, and to screen the fly's viands as carefully as we screen our own.

Above all, for the ordinary decent household there is the garbage-bucket. In theory, the garbage is removed at least once a week; and since the house-fly after the egg is laid takes ten days to come to maturity, no fly should ever hatch out in the family refuse. Practically, however, the swill-pail never gets really emptied at all. The collector tips it over, prods the contents with a stick, gives it a couple of knocks. So much of the contents as does not happen to fall out remains to inoculate the next week's refuse with larvae already half grown. The young maggots are pretty small; a hundred or two will remain in a cupful of waste at the bottom of the bucket; for, unlike the winged adult, they are negatively phototropic and shun the light. Before the next garbage collection these tiny maggots are full grown. Then they — well, they make more impression on the observer.

Of course, one ought to screen stables and barns. Quite as much ought one to screen receptacles for garbage. A counsel of perfection would be to have, in place of the usual ancient wooden bucket, two metal ones, to employ them alternately, and to have the one off duty *clean*. The housekeeper who would do that would probably see a portion, at least, of her share of flies migrate to the more odorous premises of her less tidy neighbors.

The fly can be put down. The proof is that it has been done. Speaking rashly, there are no flies in England; at least, there are so few that the inhabitants do not think it worth while to screen their dwellings. The reason is the simplest — the tight little island is kept clean. Fifty years ago flies were a nuisance in England; though not the plague they are here, for no other really civilized country was ever quite so dirty as the United States of America. This nuisance is pretty completely abated. In fifty years England has been swept and garnished, and the flies have starved.

Bon Ami



Hasn't scratched yet!!!

BON AMI makes housework easier. It can be put to *more* uses than any other scouring soap or cleaning preparation. It cleans, scours, polishes —and it does this *easily.*

It is unapproached for cleaning windows, floors, oilcloth, woodwork, tin, brass, copper, nickel and glassware. It takes grime and stain off the hands. It will not injure anything.

For glass and all metals just apply the fine lather, let it dry on a moment and then wipe it off. All dirt and tarnish will disappear, leaving a bright, clean, shining surface. For general house cleaning, scrubbing and scouring work, use in the same manner as any cleaning soap with cloth or brush.

Seventeen years on the market, and like the famous Bon Ami chick—"it hasn't scratched yet."

Wherever you see the Victor dog there is a Victor dealer who will gladly play for you—without obligation—any Victor music you want to hear.

The Victor dog is the trade-mark of only one talking-machine—the *Victor*, the world's greatest musical instrument.

The Victor dog stands for all that is newest and best in music. It is on the horn and cabinet of every *Victor*, on every *Victrola*, and on every *Victor Record*.

The next time you see the Victor dog, stop in and hear the *Victor*—you'll be amazed at its wonderful true-to-life renditions of the best music and entertainment of every kind.

There's a *Victor* for YOU—$10, $17.50, $25, $32.50, $40, $50, $60, $100; the *Victrola*, $200, $250—and your dealer will sell on easy terms if desired.

Write for complete catalogues of the *Victor*, the *Victrola*, and of the 3000 *Victor Records*.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

New Victor Records

for September

on sale throughout America on August 28

Accompaniments by the Victor Orchestra

10-inch Records—Single-faced 60 cents; Double-faced 75 cents

The double-faced records are lettered "(a)" and "(b)".

BLANCHE RING

Blanche Ring sings her "Billiken" song

Another rollicking number by this charming comedy star. This time her selection is "The Billiken Man", and she sings it spiritedly, with the same natural buoyancy, unflagging vitality and apparent joy that mark everything she does.

5731 **The Billiken Man**..Blanche Ring

5722 **Henry's Barn Dance**.....Pryor's Band
5723 **Faust—Waltz from Kermesse Scene**..Pryor's Band
5724 **See the Pale Moon** (Cornet Duet)....Clarke and Keneke
5736 **My Wife's Gone to the Country (Hurrah! Hurrah!)**.....Collins and Harlan
5726 **The Child of a King**.....Elizabeth Wheeler
5732 **Take Me Out for a Joy Ride**..Murray and Haydn Qt.
5725 **Traveling Man**.....Nat M. Wills
52722 **Manon—Et je sais nom (If I Knew But Your Name)** (Massenet).....Mlle. Korsoff and M. Beyle
16343 (a) **"Bold Stroke" Two-step**.....Victor Orchestra
16343 (b) **Turkish Patrol**.....Victor Orchestra
16338 (a) **Amore** (Violin and 'Cello).....Rattay and Heine
16338 (b) **Brunette and Blonde** (Cornet Duet).....Clarke and Keneke
16345 (a) **Gate City March** (Xylophone Solo)...Wm. H. Reitz
16345 (b) **The Nightingale** (Flute Solo).....Darius Lyons
16339 (a) **Beautiful Eyes**.....Ada Jones
16339 (b) **There is a Happyland**.....James Devins
16341 (a) **Let's Go Back to Baby Days**....Peerless Quartet
16341 (b) **How Kathleen Proposed**.....Jones and Spencer

16340 (a) **Somebody Loves You, Dear**.....Harvey Hindermeyer
16340 (b) **Up in My Aeroplane**.....Haydn Quartet
16344 (a) **I'm Crazy When the Band Begins to Play**.....Billy Murray
16344 (b) **That's a Plenty**.....Arthur Collins

Three more records by the Whitney Brothers Quartet

It is rare to find four brothers with voices so placed that they can assume the several parts in a male quartet. The selections by this favorite organization are artistically given, the voices blending admirably, while the precision is quite remarkable.

5727 **Dixie** (unaccompanied).....Whitney Bros. Quartet
5728 **Santa Lucia** (Old Italian Song) (unaccompanied).....Whitney Bros. Quartet
5730 **How Can I Leave Thee** (Old German Song) (unaccompanied).....Whitney Bros. Quartet

THE WHITNEY BROTHERS

12-inch Records—Single-faced $1; Double-faced $1.25

The double-faced records are lettered "(a)" and "(b)".

31742 **Norma Overture**.....Pryor's Band
58010 **Spinning Song** (Songs Without Words) Instrumental (Mendelssohn).....Renard Quartet
31743 **Calm as the Night**.....Reinald Werrenrath
58009 **A Trip to Inverary**.....Harry Lauder

31744 **Gems of "Havana"**—"The Yacht", "Motoring with Mater", "I'm a Cuban Girl", "Cupid's Telephone", "Hello People", "Way Down in Pensacola"..Victor Light Opera Co.
35081 (a) **Bohemian Girl Selection**.....Pryor's Band
35081 (b) **Yelva Overture** (Reissiger).....Pryor's Band

New Victor Red Seal Records

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DESTINN

A new record by Emmy Destinn

Mme. Destinn's first appearance in America was one of the notable events of the last opera season. Her success was immediate—her rare skill and her extraordinary beauty of voice being recognized at once.

The Victor Records by this gifted Bohemian soprano are perfect reproductions of her beautiful voice.

Emmy Destinn, Soprano

91086 **Madama Butterfly** — L'ultima scena (Final Scene) (Puccini) 10-inch, $2—In Italian.

A Serenade by Elman

Mischa Elman, Violinist

61185 **Serenade** (Drigo) 10-inch, $1.

The Popular Liebestraum by Backhaus

Wilhelm Backhaus, Pianist

71044 **Liebestraum (Dream of Love)** (Liszt) 12-inch, $1.50.

A Mattei Ballad by Hamlin

George Hamlin, Tenor

74140 **Dear Heart** (Mattei) 12-inch, $1.50—In English.

Three Records by Williams

Evan Williams, Tenor

64105 **Auld Lang Syne** (Burns) 10-inch, $1—In English.
64106 **Holy Night (Cantique de Noel)** (Adam) With 'cello obligato 10-inch, $1—In English.
74141 **La Favorita—Spirit So Fair** (Donizetti) 12-inch, $1.50—In English.

A Famous Spanish Baritone

Sr. Sagi-Barba, Baritone

61186 **El Juramento—Romanza** (Gaztambide) 10-inch, $1—In Spanish.
61187 **La Guerra Santa—Romanza** (Arrieta) 10-inch, $1—In Spanish.

Two New Arral Records

Blanche Arral, Soprano

64107 **El Bolero Grande** (Vasseur) 10-inch, $1—In French.
74142 **Marriage of Jeannette—Nightingale Song** (Masse) 12-inch, $1.50—In French.

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Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

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The one dessert confection equally appropriate to serve with ice cream or ices, fruits, beverages, desserts. At any time—at any place—to any person.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins.

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They'll All Be Glad

When you show your folks a dozen cans of Van Camp's, and say "No more home baking; no more soggy, broken beans," every face will smile.

For home-baked beans are hard to digest. They ferment and form gas. They are mushy and broken.

Van Camp's are digestible; they don't form gas. And they are nutty, mealy and whole.

And the tomato sauce is baked into Van Camp's, so it forms a delicious blend.

The reason lies in our ovens.

We bake in live steam, so the beans are uncrisped and unbroken.

We heat these ovens to 245 degrees. Then we bake in small parcels, so every bean gets the full heat.

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Heat alone can break up the granules so the digestive juices can act. And you can't, in a dry oven, apply half enough heat.

Beans are our choicest, cheapest food. They are 84 per cent nutriment.

The choicest beef, costing three times as much, has even a lesser food value.

It pays to have them right—to have them digestible—to have them likable.

And those dozen cans mean a dozen meals, ready whenever you want them.

You'll be glad as the rest are when you once change to Van Camp's.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

Any steam-baked beans are better than home-baked—better because they digest. But to get the delicious beans you must get Van Camp's.

To get the choicest Michigan beans, picked over by hand, we pay four times what some beans cost.

To make our sauce from vine-ripened tomatoes, we spend five times what some sauce costs.

The difference shows immensely in nuttiness, mealiness and zest. As a result, Van Camp's far outsell all other brands together.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

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Groceryman: "I suppose something else wouldn't do, would it?"

"Mamma said be sure and get

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because she's got company and she wants to visit 'stead of working in the kitchen, and everybody likes Jell-O."

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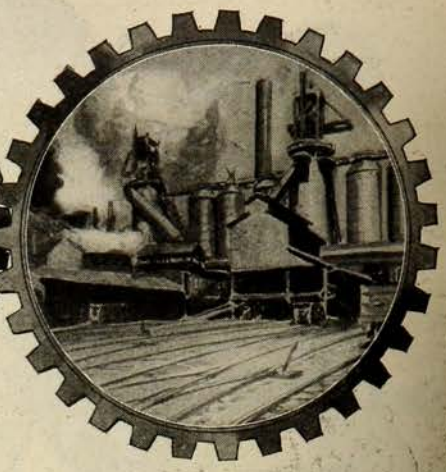
All grocers sell Jell-O, 10 cents a package.

Send for the beautiful new Jell-O book, "Desserts of the World."

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



The Multiplication of Power

There is no higher efficiency in the world than that of the American business man.

The multiplication of *power* in a business man—if he has the ability within him—depends upon the *increased number* of people whom he can, *by personal contact,* interest in his purposes.

He does this by telephone, and the multiplication of *the telephone's* usefulness depends on the *increased number* of persons whom he can reach.

In 1890 the Bell System had 200,000 subscribers' telephones in use. As late as 1899—ten years ago—it had only 500,000.

To-day it has 4,400,000—one for every twenty persons in this country—and is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

Has the vast development of industries since 1890—the greatest period of advance in the world's history—*when America has advanced faster than all the rest of the world,* been the force that has built up this great, unified, efficient telephone service; or

Has the increased ability of the American business man to bring people to him from every locality, far and near, *over the Bell Telephone System,* been the cause of the multiplication of his power and his principality?

Whichever the cause and whichever the effect, the advancement of one is inseparably linked with the advancement of the other.

The business man's Bell Telephone, with its long distance and emergency advantages, is his most precious asset next to his capital itself.

The Bell Long Distance Telephone means as much to the home as it does to the office. It is the most marvelous convenience of modern times—if not all time—added to home life.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
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Make sure of lasting protection for the roof of your home. Get Genasco—the roofing with the life that resists rain, sun, air, heat, cold, and fire.

You know it will last because we are not afraid to tell you what it is made of—

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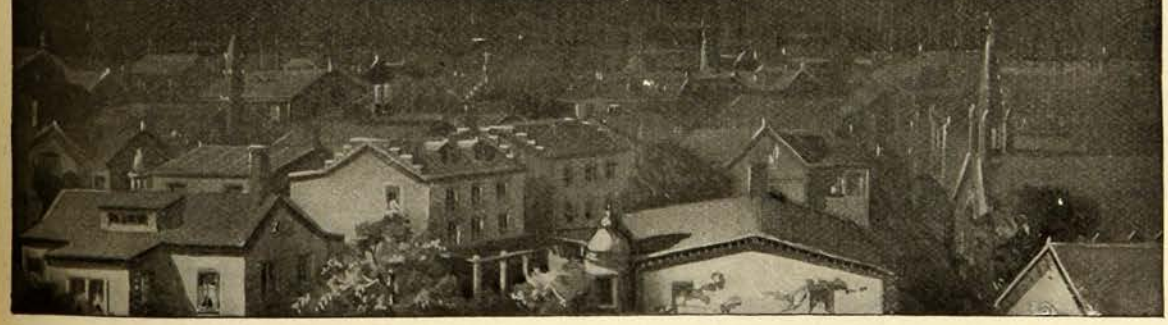

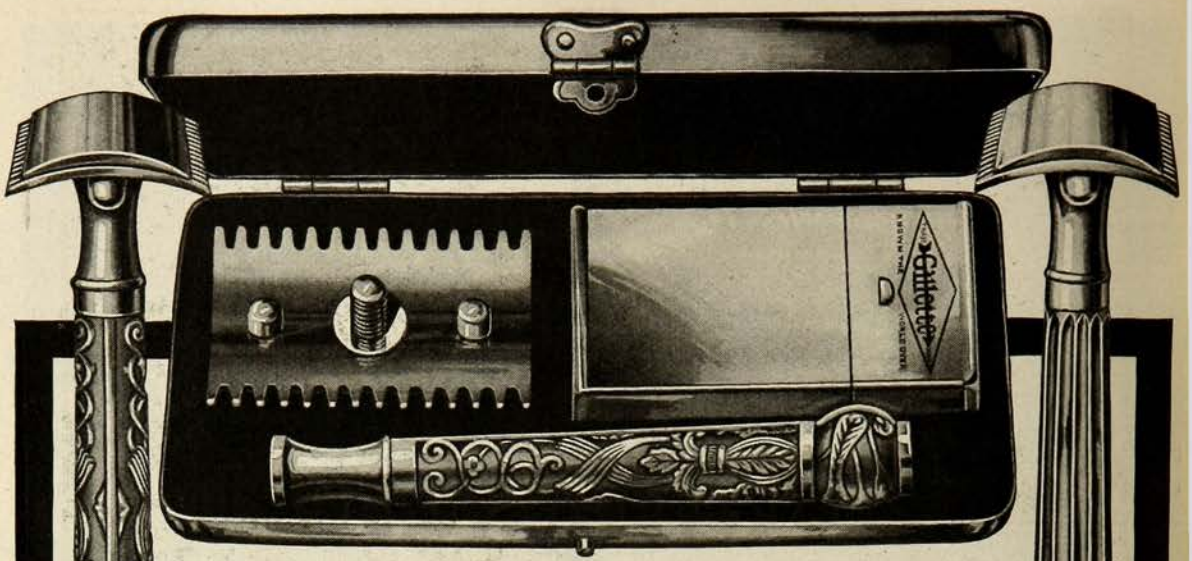

Gillette Safety Razor

A LARGE number of Gillette Safety Razors are bought by women who give them to their husbands or brothers.

Men are amusingly conservative about new devices for personal use. A man will try a Gillette if somebody gives him one—and immediately become a Gillette enthusiast. Perhaps the most frequent occurrence is that of his purchasing a Gillette after having tried one that belonged to a friend with whom he was visiting, or camping or motoring.

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It pays for itself in three months and it lasts a lifetime.

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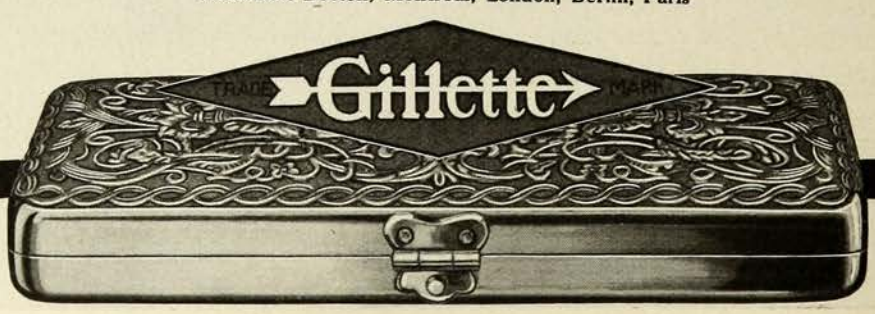

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The Mayhew product consists principally of seat furniture—chairs, couches, settles, lounges, etc., and is on sale by leading merchants in the important American cities. It includes a wide range of perfect examples in all the important English periods—in American Colonial—and luxurious upholstered furniture in Morocco and fabric coverings.

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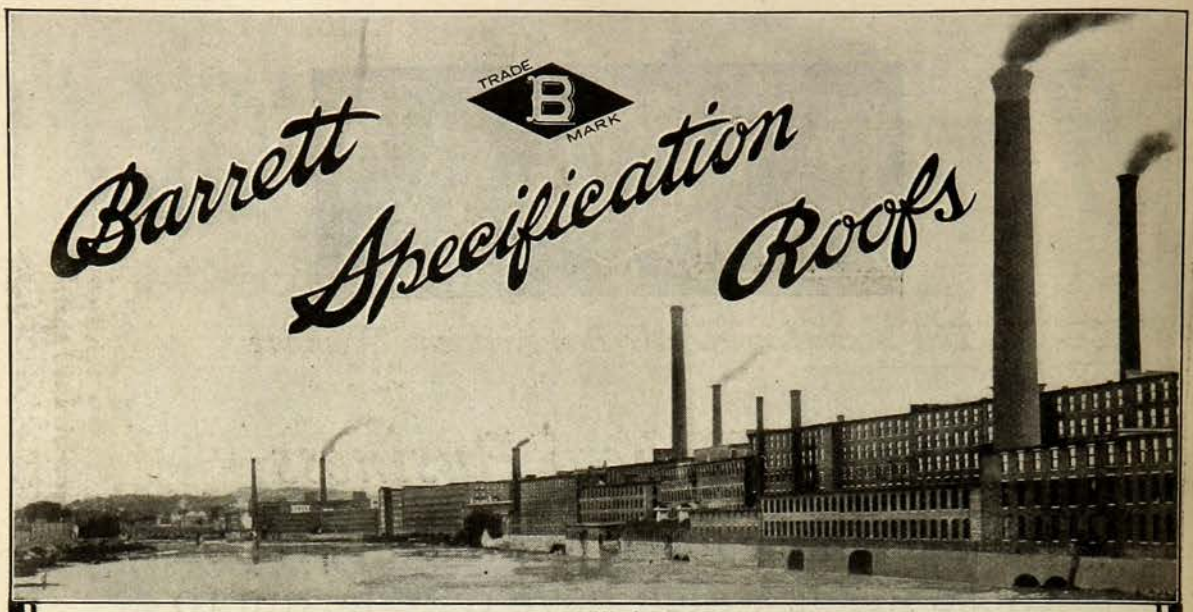

1,500,000 Square Feet of Roofs

THIS illustration includes a partial view of the great Textile Mills at Lowell, Mass. The total roof area in this group is over *1,500,000 square feet.* A number of these roofs cover merchandise and machinery of great value. A leak might cause considerable loss.

These roofs are constantly subjected to the action of acid fumes and coal smoke. Manufacturing conditions in textile mills require also the maintenance of a humid interior atmosphere which attacks the roofing from the under side, making tin roofs for instance, quite impossible.

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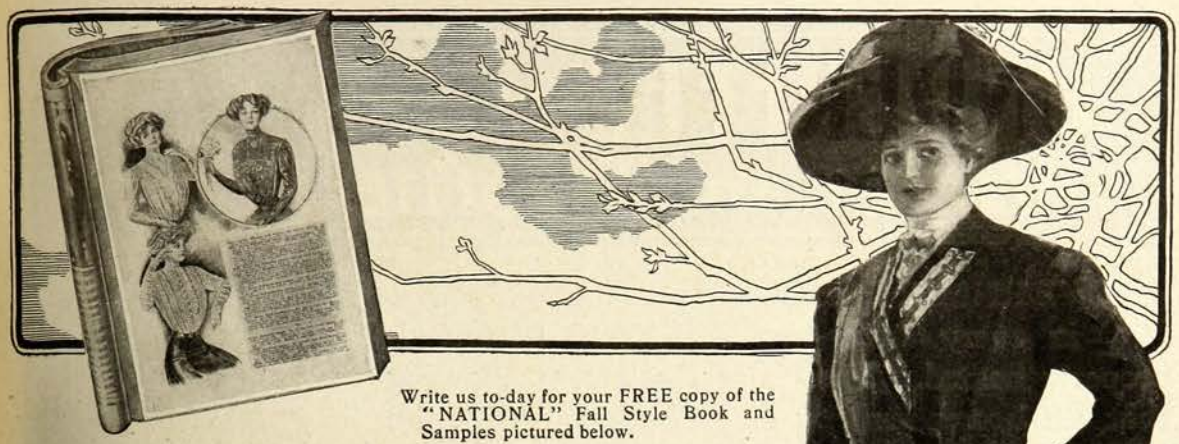

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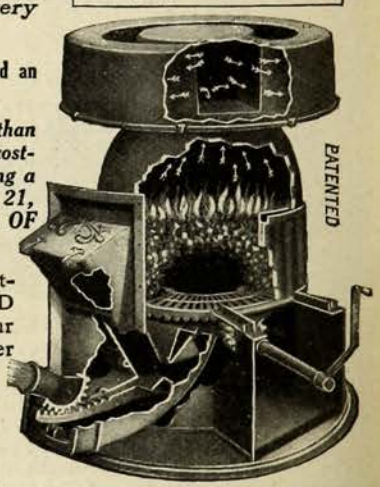
WARM AIR Furnaces - STEAM AND HOT WATER Boilers
Save 1/2 to 2/3 of Coal Bills

Smoke, soot, ashes and uneven heat—all of them sources of expense and causes of colds and discomfort—are banished by the Underfeed. *Cheapest* slack burned in the Underfeed yields as much clean, even heat, as *highest price* anthracite. Coal is fed from *below*. All smoke and gases *must* pass through the flames. They are consumed and make *more* heat. Ashes which are few, are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces. Replace your old, expensive heater NOW and enjoy *every winter* UNDERFEED dividends.

This illustration shows the Underfeed Boiler.

Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.



REV. B. G. HUBER, of Chambersburg, Pa., has used an UNDERFEED Furnace for three winters. He writes:

"It gave me better satisfaction this winter than ever before. I used siftings of buckwheat coal costing me $2 a ton, making my total cost for heating a nine-room, weatherboard house, from October 21, 1908, to May 6, 1909, just $20—a SAVING OF $48 for this season."

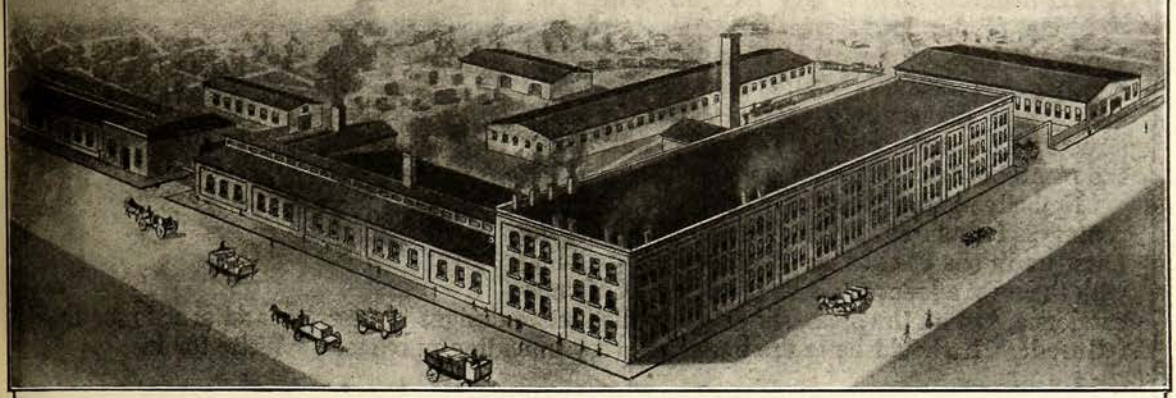
Let us send you a lot of fac-simile letters like this, with our UNDERFEED Booklet for Warm Air Furnaces, or our Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Boilers.

Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—ALL FREE. Write today, giving the name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

The Peck-Williamson Company
426 West Fifth Street, CINCINNATI, O.

Furnace Dealers, Hardware Men and Plumbers are invited to write Today for our Autumn Pay-Dirt Proposition.

Here Is Proof Absolute



The buildings of the Lehr Agricultural Company, Fremont, Ohio, were among the first buildings, anywhere, to be roofed with a ready roofing. They were roofed with Ruberoid—the first ready roofing ever invented. That was seventeen years ago. This is the longest test ever given a ready-to-lay roofing. There is no theory, no uncertainty, in such a test as this. And today, this roof, put on in 1892, looks good for many years more.

Don't expect any ordinary roofing to stand such a test as this.

Many roofings *look* like Ruberoid. Don't let that fact deceive you.

No other maker can use Ruberoid gum—and it is the use of this flexible gum which makes Ruberoid waterproof—sun proof—cold proof—weather proof—resisting acids, gases and fumes.

It is the exclusive use of Ruberoid gum that makes Ruberoid roofing so good a fire resistant that if you drop *live coals* on the roof it will not take fire.

A One-Piece Roofing

Ruberoid roofing is sold by dealers everywhere. In each roll is Ruberine cement for joining the seams and laps.

A roof of Ruberoid is practically *one piece*, flexible, durable, attractive.

It also comes in attractive colors—Red, Green, Brown—suitable for the finest homes.

These color roofings are made under our exclusively owned U. S. and foreign patents. The colors do not wear off or fade, because they are *part* of the roofing.

You can lay a Ruberoid roof yourself. Everything you need comes with the roll.

Or, if you have it laid, the cost of laying is the lowest of any roofing—of any kind.

Don't decide on *any* roofing for *any* purpose until you have read our free book.

Get This Free Book

This book tells all that we know about various roofings—all that we have learned in twenty years of experiment about tin, tar, iron, shingle and other roofings.

It gives you a good idea of the advantages and the disadvantages of each. It tells the first cost, the upkeep cost—how long each kind of roof will last—what repairs will probably be needed.

The book is fair, frank and impartial. It is a gold-mine of roofing information. Because it tells about Ruberoid roofing, too, we do not charge for it—we send it free.

To get this free book, address Department 12D The Standard Paint Company, 100 William Street, New York.

RUBEROID

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Be sure to look for this registered trademark which is stamped every four feet on the *under* side of all genuine Ruberoid. This is your protection against substitutes which many dealers brazenly sell as Ruberoid. Ruberoid is usually sold by but one dealer in a town. We will tell you the name of your Ruberoid dealer when you send for our free book.

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY, Bound Brook, N. J.

New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Boston, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Memphis, Denver, San Francisco, Montreal, London, Paris, Hamburg

The soups for all occasions

No matter how particular you are nor how much you pay, you cannot make nor buy better soups than Campbell's.

If you could only come here and see how we make them you would realize why this is so.

You would see the big whole-quarters of prime beef and mutton that we use to make our meat stock rich and full-flavored; the choice selected poultry—as daintily prepared as you could do it at home; and the fresh delicate vegetables right out of the garden; and always put up the day they are picked—green peas, tips of tender white asparagus, crisp fragrant celery and luscious juicy red-ripe tomatoes just pulled from the vines.

For your own sake try

Campbell's Soups

That is the only way to know how good they are.

Try them for your dainty luncheon; your formal dinner, or for a light family meal at any time. There's a kind for every occasion. They are full of wholesome nourishment, easy to digest; easy to prepare. And they cost you less than if you made them yourself. Why not order a few cans right now?

If not entirely satisfied your grocer returns your money. Could there be any stronger guarantee?

Give sugary joys to sissy boys
But "*Campbell's Soup!*" say I.
Rather the bliss of a bowl like this
Than a bake-shop full of pie.

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	Consomme	Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
Vermicelli-Tomato			

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Shall we send you a free copy of Campbell's Menu Book? It is full of sensible, helpful suggestions.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY, Camden N J

Look for the red-and-white label

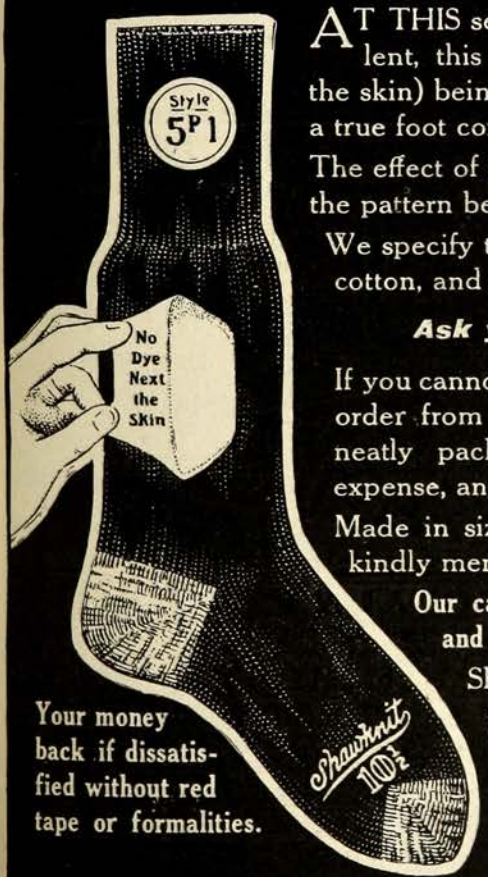
Shawknit

TRADE MARK

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

SOCKS

For summer comfort. For tender feet. A Shawknit novelty—a sock so made that no dye comes in contact with the foot.



Your money back if dissatisfied without red tape or formalities.

AT THIS season of the year, when foot troubles are prevalent, this sock, having a pure white inside (no dye next the skin) being seamless and delightfully soft, will be found a true foot comfort for tender feet.

The effect of this sock, while on the foot, is neat and stylish, the pattern being a black and white Oxford mixture.

We specify these socks as Style 5P1, which is a light weight cotton, and Style 35P1, extra light weight cotton.

Ask your dealer for Shawknit socks

If you cannot procure them in this manner we will fill a trial order from you upon receipt of price—$1.50 for 6 pairs neatly packed in box—and will deliver, at our own expense, anywhere in the United States.

Made in sizes 9 to 11½ inclusive. When ordering direct kindly mention size desired.

Our catalog, illustrated in colors, gives styles, descriptions and prices of our famous Shawknit line.

Shawknit socks have been standard for over 32 years. Are guaranteed fast color. Will positively wear as long as any other socks made, and, because they are shaped in the knitting, they do not bind, nor draw, over the instep.

SHAW STOCKING CO. Smith St., Lowell, Mass.

JAP-A-LAC

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

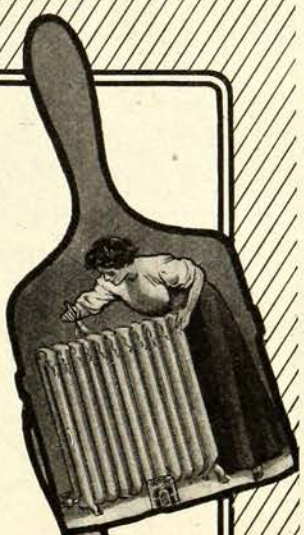
RENEWS  EVERYTHING

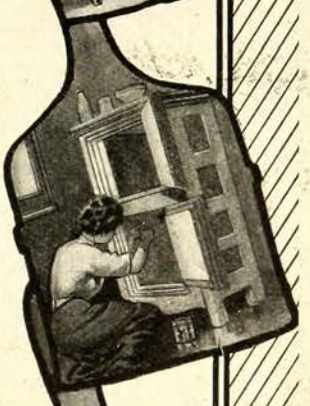
"WEARS LIKE IRON"

DON'T THROW IT AWAY

unless it is damaged beyond repair. With a can of JAP-A-LAC you will enjoy being your own "handy man."

Furniture which has become scuffed or scratched; Window Casings, Doors and Floors that are dull and depressing, Mantels, Firefronts, Chandeliers, Picture Frames and all the little furnishings that begin to show the effects of time and use





All Yield to the Magic of JAP-A-LAC

JAP-A-LAC is the hardest, most durable and lustrous colored varnish made. Applied according to directions, it "sets" hard as adamant, with a mirror-like surface and "wears like iron." Does not show white marks when scratched or scuffed as ordinary varnishes and imitations do, and is impervious alike to extremes of climatic temperature and moisture.

JAP-A-LAC is the best colored varnish and has never been even nearly equaled by the many imitations its success has brought out.

It is made from selected raw materials, which are prepared and imported direct to insure unvarying quality.

JAP-A-LAC is made in sixteen beautiful colors for refinishing every kind of Wood-work, Bric-a-brac, Chandeliers, Floors, Furniture and every painted or varnished surface.

JAP-A-LAC has no substitute. For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers.

If your dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name, with 10 cents to cover cost of mailing and we will send a free sample, quarter-pint can of any color (except gold, which is 25 cents) to any point in the United States.

Write for illustrated booklet containing interesting information and beautiful color card. Free on request.

JAP-A-LAC Model floor Graining Process solves the problem of "*What shall I do with my old carpeted Floor to make it sanitary and refined?*" Your *Painter* can do it at a little expense or you can do it yourself. Insist on *JAP-A-LAC*.

The Glidden Varnish Co.

2978 Glidden Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

Our Green Label Line of clear varnishes is the highest quality manufactured. Its use insures perfect results. Ask your paint dealer.

LIVE HAIR CLEAR SKIN

Assured by the Use of

CUTICURA

Soap and Ointment

All who delight in a clear skin; soft, white hands; a clean, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair will find that these pure, sweet and gentle emollients realize every expectation in promoting skin and hair health and bodily purity.

Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Z. P. Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

☞Post-free, 32-page Cuticura Book, an Authority on the Care and Treatment of Skin and Hair.

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BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. **Mennen's** relieves and prevents **Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn.**

For your **protection** the **genuine** is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the **"Box that Lox,"** with **Mennen's** face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—*Sample free.*

Guaranteed by the Gerhard Mennen's Chemical Co., under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Try **Mennen's** Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Borated Skin Soap [blue wrapper] } *No Samples.*
Specially prepared for the nursery.

Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor —**Sold only at Stores**

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OSTRICH FEATHER
CATALOGUE READY

SENT FREE

An attractive, unique and very instructive book, profusely illustrated. Tells all about the ostrich industry in California. How Cawston grows and manufactures the finest ostrich feather goods, and how you can buy your ostrich feather tips, plumes, boas, stoles, fans, etc., without having to pay import duty.

We want every woman in America to have this book. **Write today and secure a copy.**

Swallowing Oranges
Photographed from life

OLD OSTRICH FEATHERS ARE VALUABLE

Send us your old ostrich feathers and we will change and make them over into this season's fashionable willow plumes. We can dye them to match any costume. Have the light colors dyed black or one of the fashionable fall shades.

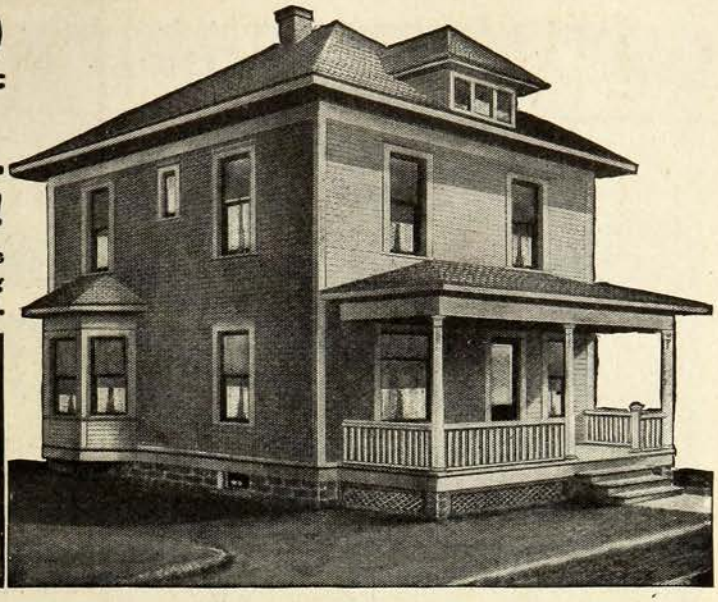
CAWSTON
OSTRICH FARM

P. O. Box 23, South Pasadena, California

$720.00

Buys the Material Needed to Build This Home!

Price Includes Blue Prints; Architect's Specifications; Full Details; Working Plans and Itemized List of Material.



OUR HOUSE No. 130

This is a handsome eight room house, size 25 ft. 10 in. by 29 ft. 6 in., exclusive of porches. First floor contains living room, dining room, pantry, kitchen, front and rear vestibule and reception hall. Second floor contains four good sized bedrooms and bathroom with a spacious closet in each room. It is a design planned so as to be built at a minimum cost of construction, with a maximum return of comfort and modern conveniences. No "ginger bread," just a solid, sensible, easily constructed, well ventilated and well laid out plan. Easily sold or rented. An ideal house for medium sized family, in either town or country. Write for further information.

We Save You Big Money on Lumber & Building Material.

The Chicago House Wrecking Co. is the largest concern in the world devoted to the sale of Lumber and Building Material direct to the consumer. No one else can make you an offer like the one shown above. We propose to furnish you everything needed for the construction of this building except Plumbing, Heating and Masonry Material. Write us for exact details of what we furnish. It will be in accordance with our specifications, and gives you the opportunity to save money on your purchase.

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We purchase at Sheriffs' Sales, Receivers' Sales and Manufacturers' Sales, besides owning outright sawmills and lumber yards. If you buy this very same building material elsewhere it will surely cost you a great deal more money. By our "direct to you" methods we eliminate several middlemen's profits. We can prove this to you.

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We have everything needed in Building Material for a building of any sort. Lumber, Sash, Doors, Millwork, Structural Iron, Steel and Prepared Roofing. We also have Machinery, Hardware, Furniture, Household Goods, Office Fixtures, Wire Fencing—in fact, anything required to build or equip. Everything for the Home, the Office, the Factory or the Field. Send us your carpenter's or contractor's bill for our low estimate. We will prove our ability to save you money. WRITE US TODAY, giving us a complete list of everything you need.

Our Guarantee.

This company has a capital stock and surplus of over $1,000,000.00. We guarantee absolute satisfaction in every detail. If you buy any material from us not as represented, we will take it back at our freight expense and return your money. We recognize the virtue of a satisfied customer. We will in every instance "Make Good." Thousands of satisfied customers prove this. We refer you to any bank or banker anywhere. Look us up in the Mercantile Agencies. Ask any Express Company. Our responsibility is unquestioned.

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We publish a handsome, illustrated book containing designs of Cottages, Bungalows, Barns, Houses, etc. We can furnish the material complete for any of these designs. This book is mailed free to those who correctly fill in the coupon below. Even if you have no immediate intention of building, we advise that you obtain a copy of our FREE BOOK OF PLANS. It's a valuable book.

$2.00 Buys a Complete Set of Blue Prints, Plans, Specifications and List of Materials.

We send you a set of plans for the house described above, including the necessary specifications and complete list of materials, transportation charges prepaid, for the low price of $2.00. This is only a deposit, a guarantee of good faith, and the proposition to you is that after receiving these blue prints, specifications and list of materials, if you place an order with us for complete bill of materials, we will credit your account in full for the $2.00 received, or we will allow you to return these plans, specifications and list of materials to us and we will refund $1.50, thereby making the total cost to you 50 cents.

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Fill in the coupon to the right and we will send you such literature as best suits your needs. We publish a 500-page mammoth catalog fully illustrated, giving our business history and showing all the vast lines of merchandise that we have for sale. We buy our goods at Sheriffs', Receivers' and Manufacturers' Sales. Ask for catalog No. 910. Our free "Book of Plans" is described elsewhere in this advertisement.

Chicago House Wrecking Co.
35th and Iron Streets, Chicago

SEND US THIS COUPON

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING COMPANY

I saw your advertisement in McClure's Magazine. I am interested in

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Get This Big Free Furniture Book

Let us send you free, our New Style Book 99. It is the greatest work of its kind ever placed in the hands of furniture buyers. You ought to have it whether you think of buying only one piece or a complete suite.

No. 3320
Colonial Rocker
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Seventy-two pages (each a foot and four inches deep and nearly a foot wide) are illustrated with over 500 pieces of Karpen Furniture in large reproductions from actual photographs. Beautiful woods and leathers are shown in actual colors. The price is given with each piece.

This book is an authoritative guide to correct selection of furniture. Interiors drawn by leading decorators give you suggestions for the furnishing of the rooms of your own home in the Louis regimes—Flemish—Old English—Colonial—Mission—or any of the styles of past or present. Write to us today. Be sure to ask for

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We want you to know about the Karpen unlimited guaranty. No such guaranty goes with any other furniture in the world. If at *any time* a defect of workmanship or material develops in a Karpen piece, we authorize the dealer who sold it to you to replace it with a new piece. This guaranty is your only protection against furniture fraud. It means hair filling instead of excelsior — Karpen Steel Springs, the kind specified by the United States Government — genuine, lasting fabrics—the natural grain outside of the hides, instead of split leather.

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No. 2574
English Arm Chair.
Oak, Leather.

S. Karpen & Bros.

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The United States Government used 1829 pieces of Karpen furniture in furnishing the new Senate Office Building throughout. Karpen furniture was specified in competition with manufacturers everywhere.

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Karpen Bed Davenport, a perfect Bed and Davenport combined.

(2)

A Bissell never disturbs

Cleans without raising a cloud of dust, and removes the dirt and grit from carpets and rugs that the corn broom never reaches. Sweeping is simplified and 95 per cent of the labor obviated by using BISSELL'S latest improved "Cyco" BALL BEARING Carpet Sweeper. Sold by all the best trade. Prices $2.75 to $6.50. Ask for free booklet.

Buy a Bissell "Cyco" Bearing or "Cyco" BALL BEARING SWEEPER of your dealer, send us the purchase slip *within one week from date of purchase*, and we will send you a fine quality black leather card case with no printing on it.

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BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

(Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)

54TH YEAR

Albrecht Furs

Northern-Caught. *"From Trapper to Wearer, Direct."*

AT

SUMMER PRICES

15% Discount **Off 1909 catalog prices, until Oct. 1, 1909, only. Includes complete line latest models, our own design, made from fresh-caught skins for this season's trade.**

Albrecht Furs are made at the heart of the fur country. They come to you direct from the trapper. You save all intermediate profits, and have the Albrecht Guarantee of quality and satisfaction.

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An absolutely correct 1909 style. Made in a variety of furs of which we quote as samples—Kamtchatka Fox, color black or brown, Special net discount price until Oct. 1st only, Neckpiece $11.90, Muff $17, or Alaska Bear, brown or black Neckpiece $11.90, Muff $17, or Genuine Yorkford Lynx, black only, Neckpiece $34, Muff $54.75, or Natural Black Marten, Neckpiece $19.55, Muff $23.35, or Russian Marten, brown or black, Neckpiece $8.50, Muff $8.95.

Sent express prepaid on receipt of price. You take no risk. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. To maintain our half-century's reputation for integrity, fair dealing is essential.

Hundreds of other attractive styles in Fur Garments, Neckwear and Muffs are shown in our beautifully illustrated

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Most complete fur-fashion book published. Gives names, descriptions, wearing qualities of furs. Simple instructions for home measurement.

Remember you save 15% by ordering before October 1st.

E. ALBRECHT & SON

Sixth & Minnesota Streets, Station D

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

Paint Talks No. 8—Painting Metals

IRON and steel play an important part in our modern buildings and these materials require different paint treatment from wood or concrete. First coats should be of National Lead Company's red lead, because it has the peculiar quality of sticking to metals better than any other known paint. It also is a non-conductor of electricity—an extremely important quality in preventing rust.

Red lead should be used not only on bridges and skyscraper skeletons, but on tin roofs, galvanized cornices, radiators, iron fences, grilles, machinery, farm implements, and all other articles made of metal which require painting.

The finishing paint which goes over the first coats of red lead may be any good paint of the tint desired. If black, a good carbon paint should be used. If a light tint is wanted the finishing paint should be made of National Lead Company's pure white lead tinted as desired and mixed with pure linseed oil.

Ask for House-owners' Painting Outfit D, which goes into detail in regard to all kinds of painting. If interested in the painting of metal, be sure to ask us to include our booklet on red lead with the outfit.

Our red lead and white lead are sold by dealers. If you cannot get them, write our nearest office.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

An office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Chicago Cleveland St. Louis

(John T. Lewis & Bros. Company, Philadelphia) (National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

A natural spring water bottled at the springs. It has been before the public for thirty-five years and is offered upon its record of results accomplished. To those who have tested it there is no need to speak; to those who have not we would like to send medical testimony as to its merits in the treatment of Gout, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria of Pregnancy, Inflammation of the Bladder and all Uric Acid Troubles. There is no "Tablet" or other concentrated form of this water—it is sold as it flows from the earth only. Like every article of merit, this water is counterfeited. Buy only of dealers who are above suspicion.

Voluminous medical testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

That Clear Complexion

Is no secret to the users of Lablache, that greatest of all beautifiers. Summer sun and winds have no terrors for those who rely on Lablache as a protector. Beautiful women everywhere owe the clearness, delicacy and refinement of their summer complexions to its use. It is a luxury and an every-day toilet necessity.

Refuse Substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for sample.*

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Dept. 19, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted to last—for time to come—begin at once their daily antiseptic cleansing with

Calvert's
Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 15cts. Sample and booklet from Park & Tilford, 927 Broadway, New York.
Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.
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The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

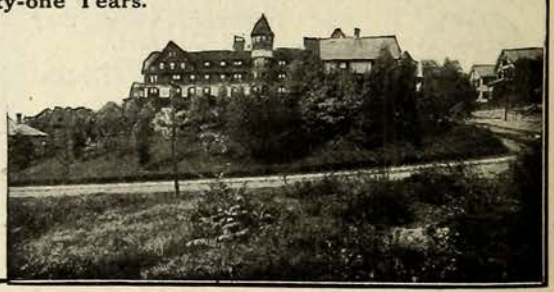
Established Thirty-one Years.

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,

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
NORTH ADAMS, MASS.



Heating and Health

The health and comfort of your family are more vitally dependent upon an adequate and efficient heating system than upon any other factor in your home.

In planning the new house do not fail to insist upon proper heating, even though some of the less important architectural features have to be sacrificed. Whether you decide upon Fresh Warm Air, Steam, or Hot Water, see to it that the Apparatus is *Adequate*, *Efficient* and *Durable*, else you will pay many times your saving in first cost in the increased cost of fuel.

We manufacture apparatus for all three Systems and have led the way in bringing each to its highest point of perfection.

As a result *Our* Heating Apparatus is installed in a larger number of buildings all over the United States than that of any other Concern. Furthermore, we can give an unbiased opinion in the selection of your Heating equipment. This, the manufacturer or seller of *Only One Kind* of Heating Apparatus is absolutely unable to do.

Before you close your specifications, write us and the advice of our Experts is at your service without charge. We shall be pleased to tell you which System is best adapted to your particular requirements. Our illustrated Catalogs are mailed, free, on request.

Richardson & Boynton Co.

ESTABLISHED 1837

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON

Get the Best "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

AN INFERIOR PEN IS NOT CHEAP AT ANY PRICE.

For three generations, our firm has made the finest Gold Pens in the world. It is the perfection of its Gold Pen in conjunction with the natural Feed that makes the "SWAN" immeasurably superior to any other Fountain Pen ever put on the market. It always writes on the instant with a smooth, easy flow of ink and will save time and patience—will be a help instead of a nuisance. There are many styles at prices from $2.50 up.

MABIE, TODD & CO., Dept. R

17 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK Established 1843 149 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

London Paris 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 to mail—Send for it today.

Why?

¶ Why should a bookkeeper—any bookkeeper—your bookkeeper post all month long to a ledger and wait until the whole month's posting is don to find out whether he has done it right or not and if he hasn't to delay to-day's work to hunt for yesterday's and last week's mistakes and when he has located his errors and got "the trial balance" then to copy his month's postings all over again—duplicate the work making out the monthly statements? Why should any bookkeeper do all this work and put in a lot of over-time for from two to ten days the first of each month when the Elliott-Fisher Standard Writing-Adding Machine will do the work faster, easier and much more legibly—post to the ledger and make out the monthly statement at one operation and prove mechanically its own work as it goes along so that when the last item is posted at the end of the month the statements can be sent out at once?

¶ Why should bookkeeping be done in the old fashioned way when the Elliott-Fisher will cut the work in two—make toil easier and save 25 to 50 per cent. in book space and a corresponding saving in the cost of account books and the storage or vault space required?

¶ There isn't any more guess work about the Elliott-Fisher doing these things than there is that a modern automatic screw machine will turn out two or three times as much work as the ordinary hand operated screw machine.

¶ Useless operations whether in the office or factory are a waste of time and money.

¶ Why won't you write and say what line of business you are in and let us tell you what the Elliott-Fisher can do for you in your office on your work just as it is doing for others in your line—the information is free?

Suppose you write to-day **Elliott-Fisher Company, 921 Cedar Street, Harrisburg, Pa.**

As to Perfection

One of the users of our pump in writing to us to tell us what he thought of it, used a phrase that set us to thinking. He said: "It is as perfect as things in this world can ever be."

That is the sort of praise a merchant likes to hear. Such a phrase shows that hearty good-will which can only come from entire satisfaction. And that is what the Rider-Ericsson Pump is made to give its users. We are quite ready to use the "reason why" style of advertising, except that in our case it is not wise for us to confine our statements to a few good points; we are not trying to sell our pumps because of a few points of superiority over some other contrivance, but because of their all-round rightness for their work.

We have a pump that will lift, drive, and deliver water in the easiest, simplest, cheapest, and most durable way. If you need such a pump, we will be glad to go into every detail with you.

He who has watched the failing power of the windmill—while the breeze was slowly falling—and who had intended to use an extra supply of water on garden or lawn—will appreciate the value of the **Hot-Air Pump**—which is always ready and at your service. And when so vital a matter as the water-supply for house and barn depends on the pump it is worth much to have one which is "as perfect as things in this world can ever be."

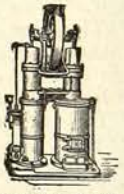
Be sure that the name "REECO"-RIDER or "REECO"-ERICSSON appears upon the pump you purchase. This name protects you against worthless imitations. When so situated that you cannot personally inspect the pump before ordering, write to our nearest office (see list below) for the name of a reputable dealer in your locality, who will sell you only the genuine pump. Over 40,000 are in use throughout the world to-day.

Write for Catalogue **G**, *and ask for reduced price-list.*

RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.

35	Warren Street	New York
239	Franklin Street	Boston
40	Dearborn Street	Chicago
40	North 7th Street	Philadelphia
234	West Craig Street	Montreal, P. Q.
22	Pitt Street	Sydney, N. S. W.

(Also builders of the new "Reeco" Electric Pump.)



HOT-AIR PUMP

"Sampeck Clothes"

The Standard of America

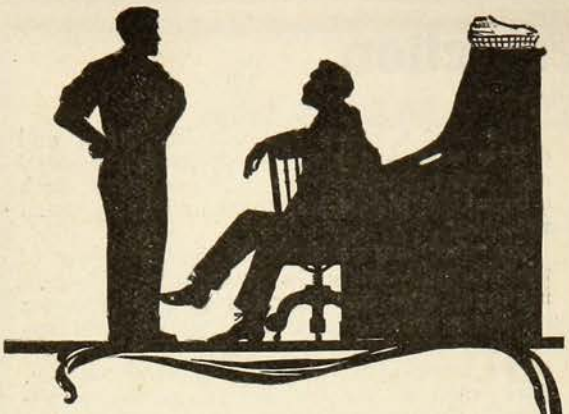
Fifty-nine *separate* processes enter into the manufacture of "SAMPECK CLOTHES," from the time a coat leaves the designer until it reaches the last examiner. Fifty-nine separate *pairs* of *hands* contribute their share to lend grace and good form, style and symmetry, shape and permanence to each *finished* garment.

One tailor *moulds* the shoulders. Another *shapes* the front. A third *inserts* the sleeves. A fourth is *pocket* expert. And, thus, it goes through fifty-nine processes. No individual tailor could possibly "turn out" garments level with "SAMPECK CLOTHES."

The pictures, reproduced above, show "SAMPECK CLOTHES" as they *are*, not as they *ought to be*. Any clothier who serves young men can show them *to* you or get them *for* you. Ask *yours* for "SAMPECK CLOTHES" and take no garment *without* our familiar "SAMPECK" label, which is attached to the inside pocket of every coat.

"THE COLLEGE ALMANAC" E of College Sports and College Styles *you can have for the mere writing.*

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
806-808 BROADWAY
NEW YORK



"JUST saw an interesting thing down at Fire Department headquarters," remarked the factory superintendent to the purchasing agent. "The Chief was testing different kinds of roofing to see what was safe inside the fire limits. You know he's pretty strict."

"Let's hear about it," said the purchasing agent. "I've got to buy some roofing soon."

"The test consisted in building a bon-fire on the sample being tested, and letting it burn out—a real fire, mind you, excelsior kindling-wood and oil-soaked waste."

"Did they test shingles?"

"Why, yes—but not as roofing material—they used shingles to make the fire with."

"How about slate?"

"Cracked and set fire to the roof boards."

"Was tin tried?"

"Yes; got red hot—melted the solder, and wood underneath caught fire."

"What other kinds were tested?"

"There were several makes of prepared roofing—the sort that comes in rolls. Two or three of the better stood up pretty well. Rex Flintkote Roofing made the best showing. It blistered directly under the fire, but was left in weatherproof condition and the boards were intact. The fire didn't spread at all. Chief said it was the best fire-retardant he ever saw, and could be used inside the limits, and the Fire Underwriters accept it."

"Say, I guess that's what I'm looking for—there's a good deal of danger from sparks around the plant—who makes this Rex Flintkote Roofing?"

"A Boston firm—J. A. & W. Bird & Co., 71 India Street, is the address. Chief had one of their booklets. They send samples also."

The Best For All Buildings

Whether Cottage, Office or Apartment Building, Factory, Store, or Hotel, the walls and ceilings will be perfect as long as the building stands if plastered with

Climax Wood Mortar on Sackett Plaster Board

Write and let us tell you why Climax Wood Mortar is far superior to the old style lime mortar—why it is more economical and fire retarding, costs less to apply and does not get out of repair.

TRADE G.R.P. QUALITY MARK
GRAND RAPIDS PLASTER COMPANY GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

"Climax Wood Mortar" is one of the **"G. R. P. Quality"** brands of plaster. It is made of pure Gypsum Rock and a finely cut wood fibre. It is light, dries quickly and is easy to apply.

"Sackett Plaster Board" is a composition of alternate layers of felt paper and stucco. It is far better than lath—saves fuel—saves repairs—does away with lath stains.

If you want to know all about the best, most reliable, most durable, most economical material for plastering WRITE US.

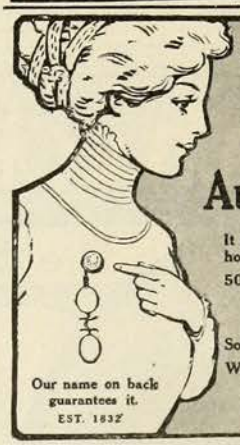
Grand Rapids Plaster Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Makers of

Climax Wood Mortar — **Hercules Wall Plaster**
Superior Wood Fibre Plaster — **Gypsum Wall Plaster**

Sales Agents for Sackett Plaster Board.

For Sale by all dealers in Builder's Supplies.



Do You Wear Eye-Glasses On and Off?

Then you will appreciate the convenience of the

Automatic Eye-Glass Holder

It automatically winds up the chain and holds the eye-glasses when not in use.

50c and up and guaranteed in every part.

Catalog showing 36 styles free on request.

Sold by Leading Jewelers and Opticians.

We'll mail it to you if your dealer hasn't it.

KETCHAM & McDOUGALL
17 Maiden Lane, New York

Our name on back guarantees it.
EST. 1837

STALLMAN'S DRESSER TRUNK

Easy to get at everything without disturbing anything. No fatigue in packing and unpacking. Light, strong, roomy drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand Riveted; strongest trunk made. In small room serves as chiffonier. C.O.D. privilege of examination. 2c. stamp for Catalog.

F. A. STALLMAN, 53 E Spring St., Columbus, O.

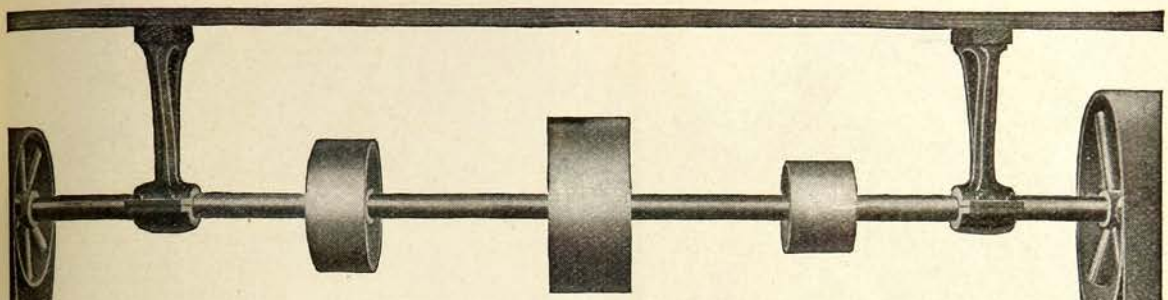
WHY PAY ANY DEALER $18?

We ship in complete sections ready to fasten and stain—all quartered oak. You save over half on

Write to-day for free catalog

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE

INTERNATIONAL MFG. CO.
805 Edwin St. Ann Arbor, Mich.



Take Down Your Shafting

Take down your shafting—your flapping belts and your friction clutches. They are losing you money every day by causing useless friction losses. Replace them with the most compact, efficient power units on the market—

DYNAMOS-MOTORS
WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
CABLES-TELEPHONES-SUPPLIES

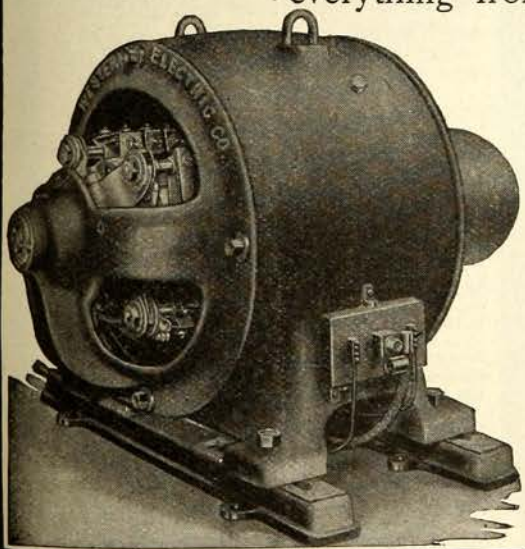
Hawthorn
TRADE MARK
Motors

"Hawthorn" Motors Operate

Coffee Grinders
Coffee Roasters
Bread Mixers
Churns
Meat Cutters
Cream Freezers
Machine Tools
Exhaust Fans

"Hawthorn" Motors applied to machines—whatever their nature—**will reduce operating expenses 25 to 40%.** They will increase the quality and the amount of work turned out in a day by giving just enough power at just the right speed. They use power only when they do actual work.

"Hawthorn" Motors are made in various sizes, and for all commercial circuits, for driving everything from an ice cream freezer to the largest power machine. Every one is designed, constructed and tested by experts. **We guarantee their successful operation under all conditions.**



It is to your profit to learn more about them. Let us send you Booklet No. 8149.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

EASTERN	CENTRAL	WESTERN	PACIFIC
New York	Chicago	St. Louis	San Francisco
Philadelphia	Indianapolis	Kansas City	Los Angeles
Boston	Cincinnati	Denver	Seattle
Pittsburg	Minneapolis	Dallas	Salt Lake City
Atlanta		Omaha	

Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Montreal and Winnipeg.

Beauty and Quality

The original Rogers Bros. silverware—identified by the trade mark "1847 ROGERS BROS."—has expressed the highest type of silver plate perfection for sixty-two years.

On forks, spoons, fancy serving pieces, etc., is the mark

1847
ROGERS BROS. XS TRIPLE

Whether the desired style be simple or ornate, it may be procured in this *"Silver Plate that Wears."*

Combining the maximum of durability with rare beauty of design, this famous ware is the choice of purchasers who desire only the best.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue "I-33" showing the many attractive designs.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
(International Silver Company, Successor)
MERIDEN, CONN.
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

is different from any other art pottery—it is the greatest achievement in fictile art in centuries.

The decorations on above pieces are NOT PAINTED—they are executed with plastic colored clays, the designs being first laid out in interstices. Wonderful, isn't it?

Wouldn't you like to know more about it and about the ancient Benedictine Abbey A.D. 589, now the Mettlach Pottery? Send your dealer's name and I will mail you the book entitled

"Making Steins in an old Monastery."

Handsomely illustrated. Also illustrations of Mettlach Connoisseur Collections—32 pieces, $75.00; 63 pieces, $150.00.

The "uncommon gift" is "Mettlach"—sold by all the better retail shops.

E. R. THIELER, 65-6 Park Place, New York
Representing Villeroy & Boch in U. S. and Canada

Strongest and Longest Wearing

Never have there been such shoe laces as **"N F 10."**

Think of laces that stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking.

"N F 10" Shoe Laces

do that, and they are so well made and so durable that every pair is

guaranteed 6 months

Being tubular not only gives them unusual strength, but there are no edges to fray. And **"N F 10"** are finished off with new, exclusive tips that won't come off and that are fast color.

10 cents per pair—black and tan—at all shoe and dry goods stores and haberdashers. Every pair of the genuine **"N F 10"** are in a sealed box and have **"N F 10"** stamped on the tips—your protection against imitations.

If your dealer hasn't **"N F 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., READING, PA.

There is more to paint than the color

WHEN YOU PAINT, do you select the shade and let it go at that, or do you know the material the painter is going to put on is the kind *best* adapted to your needs—is the quality that will wear best, look best, preserve the building best?

IF YOU ARE AN EXPERT in paints and building surfaces, your own judgment is enough. But if you are not an expert, better than relying on your own judgment, better than depending altogether on the painter—is to have the 40 years' reputation of Sherwin-Williams back of your decision.

LET US ADVISE YOU on the proper kind of paint for your purpose and if 40 years of honest paint making—40 years of experience with painting and painting surfaces—if the expert knowledge of the greatest paint organization in the world is worth anything, you can be *certain* that you are getting the best paint for your particular work.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to 603 Canal Road, Cleveland, O.
In Canada to 639 Centre Street, Montreal
London Address: 7 Well Court, Queen Street, E. C.

THIS SERVICE IS FREE TO YOU—the concentrated knowledge, judgment and experience of this great organization will be cheerfully given to *your* painting job without a cent of cost to you—or a bit of bother. Just write us the information outlined below on which to base our expert advice—or just fill in the proper answers on this blank, itself, clip it out, and mail it to us. There is no need to be in the least uncertain about your painting when this expert service is so easy for you to get.

For every job of painting or varnishing there is a Sherwin-Williams paint or varnish made with the requisites of this kind of job in mind.

For every condition or combination of conditions there is a Sherwin-Williams paint or varnish that is fitted to meet it.

For every sort of indoor finish, there is a Sherwin-Williams paint, varnish, stain or enamel that is particularly adapted for it.

There is a Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town who will supply you with just the right paint or varnish or the right Brighten-Up finish.

INFORMATION

I plan to paint (state kind of building, machines, conveyances or other article.)

.....

Kind of surface and present color.

.....

.....

Let me have your expert advice on the right paints and varnishes to use,

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(If possible, send photograph.)

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

An Amusing Incident *(Told by a Dentist)*

"COLGATE & CO.

Dear Sirs: Thank you for calling my attention to your Dental Cream. Preventative dentistry for children is my special work, and I am delighted to know of such a delicious dentifrice for young people. One little boy ate the contents of the tube which I asked his mother to get for him, remarking to me the next day:

'Say, Doctor, I wish that tube had been three feet long.'''

Just Like a boy!

Signed by a former President of a State Dental Association. (Name on application.)

There is actually in a large tube of Colgate's Cream

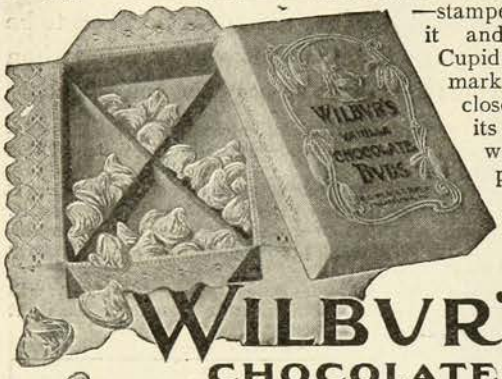
15 feet of Cream.

If used properly (1 inch twice daily) it will last 3 months.

42 in. of Cream in trial tube sent for 4 cts. in stamps

COLGATE & CO., (Est. 1806) Dept. G 55 John St., N. Y.

Every *genuine* Chocolate Bud has the name—WILBUR—stamped on it and our Cupid trade-mark enclosed in its foil wrapper.



WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

Original in form, distinctive in quality and delicacy of flavor—a taste that haunts the palate.

At dealers, or we send a pound box for $1. *One* sample box for 30c and your dealer's address.

Wilbur's Velour Chocolate—for eating only—less sweet—a perfect balance of sugar and cocoa. Flat cakes 10c.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, INC., 231 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia

Makers of WILBUR'S COCOA

Success and Money Come To the Man "WHO CAN"

The demand today in every line of business is for **qualified** men. There are many openings for $5,000 and $10,000 men because of keen and insistent competition; because of the more thorough, systematic organization in business methods; because of the increase in business conveniences; more is expected, more is demanded of business men. The man "who can" is the man wanted. The demand is from every side. The business pace is too swift to take in the young man and "learn him"—the want is for the man who can immediately take charge and "deliver the goods."

Qualify yourself for successfully earning a good salary, to fill a position of responsibility, by taking

The Home Study Course in Higher Accounting and Business Law

You can do it by correspondence. You can give yourself a thorough up-to-date business education in your own home, by giving up your evenings and spare time for a few months, for small expense.

Preliminary Bookkeeping, Cost Accounting, Auditing, Higher Accounting and Business Law.

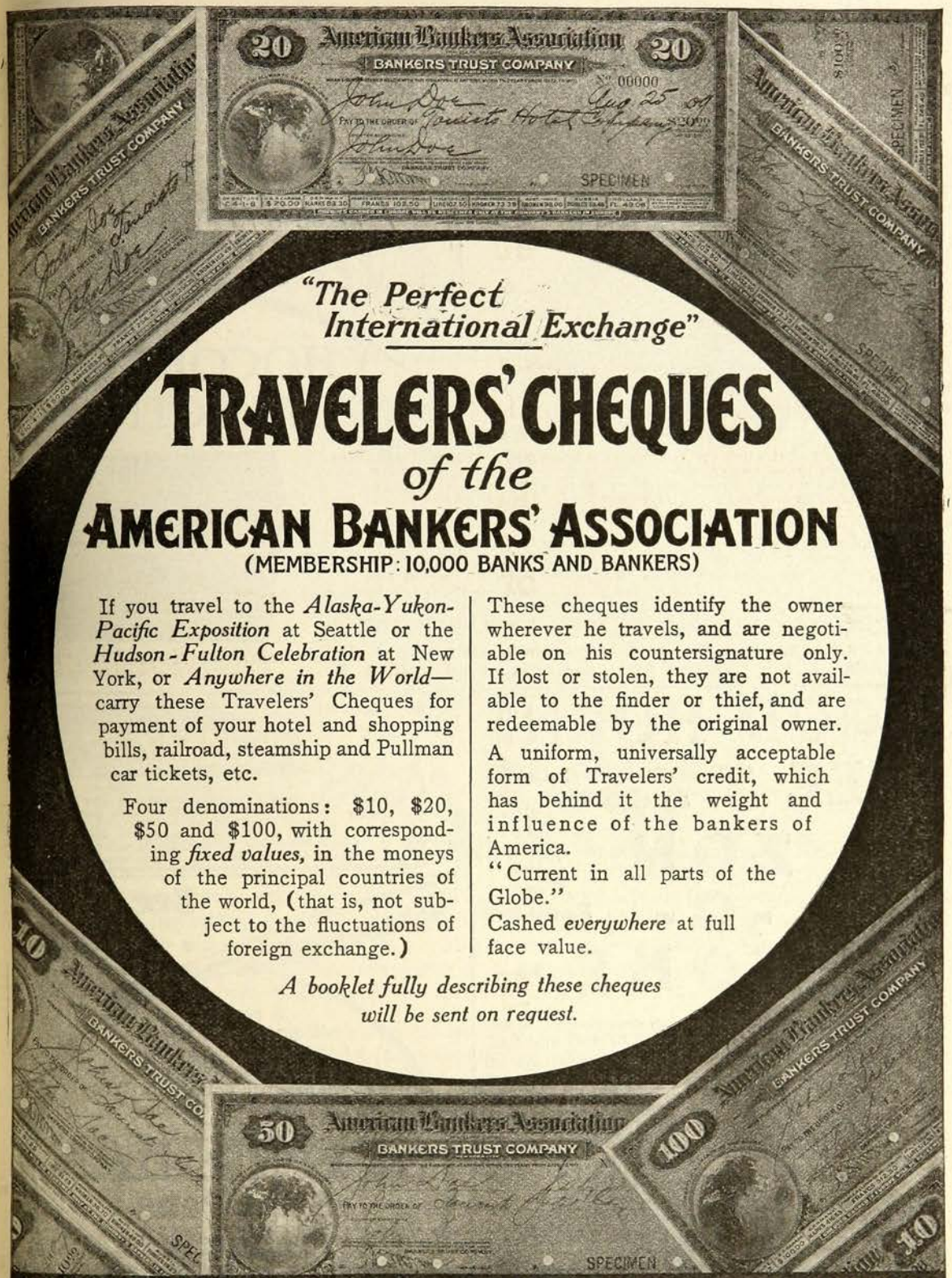
Studies arranged, compiled, edited and directed by examining Board of Experts. The strongest Course of Business instruction ever offered by correspondence. Turn your spare time into golden dollars. Take this valuable Course. Terms easy. Write for free catalog and write for it today.

The INTERNATIONAL ACCOUNTANTS SOCIETY, Inc.

connected with

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

69 West Fort Street Detroit, Mich.



"The Perfect International Exchange"

TRAVELERS' CHEQUES *of the* AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

(MEMBERSHIP: 10,000 BANKS AND BANKERS)

If you travel to the *Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition* at Seattle or the *Hudson-Fulton Celebration* at New York, or *Anywhere in the World*—carry these Travelers' Cheques for payment of your hotel and shopping bills, railroad, steamship and Pullman car tickets, etc.

Four denominations: $10, $20, $50 and $100, with corresponding *fixed values,* in the moneys of the principal countries of the world, (that is, not subject to the fluctuations of foreign exchange.)

These cheques identify the owner wherever he travels, and are negotiable on his countersignature only. If lost or stolen, they are not available to the finder or thief, and are redeemable by the original owner.

A uniform, universally acceptable form of Travelers' credit, which has behind it the weight and influence of the bankers of America.

"Current in all parts of the Globe."

Cashed *everywhere* at full face value.

A booklet fully describing these cheques will be sent on request.

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER

OR IF MORE CONVENIENT APPLY TO

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, 7 WALL ST., NEW YORK CITY

The Best Druggist Everywhere Is the Sales Agent for

Whitman's

CHOCOLATES and CONFECTIONS

From him you can buy our famous "Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks." A unique selection of choice chocolates that for the first time has given many thousands of chocolate lovers exactly what they wanted. Each piece a most delicious hard or nut centered chocolate. It is impossible to describe their goodness. No bonbons or cream chocolates included. The "Fussy Package" contains

Chocolate Covered Nougat, Molasses Chips, Almonds, Walnuts, Marshmallows, Cocoanettes, Pecans, Molasses Blocks, Neapolitans, Cream Nuts, Caramels and Blossoms of Solid Chocolate.

The dainty contents of this daintiest of packages—their always perfect condition—have made Whitman's Philadelphia chocolates the selected favorites of fastidious folks everywhere. You should know *your* local Whitman's agent. If you don't know him, ask us for his name and we will send you a pound "Fussy Package," postpaid, for the regular price, One Dollar.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Look for the "Fussy Seal," the "Green Box" and the "Silver Braid."

WOOD HORNS FREE

on the $50, $60 and $75

The Pleasure Doubled

ZON -O- PHONE

The Cost Reduced

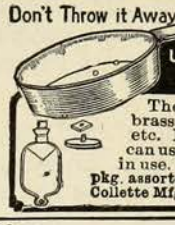
A new offer. The highest value ever given. Write for particulars. Zon-o-Phones at $20, $30, and $40, with metal horns, or fitted with wood horns at special reductions (the $40 machine with a $14 wood horn fitted will cost you only $45.) Double Record Discs, 65c. Single Records, 50c to $1. Catalogue free.

Go Shopping for Your Talking Machine

Write for full information and save money

The Universal Talking Machine Mfg. Co. Newark, N. J.

Don't Throw it Away



Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE **MENDETS**

A PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; two million in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. **Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted.** Collette Mfg. Co., Box 154 Amsterdam, N. Y.

See The Point!

A pen that will make a mark from a fine hair-line to heavy shading has a wide range of possibilities. All pens will not do this. They haven't the *Spencerian* elasticity.

SPENCERIAN

Steel Pens

do this and don't loose their elasticity doing it. Each individual pen is carefully finished, tempered and polished. All styles—one quality.

Sample card of 12, all different, sent for 6c postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, N. Y.

The New 88 Note
KNABE-ANGELUS

The proud title, "The World's Best Piano," could not have been won by the *Knabe* if it did not possess in a superior degree all those qualities which a piano must have to be worthy of consideration by pianists and musical critics. Its enviable position had been gained and is maintained by its exceptional musical value—the permanency of its extraordinary tonal qualities, its splendid responsive action—in short, its adaptability to the perfect interpretation of any piano composition.

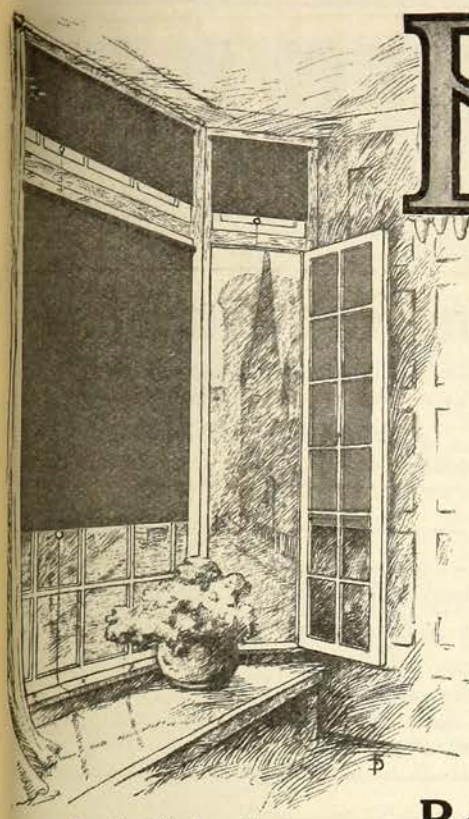
The *Angelus*, the pioneer piano-player, introduced by us in 1895, is recognized as the highest possible attainment in the invention and manufacture of piano-playing devices. This marvelous instrument to-day makes good our bold assertion that with its aid you can produce music which cannot be distinguished from that of a finished pianist. The union of the *Knabe* and the *Angelus* gives to the world the most superb musical instrument of the times, the *Knabe-Angelus*—an instrument as acceptable to the accomplished pianist who plays it by the keyboard as to the untrained music lover who plays it by means of the perforated music rolls.

The *Knabe-Angelus* is equipped with all the patented devices and exclusive features which have kept the *Angelus* so distinctly in the lead of all other piano-players. These include the famous *Phrasing Lever*, the wonderful *Melodant*, the *Diaphragm Pneumatics*, the *Melody Buttons* and the *Artistyle* music rolls. The playing compass of the *Angelus* is 88 notes—the full range of the keyboard—and it is so constructed that both the 65 and 88-note rolls can be used.

Write us for descriptive literature and name of nearest representative.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO. *Business Established 1877* **MERIDEN, CONN.**

Regent House, Regent Street, London



Brenlin Window Shade

Brenlin

costs but a few cents more—wears so much better

Find this marking

BRENLIN
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Brenlin is a very fine, closely woven material. For a few cents more, instead of shades that will need replacing within a year, you can get Brenlin.

When other materials are faded, wrinkled and full of pinholes. Brenlin looks like new.

It is the difference in material that makes the difference in wear.

In the light colors, white, ecru, cream, etc., Brenlin gives a rich, even, mellow light; with green and dark colors, you can darken a room completely.

Write today for samples in all colors and Brenlin Duplex and the names of Brenlin dealers in your city. If no dealer in your city has secured Brenlin, we shall see that you are supplied. Write today.

A Brenlin shade, 7 feet long, 38 inches wide, complete with best roller, costs $1.00.

CHAS. W. BRENEMAN & CO., 2048-2058, Reading Road, Cincinnati

Really Shades and Wears

PENNSYLVANIA

NEW MODELS
Four and Six Cylinder Cars

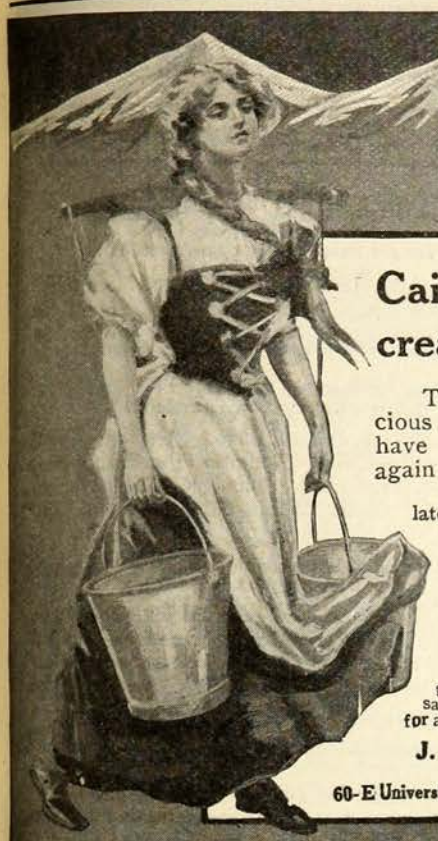
The present highly successful models will be continued with minor refinements. A new medium size six cylinder and a new seven passenger 4 cylinder car have been added. These Cars are carefully constructed in comparatively limited numbers of the finest materials obtainable and are superbly fitted and appointed.

They are dependable, silent, speedy and luxurious.

PENNSYLVANIA AUTO MOTOR CO., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

J. M. QUINBY CO.

Distributors for New York, Philadelphia and Northern New Jersey



Cailler's GENUINE SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

Cailler'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 "Cailler taste," you will never again be satisfied with the imitations.

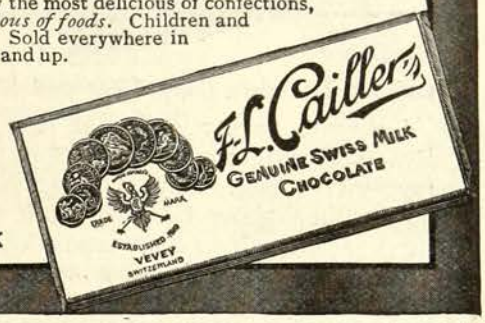
Some manufacturers may imitate the *appearance* of Swiss chocolate, but they cannot imitate the *taste*. Moreover, they cannot use the words "*Swiss* Milk Chocolate" on the package—remember that

Cailler'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 Cailler's free.

J. H. FREYMANN
Agent for U. S. A.
60-E University Place, NEW YORK



BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Delicious—Appetizing—Satisfying

The kind with the natural flavor of the tomato—*keeps* after it is opened.

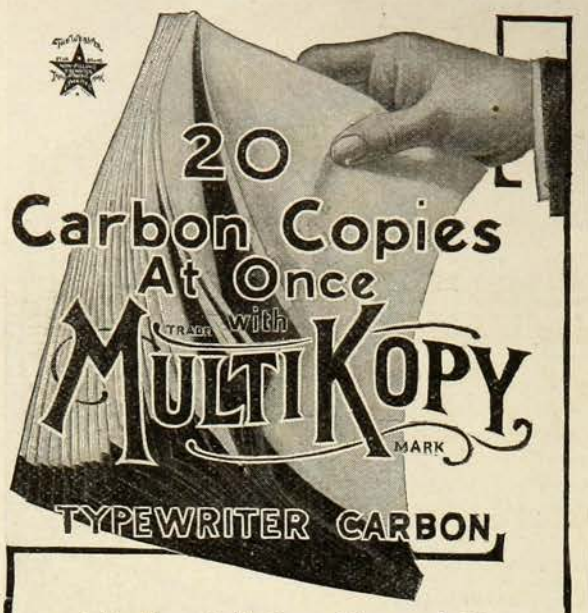
Contains only those ingredients

Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government

Insist on products bearing our name, not only ketchup, but soups, canned fruits, vegetables and meats, jams, jellies, preserves, etc.

Write today for our free booklet "Original Menus," telling what to have for breakfast, luncheon, dinner.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO., Rochester, N.Y.



and the Twentieth Copy Clear and Sharp

To make twenty copies at once, instead of five, means saving 75% of your typewriter's time. MULTI KOPY is the only carbon paper that will do it with every copy of the twenty clearly legible.

MULTI KOPY Carbon Paper is thin but very strong, durable and long-lived. A sheet can be used, with consistently sharp impressions, as many times as heavier papers.

MULTI KOPY is made in either glossy or dull finish, in black, brown, purple, green and red, and in six varieties to suit all purposes. The following list names varieties and their manifolding power: MULTI KOPY, 20; MULTI KOPY, hard finish, 15; MULTI KOPY, medium, 8; MULTI KOPY, hard finish, medium, 6; MULTI KOPY, billing, 6; MULTI KOPY, hard finish, billing, 4.

Let us Send You a Sample Sheet Free and the next time you want to make a large number of copies put the sheet of MULTI KOPY between the last two sheets of paper and then compare the MULTI KOPY impressions with the others. In writing for sample sheet, please give name of your dealer in typewriter supplies together with your own and that of your firm.

MULTI KOPY Carbon Paper is sold by most dealers; any can get it for you if not in stock.

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THE WEBSTER STAR BRAND NON-FILLING TYPEWRITER RIBBONS TRADE MARK WEBSTER BOSTON, MASS.

are guaranteed to give 75,000 impressions each without clogging the typewriter type so as to show on the paper. They are the original non-filling, non-drying and non-fading ribbons. For all machines.

F. S. WEBSTER COMPANY
342 Congress Street : Boston, Mass.

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Three Separate and Distinct Parties

Will You Consider Joining a Limited Party?
Exclusively First Class and "Everything the Best"
Traveling Westbound
You can leave New York September 28

Visit Honolulu, Japan, China, Java, Siam, Ceylon, Burma, India, with or without Egypt, the Nile, Greece and Turkey, outward via. San Francisco.

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Sailing from New York September 30

Visiting Egypt, India, Burma, Ceylon, Siam, Java, Cochin China, Tonquin, the Philippines, Yang-tse-Kiang, interior tour of China, including Peking, the Great Wall, Korea, Japan, and Honolulu.

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Sailing from New York in November

Visiting the Canaries, South Africa, Johannesburg (Gold Mines), Kimberley (Diamond Mines), Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, Tasmania, New Zealand (the earth's wonderland), Australia, the Philippines, China, Japan and Honolulu.

☞ Membership limited. Programs free by mail.
☞ If interested, early application recommended.

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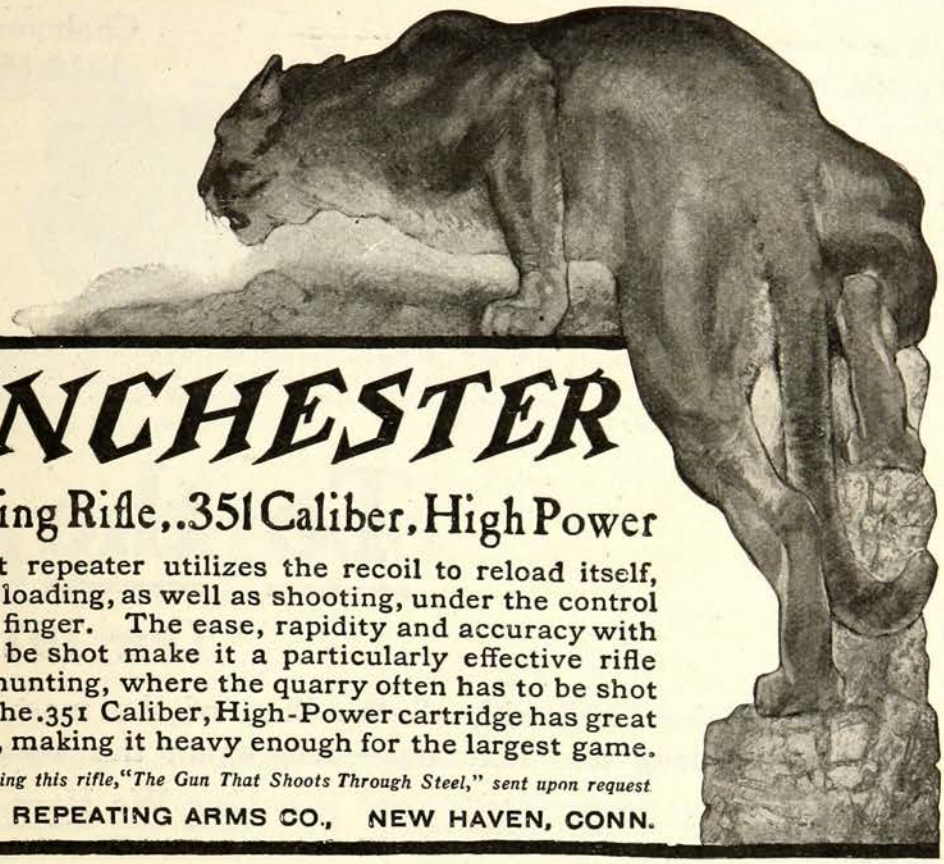
We study your finishing problem. We have solved a good many and our experience is at your service. The problem is not how to make varnish; it is how to make the particular varnish your work requires. *Permanere Finishes remain unchanged.*

The
Cleveland Varnish Company
Cleveland, Ohio



WINCHESTER

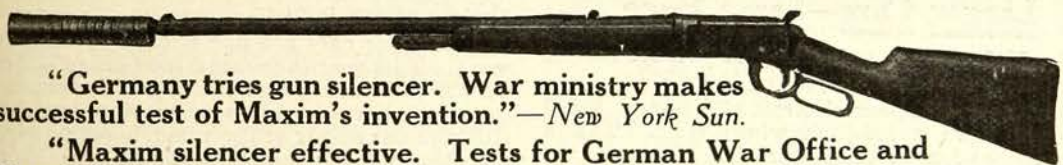
Self-Loading Rifle, .351 Caliber, High Power

This six-shot repeater utilizes the recoil to reload itself, which places loading, as well as shooting, under the control of the trigger finger. The ease, rapidity and accuracy with which it can be shot make it a particularly effective rifle for big game hunting, where the quarry often has to be shot on the run. The .351 Caliber, High-Power cartridge has great killing power, making it heavy enough for the largest game.

Circular fully describing this rifle, "The Gun That Shoots Through Steel," sent upon request

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MAXIM SILENCER



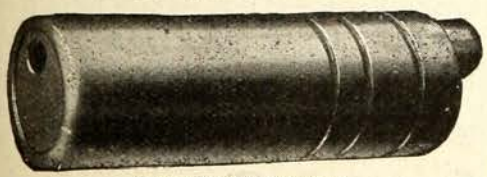
"Germany tries gun silencer. War ministry makes successful test of Maxim's invention."—*New York Sun.*

"Maxim silencer effective. Tests for German War Office and Patent Bureau satisfactory."—*New York Herald.*

The Maxim silencer prevents all explosion noise. Does not interfere with balance, sighting, velocity or accuracy. Reduces the recoil (kick) over 60 per cent. Can be put on or taken off in four seconds.

The Silencer is the Sportsman's delight, even in darkest Africa. Hundreds have been sold in all parts of the country. Order yours to-day and be ready for the Fall and Winter seasons. It will outlast the Rifle. Gunsmiths can fit it.

Supplied by Hardware Merchants and dealers in Gun Goods, or direct from the makers.



SILENCER DETACHED

Write for Free Catalogue

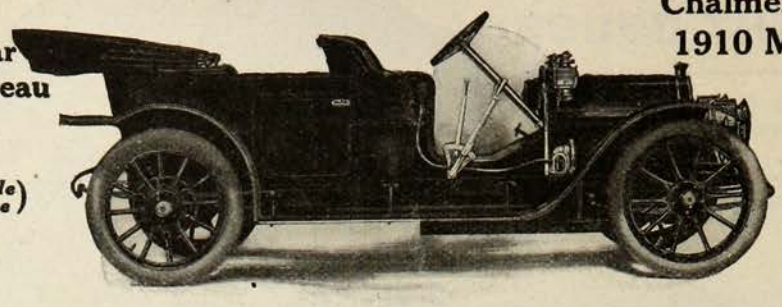
FITS ON ANY RIFLE

MAXIM SILENT FIREARMS CO., Room 813, 38 Park Row, New York

Branch Office, PHIL. B. BEKEART, 717 Market St., San Francisco

Chalmers-Detroit "30"
1910 Model—$1500

Touring Car
Pony Tonneau
Roadster
Limousine
Coupe (*Inside Drive*)
Landaulet



The Chalmers-Detroit "30," 1910 Model, has a 115-inch wheel base. That's three inches longer than our "Forty" of last season. It has 34-inch wheels, against 32-inch last season. Tonneau is more roomy and stylish, the hood accordingly longer and higher.

To the 800

Our 1910 Models

This amazing "30," with all the lines of the most costly cars—showy, roomy, long and luxurious—sells again this season for $1500

On May 12—right at the season's height—the last Chalmers-Detroit "30" of the 1909 model was sold. Since then we have turned away orders for more than 800 cars. Think of unfulfilled orders for $1,200,000 in the first season of the "30."

Our dealers now have our 1910 models on show. We fixed deliveries to begin early in August, so you who were disappointed on the 1909 models can get the new ones in the season's infancy. Get your orders in now with your dealer.

Larger Cars—Same Price

For 1910, we are going to give you even more than before for the money.

Our new Chalmers-Detroit "30"—our $1500 car—will have a 115-inch wheel base. That's three inches longer than our 1909 "Forty." It will have 34-inch wheels, two inches larger than last season.

The hood will be three inches longer and two inches higher—in keeping with the larger body. The tonneau will be large and roomy. And not a car on the market, regardless of price, will have a more stylish body.

Our 1910 "Forty" will have a 122-inch wheel base—ten inches longer than last season. It will have 36-inch wheels, and room for seven passengers. Our 1909 "Forty" was a five-passenger car. Our new "Forty" will be upholstered in hand-buffed leather, and a Bosch magneto will be furnished free.

Yet, with all these costly improvements, not a penny is added to the price of either car.

How We Have Done It

Cost of materials has advanced $75 to $100 per car. But we have more than offset this extra cost. We have doubled our factory and increased our capacity by 1,000 cars, which will be produced without a dollar's extra cost for management, for advertising or supervision.

Last year our fixed expense on the "30" was divided by 2,500 cars. This year the same expense is divided by 3,500 cars. That makes a considerable difference per car.

Then our cars are not altered in mechanical ways. This year increasing the bore of our cylinders to four inches and making slight changes in the exhaust valves gives us more power, but we still rate the motor at the same horse power. In the other vital features, there's no possible room for improvement.

So the same tools and machinery will serve for another year. The expense of last season doesn't need to be repeated. Thus we save a great deal. You benefit.

Nine Per Cent Profit Still

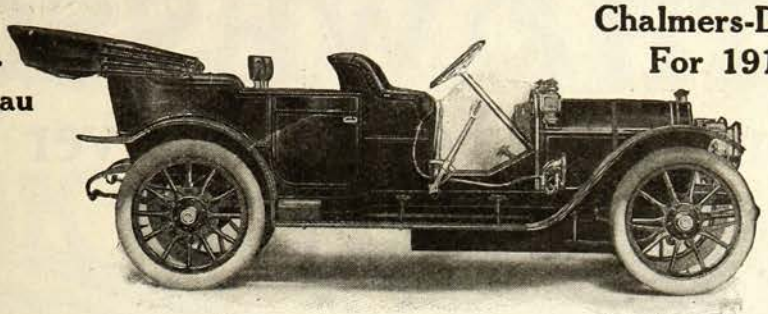
Our profit for 1909 was approximately 9 per cent. Our profit for 1910 we figure will be about the same. Every cent that we save by increasing our output will go into size, finish and style.

In other words, we offset the increased cost by an increased output. That is our permanent policy. Chalmers-Detroit cars will always give the most for the money.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company,

Touring Car
Pony Tonneau
Roadster

Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"
For 1910—$2,750



The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty," 1910 Model, has a 122-inch wheel base. Ten inches longer than last season. It has 36-inch wheels, two inches larger than last season. It has seats for seven passengers. Upholstered in hand-buffed leather. Magneto free.

Disappointed

Are Now On Show

Note the 1910 "Forty"—a seven-passenger car. Ten inches longer than before—has two inches larger wheels. Yet the price remains $2,750

They will always give you every penny's worth of value it is possible to give and retain what would be considered fair profit in any business.

Extras at Low Cost

Here is an additional policy adopted for 1910; that is, to furnish the following extras at the lowest possible cost—much cheaper than you could possibly buy them unless you bought them from us.

We will fit our $1500 car with a Bosch magneto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank, and two of the Atwood-Castle new style gas lamps, all for $100 extra. The cost of these extras at regular prices would be $175.

We will furnish our "30" with a Lenox mohair top for $75 extra. This is the very best top you can buy. Don't be satisfied with the ordinary top when you can get a mohair top from us for $75. The regular price of this top is $125.

On our "Forty" the Bosch magneto, the gas lamps and gas tank are all included in the price of $2,750. But we will supply with our "Forty" a $150 Newport Mohair top for $125 extra, and we will supply two extra seats for $75 extra.

The Records of 1909

The Chalmers-Detroit "30" was a new car only a year ago. One could judge it only by the splendid record of the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty."

Its main prestige lay in the fact that Mr. Coffin designed it—the man who designed our "Forty." But $1500 was a new price—an amazing price. And all the world wondered what sort of car it would buy. Now the records are in.

One of our "30's" has been run more than 32,000 miles, including a path-finding trip from Denver to Mexico City. Never has any car at any price made an equal endurance record. Another stock "30" won the Indiana Light Car Race, averaging 51.5 miles an hour for 232.74 miles.

Owners have paid us for repair parts on all cars shipped during year just passed, exactly $2.44 per car. We believe that's another world's record.

In the Economy Test, made in New York by the New York Auto Dealers' Association, our "30" made 25.7 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Never did a car prove more satisfactory. Never did a car cost so little for upkeep. Mr. Coffin has devoted another year to its study. Yet he has found no mechanical way to improve it.

Send for New Catalog

Most men find in the Chalmers-Detroit "30" all they want in a car. No price can buy more than we give in our "Forty," save unneeded power.

Send today for a catalog. Make your comparisons. Get your order in early to insure prompt delivery. If you buy early you have four or five months' use of the car when the weather is best for motoring, before the car's calendar year really begins. Cut out this coupon now.

A MEMO TO

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Please send catalog to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

County _____ *State* _____

McClure's, Sept., '09

Detroit, Michigan

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

(2)

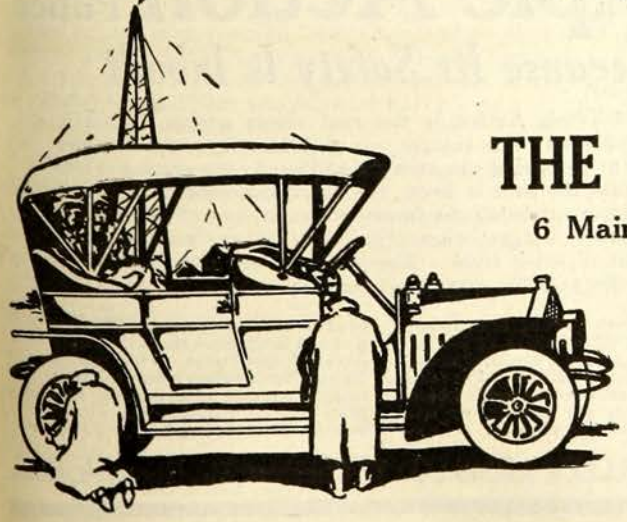
No C. Q. D. Needed for FISK BOLTED ON TIRES

You need never call for help if your car is equipped with them. They will carry you safely, speedily, and comfortably to your journey's end. If, by chance, a puncture or blow-out should occur, you can make the replacement in less than three minutes and go cheerily on your way.

"The Tire That's Bolted On."

You can always depend upon the **FISK BOLTED-ON TIRE** in any emergency. No roads too rough for it—no task too difficult for it to perform. It is the "lightning change artist" of the tire world—the magician of the motor kingdom.

Let us demonstrate its superiority to you. Descriptive booklet mailed on request.



THE FISK RUBBER CO.

6 Main Street, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

BRANCHES:

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Philadelphia,	Atlanta,	Buffalo,
Cleveland,	Detroit,	Chicago,
St. Louis,	Minneapolis,	St. Paul,
Kansas City,	Denver,	Seattle,
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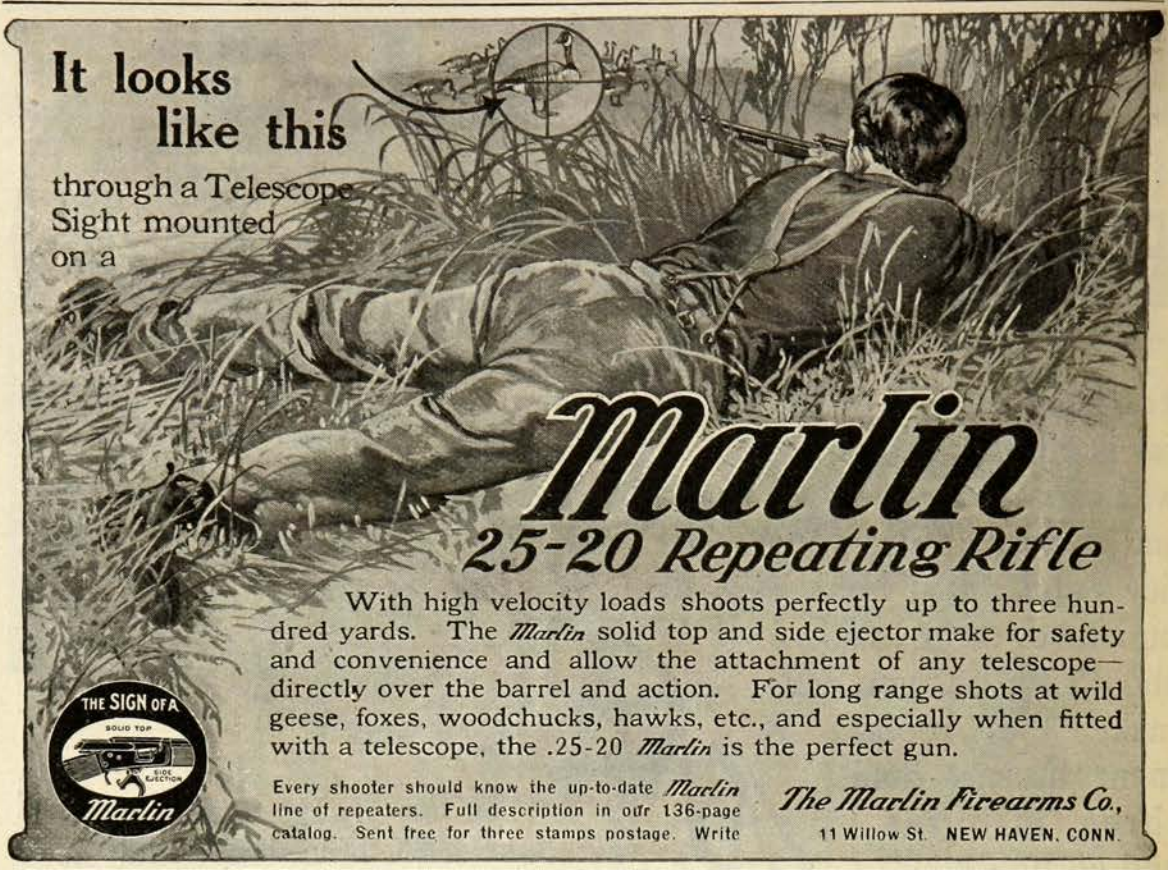
"Makers of the Original Bolted-On Tire."



It looks like this

through a Telescope Sight mounted on a

Marlin

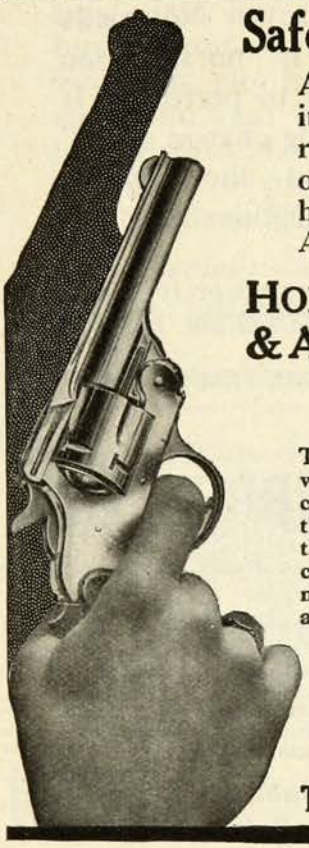
25-20 Repeating Rifle

With high velocity loads shoots perfectly up to three hundred yards. The *Marlin* solid top and side ejector make for safety and convenience and allow the attachment of any telescope—directly over the barrel and action. For long range shots at wild geese, foxes, woodchucks, hawks, etc., and especially when fitted with a telescope, the .25-20 *Marlin* is the perfect gun.

THE SIGN OF A Marlin

Every shooter should know the up-to-date *Marlin* line of repeaters. Full description in our 136-page catalog. Sent free for three stamps postage. Write

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
11 Willow St. NEW HAVEN, CONN.



Safety Insurance Is Better Than Revolver Risk

Any kind of a revolver shoots—sometimes when you want it to, sometimes when you don't. The man who buys a revolver without an absolute assurance of its safety, in action or at rest, takes chances every time he holds the weapon in his hands. When *you* buy *your* revolver, buy a *safe* revolver. And when you're buying fix this one fact in your mind—the

HOPKINS & ALLEN Triple Action Safety Police

Is Safe Because Its Safety Is Inbuilt

This Hopkins & Allen Triple Action is the real safety action. This is what the Triple Action means: The instant you pull the trigger the hammer cocks, then lets drive at the firing pin straight and hard; the second it hits the firing pin, the instant the shot is fired, the third movement then lifts the hammer up and above the firing-pin, away above it, out of all possible contact with it. There it lodges—securely, safely—firm, fixed and immovable against a wall of solid steel. The weapon will not, *cannot* fire again unless you actually pull the trigger all the way back.

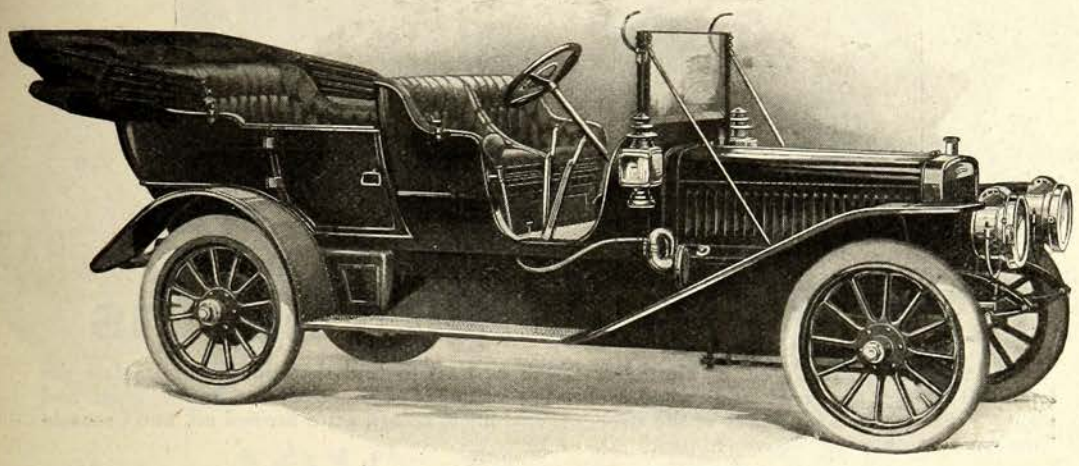
The new Army Grip gives a strong, firm, handhold and adds to the effectiveness of the revolver. 32 and 38 calibre, 4 inch barrel, nickeled finish, $9.50; blued finish, $10.00. For sale at all good hardware and sporting goods stores, but if your dealer does not have it, we will send one post-paid on receipt of price.

Send for our Gun Guide and 1909 Catalog and learn more about the Triple Action Safety Police. This catalog also shows our other lines—the most complete range of high-grade, low-price firearms made anywhere in the world. Write for it today. *It's Free.*

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO., 12 Chestnut St., Norwich, Conn.

Four Times Around the Earth

Repair Expense $127.30



Most repair bills are unnecessary. We proved that fact when ten

WINTON SIX

cars ran 118,503 miles (more than four times around the earth) on repair expenses of $127.30.

These figures are sworn to by ten individual owners.

One car, with limousine body, ran 17,003 miles. Repair expense—NOTHING. Another, 11,000 miles. Repair expense—30 cents. A third, 10,595 miles. Repair expense—NOTHING. Total, three cars, 38,598 miles, on repair expenses of ***30 cents.***

All these cars were Winton Sixes. Pretty sturdy cars, eh?

One owner, after running from Cleveland to New England and back (2038 miles) said: "It was like a sealed bonnet run. Never touched the motor. And we didn't find a hill that was hard for us."

So it's a hill climber, too.

While you are buying a car, why not get ***the one*** that tops it over all the rest?

The prime secret of motor car supremacy is ***Continuous Power.*** No automobile on earth can have Continuous Power unless it has ***Six Cylinders.***

The Winton Six has Six Cylinders. Therefore, it's right in principle.

And because it's right in practice, too, it's the quietest, prettiest running car of them all. None better on hills. None more flexible. None more reliable.

We are using the same, identical motor for 1910 as in 1909—couldn't improve it.

The 1910 buyer gets four forward speeds, a larger clutch, the best carburetor we have ever seen, dual ignition, a superb, roomy body, suspended low on semi-elliptical springs, 124-inch wheel base (4 inches increase), and an inswept frame, allowing short turning radius.

Starts from the seat without cranking—A feature not to be found on any other car of any type. A feature worth the price of one's self-respect.

At $3000 the 48 horse-power Winton Six represents the absolute limit of motor car value.

Let us send you the details. We want you to know about "Sixes vs. Fours;" you don't have to be a mechanical expert to understand the facts. And by all means get the full details about the ten Winton Sixes that ran more than four times around the earth on $127.30 repair expense.

Clip the coupon and send it today.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.
Member A. L. A. M.
CLEVELAND, U. S. A.

Winton Branch Houses (owned and operated by the company) in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco.

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Saunders & Lawton, Architects, Seattle

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Alaska—Yukon—Pacific Exposition

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You are never too far West, or North, or South or East to find that people appreciate the beautiful colors, low cost and wood-preserving value of Cabot's Stains, the original and standard exterior Stains. Made of the strongest and finest colors, pure linseed oil, and Creosote "the best wood preservative known."

Send for samples and circulars.

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Floor plans of this design and description in book marked X below:

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100	Small Cot. and Bung.	.50	226	Cstg.	$2000 to $2500,	$1.00
98	Cstg.	$800 to $1200	.50	191	"	$2500 to $3000,	1.00
136	"	$1200 to $1600	$1.00	207	"	$3000 to $4000,	1.00
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(Hamburg-American Line)

18,000 tons, brand new superbly fitted

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SPECIAL FEATURES.—Madeira, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Burma, Java, Borneo, Philippines, Japan. An unusual chance to visit unusually attractive places.

12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10: by North German Lloyd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuerst," 73 days, including 24 days Egypt and Palestine, **$400 up.**

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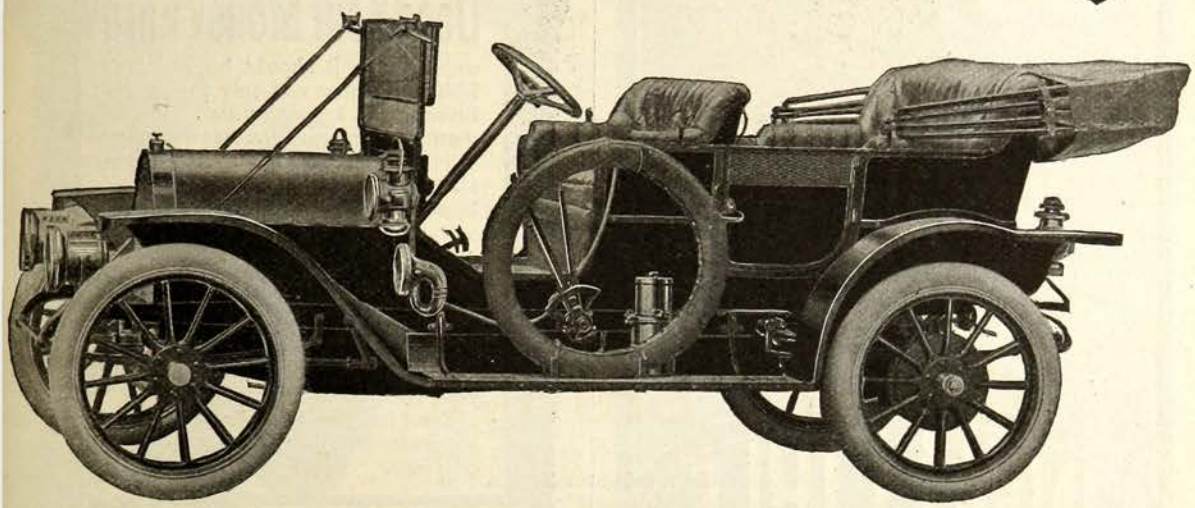


1910 Reo $1250

Four-Cylinder **30 Horsepower**

As soon as we got our four-cylinder car up to the Reo standard in every detail, we offered it to you—not before.

A big, powerful, handsome car—fifty miles an hour if you want it, and a wonder on the hills—with the famous get-there-and-back ability of every Reo car ever built.

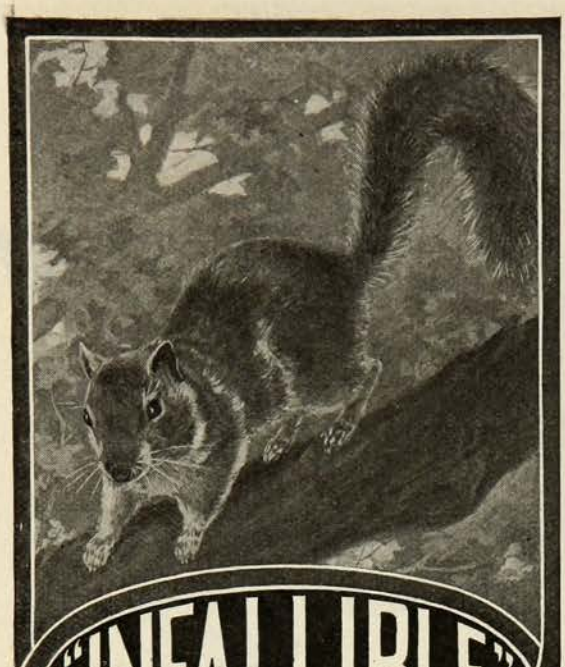
Ready September 1st—you can well afford to wait until then for a car like this.

Send today for a catalogue of this four-cylinder car and the 1910 two-cylinder touring car at $1000 and single-cylinder runabout at $500.

You Can do it with a REO

You Can do it with a REO

R M Owen & Co, Lansing, Mich, Gen'l Sales Ag'ts for the Reo Motor Car Co.



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SMOKELESS

The only DENSE powder made in America

ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF

Always the same under all conditions. Not affected by heat or moisture. As good ten years hence as today.

Any dealer can supply you with shells loaded with

"INFALLIBLE" SMOKELESS

Send 12 cents in stamps for a set of six Pictures illustrating "A Day's Hunt." Address Dept. A,

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as much as it should be earning? If it is bringing you only 3% or 4% because you are unfamilar with investment securities, you owe it to yourself to send for our book "Bonds and How to Buy Them." Tells all about bonds and gives you those facts about investments everyone should know.

Our Municipal and Corporation Bonds of varying denominations yielding 4% to 5¾% are the kind of securities in which banks themselves invest their trust funds.

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Send for our Bond Book and descriptive circular of our present offerings.

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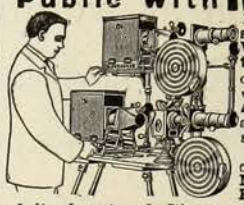
IT PAYS BIG To Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures



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Beautiful decorative house plants for winter show
Post paid
2 for 30c. 4 for 50c. 10 for $1
Winter Bulb, Plant and Seed catalog free. Order today

SALZER SEED CO. BOX 2 **LA CROSSE, WIS.**

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OF wood and metal workers, without steam power, equipped with

BARNES' FOOT POWER MACHINERY allow lower bids

on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.
200 Ruby Street, Rockford, Ill.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points.

443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 736 Old South Building, Boston; 206 Pacific Building, San Francisco; 200 Central Building, Los Angeles.

Walpole
HOT WATER BOTTLE
Fusible Core Process
(PATENTED)

The Fusible Core Process means that in the construction of the WALPOLE Bottle, the uncured rubber is built around a **fusible metal core** in the shape of a bottle.

The heat employed in the process of curing reduces the fusible core to liquid form, so that when the bottle is removed from the mould, the core may be poured from the mouth—consequently, a Hot Water Bottle of absolutely one piece of moulded para rubber.

No Cemented Seams or Joints to Give Way Under the Action of Hot Water

Will outlive three of the old-fashioned water bags cemented and joined together.

It is the most economical, too, because the price is no more than what you would pay for some others, yet with proper care will last three times as long.

Ask your druggist for the Walpole Fusible Core Hot Water Bottle. Always look for **"Gleason Fusible Core Process"** around the edge of seal on the bottle. If he cannot supply you, order from us direct, **giving his name,** enclosing Express Money Order, and we will send it prepaid

1 quart, $1.75 2 quart, $2.00 3 quart, $2.25 4 quart, $2.50

Money back if unsatisfactory

WALPOLE RUBBER WORKS, Dept. F, 185 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM.

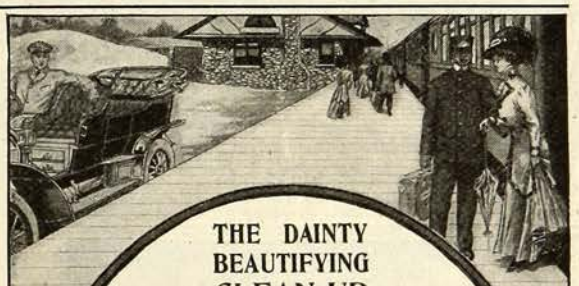
FIVE CENTS THE OUNCE AND IN 5¢, 10¢ AND 25¢ PACKETS

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.**

FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada



THE DAINTY BEAUTIFYING CLEAN-UP

For Travelers, Motorists and Shoppers

To cleanse grime, soot, dust and impurities from the pores, to keep the skin soft and smooth, wipe the face daily with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream on a hot wet cloth This prevents premature wrinkles, stops chapping, counteracts dryness, and clears out the causes of skin blemishes. It freshens and beautifies the complexion, overcoming the ill-effects of exposure to summer sun and heat

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

is a standard household article with hundreds of uses. Its superiority, elegance, rare fragrance and the daily pleasure which its use affords, have created a demand for it in the best shops in both America, Europe, Egypt, India and the Orient. Traveler's tubes 10c up; Jars 35c up.

Sample Mailed Free

Naturally such a successful article is widely imitated, therefore look for the name "Daggett & Ramsdell" on every package.

Daggett & Ramsdell
Dept. B,
D. & R. Bldg.,
West 14th St.,
NEW YORK

GOULD

ELECTRIC LIGHT IS NOW CHEAPER

The new General Electric Tungsten Lamp gives nearly three times the light given by ordinary incandescent lamps.

General Electric tungsten lamps make electric light available for many people who never before thought they could afford it.

General Electric Tungsten Lamps

G.E. TUNGSTEN Lamps make it easy for you to get more and better light for your money than ever before. Whether you are now using electricity, gas or kerosene, you should know about these wonderful new lamps.

The G.E. TUNGSTEN Lamp is an improvement over the standard G.E. Edison incandescent lamp in common use.

The light giving filament is made of the rare metal Tungsten instead of Carbon. When heated by the same electric current Tungsten becomes much more luminous than carbon.

The ordinary carbon incandescent lamp takes more than three watts of electricity for each candle light while the G.E. TUNGSTEN uses but slightly more than one watt to produce a light of soft, even white brilliancy closely resembling daylight. Thus G.E. TUNGSTEN Lamps give the highest quality of light at a much lower cost.

Although on the market only a short time G.E. TUNGSTEN Lamps have already been installed in many large stores, office and public buildings where quality and economy are both essential.

For the home or the small business place they offer the same advantages that have induced larger users to install them.

Any progressive electric light company will be glad to tell you all about this new incandescent lamp—or write to us for our G.E. Tungsten Book No. 32 which tells more about the wonderful metal, Tungsten, and explains how the best results can be secured from G.E. TUNGSTEN Lamps in home, office, factory or store.

Remember—every day you are without G.E. TUNGSTEN Lamps an inferior light is costing you more than it should.

In 1880 the General Electric Company (then the Edison Electric Light Co.) made and marketed the first Edison carbon incandescent lamp ever manufactured for commercial purposes. Since that date this company has manufactured and sold 270,000,000 Edison carbon incandescent lamps. Every notable advance in electric lighting in the last thirty years has been made by the General Electric Company.

The genuine G.E. TUNGSTEN Lamps are always packed in individual boxes bearing the famous G.E. monogram. Look for it.

General Electric Company, Dept. 22, Schenectady, N.Y.

COOPER'S Spring Needle Knit UNDERWEAR

has the following claims to your attention:

It stretches — but does not stay stretched.

It fits the figure like a glove, but without strain.

It is durable, and washes without loss of quality.

It is dainty in design and finish.

It comes in colors or plain, two-piece or union suit, in cotton, silk-lisle, wool, or cotton and wool.

This COOPER'S TRADE MARK DERBY RIBBED REGD. U.S. PAT. OFF. UNDERWEAR GRADE DE LUXE Trade Mark

Prevents Substitution

You can get it at most any reliable dealers.

It proves its "style" on inspection.

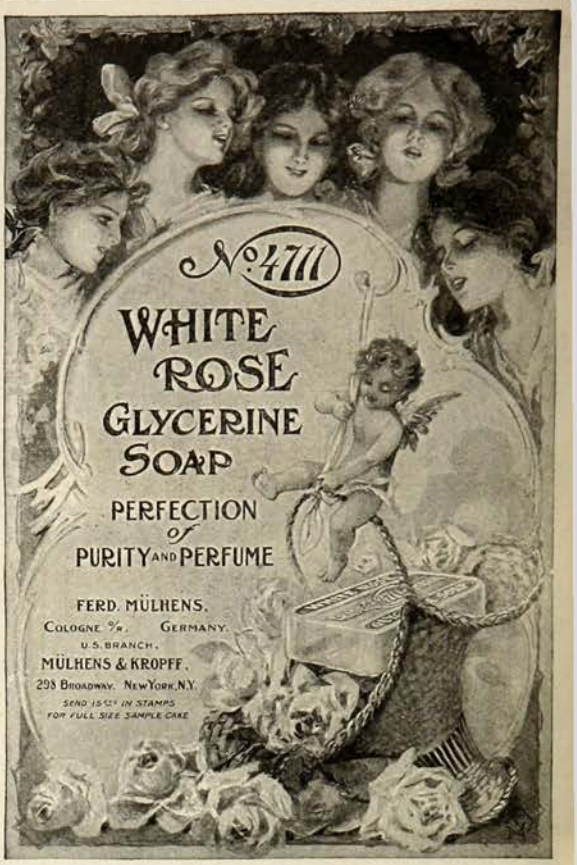
Patents in nine countries protect our "spring-needle" machines, and the courts sustain our claim against infringement.

No other fabric has the same live elasticity.

Quality considered, the price is low. Usually selling for $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, and $2.50 per garment, according to goods.

We should like to send you our booklet sustaining these points.

Cooper Manufacturing Co.,
Bennington, Vermont.



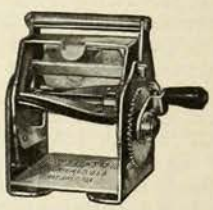
Every Smooth Shave

Requires Perfect Stropping

The shave without a scrape—
is yours every time with the

Perfection Automatic Razor Strop

But don't class it with any other. There is nothing like it.



"It's all in the Edge."

Every turn of the crank gives six perfect stroppings to each side of the blade.

This remarkable invention is the only automatic machanical 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. With the old style ordinary or any safety razor blade it makes shaving a delight. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for our 10 days' Free Trial offer. If safety razor, name make.

Perfection Razor Strop Company
94 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

Interesting proposition to dealers or agents.

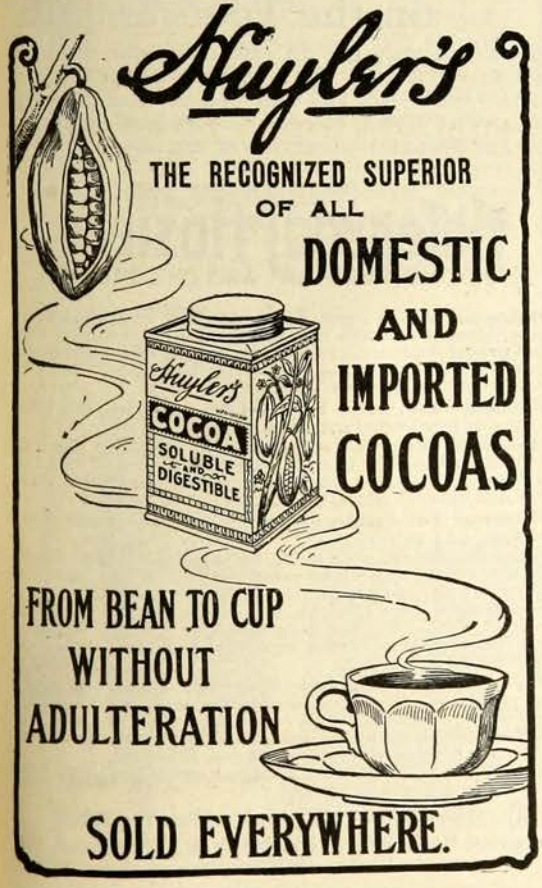
LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

gives a piquant flavor indispensable to good

Chafing Dish Cooking

Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N Y.



Nestlé's Food
BEST FOR BABIES

MOST of the ills from which babies suffer are traceable to one source—the diet. If your baby is sickly and peevish, in all probability his food is wrong.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD will change all this. No child organism is too delicate to assimilate and thrive on it.

NESTLÉ'S not only makes babies rosy-cheeked and plump, it builds up the bone-and-sinew structures as well.

NESTLÉ babies are healthy, happy babies.

Just add hot water and boil.

We have a new book on Infant Hygiene which we will send with trial package (enough for 12 feedings) free on request.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

HENRI NESTLÉ, 92 Warren Street, New York.
Please send me, free, your book and trial package.
Name .....
Address .....
McC. (9)

The Best Book On 6% Bonds

We have written a book on Irrigation Bonds, based on long experience and intimate knowledge. Every investor, small or large, owes to himself its perusal. We want to send you a copy.

In the past 15 years, we have sold 70 separate issues of Drainage and Irrigation Bonds, without a dollar of loss to any investor. We are the largest dealers in these Reclamation Bonds, and they have become, in late years our most popular bonds.

Irrigation Bonds are secured by liens on the most fertile farm lands in America. The value of the land is often more than four times the loan.

Some are municipal obligations, forming tax liens on the real property located in populous districts.

They are serial bonds, running from two to twelve years. Each year, as the loan is reduced, the security back of the rest is increased.

The denominations are $100, $500 and $1,000, so one may invest either little or much.

The interest rate is six per cent. No other large class of bonds, equally well secured, now pays an equal rate.

These bonds are bound to become more and more popular as they become better known. They are the utmost in six per cent. bonds. Please send us this coupon today for our free book, so you may know the facts.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

(Established 1893)
Municipal and Corporation Bonds

First National Bank Bldg. CHICAGO — **50 Congress Street BOSTON**

First National Bank Bldg. SAN FRANCISCO

Gentlemen :—Please send me your new Bond Book, **"The World's Greatest Industry."**

*Name*_____

*Town*_____

*State*_____ 333

Buy Six Pairs at a time

You can get "Holeproof" Hose for men, women and children, six pairs *guaranteed* six months. See how convenient to have hose of one make for the entire family.

If one or all of the six pairs come to holes, rips or darns in six months you get new hose free.

Think of the money this saves—think of the freedom from darning.

"Holeproof" are soft, light and attractive.

Made from Egyptian cotton costing an average of 63c per pound.

We have had 31 years of experience. No amateur maker can make hose as good.

Look for "Holeproof" on the Toe

Else you may get an inferior make not even half so attractive. The genuine is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, $2. Made entirely of Sea Island cotton.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today

Reg. U.S Pat. Office, 1906.

Write for Free Book—"How to Make Your Feet Happy"

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 383 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

GOOD CLOTHES ARE ALWAYS MADE TO ORDER TRADE MARK

Clothes Refinement

PEOPLE of refinement wear clothes that reflect their personality. Good clothes, to represent one's taste, must necessarily be especially cut and made for the man who is to wear them. Such made-to-order clothes are not at all expensive when ordered through

Strauss Brothers'

National Tailoring Service

(Over 5000 local dealers and branch stores throughout the United States)

An assortment of 500 brand new fall weaves in approved shades and designs are at your service, ranging in price from $20.00 to $40.00 for suits or overcoats—made to order and guaranteed to give absolutely perfect satisfaction.

Call at our established local dealer (if you don't know him, ask us), and select your pattern. Choose your fashion and have your measures skilfully taken. You'll not have long to wait for the finished garments—a triumph of the designer's and tailor's skill.

Our New Fall Fashion Magazine No. 7—"Pointers" also containing portraits of 12 champions of leading athletic sports, free on request. Write today.

THE "SENIOR"
(Drawn from Life)
One of Our 52 New Fall Models.

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
S.W. Cor. Monroe & Franklin Sts. Entire Building
Established 1877
CHICAGO

Inexhaustible Hot Water Everywhere

HOT water is not even a *convenience* unless you can get it *everywhere* in the house *any time* you want it.

When you do, it's a *luxury*—a luxury formerly belonging to the homes of wealth, but now possible in almost *any* home through the Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater.

The Ruud simplifies water heating and hot water getting to *simply a turn of the faucet*. You positively *do* nothing else—nor *think* of anything else.

When a faucet is opened—whether it be in laundry, kitchen, bathroom or pantry—the

RUUD Automatic
Gas Water Heater

lights its own burner, receives its water from the main pipes, heats it *instantly* and sends it *scalding hot* to the open faucet.

The moment the faucet is closed the heater extinguishes its own flame.

Here is *economy*—you don't spend a cent for heating water that isn't used.

Here is *promptness*—you never have to wait, day or night.

Here is *reliability*—the response of the Ruud is unfailing; there is never an interruption in the steady stream of hot water, there is no scarcity, no matter how much you draw. More than all this,

The Ruud Has Placed Water Heating on a Sanitary Basis.

The old-fashioned kitchen range tank is *not* sanitary—not even *clean*. It is an ideal breeding place for germs, which are always present because the tank *never empties*.

The Ruud furnishes *fresh* hot water—water that may be used for cooking as freely as bathing. Ruud water never stands—it is heated as it flows—the *only* healthful, hygienic, sanitary way.

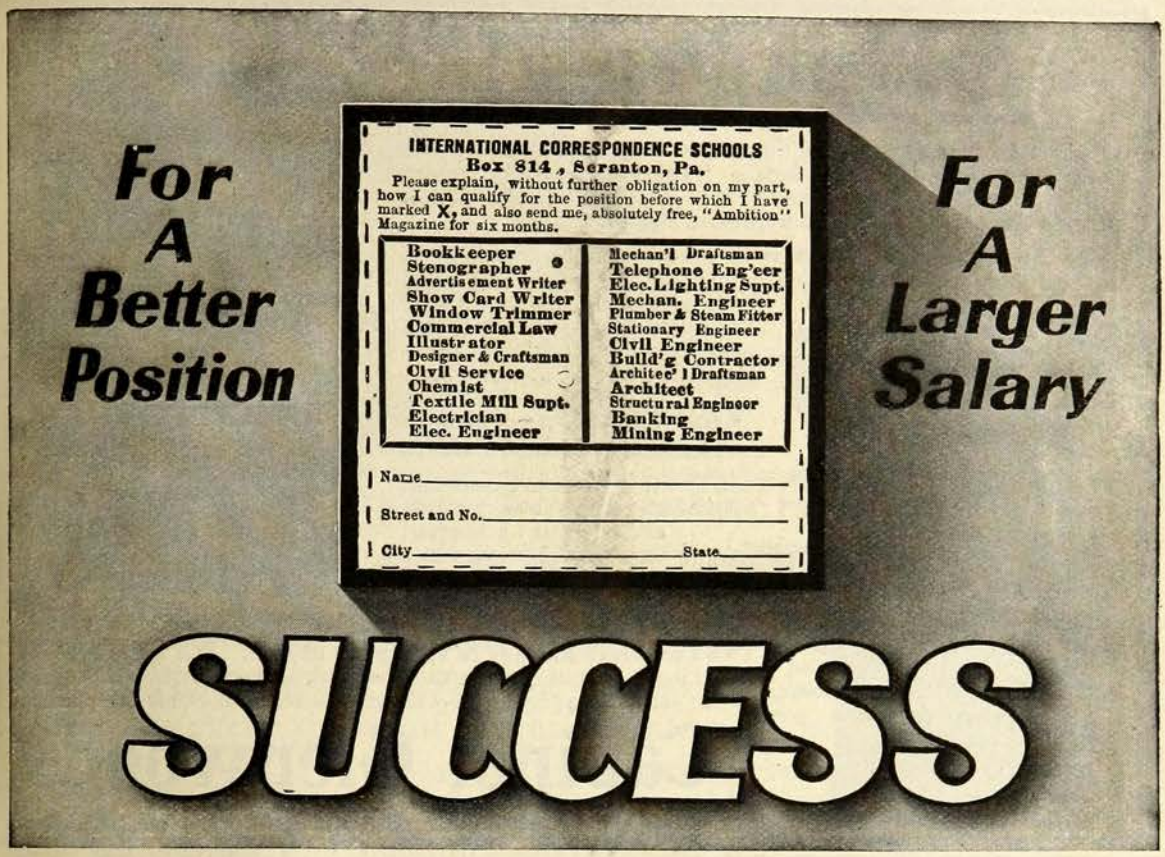
The Ruud stands in the cellar—no noise, nor odor; you don't know it's there except through the hot water luxury it gives the household.

Ask your architect about the Ruud—or see it on demonstration at leading gas companies. Interesting descriptive literature on request.

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

Branch Offices and Salesrooms in all principal cities.

London: British Ruud Mfg. Co. **Hamburg: Ruud Heisswasser Apparatebau.**



WILL YOU—

mark the above coupon for a Raise in Salary? There's not a single doubt as to the ability of the International Correspondence Schools to help you *earn more.* "The Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries."

Will You—

mark the coupon for a Better Position? The I. C. S. will help you by actually making you an expert at your *chosen line of work.* No necessity for leaving home. No books to buy. Doesn't matter where you live, what you do, what your age, or how little schooling you have had—the I. C. S. can help you.

Will You—

mark the coupon for Independence? On an average three hundred students every month *VOLUNTARILY* report salaries raised, positions bettered, independence gained and success assured as the direct result of I. C. S training. During June the number was 263.

mark the coupon for Success? Not the success of a day, a week, a year—but *lifetime* success—success that will not only raise you from the poorly-paid *line,* but that will keep you in the *lead.*

Will You—

mark the coupon to learn *how* the I. C. S. can help you? *Finding out* costs you nothing. Besides putting you to no expense and under no obligation, marking the coupon entitles you to six months' free subscription to the I. C. S. illustrated monthly "Ambition."

Will You—

mark the coupon? This is the real test of your ambition. Marking the coupon proves the sincerity of your aim to succeed in life. *This* is Opportunity—Success actually staring you in the face. Mark the coupon NOW.

Mark the Coupon for a Larger Salary

A Plain Range!

No fussy ornamentation or filigree on the Cabinet Glenwood. Just the natural black iron finish. "The Mission Style" applied to a range. A room saver too—like the upright piano. Every essential refined and improved upon.

The Broad, Square Oven with perfectly straight sides is very roomy. The Glenwood oven heat indicator, Improved baking damper, Sectional top, Drawout grate and Ash-Pan are each worthy of special mention. It Makes Cooking Easy.

Gas Range

Coal Range

Combination Coal and Gas range.

See The Gas Oven

and Broiling Compartment just above coal range, so easy to get at without stooping; also the Three Burner Gas Shelf for cooking and boiling fitted flush with range top.

Range without Gas (For Coal or Wood.)

Two Complete Ranges in the space of one. If a large amount of baking is required, both the Coal and Gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for meats and the other for pastry.

Cabinet Glenwood

Write for handsome booklet of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood range to Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

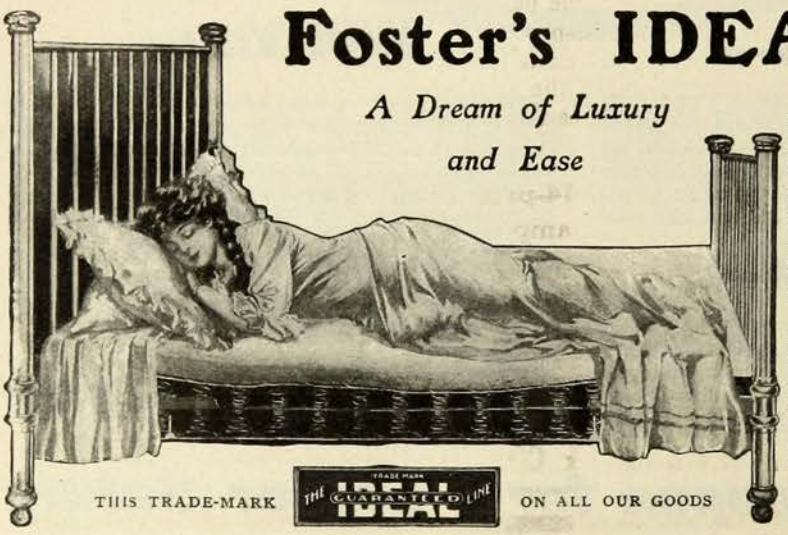
HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label for your protection

Wood Rollers Get "Improved," no tacks required. **Tin Rollers**

Foster's IDEAL Spring

A Dream of Luxury and Ease



It gently yields to the pressure of the body in exact proportion to weight, conforms perfectly to every curve, thus giving perfect support at all points. It is a "double-decker"—two springs in one; does not roll to the center and never sags like woven-wire and other springs. A priceless boon to invalids; a delightful luxury for all. Made either upholstered or plain. Extensively used by leading hotels,—its merits secure and retain patronage.

Do not be deceived by imitations. Look for the brass name-plate on every Ideal Spring. Every furniture dealer and leading department store has or can get Foster's IDEAL Spring, Accident Proof Cribs, Brass and Enameled Beds. Insist upon them. Write for our free Spring or Crib booklet, mailed free with name of nearest dealer.

THIS TRADE-MARK THE IDEAL GUARANTEED LINE ON ALL OUR GOODS

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO.

17 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.

1400 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.

The Mattress that is Built—Not Stuffed

The Mattress That is Built—Not Stuffed

Ostermoor $15.

That slogan, "Built—not Stuffed" ought to commend itself to every seeker of sleeping comfort. The Ostermoor idea is that a mattress should be honestly made; of best materials; and fill, in the most perfect manner possible, the need for which it was intended.

This trade mark always on the real Ostermoor

A cloth label printed in red and black and sewn on the end of EVERY genuine Ostermoor.

REGULAR SIZES AND PRICES

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$8.35
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.,	10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.,	13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15.00

All 6 feet 3 inches long.

Express Charges Prepaid.

In two parts, 50 cents extra. Special sizes, special prices.

Does that idea appeal to you?

THE OSTERMOOR mattress is the expression of honest handiwork. The soft, sanitary sheets are laid up by craftsmen in their line, layer on layer, and the whole enclosed in its covering of ticking entirely by hand. There is no stuffing of animal hair or other doubtful substances into a bag and calling it a mattress. The OSTERMOOR is clean, sanitary and comfortable beyond compare, and is dust-proof, damp-proof, and vermin-proof.

Buy an OSTERMOOR—and an OSTERMOOR only—if you really want the maximum of sleep-giving comfort: the satisfaction of cleanliness and health under you during the resting hours.

Send for our 144-page Book "The Test of Time" with Samples of Ticking—Free

The Ostermoor mattress is not for sale by 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 trade-mark 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. The free book—don't forget it—a postal brings it.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 112 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO., Kokomo, Ind.

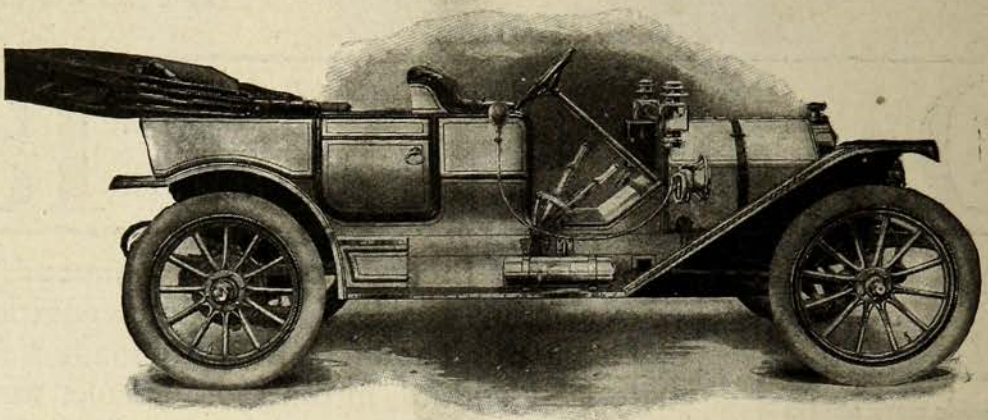
Gentlemen: I am thinking of buying an automobile at about $_____. Would be pleased to have all the information you can furnish on the subject.

Name _____

Address _____

DO YOU WANT TO BUY AN AUTOMOBILE?

If so, fill out the blank shown above. We have Some immensely valuable information to send you



$1000.00 Less—Or, $500.00 More

Here's the latest product from the Haynes factory—our Model 19 for 1910.

It is a $3000.00 value car—with all the quality of the highest-priced cars—and our price is **$2000.00**—fully equipped.

To any man who wants a thoroughly high grade car in every particular—with everything on it worth having on an automobile—a car of reputation—a car of unquestioned merit—we offer this Model 19 Haynes—at a saving of *at least* $1000.00.

"Or $500.00 More." By that we mean $500.00 more than you have to pay for the cheaper class of cars that sell around **$1500.00.**

We are the oldest automobile manufacturers in America and the superior quality of our cars is *unquestioned* everywhere.

In offering this $2000.00 car we believe the public will recognize it as the *biggest value* yet offered in motor cars—*which it is.*

If just a word of advice to automobile buyers may be permitted, let us say—Be careful and buy the *right* car at the *start.*

Too many people have *graduated up* from the cheap car to the car they should have bought in the first place—and by so doing they have lost nearly double the price of the car on the sale of the cheaper cars.

We haven't built a car to sell around $1500.00 because *the kind of construction, material and power plant that we are willing to put out under the name of HAYNES, cannot be made and sold at a profit for that sum of money.*

But to pay more than $2000.00 is unnecessary. This our Model 19 will prove to anyone who examines it.

HAYNES

It is just the car you'll be delighted to own. It has style—snap—beauty of line—elegance of finish—is extremely comfortable and easy-riding and is as mechanically perfect as any machine on the market—no matter what the price. It has ample power, and goes faster than most people care to ride.

We want to send you particulars about this car. We want you to examine it before you buy a car of *any* kind.

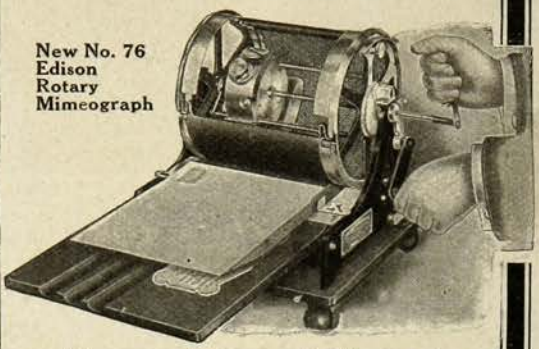
We will tell you where you can see the Haynes Model 19 and have it demonstrated. If you are looking for the right car at the right price, accept our invitation and write for particulars of this wonderful machine.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY - 128 Main Street - KOKOMO, INDIANA

America's Pioneer Automobile Manufacturers

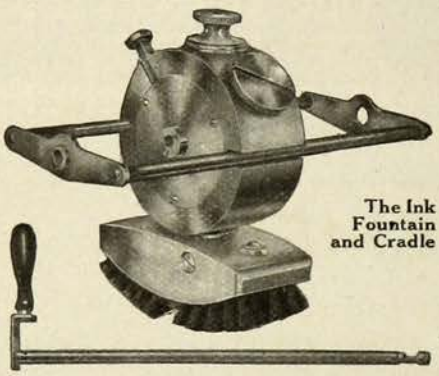
Get a New Mimeograph

with **Ink Fountain**



New No. 76 Edison Rotary Mimeograph

The new **Automatic Fountain** does away with the ink pot and brush. Distributes ink evenly over stencil. Saves time inking up and starting. It means evenly printed work, done in less time. Fountain is locked except when ink is desired.



The Ink Fountain and Cradle

Quicker Better Work

This machine contains improvements which place it **in a class by itself** and make it the simplest, most rapid, practical, economical and best duplicating machine in existence.

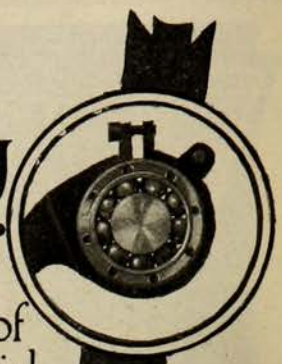
Better write us today for further information.

A. B. Dick Company

736-738 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

Branch: 15 Murray Street, New York

Ball Bearing Type Bar

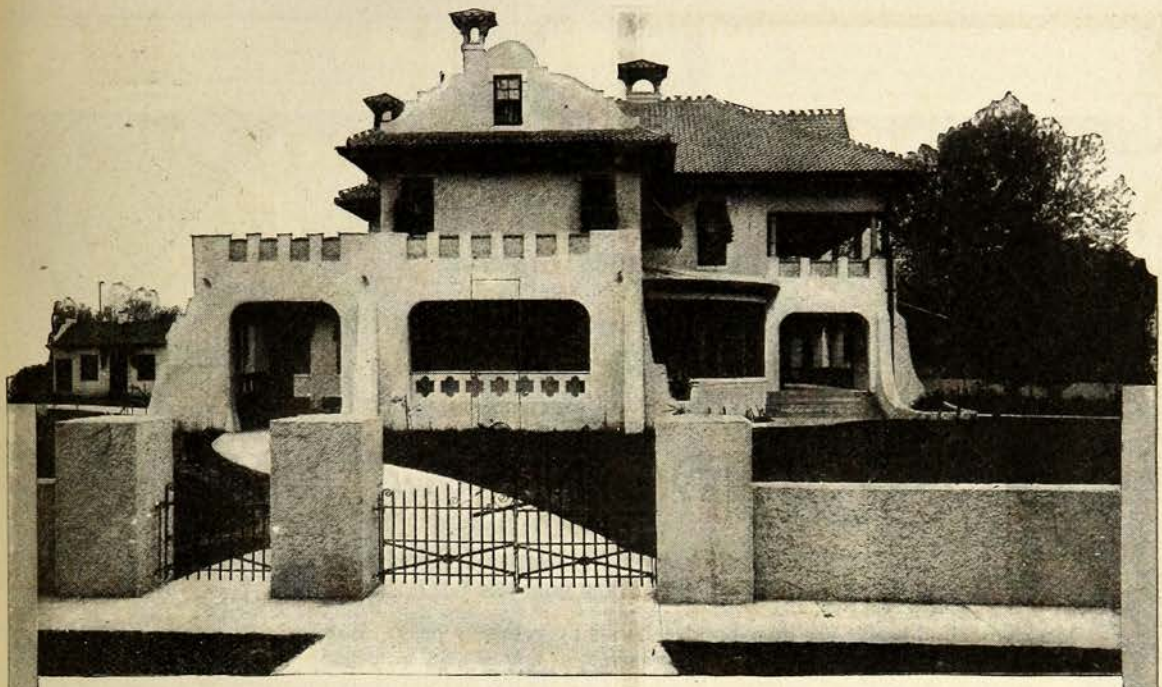


Ball bearings of such size, material and hardness that no indication of wear is apparent after tests of 10,000,000 heavy strokes at high speed. These perfect bearings preserve alignment and contribute to the light touch, the quiet, quick and positive action of the new

Model 10

Smith Premier Typewriter

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. Inc.
Syracuse, New York, U.S.A.



AS A HOME TO LIVE IN, one built of concrete—solid concrete, stucco or stucco on concrete blocks—has no equal.

Such a house is durable, beautiful, economical, warm in winter and cool in summer, and ideally sanitary. In addition to this it requires no repairs and little insurance for the building itself, and lends itself happily to every style of architecture.

Successful concrete buildings, however, require the right cement.

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

is made in the largest plant in the world, is tested at frequent intervals for purity, fineness and cementing power, is made from the genuine cement materials, and is the brand bought by the Government for constructing the Panama Canal.

See that your architect specifies "Atlas Brand or equal." If so, you will get "Atlas," because there is none that is its equal. Write for

"Concrete Country Residences" (25 cents)
"Concrete Cottages" (Free)
"Concrete Construction About the Home and on the Farm" (Free)
"Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction" (10 cents)

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU WITH "ATLAS" WRITE TO

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY
Dept. 56 30 Broad Street, New York

LARGEST OUTPUT OF ANY CEMENT COMPANY
IN THE WORLD, OVER 40,000 BARRELS PER DAY

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO. PORTLAND ATLAS CEMENT 30 BROAD ST. NEW YORK

NONE JUST AS GOOD

That Roof Will Last For Generations!

THERE is pride—sentiment—business foresight—in building for the long future; for your son, and *his* son.

There is wisdom in selecting Carey's Roofing—a *perfect* and *permanent* protection for all flat and steep-roofed buildings.

Roofs laid during the first year it was made (25 years ago) are still intact; apparently good for many years more.

The Carey Roof Standard

THE unique and vital feature of The Carey Roof is a wonderfully elastic asphalt compound—our special formula and process of tempering—that never loses its flexibility; with outer coverings of wear-resisting materials that improve with age—all combined in a compact, uniform, indivisible sheet.

Carey's Roofing is proof against extreme heat and cold: wind, ice, snow and soaking rains. Unequalled as a fire retardent.

The Carey Roof is not to be compared with any other roof material. It is in a class by itself.

YOU will readily see the fallacy—the uncertainty—of having a roof manufactured on the top of a building by the workmen who lay it.

Carey's roofing is the product of special machinery in our vast factories. It is *absolutely standardized;* never varies in quality, weight or thickness.

You can easily secure Carey's Roofing wherever you are located. We have 46 general distributing points; sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Let us send you a sample of Carey's Roofing to prove its quality, and our Book—full of photographic illustrations and valuable information—mailed on request.

The Philip Carey Manufacturing Company

40 Wayne Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Every Step in Picture Making by the

KODAK METHOD

is at Your Convenience.

The Kodak loads and unloads in full daylight.

The Kodak Film Tank will develop your films in full daylight — with better results than the old way.

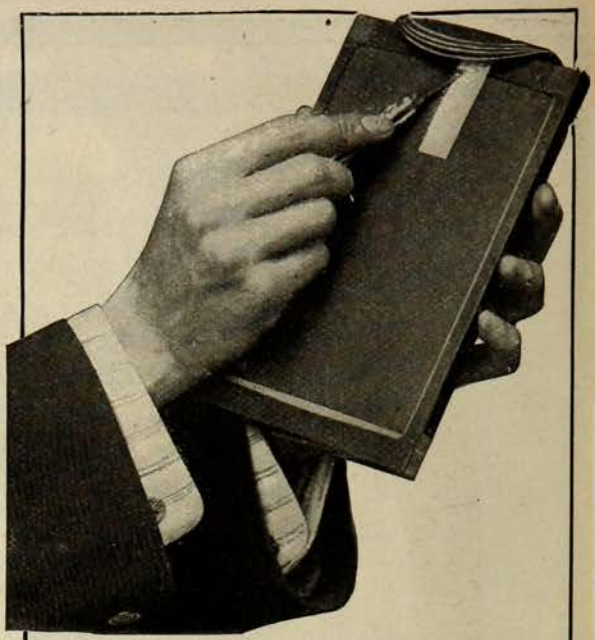
You can make your own prints by any light on Velox.

NO DARK-ROOM

For any part of the work.

Ask your dealer or let us send you copies of our booklets "Tank Development" and the "Velox Book."

Eastman Kodak Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
The Kodak City.



From the cutting of the seal to the developing of the film, simplicity is the very keynote of the

Premo Film Pack

Loading

Cut or break seal, open back of camera, drop in pack and it's done in daylight.

Exposing

Change film for successive exposures by merely pulling out from the top successive paper tabs.

Developing

Films may be automatically developed in the simple, inexpensive Premo Film Pack Tank, assuring the beginner as good negatives from every pack as the most experienced photographer could secure. And one or more films can be removed for development at any time.

Our illustrated catalogue describes this remarkable orthochromatic film method, shows how it will easily convert any plate camera into a daylight loading film camera and describes over fifty different styles and sizes of Premo cameras. Free at the dealer's, or write us.

Important—In writing, please be sure to specify PREMO Catalogue.

Rochester Optical Division
Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.

There are models in the new Kuppenheimer Clothes that fairly snap with style—that have vigorous lines and clean-cut distinction entirely their own.

Clothes to match the personality of any man—down-to-date in cut and color, yet modest, rich and right.

Our book, Styles for Men sent upon request.

The House of Kuppenheimer

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

BATH TUB INSURANCE FREE

A Five Year Guarantee Certificate—Backed by a Capital of *Seven and one half Million Dollars* and a life-time of experience—Furnished Free with Green and Gold Label "Standard" Baths. A Two Year Guarantee with Red and Black Label Baths.

It has come to our attention that there is a general impression that *all* Porcelain Enameled Plumbing Fixtures are of genuine "Standard" make and that, because of this, a practice is made of substituting inferior goods where the genuine "Standard" guaranteed equipment is ordered.

To correct this impression and protect our friends and customers against the tendency on the part of the unscrupulous to trade upon the name and reputation of genuine "Standard" Guaranteed goods, we caution all buyers of plumbing fixtures that every guaranteed "Standard" fixture is plainly labeled as such.

If you are to secure full value for your money, if you are to get what you actually pay for, accept only guaranteed "Standard" fixtures. And to make doubly sure, insist that every bath tub installed in your home bear either the "Standard" *Green and Gold* Guarantee Label, or the "Standard" *Red and Black* Guarantee Label, according to your choice.

"Standard" Green and Gold Label baths are triple enameled, and are guaranteed for <u>five years</u> from date of installation.

"Standard" Red and Black Label baths are double enameled and are guaranteed for two years.

The "Standard" Green and Gold Label bath is the best and most durable made regardless of kind or price. The "Standard" Red and Black Label bath tub, selling at a lower price, in serviceability, and sanitary efficiency is second only to the Green and Gold Label bath.

We will issue *free of charge* to each purchaser of a bath tub bearing the "Standard" Green and Gold Label, an official written guarantee, insuring the fixture against defects in material and workmanship for *five years*, and on Red and Black Label baths the same guarantee for two years. Full information sent upon request. Do not specify or place your order for bath room equipment without investigating the value and importance of our guarantee.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. - Dept. E, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Offices and Showrooms: New York: 35-37 W. 31st Street. Pittsburgh: 949 Penn Avenue. Boston: 712 Paddock Building. Chicago: 415 Ashland Block. St. Louis: 100-102 N. Fourth Street. Louisville: 325-329 W. Main Street. Philadelphia: 1128 Walnut Street. New Orleans: Corner Baronne and St. Joseph Streets. Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E. Toronto, Canada: 59 Richmond Street, E. Montreal, Canada: 39 St. Sacrament Street

Cool and Comfortable for Summer

No other suspender affords such perfect comfort during the hot weather as

LIGHT WEIGHT, LISLE

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

The sliding cord in the back takes all strain from the shoulders and trouser buttons.

Light, Medium and Heavy Weights, in regular and extra lengths—also Youth's size. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will upon receipt of price, 50 cents. State color and length desired.

Every Pair Unconditionally Guaranteed

***The* C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.**

702 Main St., Shirley, Mass.

WHAT YOU GAIN

By investing in certain well-chosen bonds

¶ Your money will be safely invested.

¶ You will receive an unchanging income return of about 5%.

¶ This income will be paid promptly and with no more trouble to you than cashing a check.

¶ Your investment can usually be readily sold, if the necessity arises.

¶ The security which you buy may advance in price so that you could sell it at a profit.

¶ Your investment will run for a certain number of years and will then mature. When it matures your money will be promptly returned.

¶ The date when the bond matures will depend on your selection when investing.

We shall be pleased to have you consult us with regard to investments and will send circular No. 33-F, descriptive of excellent bond issues on request.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

21 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO DENVER

Menz "Ease"

boots fit like a glove, comfortable, noted for long service. Uppers are the genuine Menz "Ease" Elk Tannage—the only upper stock we cut as we are elk shoe specialists and make only men's and boy's elk shoes. Its softness and pliability remind you of glove leather but it's so tough and strong one to three years service is common for a Menz "Ease". You would think that such service would destroy its original softness but it doesn't—neither will a thorough wetting and an all nights drying out by the fire.

We make several styles Menz "Ease" high tops from 12 to 18 inches but the boot illustrated is the most popular with sportsmen, lumbermen, surveyors, prospectors, oil drillers and other outdoor workers.

No. 950, 16-inch height, Tan, Goodyear Welt, Double Sole, Waterproof Elk Outsole, Calf-lined Vamp, Widths C, D and E, Sizes 6 to 11. **$9.50**

"American Boy"

is the same boot for boys;

15-inch height, Tan, Double Sole, Goodyear Welt, Widths, B, C, D and E, Sizes 1 to 5½, just like illustration; **$7.00**

The Menz "Ease" and "American Boy" are every day shoes made for service and comfort, all heights from 6 to 18 inches, all prices from $3.50 in the Menz "Ease" and $2.50 in the "American Boy".

Sold by dealers everywhere If your dealer hasn't them or will not order for you, order direct from us. We pay the delivery charges. Don't buy a shoe of your dealer represented to be the genuine Menz "Ease" or "American Boy" unless you find the yellow label at top of shoe and name on sole

Send for Catalog B

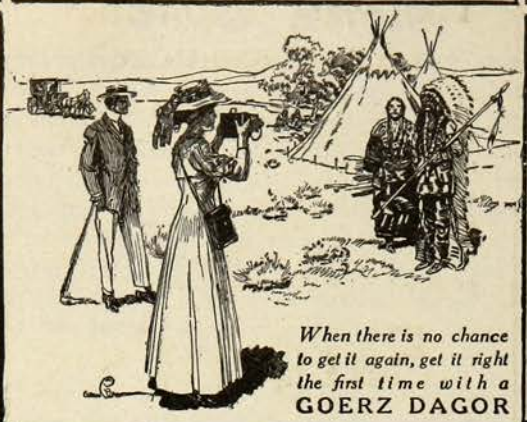
Menzies Shoe Co.

Makers

433 Gratiot Ave.

Detroit, Mich.

Send for Catalog B



When there is no chance to get it again, get it right the first time with a
GOERZ DAGOR

GOERZ LENSES

A PICTURE taken with the Goerz Dagor Lens is as sharp at the edge as in the center. The distant object is as clear in detail as the near. This is because a Dagor Lens is corrected for astigmatism just as it is corrected for all other aberration.

This feature is important if you plan to enlarge your photographs. It is only one of the qualities in Goerz Lenses which make them the best lenses for both amateur and professional photography.

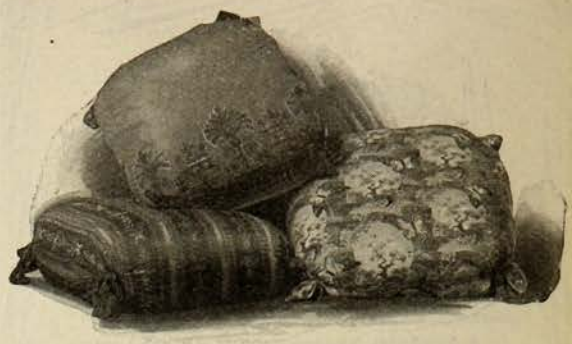
Everyone who wishes to do really serious and good photographic work should insist on having his camera equipped with the Goerz Dagor. Your dealer can do it for you, whether your camera is an Ansco, a Century, any Kodak, a Premo or Seneca.

Our free catalogue, sent on request, describes Goerz Lenses, the XL Sector Shutter (quick, smooth, compact and accurate), Trieder Binoculars (small in size, yet powerful), and

the GOERZ ANSCHUTZ CAMERA, a folding focal plane camera that has a speed up to 1-1000th of a second. Small, compact, light in weight.

C. P. GOERZ AMERICAN OPTICAL CO.
Office and Factory: 79b E. 130th St., New York

Dealers' Distributing Agencies: In Chicago—Jackson & Semmelmeyer; San Francisco—Hirsch & Kaiser. In Canada—R. F. Smith, Montreal.



"Florentines"

The Ideal Silks for Sofa Pillows, Quilts and Draperies.

IN making home interiors attractive and in good taste, much depends upon the artistic use of fabrics for hangings, spreads, sofa pillows and small articles of utility as well as of beauty.

For such purposes silks are of course preferable, especially "FLORENTINES" because of their beauty of color and attractiveness of design as well as their luxurious appearance. Among the many varieties of the famous

CHENEY SILKS

sold by nearly every high-class store may be found a wide choice of dainty colors, patterns, flowered designs, Persian stripes and various artistic effects in "Florentines."

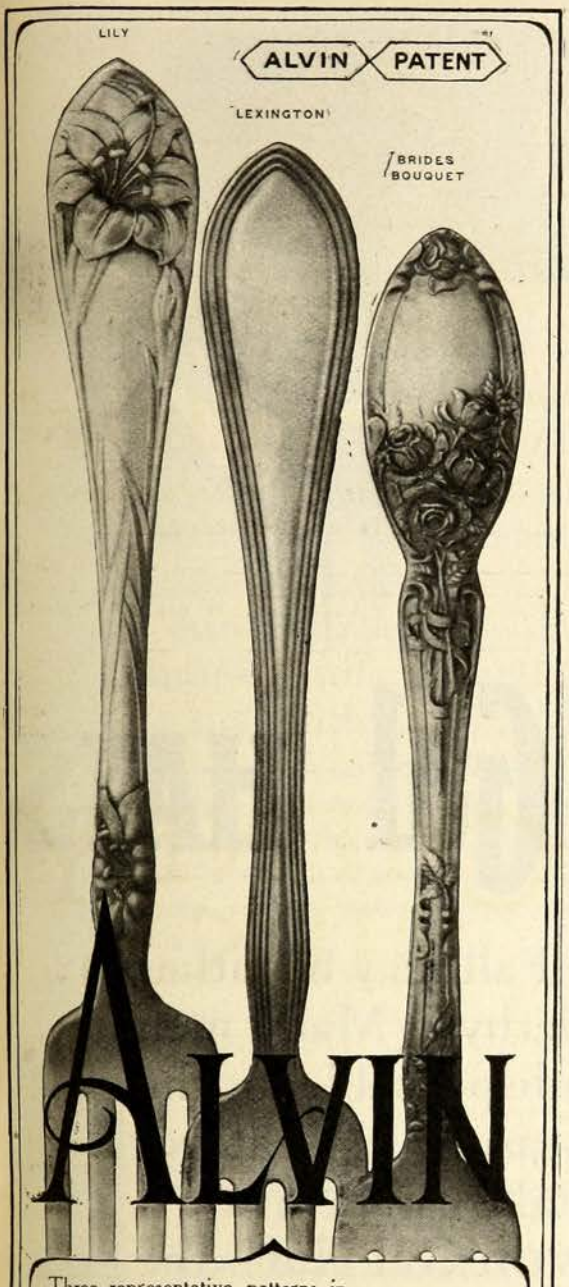
Cheney Florentines are of the same high quality as all of the well-known Cheney Silks, and are used largely for

Bed Quilts	Handkerchief Bags	Screens
Cushions	Opera Bags	Valances
Dresser Scarfs	Piano Covers	Hangings
Glove Bags	Sofa Pillows	Draperies, etc.

Also used extensively for Kimonos, House Negligee and Shirt Waists.

Cheney Florentines are sold everywhere. Ask for them in the Upholstery Department of all Department Stores.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers



Three representative patterns in

ALVIN SILVER PLATE

Lily — a floral pattern which reproduces the natural grace of the flower.

Lexington — a Colonial. pattern of unusual merit; at once elegant and practical.

Bride's Bouquet — a wedding pattern; also adapted to bridal anniversaries.

Ask your dealer to show you these designs.

Hardware Trimmings That Harmonize

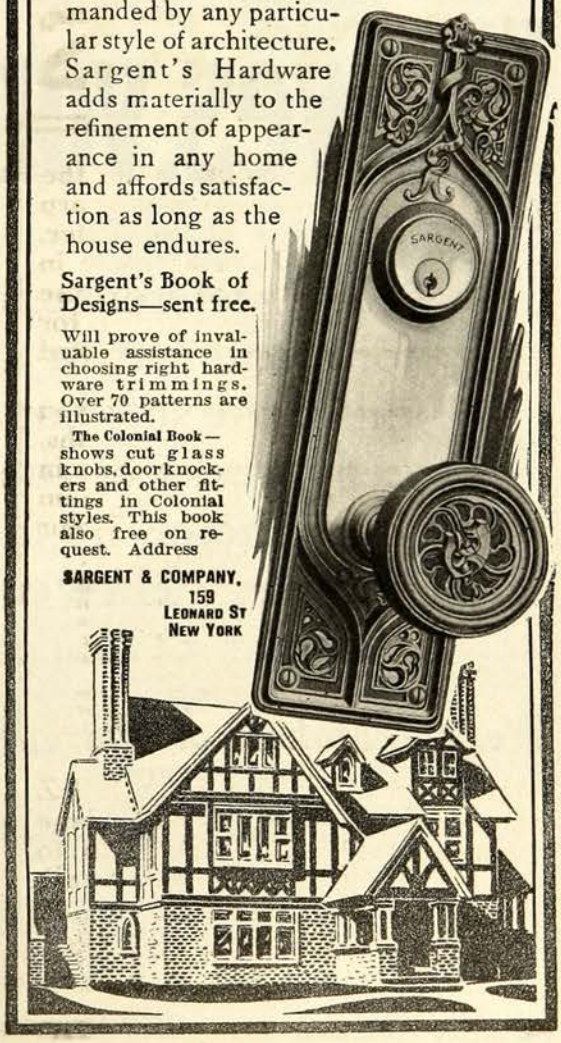
If you are building a home be sure that you select hardware trimmings that will be in keeping with the architectural style. Your architect will be of assistance in determining the style — but *you* should acquaint yourself with the merits of

Sargent's

ARTISTIC

Hardware

It is harmonious in its details and can be had in all designs demanded by any particular style of architecture. Sargent's Hardware adds materially to the refinement of appearance in any home and affords satisfaction as long as the house endures.



Sargent's Book of Designs—sent free.

Will prove of invaluable assistance in choosing right hardware trimmings. Over 70 patterns are illustrated.

The Colonial Book — shows cut glass knobs, door knockers and other fittings in Colonial styles. This book also free on request. Address

SARGENT & COMPANY,
159 LEONARD ST
NEW YORK

Hawes, von Gal HATS

Your preference for Fall may be either for a soft hat or a derby. Many men think the soft hat indispensable for the early weeks of the season. Whatever your choice, no mistake can be made if you buy a **Hawes, von Gal Hat**—the Hat that is Guaranteed. $3, $4 and $5.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3.00 Hats

If not at your local dealer's, write for our new Fall Style Book "A." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.

Hawes, von Gal
INCORPORATED

FACTORY:
DANBURY, Connecticut

1178 Broadway, New York

Wholesale Offices:
CHICAGO BOSTON

Improved Duofold Health Underwear

A SMOOTH light-weight cotton, linen or silk fabric against the skin. That means comfort.

A fine light-weight wool fabric outside, which carries away the perspiration. That means cleanliness and health.

Air-space between the fabrics. That means ventilation and increased protection with no more weight.

Many people cannot endure the "itchy" feeling of wool next the skin. But a vegetable fibre carries away the body-heat too rapidly while it retains the moisture. This makes a thick cotton garment damp and "clammy."

Duofold feels fresh and dry and easy; fits perfectly; and is lighter than the ordinary solid fabric.

Duofold means comfort and health combined.

It is the modern underwear for modern men.

If your dealer hasn't Duofold write us for the name of a dealer near you who has.

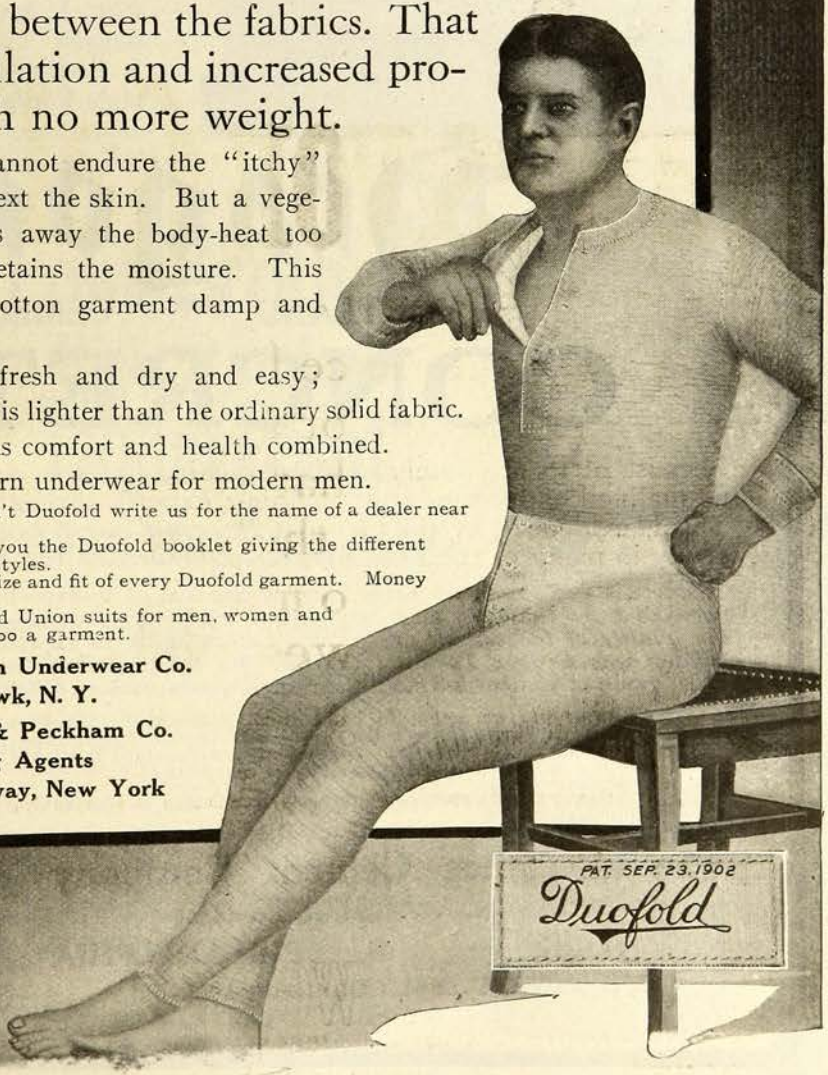
We will also send you the Duofold booklet giving the different shades, weights and styles.

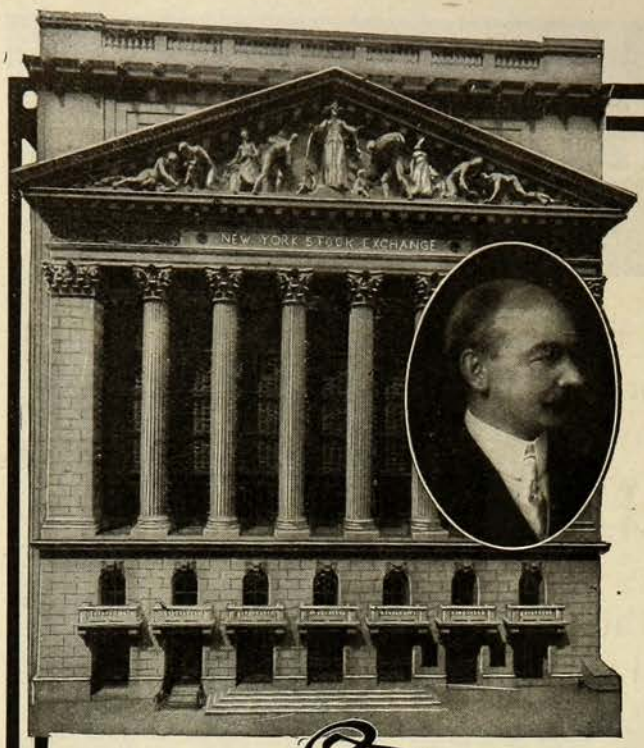
We guarantee the size and fit of every Duofold garment. Money back if not satisfied.

Single garments and Union suits for men, women and children, $1.25 to $5.00 a garment.

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
Mohawk, N. Y.

Robischon & Peckham Co.
Selling Agents
349 Broadway, New York





JOHN F. O'ROURKE

Builder of the

New York Stock Exchange

Says: "We have used a large quantity of *Dragon Portland Cement* at the N. Y. Stock Exchange. . . . Concrete made with your *Dragon Cement* has been of a quality that I have never seen surpassed. . . . Your Cement is better than the usual first class Portland Cements."

Dragon

PORTLAND CEMENT

CONCRETE

Because of its absolutely uniform quality has the confidence and the unqualified endorsement of building experts throughout the country. This is evidenced by the fact that *Dragon Concrete* has been used exclusively in many of the most notable structures in the past twenty years.

Concrete is recognized as THE building material of to-day—but it must be remembered that the character and durability of the Concrete depends almost wholly upon *the quality of the cement* used. You cannot afford to experiment. See that your builder uses *Dragon Portland Cement.* Its manufacturers have been making the finest grade of cement for more than three-quarters of a CENTURY.

Whatever you are going to build—small out-building, bungalow or mansion, write for our latest book on Concrete Construction. It contains much interesting and valuable information about the economy and architectural possibility of concrete.

The advice of our expert consulting engineer is also at your service without charge.

The Lawrence Cement Company

ERNEST R. ACKERMAN, President

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

C. H. CEMENT & M. CO., Cumberland, Md.

DRAGON PORTLAND CEMENT — LAWRENCE PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY, SILVERTHORN, PA.

The Above is Reproduced from a Photograph of a New York City Suburb—Every House in Sight Painted with "High Standard."

What Good Paint Saves

You may think low cost per gallon means money saved in painting. But stop a minute. Take a specific case. Suppose you have 10,000 square feet to cover. Now ***good*** paint—Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Paint—covers 350 or more square feet to the gallon, ***two coats,*** and a ***cheap*** paint made to sell at a low price, or a "strictly pure" hand mixture, tinted by guess will cover approximately 200 to 250 square feet.

This means that it requires 30 gallons of "High Standard" and 45 gallons of the cheap paint—that is 15 gallons ***more*** of the cheap kind.

Thus, you see, "High Standard" at a higher price—say even 40 cents more per gallon—will still be the most economical paint. It actually costs $8.25 ***less than the cheap paint.*** In addition when properly used it will last several years longer.

At current prices then, "High Standard" Paint will cost at least $9.75 per year less than cheap or "hand mixed."

Worth saving, isn't it? But that isn't all When you come to re-paint the Lowe Brothers Paint will have a smooth, receptive surface, in good condition to receive a new coat—no cracking, peeling or chalking.

As to colors "High Standard" offers the most durable and beautiful in widest variety.

"High Standard" Paint is only one of the dependable products of the Lowe Brothers Company. Among the others are ***varnishes, stains, enamels,*** for every purpose.

Let us send you our color card and newest combinations. It will will help you decide what to use for your fall painting.

Lowe Brothers High Standard Liquid Paint

Gives Best Results

There is a "High Standard" agent in every leading town and city—a man of ideals who believes in quality.

If you don't know the "High Standard" agent in your town write us. We'll tell you and send you a comprehensive book on painting.

THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY

Paintmakers ***Varnishmakers***

450-456 Third Street, E. Dayton, Ohio

New York **Boston** **Chicago** **Kansas City**

Who's Your Tailor?

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1906

The leading style makers and cloth designers of the world have produced our Fall and Winter fashions and woolens.

The best tailors we can obtain are converting them into clothes to the individual measures of thousands of our particular customers.

Let us make YOUR clothes, as you want them and when you want them.

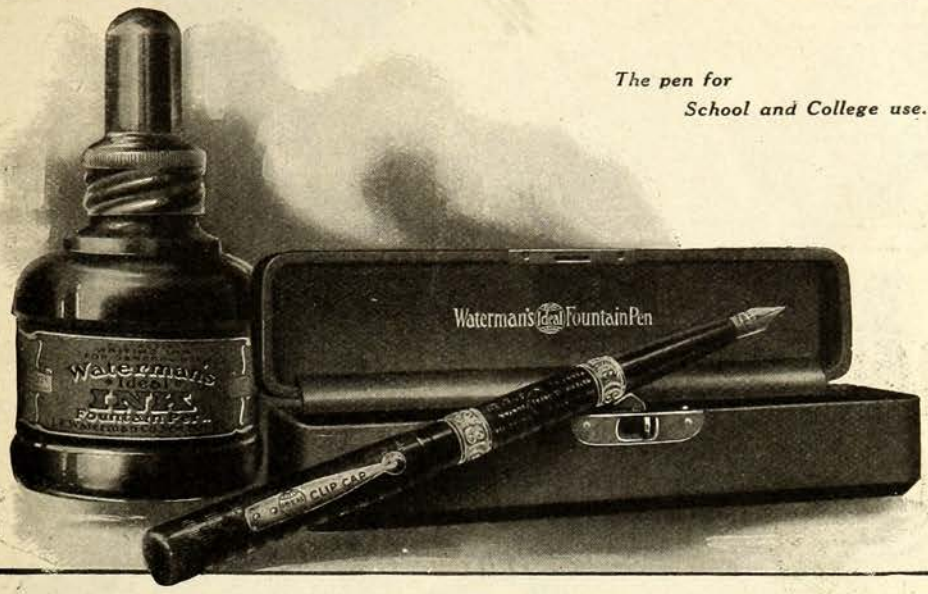
E. V. Price & Co.

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD custom-made clothes

Price Building *Chicago*

Our Fall Style Book and name of our local representative sent to any man interested in securing nobby clothes at a reasonable price.

$25.00 to $40.00



The pen for
School and College use.

Quality and Simplicity

ARE THE STRONGEST CHARACTERISTICS OF

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Other methods of writing have outlived their usefulness. In keeping abreast of the times the users of this pen find the greatest satisfaction in its efficiency. Made in the largest and best equipped fountain pen plant in the world, from the best raw materials that money can buy. The uncommon existence of simplicity obtains not only accuracy but durability. This pen and ink provide the tried and successful materials for all writing purposes. Try it for comparison.

The styles are standard (Illustrated), Safety and Self-Filling. There are 366 patterns and sizes—34 varieties of pen points in each size—Prices $2.50 and upwards.

From the Best Dealers Everywhere

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

8 School Street, Boston
734 Market St., San Francisco
209 State Street, Chicago
136 St. James St., Montreal
12 Golden Lane, London
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ICED Chocolate Pudding with Custard Sauce—a delightful

dessert that every member of the family can enjoy.

¶ Or—what could be more dainty and grateful for a Summer dessert than creamy blanc-mange, served with a bright bit of jelly or a few fresh berries. You can easily make them in half an hour with

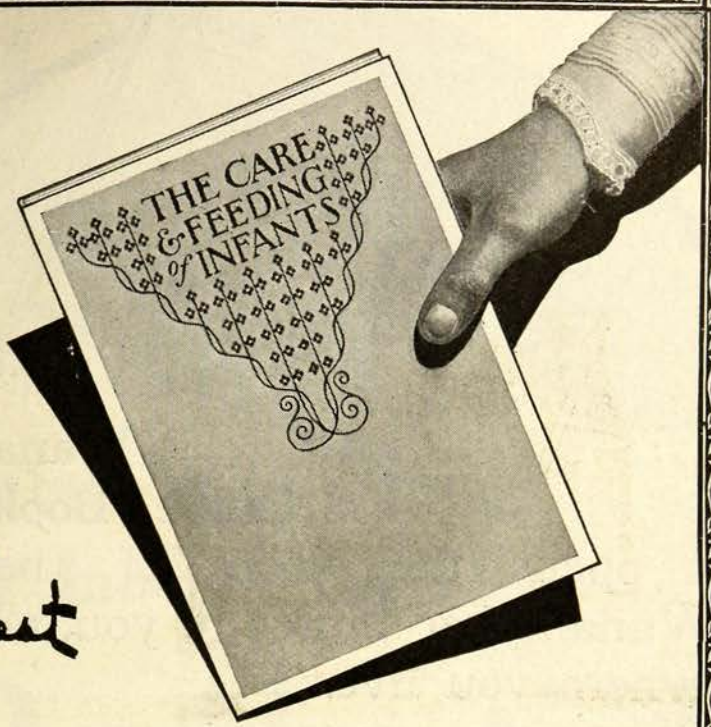
KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

¶ Now, think of cherry pie, berry pie, peach and apple pie—if you want light, flaky pie crust just try part Kingsford's Corn Starch with your flour. *The Book tells.*

¶ Send a post card to-day, and we will mail without charge our remarkable little *Cook Book "H"*—with One Hundred Cool Desserts for Hot Weather.

T. KINGSFORD & SON, OSWEGO, N. Y.
NATIONAL STARCH CO., Successors.

This book will be sent free to any mother on request



We hope that you will send for a copy of "The Care and Feeding of Infants" because we know the information it contains will be invaluable to you. There are times when you do not know just what to do for your baby; if you have this little book at hand it will help you solve the difficult questions that so often arise.

This book is full of simple and helpful suggestions; suggestions about baby's bath; his clothes and exercise; the care of the nursing bottles and nipples; and many other details equally important to the baby's welfare.

Especially valuable are the chapters regarding the baby's food; what kind of milk should be used; how it should be modified with Mellin's Food to suit varying needs; how often the baby should be fed; etc.

Whether you are nursing your baby or not, success depends upon perfectly understanding his needs. You will be better able to care for his wants and to safeguard him against sickness if you have this book to consult.

With the book we will send you a generous Sample Bottle of Mellin's Food for trial use. There is no better method of modifying fresh milk for a baby than by using Mellin's Food.

Simply cut out, sign, and mail the coupon to us, and the book and Sample Bottle will be sent to you free by return mail.

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY, 46
Boston, Mass.

I would be glad to have your book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants", and a Sample Bottle of Mellin's Food to try.

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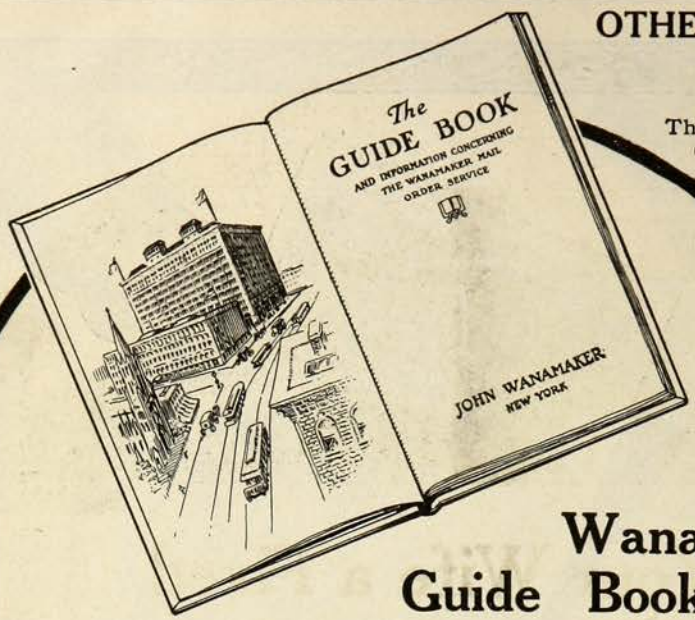

The Wanamaker Guide Book Free.

It opens the doors of the great Wanamaker Stores to you, no matter where you live.

You can select any article, through our personally conducted shopping system, in these great Stores, while seated in your own home, with the absolute assurance that it will be exactly as represented and perfectly satisfactory.

The Guide Book is a handsome book of 48 pages, profusely illustrated. It tells about the House Palatial and the many other unique attractions of the Wanamaker Stores. It also explains the Wanamaker Specialized Correspondence and Mail Order Service.

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JOHN WANAMAKER, New York

All catalogues and the Guide Book are free—postpaid.

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Book of Men's and Boys' Wear.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The Shoe Folio.
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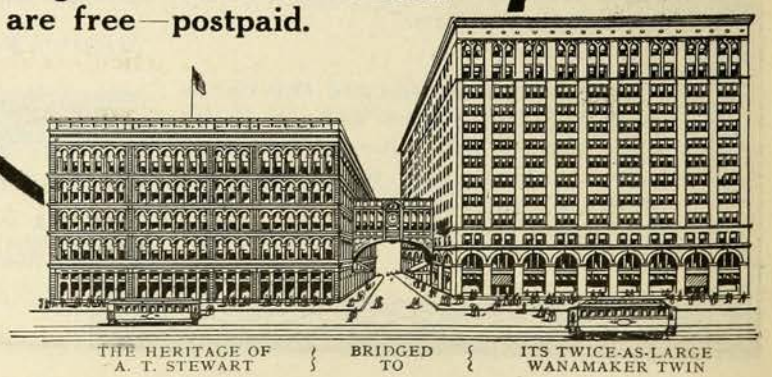
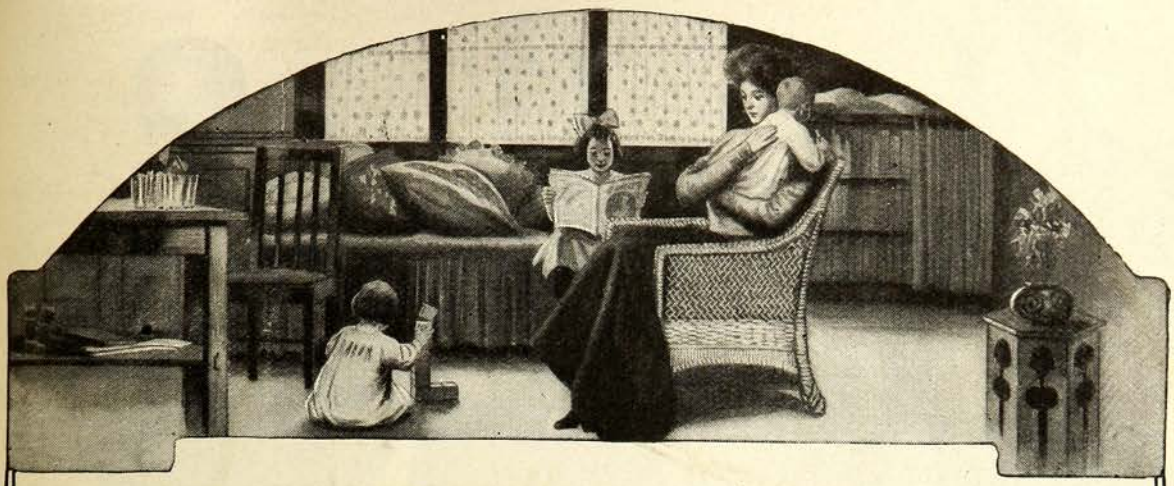
Any of the above sent free.

Every woman who is interested in the Home-making Arts and the Home Beautiful is invited to send rough sketches telling us what furnishing is contemplated. We will gladly send color schemes, suggestions with prices for single room or complete house. No charge for these services.



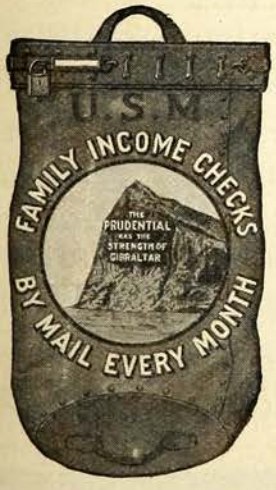
THE HERITAGE OF A. T. STEWART — BRIDGED TO — ITS TWICE-AS-LARGE WANAMAKER TWIN



Leave Your Wife a Fixed Monthly Income for Life

The Prudential

Newest Monthly Income Policy



Provides a Cash Payment at death of Insured AND THEN a regular MONTHLY INCOME for your wife for 20 years or for life.

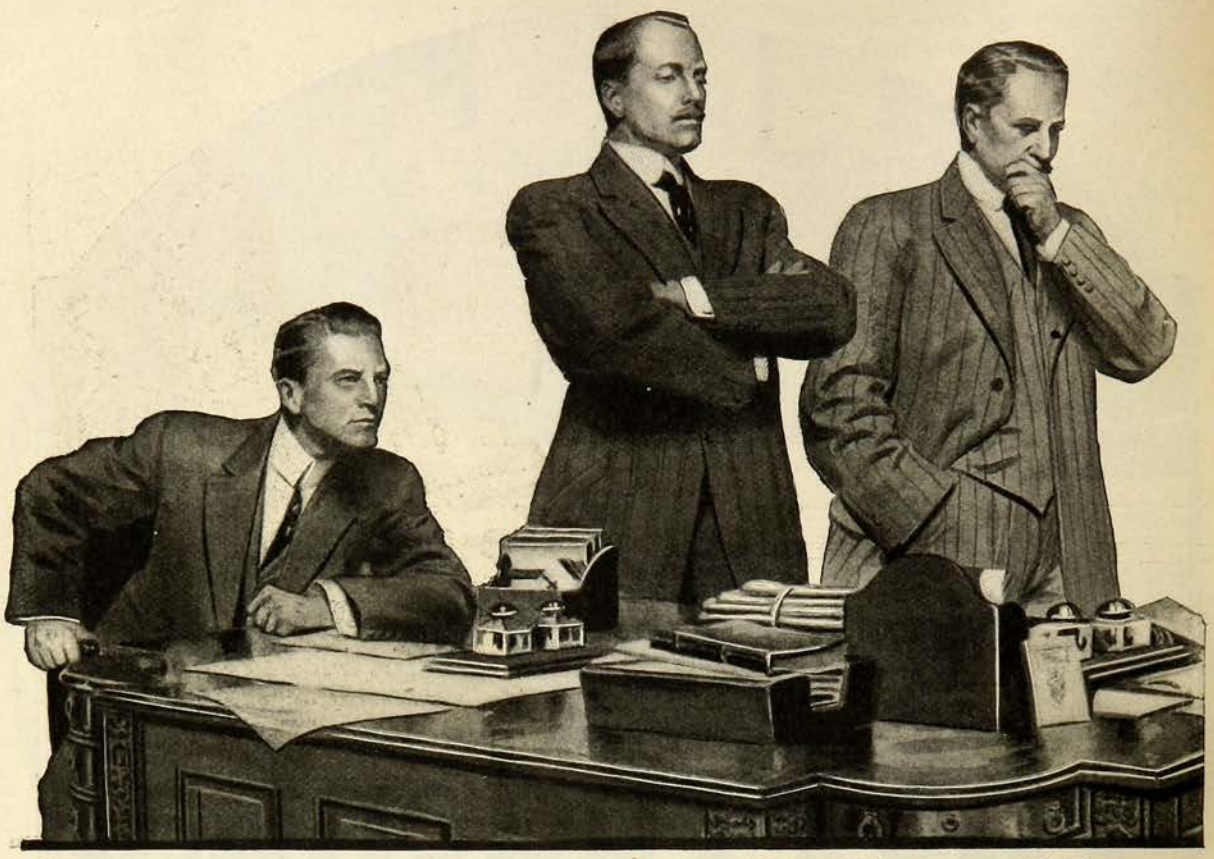
Cost is Low.

Write now for Particulars and cost for you. Address Dept. 32 Give your age and age of Beneficiary.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President — Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.



The Clothes that Big Men

And The Best Tailoring—Royal Tailoring

YOU don't have to pay a millionaire's price to have your clothes made to your order, by the best tailors in New York or Chicago, as his are made. Fifth Avenue style no longer costs a Fifth Avenue Tailor's Bill.

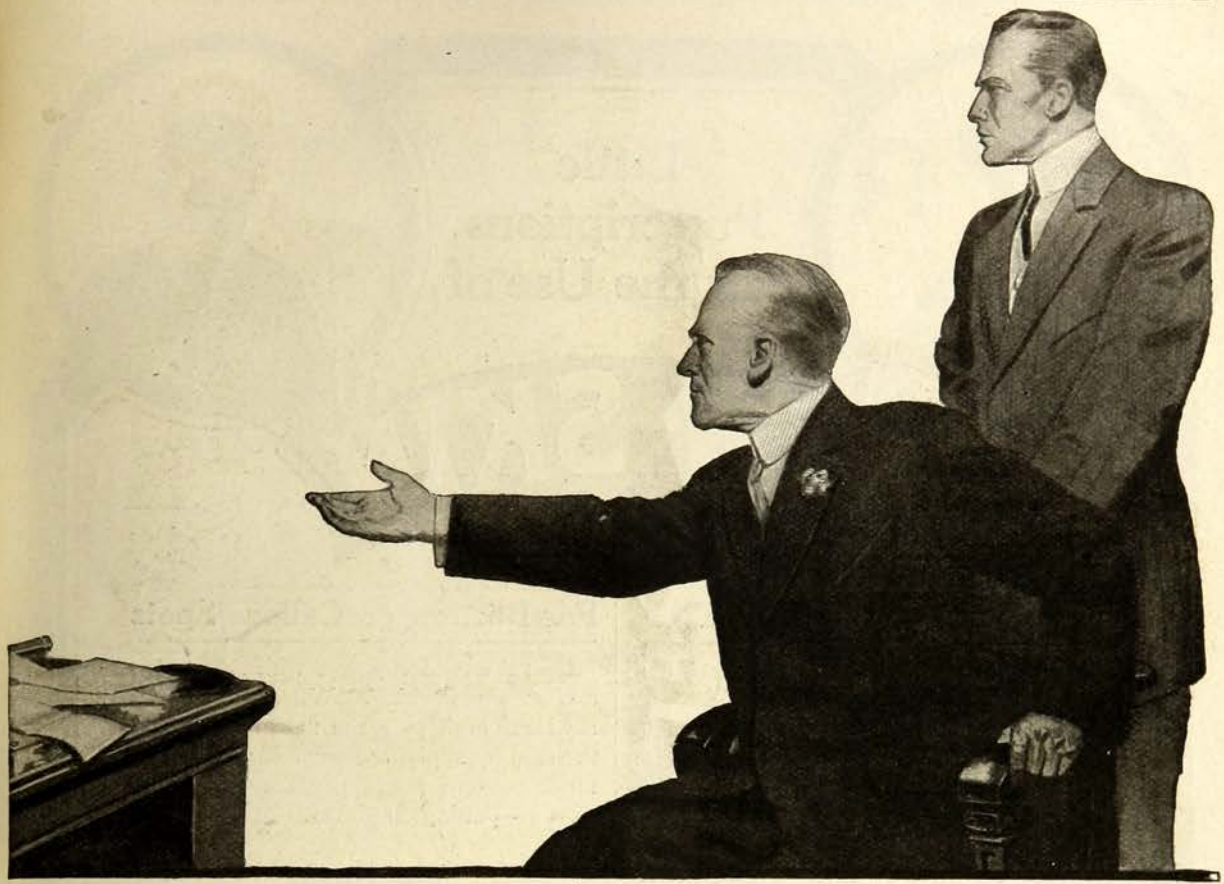
It is the business of the Royal Tailors and their army of dealers to bring to good dressers everywhere just that kind of metropolitan tailoring—to build clothes to order for you, no matter where you are—and do it at a price you can afford.

Over 5,000 Royal Dealers.

The Royal

Chicago

Joseph Beehan



Wear are Tailored-to-Order

Now Costs No More Than "Ready-mades"

IN more than 5,000 local stores Royal Tailoring for Fall is now on display; there are over 500 beautiful Fall patterns and an expert measure-taker in every store awaiting you.

Please let the local dealer explain the superlative features of this high-class tailoring service; our All Pure Wool policy; our legal guarantee insuring your satisfaction with every Royal garment until it is worn out; our six-day schedule system of tailoring orders so that you get them *on time*.

Tailors

President New York

148 Branch Royal Stores.

Little Prescriptions For the Use of NEW-SKIN

For a Cut or Scratch

Clean the wound thoroughly. Then paint it with a coat of *New-Skin*. The *New-Skin* will dry into a tough, flexible film under which the wound will heal rapidly without further attention.

For a Hang-Nail

Trim the hang-nail close with sharp manicure scissors; then coat it with *New-Skin*, applying a second coat after the first has dried, if necessary. After that the hang-nail will not bother you and will proceed to cure itself.

For Split Lips

Flatten out the lip with the fingers and touch it lightly with *New-Skin*. Hold the lip flat for a moment until the *New-Skin* dries. There will then be no further annoyance and no further temptation to bite or touch the lips.

For Blisters or Callous Spots

Coat the tender places with *New-Skin* and go on working. When possible it is wise to anticipate the unusual wear on the skin by applying *New-Skin* first, very much as one would prepare for heavy work by putting on gloves.

For Burns

Paint the burned place with *New-Skin*, which will form a protective film so that the skin will no longer be sore or sensitive.

For Chafed Feet

Re-inforce the damaged skin with *New-Skin* and you can go on walking without further trouble. The *New-Skin* will keep the broken cuticle from being irritated and there will be no further suffering.

Be sure to get the genuine.

For sale by druggists everywhere, 10, 25 and 50 cents, or by mail. Stamps taken.

Dept. H

Newskin Company

New York

"Paint it with New-Skin and forget it."

"Strong as an Ox"

NO sane person expects to become "as strong as an ox" by eating the ox—or the flesh of any other animal. The ox does not eat meat. He is a strict "vegetarian." His strength comes from the grasses and the cereals.

The normal-minded person wants a well balanced body—a body capable of the highest efficiency in a chosen line of endeavor. You can get it by eating

SHREDDED WHEAT

combined with fresh fruits and fresh vegetables—a sane Summer diet for sane people.

Cut out heavy meats and soggy pastries for awhile and eat Shredded Wheat Biscuit with milk or cream or fresh fruits, with an occasional meal of fowl or fish, and see how much better you feel. Heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness, then cover with sliced pears, peaches or apricots and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. Triscuit is the Shredded Wheat Toast, a delicious and dainty "snack" for noon-day luncheon or for outdoor picnics or excursions.

ALL THE MEAT OF THE GOLDEN WHEAT

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY - NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

Williams' Shaving Stick

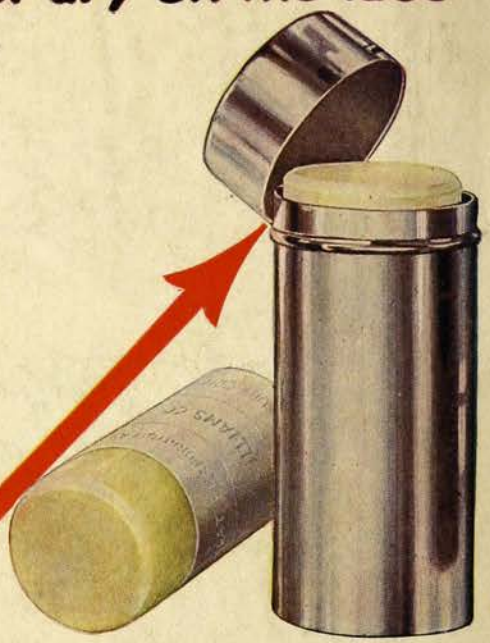
"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

WOULD you willingly eat or drink anything whose purity you were uncertain about?

Ought you be any more willing to put on your face a soap that you do not feel confident is pure, delicate and neutral?

Users of Williams' Shaving Soap have the satisfaction of knowing that it is made of the purest materials under the most sanitary conditions, in mills that are a marvel of neatness, located in the midst of green fields, far away from the possibilities of germ-infected city dust.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves), for 4c. in stamps



The Two BOXES with the HINGED COVERS

Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

THIS soap supplies you, in convenient form for Toilet and Bath, all the creamy, soothing, delightful qualities that have made Williams' Shaving Soap famous. It is simply the perfection of Toilet Soap.

A handsome nickeled soap box for the convenience of the many users of Jersey Cream Soap, when traveling, camping, etc., is packed (for a limited time) with every four (4) cakes of the soap.

If your dealer fails to supply you, we will send the 4 cakes of soap and soap box postpaid on receipt of postoffice order for 60c.

Address The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Ask your Druggist for Williams' Talcum Powder—Two odors, Violet and Carnation

THE CHARLES SCHWEINLER PRESS