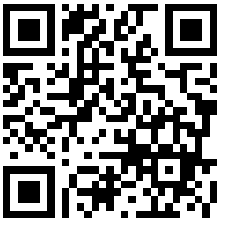
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

https://books.google.com



Digitized by Google

AP
2
N54 H+

Cornell University Library

THE GIFT OF

Professor G. L. Burr

A.276196 21 VII 13

6561

Digitized by Google

DATE DUE

RR MAR 6 '75
RR NOV 3 '75
JAN 28 1976 O
JUL 1 1976 O
AUG 5 1976 O
APR 27 1994

GAYLORD PRINTED IN U.S.A.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
3 1924 065 818 423

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

VOLUME XL

NOVEMBER TO APRIL

1912-1913

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.

NEW YORK & LONDON

1912-1913

Digitized by Google

AP
2
.M6 S6

COPYRIGHT, 1912-1913, BY
THE MCCLURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

Volume XL

NOVEMBER, 1912, TO APRIL, 1913

PAGE

ADAMS, SAMUEL HOPKINS.
HEALTH—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ..... *March* 166, *April* 209

ADDAMS, JANE.
MY EXPERIENCES AS A PROGRESSIVE CANDIDATE ..... *Nov.* 12
Illustrated with a photograph.

ARCHER, WILLIAM.
WILL JAPAN EVER FIGHT THE UNITED STATES? ..... *Feb.* 38
Illustrated with photographs.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN JEW, THE. ABRAHAM CAHAN ..... *April* 92

BOOKS OF THE DAY. GARDNER W. WOOD ..... *Feb.* 228, *March* 231

BRUCE, H. ADDINGTON.
MARVELS OF DREAM ANALYSIS, THE ..... *Nov.* 113
STAMMERING AND ITS CURE ..... *Feb.* 92
Illustrations by W. J. ENRIGHT.

BURNS, WILLIAM J. *See* DETECTIVE BURNS' GREAT CASES.

BUTLER, ELLIS PARKER.
BILLY BRAD AND THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT ..... *Jan.* 338
Illustrations by MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT.

BY THE FIRE. *Poem.* ARTHUR L. PHELPS ..... *Feb* 147

CAHAN, ABRAHAM.
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN JEW, THE ..... *April* 92
Illustrations by JAY HAMBIDGE.

CARREL, ALEXIS. *See* ON THE TRAIL OF IMMORTALITY.

CATHER, WILLA SIBERT.
PLAYS OF REAL LIFE ..... *March* 63
Illustrated with photographs.
PRAIRIE SONG. *Poem* ..... *Dec.* 226

CHESTERTON, GILBERT K.
THE ABSENCE OF MR. GLASS ..... *Nov.* 33
THE MAN IN THE PASSAGE ..... *April* 57
THE PARADISE OF THIEVES ..... *March* 53
THE STRANGE CRIME OF JOHN BOULNOIS ..... *Feb.* 127
Illustrations by WILLIAM HATHERELL.

CHILDREN WORK, WHY—THE CHILDREN'S ANSWER. HELEN M. TODD ... *April* 68

CONSPIRATORS, THE. (Detective Burns' Great Cases.) ARTHUR B. REEVE ..... *March* 181

CORRIGAN, JUDGE JOSEPH E.
MAGNATES OF CRIME ..... *Nov.* 1
Illustrated with photographs.

DETECTIVE BURNS' GREAT CASES. AS TOLD TO ARTHUR B. REEVE.
THE CONSPIRATORS ..... *March* 181
THE MYSTERIOUS COUNTERFEITER ..... *Feb.* 190

DIARY OF A NEW YORK POLICEMAN, THE. ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.
Dec. 158, *Jan.* 287, *Feb.* 115

FARNOL, JEFFERY.
THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN ..... *Nov.* 43, *Dec.* 181, *Jan.* 345, *Feb.* 47, *March* 99, *April* 81
Illustrations by HERMAN PFEIFER.

Digitized by Google

PAGE

FICTION.

ABSENCE OF MR. GLASS, THE. GILBERT K. CHESTERTON ..... *Nov.* 33
AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE. JEFFERY FARNOL.
Nov. 43, *Dec.* 181, *Jan.* 345, *Feb.* 47, *March* 99, *April* 81
ARIBAUD'S TWO WIVES. LEONARD MERRICK ..... *April* 161
BILLY BRAD AND THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT. ELLIS PARKER BUTLER ..... *Jan.* 338
BLUE RIBBONS. MARAVENE KENNEDY THOMPSON ..... *Nov.* 59
BOOSTER STORIES, THE FIRST OF THE. WALLACE IRWIN ..... *Feb.* 25
CHARLIE SNYDER. SAMUEL MERWIN ..... *Feb.* 59
CRACK OF THE WHIP, THE. JOHN D. SWAIN ..... *April* 218
DINNER AT EIGHT. SAMUEL MERWIN ..... *Dec.* 147
ELEGANT DE FRONSAC, THE. LEONARD MERRICK ..... *March* 25
JOHN MUDGE—THE STORY OF A MAD GUNBOAT. HUGH JOHNSON ..... *Dec.* 237
LETTER TO A GENTLEMAN, A. SAMUEL MERWIN ..... *Nov.* 15
"LIFE ON BROADWAY." HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN ..... *Dec.* 177
"LIFE ON BROADWAY"—ELMER'S DOMESTIC INFELICITIES. HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN ..... *March* 35
LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY. MARAVENE KENNEDY THOMPSON ..... *Dec.* 219
LOT AND LOTTIE LOTTERY, THE. (Little Booster Story.) WALLACE IRWIN ..... *April* 46
MAKING £10,000. TALBOT MUNDY ..... *April* 37
MAN IN THE PASSAGE, THE. (Father Brown Story.) GILBERT K. CHESTERTON ..... *April* 57
MISS AUSTIN, THE CHARMED LIFE OF. *See* SAMUEL MERWIN
MOLLMEIT, THE. CYNTHIA STOCKLEY ..... *April* 107
MY LITTLE SISTER. ELIZABETH ROBINS ..... *Dec.* 121, *Jan.* 253
PARADISE OF THIEVES, THE. GILBERT K. CHESTERTON ..... *March* 53
PEGGY AND THE SWAMI. MARAVENE KENNEDY THOMPSON ..... *Jan.* 297
PEGGY GOES HUNTING. MARAVENE KENNEDY THOMPSON ..... *Feb.* 71
PEKING PUG, THE. SAMUEL MERWIN ..... *Jan.* 261
QUEEN OF THE SLACK WIRE, THE. HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN ..... *Jan.* 318
REWARD OF ENTERPRISE, THE. WARD MUIR ..... *April* 198
SIXTY-FIRST SECOND, THE. OWEN JOHNSON. *Nov.* 97, *Dec.* 203, *Jan.* 272, *Feb.* 102, *March* 85, *April* 119
STRANGE CRIME OF JOHN BOULNOIS, THE. GILBERT K. CHESTERTON ..... *Feb.* 127
TWO SKYSCRAPERS AND MRS. CASEY. (Little Booster Story.) WALLACE IRWIN ..... *March* 73
WANDA OF THE MYSTERIES. SAMUEL MERWIN ..... *March* 113

FORTUNES IN FILMS. BENNET MUSSON AND ROBERT GRAU.
MOVING PICTURES IN THE MAKING ..... *Dec.* 193
ROMANCE OF MOVING PICTURES, THE ..... *Nov.* 65

GRAU, ROBERT. *See* FORTUNES IN FILMS.

GREAT CHANCE, THE. EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY ..... *Nov.* 26

HEALTH—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE. SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS ..... *March* 166, *April* 209

HENDRICK, BURTON J.
INSURANCE FOR WORKINGMEN: HOW LABOR IS AUTOMATICALLY PROTECTED IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON ..... *Dec* 169
Illustrations by PAUL GOOLD.
JEWISH INVASION OF AMERICA, THE ..... *March* 125
Illustrated with photographs.
ON THE TRAIL OF IMMORTALITY ..... *Jan.* 304
Illustrated with photographs.

HOWARD, ARTHUR.
THE PRODIGAL—MAYOR HOWARD'S OWN STORY ..... *Nov.* 83
Illustrations by JAY HAMBIDGE.

IMMORTALITY, ON THE TRAIL OF. BURTON J. HENDRICK ..... *Jan.* 304

INSURANCE FOR WORKINGMEN. BURTON J. HENDRICK ..... *Dec.* 169

IRWIN, WALLACE.
BOOSTER STORIES, THE FIRST OF THE ..... *Feb.* 25
LOT AND LOTTIE LOTTERY, THE ..... *April* 46
TWO SKYSCRAPERS AND MRS. CASEY ..... *March* 73
Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

IRWIN, WALLACE, AND INEZ MILHOLLAND.
TWO MILLION WOMEN VOTE ..... *Jan.* 241
Illustrations by WALLACE MORGAN.

JAPAN EVER FIGHT THE UNITED STATES? WILL. WILLIAM ARCHER ..... *Feb.* 38

JEWISH INVASION OF AMERICA, THE. BURTON J. HENDRICK ..... *March* 125

JOHNSON, HUGH.
JOHN MUDGE—THE STORY OF A MAD GUNBOAT ..... *Dec.* 237

JOHNSON, OWEN.
THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND ..... *Nov.* 97, *Dec.* 203, *Jan.* 272, *Feb.* 102, *March* 85, *April* 119
Illustrations by A. B. WENZELL.

KINDERGARTEN, AMERICAN. *See* ELLEN YALE STEVENS.

LABOR IS AUTOMATICALLY PROTECTED IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON, HOW. *See* BURTON J. HENDRICK.

Digitized by Google

PAGE

LEWIS, ALFRED HENRY.
THE DIARY OF A NEW YORK POLICEMAN ..... *Dec.* 158, *Jan.* 287, *Feb.* 115
Illustrations by JAY HAMBIDGE.

MAGNATES OF CRIME. JUDGE JOSEPH E. CORRIGAN ..... *Nov.* 1

MARVELS OF DREAM ANALYSIS, THE. H. ADDINGTON BRUCE ..... *Nov.* 113

MERRICK, LEONARD.
ARIBAUD'S TWO WIVES ..... *April* 161
ELEGANT DE FRONSAC, THE ..... *March* 25
Illustrations by WILLIAM BERGER.

MERWIN, SAMUEL.
CHARLIE SNYDER ..... *Feb.* 59
DINNER AT EIGHT ..... *Dec.* 147
LETTER TO A GENTLEMAN, A ..... *Nov.* 15
PEKING PUG, THE ..... *Jan.* 261
WANDA OF THE MYSTERIES ..... *March* 113
Illustrations by R. M. CROSBY.

MILHOLLAND, INEZ.
A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN:
THE CHANGING HOME ..... *March* 206
THE LIBERATION OF A SEX ..... *Feb.* 181
THE WOMAN AND THE MAN ..... *April* 185

MILHOLLAND, INEZ, AND WALLACE IRWIN.
TWO MILLION WOMEN VOTE ..... *Jan.* 241
Illustrations by WALLACE MORGAN.

MONTESSORI, MARIA.
PLAN FOR AN INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE, A ..... *March* 221

MONTESSORI METHOD AND THE AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN, THE. ELLEN YALE STEVENS ..... *Nov.* 77

MONTESSORI MOVEMENT IN AMERICA, THE.
A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY ELLEN YALE STEVENS.... *Feb.* 222, *March* 221, *April* 222

MONTESSORI TRAINING COURSE, ANNOUNCEMENT OF A ..... *Nov.* 82

MORGAN'S PARTNERS. GEORGE KIBBE TURNER ..... *April* 25

MOVING-PICTURE MACHINE IN THE JUNGLE, THE. WILBUR DANIEL STEELE ..... *Jan.* 329

MOVING PICTURES, THE ROMANCE OF. *See* FORTUNES IN FILMS.

MUIR, WARD.
THE REWARD OF ENTERPRISE ..... *April* 199
Illustration by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

MUNDY, TALBOT
MAKING £10,000 ..... *April* 37
Illustrations by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

MUSSON, BENNET, AND ROBERT GRAU
FORTUNES IN FILMS:
MOVING PICTURES IN THE MAKING ..... *Dec.* 193
THE ROMANCE OF MOVING PICTURES ..... *Nov.* 65
Illustrated with photographs.

MY EXPERIENCES AS A PROGRESSIVE CANDIDATE. JANE ADDAMS ..... *Nov.* 12

MYSTERIOUS COUNTERFEITER, THE. (Detective Burns' Great Cases.) ARTHUR B. REEVE ..... *Feb.* 190

NOW ENTER CHRISTMAS LIKE A MAN. *Poem from* "Poor Robin's Almanac" ... *Dec.* 168

ON THE TRAIL OF IMMORTALITY. BURTON J. HENDRICK ..... *Jan.* 304

PHELPS, ARTHUR L.
BY THE FIRE. *Poem* ..... *Feb.* 147

PLAYS OF REAL LIFE. WILLA SIBERT CATHER ..... *March* 63

PRAIRIE SONG. *Poem.* WILLA SIBERT CATHER ..... *Dec.* 226

PRODIGAL, THE. ARTHUR HOWARD ..... *Nov.* 83

PROGRESSIVE CANDIDATE, MY EXPERIENCES AS A. JANE ADDAMS ..... *Nov.* 12

REEVE, ARTHUR B.
DETECTIVE BURNS' GREAT CASES:
THE CONSPIRATORS ..... *March* 181
THE MYSTERIOUS COUNTERFEITER ..... *Feb.* 190
Illustrations by WILLIAM OBERHARDT.

Digitized by Google

PAGE

RISE OF DAVID LEVINSKY, THE. (The Autobiography of an American Jew.)
ABRAHAM CAHAN ..... *April* 92

ROBINS, ELIZABETH.
MY LITTLE SISTER ..... *Dec.* 121, *Jan.* 253
Illustrations by WILLIAM BERGER.
WOMAN'S WAR—A DEFENSE OF MILITANT SUFFRAGE ..... *March* 41
Illustrated with photographs.

SHORT CUT TO SALVATION, A. EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY ..... *Dec.* 227

STAMMERING AND ITS CURE. H. ADDINGTON BRUCE ..... *Feb.* 92

STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL.
THE MOVING-PICTURE MACHINE IN THE JUNGLE ..... *Jan.* 329
Illustrations by GEORGE VARIAN.

STEVENS, ELLEN YALE.
THE MONTESSORI METHOD AND THE AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN ..... *Nov.* 77
Illustrated with photographs.
THE MONTESSORI MOVEMENT IN AMERICA ..... *Feb.* 222, *March* 221, *April* 222

STOCKLEY, CYNTHIA.
THE MOLLMEIT ..... *April* 107
Illustrations by FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

SUFFRAGE, MILITANT. *See* WOMAN'S WAR.

SWAIN, JOHN D.
THE CRACK OF THE WHIP ..... *April* 218

SYSTEMS AND SYSTEM-PLAYERS AT MONTE CARLO. C. N. WILLIAMSON ... *Feb.* 78

THOMPSON, MARAVENE KENNEDY.
BLUE RIBBONS ..... *Nov.* 59
Illustrations by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.
LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY ..... *Dec.* 219
Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.
PEGGY AND THE SWAMI ..... *Jan.* 297
Illustrations by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.
PEGGY GOES HUNTING ..... *Feb.* 71
Illustrations by CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD.

TODD, HELEN M.
WHY CHILDREN WORK—THE CHILDREN'S ANSWER ..... *April* 68
Illustrated with photographs.

TURNER, GEORGE KIBBE.
MORGAN'S PARTNERS ..... *April* 25
Illustrated with photographs.
WHAT WILSON IS UP AGAINST ..... *Feb.* 148
Illustrated by E. V. NADHERNY.

TWO MILLION WOMEN VOTE. WALLACE IRWIN AND INEZ MILHOLLAND ..... *Jan.* 241

VAN CAMPEN, HELEN GREEN.
"LIFE ON BROADWAY" ..... *Dec.* 177
"LIFE ON BROADWAY"—ELMER'S DOMESTIC INFELICITIES ..... *March* 35
THE QUEEN OF THE SLACK WIRE ..... *Jan.* 318
Illustrations by MAY WILSON PRESTON.

WHAT WILSON IS UP AGAINST. GEORGE KIBBE TURNER ..... *Feb.* 148

WHY CHILDREN WORK—THE CHILDREN'S ANSWER. HELEN M. TODD .... *April* 68

WILL JAPAN EVER FIGHT THE UNITED STATES? WILLIAM ARCHER ..... *Feb.* 38

WILLIAMSON, C. N.
SYSTEMS AND SYSTEM-PLAYERS AT MONTE CARLO ..... *Feb.* 78
Illustrated with photographs and a drawing by WILLIAM BERGER.

WILSON CAMPAIGN, SOME ASPECTS OF THE. (The World We Live In.) ..... *Nov.* 129

WILSON, WOODROW. *See* WHAT WILSON IS UP AGAINST.

WOMAN'S WAR—A DEFENSE OF MILITANT SUFFRAGE. ELIZABETH ROBINS .. *March* 41

WOMEN, A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR. CONDUCTED BY INEZ MILHOLLAND.
Feb. 181, *March* 206, *April* 185

WOOD, GARDNER W.
BOOKS OF THE DAY ..... *Feb.* 228, *March* 231

WOOLLEY, EDWARD MOTT.
GREAT CHANCE, THE ..... *Nov.* 26
Illustrations by MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT.
SHORT CUT TO SALVATION, A ..... *Dec.* 227
Illustrations by W. J. ENRIGHT.

WORLD WE LIVE IN, THE ..... *Nov.* 120

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Mc CLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME XL No. 1 NOVEMBER, 1912

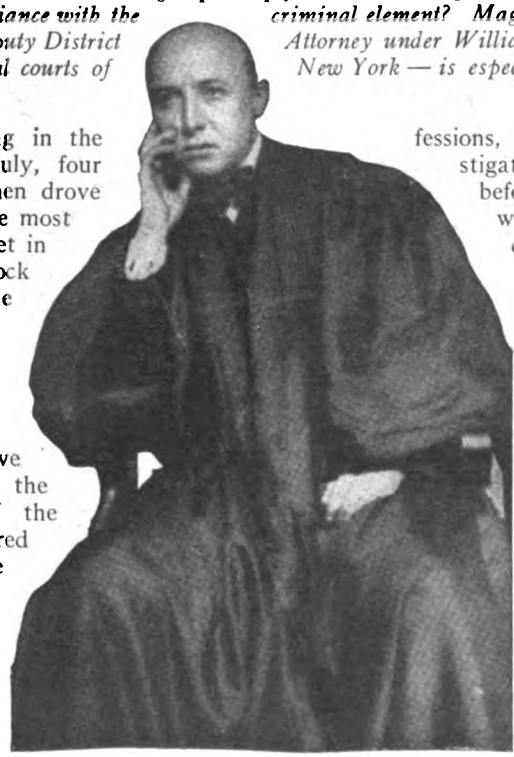
MAGNATES OF CRIME

BY JUDGE JOSEPH E. CORRIGAN

OF THE MAGISTRATES' BENCH OF NEW YORK CITY

Police regulation of cities is one of the acute problems of our time. The murder of the master gambler Rosenthal, in New York, brings up sharply an old and disquieting question: Are the police in alliance with the criminal element? Magistrate Corrigan — with his experience, first as Deputy District Attorney under William T. Jerome, and later as a judge in the criminal courts of New York — is especially qualified to answer it.

ONE early morning in the middle of last July, four well dressed young men drove in a motor-car up the most brilliantly lighted street in America,— half a block from Broadway, in the center of New York,— called out a carefully tailored man from a café, and shot him through the brain. They jumped into their car again, drove away in safety, and the waiters came out of the dining-room and covered the dead man on the sidewalk with a table-cloth, while they waited for the coroner. The murdered man was one of the best known gamblers in New York. He was on the eve of explaining to the District Attorney the relations between the gambling-houses and the New York police.



MAGISTRATE CORRIGAN

A fortnight later, half a dozen natty, perfumed persons were in custody for the murder; one of the best known officials of the working police force had been arraigned, on their confessions, for the plotting and instigating of the crime. And before the civilized world was dangled again that classic, old-time newspaper mystery, the System — the so-called Police System of New York.

This much exploited System — does it exist? And, if it does exist, what is it? The most extravagant and ridiculous theories are advanced, especially after so sensational an affair as this nationally advertised murder. That there is collusion between policemen and criminals can not be doubted; but that there is an organized system, in the true meaning of the word, is not a fact. When these partnerships do exist, obviously it is the professional or commercial criminal, as distinguished from the occasional criminal, who becomes the confederate of the policeman. In this murder, practically every man concerned was of this type.

Copyright, 1912, by The McClure Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

Digitized by Google

1—MAYOR WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, WHO INAUGURATED THE PRESENT LIBERAL ENFORCEMENT OF LAW IN NEW YORK. 2—LIEUTENANT BECKER—A DOMINEERING AND ABLE PERSONALITY. 3—CHARLES H. HYDE, MAYOR GAYNOR'S FORMER LEGAL ASSOCIATE, NOW UNDER INDICTMENT FOR BRIBERY. 4—CHARLES S. WHITMAN, THE FIGHTING DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF NEW YORK

For eight years, now, I have been engaged, in one capacity or another, in the administration of criminal justice in New York. To a man in this position, before whom the criminal life of the city becomes a continuous panorama, the apparent idea of the average citizen of American birth concerning crime and the criminal is a constant puzzle and wonder. Does he think the great body of serious crime in New York is committed by the casual criminal? If so, the slightest investigation would show him his mistake. But, if it is the professional criminal, does it ever occur to the average man that this class does anything at all in the intervals of committing crime? Apparently not. According to the popular idea, he appears, commits his crime, and then returns into the dark, where he remains dormant, without existence or social relations, until he appears again committing crime. The under-world is considered a region as unknown

Digitized by Google

1—"WHITEY" LEWIS, HELD AS ONE OF THE QUARTET OF GUN MEN. 2—WILLIAM J. BURNS, THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE WHO WORKED ON THE ROSENTHAL CASE. 3—MRS. "BRIDGEY" WEBBER, WIFE OF A MEMBER OF THE MURDER COUNCIL. 4—"BIG BILL" DEVERY, THE PICTURESQUE OLD EX-CHIEF OF NEW YORK'S POLICE

and unrelated to the rest of earthly society as the north of Mars. On the contrary, the geography and history and general social relations of the commercial criminal are, in reality, clearly defined, and are well known to a great body of people.

That there is such a thing as a criminal center is an idea vaguely present in most minds, and for many years the Bowery had that popular reputation throughout America. As a matter of fact, the Bowery, through the shifting of population and industry, has almost lost the unenviable distinction which made it a national by-word; for its only claim to its old reputation is now preserved by a few disreputable places around and off its lower end — at Chatham Square and Chinatown.

A hundred yards to the east of the Bowery lies Second Avenue, a broad, fine thoroughfare which thirty years ago was threatening the su-

Digitized by Google

premacy of Fifth Avenue as the fashionable residence street of New York — now the boulevard whose sidewalks and cafés form the pleasure-ground and gathering-place of the city's great foreign population — the million people south of Fourteenth Street.

The general population of the East Side is composed of working people who receive but small returns for their labor. But here its most prosperous members enjoy themselves; and here, in a group of cafés at the southern end, have come together a very prosperous and well dressed class — the men from the East Side who have engaged in commercial vice or crime. For the past half dozen years the neighborhood in and around Second Avenue has been the most active center of this class of people in the city of New York.

Now, any one at all familiar with the history of the city life for the past twenty-five years knows that the greater and more lucrative lines of commercial crime are the undertakings of less consequence in the eyes of the law than crimes of violence. Burglary is the rough, hazardous work of young men; its prizes, with the growth of modern methods of property protection, grow smaller and smaller and are more and more dangerously won. But gambling and prostitution have offered for twenty years, and still offer, opportunities for continuous and vastly profitable careers, through which active men, starting from the bottom, work up to the top, as in any other business. These lines, of all commercial crimes, offer the greatest prizes with the least personal danger; they have their apprentices, their common gathering-places, their legal advisers, and their captains of industry, known throughout great sections of the city population as well as or better than men at the head of the great legitimate lines of commerce in the city.

Herman Rosenthal, Master Gambler

For ten or a dozen years at least, one of the most prominent of these figures in this business on the East Side had been a young man named Herman Rosenthal, who had rapidly risen to become one of the captains of industry in gambling, with a chain of establishments. Most people do not stop to think that such enterprises as he ran require their equipments and staffs of employees, exactly as any other commercial or financial business does. A large place may have a dozen, twenty, even thirty, men at work for it. They are high-priced men, getting five or ten dollars a day. Most of them are strong, husky boys —"scrappers," or pugilists — who serve the double purpose of protecting the place and of working for the local politicians upon primary and election days. These men form a most important link in the gambling business. They bind together the gambler and the unscrupulous politician. Rosenthal had a strong staff of these men. By the use of them, and through his strong political connections, he declared himself in on gambling enterprises all over the East Side.

Herman Rosenthal was rapidly establishing himself as one of the magnates in his line of enterprise in New York City. His spending was lavish and ostentatious; his fortunes had reached the high tide of gamblers' prosperity; he was a prodigal public opener of champagne. And just at this time he encountered a serious setback from the interference of a new administration of the police under General Theodore A. Bingham, a retired United States Army officer.

It was a matter of common knowledge on the East Side that Herman Rosenthal's gambling-houses were among the strongest of their kind; and so the new Commissioner of Police — after getting his force well organized — went directly after them as the most shining marks in the city. They were barred and sheathed with triple steel. The Commissioner sent his men pounding into them in the violent method which, so far, has been the only one continuously employed in breaking up establishments of this kind in New York City. There is no question, in attacking enterprises of this kind, of the fact of their existence. A mistake in the character of the place is almost never made. The difficulty is to reduce a matter of common knowledge to actual legal evidence.

The police broke into Rosenthal's gambling-houses and found the players and the instruments; and Rosenthal fell back at once on the conventional action which managers of his type of business always use in such circumstances. He appealed to the doctrine of individual freedom, called in his lawyers, and started suits for oppression against the police.

It is in times like this that the legal staff of the commercial criminal plays an important part. In every one of the lower criminal courts of the city rises, through the most desperate competition, its "attorney general"— that is, the man who by cleverness and persistency does come to defend most of its criminal cases. "Runners" chase business for him; many of the police, as they make arrests, turn practice his way; and by constant experience he becomes an adroit and effective criminal lawyer. There are men practising before these lower courts who have a business of $15,000 and very likely $20,000 a year. From this they go into larger practice — become attorneys for groups of gambling-houses and for celebrated criminals, until the best of these New York criminal

Digitized by Google

lawyers secure a practice of $75,000 or $100,000 a year.

Rosenthal's suits for oppression did not stop the activities of the Police Commissioner. Mr. Jerome, who was then the District Attorney, made him additional trouble. And in the years of 1908 and 1909 the men in this line of enterprise looked toward the aid of new laws, brought into the State legislature by friendly politicians. General Bingham was introducing a very carefully worked out scheme for the identification of criminals by finger-prints and pictures. His men were handling the commercial criminal of the district aggressively and roughly. And so legislation was introduced which would have prevented the creation of a "rogues' gallery" altogether, and would have taken away entirely the type of club carried by the detective force. The usual cry of the criminal class, the appeal for freedom of the individual, was raised — but without success; the legislation did not pass. And the "pounding" of the commercial criminal continued.

The Liberal Judge in Brooklyn

There was a judge of the Supreme Court, located in Brooklyn, named William J. Gaynor, who for years had promulgated, in public utterances and in essays in high-class periodicals, extreme views on the question of individual liberty, and the constant interference of the police of New York with personal rights. Lawyers for the proprietors of enterprises of commercial vice in lower New York had, in many instances, found it good practice — ignoring their own justices in Manhattan Island — to cross the East River and secure legal stays from this justice. Many of his decisions and *obiter dicta* became famous in the administration of criminal law; and some of his decisions caused astonishment among those who were close to the development of commercial vice in New York.

The most striking of them all was the granting of an injunction against posting police in front of the place of a woman named Hertz,— for a generation a kind of general godmother for the prostitutes of the East Side,— whose shop for disorderly women was as much a public feature of the lower East Side district as the Brooklyn Bridge. The judge appeared in person to examine the place, and made his favorable decision. And meanwhile, at the very time he was there, officers were upstairs, gathering evidence against the establishment on which a conviction was later secured. The lawyer for the woman in this case was a man, in criminal practice in Brooklyn, named Louis H. Reynolds.

An injunction of Judge Gaynor in favor of Max Hochstim, for twenty years the most notorious backer of vicious enterprises in America, was another case notable among the criminal classes. One of the attorneys for the defendants in this case was Charles H. Hyde, a former associate of Judge Gaynor in his legal business.

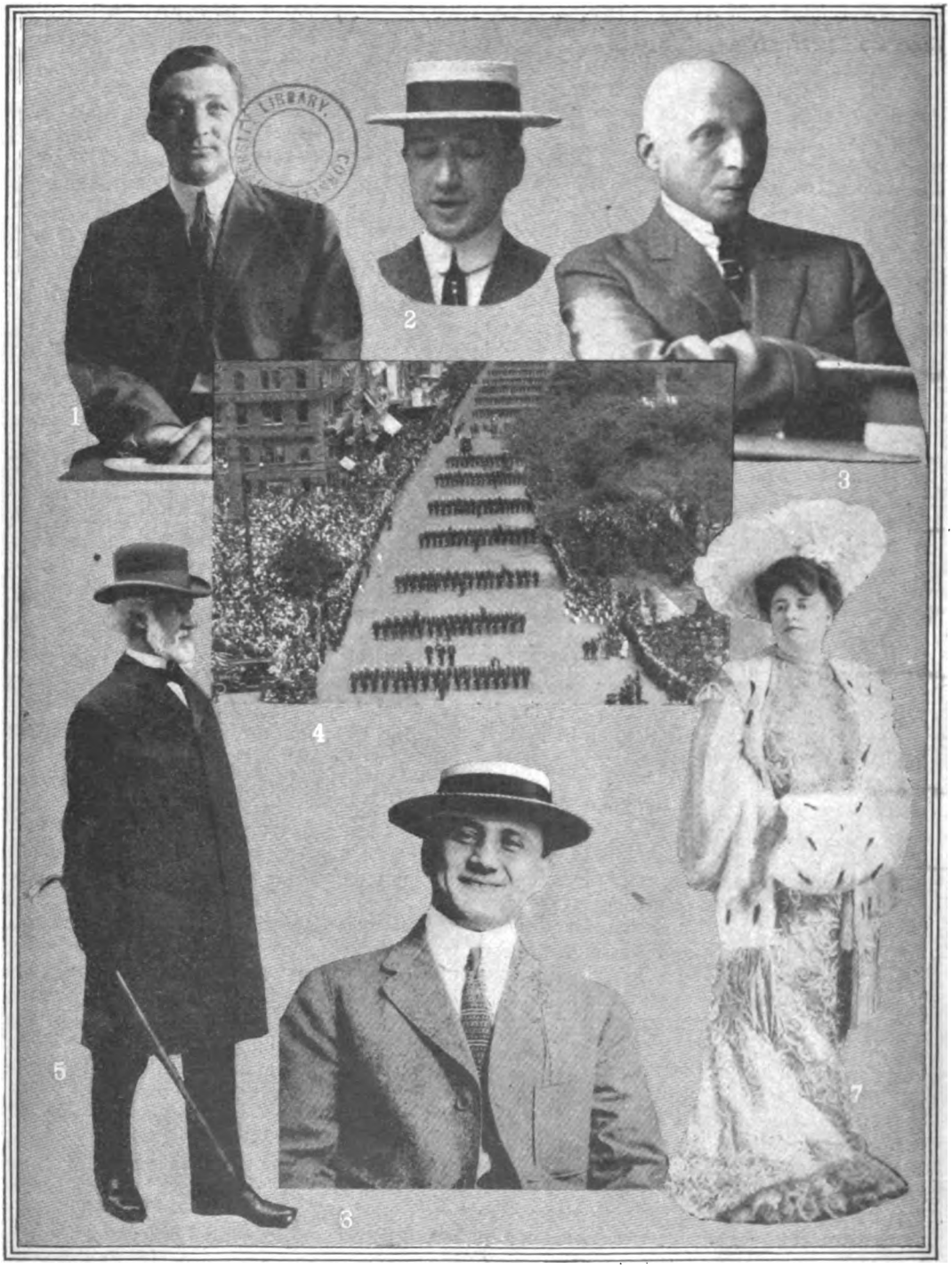
In the early summer of 1909 those who were closest to the political machinery of New York understood that Judge Gaynor was to be the Democratic candidate for Mayor. Immediately afterward Judge Gaynor began a strong attack upon Police Commissioner Bingham for his system of taking photographs for the so-called rogues' gallery, making his case over a Brooklyn boy named Duffy. Charles H. Hyde, the judge's former associate, was again attorney in this case. General Bingham replied that the Duffy boy was a character whose picture it was useful for the police to have; that his photograph, like the others in the department, was a secret record of the police which could never be used publicly to his detriment; and he refused to take the Duffy picture from the gallery. As a result of this he was removed from the Police Commissionership by Mayor McClellan.

The Rising Tide of Criminals

In January, 1910, Judge Gaynor became Mayor of New York City. He immediately began an administration dominated to a most unusual degree by its head, and his important appointees were generally men who had been in close personal relations with him. Charles H. Hyde was made City Chamberlain, an office dealing largely with the financial operations of the city — from which he later retired, following an indictment for bribery. William F. Baker, a young Brooklyn man who had been a deputy under Commissioner Bingham, was kept at the head of the Police Department, and one of the deputy commissioners was Mr. Reynolds, the Brooklyn lawyer who was counsel in the Hertz case. Later this man was advanced by the Mayor's appointment to be a magistrate in the courts of Brooklyn.

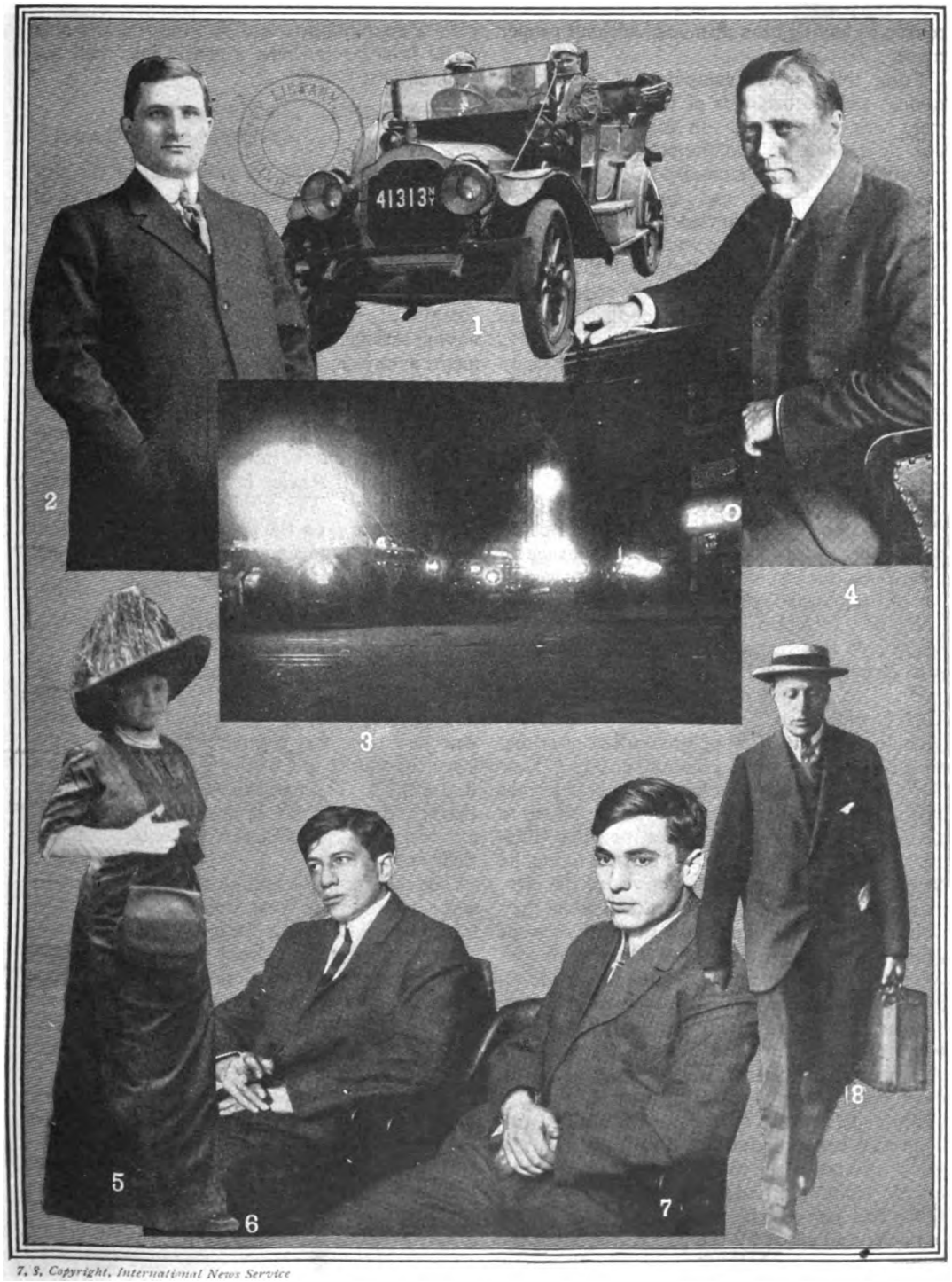
The new Mayor took virtually direct personal control of his Police Department, and his first important concern in the city's business was to put pressure upon the police to prevent their oppression of the individual citizen. Unnecessary arrests must stop, he said, and by his direction a series of hearings were conducted against policemen for clubbing, and a number were dismissed from the force for this reason. The severity of the department's attitude in these hearings is shown by the fact that several of these men were afterward reinstated by the

Digitized by Google



1—SAM PAUL, HEAD OF THE NOTORIOUS SAM PAUL ASSOCIATION. 2—"BRIDGEY" WEBBER, THE SLEEK GAMBLER WHO CONFESSED THE MURDER PLOT. 3—"JACK ROSE," COLLECTOR FOR THE POLICE, WHO CLAIMS LIEUTENANT BECKER DEMANDED ROSENTHAL'S DEATH. 4—THE ANNUAL NEW YORK POLICE PARADE UP FIFTH AVENUE. 5—SUPREME COURT JUSTICE GOFF, CHOSEN TO PRESIDE OVER THE INVESTIGATION OF NEW YORK CONDITIONS. 6—"BIG JACK" ZELIG, LEADER OF NEW YORK GUN MEN, MURDERED ON THE EVE OF THE BECKER TRIAL. 7—MRS. ROSENTHAL, WIDOW OF THE MURDERED GAMBLER

Digitized by Google



7, 8, Copyright, International News Service

1—THE GRAY MURDER CAR WHICH CARRIED THE GUN MEN ASSASSINS. 2—HERMAN ROSENTHAL, THE GAMBLER WHOSE MURDER IS CHARGED TO THE NEW YORK POLICE "SYSTEM." 3—THE BRIGHTLY LIGHTED STREET OF THE MURDER. ROSENTHAL WAS SHOT UNDER THE BIG ELECTRIC SIGN IN THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE. 4—RHINELANDER WALDO, NEW YORK'S POLICE COMMISSIONER. 5—MRS. HARRY VALLON, WIFE OF ONE OF THE MURDER COUNCIL. 6, 7—"GYP THE BLOOD" AND "LEFTY LOUIS," TWO OF THE GUN MEN HELD FOR THE MURDER. 8—SAM SCHEPPS, THE EXQUISITE, HELD AS "MURDER PAYMASTER"

Digitized by Google

courts, as having been dismissed without proper cause.

From this on, the campaign of the Mayor against the old methods of the Police Department was progressive. In March of his first year he announced that the police were collecting millions of graft annually from the saloonkeepers of the city, and directed that they should no longer be allowed to go into saloons to see that the laws were obeyed. A few months later he declared that the "plain-clothes men," the precinct detectives who were supposed to work in secret to correct the conditions of the various police precincts and districts of the city, — which the uniformed policemen necessarily can not know,— should be given up. They too were grafting, he said. The rights of the individual must be protected.

It is curious how quickly a man whose business concerns the enforcement of criminal law feels the results of a change of policy in its administration. In the beginning of 1910 I could sense the growth of confidence and courage in the professional criminal class which is responsible for the great body of our more serious crimes. The policy of repression upon the criminal had been lifted and transferred to the police force. And through the under-world of America, from one end to the other, ran the whisper: "New York is wide open."

Under the old policy of prevention of crime, an active professional criminal entering New York knew perfectly that he was liable to be met at the railroad station or the ferry, taken to headquarters, and placed in the morning "line-up," where, under the glare of electric lights, he would face the gathered detectives of the city, masked so he would not know them, while they would be able to recognize him should they meet again. Now these men could come in freely. And freely they appeared. The clever, elaborately dressed swindlers of the wire-tapping and various confidence games put up at their expensive hotels. The professional beggars, who swing about the United States, began to swarm upon the streets; and, to my astonishment, I began to have cases of three-card monte gamblers who were conducting their games on the principal streets as they would in a Western mining town. It had been years since such a thing had happened.

Locally all effort by the police to enforce the liquor law was ended. Saloons sold liquor on Sundays whenever it was good business to do so. The rough gangs of criminal and semi-criminal young men and boys were getting beyond all bounds. A "car-barn" gang in Harlem amused itself by beating up several policemen — mashing one man's face almost beyond recognition with a coupling-pin, and marking on the side of its favorite car-barn a chalk line, with the explanation:

DEAD LINE FOR COPS
By order of MAYOR GAYNOR

The fact was that the policemen of the city were confused and stunned by this campaign of repression. Instead of being used, as formerly, to anticipate and prevent the commission of crime, especially by professional criminals, they found they must wait until crime was actually committed, or themselves run the risk of having serious charges preferred. Their punishment, in any case, was a serious matter to them; for a fine of any size means not only the loss of so much money, but it generally means, also, that the officer will remain forever without advancement on the force. For his "marks," under the civil service laws, largely determine his promotion. The criminal classes of the city "had the drop" on the police, and held it. And commercial crime and vice flourished in New York as it had not done for years.

The Captains of Industry in Vice

The geography of commercial crime and vice, like that of other lines of enterprise, is continually shifting with the growth of a great city. And now there was a general movement of the larger operators out of the East Side up town to the West. There was more money to be made there; and, as in other business, there developed a tendency to consolidation and enlargement of their enterprises.

The business of keeping prostitutes in houses was located on the West Side in the old Tenderloin from Fourteenth Street to Forty-second, growing stronger as it went north. These individual enterprises were on an unusually large scale, with from twenty to thirty women in them. Their business was tremendous, investigators reporting as many as five hundred men entering a single house in one night.

The men in charge of the largest of these have been engaged in promoting this business for fifteen or twenty years. One partnership, which did business for years in New York, was concerned in the great scandal of St. Louis several years ago, and has operated as far away as South Africa. Investigators from the office of the District Attorney reported that there was among these men an agreement covering a majority of the houses in the district, which created a kind of federation for legal defense, adjusted by an arbitration board the matters of individual dispute that are constantly arising in such a business, and formulated general schemes

Digitized by Google

of conciliation or defense against the police. Several single operators had a chain of houses.

North of this district, generally speaking, came the region of the disorderly hotels, planned for the business of the "street-walker." And here, again, enterprises were much larger than in former years. Gradually business experience had shown that the small ten- or twelve-room "Raines-law" hotel was not profitable — with all the chances of business — when run as an immoral resort. And hotels of a hundred or a hundred and fifty rooms had taken the business of many smaller ones.

The big operators of this form of commercial vice were as well established as the operators of the houses below Forty-second Street, and even better known figures in the under-world. One of them, Max Hochstim, has been continuously in this line of enterprise for twenty years. He, and other figures in this business, had their alliances, and chains of establishments, exactly as the owners of the vicious houses had; and with the group in the last few years had appeared another figure — Sam Paul, the leader of a prominent social organization of the East Side.

Men of this type are the backers, the bankers, of the business of commercial vice. They are rarely or never convicted personally. If any one is held responsible by the law, it is the agent who is operating their places. Year after year, the principal escapes, grows rich, and backs more and more enterprises, with ever less and less financial and personal risk in proportion to his profits and experience.

The history of the gambling business in the past few years is similar to that of the other main lines of vicious enterprises. Formerly the gamblers of the West Side, in and about the Tenderloin, were of the old-fashioned type which had developed there. But gradually the gambler came in from the East Side. Four or five years ago a sleek, soft-spoken person called "Bridgey" Webber, who had been successful on the East Side, moved. And after him, seeing his good fortune, Herman Rosenthal followed.

There became established, as a matter of fact, two criminal centers in the geography of New York. On the West Side, near the larger vicious business concerns, grew up big and gorgeous hotels which were patronized by these men, and were the gathering-places and natural headquarters of the "sporting men," the first-class swindlers, and the captains of criminal industry of the country. On the East Side of the city, around Second Avenue, remained the social associations and clubs of the master gamblers and backers of disorderly resorts, who had grown up and taken possession of the Tenderloin; and there were also the houses and gathering-places of the employees of their enterprises — the "cadets," who were the partners and managers of the prostitutes, and the "strong-arm" men, who were employees in the gambling-houses.

The "Gun Men" in Automobiles

These men form the backbone of the gangs of "gun men" which have recently been such a menace to New York. Roughly speaking, these gangs of the East Side are divided between the second-generation foreign youths who gain their living in the disorderly saloons and as partners of the prostitutes around Chatham Square, and the gangs of the so-called "cadets" and employees of gambling-houses who make their headquarters around lower Second Avenue.

During the past few years, street encounters between these two factions of gun men, caused largely by the tendency of the Chatham Square gangsters to encroach on the richer territory of the gangs farther east, have grown more and more frequent. One of the chief methods of making the street attacks involved the use of automobiles or taxicabs to carry the fighters. The automobile, in fact, has constantly become more and more common as an accessory in crime. There are a number of machines, owned by individuals of questionable character, which are accessible for practically any purpose and "no questions asked." Several sensational robberies have been committed from automobiles; and every now and then a skirmish between gangs with revolvers takes place in the open streets, in which an automobile figures. In one case there was a running battle between two automobiles — explained rather doubtfully a little later by the police as a moving-picture enterprise; and finally, in June, after a gang warfare of a day or two, a leader in the East Side party called "Jack Zelig" was shot and badly wounded, as he was coming down the steps of the Criminal Courts Building itself. In the fall, two days before the trial of Becker, at which he was to testify, he was shot and killed. But early in the year it was very clear, to any one in a position to see, that the criminal population of New York was rapidly rising to the boiling-point, and that an explosion of some kind was inevitable.

In the meanwhile, the efficiency of police repression of this population had fallen to the vanishing-point. In May of 1911, Mayor Gaynor, after two administrations of the police had left office declaring that the department was in a progressive state of disorganization, appointed a personal friend, Rhinelander Waldo, as its head. Up to that time the detective force

Digitized by Google

at the central office remained, and still there was something of a "line-up" of criminals, every morning, to acquaint the detectives with the professional criminals in the city. But now the detective force was broken up by Mr. Waldo and distributed among the various police districts of the city, and the "line-up" was abolished entirely; and the detective force, as an instrument for constantly keeping in touch with professional criminals and dealing with commercial crime and vice, was practically disintegrated.

Becker and the Perfumed Murderers

This step was no sooner taken, however, than some reorganization was clearly necessary, and by degrees it was created. A "strong-arm" squad under the immediate direction of the Commissioner was organized. It began first to quell the young rowdies who thronged the cars of the public-service companies, especially on Sundays and holidays. From this its work was extended to care for special complaints concerning disorder from neighborhoods; and from that to the surveillance and the suppression of vice. Three squads were put into this work as necessity developed. At the head of the first of these squads was placed a determined and aggressive police lieutenant named Becker.

It was inevitable that these vice squads should come in contact with the ambitious group of commercial criminals pushing from the East Side into the larger gambling enterprises of the Tenderloin district; and very soon Becker — the most aggressive of the squad leaders — had established relations with them.

The group with whom he came into closest touch was made up of men about thirty-five years old. These characters were a very curious development of a great city. They were graduates of the streets of New York, and most of them had started life with the hard training of newsboys outside the basements of the great newspapers on Park Row. The city was loosely administered when they were children; truancy laws were poorly enforced; and the East Side was still wide open to gambling and prostitution. The entire group was taught the early lessons of "easy money."

One of the first of these was the advantage of fine clothes as a stock in trade. All of them, "strong-arm guys" as well as gamblers, tried to carry out this receipt. A curious new type — a soft-handed, perfumed murderer who paid close attention to the selection of his neckties and hosiery — had been developed.

That several of these men had made their living, at some time in their lives, off the earnings of women of the street, can not be doubted. But recently, in times of prosperity, most of them were attached, in one way or another, to the enterprise of gambling. And there was no doubt that this line of business was prospering greatly. The best testimony available shows that the amounts being paid as tribute to the police for the continuance of the vicious business enterprises were in greater sums than ever in the previous history of the city. The whole matter had centralized, not only in the organization of the police, but in the concentration of the vicious industry.

At the height of this collecting of tribute, Herman Rosenthal appeared again — no longer a gambling magnate, but involved in rapidly failing fortunes. His power and influence, which made him a great figure on the East Side, had deserted him in the West Side Tenderloin, and for several months his gambling-house had been raided, and watched over, and pounded, with much of the same aggressive methods which the administration earlier condemned with such severity. Finally he made negotiations with the District Attorney's office — an institution of the county and not the city of New York — and promised to expose thoroughly the connections of the gamblers of New York with the police through Lieutenant Becker. On the early morning of the day on which he was to complete the testimony, he was called out from the Hotel Metropole, on West Forty-third Street, and shot upon the sidewalk.

It is unnecessary to rehearse the familiar story of the murder gang, the confessions implicating Becker and the discovery of his stores of quick-gotten money. It all seemed to the public a most astonishing and grotesque affair — these soft-handed murderers, strong with lavender water and resplendent with silk socks and faultless tailoring; their striking women, in picture hats, ornamenting the first pages of the newspapers like a professional beauty display. But, after all, it was merely an established institution of the city coming to public notice.

The organization of the murder plotters, as confessed, coincides with the essential organization of a gambling group. The older men, in their thirties, the more advanced members of the business, did the planning and conspiring; the apprentices, the men still in their twenties, who form the "strong-arm" gangs of the city, did the actual murdering. And, after the arrest, the leaders of the crowd turned at once to the best talent in the criminal law in New York — one man's wife, it was reported, counting out in a most spectacular manner a big roll of yellow bills as a retainer for the well known practitioner who was already engaged to defend ex-City Chamberlain Hyde.

Digitized by Google

What Can Be Done?

All this makes an appalling situation. It is not the murder itself that is so threatening, as the underlying conditions which this crime has brought to light. And the question which every reasonable man must ask himself is — What must be done about it? I believe there are a number of steps that can be taken.

The first thing to be understood is the main factor in the situation — the great class of professional and commercial criminals which is responsible for the crime and vice of our great cities. This must be the basis of any so-called criminal "system"; it is a permanent body, which makes a continuous business of breaking the law. If this is understood, it will be seen that the staring danger of the present-day administration of cities is not that individual liberty will be interfered with, but that society will not be able to protect itself against the abuse of these liberties. That it has not been able to do so is shown by the development of a great class of men who live by the conscious manipulation of the weaknesses of our laws and their administration.

That the police force should be equipped with the most modern methods for carrying out their principal work — their duel with this class — seems almost an axiom. Certainly they can not be too well equipped with information such as is secured by the photographs and measurements and "line-ups" of these men.

But the police force must not only be properly equipped and instructed: it is still more essential that it be properly organized. At present the organization of the New York force is, generally speaking, not bad. A responsible head exists, in the single Police Commissioner. He has now — since recent legislation — the power to reduce or promote his inspectors, the chief officers next to him, and so has the ability to carry out his policies.

But there is one criticism still to be made — in my opinion. The Police Commissioner is now appointed and can be removed by the Mayor. Consequently, the Mayor, in the last analysis, is the head of the police administration of the city. I do not believe this to be the best practice. All the political influences of the city center on the Mayor; and such influence is the worst enemy of a properly administered police force.

A single Commissioner of Police, holding office for a long term of years, and removable on charges after a public hearing, so as to be independent of any city administration, would, it seems to me, be an improvement over the present arrangement. It would give the opportunity for an independent administration of the Police Department. And an honest, intelligent, and independent Police Commissioner can make any great city clean — even under our present legal practice.

But after this there is still something to be done. The commercial criminal of the cities escapes very often through the practical impossibility of proving by legal evidence matters of common knowledge. To correct this difficulty it is obvious that our court practice should be altered, for it can not be successfully denied that the delays and evasions in our court procedure are used to the utmost by the criminal class.

Beyond this is the radical question, now being discussed throughout the United States, concerning two great principles governing court procedure in this country.

The first of these principles is the English law which provides that every defendant must be presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. This has no basis in reason. Why should there be any presumption, one way or the other, in the mind of a court? If the object of a legal inquiry is to find the truth, there is no reason for a presumption of any kind. The affirmative of any argument must be expected to bring forth positive proof of its statements. But, beyond this, there should be no presumption either of guilt or of innocence.

The second principle forbids calling the defendant to the witness-stand. Why is anything to be feared by an honest man in the telling of his story? Should not the District Attorney be allowed to call the one witness best qualified to know the facts in issue? It is this defect in our system which has created the nefarious "third degree."

The famous characterization by Jeremy Bentham of criminal procedure as a fox hunt, in which the defendant is given a certain start, with the benefit of a number of rules to prevent his conviction, holds true to a far greater extent in this day than in his. Criminal trials should be attempts to establish truth, not legal duels. And sooner or later we must revise our procedure to recognize the fact.

The bar of the country — headed by the President of the United States — is awake to the importance of this matter. Already resolutions urging radical reforms in our procedure are being urged by the best legal sentiment of this country. But, until the changes I have suggested are made, we must expect from the criminal class such sinister demonstrations as that which has just been given in the murder of the gambler Rosenthal.

Digitized by Google

MY EXPERIENCES AS A PROGRESSIVE DELEGATE

BY JANE ADDAMS

A year ago McCLURE'S MAGAZINE *began the publication of "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil," by Jane Addams — a series of articles which were read and discussed by thinking people in every English-speaking country in the world. It is significant that the greatest social reformer in the country to-day — the one whose influence is most democratic and far-reaching — is a woman. And it is significant that Miss Addams was one of the delegates to the first great national convention in which women have ever participated, and that she was influential in forming the platform of a leading political party. What she herself felt to be the significance of her position in the Progressive convention is told in the following article.*

DURING the convention of the Progressive party in Chicago, one constantly encountered members of the American Economic Association, the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, the Civil Service Reform League, and similar bodies, until one feared that a few students of social conditions were endeavoring, through the new party, to secure measures which, although worthy, have after all recommended themselves to only a very small group out of all the nation. To an incorrigible democrat this was, naturally, very alarming. I was first reassured when I met a friend, whom I had last seen at the earlier Chicago convention before the Resolutions Committee, where he was presenting a plank which later left a slight residuum in the compressed labor paragraph adopted by the Republican party, and where I was presenting an equal suffrage plank which left no residuum at all. I remarked, in passing, that we were both getting a better hearing than we did in June, and he replied that we were not in the usual position of bringing men around to a new way of thinking, but that we were being met more than half way by men definitely committed to progress along all lines.

I gradually discovered that the situation was, in reality, the very reverse of what I had feared. The dean of a university law school acted as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and men conversant with the later developments in social legislation supplied information concerning similar legislation abroad; but these men, with the so-called practical members of the committee, were not representing the opinion of any individual, nor the philosophy of any group. They were trying, as conscientious American citizens, to meet that fundamental obligation of adapting the legal order to the changed conditions of national life — in the words of a Kansas member, "to formulate our own intrinsic, self-vindicating laws." The members of the committee had all experienced the frustration and disappointment of detached and partial effort. They had come to this first national convention of the Progressive party, not only to urge the remedial legislation which seemed to them so essential to the nation's welfare, but to test its validity and vitality by the "inner consent" of their fellow citizens, to throw their measures into the life of the nation itself for corroboration.

The program of social legislation placed before the country by the Progressive party is of great significance to the average voter, irrespective of the party which may finally claim his allegiance. Aristotle is reported to have said that politics is a school wherein questions are studied, not for the sake of knowledge, but for the sake of action. He might have added that politics are most valuable as a school because the average man has an inveterate tendency not to study at all unless he sees the prospect of action ahead of him. During the present campaign, measures of social amelioration will be discussed up and down the land, as only party politics are discussed, in the remotest farm-house to which the rural free delivery brings the weekly newspaper; certain economic

Digitized by Google

principles will become current, and new phrases will enter permanently into popular speech.

The New Kind of Voter Created by the Progressive Party

The discussion of the Progressive party platform will further surprise many a voter into the consciousness that the industrial situation in America has developed by leaps and bounds, without any of the restraining legislation which has been carefully placed about it in Europe. He will be told, for instance, that although twenty-nine European countries prohibit all night work for women, only three of our States have taken such action. He will learn of the long hours and overstrain to which the working-women of America may be subjected. If he is convinced that a girl who pushes down a lever with her right foot eight or nine thousand times a day is making so poor a preparation for motherhood that her work reacts in an "impaired second generation," he will be quick to see that it is the business of government to protect her, certainly in a republic whose very continuance depends upon the intelligence and vigor of its future citizens.

Such matters, doubtless, have a technical aspect, but they are in essence human, and intimately allied to the experiences of the average voter. But it is only when such needs are discussed in politics that he sees "where he comes in" and begins to be "worried."

The members of the Resolutions Committee were possessed of knowledge which it is, after all, a great responsibility not to submit to the nation. If a man knows, for instance, that fifteen thousand of his fellow citizens are killed in industry every year,— as if every adult male in a city of seventy-five thousand were put to death,— and that half a million of men are crippled,— as if every adult male in a State the size of Minnesota were annually maimed,— it is not sufficient for his peace of mind to know that a small group of public-spirited citizens are constantly agitating in various State legislatures for a system of industrial insurance, and that a yet smaller group of manufacturers successfully oppose such effort because their interests are threatened. The members of the committee knew that such problems belong to the nation as well as to the State, and that only by federal control, through the Inter-State Commerce Regulations, can great corporations be made to assume the injury of workmen as one of the risks of industry; only when human waste shall automatically involve a reduction in profits will a comprehensive system of safeguards be developed, as Germany has clearly demonstrated. Such facts should be made public to the entire country, for it is no abstract theory which would lead one State after another to act upon this knowledge; it is self-preservation. Legislation forced by actual conditions is like the statutory laws, which in the first instance were reactions to felt needs.

No One Should Regret that Women Were Among the Delegates

It did not seem strange that women were delegates to this first convention of the Progressive party, and it would have been much more unnatural if they had not been there, when such matters of social welfare were being considered.

When a great political party asks women to participate in its first convention, and when a number of women deliberately accept the responsibility, it may indicate that public-spirited women are ready to give up the short modern rôle of being good to people and to go back to the long historic rôle of ministration to big human needs. After all, our philanthropies have cared for the orphans whose fathers have been needlessly injured in industry; have supported the families of the convict whose labor is adding to the profits of a prison contractor; have solaced men and women prematurely aged because they could find no work to do; have rescued girls driven to desperation through overwork and overstrain. Remedial legislation for all these human situations is part of the Progressive party platform; and as the old-line politician will be surprised to find during this campaign that politics have to do with such things, so philanthropic women, on their side, will be surprised to find that their long concern for the human wreckage of industry has come to be considered politics. When we develop the courage to commit our principles to reality, we will not only enlarge our concept of truth, but we will give it a chance to become humanized and vital. It is as if we thrust a dry stick of a principle into moist, fruitful earth, and as if it returned to our hands so fresh and blooming that we no longer have an impulse to use it as a chastening rod upon the evildoer, but, wondering, hold it as a new-born pledge of the irresistible power of life to quicken and to heal.

In spite of many reassuring experiences on the part of the women who identified themselves with the Progressive party, during the three days of the convention there were inevitable moments of heart-searching and compunction. But, because one felt curiously at home, there was the utmost freedom of speech and a quick understanding of hidden scruples which one was mysteriously impelled to express.

Digitized by Google

Why I Voted for Two Battleships a Year

We were, first and foremost, faced with the necessity of selecting from our many righteous principles those that might be advocated at the moment, and of forcing others to wait for a more propitious season. To illustrate from my own experience: For many years I have advocated international peace; to that end, I have been a member, sometimes an official, of various international, national, and local peace societies, and have zealously written and spoken upon the stirring theme of international arbitration. But, when I sat as a delegate in the convention of the Progressive party, I voted to adopt a platform, "as a whole," which advocated the building of two battleships a year, pending an international agreement for the limitation of naval forces.

I confess that I found it very difficult to swallow those two battleships. I know only too well the outrageous cost of building and maintaining them — that fatal seventy cents out of every dollar of federal taxes which is spent indirectly for war; and I would fain that the Progressive party had added no more to this preposterous and unnecessary burden, that it had been ready to commit the future to arbitration.

It was a serious matter even to appear to desert the cause and the comrades with which I had been for so many years identified. Believing, however, as I do, that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by an infinite series of minor decisions we have previously made, and that our convictions are, after all, determined by our sincerest experiences, I read over the documents of my long advocacy of peace, to find that I had consistently pursued one line of appeal. I contended that peace is no longer an abstract dogma, but that marked manifestations of "a newer dynamic peace" are found in that new internationalism promoted by the men of all nations who are determined upon the abolition of degrading poverty, disease, and intellectual weakness, with their resulting inefficiency and tragedy.

Better to Preserve Human Life than Merely Not to Destroy It

It is therefore not surprising that I should have been attracted to a party which pledged itself to work unceasingly for "effective labor legislation looking to the prevention of industrial accidents, occupational diseases, overwork, involuntary unemployment, and other injurious effects incident to modern industry." The men in every-day contact with the economic conditions of our industrial cities have estimated that the total number of casualties suffered by our industrial army is sufficient to carry on perpetually two such wars, at the same time, as our Civil War and the Russo-Japanese War; that the casualties in the structural iron trade, in the erection of bridges and high buildings, bear the same percentage to the number of men engaged as did the wounded to the total number of troops in the battle of Bull Run. After all, when a choice was presented to me between protesting against the human waste in industry or against the havoc in warfare, the former made the more intimate appeal, and I identified myself with the political party which not only protests against such waste, but advances well considered legislation to prevent it.

Industrial Insurance Acts to protect the thousands of young immigrants who each year take the return journey across the Atlantic, maimed and crippled because the republic to which they have given their young strength failed to protect them as they would have been safeguarded at home, may but precede the successful conclusion of arbitration treaties.

Perhaps that ancient kindliness which "sat beside the cradle of the race" can not assert itself, in our generation, against warfare, so long as we stultify ourselves by our disregard of the shocking destruction in industry. The federal government through its own recent experience is leaning to the new humanitarianism. The wonderful sanitary system and daily regimen which preserved the life and health of the workers who dug the Panama Canal ought to make it very difficult for the same government to build upon the same spot huge fortifications whose very existence threatens with destruction that same human stuff which it has so painstakingly kept alive.

During the three days of the Progressive convention, one felt not only the breakdown of the old issues which had furnished both parties with their election cries for half a century, but the inevitable emergence of a new position.

A new code of political action has been formulated by men who are striving to express a sense of justice, socialized by long effort to secure fair play between contending classes; men who have learned that it can not be done by *a priori* reasoning, but must be established upon carefully ascertained facts.

Through the action of the Progressive party, remedial legislation is destined to be introduced into Congress and into every State legislature, by men whose party is committed to the redress of social wrongs and who have promised their constituents specific measures adapted to the changing and varied conditions of our industrial life.

Digitized by Google

A LETTER TO A GENTLEMAN

BY

SAMUEL MERWIN

AUTHOR OF "CALUMET K," "THE CITADEL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

"A Letter to a Gentleman" is one of a group of remarkable stories of love and adventure along the China Coast, by Samuel Merwin, which will appear from time to time in McCLURE'S. *Probably no American writer of fiction knows inside conditions in China better than Mr. Merwin. He knows the coast of China as Perceval Gibbon knows East Africa—as Jack London knows the Klondike—and writes of it with wonderful truth and fascination.*

AN American judge was sent to the China Coast to furbish the somewhat tarnished name of his country. He found that, if you place a few thousand white men and women at a spot on the map five or six inches distant, by your ruler, from the European and American areas of civilization, they will live even more queerly than they lived at home. Which appears to support the socialistic theory of environmental influence as a determining factor in human development. The bad man is, of course, bad; the good man is doubtless good: if you can be sure about either. But are you going to hold Jimmy McDevitt (whose army name had been Blaney) responsible for Shanghai? Or for himself?

In any event, there was one episode, during those months of wandering before the arraignment of Jimmy for his part in the job at the Alcazar gambling-house, that perhaps appears to his credit in a big book that has no standing whatever in our courts of law. The woman's side of the story came to me through a curious inadvertence. Jimmy, poor devil, I would have known under any alias. And I tell it as it must or might have happened.

I

There was an unusual noise at the inn gate.

Jimmy McDevitt started nervously, and straightened up, hypodermic in hand. Had they come for him?

Obviously not. The new and meddlesome American judge was altogether too busy holding court in three treaty ports at a time, and incidentally in running down Bing Anderson at Yokohama, and Charley Merts at Tientsin, and the big fellow, Tex Connor, who had dashed for Singapore at the first word of trouble over the Alcazar job. That new judge would learn a thing or two before he was through with Tex Connor and Charley Merts.

Somewhat relieved, Jimmy measured out a small dose of the "white stuff," opened his shirt and undershirt, and with a quick pressure of his thumb shot the drug under the skin of his abdomen. After which he splashed his dusty hands in the basin of hot water that John, his interpreter, had set out for him. And he hummed blithely:

> "Give my regards to Broad-way,
> Remember me to Herald Square——"

Again that confusion of voices at the inn gate. He dried his steady hands, poked a hole in one of the paper squares that served for a window, and listened. Suddenly he tore the paper away and looked. There was a woman out there, and she was speaking English — excitedly but unmistakably.

He went out across the court, adjusting his necktie and dusting off his clothing as he walked. To show himself was doubtless indiscreet; but you didn't often hear a woman speaking English in a Shansi village. Probably, he reflected, it was only a missionary sister. Even at that, the moment had a bit of a thrill in it.

But it was not a missionary sister. It was a distinctly beautiful young woman — beautiful despite her white face, and her crumpled hat, and her dusty, rather elaborate gown. A bit elaborate for any sort of traveling, that gown

Digitized by Google

was. From the condition of her high-heeled shoes it was apparent that she had been traveling on foot. She stood beside an old mule-litter that was roofed with an arch of matting, resting a slender hand against it; and the fingers of that slender hand were loaded with wonderful rings — diamonds, emeralds, rubies. Alone, with a blaze in her eyes, she was facing a group of protesting, gesticulating Chinamen.

Jimmy noted a pair of legs protruding from under the cover of the litter,— the blue-clad legs of a Chinaman,— and he was edging around for a closer inspection when the remarkable eyes of the young woman rested full on his.

An expression of mingled astonishment, suspicion, and relief came over her face, and brought a touch of color with it. She took a step toward him; then hesitated, still looking at him. Finally she said:

"Oh!"

Jimmy blushed. Real ladies had not figured largely in his life; and that this was a real lady had been clear to him at the first glimpse. It was now equally clear that she was in trouble. He stepped forward, raising his hat and exposing a crop of chestnut curls above the blue eyes and the flushed face.

"Anything I can do, Miss?" he ventured.

There was real deference in his voice, in his solemn expression, in his attitude of body. The young woman felt it, and another series of curiously mingled emotions was reflected for an instant on her face. But there was no mistaking Jimmy at this moment. He looked as he felt; and he felt like a crude and blundering mortal who is suddenly called on to aid a fairy princess in distress. Her only possible response was to feel and look as much like a fairy princess as she could.

"Why — thank you," she said. "I don't quite know what to say. My interpreter had a fall, two hours back. He's badly hurt. And they won't let me bring him in here. I'm alone. I don't know what to do."

Jimmy ran his fingers into his hair, and looked from her to the blue legs in the litter, from the blue legs to the excited inn-keeper. She leaned back against the litter and watched him.

"That's kind of a fix," he said. "I guess there's no use trying to get him in. They couldn't do it — if he's injured or dying — without being responsible for him. That's their fool law. But they can take care of you." He studied the situation for a moment. "I'll tell you what we'll do, Miss. I'll have my rooms cleared out for you. You'd better come in and sit down, anyway, as quick as you can. And I'll find out where there's a mission station and take him there. We'll fix him up, somehow."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I mustn't trouble you like that!" But her face was white again, and she was leaning more heavily against the litter.

"It's nothing," he protested; "absolutely nothing at all. And, if you'll let me, I'll turn my John over to you. He's a good man. Now come right in, please."

She hesitated, then took his arm — with a touch that gave him an unusual little thrill of responsibility — and limped across the courtyard of the ancient caravansary and up the steps to the "number one" suite. There a room was hastily cleared; her luggage was brought in and her cot set up; and her cook, under the eye of the authoritative John, was hurried into the kitchen to prepare food for her. While this work was going on, Jimmy, with a skill derived from his army training and with the help of a first-aid kit, was bandaging the cracked head of the wizened old Chinaman in the litter.

Dusk was falling, and the village was settling into its accustomed evening quiet, when Jimmy knocked at her door.

She appeared, after a moment, clad in a Japanese kimono and smiling a wan smile. Jimmy's eyes took in the beauty of the delicately embroidered pink garment with a vague sort of wonder.

"Sorry to disturb you, Miss," said he, "but I guess your man's hurt pretty bad. There's a missionary doctor somewhere northeast of here, in the hills, and I'm taking him there. They tell John it's nearer than T'ai Yuan. I'll be back by morning, and bring the address and all, so you can look him up, if you want to, later on. Is — is there anything you need before I go?"

Instead of replying, she seemed to be looking past him and to be thinking intently. For the second time within the hour, a little color came into her cheeks. Her eyes met his, soberly at first, and then with a hesitating smile. Finally she reached out a jeweled hand.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said, "Mr. ——"

"Hendrickson," he offered eagerly — "William Hendrickson."

"Mr. Hendrickson," she went on; "I never thought of anything like this happening. I don't know how I can — well, pay you back. I'm ——"

"Oh, pshaw!" he broke in, then suddenly realized that ladies are not accustomed to being rudely interrupted. "Excuse me, I didn't mean — Miss ——"

She hesitated. Then, "My name is Williams," she said,—"Miss Mabel Williams. My father is starting the new American college in T'ai Yuan. My mother is ill at home — in

Digitized by Google

"IT WAS CLEAR THAT SHE WAS IN TROUBLE. HE STEPPED FORWARD. 'ANYTHING I CAN DO, MISS?' HE VENTURED"

Digitized by Google

New York — and I have to get there as fast as I can."

"Say, isn't that too bad!" cried Jimmy. "Well, now, look here — I wish you'd please let me help you the little I can. It isn't much. Please don't say anything more about that paying back stuff." A fantastic Irish thought flashed into his mind and as rapidly took form in words. "I'll tell you how it is. You see, you're in trouble now, and it just happens that I'm able to help a little. Oh, it's nothing — nothing at all. I've got the time and the coin. Now, don't you see, one of these days you may be meeting some other fellow — er — some lady, say, that's in wrong, and you can sort of pass it along to him — er — her. That's the way it goes, you know. That's life, as you might say." He finished rather lamely, with an unexpected letting down of the voice. For the expression in her eyes was disconcerting. It is not always easy to slip naturally, at a moment's notice, into the rôle of fairy princess. He became aware that she had again extended her hand. He managed to take it, in a gingerly fashion. Then she drew it away, and the dingy old door swung to on its leather hinge, shutting out the bright beauty of that pink kimono.

"HE LEANED FORWARD SO THAT HIS BACK WOULD NOT REST AGAINST THE DOOR OF HER ROOM — IT WOULD NOT DO TO MAKE HIMSELF COMFORTABLE . . .

So Jimmy McDevitt, *né* Blaney, *alias* William Hendrickson, rode a jackass northeastward through the loess hills — rode beside a mule-litter on which lay a wizened, patient-faced old Chinaman with a cracked skull.

And he mused:

"You're talking too much, you mutt; and you're getting careless. That's what you are — careless. Classy people aren't used to being talked to like that. And look here; you want to drop that stuff about ladies getting in wrong. Those aren't the words you want to use. Nothing like that. You've got to be dignified. You've got to be repressed, as you might say. What do you want to go queering yourself for, the first chance you get to act refined?"

Half the night he mused and rode, under a waxing moon.

The missionary doctor received him, in striped pajamas, at one in the morning; dressed the wounds of the wizened one; and then led Jimmy into a comfortable library and drew up a Morris chair to the lamp-lighted table.

"You'll have a bed here," he said courteously.

Jimmy shook his head, sitting on the edge of the chair. "No — thanks. I can't. I'll just rest the animals a little, if you don't mind, and start back within the hour."

The physician looked thoughtful. "You are traveling hard," he said.

"I — why, you see, I left a — well, my wife — back there on the main road," explained Jimmy, suddenly realizing that such frantic haste is a thing to be accounted for in China.

The physician gave a little start. "Your wife!"

Jimmy nodded.

"But do you think it safe to bring a woman out here at this time?"

"Why not?" Jimmy looked blank.

The physician eyed his nocturnal caller in downright astonishment. "My dear sir!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say you don't know that every white person in the province is in danger of his life at this moment?"

"I — why, I didn't know!" said Jimmy, bewildered.

"I was warned two days ago to come in to the missionary compound at T'ai Yuan for protection. Peking telegraphed me yesterday that the British minister has notified the Government

Digitized by Google

Board that every death will cost a heavy indemnity. A runner arrived here only this last evening from Mr. Herbert's compound at Shauting to tell me that Herbert was shot at last night. And the Governor and the Provincial Judge have taken to dodging our inquiries and sending us presents — and that always looks bad." He rose. "No, I'll not detain you. You'd better pay off your men, take one of my horses, and ride back as hard as you can. You can leave the horse at the inn; he'll be as safe there as I am here."

With which cheering remark, the physician led the way out into the courtyard, where the moonlight was still flooding in. "Right over there," he remarked grimly, pointing toward a tablet in the wall, "Miss Andrews was burned at the stake. She was one of my assistants — a nurse and teacher. Only twenty-one, she was. That was in 1900, during the Boxer trouble. They killed nearly two hundred of our people then, you know, here in this one province."

He stood at the street gate, an upright figure, and watched Jimmy gallop away through the sleeping, moonlit village.

"Curious episode," he thought. "What mischief can that boy be up to out here!"

But if you are a white man you do not ask personal questions in China.

So the missionary doctor went back to bed.

II

By the early morning light Jimmy chartered a covered road-cart; and built up a little bulwark of food-boxes and bales of clothing and bedding around the sides and rear of it, leaving just room for a single person to lean back comfortably against his traveling-pillow. This was for protection from stray missiles, in the event of difficulty with village mobs on the way. Long before seven o'clock, and while the morning mist was still fresh on the air, they were off.

Miss Williams had seemed a bit dazed at first. She had even looked crossly at Jimmy when he roused her and sent John in with her breakfast. That was natural, he thought. Your real lady is not accustomed to being rudely awakened at an ungodly hour by a rough and dusty man. But when he helped her into the cart, with a sense of their danger conveyed as reassuringly as he could manage it, and she became conscious of an unusual and pleasing sense of being under the protecting care of a respectful but vigorous young man, she gave Jimmy such a bright little nod and smile that he

. . . BUT SHE WAS NOT SLEEPING. BEFORE THE FLOATING LIGHT OF HER LITTLE ORIENTAL LAMP FLICKERED OUT, SHE HAD SEALED UP A PENCILED LETTER "

Digitized by Google

found it necessary to turn away and shout roughly at John in the hearing of the sullen muleteers, thereby causing John to lose face to a distressing degree.

All day the three mules, one ahead and two at the wheel, shuffled along through the powdery loess. All day the springless, seatless cart creaked and rumbled toward the east. Now they were deep in a sunken road — twenty, thirty, fifty feet below the level of the fields. Now they were creaking along a reach of open country, where were beggars peering out from foul caves in the loess. Now they were deep in a range of hills, skirting precipices of closely packed earth from which they could look down hundreds of feet into toy communities. Excepting a checkerboard, here and there, of little grain-fields, or an occasional cluster of trees about some conspicuous tomb, everything — earth, hills, houses — was a dingy gray-brown. And over all shimmered and wavered a late spring heat that grew steadily more oppressive as the day advanced.

Jimmy walked a good deal of the way. But now and then, when he saw that she was dozing, or sleeping outright, he seated himself on the front of the cart and rested there, with his feet dangling near the hoofs of one of the wheel mules.

At noon they had luncheon, and rested an hour, at a crumbling little caravansary, and then pushed on. Again Miss Williams slept, this time quite peacefully.

But at about three o'clock, while he sat drowsily there on the front of the cart, leaning back against a box, he was aroused by a touch on his arm.

"Oh," he cried, "excuse *me!*" And, nimbly avoiding the wheel, he leaped to the road.

"Don't go," she called, leaning forward under the arch of matting. "Please come back. You're tired. You rode all night, you know."

"Please don't mind me," he said awkwardly. "I oughtn't to have. I guess I got a little sleepy."

She made a whimsical little *moue* at him. "Perhaps you won't believe me, Mr. William Hendrickson, if I tell you that I'd really like to change places with you. You really can't imagine how stiff one's joints get, in here all day."

He glanced doubtfully at her high-heeled shoes.

"I know," she said. "They're no good for walking. I almost died in them yesterday when I was bringing Sing in. Poor old Sing!"

A little later, while they were passing through a village, Jimmy sent John to a shop. When they were again in open country, he halted the mules and approached the cart.

"You *could* walk in these," he said, with some hesitation. "They're the smallest I could get." He produced a pair of Chinese shoes — man's shoes. And he added, "I thought perhaps you could tie them on, someway."

He had to help her tie them, with twine cut from his bale of bedding. And he made rather a botch of it. She could see the red come slowly into his neck and ears as he bent over the unaccustomed task. Once his knuckles brushed her silk stocking at the instep, and he winced. After which she had to wait, smiling there in the shadows of the cart, and finally asked him to help her down.

"Now," she said, "I want you to get in there and take a nap."

He shook his head.

She looked straight into his eyes. "Please," she insisted. "You've done so much for me without my asking. Now won't you do the one little thing I ask?"

He shook his head again. "I don't want to," he managed to say. "I'd rather walk."

She leaned back against the platform of the cart, uncomfortably close to the mules and directly in front of the wheel.

He reached out as if to take her elbow, but a confusion of impulses left his hand poised in air.

"Please don't stand there," he said. "You might get hurt."

"I'm going to stand here until you get into the cart," she replied; and her lips drew together in a straight line.

He shook his head again.

It was she who broke the rather absurd little deadlock. "You say there is danger?"

"Yes, really."

"And you've had no sleep for nearly two days. Suppose we should get into trouble, and you should be too tired to help me——"

"Nothing like that," he broke in, with an unconscious swagger. "I guess you needn't worry about that."

But she divined that he was weakening.

"Is there any special danger right around here?" she asked.

"Not likely. It's in the bigger villages and towns that the trouble usually comes, where crowds can get together. The row, so far, has been at the rail-head — at Shauting."

"All right, then." She stepped forward, with a smile. "You may not be able to rest later. It's your duty to get what sleep you can now. Please — for my sake." And she rested a hand on his arm.

It did look inviting in there under the arched matting.

"Well —" he hesitated. "You'll stay right here by me, won't you?"

Digitized by Google

"'GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY,' HE CALLED"

Digitized by Google

She nodded brightly.

"And you'll wake me if anything happens — the first thing? And you won't let me sleep long?"

She looked soberly at him for a moment; then her mouth twitched and her eyes danced and, she laughed — a clear laugh, more girlish than even Jimmy would have expected from that oddly mature, if still young and beautiful, face. Before he realized it, he was laughing too. For the instant he was almost on a basis of equality with this glorious creature. Then suddenly, almost simultaneously, they sobered; and he looked away with an expression that was disturbed and evasive as well as embarrassed.

He stepped up into the cart, drew himself back into the narrow space between the boxes, and settled down among the pillows. The muleteers cracked their whips. And Miss Mabel Williams shuffled along behind them, now smiling a little at the figure she made, now glancing into the cart to see if he was sleeping soundly, now looking (with eyes that seemed not to see very much) at the long files of donkeys that passed, burdened with coal, at the carts laden with merchandise and wine, and at the endless strings of camels.

Occasionally a Mongol driver would shout insolently at this white woman who walked humbly in the dust; and she would shrink close to the cart — so close that once one of the muleteers seized her arm to save her from the wheel. After what seemed to be a very long time, when her spirit had begun to droop a little and her step had begun to flag, she stopped the little cavalcade and peered wistfully in at the man who had so unexpectedly and so generously assumed responsibility for her life. He lay sprawled among the boxes, one arm thrown back, his cheek pillowed on it, his deep chest rising and falling rhythmically with his breathing.

She decided not to disturb him. Instead, she climbed to the front of the cart, making a place for herself beside his feet; and for a time she managed to sit erect, though weary after her tramp and exhausted with the heat. Finally she, too, sank into slumber, lying across his knees with her feet drawn up under her skirts.

So they found themselves when the cart halted for the night in the courtyard of an inn.

She sat up, rubbing her eyes and smiling. But he, when his slowly stirring senses took in the situation, started up so violently that he bumped his head; then, muttering something under his breath, scrambled past her to the ground. During the evening he kept away, sending John in with her dinner and burying himself in one of the little cells at the side of the inn compound. She even had to poke out one of the paper squares that walled in her room in order to call a low-voiced good night to him.

And he answered gruffly from the door of his cell (she could see him through the hole in the paper): "Good night."

III

Shauting was astir.

As the sun slid down behind the western hills — they were not gray-brown hills now, but a terraced, castellated cloudland floating in a sea of misty purple dust — as the mule bells of the latest arriving caravan tinkled at the inn gate — as the tea-kettle locomotive, after its day's work, puffed and breathed its last beside the half-finished little station of gray stone — as the native carpenters descended from the skeleton structure of the new warehouse by the track — then, when there should have been the peace of eventide, there was shouting, scurrying about, and, from the compound of the British engineer across the valley, even an occasional warning shot.

At the outskirts of the village, Jimmy brought up the two pack-animals and tied their halter-ropes to the tail of the cart. To John he gave one of the two revolvers that had bulged for three days in his coat pockets and a few crisp words of instruction in Pidgin-English. To the muleteers he gave a scowl and a forward wave of the hand.

They were entering the village now, by the main street that lay along the hillside. A few ragged loungers chattered together, then fell in behind them. Others joined the group, which thereupon drew closer and became noisier. Jimmy fell back a few steps and walked by the wheel. John, on the other side, with a glance across, did the same. The muleteers began to look about nervously, as if fearful for the safety of their property; but Jimmy sternly ordered them on. The bigger men in the crowd began to throw stones and pieces of brick. Several of these struck the bales on the back of the cart. Miss Williams drew herself together and involuntarily clenched her hands; but she made no sound — merely compressed her lips and leaned forward until she could see the stalwart figure marching with erect carriage close to her side. For the first time it occurred to her that he walked like a soldier. She wondered a little.

The group behind them was a small mob now. They were walking in a sort of semicircle about the rear of the cart. One brown-faced coolie reached out and struck Jimmy a slight blow with a pole he carried. Quickly and surely, Jimmy wheeled around, wrenched the pole from him, and laid him low with a clip over the ear.

Digitized by Google

Another moment, and while the startled villagers gathered about the fallen one with angry shoutings and gesticulatings, the cart was turned off the road through the open gate of the inn. Jimmy dropped behind and himself closed the great wooden doors and put the cross-beam in place. The protesting innkeeper he left to John, merely saying: "We stay to-night. We no open gates. Pay anything — pay too much."

"It's all right," he said cheerfully to Miss Williams. "I've bought the tavern for the night. We've only got to hold it until morning, and I guess we're smart enough for that. Anyhow, the old boy's got to protect us, along with his own property, because here we are, as you might say."

He had to take her arm to get her up the steps.

"I'm afraid you will think I'm no good," she said, when he had seated her in an ancient chair of bent wood. "I don't see how you stand it as you do. I *am* tired — awfully tired!"

"I know," he replied. "Of course you're tired. But you haven't got to travel in a cart any more; we take the train in the morning."

"HER HEAD SANK AGAINST HIS SHOULDER. SHE MADE NO SOUND, BUT HE KNEW THAT SHE WAS SOBBING"

She glanced up inquiringly. "Then you're going on?"

"Just as far as Chingting. I'll stay there, or at Pao Ting Fu. Shansi isn't exactly the place for a healthy white man right now. But you'll be at Peking to-morrow night, and you can sleep in a real bed. It's been hard on you, this trip. I'm afraid I've been kind of awkward. Somebody else might have made it more comfortable for you. You see, it isn't exactly in my line, as you might say, this taking care of ladies."

There was a moment's silence; then she shot a swift look up at him. The color came into his face again, and he turned toward the door.

"Anyhow, you'll get some rest to-night. If you aren't too tired to sleep, that is."

"Are you going to sleep yourself?" she asked abruptly.

"Oh — why, sure." It had been Jimmy's idea at first that he and John should stand watch alternately; but on second thought he realized that it would be out of the question for him to sleep at all. He still recalled with shame the day he had overslept in the cart. On this last night he must not relax his guard for an instant.

Digitized by Google

So it was that he paced the courtyard — after an awkward little meal which she had insisted that he share with her — until past ten o'clock. Then, fearing that she would hear his footsteps, he sat on the top step of the "number one" suite, deliberately leaning forward so that his back could not rest against the door. It would not do to make himself comfortable.

But Miss Williams did not seem inclined to sleep. By the flickering light on the paper wall of her room, he knew that her little Oriental lamp was still feebly burning.

An hour went by. He was nodding now, so he took to walking again, as quietly as he could. At twelve he sat again on the steps. He was sitting there when, a little later, a light step sounded behind him, and the door swung open. He jumped to his feet and turned.

She was standing there, pale in the moonlight, clad in that radiant pink kimono.

He wanted to urge her to go back and get her rest; but he was looking at her, and he found that he could not say anything.

For a moment, neither could she.

Then, "You said you were going to sleep," she murmured, in a voice that was low and full of tender reproach.

He stammered softly. "I — I thought I was — then," he managed to say. "I didn't mean to lie to you — honest I didn't."

"You — didn't — mean — to — lie — to — me!" she repeated in that same low voice, that now was a-quiver with mystery.

"Honest I didn't," said he again, having no other words.

They were silent for a moment. Then her fingers, like lost children, strayed to the lapel of his coat and drew him gently into the doorway — into the shadows of the doorway.

His arm slipped hesitatingly about her slender, yielding waist. Her head sank against his shoulder. She made no sound, but he felt her body shake within his arm, and he knew that she was sobbing. His free hand stroked her hair.

For an instant he forgot — everything. His big arm tightened about her. He bent down and kissed her hair; then, blushing with a curious wild sense of failure in his great task, of shame almost, he kissed her white ear and tried to raise her head so that he might kiss her lips.

She struggled, weakly. For a moment he let her struggle — she was so like a little bird in his hand. Then he became aware that she was speaking, in a strange, intimate, whispering way.

"Don't!" she was saying. "Please — don't! You are stronger than I am, you know. And you are a — gentleman!"

His arms slowly relaxed. He was a gentleman! She had said he was a gentleman! His arms dropped to his sides. She went into her own room and closed the door. Then he heard her dragging some heavy object — a table, it might have been — and pushing it against the door. Which bothered him a little. She needn't have done that.

John was coming to him across the courtyard.

"Inn man say sojers here — no more trouble," whispered the faithful interpreter.

"Soldiers, eh?" muttered Jimmy.

He went to the gate and looked out through a movable panel. Sure enough, a company of the nondescript provincial cavalry were standing at ease before the inn. The shaggy Manchurian ponies were flecked with bits of foam that glistened in the moonlight. Each man wore his stumpy, Chinese-made carbine across his back. Pigtailed officers were telling off detachments for service at other points. Yes, the urgent representations of the dignified gentlemen of Legation Street, Peking, had at last fallen on open ears. There was to be no new butchery of foreigners in Shansi Province — not at this time

Jimmy closed the panel and turned away with what was almost a sigh. His responsibility had been taken from him. He could sleep now. Or could he? He wondered.

"Those devils aren't paying any more indemnity claims than they have to," he muttered.

Then, after a doubtful, disturbed glance toward the "number one" suite, where the dim lamplight was still flickering on the paper squares, he found a vacant cell near at hand, stumbled over the *kang*, and fell asleep just as he dropped on the matting-covered bricks.

It was but a little later when the floating light in Miss Williams' little lamp flickered for the last time and went out. But before it went out she had sealed up a penciled letter, and had written on the envelop:

MR. WILLIAM HENDRICKSON,

Addressed

IV

They stood on the gravel platform at the Chingting station of the great Hankow-Peking Railroad. The long train was waiting as impatiently as trains wait in brisker lands. About them swarmed tourists, commercial travelers, coolies with baggage, children with trays of cakes or of bitter little Chinese oranges.

"We may not meet again," said she.

"It's been — nice," said he.

It seemed to hurt her to see the lines in his face and the deep hollows under his eyes, and she looked away — away toward the old walled

Digitized by Google

city beyond the tracks, with its peeping roofs of tile and its great military towers.

"I feel pretty bad about the money," she murmured. "It must have been expensive, all you've done."

He laughed. But there was no ring in his voice.

"Time to get aboard," he replied. "Good-by."

"Good-by."

She mounted the steps; then bit her lip, turned, drew an envelop from her wrist-bag, and looked down at him.

He straightened up, military fashion, touched his hat, and smiled. "Give my regards to Broadway," he called.

She returned the smile, wearily. Then she dropped the envelop into the bag and snapped it shut.

The bell rang, the whistle blew, and the train rolled out toward Peking.

When the rear car had disappeared behind the towers of the old walled city, Jimmy hurried over to the telegraph office and sent the following message to a more or less prominent American resident of that polyglot, picturesque, manner-less city by the sea that is called Shanghai:

Send five hundred to William Hendrickson, at Chingting. A guy can't travel on nothing up here.

JIMMY.

Then he had John move his luggage to the best available inn, and, as soon as he could contrive it, shut himself in a particularly unswept room and fumbled with nervous fingers in his hand-bag for the hypodermic.

Half an hour later Miss Williams, whirling on toward Peking and home, opened the envelop and soberly read the letter that she had not delivered. It was as follows:

You said you couldn't lie to me.

Well, I've lied to you. That wasn't true about my father and the college at T'ai Yuan. I don't know where my father is. I don't know where my mother is. Wish to God I did. And my name isn't Mabel Williams.

I'm going to tell you the truth now. It comes a little late, but I'm going to tell it. At first I thought you'd know me right off. Then, when you didn't, when you went right on being nicer and nicer — and to-night — oh, my God! to-night when you taught me something I thought couldn't ever be, when you taught me that there's such a thing in the world as a decent man — well, William Hendrickson, you broke my heart. Perhaps that sounds funny, coming from me, but it's true. You broke my heart. I thought I knew every possibility of what a woman can suffer. But now I see I've got to begin at the beginning again.

Last night I wanted to kill myself. It wasn't the first time. Always before I've been stopped by remembering Annie Bateson's death. She took bichloride of mercury tablets. And then she lived three days. Last night — and I had some of those same tablets with me — even that couldn't stop me — not until after my light went out, and your face came up in front of me, and I knew you were out there keeping watch over me — over *me* — oh, it's tragic. It's worse — it's funny! But it seemed to me it wouldn't be square to you. I just had to help you see it through.

It's no use trying to write it. I can't. And you'll never know what you've done. It's not only that about men — and I've always thought it — it's a lot more than that — *you've made me see that I'm not all bad, myself!* Can you get that? It's what hurts most.

Now listen. My name isn't Williams. I'll tell you what it is. It's Minnie Wilson. Now what do you think? I'm Minnie Wilson, of Shanghai — *the* Minnie Wilson!

Honest, they haven't been fair to me. I've never drunk much, and I don't use hop or coke or morphine. I've saved for seven years, every cent I could — and all the extra that's been given me. And it was just this year that I put sixteen thousand Mex. into that big new place on the Soochow Road. Some of the lawyers put up the other twenty thousand. Then, without any warning, the new American judge came along and said in the newspapers that he'd picked me out to make an example of.

He'd picked *me* out! Oh — but what's the use! I had to run, almost overnight. I came to T'ai Yuan to fool them, because a man I knew told me they had said I was going to Japan. Then I telegraphed a friend of mine up in Peking, a man in one of the legations, and he wired back for me to come on and he'd send me home over the Trans-Siberian. So I'm on my way. I haven't but barely money enough now to get to Peking, or I'd never have let you spend all you have on me. I'm helpless. I've lost everything.

Yes, William Hendrickson, whoever you are, you've broken my heart. I want you to know that. I could love you — love you as no woman ever loves a man but once — and no ignorant woman *ever*. You don't put on much style, William Hendrickson. You're a plain sort of man. But you're the finest I ever knew. You've taught me that there *are* men like you. You've broken my heart. And I'm going to do this much for you — I'm going to put the miles between us just as fast as I can. I want to leave you this way. I want you to always have that wonderful look in your eyes when you think of me. That's all.

I can't see to write much more. The light is nearly out. I'll just say — if you can take it, coming from me — God bless you!

She lowered the letter to her lap, and looked out of the window at the moving landscape with eyes from which the tears welled slowly.

Then she tore the letter into small bits and dropped them out of the window.

"Dinner at Eight," another adventure story by Samuel Merwin, will appear in the December number—out November twenty-sixth

Digitized by Google

THE GREAT CHANCE

BY

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE STORE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

In the July number of McCLURE'S, *under the pen-name "Richard Bracefield," the story of "The Blue Store" was told—the story of how a man achieved a business success by applying a variety of ingenious ideas to selling his product. Henderson's product was paint—a staple article used by all classes of people. His problem was to standardize his product in his community, and this he did by constantly inventing new ideas, new schemes to impress the consumer.*

The following article exemplifies a different kind of success—a success whose mainspring was concentration on one idea, whose method was perpetual hammering on the same spot. In each case the business policy was determined by individual conditions.

In December a third article by Mr. Woolley will be published, giving a similar study of business achievement.

A YOUNG man of twenty-five or thereabouts rode up in the elevator of an office skyscraper one day, and entered the suite occupied by the agent of the building.

"I'd like to see the lowest-priced office you have," he said. "I am going into the furniture business, but for the present I shall need only an office. It must be cheap, but I don't care how near the roof it is. At first I shall work by canvassing."

"The top of an office building," said the agent, "does not seem to be a proper location for a furniture-dealer. You would be wiser to rent some little store on the outskirts and go into business as other men do. There is no money in canvassing; furniture was never yet sold in that fashion."

"There are two reasons why I don't want to go into business in the orthodox way," returned the applicant. "In the first place, I have practically no money; in the second place, I have

Digitized by Google

an idea that is different. I believe there is a field for me."

"What experience have you had in furniture?" insisted the agent.

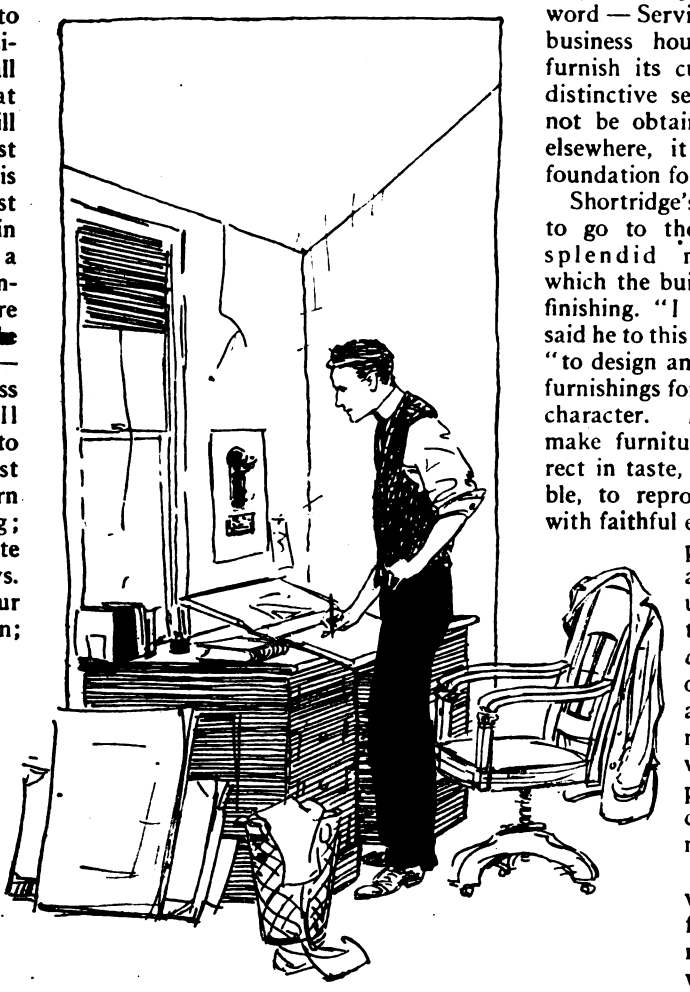
"None — except in an amateur way. I've had quite a fancy for good furniture for many years. I know a little about it. You see, I propose to canvass the owners of first-class residences exclusively. I mean to establish myself as an authority on art furnishings. I am at present employed by an engineering house, and my general training as a draftsman, I think, will enable me to prepare my furniture designs."

The Agent's Discouraging Advice

The renting agent came out from behind his counter and leaned one elbow upon it. "Let me give you some sound advice," he said. "Don't quit your job; don't go into the furniture business. We've got all the concerns of that kind the city will support. Why, just across the street is one of the biggest furniture stores in the country, and a block below is another. There are dozens of little furniture shops — go up any business street and you'll find them, clear to the suburbs. Most of them don't earn a decent living; they can't compete with the big fellows. No. Stick to your job, young man; you're lucky to have one."

"Then you mean that you refuse me an office?" The applicant's tone showed disappointment.

"It would scarcely be possible to rent you one, without a guarantor on the lease." And the skyscraper agent bowed his caller out.



"Up under the Mansard roof of the building this rash but ambitious chap installed a desk, a chair, and some drawing-materials"

Shortridge Launches His Big Idea

But the next day the young man came back. He had found a friend, he said, who had promised to guarantee a three months' lease of a twenty-dollar office. And he was ready to take possession at once. So, away up under the Mansard roof of the building, this rash but ambitious chap installed a desk, a chair, and some drawing-materials.

As you follow the history of John Shortridge through this article you will gain a growing understanding of the fact that his business was in reality founded upon an idea. You will see, too, how this same idea, with various ramifications, is the bulwark of many a business. This idea may be expressed in one word — Service. When a business house is able to furnish its customers some distinctive service that can not be obtained so readily elsewhere, it has laid the foundation for larger things.

Shortridge's first step was to go to the owner of a splendid new residence which the builders were just finishing. "I am prepared," said he to this man of wealth, "to design and manufacture furnishings for houses of this character. I propose to make furniture that is correct in taste, and, if desirable, to reproduce antiques with faithful exactness. My plan is to give a service of unusual character, through my detailed studies of each house and its requirements. In this work I am prepared to demonstrate my ability."

His overtures were rejected, for he had nothing with which to back up his statements. So he

Digitized by Google

went to another owner, and then to another. He went to scores of beautiful houses and he canvassed private offices until his faith in his big idea was well-nigh shaken. His slender savings faded almost to nothing, and it did seem as if furniture, to him, were a hopeless commodity.

Shortridge Gets His First Order

But meanwhile he studied such old masters as Chippendale, Sheraton, Heppelwhite, and the Adam brothers. He delved into the American Colonial period; he posted himself on the Georgian, Queen Anne, and Dutch Colonial styles; he became familiar with the French, Italian, and Flemish Renaissance periods. And then, one day, he caught the eye of a home-builder with a design he had drawn, and at last received his first order.

It was not much,— only a small Charles II chair, or something of that sort,— but it whetted his courage and revived his belief that his idea was practicable. Now, however, he stood in a singular position. He was both merchant and manufacturer, yet he had neither sales-room nor factory. The highroad on which he was starting led, apparently, straight to the insurmountable walls of the great furniture factories at Grand Rapids — where perhaps the bulk of American furniture originated. If he hoped to pursue that highway, he must climb over those factories and go on by himself. And John Shortridge, remember, had no capital; he had scarcely enough money left to pay his current expenses: while at Grand Rapids millions of dollars were invested — and manufacturers there had grown gray in the battle!

What Went into the Making of One Chair

He took his little order to a local furniture shop, and signed a contract to have the chair made in accordance with his specifications. Then he took off his coat, selected his own lumber, and stood over the workmen and wood sculptors until the thing was done. Considered merely as one piece of goods in itself, it was a heavy loss to him — in time and critical effort; but it was just what he had said it would be.

Another order came soon afterward, and then others, mostly small, with a few that encouraged him. Yet into their execution he put so much of his time and so much actual value that for a year or two he was barely able to exist.

The next visible step upward came when he determined to establish a little store where his ideas could be exhibited in actual furniture, not mere designs. He picked out a location well outside the expensive district; and here, with a rental of thirty dollars a month, with other expenses cut to the last dollar, and with some credit established, Shortridge made his beginning as an actual merchant. In the rear of the shop was a work-room twelve feet square, and in it he installed two skilled cabinet-makers.

"Shortridge moved away from his modest neighbors who had never understood his little shop now

Why Shortridge's Shop Was "Different"

The people of the neighborhood had no conception of this store's purpose, but confused it with the average run of small furniture shops — those nondescript shops that correspond to the multitudes of inferior stores in every line everywhere. Few of the smaller business establishments of the land have any distinctive purpose, or any defined policy through which a purpose could be accomplished. This is just what makes a study of Shortridge & Company worth while.

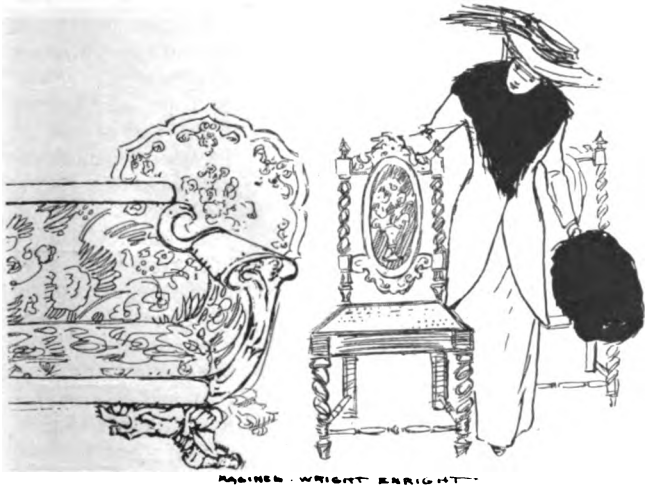
In the July number of McCLURE's the story of the "Blue Store" was told — and of "Henderson's" steady rise through a multiplicity of selling schemes that reached all classes of people in the paint field. But the route to success

Digitized by Google

does not always follow the same course. In the case of Shortridge, promiscuous selling schemes were not to be considered. To reach the people he wanted, it was necessary to push forward in a straight line, and to ignore the temptation to depart from the big idea.

So the people who lived in the immediate neighborhood of this little furniture store were disappointed in it. They could not buy iron beds or cotton mattresses there; and they did not appreciate Louis XIV tables, Thomas Shearer sideboards, or Jacobean bedsteads.

Shortridge had the courage to let them go by. By laying in a stock of general furniture he might perhaps have done moderately well. But he was playing a different game. He meant to reach out farther than this one neighborhood.



stood him, and the procession of automobilists that had come to came to his big one"

Hunting the Customer

But it was vitally necessary to get business. He could not turn down the commonplace trade that offered itself unless he went out after the broader trade that he wanted. He set about with new vigor to locate his prospects first, and then to change those prospects into actual customers.

A card-index system was developed, covering all the high-class residential streets in the city. It contained not only the names of possible customers, but the names of the few who had already patronized the furniture service offered by Shortridge & Company. It is not the purpose here to enter into any description of systems, but a few words are necessary to typify Shortridge's consistent, unwavering efforts in the one direction in which he had chosen to grow. In this card-index system were cards of two colors, white and blue. The vast majority of the cards were white — this color represented the people who might buy his goods, but who never had. The blue, on the other hand, showed actual customers. It became the task of Shortridge & Company to reduce the number of white cards and to increase the blue.

Shortridge himself continued canvassing — never for a day had he abandoned this policy. Follow him, if you choose, on one of his trips. His first call on a Monday morning, say, was at the home of the rich and art-loving Montgomery Johnson, of 600 Exclusive Boulevard. From his designs he selected those that harmonized with the character of the Johnson house, and these he displayed before Mrs. Montgomery Johnson and her daughters. Perhaps it was a scrutoire of the eighteenth century, with plain front and ball-and-claw feet; perhaps it was a French Empire desk of mahogany or a Napoleonic bedstead with rolling headboard, or maybe even a brass-faced grandfather's clock. The members of the Johnson household were interested, but not ready to give an order.

Then Shortridge moved on to No. 932 Court Square, the home of a wealthy widow, Mrs. Mary Blanche Brown. Mrs. Brown's late husband was a man of affairs, but not of great culture. He had had no knowledge or appreciation of artistic furniture, and his widow knew little about the period of George III, or about a Louis XVI drawing-room, or about the charm of Tudor furniture. She found it hard to resist the diplomatic advances of Shortridge, but at last he went away without a definite order.

At No. 297 Fashionable Terrace lived the millionaire clubman, Moody McCoy Jones, a man of artistic taste and sound judgment. He was willing to go over Shortridge's designs, and was particularly struck with a Heppelwhite cheval-glass hung on a pivoted carved standard. He also liked a curious tilted-top pie-crust table such as they used in New England before the Revolution. He gave an order for both.

So, day by day, month by month, year by year, Shortridge canvassed, always hammering on the same spot—hammering, hammering, ham-

Digitized by Google

mering at his one idea. It was part of his plan to build up an ideal in the mind of his customers. He would not come down to imperfect reproductions or careless imitations. If they insisted on goods that he did not make or handle, they must go elsewhere to buy. But all his efforts were bent toward the development of the customer to the Shortridge standard.

A difficult and therefore commonly neglected thing in business is the building up of ideals in the minds of the people who are to buy. If the tailor's output is a carelessly cut coat, roughly stitched, he has advanced no ideal that will educate customers to buy more profitable goods. If the glove-dealer talks dogskin as his idea of perfection, he will not create a taste for kid. Of course, the whole problem depends on the underlying aim and opportunity of the seller. If he is starting a three-nine-and-nineteen-cent store, his ideals are (legitimately) wholly different. But often the theoretical ideals of a business are lofty, while the actual policy is a three-nine-and-nineteen-cent one.

"The people who lived in the immediate neighborhood were disappointed. They could not buy iron beds there, and they did not appreciate Louis XIV tables"

Doggedly Shortridge stood for his principle, though some of his neighboring merchants gradually came down from their own original ideals and drifted into mediocrity and obscurity. A store next door had started out with a splendid sign: "Fine Fancy Groceries." Yet the most inexperienced purchaser could see that the goods were now worse than ordinary. On the other side of the street was a restaurant that still advertised the "best table d'hôte in the city for a dollar"; but even an inexpert diner could now pick flagrant flaws in it. Perhaps both of these businesses could have gone out for a wider trade and worked somewhat along the lines of Shortridge & Company; but the furniture shop was the only one that kept in the path it had surveyed for itself.

Then, one day, five years after the little business was founded, a stranger called on Shortridge. "I am managing director of the new Marble Hall Building on Broad Street, downtown," he said. "We are located in the most exclusive shopping district, and on our ground floor we mean to have nothing but exclusive shops. Now, I've been watching your business, and I am convinced that here is your chance. I'd like to have you come down and take one of our stores. The rent will be seventy-five hundred dollars a year; but if your profits are not enough the first year to pay it easily, we will cancel both the lease and the indebtedness, and leave you scot-free."

A leap from thirty dollars a month to seventy-five hundred dollars a year might stagger any small shopkeeper. But Shortridge took it. He saw his great chance. By living up to his ideals he had daily been inviting Opportunity.

So he moved away from his modest neighbors — those neighbors who never had understood him or known what he was doing. But the steadily growing procession of automobiles that had come to his little shop now came to his big one.

The business was at last beyond the personal canvassing of its proprietor; but he now developed a canvassing and selling force that carried on the work with the same methods. Up and down every better-class residence street in the city Shortridge & Company's men worked. They were men to whom Shortridge himself

Digitized by Google

had taught his ideals. They knew, for example, what furnishings to suggest for Whittington Rodd's new Colonial mansion; they could design an appropriate settle for the fireplace in the hall of Sedgwick Roger's unique house facing the park; they made up whole schemes of furnishings and decorations that would melt into their surroundings and thus perform their function of unusual service on which Shortridge had staked his future when he started.

What Shortridge Did in Europe

Now Shortridge took another step. He built a factory of large proportions. Capital was no longer lacking — it never is when business is making good. With all the money and credit he needed, Shortridge no longer stood in awe of Grand Rapids.

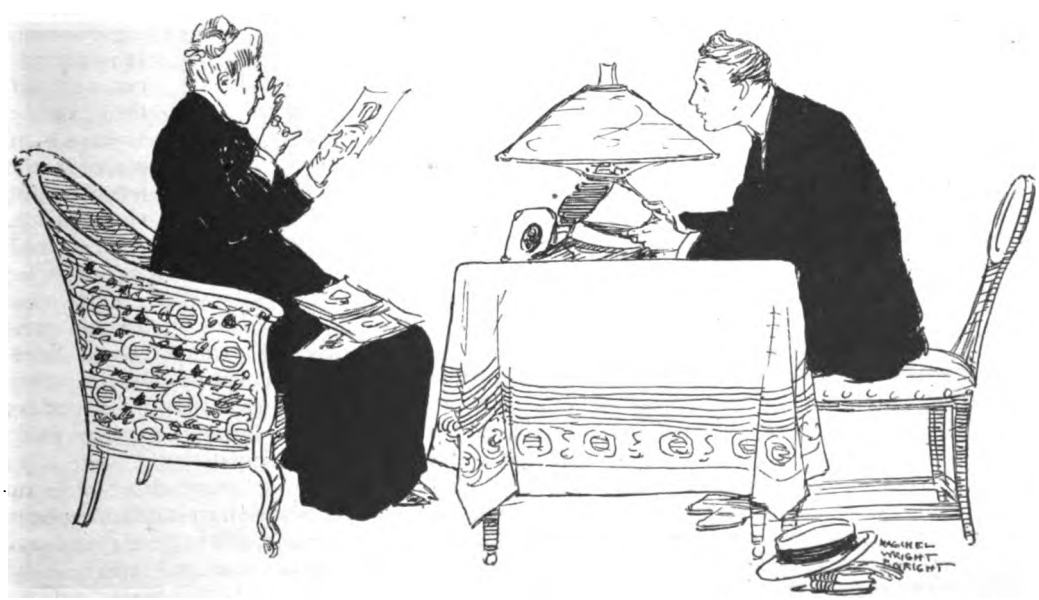
Then he went to Europe, but not on a pleasure jaunt. He came back with genuine antiques and added them to his stock of reproductions. Still his men canvassed, steadily and quietly, hammering, hammering, hammering on the same spot. Just as steadily, the white cards diminished in number and the blue cards increased.

The larger store on downtown Broad Street paid its first year's rent easily, as the managing director had said it would. Its scheme was attuned to the street; it had distinction. Thousands of customers came to it unsolicited from other cities. But the business that gave it a real backbone was that which the Shortridge organization had dug up for it by the grinding and unrelenting work out along the avenues and boulevards and parkways of its home city. And this grinding, laborious task of business-getting was continued.

How He Advertised

Advertising, however, now began to play a more important part. In the early days of the business there had been no money for newspaper space, and the original impetus had been gained by personal endeavor alone. Perhaps this fact will afford food for thought to men who attribute their small accomplishments to lack of advertising money or to small working capital. Shortridge began without either; and he did not marry a rich woman nor fall heir to a fortune.

In the advertising as in the personal campaigns, a high standard was maintained. Excellence was the motto, never price. To know and want perfection, to appreciate art and sentiment, to make surroundings contribute to life — these formed the key-note of all the publicity. The big store on Broad Street had the same ideal that had been laid down as the keel of the business when it had no publicity and no money. In all this advertising there was strength and dignity and atmosphere — just the reverse of the freakish advertising of the "Blue Store." Here, again, the significant fact confronts us that men must seek out and pursue the methods that will contribute most



"She knew little about the charm of Tudor furniture, but she found it hard to resist the diplomatic advances of Shortridge"

Digitized by Google

consistently to their growth. There is no broad macadamized overland highway to success.

Still growing, Shortridge & Company added various lines of artware to his furniture — lamps and candlesticks, pottery and glassware, marbles and andirons, and so on. And then the business overflowed and ran into enlarged quarters — and still those patient canvassers worked to hew down the white cards. The city was growing mightily, too, and white cards were daily being added as well as subtracted.

It was now scarcely a dozen years since Shortridge quit a salary — since his doubting friends had warned him gravely of the folly of attempting competition with Grand Rapids and the gray-headed men of millions who lived there. Only a few years before, Shortridge had been less in the world of business than the smallest furniture-dealer in the smallest town in the land. Now he ranked many of the men of Grand Rapids itself.

"He took off his coat, and stood over the workmen and wood sculptors until the thing was done"

Then came another and larger factory, and more selling space. To-day, twenty years from its inception, the business is a great one, still climbing. And, if you should be in a position to see its inner organization at work, you would find the same incessant hammering now as before. The general public has no conception to-day of the factors that made this business what it is. Even the old-time neighbors of that first little furniture shop in the outlying district — there are two or three of them remaining there still — do not know why Shortridge left them behind, so hopelessly in the rear. They imagine it was pure nerve on his part that caused him to "branch out" and move downtown and get rich. Even when he was among them, they had no idea of the manner in which he was scouring every part of the city that shaped itself to his plan and ideal. By failing to know, and by failing to work as he worked for bigger markets and better things, some of these former neighbors undoubtedly missed their great chance. Shortridge, too, would have missed his chance had he loosened his grip on his purpose.

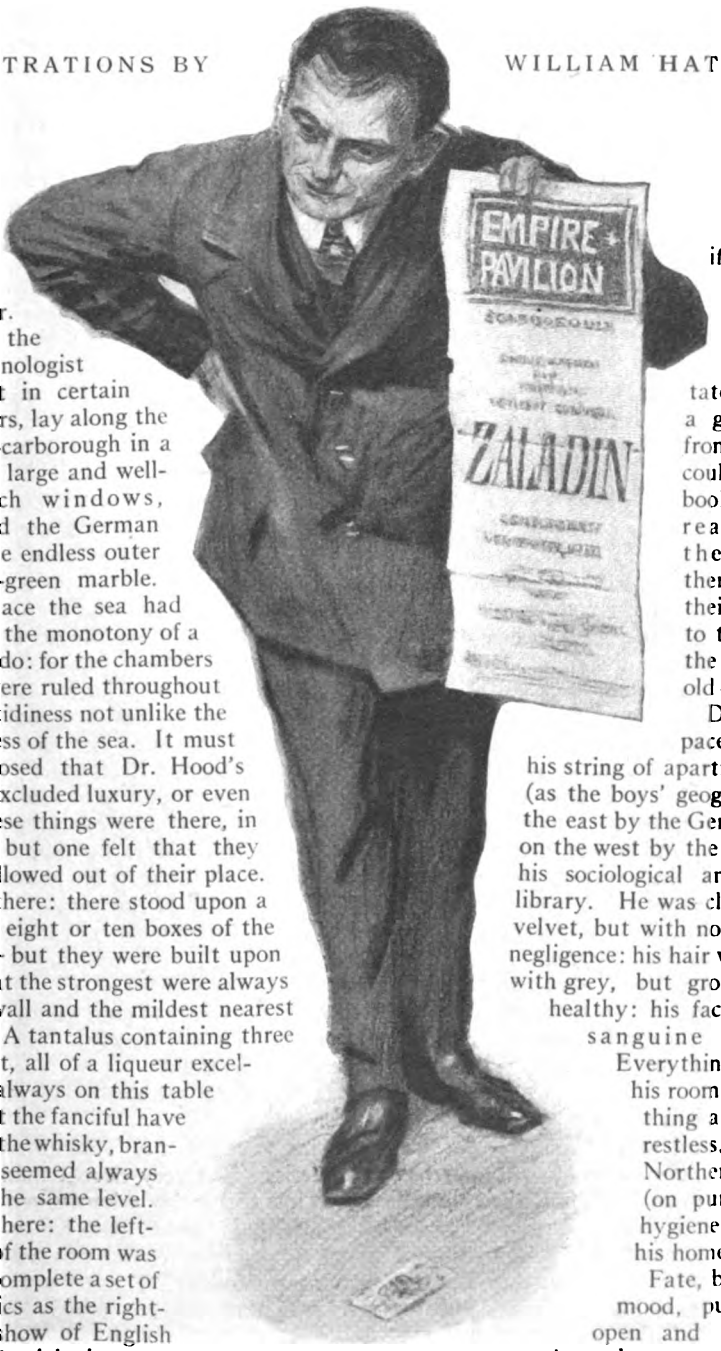
There are many apparent wonder-stories concealed within the business history of modern successful men. It is difficult to get at them, for the average man of success prefers silence on the subject. Sometimes there may be a good cause for his reticence — when success has come from a disregard for the rights of mankind. But the story of Shortridge & Company is the sort that offers a profitable study; the business has been built in the face of stern competition. And, after all, there is no wonder story about it — no magic, no mystery. All the fairy-tale atmosphere fades away when we study it closely and see that it reflects only cause and effect — the same cause and effect that will operate in varying degrees, according to the opportunity available, in the building of any business in the land.

Digitized by Google

THE ABSENCE OF MR. GLASS

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HATHERELL



THE consulting-rooms of Dr. Orion Hood, the eminent criminologist and specialist in certain moral disorders, lay along the sea-front at Scarborough in a series of very large and well-lighted French windows, which showed the German Ocean like one endless outer wall of blue-green marble. In such a place the sea had something of the monotony of a blue-green dado: for the chambers themselves were ruled throughout by a terrible tidiness not unlike the terrible tidiness of the sea. It must not be supposed that Dr. Hood's apartments excluded luxury, or even poetry. These things were there, in their place: but one felt that they were never allowed out of their place. Luxury was there: there stood upon a special table eight or ten boxes of the best cigars — but they were built upon a plan, so that the strongest were always nearest the wall and the mildest nearest the window. A tantalus containing three kinds of spirit, all of a liqueur excellence, stood always on this table of luxury: but the fanciful have asserted that the whisky, brandy, and rum seemed always to stand at the same level. Poetry was there: the left-hand corner of the room was lined with as complete a set of English classics as the right-hand could show of English and foreign physiologists. But if one took a volume of Chaucer or Shelley from that rank, its absence irritated the mind like a gap in a man's front teeth. One could not say the books were never read — probably they were: but there was a sense of their being chained to their places, like the Bibles in the old churches.

Dr. Orion Hood paced the length of his string of apartments: bounded (as the boys' geographies say) on the east by the German Ocean and on the west by the serried ranks of his sociological and criminologist library. He was clad in an artist's velvet, but with none of an artist's negligence: his hair was heavily shot with grey, but growing thick and healthy: his face was lean, but sanguine and expectant. Everything about him and his room indicated something at once rigid and restless, like that great Northern Sea by which (on pure principles of hygiene) he had built his home.

Fate, being in a funny mood, pushed the door open and introduced into those long, strict, sea-flanked

Digitized by Google

apartments one who was perhaps the most startling opposite of them and their master. In answer to a curt but civil summons, the door opened inwards and there shambled into the room a shapeless little figure, which seemed to find its own hat and umbrella as unmanageable as a mass of luggage. The umbrella was a black and prosaic bundle long past repair: the hat was a broad curved black hat, clerical but not common in England: the man was the very embodiment of all that is homely and helpless.

The doctor regarded the newcomer with a restrained astonishment, not unlike that he would have shown if some huge but obviously harmless sea-beast had crawled into his room. The newcomer regarded the doctor with that beaming but breathless geniality which characterises a corpulent charwoman who has just managed to stuff herself into an omnibus. It is a rich confusion of social self-congratulation and bodily disarray. His hat tumbled to the carpet; his heavy umbrella slipped between his knees with a thud; he reached after the one and ducked after the other, but with an unimpaired smile on his round face spoke simultaneously as follows:

"My name is Brown. Pray excuse me. I come about that business of the MacNabs. I have heard you often help people out of such troubles. Pray excuse me if I am wrong."

By this time he had sprawlingly recovered the hat and made an odd little bobbing bow over it, as if setting everything quite right.

"I hardly understand you," replied the scientist, with a cold intensity of manner. "I fear you have mistaken the chambers. I am Dr. Hood; and my work is almost entirely literary and educational. It is true that I have sometimes been consulted by the police in cases of peculiar difficulty and importance, but ——"

"Oh, this is of the greatest importance," broke in the little man called Brown. "Why, her mother won't let them get engaged." And he leaned back in his chair in radiant rationality.

The brows of Dr. Hood were drawn down darkly, but the eyes under them were bright with something that might be anger or might be amusement. "And still," he said, "I do not quite understand."

"You see, they want to get married," said the man with the clerical hat. "Maggie MacNab and young Todhunter want to get *married.* Now what can be more important than that?"

The great Orion Hood's scientific triumphs had deprived him of many things, some said of his health, others of his God: but they had not wholly despoiled him of his sense of the absurd. At the last plea of the ingenuous priest a chuckle broke out of him from inside and he threw himself into an arm-chair in an ironical attitude of the consulting physician.

"Mr. Brown," he said gravely, "it is quite fourteen and a half years since I was personally asked to test a personal problem: then it was the case of an attempt to poison the French President at a Lord Mayor's banquet. It is now, I understand, a question of whether some friend of yours called Maggie is a suitable fiancée for some friend of hers called Todhunter. Well, Mr. Brown, I am a sportsman. I will take it on. I will give the MacNab family my best advice: as good as I gave the French Republic and the King of England — no, better: fourteen years better. I have nothing else to do this afternoon; tell me your story."

The little clergyman called Brown thanked him with unquestionable warmth, but still with a queer kind of simplicity. It was rather as if he were thanking a stranger in a smoking-room for some trouble in passing the matches, than as if he were (as he was) practically thanking the Curator of Kew Gardens for coming with him into a field to find a four-leaved clover. With scarcely a semicolon after his hearty thanks the little man began his recital:

"I told you my name was Brown: well, that's the fact, and I'm the priest of the little Catholic church I daresay you've seen beyond those straggly streets where the town ends towards the north. In the last and straggliest of those streets which runs along the sea like a sea-wall, there is a very honest but rather sharp-tempered member of my flock, a widow called MacNab. She has one daughter and she lets lodgings; and between her and the daughter and between her and the lodgers — well, I daresay there is a great deal to be said on both sides. At present she has only one lodger, the young man called Todhunter; but he has given more trouble than all the rest: for he wants to marry the young woman of the house."

"And the young woman of the house," asked Dr. Hood, with huge and silent amusement, "what does she want?"

"Why, she wants to marry him," cried Father Brown, sitting up eagerly; "that is just the awful complication."

"It is indeed a hideous enigma," said Dr. Hood.

"This young James Todhunter," continued the cleric, "is a very decent man so far as I know, but then nobody knows very much. He is a bright, brownish little fellow, agile like a monkey, clean-shaven like an actor, and obliging like a born courier. He seems to have quite a pocketful of money, but nobody knows what his trade is. Mrs. MacNab therefore (being of a pessimistic turn) is quite sure it is something

Digitized by Google

dreadful, and probably connected with dynamite. The dynamite must be of a shy and noiseless sort: for the poor fellow only shuts himself up for several hours of the day and studies something behind a locked door. He declares his privacy is temporary and justified, and promises to explain before the wedding. That is all that any one knows for certain: but Mrs. MacNab will tell you a great deal more than even she is certain of. You know how the tales grow like grass on such a patch of ignorance as that. There are tales of two voices heard talking in the room; though, when the door is opened, Todhunter is always found alone. There are tales of a mysterious tall man in a silk hat, who once came out of the sea-mists and apparently out of the sea, stepping softly across the sandy fields and through the small back garden at twilight till he was heard talking to the lodger at his open back window. The colloquy seemed to end in a quarrel: Todhunter dashed down his window with violence and the man in the high hat melted into the sea-fog again. This story is told by the family with the fiercest mystification; but I really think Mrs. MacNab prefers her own original tale: that the Other Man (or whatever it is) crawls out every night from the big box in the corner, which is kept locked all day. You see, therefore, how this sealed door of Todhunter's is treated as the gate of all the fancies and monstrosities of the Thousand and One Nights. And yet there is the little fellow in his respectable black jacket, as punctual and innocent as a parlour clock. He pays his rent to the tick; he is practically a teetotaler; he is tirelessly kind with the younger children and can keep them amused for a day on end; and, last and most urgent of all, he has made himself equally popular with the eldest daughter, who is ready to go to church with him to-morrow."

A man warmly concerned with any large theories has always a relish for applying them to any triviality. The great specialist, having condescended to the priest's simplicity, condescended expansively. He settled himself with comfort in his arm-chair and began to talk in the tone of a somewhat absent-minded lecturer:

"Even in a minute instance it is best to look first to the main tendencies of Nature. A particular flower may not be dead in early winter, but the flowers are dying; a particular pebble may never be wetted with the tide, but the tide is coming in. To the scientific eye all human history is a series of collective movements, destructions or migrations, like the massacre of flies in winter or the return of birds in spring. Now, the root fact in all history is Race. Race produces religion: race produces legal and ethical wars. There is no stronger case than that of the wild, unworldly, and perishing stock which we commonly call the Celts: of whom your friends the MacNabs are specimens. Small, swarthy, and of this dreamy and drifting blood, they accept easily the superstitious explanation of any incidents, just as they still accept (you will excuse me for saying) that superstitious explanation of all incidents which you and your Church represent. It is not remarkable that such people, with the sea moaning behind them and the Church (excuse me again) droning in front of them, should put fantastic features into what are probably plain events. You, with your small parochial responsibilities, see only this particular Mrs. MacNab terrified with this particular tale of two voices and a tall man out of the sea. But the man with the scientific imagination sees, as it were, the whole clan of MacNab scattered over the whole world in its ultimate average as uniform as a tribe of birds. He sees thousands of Mrs. MacNabs in thousands of houses dropping their little drop of morbidity in the tea-cups of their friends: he sees ——"

Before the scientist could conclude his sentence another and more important summons sounded from without: some one with swishing skirts was marshalled hurriedly down the corridor, and the door opened on a young girl decently dressed but disordered and red-hot with haste. She had sea-blown blonde hair, and would have been entirely beautiful if her cheek-bones had not been, in the Scotch manner, a little high in relief as well as in colour. Her apology was almost as abrupt as a command.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, sir," she said, "but I had to follow Father Brown at once: it's nothing less than life or death."

Father Brown began to get to his feet in some disorder. "Why, what has happened, Maggie?" he said.

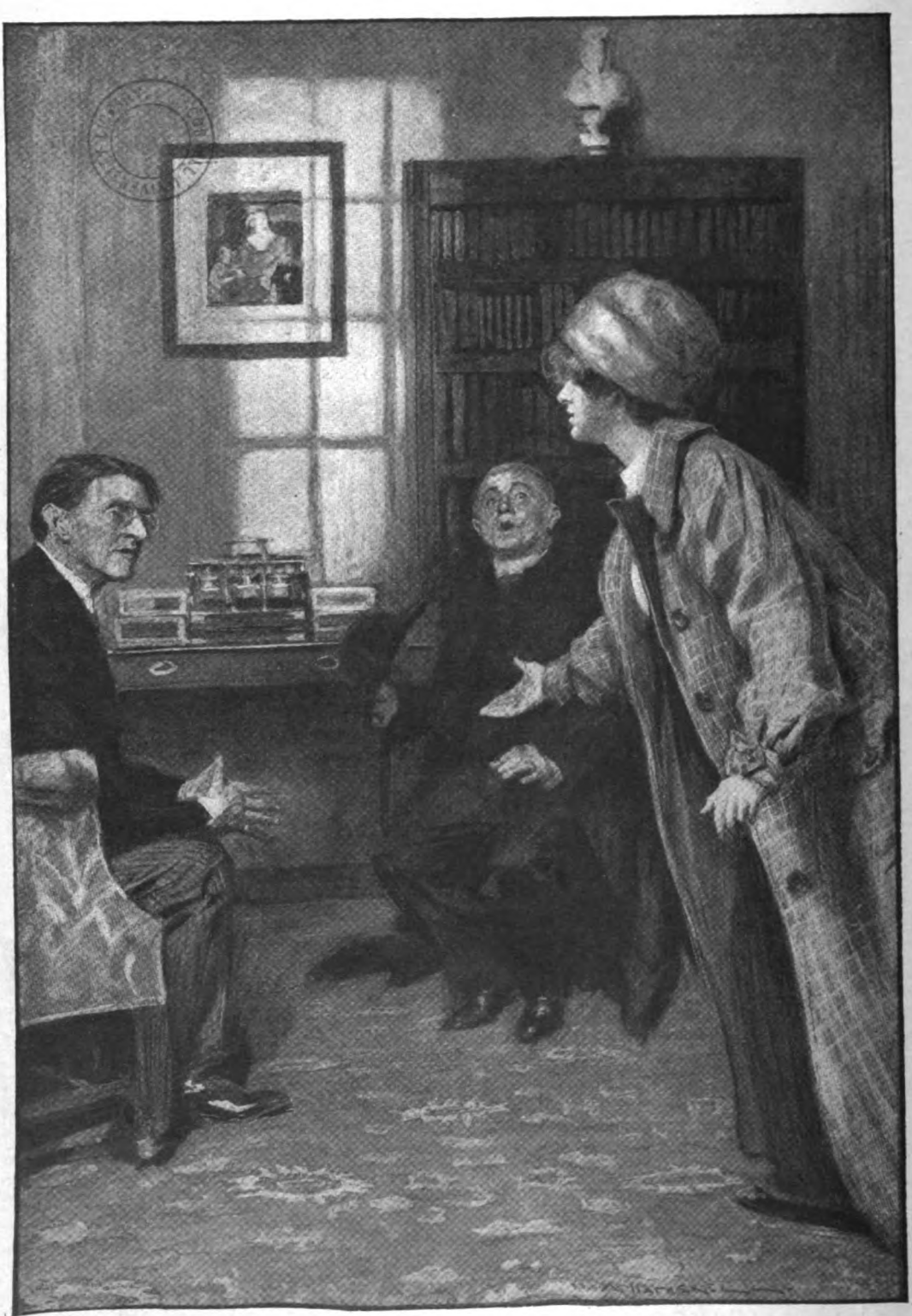
"James has been murdered, for all I can make out," answered the girl, still breathing hard from her rush. "That man Glass has been with him again: I heard them talking through the door quite plain. Two separate voices; for James speaks low, with a burr, and the other voice was high and quavery."

"That man Glass?" repeated the priest in some perplexity.

"I know his name is Glass," answered the girl in great impatience. "I heard it through the door. They were quarrelling — about money, I think — for I heard James say again and again, 'That's right, Mr. Glass'; or 'No, Mr. Glass'; and then, 'Two and three, Mr. Glass.' But we're talking too much: you must come at once, and there may be time yet."

"But time for what?" asked Dr. Hood, who

Digitized by Google



"'I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU, SIR,' SHE SAID, 'BUT IT'S NOTHING LESS THAN LIFE OR DEATH'"

Digitized by Google

had been studying the young lady with marked interest. "What is there about Mr. Glass and his money troubles that should impel such urgency?"

"I tried to break down the door, and couldn't," answered the girl, shortly. "Then I ran round to the back yard, and managed to climb on to the window-sill that looks into the room. It was all dim and seemed to be empty: but I swear I saw James lying huddled up in a corner, as if he were drugged or strangled."

"This is very serious," said Father Brown, gathering his errant hat and umbrella and standing up; "in point of fact, I was just putting your case before this gentleman; and his view ——"

"Has been largely altered," said the scientist gravely. "I do not think this young lady is so Celtic as I had supposed. As I have nothing else to do, I will put on my hat and stroll down the town with you."

In a few minutes all three were approaching the dreary tail of the MacNabs' street: the girl with the stern and breathless stride of the mountaineer, the criminologist with a lounging grace (which was not without a certain leopard-like swiftness), and the priest at an energetic trot entirely devoid of distinction. The aspect of this edge of the town was not entirely without justification for the doctor's hints about desolate moods and environments. The scattered houses stood farther and farther apart in a broken string along the sea-shore; the afternoon was closing with a premature and partly lurid twilight; the sea was of an inky purple and murmuring ominously. In the scrappy back garden of the MacNabs which ran down towards the sand, two black, barren-looking trees stood up like demon hands held up in astonishment: and, as Mrs. MacNab ran down the street to meet them with lean hands similarly spread and her fierce face in shadow, she was a little like a demon herself. The doctor and the priest made scant reply to her shrill reiterations of her daughter's story, with more disturbing details of her own: to the divided vows of vengeance against Mr. Glass for murdering and against Mr. Todhunter for being murdered; or against the latter for having dared to want to marry her daughter, and for not having lived to do it. They passed through the narrow passages in the front of the house until they came to the lodger's door at the back, and there Dr. Hood, with the trick of an old detective, put his shoulder sharply to the panel and burst in the door.

It opened on a scene of silent catastrophe. No one seeing it even for a flash could doubt that the room had been the theatre of some thrilling collision between two or perhaps more persons. Playing-cards lay littered across the table or fluttered about the floor as if a game had been interrupted. Two wine-glasses stood ready for wine on a side-table, but a third lay smashed in a star of crystal upon the carpet. A few feet from it lay what looked like a long knife or short sword, straight but with an oriental and pictured handle: its dull blade just caught a grey glint from the dreary window behind; which showed the black trees against the leaden level of the sea. Towards the opposite corner of the room was rolled a gentleman's silk top-hat, as if it had just been knocked off his head: so much so, indeed, that one almost looked to see it still rolling. And in the corner behind it, thrown like a sack of potatoes but corded like a railway trunk, lay Mr. James Todhunter, with a scarf across his mouth and six or seven strong ropes knotted round his elbows and ankles. His brown eyes were alive and shifted alertly.

Dr. Orion Hood paused for one instant on the door-mat and drank in the whole scene of voiceless violence. Then he stepped swiftly across the carpet, picked up the tall silk hat, and gravely put it upon the head of the yet pinioned Todhunter. It was so much too large for him that it almost slipped down on to his shoulders.

"Mr. Glass's hat," said the doctor, returning with it and peering into the inside with a pocket lens. "How to explain the absence of Mr. Glass and the presence of Mr. Glass's hat? For Mr. Glass is not a careless man with his clothes. This hat is of a stylish shape and systematically brushed and burnished, though not very new. An old dandy, I should think."

"But good heavens!" called out Miss MacNab, "aren't you going to untie the man first?"

"I say 'old' with intention, though not with certainty," continued the expositor; "my own reason for it might seem a little far-fetched. The hair of human beings falls out in very varying degrees, but almost always falls out slightly; and with this lens I should see the tiny hairs in a hat recently worn. It has none: which leads me to guess that Mr. Glass is bald. Now, when this is taken with the high-pitched and querulous voice which Miss MacNab described so vividly (patience, my dear lady, patience) — when we take the hairless head together with the tone common in senile anger, I should think we may deduce some advance in years. Nevertheless he was probably vigorous; and he was almost certainly tall. I might rely in some degree on the story of his previous appearance at the window, as a tall man in a silk hat: but I think I have more exact indication. This wine-glas

Digitized by Google

has been smashed all over the place: but one of its splinters lies on the high bracket beside the mantelpiece. No such fragment could have fallen there if the vessel had been smashed in the hand of a comparatively short man like Mr. Todhunter."

"By the way," said Father Brown, "might it not be as well to untie Mr. Todhunter?"

"Our lesson from the drinking-vessels does not end here," proceeded the specialist. "I may say at once that it is possible that the man Glass was bald or nervous through dissipation rather than age. Mr. Todhunter, as has been remarked, is a quiet, thrifty gentleman, essentially an abstainer: these cards and wine-cups are no part of his normal habit — they have been produced for a particular companion. But, as it happens, we may go further. Mr. Todhunter may or may not possess this wine service: but there is no appearance of his possessing any wine. What, then, were these vessels to contain? I would at once suggest some brandy or whisky, perhaps of a luxurious sort, from a flask in the pocket of Mr. Glass. We have thus something like a picture of the man, or at least of the type: tall, elderly, fashionable, but somewhat frayed, certainly fond of play and strong waters and perhaps rather too fond of them. Mr. Glass is a gentleman not unknown on the fringes of society."

"Look here," cried the young woman, "if you don't let me pass to untie him, I'll run outside and scream for the police."

"I should not advise *you*, Miss MacNab," said Dr. Hood gravely, "to be in any hurry to fetch the police. Father Brown, I seriously ask you to compose your flock: for their sakes, not for mine. Well, we have seen something of the figure and quality of Mr. Glass: what are the chief facts known of Mr. Todhunter? They are substantially three: that he is economical, that he is more or less wealthy, and that he has a secret. Now surely it is obvious that these are the three chief marks of the kind of man who is blackmailed. And surely it is equally obvious that the faded finery, the profligate habits, and the shrill irritation of Mr. Glass are the unmistakable marks of the kind of man who blackmails him. We have the two typical figures of a tragedy of hush-money: on the one hand the respectable man with a mystery, on the other the West End vulture with a scent for a mystery. These two men have met here to-day and have quarrelled, using blows and a bare weapon."

"Are you going to take those ropes off?" asked the girl stubbornly.

Dr. Hood placed the silk hat carefully on the side-table and went across to the captive. He studied him intently, even moving him a little and half turning him round by the shoulders: but he only answered:

"No; I think these ropes will do very well, till your friends the police bring the handcuffs."

Father Brown, who had been looking dully at the carpet, lifted his round face and said: "What do you mean?"

The man of science had picked up the peculiar dagger-sword from the carpet and was examining it intently as he answered.

"Because you find Mr. Todhunter tied up," he said, "you all jump to the conclusion that Mr. Glass has tied him up; and then, I suppose, escaped. There are four objections to this. First, why should a gentleman so dressy as our friend Glass leave his hat behind him, if he left of his own free will? Second," he continued, moving towards the window, "this is the only exit and it is locked on the inside. Third, this blade here has a tiny touch of blood at the point: but there is no wound on Mr. Todhunter. Mr. Glass took that wound away with him, dead or alive. Add to all this primary probability. It is much more likely that the blackmailed person would try to kill his incubus, rather than that the blackmailer would try to kill the goose that lays his golden eggs. There, I think, we have a pretty complete story."

"But the ropes?" enquired the priest: whose eyes had remained open with a rather vacant admiration.

"Ah, the ropes," said the expert, with a singular intonation. "Miss MacNab very much wanted to know why I did not set Mr. Todhunter free from his ropes. Well, I will tell her. I did not do it because Mr. Todhunter can set himself free from them, at any minute he chooses."

"What?" cried the audience, on three quite different notes of astonishment.

"I have looked at all the knots on Mr. Todhunter," reiterated Hood quietly. "I happen to know something about knots: they are quite a branch of criminal science. Every one of those knots he has made himself and could loosen himself; not one of them would have been made by an enemy really trying to pinion him. The whole of this affair of the ropes is a clever fake, to make us think him the victim of the struggle instead of the wretched Glass, whose corpse may be hidden in the garden or stuffed up the chimney."

The face of the little Catholic priest, which was commonly complacent and even comic, had suddenly become knotted with a curious frown. It was not the blank curiosity of his first innocence. It was rather that creative curiosity which comes when a man has the beginnings of an idea.

Digitized by Google

"Say it again, please," he said in a simple, bothered manner. "Do you mean that Todhunter can tie himself up all alone and untie himself all alone?"

"That is what I mean," said the doctor.

"Jerusalem!" ejaculated Brown suddenly. "I wonder if it could possibly be that!"

He scuttled across the room rather like a rabbit, and peered with quite a new impulsiveness into the partially covered face of the captive. Then he turned his own rather fatuous face to the company.

"Yes, that's it!" he cried in a certain excitement. "Can't you see it in the man's face? Why, look at his eyes!"

Both the professor and the girl followed the direction of his glance. And, though the broad black scarf completely masked the lower half of Todhunter's visage, they did grow conscious of something struggling and intense about the upper part of it.

"His eyes do look queer," cried the young woman, strongly moved. "You brutes! I believe it's hurting him."

"Not that, I think," said Dr. Hood. "The eyes have certainly a singular expression. But I should interpret those transverse wrinkles as expressing rather such slight psychological abnormality ——"

"Oh, bosh!" cried Father Brown, "can't you see he's laughing?"

"Laughing!" repeated the doctor, with a start. "But what on earth can he be laughing at?"

"Well," replied the Reverend Brown, apologetically, "not to put too fine a point on it, I think he is laughing at you. And, indeed, I'm a little inclined to laugh at myself, now I know about it."

"'MR. GLASS'S HAT,' SAID THE DOCTOR, PEERING INTO THE INSIDE WITH A POCKET LENS"

Digitized by Google

"Now you know about what?" asked Hood, in some exasperation.

"Now I know," replied the priest, "the profession of Mr. Todhunter."

He shuffled about the room, looking at one object after another, with what seemed to be a vacant stare, and then invariably bursting into an equally vacant laugh: a highly irritating process for those who had to watch it. He laughed very much over the hat; still more uproariously over the broken glass: but the blood on the sword-point sent him into mortal convulsions of amusement. Then he turned to the fuming specialist.

"Dr. Hood," he cried enthusiastically, "you are a great poet! You have called an uncreated being out of the void. How much more godlike that is than if you had only ferreted out the mere facts! Indeed, the mere facts are rather commonplace and comic by comparison."

"I have no notion what you are talking about," said Dr. Hood rather haughtily; "my facts are all inevitable, though necessarily incomplete. A place may be permitted to intuition perhaps (or poetry, if you prefer the term), but only because the corresponding details can not as yet be ascertained. In the absence of Mr. Glass ——"

"That's it, that's it," said the little priest, nodding quite eagerly; "that's the first idea to get fixed — the absence of Mr. Glass. He is so extremely absent. I suppose," he added reflectively, "that there was never anybody so absent as Mr. Glass."

"Do you mean he is absent from the town?" demanded the doctor.

"I mean he is absent from everywhere," answered Father Brown; "he is absent from the Nature of Things, so to speak."

"Do you seriously mean," said the specialist, with a smile, "that there is no such person?"

The priest made a sign of assent. "It does seem a pity," he said.

Orion Hood broke into a contemptuous laugh.

"Well," he said, "before we go on to the hundred and one other evidences, let us take the first proof we found: the first fact we fell over when we fell into this room. If there is no Mr. Glass, whose hat is this?"

"It is Mr. Todhunter's," replied Brown.

"But it doesn't fit him," cried Hood impatiently. "He couldn't possibly wear it!"

Father Brown shook his head with ineffable mildness.

"I never said he could wear it," he answered; "I said it was his hat. Or, if you insist on a shade of difference, a hat that is his."

"And where is the shade of difference?" asked the criminologist, with a slight sneer.

"My good sir," cried the mild little man, with his first movement akin to impatience, "if you will walk down the street to the nearest hatter's shop, you will see that there is, in common speech, a difference between a man's hat and the hats that are his."

"But a hatter," protested Hood, "can get money out of his stock of new hats. What could Todhunter get out of this one old hat?"

"Rabbits," replied Father Brown promptly.

"*What?*" cried Dr. Hood.

"Rabbits, ribbons, sweetmeats, goldfish, rolls of coloured paper," said the reverend gentleman with rapidity. "Didn't you see it all when you found out the faked ropes? It's just the same with the sword. Mr. Todhunter hasn't got a scratch on him, as you say. But he's got a scratch in him, if you follow me."

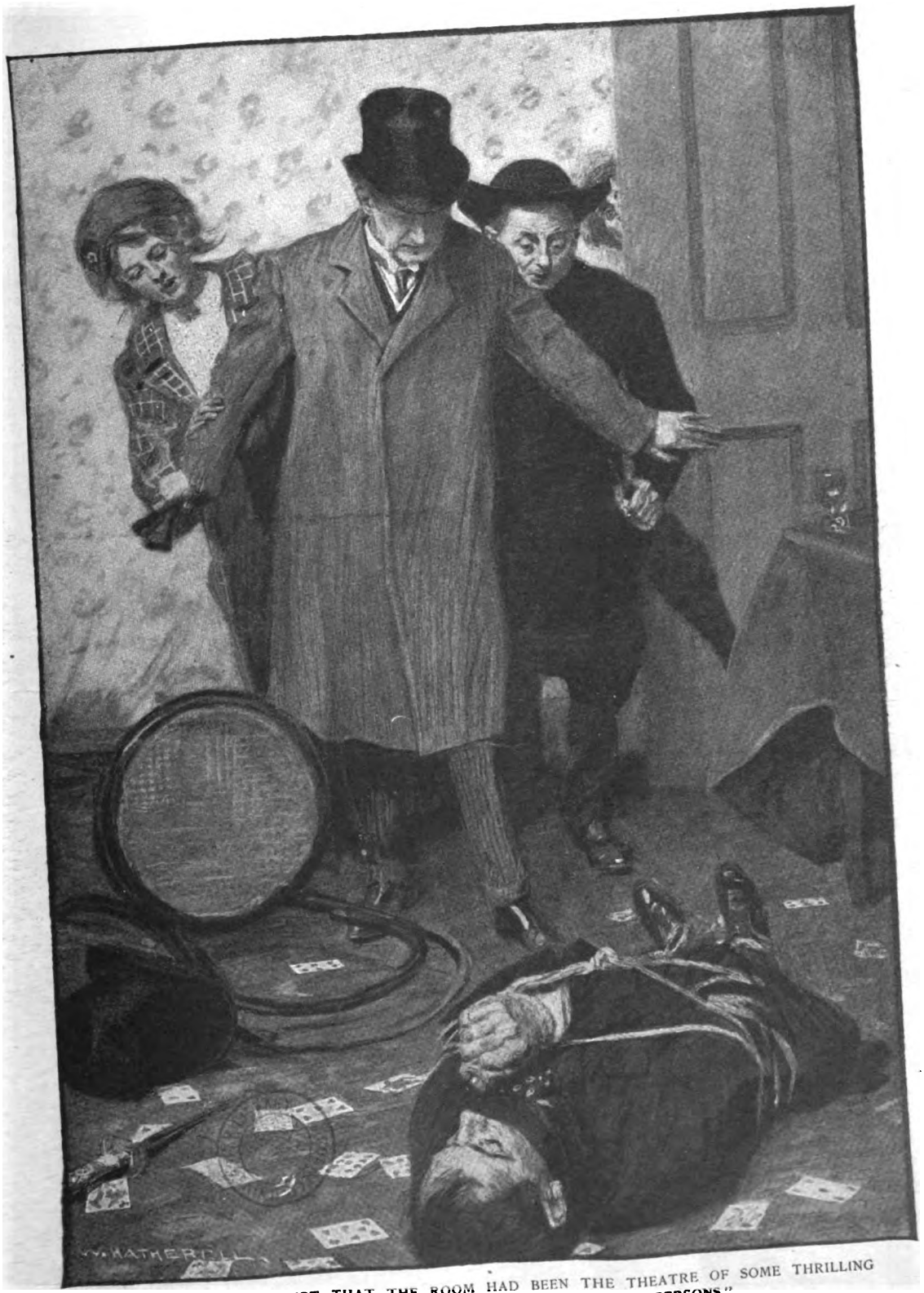
"Do you mean inside Mr. Todhunter's clothes?" enquired Mrs. MacNab sternly.

"I do not mean inside Mr. Todhunter's clothes," said Father Brown. "I mean inside Mr. Todhunter."

"Well, what in the name of Bedlam *do* you mean?"

"Mr. Todhunter," explained Father Brown placidly, "is learning to be a professional conjuror, as well as juggler, ventriloquist, and expert in the rope trick. The conjuring explains the hat. It is without traces of hair, not because it is worn by the prematurely bald Mr. Glass, but because it has never been worn by anybody. The juggling explains the three glasses, which Todhunter was teaching himself to throw up and catch in rotation. But, being only at the stage of practice, he smashed one glass against the ceiling. And the juggling also explains the sword, which it was Mr. Todhunter's professional pride and duty to swallow. But, again, being at the stage of practice, he very slightly grazed the inside of his throat with the weapon. Hence he has a wound inside him which I am sure (from the expression of his face) is not a serious one. He was also practising the trick of a release from ropes, like the Davenport Brothers: and he was just about to free himself when we all burst into the room. The cards, of course, are for card tricks: and they are scattered on the floor because he had just been practising one of those dodges of sending them flying through the air. He merely kept his trade secret, because he had to keep his tricks secret, like any other conjuror. But the mere fact of an idler in a top-hat having once looked in at his back window and been driven away by him with great indignation was enough to set us all on a wrong track of romance: and make us imagine his whole life overshadowed by the silk-hatted spectre of Mr. Glass."

Digitized by Google



"NO ONE COULD DOUBT THAT THE ROOM HAD BEEN THE THEATRE OF SOME THRILLING COLLISION BETWEEN TWO OR PERHAPS MORE PERSONS"

Digitized by Google

"But what about the two voices?" asked Maggie, staring.

"Have you never heard a ventriloquist?" asked Father Brown. "Don't you know they always speak first in their natural voice, and then answer themselves in just that shrill, squawky, unnatural voice that you heard?"

There was a long silence, and Dr. Hood regarded the little man who had spoken with a dark and attentive smile.

"You are certainly a very ingenious person," he said; "it could not have been done better in a book. But there is just one part of Mr. Glass you have not succeeded in explaining away, and that is his name. Miss MacNab distinctly heard him so addressed by Mr. Todhunter."

The Rev. Mr. Brown broke into a rather childish giggle. "Well, that," he said, "that's the silliest part of the whole silly story. When our juggling friend here threw up the three glasses in turn, he counted them aloud as he caught them, and also commented aloud when he failed to catch them. What he really said was, 'One, two, and three — missed a glass. One, two — missed a glass.' And so on."

There was a second stillness in the room, and then every one with one accord burst out laughing. As they did so the figure in the corner complacently uncoiled all the ropes and let them fall with a flourish. Then, advancing into the middle of the room, with a low bow he produced from his pocket a big bill printed in blue and red, which announced that ZALADIN, the World's Greatest Conjuror, Contortionist, Ventriloquist, and Human Kangaroo, would be ready with an entirely new series of tricks at the Empire Pavilion, Scarborough, on Monday next, at eight o'clock precisely.

THE GRAY HAWK OF THE WORLD

The editors of McCLURE'S *announce the publication in the December issue of a short novel by Elizabeth Robins, entitled "The Gray Hawk of the World." This story is one of the few great literary masterpieces of recent years; in intensity of interest and dramatic force it stands almost alone. It is an epoch-making narrative — a definite contribution to the thinking of the world upon a subject that each succeeding generation has come to regard more positively as the great problem of civilization: the exploitation of women for men's basest desires.*

Elizabeth Robins, with taste, skill, and insight, expresses, as no one else has ever done, the intelligent thought of our day upon this subject.

The story will be published in two instalments, the first appearing in the December McCLURE'S *— out November twenty-sixth.*

Digitized by Google

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

Preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, coming suddenly into a fortune of £700,000, decides to go to London and become a gentleman. On his journey he meets with Lady Cleone Meredith, who has been thrown from her horse, and in going to her assistance he quarrels with Sir Mortimer Carnaby, the King's favourite. Barnabas learns that Carnaby is plotting to marry Lady Cleone for her fortune, and that she has consented to meet his go-between, a profligate courtier named Chichester, in a lonely spot at sundown. Barnabas arrives at the rendezvous first, forces Chichester to retire, and, when Lady Cleone comes, offers to escort her back to her guardian. In the explanation that follows, Barnabas learns that Lady Cleone had come to the tryst expecting to meet her half-brother, Ronald Barrymaine, a young scapegrace whose gambling exploits have thrown him into Chichester's power. Barnabas tells Lady Cleone that he loves her, and promises to seek out her brother in London and to try to save him. On reaching London he traces Barrymaine through a vagabond named Smivvle, goes to see him, and offers to pay his debts if he will end all relations with Chichester; but Chichester, arriving inopportunely, foils Barnaby's purpose. On his way home Barnaby is attacked by footpads.

Of Corporal Roe, Late of the Grenadiers; and Further Concerning Mr. Shrig's "Little Reader"

A SMALL, dim chamber, with many glasses and bottles arrayed very precisely on numerous shelves; a very tall, broad-shouldered man, who smiled down from the rafters while he pulled at a very precise whisker with his right hand — for his left had been replaced by a shining steel hook; and Mr. Shrig, who shook his placid head as he leaned upon a long musket whose bayonet twinkled wickedly in the dim light — all this Barnabas saw as, sighing, he opened his eyes.

"'E's all right now!" nodded the smiling giant.

Digitized by Google

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Shrig, "but with a lump on 'is 'ead like a negg. 'Run!' I sez. 'No!' sez 'e. And 'ere's me with vun eye a-going into mourning, and 'im with a lump on 'is nob like a noo-laid egg!"

"'E's game, though, Jarsper," said the benevolent giant.

"Game! I believe you, Corp!" nodded Mr. Shrig. "'Run!' I sez. 'No!' sez 'e. 'Then vot vill you do?' sez I. 'Make them!' sez 'e. Game? Lord love me, I should say so!" Here, seeing Barnabas sit upright, Mr. Shrig laid by the musket and came toward him with his hand out.

"Sir," said he, "when them raskels got me down they meant to do for me. Ah! they'd ha' given me my quietus for good an' all if you 'adn't stood 'em off. Sir, if it ain't too much, I should like to shake your daddle for that!"

"But you saved my life twice," said Barnabas, clasping the proffered hand.

"Vy, the coping-stone I'll not go for to deny, sir," said Mr. Shrig, stroking his smooth brow; "but t'other time it were my friend and pal the Corp 'ere — Corporal Richard Roe, late Grenadiers. 'E's only got an 'ook for an 'and, but vith that 'ook 'e's oncommonly 'andy, and as a veapon it ain't by no means to be sneezed at."

"Why, then, I should like to thank Corporal Richard Roe," said Barnabas, "and to shake his hand as well." Here the giant blushed, and extended a huge fist.

"Honoured, sir," said he, clicking his heels together.

"And now," said Mr. Shrig, "we're all a-going to drink — at my expense ——"

"No — at mine," said Barnabas.

"Sir," said Mr. Shrig, round and placid of eye, "ven I says a thing I means it. Consequent, you are now a-going to sluice your ivory with a glass of the vun an' only, at my expense. You must and you shall!"

"Yes," said Barnabas, feeling in his pockets, "I must — my purse is gone."

"Purse!" exclaimed Mr. Shrig, his innocent eyes rounder than ever. "Think o' that, now! But I ain't surprised — no, I ain't surprised, and — by Goles!"

"What now?"

"Your cravat-sparkler! — that's wanished, too!" Barnabas felt his rumpled cravat, and nodded. "And your vatch, now — don't tell me as they've took ——"

"Yes, my watch also," sighed Barnabas.

"A great pity!" said Mr. Shrig. "Though it ain't to be vondered at — not a bit."

"I valued the watch greatly, because it was given me by a very good friend," said Barnabas, sighing again.

"Walleyed it, hey?" exclaimed Mr. Shrig. "Walleyed it, sir? Vy, then — 'ere it be!" And from a capacious side-pocket he produced Natty Bell's great watch, seals and all.

"Why!" exclaimed Barnabas, staring.

"Also your purse, sir — not forgetting the sparkler," Mr. Shrig continued, producing each article in turn.

"But how in the world —?" began Barnabas.

"I took 'em from you vile you vas a-looking at my castor. Lord love me, a babe could ha' done it, let alone a old 'and like me!"

"Do you mean —?" said Barnabas, and hesitated.

"In my young days, sir," explained Mr. Shrig, with his placid smile, "I were a champion buzman — ah! and a prime rook at queering the gulls, too; but I ewentually turned honest, all along of a flash morning-sneak covess as got 'erself conwerted."

"What do you mean by a morning-sneak covess?"

"I means a area-sneak, sir, as vorks werry early in the morning. A fine, 'andsome gal she vere, and vith nothing of the flash mollisher about 'er, either, though born on the streets, as ye might say, same as me. Vell, she gets conwerted, and she's always napping 'er bib over me,— as you'd say, piping 'er eye, d'ye see,— vanting me to turn honest and be conwerted, too. 'Turn honest,' says she, 'and ve'll be married ter-morrow,' says she."

"So you turned honest and married her?" said Barnabas, as Mr. Shrig paused.

"No, sir; I turned honest and she married a coal-vipper — vich, though it did come a bit 'ard on me at first, vos all for the best in the end, for she deweloped a chaffer,— as you might say, a tongue, d'ye see, sir,— and I'm vun as is fond of a quiet life, ven I can get it. So, as for the prigs, and scamps, and buzmen, and flash leary coves, I'm up to all their dodges, 'aving been one of them, d'ye see. And now," said Mr. Shrig, as the big Corporal, having selected divers bottles from his precise array, took himself off to concoct a jorum of the 'one and only,'— "now, sir, what do you think o' my pal, Corporal Dick?"

"A splendid fellow!" said Barnabas.

"'E is that, sir, so 'e is; a giant, eh, sir?"

"A giant, yes — and handsome, too!" said Barnabas.

"Vy, you're a sizable cove yourself, sir," nodded Mr. Shrig, "but you ain't much alongside my pal the Corp, are you? I'm nat'rally proud of 'im, d'ye see, for 'twere me as saved 'im."

"Saved him from what — how?"

"Me being only a smallish chap myself, I've allus 'ad an 'ankering arter sizable coves. But I never seen a finer figger of a man than Cor-

Digitized by Google

poral Dick: height, six foot six and a quarter; chest, fifty-eight and a narf; and, sir — 'e were a-going to drownd it all, in the river, all along o' losing his 'and and being drove out o' the army. It vos a dark night, the night I found 'im, vith vind and rain, and there vos me and 'im a-grappling on the edge of a vharf — leastvays, I vere a-holding onto 'is leg, d'ye see — ah, and a mortal 'ard struggle it vere, too, and in the end I didn't save 'im, arter all."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean as it vere 'im as saved me; for, vot vith the vind and the rain, and the dark, ve lost our footing, and over ve vent into the river together — down and down, till I thought as ve should never come up again. But ve did, o' course; and then, jest as 'ard as 'e'd struggled to throw 'imself in, 'e fought to get me out — so it vere 'im as really saved me, d'ye see."

"No," said Barnabas; "it was you who really saved him."

"Vy, I'm glad as you think so, sir; only, d'ye see, I can't svim, and it vos 'im as pulled me out. But 'ere 'e comes, vith a steaming brew o' the vun and only."

And, indeed, at this moment the Corporal re-entered, bearing a jug that gave forth a most enticing and delicious aroma, and upon which Mr. Shrig cast amorous glances, what time he reached three glasses from the marshaled array on the shelves.

And now, sitting at the small table that stood in a snug corner beside the chimney, Mr. Shrig, having filled the three glasses with all due care, tendered one to Barnabas with the words:

"There ain't a man in London as can brew a glass o' rum-punch like the Corp — though 'e 'as got only vun 'and. And look how 'e 'elps me vith my cases."

"Do I, Jarsper?" said the Corporal, his blue eyes shining.

"That you do, Dick. And now I've got another case as I'm a-vaiting for — a extra-special capital case it is, too!"

"Another murder, Jarsper?"

"Ah, a murder, Dick — a murder as ain't been committed yet, a murder as I'm expecting to come off in, say, a month, from information received this 'ere werry arternoon. A murder, Dick, as is going to be done by a capital cove as I spotted over a month ago. Now, vot I'm going to tell you is betwixt us, private and confidential, and —" But here Barnabas pushed back his chair.

"Then perhaps I had better be going?" said he.

"Going, sir? And for vy?"

"That you may be more private and talk more freely."

"Sir," said Mr. Shrig, "I knows ven to speak and ven not. My eyes tells me who I can trust and who not. And, sir, I've took to you, and so's the Corp — ain't you, Dick?"

"Yes, sir," said the giant diffidently.

"Ven a man 'as stood up for me," pursued Mr. Shrig, "shed 'is good blood for me, I makes that man my pal, and my pal I allus trusts."

"And you shall find me worthy of your confidence," said Barnabas, "and there's my hand on it — though, indeed, you hardly know me, really."

"More than you think, sir. Besides, it ain't vot a cove tells me about 'imself as matters, nor vot other coves tell me about a cove as matters; it's vot a cove carries in 'is face as I goes by. And then, I knows as your name's Barnabas Barty ——"

"Barty! You know that?" exclaimed Barnabas, starting. "How — how in the world did you find out?"

"Took the liberty to look at your vatch, sir."

"Watch!" said Barnabas, drawing it from his fob. "What do you mean?"

"Give it 'ere and I'll show ye, sir." So saying, Mr. Shrig took the great time-piece and, opening the back, handed it to Barnabas. And there in the cavity between the two cases was a very small folded paper, and upon this paper, in Natty Bell's handwriting, these words:

To my dear lad Barnabas Barty, hoping that he may prove as fine a gentleman as he is a man.

Having read this, Barnabas folded the paper very gently, and, putting it back, closed the watch and slipped it into his fob.

"And now," said Mr. Shrig, exhaling a vast cloud of smoke, "afore I go on to tell you about this 'ere murder as I'm a-vaiting for, I must show ye my little reader." Here Mr. Shrig thrust a hand into his pocket; then his pipe shivered to fragments on the stone floor, and he started up, mouth agape and eyes staring.

"Lord, Jarsper!" cried the Corporal, "what is it, comrade?"

"It's gone, Dick!" he gasped. "My little reader's been stole!" But now, even as he turned toward the door, Barnabas laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Not stolen — lost!" said he; "and, indeed, I'm not at all surprised!" Here Barnabas smiled his quick, bright smile.

"Sir — sir?" stammered Mr. Shrig. "Oh, pal, d'ye mean ——"

"That I found it — yes," said Barnabas; "and here it is."

Mr. Shrig took his little book, opened it, closed it, thrust it into his pocket, and took it out again.

Digitized by Google

"Sir," said he, catching Barnabas by the hand, "this here little book is more to me nor gold or rubies. Sir, you are my pal, and consequent the Corp's also, and this 'ere chaffing-crib is allus open to you. And if ever you vant a man at your back, I'm your man, and ven not me — there's my pal Dick, ain't there, Di ——"

Mr. Shrig stopped suddenly, and stood with his head to one side as one who listens. And upon the stillness came the sound of one who strode along the narrow passageway outside, whistling as he went.

"'Sally in Our Alley,' I think?" said Mr. Shrig.

"Yes," said Barnabas, wondering.

"Vich means as I'm vanted — ah, and vanted precious qvick, too!" Saying which, Mr. Shrig caught up his "castor," seized the nobbly stick, crossed to the door, and came back again.

"Dick," said he, "I'll get you to look arter my little reader for me; I ain't a-going to risk losing it again."

"Right you are, Jarsper," nodded the Corporal.

"And, sir," continued Mr. Shrig, turning toward Barnabas with the book in his hand, "you said, I think, as you'd like to see what I'd got inside o'this 'ere; if so be you're in the same mind about it, why — 'ere it is." And Mr. Shrig laid the little book on the table before Barnabas. "And, vot's more, any time as you're passing, drop in to the Gun and drink a glass o' the vun and only vith Dick and me." So Mr. Shrig nodded, unlocked the door, shut it very gently behind him, and his footsteps died away along the echoing passage.

Then, while the Corporal puffed at his long pipe, Barnabas opened the little book, and, turning the pages haphazard, presently came to one where, painfully written in a neat round hand, he read this:

CAPITAL COVES
EXTRA SPECIALS

Name	When spotted	Date of Murder	Sentence	Date of Execution
Digbeth Andover (Gent.)	March 3	April 28	Transported	May 5
James Aston (Porter)	February 2	March 30	Hanged	April 5
John Aymes (Sailor)	March 10	Waiting	Waiting	Waiting
Thomas Beal (Tinker)	March 23	April 15	Hanged	May 30
Sir Richard Brock (Bart.)	April 5	May 3	Hanged	May 30

There were many such names, all carefully set down in alphabetical order, and Barnabas read them through with perfunctory interest. But — half way down the list of B's his glance was suddenly arrested, his hands clenched themselves, and he grew rigid in his chair, staring wide-eyed at a certain name. In a while he closed the little book, yet sat there very still, gazing at nothing in particular, until the big Corporal began to watch him with a growing uneasiness.

"Is it your 'ead, sir?" he enquired suddenly.

"Head?" repeated Barnabas.

"Not troubling you, is it, sir?"

"No — oh, no, thank you," answered Barnabas, and stretched out his hand. "Good-bye, Corporal; I'm glad to have met you, and the one and only was excellent."

"Thankee, sir; I hope as you'll do me and my comrade the honour to try it again — frequent. Good-bye, sir." But, standing to watch Barnabas as he went, the Corporal shook his head and muttered to himself, for Barnabas walked with a dragging step, and his chin was upon his breast.

Holborn was still full of the stir and bustle, the rush and roar, of thronging humanity; but now Barnabas was blind and deaf to it all. Wherever he looked he seemed to see the page of Mr. Shrig's little book with its list of carefully written names, those names beginning with B; for among them was this:

"Ronald Barrymaine: When spotted, May 12; date of murder, waiting; sentence, waiting; date of execution, waiting."

CHAPTER XXXI

Which, Among Other Matters, Describes the Unfeeling Conduct of a "Roman Parent"

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon that Barnabas knocked at the door of the Viscount's chambers in Half-Moon Street, and was duly admitted by a dignified, albeit somewhat mournful gentleman in blue and silver, who, after a moment of sighing hesitancy, ushered him into a small reception-room, and betook himself upstairs to announce the visitor. He returned to inform Barnabas (with a sigh) that his lordship begged Mr. Beverley would walk upstairs.

Upstairs, accordingly, Barnabas stepped, and, guided by a merry whistling, pushed open

Digitized by Google

"'I CAN'T — OH, I CAN'T GO BACK TO IT AGAIN'"

Digitized by Google

a certain door, and so found the Viscount busily engaged in the manufacture of a paper dart composed of a sheet of the *Gazette*, in the midst of which occupation he paused to grip Barnabas by the hand.

"Delighted to see you, Bev," said he heartily. "Pray sit down, my dear fellow; sit anywhere — no, not there — that's the toast, deuce take it! Oh, never mind a chair — bed'll do, eh? Yes, I'm rather late this morning, Bev; but then, I was so late last night that I was devilish early, and I'm making up for it. Must have steady nerves for the tenth, you know. Ah, and that reminds me!" Here the Viscount took up his unfinished dart and sighed over it. "I'm suffering from a rather sharp attack of Romanism, my dear fellow. My honoured parent has been at it again, Bev — and then, I dropped two hundred pounds in Jermyn Street last night."

"Dropped it! Do you mean you lost it, or were you robbed?" enquired Barnabas the simple. Now, when he said this, the Viscount stared at him incredulously, but, meeting the clear gaze of the candid grey eyes, he smiled all at once and shook his head.

"'Gad!" he exclaimed, "what a strange fellow you are, Bev! And yet, I wouldn't have you altered — no, damme! you're too refreshing. You ask me, did I lose it or was I robbed? I answer you, both, my dear fellow; it was a case of sharps and flats, and — I was the flat."

"Ah, you mean gambling, Dick?"

"Gambling, Bev, at a hell in Jermyn Street."

"Two hundred pounds is a great deal of money to lose at cards," said Barnabas, shaking his head gravely.

"Humph!" murmured the Viscount, busied upon his paper dart again. "You should congratulate me, I think, that it was no more — might just as easily have been two thousand, you see; indeed, I wonder it wasn't. Now watch me hit Sling!" — and the Viscount poised his completed dart.

"Captain Slingsby — here?" exclaimed Barnabas, glancing about.

"Under the settee, yonder," nodded the Viscount, "wrapped up in the table-cloth."

"Table-cloth!" repeated Barnabas.

"By way of military cloak," explained the Viscount. "You see, Sling was rather — mellow, last night, and at such times he always imagines he's campaigning again — insists upon sleeping on the floor."

Now, looking where the Viscount pointed, Barnabas espied the tousled head of Captain Slingsby of the Guards protruding from beneath the settee and reposing upon a cushion.

"Poor old Sling!" said the Viscount, leaning forward the better to aim his missile. "In two hours' time he must go and face the Ogre — poor old Sling! Now watch me hit him!" So saying, Viscount Devenden launched his paper dart, which, gliding gracefully through the air, buried its point in the Captain's whisker; whereupon that warrior, murmuring plaintively, turned over and fell gently a-snoring.

"Talking about the Ogre," began the Viscount.

"You mean — Jasper Gaunt?" Barnabas enquired.

"Precisely, dear fellow; and talking of him brings me back to my honoured Roman — thus, Bev. Chancing to find myself in — ha — hum — a little difficulty, a — let us say — financial tightness, Bev, I immediately thought of my father, which, under the circumstances, was, I think, very natural — and filial, my dear fellow. I said to myself, 'Here is a man, the author of my being, who, though confoundedly Roman, is still my father, and, as such, owes certain duties to his son' — sacred duties, Bev."

"Undoubtedly!" said Barnabas.

"I therefore ventured to send him a letter, post-haste, gently reminding him of those same duties, and acquainting him with my — ah — needy situation — which was also very natural, I think!"

"Certainly!" said Barnabas, smiling.

"But — would you believe it, my dear fellow? — he wrote in his most Roman manner — but, egad! I'll read it to you; I have it here somewhere." And the Viscount began to rummage among the bedclothes, to feel and fumble under pillow and bolster, and eventually dragged forth a woefully crumpled document, which he read as follows:

"*My dear Horatio:*

"Upon reading your long and very eloquent letter, I was surprised to learn, firstly, that you required money, and, secondly, to observe that you committed only four solecisms in spelling.

"Gives me one at the very beginning, you'll notice, Bev.

As regards the money, you will, I am sure, be amazed, nay, astounded, to learn that you have already exceeded your allowance by some five hundred pounds.

"So I was, Bev; begad, I thought it was eight!

As regards your spelling ——

"Ah! here he leads again with his left and gets one in — low, Bev, low!

As regards your spelling, as you know, I admire originality in all things; but it has, hitherto, been

Digitized by Google

universally conceded that the word 'eliminate' shall not and can not begin with the letter *i*. 'Vanquish' does not need a *k*. 'Apathy' is spelled with but one *p*—while never before have I beheld 'anguish' with a *w*.

"Now, Bev, that's what I call coming it a bit too strong!" said the Viscount, shaking his head. "'Anguish' is anguish, however you spell it! And as for the others, let me tell you, when a fellow has a one-eyed being with bristles hanging about his place, he isn't likely to be over particular as to his *p*'s and *q*'s — no, damme! Let's see, where were we? Ah, here it is — 'anguish' with a *w*!

I quite agree with your remarks, *viz.*: that a father's duties to his son are sacred and holy ——

"This is where I counter, Bev, very neatly.

I also appreciate and heartily endorse your statement that it is to his father that a son should naturally turn for help ——

"Had him again — a leveller that time, egad!

——naturally turn for help; but, when the son is constantly turning, then, surely, the father may occasionally turn too, like the worm. The simile, though unpleasant, is yet strikingly apt.

"Hum! there he counters me and gets one back, I suppose, Bev? Oh, I'll admit the old boy is as neat and quick with his pen as he used to be with his hands. He ends like this:

"I rejoice to hear that you are well in health, and pray that, despite the forthcoming steeplechase, dangerous as I hear it is, you may so continue. Upon this head I am naturally somewhat anxious, since I possess only one son. And I further pray that, wilfully reckless though he is, he may yet be spared to be worthy of the name that will be his when I shall have risen beyond it.

"BAMBOROUGH AND REVELSDEN."

The Viscount sighed, and folded up his father's letter rather carefully.

"He's a deuced old Roman, of course," said he. "And yet —!" Here the Viscount turned and slipped the letter back under his pillow with a hand grown suddenly gentle. "But there you are, Bev! Not a word about money."

"If," said Barnabas diffidently, "if you would allow me to lend ——"

"No, no, Bev — though I swear it's uncommon good of you. But, really, I couldn't allow it, though I thank you none the less, my dear fellow, on my soul I do! But — oh, deuce take me, you've nothing to drink. What will you take?"

"Nothing, thanks, Dick. As a matter of fact, I came to ask you a favour ——"

"Granted, my dear fellow!"

"I want you to ask Captain Slingsby to introduce me to Jasper Gaunt."

"Ah?" said the Viscount, coming to his elbow. "You mean on behalf of that ——"

"Of Barrymaine — yes."

"It's — it's utterly preposterous!" fumed the Viscount.

"So you said before, Dick."

"You mean to — go on with it?"

"Of course!"

"You are still determined to befriend a ——"

"More than ever, Dick."

"For — Her sake?"

"For Her sake — yes, Dick," said Barnabas, beginning to frown a little. "I mean to free him from Gaunt and rescue him from — Chichester — if I can."

"But Chichester is about the only friend he has left, Bev ——"

"On the contrary, I think Chichester is his worst enemy."

"But — my dear fellow! Chichester is the only one who has stood by him in his disgrace — though why I can't imagine."

"I think I can tell you the reason, and in one word," said Barnabas, his face growing blacker.

"Well, Bev, what is it?"

"Cleone!"

The Viscount started.

"What? You think — oh, impossible! The fellow would never have a chance. She despises him, I know."

"And fears him, too, Dick."

"Fears him? 'Gad, what do you mean, Bev?"

"I mean that, unworthy though he may be, she idolizes her brother."

"Half-brother, Bev."

"And for his sake would sacrifice her fortune — ah, and herself!"

"Well?"

"Well, Dick, Chichester knows this, and is laying his plans accordingly."

"How?"

"He's teaching Barrymaine to drink, for one thing ——"

"He didn't need much teaching, Bev."

"Then, he has got him in his power, somehow or other; anyhow, Barrymaine fears him, I know. When the time comes, Chichester means to reach the sister through her love for her brother, and — before he shall do that, Dick," — Barnabas threw up his head and clenched his fists.

"Well, Bev?"

"I'll — kill him, Dick."

"You mean — fight him, of course?"

"It would be all one," said Barnabas grimly.

Digitized by Google

"And how do you propose to — go about the matter — to save Barrymaine?"

"I shall pay off his debts, first of all."

"And then?"

"Take him away with me."

"When?"

"To-morrow, if possible — the sooner the better."

"And give up the race, Bev?"

"Yes," said Barnabas, sighing; "even that, if need be."

Here the Viscount lay back among his pillows and stared up at the tester of the bed, and his gaze was still directed thitherward when he spoke:

"And you would do all this ——"

"For — Her sake," said Barnabas softly; "besides, I promised, Dick."

"And you have seen her — only once, Bev!"

"Twice, Dick."

"'Gad!" said the Viscount. "'Gad, Beverley, what a deuced determined fellow you are!"

"You see, I — love her, Dick."

"Bev, shall I tell you what I begin to think?"

"Yes, Dick."

"Well, I begin to think that, in spite of — er — me, and — hum — all the rest of 'em, in spite of everything,— herself included, if need be,— you'll win her yet."

"And shall I tell you what I begin to think, Dick?"

"Yes."

"I begin to think that you have never loved her at all."

"Eh?" cried the Viscount, starting up very suddenly. "What the deuce should make you think that?"

"Clemency!" said Barnabas.

The Viscount stared, opened his mouth, shut it, ran his fingers through his hair, and fell flat upon his pillows again.

"So now," said Barnabas the persistent, "now you know why I am so anxious to meet Jasper Gaunt."

"Gaunt!" said the Viscount dreamily. "Gaunt!"

"Captain Slingsby has to see him this afternoon,— at least, so you said,— and I was wondering ——"

"Slingsby! Oh, egad, I forgot! So he has — curricle's ordered for half past three. Will you oblige me by prodding him with your cane, Bev? Don't be afraid; poke away, my dear fellow. Sling takes a devil of a lot of waking."

Thus admonished, Barnabas presently succeeded in arousing the somnolent Slingsby, who, lifting a drowsy head, blinked sleepily, and demanded in an injured tone:

"Wha' the dooce is it all about, b'gad?" Then, having yawned prodigiously and come somewhat to himself, he proceeded to crawl from under the settee, when, catching sight of Barnabas, he sprang lightly to his feet and greeted him cordially.

"Ah, Beverley!" he cried, "how goes it? Glad you woke me — was having a devil of a dream. Thought the Rascal had strained his off fore leg and was out of the race! What damnable things dreams are, b'gad!"

"My dear Sling," said the Viscount, "it is exactly a quarter past three."

"Oh, is it, b'gad! Well?"

"And at four o'clock I believe you have an appointment with Gaunt."

"Gaunt!" repeated the Captain, starting; and Barnabas saw all the light and animation die out of his face. "Gaunt! Yes, I — b'gad! — I'd forgotten, Devenden."

"You ordered your curricle for half past three, didn't you?"

"Yes — and I've no time to bathe; ought to shave, though, and oh, damme, look at my cravat!"

"You'll find everything you need in my dressing-room, Sling."

The Captain nodded his thanks and forthwith vanished into the adjacent chamber, whence he was to be heard at his ablutions, puffing and blowing, grampus-like. To whom thus the Viscount, raising his voice:

"Oh, by the way, Sling, Beverley wants to go with you.'

Here the Captain stopped, as it seemed in the very middle of a puff, and when he spoke it was in a tone of hoarse incredulity:

"Eh, b'gad, what's that?"

"He wants you to introduce him to Jasper Gaunt."

Here a sudden explosive exclamation, and thereafter the Captain appeared in the act of drying himself, his red face glowing from between the folds of the towel while he stared from the Viscount to Barnabas with round eyes.

"What!" he exclaimed at last. "You too, Beverley! Poor devil, have you come to it — and so soon?"

"No," said Barnabas, shaking his head; "I wish to see him on behalf of another ——"

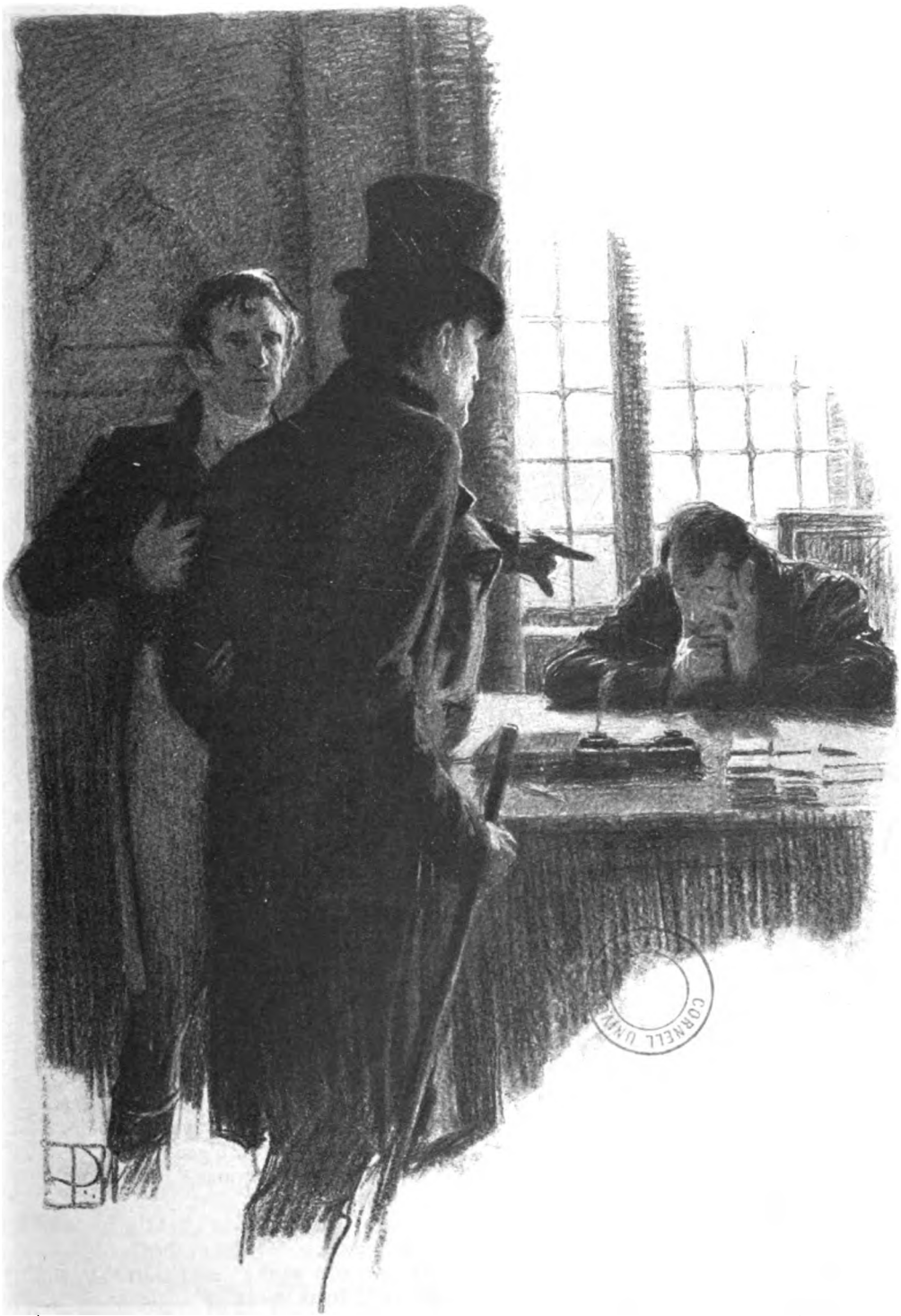
"Eh? Another? Oh!"

"On behalf of Mr. Ronald Barrymaine."

"Of Barrym —" Here the Captain suddenly fell to towelling himself violently, stopped to stare at Barnabas again, gave himself another futile rub or two, and finally dropped the towel altogether. "Wish to see — Gaunt, do you?" he enquired.

"Yes," said Barnabas.

Digitized by Google



"'LOOK AT HIM — HE CAN'T SELL! I TELL YOU, HE DAREN'T SELL!'"

Digitized by Google

"And," said the Captain, staring very hard at the shaving-brush, "not — on your own account?"

"No," answered Barnabas.

"But on behalf — I think you said — of ——"

"Of Ronald Barrymaine," said Barnabas.

"Oh!" murmured the Captain.

"Have you any objection to my going with you?" Barnabas enquired.

"Not in the least," answered the Captain, making hideous faces at himself in the mirror as he shaved. "Oh, no; delighted, 'pon my soul, b'gad! Only ——"

"Well?"

"Only, if it's time you're going to ask for — it's no go, my boy — hard-fisted old rasper; you know the saying (Bible, I think) — figs, b'gad, and thistles, blood from stones, but no mercy from Jasper Gaunt."

"I don't seek his mercy," said Barnabas.

"Why, then, my dear Beverley — there's Jenk come up to say the curricle's at the door."

CHAPTER XXXII

Concerning the Luck of Captain Slingsby of the Guards

"You don't mind if we — drive about a bit, do you, Beverley?"

"Not in the least."

"I — er — I generally go the longest way round when I have to call on ——"

"On Gaunt?"

"Yes."

Now, as they went, Barnabas noticed that a change had come over his companion. His voice had lost much of its jovial ring, his eye its sparkle, while his ruddy cheeks were paler than their wont; moreover, he was very silent, and sat with bent head and with his square shoulders slouched dejectedly. Therefore Barnabas must needs cast about for some means of rousing him from this depression.

"You drive a very handsome turnout," said he, at last.

"It is neat, isn't it?" nodded Slingsby, his eye brightening.

"Very!" said Barnabas. "And the horses ——"

"Horses!" cried the Captain, almost himself again. "Ha, b'gad, there's action for you — and blood, too! I was a year matching 'em. Cost me eight hundred guineas — and cheap at the money; but ——"

"Well?"

"After all, Beverley, they — aren't mine, you see."

"Not yours?"

"No. They're — his!"

"You mean — Gaunt's?"

The Captain nodded gloomily.

"Yes," said he. "My horses are his, my curricle's his, my clothes are his — everything's his. So am I, b'gad! Oh, you needn't look so infernal incredulous — fact, I assure you."

"You — owe — a great deal, then?" said Barnabas.

"Owe?" said the Captain, turning to look at him. "I'm in up to my neck, and getting deeper. Owe? B'gad, Beverley, I believe you!" But now, at sight of grave-faced Barnabas, he laughed again, and this time it sounded less ghoul-like. "Debt is a habit," he continued sententiously, "that grows on one most damnably; and creditors are the most annoying people in the world — so confoundedly unreasonable! Of course I pay 'em — now and then — deserving cases, y'know. Fellow called on me t'other day — seemed to know his face. 'Who are you?' says I. 'I'm the man who makes your whips, sir,' says he. 'And devilish good whips, too!' says I. 'How much do I owe you?' 'Fifteen pounds, sir,' says he. 'I wouldn't bother you, only —' Well, it seemed his wife was sick — fellow actually blubbered! So of course I rang for my rascal Danby — Danby's my valet, y'know. 'Have you any money, Danby?' says I. 'No, sir,' says he. Queer thing, but Danby never has, although I pay him regularly — devilish improvident fellow, Danby! So I went out and unearthed Jerningham, and paid the fellow on the spot — only right, y'know!"

"But why not pay your debts with your own money?" Barnabas enquired.

"For the very good reason that it all went — ages ago!"

"Why, then," said Barnabas, "earn more."

"Eh?" said the Captain, staring. "Earn it? My dear Beverley, I never earned anything in my life, except my beggarly pay — and that isn't enough even for my cravats."

"Well, why not begin?"

"Begin? To earn money? How?"

"You might work," suggested Barnabas.

"Work?" repeated the Captain, staring. "Eh, what? Oh, I see; you're joking, of course. Deuced quaint, b'gad!"

"No; I'm very serious," said Barnabas thoughtfully.

"Are you, though! But what the deuce kind of work d'you suppose I'm fit for?"

"All men can work!" said Barnabas, more thoughtfully than before.

"Well, I can ride, and shoot, and drive a coach with any one."

"Anything more?"

"No — not that I can think of."

Digitized by Google

"Have you never tried to work, then — hard work, I mean?"

"Oh, Lord, no! Besides, I've always been too busy, y'know. I've never had to work. Y'see, as luck would have it, I was born a gentleman, Beverley."

"Yes," nodded Barnabas, more thoughtful than ever; "but — what is a gentleman?"

"A gentleman? Why, let me think!" said the Captain, manoeuvring his horses skilfully as they swung into the Strand.

"A gentleman," said he, "is a fellow who goes to a university, but doesn't have to learn anything; who goes out into the world, but doesn't have to — work at anything; and who has never been black-balled at any of the clubs. I've done a good many things in my time, but I've never had to work."

"That is a great pity!" sighed Barnabas.

"Oh! — is it, b'gad? And why?"

"Because hard work ennobles a man," said Barnabas.

"Always heard it was a deuce of a bore!" murmured the Captain.

"Exertion," Barnabas continued, growing a little didactic, perhaps, "exertion is — life. By idleness comes degeneration and death."

"Sounds cursed unpleasant, b'gad!" said the Captain.

"The work a man does lives on after him," Barnabas continued; "it is his monument when he is no more, far better than your high-sounding epitaphs and stately tombs — yes, even though it be only the furrow he has ploughed, or the earth his spade has turned."

"But, my dear fellow, you surely wouldn't suggest that I should take up — digging?"

"You might do worse," said Barnabas, "but ——"

"Ha!" said the Captain. "Well, now, supposing I was a — deuced good digger — a regular rasper, b'gad! I don't know what a digger earns, but let's be moderate and say five or six pounds a week. Well, what the deuce good d'you suppose that would be to me? Why, I still owe Gaunt, as far as I can figure it up, about eighty thousand pounds, which is a deuced lot more than it sounds. I should have been rotting in the Fleet, or the Marshalsea, years ago if it hadn't been for my uncle's gout, b'gad!"

"His gout?"

"Precisely! Every twinge he has — up goes my credit. I'm his only heir, y'know, and he's seventy-one. At present he's as sound as a bell — actually rode to hounds last week, b'gad! Consequently my credit's — nowhere. Jolly old boy, though — deuced fond of him. Ha! there's Haynes over yonder."

"You mean the man in the bright green coat?"

"Yes. Call him 'Pea-Green Haynes.' I lost a devilish lot to him at hazard a few years ago — crippled me, y'know. But, talking of my uncle, devilish fond of him — always was. But, mark you, Beverley, a man has no right — no business to go on living after he's seventy; at least, it shows deuced bad taste, I think. Hallo! why, there's Ball Hughes — driving the chocolate-coloured coach, and got up like a regular jarvey. Devilish rich, y'know — call him the 'Golden Ball.' Won small fortune from Petersham at battledore and shuttlecock — played all night."

"And you have lost to him also?"

"Of course."

"Do you ever win?"

"Oh, well, now and then, y'know — though I'm generally unlucky. Been dogged by ill luck from my cradle, b'gad! On the turf, in the clubs and hells, even in the Peninsula!"

"So you fought in the Peninsula?"

"Oh, yes."

"And did you gamble there, too?"

"Naturally — whenever I could."

"And did you lose?"

"Generally; everything's been against me, y'know."

Hereupon the Captain relapsed into his gloomy mood; nor could Barnabas dispel it: his efforts were rewarded only by monosyllables until, swinging round into a short and rather narrow street, he brought his horses to a walk.

"Here we are, Beverley!"

"Where?" Barnabas enquired.

"Kirby Street — his street. And there's the house — his house!" and Captain Slingsby pointed his whip at a high, flat-fronted house. It was a repellent-looking place with an iron railing before it, and beyond this railing a deep and narrow area, where a flight of damp steps led down to a gloomy door. The street was seemingly a quiet one, and at this hour deserted save for themselves.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Barnabas Makes a Certain Offer

BARNABAS followed the Captain into the house, along a somewhat gloomy hall, up a narrow and winding staircase, where, half way up, was a small landing with an alcove, where stood a tall, wizen-faced clock with skeleton hands and a loud, insistent, very deliberate tick; and so, up more stairs to another hall, also somewhat gloomy. At the Captain's knock the door was opened by a smiling, pale-faced, youngish man with colourless hair and eyes so very pale as to be

Digitized by Google

almost imperceptible in the pallor of his face. This person, having ushered them into a handsomely furnished chamber, disappeared. The Captain crossed to the hearth, and, standing before the empty grate, put up his hand and loosened his high stock with suddenly petulant fingers — rather as though he found some difficulty in breathing; and, looking at him, Barnabas saw that the debonair Slingsby had vanished quite: in his place was another — a much older man, haggard of eye, with a face peaked and grey and careworn beneath the brim of the jaunty hat.

"My dear Beverley," said he, staring down into the empty grate, "if you're ever in need, if you're ever reduced to — destitution, then, in heaven's name, go quietly away and — starve! Deuced unpleasant, of course, but it's — sooner over, b'gad!"

At this moment the smiling person reappeared at a different door, and uttered the words:

"Captain Slingsby, if *you* please."

Hereupon the Captain visibly braced himself, squared his shoulders, took off his hat, crossed the room in a couple of strides, and Barnabas was alone. Now, as he sat there waiting, he gradually became aware of a sound that stole upon the quiet — a soft, low sound, exactly what he could not define; nevertheless it greatly perturbed him. Therefore he rose, and, approaching that part of the room whence it proceeded, he saw another door. And then, all at once, as he stood before this door, he knew what the sound was, and why it had so distressed him; and, even as the knowledge came, he opened the door and stepped into the room beyond.

And this is what he saw:

A bare little room, or office; the pale, smiling gentleman, who lounged in a cushioned chair, a comb in one hand, and in the other a small pocket-mirror, by the aid of which he was attending to a diminutive tuft of flaxen whisker; and a woman in threadbare garments, who crouched upon a bench along the opposite wall, her face bowed upon her hands, her whole frame shaken by great, heartbroken, gasping sobs — a sound full of misery, and of desolation unutterable.

At the opening of the door, the pale gentleman started and turned, and the woman looked up, with eyes swollen and inflamed by weeping.

"Sir," said the pale gentleman, speaking softly, yet in the tone of one used to command, "may I ask what this intrusion means?"

Now, as he looked into the speaker's pallid eyes, Barnabas saw that he was much older than he had thought. He had laid aside the comb and mirror, and now rose in a leisurely manner, and his smile was more unpleasant than ever as he faced Barnabas.

"This place is private, sir — you understand? — private, sir! May I suggest that you — go?" As he uttered the last word, he thrust out his head and jaw in a very ugly manner; therefore Barnabas turned and addressed himself to the woman.

"Pray, madam," said he, "tell me your trouble. What is the matter?" But the woman only wrung her hands together, and stared with great, frightened eyes at the colourless man, who now advanced, smiling still, and tapped Barnabas smartly on the shoulder.

"The trouble is her own, sir; the matter is — entirely a private one," said he, fixing Barnabas with his pale stare. "May I, therefore, suggest that you withdraw — at once?"

"As often as you please, sir," retorted Barnabas, bowing.

"Ah!" sighed the man, thrusting out his head again. "And what do you want here?"

"First, is your name Jasper Gaunt?"

"No; but it is as well known as his — better to a great many."

"And your name is ——?"

"Quigly."

"Then, Mr. Quigly, pray be seated while I learn this poor creature's sorrow."

"I think — yes, I think you'd better go," said Mr. Quigly; "or ——"

"Or?" said Barnabas, smiling and clenching his fists.

"Or it will be the worse for you."

"Yes?"

"And for your friend the Captain."

"Yes?"

"And you will give this woman more reason for her tears!"

Then, looking from the pale, threatening eyes and smiling lips of the man to the trembling fear of the weeping woman, and remembering Slingsby's deathly cheek and shaking hand, a sudden great anger came upon Barnabas. His long arm shot out, and, pinning Mr. Quigly by the cravat, he shook him to and fro in a paroxysm of fury. Twice he raised his cane to strike, twice he lowered it; finally he loosed his grip, and Mr. Quigly staggered back to the opposite wall, and leaned there, panting.

Hereupon Barnabas, somewhat shocked at his own loss of self-restraint, resettled his cuff, straightened his cravat, and, when he spoke, was more polite than ever.

"Mr. Quigly, pray sit down," said he. "I have no wish to thrash you — it would be a pity to spoil my cane; so — oblige me by sitting down."

Digitized by Google

"And now," said Barnabas, turning to the crouching woman, "I don't think Mr. Quigly will interrupt us again; you may freely tell me your trouble — if you will."

"Oh, sir, it's my husband! He's been in prison a whole year, and now — now he's dying — they've killed him! It was fifty pounds a year ago. I saved, and scraped, and worked day and night, and a month ago I brought the fifty pounds. But then — oh, my God! — then they told me I must find twenty more — interest, they called it. Twenty pounds! Why, it would take me months and months to earn so much — and my husband was dying — dying! But, sir, I went away despairing. Then I grew wild — desperate — yes, desperate — oh, believe it, sir! and I — I — ah, sir, what won't a desperate woman do for one she loves? And so I — trod shameful ways. To-day I brought the twenty pounds, and now — dear God! now they say it must be twenty-three. Three pounds more, and I have no more. And I can't — oh, I can't go back to it again — the shame and horror — I — can't, sir!" So she covered her face again, and shook with the bitter passion of her woe.

And after a while Barnabas found voice, though his voice was very hoarse and uneven. "I think," said he slowly, "yes, I think my cane could not have a worthier end than splintering on your villain's back, Mr. Quigly."

But, even as Barnabas advanced with very evident purpose, a tall figure stood framed in the open doorway.

"Ah, Quigly, pray what is all this?" a chill, incisive voice demanded. Barnabas turned, and, lowering the cane, stood looking curiously at the speaker. A tall, slender man he was, with a face that might have been any age — a mask-like face, smooth and long, and devoid of hair, as it was of wrinkles — an arresting face, with its curving nostrils, thin-lipped, close-shut mouth, high, prominent brow, and small, piercingly bright eyes; quick eyes, that glinted between their red-rimmed, hairless lids, old in their experience of men and the ways of men. For the rest, he was clad in a rich yet sober habit, unrelieved save for the gleaming seals at his fob and the snowy lace at throat and wrist. His hair, evidently a wig, curled low on either cheek, and his hands were well cared for, with long, prehensile fingers.

"You are Jasper Gaunt, I think?" said Barnabas, at last.

"At your service, sir; and you, I know, are Mr. Barnabas Beverley."

So they stood, fronting each other — the Youth, unconquered as yet, and therefore indomitable, and the Man, with glittering eyes old in their experience of men and the ways of men.

"You wished to see me on a matter of business, Mr. Beverley?"

"Yes."

"Then pray step this way."

"No," said Barnabas; "first I require your signature to this lady's papers."

Jasper Gaunt smiled, and shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"Such clients as this, sir, I leave entirely to Mr. Quigly."

"Then, in this instance, sir, you will perhaps favour me by giving the matter your personal attention?"

Jasper Gaunt hesitated, observed the glowing eye, flushed cheek, and firm-set lips of the speaker, and, being wise in men and their ways, bowed.

"To oblige you, Mr. Beverley — with pleasure. Though I understand from Mr. Quigly that she is unable to meet ——"

"Seventy-eight pounds, sir! She can pay it all — every blood-stained, tear-sodden farthing. She should meet it, were it double — treble the sum!" said Barnabas, opening his purse.

"Ah, indeed, I see, I see!" nodded Jasper Gaunt. "Take the money, Quigly; I will make out the receipt. If you desire, you shall see me sign it, Mr. Beverley." So saying, he crossed to the desk, wrote the document, and handed it to Barnabas, with a bow that was almost ironical.

Then Barnabas gave the precious paper into the woman's eager fingers, and looked down into the woman's shining eyes.

"Sir," said she, between trembling lips, "I can not thank you — I — I can not. But God sees, and He will surely repay ——"

"Indeed," stammered Barnabas, "I — it was only three pounds, after all, and — there, got hurry away to your husband, and — ah! that reminds me — he will want help, perhaps!" Here Barnabas took out his card and thrust it into her hand. "Take that to my house, ask to see my steward, Mr. Peterby — stay, I'll write the name for you. He will look after you and — good-bye!"

"It is a truly pleasant thing to meet with heartfelt gratitude, sir," said Jasper Gaunt, as the door closed behind the woman. "And now I am entirely at your service. This way, sir."

Forthwith Barnabas followed him into another room, where sat the Captain, his long legs stretched out before him, his chin on his breast, staring away at vacancy.

"Sir," said Jasper Gaunt, glancing from Barnabas to the Captain and back again, "he will not trouble us, I think, but if you wish him to withdraw ——"

"Thank you — no," answered Barnabas. "Captain Slingsby is my friend!"

Digitized by Google

Jasper Gaunt bowed, and seated himself at his desk opposite Barnabas. His face was in shadow, for the blind had been half drawn to exclude the glare of the afternoon sun, and he sat, or rather lolled, in a low, deeply cushioned chair, studying Barnabas with his eyes, that were so bright and so very knowing in the ways of mankind. Very still he sat, and very quiet, waiting for Barnabas to begin.

Now, on the wall immediately behind him was a long, keen-bladed dagger, that glittered evilly where the light caught it; and as he sat there, so very quiet and still, with his face in the shadow, it seemed to Barnabas as though he lolled there, dead, with the dagger smitten sideways through his throat; and in that moment Barnabas fancied he could hear the deliberate *tick-tock* of the wizen-faced clock upon the stairs.

"I have come," began Barnabas at last, withdrawing his eyes from the glittering steel with an effort, "I am here on behalf of one in whom I take an interest — a great interest."

"Yes, Mr. Beverley?"

"I have undertaken to — liquidate his debts."

"Yes, Mr. Beverley."

"To pay — whatever he may owe, both principal and interest."

"Indeed, Mr. Beverley! And — his name?"

"His name is Ronald Barrymaine."

"Ronald — Barrymaine!" There was a pause between the words, and the smooth, soft voice had suddenly grown so harsh, so deep and vibrant, that it seemed incredible the words could have proceeded from the lips of the motionless figure lolling in the chair, with his face in the shadow and the knife glittering behind him.

"I have made out to you a draught for more than enough, as I judge, to cover Mr. Barrymaine's liabilities."

"For how much, sir?"

"Twenty-two thousand pounds."

Then Jasper Gaunt stirred, sighed, and leaned forward in his chair.

"A handsome sum, sir — a very handsome sum; but" — and he smiled and shook his head.

"Pray what do you mean by 'but'?" demanded Barnabas.

"That the sum is — inadequate, sir."

"Twenty-two thousand pounds is not enough, then?"

"It is — not enough, Mr. Beverley."

"Then, if you will tell me the precise amount, I will make up the deficiency."

But here again Jasper Gaunt smiled his slow smile and shook his head.

"That, I grieve to say, is quite impossible, Mr. Beverley."

"Why?"

"Because I make it a rule never to divulge my clients' affairs to a third party; and, sir, I never break my rules."

"Then — you refuse to tell me?"

"It is — quite impossible."

So there fell a silence, while the wide, fearless eyes of Youth looked into the narrow, watchful eyes of Experience. Then Barnabas rose, and began to pace to and fro across the luxurious carpet; he walked with his head bent, and the hands behind his back were tight clenched. Suddenly he stopped, and, throwing up his head, faced Jasper Gaunt, who sat lolling back in his chair again.

"I have heard," said he, "that this sum is twenty thousand pounds; but, as you say, it may be more — a few pounds more, or a few hundreds more."

"Precisely, Mr. Beverley."

"I am, therefore, going to make you an offer."

"Which I must — refuse."

"And my offer is this: instead of twenty thousand pounds, I will double the sum."

Jasper Gaunt's lolling figure grew slowly rigid, and, leaning across the desk, he stared up at Barnabas from under his hairless brows. Even Captain Slingsby stirred and lifted his heavy head.

"Forty thousand pounds!" said Jasper Gaunt, speaking almost in a whisper.

"Yes," said Barnabas, and, sitting down, he folded his arms a little ostentatiously. Jasper Gaunt's head drooped, and he stared down at the papers on the desk before him; nor did he move; only his long, white fingers began to tap softly upon his chair-arms, one after the other.

"I will pay you forty thousand pounds," said Barnabas. Then, all in one movement, as it seemed, Gaunt had risen and turned to the window, and stood there a while, with his back to the room.

"Well?" enquired Barnabas at last.

"I — can not, sir."

"You mean — will not!" said Barnabas, clenching his fists.

"Can not, sir."

As Gaunt turned, Barnabas rose and approached him until barely a yard separated them, until he could look into the eyes that glittered, between their hairless lids, very like the cruel-looking dagger on the wall.

"Very well," said Barnabas. "Then I'll treble it. I'll pay you sixty thousand pounds. What do you say? Come — speak!"

Digitized by Google

But now the eyes, so keen and sharp to read men and the ways of men, wavered and fell before the indomitable steadfastness of unconquered Youth. The long white hands, beneath their ruffles, seemed to writhe with gripping, contorted fingers, while upon his temple was something that glittered a moment, rolled down his cheek, and so was gone.

"Speak!" said Barnabas.

Yet still no answer came; only Jasper Gaunt sank down in his chair, with his elbows on the desk, his long, white face clasped between his long, white hands, staring into vacancy. But now his smooth brow was furrowed, his narrow eyes were narrower yet, and his thin lips moved as though he had whispered to himself, "Sixty thousand pounds!"

"Sir, for the last time, do you accept?" demanded Barnabas.

Without glancing up, or even altering the direction of his vacant stare, and with his face still framed between his hands, Jasper Gaunt shook his head from side to side once, twice, and thrice — a gesture there was no mistaking.

Then Barnabas fell back a step, with clenched fist upraised; but in that moment the Captain was before him and had caught his arm.

"By Gad, Beverley!" he exclaimed in a shaken voice, "are you mad?"

"No," said Barnabas; "but I came here to buy those bills, and buy them I will! If trebling it isn't enough, then ——"

"Ah!" cried Slingsby, pointing to the usurer's distorted face, "can't you see? Don't you guess? He can't sell! No money-lender of 'em all could resist such an offer. I tell you, he daren't sell. The bills aren't his! Come away!"

"Not his!" cried Barnabas. "Then whose?"

"God knows! But it's true — look at him!"

"Tell me," cried Barnabas, striving to see Gaunt's averted eyes, "tell me who holds these bills. If you have one spark of generosity, tell me!"

But Jasper Gaunt gave no sign; only, the writhing fingers crept across his face, over staring eyes and twitching lips.

So presently Barnabas suffered Captain Slingsby to lead him down from the room, and down the somewhat dark and winding stair, past the wizened-faced clock, out into the street already full of the glow of evening.

TO BE CONTINUED

Digitized by Google

"SHE LAUGHED HAPPILY. THIS WAS WHAT SHE HAD BEEN WAITING TO HEAR — JUST THOSE THREE WORDS"

Digitized by Google

BLUE RIBBONS

BY

MARAVENE KENNEDY THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

In "Blue Ribbons" McClure's Magazine introduces a new writer. The story is remarkable for the freshness, vividness, and originality with which it pictures a phase of American country life. "Peggy," the heroine of this story, and of others which will follow it, makes marriage a splendid adventure. In following her escapades the writer has drawn one of the truest and most fascinating characters in recent fiction. Each story, complete in itself, attaches the reader more and more to this girl of remarkable charm.

"OLD John" Patton looked aslant through his double-lensed spectacles at his daughter Peggy — Mrs. Edwin Trowbridge for the past two years. He felt curiously ignorant of the working of his offspring's mind — a feeling not confined to this particular father. They sat under a tree in the hay-field, Old John loosely fat, big-framed, hanging-jowled; Mrs. Trowbridge slender and beautiful — vividly, arrestingly beautiful. But the same merrily quizzical expression shone from both pairs of eyes, his a faded brown, hers of the velvety brownness of a pansy.

"I don't understand, Pretty. You 'n' Ed spattin', an' you want t' git even?"

"You could take the blue if you'd set yourself to it, couldn't you? Just answer that, daddy dear."

Old John hunched up his knees a little nearer to his drooping chin.

"You could, couldn't you?"

"Ed's taken blue so long now, Pretty. The Trowbridges don't take beatin' very gracious. I remember, oncet, when his father ——"

"You *could*, couldn't you?"

"Little pepper! Course I could — but I ain't goin' to."

"You are," she returned, with quiet emphasis. "To lay down and let Ed walk off with the blue when he don't deserve it is silly. And it isn't honest, either. You know that the wheat and corn and potatoes and *any*thing that takes the blue at the fair is taken as the standard by the whole county. For you t' let the standard be lower 'n it rightfully should be is stealing, straight stealing, same's taking money out of men's pockets. For that's what it amounts to, daddy. If other farmers only get about three fourths as much out of their crops by following Ed as they would by following you, why ——"

"I know," said Old John. "I've thought of that. Only ——"

"Daddy dear,"— she bent toward him in pretty, coaxing urgency,— "you must. Of course Ed'll be nettled. Farming is his religion, almost. And he is wonderful at it. But he's got so much land, he don't need t' make every foot of it yield to its last gasp, as you do — and a lot of others."

"That's partly it, Pretty. I've felt, somehow, it wa'n't fair fer me t' show 'gainst straight farmin' products. I've nursed my little farm, an' fed it an' given it my own attention till it's a sort of super-farm. I've had t' do intensive farmin' 'stead o' extensive. Ed's pretty much up t' snuff on straight farmin', an' I cal'late he gits heavier returns than any other big farmer in the State." He scratched his chin, meditating. "Ed an' me er pretty friendly — don't think I'll endanger family peace fer even blue ribbons. Can't use yer old daddy t' git a rise out'n yer husband, Pretty; he's too good t' my baby."

"I know that, daddy," dimpled Peggy. "And you know I'm soft as lye water 'bout Ed; I just can't bear t' see him feeling bad over anything." She sidled nearer to slip a soft hand in his. "But I'm silly about Ma, too."

"Ma! Does Ma think I ought ——"

"Of course. And she'd be just the happiest and proudest woman in the world if you carried off the blue."

Ma! Old John sat silent. There had been long, lean years in which he had tussled futilely to wring a living from his sparse, worn-out acres, and Ma had fought the battle of poverty with him, bravely, cheerily, inspiriting him by her courage when his grit was all but gone. Ma!

"Ed isn't small," argued Ed's wife. "He'll

Digitized by Google

be sore 'bout being beaten, but sore against himself, not you. The thing that would make him hopping mad with you w'd be to find out you had held back your stuff so's he could win."

Old John had thought of that, too; in fact, his mind had circled round and round the blue ribbon subject in irresistible fascination. But he hadn't before thought of his winning of the blue as a source of pride and happiness to Ma.

"Well, Pretty ——"

She sprang up, laughing blithely, calling back as she ran:

"You 'n' I'll show 'em that the Pattons can carry off blue ribbons, no matter against what odds."

Old John rose, elated, but a little puzzled. What did Pretty mean by the "I"?

Over the dinner-table, Mrs. Trowbridge announced to her husband in a casual tone:

"Ed, I'm going t' enter the ladies' riding match at the county fair this year."

"What's the joke?"

"But I am, Ed. Eve Dawson's taken blue ribbon for ten years, and that's long enough."

Her seriousness was not to be mistaken.

"You just aren't," laughed he. "Don't you get that bee in your bonnet. As long's Eve's uncle Rube and Sam Hardman, his tool, are directors of the fair, Eve'll carry blue ribbon against an angel from heaven. And my pretty Peggy love isn't going t' compete for second premium — not if I know it."

"I'm going to ride, and I'm going to take blue ribbon. I'm a better rider 'n Eve."

Trowbridge ran over in his mind the respective merits of his wife's and Eve Dawson's riding.

"Guess you could make good on that, and you've got more style; but you wouldn't stand any show 'gainst Eve, as things are now. With two potatoes lying side by side, y' can't fool the people as to which is the bigger or smoother or whiter; but good horsemanship is made up of things not so discernible to the untrained eye. Last year lots of people thought that Kate Emery rode better 'n Eve; but, in fact, she didn't. Belle Wiggin and Clara Howe are the only ones in the ten years who should have won out against her. And old Rube made mighty sure, those years, that the committee was safely packed for Eve. And 'twould be the same if you rode. When they know Eve's going up against a real horsewoman they don't take chances."

"I know all that, Ed," laughed Mrs. Ed gaily. "But, packed or not packed, the committee this year is going to vote blue ribbon to Peggy Patton."

"Patton?"

She dimpled. "My blood is still Patton blood, if my name has been changed to Trowbridge, and the Pattons fight better against odds than when the game's even. They just keep on going till they win — somehow."

The man thought of his father-in-law's almost dramatic rise after he had been deemed "down and out." He smiled into his wife's challenging eyes.

"Guess you're right," said he, leaving the table. "But there's one odd you won't win out against, and that's your old Ed. He isn't going t' let his pretty Peggy love get a black eye. The Trowbridges don't cotton t' red ribbons — and you're a Trowbridge now, little girl."

Next day Old John looked at his daughter somewhat dolorously.

"I'll have t' take back my promise, Pretty. I didn't know you was goin' t' ride when I gave it. I like Ed too well t' land a double blow at his pride. I wish you wouldn't do this, Pretty; Ed would rather lose, himself, than have you lose."

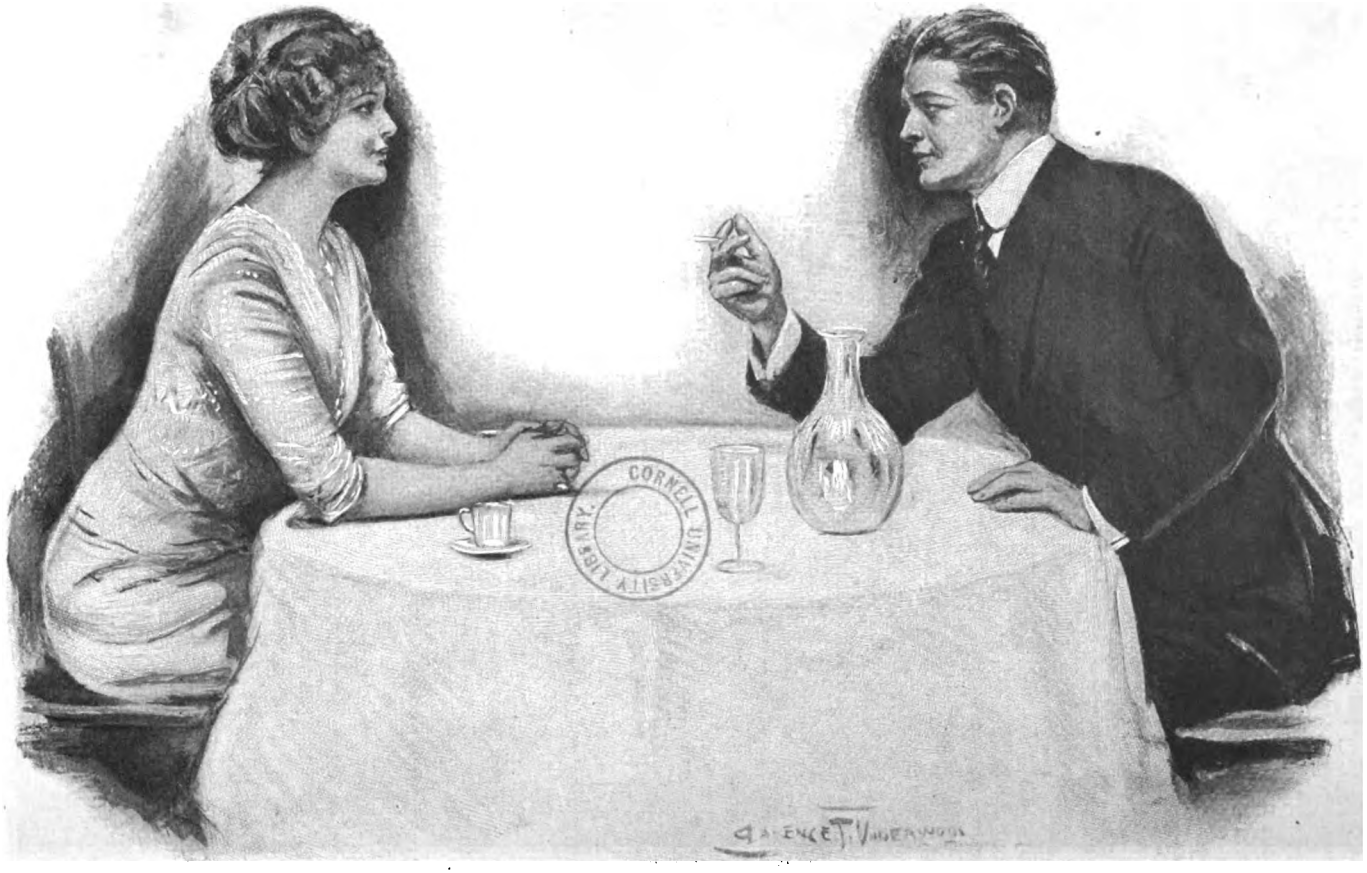
"Then, by the same reasoning, he'd rather have me win than himself," she cried. "Don't you see, that is *why* I'm riding. He'll have t' stand an awful lot of chaffing over losing t' you, and he'll be dreadfully humiliated. But when *I* win" — she perked her head to one side, like a saucy bird. "I think Ed's 'most as proud of *me* — 'pretty Peggy love' — as of the farm! And — I'm going to win, daddy."

"So — so! So — so!" chortled Old John, his face clearing.

Excitement prevailed throughout the whole county, and beyond it, when it became known that Mrs. Ed Trowbridge was to ride against Eve Dawson. "Big Ed" Trowbridge and "Old Rube" Dawson were the county's financial heavy-weights — quoted, copied, lauded, and given that peculiar reverential admiration always bestowed on the highly successful. Big Ed, young, handsome, genial, "honest as a die," was no more admired than Old Rube, pursy, squat, grizzled, grafting right and left; perhaps a shade less so — for Dawson swaggered pompously, like an overlord, and shouted commands and boasted profanely.

Though opinions might differ as to their merits and possessions, it was agreed that "Big Ed ought t' know better 'n to let his wife ride against Eve." But it was equally agreed that Peggy Patton "was a caution for having her own way," "spoilt t' the hilt by Old John," and that Big Ed nor the Old Nick himself couldn't keep her from doing a thing, "once she set her head t' it." It gave new zest to the fair. At every cross-roads shop and barn-yard, and at the meeting of farmer with farmer driving to and from town, the matter was discussed, *pro* and *con*. Would Old Rube dare to pack a committee against Big Ed's wife? Could Mrs. Ed ride

Digitized by Google



"'I'M GOING TO RIDE, AND I'M GOING TO TAKE BLUE RIBBONS,' SHE SAID"

Digitized by Google

as well as Eve in a *ring?* They had seen lots of supposedly good riders flatten out to poor sticks enough when on parade. And Eve could ride!

When the fair opened, the exciting topic of conversation was the ladies' riding match. Then — unbelievable! — astounding! — cataclysmic as a Democratic landslide! Old John Patton — *Old John Patton* — carried off first premium on all the staple products he displayed. The biggest and evenest and fullest-grained ears of corn, the biggest and smoothest and finest-grained potatoes, the heaviest wheat, were his! Men surrounded the Patton displays in fascinated wonder, eyes and mouths agape, measuring, weighing, hefting, haranguing.

For the first time in seven years, red cards — symbol of second best — tagged the Trowbridge displays! *Second best!*

Edwin Trowbridge's wife had said rightly: he was not "small." There was no ill feeling against Old John. He was rather proud than otherwise of his wife's father, not displeased by the excited admiration that followed the paunchy, loose-jointed old exponent of the latest word in scientific farming. Only ——

Second best! With all his acres and "hands" and resources and his own careful supervision, he had fallen short. His products were good, but not as good as they should have been! His goods had been outclassed because some one else had done what *he* should have done! — and without this lesson to teach him. His soreness was no less, but more, because it was directed against himself. The longer he mulled over the matter, the greater seemed his own stupidity. He was raw with mortification.

"Guess we don't want any more red souvenirs to add to the collection, d' we, Peggy?" he said to his wife, that evening.

"Guess we don't," said she, with saucy gentleness. Then she raised her arms to his neck with a little mothering cry. "You big darling, silly boy! Don't you know I shouldn't ride if I didn't feel *mighty* sure I'd win?"

"Dave Sholl and Lew Hunt and Doc Edmands are t' be judges — I got that straight to-day. Tools of Old Rube's, every one of them."

She looked up roguishly. "Guess you don't know what a good rider I am."

"And I guess you know that riding has nothing to do with it — guess, too, you ain't going t' ride when you know I don't want you to — pretty Peggy love," he whispered.

She laughed, a faint catch in her sweet, trilling voice.

"Guess — I — am!"

Friday morning she tripped to the automobile, a box hugged tightly in her arms. Her husband stood beside the throbbing machine, his face resolutely set.

"You might as well leave that habit at home," he voiced grimly. "I've locked Umpire in his stall and given orders he can't be let out to-day."

"*Ed!*"

"I told you I wouldn't let you ride."

"You think I can't ride as well's Eve Dawson!"

"I don't rise t' that bait, Peggy. Step in!"

She gave him a look — queer, baffling.

"Ed — you'll be awfully sorry you did this!"

"Perhaps I will; but you don't carry home any red ribbon. Come."

She stepped in, the box still in her arms. With a quick hand he caught it from her and pitched it to the porch.

"There's just one more thing t' lock up or pitch out, and that's me," she said — and laughed. "I'm not mad, Ed," she added, still laughing. "I knew you had planned something to keep me from riding."

He felt combative, and was not as grateful as might be for her sweet complacency. Nor did the chaffing and joshing that good-naturedly greeted him from all sides add to his enjoyment. The fair — heretofore potent to charm — had lost its savor. To win — to be first — to have the admiring eyes of the crowd upon him! He had not realized before what buoyancy this could give to a man's spirits. The memory of those red labels burnt him like a flame. The choicest gift from heaven seemed just then to be that little blue symbol of success now denied him! He carried himself easily, laughed cordially at jokes against himself, was outwardly the same interested, genial Big Ed his neighbors knew and liked. Only his wife saw the hurt beneath, the sickening hurt of the boy — the "boy" that always lives on in the man, beautifully and gloriously. Her eyes followed the handsome giant with yearning, maternal passion, followed wistfully till they lost him in the crowd.

"Come on, Peg," laughed a voice from the group of waiting women. "You can look at Ed any time, and the fair ——"

The fair! Peggy turned, quickly pulsing to the delicious tumult about her. The fair! What mattered it that the dust was two inches thick, and the temperature 86° in the shade, and the big grounds swarming with jostling, perspiring humanity? To-morrow the quiet of home and the fragrance of freshly cut fields and flowering shrubs might be equally grateful; but to-day, here and now! The hybrid odor and surging bedlam was one sheer, mad joy; and to Peggy, abubble with a tumult all her own, it was transport.

She saw countless friends from her girlhood's home,— in another township from her

Digitized by Google

married one,— not seen at other times or other places. By noon she had gathered a whole colony unto herself, or so it seemed, as table-cloth was added to table-cloth under the trees in the "grove," and basket after basket gave up its contents of cold chicken and sandwiches, pies, cakes, and crullers, jellies and jams and marmalades, and pickles — always pickles.

Great is fun — at some one's else expense. This time it was Big Ed's — too seldom an opportunity for mirth-loving souls to resist. A red toy balloon was tied to each diner, the whole bobbing, a red globular circle, above the three dozen heads. It was some minutes before its significance dawned upon Peggy; then swiftly her feet twinkled to her husband's side, and she edged in beside him, somehow feeling that it couldn't be so hard to bear if she were there. He was laughing loudly — too loudly to deceive Peggy.

"You'll show 'em next year," she whispered. For Peggy knew her husband and that his lesson was learned.

"Guess y' see now why I ain't letting my pretty Peggy love in for this kind of thing," he whispered in return.

Peggy's face paled, and her eyes, suddenly fearful, turned away from his. What if ——

Three hours later, Trowbridge, examining a new-style reaper, heard his father-in-law's voice:

"'Bout time fer the ladies' ridin' match, Ed. Better be makin' fer the small ring if y' want t' see it."

Something in the tone arrested his attention. Quickly, forebodingly, he pushed his way through the crowd to the fence that inclosed the ring.

Peggy was riding almost opposite him — Peggy, all joy and tenderness and beautiful youth, on — not Umpire, safe and reliable Umpire, but the Brute, the worst-tempered saddle-horse in the county, a slender-legged, handsome, ungovernable bay that passed quickly from owner to owner, leaving their broken bones behind him as souvenirs.

The Brute! Mrs. Trowbridge was riding the Brute! went swiftly over the crowd. And the crowd leaned forward, bated-breathed, thrilling exquisitely over possible danger. Men in the vicinity of Trowbridge looked at him strangely. Had Big Ed lost his senses, that he allowed his wife on the Brute?

Trowbridge stood palsied, his wife's "You'll be awfully sorry you did this" pounding on his brain. Ribbons were forgotten, washed from his mind as though they had never been. Only one thing stood out clear: his wife, his "pretty Peggy love," the apple of his eye, was in danger, and *he* must save her. He gathered himself ready for a vault over the fence when she should approach again.

Old John laid a detaining hand on his.

"Stiddy, Ed, stiddy. Pretty'd never let y' git holt the bridle. By golly! — look 't her, Ed! The little trick sure kin ride!"

There were four contestants; but, from their entrance, only two held the public eye: Eve Dawson, with the prestige of ten blue ribbons and nieceship to Old Rube; and Mrs. Ed, with the halo of her beauty and witchery and the subjugation of Big Ed's heart. All eyes followed these two. Eve Dawson, in a blue riding habit smartly trimmed with brass buttons, plump, blondely pretty, sure of herself,— and the blue ribbon,— sat her little black mare with easy assurance. She was not nervous, did not saw at the bit, nor rear herself back, nor slump forward in a heap, nor do any of the unskilful and unbecoming things that marked the riders of the sorrel and the gray. But — neither did Mrs. Ed! This came as a surprise to Eve's adherents, who had confidently expected some amateurish trick to negate whatever virtue Mrs. Ed's riding possessed.

Around and around the half-mile ring they all cantered, each going much where her fancy dictated, at the outer edge, or inner, or across the ring, or aslant it, only that all headed always the one way. A little while — then, men versed in "points" began to lean forward and draw quick breaths. Eve was sitting her horse prettily, correctly; but Mrs. Ed was *riding* hers! And, 'gad, what riding! How she yielded to every move of the Brute — and at just the precise moment! And the poise of her head, and the set of her shoulders, and her back! — was it possible that a back, supple when it should be supple and only then, straight where uprightness was needed, yet never rigid, could make all the difference that it somehow *was* making between her riding and Eve's? And no matter what gait, pacing or loping or trotting, Mrs. Ed was equally one with her mount — and *Mrs. Ed only* — was borne in upon Eve's amazed admirers. Mrs. Ed atrot was a joyous vision, while Eve ——

Speedily the great mass, knowing no contestant personally and playing no favorite, had eyes only for the slender, deliciously curving, pliable figure on the Brute, riding as nonchalantly as though alone in a country lane, her heavily curtained eyes looking out dreamily, a faint little smile on the childishly parted red lips.

The cheering and rooting began softly, then louder and louder yet: "The bay! The bay! Put 't on the bay! The *bay* — the *bay!*"

From five thousand throats it rose in a mighty roar. They had been thrilled at first by

Digitized by Google

possible danger, but that had quickly passed as they saw that the little horse had somehow found his mistress. The hoarse shouts were tributes to pure horsemanship. Mrs. Ed Trowbridge could ride! Eve Dawson was outclassed three to one. Old Rube would never dare pass over such superiority.

The whistle blew, and the four contestants cantered toward the judges' stand, the band playing softly "Just One Girl."

"The bay — the bay! The bay — the *bay!*" shrieked frenziedly the swaying, excited, insistent throng.

The awarding judge waved the riders of the gray and the sorrel to one side, and those of the black and the bay back to the field, ostensibly to view again the equestrian merits of the leaders before a decision could be reached. Those wise in the ways of Old Rube knew that this was merely a blind to give regularity to their award of the blue to Eve. A hoot of derision, a howl of disgust followed. Then:

"Change horses — change horses!" rose madly. Let Eve Dawson try the Brute; let her show what she could do on the champion bad horse of the county. This was regular, if it was regularity they were looking for.

But the judge, knowing that, though the crowd howled itself hoarse, *he* was arbiter, calmly waved the two to the field again. The howl that went up reached to the sky. Then — silence.

The judge stopped, turned slowly about to read the meaning of this hushed expectancy, stood stock-still. Mrs. Ed was at the outer edge of the ring, riding the Brute *bareback* — and as gaily careless as a small boy atop a hobby-horse! The crowd continued deadly silent. It was sensational, dramatic, too startling to be comprehended for a moment.

Then the saucy devilry of the thing clutched them. Hats were flung in the air, handkerchiefs waved madly; the shrieking was like a roll of thunder.

Ah-h!

The Brute upreared, snorted, plunged. Men all but leaped the fence, and — pacing as gently as a pet pony, the Brute continued on his way. There was no further shouting, only delighted, charmed, fascinated watching of the finest horsemanship that the old ring had ever seen.

One pair of eyes did not see wonderful riding — only a precious form that might be mangled.

"I can't stand this!" he breathed hoarsely. "I'm going t' get inside the fence now, and when she comes opposite me again I'll get her off the Brute somehow ——"

"Stiddy, Ed," came softly. "Don't y' see that her 'n' the Brute er jest havin' a little game? The horse's got t' be born yit that'd throw Pretty. She hypnotizes them, somehow — with that little soft giggle o' her'n, I guess. Did y' hear her laugh in his ear as they went by — soft like velvet? And he couldn't throw the little cuss if he wanted to. She's right to home on a horse's bare back. I used t' raise colts fer market, an' she broke 'em — and would unless I'd killed her t' stop it. Sence she's married you it's been automobiles; guess y' ain't seen her on a horse more'n twice 'fore to-day, an' then it was a family plug that was too triflin' fer Pretty t' compliment with good ridin'. She wouldn't rode Umpire nohow to-day, Ed; it was the Brute fer her, or a worse devil if she c'd skeer one up."

The whistle sounded again. Obediently Mrs. Ed turned her horse and loped toward — not the judges' stand, but the outer gate, raising her hand peremptorily for the gate-keeper to open it.

And the crowd saw the joke,— the delicious effrontery of outriding her rival and leaving the blue ribbon to fall, as a matter of course, to its foreordained recipient,— and laughed till it cried.

But the gate did not open. There were too many people jammed against it, for one thing; and, for another, the gate-keeper had been signaled from the judges' stand not to. The whistle sounded again. But Mrs. Ed still sat her horse, nonchalantly waiting for the gate to open. And the awarding judge, with what dignity he could muster, waddled from the judges' stand to Mrs. Ed, and tied the blue ribbon around her arm. And pandemonium let loose.

She rode around the ring again, slowly now, on parade, the blue ribbon floating out gaily, a little elfish laugh in her dusky eyes. And the crowd laughed with her, and for many a day thereafter. That day and Mrs. Ed had made history.

As she rode out through the gate, cleared now for her triumphal exit, her eyes leaped quickly from face to face, looking — looking — ah!

She slid from her horse into the eager arms.

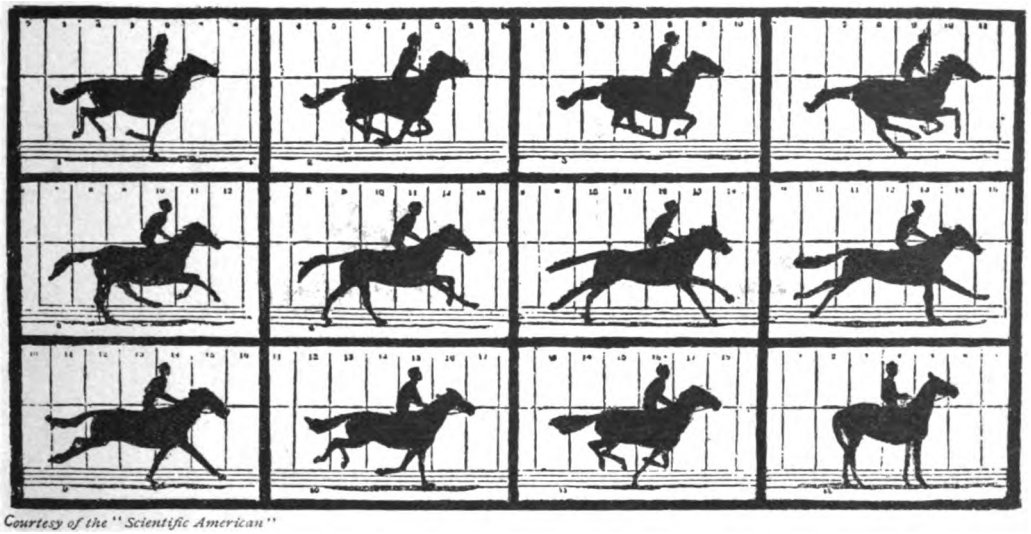
"Pretty Peggy love!"

She laughed happily, contentedly. This was what she had been waiting to hear — just those three little words, said in just that proudly adoring tone of voice.

•

The second story of this series will appear in the December issue.

Digitized by Google



Courtesy of the "Scientific American"

THE FIRST MOVING PICTURE, TAKEN BY MUYBRIDGE IN 1871. A SEPARATE CAMERA WAS USED FOR EACH NEGATIVE

FORTUNES IN FILMS

The Romance of Moving Pictures

BY

BENNET MUSSON AND ROBERT GRAU

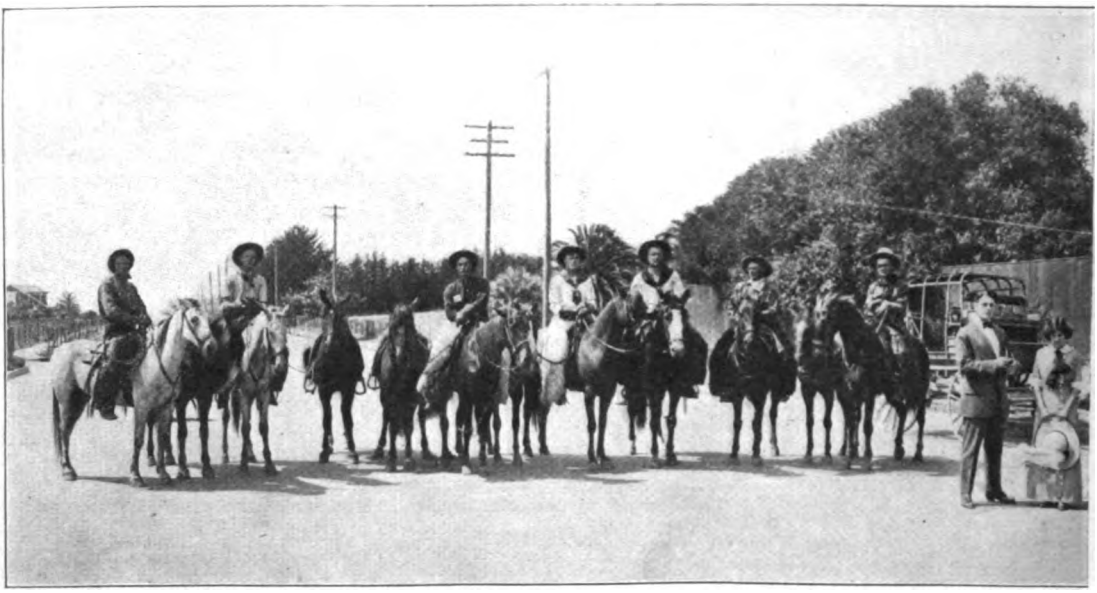
THE public is at last awakening to the fact that the early twentieth century has evolved an entirely new form of dramatic entertainment. At the present moment the American people are spending $500,000 a day on moving-picture shows. There are at least 20,000 places in the United States that are devoted to this form of popular amusement. Not far from 300,000 people, in New York City alone, daily witness these performances. In the United States, half a million people are engaged directly or indirectly in the moving-picture industries and the varied business represents an investment of $200,000,000. And the motion picture is more than a diverting photographic toy. It has created a new class of theater-goers, a new type of theater, a new kind of actor, and a new species of dramatic writing. Its use as an agency in education, in political and social reform, is already widespread. Though it was generally despised a few years ago as a demoralizing influence, there are those who foresee the time when it will be extensively used in the public system of education, in the colleges, the scientific laboratories, and even in churches and Sunday schools.

As a force for the entertainment and enlightenment of the masses, the moving-picture machine probably finds its closest parallel in the printing-press.

How Muybridge's Horse Moving-Pictured Itself

All this progress is a matter of only a little more than ten years. The discovery of motion pictures, however, considerably antedates this period. The first man to give anything remotely resembling a modern performance was the French artist Meissonier. The audience included many of the most distinguished Frenchmen of the day — men like Gérôme and Alexandre Dumas. Meissonier's interest in the new contrivance was stimulated by artistic

Digitized by Google



A MOVING-PICTURE STOCK COMPANY READY FOR THE DAY'S WORK. THE DEMAND

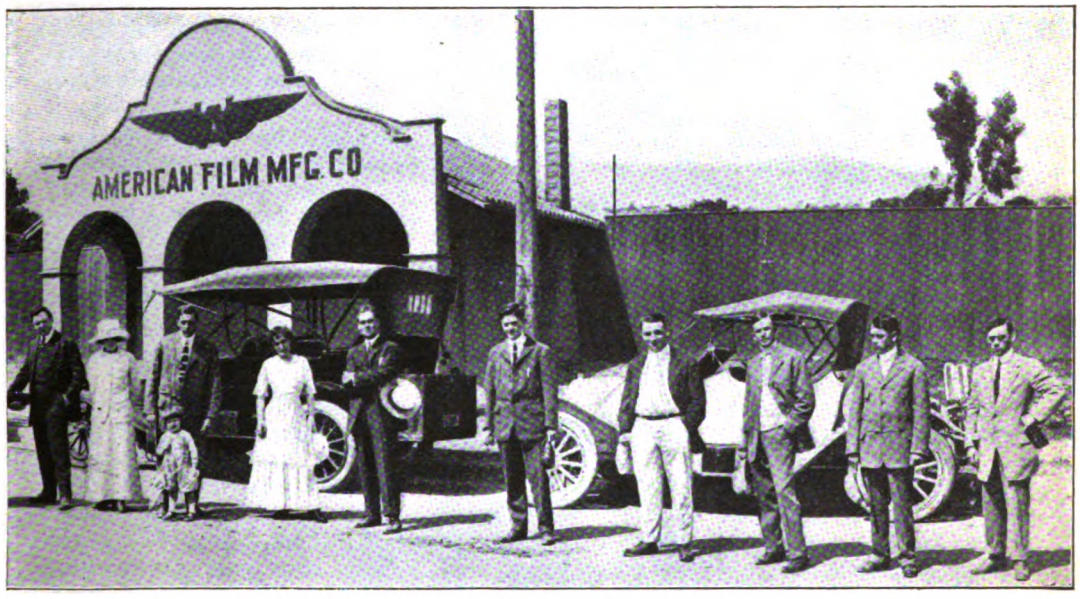
motives. He found in it a defense against certain critics of his paintings. These critics were complaining that Meissonier had painted horses in impossible attitudes — the same criticism which, many years afterward, was brought against Frederic Remington. It was with considerable interest, therefore, that Meissonier had heard of certain remarkable photographs recently taken in California by an Englishman named Muybridge, working in coöperation with that enthusiast in horse-flesh, Governor Leland Stanford. The two had established, on Governor Stanford's exercise track, what was essentially the world's first motion-picture studio — the predecessor of the elaborate Edison and Pathé establishments of to-day. Muybridge, however, had none of the facilities that make possible the motion photography as we know it now. On one side of the track he erected a high fence, painted white, so that he could get his pictures in silhouette; on the other side he placed twenty-nine cameras in a row. From each camera a string was stretched across the track, the dislocation of which would open the shutter and take a picture. Muybridge then drove his horse up the course; as the animal struck the successive strings, it literally photographed itself twenty-nine times. The plates, when examined separately, showed the horse in a series of contorted and hitherto unsuspected attitudes; but when the pictures were thrown upon a screen in rapid succession, these discordant movements were found to resolve themselves into a gracefully moving animal. It was the world's first motion picture!

It was in 1871 that Meissonier gave this private demonstration. Though he completely humiliated his critics, he did not greatly advance the cause of animated photography. From Muybridge's silhouetted horse, ingenious as it was, to the popular motion picture of to-day, was an enormous step. The distance that had to be traveled is illustrated by the fact that Muybridge had to use a separate camera for each picture. A three-thousand-foot reel is by no means a rarity in the moving-picture theaters of to-day. To produce such a film, by the Muybridge method, would require forty-eight thousand separate cameras. There could, obviously, be no practical motion photography until some one had devised a camera that could do all the work itself.

Edison's Peep-Show at the World's Fair

It is hardly worth while in this place to review the successive steps in this wonderful invention. The subject involves the liveliest kind of controversy; for, as with all revolutionary discoveries, there are a multitude of claimants, each with his vigorous champions. Ignoring all questions of priority, however, it is easy to point to several disconnected events without which the present moving-picture show would not exist. The invention of the celluloid film by George Eastman, of the kinetoscope by Thomas A. Edison, of the projecting machine by Lumière of Paris and Paul of London — after the mass of evidence is carefully examined, these are the

Digitized by Google



FOR REAL PHOTO-DRAMAS HAS CREATED AN ENTIRELY NEW TYPE OF ACTOR

facts that stand out preëminently in the history of motion photography. Visitors to the World's Fair in 1893 had early glimpses of the kinetoscope. Among the numerous catch-penny devices, it attracted considerable attention. The visitor entered a small booth, glued his eye to a round aperture, and dropped a nickel into a convenient slot. Suddenly pictures began to appear which had never burst upon his vision hitherto. A little girl was skipping rope; a human face appeared, smiling; now and then a sail-boat would glide by, or an industrious gentleman walk by, pushing a wheelbarrow. Five cents purchased about thirty seconds' worth of this kind of amusement; if one wanted more, he dropped in another nickel.

In the main, however, the contrivance did not arouse wide interest or enthusiasm. The kinetoscope, in these early days, was nothing but a peep-hole show. Each person had to look at the pictures separately. It was not until Lumière in Paris and Paul in London lifted it out of its little contracted booth, took its pictures and projected them upon a white screen — changed the whole thing, that is, into a glorified magic-lantern show — that the moving picture had arrived.

Early Interest in the Cinematograph Short-Lived

And even then the interest hardly proved to be lasting. The appearance of the cinematograph in New York, in 1896, created something of a sensation. Richard A. Hollaman, the president of the Eden Musée, who, at the World's Fair, had peeped into the Edison kinetoscope and had seen far more than the animated pantomimes displayed there, introduced the new machine in America. From his establishment the cinematograph, and the many and variously named "-graphs" and "-scopes" that sprang up about the same period, found their way into the music-hall. Their appearance coincided with the establishment of "refined vaudeville." Several enterprising managers had taken the old "variety show" out of the beer-gardens and dance-halls which it had ornamented for several decades and converted it into a form of cheap "family" entertainment. A sedate and respectable community, which for years had shunned the song-and-dance artist, now began to attend cheerfully and multitudinously. The managers, on the constant outlook for decent and diverting entertainment for these new audiences, hurriedly pounced upon the animated photograph, and in a few months it began drawing great crowds. The exhibition, however, as managed then, had no element of permanency.

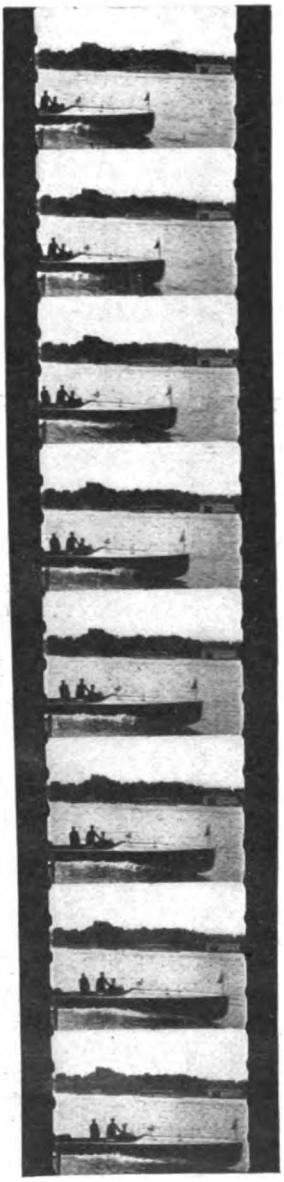
The mechanism was faulty; the pictures were indistinct — frequently merely a blotch of waving gray. There was a tantalizing flicker, and oculists everywhere began assailing the contrivance as extremely injurious to the eyes. Again, the managers made no attempt to secure interest or novelty in their subjects. A moving picture attracted crowds, not because it was artistic or entertaining in itself, but simply because it moved. A passenger train, simulating

Digitized by Google

real life in its motion; a yacht, all sails set, scudding upon what seemed to be the ocean itself; even a man walking along the street — performances of this kind, until the novelty wore off, proved vastly entertaining. Occasionally the exhibitor attempted to introduce a little comedy; as these efforts, however, usually rose no higher than pictures of the determined mother attempting to wash her rebellious son, or the small boy amusing himself with the garden hose, these early "photo-plays" had no particular vogue.

Other things besides the imperfect mechanism and the poverty of theme diminished the popular enthusiasm. The Charity Bazar fire in Paris, caused, it was believed, by the moving-picture machine, opened the public eye to its positive dangers. A number of scalawag managers along the Bowery and other places began importing indecent films from Paris. In a year or two the moving picture fell into disfavor.

It still appeared as a regular number in vaudeville programs, but it served an entirely new and rather humiliating office. In vaudeville entertainments it sometimes becomes necessary to "empty the house." The thrifty manager does not like to keep a prospective audience in the lobby, waiting until the people inside shall tire of the show. Before the advent of moving pictures, he used to make this profitable change by putting on a particularly execrable "act" — usually a repetition of some feature whose unpopularity had been clearly demonstrated. The patient souls, men and women, who performed this essential service were known as "chasers," their business being, by the badness of their performance, to drive the spectators into the streets. In a year or two the managers learned that moving pictures performed this work quite acceptably. At the appearance of the white light on the screen, at least two thirds of the audience would reach for their hats and stampede from the theater.



A HALF-SECOND OF MOVING-PICTURE FILM

Herein we have unquestionably one of the most remarkable developments in the history of public entertainment. Why is it that a theatrical device which found its chief usefulness in "chasing" audiences, should suddenly have become the most popular form of theatrical amusement ever known? The answer to this question involves what is perhaps the most suggestive chapter in dramatic history. Fundamentally, the moving-picture show involves the democratization of the stage. It has brought the theater to millions of people, in all countries, who had hardly even heard of that institution before. The stage is no longer for the mass of the working classes a closed book; for a nickel or ten cents it is opened to all.

Eight years ago a New York showman, Mr. Marcus Loew, who then ran a "penny arcade" in Harlem, happened to be spending a few days in Covington, Kentucky. In one of the streets his attention was attracted by a loudly bawling and wildly gesticulating person in front of what appeared to be a dilapidated store. This gentleman, like the familiar Bowery "barker," was raucously advertising the merits of a performance about to take place within. In spite of its generously proclaimed excellences, the price of admission was modestly placed at five cents. That, as Loew observed, was what was attracting the multitudes. For the crowds were certainly coming. The "barker" was the whole show. After "selling out the house" — a matter of one or two hundred tickets — he stationed himself at the entrance and acted as ticket collector. Then, the crowd once admitted, he himself worked the moving-picture apparatus, and also delivered the "lecture." There was not much to lecture about, but the speaker made the most of his opportunities. The spectators had no seats and the room was entirely dark. The exhibition lasted for only eight or ten minutes, after which the showman pushed his spectators out, and, taking up his stand out-

Digitized by Google

side, began attracting another audience. He informed the inquiring Mr. Loew that, up to within a few weeks, he had been a house-painter, at twelve dollars a week. This new enterprise, which he had apparently originated himself, was yielding him a profit of sixty.

Arrival of the "Store Show"

So far as Mr. Loew's knowledge goes, this was the world's first moving-picture "store show." At least, it was the first time that he had ever seen one. To test the thing, Mr. Loew opened a similar establishment on the opposite side of the street. It was somewhat more elaborate than the ex-house-painter's, and more generally advertised. The price, however, was the same — the inevitable five cents. The first day the place was opened, there were five thousand people pounding for admission, although only two hundred could get in. Loew rushed back to New York, changed his penny arcade into a moving-picture theater, and began leasing available stores all over the city. A new theatrical industry had seen the light of day, and many new millionaires, including Loew himself, had been born. In a twinkling a million theater-goers in New York City alone — the people of the tenements who seldom ever saw the outside of a regular theater — had come into existence.

In three or four years there were nearly two thousand places of this kind in New York, and nearly as many in Chicago and Philadelphia. In most cases they were converted "stores." Real-estate owners who had had unprofitable shops on their hands for years now found moving-picture men bidding against each other for them. The lessees all followed the same simple prescription. They scooped out the interiors, usually installing chairs or benches, though sometimes they forced their patrons to stand. They built white-painted façades, occasionally ornamented with Moorish and gold, pink, and blue effects. The more ambitious had electric signs. A cracked piano, a sheet for a screen, and a moving-picture apparatus completed the equipment. The place held perhaps two hundred people — though many more stood in the aisles. The show lasted only eight or ten minutes, so that the "theater" could be filled twenty or thirty times a day. This institution spread, with the most wonderful rapidity, all over the United States, Europe, and even into Africa and Asia. In two or three years there was probably not a country town in the most remote districts that did not have its picture show. The new apparatus penetrated the

Copyright, F. Russell & Sons
CHARLES URBAN, ONE OF THE INVENTORS OF THE KINEMACOLOR

M. A. NEFF, PRESIDENT OF THE MOTION PICTURE EXHIBITORS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA; AND WILLIAM FOX, ONE OF THE GREAT MOVING-PICTURE MANAGERS

FOUR OF THE MEN WHO HAVE MADE FORTUNES IN THE MOVING-PICTURE BUSINESS

MARCUS LOEW, WHO CONTROLS FORTY MOVING-PICTURE THEATRES EAST OF CHICAGO

Digitized by Google

mining-fields of Alaska, the sandy villages of New Mexico and Arizona, and the logging-camps of Maine and Oregon. Sometimes the theater was merely a log shack with upturned barrels for seats; at other times it was located in the cellar of an abandoned house or in a tent. In older communities, worn-out factories, superannuated roller-skating rinks, and even broken-down churches were put into commission.

In the main, these people prospered amazingly. The business required little capital, and offered great opportunities to enterprising people among the immigrant classes. East Side Russian Jews, who are the greatest shoe-string speculators in the world, reaped an enormous harvest. They would take a lease on a little store, remodel it,— almost invariably on credit, — and rent a moving-picture machine by the week. In a month or two they would have laid by enough to pay off the mortgage; a few months more and they were usually able to branch out and take another house. A profit of three or four hundred dollars a week on a place was not unusual.

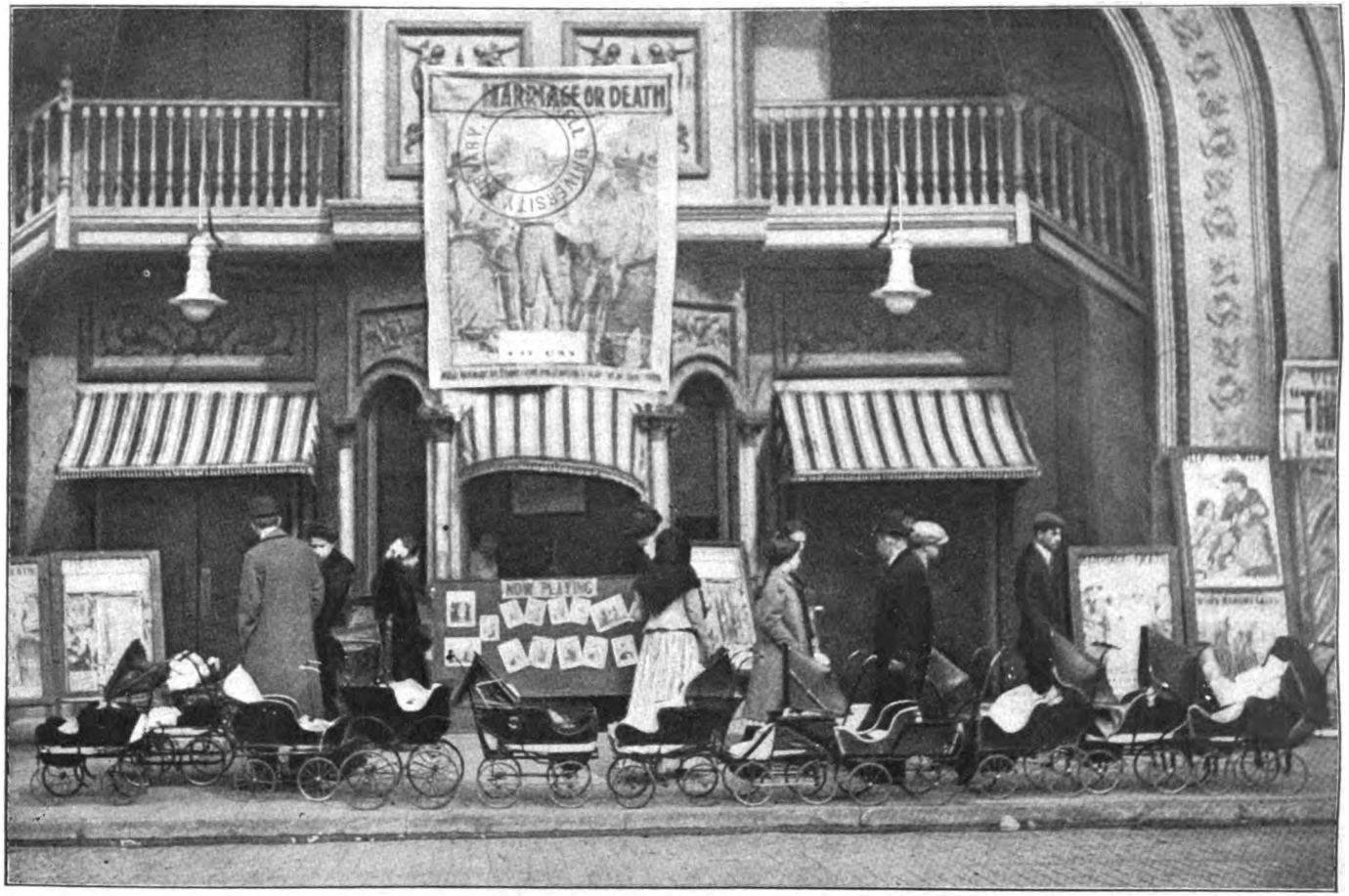
The mania reached such proportions that a popular revulsion against the shows started in. Church and social workers and educators became alarmed. The earliest and warmest patrons were the children; their enthusiasm for the little theaters amounted to infatuation. Too many exhibitors had little conscience in their work and were interested only in raking in the nickels. The converted theaters were generally dirty, unventilated, and dangerous in case of fire. Especially obnoxious was the fact that they were totally dark, and thus objectionable from a standpoint of good morals. Men of the lowest type of city politician found the motion picture a useful field for exploitation. The performances were frequently objectionable and ranged all the way from vulgarity to obscenity. Sensational murders, burglaries, and prize-fights too often formed the staple of entertainment. One firm even attempted to stage the Thaw murder, just as one is now preparing to film the New York Rosenthal case. There were plenty of conscientious manufacturers and exhibitors who furnished higher-class subjects, but they were so mixed with the inferior sort that the whole movement amounted to an actual danger. A really valuable agency of entertainment and instruction seemed in danger of being prostituted.

Censorships Established

Many of the most successful of the moving-picture men themselves took the lead in the reform. In Chicago they acted with certain civic bodies in the demand for a censorship of moving-picture plays. As a result, the police in that city must approve every film before it is exhibited. The rules exclude all murders, burglaries, and anything suggestive of marital infidelity. In New York the problem was solved in a somewhat different way. There are located the larger constituents of the so-called trust,— the Edison Company, the Vitagraph, Pathé Frères, the Biograph,— and the largest, most enterprising "independents." All these concerns and most of the exhibitors voluntarily put themselves in the hands of the People's Institute of New York. They offered to submit every film to a censorship board appointed by this organization and to suppress any film that was disapproved. The board ultimately selected for this work included representatives of all the leading social, civic, and religious organizations in New York. This censorship has worked a great improvement in the character of the shows. Though excitement and melodrama are by no means tabooed, their most regular and sensational manifestations are now kept off the screen. The censorship board meets every day and passes upon the pictures; as a matter of fact, however, it disapproves very few — probably not as many as it should. Occasionally it cuts out a scene, perhaps some of the "lines"; on rare occasions it withholds its imprimatur from a whole film. The knowledge that the pictures have to pass a censorship naturally makes the manufacturers careful, and with the largest manufacturers to-day it has become a matter of pride that their pictures are never "turned down."

What did most to improve the moving-picture show was the new underlying conception of its scope. The time when the picture was worth while simply because it moved had gone by. People tired of running horses, military parades, and moving trains, and demanded real plays. The early attempts were crude enough — as crude as many of the beginnings of the English drama. The story of "grandpa's spectacles" — grandpa searching everywhere, to the great delight of the smaller members of the family, and finally finding them on the top of his own head — represented the height of comedy in these early days. Moving scenery also furnished novelty for a time. Some of the "store theaters" were even furnished like railroad cars. There were the plush seats of the day-coach, the sides of the car with the conventional railway windows, and the platforms. You paid five cents, got in a car, a whistle tooted, and everybody was off! The screen in front represented the country through which you were supposed to be flying at

Digitized by Google



THE MOVING-PICTURE THEATER HAS BECOME AMERICA'S FAVORITE FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT. APPARENTLY EVEN THE BABIES ATTEND THE SHOW

Digitized by Google

A MOVING-PICTURE STOCK COMPANY IN EGYPT, LUNCHING, IN THEIR MAKE-UP, ON THE TERRACE OF THE EGYPTIAN VILLA WHERE THEY ARE LODGING. THERE IS NO PART OF THE WORLD WHERE THE MOVING-PICTURE COMPANY DOES NOT TRAVEL

express-rate speed. Mountains, valleys, rivers, cities, and towns flew by; the train entered tunnels and crossed bridges; telegraph-poles, even trains, shot past. The trouble was that people tired of this experience after undergoing it two or three times. The managers saw that they must offer something in the way of a regular performance, or retire from business.

Hollaman's Pioneer Photo-Play

Fifteen years ago Mr. Richard Hollaman, of the Eden Musée, had done something of this kind. In the early '90's an unknown Westerner, Salmi Morse, arrived in New York with his manuscript version of a Passion Play. He succeeded in interesting several leading theatrical men in its production — notably Henry E. Abbey, afterward impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Abbey invested large sums, employed a high order of dramatic talent, and rehearsed the play for six months at Booth's Theater in Twenty-third street. Just as he was about to raise the curtain, there came a tremendous protest from the clergy, and the Mayor prohibited the play. Abbey was ruined financially, and poor Salmi Morse, broken-hearted, committed suicide. It occurred to Mr. Hollaman to resurrect this play, get the Abbey scenery and properties, and photograph it for the screen. In this ambitious project Mr. Hollaman was a pioneer; this was in 1898, and the cinematograph, at that time, had hardly passed the stage of acrobatic humor. The success of the play justified Mr. Hollaman's large expectations. By the time his performance opened, all clerical opposition had disappeared; indeed, church congregations and Sunday schools attended the exhibition in a mass, and a well known local clergyman served as lecturer. The play lasted for nearly an hour; there was a church choir and a church organ to lend solemnity; and men and women left the theater in tears. The "run" lasted for six months, afternoons and evenings; and the play was exhibited all over Europe with the same success.

Mr. Hollaman's experiment indicated the real scope of the moving-picture idea; but it was not until ten years after, about 1908, that the manufacturers began to use the screen for real plays. By this time a change had taken

Digitized by Google

A MOVING-PICTURE CAMP IN WYOMING. THE MOVING-PICTURE MANAGER DOES NOT USE PAINTED CANVAS FOR SCENERY, BUT STAGES HIS DRAMA AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF THE ACTUAL COUNTRY TO WHICH IT BELONGS

place in the theaters themselves. New York and other cities had passed laws excluding children from motion-picture shows except when accompanied by adults. Stronger municipal laws began to produce cleaner, better ventilated, and safer structures. Instead of reconstructing abandoned stores, the showmen were erecting little theaters of their own. These newer places proved so attractive that the crowds began to leave the smaller moving-picture places. There are many still left, but they are rapidly thinning out. The two thousand moving-picture places that existed in Greater New York six years ago have dwindled now to less than four hundred.

Revival of the Art of Pantomime

But it was the managers who followed Mr. Hollaman's example of presenting dramas that started the present moving-picture boom. This really amounted to the revival of an art that had been dead for a generation — the art of pantomime. The makers of these picture plays invented a device which the old pantomimist did not have. Whenever the plot showed signs of becoming vague, they could "point it up" by throwing pithy sentences upon the screen. Letters, telegrams, and newspaper head-lines became essential parts of this new drama — serving an interpretative purpose not unlike that of the chorus in a Greek tragedy. In other even more important respects the new pantomime differed from the old. The essence of the old pantomime was exaggeration, both in action and in facial expression; the whole thing, as a reproduction of life, was simply grotesque. Until about four years ago, the moving-picture people seemed to think that the same grimaces were indispensable to success. The actors moved rapidly, and conveyed their ideas by wild gesticulations; instead of facial expression, they indulged in facial contortion. By this kind of acting they not only travestied their art, but prevented the camera from doing its best work. The camera gives the best results only when the photographed object *moves slowly*. An old man walking deliberately is reproduced much more effectively than an athlete making a hundred-yard dash; a quiet, leisurely, natural smile shows up better than a spasmodic grin; a gesture of the arm must be made slowly in order

Digitized by Google

OWEN MOORE, ONE OF THE FOREMOST MOVING-PICTURE ACTORS IN THIS COUNTRY. BOTH HE AND HIS WIFE EARN SALARIES OF $10,000 A YEAR

to be moving-pictured to the life. The failure to observe this rule results in the blurred, jerky, unnatural movement that spoils so many films.

About four years ago Frank E. Woods prepared a play that depended for success, not upon rapid, convulsive movements, but upon natural acting. Several producers declined it because it was a "slow picture" and was therefore over the heads of their audience. But the Biograph Company brought it out with great success. It was this play that really taught the moving-picture men their real usefulness in the amusement field. Up to that time they had been floundering; now there arose the demand for plays. Newspaper and other writers suddenly discovered a new market for their work. In the "scenario writer," literature developed an entirely new figure.

The play consisted of practically nothing but stage directions — though sometimes the story would be actually written out (not, however, in dialogue), in order to give the actors the plot in detail. The moving-picture play differed from the contemporary drama in its multiplicity of scenes. Twenty or thirty changes in a single play were not unusual. Again, it had one great advantage over the "legitimate" in the fact that it could ignore many time-worn stage conventions and secure greater realism.

In place of scenery, it made use of real life. When the producer needed a railroad train, he did not construct it of canvas or pasteboard: he went out and photographed the actual thing. If he needed the ocean, he did not rely upon the modern stage mechanism — effective as that frequently is: he showed the ocean itself. If he needed a medieval castle, he did not have to make one: there were plenty in Europe waiting to be filmed. As far as "scenery" and natural effects were concerned, he had the whole world at his disposal.

And he also had a range of subjects almost bewildering in its extent. History, romance, fiction, fairy-tales, folk-lore, religion — several thousands of years seemed to have been busily accumulating material ready to his hand. Subjects that entirely lacked effectiveness on the conventional stage acquired real magic when projected on the screen. The Wooden Horse of Troy offers no great attraction as a three-hour spoken drama, but it holds the spectators spellbound as a fifteen- or thirty-minute moving-picture show. The signing of the Declaration of Independence had to wait a hundred and thirty years to be dramatized by the Thanhouser Company. John Hancock's famous signature has dramatic value as it appears in all its courageous and heroic outline on the screen.

New Kind of Stock Company

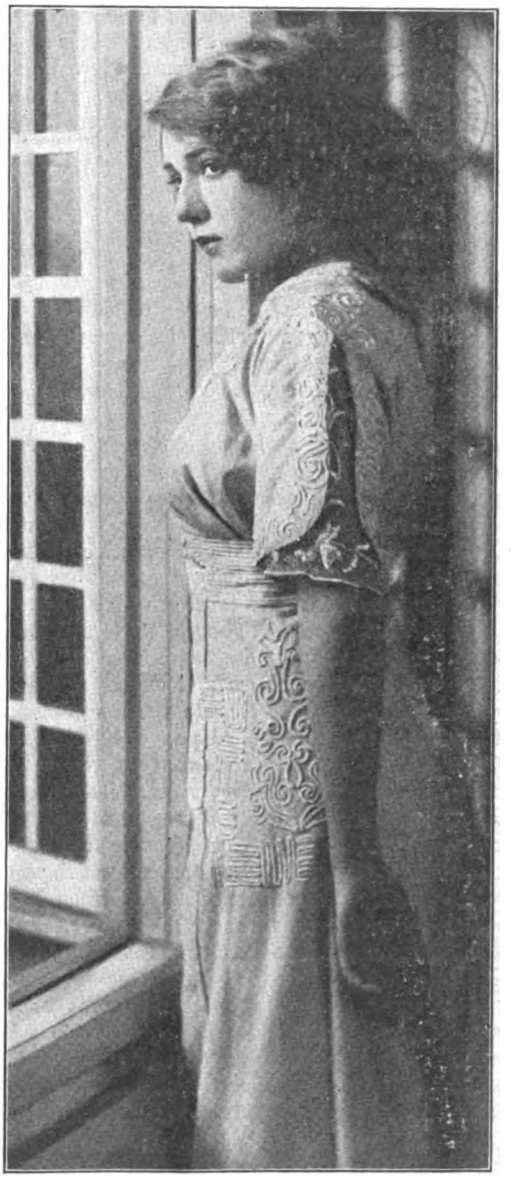
And now real actors went into moving pictures. There was another development — the moving-picture stock company. Nor were the men and women who took to the new field necessarily played-out dramatic hacks. Joseph Jefferson was one of the first to pose; Blanche Walsh has done Tolstoy's "Resurrection"; Nat C. Goodwin recently rehearsed "Shylock" for the

Digitized by Google

camera; in France, Bernhardt, Réjane, and Jane Hading are moving-picture actors. Many smaller lights have left the "legitimate" and definitely gone over to the moving-picture stage. The largest producers have stock companies of from twenty to forty men and women. The new field offers many advantages over the old. The pay is smaller, but the income is larger because employment is regular and lasts for fifty-two weeks in the year. There are no "one-night stands"; the moving-picture actors have permanent homes, and work usually only in the day-time.

The next remarkable movement in the moving-picture business began about four years ago. At that time the block of buildings on which stood the old Manhattan Theater was razed to make way for a department-store. A fugitive amusement promoter of New York, known as "Archie" Sheppard, leased the Manhattan week by week, pending its destruction. He caused something of a sensation when he announced that he intended to put a moving-picture machine in this high-class theater. For years the Manhattan had been one of the most famous play-houses of New York — the place where Mrs. Fiske, among others, had brought out many of her most artistic productions. That this theater should drop from "Becky Sharp" and "Hedda Gabler" to "photo-plays," and the price of the seats from two dollars to ten cents, certainly seemed to indicate a new development in public amusement. No one, so far as history records, had ever before put moving pictures, as a steady diet, in a standard theater. The experiment, however, proved enormously popular. The building was packed every afternoon and night for the succeeding year and a half. When it was torn down, William J. Gane, Sheppard's successor, had established a moving-picture clientele which was yielding him profits of almost three thousand dollars a week. As he could not afford to lose this, Gane erected a large new theater in the same neighborhood, designed exclusively for moving-picture shows, which he named the Manhattan. In the two years he has managed this house he has made a large fortune. Daily and nightly he is still "turning them away."

In less than ten years the cinematograph had thus ascended from the noisome little "store show" to the big Broadway houses. For there were many who followed Mr. Gane's example. Marcus Loew, the pioneer of the "store show," began taking over many of New York's most famous play-houses. At the present moment, under his management, such theaters as the Herald Square, the Bijou, the American, and Weber and Fields' are used for moving pictures.



MARY PICKFORD MOORE, WIFE OF OWEN MOORE, AND ONE OF THE HIGHEST-SALARIED MOVING-PICTURE ACTRESSES IN HER PROFESSION

When Loew opened the American Theater a few months ago, the crowds were so great that the police could hardly control them. Loew even offered $150,000 a year for the Metropolitan Opera House; he proposed to oust Caruso, Farrar, and Fremstad, and offer photo-plays at ten and fifteen cents! Disappointed in not getting the Metropolitan, Loew is now building a new moving-picture theater in Harlem which has a larger seating capacity than has the great Opera House. He has spent a couple of million

Digitized by Google

dollars on similar play-houses on the New York East Side and in the Broadway section. He now controls sixteen theaters in Greater New York and not far from forty east of Chicago. At the present moment he is collecting a similarly large circuit in England.

Will Moving Pictures Supplant the "Legitimate" Drama?

Eight years ago William Fox was a clog-dancer in the cheapest vaudeville houses in New York. He is now making a fortune in several large moving-picture theaters. The change in the theatrical situation was emphasized a few months ago when he leased the Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street for a hundred thousand dollars a year. This fine building, a generation ago, was America's greatest opera house.

Recently many managers in New York and elsewhere have introduced one practice in the moving-picture theaters that sometimes has unfortunate results. This is alternating photo-plays with vaudeville. Though these acts are not indecent, they are, in the poorer class of theaters, frequently coarse and vulgar, and are by no means likely to elevate the amusement standards of the masses. Upon one point all observers are agreed, and that is that the moving-picture play can never reach its highest development until it is entirely separated from so-called vaudeville. An elaborate measure for the supervision of these theaters, which was before the New York Board of Aldermen last winter, provided, as an essential feature, that such places should be used exclusively by the cinematograph.

However, a much higher type of manager is now entering this field. In New York the moving-picture camera has taken possession of not far from twenty theaters which for years had been the headquarters of the conventional drama. Several of these belong to the "hoo-doo" class — places that, year after year, had wrecked the fortunes of successive managers, but which the aggressive "filum magnates"— as they sometimes call themselves — have transformed into great money-makers. The same change has taken place in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and in smaller towns. Every Western community has for years had its "opera house," the despair of struggling managers and "one-night standers"; a white screen at one end and a whirring moving-picture machine at the other have, apparently, solved all their artistic and financial problems. Places like Montreal (perhaps the most famous theatrical morgue in North America) have suddenly become great show towns — thanks to the "photo-play."

Many of the pictures furnish as inspiring and beautiful a form of popular amusement as the human mind has devised. The larger part of the films publicly shown to-day are free from vulgarity and certainly from obscenity. Indeed, from this standpoint, they probably compare favorably with the average two-dollar modern drama. As a moral influence, they are immeasurably superior to the so-called "musical comedy." This does not mean that there is not a large amount of work still to be done. The subjects photographed are too often purely sensational; sudden death fills up too much of the program; and the inevitable domestic triangle figures too commonly in motion plays, as it does in the more pretentious drama. But the beginnings have only been made. The essential point is that the plays are improving every day. The cinematograph is now a firmly established dramatic institution; what it will become, with the inevitable improvement in the apparatus, with the development of new managers, new playwrights, and new producers, can only faintly be foreseen.

SNAPPING A CAVALRY CHARGE WITH THE CINEMATOGRAPH

Digitized by Google

Copyright, 1912, by The McClure Publications, Inc.

THE MONTESSORI METHOD AND THE AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN

BY

ELLEN YALE STEVENS

Miss Ellen Yale Stevens, principal of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, is known to thousands of teachers in this country as one of the most thoughtful, clear-sighted, and experienced American educators. Anything that she may say on the subject of primary education commands immediate attention from the members of her profession, for it bears the stamp of a wise and forceful personality and a deep experience.

Miss Stevens has for years stood at the head of a great school which embraces the kindergarten as a regular feature of its curriculum. Within the last eighteen months, since the beginning of the Montessori movement in this country, the kindergarten method and the Montessori method have been issues in a great controversy which has stirred the whole educational world. The two methods have been constantly compared and contrasted, and each one has been criticized from the point of view of the other. The following article, coming from an educator who has for years studied and observed the kindergarten method in her own school, and who has also made a personal investigation of the Montessori schools in Rome, is one of the most interesting criticisms of the two systems that have been made.

FOR the first time, I believe, in the history of educational thought, a new movement has come to the front through the medium of a popular magazine instead of by means of a scientific treatise by a specialist in education, which would naturally have a limited appeal. The result of this is that the interest of the whole country has been aroused, not only in the work of Dr. Montessori in Italy, but in the present state of education in this country.

As my first knowledge of Dr. Montessori came through the article by Miss Tozier in the May, 1911, issue of this magazine, I am glad to give the readers of McCLURE's my own impres-

Digitized by Google

sions of this remarkable woman, her book, and her theories.

As principal of a school which includes a kindergarten in its curriculum, I have felt for some time that the last word has not been said in primary education, and that problems are arising, conditions have to be met, criticisms must be faced, for which the present system is inadequate. So I gave up more than three months of a busy life to this subject, crossing the ocean in order to meet its founder, to study the method in its own home, and to compare its results with that of the kindergarten and primary school as they are seen in Rome.

Is the Montessori Material Better than That of Fröbel?

I started for Italy with some definite questions in my mind, as, for example: Is Montessori a genius? Is her book a real contribution to educational thought? Has her method something in it vital and universal? Has she broken down the wall between the kindergarten and primary classes? Is her material better than that of Fröbel, and if so why? Are the children trained by it in useful physical and intellectual habits? Before any attempt is made to summarize the answers found to these and other questions, a brief outline of my three months may be of interest.

I sailed for Italy October 2, 1911, on an Italian steamer, and landed in Genoa October 15. I called on Dr. Montessori the day after my arrival in Rome, with my letters of introduction. Although she does not speak English, her knowledge of French is perfect, and, with this to supplement my Italian, we had a very satisfactory interview.

Meeting with Montessori

Dr. Montessori is a woman of about forty, fine-looking, with great charm of manner, and remarkable eyes that reveal the student and the psychologist. She greeted me cordially, and arranged for me to meet her two days later at the convent school in the Via Giusti, where her method has been introduced. I was disappointed to find that the lectures she gave the year before would not be repeated, in 1911, as she was busily engaged in the study and experiment necessary to carry her methods into the upper primary classes. In the place of these lectures I at once arranged for two series of private conferences — one series with Signora Galli, the best exponent of Dr. Montessori's methods, and another with an English lady who had been sent over by influential English people to study the methods with the view of introducing them in England. In addition to these conferences, I received permission to visit the Montessori schools. In a few days I had all necessary permits to carry out the following schedule:

1. To visit regularly the different types of schools which have adopted the Montessori method.

2. To visit kindergarten and primary classes in municipal schools which have not adopted the methods, that I might compare the old and the new methods with the same type of children.

3. To accompany this school-visiting with study and conference with Miss Lidbetter and Signora Galli and, whenever possible, with Dr. Montessori.

This program I followed faithfully for seven weeks, visiting in that time twelve schools, eight of which were using, wholly or in part, the Montessori method, and making from one to six visits to each school. I found the directors and instructors in these schools uniformly courteous and helpful and the children friendly and responsive.

The Montessori Children Far More Advanced than Other Children of Their Age

In the two schools I visited oftenest, the convent school in the Via Giusti and that of St. Angelo in Pescheria, I was allowed to use the material with the children, and thus became familiar with it, and also was able to follow the progress of the individual children. I saw in this way more than two hundred and fifty children using the Montessori material, and two or three times that number in the ordinary primary and kindergarten classes.

The Italian children of all classes are quick, deft with their hands, gentle, rhythmic, and graceful. But the children in the Montessori schools were far beyond those of their own age in the other schools in self-reliance, power of attention, interest in the work, self-control, co-ordination, and ability to write, read, and work in numbers.

I was astonished to find so many kindergartens in Rome, but they are without exception of the strictly Fröbelian type. The training-school for kindergartners is under the direction of a German woman, of about seventy, I judged, with very old-fashioned ideas.

Why Italian Teachers Prefer the Montessori School to the Kindergarten

Several of the teachers I saw in the Montessori schools had taken that course after a longer

Digitized by Google

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Copyright, 1912, by The McClure Publications, Inc.

A CLASS OF CHILDREN IN THE FIRST AMERICAN MONTESSORI SCHOOL, CONDUCTED BY MISS ANNE GEORGE AT TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK, SHOWING THE CHILDREN AT ONE OF THEIR SINGING GAMES

Digitized by Google

or shorter experience in kindergarten teaching, and I was greatly interested in their reasons for preferring this method. They all seemed to feel that the approach to truth was more direct, and avoided the symbolism which may appeal to the mature mind, but seldom to that of the very young child. They believed, also, that the material invented by Dr. Montessori was more practical, as it is so simple that the child uses it instinctively in an educational way. They affirmed that by this method individual development was possible to a much greater degree because the natural differences in children and the varying rates of progress always found among children of the same age is provided for; and that the strain on the child was lessened when class directions or dictations were avoided and no attempt made to have him follow the thought of the teacher, which is often beyond him. Instead, the child's self-activity, his auto-education, is greater when he is left more to himself. Dr. Montessori's theory of disciplined liberty, I was told, is as necessary for the children of the well-to-do as it is for those of the poor; the child of the poor must learn to conquer his environment, the child of the rich must learn independence.

Montessori's Book Unique in the Literature of Education

But, to return to my own impressions of the book, its author, and her method:

Dr. Montessori's "Scientific Pedagogy" is one of the most impressive and illuminating books I have ever read. Considered merely as a human document, it is a wonderful revelation of the simple, devoted, single-hearted consecration of a great soul to a great cause. Considered as a treatise on education, it seems to me to be true to psychology, scientific, consistent, progressive. Combining as it does scientific theory and the history of a personal experience with original didactic material, it is unique.

After reading and studying Dr. Montessori's book, and after several interviews with her, I believe fully in her genius. She has a great personality, and, like Fröbel, inspires an intense feeling of loyalty. Hers is a constructive genius, such as was Shakespeare's, so that, coming after a long line of educators, she has unified their theories and added to them from her own powers of intuition and insight.

Montessori a Genius of the First Rank

In her one finds the individualism of Rousseau, without his isolation; the sense-training of Pestalozzi, enriched by most accurate exercises to develop the powers of perception, leading to the apperception of Herbert; Fröbel's belief in self-activity, in the value of play, in the development of instincts and impulses into habits, brought into conformity with modern psychology and child study and freed from symbolism; the patient work of Pinel, Itard, Séguin, with idiots and defectives, enlarged and adapted to normal children. Add to this, long years of study and practice as an anthropologist and a physician in clinics and hospitals; finally, years of testing her theories in an asylum and a social settlement with material of her own invention. Where in the world can you find such a combination of genius with inheritance, training, and experience? We women should be proud that one of our sex, always considered the teaching sex, has the creative ability and scientific training which enable her to take her place as a real contributor to educational progress.

Just as my study of the book convinced me of its value, and as my interviews with Dr. Montessori revealed her to me as a genius of the constructive, inventive, and intuitive order, so my study of the schools of Rome showed me the possible superiority of her method and of the didactic material invented by her over that in present use.

Psychology teaches us that the function of our consciousness is twofold — to bring us into full knowledge of our environment and to bring our environment into harmony with ourselves — and that our nervous system is the means by which this twofold function is performed.

If that is true, education should consist not only in the development of consciousness, so that it may best perform this twofold function, but in the perfecting of our nervous system as its instrument. Such a view of education considers it on a twofold plan, a material or lower, and a spiritual or higher. To the lower plane belongs this perfecting of the nervous system, the developing of inherited impulses, reflexes, and instincts into habits, the coördination of our motor life, and the acquiring technique for the mastery of our environment. On the higher plane we ask of education that it develop our consciousness through the enrichment, first, of our life of sensation, then of perception, then of conception or thinking, and also that it develop the will which is the totality of activity.

If we consider Dr. Montessori's theories and her didactic material on both of these planes, we shall find, I think, great possibilities in it for the education of our children. Fröbel saw the possibilities latent in the combination of random, impulsive, and reflex acts (the stock in trade of the child) and in the nervous energy which is his birthright; and he devised many gifts, occupations, and games by means of

Digitized by Google

which this inherited and natural capital might be utilized.

Montessori has Gone Deeper than Fröbel

But I think Montessori, with a physician's knowledge of a human being and a teacher's insight into child life, has gone deeper. She shows us how to protect the nervous system from strain, how to follow genetic laws, how to foster the possibilities of growth. She teaches us how best to give the child mastery of the instruments he needs — the tongue, the hand, the pen — before he attempts much use of them in his thought life; how to help him to become master of himself as a physical being in his daily life at home and in school. She realizes the plasticity of the nervous system and the importance of building into its tissues by developing muscular memory, sensory associations, habitual reactions.

In the Montessori schools we see children with standards ingrained, as it were, so that they are content to erase and erase until the word or sentence on the slate or blackboard approaches the model in their own minds. I saw such mastery of the technique of writing that pen and ink were used freely by six-year-olds without accident. I saw a child read to herself for half an hour, pronouncing perfectly every syllable, correcting herself when necessary, oblivious alike to the foreign lady bending over her and the little brother of three playing at her side. I saw children of five or less carrying pitchers of water and tureens of soup without spilling a drop, so perfect was their poise.

All this illustrates what I mean by education on the lower plane, but more important still are the possibilities in this method for education along the higher level, that of the mental and spiritual life.

Accurate perceptions lead to correct concepts. I see the possibilities of proper concepts in mathematics, science, and other studies gained by this method. By the approach to reading through writing, this order in the child's growth is preserved. Language is the fullest conceptual expression we have, and reading as a mental act to interpret the thoughts of others is a much higher mental act than writing, which expresses our own thought. The approach to reading by the following steps — coördination of hand and pen, then the muscular memory of letters and words by touch, then the application of technique gained to the expression of the child's simple percepts, then the recognition of these when written by the teacher in the form of simple commands for him to obey or questions for him to answer — seems to me very logical, just as does the approach to writing, from the geometric insets, through the outlines of these same forms to the outline of letter or word.

Applying the Montessori Method to American Children

A word as to the difficulties we shall meet in bringing this method to the American child in the present conditions of our school life. Here I feel that we have a problem as great as that of Dr. Montessori when she adapted it to the normal child after proving its value with deficients. Temperamentally the American child differs widely from the Italian: he is less responsive to sense impressions, yet has more imagination; he has a greater fund of nervous energy, with less docility; he has more initiative, more power of invention.

The Italian race is very homogeneous; not so the American. In our blend are found strains of the Norse and the Celt, those northern races with their rich imagination and intuitions. Our children love the mysterious, the unreal, the myth, the fairy story; and this need should be provided for by the story, the song, and the game. I expect our children to be freer with the material — to take some of the steps more quickly and omit others altogether. I hope the excess of nervous energy we so often find in our schools, leading to restlessness and noisy demonstration, may be more fully utilized than ever before. I hope also that the spontaneous nature of this method, with its greater freedom of choice, its strong appeal to interest, will develop habits of attention and concentration so sadly needed in the later years of school life.

Our conditions here are in some ways less favorable to this method, with our shorter hours and long vacations. On the other hand, we have already achieved many things Dr. Montessori is fighting for in Italy. The progressive kindergartens are in sympathy with many of her theories. Most of our teachers are broad-minded, well trained, alert, keen, thoughtful. Personally, I should like to see the kindergarten and first primary grade as they now are reconstructed according to her principles, using her materials, but keeping the morning circle and the story, many of the songs and games, and some of the occupations, especially the clay.

The Critics of the Montessori Method

I have listened with much interest to many criticisms of this method since my return from Italy.

Critics see a danger of over-emphasis of the material instead of the spiritual side of educa-

Digitized by Google

tion; but I have tried to show how the material is the way of approach only.

Dr. Montessori is an idealist, and implicit in her theories are ideals, reaching out to the home, the city, the nation, to God. There is opportunity for creative work in the use of clay, in free design and drawing, and in the legitimate use of the materials, and especially in composition, of which I saw some remarkable examples in Rome. I gave a little girl of six a flower which I had picked the day before at Tivoli, telling her this as well as I could in Italian. Some time after she brought me, at the teacher's suggestion, a composition of two pages, in which she told of the Signora Americana who spoke Italian, of her pleasure in the flower, and gave a little description of it — all this written in ink, without an erasure or a mistake.

Last of all, a word as to the dangers in the method. Much depends upon the teacher — or director, as Dr. Montessori prefers she should be called. An ideal Montessori teacher should have a background of culture, knowledge of psychology, power to observe with scientific accuracy, yet with loving insight, the children under her care; she should be able to intervene at the right moment with help or suggestion; she should be able to give simply and clearly the lessons, following the three steps, which have been adapted from Séguin's method; she should have so clear an idea of what disciplined liberty means that she can create its atmosphere in her room; she should be able to keep the children from superficial playing with the material, and to inculcate respect for it in their minds; she is to prevent desultory habits and foster habits of orderliness. All this is not easy, but it is essential, I think, to success.

While I found poor teachers of this method as well as of the kindergarten in Rome, I also found inspiration in seeing the results obtained by those who understood its principles without being slavish adherents of its method. I speak with enthusiasm, because I believe that from Italy, which has given the world one Renaissance, that of art, comes the Renaissance of education, with a rediscovery and unification of principles already formulated, combined with new theories, methods, and material adapted to democratic society as it is conceived of at the present time. It is our privilege and our duty in democratic America to welcome this new name on the long list of educational reformers, and help by broad-minded, thoughtful study of her theories to further the cause of education all over the world.

Copyright, 1912, by The McClure Publications, Inc.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A MONTESSORI TRAINING COURSE

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE announces that a four months' training course for teachers will be given in Rome by Dr. Maria Montessori, beginning January 15, 1913.

Dr. Montessori considers that her personal supervision is of primary importance in the training of teachers. In the course which she offers she will herself prepare teachers to train classes of children according to the Montessori method. The course will consist of lectures on the theory of her method by Dr. Montessori, lessons in practice work, and observation lessons in the Case dei Bambini.

The lectures will be given in Italian, but will be interpreted by a competent teacher who will answer any questions which may be asked. At the end of the course an examination will be held and diplomas will be given to those who are considered capable of practising the method.

The tuition for the course will be $250. Board and lodging may be secured in Rome for from six to ten dollars a week. Applicants for admission to this course should make application promptly to the American Montessori Committee, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York, stating fully their education and teaching experience. Further details regarding the training course may be had by applying to the Montessori American Committee at the above address.

Digitized by Google

THE PRODIGAL

MAYOR HOWARD'S OWN STORY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

This is a narrative of Mr. Howard's actual personal experiences told by himself. At the age of thirty-eight he had run through a fortune of half a million. He left New York $100,000 in debt, with $25 in his pocket. For a while he drifted aimlessly about Boston. One day his eye was caught by the notice of the closing out of the Salem "Gazette." Howard's people had come from Salem. By noon that day he was in the town offering to buy the "Gazette." His offer was refused, and Howard, although penniless, started a reform paper of his own, the "Dispatch," which, by desperate expedients and by living on a few cents a day, he managed to keep going through the winter. One day some one suggested to Howard that he run for Mayor of Salem. He announced himself a candidate, put up a spirited fight, and was elected Mayor. His political enemies, however, had begun a criminal libel suit against him, and were confident of convicting him before the end of his term.

NEARER and nearer came the day of my trial; and darker and darker the prospect seemed to me. All the force of my enemies was concentrated in this one final attempt to get me in jail. I went to see the lawyer, in Louis Brandeis' office in Boston, who was to try my case for me.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked him.

"Smile," said Mr. McClennen.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I mean on the witness-stand," said Mr. McClennen. "We will take care of the rest. All you need to do is to keep cool and smile."

Nothing about my case worried this man, at any rate. He was a quiet, smiling person, cool and polished as old ivory; law courts held no terror for him. He went on his way, as he had every court day for ten years, trying cases — a new one nearly every day. And half a dozen young lawyers from the Brandeis office were turned loose in Salem, scratching every corner for the evidence he would want when my turn came.

My day of judgment came at last — June 14, 1910. And my enemies gathered to devour me. Bright and early in the morning the Republican county leader, old "Colonel" Peterson, was down, waiting for the judge to arrive in town. The ancient railroad station echoed to his greetings.

"Ha, ha! Fine day, Judge; fine day," said bluff old hearty Joe, slapping on the back the justice who was to try me, as he got off the train.

The judge gave every evidence of disgust at the performance; but the husky politician rolled along beside him to the courthouse, perpetrating a continuous series of affectionate assaults on him, up to the very steps of the hall of justice.

It took a day to get the trial fairly started; and in the meanwhile the city talked of nothing else. The Mayor was on trial for criminal libel; would he be convicted?

My enemies could imagine no other outcome. Groups of men appeared on the steps of the courthouse, with money to bet — an old political trick in Salem. They were offering odds of three to one that I would be sentenced for at least a year. They did it for effect on public opinion, of course I knew that; but nevertheless it did not have a specially cheering influence on my feelings.

My chief enemies — the politicians and lawyers whom I had named the "gang" — were all present in my audience. Inside of the court rail sat "Joe" Peterson, Robin Damon, the editor of the *News*, who was responsible for the suit, and his lawyer, Michael J. Sullivan. In one corner, motionless and silent, was Alderman Doyle, whose case against me would come later; and, in addition, the whole staff of the *News* — a solid bank of ten reporters — were there. They sat and talked together and turned their scowls upon me.

The commonwealth was to be represented by the assistant district attorney, Harry Atwill — one of those loud, barn-storming young lawyers who rise up through the local police-courts into politics. He came in, bustling and jerking, considerably flustered.

There followed him Mr. McClennen, my lawyer, suave, quiet, almost dangerously polite — a handsome, carefully clothed man, with hair grown gray in the accumulation of the niceties of the law. Behind him six young lawyers brought his evidence in hand-bags. The drama had begun.

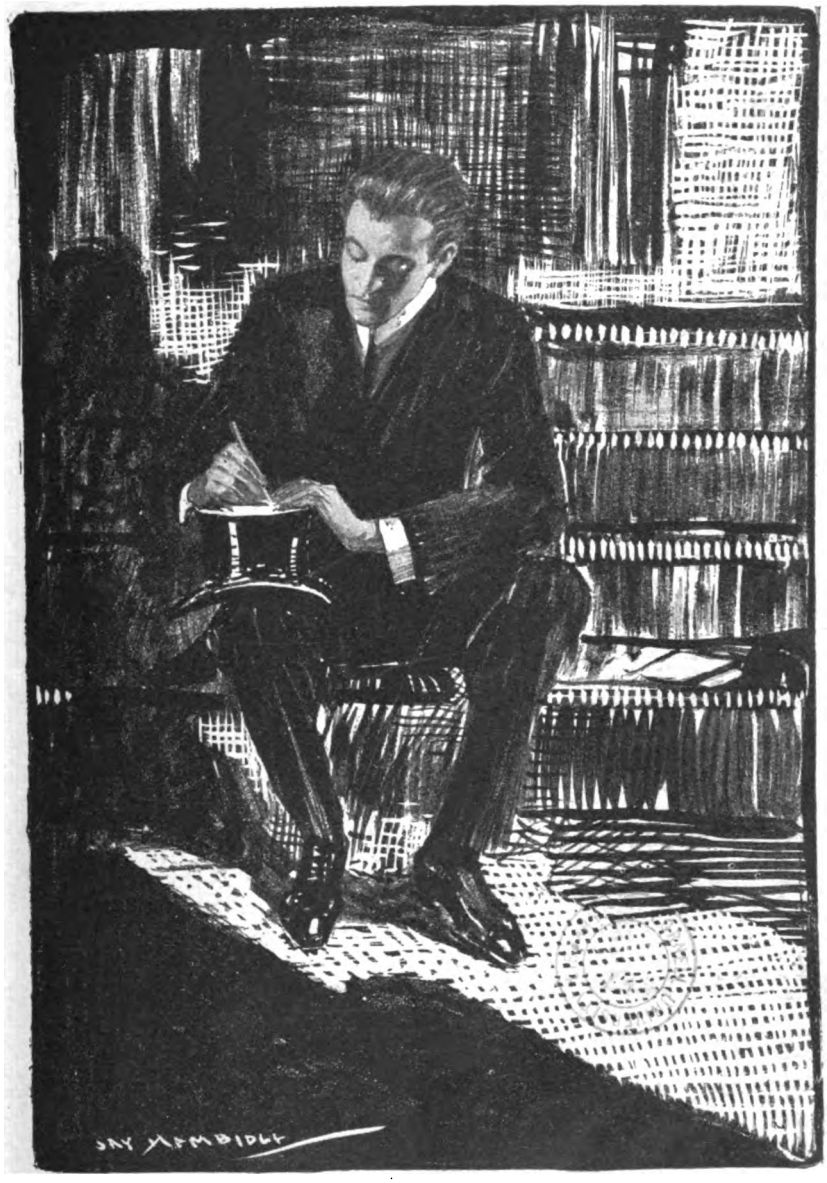
Digitized by Google

HOWARD, INSTRUCTED BY HIS LAWYER TO DO NOTHING BUT SMILE, SMILES STEADILY AT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY THROUGH FOUR DAYS OF CROSS-EXAMINATION, UNTIL THE LAWYER, IN DESPERATION, RUSHES FROM THE COURT-ROOM

All Salem was there: in front, in the orchestra-seats, my enemies; in back, the audience, mostly my friends — and among them, few at first, but growing greater and greater every day, was the delegation of women — the sympathetic women who had raised the eight hundred dollars cash for my bail. They came in force, at last; many of them brought their luncheon with them, and made a day of it, eating on the courthouse steps.

Most of the lawyers of the city were there, and a good share of the city government. My portentous city marshal, whom I had gone out of town to select, tramped in and out, and sat with my enemies, the staff of the *News*. I had expected this: for weeks he had turned to the *News* as the official historian of his administration; for a fortnight he had not deigned to bow to me. The issue had come; the city split in

Digitized by Google



EXHAUSTED BY HIS LONG ORDEAL ON THE WITNESS-STAND, NERVOUS AND FULL OF FOREBODING, HOWARD, WHILE WAITING FOR THE JURY TO DECIDE HIS FATE, SITS DOWN AND WRITES A POEM BEGINNING, "DARK IS THIS WORLD"

two and lined up quite definitely. And my own man was openly against me.

The lawyers began the trial. The opposing counsel put in his case, very briefly, for criminal libel, technically on eight counts, really on 166—the number of separate issues of my paper which were complained of. His case was very short; the greatest single space of time was given to an attempt to introduce in evidence my record in New York. It was a tremendous record—apparently, a stack of papers six or eight inches high; but the judge finally ruled it all out. The prosecution closed; the defense began, and my gentle-voiced counsel was questioning my dogged enemy, Robin Damon.

He mounted the witness-stand, frowning and determined, holding a copy of his newspaper in his hand. A square, bristling figure looked

Digitized by Google

down upon the deferential lawyer who was questioning him.

Had he made it a principle to refuse liquor advertising in his paper, the *News?*

He had.

"Now, here, I think," went on the suave, friendly voice, doubtfully reading a newspaper —"yes, here I have a copy of the Lynn *News* in 1894. You owned an interest in that paper at that time?"

Yes, he did — a controlling interest, yes.

"And here, inside, there are liquor advertisements, are there not?"

Step by step, one matter after another, the gentle voice led the harsh voice into trouble, and anger, and confusion. In half an hour, Damon was chewing off strips from his newspaper, and scattering them around him; in an hour he asked if he might be seated — he was tired. The quiet voice drove him on, over the adjournment at the end of the day, until the next morning. At the beginning of his second day, Damon limped in, wearied and anxious. By noon he was all but exhausted. He was dismissed. The polite voice went on its way, unruffled and unworn. Then I was called — the second witness for the defense.

I Smile for the District Attorney

"Remember," said McClennen, as I passed him. "Smile — just smile. That's all."

I mounted the stand. Heaven knows, I felt very little like smiling — if I were to consult only my own feelings. But I planned to do my best.

My lawyer was soon through with me. Atwill approached, roaring, for my cross-examination. He was one of those peripatetic lawyers who stride up and down court-rooms, hurling gigantic questions as they stride.

"Your name is Arthur Howard?"

I smiled. "Arthur Howard — yes." I bowed.

I was very carefully dressed; I had never made my toilet more scrupulously in my life.

"You are the editor of this paper, the *Dispatch?*"

"Pardon me," I said; "I didn't catch that."

He repeated the question. Whenever there was any excuse, I asked him to repeat. Then I smiled and answered.

One after another, he brought up the alleged libels, as they had been printed, and read them. Most of them I had written; I assumed responsibility for all of them. I had written them in the interest of the public, I said, and believed them to be correct. I criticized no one's private affairs; I printed no scandal; I had assailed men only for acts that concerned the general public. Then, as each editorial was taken up, we insisted that they must be considered as a whole, and the judge ruled in our favor. So every one was read aloud by the district attorney — from beginning to end. They were all pieces of ridicule — generally ending in a doggerel verse. And when the reading was done there was not a serious face in the court-room — outside of the tragic prosecuting attorney, and my row of enemies behind him. Atwill stepped before me and read my old burlesque on the awarding of the city's contract for electric lights:

I am anxious for the contract for the town electric light.
I have got to get the aldermen, so I must get at "Mike";
I've got to get the Mayor's consent, so I must call on "Joe";
And he will get the Salem *News*, and it will be a "go."

A wave of laughter ran across the hall. The women — my friends — were radiant; the jury grinned; the judge shaded his mouth with his hand.

The pacing district attorney strode agitatedly in his path in front of the row of my enemies.

"Hey, leave me out," said blunt old "Joe" Peterson in an excited whisper, pulling the district attorney's cutaway coat-tails as he passed him.

"I'm not mentioning you," said the district attorney — who had the political backing of Peterson. "It's Howard."

"He's your witness," said Peterson.

"Order!" called the judge.

"And now, Mr. Howard," said the district attorney, recovering himself, and casting a meaning glance at Colonel Peterson. "In one of your editorials you speak of Mr. Damon as the despot of Salem."

"Yes, sir."

"You also allude to his taking orders from Colonel Peterson. How is that possible? How would a despot do that? How can there be two despots at once?"

"Will you please repeat that, Mr. Atwill?" I requested, smiling.

He repeated it — glancing triumphantly at the Colonel.

I smiled again. "Thank you, Mr. District Attorney, for asking that question."

"Don't thank me; answer!" he commanded.

The feelings of the women in the audience were outraged at his manner.

"Answer!" he cried, banging on the desk beside him.

"Mr. Damon," I explained, bowing, "is the despot of Salem. Mr. Peterson is the despot of Essex County."

At this Mr. Peterson was so touched that he exclaimed "Damn!" in open court. The audience laughed again.

Digitized by Google

But, in the meanwhile, we were all under a strain. I was smiling for my life, you might say; and that is not the easiest work in the world — day after day. I was on the stand from Thursday noon throughout the session, all Friday, all Saturday, and Monday until noon — four days in all. It is little wonder that tempers gave way under the strain.

I smiled and smiled, and asked that the questions be repeated. The district attorney walked miles and miles, and roared his larynx loose.

It was on Saturday that I said "Pardon me" and smiled for the thousandth time. The district attorney's nerves were now very clearly beginning to crack under the tension.

"Your honor," he called, "I ask that this witness be instructed to stop laughing at me. This is no laughing matter."

"Oh, your honor," I said, in quick regret, "I was not laughing at him. I merely thought he was smiling at me, and I smiled back."

The district attorney strode muttering on his way.

It was Monday noon before he came to the end. He was talking, at the time, of my loss of a piece of advertising to the *News:*

"Now, Mr. Howard, you were considerably upset by the loss of that hundred and eighty-four dollars, were you not?"

"No, sir."

"You were not, eh?" he shouted.

"No, indeed," I said softly.

"Would anything upset you?" he asked. He was not striding now; he was dancing up and down in one place.

"I have never seen anything to upset me since I came to Salem," I said, smiling sadly.

A passionate sense of wrong overcame him.

"That is all," he yelled. "I'm through! I'm through!"

He slammed his papers down upon his desk, turned, and strode wildly from the court-room.

We Turn on Alderman Doyle

I had won: I had carried out my counsel's orders and smiled the District Attorney out of court. How much longer I could have held out, I am not sure. Smiling has its limit; and four days on the witness-stand comes very near it.

As I passed out of the room, I saw my marshal sitting with the *News* force — the friends who advertised him. He noticed me not at all. Instead, he was giving vent, in a ponderous undertone, to his most recent dictum:

"Those that break the law must suffer the penalty!"

That was Monday noon, the fifth day of the trial. My cross-examination had been the chief feature, so far; but now our turn was coming. Our opponents had denied that there was any graft in Salem; that afternoon we brought testimony that there was.

Suddenly, out of a clear sky, we projected three witnesses to show that fifty dollars in cash had been handed Doyle, the alderman, in Boston for the city fireworks contract.

It was a shocking and unexpected jolt. Naturally, if I was to prove anything, it was believed that I would take up the larger things concerning which I had written in my paper. This sudden turn caught everybody by surprise.

Doyle, the alderman, had sat there through the trial, glum, saying nothing, motionless as an Indian. When the blow came on him, he never moved a muscle; but his ruddy face went white as chalk.

There was a long silence when the testimony on the graft was through. Every eye was turned on Doyle and on Atwill, the district attorney. Atwill arose finally, stammering.

"This testimony," he said, "concerns a matter which occurred outside of this district. I will bring it to the attention of the district attorney in Boston — where the offense took place."

And, after an agitated pause, the trial was resumed.

The testimony was all in that afternoon; we put in no more "graft" evidence. The next day the counsel gave their arguments, and at four o'clock the case had gone to the jury.

For just one week the strain had continued. I was worn out, body and soul. The jury stayed out until six. I ate my dinner. There was nothing from the jury when I was done. Nothing for the next two hours. I presided over an aldermen's meeting from eight until nine. Nothing yet. I left the City Hall, and went and stood outside the courthouse.

It was a hot summer night, I remember. The jury were in an upstairs room, with the windows open. Occasionally one of them would appear at a window, and I would hear him call to some one behind him. It seemed to me now that they would certainly convict me.

The Verdict, the Band, and the Flags

I suddenly realized that I was exhausted and nervous. The strain had been too much for me; I had reached the end of my endurance. For the second time since my misfortunes in New York and my arrival in Salem, it seemed to me that I was finally crushed. I sat down on the long steps of the City Hall, and, taking

Digitized by Google

out a scrap of paper, wrote by the street light this melancholy poem:

Dark is this world; my sun gone down,
No star of hope for me to rise.
The face of all things wears a frown,
Or on the earth or on the skies.
Go on, unpitying world, go on —
Pour all thy vengeance on my head,
And when the cup's last dregs are gone,
I then shall have no more to dread.

The lights in the jury room went out — from twelve to two. Then they lighted up again. The unfortunate men were arguing through the hot summer night. I took my poem, gave it to the printers at the *Dispatch*, and went home and to bed. I couldn't sleep. I had forgotten how.

At nine o'clock the next morning the jury filed in to ask for instructions; at ten o'clock they came back again.

"Gentlemen, what is your verdict?" asked the judge.

"Not guilty!" said the foreman.

There were not many people in the court-room then; there was no demonstration. I rushed from the room over to the City Hall, and started trying to occupy myself with my work. I had been there only a few moments when my city marshal came lumbering in, drew up a chair, and sat close beside me. I looked up sharply.

"What is it?" I said. "If you want anything, get through with it; I'm very busy."

I noticed with surprise that he was pale, and trembled.

"Charity, charity," he soliloquized, slapping his great knee. "That's the word — charity."

"What is it?" I said angrily.

"That's the word — charity. We have won — fortunately, we have won. Now charity, charity toward our enemies. That's what we do — that's what we do."

"I've heard about all of this I want," I said, rising. "Tell me what you are after, or get out."

He finally came to the point.

"Your friends have hired a band," he said, his voice shaking.

"Well, what of it?"

"You know what'll happen if they get out with that band," he said, straightening up at last and looking me in my eye. "There'll be a riot; the whole town will be out; they'll tear the front off the *News* office."

He was talking sense now, and I knew it. I remembered clearly the scenes after my election — the crowd singing, "We'll hang Damon to a sour apple tree!" Public feeling had grown more and more bitter during the trial.

"Don't let 'em do it," he said tremulously. "Stop that band playing!"

I called up my friends by 'phone; told them under no circumstances to have a band upon the street; and warned them, if worst came to worst, that I, as Mayor, would act to prevent it.

They promised; and, with two of them, Ed Allen and Bill Sanborn, I drove to Boston in an automobile, to take luncheon and get out of the way of visitors. On our way back, the machine broke down just as we came into Salem.

We were at the top of a hill; below us lay the city; as my eye passed over it I was astonished. There were flags everywhere — hundreds of flags.

"What does that mean?" I asked. "What are all those flags?"

"They're celebrating your victory over the gang," said the chauffeur.

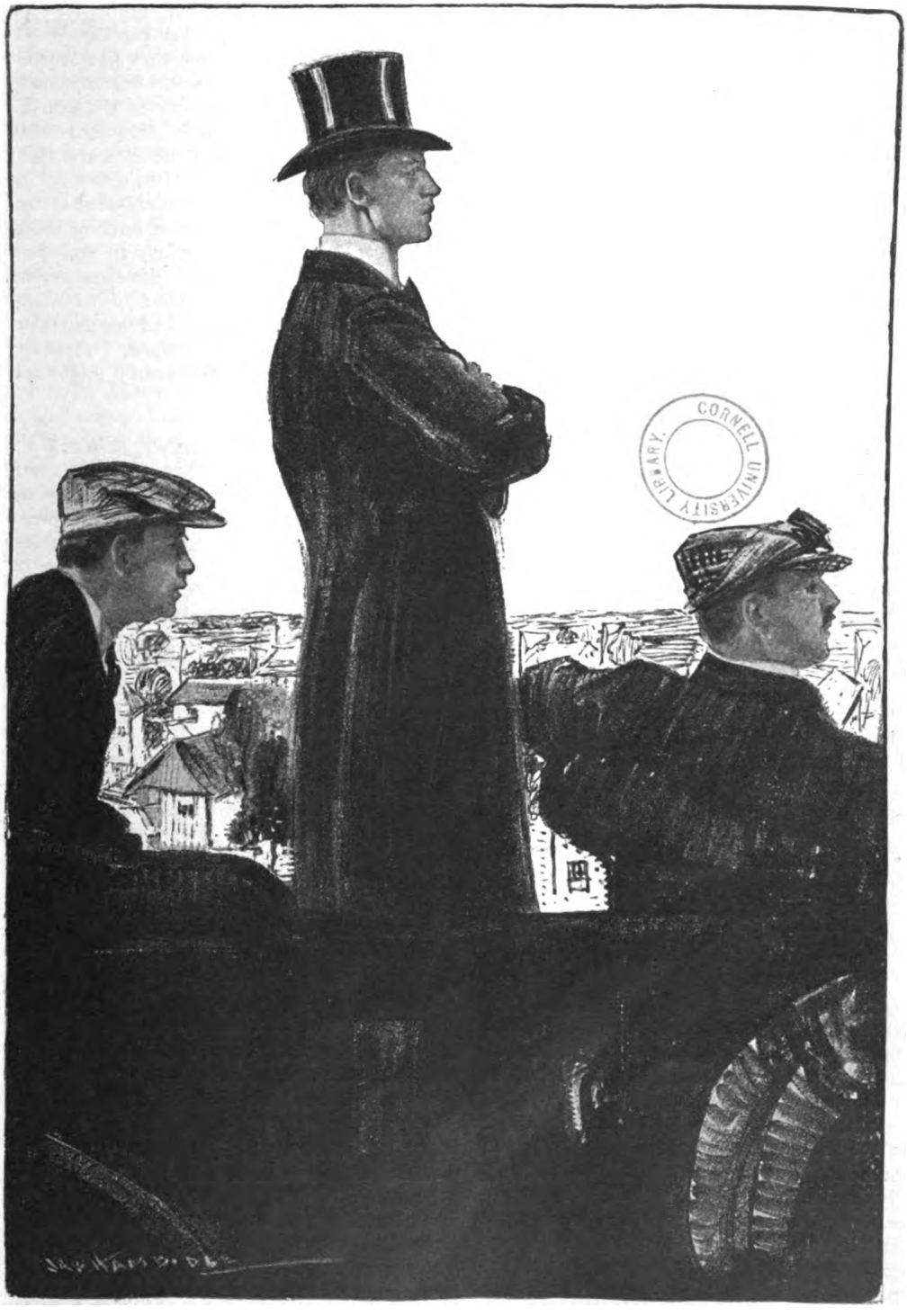
The Graft that Might Have Been

My trial was over, and with it the constant dread of legal persecution by my enemies. They had put out their whole strength in this last effort to annihilate me, and had come to grief. Doyle, the alderman, clearly had no case against me now. A week later the district attorney *nol-prossed* his suit. And, at the same time, Doyle announced that he would never again run for public office in Salem.

They had failed to ruin me legally; that was a great relief. But financially they had almost done so. The action against me had cost nothing to its instigators; the State had paid expenses. But I must find the money to pay for my defense — some five thousand dollars all together. Before the trial, the *Dispatch* had in six months grown more prosperous than I had ever dreamed it would. I had a good eight-page daily paper, which employed all together fifteen people. But, of course, I had accumulated nothing. To raise money for my trial, I had to strip the paper of all the money it could raise, and mortgage its machinery. And then I could not see my way out. However, I was able to keep along; and it was with a great sense of thankfulness that I turned from my trial to my routine work as Mayor, not only free from apprehension, but with the satisfaction of knowing that the sympathy and support of the city were with me.

The annual achievements of the administration of a small city like Salem shrink to pretty small interest outside of its own borders. I believe I put through much more than the usual amount of local improvement. But what I pride myself most upon, in my own heart, is what I did not do. I was a poor man,— at times in desperate need of money,— but no one in Salem every believed or said I took graft.

Digitized by Google


CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

THE PRODIGAL — THE MAYOR

Digitized by Google

There was plenty of chance, from the first. Salem, it is true, is a city where political graft is amazingly small and mean; for it has been run for years by amazingly small political creatures. But what graft there was centered in the power of the Mayor; and I am positive that if I had indicated even the slightest interest I could have taken the considerable sum of ten or fifteen thousand dollars from my year in office. As it was, I had several offers of considerable size. The appointment of another city marshal than Harris would have been worth to me two thousand dollars, at least: a local drinking club was ready to pay thirty dollars a week to be left alone; a place of entertainment offered six hundred dollars to be allowed to stay open Sunday. All this was brought to my attention at once, in the first few weeks after my election. After that I heard very little; they had "tried me out," and dropped me.

I not only had no graft: being a stranger in the city, I had no political machine, and consequently I had no followers to place in the small jobs in the city service. For the same reason, I could stop the continual dribbling leaks in giving out little city contracts to political friends.

My city supplies were bought from the lowest bidder; I raised the pay of the young women who actually did the work of the office-holders in City Hall; I established three branch libraries; I painted and repaired schoolhouses; and I built one greatly needed addition to a grammar school. Small things, of course; but Salem is a small place.

My Scarlet Fever Epidemic

The schools were of special interest to me always — because of my relations with the children. Whatever else I might be, I was "the children's Mayor."

Soon after my trial occurred the graduation exercises in the public schools. I observed this by writing a personal letter to every child who graduated from either the grammar school or the high school — some four hundred letters.

I spoke, too — according to the Salem custom — to the graduates of the high school. It was so soon after the strain of my trial that I practically broke down before I had finished my speech. And soon afterward I had another and unexpected call on me.

Scarlet fever broke out in one part of the town, and there was a good deal of anxiety over it. I was sitting in my office in the empty City Hall one Sunday morning, trying to catch up with my work, when one of the overseers of the poor came in, with a friend, from a visit to the pest-house.

"The children," he said, "are asking for you down there. But of course you can't go."

"There was a mayor, when they had an epidemic about in the '60's," said his companion, looking far away at the corner of the ceiling, "who had his nerve with him. He used to go out and visit the sick ones at the hospital."

I arose. "Let's go down," I said.

So I went down and saw the children of the pest-house. I repeated the visit once or twice later. I can't say I was anxious to go. But apparently it was the job of a life-sized mayor to visit the pest-houses in Salem. So I went, and when I got back I smoked innumerable cigars. They were no safeguard, I suppose; still, it comforted me to think they might act as a germicide.

The Marshal Crushes Rebellion

I hadn't got through my epidemic long before I had my strike. The shoe-workers were establishing unions in the local shops, and trouble developed. One morning a good share of the shoe-shop employees in town walked out — a thousand or fifteen hundred men.

It was something of a personal blow to me, as well as official trouble — for some of the shoe manufacturers had taken an interest in my paper. They did this just after my trial, when a dozen of the prominent business men of Salem started to put in money and become directors of my enterprise. The development of the shoe strike resulted in the removal of the shoe manufacturers from my board of directors; and after that I had little more support from the business interests of Salem. I was compelled to stagger along under my debts as best I could.

But I saw at once what a strike of that kind would mean to the city; and I felt that, as Mayor, I should do something to prevent it. Almost at once I sent out a letter asking both sides to submit their difficulties to a committee of arbitration. The workmen agreed, but the manufacturers refused.

A week passed; a fortnight; three weeks — and no settlement. In the meanwhile, my valiant city marshal had taken in hand the defense of the city from violence.

There was no sign whatever of trouble at the start; but it occurred to the marshal to make a daily demonstration of strength, which would serve as a perpetual insurance of peace. So, every noon and every night, he appeared before the mills with a squad of a dozen or two dozen policemen, and started a public drill.

Nothing so spectacular has yet been attempted on the New York opera stage. In command, the tremendous marshal, his over-

Digitized by Google

hanging gray mustache reaching to a gorgeous new uniform, an ingenious creation of his own, covered with wads and bunches of yellow braid. Behind him, his squad of men, dragged unwillingly from the sedentary life of Salem policemen for this act of cruel military display — single file, by twos, by fours, march! — before the astounded eyes of the local populace.

The strikers had not gathered around the shops at first; but now they thronged the streets every noon and night, drawn by these martial exercises. They were good-natured still; but every day their gatherings grew larger.

The shop-owners were more and more disturbed. The marshal grew daily more anxious; and finally he came to me and insisted that I ride down with him and speak to the crowd at closing time. I consented to do what I could, and we drove down, one evening, in the police runabout. The crowd was there, waiting for the vesper drill.

The marshal arose impressively in our runabout.

"Gentlemen," he thundered — and, seeing some girls hanging out of the factory windows, —"and ladies. In the presence of his honor the Mayor, I quote you Chapter ——, Section —— of the Revised Statutes of the Commonwealth concerning illegal assemblies; and I command you to depart in peace to your homes. His honor the Mayor will now address you."

The crowd discharged a great roar of laughter as he sat down. I arose slowly and waited for them to finish. There was a deep silence.

"Boys," I said, "I'm hungry. And I can't go home while there's a crowd like this in the streets. Won't you please hurry up and get through with this meeting, so I can have my supper?"

They laughed, and began to break up into groups and leave. We didn't have any more trouble that day, nor, for that matter, was there any violence afterward. There was really no danger of serious disturbance from the strikers at any time. And finally, after the loss and disaster of a big strike for three weeks, the manufacturers consented to meet their employees, as I had asked them to do in the beginning. They reached an agreement, and the shops started running again. But my personal relations with the manufacturers was never so close again.

Perambulation

The summer was a hard one, but it was not without its lighter, happier moments. I had my trial, an epidemic, and a big strike; but I was singularly fortunate in having, also, the enumeration of the city islands and the solemn high exercise of perambulation both fall upon my year of office.

Looking back on history, it seemed to me that among the chief emoluments of minor offices in Salem were the solemn official opportunities of public eating. There was little or no salary, but tremendous and Homeric banqueting. In former days the calendar was full of public feast-days, and minor junkets were still religiously continued by the city officials.

The city of Salem originally owned twelve or fifteen islands in its harbor; and many of them still belong to it. Once in every two years the city government and officials hire a tug and go out eating among the islands. This city feast-day fell in my year of office, and the islands were duly enumerated by a party of about fifty. Intruders on city property were given warning. The man on Tinkers Island was given his biennial notice to depart; and an attacking party, consisting of the marshal and two aldermen, boarded another city island occupied by a merry party of two young men and two attractive young women, and were repulsed. The inspection, however, was a very successful one; the islands were all located on the map, and all did justice to the plenteous feast.

About a month afterward came the still more serious duty of perambulation. This function comes once in every five years, and concerns the proper locations of the stones which mark the boundaries of the city.

We started out in the early morning, the aldermen and most of the City Hall officials — a row of four or five hacks. Automobiles would not do for this ancient ceremony. It must be performed in hacks. At the end of the line came the commissary department — a barge-load of sandwiches and their customary solvents, in charge of the ancient messenger of City Hall.

We proceeded to the Peabody line, where, approaching from that town, we saw the line of official Peabody hacks. The stone was still there. I clasped hands with the chairman of the Peabody selectmen over it; the united officials visited our barge of sandwiches; and then the combined body moved forward to the next town.

Salem is a many-sided city; there are some half dozen towns upon her borders. We approached them in order; shook hands; and withdrew to our lunch-barge. Then, augmented by new officials, we passed on. The strictest etiquette was preserved. Salem, the oldest city, ranged her hacks ahead; and, following them

Digitized by Google

DETERMINED TO PROTECT HIS TOWN FROM VIOLENCE, HOWARD TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE POLICE FORCE. HE IS DISAPPOINTED TO FIND THAT HALF OF HIS MEN ARE BETWEEN SIXTY AND EIGHTY YEARS OLD

in order of seniority, came the other towns and cities. I was in the head hack. Looking back, I watched the tail of the procession of hacks stretch out and away over the horizon of the country road, like an Italian undertaker's dream of a funeral procession. When the officials of Lynn joined us the line became immense.

At one o'clock we gathered at a banquet at Nahant; and after a sojourn of two or three hours of further eating we started out again, navigating the remainder of our route. The last tired memory in my mind of that tremendous cruise is the sight of a town official, who had sadly over-banqueted, earnestly shaking hands with me over the last boundary stone, and delivering an oration on the beauties of Salem and my own personal character, while supported from behind by two assistants.

Digitized by Google

AN EPIDEMIC OF SCARLET FEVER BREAKS OUT IN THE TOWN. HOWARD, ON HEARING THAT THE SICK CHILDREN ARE ASKING FOR HIM, EXPOSES HIMSELF TO THE INFECTION, RECKLESS OF CONSEQUENCES

The stones were all there; another quinquennial eating expedition had passed into local history; and I returned to the routine of my daily work as Mayor.

The Expensive Luxury of Being Mayor

But my term as Mayor was now coming to its end. I had stated, in my campaign the year before, that I would serve only one year if elected, and I intended to keep my promise. But if I had wanted to break it I could not have done so. Being Mayor was a luxury a poor man could not afford.

On October 10, 1910, I made a public announcement that I would not run again for Mayor; gave a summary of what my administration had done up to date; and with this I

Digitized by Google

published the following little table of my expenses to that time:

Traveling expenses and carriage hire	$600
Extra pay to secretary and stenographer	785
Subscriptions to charities	300
Entertaining out-of-town officials	400
Relief to people in distress	600
Distributed to children	300
Extra postage	115
Miscellaneous	200
Total	$3,300

This was to October first. I was getting fifteen hundred dollars a year, and by the end of the full year I had paid out in extra expenses well toward three times what I got for my services. My paper wasn't making any money; in fact, at the end of October matters came to a crisis in which I lost my press for debt and was compelled to suspend publication of the *Dispatch* for over a week. From a financial standpoint, I have concluded, the salary of the mayor in our average small city is ridiculous — unless it is intended to restrict the holders of this office to rich men. It is impossible for a poor man to hold the office, and keep honest, and pay his bills.

My year was about over. My record, in a general way, was about completed. But I had made one mistake which I intended to correct, if I possibly could; that was my appointment of a city marshal.

I had not been deceived in him, morally; he was an entirely — in fact, a spectacularly — honest man. But there was something more inaccessible and even more galling than dishonesty. He had become a town joke. His violent uniform, his walrus-like mustache, his posing on Town House Square, his swinging gestures, and his continual phrase, "I know the law," had become by-words and nicknames to the whole place.

All this reacted badly on the administration of justice. We had cleared up the town splendidly at the opening of the year. Prize-fights, which had made Salem a center of drunken carnivals for the toughs of the surrounding country, were discontinued, loafers were driven off the streets, and illegal liquor-selling had been stopped. But now the rough element laughed as the marshal stationed his gilded uniform on Town House Square and discussed his daring deeds and temperament with the old-line politicians; and — the town being now no-license — kitchen bar-rooms and drug-stores were selling liquor all over Salem.

I could scarcely get rid of my marshal on the ground that he was a joke, especially when I needed the coöperation of those solemn creatures, my aldermen, in doing so; and when, as the end of my term approached, I realized this, I turned again to my old weapon: I started to laugh him out of town with my newspaper. We began with the wild adventure of the porcupine.

It had been unknown, until that summer, that the city marshal was a hunter of big game. It came to the public attention first when he appeared at the head of the street parade of a Wild West Show which had come to town, and discussed his hunting experiences in the West. From that time on, tales of his savage expeditions upon the wild creatures of the frontier held breathless audiences.

The Porcupine and the Fur Coat

One day in the first part of November, the telephone in the police station rang, and an excited voice announced that there was a wild animal in a tree in South Salem — which is a country about as wild as the northern part of Manhattan Island. The marshal, taking a shot-gun, drove to the scene of trouble and shot a porcupine. He dragged it home, had it stuffed, and presented it with monumental ceremony to a local museum, where it now resides. The next day the sad voice of a boy was heard over the police telephone, complaining that some one had shot his pet porcupine.

We chronicled this affair, when it happened, with a heroic first-page story headed in tremendous type:

MARSHAL ON THE JOB
KILLS A PORCUPINE IN A SOUR APPLE TREE

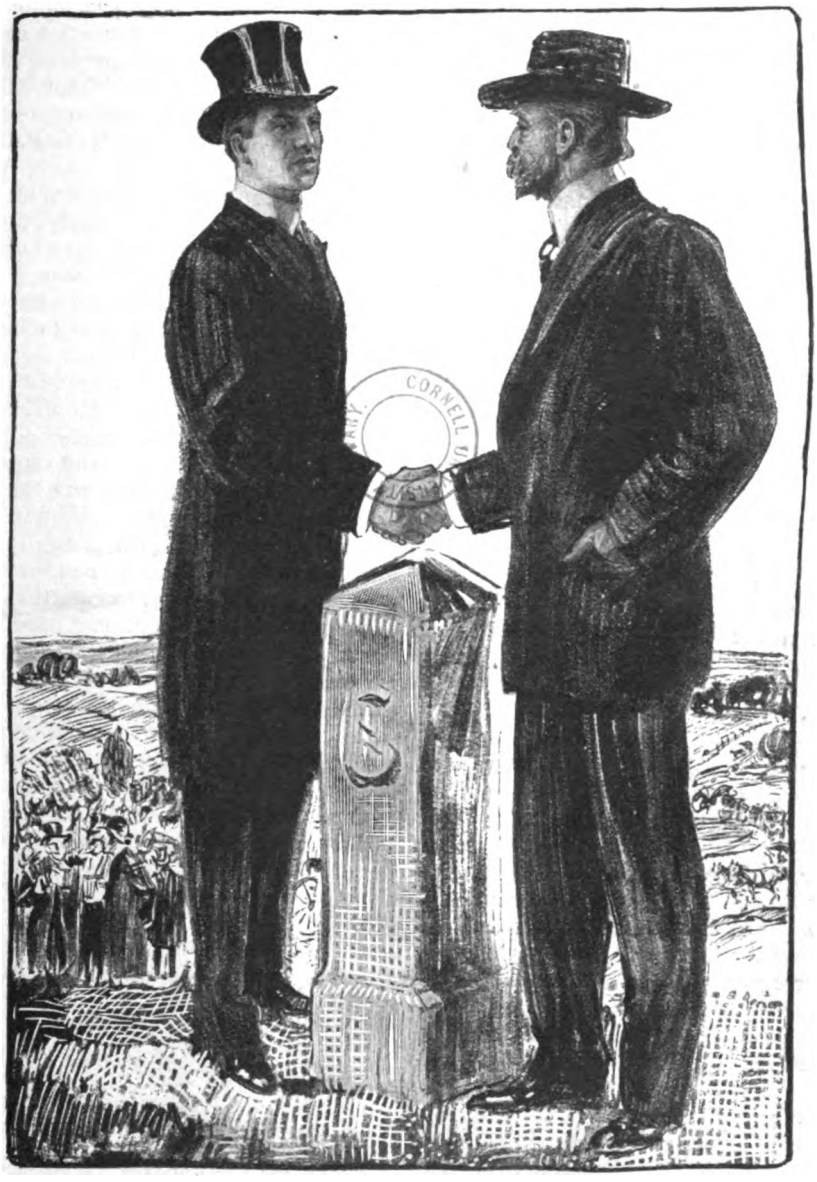
For weeks we continued to celebrate this exploit, in prose and verse, in every way we could conceive.

All this began while I was still Mayor, but most of it was carried on afterward, when my term of office was done. I was freer then to get after the man I had appointed. He intended to stay; but I intended he should go. I believed he was a detriment to the city, and a standing reflection on my administration as Mayor.

As a campaign of laughter the porcupine was highly successful — but not nearly so much so as the story of the fur coat, which we started after it. The porcupine moved the marshal to roars of denunciation — the fur coat resolved him to tears.

The story itself was very simple. A fur coat, whose ownership was unknown, had been taken from a woman shoplifter and laid away in the public station. It did not appear with the other stolen goods in the station, and the marshal, when asked where it was, made a mystery of its whereabouts by refusing to state

Digitized by Google



FAITHFUL TO THE OLDEST TRADITION OF THE TOWN, HOWARD CHARGES HIMSELF WITH SEEING THAT THE MILE-STONES ARE PROPERLY LAID OUT. OVER THE LAST MILE-STONE HE RECEIVES A EULOGY OF HIS PERSONAL CHARACTER

frankly who had it. We then gladly and freely exploited the mystery of the fur coat.

"Where is the fur coat?" we asked in stentorian type.

"The marshal knows," we stated.

We printed great stickers and pasted them on posts and fences and the freight-cars going out of the city. The mysterious question was asked wherever Salem's freight-cars penetrated. And day by day it pursued the marshal on his pompous rounds. It was posted on the front steps of his boarding-house, on the looking-glass in his room. The *Dispatch* repeated hundreds of times, in solid columns, the same old question; I wrote essays and ballads upon it; the boys sang it in the street:

"Where is the fur coat?"
"Who shot the porcupine?"

Digitized by Google

It affected deeply the feelings of that solemn personage, my marshal. He was a curious man, with a peculiar affection of the eyes which caused him to weep on the smallest provocation. From declamation, he passed to tears. Yet for months he would not resign, until, finally, a vote of the city concerning placing the marshalship under civil service showed the population three to one against him; and he went at last — laughed out of the city.

He departed in low spirits.

"I have a fur coat which my wife gave me six years ago," he stated, in tears. "I haven't been able to wear it on the street since the *Dispatch* began printing that story about fur coat mysteries. It isn't right; it's all wrong."

And so my marshal left forever.

Alderman Doyle, my old enemy, also went at the end of the year. From a city political leader, he sank back into private life — a changed man. In a year's time his hair went white. Never yet has the district attorney brought action against him on the testimony brought out at my trial. It is just as well, perhaps. He has been troubled enough.

"To-Morrow'll be the Gladdest Day"

My one year was done, and I had expected to drop out of the city government entirely. But when I said that I would not run again for Mayor, my enemies, after recovering from their surprise, promptly stated that it was because I knew I could not be reëlected. Consequently, just a week before election, I announced that I would run for the board of aldermen, to prove that they were wrong. With no campaign whatever, outside of two or three speeches, I was elected fourth in a field of thirty candidates, with a vote twenty per cent larger than I had received the year before for Mayor.

The end of my year came at last — the most eventful year of a very active life. I had taken charge of a city to which I was an entire stranger. Though always, Heaven knows, a poor enough financier when my own affairs were concerned, I had expended the city's half-million-dollar budget with economy, and had put in about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, worth of permanent improvements,—an unusual amount for Salem,— with practically no increase in the bonded debt.

My administration had checked illegal liquor-selling, made the streets orderly, fixed up the schoolhouses, and administered justice with equality between man and man. Whenever possible, I had heard and done what I could to carry out the wishes and best interests of the general public who had elected me. For from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, I had been engaged in the official or semi-official work as Mayor. Outside of my regular duties, I had spoken three hundred times and attended about nine hundred and fifty different entertainments.

I prided myself — not unnaturally — on a number of things that I had done. But my greatest satisfaction was over the fact that I went in a poor man, and came out poorer than I went in. I had taken no graft, and had done my best to break up grafting. I knew now that in my personal affairs I was to have an uphill fight to pay my debts and get my newspaper back upon its feet. But I believed I could do both.

I don't want any one to think from this rehearsal of my work that I take my record as Mayor over-seriously. Over-seriousness is certainly not my main trouble. I was glad to become Mayor of Salem, and I was glad to leave the office. And in casting off the official duties of the head of Salem, at the beginning of January, 1911, I gave my valedictory by printing in the *Dispatch* an entirely cheerful poem which began:

Don't you wake and call me early, or disturb me, do you hear?
For to-morrow'll be the gladdest day I've had for just a year.

To-morrow I will rest in bed, without a thought or care —
For some one else will take my place; no more will I be Mayor.

THE END

"The Diary of a New York Policeman," in which an officer of the New York police makes some remarkable disclosures regarding his experiences, will begin in the December McCLURE'S — *out November twenty-sixth. Following this will come the first of three articles by Arthur Howard, on "Selling Jewelry to American Millionaires"*

Digitized by Google

THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND

BY

OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. WENZELL

Preceding instalment.—John G. Slade and Bernard L. Majendie are leading figures in a threatened financial panic. Slade's position depends upon his knowledge of Majendie's fitness to weather the storm — a knowledge he seeks from Rita Kildair, whom he tries to dominate, and who in turn fascinates his primitive nature. Rita is to give a supper that Majendie will attend just after learning of his financial fate. Slade plays upon Rita's love of jewels by leaving with her a ruby ring, partly as gift, partly as bribe.

Rita's supper is bohemian, both in choice of guests and informality of service. The guests act as chefs and butlers, circulating through the rooms of the apartment, from the dining-room, past Rita's bedroom, to the kitchen.

Rita had left her rings pinned to a cushion in the bedroom. The guests are seated, awaiting her coming, when she discovers the ruby ring is missing. With the exception of Majendie, of Beecher, a clean-souled boy engrossed in the new attractions of the charming actress Nan Charters, and of Slade, not present until after the supper preparations, none of her guests are inaccessible to sudden temptation.

Rita returns to the dining-room, announces the theft, and declares her intention of counting one hundred in the dark. At the hundredth count the lights will be lit. Should the ring be on the table, no action will be taken; but, if not, she will send for a detective to search the guests.

The count proceeds to sixty-one, when is heard a clatter on the table. Rita imperturbably continues the count to the end, the lights are lit, and the table is discovered bare. The ring had been returned at the count of sixty-one, but stolen again before the hundredth count.

CHAPTER IV

FOR a full, strained moment not a sound escaped the company, even the strongest natures; Slade, Majendie, and Rita Kildair seemed powerless to grasp what had taken place. Then the realization came, in a flash. What the first thief had failed to carry through, another had boldly dared: a man or a woman, deliberately or hysterically, had seized the opportunity that had lain there, in the darkness, between the sixty-first second and the hundredth count.

The match in Slade's hand burned his fingers and went out. In the sudden blackness a dozen cries were heard:

"Light the candle."

"Turn on the electric light."

"Search the floor."

"Stolen again!"

"Ghastly!"

"A light! A light!"

Another match sputtered, and one candle caught the flame and flung its expanding circles of light around them.

"It must have rolled to the floor," said Majendie's voice, among the first.

"Nonsense!" broke in Slade's powerful bass. "There are no carpets; we would have heard it. There is a second thief here. Every one must be searched. Mrs. Kildair, if you wish I'll call up my detective agency."

"No," said Mrs. Kildair instantly, and her voice had regained its calm. "I will attend to that myself."

She went quickly to the door into the bedroom, unlocked it, passed through, and locked it again. A moment later the impatient ring of a telephone was heard.

In the ill-lit studio the greatest confusion prevailed. Every one seemed, by a common impulse, to desire to escape to the farthest ends of the room, stumbling and bumping against one another in the obscurity. Some instinct impelled Beecher to Nan Charters' side. He took her arm with a strong, reassuring grip, expecting to find her still shaken with emotion; but, to his amazement, he found her entirely collected.

"Thank you, I am all right," she said, releasing herself, with a little smile.

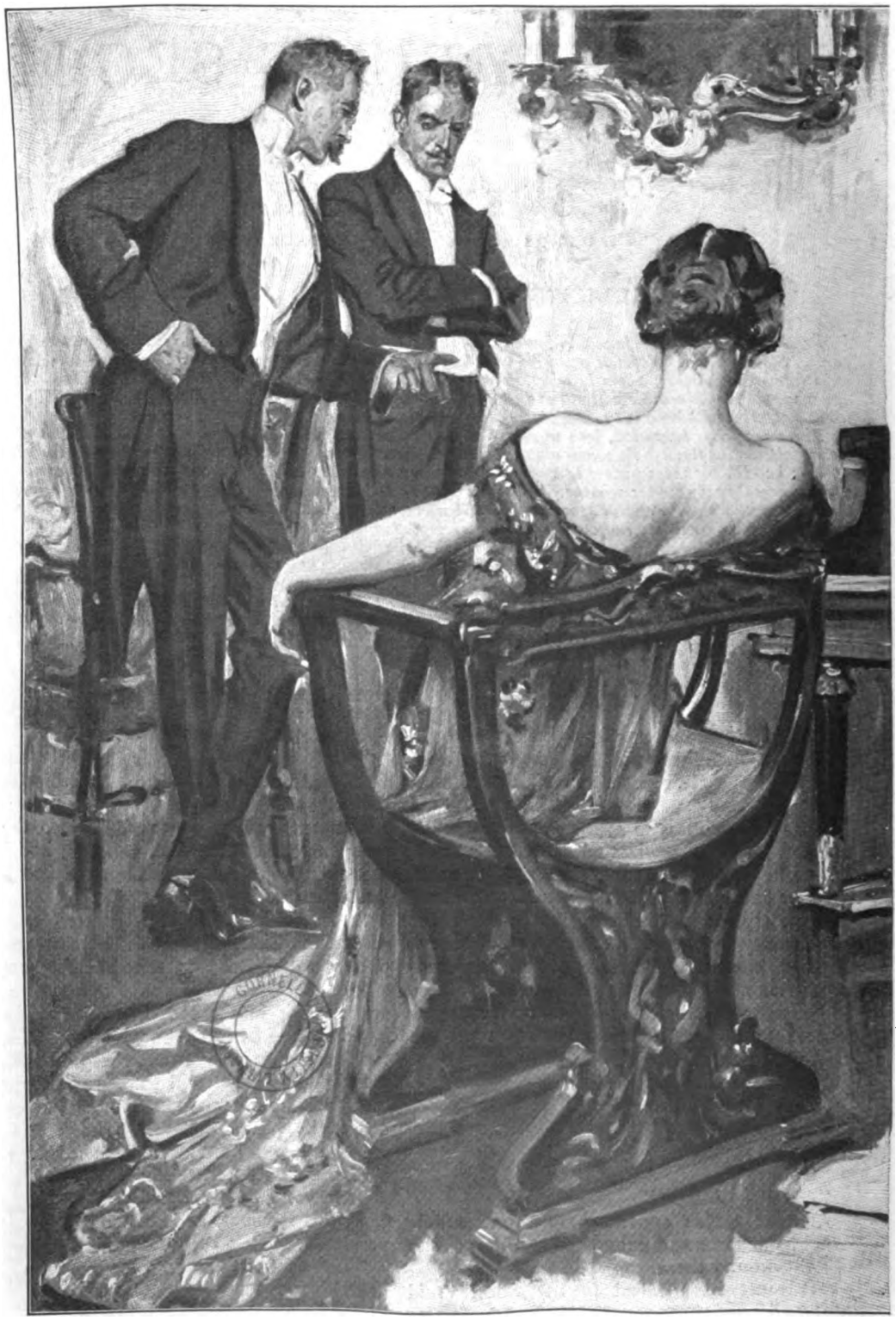
"Are you sure?" he said doubtfully.

At this moment, as he stood staring at her, perplexed, Slade's voice rang out peremptorily:

"The electric lights — some one turn on the lights!"

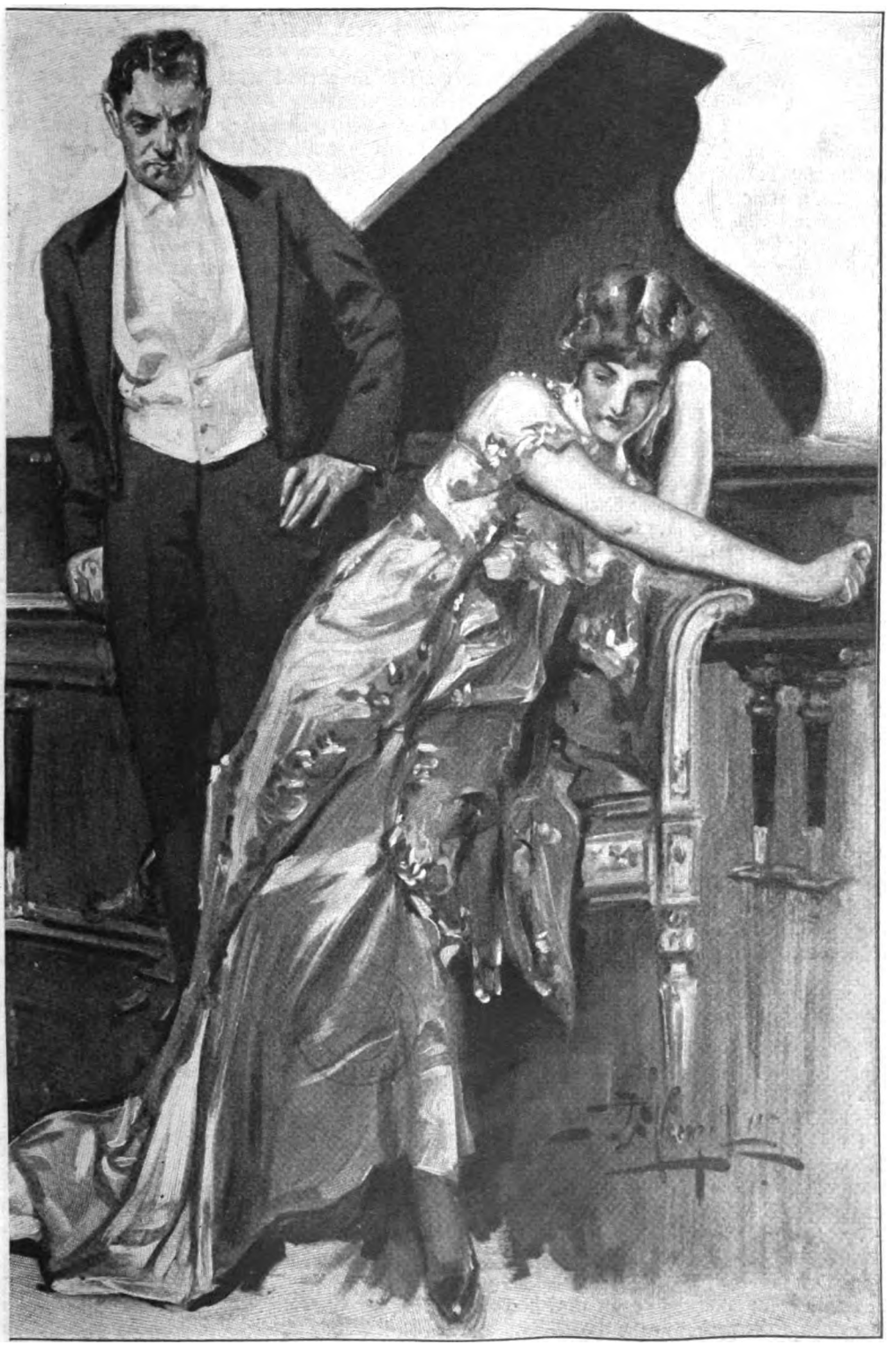
He left her, and, going to the wall toward the ante-chamber, pressed the three buttons embedded there. Instantly the great room was

Digitized by Google



"SLADE'S VOICE RANG OUT PEREMPTORILY: 'TURN ON THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS!' INSTANTLY THE SUNK IN AN ARM-CHAIR IN A SEEMINGLY HYSTERICAL STATE. 'THE DE-

Digitized by Google



GREAT ROOM WAS SHOWERED WITH THE BRUTAL GLARE. NEAR THE PIANO, MRS. CHEEVER WAS
TECTIVES WILL BE HERE WITHIN HALF AN HOUR,' SAID RITA KILDAIR"

Digitized by Google

showered with a brutal glare. Near the piano, Mrs. Cheever was sunk in an arm-chair, in a seemingly hysterical state, while Mr. Cheever, glass in hand, was bending over her; Mrs. Bloodgood was seated at the dining-table, her head resting in her hands; Garraboy and Bloodgood were turning in the middle of the floor. Only Maud Lille, stoic and alert, remained at her original place. Slade and Majendie were carefully exploring the floor.

Beecher did not at once return to his companion. Her sudden change perplexed him with thoughts that he did not wish to analyze too deeply. He expected that she would rejoin Mrs. Bloodgood; but the young actress, as though purposely avoiding her, went finally to where Maud Lille was standing, and said, with a command that startled Beecher:

"Mr. Majendie, there is always a chance that the ring may have rolled off the table and been caught in somebody's dress. Such things have happened again and again. I suggest that every woman make a careful search."

"Miss Charters is quite right," said Majendie, who, advancing to the middle of the studio, repeated the suggestion. "The situation is frightful; we must take every precaution to avoid the chances of an accident."

The four women immediately began to examine the ruffles and draperies of their skirts — without success.

All at once the door at the back of the room opened, and Mrs. Kildair reappeared.

"I shall have the detectives here — a man and a woman — within half an hour," she said. "There is nothing to do but wait."

She seated herself in a chair near the door, her hands stretched out over the arms, her head lowered. Every one sat down, with the exception of Maud Lille, who, however, shifted a little so as to have the support of the piano. No one spoke; the situation had passed beyond comment.

On the dining-table the little alcohol-lamp under a chafing-dish burnt itself out unnoticed. At the end of thirty-five minutes, during which every one had been intent on the torturous progress of the clock, a sudden buzz was heard.

Mrs. Kildair rose and, passing out by way of the bedroom, was heard talking behind the closed doors that led into the hall, a sound followed by the indistinguishable jumble of voices.

A nervous five minutes, and she reappeared, with the same incomprehensible calm that had marked her during the period in the dark.

"The women will go into the bedroom," she said, without variation of her voice. "The men will be searched in the dining-room."

"One moment," said Slade, taking a step in advance.

Mrs. Kildair turned with a start, the first agitation noticeable.

"It is absolutely necessary for me to keep an appointment at ten o'clock," he said, glancing at the clock, which stood at the last quarter. "As I was not here when the ring was first stolen, I ask the privilege of being examined the first."

At this there was a murmur, and Mrs. Kildair hesitated.

Slade, giving a disdainful shoulder to the protest, strode deliberately to Mrs. Kildair and spoke with her in a low voice. At the end of a moment Mrs. Kildair nodded as though convinced, and, going to the folding doors, unlocked them. Outside, a man in a dark business suit, as grimly correct as an undertaker, was waiting with folded arms.

Slade bowed and passed into the hall, shutting the doors behind him, while Mrs. Kildair came back slowly, evidently running over in her mind the order of selection.

"Mrs. Bloodgood," she said finally, "will you go first?"

Mrs. Bloodgood, surprised at the formal appellation, rose hastily, and started blindly for the vestibule through which Slade had passed.

"In my bedroom, please," said Mrs. Kildair.

The young woman checked herself, faltering a little, and entered the bedroom, where, for a moment, could be seen the drab figure of another woman, ornamented by a little toque with a red feather.

"Mrs. Kildair," said Majendie, rising, "it is equally important for me to leave as soon as possible. While I know that I ask a favor, possibly all of you know that my affairs are at a vital stage, and I should appreciate it very much if there were no objection to my being examined the next."

He turned, with a courteous bow, as he concluded.

"I am perfectly willing," said Beecher at once.

"I am not," said Bloodgood, while Cheever made a gesture of dissent.

"Nor I," said Garraboy. "I have my own appointment, that means a great deal to me. I regret that I can not accede to Mr. Majendie's request."

"These gentlemen are quite within their rights," said Majendie, accepting the refusal with the same courtesy. He thanked Beecher with a smile, and added: "If you are willing, Mrs. Kildair, shall we draw lots for it?"

"Quite so," said Mrs. Kildair, and she arranged four slips in her fingers and tendered them.

Digitized by Google

Majendie drew the longest, and was, therefore, forced to wait until Garraboy, Bloodgood, and Cheever had passed ahead. He glanced at the clock with a sudden, uneasy look, and returned to his chair; but, for the first time, a frown appeared on his face, while his fingers tore into bits the slip of paper, which he did not notice he had retained.

Beecher was unpleasantly aware that Garraboy was watching him, and this scrutiny, which might have been inspired by a personal jealousy, struck him as a deliberate suspicion. He returned the look with a belligerent intensity, conscious in his own mind that he had already formed a prejudice as to the identity of the second thief.

"A woman might have taken the ring on impulse," he thought uneasily, "but only a man could have had the cold daring to take it the second time."

He eliminated Majendie by an instinctive rejection; Slade appeared an equally impossible solution.

"It's Cheever, Bloodgood, or Garraboy," he thought. "And Cheever hasn't the nerve — I don't believe it. It's Bloodgood or Garraboy — and Garraboy is the most likely."

Suddenly a hot, panicky feeling came to him. What if the real thief — Garraboy, for instance — had slipped the ring into his own pocket? He unlocked his hands and hurriedly searched his clothes. Then, annoyed at seeing this childish action come under the notice of the broker, he shifted in his seat and glanced toward Nan Charters. To his surprise, he found again the same indications of nervousness in the concentration of her eye on the door leading into the bedroom.

At this moment Mrs. Bloodgood emerged, and Mrs. Cheever went in. At once the nervous tension of his companion seemed to relax, and she sank back in her seat, with an indifferent glance around the room.

"Decidedly, there is something queer between the two," he thought, mystified.

In the studio the same stony silence was maintained. Through the open doors that led to the ante-chamber Slade reappeared, hesitated a moment as if to reënter the studio, then bowed and went out. Behind him the detective was seen waiting. Garraboy rose and immediately passed into the back. Mrs. Bloodgood had taken her seat apart, staring ahead as though by a difficult process of mental control, for at times her glance, despite the consciousness of her husband's espionage, flashed over to where Majendie was impatiently following the movements of the clock.

When Garraboy's search had ended, he followed the precedent of Slade, bowed without speaking, and departed; while Bloodgood, guarding the same silence, passed into the dining-room. Maud Lille succeeded Mrs. Cheever, who returned in the same state of agitation that she had shown from the beginning. She started to approach her husband, when Mrs. Kildair's controlled voice was heard:

"Not there, please, Mrs. Cheever. Kindly sit at this side of the room with Mrs. Bloodgood."

Mrs. Cheever flushed instantly, and sank, or rather collapsed, in the chair which had been indicated.

All at once there came another ring, followed by two or three impatient taps on the outer door. There was a sudden stir in the room, where all nerves were clearly on edge, and Mrs. Cheever gave a little scream.

"I'll answer," said Cheever, rising.

"Wait," said Mrs. Kildair. She started toward the door, and then, changing her mind, as if unwilling to relax her surveillance of events in the studio, stopped. "Mr. Beecher, please," she said thoughtfully, "see who it is."

And she moved slightly toward the half-drawn portières, to hear and at the same time to be concealed.

Garraboy was outside, a coat on his arm.

"Excuse me," he said, without emotion. "I took the wrong coat. Stupid of me. Just found it out."

"It looks like mine," said Beecher, examining it.

"Probably is," said Garraboy, who extracted another coat of similar appearance from the rack, plunged into the pockets, and nodded. "Sure enough. Sorry. Good night."

So thoroughly disagreeable an impression had the broker produced upon Beecher that, in a moment of suspicion, moved by an incredible thought, he ran his hands hastily through the pockets.

"I shouldn't have been surprised," he grumbled to himself, and returned to the studio, where the conversation had been overheard. The search continued, ended, and, as all expected, no trace of the ring was found.

Mrs. Kildair excused herself, evidently maintaining her calm with difficulty. The guests, murmuring inarticulate phrases, took their wraps, and young Beecher found himself shortly in a coupé beside Nan Charters.

For several moments neither spoke, each absorbed in his own speculations. Beecher studied the figure at his side with covert glances, amazed at the transformation from the child-like charm which had first fascinated him. An hour before he had begun to wonder how far that feeling might develop in him; now, as he watched her, he was conscious of a dispassion-

Digitized by Google

ate, almost resentful analysis. The fragrance of her perfume, a little too overpowering, filled the interior of the coupé. She herself, bending slightly forward, one elbow against the window-pane, pressed her ungloved knuckles against her chin, while her glance, set and controlled, was lost in the cloudy shadows and striped reflections of the street without.

"What is terrible in such a situation," she said musingly, but without turning, "is that any one may be suspected."

The words were spoken with almost an absolute change of personality. The very tone brought to him an increased antagonism.

"Quite true," he said. "You may have taken it the first time, and I the second."

She turned and tried to distinguish his expression; but, if he had hoped to startle, he was disappointed. She said, quite possessed:

"Why do you put it that way?"

"Because I am convinced that the second time was the deliberate action of a man, and that the first was the impulse of a woman."

"Why a woman the first time?"

"That is simply my feeling. A woman would not calculate the chances of detection, would have kept the ring on her person, and would have restored it. What do you think?"

"Possibly," she said, her glance returning to the street.

"But you don't agree with me," he said, leaning a little forward.

"I don't know."

"Miss Charters, will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"What? Yes."

"Don't you *know* that a woman took it the first time?"

She turned very slowly and looked at him steadily a moment.

"I do not know," she said at last.

"But you suspect," he persisted.

"Do you know, Mr. Beecher, that this is a very strange question," she said. "Exactly what are you implying? Do you, by any chance, suspect me?"

She said the last words gently, with a return of the first manner which had so held him. And again, without being able to resist, he felt the charm on his senses. He knew absolutely nothing about her. At times the most direct suspicions had entered his mind; but all at once he heard himself answering:

"I know nothing in the world about you, Miss Charters, but my instinct tells me that is absolutely impossible."

"Only?"

"Only I can not forget your agitation at certain moments."

"Naturally; that is my temperament."

"You are perfectly calm now, and you were perfectly calm at certain times to-night."

She turned suddenly in her seat and faced him, saying sharply:

"What do you mean?"

"May I speak frankly?"

"I ask you to do so," she said peremptorily.

"I think — in fact, I am convinced — that you suspect who took the ring in the first place."

The cab was grinding against the curb. She put out her hand hurriedly, as if the impulse were to jump from the carriage. But immediately she checked the movement, and turned, saying very simply and directly:

"Do you wish to be my friend?"

"You know I do," he said, surprised.

"Then, if you do, and trust me, never ask that question again — or make the slightest reference to it."

She held out her hand. He took it, but without an answer, opened the door, saw her to her vestibule, and returned silent and moody, turning over again and again in his mind the sudden contradiction in her character.

"I wonder if she repels or attracts me most," he said, tramping over the quiet pavements, which flung back the riotous thumping of his cane. But, as he went aimlessly along, he felt again creeping over him the suddenness of her charm and a certain unsatisfied restlessness to see her again, which came to him with the faint scent of the perfume that had clung to his coat.

All at once he stopped.

"I've got to get to the bottom of all this affair," he said abruptly. "I believe she's as straight as they make 'em; I'd wager my soul on it — but I've got to know!"

And, boarding a surface car, he returned to Rita Kildair's.

CHAPTER V

He had arrived at the studio building and entered the lower vestibule before he was aware of the lateness of the hour. He pulled out his watch, and found that it was almost midnight.

"Good heavens!" he said, taking a step back. "I quite forgot the time." He started to go, then turned to the switchboard. "Could I telephone up to Mrs. Kildair's apartment?"

"Go right up, Mr. Beecher," said the hall-boy, rising.

"Are you certain?" he said doubtfully.

"Sure. Orders is to send up any one who calls."

A little surprised, he entered the elevator. At that moment a ring sounded, and on the indicator the figure 4 dropped.

Digitized by Google

"'LOOK HERE, RITA,' HE SAID. 'CAN'T I HELP YOU?'"

Digitized by Google

"That's her floor now," said the boy, starting up the elevator.

At the fourth he came face to face with Garraboy, who saw him with a start of surprise and a sudden look of malice. The two nodded, without cordiality.

"Hello," said Garraboy, looking at him with a curious fixity which he remembered after. "What are you doing here?"

"What are you?" said Beecher abruptly.

"Some valuable information to volunteer?" persisted the other, with a deliberate accent of irony.

"Perhaps."

"Indeed? Then you have come to assist in *restoring* the ring," said Garraboy in a low voice; and on his young, wrinkled face was a faint glimmer of a smile.

"Perhaps," said Beecher, flushing angrily. "Does that annoy you?"

"Not in the least," said Garraboy drily. "On the contrary, I am interested — exceedingly so." He lifted his hat slightly and stepped into the elevator.

"Now, what in the devil has he got in his mind?" thought Beecher angrily. "And what was his idea in coming back? Nice look he gave me. Thought he had such an all-fired important engagement that he had to hurry away!"

He tried the door absent-mindedly, and found it locked. A long moment after he had pressed a second time upon the bell, the door was opened by Rita Kildair herself, who drew back in evident astonishment.

"You?" she said, frowning.

"I was going to telephone," he said, a little embarrassed; "but they told me downstairs to come up."

"Quite right."

"Look here, Rita," he said, with a sudden feeling of intuition. "I know you probably think I'm a prime representative of the pinhead family, but I'm awfully broken up by what happened. Can't I help out some way?"

"Is that why you've come?" she said slowly.

"Of course," he said, meeting her scrutiny with a puzzled glance.

She considered a moment, and then said abruptly:

"Go in and sit down. I'm busy at the telephone. I'll be back in a moment."

The studio was still blazing with the electric chandeliers, the dining-table still crowded with the untouched dinner, with that sense of desolation and fatigue which the aftermath of a banquet presents. Lighted up as it was, the studio had none of the mystery that charmed — rather, something of the cruel garishness of the white sun.

He moved about aimlessly, arms crossed, his imagination repeopling the room with the strongly accentuated personalities who had gathered there an hour before, saying to himself over and over:

"Now, why the deuce did Garraboy come back?"

He approached the table, and abstractedly took an almond and began munching it. Then, perceiving the chafing-dish, reached over, with a smile, and lifted the cover. But, at the moment his hand was outstretched, his eyes, obeying some mysterious instinct, rose to a long Venetian mirror opposite. In the clear reflection that showed the balcony of the second floor, he distinctly beheld the head of a woman protruding a little beyond the curtain.

"What the deuce!" he said, covering the chafing-dish with a bang. "It can't be Rita — who then?"

All at once he comprehended. If the ring had not been found in the search, it was because it had been concealed in the room, and the woman in the balcony was a detective set to watch the trap — if the real thief had the daring to return.

At this moment Rita Kildair entered from the bedroom.

"Good heavens, Rita!" he said directly. "You don't mean to say you suspect me?"

"What do you mean?" she said, stopping short, her glance instinctively seeking the balcony.

"I mean you've stuck a detective up there to see what I do the moment I come into the studio. Good heavens! what do you think I came for?"

"My dear Teddy," she said, frowning at the stupidity of her spy, "is there any one who can't be suspected? Do you blame me?"

"No, I suppose not," he blurted out. "Only, it gives a fellow a deuced creepy feeling to have a couple of eyes looking through him from behind the curtain. I say, why don't you search the place? The ring must be here!"

"That is possible, of course," she said thoughtfully, her lip between her little teeth, an impulsive movement when she was plunged in thought.

"Or are you waiting for the thief to come back here and try to recover it? Of course, that's the plan."

She looked at him closely.

"There's one thing," she said, with a quick, imperative gesture, "I want you to remember. There is nothing public to be known. Whatever is done must be done quietly."

"Oh, of course," he said hastily. "I say, Rita, let me try to work this out with you — give me your confidence! I wish you would."

Digitized by Google

She considered a moment, as though puzzled by his offer.

"I don't think it will ever be found," she said, shaking her head and looking at him.

"But you suspect some one," he persisted.

She hesitated a moment, and then shook her head.

"No."

The second's delay convinced him.

"Man or woman?"

"It is only a speculation," she answered slowly, "but I believe it was a woman."

"Both times?"

"Both times."

He took a turn, moodily disturbed, and came back.

"Tell me this, Rita," he said. "Who else came back here to-night?"

"Garraboy," she answered slowly, "and — Mrs. Cheever."

"Mrs. Cheever!" he exclaimed, genuinely astonished. "Why, she was on the verge of prostration."

Mrs. Kildair smiled a thin, elusive smile, and was about to reply when there came a ring at the door.

Instantly her manner changed. Placing her finger on her lips, at the same time sending him a glance that commanded the utmost silence, she took his hand and led him softly from the studio, through her bedroom into the further obscurity of the dining-room, which was lit only by the weak reflection which filtered through from the hall.

"Sit here, and not a sound," she said, placing her lips so close to his ear that he felt the warm contact of her cheek. She gave him a slight pressure of her fingers, and went back into the studio by way of her bedroom, closing both doors.

Beecher, left in the darkness, strained every nerve to catch the sound that would reveal the identity of the new arrival. It seemed to him that he heard the sound of another woman's voice, and then presently, as a shadow came to him through the twilight of the hall, he heard Mrs. Kildair saying:

"——to telephone. Be back in a moment."

The next instant she was at his side, pressing his hand to prevent the whisper that was on his lips. They sat thus side by side for what seemed a full five minutes before she rose and silently passed into the hall again. Beecher remained in complete bewilderment, unable to detect the slightest sound of the conversation that was taking place. That the same test was being applied to the new-comer which he himself had detected, he understood; but which one of the many guests it might be, he could not discover.

At the end of an interminable interval, he heard a few faint sounds, the closing of the outer door, and presently the rustle of Mrs. Kildair's approach.

"Come now," she said, waiting for him in the hall.

"Who came back then?" he asked eagerly.

She shook her head.

"I can not tell you — at least, not now. There are reasons why it would not be quite fair," she said. Then, seeing his irritation, she tapped him on the arm and added: "Listen, Teddy. It is too late to talk over things. Run away now. Come in to-morrow at five."

"I want to help, you know," he said, taking her hand, guiltily conscious of the smile with which she examined him — a smile that seemed to convict him of treason. For the moment, however, the memory of the younger woman was dimmed. He was conscious only of the indefinite lure of mystery which Rita Kildair always exerted over his curiosity the moment they were alone.

"Look here, Rita," he said impulsively, "I should think, in a case like this, you'd want all the help you can get!"

Her smile disappeared. She looked at him a moment with almost a masculine penetration, and then, her smile returning, said quietly:

"It's curious, but each person who came back here to-night came back just to — help."

Not only her words, but her manner, struck him with a sense of discomfort.

"Come in to-morrow," she said, pushing him gently toward the door. She made a quick little motion with her fingers, looked at him with a penetrating seriousness, and disappeared, leaving him thoroughly confused and irritable.

"Why, she acts as though she suspected me!" he said, remembering her continual examination. "Who the deuce came back then? What's Garraboy in all this? Does he suspect me, too, and has he been saying anything to Rita?" "What is terrible in such a situation is that anyone may be suspected." Suddenly he perceived that he had repeated the very words that Nan Charters had used in the coupé.

"By George, what a rotten mess! I feel like a pickpocket already," he said, with a sudden cold horror in his back. "Why shouldn't Rita suspect me as well as any one else? This is no pleasure party; this is serious — dead serious. I've got to work it out!"

CHAPTER VI

TEDDY BEECHER was a fair representative of the second generation. He still retained the rugged democracy of the father who had fought

Digitized by Google

his way to a moderate fortune in the troubled regions of the coal-fields. To him a man was a man, whatever the quality of his coat. Left an orphan at fourteen, he had passed victoriously through boarding-school and college without seriously troubling the peace of mind of those who were competing for scholarship honors. He was liked because he liked every one, not with a politic assumption, but from a veritable enjoyment of life and men.

After graduation, he had gone West on a ranch with several of his classmates, for the pure love of adventure and the delights of the great open spaces. Having thus begun his education, he continued it by knocking about the world, with periodic excursions in search of big game. He had known a great many types of men without knowing them in the least, and he appealed to all women without being deeply impressionable to their influence. His philosophy of life was very well summed up in a remark he had made on his return to New York — that he would probably go to work if he couldn't find anything better to do.

When he awoke the day after Rita Kildair's party, it was with the clear and dispassionate vision of the morning. The dramatic occurrences of the night before flashed instantly into his consciousness, arousing all the energy of his young curiosity. He recalled the promise to solve the mystery he had made in a moment of enthusiasm, and with a renewed zest began to consider how he should prove himself.

Several things immediately rose up to perplex him in the strange and dramatic climaxes at which he had assisted — the twisted undercurrents of which he was still completely ignorant. Why had Garraboy, and then Rita Kildair, adopted an attitude of suspicion toward him when he had returned? For Garraboy's hostility he found a ready answer in the mutual antagonism that had risen from the first exchange of glances; but the reception he had received at the hands of Mrs. Kildair thoroughly mystified him.

"Of course, if the ring wasn't found in the search," he said, getting out of bed and ringing for his man, "it's got to be in the studio; of course — no way around that. Whoever took it the second time didn't get much opportunity to hide it, either — unless it was hidden after the candle was lit; there was a chance then — every one was stumbling around. By Jove! I believe that's how it was done. But then, why the deuce should more than one person return?"

He stopped and suddenly remembered his own return.

"That's so; a man might come back to offer help. But why a woman? And who the deuce came back after I did — Miss Lille or Mrs. Bloodgood?"

At this moment the door opened on Charles, whom he had inherited with one half of the luxurious apartment from Freddie Duyckerman, who had gone to England for the hunting season.

"Your bath is ready, sir," he said, standing with that perfectly vacuous expression which had been carefully trained to express neither joy, grief, hilarity, nor the natural surprise which he might have experienced at beholding his master, brush in hand, standing absent-mindedly before a great copper platter that was near the window.

"Telephone up to the stables; I'll take Judy to-day," said Beecher, passing into the bath-room.

A touch of the cold shower set his nerves to tingling and sent his mind to recalling pleasantly the pretty faces of the evening before, after the manner of young gentlemen of leisure with a proper share of vanity. Two figures arose immediately — Rita Kildair and Nan Charters. He remembered them both without excitement, but with different emotions.

"By George, Rita's a thoroughbred," he said. "She has them all beat — mysterious as a sphinx. Prettiest sight in the world, seeing her manipulate a crowd. Jove, but she has nerve!" Then he reflected a little guiltily that he had rather deserted her for other shrines, and he resolved enthusiastically to make amends by throwing himself, heart and soul, into the recovery of the ring.

"By George, it's something to have the confidence of a woman like that!" he exclaimed, sublimely fatuous. "That old mammoth of a Slade would give ten years of his life, I'll bet, to stand where I do with her."

Then he remembered Nan Charters, with a little movement of impatience at the thought of his sentimentality.

"What the deuce got into me last night?" he said, displeased with himself. "I acted like a school-boy. I suppose she thinks she's got me on her scalp-belt — easy as a stage-door Johnny. What the deuce got me wabbling so? These actresses are full of tricky stuff."

He resolved that he would show her his complete indifference by not calling for at least a week, maybe two, and concluded, with profound penetration:

"Good game. She'll remember how I started in, and wonder what changed me. That's it — keep 'em guessing."

He went into the dining-room, where the coffee was boiling in the percolator, and sat down, after assuring himself by a trip to the

Digitized by Google

opposite bedroom that Bo Lynch was still sleeping the profound sleep of the unjust.

But hardly had he begun on the iced grapefruit when a lank figure in peppermint pajamas appeared at the doorway, brushing from his sleep-laden eyes the long wisps of hair which, carefully treasured to conceal the bare upper regions, now hung about his sharp, supercilious nose.

"Why the devil don't you breakfast with a chap?" he said, emerging.

"Hello, Bo," said Beecher pleasantly. "Up till four or five, training for your polo match this afternoon?"

"Well, Fontaine was there; we call it pairing off."

"Auction?"

"Yes. I cut that little wild ass of a Plunket six times running. He'd gamble away his grandmother on a couple of aces. I say, Teddy," he continued, with a little more animation, emptying a bottle of mineral water which Charles, knowing what might be termed the regularity of his habits, had set out for him, "do you ever try a flier in the market?"

"I have been such a fool."

"Look here; I've got a sure thing. Eddie Fontaine gave it to us last night — in dead secrecy, of course. Worried it from the old man, and you know old man Fontaine is the real thing. The whole Atlantic Trust business was patched up at a conference yesterday afternoon. Majendie's to get all the backing he needs."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, you ignoramus, that means the banks have let up on the trust companies and are coming to the support of the market. Everything's 'way down below where it ought to be. Stocks'll go up twenty points in two weeks. I've taken another thousand of Northern Pacific myself. Better get in on it."

"Thanks; I'll circulate my money on a horse-race — something I know about. By the way, Majendie was there last night."

"He was, was he?" said Lynch, with more animation. "How did he seem?"

"Cool as a cucumber," said Beecher, who, however, was surprised to find how little he remembered of any one else's conduct. "I was in at one of Mrs. Kildair's affairs. By the way, Nan Charters was there."

"Oh, was she?" said Lynch sleepily, hesitating between the call of his bedroom and the cooling aspect of the waiting grape-fruit.

"Know anything about her?" said Beecher, perceiving he would gain nothing by indirection.

"Never met her," said Lynch. "Charley Loraine was crazy about her a couple of years ago. We thought he was going to marry her. I believe they were engaged, or had an understanding."

"No scandal?"

"Oh, she's perfectly straight. Charley's a good proposition, but that didn't seem to hurry her any. She has a lot of 'em buzzing after her."

"I say, Bo," said Beecher suddenly, "did you ever run up against a fellow called Garraboy?"

"What's he do?"

"He's a broker."

Lynch reflected, yawning behind his hand. His occupation in life was supposed to be stocks and bonds, according to the city register.

"Nope, never heard of the fellow."

"Who'd know at the club?"

"Ask Jack Lindabury or Tom Bovee. Well, ta-ta; I'm going to sleep out a bit for the match. Tell Charles to default me to the manicure and the scalpist," said Lynch, who termed thus the prim, middle-aged person who had guaranteed to preserve his numbered hairs. "By the way, how about a little bet on the match? I'll give you six to five."

"Done for fifty," said Beecher obligingly.

"See you at luncheon," said Lynch, who was soon heard plunging heavily into bed.

Beecher belonged, without yet being one of them, to that set who live what in England is called a gentleman's life — racing, hunting, playing polo, seeking the sensations of big game or big fish, rather courting danger, drinking hard as a matter of pride, on the theory of the survival of the fittest; consuming the night in battles of cunning and physical endurance at the card-table. Beecher had returned to this society partly because most of his friends "belonged," partly because, being an idler himself, he liked their busy days dedicated to sensation, and their curious standards of what was and what was not permitted to be done. He had not as yet plunged into the whirl, being more curiously interested in the various sides of New York life that opened before him. He preserved, in the midst of the nervous American excess of his companions, a certain old-world moderation. He entered their card games in a desultory way for an hour or two at a time, but without that engulfing, brutal passion for mastery which kept Bo Lynch at the card-table until dawn. When he joined a group at the bar, he drank with them as long as he wished and no longer — a difficult matter where a withdrawal usually was greeted with taunts; but there was about Beecher, young as he was, an atmosphere of authority which came from having proved himself among men the world over.

Digitized by Google

He was rising from the table when the telephone rang, and, mindful of his afternoon engagement with Rita Kildair, he refused an invitation to join a party to the polo match. A call from Bruce Gunther urged him to be one of a gay party of six, bent on a lark for the evening.

He enjoyed a furious gallop in the park, dressed, and swung alertly up the Avenue to his club for luncheon.

There, all the talk was of the stock market which had gone up several points on the morning's tradings. Bo Lynch and Eddie Fontaine buttonholed him and besought him to avail himself of the opportunity: it was the chance of a lifetime, the crisis was over, stocks simply had to go up. The friends of Majendie, who was one of the directors of the club, were relieved and jubilant. He had weathered the crisis; there was nothing more to fear. The story which was told from lip to lip as being direct from headquarters was, that at the meeting on the afternoon before, Fontaine had declared, with his fist on the table, that he would never be a party to any movement that would jeopardize the future of his lifelong friend, Bernard Majendie. Some who still clung to the short interest even added, with an air of knowing more than they could tell, that the attack would now be concentrated on the Associated Trust, with the intention of making an example of John Slade, a Western intruder who was protected by no ties of association and friendship.

Beecher, true to his habit of caution, laughingly refused all offers to double his fortune. Bruce Gunther drew him aside, outlining his program for the evening.

The thought of Nan Charters came into Beecher's mind, and he wondered curiously if she would be there.

"I say, Bruce, what's all this hip-hurrah?" he asked as Gunther led him to the dining-room and they took their seats at the long mahogany table. "Has Majendie really pulled through? Is the story true about Fontaine? Would you go into the market?"

"They tell it on Fontaine now, do they?" said Gunther, with a short laugh. "It started with my old man, but I guess he was too tough a weight to carry. Ted, I don't know any more than you, but I know this — keep out."

"My opinion," said Beecher, nodding to a new arrival.

Bruce Gunther was his closest friend — a chum from boarding-school days. He was a stocky, rather ugly type, direct to the point of rudeness, with more than a trace of his father's power. Gunther Senior had, from a long and merciless examination of men, come to regard youth as a natural malady, an ebullition of heated blood to be lived down before a man was fit for great opportunities and the vision of great affairs. When young Gunther was graduated, he called him to his desk, wrote him out a check, and told him to take five years, sow his oats, and be through with it — at the end of which time his career would begin at the bottom of the great banking offices of Gunther & Company, New York, London, and Paris. Young Gunther was now completing the last year of his contract, with a compressed savageness that would have wrecked any but the strongest constitution. At heart he waited the end of his holiday with a feeling of relief and enthusiasm. He was quite unspoiled, and a terror to sycophants and boot-lickers. It was these sturdy, passionate qualities of energy and directness in him that had attracted Beecher.

"Bruce, I'm on a very curious chase," he said, pushing back from the table, "and I want your help. It's too long and too confidential to tell you now. But two things I wish you would do for me: find out all you can quietly about two men — Enos Bloodgood and a fellow called Garraboy, a broker."

"Garraboy — the brother-in-law?" said Gunther instantly. They left the table and went for cigars and coffee to the first room, to a window that gave on the Avenue. "I know him. He was black-balled here a couple of years ago. There were some ugly stories about him; I'll look 'em up. Bloodgood's another matter. I have heard rumors he was hard hit by the market. It's easy enough; I know several men I can call up. Can't you tell me the whole thing now?"

When Beecher had finished, Gunther remained a long moment immersed in reflection.

"By the Lord Harry, that is a problem," he said, suddenly waking up. "The dickens of a tangle! What the deuce was Slade doing there?" He relapsed into silence again, and as suddenly said decisively: "You're wrong on one point, Ted. It's not Garraboy or Bloodgood we ought to suspect first; it's Cheever — the Cheevers."

"How the deuce are we going about it?" said Beecher.

"I suppose Mrs. Kildair wants the whole thing kept quiet," said Gunther, rapping absentmindedly on the arm of his chair.

"Naturally; besides, I promised."

"Of course. Well, we'll begin in a practical fashion. You don't mind spending a little money, do you?"

"I expect to."

Digitized by Google

Gunther rose and went to the telephone-booths, where he remained for some time.

"Half past six in my rooms, Ted," he said, returning. "I'll put you up against the most interesting character in the United States — a real detective. Dress and come over."

"But the girls," objected Beecher, remembering their engagement.

"The girls can go hang," said Gunther, shrugging his shoulders. "They can always wait half an hour. This is something real."

At five o'clock Beecher called on Mrs. Kildair, and found her out, to his considerable vexation. The bell-boy gave him a little note, which he opened and read:

DEAR TEDDY:
Forgive my breaking my engagement. All sorts of sudden and exciting things have crowded in on me to-day. Come to-morrow for luncheon. RITA.

P. S. Remember — nothing public about last night!

The prospect of a tête-à-tête with Mrs. Kildair appeased him somewhat, but his anticipations for the afternoon were sorely disappointed, and he started aimlessly back, with a feeling that a great hole had been made in the day. As he reached the corner, a red automobile cut in close to the curb, causing him to step hastily back. Inside he recognized Slade. He watched the red machine come to a stop before Mrs. Kildair's and then whirl away, after depositing the massive figure of its owner. Beecher, with a little wounded vanity, lingered a moment, hoping to see him reappear; but, as the sidewalk continued empty, he was forced to conclude that he had come by appointment.

"She might at least have seen me," he said angrily. "What the deuce has she got to see Slade for?"

All at once he perceived that his steps had led him in the general direction of the quarter in which Nan Charters resided, and, as he had come to make an impression on one woman, he soon began to consider transferring his attack on another. Only, he remembered that he had determined to treat Miss Charters with indifference, to correct any erroneous ideas that she might have formed from his previous impulsive conduct.

"That's so," he said, angry now at himself, at her, and at a condition of affairs that left him with an hour of idleness on his hands. "If I call now, she'll think I'm hot on the trail. I could stop, though, and inquire about her health," he thought, hesitating; "that would seem natural, after last night."

But he rejected this as a subterfuge, and continued his slow, uneven progress down Seventh Avenue, which he had selected at random in search of a little oddity and interest; and gradually he recognized that the vexation he felt was, in reality, not at being unable to find an excuse for calling on Miss Charters, but the keen sense of disappointment in missing an intimate hour with Rita.

It was essentially the woman of the world in her that fascinated him, the woman of mysterious experience, of sure knowledge and complete command of situations. He wished to increase the intimacy of his position, because to be favored by her meant something — something that woke his masculine sense of supremacy and fed his vanity. Determined on a long bachelorhood that would open to him all sorts and conditions of society and adventurous experiences, he had determined likewise to avoid the dangerous field of young girls of his own set and to exercise his curiosity with women of the world — older women, professional women, with whom an impulsive infatuation brought no risks, but something to be taken at value, a mood that was charming because it would pass.

All at once an idea came to him that reconciled his easily satisfied conscience and appeared sublimely politic. He would drop in on Nan Charters, just to show his indifference.

"I'll stay fifteen minutes — be quite formal and a little bored," he said, chuckling.

And he went without too much enthusiasm toward his destination, thinking of Rita Kildair and planning in his imaginative mind a series of confidential conversations for the tête-à-tête on the morrow.

"To see Miss Charters," he said, giving his card to the boy in the elevator, who turned it over doubtfully, hesitated, and disappeared like a float in an opera, mounting heavenward.

Beecher ceased to think of Rita Kildair, and prepared himself, smiling astutely, for his approaching scene with the young actress, whom he intended properly to discipline for her effrontery in imagining that he — Edward T. Beecher — had entertained for a moment any other than a polite social interest. Miss Charters excused herself — she was lying down and dining out.

He cast a furious look at the telephone-booth, by means of which she might personally have assured him of her great regret, and stalked out in a worse temper than ever — Rita Kildair, Nan Charters, all the women in the world consigned to perdition.

"Confound them all!" he said, brandishing his cane. "What a lot of time a man wastes over them. She might have telephoned me. They only exist in this world to distract us from what we ought to do. I wonder if she

Digitized by Google

did it on purpose — just to give me an appetite. Well, if she did — she's succeeded," he said ruefully.

He went to his rooms, resolved to meet her at every opportunity, to revenge himself by showing her he could play the game more cleverly than she could; and in his angry resolve there was very little trace of the indifference of which he had been so confident.

CHAPTER VII

GUNTHER had a suite in one of the newer hotels that tower over the eastern entrance to the park. When Beecher arrived, a quiet, powerfully built man was standing in front of the fireplace, smoking with enjoyment. Beecher recognized immediately Cyrus McKenna, formerly of the United States Secret Service, founder of the great detective agency that bore his name.

"Ted, shake hands with my good friend Mr. McKenna," said Gunther, appearing in the doorway with a refractory collar in his grasp. "McKenna, shake hands with Mr. Beecher. Fire away, Ted. I'll be out in a second."

"Glad to know you," said McKenna, grasping his hand.

Beecher was aware of the quick, estimating scrutiny and a sense of unusual physical vitality. But he was disappointed in his first glance at this man whose investigations had been the terror of corrupt politicians and unscrupulous agitators. McKenna was physically the ideal detective, in that not a feature possessed a trace of oddity which could betray him to the public, in which he thus mingled without fear of recognition. He was neither short nor tall, neither thin nor unusually broad. His head was round, well spaced, and evenly formed, without affectation of mystery or astuteness, lit up by a jovial good humor when animated, and quite blank and indecipherable when in repose. The eyes alone, like the eyes of a painter or a sculptor seeking tones or modelings that escape the common glance, were noticeable for a certain quality of penetration, expressed in the countenance by innumerable fine lines that gathered in the eye-pits.

"Mr. McKenna," said Beecher, who had an instinctive desire to impress the detective with the lucidity of his observations, "I will give you quickly the details that are important. First, here is the plan of the apartment, which may or may not be of use."

He went to the low table-desk at the side, and drew out paper and pencil. McKenna brought up a chair at his side, and Gunther, coming in, sat down opposite.

"It concerns the theft of a ruby ring worth over fifteen thousand dollars," said Beecher, busy with his pencil, "taken last night, between eight and eleven, at the apartment of Mrs. Rita Kildair. The circumstances are so extraordinary that you will be interested in the problem itself."

The detective smiled in a slightly amused way and asked:

"Am I retained in her interest or in yours?"

"In mine," said Beecher quickly. "The theft took place at a social gathering, you understand, and in the party were persons well known in New York society. Mrs. Kildair, as is natural, particularly desires that nothing shall become public."

"Does she know that you intend to consult me?"

"No — and I am not sure I wish her to know."

"Is she employing detectives?"

"Yes."

"Whom did the ring belong to?"

"To Mrs. Kildair," said Beecher, annoyed that he had forgotten this rather important detail.

"Let me see the plan," said McKenna, who glanced at it a moment and nodded. "Now go on."

"There were eleven persons present, including Mrs. Kildair," said Beecher, after a moment's pause. McKenna took the pencil and prepared to inscribe the list. "Myself, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Cheever ——"

"I can give you a pointer on them," said Gunther, speaking for the first time.

"Unnecessary," said McKenna. "I know the card episode."

"Mr. and Mrs. Bloodgood."

"Mrs. Bloodgood — yes."

"Mr. Garraboy."

"Joseph L. or Edward C., the broker?"

"The broker. Miss Nan Charters."

"The actress — yes."

"Miss Maud Lille."

"Know anything about her?"

"She's a journalist; writes books too, I believe."

"Well?"

"Bernard L. Majendie and John Slade."

The detective raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"They were there — together?"

"They came separately. Slade joined the party at the last moment; he was not expected."

"A very interesting crowd," said the detective slowly, studying the list. "What servants?"

"None."

"You are sure?"

"Mrs. Kildair has only two, a Japanese

Digitized by Google

butler and a lady's maid, both of whom were out."

"You are positive?"

"Absolutely. The occasion was an informal supper. Mrs. Kildair, while preparing the dishes, placed her three rings on the pin-cushion of her dressing-table,— at this point here on the plans,— fastening them with a hat-pin. The table, as you see, is easily seen both from the studio and the dining-room."

"What were the circumstances of her placing the rings on the pin-cushion? First, when did it occur? After all the guests had arrived?"

"Yes," said Beecher, who immediately corrected himself. "No, I'm wrong; Slade arrived later. But, as I say, he was a surprise. Majendie was the last of the invited party to come. Immediately afterward Mrs. Kildair went into her bedroom to put on an apron and take off her rings."

"Who was in the room?"

"Mrs. Cheever, Miss Lille, and Garraboy," said Beecher slowly.

"They saw her take off the ring?"

"Yes; they even announced it later."

"Was there much passing to and fro?"

"All the time. I am quite sure every one was in the room several times."

"Did any one use the hall?" said the detective, indicating it on the plan. "I see it opens into the dining-room also."

"Quite a number," said Beecher. "I remember using it myself. We were all going and coming, carrying dishes, glasses, bottles, provisions."

"One question: did you notice the ring on the pin-cushion yourself?"

"Yes; I distinctly remember seeing two or three rings, I don't remember which."

"Go on."

"After about three quarters of an hour of preparation, we took our places at the table, with the exception of Mrs. Kildair, who was still moving about us. It was then that Slade came in, was introduced, and took his place."

"He did not pass into the bedroom, then?"

"No. Mrs. Kildair went in immediately, took off her apron, and discovered the loss of the ruby ring."

Beecher, without further interruptions from McKenna, recounted in detail the return of Mrs. Kildair, the locking of the doors, the extinguishing of the lights, the announcement of the theft, the beginning of the counting, the sound of the ring on the table, and the discovery of its second disappearance. Then he stopped, awaiting the questioning of the detective.

"No; go right on," said McKenna, with a little gesture of his pencil that dotted an imaginary *i*.

Beecher continued, describing the lighting of the lights, the confusion in the room, the sending for the detectives, the discussion as to the order of search, and the failure to recover the ring. Omitting his personal observations of Miss Charters and their conversation in the cab, he recounted his return to Mrs. Kildair's, his meeting with Garraboy, the discovery of the detective, the strangeness of Mrs. Kildair's attitude, and her concealment of the identity of the next visitor. He concluded, and both young men looked at the detective as if they expected him to solve the problem on the instant — an attitude that was not lost on McKenna.

"I suppose you young men believe every word that has been written on deduction," he said, grinning and biting off the end of another cigar. "Presume you've already determined that a woman took the ring, and lacked the nerve to face the risk — that the strong, daring nature of a man seized the opportunity the second time, and, because Slade and Majendie are millionaires and Bloodgood the respectable owner of a newspaper, the thief is either Garraboy, a gambler in stocks, or Cheever, with an ugly reputation."

The two young men smiled guiltily.

"But I say, McKenna, you don't reject deduction entirely," said Gunther.

"Oh, no, I believe in 'deduction forward,'" said McKenna, laughing. "If I know there's a thief in the company, I deduce he'll steal if he gets the chance. Now, before I put a few more questions to you, let me tell you this. My business isn't in deducing how the theft was done (I get my man and sweat him out; he'll tell me that), but who did it; and for that it don't take any deduction, either. Give me time, money, and no strings on me, there isn't any crime can't be worked out."

"But how the deuce are you going to locate a ring," said Beecher, "if you don't know whom to follow?"

"The ring's the easiest part," said the detective. "You may not know it, but every stone of great value is what's called a named stone; every jeweler knows of it. Now, there aren't many rubies worth over fifteen thousand floating around. If you don't believe it, I'll show you how easy it's done. Inside a week I'll give you the history of the stone and just how it came into the hands of Mrs. Kildair."

"You mean no one can dispose of it to a jeweler without its being recognized?"

"Unless he's done it within these twenty-four hours, which is quite probable if a certain suspicion of mine isn't far wrong."

"Deduction," said Gunther, laughing.

Digitized by Google

"Not entirely; and, besides, that's not quite fair. It just happens that I may be interested in a couple of persons in your party from another tack. No, gentlemen; deduction's all right, if it's honest deduction and if you use it in its place; but the great thing's motive. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, get down to your motives and you get your criminals. Show me the person who needed to steal that ring, or who just simply had to steal it, and you've got your man."

"But suppose that applies to two persons there, or even three," said Gunther, who perceived that the detective did not intend to commit himself.

"Possibly."

"Or it may be the hysterical act of a woman who will never attempt to sell the ring."

"Possible — more than possible."

"And then it will never be found."

"That's right."

"But you don't think that's the case," said Gunther. "And you have an opinion."

McKenna gave him a quick look of appreciation.

"That's right; but it's not who took it, but why it was taken. In forty-eight hours I'll know a little bit more about the habits of the ladies and gentlemen we're dealing with, and then I'll be more communicative." He paused, with a little pardonable pleasure in the mystification he was preparing, and added: "In forty-eight hours I'll give you a little story about each of the persons who were at that party which'll beat anything in the story-telling line you ever came up against. Now, Mr. Beecher, before we get down to questions, here's one thing I want you to do. Find out from Mrs. Kildair what's her detective agency. Say you've a friend who's trying to track a valet for stealing and want a good address — see?"

"You are not going to shadow the detectives?" said Gunther curiously.

"You bet I am, till I know more about them," said McKenna. "Young man, I can tell you more than twenty cases I've been on where the detective who was called in to make a search went cahoots with the thief."

"Detectives!" said Beecher, amazed.

"You bet. I don't trust my own, when I've got anything that's got to be done right. I don't trust any one man; I put two on it. My dear fellow, the crooks that pick your pocket or break into your house are only amateurs. The real criminal, the criminal of brains, joins a police force, becomes a detective, a clerk, goes slowly, gets to be a cashier or president of a bank. You think I'm joking. Not at all. Look here; just stop and think it over, and you won't laugh. For every bank president who takes the funds of his bank, speculates, and *loses*, how many do you think win out and never get caught?"

"That's so," said Gunther thoughtfully.

"It's too big a subject," said McKenna, smiling. "I shake hands every day with gentlemen who ought to be breaking rocks. Now, let's get back to business. Mr. Beecher, what did you notice of any kind last night that would make you suspect any one? I don't mean opinions, but eyes."

Beecher hesitated an interval that did not escape the notice of the detective.

"Nothing," he said at last, unwilling to mention the name of Nan Charters. He added, to cover the hesitation: "I suspected Garraboy, but I admit there's no proof — personal dislike."

"Why do you dislike him?"

Beecher shrugged his shoulder and his glance went to one side.

"Mr. Gunther, will you get me my office?" said McKenna, suddenly looking at his watch. "You know the number."

Gunther disappeared in the hall in the direction of the telephone.

"Now, Mr. Beecher," said McKenna, smiling, "I'm like a doctor, you know. There's no use calling me in unless you give me all the facts. What's the name of the lady who excited your suspicion, whom Mr. Garraboy was so attentive to, and on account of whom, I rather guess, you got interested in this case?"

The startled look Beecher gave him amply gratified McKenna, who continued:

"What's Miss Charters' position in this business?"

Beecher admitted the correctness of the surmise with a laugh, and, Gunther being absent, quickly recounted the different moments of Nan Charters' agitation and the conversation in the cab.

At this moment Gunther returned. "I say, McKenna," he said, "some one's trying to get you on the wire."

McKenna passed to the telephone, and almost immediately returned.

"Look here, gentlemen," he said, "if you want to try your hand at deduction, here's something to work on. The Clearing House has just refused to clear for the Atlantic Trust; Majendie's resignation has been accepted; and to-morrow there'll be a run on every bank in the city — and God help those who're caught in the stock market!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Digitized by Google

THE MARVELS OF DREAM ANALYSIS

BY

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

AUTHOR OF "LIGHTNING CALCULATORS," ETC.

In the October number we published an article by Edwin T. Brewster on the discovery, by the great Austrian psychologist, Freud, of the profound importance of dreams in nervous pathology. The following article is an account of the work of Freud's fellow scientists in this almost unexplored territory. It relates some of the most interesting cases treated by Janet, Sidis, and other leading pathologists, and lays bare some astonishing facts regarding the meaning of the dreams of both normal and abnormal persons.

IT is now more than twenty years since there occurred, in a Paris hospital, a singular but little known episode that, in view of the remarkable discoveries to which it directly and indirectly contributed, may properly be regarded as marking an epoch in the progress of thought, and more particularly in the development of medical theory and practice. The central figure in this episode was a young woman with a curious history. Several months before — to be exact, on August 28, 1891 — she had been subjected to a terrible shock. While busily engaged in her household duties, in the best of spirits and the best of health, some scoundrel had abruptly thrown open the door of her cottage, and informed her that her husband, of whom she was passionately fond, had been killed and was being brought home. This was absolutely false, but it had the effect of prostrating her. Neighbors were hurriedly called in, word was sent to the husband to leave his work and return at once, and, on his approach, one of her friends, thinking to rally her from her condition of collapse, exclaimed:

"Here he is!"

Unfortunately, the poor woman interpreted this as an announcement of the arrival of her husband's corpse, gave a piercing shriek, and fainted. When revived she was in a maniacal state, and for two days had to be forcibly controlled. Then she quieted down, and to all appearance was herself again. The strange discovery soon followed, however, that she had not the slightest memory of the shock given to her; and, what was far stranger and most distressing, that, although she remembered perfectly well the events of her past life excepting for a short period just previous to the shock, it seemed impossible for her to form new memories of any sort.

The Woman Who Could Not Remember

Everything she did was forgotten the next moment; every occurrence in which she participated was instantly blotted from remembrance. This was true of important happenings no less than of trivial ones. Thus, she was one day bitten by a mad dog, but retained no recollection of the injury, or of her subsequent treatment by the Pasteur method. The only way in which she could remember anything was by making an immediate note of it in a memorandum-book which she carried for that purpose, and to which she was obliged perpetually to refer.

Such was the state of affairs when she was sent to the Salpêtrière Hospital, to come under the observation of that famous specialist in the study of nervous and mental diseases, the late Dr. Charcot. For some time he could make nothing of her case. It seemed, indeed, a foregone conclusion that there had been an irreparable breakdown of the mechanism of memory. But the situation was put in an entirely new light one morning, when two patients who slept in the ward to which the unfortunate young woman had been assigned, reported that she was an extremely disturbing room-mate.

"That patient of yours," said they to Dr. Charcot, "is greatly troubled by bad dreams. She talks a lot in her sleep."

"Indeed?" said Charcot. "And what does she talk about?"

"Why, she has much to say concerning a dog that bit her, and the things that were done to cure her of the bite."

Digitized by Google

At once, as may be imagined, the physician was all attention.

"What else does she talk about?"

"All sorts of things; but mostly about the dog, and about a man who must have frightened her badly at some time."

Diagnosing Nervous Maladies by the Patients' Dreams

Here was proof positive that, after all, the memory defect was not organic, but merely functional — was, in fact, nothing more than an hysterical symptom that might be overcome by proper handling. Further proof of the correctness of this view was had when, acting on the hint thus given him, Charcot summoned the patient to his laboratory, hypnotized her, and ascertained that in the hypnotic condition she had a perfect memory for the events that were forgotten in the ordinary waking state. A long course of treatment by "suggestion" followed, with the happy result of eventually restoring the faulty memory process to its normal functioning.

This strange case of Madame D., as it is known in medical annals, naturally provoked much discussion among scientists when reported by Charcot in the *Revue de Médecine*. It materially assisted in hastening the discovery of the essentially mental, wholly functional, and invariably curable character of that widespread and most insidious disease, hysteria, which formerly had been looked upon as a physical disorder involving serious organic trouble, and curable only in exceptional cases. It was also of assistance in stimulating the researches by which the mechanism not only of hysteria but of all kindred mental and nervous troubles — such as psychasthenia and neurasthenia — has within the past few years been pretty definitely established. But most of all the case of Madame D. was helpful in suggesting to the investigators of these baffling maladies the importance of inquiring into their patients' dreams as an aid both in diagnosis and in cure.

Ingrowing Memories the Cause of Hysteria

Not long after Charcot had made his report, and as a result of careful study of the D. case and many others, it was pointed out by his great pupil and successor, Pierre Janet, that hysterical attacks always originate in emotional experiences of a profoundly distressing nature,— frights, griefs, worries, and the like,— and that almost always the sufferer shows a strange forgetfulness of the experience responsible for his trouble. Usually the amnesia, or loss of memory, is not nearly so extensive as in the case of Madame D., but is confined to the experience itself and to incidents immediately associated with it. Nevertheless, it is almost always present in some degree. On the other hand, as Janet insisted, the case of Madame D. equally indicated that at bottom the forgetfulness is more seeming than real, that a subconscious memory of the painful experience persists, and that to its persistence, as much as to anything else, the maintenance of the hysterical symptoms is due. The symptoms are, as it were, monuments to the buried ideas which, before a permanent cure can be worked, must be resurrected, and, by suggestion, be deprived of their power to harm. Or, to employ another metaphor, the victim of hysteria suffers, above all else, from "ingrowing memories" that need to be skilfully excised.

Obviously, since the patient himself, so far as his upper consciousness is concerned, has forgotten all about the experience by which his malady was initiated, he can not of his own accord tell what is troubling him, and thus enable his physician to learn just what it is that needs to be suggested away. Nor is it often that his relatives, however observant, are in a position to give the necessary information with any exactness, if only for the reason that the emotional disturbances causing the hysteria frequently date back to the victim's earliest childhood, or years before any hysterical symptoms appeared. But the D. case, as Janet and other specialists perceived, seemed to offer a way out by hinting the interesting possibility that during sleep there might be a temporary emergence of the forgotten memories in the form of dreams, and that consequently, through studying an hysteric's dreams, much insight might be gained into the specific causes of his hysteria.

Recalling Forgotten Dreams

Later investigation has abundantly verified this possibility, for it has been proved that invariably the dreams of sufferers from hysteria — as also the dreams of those afflicted with any other sort of functional mental or nervous disease — are colored and determined by the subconscious reminiscences underlying their symptoms. Often there is a vividly realistic rehearsing of the painful occurrences that were the starting-point of the hysteria. Sometimes these occurrences figure only as the central incident in dreams which differ radically in detail from the actual happenings of the past. Or, again, in the dreams there may be nothing but a seeming confusion of mental imagery — fantastic, incongruous, illogical — masking the

Digitized by Google

memories that have given rise alike to the dreams themselves and to the symptoms of disease. Always, however, recent research has demonstrated, well-conducted analysis will result in disentangling the latent thread of thought and revealing the facts which it is indispensable for the physician to know.

To be sure, it has also been found that, excepting when the dreams are of such a character as to hide from the dreamer himself their true origin and meaning, they are usually forgotten on awaking. The difficulty this presents would be insurmountable, were it not that the specialists who — in France, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, and our own country — have of late been industriously investigating the state of the mind in sleep, have hit upon ingenious methods for the recall of even the most unpleasant dreams. But let me cite a few cases from actual practice, as showing compactly and clearly how dream analysis is carried on, and the important and manifold applications of this wonderful new weapon in the warfare against disease.

The Young Man Afraid of a Closed Door

And first I will cite, from the experience of a leading American medical psychologist,— or psychopathologist, to give him his professional designation,— the case of a young man who suffered from a peculiar but not at all uncommon obsession, an insistent fear of being alone in a closed place. In this instance the obsession was accompanied by marked physical disturbances, which took the form of severe headaches, together with attacks of convulsive shivering, during which the young man would feel so cold as to be obliged to wrap himself in several blankets. Until put in the care of the medical psychologist — Dr. Boris Sidis — his malady had been considered primarily physical, and he had been drugged and dosed accordingly without the least benefit. But to Dr. Sidis' trained eye the clinical picture presented was not of physical so much as mental trouble, and this was confirmed by the emphasis that the patient himself laid on his fear of closed places.

"I am all right so long as I am outdoors," said he. "On the street, even after dark, I can be bold as a lion. Yet, if I have to remain alone in the house, or in any room, especially when it is night, no one could be more cowardly. I quake at the least noise; I can not go to sleep; every passer-by is taken for a robber. Often, indeed, if I am walking about the house in the dark, I imagine some one is after me."

Questioned as to his recollection of anything that might have formed a basis for his irrational fear, he could give only negative answers. Asked as to whether he dreamed, he promptly replied that he did. and that he knew his dreams were of a terrifying character, although he could not remember them in detail. He had been told that he often moaned in his sleep, cried out, and awoke with tears streaming down his face. Dr. Sidis then decided to hypnotize him, but found it impossible to do so. However, he responded more favorably to the employment of another device for "tapping the subconscious"— a process of Dr. Sidis' own invention known as hypnoidization, and frequently used when, for any reason, resort to hypnotism is out of the question. Its effect is to induce a condition midway between sleep and waking, a "borderland" condition quite different from hypnosis, but, like it, a state in which whatever ideas are subconsciously most active tend to rise into the field of conscious knowledge.

A Tragedy Hidden in a Dream

In this hypnoidal state the patient was questioned anew about his dreams, and it was found that he now had an excellent memory for them. It also appeared that, as a general thing, they related to deeds of violence and crime, in which his parents were the principal sufferers. In one dream he saw them captured and assaulted by "brutal, terrible-looking men." In another, his father was seized by soldiers, imprisoned, and condemned to be hanged. He was himself the leading actor in other frightful dreams, in which he was perpetually being captured by robbers and threatened by them with atrocious tortures, even to being flayed alive.

As he listened to this weird recital of nocturnal terrors, Dr. Sidis became convinced that back of them all was a grim reality — that his patient, perhaps while still a mere child, must have had experiences which, however completely effaced from conscious memory, had left indelible marks on his subconsciousness, and had been provocative in time of his exaggerated fear of solitude and of his physical symptoms likewise. One day, therefore, while the young man was in the hypnoidal state, he asked him:

"Do these dreams of robbers and murderers remind you of anything that really happened to you?"

"Yes," was the immediate response, "they do."

Then, welling up from the remote depths of his mind, came a sad and ugly story. Years before, when he was not more than six or seven, his home had been invaded, in the dead of a

Digitized by Google

winter night, by a party of drunken soldiers, who knocked down his mother, beat his father unmercifully, and killed an older brother. The patient, clad only in a shirt, had fled to a deserted barn, where he was found in the morning, crouched in a corner and convulsively shivering from fear and cold.

How Modern Physicians Treat Hysteria

Even as he told the story he passed into one of his attacks, shivering violently, limbs trembling, teeth chattering, face deathly pale. Yet, when brought out of the hypnoidal condition, he had but a vague, indistinct recollection of the horrible scene which a moment before he had been graphically describing. So, too, with other shocks of a comparatively minor character, similarly experienced in childhood and contributing to invest this culminating one with its hysteria-breeding power. These others had also faded from conscious memory; but they figured conspicuously in the patient's dreams, were recalled during hypnoidization, and needed, as did the memory of that tragic winter night, to be deprived of their symptom-producing tendencies by wisely directed suggestive treatment.

This, in the present instance, consisted in impressing upon the young man's mind, while he was hypnoidized, the fact that the memories thus troubling him were, after all, nothing but memories; that they related to dead and gone incidents which would never occur again; and that, if he would only appreciate their true status as mere mental images, they would no longer torment him. At the same time an effort was made to enable him to recall them in the normal waking state, so that he would group them among his ordinary memories, and remember them clearly as such, the idea being that, in proportion as they thus became more closely reassociated with the rest of the contents of his upper consciousness, their power to affect him subconsciously would diminish and in time would entirely cease — a belief abundantly verified by the actual outcome of the case. Incidentally, it may be added that these dual principles of "suggestion" and "reassociation" are paramount in all psychopathological handling of mental and nervous troubles, although the methods of applying them differ with different practitioners. But to go into this further would take us too far from the immediate subject of discussion.

Dream Analysis Saves a Woman's Reason

In another case successfully treated by Dr. Sidis, dream analysis was actually the means of saving a young woman from perhaps lifelong confinement in an asylum for the insane. She had, in fact, been placed in a New York hospital for observation, and it was there that she received psychopathological treatment. According to her relatives, who did not doubt that she had lost her reason, she suffered from strange hallucinations, particularly of constantly hearing voices call her, and of being killed. She even imagined at times that she was dead, and would lie in a cataleptic condition, rigidly motionless. At other times she complained of a painful stiffness in her arms, and of difficulty in walking.

Testing her psychopathologically, Dr. Sidis found reason for suspecting hysteria rather than a true insanity involving brain lesions, and he promptly questioned her and her relatives regarding her previous history. She had had, he learned, some exceedingly unpleasant experiences with a brother-in-law, a rough, brutal fellow, but they did not seem adequate to account for her various symptoms. These, he decided, had their roots further back in her life, and, although she professed a total inability to recall any severe fright or worries other than those associated with her brother-in-law, he remained unshaken in his opinion.

"What do you dream about?" he asked her.

"I don't exactly know," she replied. "I am sure I dream a great deal, though, for when I awake I always seem to have been dreaming, and to have had horrid dreams. All I can say is that I dimly remember seeing in them many ugly faces."

"Is your brother-in-law's face among them?"

"Yes, and other people's; but I'm sure I don't know who they are."

Put into the hypnoidal state, the patient recalled a number of dreams in considerable detail. Most of them showed a striking resemblance to one another, in that they had as their setting a forest, and as their chief actors men of repulsive aspect, usually dressed in the roughest of clothing, and usually bent on capturing the dreamer. Only the night before, she declared, she had dreamed that a man was trying to choke her, and she had awakened panic-stricken, and so drenched with perspiration that her nurse — who corroborated this statement — had had to change her nightgown.

"Can you identify the men of your dreams — the men dressed in rough clothing, who pursue you so fiercely?" Dr. Sidis asked, while she was still hypnoidized.

"Yes, yes," she answered, much agitated. "I know them only too well."

Digitized by Google

The Forgotten Terrors of Childhood Live in Our Dreams

And now, for the first time, she related to him two most significant episodes of her girlhood. Once, it appeared, when she was hardly nine years old, she was walking along a country road, past a forest, when a woodcutter —"a big man with big arms and hands, projecting from short sleeves"— tried to catch her and carry her into the forest. "He ran after me with outstretched arms. I screamed, and ran from him as fast as I could, calling for help all the time." And on another occasion, when she was even younger — only six — on her way to school through the woods, a man met her, gave her candy, talked to her nicely, and all at once seized hold of her so tightly that she began to scream with fright and pain. At that moment somebody came along, and the man released her and took to his heels.

These were the men whom she chiefly saw in her dreams; these were the shocks which, aggravated by the more recent experiences of a not dissimilar sort with her brother-in-law, were the determinants of her hysteria — as was proved by the fact that, upon psychopathological disintegration of her subconscious memories of them, a speedy and lasting return to health resulted.

Insomnia Sometimes Caused by the Fear of Dreams

It has been demonstrated, notably by Pierre Janet, that that common malady, insomnia, is occasionally an hysterical symptom, and is produced by subconscious dread of experiencing during sleep a repetition of some unusually unpleasant dream. In one extraordinary case treated by this great French specialist, the patient, when she first came under his care, claimed that she had not slept a wink for two years, a statement which Janet's own observation of her tended to corroborate. Drugs failed to induce sleep, and the employment of hypnotism was equally inefficacious. At most, she would spontaneously lapse into a drowsy condition somewhat resembling, if not identical with, the hypnoidal state artificially developed by the methods of Dr. Sidis.

Janet noticed that she never remained in this condition more than a few moments at a time, and always passed from it into complete wakefulness with a start of terror. One day, just after she had become drowsy, he demanded of her:

"Is there anything that troubles you so that you can not go to sleep?"

"Yes, yes," she eagerly answered. "It is my child — it is the face of my dead child. I always see it in my sleep — always — and it terrifies me."

The next instant she was wide awake, with no memory of what she had been saying. In answer to Janet's questions, however, she told him that shortly after the death of her child she had had a bad attack of typhoid fever, and during convalescence had been greatly troubled by visions of her lost little one as it looked in its last moments. It was immediately after this that her insomnia developed, the result, as Janet felt certain — and as the outcome of his psychopathological treatment verified — of the formation of a "fixed idea" that if she went to sleep she would unfailingly have the same distressing dream.

In all these cases, it will have been observed, the dreams recalled were forgotten in waking life, and were revived only by the use of hypnotism or hypnoidization to bring about what is technically known as a dissociation of consciousness. There is still another method of dream analysis, applicable whenever, for any reason, resort to such means of tunneling into the subconsciousness is deemed inadvisable. It is a method invented by the Austrian medical psychologist Sigmund Freud,— of whose theories an account was given in the October number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE,— and it is based on the principle that not only the forgotten dreams, but all remembered dreams of neurotic patients, no matter how absurd and unintelligible they may seem, are intimately linked with the painful subconscious ideas operant in the causation and continuance of their maladies. The theory, briefly, is that if one takes the central incidents in any dream reported by a patient, and asks the latter to concentrate on these incidents, and tell, without the least reservation, the thoughts that come into his mind in connection with them, there will always emerge, soon or late, the buried memories in which his disease symptoms are rooted.

The great merit of this method is, as was just said, that it is applicable when neither hypnotism nor hypnoidization is thought feasible. Its chief drawbacks are that it is extremely tedious, and that it demands from those making use of it a high degree of interpretative skill. Still, when correctly applied it is astonishingly successful; so successful that Freud and his pupils — with, as I believe, mistaken zeal — employ it to the almost complete exclusion of the "short cuts" to the same end utilized by Janet, Sidis, and other non-Freudian psychopathologists. Here is a typical instance of its workings, gleaned from the practice of Dr. A. A. Brill, of New York, the foremost American exponent of Freud's doctrines.

Digitized by Google

The Man Who Was Tormented by Socialism

His patient was a young business man, who came to him to be cured of a ridiculous but uncontrollable obsession — an abnormal, almost insane interest in Socialism. It had first developed during the trial of the McNamara brothers, and kept increasing up to the time its victim consulted Dr. Brill. According to the patient's own statements, he could think of scarcely anything else, and felt that unless soon relieved he would be driven insane.

"It torments me constantly," he declared. "At my desk, in the street, on the cars, at the theater, thoughts about Socialism keep coming into my mind. There isn't half an hour in the day when I am not thinking about the accursed thing. I wake up mornings asking myself the question, 'Isn't Socialism a correct theory?' Then I am compelled to get hold of all the books and pamphlets I can find, and read what is said for and against it.

"If I am talking to friends, the idea suddenly flashes on me, 'I wonder whether the President is convinced of the Socialist doctrines?' Or, 'What will happen when Socialism becomes the established form of government?' I even look at strangers and find myself wondering what they think about Socialism. I suppose the trouble is that I got too interested in the McNamara affair. Yet it must go deeper than that, for really I don't care a hang about Socialism, but am, if anything, opposed to it, being naturally of a conservative mind."

For several weeks Dr. Brill vainly sought to discover the true cause of the obsession, which he knew must lie hidden somewhere in the afflicted man's subconsciousness. Finally his patient, who had been asked to keep a careful record of any dreams he might have, said to him:

A Dream about Bernard Shaw, and What It Meant

"Doctor, I had an odd little dream last night. I dreamed that Bernard Shaw was a guest at some affair, and I was there too. There was another man present, and when he removed his peculiar wig, I noticed that he was a writer whom I knew well by reputation."

Selecting Bernard Shaw and the man with the peculiar wig as possibly significant items in the dream from a diagnostic standpoint, Dr. Brill asked him to concentrate his thoughts on them, and state all the ideas that might rise in his mind, no matter how disagreeable, incongruous, or trivial they seemed.

The first thought occurring to the patient, in connection with Bernard Shaw, was that the previous day he had read a book to which Shaw had contributed an introduction. This recalled the plot of one of Shaw's plays, and this, in turn, led him to think of his own wife, of whom Shaw's heroine reminded him. Also, quite oddly, after many other "associations" had come into his mind, the man with the wig made him think of his wife, because the hair in the wig looked like his wife's hair. At this point the patient hesitated.

"Go on," said Dr. Brill. "What do you think of now?"

"Nothing that can have anything to do with my trouble."

"Tell it to me, just the same."

"But it is quite unpleasant. It has to do with a purely personal matter — an affair between my wife and myself. I was depressed, I was worried. I had notions she might not be altogether true to me. I kept asking her, 'Aren't you all mine? Aren't you all mine?'"

"This was before the idea of Socialism took possession of you?"

"Yes, indeed. Some time before."

"Look here; how do you define Socialism?"

"Why, Socialism means collective ownership. What else can it mean?"

Dr. Brill glanced keenly at him. The dream, suddenly, unexpectedly, had brought the truth to light. It was subconscious jealousy of his wife that was at the bottom of his patient's malady. What had happened was that he had manfully tried to put aside, as unworthy of him, this jealousy and doubt,— this fear that there might be a "collective" element in his wife's affections,— and had succeeded in thrusting it deep into his subconsciousness; but there it had remained alive, ceaselessly to torment him, and in the end to occasion his obsession about Socialism, a symbolic token that, without being aware of it, he was still madly jealous. Armed with this knowledge, it was not long before his physician succeeded in freeing him completely from the obsession's torturing thrall.

Again, there was sent to Dr. Brill a married woman of thirty-eight, an Austrian by birth, who for six years had had periodical attacks characterized by nervousness, extreme depression, anxiety, and insomnia. The attacks came on about once a year, and usually lasted two months. Like a physician who had previously examined her, Dr. Brill was at first inclined to think the patient a victim of insanity, of the maniac depressive type. But further observation caused him to change his diagnosis to one of anxiety hysteria, and he promptly set about ascertaining the subconscious ideas which, if the second diagnosis were correct, were the cause of

Digitized by Google

the attacks. Since the patient could tell him only that the first attack had come on just before she left Austria to join her husband, who had preceded her to the United States, he turned to dream analysis as a means of obtaining the desired information.

"But," she protested, "I haven't dreamed for years. And, anyway, I don't see what good it would do to tell you my dreams."

"Never mind about that," directed Dr. Brill. "Try and remember one."

After some minutes she did recall a dream, which, she said, she had had about the time of her first attack. It was a dream in which a runaway horse, attached to a wagon, bit her in the hand when she put up her arm to save herself from being knocked down by it.

"There," said she; "that is all I can remember of the dream — and, I fancy, it is about all that you will be able to make of it."

Interpreting a Dream about a Runaway Horse

But, tested by the Freudian method of free association, the dream was actually most revelatory. Asked to tell the thoughts that came to her with regard to the horse, she stated first that it was a bay horse and very spirited, then that it reminded her of a government breeding-station near where she used to live in Austria. Other associations followed, all connected with her home life in the Old World, and finally, one idea bringing up another, she suddenly remarked that she was reminded of a bad fright a mouse had given her by running into her bed a few nights before she started for America. This recalled the further fact that the day of the fright she had made an unsuccessful attempt to sell a number of feather-beds she did not wish to take with her.

"I also remember —" she went on, then hesitated, blushed, and became silent.

"But do not stop," said Dr. Brill. "Please continue."

"What is the use? This is all nonsense. It is leading nowhere."

Dr. Brill, knowing, from many similar experiences with other patients, that he was on the eve of discovering the very facts of which he was in search, became insistent. With great emotion and evident reluctance, the patient now informed him that there had come to her a long-forgotten memory of the man who had bargained with her for the feather-beds. She described him as a disagreeable, impudent fellow, and — though only after much urging — confessed that he had put his hands on her in a familiar way, and said things most insulting, provoking her to an outburst of indignation and shame.

"But why am I telling you all this?" she interrupted herself. "I had put it entirely out of my mind — had forgotten all about it. And now you make me bring it up again. What can it possibly have to do with the trouble for which I have consulted you?"

"I imagine," Dr. Brill said gently, "that it has everything to do with it. Indeed, I am sure that it is precisely because you have not really forgotten this distressing experience — because, without knowing it, you have taken it too much to heart, and allowed yourself to brood over it — that you are in such bad health to-day. But, now that we know what is wrong, we can easily make things right."

This promise the course of events, as governed by skilful psychopathological treatment, fully vindicated.

What Dream Analysis May Lead to

Bearing in mind that these are only two out of many similar instances that might be narrated, it surely is evident that the Freudians are not without justification for their claim that every dream that was ever dreamed has a logical connection with the events of waking life, and will yield, if properly analyzed, information bearing directly on the dreamer's career and character. Nor, in view of the practical results achieved, can it be wondered that the Freudian method of dream analysis, and the methods employed in the other cases cited in this article, are rapidly coming into increasing use among the most progressive and successful physicians having to do with nervous and mental maladies.

That ultimately dream analysis will prove of the utmost helpfulness in other than purely medical directions, I personally have not the slightest doubt. The insight it has already afforded into the lasting and devastating effects of emotional shocks, and especially of the emotional shocks of early childhood, should arouse parents and educators to a keener appreciation of their tremendous responsibilities in the upbringing of the young. Above all, it should impress them with the importance of taking every possible precaution to surround children, in the home and in the school, with an environment that will provide a maximum of protection against sights and sounds that may mean the sowing of a future crop of psycho-neurotic ills. So, too, the revelations of dream analysis suggest many radical modifications in the environment of society in general — social reforms of far-reaching character and making for an unsuspected enrichment of the racial intelligence and health.

Digitized by Google

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

SOME ASPECTS OF THE WILSON CAMPAIGN

TWO interesting figures in the Presidential campaign have been Jane Addams, typifying the sudden, almost dramatic, entrance of women to the field of American politics, and George W. Perkins, representing, what has been rare in this country, a serious effort on the part of a man of large means and the broadest experience to aid in working out the graver public problems.

It is only a few years ago that Mr. Perkins, upon his retirement from J. P. Morgan & Company, publicly announced his intention of devoting time and energy to the solution of the conflict between capital and labor. All over the world in recent times this natural clash of economic forces has been the main underlying topic of political thought. Some of the ablest men on both sides of the Atlantic, such as Lloyd-George in England, have devoted themselves almost exclusively to this question. So engrossing, indeed, has it become — this particular problem of capital, secured, on the one side, and of labor, clamoring, on the other — that it has tended to overshadow another phase of modern conditions which is sure to demand solution some day, namely, the problem of the economic middle classes.

By the economic middle classes we mean that huge army of hard-working, sober, intelligent men who, actuated by the most laudable sort of ambition, desire to climb from the precarious position of employees to the more secure position of owners or part-owners of enterprises, small and large; men who seek to put their latter years beyond the perils of sudden commercial changes, and yet who, under present-day conditions, find that even a life-time of conscientious saving will not provide the needed capital for an independent start. Existing wage conditions, on the one hand, the high cost of living, on the other; the increasing amount of capital required even for small enterprises, and the barriers to finding money on anything like feasible terms — these are the elements in the problem of the man in the economic middle class.

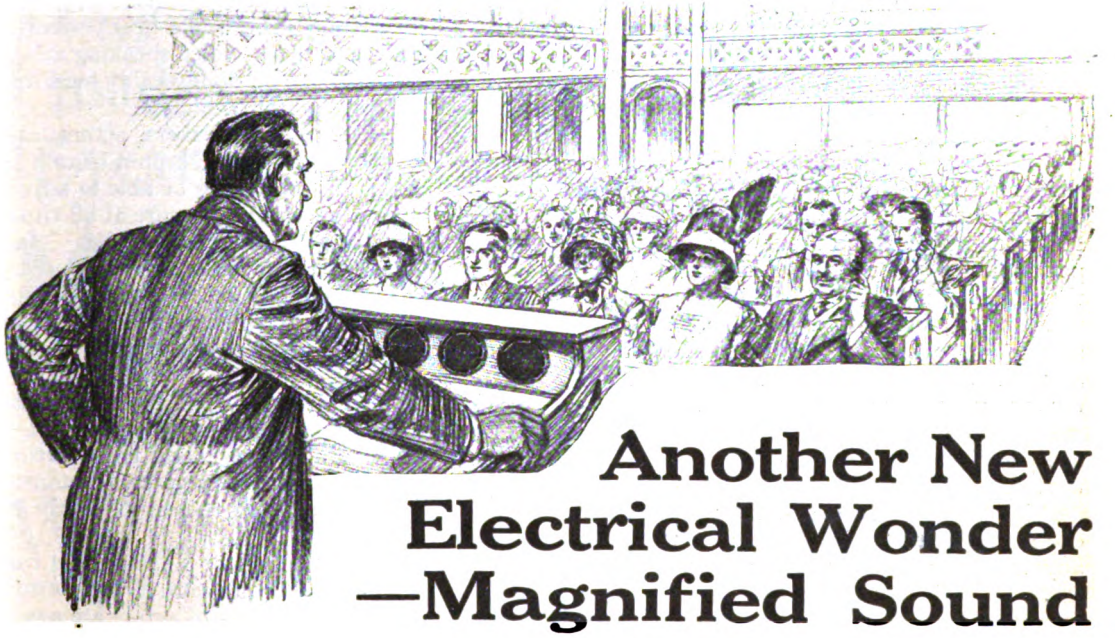
Already there are signs that this aspect of the problem is forcing itself on the attention of thinkers and public men. Germany, in certain extensions of its banking system, has already tried to meet it, and Mr. Woodrow Wilson on one or two occasions has shown his consciousness of a need of readjustment, not only to help the laboring man, so called, but to help the ordinary man seeking a point of greater vantage in the business world. He touched on this topic in his admirable Speech of Acceptance; and other utterances of his, as the campaign has progressed, have evidenced an appreciation of what a great number of the country's best citizens feel is their most acute individual business problem.

It may be that Mr. Wilson's long association with young men at Princeton has played a part in bringing him to see this particular issue. Contrary to a somewhat general impression, all young men in Eastern universities are not pampered youths who can dodge, with a light heart, the serious problems of bread and butter. The great majority see a hard struggle ahead, and to a man of Woodrow Wilson's broad sympathies their problem must have come home. At any rate, Mr. Wilson to-day, more than any one of the other leading candidates for the Presidency, seems to have grasped and expressed the point of view of the "ordinary" man struggling for a safe and dignified position in the country's economic scheme.

In reference to Mr. Wilson's candidacy, it is interesting to note how strong and efficient a band of supporters he has recruited from the Princeton following. It is well known that his administration as president of the University split trustees, graduates, and undergraduates into two bitter factions. Nearly all Princeton men for a time were either strong pro-Wilson men or violent anti-Wilson men. His effort to break up the club system — in many ways analogous to the "society" system at Yale — was the chief issue upon which graduates and undergratues split. (There, too, it may be incidentally noted, he was the champion of the "ordinary" man.) What the issues were within the board of trustees is not so clearly known. But feeling became so intense that several of the great Princeton families, such as the McCooks and the Alexanders — families whose donations had built buildings and founded scholarships, and which for generations have been associated with the College — severed all relations with the University. Charles B. Alexander, donor of Alexander Hall, and Colonel McCook actually left the board of trustees.

But most Princeton men seem now to be lining up squarely behind the man whom they once fought so bitterly, and it was only

"The World We Live In" is continued on page 66 of the advertising section
Digitized by Google



Another New Electrical Wonder —Magnified Sound

The evolution of electrical science in the past few years has been startling in its rapidity. In no other field, perhaps, has this been more noticeable than in the magnifying of sound, and the different useful and helpful purposes to which improvements along this line have been applied. Electricity in general is making so many improvements and benefiting mankind in so many ways, that there appears to be no limit to its possibilities. But in its capacity for transmitting sound this seems to be particularly true.

Nothing in the nature of telephony has been produced which is more interesting or more efficient in its way than the Acousticon, for in talking to a person at a distance with this instrument there is no need to speak into the transmitter, it gathering the sound from the air for itself; for that matter it is not necessary to place the receiver to the ear to hear a conversation—except at great distances—as the voice is magnified in receiving, as well as at the other end.

The speaker may stand twenty feet from the transmitter, speak in his natural voice, and be distinctly and clearly heard over the wire at practically any distance.

Not long ago an experiment was made with the Acousticon at the Capitol at Washington, with a view of installing it in the new Capitol building, so that any member of the House or Senate may hear, while in his office, all that is going on in the House or Senate. Speeches made on the floor of the legislative chambers were distinctly heard at a distance from the building, and by the attachment of a small horn to the receiving end every one in the room heard distinctly all the proceedings.

It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Dr. Parkhurst, from his magnificent church on Madison Avenue, New York—which has an Acousticon equipment—may ere long preach to an audience of 100,000 people scattered from Maine to California.

The "shut-ins," that host of unfortunates perpetually confined within doors by invalidism, could enjoy opera, concert, lecture, sermon, or play, no matter where taking place.

This brings to mind one, if not the greatest,

Digitized by Google

advantage which this particular invention possesses: which is that of enabling the deaf to hear.

Many hundreds of churches, theatres, and public halls have been equipped with the Acousticon for the benefit of auditors who are hard of hearing. And by its use a deaf person sitting in the extreme rear can hear quite as well and distinctly as those not so afflicted.

The success of the Acousticon in making the deaf hear messages sent over the wire, inspired the inventor to extend the idea and apply it to personal use. The result of his endeavors was the production of a portable Acousticon—one which can be worn without inconvenience, and so constructed as to be far less noticeable than any of the usual ear-trumpets, speaking-tubes, etc., yet very much more effectual.

It not only amplifies or magnifies sound 400 per cent., but it clarifies and accentuates the articulation, making it clear and distinct.

It is composed of a transmitter, or "gatherer of sound," a small disc which can be made of any color to suit the costume; a neat receiver, small and light in weight, held against the ear by a small headpiece which can be concealed by the hair; and a tiny battery which is easily carried in the pocket and is therefore quite out of sight.

It will be seen that the method of wearing this Acousticon leaves both hands free, as the little frame holds the earpiece to the ear.

By the use of this portable Acousticon it is said that, with the exception of the very few who have lost entirely the sensitiveness of the auditory nerve, every one is not only enabled to hear perfectly, but, by its constant use, the stimulated action on the working parts of the ear, in some instances, restores their natural functions.

Heretofore the Acousticon has been fitted to the weakness of the individual ear by a personal application, after the manner that glasses are fitted to suit the requirements of the individual eye.

Now, however, the addition of perhaps the most remarkable of all improvements, a Sound Regulator, will bring great relief and convenience to the hard of hearing, for the problem of fitting the ear has been solved so that it will not be necessary for those desiring an instrument of this character, to make long, expensive journeys to secure the most perfect results.

Conditions of the ears vary with weather, health, voices of speakers, and environments, so that while the fitting was perfect under the old system, the strength of the Acousticon could not be altered to meet changing conditions.

If a person with a soft voice spoke to you at an ordinary distance you would hear perfectly, but a harsh, penetrating voice speaking at the same distance would be disagreeably loud and discordant, perhaps unintelligible.

The voices of public speakers, actors, and others vary, while the location in a church or theatre makes it desirable to be able to adjust the Acousticon instantly to secure at all times the most satisfactory results.

This Sound Regulator now permits you, by the simple movement of a tiny lever from one button to another, to regulate the sound to six different strengths, from the loudest to the softest.

If you are carrying on a personal conversation the mildest strength will be sufficient—if you are listening to a general conversation in a roomful, however, you can instantly regulate the strength so as to hear distinctly all that is said.

If you go to a Lecture or Theatre, you can quickly adjust the Acousticon to your exact requirements. The voices of actors are never the same; and if one sounds too loud and another too soft, you can instantly change the instrument to suit those voices.

The same way, but perhaps more so, at the Opera; singing voices vary greatly in their power and penetration, and here again you can change to suit your pleasure and comfort.

So many people suffer from deafness, to whom news of this possible relief may be a matter of great interest, that we suggest their writing to Mr. K. M. Turner, President of General Acoustic Company, 1265 Broadway, New York City, mentioning that they have read this in McClure's Magazine. He will be glad, under these conditions, to send full particulars.

Though the makers of the Acousticon can hardly afford to put the instrument out on a charitable basis, they express themselves as willing and anxious to demonstrate its efficiency by permitting every one to thoroughly test it in every way before it is considered as purchased. They take the ground that a dissatisfied purchaser can do far more harm than many times the profit on an instrument.

This request would seem to prove that they must have thorough faith in its merit and its unfailing efficiency. And so long as they pursue this policy they will doubtless enjoy the confidence of the public, especially those who become their patrons.

Digitized by Google

Yes, your Honor, I made this copy 15 years ago with

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK

Carbon Paper

WILL the copies of your records and important letters be legible ten or twenty years hence to serve *you* in case of need?

Don't take any risks with the permanency of your records, use the blue or black MultiKopy and your copies will never fade, rub nor smudge run your finger across a copy and it will not make a blur.

MultiKopy Carbon Paper is the result of twenty years' striving to produce a carbon paper of greatest efficiency. Because of its wonderful chemical composition and smoothness of surface, a sheet will make at least 100 clear copies, every letter on the page being uniform in clearness.

Regular finish MultiKopy makes 20 good copies of a letter at one writing (others make 4 to 7).

Send Today for Free Sample Sheet of MultiKopy

and prove to yourself that it is the only carbon paper for up-to-date business.

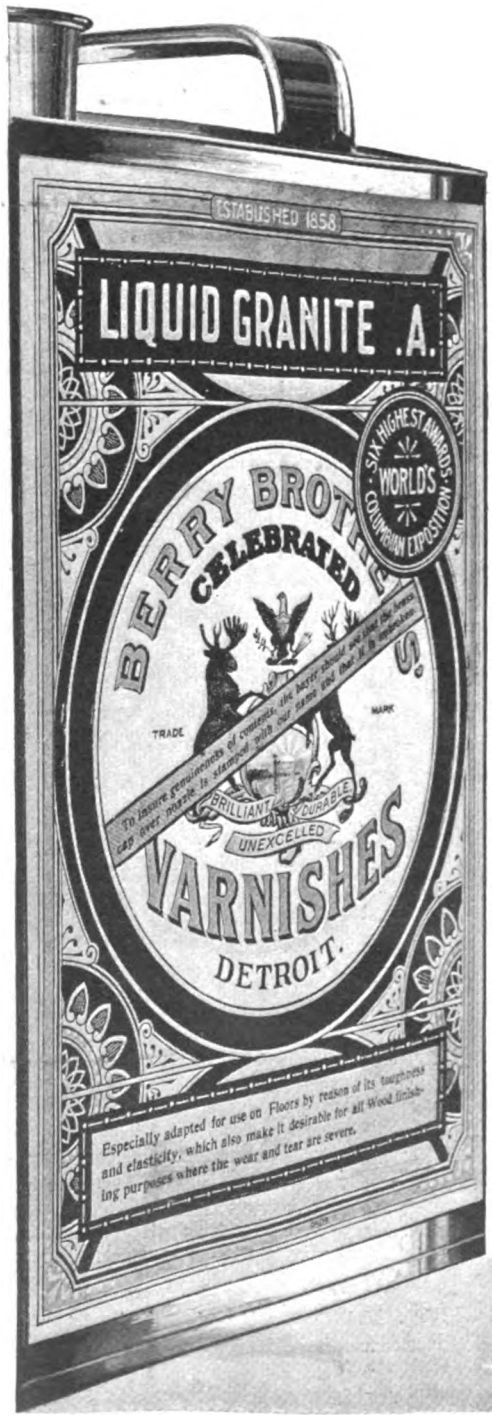
F. S. WEBSTER CO., 342 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Address letters to the Home Office

Sales Offices: New York, 396-8 Broadway Chicago, 222 W. Madison Street
Philadelphia, 908 Walnut Street Pittsburgh, 829-830 Park Building

Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons are guaranteed to make 75,000 impressions of the letters "a" and "e" without clogging the type so as to show on the paper.

Digitized by Google



Tell your dealer—
Tell your painter—
Tell your architect—
that *this* is the label you want.

The way to buy varnishing is to buy varnish—

Whether you do the work yourself or hire someone else—

Whether you have one floor or an entire building to be varnished.

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

The varnish itself is the important factor in a good or bad job of varnishing.

So don't neglect it.

Make sure of a good job by demanding good varnishes only.

You *Can* Afford to Use the Best Varnish

The better the varnish the less frequent your need to re-varnish. That is what makes Berry Brothers' Varnish the best "buy" for the man economically inclined.

That is why a little saving in the gallon-cost of cheaper varnish is really no saving at all—but an added expense in the end.

And you cannot measure in dollars and cents the annoyance that comes with the use of cheap varnish.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Varnishes and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock. You can always tell them by the well-known label on the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade-mark—your protection against substitution.

Start your active interest in Varnish by sending today for a copy of "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited

Established 1858

Factories: Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.

Franches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco.

Digitized by Google

The Woman Worth While
Holds the Admiration

of Husband, Friend, Brother or Sweetheart. She is sound in body and mind; is efficient, well poised, with

Perfect Health
and a
Good Figure
(well carried)

She makes the most of herself.

I have helped 60,000 of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to **keep** well. Why not you? You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day, in the privacy of your room, to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit your particular needs. I have

Reduced the Weight
of 30,000 women and have
Increased the Weight
of as many more.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to *common sense.*

No Drugs — No Medicines

You can—

Be Well so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

Be Attractive—well groomed. You can—

Improve Your Figure—in other words be at *your best.*

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands, and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what **I can do** for you by what **I have done** for others. I have relieved such Chronic Ailments as

Indigestion	**Torpid Liver**
Constipation	**Catarrh**
Anaemia	**Headaches**
Sleeplessness	**Weaknesses**
Nervousness	**Rheumatism**

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are **my pupils**—the medical magazines advertise my work.

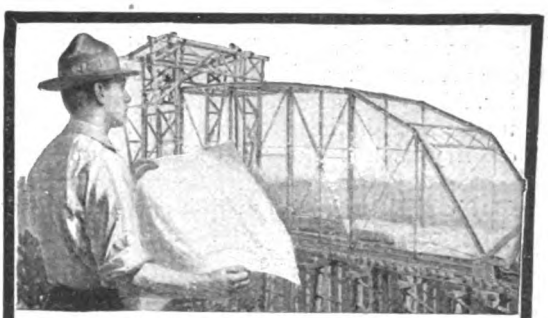
I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 95 **624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago**

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.



This Man Bridged the Gap

His name is R. L. Thomas and he lives in Eureka, California. He enrolled for I. C. S. training in 1902 while working as ranch hand, and as assistant on a ferry-boat between times.

In 1908 he drew the plans, and made the cost estimate for the handsome steel structure which now spans the river at the old time ferry crossing.

Thomas is now City Engineer of the City of Eureka, California. He says his income has increased seven-fold since enrolling.

This is but one of thousands of similar I. C. S. stories of success, and shows that the I. C. S. can help **you** win success at **your** chosen occupation.

To find out **how** the I. C. S. can help you mark the attached coupon today. Doing so costs you nothing. You assume no obligation.

It doesn't matter who you are, what you do, or where you live, the I. C. S. can help you bridge the gap to success.

Mark the Coupon NOW

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 814, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Electrical Engineer	Civil Service
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Bookkeeping
Telephone Expert	Stenography & Typewriting
Architect	Window Trimming
Building Contractor	Show Card Writing
Architectural Draftsman	Lettering and Sign Painting
Structural Engineer	Advertising
Concrete Construction	Commercial Illustrating
Mechan. Engineer	Industrial Designing
Mechanical Draftsman	Commercial Law
Civil Engineer	Teacher
Mine Superintendent	English Branches
Stationary Engineer	Poultry Farming
Plumbing & Steam Fitting	Agriculture — Spanish
Gas Engines	Chemist — French
Automobile Running	Salesman — German

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Digitized by Google

Continued from page 120

a few weeks after Mr. Wilson's nomination that, one after another, his old antagonists, including Mr. Alexander, announced that they were going to support him in his campaign. All over the country Wilson clubs have been formed by Princeton men, and it seems that, regardless of what their opinion of him as a university president was, Princeton men have now buried the old issues and are out to make Mr. Wilson the next President.

McCLURE'S is to publish one of the most remarkable stories that has ever been presented in magazine form. It is Elizabeth Robins' story, "The Grey Hawk of the World." Miss Robins is already known as the author of "Come and Find Me," "The Dark Lantern," "The Magnetic North," and "The Open Question." But this present story far surpasses anything she has done heretofore.

"The Grey Hawk of the World" expresses with dignity, and in the most exquisite literary form, the best thought of the Anglo-Saxon race upon that ever-recurring problem of the exploitation of women. In simple but most dramatic form the story moves through to a climax which must take its place as one of the great scenes of English literature — a scene at once so impressive and significant that it lives in the reader's mind long after he has closed the printed page.

The story — too long for one issue — is to be published in the December and January issues.

THE COMMERCIAL CRIMINAL AND THE LAW

THE under-world appeals to the imagination rather than to the mind of the average citizen — as a great, gray, formless menace to society, a generalization rather than a concrete collection of real human individuals.

The striking analysis by Magistrate Corrigan, in the present number of McCLURE'S, of the situation in New York lays bare to an extraordinary degree the development of this class of criminals in New York — its motives, its relations to the rest of society, and the conditions under which it continues its existence.

It is becoming generally recognized now that the great danger of city civilization in the United States is the commercial vice and crime which Judge Corrigan describes. And it is one of the hopeful signs of the times that we are now willing to examine and diagnose this question of vice, and are even ready to discuss it openly. For openness and frank discussion are the only hopes of the solution.

Take one form of vice — the business of prostitution. In this, even more than in gambling, the profits are tremendous; and they are all divided, as in any other established business, among a host of people, all of them a part of a commercial system.

In the first line come the women. No one knows, in a city like New York, how many of them there are; but there are thousands. The finger-print system of identification has shown, as the Chief of the Magistrates Court of New York has pointed out, that there is a small army of some three thousand women patrolling the streets of one district alone.

In the second line come the men who manage and live upon these women, and who are popularly known as "cadets." Nearly every woman is associated with one of these men.

In the third line are the financial backers of commercial vice, the veteran promoters of vicious houses and hotels. To these men go the main profits of these women's ghastly profession — profits tremendous and quick and lasting.

In the fourth line come the criminal lawyers who shape the policy of the business to avoid the law.

The further up you go in this scale — as Judge Corrigan shows — the more profit and the less danger. It is somewhat difficult to convict a woman, under the present law; more difficult to convict the men who live upon her earnings; and vastly more difficult to convict the financiers of the business.

All this seems grotesque and impossible to the average man; but it is the statement of an undoubted fact. Thousands of people live upon this thing, thousands more on gambling, and other thousands on begging and swindling and robbery in New York. And, as Judge Corrigan shows, this whole fabric — the existence of this system which lets nothing, not even murder, stand between it and its "easy money" — depends ultimately on the weakness and non-enforcement of our laws.

Judge Corrigan's remedy for the situation can not be given too careful consideration. What the United States must have in the next few years is a revision of the methods of its police administration and its criminal courts which will raise them to the efficiency and sure justice of the administration of criminal law in England and in all eastern Europe, and will cut down to a minimum the commercial criminal class which is responsible for the greater part of crime in American cities.

Digitized by Google

Darby and Joan

"Always the same, Darby, my own, Always the same to your old wife, Joan."

Famous Sweethearts

Like Darby, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are "always the same"—invariably constant in their power to please. Sweet, crisp, fragile, tempting—Summer or Winter they are the one dessert confection without a peer. Appropriate at all times and on all occasions.

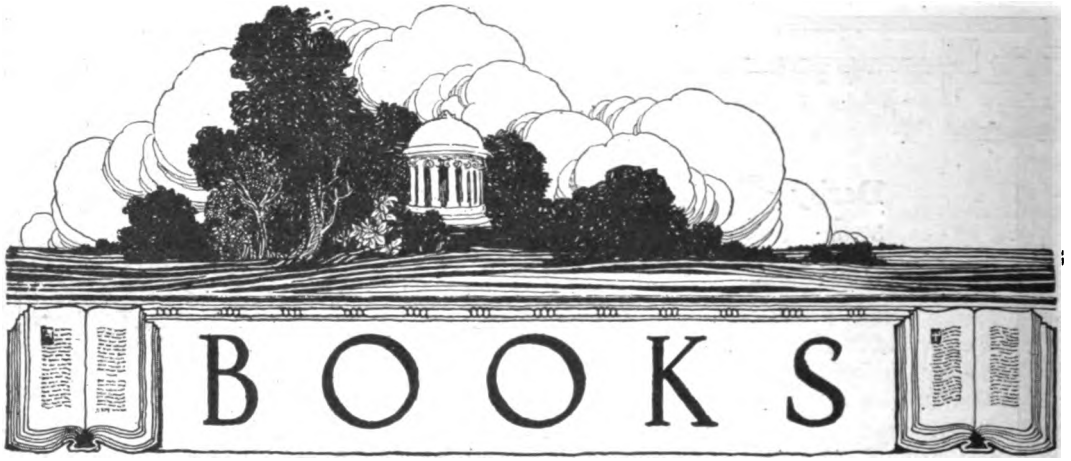
In ten cent tins, also in twenty-five cent tins.

A Famous Sweet

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—Chocolate coated outside, honeyed sweetness inside. Another ideal dessert confection.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Digitized by Google



IT is as if in planning "The Arm Chair at the Inn" (Scribners') F. Hopkinson Smith had said, "I will write about the friends, the places, and the surroundings I most dearly love"—and we never knew of his making an error in these particulars. The Inn is at Dives in Normandy, and around the old table in that quaintest of dining-rooms, "the Marmouset," gathered the good company whose experiences in life and the tales thereof furnish the substance of the book. A slender thread of romance runs through it all, detailing the love of Mignon, the dainty serving-maid, and Gaston, the handsome fisherman, and its happy conclusion.

But it is not in the romance or the stories told in the Marmouset that the seductive charm of this book lies. It is the Inn itself, its prince of landlords, Lemois, and the people gathered there in the quiet autumn weather that distinguish it. F. Hopkinson Smith writes with the smooth touch of authority concerning the worthy things of existence, and in this book of comradeship, good eating, and happy thought he is his most characteristic self. Such dinners and breakfasts! A dyspeptic could never read beyond page 13 and its distracting offer.

That versatile gentleman, Mr. Arthur Train, turns lightly from his experiences as Assistant District Attorney of New York and the skilful artistry of the Camorra to tell a rousing story of up-to-date life on the bounding main. "CQ" (Century) is its title, and the action (there's a shipload of it) centers in the wireless house of the *Pavonia*, of which Micky Fitz, with red hair, an engaging smile, and a heart as boundless as the horizon, is the master and hero. To help Mrs. Trevelyan, a well-seasoned but still unwrinkled society expert, get ashore with her undeclared $50,000 pearl necklace, and at the same time assist a poor, lonesome murderer to escape, are Micky's problems. Obviously somewhat complicated, because Micky has to spend some time with his crackling instruments in order to appease an exceedingly British captain and earn a very necessary salary. Mr. Train succeeds in maintaining Micky's poise, in allowing Micky to carry out his generous plots, and, in spite of the hullaballoo raging in and out of the wireless house, in giving a first-rate picture of a trans-Atlantic trip. "CQ" would make a remarkably popular moving-picture play.

All geniuses are misunderstood until they begin to make money; and even then it is generally a puzzled admiration that parades as understanding. If you ever went to school with a genius you will appreciate it fully. No one in Taylorsville, "Ohioanna," understood Olivia Lattimore, about whom Mary Austin discourses in "A Woman of Genius" (Doubleday, Page). Olivia had a gift; she knew it; others felt it; but Taylorsville did not believe in theaters, and could not understand why Olivia preferred being an actress to cooking boiled dinners and wrapping up her husband's sore throat in red woolen swathings. But she did. She married a Taylorsville youth because it was the custom, and they lived restlessly for a time in another Ohioanna town that differed from Taylorsville only in the postmark. There Olivia's husband died, and thence she fled to Chicago and the stage with genius dripping from her finger-tips. With opportunity came success, with success the longing for something

Continued on page 70

Digitized by Google

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

This handy, floating oval cake of soap perfection costs but **5 cents**

FAIRY SOAP is good soap—pure soap—the best soap we know how to make. ¶Fairy Soap is white because it has nothing to hide. No dyes or strong perfumes to disguise the quality of its ingredients. ¶Fairy Soap wears down to the last wafer of the cake—does not break like soaps made in the awkward, oblong bar. It is therefore economical.

THE
N. K. FAIRBANK
COMPANY
CHICAGO

Digitized by Google

Continued from page 68

deeper and stronger. The red woolens of her Taylorsville experience still clothed her moral nature, however, even though they irked her sadly; and it was not until Helmeth Garrett appeared that Olivia found "the room prepared for her." Then she stepped into it as into an inheritance, and made merry until Garrett insisted upon Mexico as a future residence. The call of the spotlight was stronger, and Olivia remained in New York in "an empty room." There the reader is forced to leave her.

"A Woman of Genius" is simply another sop thrown to the lovers of "human documents." It is a glutinous mass of mismated marriages, pitiful and ineffectual ideals, an unsound knowledge of the stage, and an old-fashioned idea of man's obtuseness. But there is in the writing of the story a certain finished superficiality that has its charm for the great class of readers who revel in soul microscopy. One can say, too, concerning Mrs. Austin's latest effort, that no matter how wide apart she split genius and mediocrity, she left even her most tempting infinitives virtuously intact.

It is only through fault of circumstances that Holman Day is not producing hair-trigger romances of the Western plains. He happens to have fallen upon Maine; therefore he uses that border State as the stamping-ground of his bronzed-faced heroes. And his heroes stamp unmistakably, noble-browed and virtuous though they be.

In the case of "The Red Lane" (Harpers'), it is a Yankee customs officer, Norman Aldrich, that wears the bay. His duty was to guard the "red lane," that shifting thoroughfare by which smugglers made illegal entry from Canada. Consequently, his life was busy and troubled. In "The Red Lane," Mr. Day's hero worked hard at his hazardous profession only long enough to be shot in the arm by a particularly vindictive Acadian. Through the rest of the tale Aldrich was engaged in the wooing, winning, and marrying of a beautiful Acadian girl whom Mr. Day has audaciously named Evangeline. A very laudable occupation, admittedly, and in this case most dangerous, for the borderland is filled with enemies headed by that craven-hearted devil, Dave Roi. Seldom did a hero have such obstacles, but, as a matter of course, virtue was eventually triumphant, and no one we care for was hurt. Mr. Day has the happy faculty of writing a rattling yarn with the honeyed pen of a "Duchess."

It will depend largely upon the point of view how "The Junior Partner" (Dutton) will be judged. These seven short stories by Edward Mott Woolley may be treated as fairy tales, or the book may be read and reread as a textbook for the man with business ambition. Supposedly the stories are told by seven men who meet in the smoking compartment of a trans-continental train, each relating his story of success hewn single-handed from the tough rock of business life. The stories are crisp, invigorating, and fluent; they bear the air of verity; they bring out the grain of business experience. They are more than stories, and should be taken for what they are — cross-sections of American success. And some people tell us that business men have no imagination!

A book merchant turn book-writer! Why not? We know an admirable gentleman "in stocks" who does crocheting — and does it well. Why shouldn't Grant Richards write a novel? Mr. Richards saw no reason to prevent, so he wrote one. It is "Cavaire" (Houghton, Mifflin), and a highly entertaining novel it is, with more pages of restaurants, menus, hotels, food and drink than any other novel of its size. The hero, the Hon. Charles Careleon, "the Amiable Charles," is almost continuously running in and out of some place of refreshment, be it in London, Monte Carlo, Paris, or Forty-second Street. They seem to have been isles of refuge, for in general the amiable Charles rushes out of one into the arms of Adventure. There is a plot, and in the end Charles marries an American girl of incredible wealth; but the plot really interferes very little with the story — nothing breaks the chain of restaurants. Charles loses money in Wall Street and dallies with the houris of the stage; Charles gets the name of being one of the gayest trans-Atlantic spenders; but Charles finally settles down. He did it just in time; one more round of cabarets and he would have been a gastronomic derelict. Take Mr. Richards' book in courses, but don't fail to taste it — it's piquant.

As an accommodation to our readers we will, on request, gladly supply any information or answer any questions concerning any books. Address Book Service Department, McClure's Magazine, 251 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

Most dealers in haberdashery are trying to give you the best value possible for your money; and one way to do it is to sell

PARIS GARTERS

Every dealer knows that; and when you strike one occasionally who offers some other garter when you ask for "Paris," don't let him "put it over."

Prices 25c, and 50c for silk

Look for the name PARIS on the back of the shield.

A. Stein & Company, *Makers* Chicago and New York

Cheer Up! Beautify highly polished pianos and furniture and prevent their cracking and checking. *Simply dust with*

LIQUID VENEER

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY,
243-K Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

HAVE YOU GOT ONE ?

We mean a **DAUS' IMPROVED TIP TOP DUPLICATOR with Dauseo Oiled Parchment negative roll,** that ideal assistant, always ready when you want to quickly make 100 copies from pen-written and 50 copies from type-written original. Complete duplicator, Cap size (prints 8¾ x 13 in.), only costs $7.50, less special discount of 33⅓ per cent, net **$5,** but we don't want your money until you are satisfied that our machine is all right, so if you are interested just write to us to send it on. 10 days' trial without deposit. That's fair enough, isn't it? Then send to-day.

FELIX A. K. DAUS DUPLICATOR CO., Daus Bldg., 111 John Street, New York

Adirondack Foot Warmers

for Autoing, Driving and Sitting Outdoors

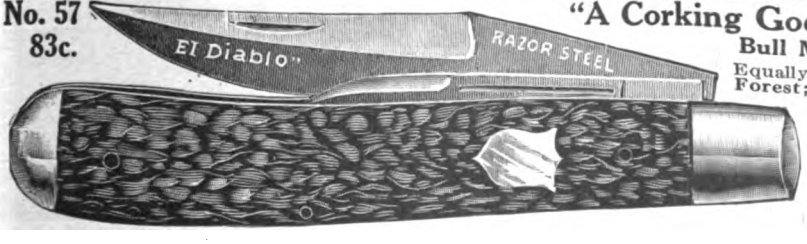
Insure coziness, warmth, comfort! Make living outdoors in Winter a keen enjoyment. Worn by men and women. Sheepskin with heavy, warm wool inside; ten inches high. State shoe size and whether to be worn over shoes or hose. Money back if unsatisfactory.

$1.50 PAIR, SENT PREPAID

Illustrated Catalog Outdoor Outfittings FREE

W. C. LEONARD & CO.
58 Main St. Saranac Lake, N. Y.

No. 57
83c.



"A Corking Good Knife," Says T.—

Bull Moose and Elephant Agree.

Equally good in the Shop, the Farm, or Forest; light but extra strong; resharpened easily. Stag handle, German silver finish; blades file tested, hand forged razor steel and warranted. Sample 83c., 3 for $2, postpaid.

Send for 80-page Free List and "How to Use a Razor."

MAHER & GROSH CO.
608 A Street Toledo, Ohio

Digitized by Google

Whitman's Continent-Covering Chocolates

Sold in every state—in nearly every town. Always the same—fresh, perfect and doubly guaranteed. Sold only at special agencies displaying the sign:

AGENCY Whitman's CHOCOLATES CONFECTIONS

When you want a charming gift or a delightful treat select from these four:

A Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks—$1.00 a pound. Pink of Perfection Chocolates (or Confections)—$1.00 a pound. Whitman's Sampler—$1.00 a pound. "1842" Bitter Sweets—80 cents a pound.

"A List of Good Things," booklet, free

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.

ORIGINAL—GENUINE

HORLICK'S

Delicious, Invigorating

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

CRESCA DELICACIES

The choicest products of France and many other lands are offered at their best, some ready for the table and many ready for the cook. They answer the question—what can I serve that is "different."

We have prepared a little book called "Cresca Foreign Luncheons" that not only takes you to the spots where these delicacies are produced but gives luncheon menus with recipes and other helpful suggestions; mailed on receipt of 2 cent stamp.

CRESCA COMPANY, Importers, 352 Greenwich St., N.Y.

"Mission" or "Colonial" SECTIONAL COME-PACKT FURNITURE Guaranteed Furniture

Direct from Factory at 50% Saving

We have supplied more than 30,000 of America's best homes with handsome Come-Packt Furniture. The public has been won by its beauty of design, solidity, fine finish and sterling worth.

Shipped in finished sections, easily assembled. Sold under Money-Back Guarantee on a full *year's trial.* Factory-to-home plan and saving in packing and freight explain the astoundingly low prices. Note the splendid bargains shown here.

$7.50
Dealer's Price $15

Dealer's Price $25

Made of quarter-sawn White Oak, handsomely finished. Immense variety of exclusive designs from which to make your selection.

$10.25 (7)
Dealer's Price $28

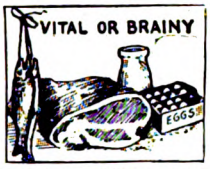
Our Big Art Catalog Mailed FREE

Over 500 pieces of Come-Packt Furniture accurately illustrated and described. Send today. Buy furniture the "Come-Packt" way—save jobber's and dealer's profits.

COME-PACKT FURNITURE COMPANY, 1105 Fernwood Avenue, TOLEDO, OHIO

Digitized by Google

POPULAR EDUCATIONAL FOOD CAMPAIGN



Tomatoes and Lemons are Solvents: Green Vegetables are laxative, etc.

YOU, like most people, are probably taking too much starchy food:—rice, bread, pastries, etc. Substitute plenty of lean, tender meat, fowl, game, fish, curdled custard, green non-nourishing vegetables and juicy fruits *in correct combination and quantities for your special needs* for a few days or weeks, taking no starchy food and you will be surprised at your gain—**clearer eyes, stronger brain and a body more alert.**

Abstinence from starchy foods creates a much bigger appetite for meat, fruit and vegetables. If you take correct quantities of *digestible* brainy foods, YOU CAN INCREASE YOUR BRAIN POWER FOR ANY SPECIAL STRESS OF BRAIN WORK.

If people suffering from a slight or severe complaint were to take nothing but grapes, pears or other juicy fruits for a day, or if possible for longer, they would find their pains and abnormal symptoms decrease. Any person unable to digest juicy fruits needs special dietary advice.

Correct Natural Foods Restore Health

I have produced in myself the symptoms of various diseases by eating *certain wrong foods*, or, in the case of some symptoms, by taking *certain right foods in excess*, and I have restored myself to normal health in a few days by correcting my diet.

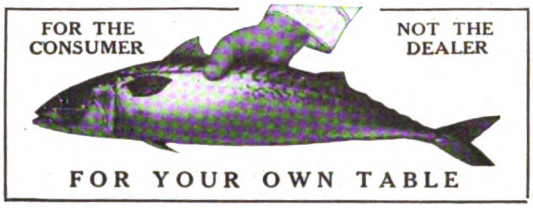
The great benefits of a temporary non-starch diet for sufferers from nearly all classes of diseases are explained in a most interesting way in four booklets:—(1) **The New Brainy Diet System. (2) Diet vs. Drugs. (3) Effects of Foods. (4) Key to Longevity.** A correspondent writes:

"The lists of daily foods which increase brain power, promote longevity, cleanse congested liver, etc., are worth untold dollars."

Send ten cents for these booklets. Send the addresses of interested friends to

G. H. BRINKLER, Food Expert, Dept. 27L, Washington, D. C.

SALT MACKEREL, CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER



FAMILIES who are fond of **FISH** can be supplied **DIRECT** from **GLOUCESTER, MASS.,** by the **FRANK E. DAVIS FISH COMPANY,** with newly caught **KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH,** choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell **ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT,** sending by **EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME.** We **PREPAY** east of Kansas on orders above $3.00. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want **YOU** to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, the fat, meaty, juicy fish are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters are simply boiled and packed in **PARCHMENT-LINED CANS.** They come to you as the purest and safest lobster you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS are a relishable, hearty dish that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams whether fried or in a chowder.

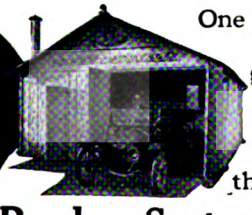
FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or devilled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad, you can get here to keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use. With every order we send **BOOK OF RECIPES** for preparing all our products.

Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price, so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

Let Gloucester be your Fish Market and Davis be your Fishman.

FRANK E. DAVIS FISH CO.,
68 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.
Please send me your latest Fish Price List.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

Firepoof Garage $100up



One year's saved garage bills often cover the cost of a

Pruden System

Portable Fireproof Garage. Built of metal units which interlock and support each other without framing. Easily, quickly erected. Strong, durable and handsome as masonry. **Write for catalog,** stating name and model number of car so we can advise best size and style. Freight paid East of Rocky Mountains. Immediate shipment from stock.

METAL SHELTER CO. 5-25 W. Water St. ST. PAUL, MINN.
Patentees and Sole Mfrs. Pruden System Buildings

20 Years of Service Without Repairs

Thousands of "Reeco" Water Systems have equaled that record and are still giving efficient service. The "Reeco" holds all records for delivering full service year after year without breakdowns or repairs. And from the standpoint of efficiency and economy, the only system you can afford to install is the

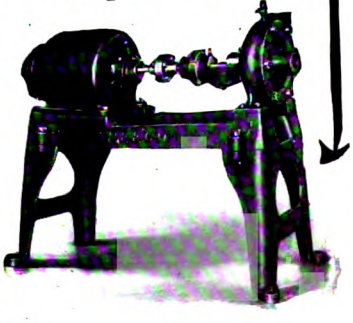
"REECO" Water Supply System

Equipment for factories, hotels, farms, country houses, backed by 70 years' reputation and 50 thousand systems now in use. Operated by "Reeco" Electric and Gasoline Pumps or the famous "Reeco" Rider and "Reeco" Ericsson Hot Air Engines. What are your needs; let us tell you how to meet them—and the cost to a penny.

Write nearest office for catalogue G

RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.

New York. Boston. Philadelphia. Montreal, P. Q. Sydney, Australia


"Reeco" Centrifugal Pump

Digitized by Google

Get on the map with a jimmy pipe!

PIPEOLOGY

Here's the "college pipe." It's a big favorite all along the line because it's light and easily cleaned. It is made of briar with a push bit of rubber or amber. Between briar and bit is a silver mount. You'd like it!

Draw your mouth full of Prince Albert tobacco smoke—see how cool it is!

Hit up one pipeful or a thousand, Prince Albert *won't bite your tongue.* Just can't—the sting's cut out by a patented process. *No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert!*

Catch the 100% enthusiasm of this bully smoke. *Go to it;* forget all about the *broiler*-brands that put your tongue all to the bad.

P. A. has given countless men pipe freedom. You can share their joy.

You'll be as tickled over a cigarette rolled with Prince Albert as you are with a jimmy pipe fire-up. Just try it out with one of those handy 5c bags.

P. A. is so delicious in taste and fragrance, so fresh and sweet that it puts the *dust*-brands and *"free-running"* cigarette brands right into the woods.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

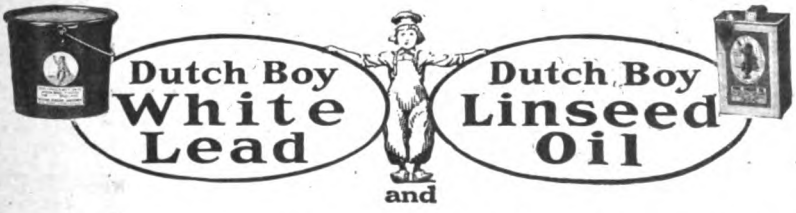
Sold everywhere. Buy it in the toppy red bag for 5c; in the tidy red tin for 10c and in handsome pound and half-pound humidors. Go to it while the going's right good!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Digitized by Google

Use Old-fashioned, Made-to-Order Paint

Good, old-fashioned, white lead paint is like the architecture of the ancients—hard to improve upon. House-owners who want that kind of paint have often been disappointed, simply because either the white lead or the linseed oil was not pure. To prevent paint failure we offer you



Both are pure. We make no second grade of either. The lead comes in our steel packages. The oil comes in "Dutch Boy Painter" cans, one and five-gallon size, sealed at the spout, pure and clean as it came from the flaxseed. There can be no uncertainty about these ingredients. They don't need testing. The reliable painter brings them to your building and with due regard to the conditions he finds he mixes them into "Dutch Boy Painter" *made-to-order* paint.

The paint is equally effective when you wish to fortify your buildings on the outside against the rigors of the winter and when you decorate the interiors for the better enjoyment of winter life indoors.

Let us send you our "Painting Helps 84"

They are packed full of facts every house owner should know about painting and decorating. Included in these "Helps" on decoration is our catalogue of 100 beautiful patterns for wall stencils, from which you may order at great reduction from art store prices.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Buffalo Chicago Cincinnati Cleveland San Francisco St. Louis
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia) (National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

Digitized by Google

Teach Your Little Ones To Take Pride in Their Looks

Clean teeth are more important to your child than clean hands.

For on them depends health, beauty and daintiness.

Nature gives us two sets of teeth, and upon the care of the *"first teeth"* greatly depends the regularity and health of the *Second* or permanent teeth.

Cleaning the teeth is a pleasant habit easily formed, especially with

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

—the standard dentifrice—prepared for nearly half a century by a doctor of dental surgery. Its use will be a source of comfort through life for which your children will ever feel grateful to you.

Dr. Lyon's cleans by gentle friction and is a pure gritless powder of velvet smoothness. It contains no glycerine, glucose, gelatine or saccharine to lodge between the teeth and encourage decay, and cannot produce chemical action, or injure the enamel. It preserves the teeth by keeping them beautifully polished and thoroughly clean and free from tartar. THE SAFEST WAY.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Digitized by Google

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME XL No. 2 DECEMBER, 1912

MY LITTLE SISTER

BY

ELIZABETH ROBINS

AUTHOR OF "COME AND FIND ME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER

SHE is very fair, my little sister.

I mean not only she is good to look upon.

I mean that she is white and golden, and always seemed to bring a shining where she went.

I have not been able, I see, to set down these few sentences without touching the quick.

I have used the present and then fallen into the past. I say she "is"—and then she "seemed." And I do not know whether I should have written "was" or "seems."

And that, in sum, is my story.

We were both so young when we went to Duncombe that even I can not clearly remember what life was like before.

Whether there was really some image left upon my mind of India, or of my father in a cocked hat, looking very grand on a horse, or whether these were a child's idea of what a cavalry officer's daughter must have seen, I can not tell. I do not think I imagined the confused picture of dark faces and a ship.

My first clear impression of the world is the same as Bettina's. A house which we did not yet know as small, set in a place which still is wide and green.

As far back as we remember it at all, we remember roaming this expanse—always, in the beginning, with our mother. A region where we played with the infinite possibilities of existence—from the discovery of a wheatear's hidden nest, to the apparition of a pack of hounds on the horizon, followed by men in red coats and ladies in sober habit, on horses that came galloping out of the vague, up over the green rim of the world, jumping the five-barred gate into Little Klaus' meadow, and vanishing in a pleasant fanfare of horn, of baying and hallooing—leaving us standing there in a stirred and wonderful stillness.

We seldom met any one afoot in those days, except, now and then, the cottager who lived in

Copyright, 1912, by The McClure Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

Digitized by Google

a thatched hut down in one of the multitude of hollows. We called him "Kleiner Klaus" because he had one horse of his own, but sometimes in the paddock four others grazed and kicked their heels. And he was little and shrewd-looking, and used to smile at Bettina.

To be sure, every one smiled at Bettina.

And Bettina would show her dimple, and nod her shining curls, and pass by like a small princess, scattering gold of gladness and good will.

Though we children looked on Kleiner Klaus as a friend, years went by before we dared so much as say good morning to him. Any one else found at large in our green dominions was an enemy.

So much we learned before we learned to speak our mother tongue. And all in that first lesson, so far as I was concerned: a lesson typified in the figure hurrying to the rescue down the flagged path toward the gate. My mother, who had moved through all our days with changeless calm! And now she was running so fast that her thick hair was loosened. A lock blew across her face.

Mélanie, our nurse, stood inside the gate with Bettina in her arms. A lady leaned over, asking the way to the Dew Pond. Mélanie could not even understand the question. But I knew all about the Dew Pond. I had been there with my mother to look for caddis-flies. So I pointed to the knoll against the sky, and stammered a direction. Bettina was of no use to any one looking for the Dew Pond. But she quickly took her place as the centre of interest. All that she did to make good her divine right was to show her dimple and point a meaning finger at the jewelled watch pinned to the stranger's gown. The lady held out her hands to our baby. Bettina consented to be taken nearer to the sparkling toy.

Then our mother — as I say — hurrying out of the house as though it were on fire; — taking the baby and the nurse and me away in such haste I had no time to finish telling the lady how to find the Dew Pond.

I heard my mother, who was commonly so gentle, telling the nurse in stern staccato French if ever it happened again she would be sent away. Never, never was she to allow any one to touch our baby! Had the strange woman kissed Bettina?

The new nurse lied. And I said no word.

But the impression was stamped deep. No one, outside the family at Duncombe, was ever to kiss Bettina.

There was one lasting cloud upon a childhood spent as close to our mother as fledgelings in a nest.

Our mother was the most beautiful person we had ever seen. Even as quite young children, we were dimly conscious of the touch of pathos in the beauty that is frail — as though we guessed it was never to grow old. But this was not the cloud. The presentiment was too undefined. It came in a guise too gentle, to give us present uneasiness.

In the unquestioning way of children, we accepted the fact that one's mother should be too easily tired to join in active games. But she taught us how to play. She was as much a factor in our recreation as in our lessons. So much so, that we were a long time in finding out the dividing line between work and play. I think that must have been because our mother had a genius for teaching. The hard things she made stimulating, and the easy things she made delight.

No, there was an exception to this. Not even my mother could make me good at music.

Years after I was still able only to practice, Bettina "played." And better even than her playing was Bettina's singing. That began when she was quite a baby. I see her now, a small figure all white except her green shoes and her hair of sunset gold, singing; — singing a nursery rhyme to an ancient tune my mother had found in one of her collections of old English songs:

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

We thought this specially accomplished, because it was Bettina's first English song.

We found out, by and by, that the walks we thought so adventurously long were little walks. We also found that our world was less uninhabited than we thought. Duncombe, we discovered, stood midway between two large country houses. Besides the cottage of Kleiner Klaus, there were other small peasant holdings, dotted like islands in our sea of green — brave little inclosures made by the few who refused to be wholly dispossessed when, in the eighteenth century, the open heath, as we heard later, had been taken from the people.

Our own Duncombe, which we thought very grand and spacious, had been only a superior sort of farm-house.

Every one has marked the shrinkage in those nobler spaces we knew as children. In our case, not all imaginary the difference between what we thought was "ours" and what, for the time being, was. We never doubted but the boundless heath belonged to us as much as our garden did. We were confirmed in our belief by the attitude of our mother toward those persons detected in daring to walk "our" paths, or touch our wild flowers, or, worst crime

Digitized by Google

"I HEARD MY MOTHER'S VOICE. 'WHAT *ARE* YOU DOING? SHUT THE WINDOW INSTANTLY.' 'BUT SHE IS TIRED AND WET!' I CRIED"

of all, disturb our birds. The proper thing to do, on catching sight of any stranger, was to start with an aversion, suggested by our mother's, but improved upon, more pictorial. We would all three stare at the intruder, and then allow our eyes to travel to the nearer of the signs, "*Trespassers*," etc. I was twelve before I realized that we ourselves were trespassers.

The heath belonged to Lord Helmstone.

That was a blow.

Still worse the later knowledge that Duncombe House and garden were not our own. The laying out of a golf course and the cheapening of the motor-car forced the facts upon our knowledge. But I am glad that as little children we did not know these things. We saw ourselves as heiresses to the prettiest house and garden in the world. And no whit less to those broad acres rolling away toward London and the Future.

Digitized by Google

II

THOSE early days, as I have said, were happy and warmly sheltered. Yet there was all about us, or hovering near, ready to swoop down, a sense of fear.

I hardly know how we came first to feel it as a factor in life. A thousand impressions stamped the consciousness deep and deeper still — a thing as close to life as the flesh to our bones. We were safe there on our island in the heathery sea, only as people are safe who never trust themselves to the treachery of ships.

My mother seemed to hug the thought of home as those in old days who heard a wolf howl gave thanks for the stout stockade. More times than I can count, I have seen her coming home from one of our walks with that look, half dreaming, half vague apprehension. I have seen her turn that look back on Bettina, lagging: "Soon home, now, little girl. Soon safe in our dear home."

I remember the look of the heath at dusk on winter days. The forbidding grey of the sky. The clammy chill. A white fog coming out of the hollows — a level mist; not rising high at first, but coming nearer, nearer, like the ghost of an inundating sea. All the familiar things taking on an unreal look. A silence, and a shivering. Sometimes the dull oppression broken by a bird's note. Harsh and sudden. A danger signal.

I see us linking arms and, with our mother between us, so mend the pace that she would reach home almost breathless. Nevertheless we would hurry indoors and shoot the bolt behind us like people who knew themselves pursued.

Perhaps my mother's fear had grounds we children never knew. But we knew that the sound of a door shut, and a bolt shot, was music in her ears. Her changed "home" face was like summer come again. She would help us to strip off our wraps, and, all in a glow, we would go flying to the haven of our pretty fire-bright room with its gay chintzes, its lamps and flowers. One of us would ring for tea. Another would draw chairs about the blaze. My mother's part was to close the heavy inside shutters, to let down across the panels the iron bar, and draw the curtains.

"*Now* we are safe and sound!" she would say.

I do not pretend to explain, for I do not know, how it was that, though we loved our walks, Bettina and I came to share her sense of danger.

There is no more characteristic picture of my mother in my mind than that which shows her to me with needle arrested over work slipping off her knee, or holding a page half turned, her lifted face wearing that look, listening, foreboding. And yet, there was nothing the least tragic about my mother's usual looks or moods. She was merely gentle and aloof.

She helped us to be very happy children; and, if she made us sometimes most unhappy, she did so unconsciously. And she did so only at times when she must have been unhappy too.

She played for us to dance, and she played for us to sing. But after Bettina and I had gone through our gay little action songs, and after we had sung all together our glees and catches, we would be sent to do lessons in the morning-room — which was our school-room under the cheerfuller name.

Then, sitting alone, between daylight and dark, our mother would sing for herself songs of such sadness as youth could hardly bear. Oh, we were glad when Martha Loring's face appeared with the lamp and consolatory suggestions of supper.

Better still the blessed times when the music was too sad even for our mother — when she would break off and come to find us — help us to hurry through our task, and then for reward (hers or ours? . . . I never quite knew) open the satinwood cabinet and take out the treasures and let us see and handle them. All but two. We had been allowed to hold our father's order and his watch. We had turned over the pretty things he had given her; we knew that I was to have the diamond star when I grew up and Betty the pearl-and-emerald pendant. Only the two brass buttons we might never touch.

We never knew why the brass buttons were so precious. She held them wonderfully — as though they were alive.

And we too — we were always happier after we had seen them.

We knew that she felt, somehow, safer.

So did we.

We had come early to know that our mother's refusal to take any part in such meagre "life" as the scattered community offered was indeed founded upon "indisposition," as we had heard; but an indisposition deeper than her malady. We never knew her to say, "These card-playing, fox-hunting people are our inferiors." But she might as well. We read her thought.

Betty was two years younger than I, but nobody would believe I was not the elder by five years or even six. My thoughtfulness and gravity as a child, my being cast in a larger, soberer mould, lent validity to my assumption of the right to take care of Bettina — even to harry her now and then, when her feet outstrayed the paths appointed.

Bettina was not only younger. She was delicate. She had to be protected against colds, against fatigue.

There is in almost every house one main con-

Digitized by Google

cern. When I look back, I see that in ours the main concern was Bettina. If she had been less sweet-natured she would have been made intolerable. But the great need of being loved kept Bettina lovable.

I can not remember that we ever spent half a day away from each other, or away from our mother.

I feel still the panic that fell on us after the excitement of seeing the good-natured Mrs. Reuter drive up in her motor-car — the first we had encountered at close quarters, a jarring, uncanny, evil-smelling apparition in our peaceful court. Mrs. Reuter leaned out and unfolded her dreadful errand. To invite us children to come and stay at her house in Brighton from Friday to Monday.

We stood there, blank, speechless.

Our mother, with a presence of mind for which we blessed her, said she could not spare us. She was not well. I was a famous little nurse. Relief and pride rushed together. I could have kissed my mother's feet. My own could hardly keep from dancing.

"Let me take the little one, then," said this brutal visitor.

The "little one" burst into heartrending sobs.

Twenty times that afternoon the little one made my mother say: "I will not let any one take you away." "No, never." "You shall not pay visits."

And Betty, suspicious, insistent: "Not *never?*"

"Not never."

Oh, mother, mother! would you had kept your word.

III

When I was thirteen years old we lost our ally, Martha Loring. She had been with us since she was fifteen — at first a little scullery-maid. Later she was promoted and became a person much trusted, in spite of her youth and her love of fun. We had all sorts of games and private understandings with Martha. She was a genius at furnishing a doll's house. She got another friend of ours to make us a dresser for our doll's kitchen. This other gifted person was Peter, who was almost twenty, and who used to bring the vegetables. We did not know why he could never bring us our presents at the same time — perhaps out of fear of the cook, who was elderly and who held strict views upon the wickedness of eating between meals.

She never knew that that clever Peter circumvented her by climbing over the orchard wall with our red apples and with pockets full of the hazel-nuts we loved. Martha Loring told us that if ever we spoke of these gifts they would be forbidden, and Peter would never come any more. So we were most careful.

So was Peter — so careful that he brought his gifts after dark. Martha used to have to go down the garden and wait for them — wait so long, sometimes, that we fell asleep and only got Peter's presents in the morning.

Martha had laughing brown eyes and full scarlet lips. No wonder we were impressed by the transformation of this cheerful and familiar presence into something heavy-eyed and secret. One morning she came out of our mother's room sobbing, and went away without saying good-bye — though she wasn't ever coming back, the cook said.

Our mother was so unwell that day she did not want even me in the room.

In the evening Bettina and I went into the kitchen to ask Mrs. Ransom what had become of Martha. Mrs. Ransom was in a bad temper. She said roughly that Martha had gone under.

"Under? Under what?"

Mrs. Ransom said, "Sh!"

I went back to the kitchen alone, and begged the cook to tell me what had happened. She was angrier than ever, and said the young ladies where she lived before never asked questions, and would never have fashed themselves about a housemaid who was a horrid person. I was angry, too, at that, and told her she was jealous of Martha. She chased me out with a hot frying-pan.

We felt justified in disbelieving all Mrs. Ransom had said when we found out that Martha had not "gone under" at all. She had gone to stay with the family of Little Klaus. But our mother said Little Klaus' wife ought not to have taken Martha in. She wrote Mrs. Klaus a letter.

As for us, we were never to speak to Martha again. And we were not to go near Little Klaus' cottage as long as Martha stayed there. Very soon she went away.

We were reminded of Martha whenever a beggar came to the back door, or a dusty man on the heath road asked us for his fare to Brighton. Martha would have told the beggar to go and wait in the first clump of gorse. And she would smuggle food out to him. She would borrow our threepenny bits to make up the dusty man's fare. But she always paid us back.

I was not a secretive person, but I had learned years before that my mother was unwilling that we should ever go into any of the cottages. Not even for shelter in a storm were we to cross one of those thresholds. I felt sure that this precaution was on Betty's account.

I never let Bettina go into the Klaus cottage. Indeed, she never wished to. That instinctive

Digitized by Google

shrinking from ugliness and suffering seemed quite natural in a rose-leaf creature like Bettina. But I was made of commoner clay. And long after she had left us I missed that other piece of common clay, Martha Loring.

The thought of Martha was especially vivid in my mind on one occasion two years or more after she "went under."

Bettina caught one of her dreadful colds. But we had made her well again — so well that she insisted on going for a walk. My mother wrapped her warmly, and I knelt down and put on her leggings and overshoes.

But, after all, we only stayed out about ten minutes. My mother said the air was raw — "not safe."

At luncheon Bettina was urged to eat more. Though, as I say, she seemed quite well again, she had not recovered her appetite. Her normal appetite was small and fastidious. Often special dainties had to be prepared to tempt Bettina. And I remember, for a reason that will be obvious later, I remember we had delicious things to eat that day. Unluckily, Bettina wasn't hungry, and she grew rather fretful at being urged to eat more than she wanted.

My mother remembered a tonic that she sometimes made Bettina take. When she had helped us to pudding, she went upstairs to find the tonic — because she was the only one who knew where it was.

While we sat waiting, a face looked in at the window. A pinched, unhappy face with hungry eyes. A woman stood out there, holding a baby wrapped in a shawl. The window was shut, for the rain had begun as we sat down — heavy leaden drops out of a leaden sky.

I ran and opened the window. "What is it?" I said, quite unnecessarily. The woman told us she had started for the hop-fields that morning. She had no money to pay railway fare, but a man had given her a lift as far as the village. She did not know how she was going to reach the hop-fields.

At that moment I heard my mother's voice. "What *are* you doing? Shut the window instantly." And, as I did not do so quickly enough, she came behind me and shut the window sharply. What was I thinking of! Had I no regard for my little sister sitting there in the current of raw air? Really, she had thought me old enough by now to be trusted!

Seldom had I been so scolded. I forgot, for a moment, about the woman — I remembered her only when I saw my mother make a gesture over my head: "Go away."

"Oh, but she is tired and wet!" I said, and I tried to tell her story. My mother interrupted me. Hop-pickers were a very low class. They were dirty and verminous and spread infectious diseases.

"Go away," she said; and again that gesture.

I felt myself choking. "She is hungry," I whispered.

My mother measured out the tonic.

My first misgiving about her shook the foundations of existence. Other, lesser instances came back to me — strange lapses into hardness on the part of so tender a being. What did they mean? If I scratched my arm she would fly for a soothing lotion, and help healing with soft words. If Bettina pinched her finger, the whole house would be stirred up to sympathize. No smallest ache or ailing of ours but our mother's sensitiveness shared. And yet ——

The woman with her burden had moved away — a draggled figure in the rain.

A horrible feeling sprang up in my heart — an impulse of actual hatred towards my mother — as the hop-picker disappeared. I kept thinking of Martha Loring. If Martha Loring had been in the kitchen, she would somehow have got food to the woman, and a few pence. The image of Martha Loring shone bright above the greyness of that wretched time.

Looking back, I say to myself, Not all in vain, perhaps, the life of the little servant who had been turned out of doors. At Duncombe, where she had had her time of happiness, where she had served and suffered, something of her spirit still survived.

Martha Loring sat that day in judgment on my mother.

And I was torn with the misery of having to admit the sentence just.

With unloving eyes I watched my mother lift an ugly black spider very gently in a handkerchief and put the creature out to safety. But that haggard hop-picker — no, I couldn't understand it.

The hop-picker haunted me. Then I made a compact with her. For her sake I would contrive somehow to give bread to any hungry man or woman who went by. And so I addressed the hop-picker in my thoughts: "Though you had no bread for yourself, you will be the means of giving bread to others." The hop-picker accepted the arrangement. Peace came back.

In the vague pagan fashion of the young, I thought, too, that by kind deeds I might pay off my mother's score. Her fears for us somehow prevented her from feeling for other people's children. Something I didn't know about had made her like that. In my struggle to resolve the discord between a nagging conscience and my adoration for my mother, I seemed to leave childhood behind.

Still, very dimly, if at all, could I have realized there was any connection between her con-

Digitized by Google

"THE GREEN FROCK WAS ALL BUT FINISHED. BUT MY MOTHER WOULD NOT COME TO SEE THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER PIN IT ON. . . . 'I CAN NOT SLEEP WITH THAT WOMAN IN THE HOUSE,' SHE SAID".

Digitized by Google

tinued shrinking from our fellow creatures, and that old nameless Fear we used to bar the door against. Yet, in one guise or another, Fear still was at the gate. Yesterday the menace of Bettina's illness. To-day a hop-picker, bringing a whiff of the sick world's infection through our windows.

To-morrow?

IV

When to-morrow came, we knew. We had been using up our capital. Another year, at this rate, and it would be gone. What was to become of us? Should we have to sell Duncombe House? I asked. Only then we learned that Duncombe belonged to Lord Helmstone. But the rent was low. My mother said that, at the worst, we would go on living at Duncombe. Yes, even if we kept only one servant instead of three. For we would still have the tiny pension granted an officer's widow.

And should we always have the pension?

Yes, as long as she lived.

Not "always," then. A horrible feeling of helplessness, a sense of the bigness of the world and of our littleness, came down upon me. We seemed to have almost no relations. We knew our father had a step-sister, a good deal older than he. We heard that she lived in London and was childless. That was all. My mother had been an orphan. She never seemed to want to talk about the past. When we were little we took no interest in these things. As we grew older we grew afraid of paining her with questions. In some crisis of house-cleaning a photograph came to the surface. Who was this with the hair rolled high and the pear-shaped earrings? Oh, that was Mrs. Caterham.

"Aunt Josephine?"

"Well, your father's step-sister."

All hope of better acquaintance with her was dashed by learning that she had opposed our father's marriage, opposed it bitterly.

"She couldn't have known you," Bettina said.

"That I was not known to her was crime enough," my mother answered, with unwonted bitterness.

Just as we were made to feel that questions about Aunt Josephine were troubling, I felt now that to inquire into our precise financial condition was to harass and depress my mother. The condition was bad; therefore it was best covered up.

"We shall manage," she said.

I was sixteen when this thunderbolt descended. I knew that to "manage" was just what my mother, at all events, was quite incapable of doing. We still kept three servants and no accounts. Lawyers' letters were put away. Out of sight, they seemed to be out of mind — out of my mother's mind. I thought constantly about these things.

One day, months later, I blurted out a hope that we should all die together. My mother was horrified.

"But if we don't," I said, "how are we going to live, Bettina and I, without the pension?"

"You will have husbands, I hope, to take care of you."

I went over the grounds for this "hope" with no great confidence.

My mother went alone into the garden. She came in looking tired and white. Compunction seized me. I persuaded her to go upstairs and lie down. I would bring up her tea-tray. I expected to have to beg and urge. But she went upstairs "quite goodly," as we used to say. She looked back and smiled. She was still the most beautiful person we knew. But it was a very waxen beauty now. I must learn not to weary her with insoluble riddles. I went into the dining-room to make her tray ready — I liked doing it myself. Bettina's voice came floating in. She had grown tired of playing proper music. She was singing the nursery rhyme which my mother had set to variations of the tinkling old-world tune:

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

I thought how strange and wonderful was the simplest, most ordinary little life. There must always be that question: what is going to become of me? I had long known what was the proper thing to happen. I ought to marry Lord Helmstone's heir. And Bettina should marry a prince.

We began to see the Helmstones. My mother even went to them once or twice. Lady Helmstone and the two unmarried daughters came home from a tour round the world in their cousin's yacht. Lady Barbara was the plain daughter. She was twenty-two, and wrote poetry, we heard. But we thought the youngest of the family much the cleverest. Hermione was striking to look at, and the fact that she laughed at Barbara, and at pretty well every one else, made her seem very superior. Also, she had an air.

She made a deep impression on Bettina. I, too, found her wonderful. But my mother said she was crude. We thought that was only because, in spite of "being who she was," Hermione Helmstone put pink stuff on her lips and darkened the under lids of her green eyes. Just a little, you understand. Enough to give her a look of extraordinary brilliancy. She took a great fancy to Bettina. In spite of Bettina's

Digitized by Google

being so young, Hermione used to tell her about her love affairs.

There seemed to be a great many. But one was serious. She was "as good as engaged," she said, to Guy Whitby-Dawson. He was in the Guards.

We were all agog. When was she going to be married?

She didn't know. It was dreadfully expensive, being in the Guards.

Being a peer seemed to be very expensive, too. Hermione's father had so many places to keep up, and so many daughters, he couldn't afford to give Hermione more than the "merest pittance." When we heard what it was, we thought it very grand to call such a provision a mere pittance. I wished we three had a pittance.

For those two to try to live on it would be madness, Hermione said. So she and Guy would have to wait. Perhaps some of Guy's relations would die. Then he would have plenty.

Meanwhile, in spite of being "as good as engaged," Hermione flirted a good deal with her cousin, Eddie Monmouth, and with the various other young men who came to the week-end parties and for the hunting. Bettina and I were rather sorry for Guy, until the day when Hermione brought over some of his photographs for us to look at. We did not admire him at all.

But we never told Hermione.

All this time, Bettina was less in my thoughts than she had been since she was born — till one afternoon when I began to think furiously about her again.

Lord Helmstone had "looked in for a moment" with Eddie Monmouth, and then, as I thought, gone on to the links.

I went indoors and wrote a note for my mother. Then I escaped to the garden. "I will go down in the orchard," I said to myself, "and wait by the gap in the wall for a glimpse of the golfers playing the short round." The espaliers on the wall were dropping their petals; but the gnarled apple tree, this side of the gap, was tufted all over with pink and white. It stood there, brave and smiling in the last rays of the sun — I started, and stood as still as the apple tree.

Under the low branches two figures: my sister's raised face, the other bending down. He kissed her — Eddie Monmouth. I turned and fled back to the house. The kiss might have been on my lips, so effectually it wakened me out of my dreaming.

Bettina! — old enough to be kissed by a man!

So she was the first to be engaged . . . my little sister?

I tried that night to lead up to a confidence. But I had neglected Bettina too long, apparently, for her to want to tell me her great secret, just at first. So I waited. Then a dreadful day when Hermione came over to say that she was going up to London for Eddie Monmouth's wedding. Yes, most unexpected. All in hot haste, just before his sailing for India; the bride, a girl they had never heard of.

I dared not look at Betty for some minutes. When at last I mustered up courage to steal a glance, not a cloud on Betty's face. Here was courage! But what the poor child must be going through! I could not leave her to bear this awful thing alone. . . .

When Hermione had gone I told Bettina that I knew. She looked at me out of her innocent eyes, and reddened just a little. Then she laughed. "Oh, I don't mind *like that*," she said. "He was very nice; but I think I prefer Herbert Dallas."

At first I was sure this was just a brave attempt to bear her suffering alone. But I was wrong. Bettina *did* like Herbert Dallas best! He liked Bettina, and flirted with her.

V

THE Helmstones had come down for the last week-end before going to Marseilles to join their yacht, the *Nautch Girl*.

Lady Helmstone called one evening, very smart and smiling, and without preamble proposed to take Bettina along as one of her party. Equally without hesitation, my mother said the idea was quite impracticable.

Lady Helmstone was a person accustomed to having her own way. "You can not expect," she said, "you can not *want* to keep your girls at home forever."

"N-no," my mother agreed, with that old look of shrinking. But Bettina was far too young.

A niece of Lord Helmstone's, just Bettina's age, was to be of the party.

Ah, well, Bettina was different. Bettina was the sort of child who had never been able to face the idea of a single night away from home. And this was a question of a cruise of — how many weeks?

"Six months," said Lady Helmstone cheerfully.

My mother stared. Lady Helmstone could not have meant the proposal seriously. "Bettina would die of homesickness."

Lady Helmstone ventured to think not. As I have said, she was ill accustomed to seeing her invitations set aside. She spoke of Hermione's disappointment — they were all so fond of Bettina. She would have every care.

My mother made her acknowledgments — the suggestion was most kind, most hospitably meant. But Lady Helmstone had only to put it to Bettina. She would soon see!

Digitized by Google

"SHE KISSED US AND SAID I WAS MORE LIKE MY MOTHER. SHE HARDLY WAITED FOR US TO ANSWER. SHE SEEMED IN HASTE TO LEAVE SO MEAN A PLACE AS VICTORIA STATION"

Digitized by Google

Her ladyship smiled. "I think you will find Bettina would like to come with us."

I was annoyed at her way of saying that — as if she knew Bettina better than we. I went into the next room. I left the door open in case my mother should need me, and I heard them talking about "daughters."

There was much to be said, Lady Helmstone thought, for the way they did things in France.

My mother preferred the English way.

"And yet, you will not take it," said the other, with that suavity that allowed her to be even impertinent without quite seeming so. "I don't think, living as you do, you quite realize the trouble mothers take to give their girls the sort of opportunity you are refusing."

There were changes — "great and radical changes," she said — changes which my mother, leading this life of the *religieuse*, was possibly not aware of.

My mother deprecated as much as she had heard of these changes.

"Ah, but *necessary* — a question of supply and demand. You can afford to disregard them only if you do not expect your daughters to marry."

My mother said stiffly that she saw no reason to suppose her daughters would not marry — "all in good time." They were very young, Bettina a child.

"She is very little younger than I was when I married, or than you were yourself, if I may hazard a guess." My mother was silent. She was still silent when Lady Helmstone laid down the law that a girl's best "opportunities" came before she was twenty. In these days of Gaiety girls and American heiresses, the whole question had grown incomparably more difficult. "Mothers with a sense of family duty — I may say of patriotism — have to think seriously about these things." She herself, having married off three daughters and two nieces, might be considered something of an expert. Indeed, she was so regarded; she had advised hundreds. . . .

The interview ended stiffly.

The only part of my mother's share in it that I regretted was her suggesting that Lady Helmstone should not, after all, let Bettina know there had been any question of her going. "The child is already disturbed enough at the prospect of losing Hermione."

When Lady Helmstone had gone, my mother sat up with flushed cheeks and said: "If Betty never went *any*where, I should not want her to go away in the care of a woman like that."

The next night the Helmstones gave a dance. Bettina and I were asked, but my mother was less well than usual and it was not difficult to persuade her to send Bettina alone.

I put the finishing touches to Bettina's dress in our mother's room, so that she might have the pleasure of lying there and looking at Betty, all white and golden in the candle-light. While I tied her sash I noticed her frowning at herself in the glass.

"I look dreadfully missish," she said.

When I protested, she said: "Worse, then. Like a charity child at a school treat."

We were amazed. My mother asked where she had got such ideas. I heard Hermione behind Betty's voice.

She turned round and faced our mother with her most beguiling air: "It's going to be mine some day. . . . Lend me the pearl-and-emerald pendant."

That my mother should be surprised at the suggestion seemed only natural. But I could not see why she should be so annoyed. I, too, begged her to let Bettina wear the pendant. After all, Bettina was in her seventeenth year, and she was going to a real party.

"A girl of sixteen wanting to wear a thing like that!"

Bettina frowned. How old must she be before she could wear the pendant?

My mother wouldn't say.

After Bettina had gone, I asked about the market value of jewels. My mother seemed to think the inquiry very odd, and somehow offensive. I asked if she thought the big diamond star was worth as much as £600. She said I appeared to have a very sordid way of looking at things whose real value was that they were symbolic of something that was beyond price. I said I knew that. But did she not think that, for some great and important end, my father would have been the first to say, let the jewels be sold?

My mother put her hand up to her eyes. I blew out one candle and set a shield before the other. She spoke my name, and I started. The voice sounded odd. I went back to the bedside. "Are you ill?" I said. She shook her head and motioned me to sit down.

Then she told me. We were living on the proceeds of the diamond star.

The pendant had been sold the summer before. There was nothing more worth selling except the furniture; possibly a few prints.

We owed Lord Helmstone six months' rent.

The conversation about the jewels goaded my mother into taking a step which even we, blind as we were, felt to be epoch-making in our history.

That same evening she began to talk about Aunt Josephine — to excuse her. She had been so wrapped up in her brilliant young step-brother (and Aunt Josephine would never allow the "step") that *any* other person's coming in must inevitably have been resented. "She idolized your father." A woman of high character; given

Digitized by Google

to good works; busied about the redemption of longshoremen and about country treats for jam-factory girls; knee-deep in philanthropy. And childless. She *could* not, especially now, after that old first anger had long cooled — she could not be indifferent to the fate of her brother's children.

"Are you thinking of writing to her?" I said.

She explained that for her to address Mrs. Caterham was, under the circumstances, hardly possible. But there was no reason in the world why I should not.

I felt there were reasons, but I could not think what they were. My mother, meanwhile, grew almost cheerful, outlining the sort of thing I might say. No requests, in this first communication. A letter — if it found Mrs. Caterham so inclined — merely to open a long-closed door.

I did not like my task. The next morning, in a mood of deep dejection, I dated a sheet of paper, and began:

My dear Aunt Josephine:

I got no further that day.

When Betty came back from seeing the Helmstones off, it was a Betty we had never seen before. Hermione had told her that she might have gone yachting, too! It was like a stab to see my mother's face, now, and to remember the confidence with which she had quoted the old story about Bettina's insisting on the promise that she should not be made to pay visits. "Not never?" "Not *never*."

I had hated Lady Helmstone for saying that Bettina would, in her ladyship's opinion, be found to have outgrown her reluctance. It was true. Bettina wanted to go!

My mother — unwisely, I felt — reminded Betty of the old pledge. "I was a baby then. What did I know?"

And now there were tears in Bettina's eyes because she was *not* going to leave her mother.

I don't like to think of those next days. They were all a strain and a tangle. The way in which Bettina took her disappointment made my mother positively ill. I lost patience more than once. But my mother, never.

"You will see all the beautiful places some day, my darling."

Bettina was sure she never should. This had been her one chance. Who else was likely to take her?

"The fit and proper person. Your husband will take you, as your father took me."

That answer surprised us both.

I could not blame Bettina for feeling that it seemed to postpone the delights of travel overlong. The strange new Bettina went about the house, settling to nothing, at once restive and idle — all on edge. The worst sign of all was that she neglected her music. My mother remonstrated.

"What's the use?"

"You will find your music a very important part of your equipment."

"Equipment!" said the new Bettina scornfully. "Equipment for what?"

"For taking your place in the world."

"The world!" Bettina exchanged looks with me.

Yes, the world seemed far away. Inaccessible.

"If we never go anywhere, never see any one, there is no use in being equipped."

I think Bettina was sorry she said that. The effect of it was as though some rude hand had thrown down a screen. My mother, looking up with hollow, startled eyes, must have caught a glimpse of something that she dreaded. . . .

"Don't put it off," she whispered. "Get that letter off to your Aunt Josephine to-night."

I composed it very carefully.

My sister and I had often wished, I wrote, that we had some acquaintance with our only relation, especially as she and our father had been so much to each other. Our mother was in poor health. We lived very quietly. But we all hoped if ever Aunt Josephine came to this part of the world — a very pretty part — she would come to see us. I was nearly nineteen now. And I was her "affectionate niece."

Feeling myself very diplomatic and "deep," I inclosed the last photograph Hermione had taken of Bettina. I wrote on it: "*Betty at sixteen — but it does not do her justice.*"

If anything could win her over, it would be that snap-shot of Betty dancing on Duncombe lawn.

I posted the letter in an access of remorse and wretchedness — afraid I had left it too long. For my mother had said: "After all, instead of your leaving me — I shall have to leave you."

That same night our doctor told me that he had sent to London for a heart specialist. He would be down on Thursday — which was the day after to-morrow. I saw in the doctor's face that he was anxious at the delay. He admitted that he was "afraid" to wait. He would wire for another man.

"You don't," I whispered — "you don't mean — quite soon?"

He repeated that he was "afraid."

Then I felt I knew all that any specialist could tell me.

VI

Bettina came into my mother's room and handed me a letter.

Digitized by Google

"THE COLONEL SAID THEY WERE SICK, IN LONDON, OF SOPHISTICATED DANCING. WHAT THEY WANTED WAS BETTINA'S SORT. BETTINA SHOOK HER HEAD".

Digitized by Google

"Mrs. Caterham?" My mother drew herself up on the pillow with an animation I had not thought to see again.

I opened and read:

My dear Niece:

"Aha!" My mother brought out the ejaculation with an effect of having doubted if the relationship would be owned.

That introductory phrase turned out the most comprehensible part of the first half of Aunt Josephine's letter. As for me, I was completely floored by the "Dynamism of Mind," after stumbling over a cryptic reference to my mother's "state — which you must not expect me to call sickness. There is no such thing. There is only harmony or unharmony, whether of the so-called body or the soul."

On the third page, the writer descended from these Alpine heights to say that it had been "inspirationally borne in upon her that the time was come for her brother's daughters to widen their horizon, and, incidentally, to see something of their father's world."

The implied slur upon our mother's world was, to my surprise, not resented. "Go on. Go on."

The letter ended by saying that, in spite of very grave and urgent preoccupations, Aunt Josephine would endeavour to draw a little of the old life round her if her nieces would come and stay with her in Lowndes Square for the month of June.

"A London season!" Bettina cried.

I looked up from the letter and saw my mother watching with hungry delight Bettina's face of rapture. Bettina had not looked like that since the Helmstones went away.

But the most marked change, after all, was in my mother herself.

When the doctor came, he was staggered. "I'll believe in miracles after this."

My mother had taken it for granted that both Bettina and I would accept Aunt Josephine's invitation, though I said at once *I* could not leave home. My mother put this aside with: "Bettina go alone! A wild idea."

Her strength came back in the most wonderful way. We were positively gay again, she and I and Bettina, the three of us laying plans.

We talked about clothes, and planned how we should look very nice on very little money.

When the specialist came, he found my mother sitting up in a bed covered with old evening gowns, old laces, and embroidered muslins, things she had worn long ago in India, and which should help to make us brave for our first London season. Smart little blouses, morning gowns, and afternoon gowns could be made in the house or in the village. But who was worthy to make an evening frock fit for London? My mother was much more interested in this than in the Great Specialist.

She made me write to Aunt Josephine on the evening of the same day her second letter came. I did not tell any one, but I put off posting my answer till the London doctor had gone.

My letter was not only thanks and acceptance. I felt I ought, in common politeness, to try to make some more or less intelligent rejoinder to the odd part of my aunt's letter. And this modest effort seemed not to displease her. For she replied in eight pages of cloudy metaphysic and a highly lucid cheque. The cheque alone supported us in our attempt to grapple with those eight bewildering pages. The first introduced me, by way of the psychology of the Solar Plexus, to the Self Superlative.

If this viewpoint interests you, I will later explain to you — in terms of inclusiveness and totalism — the mystical activities of the Ever Creative Self.

"Isn't she awfully learned!" said Bettina in a scared voice.

Aunt Josephine thought it "only fair to tell us that she herself had seen almost nothing of general society for the past ten years. She had her work. She had her classes, in which we might take some interest." I was to tell "the musical one" that Self Expression, through voice culture and pianoforte-playing, was one of the Keys to the Biosophian System.

She had already taken opera tickets for the season. And we should go to as many concerts as we liked. We should see pictures and we should see people. We should "learn to use the plus sign in thought." We should "recognize the cosmic truth that ALL IS GOOD."

This concluding phrase was underscored three times. And still, despite its provokingly obvious aspect, I felt that I had not a notion what Aunt Josephine meant by it. My mother said the reason was that I knew nothing of Mysticism. The pressing question still was: Who this side of London could be trusted to make our frocks? The seriousness of the consideration brought the cheque dance to an end. We sat and thought.

The more plain and simple the gown, the more important was style and cut. Nobody in the country-side was competent for such an undertaking.

Suddenly Bettina clapped her hands.

"The little French dressmaker Hermione told us about."

The very person! Only we remembered she was said to be "not strong." She didn't care, as a rule, to work out of London. But she had

Digitized by Google

"'CAREFUL,' HE SAID IN A SHARP WHISPER. 'YOU TOLD ME YOU COULD KEEP PERFECTLY STILL. . . . HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE YOU ARE?'"

Digitized by Google

come to sew for those horrid people Lord Helmstone let the Pond House to the year before. The people turned out to be badly off, and, after doing some damage, they had gone away without paying their rent. A law-suit was pending between them and Lord Helmstone. We had never known them, but we could not help noticing their clothes. They were beautiful. Even my mother said so.

Hermione had played golf, once or twice, with the boy and girl. One day she had admired openly something the girl was wearing.

"Yes; looks quite Bond Street, doesn't it?" the girl said. "And all done at home, by a little dressmaker at four-and-six a day."

Hermione had got the woman's address specially for us, she said — meaning for Bettina. Hermione was always advising Bettina about her clothes, and making the child discontented with what she had.

We had not wanted any "little tame dressmaker" at the time, but now we were enchanted when Bettina turned up the card inscribed:

MADAME AURORE
87 Crutchley Street, W. C.

"Aurore!" my mother echoed. "No doubt a cockney of the cockneys!"

She was not a cockney. And she was a great surprise.

VII

MADAME AURORE was little and wasted and shrill. She had deep scars on her neck, and dead-looking yellow hair. She was drenched in cheap scent. Her untidy, helter-skelter dress gave no hint of the admirable taste she lavished upon others. She saw at once what we ought to have, and she talked about our clothes with an enthusiasm as great as Betty's own.

"Ah, but, Madame!" she remonstrated dramatically, when my mother showed her the new white satin which was for me, and a creamy lace gown which was to be modernized for Bettina. "Not *hot*' vhite!"

My mother explained that my gown was to have rose-coloured garnishing.

"*Mais non! mais non!*" Madame must pardon her for the liberty, but she, Madame Aurore, could not bring herself to see our chief advantage thrown away.

What, then, was our chief advantage? Betty demanded.

What, indeed, but the contrast between us? The moment she laid eyes on the hair of Mademoiselle Bettine, she had said to herself the frock of Mademoiselle Bettine should be that tender green of *tilleul*, with just a note of *bleu de ciel*. Oh, a dress of spring-time — an April dress! — a gay little dress, for all its tenderness. A dress to make happy the heart of all who look thereon.

But green! We had sent to London for the white satin, and we had no green.

Then 'twas in truth *une bonne chance* that Madame Aurore *had!* She often bought up bargains and gave her clients an opportunity to acquire them. She rushed out of the room, and returned with a piece of silk chiffon of the most adorable hue. She showed us the effect over white satin. My satin. But then, as Madame Aurore said, we could so easily send to Stagg and Mantle's for more.

She looked at me out of snapping black eyes — eyes like animated boot-buttons. "Yes, yes; for you, Mademoiselle, ze note s'all be *sérénité — hein?* Zis priceless old lace over ivory satin. Ah!" She struck an attitude. "I *see* it, so . . . and so. A *ceinture panne, couleur de feuille d'automne* touched with gold *broderie. Hein?* Oh very *distingué — hein?*"

"It must not be expensive." We had to say that to Madame Aurore all that first day, at regular intervals. But she had her way. She sewed hard, and she chattered as hard as she sewed.

Bettina ran across her in the passage that first evening as Madame Aurore came up from supper. And they began instantly on the fruitful theme of the green gown. My mother called out to Bettina that she had talked enough about clothes for one day, and in any case had left us to go early to bed. Bettina regretted her rash promise — wasn't the least tired, and could have talked clothes till cock-crow! There was some argument on this head, in which Madame Aurore joined, with too great a freedom and an elaborate air of ranging herself on my mother's side. This pleased least of all the person Madame Aurore designed to propitiate. Madame Aurore, I am sure, had not been in the house an hour before she had taken the measure of our main preoccupation. Mademoiselle Bettine ought to be grateful, she said, to have a mother so devoted, so solicitous. Standing near the open door, she piled up an exaggerated case of maternal love. There was nothing in life like the love between mother and child. Ah, didn't she know! Her own little girl ——

My mother said she must have the door shut now, and I was sent to undo Betty's gown.

Bettina thought it angelic of Madame Aurore not to resent the lack of interest in the small Aurore. It showed a wonderfully nice disposition to be interested in us after that — to seem to imply: "Very well; you don't care about my child; but I am still ready to care about yours."

Everybody else, including the servants, liked Madame Aurore. No wonder. She spent her

Digitized by Google

life doing things for people. Sewing for us all day like mad, so that our two best frocks might be finished, in spite of the shortness of the time; and still ready at nightfall to show the cook how to make *p'tite marmite*, or *sauce à la financière;*— equally ready to advise the housemaid how to give the Bond Street — not to say the Rue de la Paix — touch to her Sunday alpaca, and *chic* to old Ransom's beehive hat.

Bettina, with her little air of large experience, said Madame Aurore was the most sympathetic person she had ever met. Madame Aurore's benevolent concern about our clothes, our soups, sauces, and servants, and everything that was ours, extended to our friends and relations and everything that was theirs. She had never, she said, known people — let alone such charming people as we — with so few acquaintances. Bettina thought Madame Aurore was sorry for us.

She asked a great deal about the Helmstones. "Ze only friends, and zey are avay for seex mont'!" Ah, it was well we were going to London. We should die, else, of aloneness. Aunt Josephine plainly was the one ray of light in our grey existence. Where did she live? Lowndes Square! Ah, but a very expensive and splendid part of London! And what was she like — this Aunt Josephine? We must have a picture of our only and so valuable relation.

Bettina went and rooted about in the deep print-and-photograph drawer, till she brought Aunt Josephine to light. Very faded and old-fashioned-looking, but Madame Aurore regarded the face with respectful enthusiasm. "*Oh, une grande dame! une vraie grande dame!*" Madame Aurore understood better now what was required.

We repudiated, on our aunt's behalf, the idea that she was so much *grande dame* as philanthropist, thinker, recluse. We did not deny her grandeur. We but clarified it — or, at least, Bettina did.

"Bettina talks too much to that woman," my mother said to me privately. She sent for Bettina and told her she was not to speak to Madame Aurore about anything except her work.

When my mother heard that Bettina had been discussing Aunt Josephine, and had unearthed the photograph to show to Madame Aurore, she was annoyed. "Go and bring me the picture," she said.

Bettina went into the morning-room, and looked about for some minutes. The little dressmaker sat there, in a litter of white and green, sewing furiously. Bettina said at last that she hated dreadfully to bother Madame Aurore, but where was that old photograph?

Madame Aurore looked up absently. *Had* Mademoiselle Bettine not taken it out?

"Perhaps I did." Bettina scoured the house.

Aunt Josephine's photograph was never found.

The green frock was all but finished. We had brought the cheval-glass out of my mother's room. She was "not strong enough to stand the patchouli," so she missed the great moment of the final trying on. Bettina stood before the glass, looking somehow more childish than ever, or rather seeming less of common earth and more of fairyland, in the tunic frock of green, her short curls on her neck.

I wrote to Aunt Josephine to say that if my mother were not much better by Monday morning I should bring Bettina, as arranged, but I would stay only one night and go home the next day.

The question rose on Friday as to whether Madame Aurore should return to London Saturday night, or some time on Sunday.

"Saturday night," said my mother with decision.

Bettina ventured to urge the Sunday alternative. "The poor little thing is so tired after sewing all day ——"

To which my mother responded by ordering the cart for Saturday evening.

"I can not sleep with that woman in the house."

Bettina ran in to say Madame Aurore was ready to say good-bye. To our embarrassment, our mother would not permit Madame Aurore to enter the room, even for the purpose of taking leave.

We went out and did what we could to soften the refusal. "She has not been sleeping! . . . She is trying to rest." "She is so much obliged to you."

Ah, Madame Aurore understood. Our poor, poor mother was undoubtedly failing. We were adjured to take every care. Certainly we should not both leave the poor lady.

Bettina told Madame Aurore that we should never forget her. "I shall take good care of the address," she said.

No, Madame Aurore would send us a new address. She was looking for larger rooms. She believed she was going to be stronger, now. She meant to take on two or three hands. In that case, she would not be able to go out any more to people's houses. She would let us know.

She filled the hall with her patchouli and shrill vivacity, and presently was gone.

When we went back into my mother's room,

Digitized by Google

we found her telling the housemaid to hang our gowns in a draught, "to purify them."

Betty was moved to some final remonstrance.

My mother cut her short: "That was a horrible woman."

"Well — well," I said. "She's gone."

"Yes. That is the best that can be said of Madame Aurore. We are done with her forever."

But what did it matter? — since she turned us out dresses that we were sure Hermione would have characterized as "dreams."

Bettina's singing filled the house:

"'*Where are you going to, my pretty maid?*'
'*Going to London, sir,*' *she said.*"

VIII

My mother seemed in no worse case than many a time before. Indeed, Bettina and I agreed that she began to improve the moment Duncombe air was no longer poisoned for her by the presence of poor Madame Aurore. I had brought my mother to agree that my absence was to be a matter only of hours.

And still I was not spared a profound sinking of the heart, at the moment of leave-taking. I put my misgiving down to the fear that parting from Bettina, for four long weeks, would be more than my mother's scant reserve of strength could bear.

As for Bettina — oh, when I remember that! — Bettina showed the bravest front, calling back from the door: "I shall write you every blessed day."

"Yes," my mother steadied her weak voice to answer; "I shall want to hear everything. The good, and — the less good."

"There won't be any 'less good.' It's all going to be glorious."

I took my seat in the train between Betty and an old gentleman, she and I both too stirred and excited to talk. Betty, half turned away, looked out of her window.

The people about us were all looking at Betty. I looked at her, too. I could not see her eyes, but the nearer cheek was that lovely colour whose name she gave, once, to an evening sky. We had come up on the top of a knoll, and stood a moment breathless. My mother had said no painter could get such a colour. And neither were there any words in the language to describe it. For it was not red, not flame, not pink, nor orange. But Betty, looking steadily, found the right words for it: "A fiery rose."

And that was the colour in Betty's cheeks on the way to London.

No wonder people looked at her. There was a man who got out of the first-class carriage next us, at every station, and walked by our window. He looked in at Bettina. I was glad our carriage was full. I felt sure, if it had not been, he would have come in. I could see Bettina did not resent the staring. And then I saw her look out of the corner of her eyes.

"Bettina!" I whispered. "Don't encourage that strange man to stare in here."

"*Me?*" she said. "What am I doing?"

I told her again that she encouraged him. But I was handicapped by not being able to say just how. I admitted that what she did was very slight. But it was enough. "It was what you did to Eddie Monmouth." Then, because she pretended not to understand, I told her that she was falling into bad, deceitful ways. I knew she had had a letter from Herbert Dallas!

Betty was not so conscience-stricken as I expected. "I knew you would be horrified," she said calmly, "and that was why I kept it from you. You are a sort of nun. *You* never feel as if all your blood had been whipped to a syllabub. And, besides ——"

"Besides?"

"I do like nice men. I don't mind their knowing. And I don't mean to be an old maid. *You* wouldn't care."

"You think I wouldn't?" I had no time to say more, for the train stopped. We thought at first we had reached Victoria Station, but it was only Clapham Junction. The man passed once more, with a porter behind, carrying golf clubs and portmanteau. Our carriage, too, was emptying. The people stood, and reached things down from racks, and then filed out. When the train went on, we were alone.

Betty was still excited, but more grave, even harassed — a look that sat rather pitiful on her babyish face.

I moved up close to her again, and I told her there was something I had to say before we got to London. "You and I, you see, we don't know very much and we get carried away."

"You mean me," said Betty. "You are thinking about Eddie Monmouth and Herbert ——"

Then I told her I did not mean her alone. "I don't know how it is," I said. "I don't know how it is, but girls seem to 'care' more than men do."

"I've thought that, too," Bettina said.

I said I was sure it was true. Men had so much to do. Life was so rich for them — perhaps that took their minds off. I put my arm round Bettina and held her close. "But you have got nobody, now, but me. And I have nobody but you. We must help each other."

Digitized by Google

"I shall have Aunt Josephine," Betty reminded me.

"A stranger. Too old, besides." I dismissed Aunt Josephine for the particular purpose in view.

The train was slowing. The light grew grey. We were in a dim place, between a low, smoky wall and a rattling train going out as we came in.

Bettina started up.

"Aunt Josephine!"

IX

SHE was an imposing figure, beautifully dressed in black. She was handsomer than her picture, and younger-looking than we expected. It occurred to me that bio-vibratory sympathism had a thinning effect.

Her manner was more decisive than I had expected from a dreamer. Very commanding and important, she stood there with her liveried servant behind her. Bettina had known her instantly by the grey hair rolled high, and the pear-shaped ear-rings.

She kissed us, and said I was more like my mother. And were our boxes labelled?

She hardly waited for us to answer. She did not wait at all for our little trunk.

"A footman will attend to the luggage," she said. She put on a thick motor-veil over the lace one that was tied round her hat — her lovely hat, that, as Betty said afterwards, was "boiling over with black ostrich feathers."

A wonderful scent had come toward us with Aunt Josephine. Nothing the least like that faint garden-smell that clung to our linen, from the sprays of lavender and dried verbena our mother put newly each year under the white paper of our wardrobe-shelves. Such a ghost of fragrance could never have survived here. But this perfume of Aunt Josephine's — not so much strong as dominant — routed the sooty, acrid smell of the station. When she lifted her arms to put the chiffon over her face, fresh waves of the rich, mysterious scent came towards us.

She seemed in haste to leave so mean a place as Victoria. We were hurried into her shining car. The footman spread a silken thing with a fleecy lining over our knees, and we whirled through crowded streets.

Presently we came to a quiet quarter. The houses stood back from the street, in gardens. Our aunt's was one of these.

I was too excited to notice much about the outside. But the inside!

Betty and I exchanged looks. We had no idea Aunt Josephine was so rich. There were more big footmen: foreigners — very quick and quiet.

The entrance-hall and stairs were wide and dim. When the front door was shut, the house seemed as silent as a church on week-day and the soft-footed servants rather like the sidesmen who show strangers to their places. The very window was like a window in a church. It had stained glass in it. And black lines divided it from top to bottom into sections, like church windows.

If I had ventured to speak, I should have whispered. Not even at Lord Helmstone's had we trodden such carpets. No wonder our footsteps made no sound. Going upstairs, we seemed like a procession in a picture. That was because the walls were immense mirrors separated by gilded columns.

Aunt Josephine had taken off her motor-veil. She had certainly grown much thinner since she had the photograph taken. That accounted for her being a more "aquiline" aunt than we expected. Her nose curved down — especially when she smiled. And her eyes were not sleepy at all: a full yellow eye — the iris almost black.

We followed her along a corridor till she threw open a door. "This is yours," she said, in a voice that was both sharp and thick.

I looked into the wonderful pink-and-white room. Instead of two little beds, as we had at home, was one very large one. It looked like an Oriental throne with rose-silk hangings.

"I will send you up some tea," she said. "And you must rest. I am having a friend or two to dine. So wear your smartest gown. Come," she said to Betty.

"Betty is the one who ought to rest," I said.

"And so she shall," our aunt said. "I will show Betty her room."

Betty looked blank.

"We are not to be together?" she asked.

"Together!" Aunt Josephine repeated the word with the smile that drew her nose down. "Oh, you shall have a room of your own."

Betty moved a little nearer me.

I explained that she and I always had the same room.

"Yes, in a small house. Here there is no need."

I wanted to tell her that it was not need that made us share things. But, though poor Betty looked cast down, all I said was that I should come to her in plenty of time to do her hair.

"A maid will do that," my aunt said.

But I managed to tell her quite firmly that I must show the maid how.

Aunt Josephine looked at me a moment. "She doesn't like me," I thought. And I felt uncomfortable. As she followed her out, Betty made a sign over her shoulder that I was to come

Digitized by Google

now. But, after that look Aunt Josephine had given me, I felt I must walk warily. So I only signalled back as much as to say "Bye and bye."

A woman in cap and apron brought me tea. I asked if she would mind taking the tray to my sister's room, so we could have tea together. The woman said Madam's orders were that the young ladies should rest. I reflected that Bettina would probably rest better if she did not talk, so I said no more. The woman had a face like wood.

Two of the big footmen brought in our little trunk. I got out Bettina's dressing-gown and slippers, and asked the wooden woman to take them to my sister. I was so tired with all the excitement that I went to sleep on the pink satin sofa.

The wooden woman waked me.

"Time to dress," she said, and she had the bath ready. I looked round for our little trunk.

"Oh, you couldn't have a thing like that standing about in here," the wooden woman said.

And, indeed, I had felt, as I saw it coming in, how out of keeping its shabbiness was with all the satin damask, the gilding, and the lace. She had done the unpacking, the wooden woman said. And there were my white satin frock and silk stockings on the bed. "But half the things in the trunk are my sister's," I said.

She had taken the other young lady what was needed, the woman answered. And whatever I wanted I was to ring for.

I felt that this was no doubt the way of London ladies. But I longed for our shabby little trunk. It seemed the last link with home. I looked round the beautiful room with a sense of distaste. This feeling must be the homesickness I had read about.

I went to the window. The lines that divided the long panes into panels, the lines that I had thought of as purely decorative, were rods of iron.

"You'll be late," the wooden woman said, and she drew the silk curtains over the lace ones, and switched on the electric light.

She came back while I was brushing my hair. She offered to do it for me. I was glad to be able to do it myself. I would not have liked her to touch me.

I hurried with my dressing, so that I could go to Bettina.

The woman tried to prevent me. But I was firm. "Show me the way, will you? Or shall I ask some one else?"

She hesitated, and then seemed to think she had best do as she was told.

Half way down a long, soft-carpeted passage, she asked me to wait an instant.

She knocked at one of the many doors.

I heard my aunt's voice inside — and whispering. Only one of the electric lights was turned on. The air was heavy. The "Aunt Josephine" scent, foreign, dizzily sweet, was everywhere. A light-headed feeling came over me. I longed for an open window. They must all be shut as well as curtained. Between the many doors paintings were hung. I had been vaguely conscious of these as we came up. I saw, now, they were pictures of women. Most of them seemed to be in different stages of the bath. One was asleep in a strange position, with nothing on. I was going past that one when I noticed the opposite door was ajar. I stopped and listened.

"Bettina!" I said softly.

A voice very different from Bettina's answered, in some language I did not know. I started back, and, as I was going on, the door was opened wide. A lady stood on the threshold in a flood of light — a lady with a dazzling complexion. Her lips were so brightly red they looked bloody. She had diamonds in her ears, and a diamond necklace on a neck as white and smooth as china. Her yellow hair was disarranged as though she had been asleep. She was wearing a kimono of scarlet silk embroidered in silver.

She asked me something, not in French, not German, and not, I think, Italian. I said I was afraid I did not understand.

My aunt came noiselessly down the long corridor — and the foreign lady hastily shut her door.

This other guest must be some very great person!

My aunt was dressed for dinner in a gown all covered with little shining scales, like a snakeskin.

"What are you doing?" she said in an odd tone, as if she had caught me in something underhand. I explained that I was looking for Bettina. And I found courage to say that I was sorry our rooms were so far apart.

She took no notice of that. "You will see Bettina at dinner," she said, and it struck me she could be very stern.

I felt my heart begin to beat, but I managed to say that I was sure Betty would wait for me to help her to dress.

"I have told you she will have a maid to do all that is necessary."

"I hope you won't mind," I said, "just for tonight. It is always my mother, or me, who dresses Bettina."

She seemed to consider. I said to myself again: "Oh, dear, she doesn't like me at all!"

"Take her, Curran," she said.

Digitized by Google

The hard-faced woman came and piloted me round the angle of the corridor to Betty's door.

We fell into each other's arms, and laughed and kissed, as though we had been parted for weeks.

I was determined not to let her know that Aunt Josephine and I were not liking each other. I only said I didn't like her taste in pictures. Betty tried to stand up for her. She reminded me of the statues, and casts from the antique, at Lord Helmstone's. She asked me suddenly if I wasn't well. I complained a little of the air. I thought we might have the window open while I did her hair. But Betty said, no. She had tried, and found she didn't understand London fastenings. So she rang for the maid, and the maid had said, "This isn't the country," and that people didn't like their windows open in London. Betty thought it quite reasonable. London dust and "blacks" would soon ruin this pretty white room.

Betty defended everything.

When I complained that the scent everywhere was making me headachy, Betty said she liked it. She wished our mother would let us use scent. The only thing Betty found the least fault with was the way I was doing her hair. She wanted it put up, "in honour of London." But she looked such a darling, with her short curls lying on her neck, that I was doing it in the every-day way. And there wasn't time, now, to do any more than fasten on the little wreath; for the woman came to say Madam had sent up for us. So I hurried Betty into her frock, the woman watching out of those hard eyes of hers. Nobody in the whole of Betty's life had looked at her like that. The woman didn't want us to stop even to find a handkerchief. And, after all, just as Betty was coming, the woman said, "Wait a minute," and wanted to shut the door. I stood on the threshold, waiting. A gentleman was coming upstairs. With his hat on! He stared at me, as he went by, and so did the footman who followed him. I drew back into the room, and the woman shut the door.

"Who was that gentleman?" I asked.

She seemed not to hear; so I asked again.

"That — oh, that is the doctor," she said.

Naturally, we asked if somebody was ill.

"Not very," she said, in such a peculiar way we said no more.

She stood, and watched us, as we went downstairs.

* * * * * * *

"Our first London dinner-party," Bettina whispered.

We took hands. We were shaking with excitement.

We saw ourselves going by in the mirrors between the golden columns.

The whole place was full of tall girls in white, and little girls in apple-green, wearing forget-me-not wreaths in their hair.

X

Down in the lower hall were the men-servants with their watchful eyes.

They showed us the drawing-room door.

As we came in, I was conscious again of Aunt Josephine's appraising look; then of the elaborate grey head turning toward an old man as if to ask, "Well, what do you think of my nieces?" He had a red, blotchy face — the kind of red that is crossed by little purple lines, like the tracery of very tortuous rivers on a map. The lines ran zigzagging into his nose, which was thick at the end, round and shining. He had no hair except a sandy fringe, and his eyes, which had no lashes, looked as if he had a cold. He was introduced as "An old friend of mine"— but she forgot to tell us his name. We heard him called "Colonel." Through all the scent we could not help noticing that he smelled of brandy.

I looked round for the beautiful foreign lady. But I was prepared to find her late, after seeing her idling at her door in a dressing-gown so near the dinner-hour.

There was only one other person — a man of about thirty-six: good-looking, I thought, and not happy. He had a clear, sallow face. The skin was very smooth and tight, like "cream-laid" paper. His dry, brown hair was thinning on the crown. He had nice hands. I noticed that when he stroked his close-cut mustache. I did not like him because of his manner. I did not know what was wrong with it. Perhaps he was only absent-minded. But when I tried to imagine him talking to my mother, I could not.

He was introduced first to Bettina. The others treated him as if he were very important. They talked about his new motor-car. The Colonel tried to get him to say how many times he had been fined for "exceeding speed limit." Then they talked about "the Tartar"—how he was always late; it would be a chance if he came at all. "Aunt Josephine" was positive he would appear. "I wired to say it was all right."

"Just as well, perhaps, if he doesn't come tonight," the good-looking man said. "He would be in a devil of a temper."

Betty asked why would he? They said because his favourite horse had been "scratched." Betty thought it was nice of him to be so fond of his horse; but if it was only a scratch ——

Digitized by Google

We did not know why they laughed, but we laughed too. We tried not to show how unintelligible the talk was. I listened very hard. I felt like a learner in a foreign tongue. I understood the words, but not the sentences.

The Colonel looked at his watch in a discontented way. Then we went in to dinner.

I don't think we sat in the order Aunt Josephine had meant. But the absent-minded man, who had taken me in, refused to change, or to let me. I had the old Colonel on my left. Aunt Josephine, of course, at the head. The empty place was between her and Betty.

The table was glittering and magnificent. We had little helpings of strange, strong-tasting food before the soup; and caviar.

"You like caviar?" the Colonel said.

I said I didn't know, for in my heart I felt it looked repulsive.

"Don't know caviar!"

I said of course I had heard of it. He asked where. And I said, "In Shakespeare." The old Colonel choked, and they all laughed to see how apoplectic he looked — all except Betty and me.

I caught Betty's eye. She had that fiery rose in her cheeks. I felt excited, too, and "strange." But I hoped they didn't notice. Betty and I had agreed that we must try not to show how unused we were to the ways of a great London house. So I made conversation. I asked about the absent guest.

My good-looking man pretended to be annoyed. He called, in his slightly husky voice, across the table to Aunt Josephine. "Already she wants to talk about the Tartar!" I explained that I meant the foreign lady — the very beautiful lady I had seen upstairs, looking out of her door.

Again my man exchanged glances with Aunt Josephine. He was smiling disagreeably. Aunt Josephine did not smile at all. But the old Colonel laughed his croaking laugh and said the lady upstairs expected people to go to her.

"Does she expect dinner to go to her, too?" Betty asked. And something in their faces made Betty blush, though she didn't know why, as I saw. I believed they were teasing Betty, just for fun, and to see that beautiful colour in her cheeks flicker and deepen.

So I leaned towards her, and across the flowers and the dazzling lights I told her the foreign lady was not very well. That was why she was not coming down.

The Colonel asked me why I thought the lady wasn't well. So I said: "Because I saw the doctor going up to her."

They were all quite still for a second or two. I looked at Aunt Josephine. Why was it wrong to mention the doctor's visit? Was she afraid of making these friends of the beautiful lady anxious about her? My man still was smiling, but not pleasantly. I couldn't tell whether the strange noises the Colonel made were choking or laughing. But I felt more and more miserably shy. And I had no clear idea of why I should feel so — unless it was that nothing these people said meant what it seemed to mean.

I could see that Betty was bewildered, too.

We knew we should feel strange; we did not know we should feel like this.

I was thankful when they all turned round and called out. The Tartar had come, after all.

He made no apology for being late, nor for not having dressed. He strolled in as if the place belonged to him — a great, broad-shouldered young man in a frock-coat. He had a round black cannon-ball of a head, and his eyebrows nearly joined. His mustache was like a little blacking-brush, laid back against the lip, with the bristles sticking straight out. But he seemed to be making this effect deliberately, by pushing out his mouth like a pouting child — or even more like a person with swollen lips. I felt sure I could not have seen him before, but there was something oddly familiar about him.

He nodded to the others.

When Aunt Josephine said, "My nieces," he said, "Oh," stared a moment, and then — as he lounged into the empty place — said it had been a rotten race. I thought how astonished my mother would have been at such behaviour. Betty must have been thinking of her, too, for she put on our mother's manner. It was a beautiful manner, but it sat oddly on my little sister. It made her seem more self-possessed than she was. She turned and said: "I think you must be Mr. Whitby-Dawson."

The young man stared.

Everybody stared.

He turned sharply from Betty to his hostess. She shook her head. But the yellow part of her big eyes had turned reddish. She looked very strange. A creepy feeling came over me. I remembered she had been "most eccentric" twenty years ago. Was eccentricity the sort of thing that grew worse as people grew older?

I looked round at the company, and met the eyes of the neighbour on my right. They were unhappy eyes; but they reassured me.

"What put such an idea into your head?" Aunt Josephine was asking Betty.

"Because," Betty said — and she looked at the young man again — "only because I saw so many of your — of Mr. Whitby-Dawson's photographs."

"Really?" the young man said in a bored voice. "That was no doubt a great privilege. My name's Williams."

Digitized by Google

In her embarrassment, Betty turned to the man who sat between us. "He has even the little scar," she said, like a person defending herself. "Mr. Whitby-Dawson got his scar in a duel with a student at Heidelberg. He studied at the University there."

"Studied duelling?" the Colonel chuckled. Our absent-minded man was not absent-minded any more. He was listening with a look I could not understand — as if he took a malicious pleasure in poor Betty's mistake. Such a trifling slip, to have taken the young man for Guy Whitby-Dawson, and yet it seemed to have put the company out of tune. Or perhaps it was the loss of the race. All except my man seemed to care very much about the lost race. The Tartar, in his annoyed voice, told his hostess and the Colonel how it happened. He leaned his elbow on the table and almost turned his back on poor Bettina.

I thought I could see that my man seemed not to like the Tartar; and that gave me a kindlier feeling towards him. I wondered what had made him unhappy.

I felt I wanted to justify Bettina to him. I felt, too, that she would recover herself sooner if we broke the silence at our end. So I said — in a voice too low, I thought, for the others to hear — that I also had noticed the resemblance to Mr. Whitby-Dawson. Lower still, he asked me how we came to hear of Mr. — of — the gentleman in question. Then Betty and I, between us, told about Hermione Helmstone's engagement; only we did not, of course, give her name.

"The faithless Whitby!" our man said, with the tail of his eye on the young gentleman opposite. As for him, he tried to go on talking about "Black Friar" as though he heard nothing of the history being retailed on the other side. But I had a feeling that he was listening all the time.

Bettina's loyalty to Hermione made her object to hearing Guy called faithless. "They would have had only £400 a year between them. And he said — Mr. Whitby-Dawson said — they couldn't possibly live on that. He was miserable, poor man."

"I should say so! Miserable and poor."

"Oh, you laugh," Bettina protested. "But I saw a heart-broken letter about the poverty that kept them apart and condemned him to 'run in single harness.'"

"'Single harness'!" the husky voice said. And he repeated it. "'Single harness,' eh?"

Bettina was recovering her spirits. She said something about Duncombe, and I don't know what reminded her of the collie-dog story. But she told it very well, though she did pile it on. She made me out an immense heroine, and I am afraid I looked sheepish.

The husky voice said, "Good!" and, "Pretty cool." The story seemed to remind him of something. He looked at his plate, and he looked at Bettina and me.

Betty was amused at having made me feel shy, and she laughed that bubbling laugh of hers.

The Tartar turned his head.

He did not take away his elbow; but he looked over his shoulder down on Bettina's apricot-colored hair. The fillet showed the shape of her head. It defined the satiny crown where the hair lay as close as a red-gold skull-cap. The forget-me-nots and the little green leaves held all smooth and tight except the heavy shining rings. They fell out and lay on her neck.

The Tartar stopped talking about the race.

He still ate his food condescendingly — with one hand; but he drank with great good will.

He called to the butler, who had been going round with a gold-necked bottle in a napkin. He was to come back, the Tartar said, and fill the ladies' glasses.

I said, no. Bettina said she, too, drank water.

The Tartar said, "Nonsense," quite as though the matter were for him to decide. The servant filled Bettina's tall, vase-like glass. Bettina looked alarmed. Already she had displeased this dreadful Tartar once.

"Ought I?" she telegraphed across to me. I shook my head.

"There is one woman in London," the Tartar made a motion towards the head of the table, "one woman who's got a decent cellar." The Tartar was almost genial. He raised his glass to my aunt. "I approve of the new coiffure, too. Rippin'."

The Colonel was not to be diverted from the subject of the wine. "Take an old man's advice," he said to me. "It's a chancy sort of world. Make sure of a little certain bliss." He lifted his own glass and drained it.

The Tartar said something to Bettina which I could not hear. She looked up at him with a kind of wonder in her eyes, and with that fiery rose suddenly overspreading her face again. She put out her hand to the tall glass, hesitated, and then looked at the head of the table. Perhaps Bettina saw what all of a sudden was clear to me. Aunt Josephine was like a huge grey hawk: the head craning out; the narrow forehead all grey crest; the face falling away from the beak. How she had changed from the days when she had a double chin! The tilt of the out-

Digitized by Google

stretched head was exactly like a bird's — watching sideways. Watching — for what?

The eye made me shrink. It made Bettina set her lips, obedient, to the glass. She looked apologetic over the rim at me.

Mine stood untouched.

"I see you have a will of your own," the voice on my right said in my ear.

The London way seemed to be that ladies did not leave the table while men smoked. The talk was about wines, but it flagged. The Tartar kept looking at Bettina. The fitful colour in her cheeks had paled again. The scent of flowers, and that other all-pervading perfume, mixed with the tobacco, was making Bettina faint.

My man noticed it. "You aren't accustomed to smoke," he said to Bettina, and he twisted his cigar round on his fruit-plate till he crushed out the burning. But the others took no notice.

I was sure Bettina was trying hard to throw off her oppression. I thought of our mother. And the thought of her sent sharp aching through me. Bettina and I looked at each other. I knew by her lip she had great trouble not to cry.

"Do you think," I whispered to my man, "you could ask to have a window opened?"

He said we would be going into the drawing-room soon. "Drink that black coffee," he recommended.

He seemed not unkind, so I tried to think why he would not do so small a thing for us as ask to have a window opened.

"Are the downstairs windows barred with iron too?"

He looked sharply at me.

"I believe so," he said.

I thought it must be because of all the silver and valuables in the house. But he looked at me again as if he thought I was still wondering and might ask some one else. Then he said he had heard "it used to be a private mad-house."

"*This* house?"

He nodded. "You needn't say I told you."

That, then, was what I had been feeling. The poor mad people who used to be immured here — they had left this uncanny influence behind. A strangeness and a strain.

The Colonel was speaking irritably to one of the footmen. Something had gone wrong with an electric-light bulb over the sideboard.

"Send for Waterson to-morrow to attend to that!"

No one but me seemed at all surprised to hear the Colonel giving orders in my aunt's house.

As I sat there in the midst of all the contending scents, with the soft clash of silver, glass, and voices in my ears, a train of crazy ideas raced through my brain.

All these windows were still barred.

What if it were a private mad-house still! Before my eyes the watchful big footmen turned into Keepers — to the Grey Hawk and to the lady upstairs. The Doctor! — for those too dangerous to trust downstairs. That was why they had laughed at my inquiry — such callousness had familiarity bred. The Colonel might be the proprietor of the house. My aunt was well off; no doubt they humoured her. With a keeper dressed like a footman, they allowed her certain liberties: to write crazy letters; in her harmless intervals, friends to dine; nieces to divert her. They would do almost anything to keep that red look out of her eyes.

"There is one thing I don't understand," I began to say to the man at my side.

But he was nervous, too, and jumped down my throat: "Don't ask me questions! I never passed an examination in my life." He pulled out his watch. "And I've got an engagement to keep in exactly three minutes' time."

No wonder I stared. One man comes when dinner is half done, and one wants to go before the hostess has risen. For my part, I wanted him *not* to go. I told him so.

"Why?" He turned suddenly and faced me.

I said it was perhaps because I felt I knew him best. "Anyway," I persisted, "don't go!" He hesitated. "*Please* don't go," I said. I was relieved when he said, very well, he would "see it out." For I knew, had he gone, my aunt would think I had driven him away.

There was a rustle, and I saw Aunt Josephine rising. My man left me instantly. He went and opened the door. As we filed out he turned toward my aunt. I heard him whisper, "*Je vous fais mes compliments, Madame.*" He looked at Betty.

Aunt Josephine nodded. "But — " Her face changed.

What was wrong? For whom was that "but"? I turned quickly, and caught the yellow eyes leaving my back. I was "but." But why? What had I done?

The Colonel talked to Betty and the Tartar, as he led the way back to the drawing-room. The other man still was behind, with my aunt. He seemed to be reassuring her. His curious low voice kept going off the register. At a break I heard the word "*doucement*," enunciated with an emphasis that carried.

I kept thinking how all the softly draped windows had iron bars behind the silk.

Digitized by Google

XI

In the drawing-room I heard my aunt saying to the Tartar: "Oh, yes, Bettina sings and dances."

"She sings," I said.

"Don't you skirt-dance?" the Tartar asked.

Bettina looked sorry. "I can dance ordinary dances," she said. "But what sort is a skirt-dance?"

The men made a semi-circle round her to explain.

Betty said she hadn't done any skirt-dances since she was a little girl.

"Oh, and what are you now?" the Colonel said, grinning horribly.

They made Bettina tell about the action songs our mother had taught us in the nursery. They asked her to do one.

Of course Bettina refused. "They're only for children," she said, with that little air borrowed from our mother.

The Tartar threw back his bullet head and roared. The Colonel said they were sick, in London, of sophisticated dancing. What they wanted was Bettina's sort. Bettina shook her head.

The Grey Hawk said it was too soon after dinner. But they went across the room toward the piano.

I was following, when the man who had taken me in to dinner said: "This is a comfortable chair." So I sat down.

He said something about the strangeness of London "just at first." It would pass away.

I told him I hoped Bettina would find it so. As for me, I was only staying till to-morrow.

He looked so surprised, I explained that I had to go back and take care of my mother.

"You have never been to London before — and you come all this way just for a few hours?"

"I came to take care of Betty," I said. "She has never traveled alone."

He looked at me: "And you?"

"Oh, I haven't, either. To-morrow will be the first time. But then, I am older."

He said nothing for several moments. I looked across the room to where I could see the back of Bettina's head between the bare crown of the Colonel and the Tartar's black bullet. The Tartar was bending over towards Bettina. Aunt Josephine sat near them, facing the door and us.

My man looked up suddenly, and saw the eyes of the Grey Hawk on us.

"We must talk!" he said, with a laugh, "or they will think we aren't getting on. That isn't a comfortable chair, after all." He stood up. I said it was quite comfortable. While he was insisting, a servant came in to speak to my aunt. I caught a glimpse through the door of a footman going upstairs with a short, fattish young man. *Another* doctor?

We went to the end of the room, and we sat on a sofa near the fireplace — one of those sofas you sink down in till you feel half buried. I didn't like to say I hated it, for he was taking so much trouble. He put a great down cushion at my back, as if I were an invalid.

"There! Now, can you sit quite still for a few minutes? As still as if I were taking your picture?"

I said I supposed I could. "And must I look pleasant?" I laughed.

He hesitated, and then, "How good are your nerves?" he asked.

"Very good," I boasted.

But he was grave. "Have you ever fainted?"

"Never!" I said a little indignantly.

"Could you hear something very unexpected, even horrible, and not cry out?"

"You know something!" I thought of an accident to my mother. "You have news for me."

"Careful," he said in a sharp whisper. "You told me you could keep perfectly still. If you can't, I won't go on." I begged him to go on, and I kept my face a blank. He turned his head slightly and took in the group at the other end of the room. He sat so a moment, with his eyes still turned away, while he said: "Everything — more than life — depends on your self-control during the next few minutes."

I sat staring at him, as still as stone.

"Have you any idea where you are?" — and still he looked, not at me, but towards the others.

My first bewilderment was giving way to fear. No fear, now, of anything he could tell me. Fear of the man himself. I saw it all! Not that iron-grey woman who had left the room with the servant, not the brilliant lady upstairs, but the person who had set me thinking wild thoughts at dinner about iron-barred windows and private lunatic asylums. The man sitting not three feet away from me — was mad.

I calculated the distance between me and the other group, while I answered him: "I am at my aunt's, Mrs. Caterham's."

"Where does your aunt live?"

"At 160 Lowndes Square."

"You are twenty minutes from Lowndes Square by taxi. You are in one of the most terrible houses in Europe."

TO BE CONCLUDED

Digitized by Google

"'PERHAPS IT IS THAT I INTRUDE,' HE MANAGED TO SAY. 'YES,' SHE REPLIED CALMLY, 'YOU DO.'"

Digitized by Google

DINNER AT EIGHT

BY

SAMUEL MERWIN

AUTHOR OF "THE CITADEL," "A LETTER TO A GENTLEMAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

"WE can't leave the girl alone — in Shanghai," protested the thin woman.

"But she'll be right here in a hotel full of white folks," insisted the stout man. As he spoke, his eyes wandered despairingly to the heap of luggage on which a Chinese porter was pasting Astor House labels. "Bob's certain to get here before long."

All three — the fat man, the stout woman, and the thin woman — stood for a moment in the silence of perplexity. Outside, the early October twilight was settling over the straggling, polyglot city that likes to term itself "the Paris of the East." Within, in the roomy "lounge" that adjoined the hotel office, there were lights, and tourists sipping tea, and the chatter of many tongues. Close at hand, seated alone by a wicker table, idly fingering a cold tea-cup, was a girl — an extremely pretty girl, obviously American, with a jaunty traveling turban set down on her fluffy brown hair. She had a firmly pointed chin, a straight and rather long nose, clear skin that had been slightly tanned by the winds of the Pacific, and wide, demure hazel eyes that appeared to be gazing out at the clamorous line of 'rickshaw coolies in the shadowy street. By not so much as the twitch of a muscle did her fresh young face betray that she was listening intently to the conversation of the trio.

"But, Rufus dear,"—it was the stout woman, — "you don't seem to understand. It is nearly six now. Unless Lieutenant Carver comes soon, it will be too late to get Edith back to the ship for dinner. Her aunt and uncle will be worried to death." She paused for emphasis. "We assumed *some* responsibility when we brought her ashore to-day. And you don't leave nice young girls like her unprotected on the China Coast. You know well enough the dreadful code of this part of the world."

The thin woman shuddered. "Between now and eight *anything* might happen!"

The fat man sighed. "Look here," he said, "this is an emergency; and I can't see but what she's got to do her part in it. I must straighten out the tangle with the Hankow Line people, or we simply can't leave to-night. You two must collect the things you've bought before the shops close, or lose 'em; I certainly can't let either of you knock around Shanghai alone after dark. And if you take her with you, she'll miss Bob when he comes. No; it will be best for her to sit quietly here. Don't tell me that an American girl who's twenty if she's a minute can't take care of herself in a pinch!"

"You might explain it to the clerk, Rufus."

The fat man glanced at the desk and pursed his lips. Probably the one person on earth least able to comprehend the Occidental motive in such an explanation would be a Malay hotel clerk in Shanghai.

"No," he said decisively, "nothing like that! She can read a magazine, or something. And, if Bob should fall down altogether, she could dine with us at eight — or whenever we get back — and I'll take her back to the ship myself. There's a launch out at nine-thirty, and our Hankow boat doesn't leave until midnight."

Miss Edith Ellis, when the matter was put before her, assured them that it didn't matter in the least. She even produced a smile — a smile that faded before they were out of the room. Then she went to the window and with wistful eyes watched them ride off into the mystery-laden dusk of Shanghai.

A few moments later she became aware that a certain foreigner, who had for an hour been hovering near, had come quietly to her side — a young man who wore good clothes over a com-

Digitized by Google

pact, athletic figure; a man with bold, attractive eyes, light waxed mustaches, and on his alert young face the first indescribable marks of dissipation. She had thought him German, but his accent and his odd use of idiom, when he spoke, were more suggestive of Parisian backgrounds. She wondered, with a slight quickening of the pulse, whether he were one of the cosmopolitan adventurers about whom center so many travelers' tales of the Coast.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he said in a soft voice, "but perhaps, if you are waiting, you would read my magazine."

"Thank you — no," she replied, facing him.

It was amusing to see him hesitate, even flush a little, under her direct gaze. "He isn't used to American girls," she thought. She knew nothing of the horrible connotation that has grown, at Shanghai, about that fine phrase, "American girl."

"Perhaps it is that I intrude," he managed to say.

"Yes," she replied calmly, "you do."

Well, *that* little episode was over. She was almost sorry. The remark of the thin Miss Oldham came suddenly into her thoughts: "Between now and eight *anything* might happen!" If only anything *would* happen!

Again she looked out into the gathering night. The 'rickshaw coolies were lighting their gaudy paper lanterns. She was glad to know that the Chinese really use paper lanterns; in a world of continuous disillusionments, this bit of romantic color, at least, was really so.

Somewhere off beyond the low buildings of the other side of the street, somewhere beyond the sluggish stream that bounds the American Quarter, lay, she knew, a city that for color and drama and the sheer quality of adventure surpasses the Baghdad of ancient fable — a city where the white race meets the yellow race and struggles with it for gold; where the tourist or the business man rubs elbows with soldiers of fortune, with broken noblemen from Europe, with stranded soldiers and sailors, mandarins, diplomats, opium-smuggling Parsees, overdressed women of uncertain livelihood. Fellow tourists talked largely of Shanghai; the navy men had a hundred tales of it: but it appeared to be a city of which girls were shown only a few uninteresting rows of shops, and that by daylight.

For the thousandth time in her unruffled young life, she fell to resenting her sex. "They pass me around," she mused, "wrap me up and lay me aside, as if I were a cloisonné vase or a — a jade teapot!"

A Chinese boy glided down the room and handed her a chit that had been hastily addressed in pencil. She tore it open and read:

Dear Edith:

Mighty sorry to fail you, but three hundred French sailors are raising Cain in the French city. I was with de St. André when the word reached him, and volunteered to pitch in and help him round up his men. At the moment it looks rather messy. I guess you'll have to forgive me and sit down to dinner with the Oldhams. I'll surely be there in time to get you safely back to the ship. I'm sending another chit to your aunt and uncle by the first launch, so they won't be dragging the Woosung for you, or, worse, hauling the consul-general away from his dinner. BOB.

She turned the paper over two or three times, very slowly; then re-read it. Bob was like the others; she must stay put until he could deliver her "safely" to those other guardians on the ship.

Suddenly her chin came up — a faint touch of color glowed through the transparent brown of her cheeks — her eyes stared at the swinging red-and-yellow lanterns on the 'rickshaws. The Oldhams would not be returning for an hour or so; Bob would be even later; there was no one. . . . She held her breath. In her eyes was the fire that passes only when youth passes.

Resuming her habitual girlish composure, she calmly buttoned her gloves, took her wrist-bag from the table,— on which (she noted with some amusement) the adventurer person had left his now useless magazine,— walked through the office to the street, stepped into the first 'rickshaw that offered, tucked the robe about herself, and waved a vague hand. "The Bund," she said.

And, as it did not occur to her to look around, she failed to observe that an athletic-appearing young foreigner with waxed mustaches and bold, admiring eyes followed in another 'rickshaw not twenty yards behind.

The mile-long Bund was gay with the lights and the traffic of early evening. On her right were the imposing brick and stone buildings that hide the huddled city from the eyes of the incoming tourist. Banks, insurance companies, newspaper and steamship offices, clubs — they were solidly designed to convey to an ancient and slumbrous civilization a sense of the brisk but solid West. All about her, passing along the broad, well-paved street in two swift, opposite currents, were motor-cars, pony victorias, passenger wheelbarrows, and 'rickshaws. On her left were the trees and the grass-plots of the narrow park that borders the water-front; and beyond these the dim outlines of ocean tramps and junks and opium hulks, the movement of sampans and launches in and out among the shipping, and the broken, dancing reflections of a myriad of colored lights in the water.

She settled back comfortably, with an out-

Digitized by Google

ward complacency that belied the turbulence within. Her pulse was beating high. "Just to the end of the Bund and back," ran her thoughts; "just to the end of the Bund." She looked down at the ragged shoulders and the bare, muscular arms and legs of her coolie; he was running with an easy, springing stride. She drew a long breath, and her hands closed tightly on the bag that lay in her lap.

On and on they went. At a bumpy little stone bridge the coolie pulled up and looked around inquiringly. She waved him on. "Just a little farther," she thought. The park ended here, and between the pavement and the river stood a row of warehouses. Beyond them she caught glimpses of a big river steamer with lights shining from a hundred windows. The coolie turned again; again she waved forward. They were past the stone buildings now, past the warehouses. They had left behind them the absurdly European Bund; they were in another land. She looked about with a little gasp of sheer delight. On the right were low frame buildings, all lighted, and nearly all hung with signs in French and Chinese. Crowds of Chinese were moving to and fro on the sidewalk, many with hands slipped into capacious sleeves, for the evening air was brisk. At the curb were venders of queer things to eat, calling their wares in a singsong droning. Along the water-front, dimly lighted by lanterns, were hundreds upon hundreds of matting-roofed sampans, packed in so closely that one could have walked far out on the river merely by stepping from boat to boat.

"'IT IS NOT SAFE, MADEMOISELLE. YOU MUST LET ME STAY WITH YOU. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN MUST NOT BE ALONE HERE AT NIGHT.'"

There were no motor-cars here, and only a few 'rickshaws and carriages. The air was filled with the chatter and laughter of the most talkative race in the world. And it all smelled — a strange blend of odors that is the smell of the East.

This, surely, was China. This was the mysterious land of a thousand enchantments. She felt rather than saw that groups of the yellow men were staring at her, and her nerve-tips tingled with the sheer excitement of it. Of course, now that the experience was becoming

Digitized by Google

really interesting, it was time to turn back; and she suppressed a sigh as she called to the coolie.

A little way behind her, above the casual hubbub of the street, sounded a new noise — a shouting, a scream or two, loud laughter, and snatches of song. She called again to the coolie, and turned in sudden alarm.

A crowd of sailors had poured out from one of the low buildings and taken possession of the street. A brief glance was enough to assure even an extremely inexperienced young American girl that they were very drunk and in a distinctly riotous mood. At the moment they were amusing themselves by upsetting the carts and stands of the food venders, and pelting one another and the bystanders with fruit and cakes. One was singing in a frenzied manner and beating time with a bottle. Three others had advanced close to her 'rickshaw, and, for some reason of their own, were savagely thrashing a yellow man.

Edith felt herself growing cold and faint. Looking hurriedly about, she saw that another 'rickshaw was drawing near through the crowd. Its occupant was a man who lifted his hat and bowed ceremoniously. She peered eagerly at him through the uncertain light; then her heart sank. It was the young foreigner who had offered her the magazine. He was smiling, now, in a way that was perhaps meant to be reassuring but that in fact was subtly alarming, and was bobbing his head toward the brawling sailors as if in emphasis of her need of him.

Somehow she must get back to the Bund. Her frightened eyes sought an opening through the surging crowd that nearly filled the street. There was a clear space close to the farther curb. She urged her coolie toward it. He hesitated.

The young foreigner stepped down from his 'rickshaw and made his way to her side. "Pardon, miss," he said, "but not that way. If you will permit, I will show you how to get around by another street."

She shook her head.

"But it is not safe, mademoiselle. You must let me stay with you. These men are mad with bad whisky. If you have escort, it is something. But a beautiful woman she must not be alone here at night. They will not understand it, these men."

With white face and compressed lips, she again shook her head and waved him aside. "Go there!" she called again to the coolie.

The bare-legged Oriental wavered, glanced about, then wheeled and made an effort to obey her. But the opening she had indicated was suddenly closed by a tall sailor with a flushed face and a drunken light in his eye. His white cotton cap was pushed far back on his head, disclosing a scar that ran from his right temple nearly up to the middle of his forehead. His nose was crooked and flattened. His lips were thick and shapeless above a heavy chin. He laughed insolently at her; then turned to shout at his companions — and she saw that his ear was a filled-out solid thing like a small pin-cushion on the side of his head.

He was shouting in a foreign tongue — French, she thought, though it was rougher and more guttural than any French she had heard. He sang in a booming voice snatches of a gay little song; and the others laughed boisterously and looked at her.

The coolie had stopped again, and she was calling to him to go on. Suddenly the big sailor with the scar and the pin-cushion ears came swiftly forward, gripped him by the shoulders, and, swinging his feet clear of the ground, threw him sprawling into a group of Chinese who were timidly gathering the contents of a demolished cake-booth. Then the big sailor stepped in between the shafts of the 'rickshaw and made a speech in his booming voice, bowing extravagantly before her, and gesturing with a primitive sort of grace. The others closed in about them, cheering and waving their caps and the bits of loot they had picked up. One grimacing little man brandished a cloisonné opium-pipe so close that she had to draw her head back.

The big sailor wound up his speech in what was evidently a wild peroration. It sent the jostling, drunken group into an ecstasy. They doubled over with laughter; they embraced one another; they shouted with delight. Then the leader bent forward, threw aside the 'rickshaw robe, seized one small foot, held it up in his twisted, knotted fingers, and kissed the toe of her shoe.

She tried to draw it away. He raised his head, fixed his bloodshot eyes on hers with a gaze that was horribly hypnotic, and, grinning, let her struggle. She could not so much as move his hand. He bowed with mock courtesy, and slowly relaxed his grip. Shuddering, she wrapped the robe about herself and sank back in her seat, limp, white of face, her tortured eyes looking about, this way and that, over the white caps of the sailors. She wanted to scream, but could not have uttered a sound. Some Chinamen on the sidewalk were laughing. Was it true, then, that a girl must not appear alone in Shanghai . . . the dreadful code of this part of the world . . . "*anything* might happen." . . .

A young man with athletic shoulders and waxed mustaches was elbowing through the crowd. He reached a wheel of the 'rickshaw, gripped it with one hand, and, with an astonishingly quick and powerful thrust and swing of the other arm, swept the crowding sailors

Digitized by Google

"'EDITH UNCLASPED HER NECKLACE OF DELICATELY WORKED CHINESE SILVER. 'I SHOULD LIKE,' SHE MURMURED, 'TO FEEL THAT YOU HAVE SOMETHING OF MINE'"

Digitized by Google

back. Then he came leaping over the step of the vehicle in a rush so sudden and so determined that the big sailor simply gave way before it. There was the sound of quick, clean blows driven straight to their mark; and the sailor fell backward over the shafts. The Parisian was after him and on him like a bulldog.

"Quick, miss!" he was shouting, without for an instant turning his head. "Your coolie — try to get away!"

She looked helplessly about. The coolie had disappeared. All around the 'rickshaw the sailors were pressing, struggling to get at the fighters. Certainly it was better to stay where she was than to step down into that little riot. Here was a situation, indeed, with which she could not pretend to cope. It had passed far beyond her experience and capacity, and was now developing much more rapidly than she could think. She felt a perverse impulse to laugh. Surely it was not so, this extraordinary bit of melodrama. Such things do not happen. She passed her hand slowly across her eyes.

In some way the fight was stopped, and there was an argument in which everybody appeared to be talking at the top of his lungs. The Parisian was gesturing vehemently; the sailors were jeering at him and waving their loot in his face. All was confusion. It made her head ache.

The Parisian appeared close at her side, talking rapidly in English. She caught a phrase here and there, looking the while at a bruise under his eye from which a little blood was trickling slowly down upon his cheek.

". . . If you had been with me . . . they know you were alone. . . . The big man says you will dine with him . . . spend all his pay . . . I can not make them understand — it is no use while they are drunk. . . . It is as I have said to you — no good woman is alone at night here in Frenchtown. . . . They think it is I who seek you for myself. . . . It is that we fight, the big sailor and I. If I win it will be permitted that I take you — that you dine with me. . . ."

Then his face expanded in an almost boyish smile. "It is not, I think, so serious," he added gently. "But it is that I simply can not take you away now. They will not understand. They will not permit. It will not be so bad. You will see that they, though so drunk, are what you call the good sport."

The sailors who had been arguing and gesticulating now set up a wild shout, apparently of agreement. Edith placed her hands over her ears for a moment.

"But," she tried to say, when it was quieter, "I can't — you mustn't ——"

The Parisian smiled again.

"It will not be so much," he said. "We can do nothing. We will humor them."

With that same queer sense of unreality, she sat passively while a dozen hands seized the 'rickshaw and ran with it a little way along the street. Her Parisian handed her out; she could feel him close at her side, gripping her arm and fending off the crowding sailors as they crossed the sidewalk and entered one of the low buildings. She was hurried down a long passage and into a large, low-ceiled room, a dimly lighted room that was hazy with smoke and close with an odd, choking odor.

"Wait," she found herself saying, with a sense of grotesque inadequacy to the occasion — "I can't breathe! Won't they open a window?"

Along the walls of the room and grouped about the pillars in the center were couches. On many of these lay men — Chinese and white — sunk in slumber, or propped on an elbow puttering over little lamps with steel instruments like knitting-needles. She saw one man raise what she knew to be an opium-pipe, and with the knitting-needle work up a soft brown pellet on the flat surface of his pipe-bowl.

The sailors were routing the smokers from the central couches and clearing the floor. From somewhere appeared ropes, which were run rapidly around the four central pillars and made fast, forming a roped-in square. Into this arena was tossed a cluster of thin brown boxing-gloves.

The Parisian was speaking into her ear:

"It is a famous place for the fights of sailors, miss. Each ship, you will know, has its champions. It will not, perhaps, be easy for me, but I will win. Indeed, I must. This man is a heavy-weight, and he is a fighter of experience; he has the bearing, and the — what do you say? — the cauliflower ear. I am but a middleweight. I must give him twenty — thirty — pounds. But he is drunk; that is it — he is drunk. I am not in condition. It is so, here at Shanghai; one is not careful. But" — his quick, eager talk was beginning to reach her consciousness and find a response there — "but, miss, though but an amateur, I am, I may say, truly expert at the box. I think" — his eye roved across the ring and slowly measured his adversary, and a touch of vanity came into his voice and manner — "I think it will not be difficult. He *is* so drunk. And I — I have, as you say, stayed six rounds with the great Carpentier — at Paris."

She looked, with a curiosity that was struggling out through her dazed mind, about the ring. Within the ropes all was clear. But pressing against them stood a crowd of jostling, shouting, laughing white and yellow men. They were betting, evidently, and were arguing hotly

Digitized by Google

over the odds. As she looked about, a man here and there caught her eye and suddenly became quiet. Others gazed at her with frank interest. A surprising fact was the unmistakable and growing sense of order displayed by the more sober of the sailors and the five or six Americans and Englishmen who appeared to be tacitly in charge of the arrangements. They were all men so rough as to be wholly out of the world as she knew it — opium-smokers apparently, drunkards certainly; yet all seemed to take pride in arranging the fight according to certain set rules of procedure. Lacquered stools were brought and placed in two opposite corners. Pails of water appeared, and bottles, and towels.

She glanced over toward the big sailor, then dropped her eyes and for a moment held her breath; for his seconds were in the act of removing the last article of clothing from the upper half of his body. Then, despite fluttering lids, she looked again.

At that moment the sailor ducked through the ropes and seated himself on the stool, and she knew that his body was beautiful. Beneath the battered face and head, beneath those painfully fascinating "cauliflower" ears, were a pair of broad shoulders with great ropes of muscle curving down over them. The breasts were hard and prominent, standing out like a cornice over the solid, muscle-ridged trunk beneath. Even as he sat quietly on his stool, his outspread arms resting easily on the ropes, there was a constant play of delicately responsive knots of muscle beneath the surface of his smooth skin. The entire body cavity seemed to expand and contract rhythmically with his heavy breathing. His trousers were drawn in tight about the waist and secured with a bit of light rope. He had kicked off his shoes, and his stockinged feet were feeling the floor as if searching for the box of powdered resin that was not there.

"Pardon, miss; but it is to be a fight. I must do the same."

She turned. The Parisian had thrown aside coat and waistcoat, and was jerking at his necktie. His negligé shirt followed. Then he worked his singlet up about his head and struggled with it for a moment. She caught hold of it with both hands and pulled it over his head.

"Thank you," said he simply.

He unlaced his shoes and handed them to an unkempt young cockney,— a beach-comber, doubtless,— who at once, with sudden and immense self-importance, assumed a guardianship over the little heap of discarded clothing.

"You might 'old 'is watch, miss," said this person. And Edith took the watch and fob, and placed them, for safety, in her wrist-bag.

Another unprepossessing young man now spoke to the Parisian. He was many days from the barber, and his hands appeared to be none too steady; but there was assurance in his eye.

"I'll look after you, mister," he said. "You'll be all right with me. Worked three years at Brown's Gym in New York — Twenty-third Street, you know, just off Sixth Avenue. And they use me around here some."

With a thrill of sheer excitement, Edith stole a glance at her champion — and then another. He was distinctly smaller than the big sailor who was sitting so calmly and confidently in the opposite corner. From neck to waist his skin was fairly pink and white. He was not, like the sailor, ribbed and ridged with muscle; but there was wiry strength in his arms and solidity in the smooth shoulders and the firm back.

"I will be cautious," he was saying, in an eager low voice, to the New Yorker. "I must, as you say, feel him out. It will be, I think, strength against cleverness."

The second, like the guardian of the clothing, showed signs of self-importance. He looked his principal over critically, worked his arms, kneaded his shoulders and chest, and struck him lightly here and there about the body. "I guess you're quick enough," he said.

"It is that with me," replied the Parisian; "it is quickness." And again he proudly uttered the sentence that seemed, as he spoke it, to have an almost mystical import: "Though but an amateur, I have, you see, stayed six rounds with the great Carpentier — at Paris."

Edith was impressed by the expression of frank admiration that suddenly illuminated the unshaven face of the man who had worked three years at Brown's.

"You don't say!" was the reply. "Then you're sure some fighter."

The seconds met in the center of the ring and gravely discussed the problem of a referee. From among those who volunteered, or who were put forward by friends among the spectators, a big Englishman was selected as being on the whole the least drunk and the most impressive in appearance. He, in his turn, called the two principals to him; and again Edith was struck by the astonishing sense of order that ruled this wild proceeding. Evidently, in the minds of these rough men there was a common acceptance of the traditional rules of the sport.

The referee stood, coat off, watch in hand, one arm raised. The two fighters were seated in their corners. Edith stood by the post, directly behind her champion, quite unconscious of the fact that the crowd had respectfully withdrawn a little way from her on either side.

"Keep him off," the man from Brown's was saying, in staccato whispers. "Make him lead.

Digitized by Google

Don't let him get in on you. He'll clinch if he can. Don't let him lay that beef on you."

"Ready, gentlemen!" called the referee. The confusion of voices died out. The referee dropped his arm, stiffly. "Time!" he shouted.

The two half-naked men leaped forward; sparred a moment; then crouched and circled, their feet padding softly on the wooden floor, their brown gloves moving swiftly in feints and in sudden shiftings of defense. Their faces were keen and hard, and they watched each other with the alertness of tigers. Round and round they circled. The sailor's face slowly expanded in a crafty, drunken smile, and he looked down on his slighter opponent with an expression of humorous contempt. One of the spectators shouted something in French. The sailor's intent gaze relaxed for the fraction of a second, and he turned his head. Instantly the Parisian flew at him, just as he had before flown at him over the step of the 'rickshaw, and his left glove landed on the sailor's face in three quick, solid blows, like the *tap-tap-tap* of a hammer. The heavy-weight spat out an angry exclamation and launched a right swing. But his great arm thrashed the air. The middle-weight, on the instant, bent nearly double — so nearly double that his forehead all but brushed the floor — then caught the sailor about the waist and gripped him, clinging close. The alert referee stepped between them and forced them apart.

Each was breathing hard as they fell again to circling. A thin trickle of blood appeared below the sailor's nostrils; and the spectators broke into a sudden roar of delight.

"Some class there!" the man from Brown's was muttering at Edith's elbow. "He's got something, that boy. Clever! Ducks like Leaches Cross." Then he raised his voice and called: "Watch his right, Frenchy! The guy's got a wallop."

The Parisian nodded, but kept his eyes fixed on the sailor as he circled lightly and stealthily about him.

There was a confusion of shouts and catcalls from the crowd about the ropes. The sailor shook his head as if to throw off some blinding harness.

"It's the liquor that's bothering him," muttered the New Yorker. "But say, he's got an awful right."

The sailor tossed his head again, then rushed. The middle-weight side-stepped, and hooked in a sharp kidney blow that, accelerating the momentum of the big man, sent him slipping and sprawling to the floor. The building rocked with the shout that went up. But the sailor bounded to his feet and rushed again. Edith, swept clean out of herself, face flushed, eyes shining, hands gripping the rope, followed every motion with fascinated eyes. This second rush carried the fighters directly into their corner, and Edith and the New Yorker had to step back.

The middle-weight could not side-step, this time. The big man bore him back until he crashed into the post. Edith felt the nearness of the two sweaty, glistening bodies; their hoarse, quick breathing was loud in her ears; the reeking air choked her nostrils; she was faint; but still her fascinated eyes followed every motion. The middle-weight's back, as he fought desperately on the defensive, was almost under her eyes; by reaching out a hand she could have touched him. She could see the flash and play of the wiry muscles under his shining pink skin; she could see his elbows and forearms working like pistons as he played on the ribs and stomach of the great body before him; she could see the look of sudden anguish on the shapeless face of the sailor, that seemed to be staring at her over the pink shoulder, and could hear the involuntary grunts and gasps of the two men as they worked in closer and closer. Then suddenly they were too close. The sailor's arms slid over the shoulders of the Parisian, and all his weight was thrown on the slighter frame in the clinch that followed. The referee pulled them apart.

"Say," observed the man from Brown's, half to Edith, half to himself, "that's in-fighting now — a bit of the real stuff. We don't see much of that out here."

The fighters were crouching and sparring cautiously when the referee stepped between them and called time. The middle-weight dropped his hands and walked quietly to his corner. The heavy-weight staggered uncertainly to his. And all about the ring-side there was shouting, and disjointed talk, and the brandishing of gold coins.

The middle-weight dropped on the stool, leaned back on the ropes, and closed his eyes. The New Yorker went swiftly and deftly to work on him, fanning him with the towel, sponging his head and face, kneading the muscles of neck, shoulders, arms, and thighs.

"Quick, miss," he said, looking up from his work, "give him that water-bottle — and just keep the towel going, will you?"

Edith obeyed. Leaning over the ropes, she waved the towel, with arms that had been trained on the tennis court and the golf course.

"Harder, please," cried the second.

She worked with added energy. The fighter looked up in protest, but, seeing the intent expression on her face, smiled gently.

The New Yorker was talking jerkily: "He's soft, Bo, but watch that swing — if he lands it,

Digitized by Google

"SHE PRESSED THE SMELLING-SALTS AGAINST THE FIGHTER'S NOSTRILS. 'GOOD BUSINESS!' SAID THE NEW YORKER. 'YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MISS. YOU SURE ARE — ALL — RIGHT!'"

good night! Better use your feet this round — keep away; he may work off his souse and come to life. And save your hands — you'll need 'em."

The referee called the round. Again the slender man faced the giant. Again they circled, feinted, rushed, dodged, fought.

The third round passed, and the fourth. It was not to be so easy. The sailor, his fuddled spirit settling into a dull anger against this alert little man who jabbed him and evaded him with such persistency, landed a number of heavy blows. The movements of both became slower. Their faces were less alert, more dogged. And now, between rounds, Edith worked with a sureness only a little behind that of the New Yorker. Her hat was on a nail, her gloves in a ball on the floor. She sponged the battered face and swung the dingy towel, while the man from Brown's tried to stir the sluggish circulation. It was sober, primitive work. It began to look like desperate work. She forgot the excited spectators, she forgot the bizarre nature of the situation; she was conscious only of her responsibility — the woman's responsibility to succor the man who battles for her — and of the need to learn from the unshaven, rough-spoken, but exceedingly efficient young person who, stripped to undershirt and trousers, was working close beside her, precisely how to be of the greatest service.

The fifth round went badly for the Parisian. When it was over, and he had sunk weakly on the lacquered stool, Edith felt rather than saw the New Yorker shake his head and look grave.

"Work hard," he said between his teeth, as he roughly massaged the relaxed muscles. "Slap his face. Use lots of water."

She followed instructions. Then, with an impulse and a sudden flash of memory, she got her

Digitized by Google

wrist-bag, rummaged in it, drew out a bottle of smelling-salts, and pressed it against the fighter's nostrils. He breathed it in, then jerked his head away and opened his eyes. But she caught his head and again pressed the bottle to his nostrils.

"Good business!" It was the New Yorker, looking up from his work with just such an expression of admiration as the Parisian had wrung from him before the fight. "That's the very thing. You're all right, miss. You sure are — all — right!"

And Edith watched her man step out for the sixth round, a shade more alert for that sharp tang in his nostrils, with a curious little glow in her heart. For, all in a moment, she knew that it meant something to win that honest commendation. Many men had flattered her; but never before in her sheltered young life had a man spoken to her quite like that — directly, as an equal.

"God help him," the New Yorker was muttering. "It's up to Him now — and Frenchy. They're both in. One way or the other, a chance blow'll do it."

The sailor was clumsy and uncertain in his movements. His eyes were dull. He rushed at the middle-weight and bore him down on the ropes, but drew a swift shower of body blows for his trouble. In some pain and bewilderment, he fell back; and then, when the little man rushed, swung his right with all the weight of his great frame thrown in behind it. There was a thud as it landed, a tenth of a second of silence — then a roar from the spectators so wild, so utterly, unmistakably savage, that Edith turned faint and closed her eyes. When, after an instant, they opened again, it was only with a conscious effort of will that she could control her faculties sufficiently to comprehend what was taking place.

The middle-weight had staggered back against the ropes and was supporting himself by holding on with one hand. The other hand hung limp at his side. His body swayed. His legs bent and wabbled as if about to give way under him. His chin sagged, his mouth hung partly open, his eyes wandered. He presented a picture of utter collapse.

Facing him, and only a little way off, the heavy-weight was floundering about, too weak and confused to see and grasp his opportunity. The building rocked with the screams of the spectators urging him on to the knock-out.

The man from Brown's for a moment stared intently at his principal; picked up the towel and rolled it into a ball, as if to toss it into the ring; then hesitated, and again studied the situation.

"I'd swear that blow never landed," he was saying aloud. "Looked to me like he caught it on the arm. Is the boy stalling?"

Slowly the big sailor grasped the import of the frantic urgings of his seconds and the confused yelling of the crowd. He gathered himself, shook the sweat out of his eyes, and plunged heavily forward — erect, all open, his arms swinging wildly about his head.

Instantly the middle-weight stiffened up, thrust one foot out, threw his left forearm across his chin, and brought up his right in a lightning upper cut that landed squarely on the point of the sailor's jaw. It was a perfect manoeuver and a perfect blow. The sailor spun half around, slipped quietly to the floor, rolled over on his back, stiffened out, and lay unconscious, while the referee slowly swung his arm up and down ten times.

The referee pocketed his watch, slapped the middle-weight on the shoulder, and, turning toward the sailor's corner, cried: "Get your man. He's out!"

The middle-weight, with a faint smile hovering on his bruised face, walked wearily to his corner, sank on the stool, and fell back into the arms of his second. And Edith, leaning weakly against the pillar during the brief moment before she roused herself to hunt about for her hat and gloves, looked down at the two strange faces with a puzzled expression. She had intruded into the world of these rough men; she had been under fire with them. And in the intensity of the moment they had accepted her, not as a beautiful girl but as a human being. The experience was too close and too startling to be comprehended all at once; but even at the moment she knew that new, queer, hitherto suppressed notions and speculations were at large in her mind. Until within the hour she would have looked down upon and a little feared these men. But now she respected them, almost — she held her breath — admired them. She wondered if it would ever again be possible for her to accept the cloisonné vase, the jade teapot, theory of womanhood.

But the situation was too much for her. Her head reeled with the confusion and the excitement of it. Life, that had always been, after all, rather a simple affair, had suddenly become outrageously complex. She turned away and steadied herself against the pillar. Through the continuous chattering and shouting of the crowd came to her ears the sound of handclapping; and she vaguely knew that they were applauding her, but did not raise her eyes. After a moment she put on her hat and looked about for a hat-pin that had dropped to the floor. One of the French sailors sprang forward, found it,

Digitized by Google

and, with a bow of grave deference, handed it to her. She thanked him. Then it seemed to her that more than anything else in the world she longed for a breath of fresh air. She leaned against the pillar. . . . .

They walked slowly northward past the warehouses and along the Bund.

"You are tired," he said. "Perhaps — now that it is like this — you would dine with me."

She was silent for a little way. Then, "No," she replied simply and gravely. "I think I ought not to do that. Though I feel that you have earned the right to ask almost anything of me."

"It is not that," he protested.

She was silent.

"But perhaps I may walk with you — to the hotel?"

She felt for her watch, and laughed a little. "It seems as if it must be nearly midnight."

"It is but seven. A few minutes — half an hour — that is all."

They walked on in an intimate silence that seemed not at all odd.

"It's no use trying to thank you," she said, after a time. "I was foolish; but you — you were wonderful."

He waved the compliment aside. "I am ashamed. I was not good. Oh, mademoiselle, I wish you had seen me at the time I fought the great Carpentier."

"You are French?" she asked.

"No; but I have lived much at Paris. My home was at Stockholm. And my father was German. I should like to give you my card."

He took one from a silver case, and carefully bent down a corner. By the light of a street lamp she read: "Heinrich von Hagen, Stockholm." And in a lower corner were the words, "Royal Yacht Club."

He gazed moodily out over the river, then turned.

"I can be only frank with you, mademoiselle. They would call me an adventurer. You will know that men like myself do not come out here to China for no reason — not too often. I was for years in my uncle's Paris office. I forged his name. It was too much of the box — the billiards — the cards. I came here. It is not likely that we shall meet again."

"I am sorry," said she.

They agreed to part on the corner near the Astor House. She lingered for a little while, and he stood stiffly like a soldier. There was a discolored bruise under his right eye; the left eye was nearly closed; his mouth was swollen, and it twisted queerly when he smiled.

"I have heard tales," he said, with a touch of sadness that was not wholly without bitterness, "of the splendid young ladies in America. It is quite true. You have the self-reliance, the courage. You walk through life untouched."

She looked thoughtfully at him for a moment, then unclasped her necklace of delicately worked Chinese silver.

"I should like," she murmured, "to feel that you have something of mine."

He accepted the gift, and raised his hat. And she walked slowly away toward the lights of the Astor House. Once she turned. He was standing stiffly there, still holding his hat above his head.

Neither the Oldhams nor Lieutenant Carver had arrived; and she waited alone in the lounge adjoining the office. On a near-by table lay a magazine. It brought a curious memory of something that had happened a long time before. She would read it now.

It was after eight by the office clock when the lieutenant appeared. She saw him enter and pause at the desk, and with new eyes watched him cross the room toward her. Bob was good-looking. He was a man of vigorous physique, of good mind, of some social attainment. He met every conventional requirement. But she knew, as she observed him, that he was of those who shut their womenkind away from the very arena of actual life in which their own character and destiny is wrought.

"Hello!" he cried. "Alone? Where are the Oldhams?"

"They aren't back yet," said she. Then — "I'm starved, Bob. Let's have some dinner while we wait."

The lieutenant hesitated. "Really, Edith," he said, "it would be better to wait — just on your account. You and I don't mind; but there are people here — ship acquaintances, all that — who wouldn't understand. At home the chaperon is a rather absurd nuisance; here a necessity. No use quarreling with the fact; it's so. Remember, it is Shanghai."

"Yes," she replied drily, with a face that was inscrutable; "I guess I forgot. It *is* Shanghai."

Another of Mr. Merwin's stories, "The Peking Pug," will be published in the January McCLURE'S — *out December 23d*

Digitized by Google

THE DIARY OF A NEW YORK POLICEMAN

BY

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

Mr. Lewis begins below a story of the progress of a crooked officer and wardman on the New York police force, which is a rehearsal of actual experiences as told to the writer.

A wardman is the confidential "plain-clothes" agent of the captain, who watches conditions in the captain's precinct. When there is "grafting," he is generally the captain's collector.

Naturally, the wardman is the shrewdest, craftiest, and boldest "crook" who gets into the police force; and he works his way up in the world of graft through a series of adventures well illustrated by those described in these reminiscences.

The language of this story reproduces very closely the speech of a type of New York policeman, and the cynical mental attitude developed by many "smart" cops.

YOU see, I'd been working for a gambling joint; and all at once, one day, I got fired. I was on the door, and I let the wrong people get by — a couple of private detectives for an anti-vice society.

"You're a swell lookout, you are," says the proprietor. "You've got eyes in your head as blind as steeple bats."

So, for a finish, I hit the street. I sure was sore. I knew the old town like a book. There wasn't a Sunshine dispensary on the West Side where I didn't know the mixer. And when it came to gamblers and the sure-thing boys, I had some calling list. I was wise a-plenty, but somehow I never seemed to get in right on the stuff myself.

I was pokin' along the old West Side, moaning to myself over that perfectly good five dollars a day I'd been grabbing off in the pool-room, and wondering why I hadn't shown some judgment and died in the cradle, when who should I meet up with but an old friend of mine — a police headquarters detective.

"What are you doing?" says the dick.[1]

I told him I was on the street, and up against it for fair.

"Why don't you get on the force?" he said.

I sat up and took notice. Would you believe me, it never struck me before.

"Why not?" says the dick from the Central Office. "You're a husky lad. If they had more like you, they'd be better off."

He wasn't so far wrong, at that. I was as hard as a keg of nails, those days; and when it came to taking care of myself, I was there with the goods. In the old days, when I was a kid at the old West Side athletic club, they didn't any of them have anything on me when I came to handling my fists.

"Have you got the price?" says my detective friend, as I was thinking it over.

"Not a dollar," I said — and then I was down in my boots again; for I knew well enough, right there at the start, you'd got to come across, or no police force for you.

"Haven't you got anybody that'd stake you?" he said after a while.

"I dunno," I said. I couldn't think of anybody.

"You know Ed Evans pretty well, don't you?"

Know Ed Evans, the policy king? I should say I did! I had saved him from getting his eye knocked out one night by a bunch belonging to the Gopher Gang. A bad bunch, too. It would have gone hard with him if I hadn't happened along.

"You go around and see him," says my friend the headquarters detective.

So I went around and saw my friend the policy king, with his haymow of the long green.

[1] Detective

Digitized by Google

Never mind what he said to me, but right after that I put in my application for the civil exams.

Instantly I was set to jumpin' through the hoops. And from the start I began needing money. The physical examination — I was as solid as a brick switch-shanty — caught me for a hundred, and the civil service examination proper for three hundred dollars more. Don't ask me where it went — I don't know. Wise men told me that I'd got to come across or fall by the wayside, and naturally I came across. The right parties were pointed out, and I slipped them the dough.

The physical examinations oughtn't to have been but fifty dollars, but mine was an unusual case. I put up the fifty-pound dumb-bell with each hand, and could have put up a hundred-and-fifty-pound bell if there had been anything in it; I cleared the tape in the high jump at four feet six, and could have added a foot to that if it would have helped fatten my chances. In short, I did all of the stunts demanded, and had a margin to burn. But there was one big trouble: I openly and obviously weighed too much for my height. I was seven pounds too heavy under the rules, and, train and starve as I would, I couldn't take it off.

"AS I STOOD ADMIRING THE DOWNPOUR, WHO SHOULD JUMP INTO MY DOORWAY BUT THE CAPTAIN! 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?' HE DEMANDED. 'GET OUT AND POUND YOUR BEAT!'"

Standing in with the official who took the weights, I handed them the old boxing trick. It's a game that has sent many a middle-weight into the ring as a welter. As I stepped on the scales, the weight-taker was carefully chewing gum. As he started to shove the weight along the beam of the scales, he took the gum out of his mouth. There was a fifty-cent piece in the hand that held the gum. It wasn't much of a sleight-of-hand performance to fasten the fifty-cent piece, by means of the gum, to the bottom of the weight, as he slid it along the steel beam. Result: a throw-off of twelve pounds on the platform. I showed inside the weight, with five pounds to throw to the birds. That trick, however, cost me an extra fifty bones for the gum-chewer.

The other fifty? No, there was no way of

Digitized by Google

dodging it. Suppose I was as right physically as a ten-dollar gold piece; suppose I did all of the jumping and lifting and strong-arm stunts generally. There's still your lungs and your heart. Oh, there's a dozen ways for them fly doctors to throw you down; and — make no mistake — it's a case of pay or get thrown down. It wasn't for me to give anybody a battle; I'm not a reformer. It nicked me for four hundred dollars to pass the examination and land in the top five hundred names. Later, by three months, it cost me four hundred dollars more to get my shield. The final four hundred dollars stopped at headquarters.

The money came all right — from my policy friend. He's dead now, but he was a prince when he was living, and my good friend. "Sure," he said, when I asked him for the dough; "and when you get on the force, come around and see me. Maybe I might do something else for you."

So, finally, I was a full-fledged bull.[2]

The Hazing of the New "Cop"

If I had time, I could tell you some hair-raising tales of how a new patrolman is hazed. Talk of West Point or Annapolis! They ain't markers to what's handed a new cop. They do everything, from drowning 'em in a bath-tub to branding 'em with red-hot irons. As for myself, the first night I'm on reserve at the station-house, six husky bulls took me out of my cot — it was midwinter, mind! — and put me on the station-house roof. There was six inches of snow on the roof, and I was kept there twenty minutes in my stockin' feet, with just about enough clothes on me to flag a hand-car. They called it "Beat 40."

The next night I went to bed with my gun, and when the entertainment committee started in to give me the second degree, I sat up and swore that the first one to put a hand on me I'd shoot in two. With that, they cursed me, and called me a squealer and a quitter; but all the same they passed me up. It was quite as well; for I'd made up my mind, iron-hard, to bump off[3] any man who laid a mitt on me.

But right there at the start something came my way — that's what I thought then, anyway. My policy king was right on the inside of the political game in the town — naturally, or he wouldn't have been a policy king; and before I'd been thumping the pavement six months as a patrolman he got me my detail to the old headquarters on Mulberry Street, as a Central Office bull. I was a patrolman still, with patrolman's pay; but I was in the Central Office. Now, if it didn't lever up my pay any, it certainly raised my conceit.

I took to looking down on common, every-day harness bulls[4], who had to wear a uniform and walk a beat, and who never saw the inside of Mulberry Street except when they were up on charges. I swelled with importance when I thought of myself as a detective, and I at once began to model myself on my glorious chief. He was the inspector who had charge of the detectives, and I looked up to him and worshiped him as though he were some little tin god. I used to wonder if I'd ever become as deep and as swagger a thief-taker as he was, and I did my best to look and act and think and talk like him. I even copied his walk, and puffed out my chest as he did.

One day two Central Office dicks brought in a pickpocket; they'd taken him off a Broadway car. The thief looked as spick and span as though he'd stepped out of a bandbox. There wasn't a mark on him.

While the two bulls were booking him, the great chief himself strolled in. He glanced at the thief, and then, turning an eye of agate on the two officers, he roared:

"Is that the way to bring in a man? Why didn't you beat him up? What do you bums think you are — ladies' maids?"

I Strive to Please My Chief

As my glorious chief delivered himself, my admiring ears were waving like a field of wheat. It was more than a lesson — it was an inspiration.

"Oho!" thinks I. "What he wants is men who'll give these pickpockets the rough toss —who'll beat their brains out! Trust me on those terms to become the fair-haired boy of the Central Office! I'll bring him in a few thieves trimmed to suit his taste!"

One week later I nailed another poke-getter[5]. He was going through the crowd at the Brooklyn Bridge like the grace of heaven through a camp meeting. He had his arm in a woman's pocket up to his elbow, when I grabbed him.

On my way to the Central Office, I tantalized him and taunted him; but, do what I would, I couldn't get him to fight me. At last, losing all hope, I tore into him anyhow. We were in Mulberry Street at the time, not a hundred feet from the station. What I did to that gonoph[6] would fill a book! I knocked him down a dozen times, and I remember thinking that if I'd only hit half as hard in the one or two battles I fought in the ring I'd have had it on any of 'em in the

2 Policeman or detective—any officer in plain clothes.
3 To murder.
4 Policemen in uniform.
5 Pickpocket.
6 Thief; a corruption of the Hebrew word for thief—commonly abbreviated to "gon" or "gun."

Digitized by Google

"REMEMBERING THE WARNING OF THE VIRTUOUS THUG, I DIDN'T RUSH IN; BUT I LET DRIVE A BULLET FROM MY SIX-SHOOTER DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE HALL IN SUCH WISE AS TO DO THE MOST GOOD"

welter-weight class. As I finally yanked my crook to his feet and looked him over, I smiled in pleased anticipation. Thinks I: "The chief'll simply fold me to his heart, once he gets his lamps on this student."

As I was dragging my captive up the steps — bleeding at every pore, he was, like Marco Bozzaris in the poem — two of my fellow dicks came along. They knew my man; he was one of their stool-pigeons. They begged me to throw him loose.

It was right there I made a mistake; I ought to have booked him — the more, since I'd so exhaustively beaten him up. But I was young and green, and to please my two detective friends I let the crook go.

That was about six o'clock in the evening. The next morning I picked up a paper, and there, in big black type, was the head:

BRUTAL ASSAULT BY A CENTRAL OFFICE MAN

It held my interest in a moment. "Who's going to get it now?" I wondered.

You can guess how I felt when I learned in the

Digitized by Google

"HE WAS WEAK-MINDED ENOUGH TO COME. IN A FLASH I'D GONE THROUGH HIS JEANS AND RETRIEVED MY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS"

first line that I myself was the "brutal Central Office man," and that it was my Brooklyn Bridge gon who had been "brutally assaulted." The awful fact was, I had pounded up my crook right under the eyes of what reporters had been detailed by their editors at Headquarters. They had an office just across from the Mulberry Street station, and while I was battering my poke-getter* to a point which I figured would make me popular with my gallant chief, there were those newspaper young men, their eager noses pressed flat against the panes, taking it all in. As I read on through that tale of "Central Office brutality," and found myself paraded as the star performer, to say that I sweat blood would but faintly describe how I felt.

When I reached the Central Office, there, glaring like a wronged panther, stood my gallant chief. He, too, had been reading the morning papers. Shaking a copy of one of them in my frightened face, he shouted:

"What are you trying to do? Put me in a hole? That party you pounded 'll be here at two o'clock this afternoon to identify you, and if he picks you out I'm going to send you on to Sing Sing."

Digitized by Google

That was a swell lookout for a hard-working officer who had been trying to do his duty as he had heard it expounded by his gallant chief!

The Pickpocket and the Five Hundred Dollars

Some quick moves had to be made, and I made 'em. The crook I'd punched had been taken in tow by one particular paper, which was trying to make a big story of the business. Its crack reporter had been told off to heel and handle him. When the reporters came at me, I kept a stiff upper lip.

"There's nothin' in it," I says. "If he says I beat him up, he's nutty, that's all."

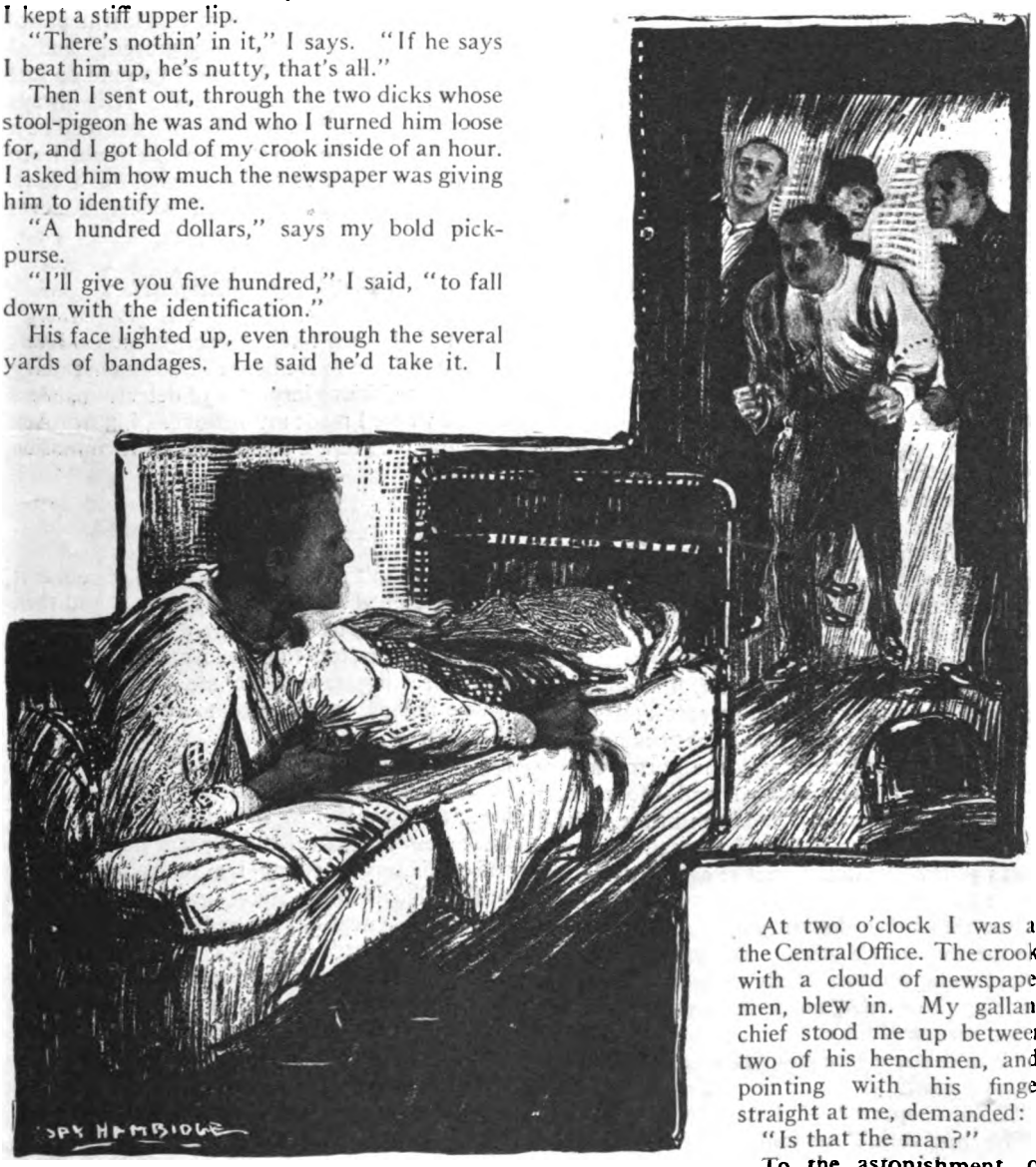
Then I sent out, through the two dicks whose stool-pigeon he was and who I turned him loose for, and I got hold of my crook inside of an hour. I asked him how much the newspaper was giving him to identify me.

"A hundred dollars," says my bold pickpurse.

"I'll give you five hundred," I said, "to fall down with the identification."

His face lighted up, even through the several yards of bandages. He said he'd take it. I told him where to be at half past one o'clock to get his money. I put the hour as late as I could, for two reasons. I must have time to dig up the five hundred dollars, for one matter; and, also, I wanted him to surely have it on him when he showed up at the station-house.

It was all arranged. Leaving my thief, I dusted off to my faithful old policy friend and, without going into details, I got the five hundred dollars. At one-thirty prompt I paid it over to my crook — head still wrapped in bandages until he looked like some turbaned Turk.



"I WENT TO BED WITH MY GUN, AND WHEN THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE STARTED IN TO GIVE ME THE SECOND DEGREE, I SAT UP AND SWORE I'D SHOOT"

At two o'clock I was at the Central Office. The crook, with a cloud of newspaper men, blew in. My gallant chief stood me up between two of his henchmen, and, pointing with his finger straight at me, demanded:

"Is that the man?"

To the astonishment, of everybody except myself, my crook shook his head.

Digitized by Google

"He ain't the guy," he said. "It was a taller party; and he had a mustache, too."

There was blank amazement among the newspaper gang. The one who had come there for the paper which was out to get my number looked uncommonly blue.

Taking advantage of the situation, my crook, the moment he had cleared me, sneaked out. I had my eye on him, and was out a back door on the instant. As my crook went skulking south on Mulberry Street, I headed him off. I stepped into a stairway.

"Come in here," I said; "I want to thank you for letting up on me."

He was weak-minded enough to come. The moment he stepped inside the stairway, I smashed him with my blackjack. Down he went, too dead, apparently, to skin. In a flash I'd gone through his jeans and retrieved my five hundred dollars. In another flash I was back in the station-house, looking as though I'd never been out of it.

Ten minutes went by, and I was talking pleasantly and, I think, convincingly with the newspaper fleet, when in staggered my crook, blood from head to foot, and full of new complaints. He undertook to tell how I had bushwhacked him in the stairway; but I interrupted him in midswing.

"There, you see, gentlemen," I cried, addressing the newspaper people. "It's just as I said. This man's crazy, literally insane! I haven't been outside the station, as some of you know, and here's this liar again with fresh yarns about being slaughtered. It's too bad! In the face of this sort of thing, I ask you, what's an honest officer to do?"

This time I had my audience with me. Perceiving which, my glorious chief, his confidence restored, fired the complaining crook out of the room with his own high and mighty hand.

As I was loyally returning the borrowed five hundred dollars to my policy friend, I found that during the brief space it had been in the fruitful possession of the crook it had pleasantly grown. I was thirty-five dollars richer as the upshot of that adventure.

But thirty-five dollars was a poor reward to me for that day's work. My gallant chief, it would seem, was not wholly pleased. He called me in on the carpet, and took a squint at me out of the corner of his eye.

"You're some wise guy," he said, when he got the door shut.

"Why, Inspector —" I started.

"Nothin' doin'," he said. "You're too good for me. You take your work too seriously."

"I only —" I began.

"Not a word," he interjected, raising a repressive palm. "You're lucky to be out of jail. I wouldn't talk if I was you; I'd thank heaven on all fours that I was still at large."

With that, he turns me out of headquarters for good. For that little business of mashing up the crook, a strategy that was to win me immortal glory from my gallant chief, he sent me back again on the sidewalk as a patrolman.

For the next twelve weeks I was shifted from one station-house to another, all over the West Side, until I had seen the inside of four of them.

Was I sore? I should say not! My few weeks at the Central Office in plain clothes had taught me to hate a uniform and loathe patrol duty. I was ashamed — disgraced; and I made up my mind at the go-off I would do just as little patrol duty as I could. It is always that way with a disrated officer. It would be a good thing if the powers that be could learn it. If you've got to reduce a man, don't do it. Dismiss him! The reduced officer is never any good.

"Jobbed" by Headquarters

But that wasn't the worst with me. I was sore clear down to the bone; and I began talking about my glorious inspector of detectives. And there's where I made my mistake. I had broken a capital part of the copper's ancient confession of faith:

> See, hear; say nothing.
> Eat, drink; pay nothing.

But I didn't care. I talked, and of course it went straight back to the inspector. And then they started after me. The word came down from Headquarters to get me, and right off they started setting traps to job[7] me.

One night I was detailed to a beat on Thirty-third Street. Before I left, the captain of my precinct tipped me the kindly wink that I needn't bother about doing that tour. Taking him at his wink, I went to the theater. Then what does my friend the captain do but plant one of his sergeants and two plain-clothes men on that Thirty-third Street beat for four mortal hours! The next day I was handed charges for being "off post." When I sought sympathy from the captain who had tipped me the wink, he cast me from him as one in whom dwelt neither moral worth nor truth.

They thought that ended me sure, that time; but I was playing in luck. It happened that the deputy commissioner who tried me was all right. He had been brought over from Brooklyn. He was a guileless, boyish, pinfeather kind of potentate, and in no wise privy to the plot to break

7 To trap; to "put up a job on."

Digitized by Google

me and take my shield away, and after the sergeant and those plain-clothes miscreants had testified, he 'bout-faced on me.

"What have you to say, officer?" he cried.

The sergeant and his plain-clothes aides regarded me curiously. They had no notion of what my defense would be, for I'd kept myself as mum as any clam.

"Why, sir," I returned, "these men tell the truth, doubtless. The trouble was that I misunderstood the detail. I thought the lieutenant said 'Twenty-third Street,' when it seems he said 'Thirty-third.' I was on post in Twenty-third Street all the time. Call Officer Fett; he'll bear out what I say."

Fett had had the south side of Twenty-third Street that night. Also, he was one of my West Side boyhood friends. At the word, he stood grimly forth to back up my tale. The guileless young pinfeather commissioner, however, saved him from that perjury. So convinced was he by my explanation that he said: "I shall accept the officer's word. One might easily mistake Twenty-third for Thirty-third. Discharged!"

"THE NEXT MOMENT I WAS BY HIS SIDE, AS EAGER AS HIMSELF TO CAPTURE BURGLARS. 'WHERE ARE THEY, SERGEANT?' I GASPED, OUT OF BREATH BUT INNOCENT"

Digitized by Google

"I'll get you yet, my lad!" threatened the sergeant, in a wicked whisper, as we left the trial room.

"You'll get nothing!" I retorted hotly. "And now that I'm onto you and owe you one, you look out for yourself or I'll get you."

Also I did get that same sergeant, and got him good. But it was years afterward, besides being another story.

The False Alarm with the Beer-Bottles

Upon my request, I was sent to the Twentieth Street station. The captain there was all right, but one of the sergeants had been given a hunch from Headquarters to grab me if he got the chance. I didn't know that, of course, and having learned, through my old policy friend, that the captain wouldn't be hard on me, I hadn't been at the Twentieth Street station a week before — like a dub — I began taking chances.

One midnight I was dog-tired, having attended a political outing the day before, and I went into a friendly district messenger office to take a snooze. I knew the kids would never tell; they'd stick. I'd been snoring on a back-room lounge perhaps a couple of hours, when one of the boys woke me up. He told me that the sergeant had been posted, as moveless as a pump, across the street for a full half hour. Evidently he knew where I was, and meant to nab me. Also the front door was the only door out; I was in a box.

After a cautious size-up of the watchful sergeant, I made a plan. I gave my messenger-boy friend a couple of empty beer-bottles. He would leave the office, as though upon some message, with the bottles hidden under his coat. Once round the corner, he was to loudly smash them, one after the other, before a big store half way down the block. The sergeant wouldn't be able to see, but he would hear. Hearing, he'd think it a band of box-workers,[8] breaking through the plate-glass windows.

The strategy worked like a bell-punch. The boy — honest lad, he's running a theater now — smashed the bottles with such enthusiasm and full-hearted abandon that you might have heard the crash of that smashing half way to City Hall Park.

The watching sergeant jumped a foot in the air, and then rushed round the corner, blowing his whistle for help. He counted on at least three burglars. Help came, too; for I wasn't a minute behind him. As his coat-tails whisked round the corner, I was in the street. The next moment I was by his side, as eager as himself to capture burglars.

"Where are they, sergeant?" I gasped, out of breath but innocent.

He gave me only a hard, sour look. Then he shook his head and turned away without a word. He's still on the force; but from that day to this he's never mentioned the bottle-smashing, nor my escape from the district messenger office that sleepy morning.

A Pot Shot in a Hallway

Well, they hadn't got me yet — that Headquarters bunch. But the more they missed me, the sorer they got. My grand old chief at the detective bureau was accustomed to get what he wanted before he got through; and whenever I got away from him he took it as a personal insult. So, pretty soon, me for the Thirty-seventh Street station on the West Side. There I was set to walking a beat on Tenth Avenue. The section was infected by one of the toughest gangs in town. My friends at Headquarters hadn't got me on charges, so they figured cheerfully on getting me killed.

That's where they were fooled. Fighting happened to be my long suit; at the rough-and-tumble game I was a dandy. As fast as I came within reach of one of those Tenth Avenue roughs, I split him wide open like a mackerel with my night-stick. I cracked away until I'd got Tenth Avenue as quiet as a church.

One evening, just before I reported for duty, a thug, thinking to curry favor, came creeping to me with a warning.

"Don't give me away," he whined, "or the fleet'll cook me for a snitch.[9] I've come to warn you. There's a scheme afoot to blow your light out. To-night, as you come down the Avenue, you'll see a cab standin' at the Twenty-seventh Street corner. There'll be no one on the box; the driver'll be in the saloon gettin' a beer. Just as you heave in sight, a party will jump on the box and go thrashin' the horse east on Twenty-seventh Street. At this, the driver'll come tearin' out of the saloon and give chase, yellin', 'Stop thief!' Naturally, you'll chase, too. The cab'll pull up, half way to Ninth Avenue, and the guy on the box'll jump off and duck into a hallway. The driver'll come up, and he'll duck in after him. Now, all I got to say to you is, don't you go into that hallway. If you do you'll never come out."

It was a right steer. The cab was waiting; the thief went lashing east; the driver chased, shouting, "Stop thief!" I followed the proces-

8 Safe-blowers.

9 "The crowd will murder me as an informer."

Digitized by Google

sion at a brisk trot. First the thief, then the driver, fled into the hallway. Then came my cautious turn.

The hallway was as dark as the inside of a cow. Remembering the warning of the virtuous thug, I didn't rush in on the back of the others. I took a chance on my hand, however, and, reaching round, I let drive a bullet from my six-shooter down the length of the hall in such wise as to do the most good. That bullet made satisfying connections; there emanated from the hallway a yell which sounded to my ears like a tune of music. Next came a great scramble, as the unshot ones made their get-away. When nothing but low groans were heard, I searched the hall and dragged forth my prey.

Who do you think I'd shot?

My preserver! I'd caught him in the off hind leg.

On the level, I had to laugh! As I bundled him into the ambulance, I whispered:

"That's the luckiest bullet you ever stopped. Don't you see it's a complete answer to the gang if they ever accuse you of turning snitch?"

I Am Turned Out into the Rain

My captain in that precinct was one of your pompous, overbearing gentlemen. I don't know just how close he was to that bunch at Headquarters who were trying to get me, but he had no love for me — that's certain. I possessed too much independence for him.

It was about eleven o'clock one night, and a squall of wind and rain blew up. My post was on Thirty-fourth Street. It was a sight to see how the big drops came hurtling down like ramrods and splintered on the asphalt. I hadn't my oil-skins on, and stepped into the deep doorway of a store to save myself from the wet. There I stood admiring the downpour.

In the midst of it all, who should jump into my doorway for shelter but the pouter-pigeon captain!

"What the devil are you doing here?" he demanded. "Get out and pound your beat! Get quick, too, unless you want to face charges."

To say I was hot wouldn't half tell it. None the less, I saluted and stepped out into the storm. Partly in the blindness of my anger, partly because it brought my back to the storm, I started to walk the wrong way. A patrolman, you understand, travels with his right shoulder to the wall. That's so the sergeant, who travels with his left shoulder to the wall, will waste as little time as possible, as he goes his rounds, in finding the patrolman.

Ordered out by the Pouter-Pigeon, I started down the street, left shoulder to the wall. He yelled after me:

"Here, you! Don't you know how to patrol a beat? 'Bout face, there! I suppose you know what police duty is? Then do it, or you'll catch ginger!"

Was I hot? I was boiling over. I hadn't gone a hundred feet before I'd made up my mind what to do.

I See My Duty and I Do It

Half way up the block, I stepped in front of a pet gambling-house which was paying Pouter-Pigeon and the inspector an even five hundred bones a month. How did I know? That sort of thing is the commonest gossip of the section room.

"Police duty," thinks I. "Good! I'll give Pouter-Pigeon a taste of his own medicine!"

Most patrolmen would have been afraid and hesitated. But that's where they're wrong. What could Pouter-Pigeon do to me? Besides, I'd got his number. Open his front door and you were in his back yard.

The gambling-house was in fullest blast. I'd seen visitors entering the place earlier in the night. They were still there. Also, three cabs were standing in front, and I took their numbers in case I needed witnesses. The cabmen knew as well as I what sort of a joint it was. Cabs booked, I went to the nearest box and rang in a call for the patrol.

Half an hour later the wagon backed up at the station, myself in charge, with the two gambling-house proprietors and eleven players. You should have heard what those gambling-house proprietors said! They yelled like pigs under a gate. Was a cheap skate of a patrolman like myself to defy captains, inspectors, even Headquarters itself? That's what they wanted to know! From the virtuous noise they made you might have thought I'd pulled a convent. Finally I told them that if they didn't shut up I'd pinch 'em every time I went on post. Then they took a tumble. "You'll find out before you're through," I said, "that I own New York."

Having spread my prisoners' names appropriately on the blotter,[10] while the desk lieutenant looked the horror that he felt, I turned to face Pouter-Pigeon, who had come out of his room to get a slant at what was going forward. His face was as black as thunder. All the same, he didn't have the sand to make a peep.

When my prisoners had given bail, Pouter-Pigeon, who had taken the second thought, gave me the office, with a nod to follow him to his room.

[10] The record of arrests at a police station.

Digitized by Google

"Have a cigar," he said pleasantly. "What's the idea of the pinch?"

"Police duty," I responded. "You told me to do it, and I'm doing it. I intend to raid that joint on Seventh Avenue as soon as I get back."

"Here, here!" he cried. "I see what's the matter with you. You're all right, only you're too sensitive, too easily hurt. What I said about police duty was only my joke. Forget it."

Pouter-Pigeon had his way, and I didn't pull the joint. But right there I got into the graft game myself. The weather had cleared up when I again reached my beat; and, since the news of my unlooked-for devotion to duty had gone abroad in the land, I was met full chisel by one of the owners of another gambling-house, who breathlessly pressed upon me a gift of a hundred dollars. Other law-breakers, made uneasy in their sinful breasts, also descended upon me with testimonials of their regard, the aggregate of which reached two hundred dollars. All told, that little spurt netted me around three hundred plunks. Not so bad! But that was all. For next day I was transferred to another station, clear across the city.

OTHER STORIES FROM "THE DIARY OF A NEW YORK POLICEMAN" WILL APPEAR IN THE JANUARY McCLURE'S—OUT DECEMBER 23d

CARNIVAL

Did you read "Carnival"? It is the wonderful book of a young Englishman named Compton Mackenzie, and to-day it is fascinating lovers of really good stories on both sides of the Atlantic.

The heroine of "Carnival" is a bewildering, charming girl called Jenny. People love "Carnival" because they love Jenny. She is on the stage, and every time she walks out of the stage door she marches straight into the arms of a new and glorious adventure.

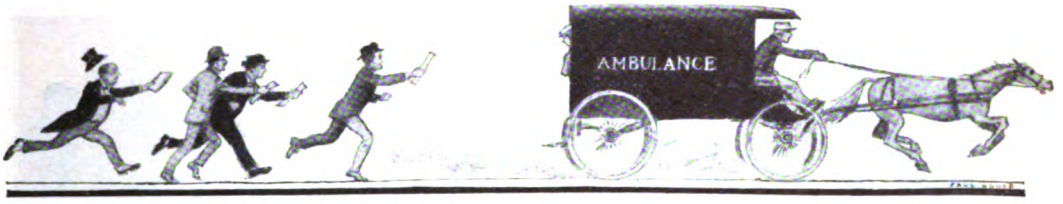
Compton Mackenzie and Jenny have joined the staff of McCLURE *entertainers. More adventures of Jenny in short-story form are the first of our New Year offerings to our half million readers.*

It is a splendid group which this young Englishman has joined. Are there any more entertaining writers of clean, really excellent modern fiction and articles than these?

BOOTH TARKINGTON	GEORGE KIBBE TURNER
JULIAN STREET	MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES
GILBERT K. CHESTERTON	BURTON J. HENDRICK
ALFRED HENRY LEWIS	OWEN JOHNSON
JEFFERY FARNOL	WILLA SIBERT CATHER
WILLIAM J. BURNS	C. N. WILLIAMSON
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART	ARTHUR HOWARD
WALLACE IRWIN	LEONARD MERRICK
SAMUEL MERWIN	CYNTHIA STOCKLEY

And most of them are writing exclusively for McCLURE'S! *Isn't that a Carnival?*

Digitized by Google



INSURANCE FOR WORKINGMEN

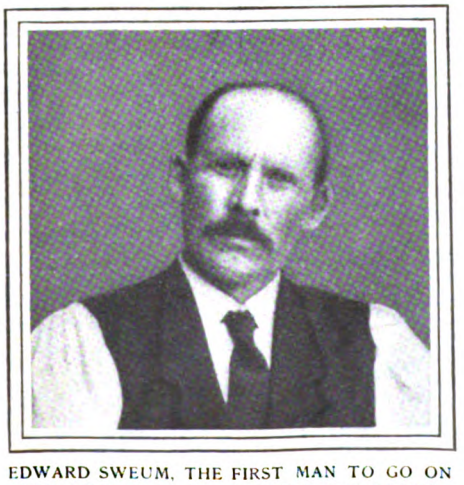
How Labor is Automatically Protected in the State of Washington

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL GOOLD

ONE of the most contented and useful citizens of the State of Washington is Edward Sweum, for many years an industrious worker in the lumber-camps. As Sweum sits day after day in his pretty mountain shack, however, there is little about his outward appearance that suggests any adequate grounds for contentment or self-satisfaction. In place of arms, this once hardy lumberman has merely two useless stumps; one is cut off at the shoulder and the other at the wrist. Sweum can not dress himself, feed himself, hold a book or a newspaper; unless, as he himself optimistically says, "I could yust find one of dem artificial hands, so I could put on my clothes and eat my foodt," he will remain a helpless cripple for life.

And yet, hard as seem his circumstances, Sweum has certain marked compensations. He owns, free of mortgage, his little home and its surrounding acres. Instead of being a charge upon his relatives or upon public charity, Sweum is still the financial mainstay of his family. His calamity has not driven his wife to the wash-tubs, and his children, comfortably clothed and adequately fed, are still regular attendants at the public schools.



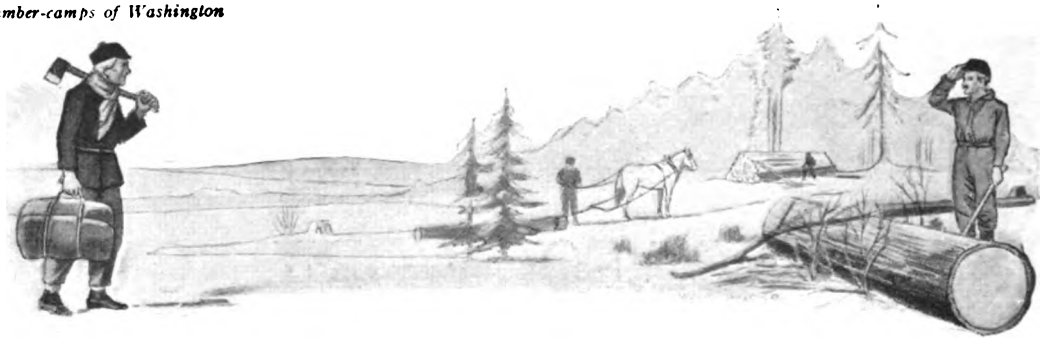
EDWARD SWEUM, THE FIRST MAN TO GO ON THE PENSION LIST FOR TOTAL DISABILITY UNDER WASHINGTON'S NEW LAW. SWEUM LOST BOTH HIS ARMS IN A SAWMILL ACCIDENT

In Sweum the State of Washington gives the nation an illustration of a new sense of governmental responsibility. That a man can have both arms cut off, and his family still maintain its dignity and integrity — herein the State has made a striking contribution to the cause of advancing civilization. Washington, in a word, has a new law which compels employers of labor to make financial provision for injured workmen. Edward Sweum was the first to go upon this pension list for total disability.

It is worth while to trace the history of Sweum in some detail, his case so excellently illustrates the difference between the old time and the new. He came to America from Trondhjem, Norway, thirty years ago, and, like so many other Norsemen, found his way into the lumber-camps of Wisconsin. There he married his wife, a yellow-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavian

Digitized by Google

Fresh from the immigrant ships, he finds his way to the lumber-camps of Washington

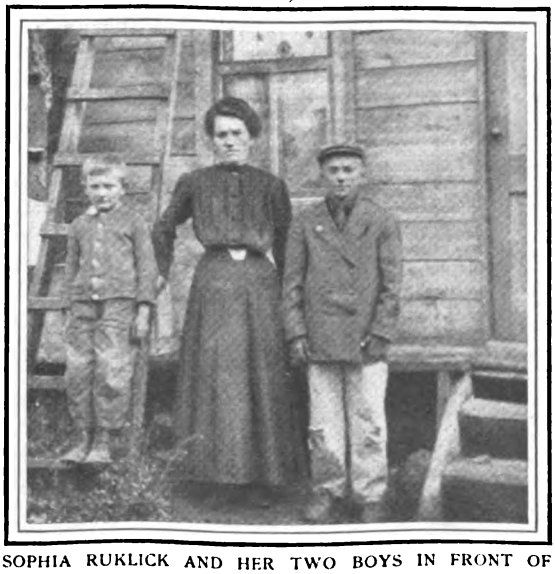


like himself, and gradually shifted to the Pacific coast. He not only lived comfortably upon his wages of two dollars and seventy-five cents a day, but was actually forging ahead to a modest competence. He had purchased a little house on the usual instalment plan, and was having no difficulty in making his payments. Indeed, Sweum and his family might figure as a typical illustration of that decently behaving, self-respecting, intelligent working class which is so generally believed to be the fundamental hope and safeguard of America.

Sweum Falls Upon a Buzz-Saw

And then something suddenly happened to Sweum. One morning the ordinary routine of his work forced him to stand upon a traveling-carriage in his lumber-mill. A few feet below, an enormous circular saw was howling and shrieking at the rate of several hundred revolutions a minute. Sweum slipped, lost his grip, and fell — directly down upon this saw! His fellow workmen extricated him quickly — but not quickly enough to save the man his two arms.

Accidents like this have stricken down hundreds of thousands of American workingmen. And, from the history of these cases, it is easy to imagine what, except for the changed status of injured workmen in Washington, would have happened to Sweum. He would hardly have recovered from the anesthetic when he would have received visits from several well groomed and benevolent-looking gentlemen. One would have introduced himself as an "insurance adjuster"— the representative of a large casualty company. The invalid Norseman would probably not have known what a casualty company was. Vaguely Sweum might have known that his employers, under certain conditions, had a limited financial responsibility for the loss of his two good arms. Their custom for years had been to pass their responsibility on to the casualty companies. For certain fixed sums paid annually as premiums, these companies insured the employers against the payment of damages to injured employees. As soon as an accident took place, therefore, the interest of the employer in his injured workman ceased. He turned him and his claims over to his casualty company. If a payment could not be avoided, the casualty company made it; if the damage claim could be contested in the courts with any chance of success, the casualty company invariably took that chance. The intervention of this



SOPHIA RUKLICK AND HER TWO BOYS IN FRONT OF THE ROUGH BOARD SHACK SAVED FOR THEM BY THE WORKMAN'S COMPENSATION ACT. MRS. RUKLICK'S HUSBAND WAS KILLED IN A MINE ACCIDENT

Digitized by Google

After the accident he and his family are turned adrift on the world

third party frequently brought about unnatural relations between employer and workman. An accident at once caused the employer to lose interest in his man. He was legally obliged to ignore him and his family, as the courts might afterward construe such approaches into an acknowledgment of responsibility. In some cases the employers did not even call to offer condolences or to make inquiries.

The "Insurance Adjuster" and the "Ambulance-Chaser"

The "insurance adjuster" would have had only one idea in calling upon Sweum. That was to get him to "sign off" for the smallest possible sum. He would explain his need of immediate assistance, and describe the law's delays if the injured man decided to sue. "It may take three or four years to get a verdict," he would add. Then he would have taken Sweum's wife aside. "Your husband was very negligent," he would tell her. "The court will give him no damages, because the accident was really due to his own carelessness. However, we feel sorry for him and are willing to overlook some things. If he will sign a release, we will give him two hundred dollars." Had Sweum been like thousands of other workmen in his situation, he would have signed this paper and taken his money — practically all of which, of course, would immediately have been spent in doctors' bills.

EDNA BAIRD, WHOSE YOUNG HUSBAND WAS KILLED IN A LUMBER-MILL ACCIDENT, LEAVING HER WITH THREE BOYS AND A BABY. THE STATE INSURANCE FUND GIVES HER THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS A MONTH

Very likely, however, before the injured man could have taken this step, he would have found other friends and advisers. For the "insurance adjuster" would not have had a clear field. In fact, in most cases of this kind a lively sprinting match to the side of the injured man usually took place. Simultaneously with the casualty representative invariably appeared an ingratiating gentleman popularly known as an "ambulance-chaser." This individual came not singly but in battalions. In the old days the State of Washington had a plentiful supply of this brand of legal luminary. They had an elaborate system by which they received advance information on injury cases. They employed "tipsters" located in important industrial centers, who, for small fees, at once informed them of all accidents to workmen; they had "runners," spies in hospitals, in many cases secret relations with doctors. Poor Sweum would hardly have been laid on the operating-table, therefore, before one or two or half a dozen enthusiasts of this type would have

Digitized by Google

visited him. They were usually sympathetic and optimistic. Their mission was to inform the injured man of his "rights" under the law. "Don't for a moment think of signing a release," they would plead. "Instead, sign this paper." The paper in question was a document by the terms of which Sweum would have placed all his interests in the hands of his new friend. The latter would have exacted no retainer; he might even have offered to "advance" all necessary expenses himself. He would only have asked that, in case of recovery, the lawyer should receive, say, fifty per cent of the verdict. "Don't take that two hundred dollars," he would say. "Come with me and we'll easily get twenty-five thousand dollars. You can not possibly fail. I get verdicts like this every day in the year."

What Might Have Happened to Sweum

And so Sweum, in all probability, long before he had left the hospital, would have found himself definitely "signed up" with an ambulance-chasing lawyer. Immediately suit would have been begun for a large amount — say, twenty-five thousand dollars. And then Sweum would have learned, for the first time, something about the processes of the law. The courts were crowded to suffocation with suits precisely like his own; the State supported a certain number of judges who gave practically all their time to hearing them. He would have left the hospital, his two stumps healed, and returned to his little cabin. There he would have sat day after day, living heaven knows how, brooding over his hardships, waiting for his case to come to trial. Perhaps in a year or so the courts might have reached it. The casualty company would have appeared with a defense that sounded strangely in Sweum's ears. A long line of court decisions would have been cited against him. He would have been guilty of some strange personal offense known in the law as "contributory negligence." He could not recover because of a certain legal abstraction called "assumption of risk"; that is, the law presumed that, in accepting employment in a lumber-mill, Sweum knew that he was endangering his life and limb — that, among other things, he understood in advance the chances of falling upon a whirling buzz-saw. Sweum would hardly have recovered from this shock when he would have met another queer legal abstraction, the inevitable "fellow servant" rule. According to this principle, his employer was not really guilty of negligence; it was the foreman, or some fellow employee, who was responsible for the series of events that precipitated Sweum's fatal fall.

Still, juries are notoriously weak and soft-hearted; the sight of Sweum there in court, with his two stumps in place of arms, would have made a strong appeal; there might even have been a verdict in his favor — say for five or ten thousand dollars. The money would have come at a critical time, after a year and a half of waiting. It would not have been what he had expected; still, it would have been well worth while. And so we can imagine Sweum going back to his little home fairly content. But he would soon have learned that his troubles had only begun — that the casualty company had immediately appealed to the higher court. There would have followed a year or two more of agonized waiting. The upper court, perhaps, might have decided that the jury had erred — that inadmissible testimony had been admitted; that the judge had made a mistake in his charge — and have sent the whole thing back for a retrial. In another year the case would have reached the docket again. Again there would have been a verdict for Sweum — again there would have been an appeal. In the next two years, writs of error, demurrers, and all the phantasmagoria of legal procrastination, would have rained upon poor Sweum's devoted head. The case might have been sent back three or four times for a new trial — even have found its way to the United States Supreme Court. Plenty of cases have dragged along eight or ten years.

Perhaps, in the course of time, Sweum might have obtained a verdict that would have stood. Inevitably this would have been for a small sum — perhaps three thousand dollars. Half of this the ambulance-chasing lawyers would have immediately abstracted; a considerable part of what was left would have gone for "expenses." After five or six years of litigation Sweum might have found himself the possessor of a few hundred dollars. Long before this, however, his family would have disintegrated; the mortgage on his home would have been foreclosed; his children would have been taken out of school and put to work; and poor Sweum himself might have found his way into the poorhouse.

What Actually Happened to Sweum

The above, of course, is a purely imaginative recital. It describes what would have happened to Sweum had he fallen upon a buzz-saw in the year 1910 instead of 1911. It accurately recites what is happening to thousands of men every day in a majority of American States. As a matter of contrast, however, let us have the veracious history of Sweum under the

Digitized by Google

new conditions prevailing in this enlightened commonwealth.

The story is far more simple and straightforward than that revealed above. Nor has it any picturesque details, any dramatic suspenses, any long-drawn-out, agonized years of waiting and of hope deferred. It is purely a story of official notifications, of filling out blank papers, of painstaking physical examinations by surgeons, and a name added to a matter-of-fact pension roll. For Sweum had hardly recovered when he was surrounded, not by "ambulance-chasers" and "insurance adjusters," but by real friends. His employers were not afraid to call upon his wife, for fear that the dereliction would afterward be used against them in court. In fact, the first one to report the accident to the Industrial Insurance Commissioner was the employer — the law lays this obligation upon him. Sweum likewise found a sympathetic friend in his doctor, whose duty it became to inform the injured man of his position under the law. This gentleman, therefore, quickly told Sweum to pay no attention to solicitous lawyers; but, as soon as he was physically able, to send a claim to the Washington Industrial Commission. The subsequent proceeding was all simplicity and dispatch. On a regular blank provided for the purpose, Sweum put in a claim for compensation. His attending physician made a complete report of his injuries, and reports were forwarded of all eye-witnesses to the accident. In a month or two Sweum automatically went upon the commissioner's rolls as a life pensioner. Out of the reserve placed aside to pay this pension, the commissioner, acting under the discretion given it by the law, advanced one thousand dollars to pay off the mortgage upon his house and to pay his doctor's bills. As long as Sweum lives he will receive thirty-three dollars a month. In case of his death, the pension, slightly reduced, goes to his wife and minor children.

Sixteen States Adopt Workman's Insurance

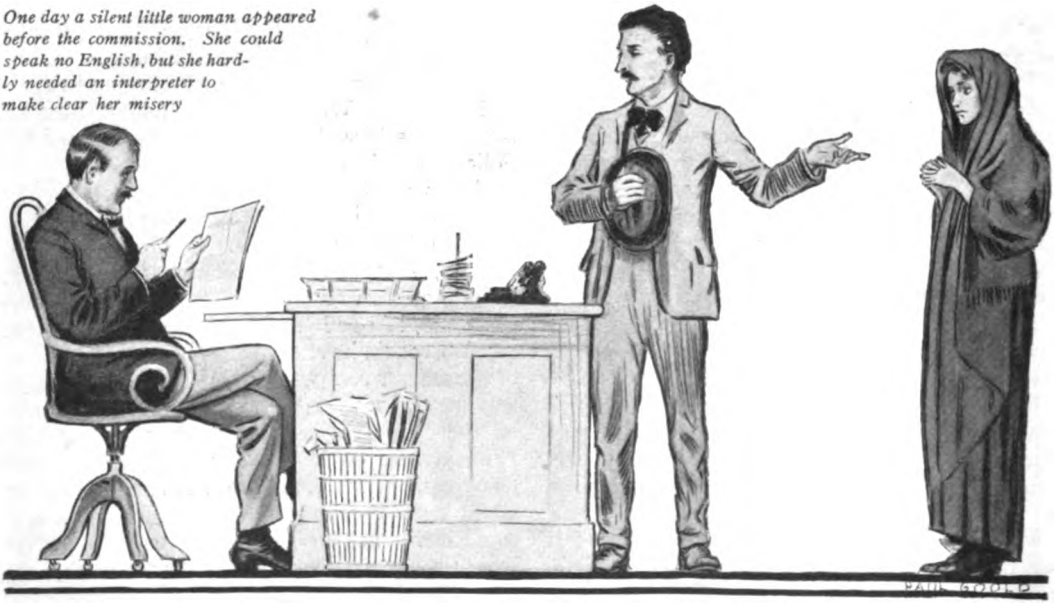
Anywhere upon the continent of Europe, except perhaps in Turkey, an episode of this kind would cause no particular surprise. In nearly all civilized countries the principle of compensating workmen for industrial accidents has long been recognized. Germany has had its compulsory insurance laws since 1884, and England has had an admirable system of workman's compensation since 1897. In this reform, however, the United States has lagged far behind. The present interest in the subject is one of the most tangible results of the progressive movement in politics. Practically all the progressive leaders in the last few years have associated their names with this reform. It is one of the things for which President Roosevelt struggled in the national government, for which Hughes worked in New York, Wilson in New Jersey, Bass in New Hampshire, Johnson in California, and La Follette in Wisconsin.

However, the movement has made remarkable progress in the last few years. In that time the States of California, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio, Rhode Island, Vermont, Washington, and Wisconsin have adopted some modern form of workman's compensation. New York passed an excellent law, only to have the highest court in the State set it aside as unconstitutional. Pennsylvania has one under consideration, and Congress, at its next session, will unquestionably adopt some comprehensive measure applicable to accidents in Interstate Commerce. Not far from twenty million people are affected by the laws already passed; in four or five years the reform will unquestionably have extended to every State.

Each Industry Shoulders the Cost of Its Accidents

Washington's plan for its workman's compensation plan is a form of State insurance. Under this, the employers do not become responsible for paying death and damage claims; the State assumes this responsibility itself. An injured workman in Washington does not rush into the court against his employer; nor does he file a claim against him. He looks for compensation to the commonwealth itself. The law has created a new and permanent administrative body of three, known as the Industrial Insurance Commission. This commission is composed of well known men not of the politician variety; Charles A. Pratt, the chairman, represents the manufacturers, John H. Wallace, a former business agent, represents the laboring man, and Hamilton Higday the legal profession. Their business is to investigate all accidents as soon as they occur and pass upon their merits as expeditiously as is consistent with justice to all parties concerned. After making an investigation the commission attaches the victims, or their dependents, to its regular pension list, according to a schedule stipulated in the law. Though the State assumes the responsibility for these pensions and payments, it collects the money from the employers. The commission divides employers in extra-hazardous occupations into forty-seven distinct groups. Thus the proprietors of mines form one group, of powder factories another, of sawmills another, of can-

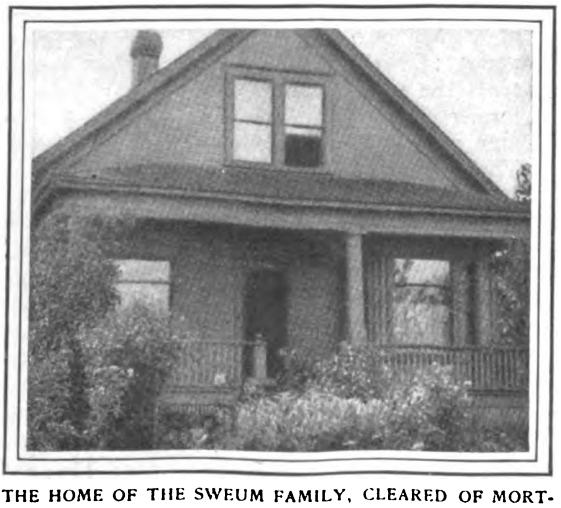
Digitized by Google



One day a silent little woman appeared before the commission. She could speak no English, but she hardly needed an interpreter to make clear her misery

neries another, and so on. It annually collects from the employers so enrolled particular sums based upon a percentage of the payrolls. In this way, it collects forty-seven separate funds. Any person injured in a particular industry thus draws his indemnity out of the fund accumulated from the payments of that industry. In other words, each line of business shoulders the expense of its own casualties. The payments are in the nature of a tax levied for the privilege of engaging in an industry that constantly threatens the lives of the employees.

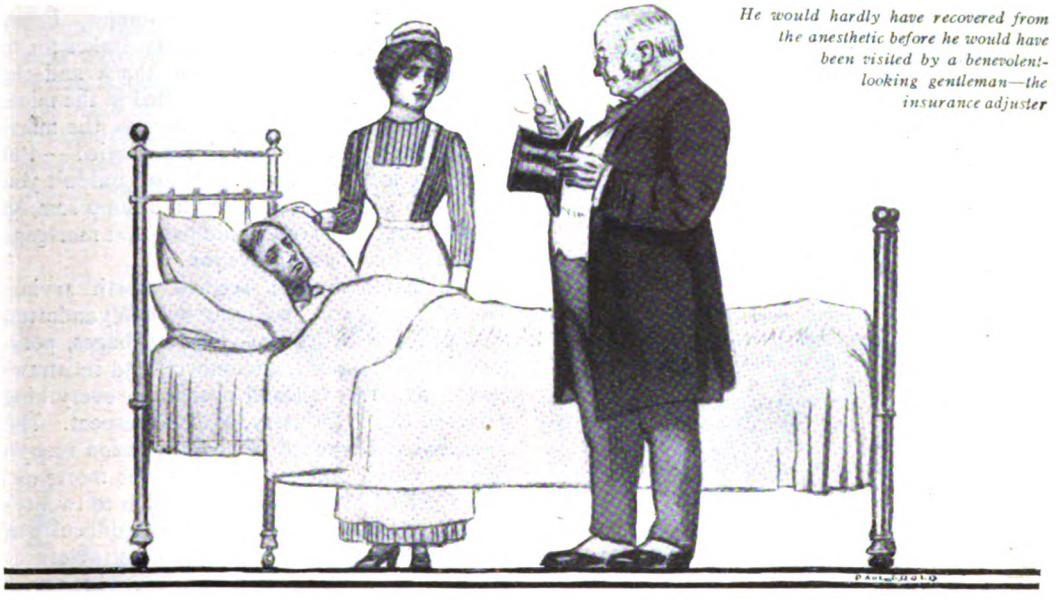
When this radical law — the only one of its kind in the United States — went into effect, nearly two years ago, there was a general expectation that the employers would oppose it. Hardly had the law passed the legislature when the agents of the casualty companies pounced upon them. There is no form of workman's compensation so unpopular with the casualty companies as State insurance, for its general extension means virtually their annihilation. In fighting this pioneer law in Washington, therefore, the casualty companies were fighting for their own existence. The law, they declared, was clearly unconstitutional; hadn't the Court of Appeals set aside a much less radical measure in New York State? They pleaded with the large employers to refuse to "come in"; to withhold their payments and look to the court for protection.



THE HOME OF THE SWEUM FAMILY, CLEARED OF MORTGAGE BY THE WORKMAN'S COMPENSATION ACT

Unfortunately for the casualty companies, the Supreme Court of Washington, in the first case presented, declared that the new law contravened neither the constitution of the State of Washington nor that of the United States. The decision, however, probably had little to do in disposing the employers favorably toward the law. The closer they scrutinized the new compensation law, the more its terrors and injustices disappeared. True, it did require them to make annual payments to the insurance fund. When the employers figured the thing out, however, they found that these payments did not greatly exceed — in some cases were not so large as — those which they were annually making to the casualty companies. On the other hand, while not more than

Digitized by Google



He would hardly have recovered from the anesthetic before he would have been visited by a benevolent-looking gentleman—the insurance adjuster

one sixth of the money taken in by the casualty companies ever reached the injured workman, practically all of the assessments paid to the State fund would clearly go to their employees. Again, the employers found consolation in the fact that this annual payment, once made, ended all their troubles. There would be no more law-suits, with consequent large attorneys' fees and expenses; no more constant pesterings from the "contingent fee" lawyer. And so, greatly to the chagrin of the accident companies and the "ambulance-chasing" lawyers, the five thousand employers in Washington at once began to send in their contributions. As a result, not far from one hundred thousand workmen and their families are now fairly adequately protected against the financial consequences of industrial accidents.

Washington never knew how many people the factories were killing and maiming every day until this law went into effect. The commission passes upon nearly five hundred accidents a month. These represent all varieties of injury and disability. A certain percentage, of course, are fraudulent; others are merely humorous. One man put in a claim for a pair of damaged trousers. A painter upset his pot of paint and claimed damages for the lost paint as an industrial accident. One man wanted reimbursement for having been bitten by the family cat. Another claimed damages for injuries received while leading his horse to the watering-trough. A conductor whose foot had been clenched between the jaws of a dying dog put in a claim for indemnity. There is, however no marked tendency to attempt imposition of this kind. The pleas made for pensions have a genuine ring. The letters that pour into the commission's office picture, as has never been pictured before, the misery and family havoc wrought by industrial accidents. And these letters have a convincing realism which the more formal reports of the doctors, employers, and other witnesses commonly lack. Here, for example, is Isaac B. Knox's account of his bodily ills — the result of having been crushed under a load of cord wood:

Mashed down unconsihses squeezed hard throu chest. back hurt prety bad. stomick some. lungs

EMPLOYEES OF THE INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE COMMISSION OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

Digitized by Google

heart right ear through head left eye right arm lots of blood, gethering head continual ringing throu head: at time sore jaw some times stiff. some blood since 15 I con sit up.

Of course, the commission makes detailed medical investigations of its own. Swiftly as its machinery works, however, its beneficiaries frequently become impatient at the necessary delays. The letter from William Nielsen, an injured lineman, reflects this state of mind:

Et es to Day 3 Monts sens J was Injuries. J Kan due Liedt work bot haev ben unabel to fien Eney. under mey condessen J em juest at the pressen tiem J Kaen not heyer out to Due Lienwork. J wish J Kuedt. J em Lusen ower $100 a mont for wat J haev Recievt from yur peipal. J mos saey daet J em daet mohst en daibdt. Kinley lat me now wat Jue er to due wiet My Claim Just now Es J em en Niedt of fouens for to Laeve. WILLIAM NIELSEN
A Lienman.

An injured Japanese characteristically wastes no words:

Did you send the may 18th bill money, of did you not. Write the answer back. SHOSAKA TANAKA.

This from Micke Nicolz, a Pole:

I was hurt in my body about seven months ago on the sawmill Vance Lumber Company and I was live that time Hospital about four Weeks well I sent the blank at you and have not received the my interest. If you please sent the my insurance money at my address. Yours Very truly MICKE NICOLZ.

How the Ruklick Family Was Saved

Obviously the State only can properly attend to the interests of such people; in cases of this kind a certain amount of paternalism is justified. And the attitude of the commission is, above all, paternal. Injured workmen and their families are the wards of the State. The law gives the commission a certain discretion in applying its funds, so as to accomplish the best results in particular cases. In many instances a representative of the commission personally visits the dependent family, looks carefully into its need, and makes such recommendations for the handling of its case as the circumstances justify. So, when Jack Ruklick, a Croatian coal-miner, was killed, leaving a wife and two children, John H. Wallace, one of the commissioners, immediately visited the family. He found the desolate group living in a little cabin among the tall cedars and pungent firs a mile above Renton. Ruklick, his new-made widow told the commissioner, had built this cabin of native woods with his own hands. "All day my husband work so hard in the mine," she said, "every day diggin' the coal an' every night comin' home an' diggin' out the stomps. Every night he hurry home, splittin' the stakes for to make the roof, puttin' op the shack and the chicken-house. Then he get killed in the mine. . . . When he buy the place he give the mortgage to the bank, and now I'm so worried — I'm afraid we loose the place. Please couldn't you give me his insurance money in a lump som, so me and Paul and Tony could pay that mortgage and have the house to live in?"

This home indeed seemed worth saving. The chicken-yard, swarming with Wyandottes, the garden with its pea-vines, cabbages, potatoes, lettuce, onions, cucumbers, and its strawberries as large as small peaches — everything reflected thrift, industry, and self-respect. The commission advanced from the pension reserve eight hundred dollars to pay off the mortgage. This reduced Mrs. Ruklick's pension to twenty-six dollars a month. But she has no difficulty in getting along; her two boys, decently clothed, attend the public schools, and, except for grief of the dead father, everybody is content.

One day a silent little woman, Meri Makjut, appeared before the commission. She could speak no English, but she hardly needed an interpreter to make clear the depth of her misery; her downcast, expressionless face and the abject terror she manifested amid her strange surroundings told the story. Only a year or two in a new strange country; only ten months married; and then a mine explosion — the episode, of course, is a commonplace one.

"Just so soon as she got that tombstone put up over his grave — 'bout July or Hoggus — then she like to go back to the old country. But she got no money," explained the interpreter.

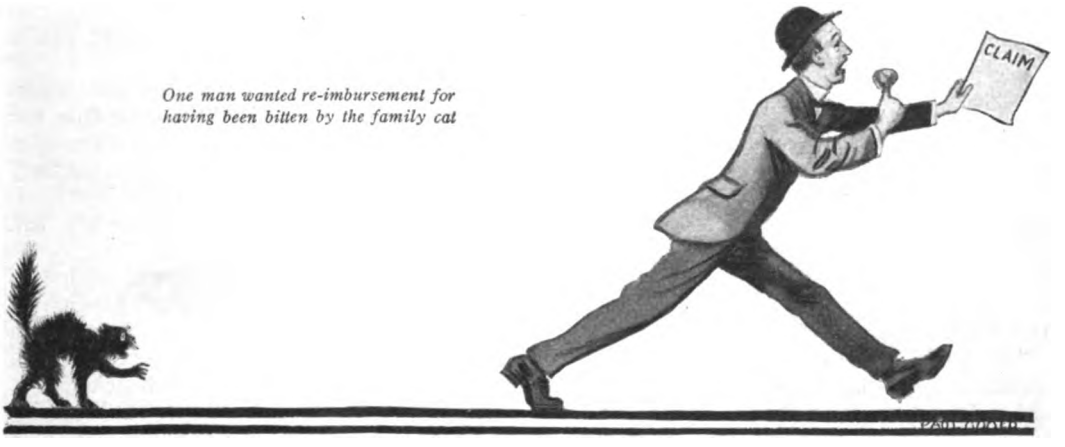
The commission advanced Mrs. Makjut the necessary money to return to her girlhood home in Austria. She is living there now; and every month a warrant for twenty-five dollars arrives from the distant State of Washington. She will receive this pension as long as she lives unmarried.

Several years ago George W. Baird and his pretty young wife, Edna, came to Washington. Baird had given up a good job as an engine hostler in Tonkawa, Oklahoma, as the doctor's verdict on his wife's condition was, "Go West or die." A few years of living under the snowy peaks of Mount Rainier brought back the young woman's health, and Baird had a fairly good job in a lumber-mill. One day a fellow workman found him lying on the floor — the life crushed out. Besides his wife, he left three boys and a baby, born a few weeks after the accident. Here, but for Washington's new system of compensation, would have been a case of practical destitution. But Mrs. Baird is now living com-

Digitized by Google

fortably with her sister and brother-in-law in a neat apartment in Centralia on the thirty-five dollars a month which she regularly draws from the State insurance fund.

Hundreds of cases of this kind could be cited. The State of Washington has abolished that particular kind of poverty which is the consequence of industrial accidents. And the only people out of pocket are the personal-injury lawyers and the indemnity companies. How much longer these beneficiaries of the antiquated system will fight is not clear. What is certain, however, is that the battle they are waging is a losing one.



One man wanted re-imbursement for having been bitten by the family cat

"LIFE ON BROADWAY"

BY HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SCENE. *The telephone switchboard in a New York hotel, with a view of the coat-room.*
CHARACTERS. ELMER, *the head coat-boy, and* FLOSSIE, *the operator.*

FLOSSIE. Who? I ain't saw her come in, but — Hello? Cert'nly I hear you; I'm answerin', ain't I? People got the idear I'm their pers'nal slave, which I like to know how you'd like settin' here without gittin' slipped a pleasant look, when — Hello? Yes, I'll page the party. I s'pose I gotta. Front! C'mere. Say, listen. Page 349, an' say the guy's holdin' the wire, an' if she's with a fat party holler it out real loud. She ain't tipped me since she come, an' them dolls from the middle West needs to be learned I ain't lookin' up no numbers if I don't git handed. Ah, me, I sure do feel ornery!

ELMER. You're doin' right to teach the guests their place, an' I do it myself. I had to chase a man clear acrost the White Room before he'd give up his hat; but I kep' holt of it, so he couldn't git his mind on orderin' till he give it up. Sometimes the money comes awful hard if you git a stubborn one who ain't broke to the large burgs. Last night I sent my third assistant after a California bunch, an' one buttoned his overcoat over his derby, an' his fr'en's wife sat on his; but Bill's a kid I trained for years, an', with this dame bent on robbin' a poor boy out of a legitimate tip, he yells, "Why, there's that same mouse again!" An' before she come down he throwed the check on the table an' tore for the coat-room.

FLOSSIE. I got only contempt for people that penurious. I wisht you could know a fr'en' o' mine. He's in wholesale hides an' terrifically refined, with a large black mustache, an' I never yet lamped him give a boy less than six bits. That's where class shows, don't it?

ELMER. I'd like for to meet him.

FLOSSIE. He says to me: "Office rent, an' doctors, an' tailors, an' them, you kin stand off;

Digitized by Google

but a man demeans himself by actin' short with the help when he's with a lady, an' you won't never have to reproach me, dear," he says. The only time I angered him was by orderin' fried eggs an' bologna sausage.

ELMER. An' you cheapened him by doin' it. Only dukes an' royals kin git by with that sort of chuck an' not git talked about.

FLOSSIE. I realize I done wrong, but I hate duck sumpin' fierce. Hello? Yes, 8888, hello? Git closter to the mouthpiece! I can't hear nothin' you say. You which? Can't wait all day? I've gave you a true lady's word I'm huntin' her. I ain't no Pinkerton, am I? . . . I don't think I kin stick to this game much longer.

ELMER. A lady I know is doin' swell at manicurin'. The first week she got engaged to a Chicago packer's son; but the old man blowed in, an' Birdie grabbed him instead. She's a sweet girl, an' they're goin' to the Riviera on the weddin' trip.

FLOSSIE. Oh, that manicurin' gag sounds good, but there ain't enough millionaires to go round, an' ha'f the time you're left to eat with the head barber. A party stoppin' in the house now is dreadful devoted to me, but I've always heard red-headed people ain't constant. I wisht I knew.

ELMER. Has he got anything?

FLOSSIE. No; but he'd be awful kind to a woman. Only yesterday, while he was gittin' a Brooklyn call, he gimme a passionate glance an' whispered: "In those fathomless dark eyes I see a thousand wonders! Let us away to the asphodel meadows, and wander, hands entwined, adown the echoing years, my own!" Do you s'pose he's on the level?

ELMER. I got no use fur the heavy Vognerian style. That chap comin' in with the fur benny looks like a live one. Take your hat 'n' coat, sir? Gelman's grill down the stairs. I'll take your hat, sir! Just a minute till I git your coat — no room for it inside, sir! Here's your check.

I had a struggle with that low-brow. He said he wanted to go out by the subway entrance, and couldn't climb 'way up here again! I don't argue with them kind. I just yank the coat off while one my boys breezes away with the bonnet.

FLOSSIE. Was you ever in Europe?

ELMER. Was I? I was a page in the old Metropole at Brussels an' checkin' at Claridge's in London. But unless I got Americans I hardly made enough to pay my valet.

FLOSSIE. Did you ever meet Gawge of Greece? I understand he's a reg'lar clip; but then, scandal's allus busy.

ELMER. George may not have a happy life at home, Floss.

FLOSSIE. They're just the same as us, if you git well acquainted, Elmer. I'll bet their queens gives 'em a raggin' frequent — which all men need it, the dear knows.

ELMER. A self-respectin' monarch would tell her to git in her cage.

I had to beat it away just then because a man claimed his wife checked a good seal coat an' got an almost back. I guess he's goin' to sue the hotel; but I dunno nothin' about it, as I explained to him. But you can't reason with the mob we git here. What's the matter? You're white in the face!

FLOSSIE. I — I — it's a voice I just caught — an'— yes, 'tis him, tellin' the same false tale to another! . . . Hello? Whoever you are, miss, if he's made out he's a broker, he ain't; he's only one the traffic squad! . . . I'm faintin', Elmer!

ELMER. Nix; they're all rubberin', kid. What's comin' off?

FLOSSIE. I hope I knocked him with her! He was introduced by a girl I won't never trust again, an' in justice I gotta admit that, if even goin' from Rector's to Jack's, he'd order a taxi, which'd deceive any one as to his character. He said he could gimme a home on Riverside Drive, an' knew his mother'd love me, an' then come the blow. Me an' another girl was ridin' down Broadway, an' a large cop held up his club. It was Frederick! If he was the wealthiest cop on the force, romance can't continue when founded on deceit, Elmer, an' I — Hello? Hello! Be still, my tortured heart. *He's* callin'. Hello? Yes, this is me. Do I recognize the voice? I got no wish to talk to you an' I won't! Hello? Ma'am? Just a minute. Front! Bath-room's leakin' in 912; tell the plumber. Hello? He'll be right up. Hello? Once an' forever, all is ended, Frederick, an'— Hello? She must have cut him off. Hello, Central? Put that party back.

Line's busy; I'll try 'em again in a minute. Move away a little, Elmer; there's the boss! If he's expectin' me to put in a hour to-day tryin' to git Detroit, he can hire a new Prometheus.

ELMER. I'm treatin' him very distant since I forgot to bring his brother the change for a two. How'd I know they was related? The boss wouldn't hand a sandwich to a dyin' shareholder, an' he realizes I'm on to him.

FLOSSIE. He's lookin' right now to see if we're workin'. I'm so temperamental, them things affects me; an' yesterday, when a fella claimed he'd paid me a dollar an' only got forty cents back, I was almost down sick — though my cash *was* fifty over at night. Just the same, a real man'd be above annoyin' a girl. He's always sayin' there'll have to be less talkin' to the guests, which where will he find another of my magnetism — for I am, an' can't help it; an' kiddin' 'em all along ain't no cinch! Of

Digitized by Google

course, in a way, you do git a finishin' from mixin' with swell people continual, but does it compensate for the simple life we've gave up? I was settin' in the flat last night, thinkin', an' I got to cryin', for it seems like everybody's the head waiters on Broadway by their first names, he realized what I was ust to.

ELMER. Don't go acceptin' no feeancy till you're sure of yourself. I hurried, an' now I got to watch her sail in here with the feller

"A PARTY STOPPIN' IN THE HOUSE NOW IS DREADFUL DEVOTED TO ME, BUT I'VE ALWAYS HEARD RED-HEADED PEOPLE AIN'T CONSTANT. I WISHT I KNEW."

married or dead. But Jack rang up, an' took me out for some chop suey, an', honest, I was simply tremblin' all over, for life an' its mysteries is so overwhelmin', so — oh, pipe the skirt on her! She can hardly walk in it. Did I tell you Jack's goin' to have his big stud made into a ring for me? In the beginnin' he only sent flowers; but when he heard me greetin' half she quit me for, an' my ring sparklin' on her. Wait'll I git holt of his hat!

FLOSSIE. Me an' Frederick even had the apartment picked out — nine and two baths, refrigeration, and attendance, but — Hello? Ma'am? Plumber ain't there yet, an' the room's flooded? I forgot to tell the desk! Just a minute; he'll be right up.

Digitized by Google

It's just constant trouble in this place, an' I — Hello? Who? Spell it. Hold the wire. As I was sayin', a person don't git over a thing like that in a hurry. He ust to remark how he wisht we was back in the quiet country, drivin' in the cutter on a moonlight winter night to the dance at the schoolhouse, while the best we got was settin' under a property palm an' wonderin' where the waiter'd gone to. He — Hello! Pardon me, Elmer; I'll *have* to answer this guy. Cert'nly it's 8888! Worst service in N'Yawk? That's it! I throw my whole soul into my work, a'git panned as a reward, an' girls of less will power would have left long ago, but — Hello? Is that *you*, Frederick? You *have!* All this time? That Central's a fine fr'en'. Why couldn't she explained it was my own call? I thought it was some one wantin' a guest. What is it, Frederick?

ELMER. You better tell him to be on his way.

FLOSSIE. But I'm just foolin'. You think I'd — Hello? Oh, I been well, thanks. Who was that woman I overheard you callin'? Your sister-in-law? That ain't so, an' you know it! No, I won't listen to reason. I — hello! Say, git off there, will you? I can't help if he's been tryin' a hour or not, Central; my private affairs is as important as his, an'— Hello, Frederick, go on. Ain't this a terrible place to try to — Hello? Up to the flat tonight? What's the use, when we broke off onct? My sister don't like you, either, an' it's her flat. Square her with a present easy enough? What would you take her? *A pearl-studded watch? Real* ones? If you're goin' to give gifts like that, you can give 'em to — —

ELMER. I'm goin'! You women make me tired!

FLOSSIE. Is that so! Hello, Frederick? I know I'll regret this — but you can come at eight! . . . Hello? Yes, sir, I'll find the number for you! Gee, I'm so happy, I feel like a perfect nut!

"ONLY YESTERDAY HE GIMME A PASSIONATE GLANCE AN' WHISPERED: 'LET US AWAY TO THE ASPHODEL MEADOWS, AND WANDER, HANDS ENTWINED, ADOWN THE ECHOING YEARS, MY OWN!' DO YOU S'POSE HE'S ON THE LEVEL?"

Digitized by Google

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

Preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, coming suddenly into a fortune of £700,000, decides to go to London and become a gentleman. On his journey he meets with Lady Cleone Meredith, who has been thrown from her horse, and in going to her assistance he quarrels with Sir Mortimer Carnaby, the King's favourite. Barnabas learns that Carnaby is plotting to marry Lady Cleone for her fortune, and that she has consented to meet his go-between, a profligate courtier named Chichester, in a lonely spot at sundown. Barnabas arrives at the rendezvous first, forces Chichester to retire, and, when Lady Cleone comes, offers to escort her back to her guardian. In the explanation that follows, Barnabas learns that Lady Cleone had come to the tryst expecting to meet her half-brother, Ronald Barrymaine, a young scapegrace whose gambling exploits have thrown him into Chichester's power. Barnabas tells Lady Cleone that he loves her, and promises to seek out her brother in London and to try to save him. On reaching London he traces Barrymaine through a vagabond named Smivvle, goes to see him, and offers to pay his debts if he will end all relations with Chichester; but Chichester, arriving inopportunely, foils Barnaby's purpose. On his way home Barnaby is attacked by footpads, and is rescued by Jasper Shrig, a hunter of murderers. He tries to buy up Barrymaine's debts from Jasper Gaunt, the London money-lender, but fails.

Barnabas Hears Some Interesting News

OHO! for the rush of wind in the hair, for the rolling thunder of galloping hoofs, now echoing on the hard white road, now muffled in dewy grass. Barnabas rode with his hat in his whip-hand, that he might feel the wind. It was well past noon when he galloped down the hill toward where a village nestled in the valley. Before the inn he dismounted, entered, and, calling for dinner, ate it with huge relish. Now, when he had done, came the landlord to smoke a pipe with him — a red-faced man, vast of paunch and garrulous of tongue.

"Fine doin's there be up at t' great 'ouse, sir," he began.

"You mean Annesley House?"

"Aye, sir. All the quality is there. My son 's a groom there, an' 'e told me so, so 'e did. Theer ain't nobody as ain't either a markus or a earl or a vi'count, and as for barrynets, they're as thick as flies, they are — an' all to meet a little old 'ooman as don't come up to my shoulder! But then, she's a duchess, an' that makes all the difference!"

"Yes, of course," said Barnabas.

"A little old 'ooman wi' curls, as don't come no-wise near so 'igh as my shoulder! Druv up to that theer very door as you see theer, in 'er great coach an' four, she did — orders the steps to be lowered — comes tapping into this 'ere very room with 'er little cane, she do — calls for — now, what d'ye suppose, sir?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"She calls, sir — though you won't believe me; it aren't to be expected, no, not on my afferdaver, she being a duchess, ye see——"

"Well, what did she call for?" enquired Basnabas, rising.

"Sir, she called for — on my solemn oath, it's true — she called for a 'arf of Kentish ale —'Westerham brew,' says she; an' 'er a duchess! — though I don't ax ye to believe me, mind —"

"But I do believe you," said Barnabas.

"What — you do?" cried the landlord, almost reproachfully. "Well, you surprise me, sir! Ale! A duchess! In a tankard. No, it aren't nat'ral."

But here Barnabas laughed, and, taking up his hat, sallied out into the sunshine.

He went by field paths that led him past woods in whose green twilight thrushes and blackbirds piped, by sunny meadows where larks mounted heavenwards in an ecstasy of song, and so eventually brought him out into a

Digitized by Google

road where stood a weather-beaten finger-post, with its two arms wide-spread and pointing:

TO LONDON — TO HAWKHURST

Here Barnabas paused a while, and bared his head as one who stands on hallowed ground; and, looking upon the weather-worn finger-post, he smiled very tenderly, as one who meets an old friend. Then he went on again until he espied a low, rambling house of many gables, about which were trim lawns and stately trees. Now, as he stood looking at this house, he heard a voice near by, a deep, rolling bass upraised in song, and the words of it were these:

"What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
Heave, my lads, yo-ho!
Why, put him in the boat and roll him over—
Put him in the boat till he gets sober—
Put him in the boat and roll him over,
With a heave, my lads, yo-ho!"

Following the direction of this voice, Barnabas came to a small lawn screened from the house by hedges of clipped yew. At the farther end of this lawn was a small building which had been made to look as much as possible like the after cabin of a ship. It had a door midway, with a row of small square windows on either side, and was flanked at each end by a flight of wooden steps with elaborately carved hand-rails, that led up to the quarter-deck above, which was protected by more carved posts and rails. Here a stout pole had been erected, and from this a flag stirred lazily in the gentle wind.

Now, before this building, his blue coat laid by, his shirt sleeves rolled up, his glazed hat on the back of his head, was the Bo'sun, polishing away at a small brass cannon that was mounted on a platform, and singing lustily as he worked. He did not look up until he felt Barnabas touch him. Then he started, turned, stared, hesitated, and finally broke into a smile.

"Ah, it's you, sir — the young gemman as bore away for Lon'on alongside Master Horatio, his lordship!"

"Yes," said Barnabas, extending his hand. "How are you, Bo'sun?"

"Hearty, sir, hearty, I thank ye!"

"And the Captain?" said Barnabas, with some hesitation. "How is the Captain?"

"The Cap'n, sir," answered the Bo'sun — "the Cap'n is likewise hearty."

"And — Lady Cleone — is she well — happy?"

"Well, sir, she's as 'appy as can be expected — under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"Love, sir."

"Love!" exclaimed Barnabas. "Why, Bo'sun, what do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, as she's fell in love at last."

"How do you know? Who with? Where is she?"

"Well, sir, I know on account o' 'er lowness o' sperrits — noticed it for a week or more. Likewise I've heered 'er sigh very frequent, and I've seen 'er sit a-staring up at the moon — ah, that I have! Now, lovers is generally low in their sperrits, I've heered tell, and they allus stare very 'ard at the moon; why, I don't know, but they do — leastways, so I've ——"

"But — in love — with whom? Bo'sun," cried Barnabas, catching him by the arm, "who is it she loves?"

"Well, sir, I aren't quite sure, seeing as there are so many on 'em in 'er wake; but I 'ope as it's 'is lordship, Master Horatio."

"Ah!" said Barnabas, his brow relaxing.

"If it ain't 'im, why, then it's mutiny; that's what it is, sir!"

"Mutiny?"

"Ye see, sir," the Bo'sun went on to explain, "orders is orders, and if she don't love Master Horatio — well, she ought to!"

"Why?"

"Because they was made for each other; because they was promised to each other years ago; it were all arranged an' settled 'twixt Master Horatio's father an' the Cap'n."

"Ah!" said Barnabas. "And where is she — and the Captain?"

"Out, sir. She made him put on 'is best uniform; she orders out the fam'ly coach; and away they go, wi' a fair wind to sarve 'em, an' should ha' dropped anchor at Annesley House a full hour ago."

"At Annesley," said Barnabas. "There is a reception there, I hear?"

"Yes, sir; all the great folk from Lon'on, besides country folk o' quality, to meet the Duchess o' Camberhurst — and she's the greatest of 'em all. Nat'rally, the Cap'n wanted to keep a good offing to windward of 'em. 'For, look ye, Jerry,' says he, 'I'm no confounded courtier, to go bowing and scraping to a painted old woman, with a lot of other fools, just because she happens to be a duchess — no, damme!' And down 'e sits on the breech o' the gun, here. But just then my lady heaves into sight, brings up alongside, and comes to anchor on his knee. 'Dear,' says she, with her arm about his neck and her cheek ag'in' his, 'dear, it's almost time we began to dress.' 'Dress?' says he. 'What for, Clo? I say, what d'ye mean?' 'Why, for the reception,' says she. 'To-day is my birthday. (Which it is, sir, wherefore the flag at our peak, yonder.) 'And I know you mean to take me,' says she; 'so I told Robert we should want the coach at three. So come along and dress, like a dear.' The

Digitized by Google

"'SIR,' SAID CLEONE, 'I WHIPPED YOU ONCE; IF I HAD A WHIP NOW, YOUR CHEEK SHOULD BURN AGAIN. GO—GO, I SAY!'"

Digitized by Google

Cap'n stared at 'er, dazed-like, give me a look, and — well —" The Bo'sun smiled and shook his head. "Ye see, sir, in some ways the Cap'n's very like an ordinary man, arter all!"

CHAPTER XXXV

How Barnabas Climbed Over a Wall

Now presently, as Barnabas went, he became aware of the wailing melody of distant violins. A while he stood listening, then plunged into the cool shadow of a wood, and hurried on by winding tracks, through broad glades, until the wood was left behind and the path became a grassy lane. It was a shady lane, tortuous and narrow; but on strode Barnabas until, rounding a bend, he beheld a wall — an ancient, mossy wall of red brick; and, with his gaze upon this, he stopped again.

Then, standing on tiptoe, Barnabas set his hands to the coping of the wall, and, drawing himself up, caught a momentary vision of smiling gardens, of green lawns where bright figures moved, of winding walks and neatly trimmed hedges, ere, swinging himself over, he dropped down in a bed of Sir George Annesley's stocks. Before him was a shady walk winding between clipped yews, and, following this, Barnabas presently espied a small arbour some distance away. Now, between him and this arbour was a place where four paths met, and where stood an ancient sun-dial with quaintly carved seats. And here, the sun making a glory of her wondrous hair, was my Lady Cleone, with the Marquis of Jerningham beside her. She sat with her elbow on her knee and her dimpled chin upon her palm, and, even from where he stood, Barnabas could see again the witchery of her lashes dark upon the oval of her cheek.

The Marquis was talking earnestly, gesturing now and then with his slender hand, that had quite lost its habitual languor, and stooping that he might look into the drooping beauty of her face, utterly regardless of the havoc he thus wrought upon the artful folds of his marvellous cravat. All at once she looked up, laughed and shook her head, and, closing her fan, pointed with it towards the distant house, laughing still, but imperious. Hereupon the Marquis rose, albeit unwillingly, and, bowing, hurried off to obey her behest. Then Cleone rose also and, turning, went on slowly towards the arbour, with head drooping as one in thought.

And now, with his gaze upon that shapely back, all youthful loveliness, from slender foot to the crowning glory of her hair, Barnabas sighed, and felt his heart leap as he strode after her. But, even as he followed, oblivious of all else under heaven, he beheld another back that obtruded itself suddenly upon the scene — a broad, graceful back in a coat of fine blue cloth, a back that bore itself with a masterful swing of the shoulders. And in that instant Barnabas recognized Sir Mortimer Carnaby. Cleone had reached the arbour, but on the threshold turned to meet Sir Mortimer's sweeping bow. And now she seemed to hesitate, then extended her hand, and Sir Mortimer followed her into the arbour. My lady's cheeks were warm with rich colour, her eyes were suddenly and strangely bright as she sank into a chair; and Sir Mortimer, misinterpreting this, caught and imprisoned her hands.

"Cleone," said he, "at last!"

The slender hands fluttered in his grasp; but his grasp was strong, and, ere she could stay him, he was down before her on his knee, speaking quickly and passionately:

"Cleone — hear me! Nay, I will speak! All the afternoon I have tried to get a word with you, and now you must hear me — you shall! And yet, you know what I would say. You know I love you, and have done from the first hour I saw you. Ah, tell me you love me — speak to me, tell me I may hope!"

But my lady sat wide-eyed, staring at the face amid the leaves beyond the open window — a face so handsome, yet so distorted; saw the gleam of clenched teeth, the frowning brows, the menacing grey eyes.

Sir Mortimer, all unconscious, had caught her listless hands to his lips, and was speaking again between his kisses:

"Speak, Cleone! You know how long I have loved you; speak and bid me hope! What, silent still? Why, then, give me that rose from your bosom; let it be hope's messenger and speak for you."

But still my lady sat dumb, staring up at the face amid the leaves, the face of Man Primeval, aglow with all the primitive passions; beheld the drawn lips and quivering nostrils, the tense jaw, savage and masterful, and the glowing eyes that threatened her. And in that moment she threw up her head, rebellious, and sighed and smiled — a woman's smile, proud, defiant; and, uttering no word, gave Sir Mortimer the rose. Then, even as she did so, sprang to her feet, and laughed a little tremulously, and bade Sir Mortimer, "Go! Go! Go!"

Therefore Sir Mortimer, seeing her thus, and being wise in the ways of women, pressed the flower to his lips, and so turned and strode away down the path. And when his step had died away, Cleone sank down in the chair and spoke.

"Come out — spy!" she called. And Barnabas stepped out from the leaves. Then, be-

Digitized by Google

cause she knew what look was in his eyes, she kept her own averted; and because she was a woman, young and very proud, she lashed him with her tongue.

"So much for your watching and listening!" said she.

"But — he has your rose!" said Barnabas.

"And what of that?"

"And he has your promise!"

"I never spoke."

"But the rose did!"

"I gave no promise, and — and — oh, why did you — look at me!"

"Look at you?"

"Why did you frown at me?"

"Why did you give him the rose?"

"Because it was my pleasure. Why did you frown at me with eyes like — like a devil's?"

"I wanted to kill him — then!"

"And now?"

"Now I wish him well of his bargain, and my thanks are due to him."

"Why?"

"Because, without knowing it, he has taught me what women are!"

"What do you mean?"

"I — loved you, Cleone. To me you were one apart — holy, immaculate — "

"Yes?" said Cleone very softly.

"And I find you ——"

"Only a — woman, sir, who will not be watched, and frowned at, and spied upon!"

"A heartless coquette!" said Barnabas.

"Who despises eavesdroppers, and will not be spied upon, or frowned at!"

"I did not spy upon you!" cried Barnabas, stung at last. "Or, if I did, God knows it was well intended."

"How, sir?"

"I remembered the last time we three were together — in Annesley Wood!"

Here my lady shivered and hid her face.

"And now you give him the rose! Do you want the love of this man, Cleone?"

"There is only one man in all the world I despise more, and his name is — Barnabas," said she, without looking up.

"So you — despise me, Cleone?"

"Yes — Barnabas."

"And I came here to tell you that I — loved you — to ask you to be my wife ——"

"And looked at me with devil's eyes."

"Because you were mine, and because he ——"

"Yours, Barnabas? I never said so."

"Because I loved you — worshipped you, and because ——"

"Because you were — jealous, Barnabas!"

"Because I would have my wife immaculate ——"

"But I am not your — wife."

"No," said Barnabas, frowning; "she must be immaculate."

Now, when he said this, he heard her draw a long, quivering sigh, and with the sigh she rose to her feet and faced him; and her eyes were wide and very bright, and the fan she held snapped suddenly across in her white fingers.

"Sir," said she, very softly, "I whipped you once; if I had a whip now, your cheek should burn again."

"But I should not ask you to kiss it, this time!" said Barnabas.

"Yes," she said, in the same soft voice; "I despise you — for a creeping spy — a fool — a coward — a maligner of women. Oh, go away — pray go! Leave me, lest I stifle."

But now, seeing the flaming scorn of him in her eyes, in the passionate quiver of her hands, he grew afraid, cowed by her very womanhood.

"Indeed," he stammered, "you are unjust; I — I did not mean ——"

"Go!" said she, cold as ice. "Get back over the wall. Oh! I saw you climb over, like a — thief! Go away, before I call for help — before I call the grooms and stable-boys to whip you out into the road — where you belong. Go, I say!" And, frowning now, she stamped her foot and pointed to the wall.

Then Barnabas laughed, softly, savagely, and, reaching out, caught her up in his long arms and crushed her to him.

"Call if you will, Cleone," said he, "but listen first! I said to you that my wife should come to me immaculate — fortune's spoiled darling though she be — petted, wooed, pampered though she is — and, by heaven, so you shall! For I love you, Cleone, and, if I live, will some day call you wife — spite of all your lovers and all the roses that ever bloomed. Now, Cleone, call them if you will."

So saying, he set her down and freed her from his embrace. But my lady, leaning breathless in the doorway, only looked at him once, a long, wondering look beneath her lashes, and, turning, was gone among the leaves. Then Barnabas picked up the broken fan very tenderly, and put it into his bosom, and so sank down into the chair, his chin propped upon his fist, frowning blackly at the glory of the afternoon.

CHAPTER XXXVI

In Which the Patient Reader is Introduced to an Almost Human Duchess

"VERY dramatic, sir! Though, indeed, you missed an opportunity, and — gracious heaven! how he frowns!" A woman's voice, sharp, high-pitched, imperious.

Digitized by Google

"'SPEAK, CLEONE! YOU KNOW HOW LONG I HAVE LOVED YOU; SPEAK AND BID ME HOPE!'"

Barnabas started, and, glancing up, beheld an ancient lady, very small and very upright. Her cheeks were suspiciously pink, her curls suspiciously dark and luxuriant, but her eyes were wonderfully young and handsome; one slender mittened hand rested upon the ivory head of a stick, and in the other she carried a small fan.

"Now he stares!" she exclaimed, as she met his look. "Lud, how he stares! As if I were a ghost, or a goblin, instead of only an old woman with raddled cheeks and a wig. Oh, yes! I wear a wig, sir, and very hideous I look without it! But even I was young once upon a time, and quite as beautiful as she,—indeed, rather more so, I think, —and I should have treated you exactly as she did, only more so; I mean Cleone. Your blonde women are either too cold or over-passionate. I know, for my hair was as yellow as Cleone's hundreds of years ago, and, I think, more abundant. To-day, being only a dyed brunette, I am neither too cold nor over-passionate, and I tell you, sir, you deserved it, every word."

Here Barnabas rose, and, finding nothing to say, bowed.

"But," continued the ancient lady, sweeping him with a quick, approving gaze, "I like your face, and — y-e-s, you have a very good leg. You also possess a tongue, perhaps, and can speak?"

"Given the occasion, Madame," said Barnabas, smiling.

"Ha, sir! do I talk so much, then? Well, perhaps I do; for when a woman ceases to talk she's dead, and I'm very much alive indeed. So you may give me your arm, sir, and listen to me, and drop an occasional remark while I take breath; your arm, sir!" And here the small, ancient lady held out a small, imperious hand, while her handsome young eyes smiled up into his.

"Madame, you honour me!"

"But I am only an old woman — with a wig!"

"Age is always honourable, madame."

"Now, that is very prettily said; indeed, you improve, sir. Do you know who I am?"

"No, madame; but I can guess."

"Ah, well, you shall talk to me. Now, sir, begin; talk to me of Cleone."

"Madame, I had rather not."

"Eh, sir — you won't?"

"No, madame!"

"Why, then — I will!" Here the ancient lady glanced up at Barnabas with a malicious little smile. "Let me see, now — what were her words? 'Spy,' I think. Ah, yes — a 'creeping spy,' a 'fool,' and a 'coward.' Really, I don't think I could have bettered that, even in my best days — especially the 'creeping spy.'"

"Madame," said Barnabas, in frowning surprise, "you were listening?"

"At the back of the arbour," she nodded, "with my ear to the panelling."

"You mean that you were — actually prying?"

"And I enjoyed it all very much — especially

Digitized by Google

your 'immaculate' speech, which was very heroic, but perfectly ridiculous, of course. Indeed, you are dreadfully young, young sir, I fear. In future, I warn you not to tell a woman, too often, how much you respect her, or she'll begin to think you don't love her at all. To be over-respectful doesn't sit well on a lover."

"To hearken to a private conversation doesn't sit well on a lady, madame, or an honourable woman."

"No, indeed, young sir. But then, you see, I'm neither. I'm only a duchess, and a very old one at that, and I think I told you I wore a wig? But 'all the world loves a lover,' and so do I. As soon as ever I saw you, I knew you for a lover of the 'everything or nothing' type. But, I grieve to say, I didn't find you as deliciously brutal as I had hoped."

"Brutal, madame? Indeed, I ——"

"Of course! When you snatched her up in your arms — and I'll admit you did it very well; but when you had her there you should have covered her with burning kisses — and with an oath after each. Girls like Cleone need a little brutality, and — ah! there's the Countess! And smiling at me quite lovingly, I declare! Now I wonder what rod she has in pickle for me? Dear me, sir, how dusty your coat is! And spurred boots and buckskins are scarcely the mode for a garden fête. Still, they're distinctive, and show off your leg to advantage." But here she broke off and turned to greet the Countess — a large, imposing, bony lady in a turban, with the eye and the beak of a hawk.

"My dearest Letitia!"

"My dear Duchess, my darling Fanny! You're younger than ever, positively you are — I'd never have believed it!" cried the Countess, more hawklike than ever. "I heard you were failing; but now I look at you, dearest Fanny, I vow you don't look a day older than seventy."

"And I'm seventy-one, alas!" sighed the Duchess, her eyes young with mischief. "And you, my sweetest creature, how well you look! Who would ever imagine that we were at school together, Letitia!"

"But indeed I was — quite an infant, Fanny."

"Quite, my love — and used to do my sums for me. But let me present to you a young friend of mine — Mr. — Mr. — dear, dear, I quite forget! My memory is going, you see, Letitia! Mr. ——"

"Beverley, madame," said Barnabas.

"Thank you; Beverley, of course! Mr. Beverley — the Countess of Orme."

Hereupon Barnabas bowed low before the haughty stare of the keen, hawklike eyes.

"And now, my sweet Letty," continued the Duchess, "you are always so delightfully gossipy, have you any news?"

"BARNABAS CAUGHT HER UP IN HIS ARMS. 'CALL IF YOU WILL, CLEONE, BUT LISTEN FIRST'"

Digitized by Google

"No, dear Fanny; only ——"

"'Only,' my love?"

"Only — but you've heard it already, of course; you would be the very first to know of it!"

"Letitia, my dear, I always hated conundrums, you'll remember."

"I mean, every one is talking of it already."

"Heigho! How warm the sun is!"

"Of course it may be only gossip, but they do say Cleone Meredith has refused the hand of your grandnephew."

"Jerningham — oh, yes," nodded the Duchess. "On the whole, it's just as well."

"But I thought"— the hawk-eyes were very piercing indeed — "I feared it would be quite a blow to you."

The Duchess shook her head, with a little ripple of laughter.

"I had formed other plans for him weeks ago; they were quite unsuited to each other, my love."

"I'm delighted you take it so well, my own Fanny," said the Countess, looking the reverse. "We leave almost immediately; but when you pass through Sevenoaks you must positively stay with me for a day or two. Good-bye, my sweet Fanny!"

So the two ancient ladies gravely courtesied to each other, pecked each other on either cheek, and, with a bow to Barnabas, the Countess swept away with an imposing rustle of her voluminous skirts.

"Cat!" exclaimed the Duchess, shaking her fan at the receding figure. "The creature hates me fervently, and consequently kisses me on both cheeks. Oh, yes, indeed, sir, she detests me — and quite naturally. You see, we were girls together,— she's six months my junior, and has never let me forget it,— and the Duke (God rest him) admired us both, and — well, I married him. And so Cleone has actually refused poor Jerningham, the yellow-maned minx!"

"Why, then, you didn't know of it?" enquired Barnabas.

"Oh, innocent! Of course I didn't; I'm not omniscient — and I only ordered him to propose an hour ago. The golden hussy! the proud jade! Refuse my grandnephew, indeed! Well, there's one of your rivals disposed of, it seems; count that to your advantage, sir!"

"But," said Barnabas, frowning and shaking his head, "Sir Mortimer Carnaby has her promise!"

"Fiddlesticks!"

"She gave him the rose!" said Barnabas, between set teeth.

The Duchess tittered.

"Dear heart, how tragic you are!" she sighed. "Suppose she did, what then? And besides — hum! This time it is young d'Arcy, it seems — callow, pink, and quite harmless."

"Madame?" said Barnabas, wondering.

"Over there, behind the marble faun — quite harmless, and very pink, you'll notice. I mean young d'Arcy, not the faun. Clever minx! Now I mean Cleone, of course. There she is!"

Following the direction of the Duchess' pointing fan, Barnabas saw Cleone, sure enough. Her eyes were drooped demurely before the ardent gaze of the handsome, pink-cheeked young soldier who stood before her, and in her white fingers she held — a single red rose. Now, all at once (and as though utterly unconscious of the burning, watchful eyes of Barnabas) she lifted the rose to her lips, and, smiling, gave it into the young soldier's eager hand. Then they strolled away, his epaulette very near the gleaming curls at her temple.

"Lud, young sir!" exclaimed the Duchess, catching Barnabas by the coat, "how dreadfully sudden you are in your movements ——"

"Madame, pray loose me!"

"Why?"

"I'm going; I can not bear — any more!"

"You mean ——?"

"I mean that — she has ——"

"A very remarkable head; she is as resourceful as I was — almost."

"Resourceful!" exclaimed Barnabas. "She is ——"

"An extremely clever girl."

"Madame, pray let me go!"

"No, sir; my finger is twisted in your buttonhole. If you pull yourself away I expect you'll break it, so pray don't pull."

"As you will, madame," said Barnabas, frowning.

"First, tell me,— you're quite handsome when you frown,— first, sir, why weren't you formally presented to me with the other guests?"

"Because I'm not a guest, madame."

"Sir, explain yourself."

"I mean that I came — over the wall, madame."

"The wall! Climbed over?"

"Yes, madame!"

"Dear heaven! The monstrous audacity of the man! You came to see Cleone, of course?"

"Yes, madame."

"Ah, very right, very proper! I remember I had a lover — in the remote ages, of course — who used to climb — ah, well, no matter! Though his wall was much higher than yours yonder." Here the Duchess sighed tenderly. "Well, you came to see Cleone; you found her, and nicely you behaved to each other when you met! Youth is always so dreadfully tragic.

Digitized by Google

And then — dear heaven! how you must adore each other! Oh, youth, youth! And there's Sir George Annesley!"

"Then, madame, you must excuse me," said Barnabas, glancing furtively from the approaching figure to the adjacent wall.

"Oh, dear, no. Sir George is with Jerningham and Major Piper — a heavy dragoon, and the heaviest in all the world, I'm sure; you must meet them."

"No, indeed; I ——"

"Sir," said the Duchess, buttonholing him again, "I insist! Oh, Sir George — gentlemen!"

Hereupon three lounging figures turned simultaneously and came hurrying towards them.

"Why, Duchess!" exclaimed Sir George, a large, mottled gentleman in an uncomfortable cravat. "We have all been wondering what had become of your Grace, and —" Here Sir George's sharp eye became fixed upon Barnabas — upon his spurred boots, his buckskins, his dusty coat.

"Deuce take me — it's Beverley!" exclaimed the Marquis, and held out his hand.

"What — you know each other?" the Duchess enquired.

"Mr. Beverley is riding in the steeplechase on the tenth," the Marquis answered.

Hereupon Sir George stared harder than ever, while Major Piper, who had been looking very hard at nothing in particular, glanced at Barnabas with a gleam of interest and said, "Haw!" As for the Duchess, she clapped her hands.

"And he never told me a word of it!" she exclaimed. "Of course all my money is on Jerningham; but I must have a hundred or two on Mr. Beverley, for — friendship's sake."

"Friendship!" exclaimed the Marquis. "Oh, begad!" Here he took out his snuff-box, tapped it, and put it in his pocket again.

"Yes, gentlemen," smiled the Duchess; "this is a friend of mine who — dropped in upon me, as it were, quite unexpectedly — over the wall, in fact."

"Wall!" exclaimed Sir George.

"The deuce you did, Beverley!" said the Marquis.

As for Major Piper, he hitched his dolman round and merely said: "Haw!"

"Yes," said Barnabas, glancing from one to the other; "I am a trespasser here, and, Sir George, I fear I damaged some of your flowers!"

"Flowers!" repeated Sir George, staring from Barnabas to the Duchess and back again. "Oh!"

"And now — pray let me introduce you," said the Duchess. "My friend Mr. Beverley — Sir George Annesley. Mr. Beverley — Major Piper."

"A friend of her Grace is always welcome here, sir," said Sir George, extending a mottled hand.

"Delighted!" smiled the Major, saluting him in turn. "Haw!"

"But what in the world brings you here, Beverley?" enquired the Marquis.

"I do," returned his great-aunt. "Many a man has climbed a wall on my account before to-day, Marquis; and, remember, I'm only just — seventy-one, and growing younger every hour; now am I not, Major?"

"Haw! Precisely! Not a doubt, y' Grace. Soul and honour! Haw!"

"Marquis, your arm; Mr. Beverley, yours! Now, Sir George, show us the way to the marquee; I'm dying for a dish of tea, I vow I am!"

CHAPTER XXXVII

Which Relates Sundry Happenings There

"'Gad, Beverley! How the deuce did y' do it?"

"Do what, Marquis?"

"Charm the serpent! Tame the dragon!"

"Dragon?"

"Make such a conquest of her Graceless Grace of Camberhurst, my great-aunt? I didn't know you were even acquainted. How long have you known her?"

"About an hour," said Barnabas.

"Eh — an hour? But, my dear fellow, you came to see her — over the wall, you know. She said so, and ——"

"She said so, yes, Marquis; but ——"

"But? Oh, I see! Ah, to be sure! She is my great-aunt, of course; and my great-aunt, Beverley, generally thinks and does and says exactly what she pleases. She fears nothing on the earth or under the earth, and respects no one — not even me. Only about half an hour ago she informed me that I was a — well, she told me precisely what I was, and she can be painfully blunt, Beverley — just because Cleone happens to have refused me again."

"Again?" said Barnabas enquiringly.

"Oh, yes! She does it regularly. Begad! she's refused me so often that it's grown into a kind of formula with us now. I say, 'Cleone, do!' and she answers, 'Bob, don't!' But even that's something — lots of 'em haven't got so far as that with her."

"Sir Mortimer Carnaby, for instance!" said Barnabas, biting his lip.

"Hum!" said the Marquis dubiously. "And what of — yourself, Beverley?"

"I have asked her — only twice, I think."

"Ah, and she — refused you?"

"No," sighed Barnabas; "she told me she — despised me."

Digitized by Google

"Did she so? Give me your hand; I didn't think you were so strong in the running. With Cleone's sort there's always hope so long as she isn't sweet and graciously indifferent."

"Pray," said Barnabas suddenly, "pray where did you get that rose, Marquis?"

"This? Oh, she gave it to me."

"Cleone?"

"Of course."

"But — I thought she'd refused you?"

"Oh, yes, so she did; but that's just like Cleone, frowning one moment, smiling the next — April, you know."

"And did she — kiss it first?"

"Kiss it? Why, deuce take me, now I come to think of it, so she did — at least — What now, Beverley?"

"I'm going!" said Barnabas.

"Going? Where?"

"Back — over the wall!"

"Eh! Run away, is it?"

"As far," said Barnabas, scowling, "as far as possible. Good-bye, Marquis!" And so he turned and strode away, while the Marquis stared after him, open-mouthed. But, as he went, Barnabas heard a voice calling his name, and, looking round, beheld the gallant figure of Captain Chumley coming towards him.

"Eh, sir!" he exclaimed, with his hand outstretched in greeting. "Are ye blind? I say, are ye blind and deaf? Didn't you hear her Grace hailing you? Didn't you see me signal you to bring to?"

"No, sir," answered Barnabas, grasping the proffered hand.

"Oho!" said the Captain, surveying Barnabas from head to foot. "So you've got 'em on, I see — and vastly different you look in your fine feathers. But you can sink me — I say, you can scuttle and sink me — if I don't prefer you in your homespun! You'll be spelling your name with as many unnecessary letters and twirls and flourishes as you can clap in, nowadays, I'll warrant."

"Jack Chumley, don't bully the boy!" said a voice near by; and, looking thitherward, Barnabas beheld the Duchess seated at a small table beneath a shady tree, and further screened by a tall hedge — a secluded corner far removed from the throng, albeit a most excellent place for purposes of observation, commanding as it did a wide view of lawns and terraces. "As for you, Mr. Beverley," continued the Duchess, with her most imperious air, "you may bring a seat — here, beside me — and help the Captain to amuse me."

"Madame," said Barnabas, his bow very solemn and very deep, "I am about to leave, and, with your permission, I ——"

"You have my permission to — sit here beside me, sir. So! A dish of tea? No? Ah, well, we were just talking of you; the Captain was describing how he first met you ——"

"Bowing to a gate-post, ma'am — on my word as a sailor and a Christian, it was a gate-post, a confoundedly rotten old stick of a gate-post."

"I remember," sighed Barnabas.

"And to-day, sir," continued the Captain, "to-day you must come clambering over a gentleman's garden wall to bow and scrape to a ——"

"Don't dare to say — another stick, Jack Chumley!" cried the Duchess.

"I repeat, sir, you must come trespassing here, to bow — I say bah! and scrape ——"

"I say tush!" interpolated the Duchess.

"To an old ——"

"Painted!" suggested the Duchess.

"Hum!" said the Captain, a little hipped, "I say — ha!— lady, sir ——"

"With a wig!" added the Duchess.

"And with a young and handsome — I say a handsome and roguish pair of eyes, sir, that needs no artificial aids, ma'am, nor ever will!"

"There!" cried the Duchess, clapping her hands. "Oh, Jack! Jack Chumley! You, like myself, improve with age! As a midshipman you were too callow; as a lieutenant, much too old and serious; but now that you are a battered and wrinkled young Captain, you can pay as pretty a compliment as any other gallant youth. Actually three in one hour, Mr. Beverley." "Compliments, ma'am!" snorted the Captain, with an angry flap of his empty sleeve. "Compliments — I scorn 'em! I say pish, ma'am — I say bah! I speak only the truth, ma'am, as well you know."

"Four!" cried the Duchess, with a gurgle of youthful laughter. "Oh, Jack! Jack! I protest, as you sit there, you are growing more youthful every minute."

"'Gad! then I'll go before I become a mewling infant — I say a puling brat, ma'am."

"Stay a moment, Jack. I want you to explain your wishes to Mr. Beverley in regard to Cleone's future."

"Certainly, your Grace — I say, by all means, ma'am."

"Very well; then I'll begin. Listen, both of you. Captain Chumley, being a bachelor and consequently an authority on marriage, has, very properly, chosen whom his ward must marry; he has quite settled and arranged it all — haven't you, Jack?"

"Quite, ma'am, quite."

"Thus, Cleone is saved all the bother and

Digitized by Google

"'NOW WATCH!' SAID THE DUCHESS. 'THERE!' AS SHE SPOKE, SIR MORTIMER PAUSED AND WITH A SUDDEN FIERCE GESTURE TORE THE ROSE FROM HIS COAT AND TOSSED IT AWAY"

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

worry of — choosing for herself, you see, Mr. Beverley, for — the Captain's choice is fixed; isn't it, Jack?"

"As a rock, ma'am — I say, as an accurs — ha, an adamantine crag, ma'am. My ward shall marry my nephew, Viscount Devenden; I am determined on it."

"Consequently, Mr. Beverley, Cleone will, of course, marry — whomsoever she pleases!"

"Eh, ma'am? I say, what? I say ——"

"Like the feminine creature she is, Mr. Beverley!"

"Now, by Og — I say, by Og and Gog, ma'am! She is my ward, and so long as I am her guardian she shall obey ——"

"I say bah! Jack Chumley — I say bah!" mocked the Duchess, nodding her head at him. "Cleone is much too clever for you — or any other man. She is almost as beautiful and very nearly as clever as I was!"

"Clever, ma'am? So she is; but I'm her guardian, and — she loves me, I think, and ——"

"Of course she loves you, Jack, and — winds you round her finger whenever she chooses ——"

"Finger, ma'am! finger, indeed! No ma'am; I can be firm with her."

"As a candle before the fire, Jack. She can bend you to all the points of your compass. Come, now, she brought you here this afternoon against your will — now didn't she?"

"Ah!— hum!" said the Captain, scratching his chin.

"And petted you into staying here much longer than you intended; now didn't she?"

"Which reminds me that it grows late, ma'am," said the Captain, taking out his watch and frowning at it. "I must find my ward; I say, I will bring Cleone to make you her adieux." So saying, he bowed and strode away across the lawn.

"Poor Jack!" smiled the Duchess. "He is such a dear, good, obedient child, and he doesn't know it. And so your name is Beverley — hum! Of the Beverleys of Ashleydown? Yet, no; that branch is extinct, I know. Pray what branch are you? Why, here comes Sir Mortimer Carnaby. Heavens, how handsome he is! And you thrashed him, I think? Oh, I know all about it, sir; and I know — why!"

"Then," said Barnabas, somewhat taken aback, "you'll know he deserved it, madame."

"Mm! Have you met him — since?"

"No, indeed; nor have I any desire to!"

"Oh, but you must," said the Duchess, and, catching Sir Mortimer's gaze, she smiled and beckoned him, and next moment he was bowing before her. "My dear Sir Mortimer," said she, "I don't think you are acquainted with my friend Mr. Beverley."

"No," answered Sir Mortimer, with a perfunctory glance at Barnabas.

"Ah! I thought not. Mr. Beverley — Sir Mortimer Carnaby."

"Honoured, sir," said Sir Mortimer, as they bowed.

"Mr. Beverley is, I believe, an opponent of yours, Sir Mortimer?" pursued the Duchess, with her placid smile.

"An opponent! Indeed, your Grace?" said he, favouring Barnabas with another careless glance.

"I mean — in the race, of course," smiled the Duchess. "But, O happy man! So you have been blessed also?"

"How, Duchess?"

"I see you wear Cleone's favour; you've been admitted to the Order of the Rose — like all the others." And the Duchess tittered.

"Others, your Grace! What others?"

"Oh, sir, their name is legion. There's Jerningham, and young Denton, and Snelgrove, and Ensign d'Arcy, and hosts beside. Lud, Sir Mortimer, where are your eyes? Look there! and there! and there again!" And, with little darting movements of her fan, she indicated certain young gentlemen who strolled to and fro upon the lawn; now, in the lapel of each of their coats was a single red rose. "There's safety in numbers, and Cleone was always cautious!" said the Duchess, and tittered again.

Sir Mortimer glanced from those blooms to the flower in his own coat, and his cheek grew darkly red, and his mouth took on a cruel look.

"Ah, Duchess," he smiled, "it seems our fair Cleone has an original idea of humour — very quaint, upon my soul!" And so he laughed, and, bowing, turned away.

"Now watch!" said the Duchess. "There!" As she spoke, Sir Mortimer paused and with a sudden fierce gesture tore the rose from his coat and tossed it away. "Now, really," said the Duchess, leaning back and fanning herself placidly, "I think that was vastly clever of me. You should be grateful, sir, and so should Cleone. Hush!— here she comes, at last."

"Where?" enquired Barnabas, glancing up hastily.

"S-sh! behind us, on the other side of the hedge — clever minx!"

"Why, then ——"

"Sit still, sir; hush, I say!"

"So that is the reason," said Cleone's clear voice, speaking within a yard of them; "that is why you dislike Mr. Beverley?"

TO BE CONTINUED

Digitized by Google

MARY FULLER, WHO HAS RECENTLY WON WIDE FAME AS "MARY" IN ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF MOVING-PICTURE PLAYS, "WHAT HAPPENED TO MARY"

FORTUNES IN FILMS

Moving Pictures in the Making

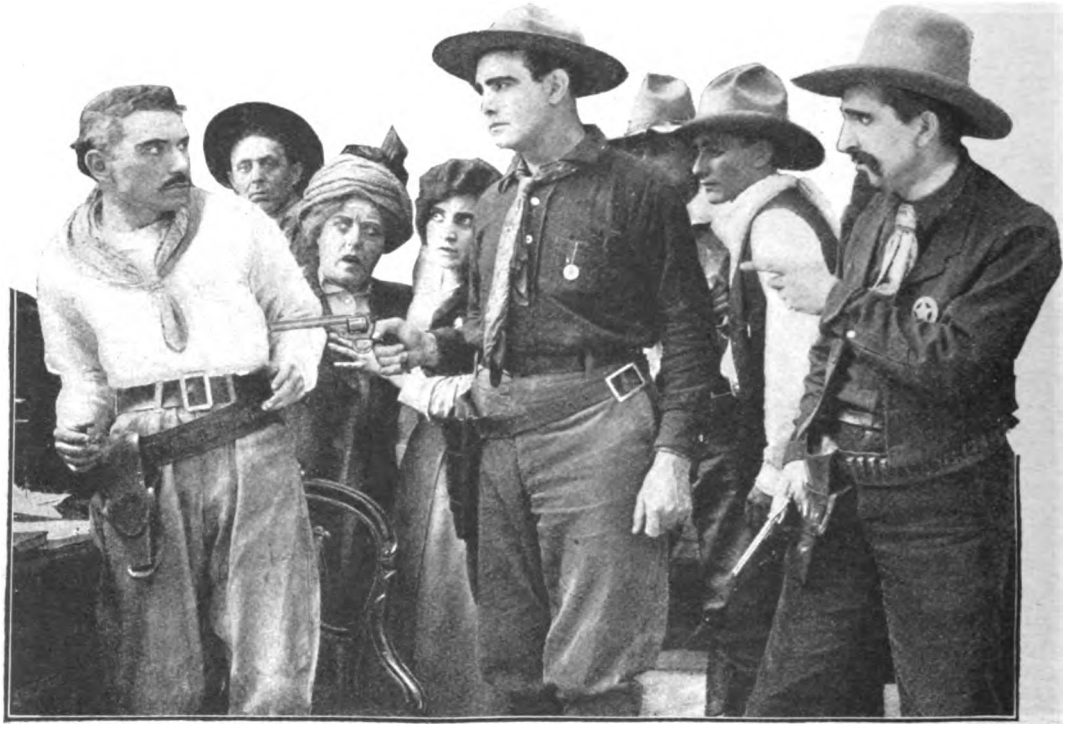
BY

BENNET MUSSON AND ROBERT GRAU

ONE has only to enter a moving-picture studio to appreciate the difference between this new form of popular entertainment and the conventional drama. Plays, as understood since Elizabethan times, have been written, rehearsed, and acted; the film drama, on the other hand, is manufactured. A modern moving-picture plant presents a combination of the photographic gallery and the traditional stage. Like the former, it is, for the greater part, inclosed with glass; like the theater, it has its scenery, its carpenters, its costumed actors and actresses, and the raucous stage director piloting them through rehearsal.

Even where the moving-picture studio resembles the theater, however, things are strangely changed. It has not one stage, but two and sometimes three, on which different performances are sometimes taking place at the same moment. Its stages are not elevated platforms with orchestras in front, but are merely sections

Digitized by Google



THESE "WILD WEST" PLAYS ARE ENORMOUSLY POPULAR IN EUROPE. AMERICAN STUDIOS SEND THOUSANDS OF FEET OF FILM ABROAD EVERY WEEK

of the floor marked off by tape or a chalk-line. The scenes, as they are set for moving-picture "interiors," would never serve for the "legitimate" stage; as we watch them shimmer on the screen, they look sufficiently natural — as a matter of fact, however, they have only two sides. The scene-painting likewise has a character all its own; it is not done in colors, but is in black and white. The moving-picture footlights, if they may be so described, are far more dazzling even than those demanded by modern musical comedy. They consist of gigantic arc or Cooper Hewitt lights; instead of drops and ceilings, another row of Aristos lamps pours an intense mass of white light down upon the performers.

Ghost-like Faces of Actors and Actresses

The actors and actresses themselves, though in practically all cases taken from the "legitimate" stage, have undergone a weird transformation. "Make-up," in the moving-picture studio, is apparently a distinct art. Such artifices as highly rouged lips and cheeks, penciled eyebrows, and painted lines intended to accentuate particular features, play no part in moving pictures. As the figures on the screen are usually magnified to heroic proportions, and as the camera simply reproduces the things before it and does not blend its several impressions into a generally pleasing illusion, the "make-up" which is deemed indispensable on Broadway would make hideous the most beautiful human countenance. Almost the only useful device is whitening the face. Red and its correlated colors photograph dark; and a gentleman with a florid complexion and a highly rouged lady would look almost like negroes when "projected." The actors and actresses, therefore, seem like unfamiliarly attired Pierrots and Pierrettes — an effect that is fairly ghostly, and not at all, as seen in the flesh, suggestive of beauty.

Only One Spectator in a Moving-Picture Studio

All these things are explained by the fact that the moving-picture show, as rehearsed, has only a solitary, single-eyed spectator. This one spectator sees more than a million human eyes can comprehend. The most ultra-microscopic details never elude the vigilant camera. It sees everything as it is — it is the one infallible critic. Before the camera, one can not take an eighteen-year-old girl, put a wig on her head, make a few black marks on her face, and call her an old crone. Similarly, one can not arti-

Digitized by Google

THE MOVING-PICTURE THEATER HAS SUPPLANTED THE OLD FORM OF "MELLERDRAMMER." THE GREATER INTENSITY OF ITS REALISM APPEALS TO POPULAR AUDIENCES

ficially transform a dowager into an ingénue. In this animated play the actor and actress must be, in real life, just about what they are supposed to be on the stage. This does not mean that the actor can not play a variety of parts,— there is one man who has played not far from a thousand,— but in age and essential appearance, at least, nature and art must coincide.

The beginning of the moving-picture play is its creation in the brain of the scenario-writer. Hundreds of men and women are writing motion-picture plays to-day, but, as in all forms of literature, success comes to very few. There is a great demand, however, for this type of play. In the United States alone, not far from one hundred new moving-picture plays are put out every week — some five thousand in the course of the year. The appetite of the public, and consequently of the managers, is insatiable. In many cases the writers are well paid; perhaps fifty dollars a scenario is an average figure, but "big" people get higher prices, in some cases as much as a thousand dollars for a single film. These rates of compensation have attracted several successful writers of "legitimate literature," as it might be called — Harry Furniss of London *Punch*, Alfred Capus of Paris, Rex Beach and Richard Harding Davis in this country. There are even "correspondence schools" to teach the unpractised how to acquire this art. Some studios have regularly salaried scenario-makers and adapters of other people's ideas. What has been said of all plays is similarly true of scenario-plays; they are not written, but rewritten. Most ideas submitted are too commonplace and obvious. The everlasting demand in moving-picture literature, as everywhere, is novelty. And its essence is that it shall be pictorial. It is a succession of scenes — a high-class dumb-show. The effects must be broad and pointed, and easily grasped by the average mind; there is no chance for the psychological drama in an electrical theater.

From its creation in the scenario-maker's mind to its projection, however, is a long stride — from three to six months or a year. We sit in the theater and see a thousand-foot reel, comprising twenty or thirty scenes, run off in fifteen minutes. We seldom realize that it takes a week, two weeks, sometimes two months, to provide this quarter of an hour's entertainment. Companies frequently travel all over the world to find a proper setting; the proprietor invests two thousand, five thousand, and sometimes as much as fifty thousand dollars on a single play. It is not the cheapness of making the pictures that attracts the producers; it sometimes costs far more to "raise the curtain"

Digitized by Google

on half an hour's entertainment in the animated theater than it does to produce the most extravagant musical show. And many of the studios are more elaborate than anything known in theaterdom. Such establishments as the Vitagraph in Brooklyn and Pathé Frères on Jersey Heights are more resourceful in scenery, costumes, and properties than Drury Lane itself.

Indeed, they have to be. Drury Lane produces one or two pantomimes a year; these places put out three or four or five new films every week. The Edison studio in New York cost one hundred thousand dollars to build. The Selig studio in Chicago employs regularly five hundred people. It has inclosed two or three adjoining acres for "exteriors"— as scenes taken outdoors are called; and here it has even manufactured hills for military and woodland spectacles. Its establishment at Los Angeles strikingly illustrates the great natural resources used in cinematography. One of its "properties," used for elaborate sea events, is the Pacific Ocean; for mountain scenes the Sierras are part of its equipment. Within a comparatively short journey is the Great American Desert, as it used to be called in the old geographies; near by are the California forests; whereas, if the Selig Company is producing a fairy play and wishes a real fairyland, it can easily use sections of the Yosemite Valley. The Selig Company, incidentally, has a wardrobe of more than seven thousand costumes! The Metropolitan Opera House can hardly rival this.

It is the business of the stage director to assemble all these resources, human and otherwise, in the way that will give the most pointed effect to the scenario-writer's idea. This stage director is the one studio authority who recalls his prototype of the stage. In his autocratic and frequently ungentle manners, his gesticulations, his enthusiasms, his sarcasm, his Homeric laughter, and his unstinted praise for an excellent piece of work, he brings back once more the old familiar figure.

Necessarily, he is the absolute dictator — camera operator, stage-carpenters, property-men, actors, actresses, even the scenario-writers, are his peculiar puppets. He has plenty of excuse for activity and even nervousness. Rapidity of motion is essential to his success; he works in seconds, not hours. Each minute represents three hundred and sixty photographs — a piece of film sixty feet long. In a regular stage play, a mistake can easily be covered up by improvised words and "business." Not so in the animated theater, for the implacable camera stands there, ready to immortalize every "break."

Dialogue Used in Rehearsal

This probably accounts for the bustle that marks all the preparations. Every picture, of course, is carefully rehearsed before it is taken. Many directors have the habit of keeping the performers in the dark concerning the plot, believing that the element of suspense thus introduced actually enhances the dramatic interest in the production. He therefore assembles his performers, tells each one how to dress and the particular kind of part assigned to him, and describes the scene. There is another thing about the rehearsals that seems strange when we remember that the picture show is commonly described as the "silent drama." For, in rehearsal and during photography, the play is not silent at all. The French scenario-writers insist on writing out dialogue for the actors to speak, as in a conventional drama. In this country the stage director usually makes up the lines as he goes along, or the performers improvise. The wisdom of this procedure, of course, is that the actual speaking of words adds to the naturalness of the acting, and especially of facial expression. The effect at a "movie" rehearsal, however, is startlingly different from the action which takes place on a screen. A riot scene, which is silent in the theater, is a terrific hubbub in the studio. A beautiful lady, dragged into captivity by Indians, makes no noise when "projected"; but there is a bloodcurdling yell at rehearsal.

One of the stage director's troubles is what is known as "camera consciousness." The player must never recognize the fact that the camera is present; he shows himself a greenhorn if he once looks at it. If he does this, he will apparently be looking at each person in the audience when the scene is projected. This is the chief difficulty with child actors — it seems almost impossible to get one who is able to keep his eyes off the camera. "Supers" are notorious for this defect.

In the course of the rehearsal, the director works over the play, cuts it, occasionally throws out whole scenes, and radically rearranges others, so that the author, when he finally sees it produced, is somewhat mystified. In the director's eye, the play is just so many feet of film. He calculates in advance how many feet each scene will take, and rehearses for time as well as for dramatic perfection. If the company takes forty seconds to act an episode that the director has planned for thirty, the rehearsal continues until this defect is overcome.

After several rehearsals, sometimes extending over a day or two, the scene is ready for the camera.

Digitized by Google

SARAH BERNHARDT IS THE MOST HIGH-PRICED ACTRESS FOR THE MOVING-PICTURE STAGE. SHE RECEIVED $30,000 FOR POSING IN HER RECENT SUCCESS, "QUEEN ELIZABETH." SHE DID THIS, SHE SAYS, NOT SOLELY FOR THE MONEY—SHE WISHED TO PRESERVE HER PERSONALITY AND ART FOR POSTERITY

Digitized by Google

MISS MIRIAM NESBIT, A LEADING ACTRESS OF THE EDISON STUDIO. IN THE LAST THREE YEARS HUNDREDS OF PLAYERS HAVE DESERTED THE "LEGITIMATE" FOR THE MOVING-PICTURE THEATER

"Lights!" shouts the director. Immediately dozens of arc-lights, at the sides and above the stage, burst forth. However brightly the sun may be pouring through the glass roof, this additional illumination is always used. Its effect upon the performers is far from enjoyable, for the heat from it is intense.

"Everybody ready?" the director asks. "All right, now! Steady! Shoot!"

This last word is addressed to the photographer. The whirring immediately begins, and now likewise the director brings his finest energies into play. "Get into the picture, Miss Smith!" "Get off the stage, Mr. Jones; not so fast!" "Hurry up, there, Robinson!" "All look happy; this isn't a tragedy we're playing; brighten up!" "Drop your eyelids, Miss Brown!" His chief anxiety is to keep everybody within the focus chalked out on the floor. If the actor merely moves his arm outside, an essential part of him leaves the picture — is "decapitated," to use the technical word. Any one would imagine that the players would get confused at the director's hurried instructions, especially as he commonly emphasizes his remarks by jumping up and down. All, however, quietly accept his emendations and go on with the play. After forty or fifty seconds,— about the average length of a scene,— the director abruptly turns to the operator.

"Stop! Lights out!"

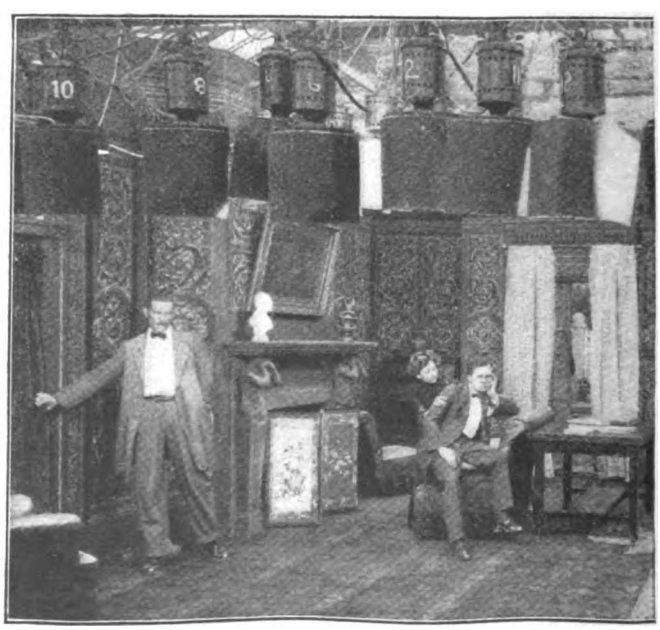
The clicking ceases.

"All over!" And the players break up, usually much relieved to get out of the heated little circle.

Many times, however, they immediately form a new group in the same setting. This next scene may not follow consecutively the one just taken — may be ten or a dozen scenes after it. But, for convenience and economy, all episodes that take place with the same scene and costumes are filmed one after another.

A Film Dress Rehearsal

The burden of success is now shifted to the developing-room, which is not far away. In a few minutes the operator rushes in with a few feet of wet films. "It's all right," he says, holding it up to the light for general inspection. In a few days a thousand feet of film — about



A PICTURE PLAY IN REHEARSAL. IT COSTS $2,000 OR $3,000 BEEN SPENT ON A REEL THAT TAKES

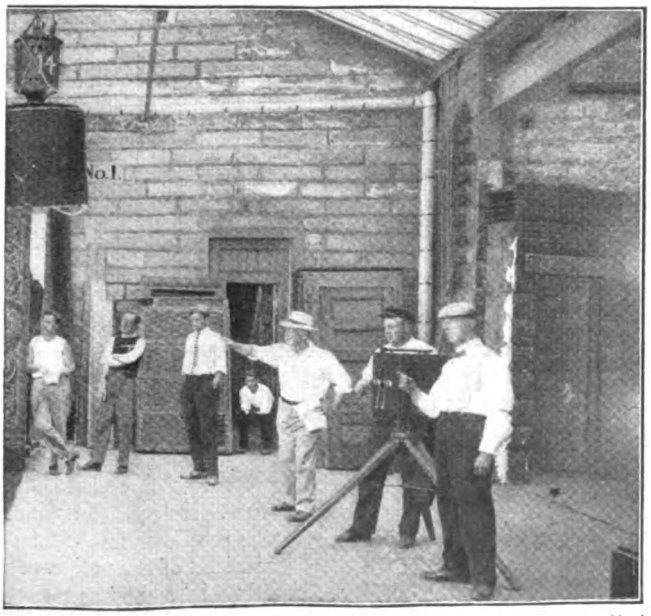
Digitized by Google

twenty minutes' entertainment — is developed, printed, and wound on a bobbin. In nearly all studios, the players attend in a mass when the play is privately screened — a kind of dress rehearsal. This is one of their regular duties. They come with pads and pencils; as scene after scene reels off, they write their criticisms, and, without signing their names, hand them to the director as they go out. The play, as finished and approved by the play director and performers, is then exhibited to the studio film committee. Again approved, it goes before the censorship board. Not until this latter body has given the new play its "O. K." is it definitely ready for the market. The technical word for this is the "release."

It is not until about three months after the play is filmed that it reaches the theaters. An elaborate business organization provides the market. The business of manufacturing films in this country is now a close corporation — or, rather, three close corporations. There are three groups of manufacturers and exchanges — companies that deal directly with the exhibitors — which absolutely control the market. The situation now is such that no outside maker can "break in." When a manager opens his theater, he has to decide with which firm he will deal and has to take films exclusively from that firm, for the others will have nothing to do with him. And then he has to take the films that are sent — there is practically no opportunity on his part to exercise his own judgment or taste.

Copyright, Stacy

MISS FLORENCE TURNER, A VITAGRAPH ACTRESS. SHE ONCE FELL OUT OF A ROWBOAT AT BRIGHTON BEACH AND WAS "RESCUED." THE FACT THAT MISS TURNER CAN NOT SWIM HEIGHTENED THE REALISM OF THE "ACT"



TO STAGE AN ORDINARY FILM. AS MUCH AS $100,000 HAS LESS THAN AN HOUR TO EXHIBIT

This policy has already precipitated action by the federal authorities. The Patents Company, one of the three "trusts" in question, has been haled into court, like the Standard Oil and the United States Steel Corporation, on the ground that it is violating the Sherman law.

The things done on the stage — the "interiors," as they are technically called — do not compare, in energy and enterprise, with what is done in the "outside" work. Every morning a large automobile pulls up in front of the studio, takes on a small army of white-faced cowboys, or soldiers, or farmers, or whatever characters the piece calls for, and drives into the country. The cinematographer who accompanies this party has a hard day's work in hand. In the studio his tripod is securely fastened to the floor; on an outside trip, however,

Digitized by Google

he knows not what adventures will befall. Sometimes he has to photograph sea scenes standing up in a rolling motor-boat; at other times he makes his pictures from the top of a moving freight-car. An especially exciting experience of this kind was that of the adventurer who photographed the "boiling pot" of the Victoria Falls in the Zambesi River. His associates on the bridge lowered him four hundred feet by ropes, and held him suspended within a short distance of the spectacle while he turned the crank of his machine and got his picture.

To get a realistic milieu the producers will spend any amount of time and money. In the United States, especially, the demand for actualities amounts almost to a craze. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is filmed among such vestiges of plantation life as still remain in the South. One producer sent a company of fifty people to California, where they spent nearly six months rehearsing Helen Hunt's "Ramona." The Leather Stocking Tales are moving-pictured among Cooper's native lakes and forests in New York State; and "real Indians"—who greatly enjoy playing before the camera—are pressed into service. The European demand for cowboy and ranch scenes, which the American producers have met on a large scale, has led to the preservation of the rapidly vanishing frontier life of the West. American producers, however, in their search for realism, do not limit themselves to their own country. One company has produced many of Boucicault's Irish plays—"The Shaughraun," "The Colleen Bawn," and others—in all their natural Irish settings. Rob Roy is played with the actual Scottish Highlands for a background. In depicting the execution of Lady Jane Grey, the thousand-year-old Tower of London furnishes the setting. An American company has just returned from London, where it filmed Mr. Pickwick amid veracious English surroundings. Perhaps the most elaborate and sensational enterprise of this kind is the new Passion Play now being pictured by the Kalem Company. It has a large company in Palestine, where it will remain for six months or a year, reënacting the New Testament story. In time, for ten or twenty cents, millions of Americans will see a representation of Christ and his disciples upon the real Sea of Galilee, and the Crucifixion upon the place called Golgotha. This is said to be the most expensive photo-play ever devised; it will amount to considerably more than one hundred thousand dollars.

ASHLEY MILLER, A MOVING-PICTURE STAGE DIRECTOR. MOVING-PICTURE ACTING HAS A TECHNIQUE ENTIRELY DISTINCT FROM THAT OF THE OLD-TIME STAGE

The producers also rival each other in feats of sensationalism. A year ago the Thanhouser Company, in New Rochelle, purchased an old house and burned it down, in order to show its patrons what a fire really looked like. It impressed, as a temporary stock company, the local fire and police departments and a considerable part of the city's population. Another company, filming a railroad accident, purchased several old cars and rolled them down an embankment. To secure an explosion at sea, an enterprising manager purchased an old schooner, turned it adrift, and dynamited it. The Edison Company once staged a riot in a small country town. They did it so perfectly that the local constables rushed in, arrested the ring-leaders, and put them in jail. The players suffered these slight discomforts gladly, inasmuch as the arrival of the authorities had increased the effectiveness of the picture. Indeed, the widespread activities of the moving-picture man have added to the perplexities of the police. A gang of burglars breaking into a bank now hardly attracts passing notice; in certain rural sections, a man can hold up a trolley-car almost

Digitized by Google

with impunity. In the West, a daylight attack by Jesse James desperadoes upon an old-fashioned stage-coach hardly causes a ripple of interest — they are merely being filmed. Real criminals, when caught red-handed, have sometimes escaped on the plea that they were motion-picture performers. On the other hand, genuine camera actors who make this excuse are frequently hustled off to jail. The police have heard that story before! Occasionally the picture actors return the compliment. A gentleman in an American town who fiercely objected to having his house cinematographed one day felt a firm grasp on his collar and was informed by a policeman that he was under arrest for breaking the peace. He was badly scared for a few minutes, until the policeman revealed his identity: he was merely acting the part. But he had kept his prisoner quiet long enough to let the photographer get the desired picture.

A director shows his enterprise and cleverness in his manner of taking advantage of unforeseen events. These sometimes happen in the course of the play itself. In one case the studio in which a play was being filmed caught fire. The company ran around desperately in their attempts to escape. The operator at once turned his machine on the actors, and so obtained a useful and thrilling film. When anarchists created a disturbance in London two years ago, the cinematographer was one of the most interested spectators. He also was promptly on hand when the Paris Apaches built barricades and made targets of the gendarmes. Although the camera man was fully exposed, the beleaguered criminals carefully avoided shooting at him; so strong is human vanity!

After these performances the experiences of the every-day moving-picture actor seem somewhat tame. Yet many do have somewhat lively times. When the Edison Company attempted to reproduce scenes in the Boer War, one of the actors dropped a lighted match into a barrel of gunpowder. There was a loud explosion — though no one was killed. Louis Gasnier, the general director in this country of Pathé Frères, once went to extremes to get a picture of a runaway horse. Under a two-wheeled wagon he had fastened a coffin with the end knocked out. Gasnier, dressed in black, with black gloves and a mask,— the idea being to render himself invisible,— crawled into this gruesome receptacle. From this location he proposed to drive, with invisible steel wires, a spirited horse. The scheme worked so admirably that part of the apparatus broke, and the horse really ran away. Mr. Gasnier was thrown out, knocked senseless, and spent two weeks in a hospital. As soon as he recovered, however, he had the apparatus reconstructed, climbed into his coffin, and this time secured the picture.

GEORGE EASTMAN, WHOSE INVENTION OF THE CELLULOID FILM MADE POSSIBLE THE PRESENT WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT OF MOVING PICTURES

Two years ago the Vitagraph Company was staging a play, one scene of which represented a young woman falling from a boat into the water at Brighton Beach. The young woman was to wear a white dress and white hat, and carry a parasol. The director telephoned the details to Miss Florence Turner, one of the best known moving-picture actresses in this country, who appeared, dressed according to program, at the appointed time.

"By the way, how well do you swim, Miss Turner?" the director asked, just as she was about to perform the act.

"I don't swim at all; in fact, I've never been in the water. But I'm not a bit afraid," she replied.

The director, looking at Miss Turner much as he would look at an escaped lunatic, ordered her home. But she insisted. It was a rescue

Digitized by Google

scene; there were three good swimmers ready to pull her out: what possible danger could there be? After a time Miss Turner carried her point, and fell overboard as natural as life — and sank quite as naturally. Having never been under the water before, the sensation of cold and saltiness was not entirely delightful. The descent seemed endless; but finally Miss Turner felt herself rising. When she reached the top, however, the three rescuers were nowhere near, and down she went again. When she came up the second time, one of the men grabbed her. They towed her back to shore, where she thanked and blessed her rescuers in true moving-picture style.

Actor's Fame No Longer "Writ in Water"

The producers, however, now generally deprecate performances of this kind, and in the future there will be few such stories to tell. Real enterprise now finds its expression, not in daredevil feats, but in things really worth while. A few months ago a manager paid Sarah Bernhardt thirty thousand dollars for posing in Camille. The pictures, however, were a failure — another illustration of the fact that the most experienced theatrical artist has something to learn before she can play to the camera. Madame Bernhardt was asked to do the thing over again; but she demanded another thirty thousand dollars! She received that sum for posing in Queen Elizabeth, which is now being exhibited with success. Thus it is no longer true that the actor's fame is writ in water — that nothing survives but his reputation. With the phonograph immortalizing his spoken word and the moving picture his physical counterfeit, he now goes down to posterity. What would not the present generation give for similar presentments of Garrick, Fanny Kemble, or Edwin Booth?

The English producers show wonderful enterprise in obtaining pictures of events that especially appeal to English patriotism — the coronation of King George, and the investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle. In London the royal procession to the Abbey was shown on the screen before the return journey to Buckingham Palace had begun. This was made possible by relays of operators and taxicabs along the line, rapid development, and special trains. The investiture of the Prince of Wales was exhibited on the evening of the day that the event took place. In this case the films were developed, washed, dried, printed, and prepared for exhibition on a special train.

These performances emphasize one of the greatest uses of this new art — its work in general education. Dr. Comandon, a French scientist, has already shown what the combination of microscope and moving-picture camera can achieve in physiology and bacteriology. For the first time, he has given the world a picture of the blood coursing through the veins. He has likewise photographed one of the greatest medical discoveries of the age — the action of the white corpuscles of the blood which is known as phagocytosis. The discovery of this phenomenon is the thing that will immortalize the name of Metchnikoff. Metchnikoff discovered that the white corpuscles protect the blood, and consequently the body, from injurious foreign substances. They are the body's scavengers, or guardsmen. If any foreign substance enters the body, these white corpuscles, or phagocytes (cell-eaters), as Metchnikoff calls them, at once surround and absorb it. Their chief function is to protect us against bacterial diseases. If typhoid germs get into the blood stream, the white corpuscles immediately begin devouring them. If they succeed, we escape the sickness; if they fail, then we are forced to take to our beds.

When Metchnikoff first announced this discovery, scientific men were skeptical, though now they generally accept it. If there are any doubters left, the moving-picture machine can satisfy them. For, on an enormously magnified scale, Dr. Comandon has shown the phenomenon of phagocytosis in actual operation. What Metchnikoff, in the course of a lifetime, painfully worked out with the microscope, appears on the screen with all the realism of a dog fight.

A patient and ingenious Englishman, Mr. F. Percy Smith, has performed similar marvels with plant and insect life. He has succeeded in producing a film that shows a flower developing from seed to blossom. One of his most popular achievements is a moving picture of a chicken hatching from the egg. An Italian has cinematographed the development of a butterfly from a caterpillar; he even filmed the supreme moment of its emergence from the chrysalis.

In view of all this it is perhaps not strange that Superintendent Maxwell has requested the Board of Education to put one hundred moving-picture machines into the New York public schools. In educational work, indeed, there seems no limit to its usefulness. Already social workers are using films to emphasize important facts of sanitation and hygiene. The ravages of tuberculosis, the dangerous activities of the ordinary horse-fly, the preventability of blindness in babies — subjects like these only suggest the educational resources of the moving picture.

Digitized by Google

THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND

BY

OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. WENZELL

Preceding instalments. John G. Slade and Bernard L. Majendie are conspicuous rival figures on the New York Stock Exchange, which is threatened with a great financial panic. It is important to Slade to know what Majendie's resources are for weathering the panic, and he tries to obtain this knowledge from Rita Kildair, a woman of marked social gifts and fascination, who is that evening to give a supper which Majendie will attend. Slade plays upon Mrs. Kildair's love of jewels by leaving with her a remarkable ruby ring.

Mrs. Kildair's supper is informal, and she asks her guests to help her prepare it. They go freely about her studio apartment, and in and out of her bedroom, where she has left Slade's ruby on her dressing-table. Just as they seat themselves at table, Mrs. Kildair discovers that the ruby is missing. With the exception of Majendie, of young Beecher, who has fallen under the spell of a charming young actress, Nan Charters, who is present, and of Slade, who did not arrive until after the supper was prepared, none of the guests are absolutely above suspicion. Mrs. Kildair announces the theft, has the doors locked, and declares that she will count one hundred in the dark. If, by the hundredth count, the ring has not been placed on the table, she will send for detectives to search her guests. The count goes to sixty-one, when a clatter is heard on the table. Mrs. Kildair continues the count to the end, but when the lights are lit the table is discovered bare. The ring has been stolen a second time. Detectives are sent for, but the ring is not found.

Young Beecher, working on his own account, engages the services of the famous detective McKenna; and while he is telling him the story, word comes that Majendie's Trust Company has gone down, and that the great panic is on.

CHAPTER VIII

THE two young men and McKenna descended by the elevator into the lobby of the hotel. The news of the Clearing House's drastic action against the Atlantic Trust was already in the scare-heads of the evening papers, though Majendie's resignation was still unknown. The halls were crowded with a fleet of newspapers, spread out, fluttering feverishly. Everywhere was a suppressed murmur and nervous tension, which occasionally exploded in exclamations when acquaintances met.

As they proceeded toward the carriage entrance, Gunther stopped to speak to one of the clerks at the desk, who, with frightened face, came out to seek his advice. McKenna profited by the moment to say to Beecher:

"By the way, if you're a friend of Miss Charters', find out if she has any money invested in Wall Street, and who she's dealing through."

"Does it mean a panic?" said Beecher, surprised. "Do you mean she ought to get out?"

"Too late," said McKenna. "Find out what I asked you. I'm in a hurry. Say good night to Mr. Gunther for me. And, say, if you're so interested in this case, get him to put you wise to Majendie and Mrs. Bloodgood."

He gave a quick nod, and mingled in the crowd about the north entrance.

"There's a poor devil; got all his money tied up in the Atlantic Trust," said Gunther, joining Beecher and passing out to the automobile.

"The Atlantic Trust can't fail," said Beecher, amazed. "Things aren't as bad as that."

"Don't know. Lots of queer things have been worked lately. Anyhow, what's bound to happen is — I should say — a receivership and closed doors to-morrow."

"But that means panic."

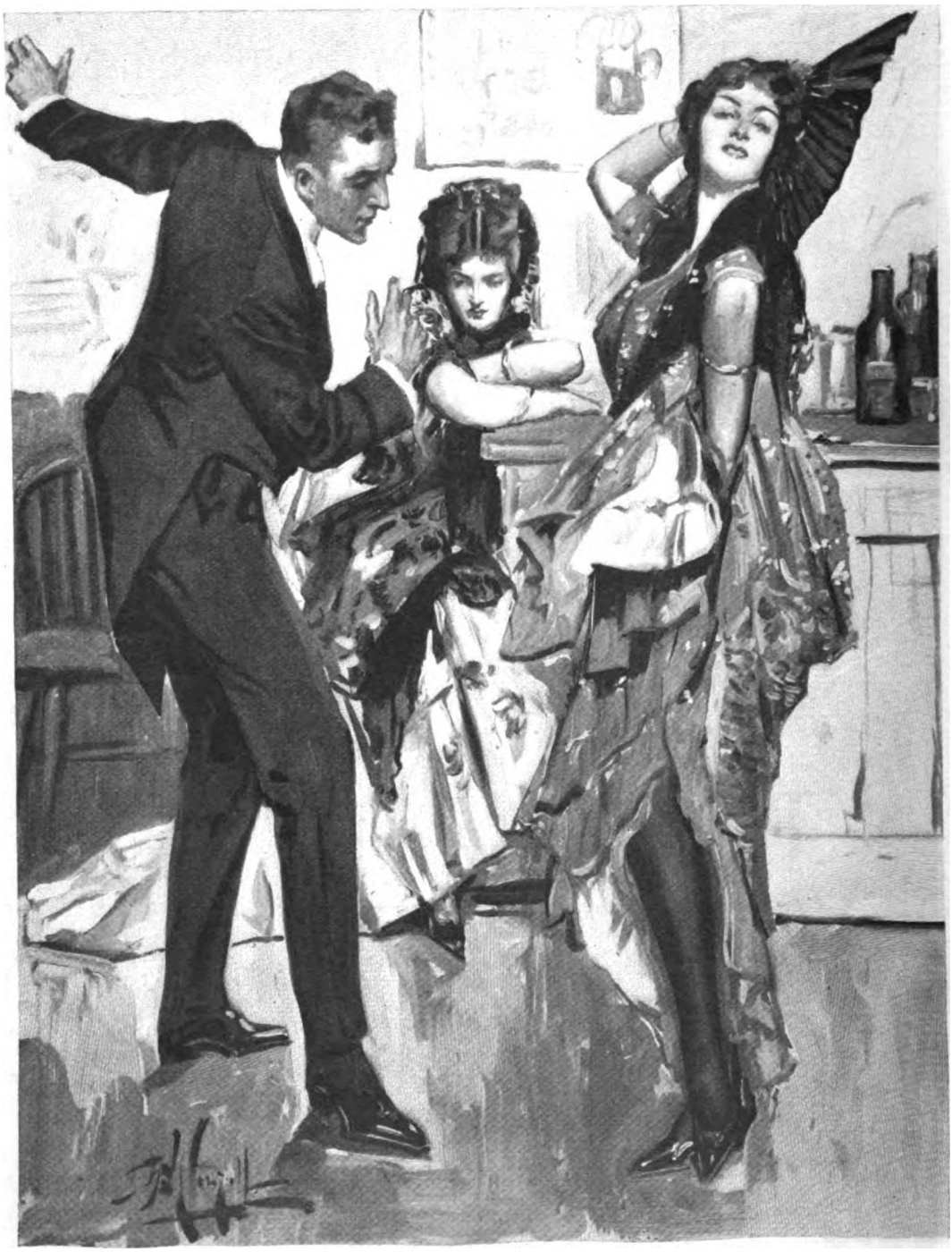
"Sure."

Beecher thought of Majendie of the night before, correct, restrained, prodigal of small courtesies.

"By Jove, how game Majendie was!" he said aloud. "I should hate to think there was anything crooked in him."

"No, he is not crooked," said Gunther quietly, repeating the words with slow emphasis. "He is a speculator, a great speculator, and he has been made the victim of greater speculators who covet his territory. Then, there is this to

Digitized by Google



"IT WAS ONE OF THOSE DANCES THAT ARE THE EPITOME OF PRIMAL COQUETRY IN DOUBLY PROVOKING

Digitized by Google

THE SAVAGE, FASCINATING ALLUREMENTS OF THE FELINE, PROVOKING TO THE DANCER, TO THE SPECTATOR"

Digitized by Google

be said: I doubt if at the present moment any great public corporation would face an investigation without alarm."

"What do you mean?" said Beecher.

Gunther began to speak, and, as he became serious and animated, Beecher followed him with surprise, noting the vigor and vitality that transformed the young idler.

"The present era we are passing through," said Gunther, "is probably America at its worst. We see only the gorgeous façades of things: the skyscraper, the industries that have developed into little kingdoms. We only try to comprehend statistics, and we are satisfied that we have bounded into greatness. As a matter of fact, the true test of the industrial greatness of a country is honesty. Dishonesty and graft are economic weaknesses — waste. A railroad that is spending a million a year to fight off hold-up State laws is by so much handicapped in its function of promoting commerce by low freight rates. A corporation that secures its franchise by bribing aldermen has taught them to blackmail in the future. It is difficult to say where the responsibility began — whether capital corrupted politics, or whether, in our unscientific political system, corruption was not inevitable."

"What do you mean by that?"

"At this time, when our political history is one of business development, we are overburdened with useless offices. Aldermen and legislators who receive on an average less than a thousand a year — often less than it costs to be elected — are suddenly intrusted with the responsibilities of laws and franchises involving millions. When you ask yourself how a man is to continue a political career, support a family, and fight a costly fight for reëlection on a thousand a year, the wonder is that any remain honest. Politics then becomes the business of business. Industry is at the mercy of the legislator, and the legislator knows it. That is why there are, back in the secret life of every great business, ledgers it is not good the public should see. That is one reason why business goes into politics, nominates its men, and assists them — in order to protect itself against strikes and blackmail. Every newspaper that will shriek out horrified editorials next week knows this; but when the Atlantic Trust is caught in a business depression, and is unable to get ready money from influences it has antagonized, the public will learn only that one institution has secretly contributed to a political party, maintained a huge fund for lobbying purposes, and made loans on securities that were speculative. The public will be indignant, and Majendie will be disgraced."

"But, Bruce," said Beecher, "if we are so riddled with corruption, where is it all going to end?"

"The end will come in the opening of another phase of national life. We will become honest through the purifying process of another generation. Honesty, you see, has this one great advantage over corruption — it is the goal of corruption. Those who acquire, wish to retain, to resist those who in turn wish to graft from them. The next generation will purify and reorganize."

"I didn't know you'd gone into things so deeply," said Beecher, impressed.

"I've worked like a pup since I started to amuse myself," said Gunther, with a laugh.

The automobile drew up before the glittering doors of Lazare's, and a gilded footman, recognizing it, flashed obsequiously to their door.

"Say, let's cut this out," said Gunther, frowning. "I'm out of the mood now. Let's run off for a chop and a baked potato somewhere."

"Too late," said Beecher, laughing and pointing to an upper window where a feminine arm was waving frantically. "We're caught." Then, suddenly remembering a hint of McKenna's, he added: "I say, what's the story about Majendie and Mrs. Bloodgood?"

Gunther signaled impatiently to the flunky to close the door, and related, what every one knew, the attachment of the financier and the wife of the owner of the New York *Star*.

"Of course, every one believes what he chooses in such matters," he said. "Personally, knowing Majendie, I believe it's purely platonic — such things do happen. Bloodgood is a hard old nut, leads his own life — chorus girls' friend and all that — thirty years older than his wife — parents got her into it — and I shouldn't be surprised if he took advantage of the situation to touch up Majendie through the Atlantic Trust for a good-sized loan. The rumor was that Mrs. Bloodgood was to get a divorce. If so, it may have been held up by this rotten panic. One thing's clear: she's crazy about Majendie, and doesn't care who sees it — poor devil. Well, let's get out."

They entered Lazare's, saluted by a sudden storm of platter, music, and shrill laughter. Gunther led the way into the elevator.

"McKenna's a great one," he said. "Rather puzzled you, didn't he? There's no show about him — he's direct. You'll see the way he works. It'll be a revelation."

Beecher did not answer. The disclosure of the relations of Majendie and Mrs. Bloodgood had suddenly recalled the suspicion that had come to him the night before, while following the agitation of Nan Charters; and he was asking himself, in a bewildered manner, if Mrs. Bloodgood, desperate, perhaps, on the verge of a separation, had

Digitized by Google

"ALL AT ONCE A FEMININE HAND WAS LAID ON HIS ARM AND THE VOICE OF NAN CHARTERS SAID: 'COME OUTSIDE—IN THE GARDEN. I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU. COME QUIETLY'"

Digitized by Google

not in an uncontrollable moment taken the ring. Gunther continued in praise of McKenna:

"It's the organization that's wonderful. It's like a spider-web, and McKenna sits in the center and pulls the threads. What the public never gets is this — that half the work's done before McKenna's on the case. He knows to-day where every forger is living, every cracksman. He's got his informers in every saloon, in every cheap hotel, where thugs congregate. If a bank's robbed, nine times out of ten he can tell in a day who's done the job, because he knows who's disappeared from his regular haunts. A detective agency is a great news bureau that never prints its news."

"I guess the case is more complicated than I thought," said Beecher, struck by the new lead. "It begins to look as though a whole lot of persons might have taken that ring."

"Thinking of Mrs. B.," said Gunther quickly.

"Yes," said Beecher meditatively. They were in the corridor leading to the private dining-rooms. He put his hand out and checked his companion. "I say, who's Mme. Fornez?"

"Opera squealer," said Gunther irreverently; "Carmen and all that sort of thing. Bob Holliday's daffy about her. Come on; let's face the music."

Holliday and two women in décolleté instantly burst into exclamations of reproach.

"Sorry; couldn't be helped — business," said Gunther, without taking the pains for a more elaborate apology. Then, sure of his explanation, he added: "You probably missed it. Poor old Majendie's up the spout. Forced resignation. There'll be the devil to pay to-morrow."

The reproaches ceased, succeeded by a rush of excited questions. Holliday, a tall, scoured blond, who had been drumming at the piano, was so disturbed by the news that he forgot his duties as a host.

"*Allons*, Bobbie," said Mme. Fornez, turning her great Spanish eyes on Beecher with an expression of approval, "introduce your nice-looking friend."

Beecher, amid laughter, was presented. Mme. Fornez, who, from pride perhaps, chose to retain the freedom of the peasant, tapped him familiarly on the arm and said: "I like you. You don't look so clean and stupid as most of your dollar men. You will sit by my side."

Beecher was giving his hand to Mrs. Craig Fontaine, a young widow, slight, with quick eyes, an almost masculine vitality, and an extraordinary elegance of dress and carriage, whom Gunther called Louise. She was scarcely twenty-six, and possessed of a large fortune. Her position in society was unquestioned, and, being of a singular temperament, she did as she pleased. She was seen everywhere with young Gunther, and gossip had already arranged their marriage — an eventuality which she alone, who ambitiously desired it, knew to be impossible.

Beecher took her hand with a little extra gallantry, saying:

"I changed my mind on your account only, Louise, and I expect you to reward me."

Between the two, from his college days, had been a sort of confidential intimacy which Beecher had the knack of cultivating.

"How have you escaped being married?" she said in a bantering tone, when the party were seated for dinner.

"Because I fly like a coward," he said, pleased at the compliment implied.

"Seriously, Teddy, you've been back in civilization three months and you are not yet caught."

"I am not the marrying kind," he said, with conviction.

"What's he say — your Teddy?" said Mme. Fornez, turning. Beecher repeated his statement. "*Allons donc*, you!" She broke into a ripple of laughter. "What do you say, Mme. Fontaine?"

Mrs. Fontaine's reply was a tolerant, amused smile, and, leaning over, she pinched his ear. Beecher furiously defended himself.

"Yes, that's what all you women say. You think you can catch any man. It irritates you to think any man can resist you."

"Ah, no, no," said Mme. Fornez energetically. "A woman knows, the moment she meets one of you, if he is the kind that marries. A clever woman knows if she can marry him, but all women know if he is the marrying kind the moment they look in his eye. Is it not so, Mme. Fontaine?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Fontaine calmly, with a glance around the table.

"Nonsense," said Beecher valiantly; "women are as easily fooled as men."

Mme. Fornez surveyed him critically.

"Teddy, you will marry the first pretty woman who makes up her mind to marry you," she said, amid laughter. "I see it; I know it."

"And Mr. Gunther?" said Beecher, to cover his confusion.

Mme. Fornez looked at him with the same critical estimation.

"Ah, Monsieur Gunthère is very interesting," she said. "What do you think, Mme. Fontaine?"

She asked the question with a little malice. But Mrs. Fontaine, with the perfect control that never left her, answered at once:

"Bruce will marry, but he is not the marrying kind. He will marry when he pleases and how he pleases, not the least sentimentally, a woman, a young girl, who will raise up a family of chil-

Digitized by Google

dren — a son to succeed him, as he will succeed his father."

"Yes, yes, that's it," said Mme. Fornez excitedly. "He can not be caught; any woman would know that."

Gunther smiled without embarrassment.

"Perhaps," he said.

"Yes, any woman would know it," repeated Mrs. Fontaine, looking at him with a little smile.

The dinner continued gayly. They reached the theater in the middle of the second act of the operetta, and deranged the whole orchestra in the five minutes necessary for Mme. Fornez to be sure that she was properly recognized. Then, having carried off Elsie Ware, a dainty prima donna with the wiles and figure of a child, they proceeded to the party at Lindabury's studio, Mme. Fornez complimenting Elsie Ware on the quality of her voice, which was insignificant, and saying nothing of her acting, which was distinguished for its charm and natural gayety.

Beecher, squeezed in between Louise Fontaine and Mme. Fornez, slightly bewildered by the fragrance of soft, filmy wraps, immensely flattered by the favor he had won, nevertheless was wondering to himself whether among the gay party he was approaching would be the laughing eyes and rebellious ashen hair of Nan Charters, whom he intended to treat *en ennemi*, and whom he particularly wished to witness his triumphant entry at the side of the celebrated Emma Fornez.

CHAPTER IX

THE party was in full progress when they arrived. Jack and Tom Lindabury resided, as far as they could be said to reside anywhere, in a great green stone house of the 1880 period, with a deep garden in the back on which originally stood a stable, access to which was had, in the Parisian style, by a long, vaulted passage at one side. The Lindaburys, having discovered the social adaptability of the artist's atelier, had transformed the stable into a great studio, with a kitchen and two or three dressing-rooms, which served when the place was given over to amateur theatricals or to the not always restrained fêtes of the brothers' invention.

Gunther's party emerged from the hollow passage into the sudden cool of the short garden, where masked stone seats and arbors were faintly disclosed by the great stable lantern which swung at the entrance of the studio.

Mme. Fornez, entering, called her companions with exclamations of surprise which drew the whispered curiosity of all to her entrance.

"Oh, how funny it is! Look, Teddy, what do you call it? It is your — cow-boy life, is it not?"

The great room had been transformed into a mining saloon of the type made popular by a certain play of the day. A bar ran across one end, presided over by an impossibly wicked bartender. A roulette-wheel was crowded at one side, while a negro orchestra, in 1850 costume, was busily sawing away, led by a cotton-head darky on a soap-box, who drawled out his directions. Three fourths of the company were in costume, Indian, Spanish, cow-boy, or frontier. At the appearance of the new arrivals in evening dress, a shout went up:

"Tenderfeet, tenderfeet!"

"Fine them!"

"Shoot 'em up!"

In deference to Mrs. Fontaine and Emma Fornez, the protest was not accompanied by such rushing tactics as had greeted others. Nevertheless they were fined and escorted to one of the dressing-rooms. The men were forced to don dusters and white top-hats, and the women were given sombreros and mantillas.

Mme. Fornez, despite the frowns of Holliday, clung to Beecher's arm, insisting on being personally conducted, plying him with innumerable questions.

"Oh, what a terrible man! What an awful knife! I like the black men — *sont ils rigolots* — with their red and white collars. I want to see the bar-man toss drinks — so, in the air, Teddy. Come this way."

All at once she stopped and faced about.

"It does not annoy you that I adopt you — that I call you Teddy?" she said, with a simulation of timidity and a sudden concentration of her swimming black eyes.

"Emma," he said, laughing, "if you stop there I shall die of disappointment."

She frowned a little at the "Emma," but yielded the point.

"You are not very responsive, Monsieur Beecher," she said, with a flash, "when I am so nice to you."

"My dear Emma," said Beecher, who, not being in love, could see clearly, "if I don't fall at your feet, it's because I know very well the moment I did you would bulldoze me like Bob Holliday."

Emma Fornez looked at him with a sudden gay approval.

"Teddy, you are very nice," she said decidedly. "You understand how to play. I forbid you to fall in love, to get caught by any other woman, you understand. You are to be mine for the whole season —*hein?*"

"Nothing promised," said Beecher, laughing.

Holliday came with two or three friends, clamoring to be introduced. Beecher profited by the confusion to make the turn of the room, which was crowded with laughing groups striv-

Digitized by Google

ing to penetrate the disguises of others while maintaining their own. He paced restlessly, nodding and smiling, searching in the crowd without quite admitting to himself what it was he sought. In the short period of his return, he had gone into many different sets, always retaining the prerogatives of his own. The women, besides those of the younger married women whom he knew, were of the opera, the stage, one or two, even, whose names were electrically displayed in vaudeville.

The men, without exception, were of his own kind — of that second generation which is the peculiar problem of America. They were strong, well put together, with heads chiseled somewhat on the vigorous lines of their fathers, condemned by the accident of wealth to the most un-American of professions, the idler. Without the mental languor of the foreign dilettante, consumed in reality by their own imprisoned energy, they were a restless, dissatisfied testimony of the error of their own civilization, the inability of the great, barbaric, money-acquiring American to comprehend the uses of wealth. To-night, threatened with to-morrow's disaster, stirred by the restlessness of the multitude, this excess of baffled energy was felt everywhere.

Beecher, too, without comprehending it, felt the stimulus awakening all the nervous unemployed funds of energy within him, and the intoxication of movement and laughter that brought him a sudden feverish hilarity brought also a sense of unrest and dissatisfaction. Underneath all the over-excited spirits of frivolity was a current of grave apprehension which he felt in the occasional groupings of men and the low snatches of conversation which reached him.

"Bo Lynch's cleaned out."

"Not the only one."

"And thousands thrown on the market."

"Eddie Fontaine's crowd."

"Copper'll blow up higher than a kite!"

"If Slade goes too."

"They say there's a line formed in front of the Atlantic."

In his progress he encountered Jack Lindabury, lank and broad-shouldered, with the magnificent shell of a head that might have been set on the shoulders of a Gladstone. They shook hands with cordiality.

"Devil of a mess about Majendie," said Lindabury.

"Are you hit?"

"Of course; Eddie Fontaine's had us all in on his tip. Some of the crowd are liable to be wiped out. They tell me Bo Lynch had plunged every cent in the world."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Beecher, reflecting. "Is he here?"

"Sure; he's the bartender," said Lindabury.

Beecher, surprised, nodded and made his way toward the end that had been converted into a frontier saloon, where, behind enormous mustaches, he recognized the long features of his fellow lodger.

"What'll y' have?" said Lynch, in hoarse accents. Then, perceiving that he was recognized, he drew Beecher aside and said anxiously:

"You owe me fifty, Ted; we pulled it out. Go over and stake it at the table for me, if you've got it."

"Sorry," said Beecher, eying him critically and resolving to lie.

"Oh, well," said Lynch philosophically, "it'll look big as a house to-morrow."

"Are you cleaned out, Bo?" said Beecher.

"Oh, no; I'm worth thousands," said Lynch, with a grin, "until the market opens to-morrow."

"Tough luck."

"Steve Plunkett's worse — he's got to negotiate his gold fillings, they say."

A party came up, clamoring for attention, and Lynch hastened to the rescue.

"Supposing that Jap came back and sneaked the ring the second time," said Gunther, taking Beecher's arm.

Beecher started in surprise.

"I wasn't thinking of that," he said.

"But I was. That puzzle of yours has been running in my head ever since. I've got six people now absolutely logically worked out for the thief — perfect deduction. Take me over to Mrs. Kildair; I want to meet that woman."

By the hazards of the crowd they found themselves opposite Nan Charters, who was on the arm of Charlie Lorraine, a clean-cut, pleasant type of the racing set, decidedly handsome in a dark way.

While Gunther and Lorraine were laughing over a joke of Lorraine's, Beecher was listening to Nan Charters, with a difficult attempt at calming the sudden emotion which her appearance with Lorraine had fired within him.

"What a dreadful time you chose to call!" she said directly. "Don't you know that it takes a modern woman hours to mix her war-paint?"

She looked at him with a little tantalizing malice in her eyes.

"Coquette," he thought furiously. "She is delighted because I was ass enough to call and give her the opportunity to refuse to see me."

"Oh, not a call," he said aloud, committing the stupidity of lying. "I was just rushing downtown, and stopped to inquire how you were after last night."

This answer brought a natural pause. Each looked at the other, he with defiance, she with laughter in her eyes.

Digitized by Google

"You're staying late," he said at last, because her listening attitude forced him to say something.

"Yes, indeed."

"It'll be more amusing when it thins out," he said in a purposely languid tone.

"When the sight-seers have left — yes," she said, smiling.

Wishing to show what slight importance he attached to the encounter, he contrived to nudge Gunther as a signal that he was ready; but, his friend proving insensible, he was forced to proceed.

"Did you come with Mrs. Kildair?" he said perfunctorily.

"No."

"With whom?" he asked, regretting the question as soon as it was uttered.

"With Mr. Lorraine — of course," she said, looking down modestly, but beneath her eyelids he divined again the cunning malice.

At this moment, to his delight, Emma Fornez perceived him, and, being profoundly bored by her chance cavalier, a purely passive listener thoroughly bewildered by her sallies, gave a cry of joy:

"Teddy, traitor, where have you been?"

Dismissing her companion with a bob of her head, she seized Beecher's arm, exclaiming: "Heavens — save me! I have been talking to a deaf-mute."

Beecher, overjoyed at the arrival, which gave him an advantage he was quick to perceive, nodded to Miss Charters and departed, exaggerating, for her benefit, the confidential intimacy which Mme. Fornez's attitude permitted.

"Who is that woman?" said Emma Fornez immediately. "She is watching us. She doesn't seem pleased. *Tant pis!*"

"Nan Charters — one of our younger actresses."

"She is pretty — in a way," said Mme. Fornez, using her lorgnette, without caring in the least that Miss Charters perceived it. "*Pas mal — pas mal.* Not much temperament — afraid to uncover her shoulders. It is not an actress; it is a woman. You are interested, Teddy?"

"No."

"Oh, *avec ça*. You are in love."

"I met her last night for the first time."

"That's not an answer. Yes, you have a guilty look. You are a little taken — she provokes you — these little dolls always do. I will give you good advice; I will help you."

"How?" said Beecher, a bit confused.

"I will be very, very nice with you," said his companion gayly, her feet dancing to the music. "A woman always wants what another woman wants, particularly when she is a little actress and I am Emma Fornez. It's very simple, but it never fails; only, I will not help you if you are really in love, you understand?"

Beecher solemnly assured her that she need have no fear.

"Very well, then. Be sure to pay attention to Mrs. Fontaine too; she likes you. We are the two women most distinguished here to-night — both high, high above your little Chartère. It will double the effect. Do as I say; it will be amusing."

Gunther joined them, protesting.

"I say, Mme. Fornez, it's not fair. We'll have to get up a Whitecaps party and kidnap Ted, if you don't stop."

"Oh, we understand each other perfectly," said Beecher, delighted to perceive that Nan Charters was still following his progress. "Whenever Emma wants to escape from some one, she remembers that she's crazy about me. It is all arranged."

Emma Fornez burst out laughing and gave him a little pat on his shoulder with the lorgnon.

"We are — chums, you say — *hein*, Teddy? Monsieur Gunthère is different. I like to talk with him — seriously."

But at this moment, in response to a clamor, one of the negroes began dancing a shuffle in a quickly formed circle. Emma Fornez rushed off, with a cry of delight, deserting both young men.

"You've made a killing, Ted," said Gunther, laughing.

"Pooh! she'll forget my name to-morrow," said Beecher, who, however, believed nothing of the sort. "Come on."

Mrs. Kildair was standing by the great Italian fireplace, her glance playing incessantly through the crowd, nodding from time to time, but without hearing the remarks of two or three older men who surrounded her. Beecher came up and presented Gunther. Gunther, with his direct, almost obtrusive stare, studied her with unusual curiosity, conversed a little, and departed, after receiving a cordial invitation to call.

"What is the matter with you, Rita?" said Beecher immediately.

"Matter — how do you mean?"

"I have never seen you so excited," he said.

"Really, do I seem so?" she said.

"Extraordinarily so."

"I am generally — dormant," she said, laughing. "Yes, I am excited to-night."

"You are on the track of the ring — you have found it," he said instantly, with a pang of disappointment.

"No, not that," she said, with a frown.

An idea came to him. He imagined that she too, like the good gambler he felt her to be, was laughing before the irretrievable disaster of the morrow.

Digitized by Google

"Look here, Rita," he said sympathetically. "You're not caught in the stock market, are you?"

"No, no, of course not." She saw the look on his face, and was touched by it. "Ruined and dying game? No, no; I am excited, very much excited, that's all. Will you ask me to dance, sir?"

Mrs. Kildair danced remarkably well. In this lithe body, so pliant and yet so inspired with the vertigo of the waltz, Beecher was again aware of the strange excitement that seemed to animate her whole being, and continued to ask himself the cause of such an unusual emotion. From time to time, the light fingers on his arms contracted imperiously, urging him to a wilder measure. He had a strange sensation of mystery and flight, as though he were no longer dancing, but whirling around with her in his arms, each striving, in the frantic flight, to conquer the other.

The dance ended. The spectators burst into applause. Mrs. Kildair, half opening her eyes, thanked him with a grateful smile. He walked away with her on his arm, agitated and troubled. What all the brilliance of Emma Fornez had not been able to accomplish, one touch of Rita Kildair had effected.

"I've lots of things to ask you," he said hurriedly, remembering McKenna's suggestions.

"No, no; not now — to-morrow," she said breathlessly, with the same caressing, half-veiled look. She gave him her hand in dismissal.

He understood. The sensation which had come in the few moments of their vertigo had been too extraordinary to be dimmed by a descent to conversation. He left her, as always, aware of the artist in her, that never failed in the conception of a situation.

"If I fall in love, it won't be with Nan Charters," he said, following Mrs. Kildair with his eyes.

Then, mindful of Emma Fornez's advice, he joined Mrs. Fontaine, staying with her until she gave the signal for those who had come to watch to leave.

With this departure, in which Mrs. Kildair joined, a certain element of restraint disappeared. The unmistakable rising note of loosened tongues, freed from Anglo-Saxon restraint by the scientifically contrived punch, began to mount above the rhythmic beat of the music, which itself seemed suddenly possessed of a wilder abandon.

Toward two o'clock the thirty or forty who still remained formed a circle, camping on the floor Indian fashion, clamoring for songs and vaudeville turns. Jack Lindabury and Bo Lynch gave their celebrated take-off on grand opera. Elsie Ware, riotously acclaimed, accompanied by a hilarious chorus, sang her famous successes, turning to and fro, coquetting with first one man and then another.

Emma Fornez, excited as a child, without waiting to be urged, ran to the piano and struck the first riotous chorus chords of the "Habanera" of Carmen. Instantly there was a scramble for the sides of the long piano, and when she looked up again it was into a score of comically adoring faces, each striving to attract her attention. But Beecher, first to a position of vantage, received the full concentration of the diva's glances. Flushed with the fleeting triumph of glorious and exuberant youth,— the knowledge of the evening's success with the women others coveted,— he leaned far over the piano, resting his chin in his hands, gazing with a provoking malice into the eyes of the singer, exaggerating the intensity of his look, maliciously obvious of Nan Charters, whom he felt at his side. Emma Fornez, lending herself to the manoeuver, opened her wide, languorous eyes, singing to him alone, with a little forward leaning of her body:

"L'amour est enfant de la Bohème,
Il n'a jamais connu de loi
Si tu m'aimes."

The song ended in a furor. Mme. Fornez was overwhelmed with spontaneous adulation, and Beecher, laughing and struggling, was choked and carried away by the indignant suitors. Escaping, he came back, happy and resolved on more mischief. He had always had a passion for what is called fancy dancing, and in Europe had learned the dances of the country. He proposed to Emma Fornez a Spanish dance, and the idea was received with shouts of enthusiasm.

"You dance — you are sure?" she said.

"Very well," he said confidently.

"*Allons*, then!"

The dance he had chosen was one somewhat akin to the tarantella, a slow movement gradually and irresistibly surging up into a barbaric frenzy at the climax — one of those dances that are the epitome of primal coquetry, of the savage, fascinating allurements of the feline, provoking to the dancer, doubly provoking to the spectator, bewildered by the sudden antagonisms of the poses and the brusque yieldings. At the end, according to Spanish custom, the dance ended in an embrace. Emma Fornez, surprised to find so inspired a partner, transported by the mood, ended laughingly with a kiss, her warm arms remaining languidly a moment about the shoulders of the young man.

Digitized by Google

Besieged at every side with cries for an encore, they repeated the dance.

From time to time Beecher had managed to steal a glance in the direction of Nan Charters. She was sitting straight and unrelaxing, her eyes never leaving him, the lines of her mouth drawn a little tightly. When Emma Fornez had embraced him for the second time, Beecher, relaxing, perceived that Nan Charters turned her back and was conversing volubly, her shoulders rising and falling with little rapid movements, while her fan had the same nervous lashing that one sees in the uneasy panther.

He was delighted at his success, at the revenge he had inflicted, at the superiority he had regained. The dances began again, but he did not dance. The experience was new to him; in the few years he had passed since college, he had been really out of the world. This game, the game between man and woman, came to him as a revelation, with a zest that was almost a discovery of his youth.

All at once a feminine hand was laid on his arm and the voice of Nan Charters said:

"Come outside — in the garden. I want to speak to you. Come quietly."

Elated by a strange, almost cruel feeling of conquest, he followed her, with a last look back at the studio — at the littered bar, where Bo Lynch was still calling raucously for customers, at the silent intensity of the gamblers, whom he occasionally perceived between the flitting dresses of the dancers.

He closed the door softly and joined the young actress, who was waiting for him at some distance.

"Can you take me home?" she asked directly. "Mr. Lorraine is in such a condition that I do not wish to go with him."

"Certainly," he said, a feeling of protection replacing the first victorious perception of the fire of jealousy he had awakened in her.

Gunther's automobile was waiting, and they entered it. She did not say a word to him, and he, determined to force her to begin the conversation, waited with a pleased enjoyment until three quarters of the journey had been accomplished. All at once she turned, and, taking him by the lapels of the coat, turned him toward her as one scolds a child.

"Are you so angry because I didn't see you this afternoon?" she said, smiling.

"Angry? What a curious idea!" he began, with a half laugh. "You were so upset ——"

She interrupted him, shaking her head.

"Why did you act the way you did to-night? Don't do things that are not like you. That is not the way we began."

He was silent, not knowing what to answer. Presently she withdrew into her corner, glanced out of the window as if to assure herself that they were near their destination, and, placing her hand over his, said gently:

"You are very sympathetic to me. Keep it so."

For all that he said to himself that it was his favor with other women that made him precious to her, he felt a certain yielding of the spirit. He wondered if he could take her in his arms; but he restrained himself, and closed his two hands over hers.

"Yes, we are very sympathetic," he said; but he did not say all he meant.

"What a foolish boy you are," she said finally, looking up at him. "Don't you know that if I say one word you will go wherever I want you to?"

He was so taken by surprise at the audacity and confidence of her remark, that he could not collect himself for an answer, outgeneraled by the woman who had so calculated to a nicety her last words that the arrival of the automobile left him without response.

He went home, repeating to himself what she had asserted, resisting a wild desire to return to the Lindaburys' and forget there the disorder in his soul; and, though he rebelled scornfully against her confident assertion, the incessant repetition of it did leave an impression.

As he passed the great marble façade of the Atlantic Trust, an unusual sight made him lean out of the window. In the chill gray of the coming dawn, a thin line of depositors were waiting, some standing, others sitting on camp-stools. At the sight the seriousness of life smote him, and he returned home, the tremulous turns of the human gamble he had played feverishly blended and confused with the dark realities of the great rising tragedy of speculation.

CHAPTER X

WHEN, the next morning, Beecher struggled out of a profound stupor, it was to be awakened by the sounds of Bo Lynch at the telephone:

"Sell at once — throw them over."

Bo Lynch, a pad of paper in one hand, a tumbler of cracked ice in the other, already dressed for the day, greeted him nonchalantly:

"Morning."

"How late did you stay?" asked Beecher.

"Oh, we breakfasted together," said Lynch, with a wry smile; "charming little repast. But I picked up enough to pay my winter's stabling."

Beecher glanced at the clock, which was approaching the hour.

"Waiting for the opening?"

"Yes." His glance followed Beecher's with a sudden concentration, and, taking up a matchbox, he struck a match and threw it away.

Digitized by Google

"Waiting to see if I can escape working another year."

Beecher, comprehending that sympathy would be distasteful, picked up the morning papers. The scare-heads were alive with the note of panic: a dozen banks were threatened with runs; a rumor was abroad that the Atlantic Trust and two other great institutions might close their doors within the next twenty-four hours; an interview with Majendie protested against the action of the Clearing House, asserting the recklessness of the move and the solvency of the Trust Company; vague, guarded hints of further actions to be expected by the Clearing House against another prominent chain of banks, and a report that John G. Slade was to tender his resignation, were joined with rumors from the office of the State Examiner of Banks that there might be grounds for the criminal prosecution of certain officials.

The telephone rang. Lynch went to the receiver, arranging his pad methodically on the table. Beecher stopped reading, listening to the broken threads.

"All right, go ahead." . . .

"How much?" . . .

"Whew! Give me the Northern Pacific figures now." . . .

"Yes — yes — I see." . . .

"Something of a break, isn't it?" . . .

"All right." . . .

"No — that's all in the game. Thank you. I'll send my check to-day. Thanks."

He put up the receiver, glanced curiously at the clock, which marked twelve minutes after ten, and studied the pad.

Beecher had never been intimate with Lynch, but he liked him and his standards of Britannic phlegm.

"How did you come out?" he said carelessly.

"About as I expected. The market has gone wild."

Bo Lynch poured out a morning peg, adjusted his cravat critically before the mirror, and took up his hat.

After his departure Beecher studied the jotted figures on the pad. In the twelve minutes after the opening, Lynch had lost a clear thirty-two thousand dollars.

He himself remained undisturbed by the frenzy. His own fortune, thanks to the wise provision of a hard-headed father, was safely invested in solid properties, and the world of speculation had not entered his ken. He returned to his newspapers, read everything bearing on the personal fate of John G. Slade, which interested him extraordinarily since his encounter with that abrupt and forceful personality, and, rising, asked himself how he should kill the time until the hour of his luncheon with Rita Kildair.

The irritation he had felt at the end of his ride with Nan Charters had disappeared. He comprehended that, beyond all the cleverness of her attitude, she had veritably been piqued by his indifference and his absorption by Emma Fornez, who treated her as a little actress.

"She may say what she wants," he said, selecting a cigarette. "She was caught by her own tricks." He took several steps, and grinned to himself. "It's an amusing game, and a game that will be amusing to play." Despite this feeling of confidence and elation, he had an irresistible desire to telephone her, to indulge himself in the pleasure of hearing her voice again. He had resisted the impulse several times, convincing himself of the tactical error; and yet, the more he argued against it, the more the desire haunted him.

"She'll expect me to telephone, of course," he thought; "besides, what excuse could I give? I'm not going to play into her game — not by a long shot. I know the kind — entirely too much brain-work to suit me."

He returned to the sitting-room and selected a cane, glancing out of the corner of his eye at the accursed telephone.

"I won't," he said, taking three steps toward it and then turning abruptly away. At the moment when he stood wavering, it began to ring. He went to it hastily. Miss Charters was calling him.

"How lucky!" he said purposely. "I was just going out. I heard you from the hall."

"You know, I never realized until this morning what I had done," said the voice at the other end. "I was so upset by Mr. Lorraine's condition that I forgot you were there with Mme. Fornez."

"Clever girl," he said to himself, smiling. Then, aloud: "Oh, I can explain matters."

"I was afraid I'd got you into trouble."

"No, indeed. Mme. Fornez is a good sort; she will understand."

He remembered McKenna's suggestion, but he did not wish to make the demand direct.

"Something of a smash in Wall Street to-day," he said carelessly.

"You weren't caught, were you?" she said, with a note of quick sympathy which he admired.

"No; I don't speculate."

"I was afraid you might have."

"By Jove," he said, "I hope you didn't lose anything."

"No, I don't think so," she said doubtfully. "I had some money invested, but I suppose if I hold on that'll come up again."

"Not on margins."

Digitized by Google

"No, indeed."

"Who's your broker?"

"Mr. Garraboy."

The news produced on him a strangely ominous effect. He forgot all the parleying and the tactical planning of his campaign, overshadowed by a sudden sense of sympathy.

"I want to talk to you about that," he said anxiously. "Have you much in his hands?"

"Much for me — about twenty thousand."

"Are you going to be in this afternoon? Can I see you?"

"I wish you would."

A note of weakness in her voice struck him.

"You're not worried, are you?" he said.

"A little."

"Why don't you call him up?"

"I've been trying to."

He was going to offer to telephone for her, when he remembered the antagonism he had felt for the broker, and refrained until a fuller knowledge. He reassured her, making light of her doubts, though feeling an instinctive anxiety himself. Then he called up McKenna; but the detective was out, and, leaving word that he would try later, he went for his morning ride.

A little before one o'clock he was in the softly lighted studio of Mrs. Kildair, waiting for his hostess with the pleasurable anticipation of a confidential tête-à-tête. As he paced slowly and irregularly about the room, his mind, perplexed by the mystery of the disappearance of the ring, instinctively considering the possibilities for concealment, he was surprised to hear, behind the closed doors of the bedroom, the sound of voices in agitated discussion. He stopped, perplexed, for in his walk about the room he had arrived at a point in such close proximity that the tones were easily distinguishable.

"But I have made up my mind," cried a voice which he recognized as Mrs. Bloodgood's.

Mrs. Kildair answered her, but in a lower tone — a note of warning and remonstrance.

"Oh, what do I care for the world!" repeated the voice, on a higher note. "The world is all against me. I have only one life — I want to live some of it."

Beecher, ill at ease, realizing that he had stumbled on a situation which he had no right to surprise, tiptoed away. Hardly had he seated himself when the door opened brusquely, and Mrs. Bloodgood appeared, saying:

"No, no; it is decided. I'm going. My only regret is that we waited so long."

Two spots of red showed on her dark cheeks, while her head was carried defiant, alive with sudden energy. Mrs. Kildair followed, with the frown of one who disapproves, but who knows the futility of any contradiction.

Beecher hastily emerged from the shadow. The two women stopped, surprised at his presence, considering him nervously. The few snatches of conversation he had heard, coupled with what Gunther had revealed to him of the infatuation of Mrs. Bloodgood and Majendie, made him divine the intention of elopement they had been discussing. His sympathy was touched by the distress of the young woman, and, advancing quickly, he said, with a pretense of shame:

"By Jove, I must have been nodding! A thousand pardons."

"How long have you been here?" said Mrs. Kildair.

"About ten minutes," he said, rubbing his eyes and laughing. "Confound that chair — it's infernally comfortable, after being up all night. You made me jump."

Mrs. Bloodgood had regained her calm. She embraced Mrs. Kildair and held out her hand to Beecher.

"Won't you let me see you to your carriage?" he said eagerly, with a smile of such good will that she perceived that, whatever he had overheard, she had no need to fear.

"It's not necessary — but thank you," she said, giving him a grateful smile.

He went to the door, opening it with a little exaggerated courtesy, and returned thoughtfully to Mrs. Kildair, who was watching him fixedly.

"You overheard?" she said directly.

"A little."

"You have heard too much, Teddy, not to know all," she said. "I do not need to ask your promise to keep secret what you have heard. She is leaving her home and going openly away with Mr. Majendie — this very afternoon."

"Majendie running off?" said Beecher, astounded.

"Yes."

"Now — at such a time as this — when he is under fire? I don't believe it!"

"And yet, that is what is going to happen."

"That is terrible. Doesn't she realize that he lays himself open to every charge? He'll be called a defaulter and an absconder — it is worse than death!"

"She realizes nothing," said Mrs. Kildair in a solemn voice, "except that she has hated one man and lived with him ten years, and that now, when everything is against the man she adores, she will sacrifice anything to be at his side."

"But the sacrifice he is making ——"

"Her sacrifice is too great — she doesn't realize that," said Mrs. Kildair, rising. "Poor Elise! Her life has been terrible. She is wild with anxiety, with the thought of what Majendie

Digitized by Google

may do. When one has suffered as much as she has, one more sorrow will not stop her."

Beecher was silent, overcome by the vision that was suddenly disclosed to him, which he could divine only in a general way, having as yet little knowledge of the silent tragedies that pass at our elbows. When Mrs. Kildair turned again, it was with all her accustomed poise.

"We can do nothing," she said calmly. "Let us forget it. Luncheon is a little late. We shall be three; I asked Mr. Slade to join us. By the way, you were kind enough to offer me your help in the matter of my ring. I sha'n't need it now, but thanks all the same."

"What do you mean?" he said, surprised.

"My detectives assure me they are on the right track," she said carelessly. "All I ask of you, as I have of every one, is to keep this unfortunate occurrence to yourself."

Beecher had been on the point of informing her of his retaining McKenna, confident of her approval. He did not for one moment believe her statement that the right clue had been found. All he understood was that, for some reason, she desired to keep him out of the case, and this understanding irritated him. And the introduction of Slade at what he had considered his privileged hour annoyed him even more. Then he remembered McKenna's hint, and said carelessly:

"By Jove, that reminds me — I want the address of your detective agency."

"Why do you ask that?" she said.

He repeated the story he had prepared of a friend's demand, mentioning Gunther's name.

Mrs. Kildair rose as though reluctantly, motioning him to wait, and, going to her room, returned after a long moment with an address on a slip of paper.

"There, Teddy," she said, giving it to him. Her manner had completely changed. She was again the Rita Kildair who treated him *en camarade*. "You are disappointed in not working out an exciting mystery," she said, laughing. "Do you know, Teddy, I am quite surprised at you."

"How so?" he said warily.

"I should have thought by this time you would have engaged half the detectives in New York," she said, turning from him to arrange the cushions at her back. "And here you have done nothing."

Beecher was not deceived by the innocence of the interrogation. He assumed at once an attitude of boyish candor.

"It's not my fault, Rita," he said contritely. "You put me off — you remember."

"That's so," she said. She motioned to him with a little gesture of her fingers and indicated a chair at her side. "Come here, you great boy," she said, smiling. "You are furious at me, aren't you?"

"Why?" he said, sitting near her, with a resolve to resist all her curiosity.

"You like to be the confidant of pretty women, Teddy," she said, laughing as he blushed. "To be on the inside — to know what others can't. Well, you sha'n't be deprived."

He looked at her in surprise.

"What I told you is not true," she said candidly. "I have no clue, as yet, and am quite in the dark. I give you permission to do all you can. You see," she continued, holding out her hand with a charming smile, "I give you my full confidence — confidence for confidence — *n'est ce pas?* Besides, you have stumbled on a confidence yourself, and if you are to be trusted with that you should be trusted entirely." She looked at him quietly for a moment, and then added: "As a proof of my trust, Teddy, I am going to ask you to be my ally now. Mr. Slade will be here shortly. I do not wish to be alone with him. Do not go until he is gone."

This request, implying as it did his own superior intimacy, delighted Beecher. He felt half of his suspicions vanish as he answered wisely:

"I understand. He is quite daffy about you, isn't he?"

"Quite. But he has to be kept in place."

"Oh, of course."

"And now you are happy again," she said, tapping his arm with a little friendly gesture and smiling inwardly at the satisfaction which began to radiate from his face. "Teddy, you are a nice boy. I will teach you what the world is; you shall be my confidant and we will laugh together; only, you must not be sentimental, you understand."

"Never," he said with vigorous assertion. Then his conscience began to reprove him, and he blurted out: "I say, Rita, I haven't been quite honest, but you rubbed me the wrong way. I really have been on the job."

"Besides Gunther, whom else have you talked with?" she asked.

"McKenna, the detective, and he's dead keen on the case," he said enthusiastically.

"Oh, McKenna!" she said nodding appreciatively. "You have done well."

She sat up, suddenly serious, and, extending her hand, took from him the address she had given him.

"Did McKenna tell you to find out my detective?" she said slowly.

Beecher comprehended all at once how he had played into her game, but, with her glance on his, it was impossible to deny.

Digitized by Google

"Yes," he said; "he told me that he'd been on a dozen cases where the detectives who had come in to make a search had gone partners with the thief. He wanted to be certain there had been a real search."

This seemed to reassure her, for she nodded with a return of her careless manner, as though comprehending the situation. Then, crumpling in her hands the paper with the address, she allowed her body to regain its former languid position and said: "I should like to meet McKenna; you must bring him around. How is he starting on the case?"

Before Beecher could answer, the bell rang and Slade's bulky figure crowded the frame of the doorway. He entered, and the portières, at his passing, rolled back like two storm-clouds.

"Sorry to be late," he said abruptly, glancing at the clock. "I've taken the liberty to leave your telephone number, Mrs. Kildair, in case something important turns up."

They passed immediately into the dining-room. Slade was not a man of small talk, disdaining the easy and ingratiating phrases with which other men establish a congenial intimacy. For the first quarter of an hour he withdrew from the conversation, and, being hungry, ate with relish. Beecher, abetted by his hostess, taking a malicious pleasure in the superiority he enjoyed, chatted of a hundred and one things which he shared with his listener. Then, naturally drawn to the one topic that charged the air with the electricity of its drama, he related the uproar in the city, the long lines of depositors before the banks, the incident of Bo Lynch in the morning, and the effect on the men they knew. In this both he and Mrs. Kildair had an ulterior motive — to make Slade talk: Mrs. Kildair for reasons of her own, Beecher alive to his dramatic closeness to the one man about whose success or ruin all the storm of rumor and gossip was raging.

"Stocks are still dropping," said Mrs. Kildair, glancing at Slade, who appeared quite unconscious.

"How long do you think it will keep up?"

"That depends; a day, a week — Mr. Slade knows better than any one."

Slade looked up suddenly.

"What do they say about me?" he asked grimly.

"Every one expects the Associated Trust to be the next," said Beecher frankly.

"Probably; I'll tell you one bit of news," he added quietly. "The Clearing House will refuse to clear for us this afternoon."

"But that means failure," said Mrs. Kildair, with a quick glance at him.

"We shall see."

"But the run has already started."

"Oh, yes; we have paid off five depositors already," he said, with a smile that was almost imperceptible.

"Only five."

"It takes a long time to verify some accounts. Then the law allows discretion in payment — takes quite a while to count out five thousand in half dollars." All at once he leaned forward heavily and began to speak. "The truth is the thing that is never known. The newspapers never print the news. Sometimes it is given to them in confidence, to make certain that they won't print it. How much do you suppose will ever be known of the real causes of the present crisis? Nothing. They may let the market go to the dogs for three days, six days, a month, ruin thousands of victims, and the public will never know that the whole thing can be stopped now, in twenty-four hours, by ten men. And, when they get ready, ten men *will* stop it. Then there'll be columns of adulation,— patriotic services, unselfish devotion, and all that,— and ten men will be in pocket a few millions as the result of their sacrificing devotion. The public must have a victim in order to be calmed, to be satisfied that everything has been changed. A weak man, some unlucky lieutenant, will be served up, and things will go on again, until one group of millions is ready to attack another. Majendie has taken the gambler's risk; Majendie has failed. There's the crime — failure; and yet, ninety per cent of the fortunes to-day have turned on the scale — up or down — win or lose.

"We're all criminals — only we don't steal directly. We get it done for us. We want franchises for a great railroad system. We shut our eyes — hire an agent: go out and get this, no strings, no directions — show us only results! Everything is in irresponsibility. A million dollars can commit no crime. It's all in what you're after. There're two ways to look at every big man; see the two periods: when he is trying to get together money — power, and what he creates when he has it. The way to judge us is whether we want money only, or money to create something big."

"And you, Mr. Slade?"

"I want sixty millions," said Slade abruptly. "Will I get it? That's the danger — the getting of it. I may have it in two years more, and then again —" He opened his hand as though flinging sand in the air, and added: "In a week it may be over. *Rouge et noir* — one bad turn at the beginning, and Napoleon Bonaparte would have been shot as a confiscator. Up to the present, I've been living the first period — afterward I'll justify it; I'll build."

"In what way?" said Mrs. Kildair, who, while following his brutal exposition with the

Digitized by Google

tribute instinctive to force, was nevertheless aware that this unusual revelation of himself had likewise a trifling object —the overaweing of the younger rival.

"Railroads — a great system — an empire in itself," said Slade; and there came in his eyes a flash of the enthusiast which surprised her. But, unwilling to enlarge on this topic, he continued: "What I've said sounds raw, doesn't it? So it is. If I do what I want, I justify myself. There are only two classes of human beings — those like you two here, who get through life with the most pleasure you can, who get through,— pass through,— and then a few, a handful, who create something, an empire, like Rhodes, invent a locomotive or a system of electric production, add something to human history. What if they steal, or grind out the lives of others? They're the only ones who count. And the public knows it — it forgives everything to greatness; it's only petty crime it hates. A couple of thousand years ago, it was a praiseworthy act for one ancestor, who coveted a hide or a cave that another ancestor had, to go out and kill him. All animals steal by instinct. We are only badly educated animals, and we admire in others what we don't dare do ourselves. Only succeed — succeed! There is the whole of it!"

At this moment the telephone rang, and Slade rose and went to it with a little more emotion than he usually showed. At the end of a short moment Slade returned. The two observers, who glanced at him quickly, could not find the slightest clue of what had transpired. Only he seemed more composed.

"Speaking of stealing, take the case of the ring," he said, relaxing in a chair. "We know this — incredible as it may seem — that there were at least two thieves in the company; as a matter of fact, there were many more. My own opinion is that whoever took it the second time took it out of an uncontrollable spirit of bravado, an overpowering impulse to do an almost impossible thing."

"By the way —" Beecher began, and then suddenly looked at Mrs. Kildair interrogatively. Then, receiving permission, he continued: "You know who returned that night."

Slade nodded. "Yourself, Mrs. Cheever, Garraboy, and Miss Charters."

"Miss Charters?" said Beecher, turning in amazement to Mrs. Kildair.

Mrs. Kildair nodded, with a little frown.

"As I told Mrs. Kildair," said Slade, not noticing that Beecher, overwhelmed by this discovery, did not hear him, "I do not believe for a moment that the thief would return. Any one who had the daring to seize the ring the second time had the daring to carry off the ring. Whoever came back may have come back out of sympathy, or with the idea that the ring was still in the studio."

They had passed into the studio again. Slade spoke with all his old decision, the energy of action replacing the bitterness of his former meditative mood. He glanced at the clock, and took his leave in a quick, impersonal manner. Beecher, ignoring the looks Mrs. Kildair sent him, departed with Slade, refusing an invitation to join him in the automobile, and continuing on foot.

He was absolutely at a loss to account for Miss Charters returning to the studio after having gone to her apartment. If she had any suggestion to offer, why had she not waited, or even requested him to return with her? Full of disturbing surmises, he continued his walk until he reached the great thoroughfare of Forty-second Street, where he turned eastward toward the station.

All at once, at the western corner of the station, he raised his eyes instinctively. A coupé with trunks behind it disengaged itself from the confusion of traffic, slowly passed him. Inside, he recognized the dark, defiant eyes of Mrs. Enos Bloodgood.

In a moment he guessed the full significance of her presence: she had come to meet Majendie, to burn all bridges behind her, in the supreme sacrifice of everything for the possession of a happiness she had never known.

The next instant he was gazing horror-stricken at the head-line of an extra that a newsboy flung in his face:

SUICIDE OF BERNARD L. MAJENDIE

If Mrs. Bloodgood were here, it was because she expected to meet Majendie, because she was ignorant of the tragedy that had taken place.

Retracing his steps, he arrived at the carriage the moment Mrs. Bloodgood's hand had thrown open the door.

"Excuse me," he said, with an authority which instantly impressed the woman by its ominous seriousness. "Something terrible has happened. I must speak to you." Then, turning to the coachman, without being overheard, he gave him Mrs. Kildair's address, saying: "Drive there quickly. Five dollars to you if you get me there in ten minutes."

Then he opened the door and joined the woman who, drawn back in the corner like an animal at bay, already trembling with what she did not know, awaited him.

TO BE CONTINUED

Digitized by Google

LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY

A Peggy Story

BY MARAVENE KENNEDY THOMPSON

AUTHOR OF "BLUE RIBBONS"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

IT was a big, old-fashioned house, a hall running entirely through the center, square rooms, two each side, down stairs and up; and there was a long two-story ell that connected with the wood-house and, through that, with the barn. A covered porch ran across the full length of the ell. Here, on a warm, fragrant evening in June, sat a dozen men, mostly in straight-back chairs tilted to the necessary angle for feet to rest comfortably on the porch rail. Two rocked creakingly; all were chewing fluently; and one, a short, wiry man with a bald spot on the crown of his head and a partly gray mustache, stood on the upper step, feet belligerently apart, lips stiff with defiance, voice raised in loud harangue. The others looked at him admiringly; for Ben Lake, to use his own expression, "took nawthin' off nobody." Not an idle boast. He had impudently defied three former employers, for as many different reasons, and defeated them all ignominiously. And again he was primed for battle.

"Aw, come now, Ben," a voice at length remonstrated. "You're puttin' it on a little too thick. Big Ed's a pretty good sort."

"Big Ed's all right," snarled Ben. "It's Mrs. Ed, with her blamed airs! Never had a dollar till she married Ed Trowbridge, an' now can't tech her with a ten-foot pole, she's that high an' mighty! I worked one summer fer Old John, her pa, when she was plain Peggy Patten, an' set down t' meals right 'side o' her, an', by gum! I'll set 'side o' her at Big Ed's table, er I don't stay. I'm 's good 's her any day, er Big Ed, either. But, with all his money, thar ain't nawthin' stuck up 'bout Big Ed. He ain't 'bove workin' 'side o' ary hand he has; an' it's all her doin' he don't eat 'side o' them. Well, Ben Lake eats at fam'ly table er he don't stay, an' I told him so, an' that I'd leave Sat'day 'less I did."

"Did y' tell him the whole push'd go, Ben?" asked a voice, somewhat timidly.

"I told him. An' it wa'n't ary mealy-mouthed talk I guv him, I kin tell you! I sez, sez I, 'If yer goin' to keep a mess-house fer a lot of dagoes, then git dagoes,' sez I. 'We're as good as Peggy Patten,' sez I, 'an' we'll be treated like the fam'ly, er quit,' sez I."

"An' I s'pose Big Ed said he'd see 'bout it," laughed another. "Much I'd ask my old woman what I c'd do!"

"Y' might," snorted Ben, "if you'd married *her*. I ain't blamin' Ed. That wa'n't ary mess-house till he married that airy piece. What a man o' sense like Ed Trowbridge ever seed in the little minx I'd like t' know — an' to be so durned silly over, at that. She's ——"

"—— von tamn goot-lookin' voomans," broke in a guttural voice. "An' it's der giant mens vhat always lets der liddle vimmens hafe dere own vay, I nodice. Ach! I dinks I w'd let her have it, too. Id is von beaut'ful picture t' see der vay she looks up into his eyes. Monday, vhen she coom t' der field t' see him 'bout somedings, I vatched her. Ach! sooch eyes an' sooch dimples! An' der mout', dot is like der red rose with der dew on't. It is not in der heart of man t' go 'gainst sooch lofeliness. An' I dink he shows goot taste in vantin' t' look at her across der dinner-table 'stead of you, Ben. An' she vas truly kind t' me — no 'airs,' as you calls dem. 'How d' y' do, Herman?' she says, an' shmiles — ach! sweet as angels; an' looked at my hand vhere I had cut it, an' sent out a boddle of stuff t' put on it t' keep oud der blood poisons. An', anyhow, vhat is der madder with this blace? Der grubs is goot; der rooms is goot ——"

"What's the matter with this place?" snapped Ben. "It's off the road a quarter o' mile. What's thar t' see back here ever? Nawthin'. If they lived here themselves 't would be bad 'nough; but when we're stuck off here, 's though we ain't good 'nough t' mix with th' family, it's rotten! 'Tain't 's though they

Digitized by Google

didn't have room down thar — they've got a porch twicet 's big as this, an' jest them two an' th' young un on it. An' bedrooms t' burn, an' a kitchen that 'd hold double this tableful, an' a dinin'-room clean 'cross th' house."

"There ain't another farmer in the county that chucks hands off this away," piped another. "Most places it's the fam'ly that does the side-steppin'. I worked fer Seth Watts las' summer, an' us hands et at first table, an' the old woman an' some swell company that was visitin' her et at second — kitchen wa'n't big 'nough fer us an' company 't once. Gorry! but Seth's old woman is a poor cook! Things was either burnt er raw. I'd fell in a fit if anything had ever been right oncet."

"Id is tamned goot cookin' here; you can't comblain of dis."

"Cookin's all right," was the careless answer. "Big Ed knows better 'n t' herd us like dagoes an' then starve us."

"Hah! I see. Vhat you vant is to be dreated like der fam'ly, no madder how dat is — *ja?*"

"Right," answered a pleasant voice, with a hearty "ha-ha!" "This house and keep is first class, an' it's 'cause it is that us old hands have stayed quiet so long. Me an' Lem an' Bob an' Henry was here 'fore Big Ed was married, an' Tim an' Duck came just after. Big Ed had just bought this place. Old Duggan's farm it was, an' the Trowbridges had always wanted it, an' bought it soon's he died, furniture an' all — old Duggan had lived here alone for ten years. We come out here willin' 'nough, while Mrs. Ed was tearin' up down there and fixin' things over t' suit her own high-falutin' taste. We thought, of course, we'd go back. We didn't say nothin' when we didn't, thinkin' they was still in the spoonin' stage, an' we'd hold off an' give 'em the place a while longer t' themselves. Then Eddie come 'long — one of them colicky kids, an' we didn't hanker after hearin' a brat yell all the while. Then old Letty up an' got married, an' Mrs. Ed got a hired girl from Buffalo — one of the highty-tighty kind with silly little aprons an' a muslin bow in her hair. Then ——"

"Stop that pifflin' talk, Dave," growled Ben. "You jest none o' y' had th' gump t' buck Peggy Patten, that was all. Bet she don't put on airs long round Ben Lake! Her an' her swell gal'll git dinner fer us to-morrow, all right, all right!"

"If the swell gal was a good-looker I'd like 't some better," chortled Dave. "Y' might 'tend t' that next, Ben. Bet she wouldn't tear under the wings with a forty-horse-power pull. Mrs. Ed says she ain't runnin' a matrimonial bureau. Well, she ain't — with that old plum!"

"Guess it'll take a fall out 'n her t' open up her swell house t' us after more 'n three years of sassiety exclusiveness," said Ben. "An' she's got t' do it, all right, all right. Fool's Big Ed is 'bout the chit, he won't let her interfere with the crops. But she'll raise Cain, you bet!"

There was a big laugh, and a bass voice started up "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town," and the others, laughing, guffawing, joined in.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge were facing the question.

"They've got me," explained the husband. "There's plenty of places for them to go now, and no other help for me to get. It's all Lake's doings, the cuss! He's worked 'em up till they think they're being treated like the 'scum of the earth,' as Hank put it. Ben's a corking good man in the field, but I wouldn't have taken him if he was worth ten men, if I had suspicioned any trouble this way." He was deeply apologetic.

"Ed dear, I'm not blaming you," sobbed the wife; "only ——"

"I know, Peggy. And it's a shame! But it'll only be this summer. I won't take permanent orders from Ben Lake or any man living as t' how I shall run my place."

She ran to him with hands outstretched, her face quivering piteously.

"Ed dear, you know if they come back now it'll be for always. I've been expecting this — and so have you. They can't see any reason for my not wanting 'em here except that I'm setting myself up as better than they are. Every one else round here has hands eat at family table, and they think we must, too. But it's wrong; it is, it *is*, Ed! It takes all the beauty out of family life to have strangers always under one's roof and at one's table. And it makes a husband less — less loving and tender to his wife. Yes, it does. I know! Instead of talking to Ma of evenings, as she'd like, Daddy always talks to the hands. And Daddy ain't worse than all the others, and he thinks the world of Ma. But — but a man always herds with other men when they're around — a married man."

Her husband smiled.

"Well, the men won't come between me and my pretty Peggy love, so that needn't worry you."

"But they will," she whispered. "You won't mean for 'em to, but — It won't be the same. Oh, darling, don't you see? When you're put out with me over something, why, I — can't—"

"—— run those little fingers through my hair and nuzzle that pretty face against mine," laughed he. "Well, I ain't ever very cross with you, am I, Peggy?"

"No; but you don't realize how much of our happiness comes from our being by ourselves

Digitized by Google

"HE TOOK HER CHIN IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND AND UPTURNED THE PIQUANT FACE. 'TELL ME HOW YOU KNEW ALL THIS'"

Digitized by Google

and having a chance to act when the spirit of forgiveness first moves us. Yesterday at supper I was awfully mad at you for spanking Eddie. I didn't say anything before him, but I *thought* a-plenty. But when you brought him and put him in my lap, and kissed him and me, all so loving and sweet, the mad went right out of me. But you wouldn't have done that if they'd been here. And when I keep thinking 'bout a thing I get madder and madder. And I'd have said something to make you cross, or held it back — and — and holding cross feelings back and brooding over them is an awful strain on love. . . . We're *so* happy now! Oh, Ed darling, isn't there anything you can do t' square 'em but this?"

"I'm afraid not," he answered miserably. "You've spruced up the house till old Duggan would drop dead all over again t' see it, and they've the best there is going t' eat; and if I raise wages again I think the rest of the farmers'll tar and feather me. And it ain't that, anyhow. What they want is to be 'treated like the family,' as Ben put it."

"Like the family?" she repeated. "Like — the — family? Was that what Ben said?"

"Yes; and about a thousand times. I had all I c'd do to keep from kicking him into the next county. The cuss!"

She did not speak for some time; when she did, there was a curious sparkle in her tones for so tearful a voice, and dimples were playing in her cheeks.

"All right, Ed. If I have to have 'em, I guess I can stand it somehow."

Quickly he bent and scrutinized her averted face.

"Um — m! Now, look here, Peggy; if you're hatching up some trick t' play on 'em, I want you to forget it right now. This is a straight business matter. The crops have got t' be taken care of, and I'm dependent on them t' do it. It's mostly you that they're sore against, pet; and if you should put up a job on them, they'd be so riled there's no telling what they'd do."

"What kind of a job could I put up on them, Ed dear?" she questioned innocently.

"You don't expect *me* to answer that?" said he, laughing, but nevertheless eyeing her gravely. "It would stump the devil himself t' know what you may do, ever. But you mustn't cut loose now. They c'd queer me all over the county and beyond, till I couldn't get help or keep it. See, little girl?"

"I see, Ed," said she gently. "I know the importance of the crops, same's you. They want t' be treated like the family — and they shall be. I promise." She laughed prettily. "Cross my heart."

But he still eyed her suspiciously. She looked altogether too pleased with herself. It wasn't in Peggy's nature to surrender without a valiant struggle, and he had believed that the conflict with her had just begun. . . . And to surrender smilingly was not in reason: he didn't feel smiling over it. . . . But, even as he mulled over the matter, she flung herself face downward amid the pillows of the couch, her graceful body shaken by sobs — which was trying to the husband, but gratefully reassuring to the farmer.

Next day at noon, as the motor-truck, with its load of men gathered from outlying fields, stopped at the Duggan house, Ben and Hank, who had been working near by, jumped in.

"Down t' the big house," cried Ben triumphantly. "Takes Ben Lake t' fix the madam, all right, all right!"

"Hold on here," cried Dave. "We ain't washed up yet."

"We'll wash up in the swell gal's kitchen," grinned Ben. "I ain't 'feered o' her highty-tighty hired gal no more 'n her."

"Not on your life we don't," said Dave hotly. "I ain't keen on this hold-up, nohow. Big Ed's as white 's they make 'em, and Mrs. Ed's been blamed good t' us out here. You ain't been here but a week, and I've been here summer and winter for five years. I ——"

"Huh! Gittin' cold feet — eh? 'Feered o' the missus! An' yis'day y' was growlin' as loud ——"

"Shut up! Growlin's easy. But this buttin' into a woman's home with same 's a loaded pistol at her head ain't easy — for me — when I get right down t' it; and I'm goin' clean. How's that, boys?"

They followed him into the house, even Ben, emerging a few minutes later with wet hair and faces shiny from soap and water, clean-shirted — and sheepishly, for the most part. Like Dave, the old hands had memories of numerous kindnesses from both Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge; and, when it came to the scratch, they found they didn't have much heart for this performance. Too, they had a sneaking admiration for Big Ed's "softness" over his pretty wife. More than one had a sweetheart that he felt he should like to be able to humor sometime in much the same way. Ben, though, was wholly triumphant, leading the way from truck to house like a victorious chieftain.

Mrs. Ed, gowned daintily in white, met them at the dining-room door leading from the porch, welcoming each by name and with a smile, as though he were an especially invited and honored guest. Which should have made them happy, but, somehow, did not.

Digitized by Google

"'WE'RE AS GOOD AS PEGGY PATTEN,' SEZ I, 'AN' WE'LL BE TREATED LIKE THE FAM'LY, ER QUIT,' SEZ I"

It was a very handsome dining-room, papered in old blue and furnished with antique mahogany. The long table glistened with damask and silver and cut glass, fragrance permeating the air from a center-piece of roses.

Mrs. Ed took her place serenely at the foot of the table, and the husband — coming in apart from the men purposely on this particular day — took his at the head. As his gaze swept over the table, he started, stood still a moment, staring at it dazedly. He sat down, his lips pallid. He did not look at Peggy, and Peggy, watching him under veiled eyes, suddenly trembled. She had been waiting for his eyes to meet hers — had counted on it — and now — now ——

The others sidled to their places, fumbled awkwardly with the yard-square napkins, that seemed never to get through unfolding, looked at the table curiously, searchingly, and Ben angrily. Where in thunderation was the grub? Did she expect them to eat silver and glass and roses?

But the door leading from the pantry opened and an appetizing odor wafted in — also the cook, garbed in immaculate white, her impassive face as awesome as the silver tray she carried. In silence, a deadly, paralyzing silence, each received a two-handled frail china cup and saucer, set on a plate! What in the devil! Who in thunder could drink this sick-looking coffee, anyhow? And where was the sugar and the cream?

But — criminy crickets! there were pieces of vegetables in the bottom of the cup. And here were little toasted pieces of bread being passed. Was this the kid's grub?

But no; for Mr. and Mrs. Ed were partaking of it calmly by spoonfuls. Dazedly, not knowing whether this was a laughing or "cussing" matter, they followed suit as best they could. Only Ben, who swallowed his at a gulp and cried loudly:

"Fer a sample that wa'n't so bad. Now I'll have a bowlful, if you'll call that gal. Er, if you're *all* out of bowls, then a soup-plateful."

An angry red leaped to the cheeks of the man of the house; but the mistress rang the bell and calmly ordered:

"A serving of soup, Annie, for Mr. Lake — at the right of Mr. Trowbridge."

"A bowlful," supplemented Ben gruffly.

"I'm afraid you'll have to take it like the family, Ben," said Mrs. Ed courteously. "That was your agreement with Mr. Trowbridge, and mine with Annie."

Digitized by Google

Little sniggering sounds came from several quarters, and Dave had a sudden spasm of coughing. Ben gulped down his second cup of soup in silence, but there was a tigerish glare in his eyes. And in Trowbridge's was a look of despair to touch a stone to pity. He knew now the meaning of Peggy's enigmatical surrender. With a Herculean effort, he choked back his increasingly rising wrath against the pretty culprit and directed his thoughts to the pressing matter of just where he should now turn for "hands." Meanwhile the clearing away of soup-cups and the brushing away of crumbs went deftly on, Peggy complacently conversing with one and then another. No one said much in answer — a monosyllabic "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," "Guess so," "All right," uttered in half-voice. Conversation in its place was all right — yes; but where was the dinner?

But, as all things come to him who waits — long enough, so did the dinner, or so it seemed. A large platter of roast beef was placed before the silent host. He carved it skilfully and expeditiously, and Annie moved nimbly with the plates back and forth; but it was some time before all were served to meat. And there was no bread, no gravy, no potato. What in the name of ——

Their meat disappeared before the potatoes arrived, mashed beautifully in cream, and served in a beautifully shaped dish, and presented most politely at the side of each on a silver tray for him to serve himself. But — "No, ma'am," "No," "No, thanky, ma'am," "Don't eat 'em," "Not any fer me" — came in mumbles.

"Fer how in thunder c'd a feller turn hisself round an' dip out a helpin' under the dead-fish eyes of a stone gal without spillin' it all over an' makin' a fool of hisself?" summed up Hank, afterward.

The spinach, similarly served, met the same cold reception. A few, in hungry desperation, took bread and spread it thick with butter and managed to down it. But Mr. and Mrs. Ed were the only ones who had the full complement of the meat course.

Some further clearing away of dishes and further brushing away of crumbs. Then something more, at last! — and set down before each place without any foolery. Yes; but ——

"Fergot t' cook yer dessert," sneered Ben, feeling himself on sure ground here.

"That's Waldorf salad, Ben," said Mrs. Ed, graciously informative. "You will like it, I know — it's Ed's favorite. It goes nicely with a simple dinner, and a simple dinner was all that Annie had time for to-day. I hope to get an extra girl from Buffalo to-morrow."

Ben pushed it from him. "I'll take my dessert *now*, if there *is* dessert," he snorted.

"Ed takes what I give him and when I give, Ben," returned Mrs. Ed quietly. "Isn't that so, Ed?" — laughing archly at her husband; but in her voice was the pleading call of a bird to her mate.

A taut silence fell.

All had noted Big Ed's grimness, and Ben had traded on it, and continued to trade.

"*I* won't," he asserted, cocking his head like a bantam.

"I reckon y' will." It was the husband who spoke — quietly, but with an authoritative note all had heard before and knew was not to be disputed. "I eat what my wife sets before me, and I'm thinking the rest of you'll do the same."

The salad was eaten in silence — for a hungry man must eat, even if the food is "raw"; but it was a sickly silence. Even strawberry shortcake could not lift the gloom. No one had courage to ask for coffee, not even Ben, and all had despaired of seeing it, when it came — served *demi-tasse*.

With a muttered exclamation, Ben pushed his chair noisily back and stalked from the room. The others drank the black coffee at a mouthful, unsweetened, or left it standing — all but Trowbridge, who stirred a lump of sugar in his with astonishing nonchalance. Then, without looking at his wife, he went directly to the barn; and the others, by a common impulse, made their way after Ben to the Duggan house.

"How now, Dave?" he greeted. "Goin' t' swaller this insult 'long with the rest? She'll make durn fools of us, will she? Will she?"

"I knew Mrs. Ed had been gettin' awful tony," chortled Dave. "But I didn't know all the ins of it till now. Big Ed thinks she's the cutest thing ever happened, an' they say he falls in with 'most everything she does, as much for the fun of it as anything else. But, criminy crickets! how a grown man c'n keep his face straight an' stir sugar round in a play-cup with a toy spoon gets me! Just t' see Big Ed ——"

"Big Ed!" gasped Ben. "Y' ain't tellin' me *Big Ed* drunk coffee out'n that baby's play-cup! Well, after this insult ——"

"Cheese it!" grinned Dave. "We ain't been insulted. We've been treated like the family, an' we don't like it, that's all. I wouldn't set through that kind of meal again for all Big Ed has. But I don't have to. Here we have good grub an' plenty of it, an' right 'fore us, so's we c'n help ourselves as often as we want to — an' men's-size dishes and spoons. I'm goin' t' get the truck an' go t' work."

When he returned the rest piled in, as good-natured a set of men as one could find, laughing,

Digitized by Google

"IN SILENCE, A DEADLY, PARALYZING SILENCE, EACH RECEIVED A TWO-HANDLED FRAIL CHINA CUP AND SAUCER. WHO IN THUNDER COULD DRINK THIS SICK-LOOKING COFFEE?"

Digitized by Google

chortling, slapping their thighs — all except Ben, and he was covering defeat with boasting.

"I showed her. I made her open up her swell house, all right, all right. I made her knuckle down, I did. Takes Ben Lake!"

Trowbridge carried Dave's news at once to his wife.

"Of course, Peggy," he concluded, "I'm glad they're staying on our terms; only — they *might* not have. You know a dinner in courses is no way t' feed a crowd of hands, and that I didn't understand that *that* was the way you was t' do it. You're so mightily pleased with being stylish that I grin and bear it. But, by George! passin' out those little dinky cups to Ben and Hank! Pet, I swear I don't know what t' do with you sometimes."

She had listened with dimpling smile and eyes dancing mischievously; but at his last words she caught his hand and gave it a squeeze.

"You big, darling, silly Ed! You really believe I took a chance, ran the risk of leaving ourselves high and dry for help in harvest time, don't you?"

"Well?"

She gazed up at him with tender quizzing.

"I knew there was some way out of it. My first thought was to talk the matter over frankly with Dave; I felt that he and the old hands would act decent when they really understood. But when you said that they were making their stand on being treated like the family — why, *then!*" She laughed, a rippling peal of mirth. "And the only way to convince 'em that they didn't want to be treated like the family was to treat 'em like the family. As for the little cups — why, I wanted to be sure Ben was treated just right, and added a company touch for good measure. I knew how it would end, so I just sat back and enjoyed it — almost; I couldn't quite, for I was feeling so sorry for you."

He took her chin in the palm of his hand and upturned the piquant face and gazed at it — curiously.

"Now tell me how a little girl like you knew all this."

"How?" Her eyes opened wide, became dreamy with thought. "*How?* Why — I — I just *knew*."

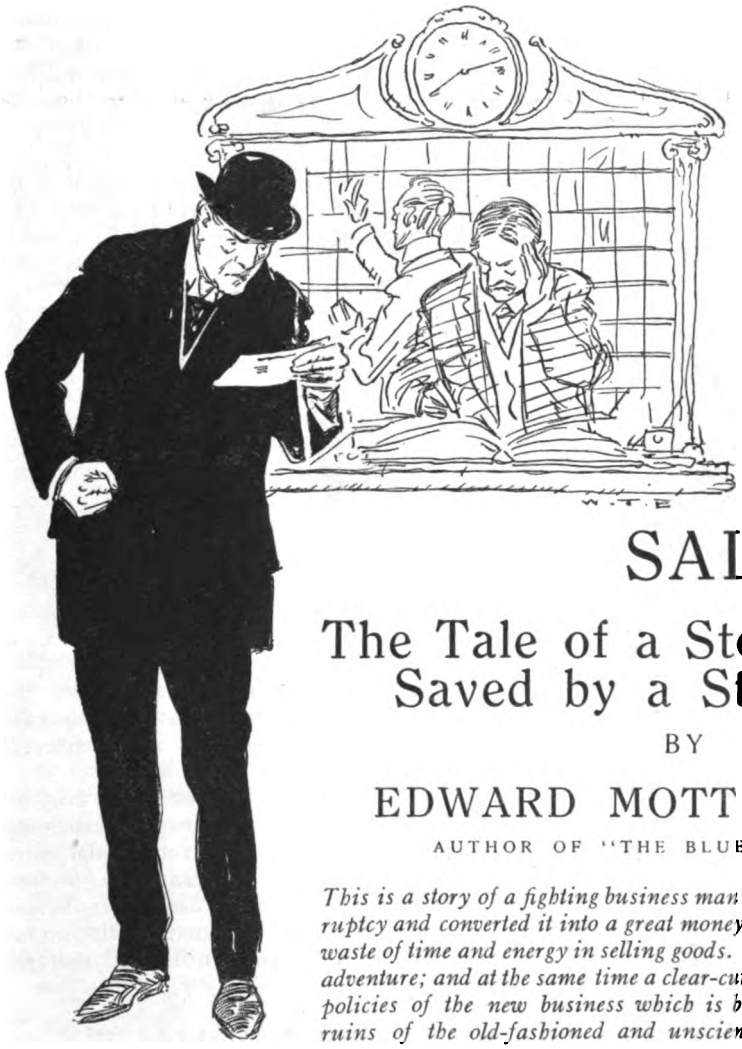
A third story by Mrs. Thompson, "Peggy and the Swami," will appear in the January McCLURE'S *— out December 23d*

PRAIRIE SPRING

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

EVENING and the flat land,
Rich and somber and always silent;
The miles of fresh-plowed soil,
Heavy and black, full of strength and harshness;
The growing wheat, the growing weeds,
The toiling horses, the tired men;
The long empty roads,
Sullen fires of sunset, fading,
The eternal, unresponsive sky.
Against all this, Youth,
Flaming like the wild roses,
Singing like the larks over the plowed fields,
Flashing like a star out of the twilight;
Youth with its insupportable sweetness,
Its fierce necessity,
Its sharp desire,
Singing and singing,
Out of the lips of silence,
Out of the earthy dusk.

Digitized by Google



A SHORT CUT TO SALVATION

The Tale of a Store that was Saved by a Stop-Watch

BY

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE STORE," ETC.

This is a story of a fighting business man who saved his store from bankruptcy and converted it into a great money-maker by stopping an insane waste of time and energy in selling goods. It is a narrative of commercial adventure; and at the same time a clear-cut outline of one of the essential policies of the new business which is being established to-day on the ruins of the old-fashioned and unscientific enterprises of yesterday.

RECEIVERSHIP unavoidable. Better call off financial plans and come home quick.

ORMSBY.

So ran the telegram. Across the face of the yellow envelop, in the bold chirography of the operator, was the instruction, "Rush Delivery"; and the ragged edge of the message blank showed that its recipient had received it in haste and opened it, perhaps, in some agitation.

To the man who had just received it at the counter of a Denver hotel it meant, apparently, retirement from business under the most distressing and humiliating of circumstances—bankruptcy. The brutal brevity of the message could not lead to any misconception. Besides, Hoyt Nightingale (whose real name and identity must be disguised in this chronicle) had been expecting it for days. But now, after he had scanned its fateful lines two or three times, he crushed the blank in his palm, strode across the lobby to the telegraph office window, and wrote, without hesitation:

Ormsby,
President Ormsby & Nightingale
Department-Store, North Blankville, Mass.

Fight receivership proceedings to the last ditch. We must not call off financial plans. I start for home on first train.

NIGHTINGALE.

To pack his traveling-bag, pay his hotel bill, and call a cab was the task of a few minutes only. The east-bound overland train was due to leave Denver in a quarter of an hour. Minutes were precious, for the fate of the Ormsby & Nightingale Company, clearly enough, rested on him.

Digitized by Google

"On one of the counters lay a huge heap of tangled garments, among which a score of intending purchasers were pawing"

It was late in the evening, and traffic was heavy. Every berth was taken; but this made little difference to Nightingale, who merely wanted a place to sit and think. So he found a seat in a Pullman smoking compartment, and smoked viciously. As he smoked he did some of the hardest thinking of his whole life. As he himself tells the story to-day, his thoughts never had run in so straight a course to such a definite goal. Great disasters may either crush a man or bring out the best that is in him.

As the train took him homeward, Nightingale mentally surveyed the career of the department-store business in which he was a partner. He had helped to found it five years before.

At that time he and Ormsby believed they had a splendid opportunity; and their hopes for a time had been justified. Beginning with a capital of $300,000, they had grown on the crest of a nation-wide prosperity wave. Two additional partners, McNaught and Hubbard, had been taken in for the sake of the capital they brought, and now the investment was double the original sum. The store had expanded with wonderful rapidity.

But the tidal wave was receding. Unexpected competition had developed, and then a panic. In brief, the Ormsby & Nightingale store was topheavy — overstocked, underfinanced. It was fast tumbling down the incline.

Yet the business was still solvent; there was no doubt of it. If the period of depression could be survived, the store could recoup itself. The possibilities were still there — Nightingale could see them more distinctly than ever. But without a large sum of money, available quickly, the establishment must go down, sacrifice all its years of upbuilding, and quit.

It was this situation that had sent Nightingale out to get cash. He possessed experience as a promoter of bona-fide commercial enterprises, and, through Western note brokers, he had placed enough of the firm's notes to stem the tide, he believed. Fortunately, his firm had a reputation in the mercantile field that was no small asset.

A Fight with Panic-Stricken Partners

But now, sitting there in the Pullman, Nightingale faced the most desperate crisis of his history. He had just sold the firm's promissory notes for a hundred thousand dollars; yet, thanks to the cowardice of Ormsby, the creditors might force an assignment to-morrow!

What then?

Well, for a time a vision of prison bars danced before Nightingale's sleepless eyes. Presently, however, he drove it away. He was not a swindler, but a man who had gone out in good faith to save a business that possessed splendid opportunities. He was not to blame because Ormsby had shown the white feather. Ormsby never had been much of a fighter; indeed, he would have given up the struggle weeks before except for Nightingale. So, too, would McNaught and Hubbard. Nightingale had carried all of them with every moral fiber of his tre-

Digitized by Google

mendous fighting ability; and now, at the crisis, he was carrying them still.

Taking the telegram from his pocket, he glanced through it again: "Receivership unavoidable." Yes, even with money assured for the battle, they wanted to quit!

Nightingale rang for the porter and ordered a pad of telegraph blanks. Then, holding it on his knee, he wrote another message and addressed it to Ormsby's house. It must reach him before the creditors got after him again:

Permit no action of any kind till I get home. Keep a stiff upper lip and fight. I have a plan that will save us.

This message he filed at the next station. Then he went back to his smoking compartment, and for hours he sat there, thinking. Dawn found him at last with his head bobbing down on his chest.

There was a stormy scene in Ormsby's private office when Nightingale arrived. Ormsby declared that to go on was quite impossible, even with the money at hand. It was not enough—not half enough! The pressure was no longer bearable. The big and powerful competing department-store across the street was devouring them, and to attempt to fight, with their limited capital, was madness. They had not yet touched the hundred thousand dollars Nightingale had borrowed; they must return it, Ormsby said, and hand over the store to the creditors. In this way, and this way only, could they hope to save something out of the wreck.

Nightingale was a man of forty-seven then—three years ago. To a casual observer he might have seemed younger, for he was smooth-shaven and not over-stout. Yet a close scrutiny would have shown the indubitable signs of battles that can scarcely come to men in the blush of youth. There were lines about his eyes, and a somewhat melancholy disillusionment in the eyes themselves. Around his mouth was a subtle expression that was half defiance, half kindliness. Nightingale had been fighting for thirty years; yet he had the charity of the man who knows the world well.

And now he answered Ormsby's plaint. "Let's forget our competitors," he said, "and look within our own business. That is where we will find the short cut to

"There was a stormy scene when Nightingale arrived. The money was not enough — not half enough!"

Digitized by Google

salvation. Come along down into the store with me."

They went. As they stepped out of the elevator on the main floor, the first section that confronted them was the stationery department.

"We might as well begin here as anywhere," said Nightingale, as he took out his watch. "Suppose we stand here a few minutes and find out how long it takes Miss Simms, over there at the commercial stationery, to serve a customer or two."

"These old salesmen were so accustomed to turning back rugs in this cumber- said one. 'They want

Presently, as the two partners stood conversing near the elevator shaft, a customer approached the saleswoman Nightingale had indicated. The man had in his hand a sample of typewriter paper which he wanted matched. Miss Simms took the sheet, examined it against the light, and then began a rather complicated procedure. She scrutinized dozens of boxes on the shelves, and then, getting a step-ladder, investigated a heap of goods on top of the fixtures. Next she explored the recesses under the counter. Having done this, she called to another saleswoman: "Oh, Miss Clarkson, have we any Library Bond, eight and a half by eleven?"

Miss Clarkson was serving a customer at another counter, and half a dozen people were waiting, with more or less impatience, to spend their money. Nevertheless, she left her place and came over to help Miss Simms locate the goods she was trying to find. Together the two saleswomen ransacked the shelves again.

"We seem to be out of Library Bond," observed Miss Clarkson at length, as she returned to her counter.

"We seem to be out," echoed Miss Simms to the customer, who was beginning to show irritation. "But if you'll wait here a minute," she added, "I'll find out for sure."

"I'm in a hurry," said the customer. "How long will it take?"

"Only a minute," assured the saleswoman, and vanished.

It was four minutes and a half before she came back. "I'm sorry," she said, "but we really seem to be out. If you wish, I'll take your order, and we'll send you the Library Bond."

"No, you needn't trouble yourself!" The customer's tone was curt. "I'll get the paper somewhere else."

As he turned to go, Nightingale snapped his watch shut. "Thirteen minutes and forty seconds!" he said. "Thirteen minutes and forty seconds, Ormsby, and 'no sale' at that. Now how much time do you suppose this girl really needed? How long should it have taken her to tell the customer we were out of Library Bond?"

"I don't know," confessed Ormsby.

"Nor I," acknowledged Nightingale; "but I mean to find out. And, furthermore, I mean to learn just why we are out of Library Bond. I tell you, Ormsby, it is this sort of thing that has brought us down to the brink of a receivership. It is bad enough for a clerk to spend thirteen minutes of our time in this wasteful fashion, and for a second clerk to spend three minutes helping along the waste; but it is even worse to advertise for customers, and get them here, and then let them walk out with their money still in their pockets! Without a shadow of doubt, that last customer of ours is over across the street now, turning over his cash to our competitors. Yes, I've been thinking of this thing — I've had two days to think, Ormsby; and now I tell you, once for all, that our troubles lie deep down in our own management, and not in outside conditions. I repeat

Digitized by Google

some fashion that they fought innovation. 'Customers won't stand for it,' to see rugs on the floor'"

what I said a few minutes ago: If we get out of this fix, we'll have to do it through a thousand short cuts in our store."

After several days spent in experiment and investigation, Nightingale came to Ormsby's desk.

"Miss Simms should have consumed only three quarters of a minute," he said, "in the procedure we timed the other day. She actually consumed nineteen hundred per cent more selling time than she needed. Then, the three minutes contributed by Miss Clarkson were absolute waste. Of course, if our customers never crowded us, it wouldn't matter how much time a clerk spent on a selling procedure. But we are often congested in the store — you know that yourself. We spend our money to get people in here with their cash, and then, because the machinery of our establishment moves so mortally slow, a lot of them go out in disgust. Their own time is valuable, and they can't wait for our funereal pace! That's the whole trouble with us — we are losing thousands of dollars a year through lost motions."

"Well," returned Ormsby, leaning back in his chair, "suppose we grant that what you say is true. How can we help it? Scientific management may be all right in a factory, but what can we do with it in a mercantile business? In our line, lost motions are part of the game."

"We can do something," returned Nightingale; "we can, and we must. If the recovery of lost motion can help a factory, it can help us. When you dissect the activities of men, Ormsby, you will perceive the same elemental procedures all through. Every store is a factory, every factory a store. I am convinced that efficiency is not mortgaged to the manufacturing business. The Ormsby & Nightingale Company is entitled to a share of it."

Nightingale now stood on the threshold of a most wonderful opportunity, yet not more wonderful than the opportunity open to-day for other men who stand where Nightingale stood then. This bit of history has a message for all men in business, whether merchants or manufacturers. Nightingale was right. Efficiency, although more or less an engineering science, is for men who sell goods as well as for those who make them. This great truth has been slow to permeate the rank and file of commercial activity. The corner grocery, the furniture shop, and the dry-goods store may find in Nightingale's subsequent record the clue and the impetus they have vainly sought, perhaps, in pure salesmanship alone.

Salesmanship, true enough, is a mighty factor in business success. The first article of this series, "The Blue Store," was a lesson in the potency of a persistent and original selling campaign. The second article, "The Great Chance," was also a lesson in selling — selling under radically different conditions. But all the problems of business are not those of salesmanship. The art of selling is often looked upon in the light of a personal attribute, while in reality there is another factor fully as important. The engineering of selling, when united with personal salesmanship, is the wheel-horse that makes a business go ahead of competitors.

Speeding Up Toby

Nightingale took his opportunity. He retained the money he had secured through the note brokers, and applied it to the pressing obligations of the firm. He was grimly silent when Ormsby warned him of the danger the concern

Digitized by Google

was risking. Yes, he knew that a hundred thousand dollars obtained under false pretenses would mean certain ruin and everlasting disgrace! The responsibility was no light one, he admitted — but he had not raised the money under false pretense! It was no gamble he was undertaking — it was an engineering proposition pure and simple. The arguments he used were based on the cold logic of the production engineer, not on the roseate pigments of the boomer. With Miss Simms and Miss Clarkson as types, Nightingale demonstrated by analogy that fifty per cent of the store's energy was wasted. He proposed to redeem half or three quarters of the waste, and thus make the business profitable. Mathematics would pay off the hundred-thousand-dollar loan. On this Nightingale staked his future, and to the task he dedicated the next three years of his life.

In order to get a concrete understanding of what Nightingale really did, imagine yourself before a motion-picture canvas showing interior views of the Ormsby & Nightingale store. Out of thousands of available films, select a few that are typical.

Glance first at a clerk named James Toby, in the grocery department. For several years he had sold sugar, coffee, rice, and similar products, scooping the goods out of their bins, and then weighing, wrapping, and delivering the parcels to counter customers.

Nightingale stood one day and held a decimal stop-watch over Toby. The clerk's movements were analyzed and recorded on a specially prepared blank. In scooping up and weighing five pounds of coffee, and in the procedure of grinding and transferring the product to a paper sack, he consumed four and six tenths minutes. Apparently, he wasted no time, but exhibited a most cheerful air of bustling activity. From the viewpoint of the every-day observer he was highly efficient.

Indeed, Toby himself had the same opinion. "I've been slaving myself to death for you, Mr. Nightingale," he asserted, with a wound in his voice, "but if you're not satisfied I might as well hunt another job. I never believe in hanging on till I'm fired."

And Toby reached for his coat.

"Hold on!" said Nightingale. "Don't quit just yet. I'm merely trying to increase your earning capacity — and the store's profits at the same time. Don't get huffy, and we'll both make good."

Nightingale's engineering record of Toby's movements showed that he made nine trips between the coffee-container and the scales during this one selling procedure. Then he circled the coffee-mill twice, and accidentally knocked over a stack of paper sacks while getting the one bag he needed. It required considerable energy to gather them up and restore them. And while he was doing these things a dozen customers were waiting at his counter to be served. It was the rush hour that always came in the late afternoon.

Nobody had ever timed Toby before. Nobody knew how many minutes he really needed to sell five pounds of coffee and get the customer away from the counter to make room for another. Nobody had ever figured out the actual value to the store of that counter — considered in the light of a machine tool in a factory.

But Nightingale experimented until he found out. Having enlisted the willing coöperation of Toby himself, they worked the proposition into detailed figures. Toby played customer during slack hours, and Nightingale took the star rôle of salesman. It wasn't a question of hurrying — merely a matter of clipping off the unnecessary movements.

By having a better variety of scoops, it was found that most of the time consumed in walking could be avoided. Then a study was made of the receptacle that held the coffee. It was an old-fashioned contrivance that was inconveniently shaped, and it was placed too far back under the shelves; a large percentage of time was lost in getting coffee out of it. Furthermore, the coffee-mill was far below the necessary capacity, and of a make that had long since been improved. It had been bought because it was cheap in price. In reality, it had lost the store thousands of times the price of a good machine.

Then Toby suggested a different style of rack to hold the paper sacks, so there would be no danger of their falling out on the floor, as they had done countless times. He proposed, too, that a different make of scales be provided, and a better grade of twine — and other things as well.

Well, when these things had been done, Toby was willing, in view of an addition to his wages, to undertake the selling of five pounds of coffee in two and eight tenths minutes — and keep up the gait as long as the crowd of customers lasted. The spirit of the thing had taken hold of Toby as well as of Nightingale. Besides, it was no longer guess-work; they both knew how easily the thing could be done.

Thus, by a simple dissection and a primitive application of scientific management, this clerk's efficiency was increased about a hundred per cent. To do it required no great genius or technical skill — merely study and patience, and a definite purpose.

Of itself, the speeding up of Clerk Toby was insignificant. But there were a score of Tobys

Digitized by Google

"Half a dozen people were waiting, with more or less impatience, to spend their money, while the two saleswomen ransacked the shelves. 'We seem to be out of Library Bond,' observed Miss Clarkson at length"

in the grocery department, each of whom had been doing his or her selling without analytical direction. The sales in this department had not been much over five thousand dollars a year per employee.

When Nightingale finished his time studies and effected the necessary changes and rearrangement of equipment, the various "machine tools" of the grocery department had been speeded up three hundred per cent. Just the moment you begin to look at the counters and shelves and contrivances of a store in the light of tools rather than mere dead fixtures, you open up for yourself new and unbelievable paths to profit. The engineering of selling is a new profession, with extraordinary potentialities. And the best of it is that the little store may use it as well as the big one.

Smashing Up a Counter

Downstairs into the underwear went Nightingale, with his stop-watch and analysis blanks. The season was autumn, and people were crowding fast upon these counters. On one of them lay a huge heap of tangled garments, among which a score of intending purchasers were pawing. Some of them wanted size 36, some 38,

Digitized by Google

some 40. It had been the practice at Ormsby & Nightingale's store to let customers who wanted cheap underwear paw them out of a conglomerate mass, assisted by clerks who pawed vigorously along with the customers. Not only was this true as to underwear, but as to white goods, "under-price" dresses, hosiery, and so on.

If this underwear counter had been a planer or boring-mill in a factory, instead of a mere piece of store equipment, the factory manager would have known a good many things about it. For instance, he would have known the number of hours it worked, the overhead to be charged against it per hour, and what its legitimate ratio should be to the sum total of equipment and operating charges. He would have been obliged to know these things in order to tell whether the machine paid him a profit or piled up a loss.

But, since it was merely a counter in a store, nobody had cared about its ratios or charges. Nobody had ever ascertained whether it was operating at a profit or at a loss. Nor had it ever occurred to the owners of this store that the selling speed of the cheap underwear counter might be increased on the same principle followed by a factory in speeding up the output of a machine.

When Nightingale really went after that counter, he said to the janitor of the store. "Drag it out into the court and smash it up into kindling-wood. Get rid of it in any way. It has cost us, in the last five years, enough to buy carloads of fixtures!"

The janitor and his assistant obeyed reluctantly, wondering if their employer had gone mad. In reality, Nightingale was just coming into sanity.

A new counter was built to order, with high dividing partitions for the different sizes of underwear. Then, when it was installed and put into service in a special sale, a low-salaried clerk was detailed for the express duty of continually examining the stacks of goods on it, sorting out misplaced garments, and restoring them to their respective compartments.

The counter was now a tool of efficiency. The crowds came, made their purchases quickly, and went away, leaving their cash. In former days a large percentage of them had gone away without leaving money. Men and women with cash in their pockets are free agents. When there are competing stores convenient, they do not always choose to fight their way through disorganized and struggling crowds in order to dispose of their hard-earned dollars.

When Nightingale was through with the cheap underwear counter, its selling capacity had gone up a thousand per cent! In a rush period it could take care of ten times as many customers as formerly.

One day when Nightingale stood with his stop-watch in the fancy goods department, he saw a saleswoman getting out a lot of children's fans to show a customer. Then, when she had completed the sale, she returned the stock to its place on the shelves. The whole procedure had occupied twenty-three minutes, while the sale had amounted to only $1.25. And meanwhile a dozen other potential customers had come along, paused, waited for a saleswoman, and gone away.

"Miss Munson," said Nightingale, addressing the clerk, "why don't you keep more of your stock in sight, where customers can see it and make their selections without monopolizing so much of your time? Don't you see that other customers are getting away from us?"

"There isn't any room for displaying it," returned the saleswoman, piqued. "Besides, Mr. Nightingale, we need more clerks. I can't possibly wait on the people. They come here and go away again continually without buying. I'm sure it would pay the store to put in two or three additional girls at this counter."

But Nightingale was not looking for opportunities to add to the selling force. It is always easy to do that. On the contrary, he proposed to find ways whereby the existing sales organization could handle two or three times the present volume of business.

In a short time a set of racks was provided, designed by Nightingale's assistant, on which were hung samples of all the fans in stock. Every fan was marked in plain figures, so that customers could examine and handle the goods without attention from clerks. This rack, placed on the show-case, not only lessened the selling time, but caught the attention of many customers who would have gone past without a thought of a fan.

In such ways as this, Miss Munson's efficiency was more than doubled, as shown during the next few months by her records of sales. Of course, she, too, was put on the premium system — which was installed as fast as possible in all departments. It is folly to attempt efficiency work without offering an incentive. It is also folly to expect employees to choose the best and most efficient methods of doing things, or to work out plans for efficient equipment, unless they are given the impulse and the unceasing direction.

A Profitable Piece of Folderol

On another occasion, Nightingale made a critical study of the selling time in the depart-

Digitized by Google

ment that sold carpets and rugs. Here he discovered not only lost motion, but very heavy waste of valuable space. A time study of two clerks, Schuette and Merritt, showed that the mechanical motions connected with the sale of a given rug were nine tenths utter waste. This was due to the fact that the rugs were stacked in a pile, and had to be turned back, one at a time, for the inspection of the customer. Then they had to be re-turned, and the whole procedure gone over again.

Now, Schuette and Merritt were old rug salesmen. They were so accustomed to turning back rugs in this cumbersome fashion that they fought innovation.

"You never can display rugs on hangers," insisted Schuette, when Nightingale made plans to install such devices. "That sort of thing is all folderol. Customers won't stand for it, sir. They want to see rugs on the floor."

But in efficiency work no tradition is sacred; and a rug department that was losing money was no longer sacred with Nightingale.

"If it's folderol to make this department pay us a profit, and a reasonable one," he told Schuette, "then we'll abolish carpets and rugs altogether. And I'll tell you one thing, young man: if you don't feel like helping us earn the profit, you'll be out of a job from sheer force of gravity. We are going to let all our unprofitable workers sink of their own weight. Hereafter we mean to know how much each department and each clerk in this store returns us in net cash."

The improved equipment reduced the selling time in the carpet and rug department more than seventy-five per cent, while a third of the space was made available for upholstery goods. Schuette and Merritt became reasonably efficient, instead of a burden to the business.

Up on the fourth floor was a sub-department about which nothing tangible had ever been known, so far as profits were concerned. This was the picture-frames. It was typical, too, of many other sub-departments in the store.

In this section one clerk, named Jansen, was employed exclusively; but other clerks helped out at times. Then, up in the work-rooms, the actual framing was done. When Nightingale set out to analyze procedures in this branch of the store's activities, he discovered a most difficult problem, relatively small though it was.

The Department that Lost $12,000

Picture-frames are made up of innumerable pieces, of confusing sizes and shapes. Many a manufacturer of these goods has found himself engulfed in a sea of waste motion, without knowing what ailed him. In the Ormsby & Nightingale store this identical situation was

"Toby exhibited a most cheerful air of bustling activity; yet in selling five pounds of coffee he made nine trips between the coffee-container and the scales, circled the coffee-mill twice, and accidentally knocked over a stack of paper sacks"

Digitized by Google

found to exist, although Jansen and the workers upstairs declared with indignation that they had always worked faithfully. It was plain to Nightingale, after he had looked into the matter superficially, that expert assistance must be had. He called in a specialist, who installed a hard-and-fast system of picture-frame accounting. Then it was found that this sub-department had been operated at a total estimated loss of more than twelve thousand dollars.

For several years Ormsby & Nightingale had been working for Jansen, under the delusion that he was working for them.

In the trunk department, a quarter of the floor-space was saved by the invention of display frames. Nightingale had learned that a little ingenuity in devising equipment, and a far-sighted policy of capitalizing such ingenuity, often pulled a losing line of goods across the border into the land of profit. With trunks and satchels occupying it exclusively, this area of floor-space had consumed more than its legitimate proportion of rent, heat, light, insurance, and general upkeep. Its "overhead" expenses had drained the department of whatever net earnings it might otherwise have made. This factor of "overhead" is one of the most subtle causes of failure in business. It is a question of mathematics, pure and simple; but because many men are not good at figures they can't keep ahead of the sheriff.

Down in the delivery department an almost incredible waste was uncovered. A time study of Pat McQuirk, a laborer, showed that in shoving a hand-truck about the receiving and shipping rooms he habitually duplicated his motions eight or ten times. Nightingale observed him, one-day, in the act of trucking some packing-cases. His path was obstructed by boxes, crates, and heaps of goods, and a dozen times he was halted and found detours necessary. Again Nightingale asked: How much time should this procedure have taken if done the best way?

When the best way was established, and a uniform practice installed, it was found that Pat's efficiency had gone up five hundred per cent. He could do six times the work he had been doing, without undue strain.

In the loading and unloading of wagons, an analysis of movements eliminated several series of rehandlings and cut out waste motion that was translatable into sixty dollars a week. You can't buy men's services for nothing. In one way or another, you pay for every motion. But the greatest of all the waste in the delivery department was found to be out on the wagon routes. Inefficient grouping of the goods in the vehicles necessitated long stops at the houses of customers, and added an unnecessary item of fifteen per cent delivery time. Inefficient routing and lack of a schedule added twenty per cent. Carelessness and incompetency in the store and on the wagons added still another percentage. All these items meant more horses and wagons and automobiles than were really needed. These meant expense.

Nightingale cut the number of vehicles from forty to twenty-six.

Some Expensive Pedestrianism

In the course of time, attention was given to office efficiency. It was found that Jimmy Hartwell, a filing clerk, traveled six miles a day, on an average, in his filing procedures. Jimmy had never been told that by grouping his operations in a certain way he might cut out three miles of traveling. Three miles a day for a year of three hundred working days meant nine hundred miles that Jimmy walked needlessly. The Ormsby & Nightingale Company paid for these nine hundred miles.

There were other filing clerks besides Jimmy Hartwell, and all of them were running up these insidious walking bills. The walking part of it, however, was not the biggest waste Nightingale discovered in the filing-room. The fixtures and cabinets and layout, when dissected, revealed the fact that the procedures of this room, as a whole, involved four times the human energy really necessary to handle the work.

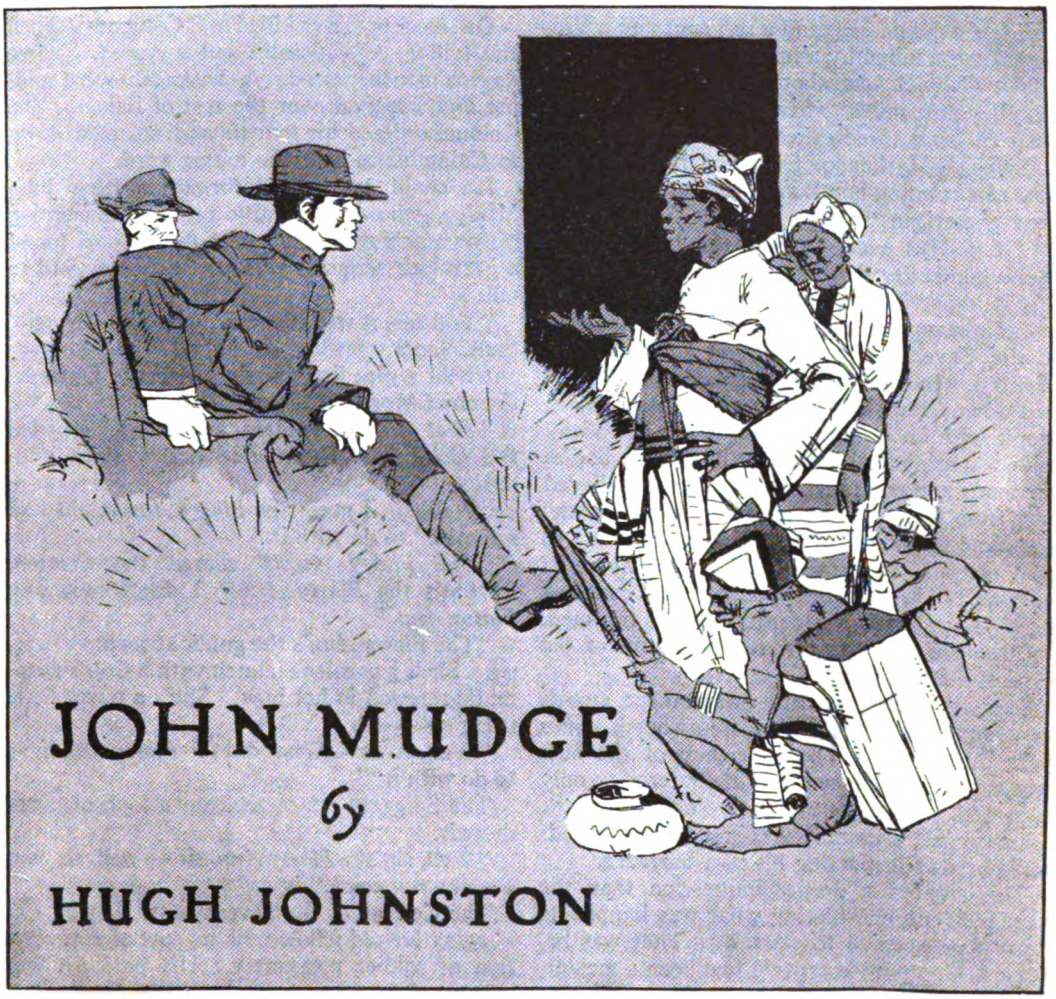
A boy had been employed to open the mail and to sort and distribute the letters. Nobody had ever shown him that he might increase his efficiency sixty per cent by following a routine of motions that grouped allied operations, such as opening all letters first, removing the contents next, and so on.

It is these small efficiencies that enable a minimum force of workers to accomplish large results easily, and it is the lack of them that overloads business with a burden that buries it.

Well, this motion picture of three years' activities might be made vastly more expansive, but perhaps enough types have been given in these fleeting films from Ormsby & Nightingale's history. The store to-day is bigger than ever, amazingly prosperous, and out of debt. It was not a selling campaign that saved the business. A million detailed acts of management redeemed it.

Nightingale's experience is typical. No other business man can copy it exactly; he has the individual problems of his own business. But efficiency he must have to keep in the race to-day, and in store management efficiency grows more and more a prime essential of a business which is to survive in modern competition.

Digitized by Google



The Story of a Mad Gunboat

IT was at the beginning of the government's first attempt to open the Moro country, and the regiment was serving at Lakao. None of us knew anything of Moros, save that they were Mohammedans and that they had a reputation for fighting; they had kept the Spaniards out of their country, and its pacification by a Christian race was considered impossible. We were scattered in single companies at the coast towns like a big necklace strung about the island of Lakao. We were regarded with chilly suspicion by the natives, and after three months' service we were no further forward with our real work than when we came. But there had been no fighting.

One day the killing of C Company began at Calambit. It was our first experience with that gentle creature, the Mohammedan *juramentado.*

An *juramentado* is a fanatic who has sworn to die killing Christians. He begins by so mutilating himself that he will live only eight or ten days at the utmost, anyway. Having thus effectively burned his bridges, he shaves his eyebrows, sharpens his *kampilan,* and — runs amok.

The first report from C Company said that three soldiers had been killed by a crazy native in the market-place at Calambit. There was nothing to do but read the burial service, fire three volleys, and regret the occurrence.

This was duly done.

Next week there came a report that two men had been killed and five badly injured by a crazy man at Calambit. The Colonel ramped about his office, and wrote a very sarcastic letter to the commander of C Company. A moment's reflection will make clear that this was all the Colonel *could* do.

Digitized by Google

A few days passed, and a sergeant and a lieutenant were killed by a lunatic at Calambit.

The Colonel was about to relieve C Company's commander, when three other reports came in from three other pearls of the Lakao necklace,— Markenao, Islit, and Betil,— *juramentados* running amok at each place and nine good American soldiers dead. Within the next ten days every one of the twelve companies had suffered.

It is impossible to describe the effect of this sporadic slaughter upon the minds of the men of the Seventy-fifth Regiment of American infantry. In every case the *juramentado* was shot down; but shooting weazened little brown people with *kampilans* in their hands in no way helped to bring life back to the hacked-up bodies of friends and comrades, and in no way relieved men from the uncanny apprehension that, the *next* time they walked out of their quarters to take the air, they might be carried home in sections. The terrible menace, the constant dread, the ghastly incidents, told on the men, and the life and spirit were ebbing out of the Seventy-fifth Regiment.

Every possible precaution was taken: guards were doubled, priests were imprisoned, *dattos* were threatened. The frequency of the outbreaks was diminished, but their ferocity only increased. Then, one day, the captain of the company at Calambit was cut to red shreds while he was inspecting his own barracks.

This created a deeper impression than the mere incident, considering what was happening every day, seemed to warrant. That was because C Company's captain had been a masterful, two-fisted man, and the first suggestion to the mind of every one was that the doom of the whole company was sounded with his death — for it left the company in sole charge and command of Second Lieutenant John Mudge.

John Mudge had begun his steady rise, at the age of sixteen, as an army teamster. He had gone with the wagon-train on the White Mountain campaign of 1894. At that time he could neither read nor write. He had to sleep under a tarpaulin with his wagon, and he noticed that the officers had tents. He asked the trainmaster a question concerning this, and was jeeringly informed. He did *not* complain of the inequality.

"*I'm* goin' to be one uv them there officers," he announced. Five years afterward he was.

Now, John Mudge was not considered an acquisition by the Seventy-fifth. He was inexperienced, he was callow, he was crude. Had there been an officer available, he would have been sent to relieve Mudge. There was none; but a strange thing happened.

One more man was killed in C Company. Then the killing, at Calambit only, ceased. Three days, a month, passed. *Juramentados* were holding high carnival over the rest of Lakao. The Colonel ordered his launch and steamed down to Calambit to hear the magic word.

He could get little information from John Mudge, who is naturally reticent concerning his own achievements. But the Colonel found a garrulous sergeant who was only too glad to tell.

"You see, it was this way, Colonel — beggin' the Colonel's pardon, sir, an' all. The Lootenant held a nice little session with the Datto — the chief Moro of Calambit ——"

"*That* doesn't explain anything!" growled the Colonel. "Every one has sessions with dattos."

"Well, sir, I guess the *Flossy Ann* might had somethin' to do with it."

"The *Flossy Ann!*" roared the Colonel. "What's the *Flossy Ann?* I don't know any *Flossy Ann.*"

"The *Flossy Ann's* the gunboat we have here, sir. She's a gasolene launch with a Colt's automatic screwed in her bow. She's a purty little thing an'——"

"Well, go *on!* What did the *Flossy Ann* have to do with it?"

The Sergeant's face took on a look of bleak despair.

"Well, sir, the *Flossy Ann,* sir — well, sir, you see, she *ran amok.*"

The Colonel of the Seventy-fifth was an unimaginative old fellow with no sort of appreciation of soldier pleasantry. His patience was exhausted.

"Look here, Sergeant," he bellowed, "I get all the condensed humor I want from the States, in the comic papers ——"

"It was this way, sir. Soon's the Lootenant took command, he sent for Datto Denkil — the chief Moro of Calambit. The old feller's allus been as nice as peaches an' cream, an' he didn't lose no time, but just hot-footed it up here in full regalia — two umbrella-men, three fan-men, an' six wives. They come in a barge of state, an' they all trooped up to the Lootenant's quarters like Solomon going to the temple — beggin' your pardon, sir, an' all.

"The Lootenant didn't ramp an' roar aroun' like the Cap'n used to do. He had the shutters all pulled in his front room, so it was dark an' gloomy. He had about five hundred candles lighted in there, an' he was sittin' in a big chair, with two sentinels at each arm like halberdiers in a throne-room. They wasn't no chair for Denkil; he stood, you bet — that is — I mean — he stood.

Digitized by Google

"The Lootenant put up a front, as you might say, like a police-court judge. Oh, they was dog to *them* doin's. Neither of 'em said a word for five minutes. Then the Lootenant booms out — deep an' sudden:

"'Datto Denkil, is there peace between me and thee?'

"Old Denkil's eyes nigh bugged out of his head. But he cottoned to *that* line of talk like a fish to water.

"'There is peace,' says he.

"'I do not kill thy people — thou dost not kill mine?' asks the Lootenant. '*That* is peace.'

"'That is peace,' says the Datto — like replies an' answers in a Odd Fellers' lodge.

"'It is well,' says the Lootenant.

"They talked about other things in that same way, an' by 'n' by old Denkil parades off, steppin' higher 'n ever. Oh, he cottoned to that stuff; it was just *his line*.

"Two days after, a crowd of us soldiers went over to the market to buy some mangostines. I was standin' at a booth, jollyin' the girl behind it, an' Private Collins was with me. All of a sudden somebody gives a whoop, an' I turns around just in time to see a pockmarked Moro boy, that used to hang around quarters, a-comin' at Collins like the angel Gabriel after the devil. It was turrible. I don't know how long it took me to git my pistol out — too long — I was like a man in a trance. When I did git it out, it was too late for Collins. Sir, it was awful!

"We carried the boy home — all wet an' limp — an' I reported to the Lootenant.

"Sir, I knowed somethin' was goin' to *happen* the minute I seen the Lootenant. He was white at the gills with anger. He didn't say a word, nor ramp nor roar, nor send for the Datto, like the Captain used to. Some of the men thought he was bluffed. Not *me*, sir.

"He give orders for the mishandlin' of the *Flossy Ann*, our trim, white little gun-launch. We painted her black with green zebra strakes. She looked like a sailor's delirium tremens. Then we cleaned the Colt's rapid-fire an' stocked her with ammunition. Then the Lootenant put Corporal Clark in command of her. These was his orders:

"'You will proceed before daylight to a post of concealment from the Moro village, around Sorogon Point. You will observe the flag at my quarters. When it drops to half-staff, you will make all speed toward the beach off the market-place. At five hundred yards' distance you will open fire on the market-place. You will sustain this fire until the market is clear. You will then begin on the houses of the village. You will continue firing until the flag goes to full-staff.'

"Next day — very casual-like — the Lootenant sends for Denkil. All the same preparations was made as before, only they kept talkin' in that Bibly lingo for a long time. Then the Lootenant says, as though he had just thought of it:

"'Oh, yes, my friend, we have made peace, me and thee?'

"Datto Denkil's eyes sort of brightened, but his face never cracked.

"'We have made peace,' he says, 'thee and me.'

"'I do not kill thy people — thou dost not kill mine. *That* is peace?'

"'That is peace,' says Denkil, an' he didn't bat an eye.

"'But yesterday — I *think* it was yesterday — one of thy young men struck and killed — I *believe* he killed — a man of mine.'

"'O brother,' says this leathery old hypocrite, 'it is so. I keep faith. Thy people are not my people; thy God is not my God. With us, the hand of Allah touches a man. He is not longer a man, as thee and me. He sees red — nothing but red. He has sworn an oath. He can only kill, kill, kill!'

"'Ah — that is sad,' says the Lootenant.

"'Is it not sad?' says Datto Denkil. 'If that man lived, I would furnish redress. He is dead.'

"'And is there no way that such as he may be imprisoned before they kill?' asks the Lootenant, like he didn't have no special interest one way nor other.

"'Ah,' says Denkil, shakin' his head, 'the ways of Allah are unknowable. His finger touches when and where I know not. The man is *juramentado — juramentado — juramentado!* What can I do?'

"Denkil didn't know what the Lootenant had up his sleeve, an' he was gettin' a little excited, wavin' his hands around an' stickin' out his palms like a Johnny Crapaud. The Lootenant put him right back at ease.

"'Sad,' he says —'sad,' an' started talkin' of other things. He was waitin' till nine o'clock, sir, I think. The market's allus fullest at nine. By an' by Denkil goes back home. Purty soon I seen the Lootenant signal the orderly at the guard-house. The flag dropped down half-staff, an' 'way out around Sorogon Point I could see a little black somethin' come a-puffin' up the bay. Through the field-glasses I saw the *Flossy Ann*, an' she looked like a marine's nightmare.

"She was headed for the beach by the market. They's allus a bunch of dugouts an' sampans pulled up on the sand there, an' Moros putterin' around in the nets on the shoal. They saw the *Ann*, an' started to point. She looked like she was goin' to beach. They calls to one another,

Digitized by Google

an' by an' by everybody in the market was gawkin' at the crazy *Flossy Ann*, comin' straight for the white beach with a bone in her teeth. They didn't gawk long.

"The Colonel knows the Colt's automatic. She unlimbered at five hundred yards, an' you could see Clark raisin' her for the range — tearin' a splattery, spumy path through the water, like a man squirtin' a hose. I reckon the Moros thought the *Ann* was a new sea-monster heavin' out of the bay, till the Colt's begin to purr. They didn't then. That market looked like a ants' nest when somebody's kicked the hill. In twenty secon's they wasn't a Moro in sight. Then Clark started knockin' splinters from the houses. In five minutes here come ol' Denkil, sprintin' like a hotel watchman to a fire-alarm.

"They wasn't much ceremoney about that visit — on *his* part. The Lootenant put on more dog than ever. Denkil come bustin' in, wild-eyed.

"'Saynyor — Saynyor!' he yells. 'Your boat — it is killing my people!'

"'O brother,' says Lootenant, 'it is sweet to see you. Let us talk.'

"'But, Saynyor, your boat — each second it kills ——'

"'Is it not sad?' sighs the Lootenant.

"'But why — *why?* What have I done? What have my people done?'

"'They have done nothing. They are adorable. We have made peace.'

"'But, Saynyor — the boat — will you not cause it to cease?'

"All the while you could hear, through the window, the automatic on the *Flossy Ann*, purrin' an' growlin' an' bubblin' away like the steam-riveter on a steel buildin' frame.

"'Sad — sad,' says the Lootenant. 'Is it not sad?'

"'But, Saynyor — it is *your* boat.'

"'It was my boat,' sighs the Lootenant, like he'd lost his last friend.

"'But, Saynyor — your soldiers are in that boat. Cause them to cease.'

"'Ah, I can do nothing,' says the Lootenant, like he had all day to talk. 'Nothing — how it pains me! But the finger of Allah has touched my once beautiful boat. The *Ann* — my beautiful boat — is *juramentado*, O brother, and I can do nothing — nothing!'

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, an' all, Datto Denkil should have played poker. He's a sport, Colonel, sir. He knowed when his bluff was called an' he seen who held the aces. He come across like a little man. We ain't afraid at Calambit no more, sir. An' the Lootenant — he's a jool."

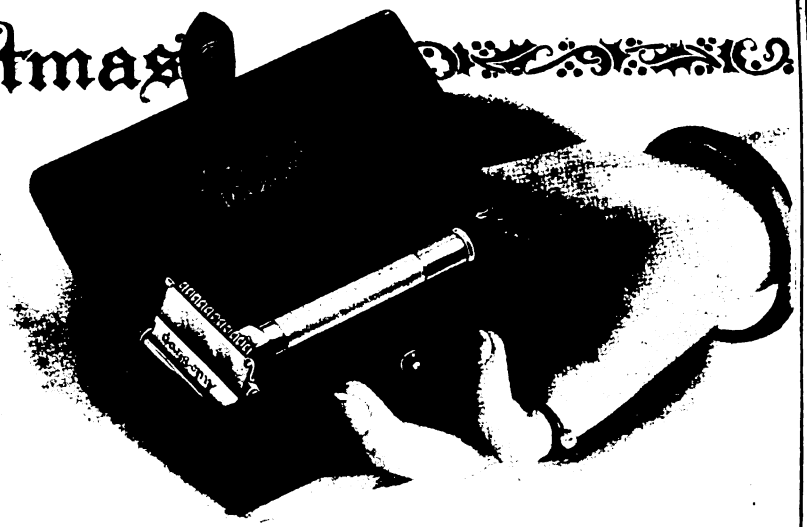
That was the same John Mudge of the Illongote country. Like the standing of Columbus' egg, his solution seems simple. It *was* simple, but it must be remembered that the Seventy-fifth, wnich prides itself on efficiency, a general's staff, and the War Department itself, for all I know, had cudgeled brains for a month without finding it.

They took Mudge away from Calambit when a lieutenant senior to him was available. Perhaps, if he had stayed, it would have been the Lakao Moros, and not the mountain Illongotes, astonishing the world and knocking preconceived development and brain-pan theories into ignominious cocked hats, for Datto Denkil wept and protested when Mudge left.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE *for January will contain an exclusive and authorized account, by Burton J. Hendrick, of the wonderful achievements of Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute. This is the young Frenchman who, at thirty-nine, has just been awarded the Nobel prize. His work is rapidly revolutionizing surgery and fundamentally changing scientific conceptions of the origin of life. As a medical student in Lyons, France, Dr. Carrel conceived the idea that the broken-down organs and tissues of human bodies could be repaired by substituting for them parts of the bodies of dead human beings or animals. The other day a surgeon in Paris took part of a human eye which he had kept in cold storage for several months and transplanted it to the diseased eye of his patient, thereby restoring his sight. He did this by using one of Dr. Carrel's discoveries. Dr. Carrel's studies have led him deeply into the fundamental problem of medical science — the origin of life. He has already demonstrated that the death of the individual animal cell is by no means inevitable — that under certain conditions it is immortal. Professor Schaefer, of London, who caused a sensation recently by expressing his belief that life would eventually be created by chemical processes in the laboratory, quoted Dr. Carrel's work as substantiating his contention. The first full and accurate description of these experiments will appear in* McCLURE'S *for January.*

Digitized by Google

Christmas



Give "Him" $75 for $5

IF "he" doesn't shave himself, his shaves cost him 15c each at the barber shop.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor costs $5. The package of 12 blades which comes with it is guaranteed to give 500 shaves. Therefore, if you give "him" an AutoStrop Safety Razor for Christmas you are giving "him" 500 shaves, which, at 15c each, are worth $75. And as you pay only $5 for the said 500 shaves, you are actually giving him $75 for $5.

Every package of 12 AutoStrop blades is not only guaranteed to give 500 shaves, but 500 *finest Head Barber shaves.* There isn't a Head Barber in the world who wouldn't guarantee to give you 500 Head Barber shaves from 12 of *his* blades, because his expert stropping not only sharpens the keenest edge possible, but keeps it sharp for scores of shaves.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor is a *mechanical Head Barber*, which makes everyone able to strop as expertly as the Head Barber, and as speedily and easily, because both stropping and shaving are done *without detaching blade.*

The AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of silver-plated, self-stropping razor, 12 blades, and strop in smart case, $5. Fancy combination gift sets, $6.50 to $25. Prices same in Canada and United States. Factories in both countries. Send for catalog.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 354 Fifth Ave., New York; Toronto, London

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS ITSELF ***STROPS ITSELF***

Digitized by Google

Globe-Wernicke
Sectional Bookcases

WHAT gift could be a finer compliment to the intelligence of the recipient than a carefully selected Globe-Wernicke Bookcase? That it can be added to, a unit at a time, as the library grows will be keenly appreciated by one of literary taste. In many homes it is a pleasant Holiday custom to present a sufficient number of Globe-Wernicke Bookcase sections to accommodate the new additions to the library.

Globe-Wernicke Bookcases are made in several different styles, the finishes being carefully selected and applied to produce those harmonizing colors in which the natural grain of the wood shows to the best advantage. Globe-Wernicke Bookcases are sold by 1500 authorized agencies. Where not represented, goods will be shipped on approval, freight prepaid.

"Booklovers' Shopping List"

This little book lists the works of great authors and gives their prices in sets. The list includes the low priced, popular sets as well as the de luxe editions. Every book buyer should have a copy. Sent free with the Globe-Wernicke catalog. Address Dept. M

The Globe-Wernicke Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Branch Stores: New York, 380-382 Broadway; Philadelphia, 1012-1014 Chestnut St.; Boston, 91-93 Federal St.; Chicago, 231-235 So. Wabash Ave.; Washington, 1218-1220 F St., N. W.; Cincinnati, 128-134 Fourth Ave., E.

Digitized by Google

The WEBER PIANOLA

PLAYER PIANO—$1,000

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT IN ITS FINAL PERFECTION—THE WEBER PIANO *WITH* A PIANOLA PLAYER OF THE LATEST MODEL · INCORPORATING ALL THOSE EXCLUSIVE PIANOLA FEATURES WHICH PUT THE RESOURCES OF THIS WONDERFUL WEBER AT YOUR COMMAND ·

THE ÆOLIAN COMPANY · ÆOLIAN HALL · NEW YORK

STEINWAY, STECK · STUYVESANT STROUD · WHEELOCK AND WEBER PIANOLA PIANOS

"THE PIANOLIST" *A BOOK BY GUSTAVE KOBBE IS FOR SALE AT ALL BOOK STORES —OR A COPY WILL BE SENT WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS IF YOU WILL ADDRESS DEPT. Y*

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE VATICAN — POPE PIUS X

Digitized by Google

Examine This Great Improvement at Our Expense

WRITE for a sample of Duofold Material—sent free on request—examine the double arrangement—*the soft inner fabric of cotton—the warm outer covering of wool*—practically two light-weight garments in one—laced together with wide stitches that leave space between the two fabrics through which the air circulates and keeps the garment fresh and dry—*there's nothing else like*

Improved

Duofold

Health Underwear

Guaranteed Satisfactory

If you will examine Duofold your intelligence will convince you of its great superiority. You will realize why it will keep you as warm as a thick woolen garment—why it is even more *comfortable* than a cotton garment—why it keeps you from perspiring unnaturally, and why it *prevents colds*—why it is so *elastic* and *easy*—why it *doesn't bind* or chafe—why it *doesn't shrink* and why it *fits smoothly*.

Because we know that Duofold will appeal to your common-sense we will gladly send you a

Free— Sample of Duofold Material

With the free sample we will also send you a beautiful descriptive booklet. Write to-day.

Duofold Underwear is obtainable from all dealers in either union or two-piece suits in all sizes and several weights.

Duofold Health Underwear Co.

16-38 Elizabeth St., Mohawk, N.Y.

This Book Will Help Solve the Gift Question

A Book about One Remarkable Thing

Is there a new world of tone richness possible in the piano?

Will piano music become richer, fuller, imbued with a new tenderness, an additional loveliness?

In short, will piano builders ever be able to solve the age-long sounding-board difficulties, and to produce a sounding-board which gives every note 100 percent of tonal resonance, of tonal wealth?

One builder has solved the difficulties. One such piano is now on the market—the piano whose sounding-board is *homo-vibrating*, the piano that has accomplished the achievement of producing the *homo-tone*.

HADDORFF

The Piano with the "Homo"-Vibrating Sounding-Board

If you ever expect to own a piano or to help a friend select one, you will not wish to be left uninformed about this remarkable claim of the HADDORFF to an epoch-making achievement. You will want to obtain our booklet "*The Homo-Tone*," which gives full particulars. Then you will want to go to your piano dealer and see for yourself this excellently made, high quality piano, having (as all first-class pianos should) tone purity, tone sweetness and great sustaining power, and claiming in addition the distinction of complete, satisfying, thoroughly delightful tone *richness*.

Let us present you with a copy of "The Homo-Tone"

HADDORFF PIANO COMPANY

212 McCall Ave. Rockford, Ill.

Digitized by Google

Vaseline
Camphor Ice

Soothes and Protects the Skin

RELIEVES WINDBURN AND SUNBURN

Insist on VASELINE Camphor Ice whenever you want to relieve chapped hands and lips, fever blisters, or any similar irritation of the skin.

The "Vaseline" has soothing, emollient properties peculiar to itself.

"Outdoor" men and women in particular find Vaseline Camphor Ice a comfort. It saves the skin from the unpleasant effects of wind and cold.

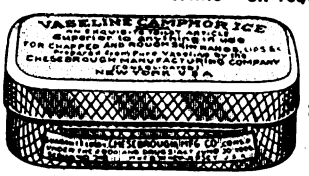
Put up in metal boxes and tin tubes; druggists and department stores everywhere. Remember that the only genuine Vaseline Camphor Ice is made by

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
(Consolidated)

17½ State Street
New York

Branch Offices:
London—Montreal

Booklet all about "Vaseline" on request.



Revillon Frères

The Revillon Label

The guarantee of reliable furs

Revillon Frères
FOUNDED 1723.

Furs

A Christmas gift of Revillon Furs will be good through many Christmases. The styles are advanced, though conservative, and may be depended upon for several seasons. Send for our Miniature Catalogue, showing about fifty of the year's best models. Address Dept. H.

Revillon Frères
19 West 34th Street, New York

Paris — London

Digitized by Google

The Emerson PIANO

The sixty years prestige of the Emerson Piano has been a large factor in making Boston the musical centre of the United States.

Dealers in principal cities and towns

Write for illustrated booklet

EMERSON PIANO CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

NO HILL TOO STEEP
NO SAND TOO DEEP

Jackson

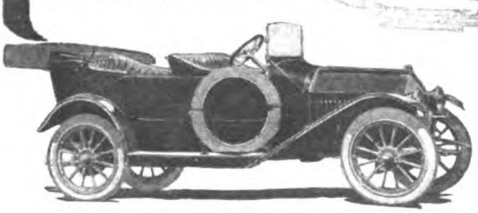
The "Majestic"—

Electric starter and lights; full elliptic springs; 10-inch upholstery—utmost convenience and riding ease.
Four cylinders.

$1975

"Olympic"—four—$1500
"Sultanic"— six —$2500

Jackson Automobile Company
1310 E. Main St., Jackson, Mich.



KEEP WARM

With this Mechanical Memory

—Save Coal Too

DO NOT trust your own sense as to the right degree of *heat* in the house. How often have you let your house become overheated so you had to open the windows—or let it drop to a sudden chill!

These heating worries with damage to health and pocket can be avoided when you re-enforce your heating plant with

THE JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER

It is a simple, economical device, easily attached to any furnace or boiler. *More than human* in sensitive feeling—and exact automatic action. It will automatically open or close the drafts on the variation of one degree.

It saves fuel—a lot of it—saves the endless routine of furnace attention, and there's no telling how many colds and doctor's bills it prevents. **With the clock attachment** you can reduce the heat during sleeping hours to increase in the morning when you want it.

Don't *wish* your house warm in the morning—buy a Jewell and *have* it warm.

You will like to read the interesting story of the Enchantress, "IMA JEWELL"—Send for it—and for our booklet "The House Comfortable"—Both FREE. Address

JEWELL MANUFACTURING CO.,
18 Green Street, Auburn, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

The gift thats sure to please

ANY mother, wife, sister or friend upon whom rests the responsibilities of housekeeping is sure to appreciate a new Bissell for Christmas. The modern Ball-Bearing Bissell makes sweeping easy and abolishes the sweeping day bogy. As a thorough, handy, light little instrument of utility—

BISSELL'S
"Cyco" BALL-BEARING
Carpet Sweeper

is not equalled by any other cleaning device, no matter what the cost. The Bissell requires no adjustments—it is self-adjusting and entirely automatic. For convenience sake and as a step-saver, she would like two sweepers, one for upstairs and one for down.

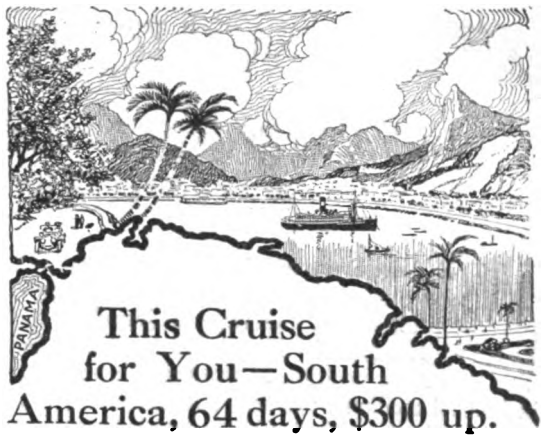
The Bissell is sold by the best dealers everywhere. Prices $2.75 to $5.75. Booklet, *"Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping,"* mailed on request.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Dept. 40A, Grand Rapids, Mich.
(Largest Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Manufacturers in the World) (34)

$1 English Knockabout Hat Genuine Felt Fuzzy Finish

Stylish and serviceable. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped into any style desired. Silk trimmings. Colors: ***Black, Steel-Gray, Brown.*** All head sizes. Actual value $2.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of **$1.00.**
Packed in a beautifully colored hand-painted box during the Holiday weeks, GRATIS.
Money refunded if not satisfactory. Style Book, free.
PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. S, 830 Broadway, New York City

UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
THE ORIENT IN WINTER and SPRING
Our distinguishing features are:
LEADERSHIP: Dr. H. H. Powers of Boston. Prof. E. W. Clark of Rome. Dr. H. F. Willard of Chicago.
ROUTES: Roman Africa, Constantine, Biskra. The Nile to the Second Cataract. The Islands of the Aegean. Palestine.
FACILITIES: Chartered Nile Steamer. Our own yacht ATHENA in Greece. Our own camping outfit in Palestine.
Sailings in January, February, March. Send for announcement.
BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL, 43 Trinity Place, Boston, Massachusetts



This Cruise for You—South America, 64 days, $300 up.

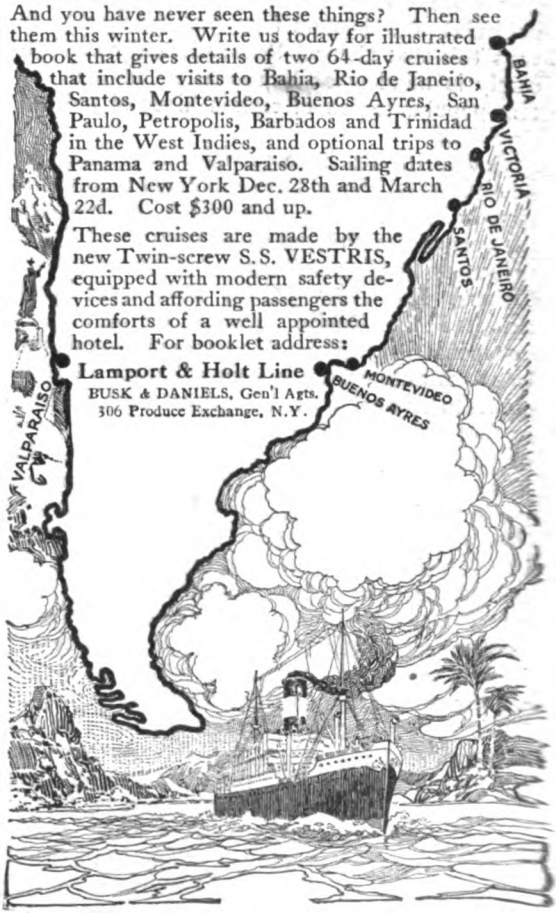
Can you think of anything better, or as good? You know Europe well. Here is a wonder continent, our next-door neighbor, that you have never seen.

In South America are mountains that dwarf the Alps, rivers beside which the Rhine is a babbling brook, cities that rival Berlin in size, Paris in beauty, and Rome in interest.

And you have never seen these things? Then see them this winter. Write us today for illustrated book that gives details of two 64-day cruises that include visits to Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, San Paulo, Petropolis, Barbados and Trinidad in the West Indies, and optional trips to Panama and Valparaiso. Sailing dates from New York Dec. 28th and March 22d. Cost $300 and up.

These cruises are made by the new Twin-screw S.S. VESTRIS, equipped with modern safety devices and affording passengers the comforts of a well appointed hotel. For booklet address:

Lamport & Holt Line
BUSK & DANIELS, Gen'l Agts.
306 Produce Exchange, N.Y.



Digitized by Google

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

RIGHTING A GREAT WRONG TO AMERICAN WORKMEN

WHAT the State of Washington is doing to solve one of the most difficult and important problems of the time is described by Burton J. Hendrick in this month's McCLURE's. The desperate position of workmen injured in industrial accidents has been a national disgrace for several years. Probably the present hostility against the courts is explained, to a considerable extent, by the way in which they have set aside laws intended to remedy this condition. The famous Ives decision of the Court of Appeals in New York State, by which an act similar to the one now in successful operation in Washington was declared unconstitutional, has done more than any single influence to stimulate the demand for a judicial recall. It was this that Colonel Roosevelt had conspicuously in mind when he suggested his plan for the popular review of certain kinds of judicial decisions.

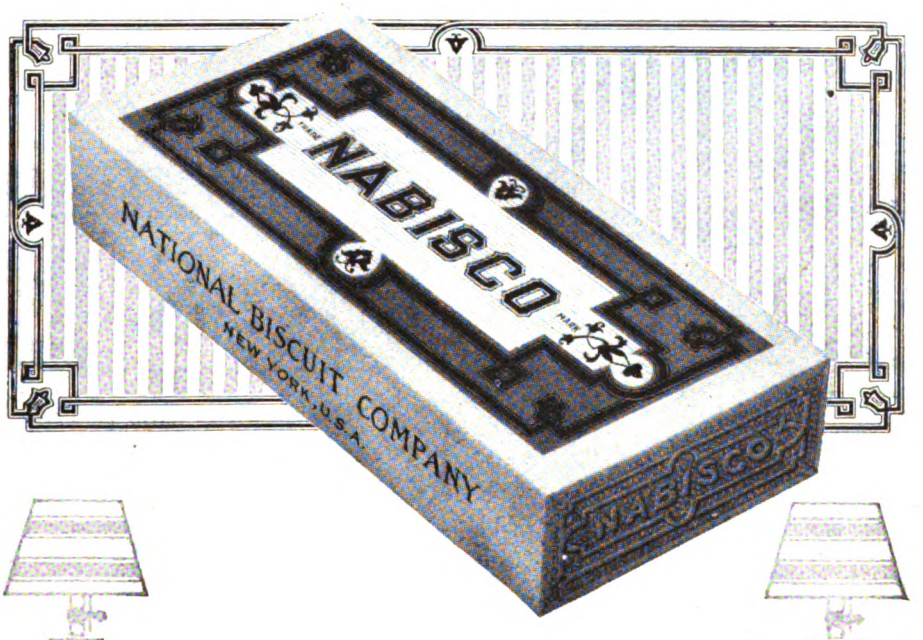
Several States have solved this problem in several ways. Some have contented themselves merely with passing laws which deprive employers of the time-honored defenses of "contributory negligence" and "fellow servant." Others, like New Jersey, have practically adopted the English system of workman's compensation. Under this scheme the employer becomes automatically responsible for all accidents to his workmen. If one loses a toe, a hand, a foot, an eye, or a leg, the employer pays stipulated amounts for a stipulated time. In case of death or sickness through a protracted period, other automatic payments are required. The greatest advantage of this system is that it takes the settlement of injury claims entirely out of the courts. It works mechanically; the mere fact of injury, irrespective of who is to blame,— unless it is the result of deliberate intention on the employee's part,— gives the victim or his family a claim upon the employer. This system is practically ideal so long as the particular business paying the pensions is stable and solvent. If the employer becomes bankrupt, however, the payment suddenly ceases, and the workman is reduced merely to the rank of a creditor. The State itself has assumed no obligation except to compel solvent employers to meet the requirements of the law.

A New Business Item — Depreciation of the Human Plant

For this reason Washington has adopted a different scheme — one that places the financial burden directly on particular industries and the responsibility for collection and payment of claims upon the commonwealth. It is thus the only State that has what may be called a compulsory form of workman's compensation. This fact makes its experiment particularly noteworthy. Its enemies find plenty of things to criticize. They especially object to the fact that claims are paid out of special funds to which all concerns engaged in that particular industry must contribute; in other words, a manufacturer who adopts all possible safeguards to protect his workmen and who never has an accident has to pay the same as the more careless, conscienceless employer. There seems a certain plausibility in this objection. As a matter of fact, however, these same employers, under the old system, paid large amounts — practically as much as their assessments under the compensation act — as premiums to indemnity companies, and so are little, if at all, injured financially by the new law. Properly, these assessments should be looked upon as taxes paid for the privilege of engaging in a hazardous business — one that constantly threatens the life and limb of its employees.

Another objection is that, under the Washington plan, the employers make up the entire fund; there are no contributions from employees. There is, however, no injustice in that. Corporations pay large sums annually for broken-down machinery — this is an essential item in their accounts. Why should they not pay for the depreciation of the more important part of their plants — the lives which they annually break down and destroy? This is the modern conception of employers' responsibility — a responsibility which, it is encouraging to note, the employers of Washington, as described in our article, seem willing to accept. This attitude of the employers themselves, indeed, is the most suggestive outcome of the reform — the best possible testimony one need ask as to its success.

Digitized by Google



THE insistent charm of Nabisco Sugar Wafers places them first in the favor of young and old as the most fitting of all holiday dessert confections.

Serve with creams or ices, with fruits or beverages.

In ten cent tins; also in twenty-five cent tins.

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—Another dessert confection of pre-eminent goodness—chocolate covered

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Digitized by Google

Between Two Thieves This new novel by Richard Dehan is worth reading — very well worth reading. Not in years have we been given a greater or finer novel, and the author is heartily to be congratulated. Generally speaking, nothing is more irritating than a novel with a mission, unless it be a human being similarly afflicted; but "Between Two Thieves," although admittedly and avowedly didactic, succeeds in maintaining a powerful grip. Its teachings are conveyed so keenly, albeit firmly, and its conclusions are so irresistible, that we actually resent being taught and before the end is reached are ready to kiss the rod that Solomon swore by. The strange title owes its conception to two eminent thieves, quite at the top of their profession. Prince Louis Napoléon Bonaparte, "first in peace and first in crime," stole the throne of Saint Louis — a very ambitious theft, the proceeds of which he enjoyed for some years. The author has given us a wonderful pen picture of "this son of Hortense; this nephew, if he be a nephew; this charlatan trailing in the mire the sumptuous rags of the Imperial purple; this gentlemanly, silken-mannered creature with phrases of ingratiating flattery upon his tongue and hatred glimmering between the half-drawn blinds of those sick, sluggish eyes." Not far behind this Imperial brigand comes the second thief, Thompson Jowell, Esquire, contractor to the British Army during the Crimean War. At his door must be laid the deaths of those nameless thousands who died from disease, starvation, and cold on the soil of Crim Tartary.

Chapters of war, storm, and rapine, like ancient and cunningly woven tapestries, serve to throw out in strong relief the two central figures of the romantic theme, Ada Merlin and Hector Dunoise, whose paths converge during stressful careers. In Ada Merlin we see Florence Nightingale and the loving labors in the Crimea that flowered in the Red Cross Society — a calm and wonderful woman. Dunoise, the hero, never less than "an archangel ruined," redeems a hectic and morally impoverished youth by his love for Ada Merlin. Hector is a compelling character — one regrets that life could have given nothing but gratified passions and frustrated love to this flashing and romantic figure.

In these days of eighteen-hour trains and three-hour novels one flinches a little at so vast a canvas as is spread in "Between Two Thieves"; but the reader will go far before finding so ambitious a theme treated in such an impressive and powerful manner. It is one of the few really remarkable pieces of present-day fiction. We know of none more worthily wrought.

Between Two Thieves — F. A. Stokes & Co.

Your United States Arnold Bennett came to America, inspected us hurriedly, jotted down some notes, sailed back to England, and is now allowing us to buy his impressions of us. They are favorable and we can breathe freely again. We can even go so far as to be glad he came. He tells us some things about ourselves we did not know, and they may be true. We probably won't confess it ourselves, but he may be right. For instance, he likes the Bronx, which is a poor relation of New York City lying across the Harlem River. Arnold Bennett found it attractive; he may be right, but —! In a brief space Mr. Bennett saw and absorbed a great deal of this country's spirit and institutions. In his comments he is just. He spares us the vulgarity of Dickens' criticisms, the bitterness

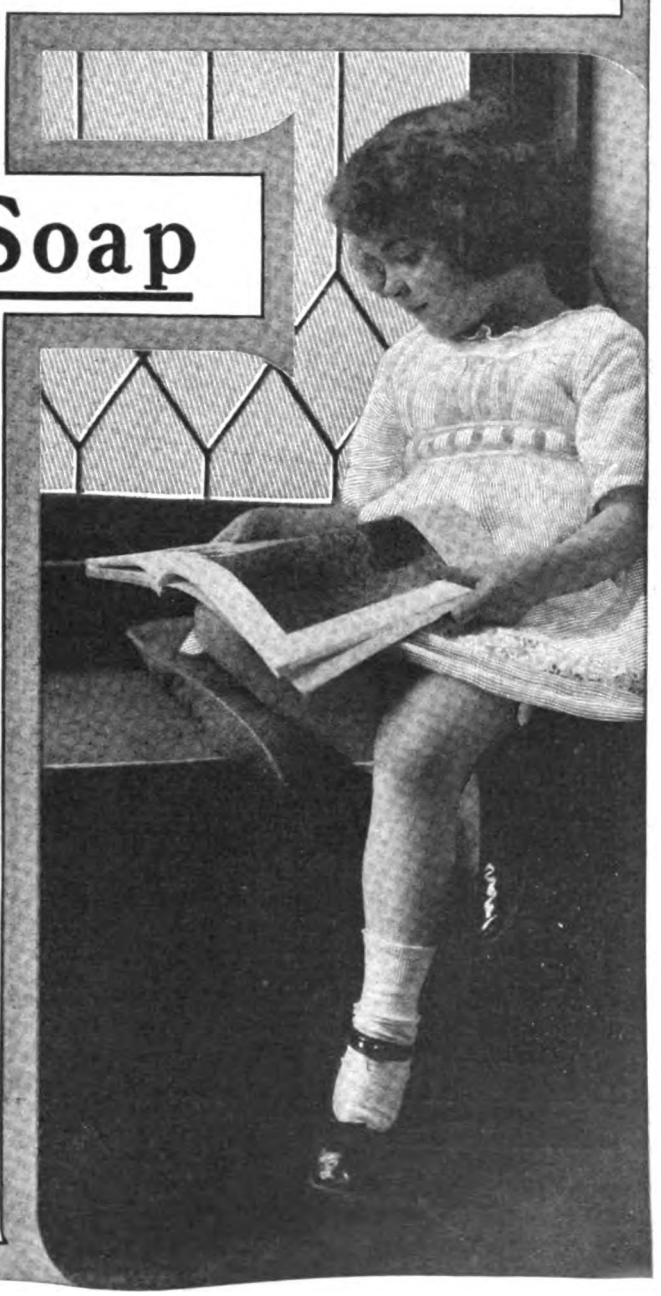
Continued on page 64

Digitized by Google

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

IT is a funny thing about some people. Particular about other things they will use any brand of soap that's put before them. To them, soap is merely soap.

¶Now Fairy Soap is more than soap—it's pure soap—it's extraordinary soap.



Fairy Soap

is purity itself; it is white and stays white. Fairy Soap comes in a handy, oval cake which floats; it costs but **5 cents.**

¶Why buy mere soap when you can get Fairy Soap? For toilet and bath there's no other soap so good as Fairy.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO

Price **5c**

Digitized by Google

Continued from page 62

of Mrs. Trollope's, and the casual condescension of the usual visitor. Being a worker, he appraises workers correctly. Being an observer by training, his appreciations deserve attention. Our bulky universities astonished him. Our railway stations elicited unbounded admiration. Our railway trains did not — even the best of them bumped him. He was amazed, naturally, at our dependence on the telephone. He liked Chicago, and felt that Boston was worthy. It makes no difference what he thought about our sky-scrapers. He flatly takes us to task for our own deprecation of the lack of American art, for he found it abundant everywhere. The sale of his book should be large. It is warmly illuminative.

Your United States — HARPER & BROS.

Village Life in America

"February 26, 1856 — Grandfather made me a present of a beautiful blue stone to-day called Malachite. Anna said she always thought Malachite was one of the prophets." This is one of the entries in the surprisingly interesting diary kept by Caroline Cowles of Canandaigua, New York, from her tenth birthday in 1852 until 1880. It would be difficult to find a more perfect picture of the days of our fathers than this simple, unlabored chronicle. The two sisters, Caroline and Anna, lived with their grandparents, and the diary traces their lives through the untroubled days of childhood, the stress of the Civil War, whose echoes were heard even in their secluded village, and up to the time of Anna's marriage. They saw Tom Thumb; they heard Dickens lecture; Cyrus Field visited them, and gave their grandmother, his aunt, a piece of the Atlantic Cable. But, quite aside from the noteworthy and historic events recited, the quaint and ingenuous commentary on the people and associations of the day make this little book an invaluable contribution to the literature of the times. Anna's naïve and sprightly wit is evident throughout. Grandmother Beals is sketched vividly as one of the saintly women whose like is rare. The book is well worth reading, rereading, and keeping.

Village Life in America — HENRY HOLT & Co.

The Wind Before the Dawn

Here is a tale of the prairie primeval — a story of a woman's revolt against the customary husband and the kitchens of Kansas. Dell Munger builds her story around a beautiful girl with aspirations and a deplorable parentage. She jumps from the frying-pan into the fire by marrying a young farmer who has ideas about a woman's sphere. He is a blustering egoist who imagines that he is a hard-headed business farmer, but illustrates it mainly by creating an atmosphere of mortgages and insisting upon his wife doing all the work of a large and hungry farm. It is an old, old story with the inevitable result when a woman of spirit is involved. The wife revolted; then came estrangement, then separation, with a final reconciliation upon the wife's terms.

The tale is powerful though roughly drawn — a wide brush rather than a pencil. There are bits of description, clear and masterful in their simplicity, and there is genuinely convincing character-drawing. Kansas farm life as it was is portrayed painstakingly. There is almost too much of it in the book — especially of sickness that favorite pastime of the land. On the whole, however, a story of parts.

The Wind Before the Dawn — DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co.

Mrs. Lancelot

In this latest product of Maurice Hewlett's pen, the Duke of Devizes adds another element to the complications projected into the family of Charles and Georgianna Lancelot by the ardent young poet, Gervase Poore. The eternal triangle in this story is a quadrangle. Do not imagine from this that it is a squared-up tale. Such a result is impossible to conceive from such a master of picturesque circumlocution and obfuscation as Mr. Hewlett. The blood does not run as swiftly in the arteries of Charles Lancelot, the dull and dreary henchman of the Duke, as it does in his slim and beautiful wife. This condition is noticed by both the old Duke and the young poet, each of whom is in love with Georgianna. Each conducts his pursuit according to his own way: the Duke with a deliberate assumption of highly flavored fatherly interest, the poet with impassioned adoration. Charles stands with pinioned hands, too cunning to risk his station with the Duke, too sluggish to cope with the poet. Deservedly he loses the prize he has won, and to Georgianna go our sympathies and congratulations. You who are familiar with Mr. Hewlett's predilections need not be told the final decision of Georgianna. Mr. Hewlett and the illustrator were evidently at variance over the beauty of Georgianna — Mr. Hewlett wins the dispute.

Mrs. Lancelot — CENTURY Co.

As an accommodation to our readers we will, on request, gladly supply any information or answer any questions concerning any books. Address Book Service Department, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, *251 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.*

Digitized by Google

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

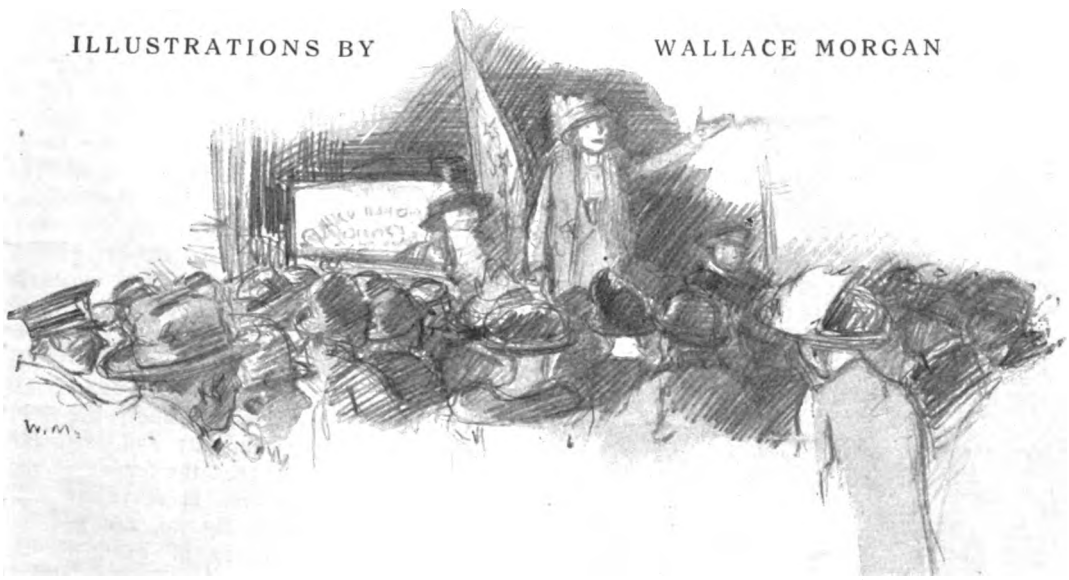
VOLUME XL No. 3 JANUARY, 1913

TWO MILLION WOMEN VOTE

BY

WALLACE IRWIN AND INEZ MILHOLLAND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN



A GREAT new political force was brought into existence with the last national election.

A group of States — Oregon, Kansas, Arizona, and probably Michigan — declared for Woman Suffrage. These States, added to the six that had already enfranchised women, brought the number of women entitled to vote up to the imposing total of three million. According to reliable statistics, sixty-six per cent of these women will actually exercise their suffrage rights.

At the next general election, therefore, two million American women will march to the polls as full-fledged citizens — a voting force sufficient, if acting in unison, to decide our national issues.

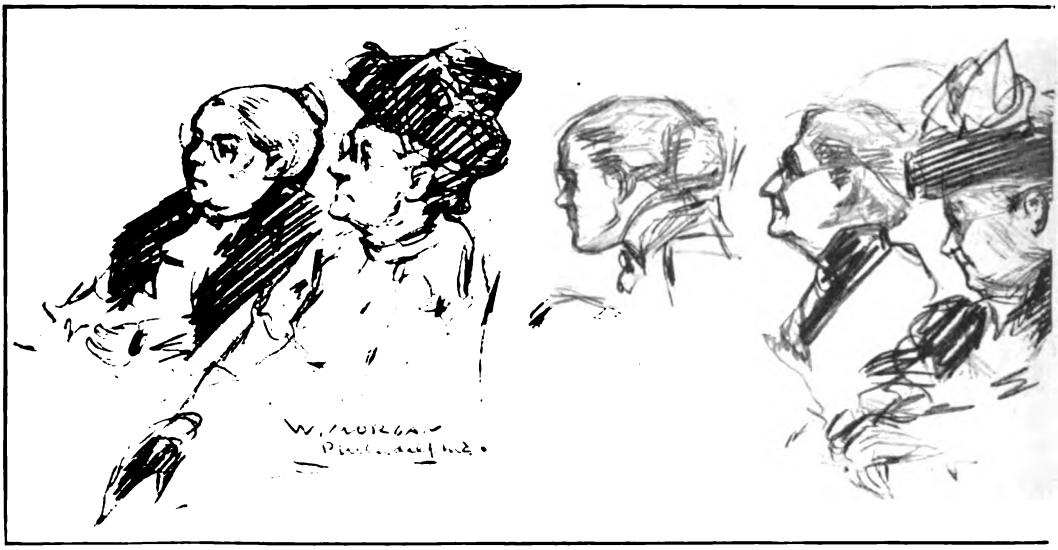
Delegates from all the Suffrage organizations of the country met in convention at Philadelphia on November 21 last. It was the first noteworthy political gathering of women in the United States — a historic event.

The great body of women represented by this convention embodies the promise of a new and untried spirit in the nation's politics — the spirit of devotion to the ideal of social service.

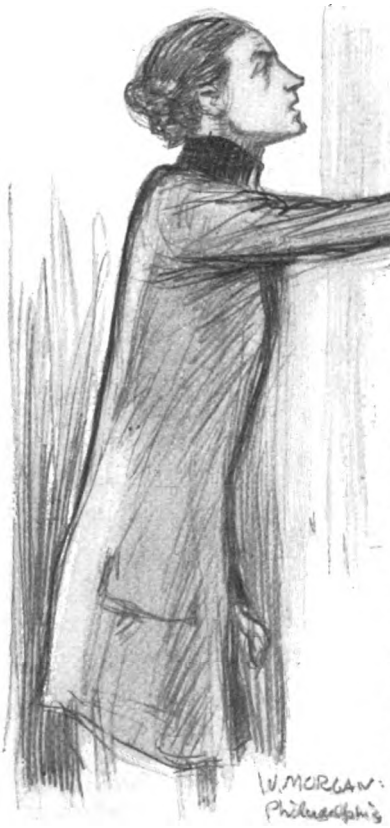
To report this meeting, to gather from it the full significance of this great, new force in our national life, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE *secured the services of one of the clearest and sanest observers among the writers of the day and of as efficient a young leader as the cause of women has in America. Here is their report:*

Copyright, 1912, by The McClure Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

Digitized by Google



"MADAM CHAIRMAN!" A plainly dressed, sensible, elderly woman, who might have been your mother or mine, stood up and addressed the black, commanding brows of Dr. Anna H. Shaw, who held the gavel and surveyed, from her platform, the Forty-fourth Annual Convention of the American Woman Suffrage Association, convened in Witherspoon Hall, Philadelphia. The words were addressed in some quibble of order of no particular interest to this paper. It was the quaintness of the phrasing that struck me with its significance. A paradox—"Madam Chairman." Yet the title held within itself none of the comic-monstrous significance with which the funny papers have invested it for forty years. The plainly dressed woman was there representing a voting State, and she was putting a question to a woman who stands as the temporal head of over two million women, legalized voters in municipal, State, and national elections.



MISS LEONORA O'REILLY
"... *Gaunt and Irish and pale with the burden of her destiny ...*"

Had I been a woman-hating Schopenhauer or an English Premier,—and I am neither,—I could not have looked so blindly from my press seat in that hall as to fail to realize that the female of the species, for the first time in American history, was talking directly to the government, with an assurance of being heard. Woman Suffrage is here. In the West it has passed its argumentative stage and has assumed the dignity of fact. Shirt-waisted orators in the convention hall, during speeches, pointed frequently to a Suffrage map of the United States which hung from a balcony. Approximately one third of the map had been tinted a dark color, indicating the States now granting equal franchise to both sexes. Time and again, reporting delegates from non-Suffrage States arose in the auditorium to tell how their senators and congressmen, a few years ago deaf to appeal, were now giving more than half-hearted attention to the demands of future feminine constituents. So rapidly has the cause stridden in a year that those who were greeted merely as enthusiasts in the 1911 convention at Louisville awoke Philadelphia in 1912

Digitized by Google

with the voice of prophecy when they predicted that many of the thirteen Old Colony States, now stubbornly hostile to revolutionary thought of every kind, would grant the franchise to women in the next four years.

I went to Philadephia expecting to witness a week of jubilation; and I was not disappointed. Delegates of every size, age, and degree of style, from the New York representative in Russian sables to the Oklahoma alternate wearing something less pretentious,— from the earnest, handsome Bryn Mawr girl to the grim, old-fashioned Suffragist,— thronged the hotel corridors and streets leading to various meeting-places.

There was much handshaking and waving of yellow flags, with an occasional scattered soprano cheer to greet the arrival of some dominant leader, such as the strong, kind Lady of Hull-House. There were no brass bands, but there was much of the badge-showing and buttonhole gossip and general hocus-pocus of the average man's convention, be it Republican, Elks, or Bull Moose.

There was an ecstatic stampeding, too, around the shrine of popular idols. There were the "martyrs," Miss Alice Paul and Miss Lucy Burns, who were forcibly fed in English prisons; there was Miss Leonora O'Reilly, who brought the cause of labor to the convention; there was Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont of New York; there were several novelists, among them the authors of "Mary Carey" and "To Have and to Hold"; there were presidents of several women's colleges; there was a descendant of Henry Clay and a daughter of William Lloyd Garrison; there was Miss Belva Lockwood, who once ran for the Presidency; there was a lady policeman from Los Angeles; and there was a solitary male delegate from a New England State.

Flitting moth-like among the throng went the industrious cub reporter in search of the Typical Suffragette. He returned to his city editor, I fear, with either an empty pad or a page of lies. For the Typical Suffragette stalks among the myths like the farmer's camel — "there ain't no such animal."

Indeed, in my first survey of a thousand assembled Suffragists I was impressed most by the variety of types presented. The Suffragist of to-day

MISS JESSIE ASHLEY
. . . Lawyer and Socialist, who fights for workingwomen . . .

Digitized by Google

is not, as some newspapers would make us believe, a stately slave of fashion; neither is she a long-footed, short-haired termagant of Victorian memory. Both of the above types exist in about equally proportioned minority. But, to see the average Suffragist as she exists to-day, go to any fairly prosperous department-store on a busy morning, and look over the customers. You will see a few women dawdling among the imported gowns on the second floor; a few more will be in the book department, scanning essays on pragmatism through thick, near-sighted glasses; but the rank and file of the shoppers will be engaged in buying sensible cloth and sensible tinware at sensible prices. Give to this throng a Big Ideal,— and don't forget to include the working-girls behind the counter,— and I think you will have as near a type as I met with in Philadelphia. Wives, housekeepers, mothers, workers.

But, as I looked over these thousand dissimilar women assembled at Philadelphia, I thought I could discern on all their faces one unifying expression — an expression of triumphant power. In the recent acquisition of four new States to Suffrage they had added four stars to their banner — "three stars and a comet," as a cynic expressed it upon hearing of the doubtful victory in Michigan. Triumph rang in the voices of good, motherly souls from Kansas and Oregon, telling how they had gained the right to vote from "the finest, most generous men in the world"; how "our menfolks in Oregon weren't going to let California put it over their womenfolks." Triumph came firmly from the experienced lips of Dr. Anna Shaw when she leaned from her rostrum to say: "Never has the future of our mighty movement for humanity been so plainly in sight. . . . This, indeed, is the woman's century, and the dawn of the real day of womanhood has just begun."

Enthusiasm breeds conviction, and I left that convention convinced of the nation-wide success of Equal Suffrage; but this conviction carried with it a Query which came to me strangely, like many another true word, from the lips of a drunkard. It happened in this wise:

The orators of the cause held forth picturesquely on the first day in Independence Square while the bell tolled noon from the fan-lighted cupola of the old brick hall. In

MISS ALICE BLACKWELL
. . . Editor of the "Woman's Journal," and one of the keenest minds in the convention . . .

Digitized by Google

contrast to the disgraceful militancy of a Hyde Park rally, the crowd, mostly male, listened respectfully to the speakers on half a dozen platforms under the trees. True, there was an occasional sotto voce witticism from the cloth-capped young loafers on the outskirts, who, being the nearest to savages, are naturally the most conservative element in our commonwealth. Now, the feminine voice is not always effective in outdoor speaking, and, standing as I did in a spot far removed from the speaker's stand, I was unable to catch much more than the gestures in Dr. Shaw's address. At my elbow stood an elderly intoxicated truckman, the figure of Silenus following Demos to the market-place in search of ribaldry.

"Louder, Doc!" spoke the tight one, in a mild, conversational tone. "Say, Doc, you'll have to speak louder or you'll never git *my* vote."

A policeman shoved him along, and he wandered away to another speaker's stand. It was my bad luck to find myself standing next to the same tippler when I stopped to listen at platform 2. A Western woman, speaking forcefully of the infectious spread of suffrage, rounded out her discussion by saying:

"The woman with the ballot is in a position not to ask, but to command. The reactionaries may not like us, but they must put up with it. We are here to stay!"

(Applause.)

"But what y' goin' to do while you're here?" inquired the groggy philosopher.

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT

"... *No one was more warmly cheered by the convention* ..."

The question of a drunkard, "What are you going to do while you're here?" followed me persistently through the parliamentary interchange, the enthusiasm and oratory of the whole convention.

Granted that Equal Suffrage is a fact,—and it certainly is a fact to two million women voters,

HARRIET STANTON BLATCH

"... *There is no man orator alive who can hammer a truth home with more force* ..."

— what does it stand for and, more important still, what will it stand for in the successful future now confronting it? Is there a Woman's Party, or are women to be part of many parties? And, if there *is* a Woman's Party, what are its issues? Moral ones? Political ones? In what manner will this new-born force give its influence to the nation and the world?

Woman an Unsophisticated Politician

I listened for an answer to that question through the varying discussions of five parliamentary days, and heard great argument about it. There is no doubt that woman in America is becoming more and more sophisticated on the subject of politics, but hers is still far short of the sophistication of the male politician. Miss M. Carey Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr and the College Woman's Suffrage League, has the legal mind and icy logic of an Elihu Root. Laura Clay, of Kentucky, seems to have inherited a degree of statesmanship from her distinguished ancestor. There is no man orator alive who can hammer a truth home with more force than can Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch. Yet the general temper of the Philadelphia gathering was — well, feminine. That is to say, there was a tendency to quibble on small matters and to rise splendidly to large ones.

Not that the meetings were unusually disorderly — heaven knows, they could not have been more so than the late lamented man-made

Digitized by Google

Republican affair at Chicago. But there was more organization in the disorder at Chicago than appeared in many technical tangles at Philadelphia. For instance, when Miss Harriet May Mills obtained the consent of five States in a matter pertaining to the unit rule debate, a Western delegate later arose and declared that she had given her name to Miss Mills' petition without knowing what she was signing. Valuable time was wasted in unnecessary quibble, and rules of order were overridden roughshod. The chair, wise, witty, and temperate in her control of her flock, yet permitted herself too often to enter into the debate.

Also, there was that affair of the mysterious "stickers." It seems that a nebulous somebody had caused several hundred little gummed advertisements to be pasted on suffrage literature which was sent broadcast throughout the United States. These "stickers" were pleas for the pardon of Ettor and Giovannetti, then under sentence. Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, in her debate on the amendment designed to keep officers of the Association out of politics, accused certain Socialist members of the board of having distributed the offending "stickers." The Socialist members, the members of the board, everybody half admitted, half denied implication in the affair. The chair finally questioned Mrs. Harper's authority, and an embarrassing situation was finally saved by Dr. Shaw's explanation that Mrs. Harper, being slightly deaf, had misunderstood somebody's remark. Worse messes than this occur in Congress every week and are settled in a more messy manner — but never in so feminine a manner.

In fact, the convention at Philadelphia was nothing if not feminine. It lacked the tailor-made quality of a male convention. It also lacked the cheap shoddy. That its members were sometimes shaky on points of order was natural enough. When you consider that half the men sent to conventions are of legal training and the other half of a business education that touches continually on the law, you appreciate the handicap which even specialized women must suffer under in handling the cold parliamentary machinery. In affairs which a perfidious, soul-selling National Committee would have steam-rolled with a workmanlike smoothness, the women at Philadelphia bungled; but they bungled in the right direction; for by the end of the week they did more toward making of themselves a progressive and modern organization than one of our masculine parties would have accomplished in a month of administrations. They buried an

DR. ANNA SHAW

". . . Wise, witty, and temperate in her control of her flock . . ."

Digitized by Google

antiquated unit rule; they averted dissension; and they justified Jane Addams in her alliance with the Progressive party.

The Fight to Unseat Jane Addams

And touching on the vindication of Jane Addams brings me nearer, I think, to a solution of the question, "What are you going to do while you're here?"

The voting women of this country — the two million now enfranchised and the many millions soon to be — can only unite as a party under one issue — the moral issue. They have no other — they care for no other. In questions of dull procedure they are petty — in matters of humanity they are enormously big.

Take this same battle which raged for a stormy session aimed at the unseating of Miss Addams from her present office and the curtailment of her possible ambitions for the presidency of the Association. No mention of the lady was, of course, made in the proposed amendment which read:

"The officers of the National Woman Suffrage Association maintain a strictly non-partizan attitude to all political parties, excepting, however, members of the Association from States where Equal Suffrage is in force."

Now, it was well known to her opponents that Miss Addams had thrown her influence to the Progressive Party during the recent campaign — had seconded the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt and worked toward his election. The framers of the amendment were, I honestly think, entirely influenced by fear of the party bugaboo in Suffrage; but Miss Addams was chosen to be, in vulgar parlance, the "goat." I myself can readily see why she jeopardized her standing among Suffragists to make common cause with the Progressives. Being the noblest woman of them all, she had made her life work a fight for the moral issue, and when there arose in her State a party which had made that issue predominant in its platform, she was feminist enough to give her heart to the cause. In becoming a Progressive she became, I might say, a super-Suffragist. The move was pretty good strategy, too, because the Roosevelt forces bade fair to win in Illinois, and with their victory another State would have been added to Suffrage.

MRS. THOMAS G. HAILEY
"'. . . *I come from the land of the great big bear* . . .'"

However, the debate raged for and against in the auditorium of Witherspoon Hall. There is much to be said in justice to the opponents of party affiliation by women in non-enfranchised States. Women who can't vote want the vote and nothing else. Given the power of ballot, let them line up on whatever side they please, but let them not weaken the cause by scattering their forces among various parties. Heat lightning flashed among the speakers. The specter of anarchy was invoked by one, and the famous Ettor-Giovannetti "sticker" was waved aloft. Mrs. Harper attributed the slowness of Kansas in gaining Suffrage to their ancient affiliation with Populism. Mrs. Blatch replied that it was nonsense for vote-desirous women *not* to slip in in the wake of great political parties.

And then Miss Addams spoke. I have never seen a saint, yet there has never been more saintliness than in the face of this big, gentle woman whose eyes are sad with looking on human misery in the desire to save. She spoke with perfect candor and no flourishes.

"When I stood on a Progressive platform," she said, "I had better views on Suffrage than ever before in my life." She conferred with men of all political creeds in her work at Hull-House, she said. She had conferred that morning with a member of the Taft Cabinet in a matter of philanthropy, and she had not felt that either of their political faiths had been biased thereby. At any rate, she

Digitized by Google

"'I wish the ladies in the back of the hall would take off their hats—I can't count roosters' tails'"

was no seeker of high office in Suffrage, as her life work was among the poor and she had small time for other duties. She was sure that work would not make her less a sympathizer with woman's struggle, nor would her efficiency be curtailed by attacking poverty and vice, under whatever party she chose.

Before the voting which followed, I had occasion to hear public opinion privately expressed. Time and again I heard women protest against censuring a member who had done "so much good." Subsequently the amendment was lost and Jane Addams won. She had raised the moral issue.

How One Man Stirred the Convention

Indeed, in reviewing those few days, I recall how the convention never failed to rise to the moral issue, and to very little else — save here and there where lightning flashed in a storm that was sectional but not factional. Who stirred them most in speech? A man.

And his discourse was an attack on the white slave traffic:

"For four thousand years we have failed to solve the question of prostitution. The furthest we have got is the frank acknowledgment that prostitution is a business proposition and that this business is conducted for profit. What do we propose to do about it? Shall we make the State a partner? It has been suggested that we make all the girls in the business register. Has any one proposed to regulate the men patrons of the girls and make the men register? . . . In dealing with the problem we are doing everything for the men; . . . and we shall never solve the problem until woman has become the economic and political equal of man. If I had the power to give the vote to women, the first I would give it to would be the prostitute, because I think she would vote against this terrible business."

The convention came to its feet with a salvo that rivaled the stop-watch demonstrations of Chicago and Baltimore. In raising the moral issue the speaker had struck the mother-pulse of women and attacked a problem they were all there to solve.

The Girl Striker with the Pleasant Voice

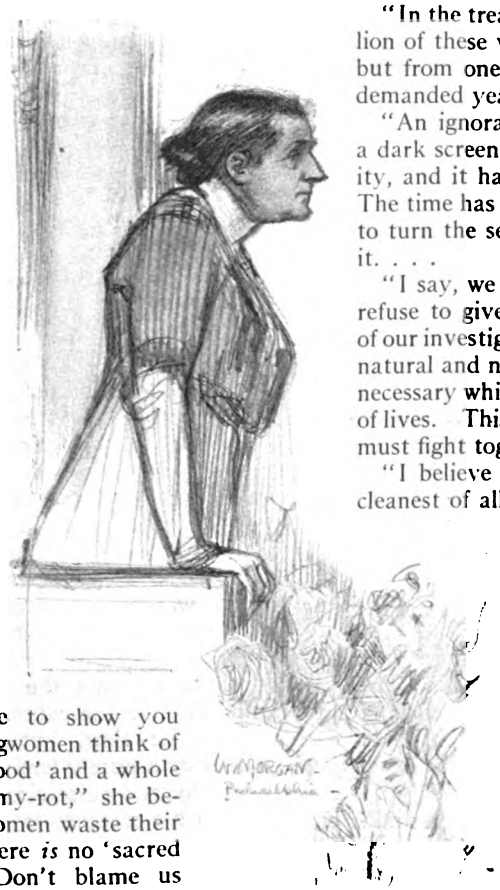
Again, from the center of a fast thickening debate on technical points arose to the platform a girl who was gaunt and Irish and pale with the burden of her destiny. Her name is Leonora O'Reilly. She is a factory worker who has protested against the evil conditions of her trade, led strikes, and suffered imprisonment for her activity in agitation. When she speaks, she "puts it over" with a voice which — in pleasant contrast to the average American feminine voice, which is too full of meaningless squeaks and tremolos to be effective in oratory — is rich and sympathetic and stirring. You who have been nurtured on the finer food of Lyceum lectures would think her a trifle melodramatic.

Digitized by Google

MISS M. CAREY THOMAS
". . . She has the legal mind and icy logic of an Elihu Root . . ."

She has been raised in a school where melodrama goes and theatricalism is a necessity — the Socialist mass meeting. Yet, as she stood on the rostrum of Witherspoon Hall, eccentrically clad, one long finger pointing to her auditors, she held them all and moved them to response. For she spoke on a moral issue.

"I should like to show you what the workingwomen think of 'sacred motherhood' and a whole lot of other tommy-rot," she began. "While women waste their lives in mills there *is* no 'sacred motherhood.' Don't blame us when we go out on strike. If we don't strike we get struck — and when we *do* strike we get clubbed. . . . We want the college women to come to our meetings; but, for heaven's sake, don't come to talk. Let *us* do the talking. We have felt the lash, and it is our right to cry out at the sting of it."



MISS JANE ADDAMS
". . . Sad with looking on human misery . . ."

The Greatest Issue of the Convention

The most patient man in Congress, the Hon. Oscar Underwood, devoted something like a year to investigating the tariff — a political question. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has toured the world and given two years of her time to investigating the social evil — a moral question. She spoke at a big meeting held at the Philadelphia Metropolitan Opera House, where nine thousand people came and five thousand got in.

"The heathen East," she said, "sells, and the Christian West buys. . . . In truth, to-day, to appease a bestiality which is far out of keeping with the twentieth century, hundreds of thousands of maidens are appraised for a certain death.

"In the treaty ports of the East at least a million of these women are in service. The life is but from one to ten years, and thousands are demanded yearly to supply the want. . . .

"An ignorant world, for centuries, has kept a dark screen before the question of sex morality, and it has worked its ravages unmolested. The time has come to tear down this screen and to turn the search-light of common sense upon it. . . .

"I say, we are partners to this vice when we refuse to give it our attention and the benefit of our investigation. . . . I refuse to believe it is natural and necessary. Nothing is natural and necessary which requires the sacrifice of millions of lives. This evil is one which men and women must fight together with ballots.

"I believe the skirts of our country are the cleanest of all the nations. And I can see our reformers of the future going down into the pestilential mire and wading onward to succor those unfortunate brothers and sisters of ours."

Baroness Bertha von Suttner touched, woman fashion, the question of war when she attacked it rather as a moral than a diplomatic question. Again, in the morning session of that same day, Jane Addams pointed plainly to our ethical duty to immigrants whom, she has seen, "arriving in this country full of eagerness and

Digitized by Google

avidity for life, having their loyalty grabbed by the wrong agents and their sense of duty perverted by the ward boss and the division leader. The self-seeking politician, who met all their wants and won their gratitude, typified the country for them. They could not go to the government for aid, because it was not ready to give it. . . . Consequently their sense of democracy was perverted and their gratitude turned in the wrong channels."

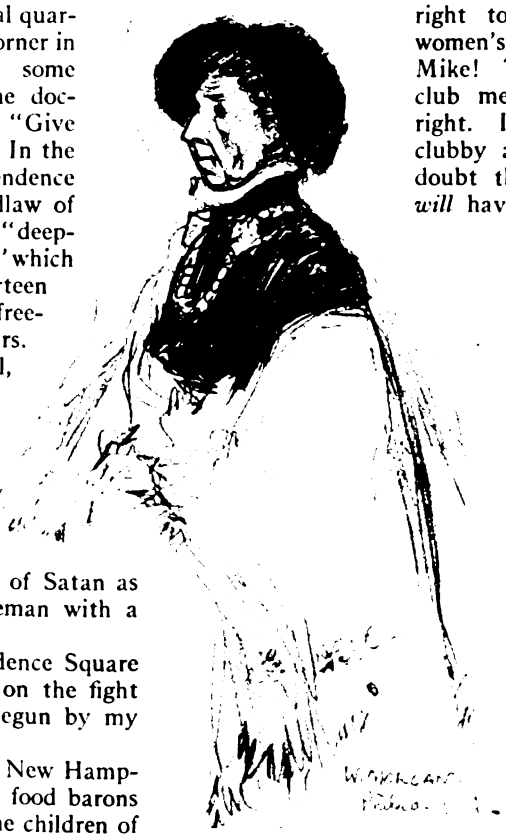
To quote from every speech where public and domestic morality was touched upon would be to give a stenographic account of the convention, minus a few executive quibbles and official quarrels. From every street corner in Philadelphia, it seemed, some woman was preaching the doctrines, "Be Clean" and "Give our Children a Chance." In the open-air meeting in Independence Square I heard Mrs. Laidlaw of New York arraign the "deep-seated political corruption" which still conspired in the Thirteen Original Colonies to deny freedom to women. I heard Mrs. Bjorkman of Colorado tell, in the very shadow of Independence Hall, of how her first American ancestor "No Devil" Maule, suffered Salem persecution because he persistently denied the existence of Satan as a dark-browed old gentleman with a spiked tail.

"And here in Independence Square I feel inspired to carry on the fight against wrong thinking begun by my ancestor."

I heard a delegate from New Hampshire question the right of food barons of one State to poison the children of another by the law-protected sale of adulterated products. But I heard no discussions of the necessity of fortifying the Panama Canal, of conserving coal in Alaska, of humiliating Schedule K. The talk was always of the child, the boy and girl at school, the anemic worker in the mill, the white slave, the mutual responsibility of men and women.

The figure of Liberty, apron-clad, stood shaking a broom at Uncle Sam and demanding good housekeeping.

The safe, sane, and conservative humorist of the sort who still finds merit in the mother-in-law joke would have gone to the Philadelphia convention for a perfectly bully time, since the right to josh woman in politics is the prerogative of the stand-pat humorist. And must I confess an occasional atavistic longing to smile at some of the less important proceedings in Witherspoon Hall? There is a mythical person named Feminine Foibles, who exists only in the mind of the Woman's Page Editor; but it must be admitted that woman has a way in public meetings which can not be covered by the code of Solon. I heard an unsympathetic male in the rear of the hall say, during the debate over Mrs. Park's right to sit with the college women's delegation: "Love o' Mike! This is like a woman's club meeting." And he was right. It *did* have a woman's-clubby aspect, and I have no doubt that these conventions *will* have, even unto the year 1940, when the Suffragists are rich and strong enough to hire the Auditorium at Chicago and usher in their delegates with brass bands and all the steam-rolling paraphernalia of their brothers. I say this not in disparagement. Woman's ways are not man's ways; and in their dissimilarity lies the nation's hope for the feminist influence in our politics.



MISS BELVA LOCKWOOD, LL.D.
". . . *She once ran for the Presidency* . . ."

The humorous aspect of a great movement may be superficial, but it is no less humorous for that. For instance, during an evening session the ushers passed through the audience to take up a collection for the cause. An orator was speaking at the time, but her words were drowned out by a purely feminine racket — the sound of a thousand purse-clasps snapping right and left with the staccato tattoo of hail falling on a tin roof.

When the standing vote on the non-partizan amendment was being counted, the Chair was heard to say: "I wish the ladies in the back of

Digitized by Google

the hall would either take off their hats or stop chatting with their heads so close together. I can't count roosters' tails." The following two-line dialogue between the chair and a delegate would sound strange in the report of a Republican convention:

The Chair. Do you mean to say the rule should apply to your State only?

The Delegate. My dear! I didn't say any such thing.

House-Cleaners of the Nation

A wild-eyed fanatic of a Slavic type accosted a motherly person who stood at a street corner distributing Suffragist hand-bills. The alien, looking for argument, took one of the bills, and when he came to a line which spoke in complimentary terms of the Stars and Stripes, he cast the paper to the ground with a snarl of imported rage.

"What are you doing with that hand-bill?" inquired the stout Suffragist severely.

"I like not vat it say about American flag!" grunted the man.

"Isn't it a perfectly good flag?" asked the lady, in an honest Oregon accent.

"It iss a mockery!" thundered the fanatic.

"It's the finest, squarest flag that ever floated over a free people," she retorted.

"Bah! Ven vill you learn to get some broadness into your mind?" The man gesticulated close to her face with expressive, dingy fingers.

"When you learn to wash your hands," replied this mother of men.

When you learn to wash your hands! That's the call which these two million newly enfranchised souls are bringing to us. If men are the stronger sex, women are surely the cleaner sex, and that part of our national politics which does actually advance is concerned, more than with anything else, with cleanliness. I doubt much if the woman mind will ever add much to the man mind in matters of diplomacy or statescraft. That she has enormous powers of organization is plainly shown in the victory of those two million ballots in a country which, a century ago, would not admit girls to the public schools. But she seems capable of organizing and working together only under the stimulus of a great ideal, and that ideal is morality, which is the home. "Woman's place is in the home" to-day as much as yesterday. But she is bringing the home to the place where it belongs — into contact with the nation.

What, then, do those two million votes stand for? Will they serve as a nucleus of a great Woman Suffrage Party? No — not as we understand parties to-day.

Thirty years from now — perhaps ten — the National American Woman Suffrage Association will be no more, because every woman in this country will have a vote and there will be no ballot to fight for. The feminine voters will stand, as they do to-day in California and Colorado, under various party platforms. Will these party divisions be permanent? No. Woman's allegiance to party will depend largely on that party's fidelity to moral and humane causes. And when one such cause rises predominant in a political campaign, under that issue will the Woman's Party form again and set its standard for victory or defeat.

And what can be a more useful citizenship than this: To compel decency in party management; to grant the poor the right of beauty in removing unsightly buildings and hideous signs from our river-fronts and woodlands; to give to little children the real justice of light, food, and play; to make war unnecessary; to make our cities fit to live in and our streets safe for the young; to dignify motherhood by protection from the slavery of the mills; to increase the standard of living and reduce its cost; and to supplant by enlightened industry the dull torpor of our submerged mass?

Am I narrowing woman's franchise when I say that her issue will always be a moral rather than a political one?

A department by Inez Milholland, directed particularly to the interests of women, will be begun in the February McCLURE'S.

Digitized by Google

"'THAT'S NOT THE WAY. FOR GOD'S SAKE, HURRY! IT'S A QUESTION OF MOMENTS, NOW'"

Digitized by Google

MY LITTLE SISTER

BY

ELIZABETH ROBINS

AUTHOR OF "COME AND FIND ME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER

The first part of "My Little Sister" was published in the December McCLURE'S

PART II

"*YOU are in one of the most terrible houses in Europe!*"

Minutes seemed to go by. Vague hints from servants, things I had read in the papers — and still I sat there, not moving by so much as a hair.

He was looking at me now and telling me to "keep cool." And then: "I suppose you know there *are* such places." He interrupted himself to say: "Remember! A careless look or move would mean — well, it would mean ruin. *Now* do you understand?"

I did. Beyond a doubt, I did. If I moved or cried for help, he would kill me before my aunt could get back — before I could cross the room. Though why he should wish to kill me I could form no idea.

"You must have time to recover," he said, in

Digitized by Google

that muted, uneven voice. "I will shield you while you pull yourself together." He had bent forward till his shoulders shut out my view of the group at the other end of the room.

I shrank into my cushions. But: "I have myself in hand now," I said. For I knew you must never let the insane know you are afraid.

Betty's laughter sounded far away.

"Take your time," he said. "They're enjoying themselves. They haven't even rung for the cognac and liqueurs yet." They would make Bettina and me drink a liqueur, he said. Or, if they failed in that, they'd say, "A thimbleful of coffee, then." And our coffee would be "doctored."

"But we've *had* coffee!" I said, in a new access of terror — was it drugged coffee that made me feel so lamed?

"That was all right," he said. "That was to steady *us*."

He did not look as if he needed steadying. What if he were not mad?

"Be careful," he said again. "Remember, I am running a ghastly risk in telling you. But you are facing a ghastly certainty if I don't."

I sat in that stillness of stark terror — staring at him.

And, as I stared, I found myself clinging to the thought that had been horror's height a little while before. "Pray God he's mad," I kept saying inwardly.

If I could keep my head, he said, I had no cause to be so frightened. It was some little time before he could give me up without rousing suspicion.

"Before you give me up!" I imagined the Grey Hawk swooping to snatch me.

"Before I help you to get out of this," he explained. "And, when I do, you will perhaps remember it is at a sacrifice. Greater than I supposed I could feel."

I moved at that — but like a sleep-walker on the edge of waking.

I asked him, in a whisper, what we were to do. I meant Betty and me. But he said: "When she begins to play or to sing, you are to get up, quite quietly — *can* you?"

I made a sign for yes.

"No haste. You must do it languidly — go out of the room."

"But my ——" (I suppressed "my aunt" with an inward twist of questioning anguish) "— shall I not be asked why and where I am going?"

He said, no. Because he would make the others a sign. He thought Bettina would take no notice of my going. "But, if she does, I'll tell her you wanted her to go on singing. I shall seem to be coming after you. But I'll stop to explain that we've had an argument about one of the pictures in the hall." He told me what I was to do.

"If, after all, they were to prevent me, what then?"

"They won't; they will leave you to me." He said it with a look that stopped the heart.

I implored him to let me go out alone.

He fixed his unhappy eyes on mine. "You would never be allowed out of this room alone."

"I could say I must post a letter."

"They would ring for a servant."

I measured the long room. "If once I got as far as the door, I could run."

"As far as the front door, perhaps. You would find it locked. No servant would open it for you."

"Will they for you?"

"I can do it for you," he said under his breath, and he stood up.

I thought he meant I was to make trial then of that terrible passage to the door. But was it not better to be where Betty was, whatever came — Betty and I together — than Betty alone with those devouring-eyed men, and I with a maniac out in the hall?

"I can not leave my sister!" I said.

He stood in front of me, masking me from the others. "Haven't I made you understand? If you don't leave the room with me, *she* will leave it with Whitby-Dawson."

"No! No!"

He hushed me. "She won't know why — but she'll do it. And she won't come back again." He pulled a great cushion up, to hide my face. And then he turned and made a feint of getting an illustrated paper off the table. He kept his eye on the others. There was some little commotion, during which Betty had risen. She left the sofa and sat on the piano-stool. She was laughing excitedly.

The man came back to me with the illustrated paper. He sat down closer to me, and held the paper open for a shield. But he held it strangely, with his arm across the picture. The reading part was in French. I had to crane to see over the top — Betty, twisting round on the piano-stool, and touching the keys in a provoking way; the two men teasing her to sing.

I have lived over every instant of that hour until the smallest detail is a stain indelible upon my mind. I have no trouble in remembering. My trouble is to be able to forget.

I hear again that muted voice behind the paper saying, "But for the collie-dog story, I wouldn't have dared to risk this. Everything depends on your nerve." And then he looked at me curiously and wanted to know if I had not heard there were such places — "I won't say

Digitized by Google

"'YOU MUST COME AND HELP ME TO GET BETTINA! OH, GOD, LET US BE QUICK!'"

Digitized by Google

like this. This is a masterpiece of devilry. And masterpieces are never plentiful."

He waited for me to say something. If I had known what, I could not have said it. I tried hard to speak. But I could only look dumbly in his face. And I saw there was no madness in the unhappy eyes.

"You must have heard or read of places — where men and women meet," he insisted.

Then, with an immense effort, I managed to say that I didn't seem able to think. I had been imagining other people insane. But perhaps it was I . . .

I stared over the top of the French paper, that he was both holding up and hiding from me. I thought to myself, "My mind is going." I must have said as much, for he answered quickly: "Not a bit of it. You've had a shock; that's all."

I did not realize it at the time, but, looking back, I seem to see the man's growing horror of my horror — and his fear I should betray him.

"I am sorry I told you," he said.

What was it he had told me? I asked him to help me to understand.

"You make it hard. That isn't fair," he said. "You give me a sense of doing violence. You implicate me, in spite of the Quixotic resolve I made when you begged me not to go. You make me, after all, an instrument of initiation."

Yes, he complained. Yet, looking back from the bleak height of later knowledge, I think he betrayed some relish of the moment. Heaven forgive me if I do him wrong. But he was not, I think, losing all that he had come for, or he would have shortened my agony. True, he was sacrificing what few of his sort would sacrifice. And he was running the gravest personal risk. For at some point I asked about that. "If she knew what you had told me, what would she do?"

"Call in her bullies to beat me to a jelly."

He was more and more unwilling to seem a mere adjunct of the baseness he unveiled. I was not to judge too harshly. "This situation"— he nodded toward Bettina, the old man and the young one — "all this, far more crudely managed, is a commonplace in the world. In every capital of every nation on the earth. And it has always been so."

He saw I did not believe him. He seemed to imagine that, while I was being torn on that rack where he had stretched me, I could think of other things. I cried to him under my breath not to torture me any more — "help me quickly to get help!"

He said I must trust him. Everything depended on choosing the right moment. "If you went out now, with that face, you'd pull the house about our ears."

He was doing all he could to calm and steady me, he said. And certainly he tried to make me feel that what to me was like a maniac's nightmare, an abysmal horror beggaring language and crucifying thought, was all a commonplace to men and women of the world. "Human nature" — "human nature," like the tolling of a muffled bell. Bishops and old ladies imagined you could alter these things. "Take India. I've been there. I knew an official who'd had charge of the *chaklas*. You don't know what *chaklas* are? Your father knew. If you'd gone riding round any one of the cantonments you'd have seen. Little groups of tents. A hospital not far off. Women in the tents. Out there it's no secret."

Even governments, he said, had to recognize human nature, and shape their policies accordingly.

"I can do it now!" I cried under my breath, and I stood up.

He shot out a hand and pulled me back. "Not while the Grey Hawk is hovering outside! And your lips are livid." A good thing, he said, that I had still a few minutes. "You have your sister to thank. She is a success. She piles up anticipation. The value of that is the stock in trade of people like our hostess. At a time when her profession is a hundred per cent more dangerous than it's ever been since the world began, she perfects it. Makes it pay in proportion to its danger." Couldn't I trust him to know? After a second: "How did she get hold of you?" I knew no more than the dead. "Through some one very well informed." He probed and questioned. I could only shake my head. But my tortured mind fluttered spasmodically from figure to figure in our little world, and felt each one's recoil from my mere unspoken thought. Until — *the little dressmaker!* Her questions; her pains to establish the fact of our isolation, of our poverty; her special interest in our aunt. "You haf a photografie — *hein?*" And then the picture's vanishing. Had it come to this house to serve as model? The Tartar liked the "new coiffure."

Two servants came in. One carried a great silver tray.

"Oh, leave that a bit!" The Tartar, over the back of the sofa, waved the footmen off.

They came toward us, and were told: "Put it there on the table." The man beside me made a show of welcoming it. He dropped the illustrated paper in my lap. "Bend down. Bend down low," he whispered.

I bent over the swimming page.

"What will you have?" he called out to me, as the footmen were leaving the room.

Digitized by Google

I tried to answer. No sound.

"Oh, you prefer *crême de menthe*, do you?" he said, quite loud. "Yes, there's *crême de menthe*." He filled a glass and brought it to me. "Cognac," he whispered. "It will steady you."

I put my shaking lips to the glass; I did not drink.

"Ah, you are afraid," he said. And he looked at me with his unhappy eyes.

My hand was shaking. Some of the stuff spilt out on my new dress.

"Give it to me," he said, and he drank it off — "just to show" me.

I was conscious that Betty was singing — and that the door had opened.

The Grey Hawk stood there with, as I thought at first, a thick-set boy dressed in a man's evening clothes. As she dismissed him and shut the door, I saw he was a hunchback.

The Colonel left the piano and met my aunt. He was laughing. They stood and talked.

"Bend down. Bend low," the voice said in my ear.

The Colonel's croaking laugh came nearer.

The man at my side called out: "Look here, Colonel. No poaching on my preserves. We are deep in a discussion about art. You're not to interrupt."

"Oh, art, is it?" The old man had come behind our sofa, and was leaning down between us. I smelt a foul breath. With a sense of choking, I lifted my head. The Colonel's watery eyes went from me to the strange, ugly picture. I did not understand it. I do not think I should have been conscious of having looked at it, but for the expression on the Colonel's face.

Bettina finished her song. They all clapped. In the buzz, Bettina raised her voice. She couldn't dance and sing as well as accompany herself, she said.

"In what time is it?" the grey woman asked. She took Bettina's place at the piano.

Still Bettina hesitated, while the Tartar urged.

"Oh, I don't mind, if you *like* such babyish songs."

"Of course we do." The Colonel went back to them.

Bettina said pertly: "I should think you'd be ashamed." She stood beside the grey woman and hummed the old tune. She helped by striking a few notes.

"Now!" the grey woman said to Betty.

The word was echoed in my ear.

"Now?" I repeated.

"But first" — he caught my hand. "Bite your lip a little."

Betty stood poised, holding her green skirt with both hands, like a child about to curtsy. I stood up. All the room was dancing with my little sister. I got to the door.

"Where are you going——"

Betty sang. But she was too amused and excited to notice me.

My companion was bending over the Grey Hawk. She looked round at him, surprised, mocking.

Some power came to help me over the threshold. A footman started up out of the floor and stood before me. "Where are you going?" he echoed Betty.

"I am waiting for — one of the gentlemen," I said, and I leaned against a chair. If Betty's song stopped, I should know we had failed.

I held my breath as I leaned over and took my last look into the room. My friend was leaving the grey woman. She played on. Bettina was dancing, a hand on her hip, the other twirling moustachios — playing the gallant. Such a baby she looked!

And I had done her hair like that ——

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

The man had come out and softly shut the door. He gave the footman a strange look and passed him something. "It's all right," he said.

The footman looked in his hand and stared. "*Mais, merci — merci, monsieur.*" He vanished.

I went towards the stairs.

"*That's* not the way," the voice said harshly.

"Sha'n't I get a cloak?"

"For God's sake, no! It's a question of moments, now." He was undoing the door. "Run for your life. First to the left — a cab-rank."

I fled out of the house.

XII

I STOOD ringing. I thundered at the knocker. I beat the door with my fist. An old man opened at last.

"Mrs. Caterham! Where is she?"

The old man tried to keep me out. But he was gentle and frail. I forced my way past. I called, and ran along a passage, trying doors that opened into the darkness.

At last! — a room where a woman sat alone — reading by a shaded light.

"Who are you?" I cried out. She laid her book in her lap. "Are *you* Mrs. Caterham! Then come — come quickly! I'll tell you on the way."

The old woman lifted the folds of her double chin and looked at me through spectacles.

"You must come and help me to get Bettina!" I broke into distracted sobbing on the name. "Bettina! Bettina!" I seized my aunt's hand and tried to draw her out of her chair.

Digitized by Google

But I was full of trembling. She sat there, massive, calm, with a power of inert resistance that made me feel I could as easily lift her house out of the Square by its knocker as move the woman planted there in her chair.

Neither haste nor perturbation in the voice that asked me: "What has happened?"

"*Not yet!*" I cried out. "Nothing has happened yet! But we must be quick. Oh, God, let us be quick!"

The butler had followed me in, and was asking something. "Yes," said the quiet voice; "pay the cabman."

"No!" I shrieked. "Keep him! I must go back, instantly." . . . And through my own strange-sounding voice hers reached me:

"You must see that you are quite unintelligible. Sit down and collect yourself."

"Sit down! Isn't it enough that *one* woman sits still, while — while ——"

She was putting questions.

I heard a reproach that seemed to fill the house: "You never came to meet us."

And, while the charge was ringing, I felt with anguish the injustice of it. How could one have expected this woman to come!

But she should be moved and stirred at last!

"I sent my maid," she was defending herself — "only a minute or two late."

"The other woman was not late!"

"Who?"

I begged the butler to get a cloak for Mrs. Caterham. She was saying that Bettina and I should have waited — and again that I must calm myself and tell her ——

"Some one pretended to be you!" I hurled it at her. "She took us to a house — a place where they do worse than murder. I escaped. Betty is there now." I told her all I could pack into a few sentences.

"It isn't possible," my aunt said. "This is England."

"*Come and see!* Betty ——"

But they only thought me mad. They tortured me with questions.

I caught her by the arm. "God won't forgive you if you wait an instant more!"

Oh, but she was old and unbelieving — so old, I felt she had looked on unmoved at evil since the world began.

But she was sending for wraps, sending messages. Still she sat there, in the heavy, square-backed chair, her hands upon her knees, her two feet side by side, as motionless as the footstool, her heavy shoulders high and square, her lace cap with square ends falling either side of her face, like the headdress of an Egyptian, her air of monumental calm more like a Theban statue than a living woman.

I turned away.

The figure in the chair rose up at last. Oh, but slowly — slow, and stiff, and ponderous.

I felt in her all the heaviness of the acquiescent since time began.

"That is right," she said to the old man who had brought the maid.

And the maid was old, too.

Three helpless ghosts.

Like death, the sense came over me that I was as badly off with these three as I had been alone. Again I turned from them, frantic.

"I will go out," I cried, "and find help!"

I ran toward the door.

It was then the old man made the first sane suggestion. We could telephone to the police.

That would save time! The police would meet us outside Betty's prison.

I followed the butler into the hall. We all stood there, by the telephone. Ages seemed to go by while he was getting the number. And when he had got the number, he could not hear the questions that were put. I tore the receiver out of his hand — I pushed him aside. But I had never used the telephone before, and I spoke too loudly. When they told me so, I sobbed. The voice at the other end was faint and cool. Oh, the easy way the world was taking Betty's fate!

And then the faint, cool voice at the other end said something which showed me I was not believed.

He, too, was thinking I was out of my mind.

The receiver dropped from my hand.

"They can not understand," I said.

I told my aunt that she must go to Bettina, and I would bring the police.

My aunt made some objection. I did not stop to hear it.

"I can not wait for any words! And I will not wait another second for any human soul!"

Then, running beside me as I made for the front door, the old butler spoke again: "— a policeman in our square." He would call the policeman in.

The old man was right. A policeman stood at the corner, watching that no harm should come to the ladies of Lowndes Square.

I had run out, with the butler protesting at my heels. "*Not in the street,* Miss!" he said, with the first hint of emotion I had found in him.

I did not wait, but he must have brought the policeman in during my outpouring. For the look of the hall, during those swift seconds, is stamped in my brain. The elderly maid kneeling at my aunt's feet, changing her shoes; the policeman facing my aunt, helmet in hand, his reverent eye falling before the dignity of Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Caterham, while I, at his elbow, poured out broken sentences, interlarded with "I'll tell you the rest as we go ——"

My strained voice was grown weak. I wondered, suddenly, if it had ever really reached their ears.

I was like a person, down under the sea, trying to make my voice heard through a mile of murky water.

I was like a woman buried alive, who, in the black middle of the night, beats at her coffin-lid in some deserted grave-yard.

"It is no use!" I cried. "I shall go back alone."

At last we were all going out of the door. The policeman put on his helmet.

"And where is this house?" he asked.

"It is — it is ——"

A pit of blackness opened. I felt myself falling headlong. I heard a cry that made my flesh writhe — as though the cry had been Bettina's and not mine.

A voice said: "It is not possible you have forgotten the address!"

I had never known it!

XIII

It must have been an hour before my reason came back. A strange man was there. A friend, I heard — a Healer.

And all those old, old faces.

What had they done?

What could they do? — except telephone again to the police the vague and non-committal fact of a girl decoyed and lost to sight in the labyrinth of London!

They dared to think they could get me to bed. They found me, not a girl — more a wild animal. Out, out I must go. The police station first.

The Healer and my aunt and I, driving through deserted streets in the small hours of the morning.

At the police station, they listened. They shook their heads. The Healer did most of the talking. I interrupted him: "Do they mean they don't know of any houses where older women bring young girls?"

"I don't say that," the man in uniform answered.

I looked at him. "You don't know these places?"

He hesitated: "We know some."

"You don't mean there are many!"

Again the hesitation. "Not many of the sort you describe."

While they talked I cried out for the last time: "What are we to *do?* Who will help me?"

I did not need their foolish words to realize no help would come from these wooden men in uniform.

Nor from the foggy, self-bemused mystic at my side. Long ago she had turned away from service, even from knowledge. There was "no evil, except as a figment of mortal mind." Peace! Peace! — and this battle, nightly, at her gate! Just once her doors burst open, and she made aware. The sound would soon be faint in her ears and then would cease.

Who else?

Not the Healer — whose way of healing was to look away from the wound.

A vision of my mother rose to stab at me.

And uniformed men were lifting me into a cab. The electric light was fierce in their faces. Then the light and they were gone. We were driving, in silence, through streets of shadow, sharply streaked with light. I crouched in the corner, and fought the flames that shrivelled up my flesh.

Torment! Torment!

Betty with a hundred faces. And every one a separate agony. Betty beginning to understand. Betty looking for her sister — calling out for me. No sister. No friend. Only the fiends of hell.

Torment! Torment!

I was crying fiercely again, and beating with clenched fists. I heard a crash.

The cab was stopped, and strange faces crowded. I was being held. "She has lost her mind," one said.

But no, it wasn't lost. It was serving me with devilish clearness. More pictures, and still more.

Well — well — Betty would die soon.

Like cool water, holy water, came the thought of death. Perhaps she was already dead. O my God, make it true! Let her be dead.

XIV

But when the morning came I could not be sure that Betty was dead. They brought me a telegram. Could it be—? I tore the envelop open.

From the Duncombe housemaid. My mother was sinking, it said, and we were expected back by the night train.

The message had been sent an hour after we left home. It reached Lowndes Square seven hours before I had come beating at the door. That it had lain in the hall forgotten seemed to me hardly to matter now.

Not even to-day could I go home.

Digitized by Google

I seemed to see the future.

If my mother had not died in the night, the end would very quickly come. There was mercy there. As for me — I knew I should not die till I was sure that Betty was out of the world. As though to our best, our only friend, I turned to the thought of her physical weakness. But I must be sure. I rose up out of my bed — and darkness took me in her arms.

I was ill a long, long while.

Whenever a time came that found me free of fever, able to think again, what could I think except that, even if Betty were dead, there were the others.

The unhappy man had said that always, always there were others.

And the people who knew least went on saying it wasn't true. And the people who knew most said, "There are many thousand 'lost sisters' in London." Who would help me to find mine? — or to sleep once more, knowing Bettina safely dead!

Up and down the streets I should go, looking into the eyes of outcasts under city lamps — looking for the eyes I knew.

In the grey intervals I was conscious of Aunt Josephine being more and more in the room. I came to look for her. She spoke sometimes of my father. I was like him, she said. She had forbidden any one to talk to me about my sister, so that I was the more surprised the day she spoke of Betty of her own accord.

"If you will try to get strong," she said, "I will tell you what I have done to find her. And when you are really well I will do all that any one woman can to help."

So we talked a little — just a little, now and then, about the things I thought of endlessly. And not vaguely, either. She saw how vagueness maddened me. We faced things. How she had misunderstood my mother. That could never be made up now. My mother never knew why we were not with her, nor even that we were not there. Consciousness had never come back to her.

One night, or early morning rather, stands out clear. Vaguely I remembered a renewed struggle and a fresh defeat. Now I had waked out of deep sleep, with a feeling quite safe and sure, at last, that Betty was free. The night-light had burned out. A pearly greyness filled the room. By the open window, the poor, worn-out nurse was sitting, wrapped in a shawl. Her head, leaning against the window-frame, was thrown back, as though to look at something. I don't know whether it was the shawl drawn about drooped shoulders, or the association of a lifted face by the window; but I thought of the hop-picker — and of the promise I had made — yes, and kept.

As long as I had been at Duncombe after that haggard woman passed, no other, with my knowing, had gone hungry away. Not all suffering, then, was utterly vain.

What was the white-capped figure looking at so steadily, so long?

I raised myself on my elbow and leaned forward till I, too, could see. A tracery of branches, bare against a clear-coloured sky, and, through the crossing lines, a little white moon looked through its sky-lattice into the open window of my room.

I got up, so weak I had to cling to table and chair, till I stood by the nurse. She was asleep, poor soul. But I hardly noticed her then.

I was looking up in a kind of ecstasy, for it seemed to me that a pale young face — not like the Bettina I had known, and still Bettina's face — was leaning down out of heaven to bring me comfort.

Or, was it to bring help for those in greater need than I, that Betty was leaning out of heaven? . . .

I remembered I had gone back into that last darkness saying, as I had said ten thousand times before: "*Why had this come to Betty?*"

And now again I asked: "Why had it to be you?"

And it seemed to me that, through this gentle grey of morning, Betty was leading me into the light. For the answer to my question was that the suffering of evil-doers had never been fruitful, as the suffering of the innocent had been.

I pondered that. Was there, then, some life-principle in such pain?

I heard a voice say: "You shall find in mortal ill the seed of Immortal Good."

I knelt down by the window and thanked my sister.

Others shall thank her, too.

THE END

Digitized by Google

THE PEKING PUG

The Charmed Life of Miss Austin

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

AUTHOR OF "DINNER AT EIGHT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

AND, oh, Edith! While you're in Peking won't you get me one of those darling Peking Pugs — a blue and white one? You can give it to me when we meet at Yokohama. Probably I could buy one in New York, but it would never be the same. I want to *know* that *mine* actually came from the wonderful old city — and direct to me! You just can't imagine how I envy you that part of your tour. I think it was perfectly *dear* of your uncle and aunt to take you there! But aren't you just a *teeny* bit afraid, with everybody saying the revolution may break out yet — *any second?* . . .

Mrs. Wilberly, who was on the couch with one of her nervous headaches, dropped the letter to her lap, saying: "What on earth does Harriet mean by a Peking pug, Edith?"

Miss Austin turned toward her aunt a girlish face that exhibited no trace of whatever adventurous desires may have been stirring behind it. The well modeled mouth, the broad, low forehead, the straight nose, the firmly pointed chin, the healthy coloring, that was softened by a trace of ocean tan, combined to make it an extremely pretty face. The hazel eyes were wide and demure. Though she had been lounging in her room all this rather tiresome afternoon, her fluffy brown hair was in place to the last strand, her shirtwaist was immaculate, her perfect-fitting cloth skirt was as trim as if it had just been ironed to her figure.

"Oh, you know," she replied, rather absently — "tiny sleeve dog, with long hair and cunning little eyes."

"But who ever heard of a blue and white dog? Chinaware, porcelain — yes. But a dog!"

"There are queerer things than that in China," replied Miss Austin sagely, opening the door to the adjoining room, then lingering a moment to ask: "Uncle Frank hasn't sent any word, has he?"

"No; he's still out with those Belgian engineers. He says there will be a fortune here in coal and iron after the revolution."

An expression that might have meant great inner impatience flitted across Miss Austin's face. But she composed herself instantly, and gazed with meditative eyes toward the window. "I was just thinking," she mused, "that it might not be too late yet to go out somewhere and buy the dog." She lingered a moment longer, then suddenly turned and entered her own room.

"Be careful about going out alone!" called her aunt, in a voice that rose nervously.

But the door had closed.

Mrs. Wilberly sank back among the cushions and sighed. "Girls," she reflected, "are becoming utterly unmanageable — what with all the ideas of emancipation and independence they pick up nowadays." That this very hotel, here in the Legation Quarter of Peking, sheltered at the moment a horridly fascinating assemblage of adventurers and adventuresses from every corner of the earth appeared rather to please Edith than otherwise; that, until the lull of the past few weeks, foreign troops had been arriving by every train, and panicky Manchus and Chinese residents had been heaping into carts their gold and silver, their bronzes, ivories, porcelains, cloisonnés, silks, jades, and carvings, and streaming frantically out through every gate of the Tartar City, seemed merely to stir the girl to a romantic impatience for the event.

Mrs. Wilberly pressed her hands to her throbbing temples, and reflected on the burden he bears who assumes responsibility for another life.

Miss Austin came slowly down the broad stairway into the main hall of the hotel, pausing on the lowest step for a glance at the gay, exotic scene before her.

The walls of the passage blazed with the Mandarin coats, skirts, and squares of embroidery that privileged venders were offering for sale. Moving about, chatting quietly, sipping tea or whisky-and-soda with richly gowned women, were officers in the uniforms of many nations, nearly all with the blurred eyes of the hard drinker, yet all vigorous of body. Cynical gentlemen from various legations were in evidence here and there. Almost at her elbow, two Rus-

Digitized by Google

sians, a Norwegian, and a Chinese Mandarin were talking together in French. "It *is* like a little pasteboard Paris set down out here," she thought.

Her breath came more quickly, and a barely perceptible heightening of color intensified the beauty of her girlishly immobile face. She was aware, moving slowly through the queerly mixed little gathering, that she ought to resent the really alarming glances of these fascinating officers; but no resentment could stand against the rising sense of sheer adventurous delight that had set her nerves tingling. She had to pick her way around the wizened old native conjuror who was sitting on his heels in the midst of his glass bowls and lacquered flower-pots and mysterious lumpy objects under colored cloths. And as she stepped out on the porch there was a faint, happy smile dancing in her eyes and hovering about her mouth — a smile that died suddenly when she found herself face to face with Captain Waters and the girl gambler.

She had met the Captain a number of times since he had proved useful to her uncle in arranging one or two rather important introductions. He was a man of nearly middle age, with a close-cropped mustache, a flushed face with minute but observable purple veins over the cheekbones and on the nose, watery blue eyes with a network of criss-cross lines under each, and magnificent shoulders. Edith had lately made a point of avoiding him.

The girl gambler, on the other hand, was easily the most interesting person in the hotel. Apparently she lived there alone. In the dining-room she always had a table to herself. Except in the evenings, she invariably wore a simple blue middy blouse and a short blue skirt; and her black hair hung loose on her collar, gathered in a bow at the neck. "She makes up for sixteen," thought Edith, "looks twenty, and is probably all of twenty-five."

The girl's eyes were a strange, pale green, the palest eyes Edith had ever seen. In figure she was slim. Her thin face was cold, verging on the ascetic, and appeared always to be under perfect control. A strange, silent person, who appeared to have no friends and no emotions, yet was inexplicably attractive. The one definitely known fact regarding her was that she was to be found any evening in the year presiding over a gambling "club" just outside the Quarter and not so far from the Italian glacis.

The two moved squarely into the doorway as Edith came out — there was no escaping them. The Captain was saying something in a low, passionate voice — something that had to be broken off short in the middle of a word.

Embarrassed, Miss Austin looked away from the Captain to the girl. And the girl returned the gaze with a rather pleasing directness.

Meantime Captain Waters' alcoholic flush had deepened to a rich red. "Miss Austin," he finally got out — "Miss Carmichael."

The two girls smiled as they bowed; and with that smile went an unexpected wordless flash of understanding.

"You were going out — alone?" asked the Captain, after a moment.

Miss Austin nodded briskly. "Why not?"

It occurred to her that it is precisely loose, fast men of the Captain's type who hold most desperately to the old notions of seclusion, protection, and rigid propriety for their women-folk.

"Well — it will be dark within the hour, Miss Austin."

Edith repressed an impulse to say: "I am perfectly able to take care of myself, thank you!" Instead she merely inquired: "Isn't there a native market near by where one can buy dogs?"

The Captain looked densely at her without replying; but Miss Carmichael nodded. "Not so near, though," she said. "It's quite a way up the Hatamen Street."

"My dear girl," the Captain put in, genuinely shocked, "you weren't thinking of going clean out of the Quarter — by yourself!"

Edith nodded, with smiling eyes but compressed lips.

"Then you must surely let me go with you."

He was insistent. Edith shrank from the prospect. "But, after all," she thought, "perhaps it *would* be safer with him than without him, especially as I don't know where the market is. And, of course, he won't insult me; he'll have to behave." At this thought she was almost regretful. "You go about by yourself, and shock everybody, and nothing ever happens. Nobody ever bothered me but once; and that turned out to be just interesting."

The Captain hurried in for his coat. Miss Carmichael's eyes followed him; then she turned and looked thoughtfully at Miss Austin. "You won't like my saying it," she remarked quietly; "but why don't you wait until morning and go with your own folks?"

Miss Austin bristled, and was pointedly silent.

The girl gambler gave a little shrug. "I know him," she said. "He's the wrong sort."

Miss Austin pursed her lips and turned away. Then the Captain was with them again, and was struggling into his coat. He quite unnecessarily took Edith's arm as they started down the steps. She withdrew it and moved away from him, chatting with perfect composure as she walked along. And Miss Carmichael stood looking after them, closely, until they had passed out through the courtyard, stepped into separate

Digitized by Google

"HE WAS GRIPPING HER CLOSE IN HIS IRON LEFT ARM. WITH HIS RIGHT HE RAISED HIS REVOLVER"

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

'rickshaws, and whirled away. For a moment longer she stood there — thinking of this ungoverned, desperate life of the Coast through which little Miss Austin was moving with utter innocence but with an adventurous question in her demure eyes. She wondered what that aunt was thinking of. Was she insane? Did she suppose you can feed a male brute on whisky, gin, and the Coast ladies for five years, and then expect him to know adventurous innocence when he sees it? . . . Miss Carmichael started slowly down the steps; hesitated; came back to the porch; hesitated again; and finally stood motionless, her pale eyes turned toward the street and the line of waiting 'rickshaws.

Edith Austin breathed deep and looked about with joy in her heart. For two days she had been cooped up in the hotel; now she could again fill her healthy young lungs with the crisp November air. All along Legation Street were

Digitized by Google

soldiers — meek, machine-like Germans, snappy little Japanese, slouching American marines, brigandish Italians, loose-breeched French — walking and loafing by twos and threes. There were extra sentries at the gate-houses of each legation compound. Long heaps of reserve sand-bags were piled along the curbs like paving material. From somewhere — nowhere — floated the magic notes of a bugle.

Lifting her eyes, she could see the top of the fifty-foot Tartar wall that backs and dominates the Legation Quarter. There were sentries up there, too — toy soldiers silhouetted against the radiant sky. Just beyond either end of the confines of the Quarter, more than a mile apart, loomed the great pagodas over the Chien and Hata gates. She knew that these, like the wall, were occupied now — the Hatamen by German troops, the Chienmen by American — in order that the perils of 1900 might not be invited again.

The hotel might be a pasteboard Paris; this, *this* was Peking — Peking the swarming, Peking the ramshackle, Peking the barbaric, Peking the enchanting. She wished, for the moment, that the scattered mutterings of revolution might really gather and break. Then perhaps the royal Manchu family would flee again through the sacred gates, as in 1900; perhaps beautiful, painted harem girls would seek refuge here in the Quarter; perhaps wonderful old eunuchs, right out of Marco Polo and the "Arabian Nights," would come flying in terror from within the secret walls that had hidden the intrigues of an empire.

For a moment the two 'rickshaws ran side by side. Captain Waters looked across at the glowing face beside him; then, with speeding pulse, dropped his eyes.

A German sentry stopped them at the East Gate, marked the Captain's uniform, saluted, and stood aside. They swung across the flat glacis to the wide and populous Hatamen Street. As they turned north, the Captain showed his teeth and pointed ahead. The light was fading fast, but she could make out a long string of laden camels approaching, swaying and dipping and winding above the traffic of the street like an endless brown serpent.

"You see," he called across, "the danger is past now. Traffic is going on again. You can trust John Chinaman's instinct."

Edith looked about. Hundreds of yellow-skinned ones were passing: coolies in

"SHE LOOKED FROM THE CAPTAIN TO THE GIRL GAMBLER . . .

Digitized by Google

. . . THE GIRL RETURNED HER GAZE WITH RATHER PLEASING DIRECTNESS"

tatters or bare of back and leg, merchants in long blue gabardines and black skull-caps with red buttons. A few young men caught her eye, fell in and ran behind her, shouted Oriental insults, and swelled to a crowd.

The 'rickshaws were close. "Are you sure it is safe?" asked Edith.

The Captain scattered them with a look and a word. "Perfectly," he replied then. "They would do this any time. There's always some anti-foreign feeling, you know."

The Captain shouted at the 'rickshaw men. They turned off, picked a way through the crowd, and entered a narrow side street. It was nearly dark here. The Captain stepped down and came to her side.

"We'll leave the 'rickshaws here," he said, "and have a look-see on foot."

He reached up to take her hand, but she eluded him and leaped to the pavement like a boy. As she did so she was uncomfortably aware that his eyes were intent on the free movements of her slim body. Then he took her arm and guided her along the crowded footway, up the dim little street.

They stopped before a row of barred and shuttered buildings.

"That's what I was afraid of," said the Captain easily. "We're too late. Not much doing here after nightfall, you know. They haven't learned yet all that artificial light will do for them. I guess it's a case of go back to the hotel — that is, if you feel you must hurry." He consulted his watch. "It's early — not much after five. We might walk along the big street and see the sights."

Miss Austin looked squarely at him and shook her head. "No," she said; "we'll go back."

There was something in the quality of her voice that caused him to relax his hold on her arm. A puzzled expression flitted into his eyes and out again.

"See," he observed in a casual voice, as they turned; "if you are still thinking of any possible danger, look at that."

Wheeling into the narrow way from the Hatamen Street came an imposing procession of mule-litters and carts, preceded by a huge, gaudily decorated sedan-chair with eight bearers and as many outrunners.

"It's some rich Chinaman," the Captain went on, "coming back with his wives and his treasures. A fortnight ago they were

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

all flying to the sea-coast for foreign protection. This tells the story. If there was the slightest danger you'd never see that outfit turning into this street. John, I tell you, is a wise person — the wisest on earth."

The natives were crowding against the buildings to make way for the great man. Miss Austin stood on tiptoe and looked over a blue shoulder.

Behind the glass front of the red chair some object was moving. It was a face, doubtless the face of the great man. She looked past it to the row of three, four, five litters. Was there a wife — or a concubine — shut away in each? How would it seem to be one of a man's several wives? That was certainly what you had to submit to in China. Perhaps — she was thinking of the man at her side with the big shoulders and the watery blue eyes — perhaps the experience was not wholly unknown to the secret-most hearts of patient women in Western lands. She wished she hadn't come with him — even moved half a step away from him, almost against a staring yellow man. If the man only knew how she hated, *hated* to be touched!

A dark figure appeared on a roof farther down the street, nearly where the red chair was passing. He wore baggy trousers and leggings, a carbine slung across his back, a small turban on his head, and on his left wrist a falcon. By this token she knew him for a Manchu.

The man slowly raised his right hand, poised it for an instant, then threw something that might have been a piece of pipe, and that circled slowly, end over end, into the shadows of the street.

"A bomb!"

She heard the word; then, before her mind could compass the situation, Captain Waters lifted her off the ground and almost threw her back into a recessed doorway.

There was an explosion that flattened her against the wood as if it meant to drive her through, that tore at her ear-drums, that rocked the ground under her feet, that hurled sprawling figures against her. For a moment she was unconscious. She must have fallen into the Captain's arms. Certainly, when her brain cleared, he was gripping her close in his iron left arm, and his right hand was in the act of lowering an automatic pistol. She wondered if he had been shooting.

Her eyes opened wider, and she made an effort to free herself. It must have been a weak effort, for he paid not the slightest attention to it. He was staring out into the little street, that was now a smoking litter of wreckage. He raised his revolver again, hesitated, then lowered it.

The red chair had disappeared entirely; indeed, what appeared to be a piece of it was lying almost at her feet. Where it had been when the bomb fell, the street was choked with a confused tangle of bricks, boards, mules, and human bodies.

The Captain suddenly turned and looked straight down at her. The expression in his eyes first frightened, then angered her. She tried again to push him away, but realized, with a sinking of the heart, that she was weak and faint. In her confusion of mind, it did not occur to her that she had been resting there in his arm for a moment. There was something horribly direct about that look in his eyes.

"It's strange — strange," he was saying, "how things happen. It took this thing to throw us together. Cost some lives, too." Her head sank, and she pushed weakly against his chest with her elbow. His lips brushed her ear. "Cost some lives, but here we are. Queer world — eh, what! Oh, you beauty — you raving little beauty, you! Set me wild when I first saw you — been crazy for you — and here we are! . . . But let's get out of here! You make me forget everything. Quick — keep close to me — this way, along the wall!"

Couldn't the man understand? Couldn't he see that she had fainted, that she — was going to — faint again? . . . She jerked her head back and drew in a quick breath of the choking air. At least, he had relaxed the grip of that awful arm. There he was now, moving sidewise, back to the wall, looking out ahead, but groping for her with his free hand. She caught his sleeve and followed. To this extent he was right; he must at least get her safely to the main road.

"Look out, here!" shouted the Captain. "Step up!"

She obeyed; and stepped on, then over, a human body.

Moaning sounds came from the dark tangle in the street. A mule was waving his hoofs and scrambling; while she watched, the animal got to its feet and staggered out of the dark, cluttered impasse into the Hatamen Street.

A man stumbled blindly against her, and groaned. She had to shoulder him off as she moved slowly forward. Frantic natives were now running from the more or less wrecked shops and dwellings, waving their hands and wailing in falsetto. Children were crying. Two young girls came slowly out of a house from which the front wall had been almost entirely removed. For a moment they blocked the way, looking on with dazed, blank eyes. Their foreheads, noses, and chins were white with powder; their straight, slanting eyebrows were heavily blackened; their cheeks glistened with red paint; and the mouth of each was a perfect

Digitized by Google

"'LET THAT CHILD ALONE, JIM. I'LL HELP YOU, JIM, IF — IF IT'S HARD'".

Cupid's bow of bright carmine. Their shining black hair was built up into elaborate coiffures. Their dress was the embroidered short coat and trousers of the Chinese gentlewoman who is supposed never to appear in public. And they were beautiful, with a haunting Oriental beauty.

Captain Waters thrust them roughly aside and pressed forward, dragging Miss Austin with him. The two were past the thickest of the wreckage and perhaps half way out of the street when the Captain again pressed her into a doorway. Edith peered out around his bulky person. The

Digitized by Google

street blazed with light now, for one of the shops was in flames. She could see a number of brown-faced men in blue turbans running in from the Hatamen Street. They had knives at their belts, and carried heavy, naked swords that glittered with damascene work and inlaid silver. They were silent, and weirdly businesslike. Those in advance stopped at the first bodies and swiftly looked them over; picked off rings, ear and hair ornaments, purses, and jeweled girdles.

Captain Waters drew a second pistol from his pocket and thrust it into her hand.

"Can you use it?" he asked.

She nodded.

"It's the Manchus. Looks as if they're pulling off the mutiny, after all. Listen!"

Over the moaning and wailing and chattering, over the crackling of a fire that was now roaring out through heavily tiled roofs, came to their ears a faint boom — another — a sudden series. Then, somewhere nearer at hand, a sharp, sputtering rattle. "That's a machine-gun!" cried the Captain.

More of the Manchu soldiers were now pouring into the street. Here and there groups of them were fighting over the loot. Three men with carbines on their backs and old-fashioned revolvers in their hands crowded up to the doorway in which Miss Austin and the Captain were sheltered. The foremost raised his weapon, peered over it at their white faces and at the Captain's uniform; then, to her astonishment, smiled and bowed. Captain Waters returned the bow stiffly. There was a brief exchange of words in an unintelligible singsong. The Captain made way, and drew her aside with him. The soldiers bowed again, with perfect Oriental suavity; then threw their weight against the door, bore it from its hinges, and plunged in over it.

"Better take our chance on getting out of this," said Captain Waters. "He insists that they're not touching foreigners. Anyhow, we'd soon be cooked in here."

They moved slowly along toward the highway. It was better now, and the looters were working with desperate speed. One of them, a giant Tartar with a split lip, had carried the body of a woman from a wrecked litter to a doorstep and propped it up. The dead girl, young and slender, clad in a long robe of red silk with embroidery in gold thread on the shoulders and sleeves, looked almost alive as she half lay, half sat, with her head supported by the door-frame. One arm was doubled stiffly across her chest, as if clasping some precious object. The crouching soldier glanced around from his prize as Miss Austin and her escort approached, saw the pistol in Edith's hand, and smiled up at her admiringly; then turned back to tear a ruby ornament from the ear of the dead girl.

They had got nearly to the Hatamen Street when the Captain again stopped and held her close to the wall.

"We'll go slow here," he said. "There may be trouble outside. Keep ready with that pistol."

There was again something disturbing in his nearness to her. His voice had become hoarse and unsteady, and he seemed to be trying not to look at her. The veins stood out sharply on his flushed temple. Not knowing what to say or do, she raised the pistol and showed him that her finger was caressing the trigger.

Suddenly he turned and looked deep into her eyes.

"Maybe I was too — well, too rough back there," he began, a note of excitement rising in his voice as he went on. Edith felt herself growing cold and shrinking back against the wall. "Maybe I took too much for granted — perhaps you didn't mean it. God, how do I know what you mean! But feeling you there by me — in my arms — your face so near ——"

Again his arms were about her shoulders, holding her close to him. A blaze of hot anger rushed up within her. She wrested her right arm free and waved the pistol unsteadily.

"My God, girl!" he cried. "You don't mean ——!" Then he caught her wrist.

Suddenly Miss Austin's tense body relaxed. Her face lighted with a shock of surprise that ran swiftly off into relief. For, picking her way coolly up the narrow street, her long blanket-coat thrown back exposing the blue middy blouse, a boy's plaid cap on her head, a matter-of-fact expression on her thin face, came Miss Carmichael.

Captain Waters caught the expression on Miss Austin's face, and was puzzled. Then he turned.

"Hello," said Miss Carmichael coolly. "I followed you up. Thought I'd like one of those dogs myself." She was quietly looking them over as she spoke. "The row's 'most finished, I guess. The police are running all over the place. They'll be in here before long, cutting off heads. Better get out before they begin — it's so spattery."

The Captain was biting upward at his mustache. "Think we'll have trouble getting back?"

"We might — a little. But it's unnecessary. There's a mission within five minutes of here — American, too. Let's get her over there. . . . Say, Miss Austin, there's some one trying to talk to you back there. Friend of yours?"

The Tartar of the split lip, still squatting by the body in the red and gold robe, was beckoning

Digitized by Google

"STILL SMILING, THE TARTAR KNELT BY THE BODY OF THE DEAD GIRL AND SWIFTLY TORE FROM HER FINGERS THE GOLD-MOUNTED RUBIES".

Digitized by Google

and smiling eagerly. He pointed to his prize, and beckoned again.

"He certainly thinks he's got a joke there," said Miss Carmichael. "Watch him."

The soldier, still laughing heartily, raised the arm that was clasped across the dead girl's breast, and prodded at the embroidered sleeve. Out crawled the smallest dog Edith had ever seen — a jet-black, almost blue-black, silky-haired, pug-nosed little creature with one white ear. The hair of his back and sides hung almost to his feet. His beady eyes peered out through a black and white jungle. If he had not been so absurdly small — surely no more than seven or eight inches in length — he might almost have passed for a cocker spaniel. As it was, there was no mistaking him.

"A Peking pug!" cried Miss Austin. All the inner torment of the past ten minutes dropped from her like a discarded cloak. Her eyes danced. Her pistol clattered to the pavement and was forgotten; she did not even know that the Captain, with a queer, dense expression of face, picked it up and without a word put it in his pocket. Nor was she aware that the pale eyes of Miss Carmichael were studying them both out of a cool, expressionless face.

The soldier gathered up the dog in one hand, shook it playfully, and held it out. Miss Austin ran back and took it.

"Is it really for me?" she cried, wholly unconscious that she was speaking in English to a Manchu. "Oh, how nice of you! Thank you ever, *ever* so much!"

The soldier rose and bowed, clasping his hands before his breast. Edith had never seen a man bow with such utter grace; she suddenly felt crude, as if she were the barbarian. Then, still smiling as with a pleasing memory, the Tartar knelt by the body of the dead girl and swiftly, one after another, tore the gold-mounted rubies from her fingers.

The big white man and the two girlish figures walked northward in silence.

"Are you all right?" whispered Miss Carmichael, when the two had fallen a little behind. "Was he very ugly?"

Miss Austin was cuddling the dog close to her face, like a muff. At the question she puckered her brows as if trying to remember something, and a look of pain came into her pretty eyes.

"Oh — it hardly matters now," she said. And then, as if realizing the inadequacy of her reply, added: "But it *was* good of you to come."

Miss Carmichael fell silent. But when the Captain started to turn in toward the gate of the mission compound, she rested a light hand on his arm and whispered something. Then she herself rang the bell; and, when a Chinese servant answered, pressed back against the wall and kept the Captain by her.

"Go in," she called to Miss Austin — "go in. Good night. Don't forget that your dog's a delicate little mite; don't give him meat without chopping it very fine. Good night."

"Why —" faltered Miss Austin — "aren't you coming too?"

"No — not in there. You're best alone. It's safe enough for us, now that the row's over." And, slipping her arm through the Captain's, she hurried him away.

Well around the corner, she stopped short, clasped her two hands about the Captain's big forearm, and looked up into his face, which was baffled and sullen. "What's the matter, Jim?" she whispered.

"Never you mind," he growled.

"You were roughing it with that girl. I saw it. I didn't think you were a dirty coward, Jim; but I guess you are. You're like the rest — one of the worst, really. They've kept you on the Coast too long. It's got you, the way it gets all of them sooner or later. Sometimes — I even think it's got — me."

"Didn't think anything would ever get you," muttered the Captain.

"Never mind that now. What about this girl? Haven't you got *any* brains left? Can't you *see* she doesn't talk our language? Can't you see she's *decent*, Jim?"

Captain Waters chewed his lip. "How was I to help it! She had me going — I was crazy. I can't — now see; I've got to go back to that hotel and talk to her uncle and try to remember I'm an officer. An officer — oh, God! . . . Guess you're right, Elsie. The Coast's got me. It's got me, all right. But talking this way don't help. I'd like to know what I'm to do. I've got to go back to that hotel ——"

"Shut up, Jim," said Miss Carmichael. Still clasping his arm, she leaned back against the wall. Her face looked white and delicate in the faint light. Her usually hard mouth had softened. "There's a few things I ain't, Jim," she breathed. "I'm a gambler, yes. I work for big Tex Connor of Shanghai, yes. But there's a few things I ain't. There's no man ever made love to me in Peking — not in Peking. . . . Jim, you leave that girl alone. Do you get me? They'll only be here a week or two. I guess there's a little plain manhood left in you somewhere." She caught her breath. Her pale eyes were luminous. Something that might have been either a sob or a bitter little laugh escaped her. Under pretense of brushing back a straying lock of hair, she covered her face for a moment with her hand. Then her head drooped

Digitized by Google

and sank against his breast. His arm slid about her shoulders.

"Let that child alone, Jim," she murmured. "I — I'll help you, Jim, if — if it's hard." The thin shoulders shook. "Let her alone, that's all!"

Captain Waters, between density, surprise, and weakness, looked down at the dark head against his coat. "You're acting as if you *cared* about her!" he muttered.

Then he kissed her.

A khaki-clad sergeant of marines (on special duty) held conference with four grave missionaries in the big house at the head of the compound. Five minutes later a rocket swished and soared in a slow curve high above the roofs of the Tartar City, north, by the great Hatamen Street. Twenty minutes more and a long column of troops — slouching fellows in gray campaign hats — came shuffling up on the double quick, whistling, to a man, "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" as an accelerant to the step.

While the beardless captain, leaving his Kentucky horse at the gate, entered the compound, two sergeants conversed by the long line of fighting men in the road. One stood on his two legs and grinned unreservedly. The other leaned on a new-model Springfield and softly tapped his fixed bayonet.

"How many men did ye bring on th' dangerous mission, Pete?" inquired the one.

"A full comp'ny — hundred an' six."

"Th' last-mentioned six would 'a' done, Pete."

"Then why in the name iv ——"

"Tut, tut, me boy. 'Tis holy ground ye're all but standin' on. 'Twas a little matter iv th' tellyphone wires bein' down. An' th' exercise ull be fine f'r th' boys. Not to say there ain't a bit o' class to th' young lady that thinks mebbe she'd like to go back to th' hotel — *an'* her dog."

So it came about that forty men in khaki with fixed bayonets marched in rigid fours before the 'rickshaw of Miss Austin, and sixty-six men marched as rigidly by fours behind. To the beardless captain who rode beside her thinking up common acquaintances she confided impulsively:

"I never realized before that our own soldiers were so good-looking. Why, it's just like being with a lot of the boys at home."

To which the beardless one replied:

"Well, of course, in the Marine Corps — have to be picked men, in a way — you see, the work we do." . . . And inasmuch as his barytone voice had been found pleasing by the ladies of many ports, he hummed blithely:

"From the halls of Montezumas to the shores of Tripolee
We fight our country's battles on the land and on the sea."

When they reached the hotel he said good night and then shook hands twice.

Miss Austin smuggled the morsel of a dog under her coat and went directly to her own room. Here her first task was to make Wing Tee Wee — which was his new name; as was fitting, for did it not stand that "Wing Tee Wee was a sweet Chinee"? — to make Wing as comfortable as possible exactly in the middle of the broad white bed.

Then she confronted the mirror, and, momentarily depressed by the wan, pallid face that stared out at her, slapped her cheeks and rubbed her temples and forehead to bring the color back. After which she rearranged her somewhat tousled hair and dressed for dinner.

Looking only a little less than her usual brisk self, she sat on the edge of the bed and examined little Wing with great care.

"Yes," she said, holding him up to the light and playing with his one white ear, "you may not be quite the same sort of blue and white as the dishes and vases, but that wonderful hair of yours is certainly about as near blue as black can be."

There was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Wilberly, still in negligée and drowsy of eye, came in from the adjoining room.

"I've had quite a nap," she observed. Then — "Oh, you got that dog!"

Her niece nodded brightly, and held him up for inspection.

"He *is* cunning," mused Mrs. Wilberly. "But — oh, yes! It wasn't a dog Harriet wanted. Wait a minute — I can show you on the letter. We read it wrong. It isn't a *P* at all. It's meant for an *R*. But the pen points spread out on the last down stroke, and the ink didn't run. If you look closely — there! You can see the little scratches. It's a rug she wants, not a pug — a Peking Rug."

"Oh, I see," replied Miss Austin demurely. "It was a natural enough mistake, though. And it's just as well, because now I can keep Wing for myself. . . . Look at him, Aunt! Did you ever in your life see anything so perfectly *darling?*"

A new episode in The Charmed Life of Miss Austin — a wild story of the China Coast, by Samuel Merwin — will appear in the February McCLURE'S — out January 15

Digitized by Google

THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND

BY

OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. WENZELL

Preceding instalments.—John G. Slade and Bernard L. Majendie are conspicuous rival figures on the New York Stock Exchange, which is threatened with a great financial panic. It is important to Slade to know what Majendie's resources are for weathering the panic, and he tries to obtain this knowledge from Rita Kildair, who is that evening to give a supper which Majendie will attend. Slade plays upon Mrs. Kildair's love of jewels by leaving with her a valuable ruby ring.

Mrs. Kildair's supper is informal, and she asks her guests to help her prepare it. They go freely about her studio apartment, and in and out of her bedroom, where she has left Slade's ruby on her dressing-table. Just as they seat themselves at supper, Mrs. Kildair discovers that the ruby is missing. With the exception of Majendie, of Beecher, who has fallen under the spell of a young actress, Nan Charters, who is present, and of Slade, none of the guests are absolutely above suspicion. Mrs. Kildair has the doors locked, and declares that she will count one hundred in the dark. If, by the hundredth count, the ring has not been placed on the table, she will send for detectives to search her guests. The count goes to sixty-one, when a clatter is heard on the table. Mrs. Kildair continues the count to the end, but when the lights are lit the table is discovered bare. Detectives are sent for, but the ring is not found.

Young Beecher engages the services of the famous detective McKenna; while he is telling him the story, word comes that Majendie's Trust Company has gone down, and that the great panic is on. The next afternoon Beecher, while passing the Grand Central Station, meets Mrs. Enos Bloodgood, one of the guests under suspicion, evidently on the point of leaving New York. Beecher, knowing her relation to Majendie, divines that she intends to elope with him. At that moment he sees the headline of an extra, announcing Majendie's suicide. He steps into the carriage with Mrs. Bloodgood and orders the coachman to drive to Mrs. Kildair's.

CHAPTER XI

FOR an interval, while the coachman, spurred on by the prospect of reward, tore through the short streets, Beecher continued to look into Mrs. Bloodgood's eyes — eyes that were aghast with mute, terrified interrogations which she did not dare to phrase.

Suddenly she perceived the "extra" which he had bought. She extended her hand, looking at it fearfully.

"Give it to me," she said.

He hesitated, and in the moment of irresolution she seized it. A cry of pain, a low cry torn from the soul, made him stiffen in his seat, steeling himself against the expected. But no further sound came. When he turned, she was sitting transfixed, staring wide-eyed at the newspaper which seemed glued to her fingers. Alarmed at the rigidity of her emotion, he leaned over and disengaged the paper from her unresisting fingers. The action seemed abruptly to revive her. She gave another cry, and tore the newspaper from him with such energy that a great, ill-shaped fragment remained in her clutch.

"No, no, not that — no, no!" she cried, frantically seeking to decipher the bare six lines that recorded the tragedy. All at once she flung the sheet from her, turning to read his face.

"Ah, it is true!" she cried.

"Mrs. Bloodgood, Mrs. Bloodgood!" said Beecher, frightened at the paroxysm that shook her body. But the emotion was still of horror, without as yet the realization of the finality that had come. She felt that Majendie was in danger — in terrible danger; that she must get to him, somehow, some way, and fling herself in front of that awful something that threatened him. She seized the arm of the terrified young man, imploring him, still dry-eyed:

"Take me to him — at once — no — I must — take me — Bernard — oh!"

She fell back exhausted, faint.

"Be calm; please be calm," he repeated, helpless before the utter disorder of her suffering. All at once the annihilation of self into which she had fallen was succeeded by a quick paroxysm of energy. She bounded upright on the seat, seizing his arm so that the nails hurt him.

"I will go to him!" she cried. "You shall not stop me. He may be only wounded. The report is false — must be false. I will go to him!"

"The very thing that you must not do — that you can not do," he said firmly; and then, seized with an inspiration, he added: "Listen —

Digitized by Google

"'I HAVE NOT HESITATED TO TRUST IN YOU—YOU MUST IN ME'"

Digitized by Google

listen to me, Mrs. Bloodgood, I am taking you to Rita's; if you must go to him, go with her. Two women can go; one would cause a great scandal. You can not put that on him — you must think of him now. We are going to Rita's — Rita's!" he added, putting his lips to her ears to make her hear him. He put his hand on her shoulder and forced her gently back. She held her clasped hands rigidly strained between her knees, staring out of the carriage.

"He is not dead," she said as in a whisper; "he is wounded."

"As soon as we get to Rita's," he continued reassuringly, "I will telephone. I'll find out everything."

"Wounded," she repeated, not hearing him.

"If he is, we three can go — it will seem quite natural," he said hastily, eyeing nervously her dry, uncomprehending grief, fearing the coming outburst of realization.

"We are almost there," he said, looking out of the window. "Hold on to yourself. Be game. There are always a few persons below."

She did not answer, but her lips curled slightly in contempt, and she put her hand spasmodically to her throat.

"You're right, the whole thing may be false — a wild rumor," he said quickly, talking to her as to a child. "A fake story — who knows? See, there are no details. Here we are. A little courage! Go right into the elevator."

He signaled the driver to wait, and followed her hastily into the elevator, standing between her bowed figure and the boy.

Mrs. Kildair was in the studio, pacing the floor; and at the first glance each saw that she knew the report, and that it was true. Mrs. Bloodgood crumpled on the floor, unconscious.

"My smelling-salts are on my bureau," said Mrs. Kildair quickly. "Lift her on the sofa first, and then get them."

"Is it true?" he said, raising the slender, lifeless body.

"True."

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"When did it happen?"

"At two o'clock."

"She wishes to go to him," he said warningly. "The carriage is below. She has her trunks. She was to have met him at the station. What shall I do?"

"She must be got back to her house as soon as possible," said Mrs. Kildair with energy. "The trunks must return at once. Everything hangs on a hair; I know Bloodgood."

She cast a glance at the still inanimate body and added: "Wait. Spirits of ammonia will be better. I'll get it."

Mrs. Bloodgood returned to consciousness slowly, looking from one to the other with a dazed, pleading look.

"Then it is so," she said at last.

The two looked at her without being able to answer. Suddenly she bounded up erect, her fists striking her forehead.

"It is I who have done it!" she cried, and for the second time fell back lifeless on the floor.

"Go down now; send the trunks back," said Mrs. Kildair. "Tell him to do it as quickly as possible — no, tell him nothing. Go quickly."

When Beecher returned, Mrs. Bloodgood was on her feet again, walking ceaselessly, one hand clutching a handkerchief to press back the sobs that shook her from time to time, the other arm stretched out in front of her, beating a mechanical time to the one phrase which she repeated again and again:

"I've done it — I've done it — I've done it!"

Mrs. Kildair, leaning by the piano, knowing that each period must have its expression, waited the right moment. Beecher, at a sign from her, slipped quietly into a chair.

"Yes, it's I — it's I — I!" said the indistinguishable voice.

"You have done nothing," said Mrs. Kildair solemnly. "It is fate."

"No, no. Only I am to blame," she answered, stopping short, each word coming slowly through the torrents of tears.

Mrs. Kildair passed quietly to her side.

"You are not to blame, dear," she said; "don't think that."

"Ah, no — you don't know," she said, suddenly acquiring a terrible calm that froze the young man with horror. "At what time did he — did it happen?"

"At two."

"I knew it! Ten minutes before, he telephoned me; he said — oh, what do I know? — said a thousand things but the one in his mind. Asked me if I still was resolved to go."

"But then, Elise ——"

"You don't understand. It was I who insisted on this going — I — I! I told him, if he would not go, I would come openly to his house — I would not be separated from him. Oh, my God, I didn't know — I didn't!"

She abandoned herself to her transports once more, flinging herself on her knees and praying, as an uncomprehending child prays: "O God, don't let it be true — don't let it!"

Beecher covered his eyes suddenly with his hands. Mrs. Kildair allowed her for a moment to tire herself in supplication and anguish. Then she went to her, grasping her shoulder.

"Elise."

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Bloodgood stopped, rose, and went to the window, where she stood swaying.

"I'm going to him," she said.

"Get hold of yourself," said Mrs. Kildair, avoiding the error of opposition.

For a long moment neither spoke, while Mrs. Bloodgood, passing to and fro, struggled to fight down the sobs that were choking her. At last she stopped, facing Mrs. Kildair.

"I am going to him," she said again.

The other woman, with a look of great compassion, shook her head in a slow negation.

"But he said I could!" she cried, stretching out her hands in supplication. "Mr. Beecher said so!"

"You can't."

"But he said so — he promised."

"No; it is impossible."

"Oh, I *will* go!"

"There are twenty reporters waiting for just that," said Mrs. Kildair. Then, raising her voice, she said impressively: "Elise, there is something you must do — something ten times more terrible."

"What?"

"Return home — and at once."

"Never!" The cry burst from her as her whole body was shaken with indignation. "Never in the world — never again!"

"Listen," said Mrs. Kildair, seizing her arm, and Beecher was struck with the savageness of her energy. "Things are no longer the same. You are alone — absolutely alone. Do you understand what that means — without a cent — alone?"

"What do I care?"

"Not now; but in a week, in a month — You think you know the greatest suffering in the world: you don't — the greatest is poverty. Whatever has happened, you are Mrs. Enos Bloodgood. Only yourself can destroy that. One life is ended in you. You have loved. That will never come again — not the same. Life is long and terrible."

"What, you can suggest such a thing?" said Mrs. Bloodgood indignantly. "Such an infamy?"

"Yes — because I know. The world is not an equal one. A woman can not fight as a man can. A year from now, when you can suffer no further, do you want to wake up in a dingy boarding-house, cut off from all you have lived in? For a great love, perhaps — but to be alone? No, no! Elise, you will do as I say because I can see better than you. You are Mrs. Enos Bloodgood — you have everything that a million women covet. It is your life; you will go back."

"Ah, how can you say that to me now?" said Mrs. Bloodgood, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Because the world is different from the world of this morning — because everything is different, Elise. There are no longer the reasons that existed. You are alone against the world. You know your husband — one public word or action, and he will cast you off like an old shoe."

"How can I go back?" she said, sitting down, half subdued. "How can I get the strength? I don't know yet what has happened. I can't realize it — oh, if I had only had my way! If he had only let me leave a month — two months ago. If I'd only been firm; if we had gone that night — that night we were here — when I begged him to. If he had only loved me more than his honor, as I loved him. If only I——"

"Elise," said the quiet voice of Mrs. Kildair.

The young woman checked herself, but almost immediately broke out again:

"And now you want me to go back to *him*. Oh, if you knew how I hate him, how I loathe him — what that life means — how cruel he can be, how he can make me suffer by a word or a look — how he enjoys ——"

"Elise, Elise!"

"Oh, I can't go, Rita! Don't ask me to go now. Let me stay a while here, just to-night, where I can weep," she cried.

"No, no. It must be now — soon. You have left your home with your trunks — he knows it. If you return — you return because you are worried — the panic — on his account."

"Ah, what a vile lie!"

"Elise," said Mrs. Kildair, coming forward again and arresting the other's arm, "listen. You are not what I am. You are not strong — you are weak. You are a woman of the world, worldly, loving worldly things, who for a moment has been transformed by a great passion. The whole earth has no such passion any longer. Do you understand? Something is gone — your youth is ended. Keep tight hold of the little that is left. Come, be strong. Dissimulate as you have before. Come."

"Not now," said Mrs. Bloodgood, terrified.

"Yes, now. If possible, you must be back before he returns."

And Beecher, from his chair where he had watched, forgotten by both women, saw Mrs. Kildair, who not for a moment had deviated from the vital issue, draw the unresisting woman by the very force of her energy into the bedroom, from which shortly they emerged again.

"I am ready," said Mrs. Bloodgood in a voice that was scarcely distinguishable. She had thrown over her head a thick veil of Mrs. Kildair's, behind which her features were only dimly visible.

Digitized by Google

"'YOU MUST GO BACK TO YOUR HUSBAND.'—'WHAT, YOU CAN SUGGEST SUCH A THING?' ONE. A WOMAN CAN NOT

Digitized by Google

THE OTHER ASKED INDIGNANTLY.—'YES—BECAUSE I KNOW. THE WORLD IS NOT AN EQUAL FIGHT AS A MAN CAN'"

Digitized by Google

"Telephone for a carriage," said Mrs. Kildair.

"I have done so," said Beecher, who had availed himself of the interval.

"But the trunks?" said Mrs. Bloodgood, turning helplessly.

"They went back long ago."

"Ah." She took a few weak steps, and turned. "But I shall see him?"

"I give you my word."

"To-night?"

"To-night," replied Mrs. Kildair, who sent a sign to Beecher: "I will let you know."

Mrs. Bloodgood made a little sign of acquiescence, and passed out of the door. The carriage was waiting. Beecher silently handed her into it, feeling the sudden heaviness on his arm. They rolled away. She did not lift her veil, and he could not guess what look was on her face. Twice she made him change their course, in order to put off the final moment.

"You have been kind," she said at last. "I owe you much. Thank you. Now I will go back." She hesitated a moment, and said with an accent that can not be described: "Home."

"Don't speak of thanks at such a time," he said hastily. "If I can help you in any way, any time ——"

"I know." All at once, forgetting his presence, she burst out: "Oh, how I loved him! I would have done anything for him — anything!"

"Be careful, Mrs. Bloodgood," he said, alarmed. "Be careful — please."

"You need have no fear," she said slowly. "All that is over." But, still obsessed, she seized his arm. "Only I want you to know that I loved him so that nothing made any difference. Any one can know it. I would have gone ——"

"I know it," he said quickly, taking her hand.

"Oh, yes, I loved him — the only real thing in my life!" she repeated, sinking back.

Ahead he saw the great Italian façade of the Bloodgoods' residence. As they neared the steps, his quick eye perceived the squat, stolid figure of Mr. Enos Bloodgood at the door.

"He is just come out — your husband," he said hurriedly, with a sudden new sensation of dread. And he repeated, fearing she did not understand the danger: "Be careful; he is there — your husband."

"Yes, I saw him."

She took the veil from her hat, and, folding it, handed it to him, her face set in hardness.

"You might say Mrs. Kildair had invited ——"

"I know what to say," she said, checking him, and a smile incongruous at the moment gave the last touch of tragedy to the imagination of her companion. "Open the door."

He gazed at her, struck with this strange, dual personality — the abandon of the woman who loved and the calm of the woman who hated.

"Open the door," she repeated sharply.

Recalled to his senses, he sprang out and gave her his hand, accompanying her to the chiseled marble steps, where he left her, with a lift of his hat to the husband above, who awaited her with a quiet, cynical enjoyment.

"I thought, my dear, you had gone off for a jolly little jaunt," said Mr. Bloodgood, without variation in the provoking evenness of his voice.

She came up the steps to his level, and acknowledged his presence with an inclination of her head.

"I intended to," she said, in the same ceremonious tone. "But I was so alarmed at the news from Wall Street that I did not wish to leave you at such a time."

"Indeed? I am quite touched," he answered, with perfect solemnity. "You are always so thoughtful, my dear."

She entered. He followed her as though shutting off all retreat, and the gorgeous flunky who had run out disappeared, too. To Beecher, with all the anguish of the scene at Rita Kildair's still vivid in his mind, it was as though he had seen a living woman enter her appointed tomb.

"Where shall I drive, sir?" said the driver.

"Anywhere!" he cried furiously.

But at the end of five minutes he emerged from the stupor into which he had been plunged, the somber horror rolling away like scudding storm-clouds. A new emotion — the inevitable personal application — broke over him like a ray of light.

"To be loved like that—" he thought suddenly, with a feeling of envy. "How terrible, and yet what an emotion!"

And he gave directions to drive to Nan Charters' with a new curiosity in his soul that, strangely enough, even against his will, intruded itself amid all the somber melancholy which the reverse of a glittering medal had brought.

CHAPTER XII

He had completely forgotten, in the press of dramatic events, the disturbing fact of Nan Charters' return the night of the theft. He remembered it suddenly, as one remembers sorrow after a profound sleep. But the recalling of it affected him differently. The revelation of Mrs. Bloodgood's hidden life had left him in a dangerous and vulnerable mood — a mood of quickened compassion and outgoing sympathy. He was still determined to force a direct answer from Miss Charters, but already he had formed that answer in his heart, as he for the hour felt

Digitized by Google

no longer the selfish combat of vanity, but the need of charity and gentleness.

In one of the profound moods which color the visible world, he stood at the window of the little sitting-room, waiting her arrival, looking out on the serried flight of unutterably commonplace roofs, gray and drab with the gray of the turning day. And it seemed to him that this twilight was different from other twilights, heavily weighted down with more of the sadness of inexplicable lives. One tragedy seemed to invoke tragedies everywhere, in the cramped immobility of the inscrutable windows which had not yet begun to warm with the flicker of human cheer. He saw only the brutal struggle to live, and felt only the mystery of suffering, which was still a thing apart from his life. Standing reverently thus, he asked himself two questions which, sooner or later, each man of heart and sensibility puts to himself in the awakening to conscious existence:

"Why do they go on?"

"What is my justification?"

And in his heart, still young and stirred to sympathy, he felt the beginning of a revolt at what he had been, at his inability to find a satisfying answer to that second question. He no longer awaited the interview in the spirit of strife, but with a sudden feeling of impulsive friendliness which, had he been an older man, might have alarmed him with its dangers. The profound melancholy of youth, violent because unconquered and strange, had him still in its grip when, all at once, he felt an emotion of well-being and returning comfort.

She came into the room and without formal greeting gave him her hand with a welcome in her eyes, as though their friendship were of such strong duration that formalities were out of place.

"Draw the curtains," she said, going to the electric lamp on the table, which woke like a golden sun from the shadows. "It's cozier. Shall we light the fire? Yes, it's more cheery."

"Let me," he said hastily.

"Quite unnecessary."

He watched her sudden stooping movement, that brought the loose, intricate tea-gown about her agile body, outlining the limbs, which had the quick animal grace that is peculiar to the unconquered maiden. Her pose, strong and alive with power and self-reliance, recalled to him sharply the sense of opposition. He was annoyed that she should have done so naturally what he should have done, feeling in her too much self-reliance.

She rose, looking down with a childish delight at the sudden burst and roar of the flame. Then she turned, studying his face. The artist in her made her quickly aware of the remnants of the emotion which had stirred him.

"What is it?" she said, with the gentleness that was so tantalizing to him. "You have a strange look."

"Yes," he answered; "I have been behind the scenes."

"What do you mean?"

"I have been with Mrs. Bloodgood all the afternoon — found her at the station as she was leaving."

"Mrs. Bloodgood was running away," she said, puzzled, but with a fear in her eyes that did not escape him.

"What — you did not know!" he exclaimed. "Majendie killed himself this afternoon at two o'clock."

"Majendie — Mrs. Bloodgood!"

She looked at him a moment with a face struck with horror, and then fell back into a chair, seized with the suddenness of the climax.

"I beg your pardon; I thought you knew," he blurted out.

"No, no — nothing. Tell me — tell me all," she said; and he saw that back of her alarm was a significance to her that heightened the effect of the tragedy.

He told her first the bare details of the suicide as he knew them; and then, in response to her hurried questions, began to retell the afternoon. He spoke impulsively, almost as an echo of the drama he had witnessed. Occasionally she stopped him with a more detailed question. Moved out of his self-consciousness, he described, more eloquently than he knew, the conflict between the two women at Mrs. Kildair's, and the emotions which had suddenly brought him wide-eyed to the spectacle of the black, turbulent river of despair.

"I can't forget it—it haunts me now," he said, when he had ended with Mrs. Bloodgood's return into the home of her husband. "It makes me see something in life I didn't understand — that I am just beginning to see."

He looked at her. Her face was wet with tears. All at once, astonished, he recalled what he had told.

"What have I done?" he cried, aghast. "I had no right to repeat it. I didn't realize what I was saying!"

"Don't fear," she said, shuddering, and she extended her hands to the fire, as though the recital had frozen her body. "Poor woman — poor, lonely woman!"

He sat down near her, close to the fire, and, stretching out his hand, touched her arm.

"Listen, Nan," he said, so profoundly that she could not mistake the emotion. "It has made a great difference in me. It may be a

Digitized by Google

mood — it may pass; but I hope it won't. It makes me dissatisfied. Look here — I don't want to go on as we have, thrusting and parrying. I don't want it to be just a game. The real feeling in me toward a woman is different — it's one of chivalry, I know. Let's drop all artifices. Let's be honest with each other — good friends, or something else, as it may come."

She considered the depths of the fire a moment, and turned, looking at him dreamily, feeling how much older she was in the knowledge of the doubts of the world than the young, impulsive nature that looked out at her from such honest eyes.

"Will you?" he asked, as she looked away again.

She shook her head, in doubt as to an answer; but the good in her stirred by the good in him expressed itself in the quick pressure of thanks which her hand conveyed to him.

"I am not the least in love," he said quickly. "What I say I say because — oh, I don't know! I'm dissatisfied with myself. This thing has got below my skin. Life's too rotten. I want you to believe in me — in my strength. You *are* sympathetic — *multa sympatica*. I don't know; I hate to think of you fighting alone such a rotten hard fight."

She nodded slowly, understanding perhaps better than he his thought, yet half won to his appeal already.

She took his hand in both of hers, pressing it in emphasis from time to time, not looking at him, staring at something that formed before her eyes.

"No one has ever spoken to me just like this," she said gently. "One thing I would never want to happen, Teddy — I would never want to hurt you! That is why I hesitate — why I am afraid. You are only a great big boy. You won't understand me. I am very selfish — very worldly."

"You are nothing of the sort," he said furiously, withdrawing his hand. "You may think so, but I know you better."

She turned, amused; but her smile left her as she looked in his eyes. To her surprise, a feeling of unease came to her; she felt a new longing — to be for a moment quite childlike and helpless.

"Don't blunder into anything, Teddy," she said, shaking her head, herself a little disturbed. "With some men I would not care. With you, yes, it would make me feel like a criminal to hurt you."

He understood that she was warning him of the futility of expecting to find in her a woman. But if she had calculated, which she had not, on any move surer to arouse him, she could have found no better expedient. The impossibility implied, coupled with the impulsive generosity in her voice, made her a thousand times more desirable. He rose brusquely, and, standing with his back to the fire, looked down at the dramatic face, which the flames lighted with the flare of footlights.

"There are certain things that we must understand together," he said with authority, obeying the instinct which told him that to succeed he must take the upper hand.

Her eyebrows came together in a straight flight.

"I have not hesitated to trust in you — you must in me. Tell me. You have reason to suspect that Mrs. Bloodgood took the ring — at least, the first time?"

She shook her head, but without anger.

"Don't you understand," he said quickly, "that I must know why you acted as you did?"

Still her only answer was a deep-taken breath.

"I swear to you, if Mrs. Bloodgood did take it," he said, "I would not condemn her. On the contrary, I would pity her."

"Why should Mrs. Bloodgood, who has millions, do such a thing?" she said quietly.

"Because, from what I know, Mrs. Bloodgood, who has millions, as the wife of Enos Bloodgood, has not as much money in her pocket as you or I." He stopped. "She took it to have some means of escape, didn't she?"

"No, she did not take it," she answered, but in a tone that brought no conviction.

"You see, I know that you returned to Mrs. Kildair's that night," he said, irritated.

"How did you know?" she said quickly.

"Mrs. Kildair told me — no, that's not true; some one else did."

"Mrs. Kildair herself called me on the telephone and asked me to come," she said slowly.

"And questioned you?"

"Yes."

"As to what you had seen," he said, with a great feeling of relief that should have warned him of his true interest.

"Yes."

"What did you answer?"

She rose and approached him, looking at him with only friendliness.

"If the ring is not restored in two weeks," she said, "then I will tell you what you wish to know."

"You think that, if Mrs. Bloodgood took it, she will now have no use for it," he persisted, seizing the idea.

"I know nothing at all," she answered, emphasizing the "know." "This promise must satisfy you. I only have a suspicion, and I don't want to do an injustice to another — remember that. I have never said it was Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Bloodgood I suspected. Now I want to talk to you about my own affairs."

He was covered with contrition that he should have forgotten her difficulties.

"Good heavens!" he said hastily. "What have I been thinking of? Please don't think I don't care; I've been in such a whirl ——"

She checked him with a gesture and a smile, motioning him to sit down again.

"Have you had any word?"

She shook her head.

"Of course, it's a terrible day on the Street," he hastened to reply. "Everything's up in the air — they're like a lot of lunatics. Garraboy hasn't had time to think. That oughtn't to alarm you."

"But I left word at his office for him to telephone me, and it is now," she said, glancing at the clock, "an hour and a half since the close."

"There are probably a hundred inquiries of the same sort waiting him," he said, to reassure her. "What are you afraid of?"

"I don't know — and yet I am a little anxious. Suppose he has used my stocks? Such things happen every day."

"The best thing is to find out at once how Garraboy stands — if he's been caught in the drop or not. Then we can take our measures."

"How'll you do that?"

"Call up Bruce Gunther and get him on the trail. May I telephone?"

"Do so."

"He's probably at the club now," he said, taking up the receiver and giving a number. "Yes, he's in. That's lucky. I'll get him in a moment." Then he added irritably: "How the deuce did you ever come to deal with Garraboy?"

"Why, I've known him ever since I came to New York. I wanted to invest some money — I didn't know any one else; and then, he was very — friendly; wanted to make some money for me. That's how it was."

"Hello," said Beecher. "Is that you, Bruce? It's I — Ted."

"Where the deuce have you been?" said the voice at the other end. "I've been trying to get you all over town."

"You have?"

"You bet I have. McKenna's turned up a real clue — wants to see you at once. Pick me up here at the club, will you?"

"All right. But say, Bruce, I want you to get on the job for me, will you?"

"Fire away."

"Find out all you can about Garraboy — you know, the fellow we spoke about. Has he been on the wrong side of the market or not? Understand? It's important."

"I'll do it. Anything else?"

"Yes. A friend of mine has some stocks with him, about twenty thousand worth,— you see the situation,— and she's a little bit worried. Can't get any satisfaction."

"Wants 'em back?"

"Yes. What's the best way to do?"

"Um. Get a transfer to you and we'll call for them to-morrow."

"Of course; see you later."

He put down the telephone and turned gayly to his companion, who was waiting with anxiety.

"That's all right. Bruce will get the information and I'll telephone you this evening. Now, the best way to operate is this." He took out his check-book and wrote a check for twenty thousand dollars to her name. "I'll buy those stocks. Here's my check; give me an acknowledgement for the shares, with an order on Garraboy to deliver."

She looked at him doubtfully, holding the check gingerly in her fingers.

"What's the matter?" he said. "If there's any little difference one way or the other, we can arrange that later."

"Supposing Garraboy has failed and sold my stocks?"

"He hasn't."

"But if he has?"

"That's my risk," he started to say, but checked himself. "Why, of course, then it's off. This is just to give me the power to get them away at once. A man can do what a woman can't."

She was grateful to him for his perception of delicacy.

"On that basis, yes," she said. Then she stopped and looked at him with a whimsical but favoring smile. "As it is, Teddy, what do you know of me, to take even this chance?"

The opening was too direct. She saw it at once, and, to forestall his answer, said more lightly:

"It is a great service. Tell me what to write."

As she was drawing up the paper under his directions, a placid, emotionless woman of forty entered from the rear.

"That Mr. Hargrave is here, Nan dear," she said. "You gave him an appointment, you know."

"Mrs. Tilbury, my companion," said Miss Charters. "Very well; in a moment."

Mrs. Tilbury passed patiently out to deliver the message. Beecher was delighted with the correctness and cold respectability of the chaperon.

"Mr. Hargrave is a young dramatist," said Miss Charters, finishing the document. "He's

Digitized by Google

coming to read some masterpiece to me. He wrote a one-act piece three years ago that was very clever, and now, of course, I can't risk refusing to hear him — he might have a work of genius at last. This is my fourth trial." She put the paper from her impatiently. "I'm sorry."

He was displeased also at this sudden recall of the other life in her, the world of the theater, which crowded the walls with its signed photographs.

"I'll telephone as soon as I know," he said, dissembling his irritation.

She went to the door with him, annoyed also at the interruption.

"I'm coming to-morrow," he said, and he held out his hand with a little defiance.

She did not resent the assumption of right, still introspectively puzzled at the new moods into which she had fallen. And, still pensive, she said:

"Come."

Below, in the ante-room, he sent a look of antagonism and scorn at a young man, a little extravagantly dressed, who carried a portfolio under his arm with a sense, too, of irritation and pride.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN he had gone into the brisk air of the street, his mental vision returned with the crispness of the night. He was astonished at what he had said and done.

"But I am not in love — not in the least," he repeated. "Then what was it?"

He was quite perplexed at perceiving the astonishing difference her presence and her absence made in his attitude. He repeated to himself quite seriously, with a little wonder, that if he were in danger of falling in love he would be a prey to that disturbing emotion now, absent as well as present.

"I am perfectly calm," he said, flourishing his cane. "Not in the least excited. It's queer."

All the same, he returned to the interview, and recalled the incidents without illusion. He comprehended now what he had not comprehended then, the full significance of his offer of friendship — in fact, that it was not an approach to friendship, but to something very different, and that the relations which had now been established between them were those of confidence and intimacy that lay on the border-line of great emotions.

"It's very odd," he said. "I wished to be honest and open with her, and yet I said what I don't feel — suggested what I have not the least thought of. I'll be hanged if I understand it, unless she has the power to make me believe in emotions that don't exist. Emma Fornez was right: she is the type that provokes you. I must be very careful."

But one thing he did not perceive — that the city no longer oppressed him with its bleak struggle and serried poverty, that he swung lightly over the crisp pavements, breathing the alert and joyous air, that in him the joy of living awakened, as the myriad lights awoke the city of the night, the city rising from the fatigue of labor with its avid zest for pleasure and excitement.

"What is the clue McKenna's got hold of?" he thought eagerly, as the massive, cheery windows of his club came into view across the stirring, care-fleeing homeward rush of the Avenue.

The moment he entered the crowded ante-room, the tragic day returned with redoubled gloom. The death of Majendie oppressed every voice — nothing else was discussed. He found himself caught up in the crowd at the bar, listening with a strange sense of irony to those who touched in haphazard the event which he knew so profoundly. The wildest rumors were current. Majendie had shot himself after the discovery of an enormous shortage in the funds of the Atlantic Trust. The Atlantic Trust had been looted, the effect in Wall Street had been to confirm the wildest rumors, the market would plunge down to-morrow, the awful loss of the day would be surpassed; it was the panic of '93 over again. The inevitable mysterious informant in the crowd arrived with a new rumor: Majendie had tried to escape, had been prevented by detectives who had been shadowing him for days, and had then gone in and shot himself just as the warrant for his arrest arrived. Another gave this version which he had heard — Majendie had not been shot, he had been murdered.

Every one exclaimed at this.

"That's the story in the Associated Press offices," continued the informant obstinately. "A man whose whole fortune was locked up in the Atlantic — a small depositor — got into the house on some pretext, and shot him — crazy, of course. It's not been verified, but that's the story."

"Tell you what I heard," said another, in a low voice, to a group that eddied about him. "It's true he was shot, but he wasn't shot in his own home. He was shot last night in his box at the opera by a man who is as well known as old Fontaine — woman in it, of course, trespassing in married quarters. The whole thing was kept dark — got him out of the box after the crowd went out, and took him home, where he died at midnight. Heard the names in the case, but I was pledged not to repeat them."

Digitized by Google

Each rumor received a momentary credence, in the excitement of the moment. Some, in defending the personal friend, insisted on melancholia and despondency, citing the example of an uncle who had taken his life after the disgrace of his son. No one spoke the name of Mrs. Bloodgood, waiting the moment of confidences *à trois*. In the stupefaction of the moment, even the personal losses, which had been tremendous, were momentarily forgotten. Gradually inquiries began to be made as to the extent of the panic. Then at once a division was apparent. There was already the party of the shorts, eager and vociferous, staking their last chance of recouping on a wide spread of the devastating drop, which they now as ardently desired as though a thousand homes would not suffer for every point acquired.

Beecher separated himself from these enthusiasts of failure, and passed into the front room, where he was signaled by Gunther, who was in one of the numerous small groups. He found a chair and joined the party, in which were Fontaine, Lynch, and Steve Plunkett. The conversation, which was controversial, continued without interruption.

"Don't be an ass, Ed," said Lynch, with irritation; "nothing can stop the market."

"The Atlantic Trust is as solvent as Gunther & Co.," insisted Fontaine, with a nervous, emphatic gesture. "Every depositor will be paid in full."

"It'll be in the hands of a receiver before the week's over — bet you five to three."

"Possibly; but then ——"

"Moreover, what of the public? What's the public going to do when it hears Majendie's committed suicide? What'll it think? It'll think the whole blamed institution is rotten to the core — looted!"

"Sure," said Plunkett, and he added savagely, his glance lost in the distance: "If I'd known the news an hour earlier, I could have made fifty thousand."

"Why, look at the situation," continued Bo Lynch, excited by his own images. "The Clearing House closed against the Associated Trust and all its allies; runs on banks all over the country; Slade forced to the wall, out of it in a couple of days, perhaps — God knows, another suicide, maybe; two failures up into the hundreds of millions — everything in the country thrown on the market! Look at the sales to-day; they'll be doubled to-morrow. Nothing can hold out against it. The country'll go crazy. I tell you, '93 was nothing to it."

Gunther rose.

"What do you think, Bruce?" said Plunkett anxiously.

"Don't know a thing about it," said Gunther brusquely. "Neither does Eddie or Bo. If you want to gamble, gamble."

He nodded to Beecher, and they moved out together.

"Let's cut out of this den of lunatics," he said. "My machine's here; supposing we run down to McKenna's and get him off for a quiet chop. I've already telephoned."

"He's got some news."

"Yes, but I don't know what it is. Jump in."

"What about Garraboy?"

"Rumor is, he's in heavy. McKenna's looking that up, too."

"I say, Bruce, what do you really think about the situation?" said Beecher, forced to contain his curiosity. "Are we going to the bow-wows?"

"If you ask what I *think*," said Gunther meditatively, "I think it's the devil to pay. Far as I can see, a lot depends on John G. Slade. There's no doubt there's a crowd after his scalp."

"Will they get it?"

"Looks so; but he's got nine lives, they say."

"Where the deuce are we going?" said Beecher, suddenly aware of the swift flight through the now deserted regions of the lower city.

"Down to McKenna's offices."

"As late as this?"

"Guess these days keep him pretty busy."

"Didn't he say anything about his clue?"

"Said he'd traced the history of the stone."

They soon came to a stop in one of the blocks on Broadway within a stone's throw of old Trinity, and, descending, entered a dingy four-story building pinched in among the skyscrapers. At the second flight of worm-eaten stairs, Gunther pushed open a smoky glass door and entered a short ante-chamber inclosed in sanded glass with sliding pigeonholes for observation. Their arrival being expected, they were immediately shown down a contracted hallway studded with doors, to an open room comfortably furnished, with a fire burning in the grate.

"Join you in a moment, gentlemen," said McKenna, nodding around the door of the adjoining room.

Gunther unceremoniously helped himself from an open box of cigars.

"Ted," he said enthusiastically, "why the deuce do the novelists concoct their absurdly stalking detectives, who deduce everything at a glance, with their impossible logical processes? Don't they see the real thing is so much bigger? It's not the fake individual mind that's wonderful; it's the system — this system. A great agency like this is simply an expression of society itself — organized order against unorganized disorder. It's an unending struggle, and the odds are all on one side. By George, what impresses me is the completeness with which

Digitized by Google

society has organized itself, made use of all inventions, telephone — telegraph, the photograph, the press, everything turned on the criminal to run him down. For a hundred detectives employed here, there are a thousand allies, in every trade, in every depot, in every port, along every line of travel. When you think of the agencies that McKenna can stir up by a word, then you begin to realize the significance of the detective in the structure of society."

McKenna, who had heard the last words, entered, vitally alert and physically excited by the joy of unusual labor.

"Now I'm with you," he said, appropriating an easy-chair. "Let's see where we'll begin. Oh, Mr. Beecher, you wanted certain information about that broker Garraboy, didn't you?"

"What have you found out?" said Beecher, with a conscious eagerness that struck both hearers.

"It just so happened I had a line on your man from another direction," said McKenna. "Well, he's hit the market right. What would have happened if this panic hadn't come just right, is another question — a rather interesting question. However, Garraboy's known to have been heavy on the short side, and, from all reports, stands to make a killing."

"Then Miss Charters' stocks are all right?"

"They're all right — yes — now," said McKenna carefully; "but my advice is to get hold of them — P. D. Q. Mr. Garraboy is somewhat of a gambler. Now, here's a bit of history about a certain ruby will interest you," he continued, drawing out a memorandum. In his manner was a little amused self-satisfaction, as of one who relishes the mystification of an outsider. "In the first place, your ruby ring is not worth fifteen thousand."

"No?" said Beecher in amazement.

"It's worth considerably more," said the detective, with a grin. "Its last sale was at the price of thirty-two thousand dollars."

"What!" said both young men in chorus.

"Just that."

"But then, why should Mrs. Kildair value it at fifteen?" exclaimed Beecher.

"That's rather an interesting point," said McKenna, "and we'll touch on it later. The stone is as well known in the trade as John L. Sullivan to you and me. It was first sold in New Amsterdam in the year 1852 to a firm of Parisian jewelers. From them it was bought for a well known, rather frisky lady, called La Panthère, by a Count d'Ussac, who ruined himself. La Panthère was killed later by a South American lover and her effects sold at auction. The ruby was bought by the firm of Gaspard Frères, and set in a necklace which was sold to the Princess de Grandlieu. At the fall of the Second Empire, the necklace was broken up and this particular stone went over to England, where it was set in a ring and sold to a young dandy, the Earl of Westmorley, who was killed steeplechasing. A woman named Clara Hauk, an adventuress, had the ring in her possession, and successfully defeated the efforts of the family to regain it. She got into bad water in the '80's and sold it to a South African, who carried it off to the Transvaal with him. It reappeared in the offices of Gaspard Frères in 1891 on the finger of a young Austrian woman who sold it for twenty-two thousand dollars and disappeared without giving her name. An Italian, the Marchese di Rosso, bought it for a wedding present to his daughter, who kept it until 1900, when she pledged it to pay the gambling debts of her husband. It was then brought to this country by the wife of a Western rancher, who sold it five years later to Sontag & Co. The last sale known was just two months ago."

"Two months?" said Beecher, craning forward.

"The price, as I said, was thirty-two thousand, and the purchaser was a certain gentleman very much before the public now — John G. Slade."

This announcement was so entirely unexpected that it left the two young men staring at each other, absolutely incapable of speech.

"But then," said Gunther, the first to recover, "the ring was given her by Slade!"

"At a cost of thirty-two thousand," said the detective in a quick, businesslike tone.

"You are sure?"

"As positive as any one can be. There are only three other rings ——"

"That's why she wanted to keep it quiet," exclaimed Beecher, rousing himself from his stupor. The whole machination of Mrs. Kildair became comprehensible to him on the instant. "Now I see!"

"Precisely," said McKenna. "Of course there is a chance that Slade did not give her the ring; that I'll know to-morrow."

"How?"

"Make an inquiry — for a supposed purchaser, of course; find out if the ring is still at Slade's."

"It's useless," said Beecher firmly. "This explains everything. That's why she acted so strangely" — he checked himself. "I saw Mrs. Kildair — took lunch with her — to-day ——"

"Did you find out whom she employed?" said McKenna quietly.

Beecher opened his lips to answer in the affirmative, and stopped abruptly. For the first time, he realized that Mrs. Kildair had taken back the address. He rose nervously, frowning at the stupidity he would be forced to disclose.

Digitized by Google

"By Jove, I am an ass!" he said, dropping his glance; and he related the scene in which Mrs. Kildair had first given him the address and then taken it away.

"It's not important, Mr. Beecher," said the detective pensively, his mind working behind the recital. "She didn't give you the right address."

"How do you know?" said Beecher, turning.

"Because she recovered the paper as soon as she found out you were employing me," he answered; but his mind was still elsewhere. He took out a pencil and began tapping his memorandum with quick, nervous jots. "Her mind worked pretty quick," he said.

"Why do you want to know her detectives?" said Gunther.

"You see, the case is complicated," said McKenna, rousing himself. "I won't go into her relations with Slade just now, but it's quite evident to any one they were such that Mrs. Kildair prefers to lose the ring rather than to have it discovered how it came to her. See?"

"I see," said Gunther.

Beecher, silent, was turning over in his mind all the incidents of Slade's and Mrs. Kildair's conduct, striving to reach some explanation but the natural one that forced itself on him.

"That's why," continued McKenna, "I'd like to know, first, if the detectives are straight — can be depended upon; second, if they were told to make a search; and, third, if they were told *not* to find the ring."

"But why not?"

"Because, Mr. Gunther, whoever took that ring the second time didn't take it on impulse or without a plan; whoever took it *probably* — I don't say certainly — knew enough of its history to know that Slade gave it to her, and reckoned on the fact that she would not dare to make it public. See?"

The corners of his eyes contracted suddenly, as though through the movement of propelling forward the quick, decisive glance.

"Then you think," said Beecher slowly, "that she is ——"

"Look here, Mr. Beecher," said the detective quickly, "there is one thing no human being can ever say offhand; what says the Bible — 'the way of a man with a maid' — well, make that woman in general. You don't know, and I don't know, what the situation is right there, and we may *never* know. All the same, we're now started on solid ground; it may lead to something, and it may not, but what I want to know before we get much further is who and how many there that night knew or guessed Slade gave her the ring."

"Of course," said Gunther. "But how ——"

"By patience and by running down every alley till we find it is an alley," said McKenna. "That's one thing to keep in mind, and let's put it this way. Was there any one there that night who had to have money quick, and who knew the fact of Slade's giving the ring would tie Mrs. Kildair's hands? Now, if that condition existed, we're on a strong motive."

"You don't consider that the only lead," said Beecher, convinced as he was of the probability of Mrs. Bloodgood's participation.

"Lord, no. Here's one other point to work on, Mr. Beecher. What's the situation to-day between Slade and Mrs. Kildair? Has there been any quarrel — say within the last ten days?"

"I don't think so; and yet —" Beecher stopped, remembering Mrs. Kildair's curious request for him to outstay the promoter. "What if there was?"

"Slade's a remarkable character," said McKenna, smiling. "Just how remarkable a few people will learn shortly. If he had quarreled or she's been trying to trick him — just like him to take the ring the second time."

"By George!" said Gunther. "Why not?"

"That's only something to be kept in the background," said McKenna, rising. He turned to Beecher, considering him profoundly.

"Sorry you told Mrs. Kildair I was on the case," he said.

Beecher blushed at the memory of the way in which he had been brought to disclose the information, and the confusion all at once revealed to the detective the probable means she had taken.

At this moment the door opened and a voice called him:

"Telephone, sir — personal."

When the detective had left, Beecher and Gunther looked at each other in amazement in which a curious doubt was beginning to form.

"Why the deuce should Slade give her the ring, Ted?" said Gunther abruptly.

"I don't know," Beecher answered, perplexed. "I know what you think — that's natural; but I don't believe it. She's deeper than that — that is, I think so."

But he ended perplexed, contracting his eyebrows, nervously jerking at a button on his coat.

McKenna reëntered, and on his face was a smile of anticipation and mischief.

"Some one called me up just then," he said shortly — "some one I've been expecting to call me up. Guess who?"

"Slade," said Gunther, startled.

"Mrs. Kildair," said Beecher.

"Mrs. Kildair is right," said McKenna. "I'm to see her to-night." And he added meditatively, "It ought to be an interesting little chat."

TO BE CONTINUED

Digitized by Google

"A COUPLE OF MY MEN WENT AT THE $100,000 TAPESTRIES AND PICTURES. IN THIRTY MINUTES THEY HAD DESTROYED $30,000 WORTH"

Digitized by Google

THE DIARY OF A NEW YORK POLICEMAN

BY

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

This is Mr. Lewis's second story of the progress of a crooked officer on the New York police force, rehearsing actual experiences as related to the writer.

It is a cynical picture of the daring and successful "strong-arm" methods used in subduing a precinct to a thorough system of graft collection.

I HAD a bad name in the department, I'm willing to admit. I was rated as a trouble-maker, and was unpopular accordingly. But there was this much to be said. I'd only been on the force a few months, you might say, when they all saw I was a good man to keep their hands off. That Headquarters bunch hated me worse every time they took a crack at me and missed me; but they'd found out at last they'd better let me alone.

"What's the use of breaking him?" said my old friend, the chief of detectives. "Taking his badge away would simply make him worse. In that case he'd pal in with the Parkhursts or some such incorporated nuisance, and go to squawking for fair."

So that much was gained; I was sure of not being jobbed off the force. And right after that things broke my way at last. By pure accident I got my turn at the graft. It was a queer business, you may think, but it'll show you how things really happen inside the department.

There was a captain I came to know, named Muggins — Muggs, 'most everybody called him. Now, this Muggs was given to playing the ponies. Likewise, I myself suffered from the same amiable weakness. We often met in some pool-room where we'd gone to get down our bets. Muggs' station-house was in Forty-seventh Street. One afternoon we ran against each other in a pool-room which was among the ornaments of Muggs' precinct.

Muggs was having trouble with his inspector, who accused him of holding out on the graft. The inspector was laying for a chance to put Muggs in wrong, and had been having him tailed by a couple of his plain-clothes dicks. They must have 'phoned the inspector that now was the time.

It certainly looked that way; for, as Muggs and I sat idly chatting with the two people who kept the pool-room, the inspector's myrmidons came thundering at the door. He was pulling the place, with the thought of catching Muggs in the incriminating net of that pull. The papers would get it, of course, and it would spell the police end for poor Muggs.

My Rescue of Captain Muggs

As the axes hit the ice-box door, Muggs turned as pale as a candle.

"It's the inspector," he cried. "I'm lost!"

"Not on your life!" I returned.

With that, I collared one of the pool-room keepers whom we'd been talking to, and thrust him into Muggs' fingers. "Neck him!" I roared, as I made a reach for the other owner.

Fastening my five fingers in the collar of number two, I shouted cheerfully to the cohorts of the inspector:

"Smash in the door, boys; we've got 'em!"

Muggs saw the point; the pool-room keeper saw the point; every man most nobly played his part. Muggs and I opened the ice-box door from the inside, and rode with the inspector to Muggs' station, where we triumphantly paraded our prisoners. It saved Muggs, and he knew it. As for the baffled inspector, he nearly had an apoplectic fit.

"I'd been after that pool-room for weeks," explained Muggs, as, with a leer, he began telling the inspector all about it, "and yesterday

Digitized by Google

I got 'em right. He"— pointing to me —"happened along in the nick of time, and, although he's off duty and don't belong in my precinct, I requisitioned him to help make the collar."

"Yes," answered the inspector, giving me a bitter look. "It's a pity about him! I believe you, though, when you say he happened along in the nick of time!"

They all knew me, you see, by this time; and, whatever they thought, they didn't exactly pick me for a boob.

"MY ENEMY, THE COMMISSIONER, SENT FOR ME. 'I ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE AS CUNNING AS A PET FOX,' HE REMARKED. 'SOME DAY I MAY NEED A FOX MYSELF'"

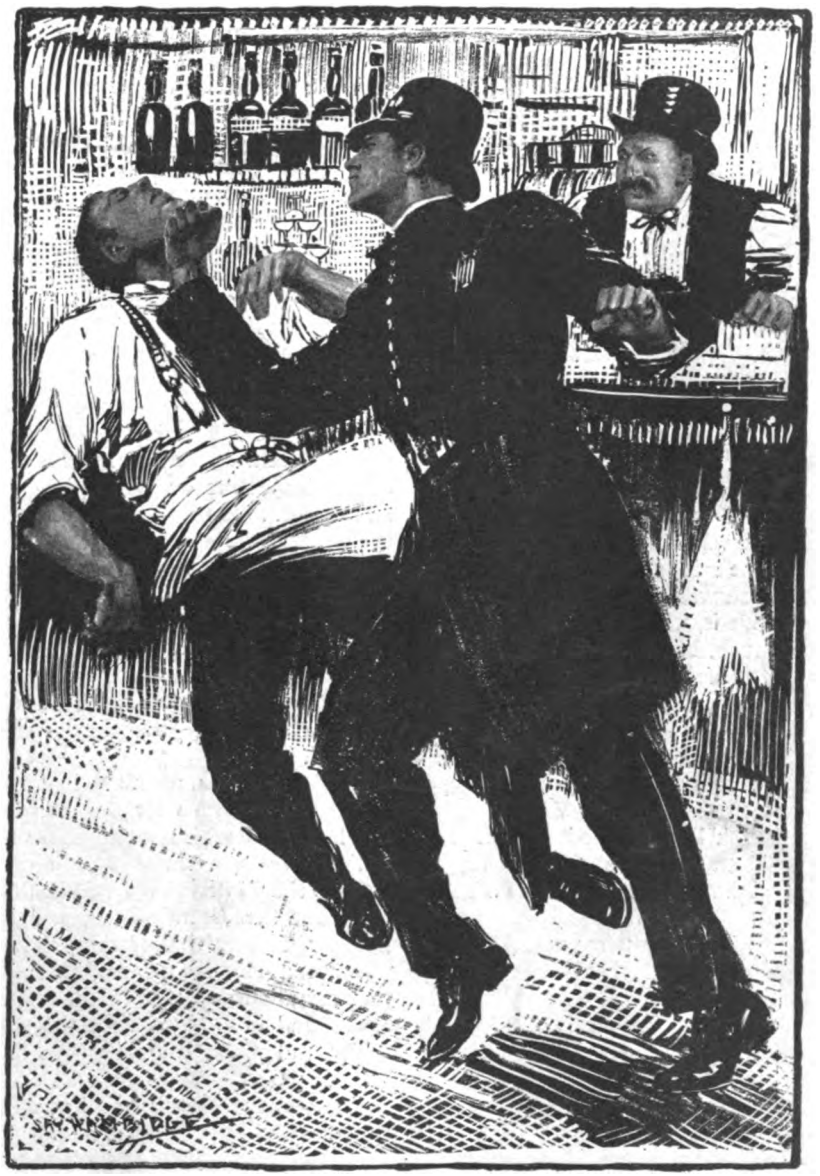
But, naturally, after that Muggs liked me.

Not long afterwards that Hebron thing broke. Hebron was a politician, and incidentally kept a prosperous saloon in one of the fattest precincts of the town. For reasons sufficient unto

Digitized by Google

himself, Hebron pushed a button with Headquarters and caused the captain of that fat precinct to be transferred. Then Hebron got gay and talked his head off. He wanted everybody to understand that he "owned the commissioner." The commissioner didn't rejoice in the advertisement which Hebron was giving him; it came to me straight that he was sore as a pup about it.

But he had to find a new man for the place, just the same, and who did he pull out of the pack but my old friend Muggs! It was only a few days after that the commissioner sent word to Muggs and told him so. Could anybody blame Muggs for feeling joyous? By conservative estimate, the over-all graft of that fattest precinct wasn't a splinter under a plethoric



"ONE OF THE BARKEEPS THOUGHT HE'D PUT UP A FIGHT, BUT I CAN HIT LIKE THE KICK OF A PONY. 'WHO'LL BE THE NEXT TO START SOMETHING?' I ASKED"

Digitized by Google

$50,000 a month. With Headquarters taken care of, and after the inspector "had been given his," the least that Muggs would receive, as captain, would be a monthly $20,000. Pretty tidy! Muggs' salary as captain, between New Year's and New Year's, was $2,750. The prospect of swelling this by $240,000 came with a curling sense of comfort to Muggs' hungry heart.

And yet, Muggs showed himself a man. Even in the radiant thick of all this promised prosperity, he did not forget his debt to me. Muggs sent for me, and, after gripping my hand until a drop of blood as big as a grape oozed out from beneath each nail, he related his good fortune.

"And," concluded Muggs, "you must be my wardman. As my collector you'll get your twenty per cent. The worst that can happen to you is $5,000 a month."

A Wardman for Two Weeks

Muggs was ordered to Mulberry Street to receive his official notification. When I next saw him, his face was a message of death.

"I'm sorry," he said, shaking a doleful head; "but the commish won't stand for you."

"Tell me about it," I urged.

"It wasn't much, but it was enough. After he makes the transfer, the commish asks, 'And now, who'll you appoint as your wardman?' I says it's fixed for you. With that he breaks out.

"'Muggs,' he says, 'that man won't do. He's too smart for you! He's cunning as a pet fox! I won't let you have him, Muggs.'

"There he stuck like a cork in a bottle. I argued for half an hour, but it's no use; he simply wouldn't have you. Finally I made a proposition.

"'Give him to me for two weeks,' I says. 'I've promised him; and that'll let me keep my word.'

"'Muggs,' he replies, 'I'm afraid. You don't know what that fellow won't do in two weeks.'

"But I swung and rattled with him, and at last he let me have my way. You're to be wardman for two weeks.

"Can you do anything good for yourself in two weeks?" asked Muggs.

Could I do anything in two weeks? I should say not! Before Muggs was half through, the whole thing flashed across me.

This time it was Muggs' blood that came oozing out from beneath his nails.

"It's a cinch," I said, wringing his fingers. "Two weeks? In three days I'll fix your commissioner so he can't bat an eye or wag an ear against the combination without committing suicide."

I Extend My Term of Office

So Muggs and I took over the fattest precinct according to schedule; and I took my first official act by going into executive session with my brother in arms, the outgoing wardman, who was about to follow the fortunes of his fallen chief to the wild clam-flats on the other side of Staten Island.

He was a good fellow; and we sat down over a glass of beer, and he wised me up on the graft, and gave me a typewritten list of the names and addresses in the precinct, together with the monthly tax each one had to stand for.

Most of them were peaceable enough — they'd fetch in their bundle each month as pretty as trained dogs. There were only three or four on the whole muster-roll who were likely to duck or dodge or put up a battle.

The worst of these was the biggest of the lot — one of the biggest in the whole town, a swell gambler we'll call Baden. The fact was, one of the inspectors owned a piece in his game; and Baden figured no mere captain would have the nerve to slough him in.

"To give it to you straight," said the retiring wardman, "you'll have a run-in with this stiff, sure. We haven't had a dollar from him for four months; and only yesterday I crossed up with him, and he sent word to you and Muggs you needn't come around; he wouldn't cough up for a splinter — that he'd like to see you pull him in."

So, having given me all he had, my friend the old wardman heads for the dense mosquitoes, and leaves me with my two weeks before me.

Two weeks — there was nothing to it! Hebron the politician was still hollering his head off about the commissioner, and the more he talked the sorer that leading citizen got. He was a thin-skinned person, in the first place, that commissioner, who didn't care about being led around in chains before the populace. In the second place, the thing was likely to cost him his job.

You see, the Mayor who had appointed him happened to be a suspicious old party — very ambitious, and jealous of everybody about him. He was crazy to be renominated and elected; and, once he got the idea into his narrow old noodle that his police commissioner was making deals with the politician over his head, he'd see a rival in the horizon and come down on the commissioner for his resignation like a pan of milk from a top shelf.

The thing was a cinch. Having worked it all out, I proceeded, as the lawyers say, in the following manner — to wit: The third night I was in this precinct, I walked into Hebron's

Digitized by Google

place at one-thirty o'clock in the morning, and offhand pinched him and his three barkeeps for violating the excise law by keeping open after hours. Incidentally, I blacked the eye of one of the barkeeps who, acting on Hebron's orders to tear into me, thought he'd put up a fight. I've got the length and reach and nearly the science of Corbett, and can hit like the kick of a pony. I cut loose only one wallop, but that was a peach. It caught my warlike barkeep in the jaw, and left him the saddest-looking drink-juggler who'd been seen about those four corners for some time.

After I'd punched the lively barkeep, I pulled my blackjack.

"Who'll be the next to start something?" I said.

At this, my four prisoners, Hebron with the rest, became peaceful as four pups in a basket.

Hebron gave bail for himself and his bottle-tossers, and set the case a week away. He wanted time to go to his friend, the commissioner, and gather in my scalp. Later I got the story from the inside — from the commissioner's own private secretary, in fact.

Mr. Hebron Travels in a Circle

It seems that Hebron had no sooner got his red nose inside Headquarters door when the commissioner took the play away from him. Before he could so much as open his mouth, the commissioner was after him.

"I'm glad you got what you did," he said. "My only regret is that it wasn't your jaw instead of the barkeeper's that was punched."

"See here!" roared Hebron. "I don't understand. You send a crazy wardman into my precinct, who in the first seventy-two hours pinches me and slugs one of my bar-boys. If that's the best I can get, I want to know it!"

"It isn't the worst you can get — believe me! Can't you see what you've done?"

"See what I've done? I ain't done nothing."

"Do you call it nothing to go bragging and boasting, all over the town, that you owned me, and had had that captain removed? That's where the whole trouble springs from. I only gave Muggins this wardman for two weeks; then he was to go. I told him, too, that the fellow was as cunning as a pet fox, and now he's proved it. He arrests your joint the first move he makes — a play which'll save him from removal."

"Save him?" cried Hebron, in utter astonishment. "This gazebo jumps into my saloon, collars me and all hands, and you set there and tell me it saves him! You make me tired! Are you nutty?"

"Whether the news tires you or not, it's right. Think it over. Suppose I remove him as I'd arranged: what'll people say?— the Mayor, for example? The first thing they'll do will be to take your brag at face value. They'll say that you own me and own the police, and can come into Mulberry Street and stand things on their head whenever you feel like it. That don't wash. I've got to look out for myself. The short cut now is for you to shut up, plead guilty, and pay a fine. As for my fox of a wardman, he's got me jammed — just exactly as he figured to. I'll have to leave him there, now, until people have time to forget."

Hebron by this time was in a haze; he couldn't get the matter through his thick, whiskey-soaked head. "Commissioner," he said, "I don't see through this. You've got me walkin' in a circle."

"It's as plain as a pike-staff. The Mayor's already heard that you got me to transfer that captain. It's been in every paper how the new wardman arrested you. Now, if I remove him, what'll that suspicious old dotard of a Mayor think? The long and short of it is, you'll have to plead guilty and take your medicine. Also, that wardman'll have to stay, for the time being at least."

Hebron gulped his wrath and paid a fine. At that, he wasn't through. I had made up my mind from the jump to go the route with Hebron, and had taken steps with the excise board in Albany to have his license revoked. He was a Tammany politician, but that only went for the town. The Republicans had the State, and the excise people were Republicans. It would be duck soup to them to get Hebron. Upon my charges, they laid for him, and it cost him an even $1,000 — which went where it would do the most good — to save his papers.

Hebron took a tumble, and came seeking my friendship. Certainly I became Hebron's friend — for another $1,000. Hebron had come through with a thousand for the excise board, and I couldn't see why he should get off with any less for me and Muggs.

The $1,000?

My piece of it was $200, the regular twenty per cent. Muggs took the $800.

That $200 wasn't all I got, however. I was down to Headquarters one day, and the commissioner sent for me.

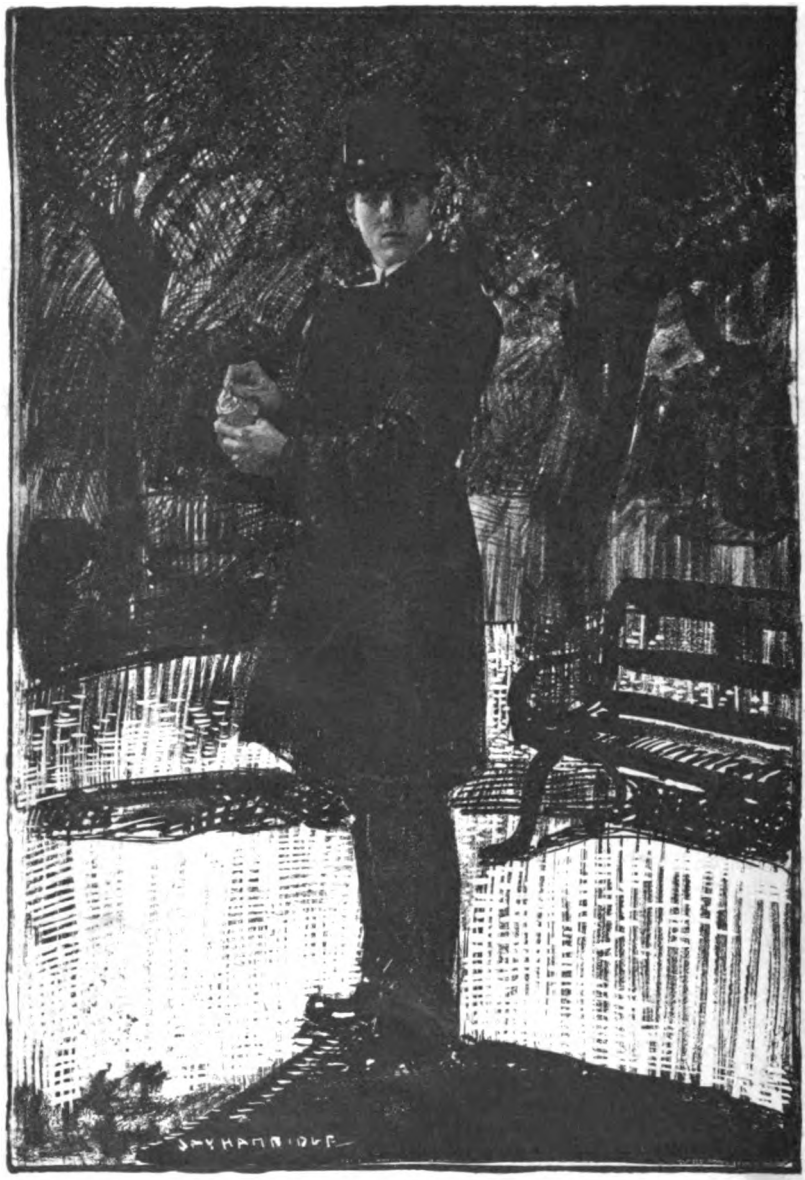
"I merely wanted to compliment you," he said, with a sly look. "Some day I myself may need a fox. In that case, I'll know where to find one."

He stretched out his hand. It was on the level, too — that handshake.

So I was hitched on solid: Muggs' collector — so long as Muggs lasted.

Digitized by Google

Muggs was all right, too. After that first move he put the precinct entirely into my hands; I could do whatever I saw fit.



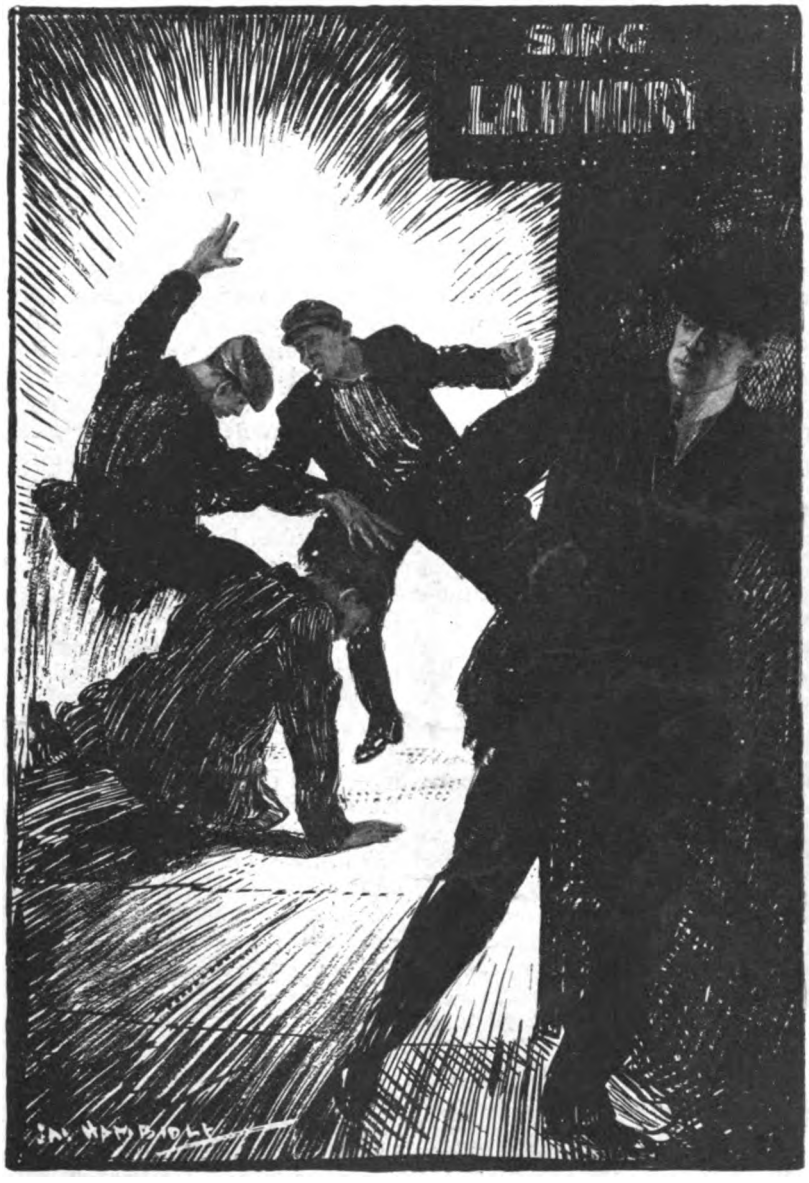
"THEY ALWAYS SLIPPED ME THE MONEY IN CENTRAL PARK OR SOME OTHER PLACE WHERE I COULD SEE FOR TWO HUNDRED FEET IN ALL DIRECTIONS"

As a beginning I did the usual thing done whenever a new captain comes into a precinct like that. I ordered everything — gambling-rooms, disorderly houses, opium dens, and all — closed. That's the way we have of separating the graft sheep from the graft goats. The goats won't close — commonly, however, they are very few. This gives you a chance to make pulls, and a reasonable number of pulls are necessary to a wardman's safety. You've got to show the papers and the public that you're working, and "keeping your precinct clean." Certainly it's claptrap; but the town has been run on clap-

Digitized by Google

trap for a hundred years, and is running on claptrap now.

Aside from those sheep-and-goat discoveries, the places reopened. That "order" to close, and the subsequent permission to open, netted Muggs and myself a bundle the size of a roll



"SUPPOSE I WAS COLLARED AND SEARCHED — HOW WAS I TO EXPLAIN THAT $18,000 IN MY POCKETS? 'MAKE YOUR GET-AWAY,' JIMMY WHISPERED; 'I'LL TAKE HIM'"

that particular closing "order" owned another and a golden side. Once the places were closed, I made them come up with from $5 to $500 to open again. This had nothing to do with their monthly payments, which began the moment of carpet, and gave us a nice little bank balance from the start. Even if the commissioner had stuck to that two weeks' limit, as originally fixed for me, I would have just the same carried off a pocketful of the long green.

Digitized by Google

And then, again, it brought me to my next move. It gave me my chance to take up the case of the chesty Mr. Gambler Baden, nursing a high rebellious mood because a big inspector had a piece of his gambling-house. Mr. Gambler Baden felt — like some faro-bank Alexander Selkirk — that he was out of humanity's reach. I figured — and I might add hoped — when I sent out the word to "close" that Mr. Gambler Baden would defy me. He had said that "he'd like to see me pull him," and I had been red-hot to accommodate him ever since I'd heard of it.

Baden's place was a top-notcher. What with pictures and statues and tapestries, that snare of his had cost him an even $100,000. But the very fact that it was a big place, as well as several other "reasons," made it especially worth while to pull him. It would show at once that I was running the precinct. I intended to so manage, also, that after I'd got through with Baden no one would so much as dream of giving me a battle. Gamblers are like Missourians — you have to show 'em; and what I planned doing to the chesty Mr. Baden would not only show 'em but convince 'em. I didn't tell Muggs. He was one of your soft-baked students; Baden would look over-big to him, and I was afraid he'd get cold feet.

As a starter, I made a meet with Baden. He was rough and high, as I knew he would be. After letting him bullyrag me to his soul's content, I started to leave with — apparently — my tail between my legs.

"Where do you get off," he roared after me — it was perhaps his mildest utterance —"to go givin' me a talk? If you and Muggs go to monkeyin' with me, you'll get it where the baby wore the beads."

"What's the use of making such cracks as that?" said I, pausing a moment, but all the time as meek as Moses. "There's no call for any rough talk; there's no money in it."

"That'll do you, now!" he cried, waving his hand and dismissing me with what he meant should be a kingly gesture. "That'll do you! Don't forget you ain't punching one of Hebron's barkeeps! You're up against *me*."

There was a big "M" went with that "me," I could see that; but I let him get by with it, and skulked away as though he had me buffaloed to a standstill.

Following my interview, I gave him three days to get the news of his victory spread about the precinct. I knew he'd take a day off to talk about it; for he was as ready to brag as Hebron.

On the third night, about ten o'clock,— I aimed to give the morning papers a chance,— when his patrons were standing three deep about his roulette-wheels and faro layouts, I put an armful of sledges, pinch-bars, and a hydraulic jack into an auto-car, called six of Muggs' plain-clothes men to my back, and issued forth. No one knew where I was going — I wasn't taking any chances on a tip-off. The first notion that any of them had that I was out for Baden, came when I dumped them and the tools at Baden's door, and told them to get busy.

Calling Mr. Baden with a Jack

The joint had been in its time one of your old-fashioned, respectable brownstone residences, and the only outside change Baden had instituted was a series of three doors. There were the ordinary wood street doors, a wickerwork steel door, and last of all an ice-box door. What with sledges and pinch-bars, we went through the outer, and next the wickerwork steel door, like the grace of heaven through a camp meeting. It wasn't exercise enough to warm us up. The ice-box door might have made us a little trouble, but it was there my hydraulic jack came in. I brought that mighty engine to bear — give it a purchase and it would have lifted the house itself — and Mr. Gambler Baden's famous ice-box obstruction exhibited no more holding power than a politician's promise. It was forced from its hinges, and the next moment we went tumbling into the hall.

It was plain sailing after that; or it would have been if it hadn't been for Baden himself. He was weak-minded enough to plant himself squarely in my way. He was standing at the foot of the stairs that led to the gambling-room on the third floor.

Baden didn't know it, but he was playing the game precisely as I all along had hoped he would. As I bore down upon him, he slid his hand under his coat-tails. I didn't believe he meant it, for I didn't credit him with having the nerve. None the less, I had my own gun out in an instant.

"Don't spring that artillery," I said; "if you do I'll make you eat it, butt and barrel."

Baden's hand came away empty, his face as pale as a candle. Before he could say a word, I had smashed him over the head with my own pistol and laid him out.

My gun wasn't as light as a feather, being a Colt's .38, and, although I handed Baden but the single blow, it cut a most satisfactory gash in his head.

"Pick him up and dump him in the patrol-wagon," I said to one of my men.

Ten minutes later, with a towel on his head, Baden and four of his dealers were taking a ride down Broadway. I didn't arrest the players;

Digitized by Google

I merely took their names and told them to beat it, which they freely did. My men carted out four wagon-loads of tables, chips, and other gambling tools as evidence, and the famous Baden raid was over.

"Muggs, the Honest Cop"

Not altogether, at that; for, at a wink from me, a couple of my people,— as eager to destroy things as a brace of apes,— went at the pictures, tapestries, and furniture generally, and what they did to 'em was a sin! In thirty minutes they had scrap-heaped the entire joint — with Baden at the station-house, 'phoning for bail!

Every paper in town had half a page about it in the morning. They ran races with each other, telling how "Muggs, the Honest Cop," and his no less honest wardman had set out heroically to put the morals of the precinct in repair. That pull brought Baden face to face with himself, and it didn't take him long to discover that he was a foot shorter in the reach than he'd supposed. Inside of forty-eight hours his friends were begging me for a let-up.

Even his inspector partner was among these peace-makers. To make it more binding, the latter brought my own inspector along.

"Better soften up a trifle," urged my inspector; "Baden'll be good."

"But will he?" I replied. "To hear him the other day, you'd think he owned you and me and Muggs, and everything else between here and the back fence."

"He's got over that!"

"Your men," interjected Baden's inspector partner, indignantly, "destroyed $30,000 worth of pictures and tapestries."

"Is that all?" I retorted. "And I gave them men express instructions not to let up until they were sure they'd made it six figures! I'll can some of them babies for taking life too easy and scamping their work."

Baden's inspector partner wheeled on his heel and walked away. All the same, I'd got him as thoroughly bluffed as I had Baden himself.

Baden's lawyer came chasing.

"Don't talk to me," I said; "talk to the judge."

"The judge is all right," he replied, "unless you go into court and unload a ton of testimony on him. All he asks is an opening to let Baden down easy, and he'll do it. It's he who suggested that I see you."

"We'll make it short and sweet," I said. "Tell Baden it'll cost him $5,000."

"But he's going to pay his $550 assessment every month; he's willing to do that."

"Tell him he'll have to stretch his willingness to cover an extra $5,000."

"But what's that for?" the lawyer almost wailed.

"That's a fine," I returned, with a vinegar grin, "for slandering me and Muggs, and calling us names."

The lawyer groaned, but came back with the $5,000. And, by the time that Baden story had soaked in, that precinct was eating out of my hand.

An Embarrassment of Riches

Now, then, I had them started all right. But I wasn't boob enough to think there wouldn't be some try at a come-back, especially from a guy like Hebron. So I had my eye peeled.

I guess, by this time, I don't have to tell you that a wardman has got to keep awake. There's dozens of different influences after him. Sometimes it's Headquarters, again it's the papers, or the preachers, or the anti-vice societies; and every now and then some gambler or politician may work a frame-up on you.

Those first weeks I moved cautiously. A cat couldn't have trod softer. But, for all that, they nearly got me. I have to laugh when I think of it; it was certainly a silky frame-up.

One day, when I had been there about two months, I'd just stepped out of a place where I'd made a meet with a party representing one of my gambling-houses. It was a day of big collections. I had some $18,000 odd in my clothes.

All at once, slam! a short, thick, ugly-looking individual came full tilt into my ribs with his elbow. It took the wind all out of me.

Being naturally a scrapper, my blood was up in a second. But before I could get breath enough to say what was on my mind, my tough friend started in on me. He accused me of bumping into him; and the things he called me and the language he used would have killed an acre of grass. In fact, he overplayed his game; for right away it broke upon me, like a flood of sunlight, that I was being jobbed. There I stood, with $18,000 more or less in my pockets, and this tough citizen trying to get into a fight with me and have us both collared!

Suppose I was collared — and searched? And the search was bound to come off. How would I explain that $18,000 — I, a cheap copper? I was in a hole for sure, and knew it. My only show was to kiss my way through. Meanwhile, my tough friend stood there, thinking up new names to call me.

I stood there, trying to figure out how I was to shake him, and him refusing to let go. Believe me, I was sweating blood for fair!

Of a sudden, a voice spoke up at my elbow: "What's wrong?"

Digitized by Google

Jimmy the Nailer to the Rescue

Talk of Lucknow and "The Campbells are coming!" There was Jimmy the Nailer, one of my old boxing partners in those earlier West Side days. His tones broke on my harassed ears like a tune of music.

My reply sprung from just instinct. "Take him, Jimmy," I whispered.

It is among the best things about our city-bred lads that they instantly grasp a situation. Like a flash, Jimmy knew that, for some good reason other than a want of heart or reach, it was inconvenient for me to go to the sidewalk with my name-calling friend. Instantly, upon the old effective one-two principle, Jimmy's left shot to the jaw, while his right found the stomach. It was like a bolt from the blue, and bit off my obstreperous friend's flow of eloquence in the muddy middle of a word. Down he went in heaps, kicking and gasping, but out of business for half an hour to come.

"Make your get-away!" said Jimmy to me in a brisk aside, as he went after the fallen one.

Jimmy's advice was so good that I had begun acting on it before it was given, and I oozed out at the rear of the crowd just as a brace of harness bulls pushed in. They needed an ambulance for the enemy.

The next day, when the case came up in court, we fixed it all right for my friend Jimmy the Nailer. The officers that made the collar were Muggs' men, and it only took a wink to set them telling it Jimmy's way in court. The voluble foe got necked for a "neddy,"—which is a ten-dollar gold piece, if you care to know,—while Jimmy was turned loose.

As he came out of the court-room, I was planted at the door to slip him a couple of hundred. There's nothing lost by being freehanded, and Jimmy might again work in handy.

"For the love of Mike!" he said, as his five hooks closed round the bills. Then he added: "Say, put me on your regular staff. I'll punch ginks year in, year out, for a tenth the money."

I thanked the saints for squeezing out of that jam,—by pure bull luck, you might say,—and I pulled every wire to get back of that frame-up and satisfy myself who was in it. It was Baden and his inspector all right. They denied it; but I knew. But that was the last. They knew I was wise, for one thing; for another, I had fixed myself so it took a wise boy to get to me. It took me three months to do it, but by that time I'd fixed up things right. I'd arranged matters there so that I personally didn't do any collecting at all. I picked out one special man — not a copper, but a rank outsider — to go round and get the money for every kind of graft: a man for the gamblers, a man for the disorderly houses, a man for the pipe-joints, and so on. These people were never seen with me. I didn't know them, had never heard of them. One after another, however, and on different days, they'd carefully hunt me up in Central Park, or some other place where I could see for two hundred feet in all directions. I'd be sitting, say, on a bench, and they'd come slouching by and slip me the money. Also, I'd get that money into a bank as fast as a six-cylinder touring-car could carry me to it.

I was fixed now, like the rest of them, with somebody always between me and trouble. Muggs had his wardman, and I had mine. That was the way — I could see — with all of them, from top to bottom. Everybody had a wardman.

The commissioner had his secretary, who was supposed to stop all squeals and kicks that came through the post-office. This was a cinch, seeing he opened all the commissioner's mail. It was the same way, exactly, in the Mayor's office; his honor's secretary was doing just the same. There may be nothing a Mayor does not want to get, but there's plenty he don't want to hear. And, trust me, neither of the secretaries — the commissioner's or the Mayor's were doing all this without a hunch from the Boss. If you don't believe it, all you've got to do is to look up that well known case where a kicking gambler sent a roar to the Mayor's house, in a registered letter, and got the Mayor's own signature to the receipt. It worked different than he figured. The first thing the Mayor did was to order that letter-writing card sharp pulled, and repulled, and pulled again, until he was pulled off the face of the earth; and don't forget that this was fully advertised where it would do the most good. There wasn't a gambler or a joint-keeper the whole length of the line but what got the full significance of that tip.

All of which shows you there's plenty of ways of organizing which ain't down in police regulations; and my organization wasn't the worst of them — if I do say so.

A third chapter from the career of a New York policeman — more absorbing than those already published — will be in the February McCLURE'S *— out January 15*

Digitized by Google

PEGGY AND THE SWAMI

Another Peggy Story

BY

MARAVENE KENNEDY THOMPSON

AUTHOR OF "BLUE RIBBONS," "LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"WELL?"

"Nothing, from a professional diagnosis," chuckled the doctor. "But from the man's, the bosom friend's of the family, I should say the witch is putting up a game on you, Ed."

Edwin Trowbridge shook his head.

"That's not her way of putting up a game, and you know it. What Peggy wants she goes after with might and main. Where another woman would cry and nag, she just smiles and everlastingly hustles. . . . No; it's not that. What did she say?"

"No more than she had already told you — that she isn't sick and is simply lying in bed because she wants to. Now, what is it she's been wanting lately that you've refused her? Come, it's the doctor that's asking. And I know there's something. The only question is — what?"

"Electricity," came the answer, slowly, after an evident struggle to avow it. "When she spoke about wanting electricity in the house, and having an electric range and iron and other electric frills, I decided she had gone clean mad over this modern convenience business ——"

"And sat down on it, of course," laughed the other. "Can't say's I blame you there. Endwater, seven miles, is the nearest electric station, isn't it? Take some money to pay for the wiring, and the meter cost 'way up. Whew!"

"No — it isn't — that. Uproar Falls'll furnish power not only for the house but the farm — and, as I look into it, I find there's no end of uses that electricity can be put to on the farm."

"By George! The Falls! That's right." He twinkled. "You go tell Peggy that and I guess she'll stop staring at the blank space on the wall ——"

"Staring at the blank space on the wall! You saw her, then! What — does it — mean? . . . No; it ain't a trick. I know Peggy too well to swallow that," he reiterated doggedly.

"Then I don't know what it is," said the physician frankly. He stood a moment in thought. "Let her alone till to-morrow; if she's not up then, lift her bodily, if necessary, and bring her down here. There have been cases of well people's taking to their beds and staying there the balance of their life. To tell the truth, Ed, I don't just like that stare of hers. If it isn't some new game to outwit you ——"

The husband gripped the back of the chair to steady his suddenly weakened knees.

"It's not a game, Art. Peggy wouldn't play me a trick like that."

"You may know, Ed; but Peggy couldn't do anything that would surprise me — simply because she's Peggy and I'm not Omniscience. Anyhow, she's well, so you needn't look as if the bottom of the world has dropped out."

"The bottom and top and everything else has dropped out for me if there's anything wrong with Peggy. And if you're deceiving me, Art Ford ——"

The physician's jocularity left him.

"Peggy is well physically," he reassured. "But if she isn't up in a few days I'll call a nerve specialist. Only, remember that it's no argument to say that Peggy hasn't done this kind of thing before. Peggy has a curious way of not repeating herself. There's just one sure thing you can always count on: that whenever Peggy wants a thing badly enough she's going to get it somehow. And you'll find this time that this way is the 'somehow.' "

Edwin Trowbridge went at once to his wife's room, and, strapping giant that he was, his knees trembled weakly under him. Peggy had never lain in bed in the day-time except with the baby. . . . And, though saucy and mischievous, she wouldn't play on his heart-strings in this needlessly cruel way. Doctor Ford knew Peggy, yes; but not all of Peggy, not the exquisitely loving and compassionate wife part that he knew.

He entered the room softly, and stopped half

Digitized by Google

way between door and bed, suddenly all a-tremble with the sickening fear that had been his every time he entered the room since the day before yesterday — the initial day she refused to get up. Yet the room was most inviting: warm gray walls with a narrow border of pink roses outlining ceiling and doors and windows; furniture of rare old mahogany with quaint carving and violet-hued glass knobs; on the walls innumerable pictures of a baby — a baby laughing, a baby with fat dimpled body, a baby in long clothes and short clothes and no clothes at all, and each beautifully artistic in pose and workmanship and frame; but none more enchantingly lovely than the picture now framed by the big brass bed — Peggy herself, the dusky-eyed, dimpled mother of this baby, with skin like a creamy rose, and scarlet lips, and a tumbled mass of waving hair.

Peggy lay at full length on her back, very still, her arms lying limply outside the covers, following the lines of her body. From under the heavy lashes the limpid eyes looked forth on — not the representations of her pretty baby, nor the anxious face of her adoring husband, but — a blank space on the wall opposite! The husband followed her gaze fearfully. Then his eyes came back to hers. He had seen a myriad variety of expressions in those veiled eyes: roguish, beseeching, flaming with love, full of saucy devilment, black with tempestuous wrath, and in a trice angelically tender. But *this!* — this expression of aloofness — this look as though she did not see him — this strange, paralyzing stare into blankness! What did it mean? What could it mean?

"Guess you've looked at that piece of blank wall long enough, haven't you, Peggy?" he asked playfully. "Turn around here and look at your old Ed for a change. Please, honey girl. You say you're not sick, and — I want you up. It's lonesome as a graveyard downstairs without my pretty Peggy love. I can't read or fix my accounts or do anything without you there, and it's too sleety to do anything outdoors." He bent over her. "You just put those pretty arms around my neck and let me carry you downstairs. Come!"

"Ed dear, please — go — away," she singsonged, as between baby lullabies. "I — mustn't — be disturbed. I'll — get — up — when — I'm — ready."

"But when'll you be ready? You've been here two days now. That's long enough — and a heap too long if there's nothing the matter with you."

"Annie — is — taking — good — care — of — Eddie — and — the — house," she intoned. "There's — no — need — for — me — to — get — up — till — I'm — ready. Please — darling — stay — away — from — me — please — please — please — please ——"

"I just won't. If there's anything the matter with you I'll get doctors here pretty quick to treat you; and if there isn't you sha'n't lie here like this any longer. Last night you locked your door, and you didn't even let Ed in for his good-night romp. And the Lord knows what you'll do next if this keeps up. Come, I'm going to take you downstairs. Do you hear me, Peggy?"

She did not answer; only gazed, as one unseeing, at the blank space on the wall. With a quick move, he thrust an arm under her and started to raise her — and stopped, releasing her in frightened suddenness. Her back was as lifeless as a frost-bitten alder, and the arms were inanimate things!

Was this limp creature Peggy? Peggy, always so vivacious, so splendidly active, so sprightly and agile, with the vigor and spirit of a colt? Peggy, one bounding vitality, like this?

Shivering unaccountably, he cast a scared glance over his shoulder at the blank grayness.

"Did — did Doc feel your — back, Peggy?" he asked huskily.

"Go away — go away — go away," she reiterated monotonously. "Please — please — please! Ed darling, I don't want you — here — now. I don't — I don't ——"

He backed toward the door, bewildered, uncertain, half angry, wholly afraid. Downstairs again, he walked and rewalked the length of the big living-room. It clung to his hands — the dread feel of that spineless back. He went to the telephone.

"No, you idiot, I won't," came Doctor Ford's reply. "When I take myself and horse out in this sleet and ice, it'll be for a sick person. Limp? Well, it's because she wants it limp, then. If she's got you so locoed you can't see through her little game, then, by golly, take your medicine and stay frightened. Shut up! I know that witch. She wouldn't treat you that way? You make me tired! All right, believe it; but that's my only prescription — electrical treatment — ha, ha!"

The door opened. He turned expectantly. But it was not his wife's graceful figure and bewitching face. It was "Ichy Sam" — Richard Samuel Loomis on church register and deeds and tax receipts, but to Redville, from tiny toddlers to octogenarians, simply "Ichy Sam" — as his twin brother, christened "Samuel Richard Loomis," was "Sam Ichy." It was thus they themselves had first pronounced their cognomens, innocent of the mirthful significance. And thus they still called themselves and each other, though not innocently now. For fun

Digitized by Google

"'IT WASN'T BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO KISS YOU YESTERDAY,' SHE WHISPERED. 'ONLY ——'"

Digitized by Google

was to them as the marrow of their bones, and a joke no less a joke because it was on themselves. Next to his wife, there was no one Trowbridge would rather have seen just then than the little roly-poly, red-headed man entering. Everybody told his affairs to Ichy Sam. Perhaps because Ichy Sam never repeated even the "yes" or "no" of a confidence; perhaps because his mind, like a plummet, always went directly to the bottom of a difficulty. And Peggy was the apple of Ichy Sam's eye as well as of Edwin Trowbridge's. He gave a keen look at Trowbridge's perturbed face.

"Guess y' ain't told Peggy she's t' have th' electricity. Kinder hard t' give in — eh? Wall, it might be," he chortled, "considerin' you've been wastin' good water power all this while. Nothin' that she kin use misses her long, by cracky! An' she allus finds a way t' git it, too. Begun when she was seven month old. I kin see her plain as though 'twas yis'day. Thar the little tike stood 'side o' cheer, screechin' an' holdin' out her hands fer a big red apple on the windersill. When she saw Ann wa'n't goin' t' give it t' her,— Ole John wa'n't thar, er course she'd had it,— she jest up an' *walked* across an' grabbed it. Hadn't ever took a step afore, by hookey! I ain't ever seed a kid yit quite as cunnin' as she was, Ed. An' pretty! Git her up, Ed. The place ain't nohow as stimulatin' without the sass-box round. I got t' have some kind o' antidote fer this dad-burned weather."

"Do — do you think Peggy's doing this — to get the electricity?"

"Well, drat it! What else'd she be doin' it fer? She ain't sick."

"No, she isn't sick. Only ——"

Ichy Sam laughed silently, his rotund figure drawing in and out like a big rubber ball.

"It sure is to laugh, Ed. You drive her into these antics, and then air as hurt by 'em as an innercent lamb. By golly! don't you know she's *got* t' be a cuss t' sarcumvent that consarvative spirit o' yourn? You're 's proud 's a hen with her first hatchin' over the style an' modern fixin's y've got here, an', by cracky! you'd not had one if Peggy wa'n't the clever little rascal she is."

The younger man eyed him narrowly for a moment.

"Look here, Ichy Sam, you haven't ever jumped on me before about Peggy. Why are you doing it now?"

The little man fidgeted.

"I don't know egzac'ly, Ed. Married folks's business is thar own. But this playin' sick t' win you over ain't nohow like Peggy. I'd plumb hate t' see the little cuss lose her spunky ways. An' seems 's though she must be doin' it to take sich a lazy, triflin' way 's this. Thar was some class t' the way she got the bath-room — plumbers here every night fer a week while you was asleep, an' bath-room all done, white an' shiny as Cass Ray's false teeth, afore you knew it. An' the steam heat an' hard-wood floors!" He chuckled. "I'd laugh in my grave over the foxy way she got them, Ed."

After Ichy Sam's departure Trowbridge sat silent, his long legs stretched out laxly, a curious expression in his eyes. A sleety rain beat persistently against the windows, and the wind whistled and moaned. Though only four o'clock in the afternoon and late in March, the room would have been in darkness but for the glow of the logs in the big fireplace. By this glow he viewed the room, a large room furnished in priceless old mahogany — furniture that had been in the Trowbridge family for generations. With soft shrieks of joy, Peggy had pounced upon the precious pieces scattered aimlessly over the house and stored in the attic. Restoration to their original beauty had followed; and these upon which Trowbridge now gazed stood in mellow splendor against a background of softly tinted walls and polished oak floor and Persian rugs — an unusual living-room for a farm-house! It had originally been two rooms; and it was against his wishes that Peggy had achieved the transformation, and the hard-wood floor, and the big veranda beyond, and — all the rest. She had wanted them, and had got them — somehow. Now she wanted electricity.

He rose and went to the radiator, felt of it, adjusted the regulator to turn on more steam, came back to the fireplace and laid on another log, waited till it blazed up; then — he went upstairs again. From his own closet he took his big fur-lined coat and from Peggy's her bedroom slippers.

"The jig's up, Peggy," said he quietly. "I'm going to get you into these things and carry you downstairs. Come, sit up!"

Peggy sighed — a long, lingering sigh — and turned her eyes reluctantly from the blank wall to her husband's face. The man's eyes, deeply gray and clear, met hers steadily. But it was not their steadiness that caused Peggy's blank stare to leap to sudden caressing tenderness. It was the hurt she saw there — the boyishly wounded spirit that shone through them. Hurriedly she fumbled for a printed card under her pillow; then, clutching it tightly, reached her hands toward him with a pretty motion.

He laughed joyously, and enveloped her in the great-coat and lifted her to his arms. For a moment he stood still, his mouth on a level with hers — waiting. A shamed little smile, and Peggy's lips went to his.

Digitized by Google

"'I TRIED TO LOOK AT HIM STEADY, BUT I GOT—TIRED, I THINK. I WAS ALL SHAKY AND—AND FRIGHTENED'!"

Digitized by Google

"It wasn't because I didn't want to kiss you yesterday, darling," she whispered. Only ——"

He laughed again. Peggy was her own shining self, and for the moment nothing else mattered. He tossed her to his shoulder, ran down the steps, and dropped her into a deep-seated rocker before the fire. Then he seated himself and looked at her squarely, a smile in his eyes.

"Now tell me all about it," said he, "and let's get this matter out of our systems as we have s'teen others. Start 'er up, Pegsy."

But the clock ticked off five minutes before Peggy spoke, her eyes all the while on the blazing logs, the cardboard resting between her hands. Half shyly she turned to her husband.

"You know, I — wanted — electricity ——"

"Um-m! So that *was* it."

"No — no!" She shook her head violently. "It wasn't to get it that I did this, but to *not want to get it.*"

He looked at her stupidly. "What?"

"I wanted the electricity put in so bad, I knew I'd just keep on till I up and got it — somehow. And oh, Ed darling, I didn't want to act mean again! I've been awfully ashamed over getting the other things the ways I have. You're so good about forgiving me, and are always so sure I'm going to be good next time. And — and I love you so." She shook back the mass of hair and the enveloping coat from her shoulders. "I tried — oh, I tried so hard to forget about the electricity! But — I only thought about it all the more. Then — I saw a notice in the paper about — non-resistance; how it was something we could learn, and never want anything again, ever. So — so I went to see — him, the — Swami ——"

"Him? Swami? . . . I don't understand. You say you went to see some one? Where?"

Peggy did not see the strange look in his eyes, the look of one who comes suddenly upon the unexpected, suddenly and — fearfully. She held out the printed card. By the red glow of the fire he read:

Strike off thy fetters! Bonds that bind thee down,
Of shining gold, or darker, baser ore;
For fetters, tho' of gold, are not less strong to bind.
Then off with them, Sannyâsin bold. Say
"Om tat sat, Om!"

This thirst for goods forever quench; it drags
From birth to death, and death to birth, the soul.
He conquers all who conquers self. Know this
And never yield, Sannyâsin bold! Say
"Om tat sat, Om!"

Thus, day to day, till Karma's powers spent
Release the soul for ever. No more is birth
Nor I, nor thou, nor god, nor man. The "I"
Has All become, the All is "I," and bliss.
Know thou art That, Sannyâsin bold! Say
"Om tat sat, Om!"

He held it a moment after reading, turned the unprinted side uppermost and looked at it, then back again, vainly seeking illumination.

"I can't make anything out of this. What does it mean?"

Peggy puckered her brows.

"I — I don't know. He said his — his Guru gave it to him, and that I was to read it once an hour, and — and it's part of the lesson, you see. That's what I'm trying to — tell you ——"

He rose and gave a quick turn across the room, stopping beside her.

"Tell me first, *where did you go?* Just that, little wife."

"To the Swami's place in Buffalo," returned Peggy simply. "A beautiful, queer, dim, magiciany sort of place with Oriental rugs and draperies and cushions, and perfume in the air — incense, I think. I was afraid at first, a little. It was all so different. And he was so strange and brown, and dressed in such funny clothes — a white robe, and big twisted turban of cloth on his head, and a gold embroidery scarf tied about his waist. He sat on a cushion with his legs crossed under him, and — and so did I. But he was on a platform about six inches high, covered with a beautiful rug, and I was on a cushion at his feet. And I breathed through one nostril — deep — 'way down — like *this* — then through the other. . . . Then he chanted a song, a sort of song, and swayed his body back and forth — and I did, too, after a little — but not easy like him. And ——"

"Yes?"

She looked up quickly.

"Why, Ed, are you sick? You look so — queer! Why, what is the matter?"

"Go on," he commanded gently. "What happened next, pet?"

"You're hoarse!" cried she, all anxiety. "You've gone out in the sleet bareheaded! Oh, Ed! — and you said you wouldn't!"

"The — Swami? Go on, Peggy. What else?"

"Oh-h!" Peggy thought a moment to get her bearings. "Why, nothing — much. He laid his fingers on my forehead — in long, soft strokes, and muttered strange words; and then he told me how to relax and get myself in a receptive state for non-resistance — and that's what I've been doing. Only you wouldn't let me be long enough to really try it right."

"At the Swami's, Peggy. What else? Tell me!"

"I took hold of his hands, and he moved my arms up over my head, and then down — up and down — up and down — up and down — like *this*. And — and he looked in my eyes close, and told me to keep my eyes right on his. Oh, Ed! he had blue eyes. I thought they always had black eyes, but he says they don't. I tried

Digitized by Google

to look at him steady, but I got — tired, I think. Or — or — else he was tired and *thought* me away. He can *think* people into doing things — wonderful things!"

"Then?"

She dropped her eyes. "I — I — don't like — to tell you. But — I — I got up and — *ran* out! I had paid when I went in, and I was so glad! For I was all — shaky and — and frightened — and I wouldn't have gone back for — anything! I wish I hadn't been so silly! There was lots more to the lesson. But I did all he told me. That is,"— she looked up, laughing drolly, — "all I could do with you, great silly boy, bumping in and out every other minute!"

With her face peering from out the loosened hair, her slender body lost in the great-coat, arms and neck gleaming baby-white against the dark fur, she looked like a very little girl. And it swept through the man staring down at her that in evil and the knowledge of evil she was, in truth, only a very little girl. He walked away from her, so that she could not see the horror in his eyes, a horror that he would never quite lose, by reason of this that she had escaped — had *run* away from, not knowing why she ran. His hands clenched, and a wave of murderous passion surged from head to foot. She had sat at this vampire's feet — trustfully, trying to learn how to be good! — this "Swami" with *blue* eyes! probably born in Iowa.

He had not known where she was — perhaps no one knew of her intention to visit this place; and *if* she hadn't run out ——

"Ed!"

"Just a minute."

He stood looking out of the window. But of the stretches of snow and the beating sleet he saw nothing. His eyes were turned inward; and amid all the chaos and confusion there they leaped to one point and fastened upon it. Why did he so persistently refuse his wife's requests to improve the house and add the simple conveniences she wanted? He was amply able to give her what she asked — doubly, trebly. Even had it been necessary to bring the electricity from Endwater, it would not have mattered. He indulged her lavishly in other ways. And he had always been as pleased as Punch over the conveniences and improvements that Peggy had got despite him. Even if he hadn't been, why shouldn't his wife have the comforts that meant so much to her? Yes — why not? why not?— *why not?* he asked himself savagely.

And out of the clutter of his mind, things half forgotten and things there without his knowing why or whence they came, there arose the answer, and clearly, as it does sometimes when the soul has been roughly shaken. He worshiped the "gods of things that are," and Peggy the "gods of things to be." It was the fundamental struggle between two conflicting forces as old as the world. Change, upheaval, the usurping of an old way by a new — it was physical and mental and spiritual agony for him to contemplate, and he revolted involuntarily from the very suggestion, as from some dread disaster. And to Peggy it was bliss.

And Peggy was right — in principle, if not always in practice. Growth was health, and only death lay in stagnation. And not to want things — Peggy's pathetic solution of their difficulties — was not a state to be desired, but one to be shunned as a plague. Peggy must save him from himself.

He went to her, and lifted her up, and seated himself in her chair, with her closely in his arms.

"Listen, Peggy. I don't want you to stop wanting improvements and new things. I have an idea I won't be quite such an old mossback after this. But if I am — why, you go ahead and get things — 'somehow,' just as you have before." He smiled. "Yes; I mean it. You're to have what you want — with my consent if you can get it, or without it. Do you see?"

Peggy bolted upright and stared at him in sheer bewilderment. She had never seen him like this. And she was vaguely disturbed by his earnestness and the tense lines about his lips and the seriousness of his eyes. And this astounding thing he was telling her!

"Ed dear, I'm afraid I don't understand. Are you telling me this in earnest? And, if you are, what if — I take you up?" She dimpled mischievously. "I can want an awful lot of things, Ed. You aren't forgetting that, are you?"

"No," he answered, still serious. "We've been married three years, and I guess I know my pretty Peggy love all right. There's been just twice when you wanted things you shouldn't have had — and you didn't try those times to get 'em." He drew her closer. "There isn't a better little wife in ten States."

For a brief moment Peggy basked sunnily in this tribute. Then her face buried itself against his breast and a sob came up.

"You think I was — non-resisting. But — oh, Ed dear, I — wasn't. I tried and tried — but all the time, underneath, I was planning a way to — get — the — electricity!"

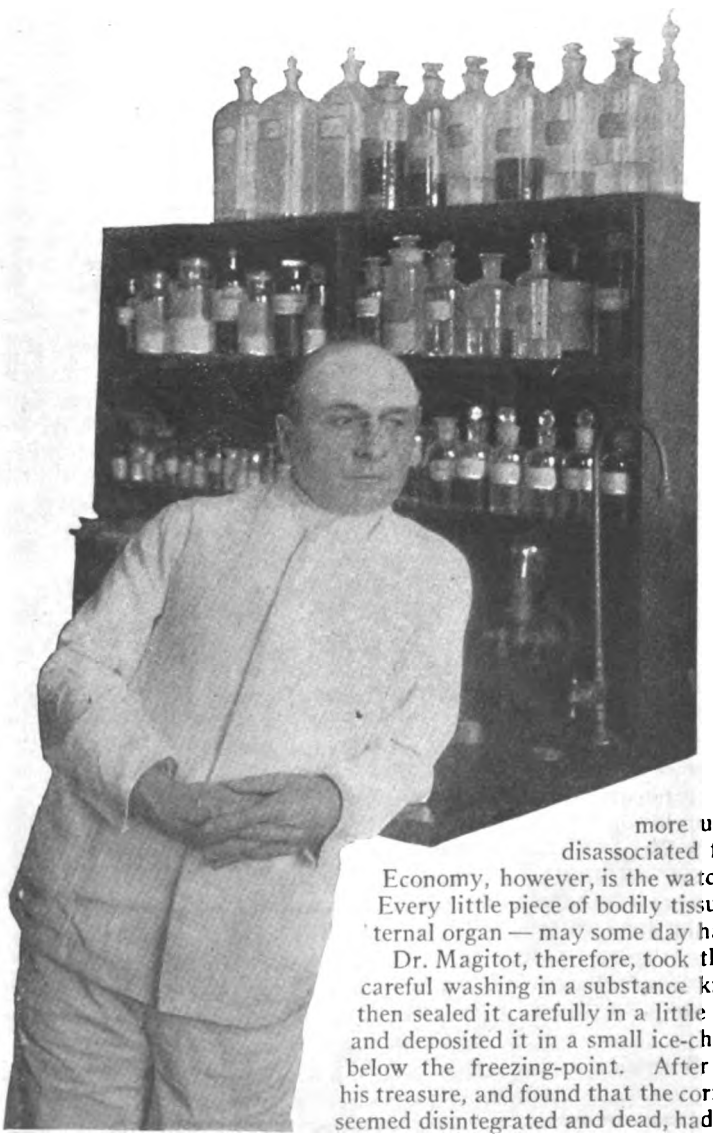
"Peggy Goes Hunting," a new Peggy adventure, will appear in the February McCLURE'S *— out January 15*

Digitized by Google

ON THE TRAIL OF IMMORTALITY

AN EXCLUSIVE AND AUTHORIZED ARTICLE DESCRIBING IN FULL THE REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERIES OF DR. ALEXIS CARREL — THE FIRST AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE MARVELOUS EXPERIMENTS FOR WHICH THE YOUNG AMERICAN SCIENTIST WAS AWARDED THE WORLD-FAMOUS NOBEL PRIZE

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK



A FEW months ago Dr. M. P. Magitot, one of the most distinguished surgeons of Paris, was called upon to perform an operation of peculiar difficulty. A patient came into his office whose eye had been badly burned with quicklime. A large scar had formed upon the cornea, the horny outside coating of the eyeball, and the man was blind. Under ordinary circumstances, an injury of this kind would have been practically irreparable.

A few weeks before, however, Dr. Magitot had performed an operation upon another patient — this one suffering from glaucoma. In this case the surgeon had to extirpate the eye. In the old days Dr. Magitot would have thrown the diseased member away — what could be imagined more useless than a human eyeball disassociated from its natural environment? Economy, however, is the watchword of the modern surgery. Every little piece of bodily tissue — skin, bone, muscle, or internal organ — may some day have an almost priceless value. Dr. Magitot, therefore, took this homeless eye, and gave it a careful washing in a substance known as Lock's solution. He then sealed it carefully in a little tube containing blood serum, and deposited it in a small ice-chest which had a temperature below the freezing-point. After several hours he examined his treasure, and found that the cornea, which, after removal, had seemed disintegrated and dead, had resumed its old transparence.

Digitized by Google

Satisfied with this result, the surgeon placed it back in its frigid environment and awaited developments. At the end of eight days the second patient, referred to at the beginning of this article, came in for treatment. Dr. Magitot, in a few moments, had removed the scar from his injured cornea. In doing this, of course, he removed a piece of the cornea itself. How was this serious lesion to be repaired? The surgeon reached down into his ice-chest and skimmed off a piece, or "flap," from the cornea of the frozen eye. He then deftly attached this to the wound on his second patient's eye. As he himself described the operation to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, he formed "a little window, just like a transparent opening in a thick wall." In a few hours the adhesion was complete; in a few days the wound had healed, and the blind man was able to see through the aperture.

Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, is the man whose laboratory researches have made possible operations of this kind. An article published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for February, 1909, described the preliminary experiments that led up to these practical results. It was then made clear that Dr. Carrel, in developing a new technique for uniting severed arteries and veins, had opened up a new field in modern surgery. At that time he had performed many startling experiments on animals that indicated the usefulness of his method as applied to human beings. He had transplanted arteries and veins from one animal to another almost at will. He had kept these extirpated organs for weeks and months in cold storage, and found, when they were transplanted to another animal, that they worked practically as well as new. He had taken the kidney of one cat and transplanted it into another cat, and discovered that it functioned perfectly in its new environment for several weeks.

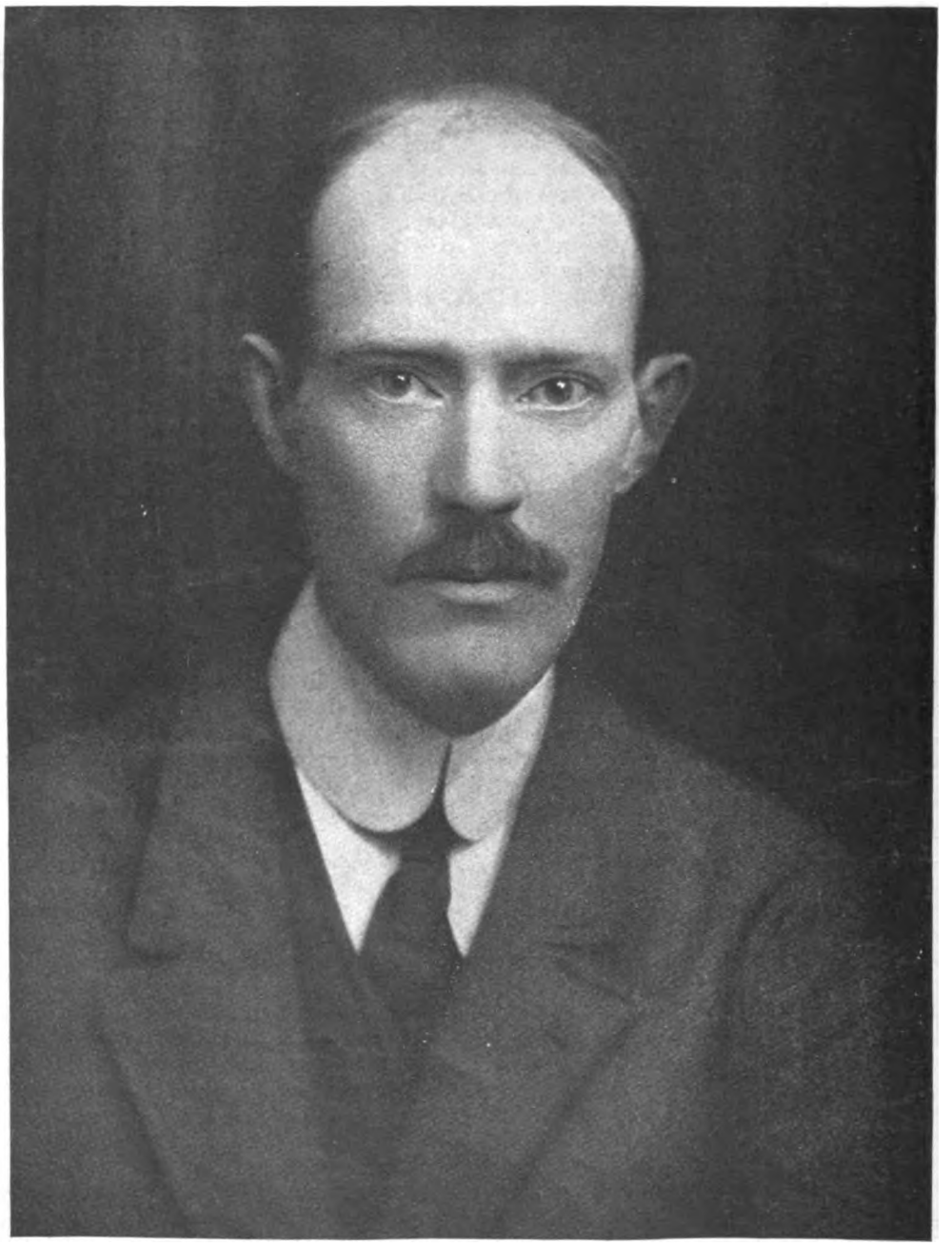
In recognition of these and other experiments, Dr. Carrel has just been awarded the Nobel prize. His experiments, however, have an even deeper interest than their practical applications. A few months ago Professor Edward A. Schaefer, in his inaugural address as president of the British Association, created a world-wide sensation by declaring his belief that life and death were purely chemical reactions. The time would certainly come, he said, when the experimenter in the laboratory would manufacture life, precisely as he now puts together chemical substances. In part substantiation of his belief, Professor Schaefer referred to the work of Dr. Carrel and his associate at the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. Montrose T. Burrows. It is because Dr. Carrel's work sheds new light upon this, the everlasting problem of the ages — the origin of life, and the particular forces that influence its development — that his experiments, technical as they may at first seem, have the utmost significance. Does life originate spontaneously? Is death its natural and inevitable consequence? Is old age really a disease, or a fundamental fact of nature itself? Is there such a thing as perennial youth? Can our bodily organism, worn out with hardship and decay, be revitalized and made active again? Certainly there are no more important and fascinating subjects of scientific investigation than these; and Dr. Carrel's work, as well as that of several other investigators, has a certain bearing upon all these questions.

Active Life Outside the Body

The early experiments, already described in McCLURE'S, demonstrated that animal tissue, taken from its parent organism, can be kept in a condition of latent life for a considerable period. Under these conditions it lives in a state of suspended animation; like certain well known animals, it apparently possesses the quality of hibernation. These discoveries led to others of even greater significance. Evidently cellular vitality could be maintained in a quiescent state outside of the body; was active, functioning life possible under the same conditions? Would a piece of skin, removed from the human organism and placed on a microscopic slide, continue to grow and perform its normal functions? Would the human heart pulsate indefinitely with its accustomed rhythm anywhere except in the body itself? Would a pair of lungs, taken from the thoracic cavity and isolated in the laboratory, still gently rise and fall with all the reality of respiration? Any one who had asked these questions a year ago would simply have received a contemptuous negative. "The function of an organ," says Dr. Stephen Leduc in his recently published "Mechanism of Life," "ceases when it is isolated from the organism of which it forms a part. This is the chief cause of our lack of progress in the analysis of life."

Several years ago Dr. Ross G. Harrison, now Professor of Anatomy at Yale University, demonstrated that sections of animal tissue could be grown outside the body. Dr. Harrison experimented along these lines with nerve tissue. In his scientific writings Dr. Carrel completely acknowledges his indebtedness to these "splendid experiments" of Dr. Harrison. The work accomplished by "this great biologist," as Dr. Carrel calls his American predecessor, he has developed to an extent probably not anticipated by Harrison himself.

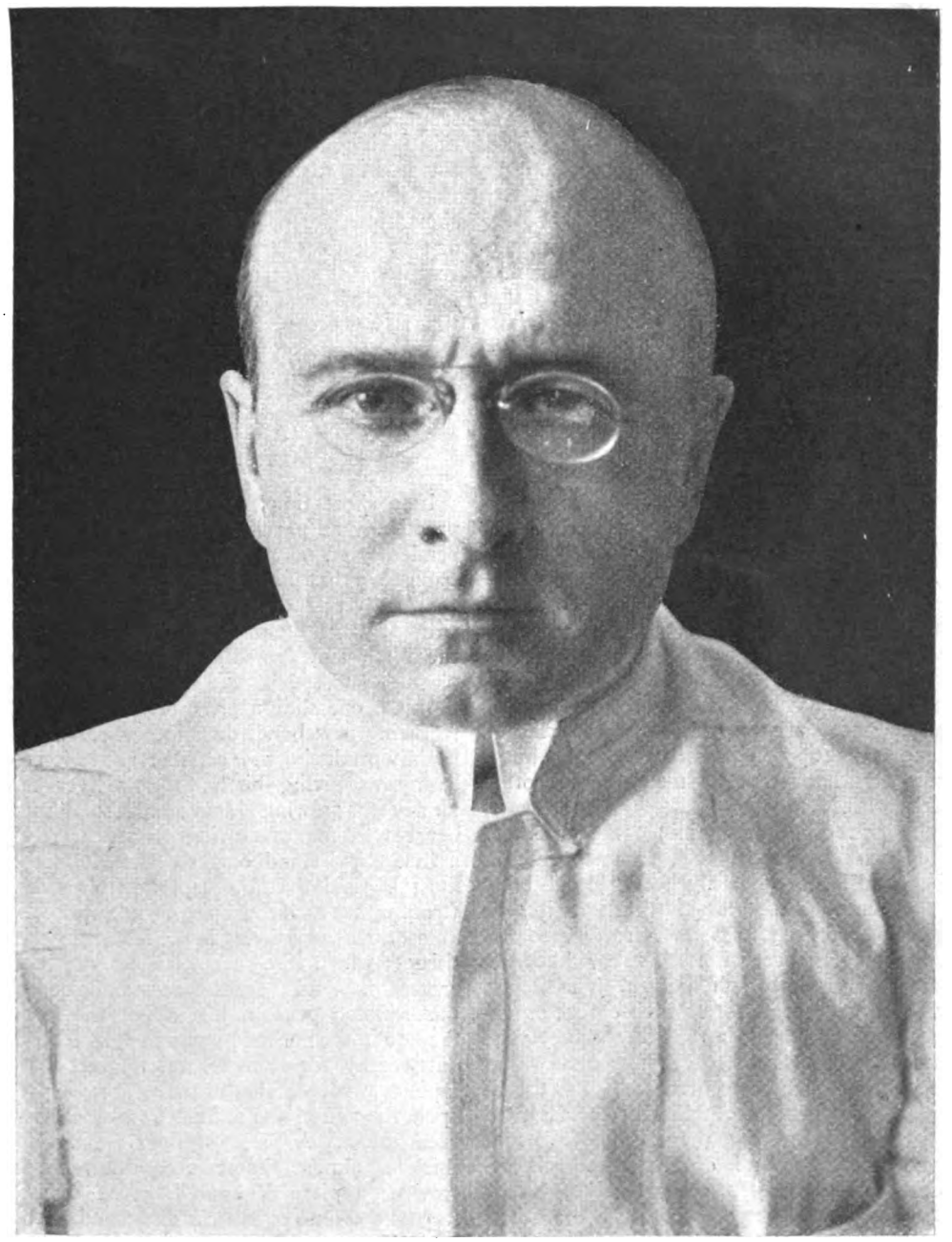
Digitized by Google



DR. ROSS GRANVILLE HARRISON

PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY AT YALE UNIVERSITY, WHO WAS THE FIRST TO GROW ANIMAL TISSUE OUTSIDE THE BODY. THIS WAS THE DISCOVERY THAT FORMED THE STARTING-POINT OF DR. CARREL'S RECENT WORK. WHATEVER MAY BE THE FATE OF THE BODY, DR. CARREL'S EXPERIMENTS SHOW THAT THE CELLS THEMSELVES NEED NOT NECESSARILY DIE. UNDER CERTAIN CONDITIONS THEY ARE IMMORTAL

Digitized by Google



Copyright, Paul Thompson

DR. ALEXIS CARREL

THE FIRST MEDICAL SCIENTIST IN THE UNITED STATES TO RECEIVE THE NOBEL PRIZE. ABOUT FOUR YEARS AGO DR. CARREL DEMONSTRATED THE FACT THAT ANIMAL ORGANS, SUCH AS THE ARTERIES, VEINS, KIDNEYS, AND SPLEEN, COULD BE TAKEN FROM THE BODY, PRESERVED FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD IN COLD STORAGE, AND THEN TRANSPLANTED INTO OTHER BODIES. HE HAS SINCE SHOWN THAT ANIMAL TISSUES CAN BE MADE TO GROW AND FUNCTION OUTSIDE THE BODY. DR. CARREL IS THIRTY-NINE YEARS OLD

Digitized by Google

Naturally, Dr. Carrel did not begin his experiments with full-grown animal organs. A collection of cells, no larger than a millet seed, sufficed to prove, or disprove, his fundamental idea. The basis of all physical activity, of course, is this same individual cell. It is the seat of life and of death — the fountain of health and the corroding center of disease. When medical science has penetrated all the secrets of its microscopic operations, it will have solved the riddle of life itself. In studying the workings of the cell outside the body, the investigator had to reproduce, as far as possible, all the conditions of cellular development that exist within. The cells live, of course, by taking in nutrition. Their vitality and growth depend, likewise, upon a certain body warmth — which, in human beings, ranges in the neighborhood of 38° Centigrade. In the laboratory neither of these two fundamental conditions of growth offers any particular difficulty. Ordinary blood plasma is rich in nourishment, and an incubator readily supplies the necessary body heat.

Dr. Carrel extirpated from his experimental animals — a chick, a dog, a cat, or a frog — pieces of tissue. He selected small samples of the most important bodily organs — pieces of skin, of liver, of heart, of kidney, of spleen, of thyroid gland, of bone and cartilage. Placing these specimens upon a microscopic slide, he poured upon each a drop or two of blood plasma. He was thus supplying each tissue with what is technically known as its medium — in other words, with its food.

The glass slides containing the specimens were then carefully placed in an incubator which had been previously heated up to body temperature. With this the limit of human ingenuity had been reached. According to prevailing popular conceptions, there could be little question as to what would happen. The tissues, having been separated from their parent organism, would wither and atrophy. As they were simply dead animal flesh, they must go the way of all mortality. However, these particular tissues showed no indications of following the accepted rule. There were not the slightest signs of degeneration. Several of the specimens remained quiescent for several days; others showed marked changes in a few hours. The first sign of revitalization was a thin bluish or opalescent area which began slowly to surround the fragment. Then a granulation appeared at the edges and surfaces. That is to say, the tissue was reaching out into its medium, taking in food, and beginning to proliferate. The granulation, in other words, was composed of new and fresh cells. In a few hours the tissue began to shoot cells into the medium in all directions. The first to appear were elongated or spindle-shaped; then came cells of all possible dimensions. In a few days the tiny mass on the microscopic slide became the scene of the wildest vegetation. There was a regular jungle of life, and the investigator, looking into the microscope, could see the vital process of cell formation taking place under his eye. In some cases the growth was so rapid and on so large a scale that it was visible without a microscope. In a short time the new growth was ten, twenty, or fifty times as large as the original fragment. In others the fragment disappeared entirely; cell started from cell — a second generation, that is, was produced. A piece of kidney, taken from a young cat, was especially riotous in the vigor and rapidity of its proliferation.

All Parts of the Body Growing on Microscopic Slide

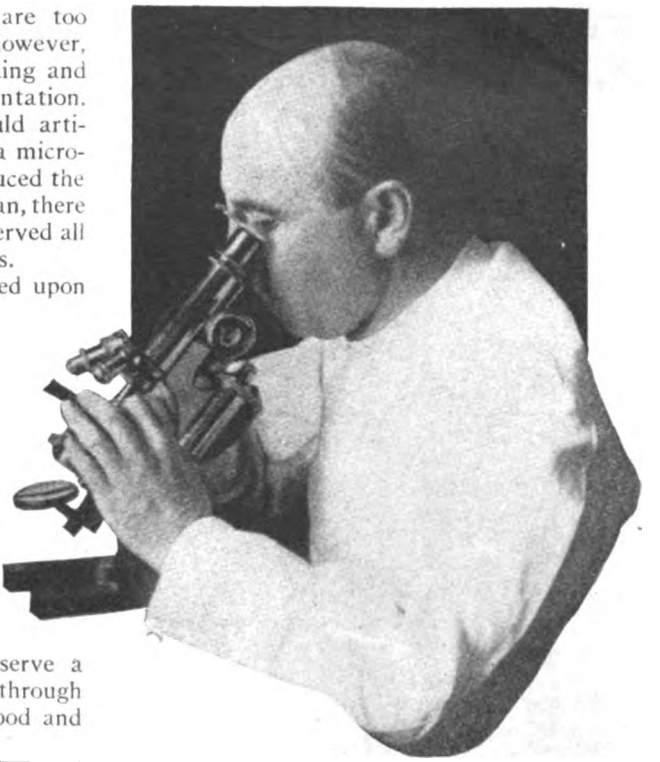
In a short time, therefore, Dr. Carrel had practically all parts of the body growing independently on microscopic slides. He was able to observe that marvelous phenomenon which is constantly taking place in the human body and without which life itself would be impossible — the birth and growth of body cells. Protoplasm, so to speak, was here caught upon the fly. On one slide a piece of bone was manufacturing new bone; on another, cartilage was rapidly producing new cartilage; a section of the liver was giving birth to new liver tissue; kidney was growing kidney; and a small piece of heart was manufacturing new heart. From a theoretical standpoint, at least, it might almost be said that the experimenter was constructing an artificial body in minute sections; at least, he was growing in the laboratory all the tissues which are essential to the animal organism. And these tissues were behaving, in this isolated growth, just about the same as they do in the normal human body. Especially noteworthy, for example, was the fact that the rapidity with which the tissue grew depended upon the age of the animal from which it had been taken. A piece of liver from a foetal chicken almost immediately flowered into growth; a piece of bone from an adult dog started only after several days, and then developed just as sluggishly as it does upon the adult animal itself.

Was this, however, real growth, and did the new cells have all the vitality and functioning power of the native organism? Each body cell, as already said, has its particular part to play; were those produced in this artificial manner obeying the natural impulse? In the main, these cellular mechanisms, especially in a piece

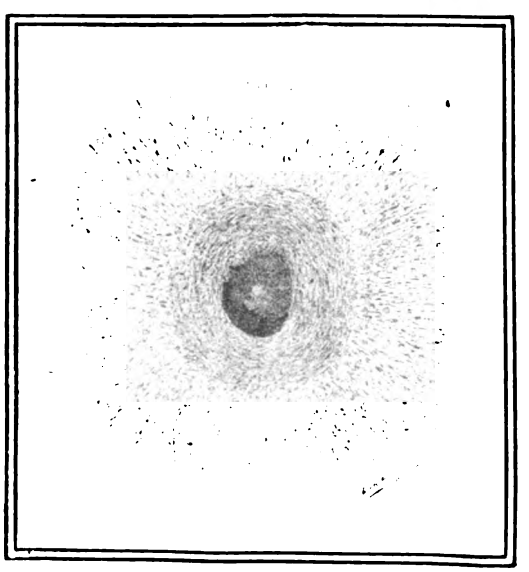
Digitized by Google

of tissue no larger than a pinhead, are too minute to follow; there is one organ, however, whose movements are sufficiently striking and obvious to furnish grounds for experimentation. That is the heart. If Dr. Carrel could artificially grow a segment of heart upon a microscopic slide, and if this segment reproduced the rhythmical pulsations of the natural organ, there could be no doubt that his growths preserved all the functions of regularly nourished cells.

Two fragments of chicken heart, placed upon the slide and fed with plasma, immediately showed signs of activity. Their growth was exceedingly active; and, in a few hours, both fragments were regularly pulsating. These heart-beats, however, were more rapid than those that take place in the human body. The little fragment was industriously contracting and expanding at the rate of 120 pulsations a minute, and the larger at the rate of 92. The sight was certainly a strange one. In the chicken body these rhythmical movements serve a definite purpose: they force the blood through the veins and arteries, and so bring food and



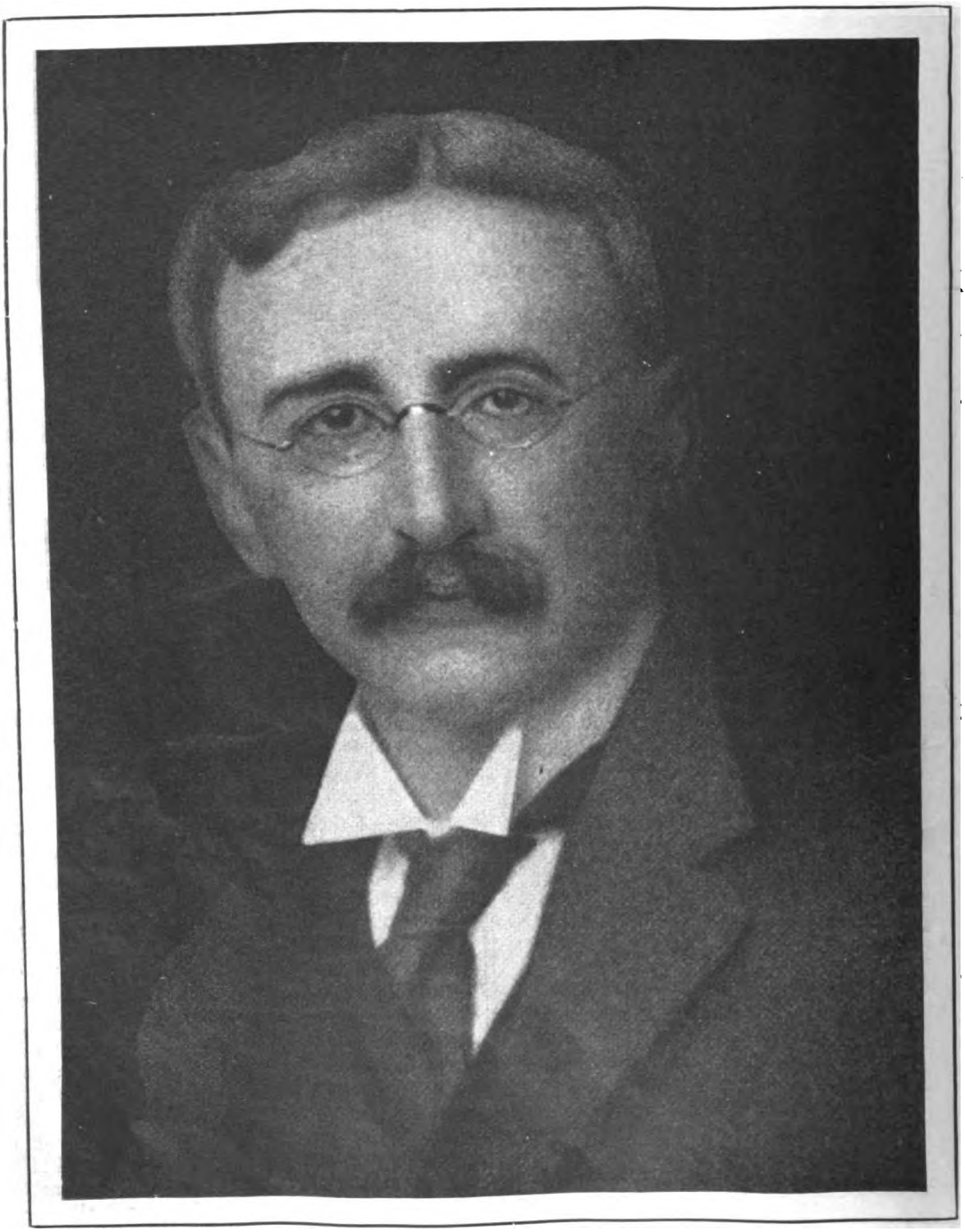
DR. CARREL AT WORK IN HIS LABORATORY AT THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE, STUDYING THE DEVELOPMENT OF ANIMAL CELLS OUTSIDE THE BODY



A SPECIMEN OF GROWING TISSUE

oxygen to the system and carry away large quantities of débris. Upon this laboratory cover-glass, however, the pulsations seemed entirely aimless. Yet the tissues rose and fell as patiently and as regularly as though existence had for them some real, definite end. For three days this uninterrupted pulsation continued; then the heart-beats apparently lost a measure of their intensity. The smaller fragment, apparently wearied, dropped to 90 pulsations a minute; the larger to 40. In a human being a sudden falling off like this would alarm the family physician; Dr. Carrel, however, could apparently play with his "experimental heart" and make it do his will. He "washed" it and gave it a new "medium" to grow in. An hour and a half afterward both fragments sprang into activity, and in a short time were pulsating at a furious rate. The little piece was pounding away with 160 heart-beats to the minute; the large one was following closely with 120. While they were beating they were rapidly growing in size; each had what might be called a case of "enlargement of the heart." As the fragments grew they gradually approached each other, until finally they coalesced and became a single organism. The two hearts, which previously had been pulsating independently, now beat as one. By rejuvenating cardiac tissue in this way, Dr. Carrel has had no difficulty in keeping it alive and frequently functioning for long periods. One specimen lived, grew, and pulsated on the microscopic slide for one hundred and three days. If it had not been

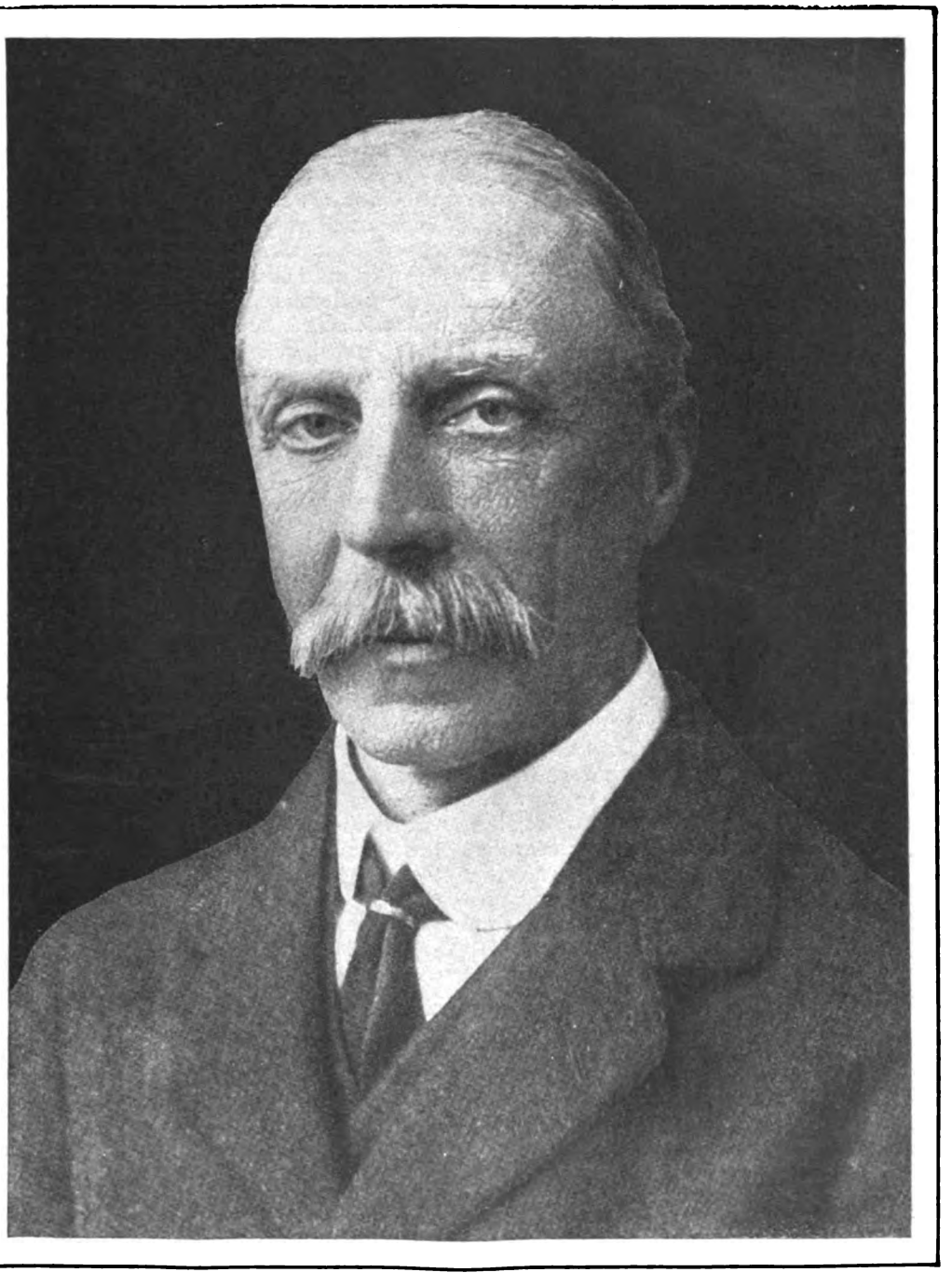
Digitized by Google



DR. JACQUES LOEB

THE FOREMOST ADVOCATE OF THE CONCEPTION THAT LIFE IS MERELY A PRODUCT OF CHEMICAL REACTION. "OURSELVES ARE ONLY CHEMICAL MECHANISMS," HE SAYS; "OUR EXISTENCE IS BASED UPON THE PLAY OF BLIND FORCES." HE HAS ALREADY SUCCEEDED IN BRINGING ABOUT CERTAIN LIFE PROCESSES BY CHEMICAL MEANS. "NOTHING INDICATES," HE SAYS, "THAT THE ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF LIVING MATTER IS BEYOND THE POSSIBILITY OF SCIENCE"

Digitized by Google



PROFESSOR EDWARD A. SCHAEFER

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, WHO, IN HIS RECENT INAUGURAL ADDRESS, EXPRESSED HIS BELIEF THAT ALL LIFE HAS BEEN EVOLVED FROM INORGANIC MATTER. IN THIS ADDRESS HE REFERRED TO DR. CARREL'S EXPERIMENTS IN KEEPING ANIMAL TISSUES ALIVE INDEFINITELY OUTSIDE OF THE BODY AS INDICATING THAT THERE IS NOT A GREAT DIFFERENCE, AFTER ALL, BETWEEN DEAD AND LIVING MATTER

Digitized by Google

accidentally torn by the experimenter, there is every reason to believe that it would be throbbing now. When it reached its sudden and accidental end it was beating fiercely at the rate of 120 pulsations a minute; and was thus broken down in the complete vigor of its youth.

A Cancer Develops Under the Microscope

By using this method Dr. Carrel saw something that the human eye had not looked upon hitherto — a human cancer in an active state of growth. The application of the experiment to the study of this disease was immediately obvious. Cancer, so far as scientists have thus far discovered, arises simply from the senseless proliferation of body cells. For some inscrutable reason, a particular organ or section of the body — the stomach, a mammary gland, a section of the brain or the throat — starts growing. The cancer cell, so far as the laboratory has revealed, does not differ at all from the normal cell; in itself it contains nothing destructive to life. There is a certain mysterious law, known as the law of organization, that holds the body intact and makes every part develop in accordance with the general plan of the organism; our arms, our legs, our fingers, reach a certain size and then stop. Why these particular members should follow this invariable law nobody knows; the one evident thing is that any other regulation would be incompatible with life. Occasionally a particular group of cells will ignore this restraint; they become wild and start off on independent lines of their own. It is these anarchistic tissues that develop into cancerous growths. Scientific men hitherto have had only one experimental method of studying this baffling problem. They have simply cut off pieces of human or animal cancer and placed them under the microscope. In all cases, however, they were studying dead cells; no one had dreamed of looking upon cancer tissue at the very instant of growth.

Dr. Carrel removed a small piece of cancer from a woman thirty-five years old. When placed upon a cover-glass and deposited in the incubator, it soon regained its malignant activity. It was then possible to witness the whole process by which these cells multiply. Under the microscope there is nothing at all hideous about a cancerous growth. The human mind associates everything that is frightful with the disease: in fact, cancer tissue, like normal tissue itself, is really very beautiful. It resembles hoarfrost in the delicacy of its tracery, and crystallizes into a million different shapes. The experimenter was now able to watch this phenomenon taking place under his very eyes. The new cells would start precipitately from the main tissue; they would become spherical in shape, then oval, and then oblong. One end would shoot out, like a microscopic comet, and form a tail; just as quickly, this tail would separate itself from the main body, and perhaps ultimately give birth to new cells of its own.

A careful watch, throughout several weeks, demonstrated several points which may have a marked bearing upon the cancer problem. In the main, cancer tissue, when placed in this artificial medium, grows much more rapidly than in a normal environment. It started more quickly, and, once started, grew faster. Normal tissue began growing in from twelve to forty-eight hours after transplantation; cancerous tissue, in most cases, was revivified within a couple of hours. Does this indicate that there may be substance that stimulates growth in the cancer cell — perhaps a parasite or a microbe — which, when discovered, will yield the secret of the disease?

A New Tool for the Study of Cancer

Again, cancer cells disclosed a remarkable sensitiveness to the medium in which they were placed — in other words, to the food upon which they fed. Dr. Carrel placed one minute segment of cancer in the plasma of the animal from which it had been taken and another in plasma from a normal animal. The first grew much more rapidly — in a short time it had become twenty times as large as the original piece. He then placed a section of a particular kind of tumor — known as sarcoma — in plasma taken from an animal suffering from identically the same disease. In this it grew very little or not at all. This experiment has evidently proved that the body liquids of one cancer patient have a tendency to prevent the growth in another person of the particular kind of cancer from which he suffers. Dr. Carrel, however, makes no claim to having developed any definite facts about this disease; he has simply given investigators all over the world a new tool. Hitherto the scientist could study only cancers artificially produced in animals and dead cancerous tissue. They can now study the active, live disease itself, and particularly the effect of the body fluids upon it.

Cancer, according to the best opinion, is merely a manifestation of that problem which has formed the basis of Dr. Carrel's studies from the first — the problem of growth. His problem, in other words, is the problem of life — of senility and death. Why is it that inorganic matter suddenly puts on all the vestures of vitality? Why does the dead food we take into

Digitized by Google

our mouths all at once quiver into living protoplasm? Whence comes the stimulus that explains the mechanism of life? Why is it that life, having run its allotted course, relapses into senility and death? Are old age and annihilation inevitable? It may seem strange that a piece of chicken tissue, no bigger than a millet seed, reposing quietly in an incubator, should have any bearing upon the subject which has puzzled the human mind for ages; yet it does.

"General" and "Elemental" Death

When the average person uses the word "death" he has a fairly rational conception of what he means. It is the end of personality — the separation of human consciousness from its bodily habitation. "I think, therefore I am," is the philosopher's description of existence; "I do not think, therefore I am not," would probably be the average man's description of death. Connected with this fundamental fact there are, in his mind, certain secondary manifestations. One thinks of the body's destruction — of the grave, of ashes to ashes and dust to dust. Outside of scientific laboratories, there is probably not one man in ten who does not associate these two phenomena together — the end of personality and the disintegration of the body itself. In the popular conception, we die when we cease to breathe and when the heart stops beating; and that, as a consequence, the body itself loses vitality and relapses into the chemical substances of which it was originally composed, one scarcely questions.

Science, however, does not recognize the mere destruction of consciousness as death. In its elaborate catalogue there are several kinds of death. It separates the phenomenon into two grand divisions — into "general" and "elemental" death. By general death it means essentially the same thing that the non-scientific man means by death itself — that is, the passing of the ego. An Italian becomes embroiled in a street fight and a dagger is plunged through his heart. He falls, stops breathing, and his heart ceases its pulsations; in a newspaper paragraph the next day the man is described as "dead." In the eye of science, however, he is only "generally" dead. His murderous enemy may pay the penalty of his crime in the electric chair, but he has really killed only a very small part of his victim. In the sense of elemental death, every fiber of the man's being may be quivering with life. For an appreciable period after his "death" his skin is just as much alive and just as serviceable as it was before. His internal organs, if they could be taken out of his body and placed in their familiar environment in another man, would go on and function for years. In other words, "general" death — the passing of personality — does not necessarily involve "elemental" death — the disintegration of the cell. Unless the cellular tissues are rescued from the body and given a new living environment, they too will really die. Dr. Carrel's earliest experiments, now so generally used in practical surgery, showed how, by placing bodily tissues in cold storage, they could be kept indefinitely in a state of suspended animation. His latest, described above, showed how, by removing these tissues from the dead body and giving them food and heat, they would not only survive the shock of general death, but would actually resume all the characteristics of active life, including growth and function.

"Accidental" and "Natural" Death

Analyzing somewhat more minutely, discriminating science recognizes again two forms of both "general" and "elemental" death. These are "accidental" and "natural" death. The supposititious Italian referred to above, for example, died an accidental death. There was no essential reason why, in the general state of his bodily organism, he should have died at the particular moment that he did. Had he passed along the street five minutes before, or had any one of a thousand other circumstances happened differently, he would be alive and well to-day. Now, the great mass of deaths, among men and animals, are of precisely this kind; that is, they are accidental. We do not all die from dagger thrusts, or in earthquakes or railroad wrecks; but, from the standpoint of nature, nearly all deaths are just as violent. They are caused by circumstances not inherent in the conditions of the body itself. The death-dealing attack comes, not from within, but from without. Nearly all human beings die from disease, and, as all diseases are theoretically avoidable, nearly every one thus dies an accidental death. The most destructive cause is microbic infection. Air, water, and food are filled with untold billions of microscopic enemies; now and then science cages and subdues a particular species, but their annual toll in human lives is still enormous. That they cause the well known infectious diseases is clearly demonstrated; to what extent they may be responsible for other diseases not generally put down as infectious — such as lesions of the internal organs — is still only a matter of speculation. Wherever a microörganism causes death, however, that death is just as accidental as those which are caused by a bullet or a stroke of lightning.

Digitized by Google

What Is the Cause of Natural Death?

Apparently, however, all living things die from other than accidental causes. There is a rare form of death among human beings popularly described as "old age." When a man or a woman has covered a particular span of life, certain degenerative changes set in. The hair whitens, the skin shrivels up, the teeth fall out, the eyes become dim, bodily movement becomes slow and hesitating, the mind acts slowly. So far as the doctors are able to diagnose, the patient is suffering from no particular disease; he is simply "old." Finally the man passes peacefully and painlessly away; he has died of "old age." His death, according to the scientific classification given above, is a "natural" one. Such deaths are extremely rare; certain investigators, indeed, have denied that there is ever a well substantiated case of "natural" death. The best scientific opinion, however, is that the phenomenon does now and then take place. As to the direct cause there are several opinions. Some, failing to find any physical explanation, take refuge in metaphysics. There is a "death principle," just as there is a "life principle"; death, they insist, is the inevitable sequence of life. There is a certain mysterious and impalpable "germ of death" inherent in every body cell. To the modern scientist, talk of this kind is absolutely meaningless. There must be a physical explanation for senility and death. Metchnikoff, the great Russian zoölogist, believes that natural death is caused by poisons generated in the digestive tract — an explanation which virtually eliminates "natural" death itself and makes it in all cases "accidental." Another idea is that senile degeneration is caused by the fact that the body cells lose the power to reproduce. The animal body is constantly breaking down and building up; the cells everywhere are constantly dying and being replaced by new; that the human organism is entirely rejuvenated every seven years is a popular aphorism. This cellular activity is most marked in early life. The cells of the embryo grow with an amazing rapidity; in childhood and youth they are in a high state of activity. As life goes on, however, the vitality of the cell diminishes; the body replaces dead cells with greater difficulty; and ultimately it seems to lose this power entirely. When this point is reached, according to this theory, death ensues as a natural and unavoidable consequence.

Death Really the Result of Cellular Suicide

The question still remains, however, as to why the cells lose this reproductive power with advancing years. The explanation usually accepted is that the cells create certain toxins or poisons that cause their own destruction. We die, that is, from certain substances technically known as the "products of metabolism." Natural death, when it happens, is a form of cellular suicide; the individual cells, all over the body, are busily manufacturing substances which, like microscopic Frankensteins, will ultimately destroy them. That this process goes on in lower living organisms is a demonstrated fact. When Pasteur was making his famous experiments in fermentation, he discovered that the lactic-acid bacillus — the microörganism which causes the curding or "souring" of milk — regularly produced a poison which destroyed the bacillus itself. The best scientific opinion is that death in the animal world, when it is not what is commonly described as accidental, has a similar cause.

In Certain Organisms Death Is Unknown

We have been so commonly taught for ages to regard death as a fixed fact that it is something of a surprise to discover certain forms of living matter in which it is unknown. There are well known microscopic animals that never die. These are of the type known as "unicellular" organisms — organisms, that is, that consist of a single cell. These cells, left entirely to themselves, exhibit no signs of senility. When they have lived the allotted span, they do not die; they simply divide. In place of one cell we have two, and the vanished organism lives in two fresh descendants. Each of these descendants divides in its turn — and so it goes on indefinitely. If the body of a man, having reached maturity or "old age," should suddenly divide into two splendid and vigorous youths, human existence would resemble that of these "unicellular" organisms. The human race would not leave behind it an interminable succession of dead bodies, any more than does this microscopic race. There are also certain high forms of plant life that show no signs of death. The famous Sequoia trees in California have already lived several thousand years; from present indications they will live indefinitely, unless "accidental" death, in the form of a tornado or a woodman's ax, causes them to collapse.

It is necessary to keep in mind this phenomenon of "natural" death, and its probable causes, to understand completely the significance of Dr. Carrel's experiments. He found that the normal existence of the cell, when grown outside the body, followed precisely the same cycle as when it developed within. It had

Digitized by Google

its period of youth, of maturity, of senility, of decay and death. Taken fresh from the embryo of a chick, his tissue at first vegetated luxuriantly; in the course of time, however, the cells began to lose their reproductive power, finally ceased altogether, and died. As the experimenter had entirely protected them from infection from microbes, and as the food supply was still abundant, the cells had died from neither disease nor starvation. The death, that is, had not been accidental; it was "natural," and unquestionably a case of death from "old age." The cells on the microscopic slide, precisely as the cells in the human body, had probably created those poisons that had ultimately destroyed them. What these substances are, or may be, no one can even guess. The human eye has never seen them, and probably never will, as no microscope has been invented that can reveal them.

Immortality of the Cell

Dr. Carrel had not proceeded far with his experiments, however, before he discovered that, in one important respect, these artificially grown cells differed from those that normally develop within the body. The rejuvenation of the worn-out human organism has been the age-long dream of medicine and philosophy. Even scientific men — the latest of whom was the great French physiologist, Brown-Sequard — have joined in the search for an elixir of youth. In the mind of most people, however, the idea is usually placed side by side with that other great delusion of the middle ages, the philosopher's stone. Certainly all attempts to transmute enfeebled and crabbed old age into luxuriant youth, to make the jaded human eye regain its luster and the wearied muscular organism its activity, have been grotesque failures. The death and destruction of the animal cell has been regarded as a strongly established scientific and theological axiom. But Dr. Carrel's experiments challenge even this fundamental truth. That death is inevitably the allotted portion of the cell as long as it remains within the body — this fact the experimenter is not prepared to dispute; that death is the natural end of this same animal cell, when taken from the body and placed in selected surroundings, however, is not at all true.

An embryo chick, for example, if permitted to live its natural life, will ultimately die of "old age." This same chick, if dissected into many fragments and placed on microscopic slides under prescribed conditions, will live forever. Its "personality" will be extinct, but "elemental" death, or the death of the cell, need not necessarily occur. The animal cell itself is apparently immortal. The elixir of youth, so far as protoplasm is concerned, is no longer a dream, but a reality.

The significant fact, in the bearing of this experiment on the general life problem, is that this rejuvenation is produced artificially. The individual cell, as already described, if left to itself, behaves outside the body precisely the same as it does within — it has its babyhood, its youth, its maturity, its period of senility, and finally its death. On the cover-glass it apparently produces those poisons, those "products of metabolism," which ultimately destroy it, just as it produces them within the body. Clearly, if we wish to prevent this degeneration or to restore vitality once degeneration has set in, the way to do it is to remove the cause. The problem, therefore, was to free the cell from these self-generated and death-dealing poisons.

"Tissue Juice" as an Elixir of Youth

Dr. Carrel did this in a way that seems simplicity itself. He took his specimen of tissue, when it was unquestionably marked with death, and first gave it a bath. In more technical language, it "underwent a passage"; which means that, after having been taken from its medium, it was washed for a few minutes in a laboratory solution. Probably this had the effect of freeing it, to a considerable extent, from the poison; in itself, however, this proceeding did not accomplish the resuscitation. It was only when the newly washed tissue was embedded in a new "medium" that it suddenly began to grow again. Instead of giving it pure plasma, as before, Dr. Carrel modified this plasma by mixing it with new chemical substances. The elixir that accomplished these results was a liquid substance known technically as "tissue" or embryonic juice." When the experimenter added this magical substance to his apparently exhausted specimen of tissue, it suddenly sprang into the wildest vegetation. The growth continued for a time; then the tissue again showed signs of lassitude. It was gradually losing the power of putting forth new cells; was once more giving unmistakable signs of "old age." Evidently it was forming new "metabolic products," and again making preparations for death. Just before the "last enemy" definitely appeared, however, Dr. Carrel again removed this tissue from the incubator, gave it another bath, and placed it in a new medium. Immediately the cells renewed their youth, and started anew the

Digitized by Google

life cycle. Again decrepitude appeared, again the tissue was invigorated and restored to its youthful prime. Dr. Carrel found that he could continue this operation indefinitely. He has tissue in his laboratory which has gone through the life cycle ninety-five times. The cells are far more vigorous now than they were when the experiment began, and, so far as at present appears, there seems no reason to believe that they can not be kept alive indefinitely.

Tissue Becomes Younger the Older It Is

Perhaps the most remarkable fact, indeed, is that the tissue apparently increases in strength and activity with each "passage." The older the tissue becomes, the faster it grows. In other words, its youth increases with its age. A well known French scientist, Dr. M. S. Pozzi, who lectured on these experiments a few months ago before the Academy of Medicine in Paris, described the whole proceeding as the "alternating life of the tissues." "Any commentary of mine," he said at the end of his discourse, "is hardly necessary to emphasize the importance of these experiments. Anything that I could say, indeed, would be altogether too feeble. For this demonstration — that life can be maintained indefinitely outside the organism — has the greatest possible significance from the standpoint both of biology and philosophy."

These experiments naturally range Dr. Carrel upon the side of those scientists who believe that life is purely a matter of chemistry; that there is no such thing as "vitalism," but that all living phenomena have a natural and ascertainable explanation. He has not created life, it is true; but, by purely chemical processes, he has been able to rejuvenate a dying cell and keep it indefinitely alive. He has not demonstrated that life itself can be created chemically, but he has practically shown that immortality is merely a question of a chemical reaction. The greatest living exponent of this "mechanistic conception of life" is Jacques Loeb, Dr. Carrel's colleague at the Rockefeller laboratories. "Nothing indicates at present," said Professor Loeb, "that the artificial production of living matter is beyond the possibility of science." Dr. Loeb, in many fascinating experiments, has shown the effects of chemical changes in the sea water upon the development of sea animals. By treating the eggs of sea-urchins with water of greater saltiness than that found in the sea, he has greatly increased their rate of development. Several years ago Dr. Loeb proved that certain essential processes, without which science has long since decreed that life was impossible, could be accomplished by chemical means. Up to that time, for example, the union of the sexes had been regarded as an essential preliminary to the production of nearly all forms of animal life. Dr. Loeb upset this well established idea by producing certain marine animals, such as sea-urchins and starfish, from unfertilized eggs. All that he had to do was to dip these germ cells into salt water of a somewhat stronger intensity than normal sea water, and they immediately began to develop into swimming larvae. These sea-urchins, that is, were fatherless; they had only a single parent, the mother; the part in generation usually played by the male was performed quite as acceptably by a chemical agent — in this case salt. In many other similar experiments, Dr. Loeb has demonstrated that the medium in which the animal grows can bring about tremendous changes. He has even shown how the phenomenon of twins (in sea-urchins) can be produced by chemical processes.

"It may be assumed," says Dr. Carrel, in discussing the bearing of this experiment upon this general problem, "that the facts discovered by Loeb in the lower marine organisms are the expression of general laws which control the development of the tissues and organs of the higher animals as well. . . . The growth of the tissues of animals is probably controlled by the conditions of the interstitial lymph, in the same way that the growth of the egg of the sea-urchin is influenced by the conditions of the sea water."

Can the Body as a Whole be Rejuvenated?

Each one can speculate for himself upon the ultimate practical bearing of these discoveries. Animal cells, when treated chemically, are apparently immortal. But the human body is simply a universe of such cells. If each minute individual part of us is imperishable, does it necessarily follow that the aggregation can be artificially maintained in a condition of everlasting youth? Are the real waters of eternal life certain liquid substances, like Dr. Loeb's salt solution for sea-urchins and Dr. Carrel's laboratory solution for animal tissue, which, when artificially conveyed to the cells, will destroy the "metabolic products" that cause "old age" and "natural" death? Will human existence, like that of these animal cells on the cover-glass, ultimately resolve itself into periods of youth and old age, and then youth and old age again, and so on indefinitely? Will human life resemble the tree whose leaves bloom in May

Digitized by Google

and wither in November, only to put on new life again with the return of the spring?

Different Media Needed for Different Tissues

This is certainly an interesting idea to play with; theoretically, indeed, there seems no scientific reason why the miracle should not be realized. Certain practical difficulties, however, are already apparent. Dr. Carrel has discovered that certain proportions of distilled water in the "medium" rejuvenate certain tissue, such as the spleen, the heart, and the liver of the embryo chick. He found, however, that the same proportions of distilled water that "activated" the spleen did not produce the same effect upon the heart and liver. Again, that certain proportions of salt stimulated skin tissues, while it had no effect upon other organs. These variations seemed to indicate that each kind of animal tissue had a particular kind of medium in which it would grow best. Let us take the human body, for example. If Dr. Carrel's theory is correct, one medium would revivify the heart, another the liver, another the nervous system, another the skin, and so on. As the body contains an almost endless variety of cells, an almost endless variety of media would have to be injected. Even though other difficulties did not present themselves, as they unquestionably would, the human mind would soon get lost in the complexity of this problem.

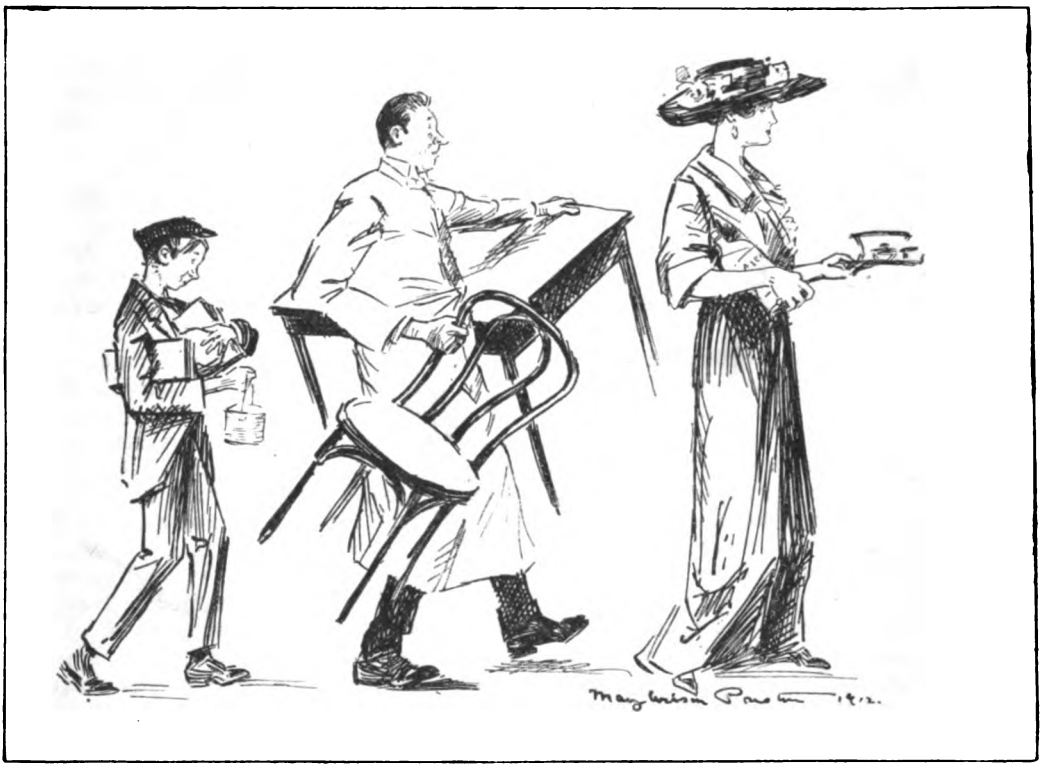
It is not impossible, however, that the discovery may have certain practical applications. It is not unlikely that experimentation may discover the media in which certain human tissues — skin, bone, heart, nerves, liver, and so on — grow most luxuriantly. Under these conditions degenerated organs may possibly be strengthened and perhaps made over. Nerves are a particular case in point. There is an actual degeneration of nervous tissue in certain nervous diseases; if the *optimum medium* for nerve cells is discovered, it is not impossible that the worn-out, harassed nerves of the American business man may be rejuvenated. In the healing of wounds this idea might likewise offer great relief. Surgeons are constantly having trouble over the slowness of healing, and an artificial method of stimulation, such as that suggested by these experiments, is one of the greatest desiderata of practical medicine.

A New Type — a "Visceral Organism"

Dr. Carrel is already pushing his discoveries into new fields. From proving that groups of cells can live and function outside the body, the next step is logical; that is, to show that whole organs can exist under the same circumstances. As a result of this ambition, Dr. Carrel has already developed what might almost be said to be a new type of animal; this is a "visceral organism." He removed from a cat all its essential organs,— the heart, the lungs, the liver, the kidneys, the stomach, the omentum, and the intestines,— and placed them in a laboratory solution. Immediately this "visceral organism" started into life. The lungs, having been artificially supplied with air through a tube, began to rise and fall gently, the heart started its pulsations, pushing the blood naturally through the arteries, the stomach and intestines continued the digestive proceeding, the kidneys and the bladder resumed their normal functions. In other words, here was a cat, separated from its brain and "personality," performing practically all its normal functions! The cat itself had experienced "general" death; but the rest of its organism was just as active, just as alive, and just as useful as it had been in the animal itself. From a surgical standpoint, this operation was little less than a miracle. Dr. Carrel for years has kept organs in cold storage in a state of suspended animation; he has now shown that he can keep organs outside the body in a state of active, functioning life. This is the final achievement in a series of experiments extending over six years. As a result, medical students of the future will be able to study bodily functions with all the working organisms virtually in their hands.

A remarkable new Burns story will appear in the February McCLURE'S — *out January 15*

Digitized by Google



THE QUEEN OF THE SLACK WIRE

BY HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN

AUTHOR OF "ONE DAY IN VAUDEVILLE," "LIFE ON BROADWAY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Helen Green Van Campen is in the first rank of American humorists. She has discovered a new world of romance — the world of vaudeville, with its fascinatingly queer people and its amazing adventures. She knows intimately the people whom most of us see only over the footlights, and she writes about them with captivating wit. Beginning with "The Queen of the Slack Wire," all of her newest and best stories will appear in McCLURE'S *during 1913.*

MILLIE LAVERNE, "Queen of the Slack Wire," watched the stage-hands of Murphy's Ocean Beach Music Hall fumbling with the ornate steel structure which added to her regal professional condition.

"Gee, but you're a handy bunch!" she said bitterly. "Gimme some stage-screws and I'll set up my own apparatus, if it's goin' to take all day. Are the regular grips on strike?"

Her insult excited the four men who pulled and argued. A heavy steel brace got away from the one who pulled hardest, the others yelled, and a convenient hero dragged the Queen of the Slack Wire away as the brace clanged on the spot where she had stood. She limply raised

Digitized by Google

her head from a bright pink plaited shirt bosom, first scratching her cheek on a large diamond stud. Her black eyes blinked into the gray eyes of Sam Loring. It was an introduction.

"Gee!" she gasped.

"Guess we left just in time," said Sam, righting her deftly.

"It's the first faintin' I ever did, 'cause I ain't that kind of a girl," said Millie. "But it serves me right for ever signin' to play vaudeville. I'm a circus act, an' they know what they're doin', there."

"Us guys are all awful sorry, Miss Laverne," said the least expert stage-hand humbly.

Another declared, with honest emotion, that he had never harmed a woman yet, and was willing, if required, to take his Bible oath that he never would. The third man mumbled, the fourth anxiously observed that accidents would happen.

"'WHO TOOK MY MAT?' CRIED THE MAN FROG. 'I WANT THAT THERE MAT, AND I WANT IT NOW—SEE?'"

"She knows that, boys. You needn't be afraid of this little lady makin' a roar to the old man. Only holler to her before the next one drops," said Sam Loring jovially.

He smiled on them, and on Millie, and the hot reproof her lips had been forming evaporated. She spoke graciously to the stage-hands, who warily resumed their struggles. Sam rested a hand where the diamond of his ring would glitter; Millie edged toward a light that would display the diamond alligator whose every sparkle had cost a slide upon the slack wire.

"A party used to circus work is up against it on these stages," said Millie. "Are you playin' here this week?"

"I guess you follow us," Sam answered. "Loring an' Loring, you know. We're a musical turn. I had trouble with the leader at rehearsal this mornin'—he was goin' to teach *me* how to play piano!"

Millie became convinced that the leader was an officious impostor.

"The very idea!" she exclaimed. "Oh, you meet a fresh lot in vaudeville! Of course, if they gimme a galop for my finish and a waltz right through the act, I'm all right; still, I don't believe in lettin' 'em be the boss. It shows a lack of character."

Sam nodded. They remained in a warm silence. Millie was regretting that thrift had suggested the wearing of her old crimson taffeta, when a new blue charmeuse with a much tighter and more fashionable skirt was in her theater-trunk. Sam reflected that dark red and a big round straw hat with red roses was delight-

Digitized by Google

ful with black eyes and carefully curled black hair. A wad of black braid lay in the nape of her white neck. Her teeth were small and white, her arms, in short plain sleeves, were strong but rounded, and it gladdened Sam that her elbows were soft-looking. He preferred women who gave some thought to elbows. So he looked up — because he was stocky and short and she had to be tall to carry so ably her hundred and seventy pounds — and, being a convert to action, he said abruptly:

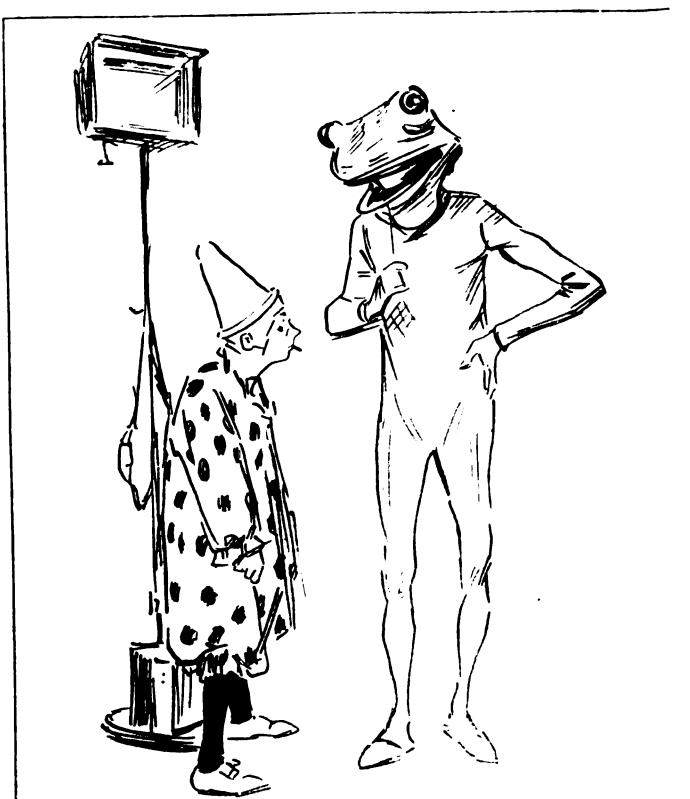
"What do you say to ridin' down to the Oriental for dinner to-night? Their steamed clams are swell."

"W-with you?" she asked.

"With me," said Sam firmly.

"An' have every act on the bill carryin' it back to N' Yawk that I et with a fella I never saw before? I better not go. It wouldn't look well."

"How'd they know we ain't old pals?" he demanded. "Be above worryin' over anybody, as long as you're bein' a lady. *That's* showin' character."



"THE MAN FROG WAS THOROUGHLY ENGROSSED. 'SIX BOWS HER TOPPIN' BILLS

An artist billed as "the Man Frog," whose humble mission was to "open the show" with a contortion act, charged past them.

"Who took my mat?" he cried. "I want that there mat, and I want it now — see? The last time I worked here I come near hurtin' myself, an' all from my mat bein' drug from under me by some amachur comedian. I want to see that mat in place!"

"Here it is." The speaker unrolled a heavy mat. Mollified, the Man Frog drew his bathrobe about his lean green legs.

"What's doin', Sammy?"

"Nothing," replied Sam, so coldly that the Man Frog inspected Millie more closely than he had intended. He was as tall as she, a lath of a man with a bull-frog voice and a friendly smile.

"I hate a Monday mat'nee," said he. "Is this Mis' Loring, Sammy? I'd like to be introduced."

He looked cordially at Millie, who blushed like a non-professional.

"Naw, it ain't Mis' Loring, McGinness," said Sam. "It's Miss — ah ——"

He signaled Millie, who whispered "Laverne!"

"Miss Averne," said Sam glibly. "Meet Mr. McGinness, Miss Averne."

"Pleased to meet you," said the Man Frog. "Pleasant workin' by the sea, eh? There's the overture! I'll see you folks later. Here, boys, up stage with my mat — over here!"

A scrape of feet on the other side of the curtain, coughs — then the overture hushed these noises.

"It's *Laverne!*" said Millie, giggling. "An' I won't be able to go, thankin' you just the same, Mr. Loring."

Sam pursued her through the narrow spaces between "flats" of scenery.

"But listen, girlie," he entreated, and boldly clutched a fold of the crimson gown. That stopped her.

"Will you to-morrow night? You'll have known me a long while by then!"

"If you go on like this with all the women you meet, you oughta be ashamed of yourself!"

"But *will* you?"

"Yes!" said Millie. "Now you leave go my dress. Didn't I say I would?"

He held the fold more securely. The orchestra's music was louder and livelier.

"They're playin' 'Beautiful Doll,'" he said

Digitized by Google

ON A MONDAY!' HE MARVELED. 'A GOOD PRESS AGENT 'D HAVE IN A WEEK'"

eagerly. "Hear it? An' that's what you are — a great big beautiful doll!"

The Queen of the Slack Wire was in her white silk tights, with every spangle in place. She had written her weekly letter to her parents in Corsicana, Texas, inclosing her weekly money-order. The rabbit's foot without which she would not have commenced the tamest aërial performance was pinned into the black braid that now circled her head. She scrutinized a program of the week. The last page held numbers eleven and twelve.

"Loring and Loring, in a musical mélange." And below:

"Mlle. Laverne, Queen of the Slack Wire."

Millie had been Bertha when she left Corsicana. The abbreviation of "Mademoiselle" puzzled certain of her professional comrades who had failed to achieve linguistic excellence. To their eyes it seemed to be "Millie," and, as its present wearer had only read this title before some former circus queen's name, she thought so too.

After approving the type allotted her, she meditated earnestly. She knew the "house" was small to-day, which disappointed her. But night would bring a crowd. If Sam Loring played, probably the other Loring — his brother, she supposed — would sing. What was their salary? Millie felt that Sam's must be a high-class specialty. He "wore diamonds," and spoke calmly of steamed clams at the Oriental. And his forceful air was attractive. He wasn't little; he was short — short and strong. Her blue gown was handsome enough for the Oriental, and with her alligator, and long white gloves ——

"Time, Mr. Loring!" said the call-boy outside.

A deep voice from an opposite room answered. Millie blushed so vividly that she hurriedly felt her face in fear of her make-up melting.

"Thank mercy, there's only three women on the bill, or I'd have some one in here, rubberin' an' askin' if I was daffy — an' I guess I am, gettin' red in the face. You big fool!" said Millie to the painted Millie in the glass. "He ain't anything to you, is he? I should say not!" She placed the alligator more conspicuously.

"'Big beautiful doll,' indeed! He can't con me. It's funny — when Birdie MacIntyre told my fortune up to their flat, she said I'd marry a musician. Not that I will. Still, sometimes the cards are right."

An open window in the property-room brought coolness. A breeze back stage! It was delightful.

"Meet you down at the bath-house. Get a suit for me," said one of the Bronxville Comedy Four. The shouts of bathers on the beach below reached Millie.

"That water looks good," observed the Four's second tenor. "Going in, between shows?"

"I believe I will," said Millie, and she thought: "*He'll* take me."

"Who's on now?" she asked, and heard that Loring and Loring were about to appear. Millie found a place in the first entrance. Sam Loring was at the piano, executing a medley previously announced as "my own composition." His eyes sent her a message, and she smiled consciously. He was in evening clothes, his blond hair brushed

Digitized by Google

straight back from his forehead. There was very little make-up on his heavy-jawed face.

"I'm goin' to ring in 'Beautiful Doll,'" he called softly, "an' you know what I told you!"

"You better stop your kiddin'," she retorted.

"He's the limit," she thought. She was smiling in delicious confusion when her glance encountered the other half of Loring and Loring. Sam was ending with a tremendous clamor of rag-time, and when he skilfully interpolated noon, and, at the final blare of the comedy duet in brass, Millie threw off her blue kimono. The clapping ceased. She was aware of Mrs. Loring passing, of Sam stationary on the spot that Millie herself had so briefly occupied. The drop went up, and, skipping on, superb in her white spangled tights, she bowed. The audience clapped a little. Millie smiled confidently at them, and walked to the first entrance, where Sam was.

"'PLEASED TO MEET YOU,' SAID THE MAN FROG. 'PLEASANT WORKIN' BY THE SEA, EH?'"

"Beautiful Doll" he looked for Millie, and saw only an interested property-man.

"Who's that — that *woman?*" the property-man had heard.

"Her? Mrs. Loring," said he. "And they say she's one peach of a singer."

When he turned, Millie had gone.

Standing beside her apparatus, she listened to Loring and Loring as they sang and played. Once Sam rushed by for a "change," reappearing in white flannels and white shoes. Thrice the small, blonde Mrs. Loring hurled herself behind the screen placed in an entrance, where a dresser waited with a fresh costume. There are not many recalls on a Monday after-

"You didn't see our act at all," he complained.

"Kindly git back. I work out of here," she commanded haughtily.

Sam moved, hurt by her tone, and suddenly Millie's trim heels were where her head had been. Over she went, agilely completing what the rural districts know as "somersets" and tumbling artists describe as a "row of flips." She righted herself and bowed. A stout woman in a stage-box exclaimed:

"I guess that'll convince you a big woman can do a few things, Henry."

Millie climbed nimbly to her platform. A stage-hand brought her a ruffled white parasol,

Digitized by Google

and she slid out upon the wire. She slipped,— to increase the interest,— and the stout woman gasped. She darted back and forth.

"The Texas Toddle!" she said clearly, and the wire leaped under a dance-step.

"Try this when you get home," she advised, and turned a "back flip," landing safely.

"She ought to be grabbin' five hundred a week, an' I'll bet she ain't drawin' over seventy-five," said Sam.

act, but the audience liked her, and she liked to please them. She ran down the steps, panting, bowed, and made her exit.

"Six bows on a *Monday*," marveled the Man Frog.

He sat on the steps leading from the stage-door when she came out in street clothes. Sam was close behind her.

"But what have I done?" he insisted. "I was hopin' you'd go into the water. They got nice suits for ladies."

"'THAT'LL BE ABOUT ALL FROM YOU, AN' I SCORN YOUR INSINUATIONS!'"

The Man Frog had returned to watch her, and he was thoroughly engrossed.

"I was a plain sucker not to take up wire work," he said enviously. "A good press agent'd have her toppin' bills in a week."

"That's what she needs, the right kind of managin'," Sam agreed.

Millie signaled the alert leader.

"Catch me with the drums for each jump," she reminded him.

The orchestra played a galop, she poised herself, and jumped — then back, and forward again, the wire vibrating madly under her sure balancing. She danced, and whirled, and turkey-trotted. A last flip; another, not in the

"Le's all go," said the lean Man Frog briskly. "She don't have to swim any."

"Come on — won't you?" Sam urged.

The Man Frog's pointing hand lured her glance to the frolicking hundreds fighting the sun-lit breakers.

"I'm a good swimmer — you kin put a cap over your hair, too. It's lots of fun. Say yes, now — come on!"

"P'r'aps you'd rather go with McGinness," said Sam ominously.

"Yes, I would," said Millie, "an' I cancel that dinner date. You had your nerve to ever ask me!"

"Nerve? Ain't I been a gentleman? I certainly tried to be."

Digitized by Google

She gave a high, artificial laugh. "I'm ready, Mr. McGinness," said she, her crimson silk back to Sam.

The Man Frog led her toward the board walk. He was elated, but it was not a personal triumph, he felt. She was going with him to revenge herself on Sam, and the result might be a physical conflict between Sam and himself.

"Say, hadn't we better bring him along, after all? Sam's a good feller," he suggested uneasily.

Millie's black eyes snapped.

"Mr. McGinness, people with wives better stick around 'em — that's my idea," she replied. "I s'pose he'd leave that poor little soul sit by herself till the night show, while he was gaddin' around. But you two are welcome to go bathin' — I ought to git the Coney Island car an' go over to the hotel, anyway."

The Man Frog protested, and said respectfully that *he* was a bachelor.

"I hadn't saw Sammy since Toledo in nought seven, an' they was layin' off that week, so I never lamped her till to-day," he explained. "She's a clever performer; but I don't like those sharp-chinned blondes — though that's nothin' against her personally."

"I got no interest in 'em or their act," said Millie loftily.

The Man Frog proffered her lavish entertainment. He had her picture taken at a developed-in-twenty-minutes shop. He bought ice-cream, and in another "garden" they had claret lemonades, Millie declining stronger waters.

"Let's go up to Staunch's an' eat," he said, when they had strolled to Coney Island. "I got to be making up at seven-thirty."

"Will you let me pay my own check?"

"No, I won't," said the Man Frog, amused. "Where do you get that at?"

They argued it.

"I wouldn't have no manhood left," he said sturdily.

But Millie declared she would buy her share of the meal or eat alone. He would not weaken, nor would she, so they parted amiably.

"Where'd you go?" inquired Sam, later, and his sullen visage made his friend discreetly vague.

"She canned the ideer of bathin', so we just monkeyed around on the board walk, an' she went over where she rooms. Nice girl."

"What'd she say about me?"

"Not a word."

"Didn't even mention me?"

"Sammy, I got no call to be drug into arguments, an' I won't be," said the Man Frog.

"But ain't you got any notion about what she got sore at me for?"

The Man Frog remained evasive. Privately, he disapproved of Sam's attitude. There might be persons of moral laxity in vaudeville, but he believed, with Millie, that Mr. Loring should give his whole attention to Mrs. Loring.

"Mis' Loring's got a swell little bit in her saxophone solo," he remarked, hoping to remind Sam of his marital obligations.

"Ain't bad. It's the biggest double-bass saxophone in the world. She had it made special," said Sam. "I wonder if she's over here yet? I forgot to ask her about a little matter."

"She's prob'ly on the way, an' mighty lonesome, too."

"Well, that's her funeral, if she is," said Sam, to the other's reproachful look.

"Be a man, Sam! That ain't no way to talk, an' you know it!"

"She's nothin' to me, 'cept in the act," said Sam; and the Man Frog, revolted, withdrew.

Sam lurked near the stage-door, and each time it opened he started forward. Mrs. Loring entered, and he spoke indifferently to her.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked. Sam mumbled. Mrs. Loring laughed, and Millie walked in.

"Miss Laverne, will you spare me just a minute?"

Sam confronted her. Beyond him, Mrs. Loring smiled to herself, and when Millie saw that smile kindness froze in her bosom. She straightened, the squaring of her shoulders permitting her to stare from a superior height at both of them.

"No, I won't! An' if I'm bothered again I'll kick to Mr. Jones," she said, marching by him.

"If I could find the knocker who's been pannin' me to her I'd belt his bean off," said Sam furiously. "Did you see that, Tessie?"

Mrs. Loring's smile increased.

"You're out of luck," said she.

"I guess I am," sighed Sam.

Rain makes a sea-shore resort a melancholy spot, and a steady drizzle fell most of the week. Disconsolate people who came to watch the show soon went home to get warm. Small audiences are an aggravation, and the spirits of the performers proved it.

Because Sam Loring was still endeavoring to obtain speech with her, Millie rushed in and out of the theater, remaining in her dressing-room instead of becoming friendly with the other performers.

"What do you mope in your room for?" the Man Frog asked her.

"They ain't any one on this bill I care about," she answered. "Some weeks everybody'll be a cut-up an' it's fine, an' then again it ain't. But life's like that. Don't you think so?"

"More feathers than chickens," said he. "Did you hear about Sam an' McKittrick the

Digitized by Google

"SHE GAVE SAM CLAM BROTH, WHICH HE DETESTED BUT DRANK WITH SMILING EYES. 'YOU DO LIKE ME, DON'T YOU, GIRLIE? THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW'."

leader hookin' up? Sam said Mac was purposely keepin' two beats behind on his trombone solo, an' Mac said prove it, an' Sam said he didn't have to prove a plain fact. Mac made a pass at him, an' Sam landed. Mac's got a terrible lamp on him to-day." It's queer, but Sam ain't took that woman home one single night this week. I don't like that."

"He's selfish an' neglectful," said Millie.

"I guess they've had a fuss. Nobody stays married very long in this business. You didn't ever marry?"

"An' I never will! You're better alone."

"I dunno," he said slowly. "Why do you keep jumpin' so? Don't you feel good?"

"Oh, I'm nervous!" she cried. "To-day on the wire a woman down front kep' a-starin' up, an' it got me where I near fell off. The public don't realize we got any nerves. They think it's only them. I was all right till I opened here Monday, an' now I hate to go to work! I'm playin' over in Coney Island next week, an' if it rains I'll break my contract. I — I just feel awful."

"It won't rain — an' Sam won't be round, neither. They're layin' off next week, 'cause her mother's sick or sumpin'."

"I ain't even noticed him," she said pensively. But she thought, "If I *did*, he didn't know it."

"Say, after meetin' like this, I hope we're goin' to keep on bein' friends?"

"Oh, sure," said Millie; but the Man Frog sighed at her tone.

"I'm comin' down to ketch your act some evenin' next week, an' we could go git a fried-crab lunch. Will you go? But I'll do the check-payin'."

"I don't b'lieve I'll be goin' out much next week."

The Man Frog said, with obvious spite:

"If I was a fat-faced, hulkin' pianner-player, I s'pose it'd be different? Don't you think I ain't saw you noticin' him, an' plenty, too!"

"Mr. McGinness, that'll be about all from you, an' I scorn your insinuations," she said angrily.

"I see where I git off at!" he exclaimed, as she sailed haughtily past.

Digitized by Google

"Men!" hissed Millie, in her dressing-room. "I hate 'em all. An' I hate that Sam the most!"

At eleven-thirty of a sultry night the following week Millie walked swiftly along Surf Avenue in Coney Island. She had turned several extra and tiring flips at the night show, and dressed in a room with a garrulous "sister team" from whom she escaped with relief. So she was ready for home and bed. She stopped at a corner to wait for a street-car, and was attracted by a sign stretched across the open lobby of a typical Coney Island "hall":

THE PIANO MARATHON
For a $250 Prize
ADMISSION 25 CENTS
The Great Endurance Contest Now Going On

She went nearer and listened. Then she looked for the car. No sign of one. She advanced into the lobby.

"One?" said the ticket-seller indifferently.

Millie put down a quarter and entered. On a platform were four pianos, and before each sat a man, playing steadily. There were no seats, so she pushed through the crowd, discovering that the "Marathon" had begun at noon, and that two of the players had been in a previous contest.

"That big fellow on the other end won't last. He's playing too hard. These two loaf more and keep their strength," remarked an expert. Then he yelled:

"Look! Told you he was all in."

The man at the fourth piano had fallen limply on the keyboard. It was five minutes before he struggled up, retorting to the crowd's ironical laughter:

"Shoveling's easier."

"You see, they've got little camps fixed up, and their friends feed 'em," a woman explained to Millie, who, sickened by the almost edible air, moved determinedly forward, intending to observe each exhibit and leave. None of the three contestants appeared aware that their number was decreased. In the racket they created it was difficult to distinguish tunes; but a long-nosed youth, in funereal time, repeated "Turkey in the Straw." Another listlessly beat out bits of popular airs. His father, a whiskered, sheep-faced man, sustained him with nourishing liquid food, frequently administered.

"I don't give him any alcohol; I'm against it," he said defensively to Millie. "Playing since noon to-day, and look at him — jolly as a grig."

"I think these contests are cruel, and they're enough to kill a man," said she, whereat he retorted that you couldn't pick two hundred and fifty dollars up in the street.

"And I train my Lew for 'em. He won the last. Now you take that big husky on the end, and it is wrong. He might as well quit, 'cause he lacks stamina. My Lew don't. What's the matter? Too hot in here?"

Millie was staring at the "husky."

"No — that is, yes. Good evenin'," she said uncertainly.

Arrived where she faced the wide back of the third player, she stopped. Why was Sam Loring there? Then she remembered that his act was "resting." But he had no "camp." A box of cigarettes by his blue serge coat on top of the piano was the only visible refreshment. He had drawn the largest audience, for whom he was playing, with accuracy and feeling, straight through the second act of "Tristan und Isolde." He played "by ear," and his technique was faulty; but, even amid the ludicrous sounds produced by the mingling of three pianos, his music won appreciation.

"This guy sure kin rattle the horse-teeth," said a facetious spectator.

"He's got a horrid thick red neck," shrilled a girl; and Millie flamed upon the critic, who muttered:

"Well, he has!"

"What's he playin' now?"

Around her they speculated; and suddenly Millie knew, and she flushed, making for the door, then as hurriedly returned. She elbowed the facetious man and the shrill-voiced girl away, and stood there, looking at Sam — at his violet silk shirt, and the violet silk socks that showed above his patent-leather shoes. She had no eye for subtle shadings, and thought the shirt beautiful, especially with his blond hair and ruddy coloring. He knew how to dress! As she stared, his shoulders sagged and he played more slowly, twisting himself wearily. She saw that he was pale, that it was only his sunburned neck that was ruddy to-night. Had he eaten? He must have, for he had been playing continuously for twelve hours. It was now midnight. The whiskered man was carefully stoking his Lew, and a bevy of solicitous trainers served the long-nosed youth. Sam had no one. While she pondered, Sam rallied brilliantly, rattling into "Evening Star."

"He's raggin' it. I think them classicals are grand, ragged," said the shrill girl happily.

Wedged among sweating rows, with eager newcomers in restless movement behind her, Millie watched and listened. Unexpectedly he turned his head and saw her, and red surged over his paleness.

"*You!* Come up here!" he said loudly.

Digitized by Google

"Oh, keep on — you're stopping!" she cried. His hands were almost still; but at her warning he recommenced, performing with one hand while he called:

"Come up here — please?"

There were snickers as she put a reluctant foot on the platform. The shrill girl looked knowing, the facetious man summoned a friend from the rear to see the tall woman in blue silk who was talking with the pianist.

"There ain't a chair or anything else here," Sam complained. "I staked a waiter from across the street to bring me stuff — gave him two bucks — and he's never been near since, because they're all pullin' for Whiskers' kid to win. How you been?"

"You ain't had anything to eat since noon?"

"No, I ain't. How'd you happen in here? Did you know I was in it? Don't mind that mob down there lookin' — they're just a bunch of yaps."

Millie minded the attentions of the audience greatly, but she tried not to. It was not like being safe on a real stage, with the protecting "foots" between her and the people. She answered his questions vaguely, thinking more of his condition.

"You're awful white!" she said suddenly, "an' — an' — you wait!"

"Where you goin'? You can't go round Coney Island at twelve o'clock alone — I ain't that hungry, an'——"

"Play as easy as you kin, Sam, an' I *will* go! — but I'll be back."

She rushed imperiously through the hall — let them look and laugh if they liked! It was half an hour before she reappeared, a white-coated waiter and a boy following. They were laden with tin buckets and parcels, a little table, and a chair. Millie carried an alcohol lamp and a bottle of fuel for it. The waiter and the boy left, and Millie set up her camp. She gave Sam clam broth, which he detested but drank with smiling eyes; then beaten eggs and something stirred into them that quickened his faculties. The trainers of the long-nosed youth and the father of Lew surveyed her with disfavor.

"You loaf. That's what that old man said to do," she counseled. "And don't talk but a very little."

"You're an ace. An' you do like me, after all, don't you? Don't you, girlie? That's what I want to know."

"Listen here; if there's another word of that, I'm goin'," she said excitedly. "An' I mean it! You git on with your playin'."

At two o'clock he grew drowsy. Millie hurried milk-and-brandy into him, and the audience applauded gaily.

"My wrists are asleep. An' my head's achin', honey. Mebbe I better quit. That ain't the only money in the world. Will I? This air's makin' you pale as a ghost," he said sleepily.

"Sam Loring!"

"Huh?" Roused by her vigorous shake, he opened his sticky eyes.

"That's it. Hold 'em open while I wet 'em with this witch-hazel. It'll only smart a minute — there!"

"I won't quit, then, honey? I'll do just as you say. That stuff smarts."

Millie overlooked the "honey."

"When you've went this far, stick it out," said she. And at that moment the long-nosed youth and his chair tumbled from the platform; so Sam had but one now to beat.

Those who must rise early had long departed, and night-hawks whose forebears had been six-day bicycle race enthusiasts prepared to spend the night comfortably. There was even money offered on both Sam and Lew, and the betting was lively. Smoking was allowed, and in the reek of heat and smoke Sam wilted often, and was as often revived by Millie.

"Oh, I can't stay here any longer. It's nearly four," she thought desperately. "I'm the only woman in the place. Still, if I leave he'll go to sleep, that's certain — the poor fellow."

"My wrists are swellin' a lot," said Sam peevishly. "Is that little guy over there made of iron?"

"He can't stand much more of it. They're givin' him dope, I b'lieve. Say, I'm goin' out an' see if I can't find some wrist-braces. That's what you need. I won't be ten minutes."

He protested against her going; but Millie, sending glances of defiance at the few men left yawning in the hall, issued forth, blinking, and found dawn painting the eastern sky and the spent waves of the ebb-tide breaking gently on the beach.

She felt the need of freshening, and while bathing her hot face at a near-by restaurant she meditated. Hundreds had seen her in charge of Sam Loring's "camp," and these hundreds might, and some undoubtedly would, view her act at Coney Island or elsewhere. If the tale of this night were tattled to the meanest theater employee, the cheapest "supper turn," the "profession" would hear it, act by act — and who had ever before been in a position to hurl a figurative missile at Mlle. Laverne of the circus and of vaudeville? She began to sob helplessly. Why, why had she gone in there last night, and why had her reserve fallen at the sight of Sam's pale countenance?

"I ain't a lady — I ain't actin' like one. I'm carryin' on with a married man — an' if I

Digitized by Google

seen any one else doin' it, I wouldn't leave her near me!"

She would go back and with quiet firmness tell him that it was impossible for her to remain there, even if he had to lose the contest. Or she would hire some one to guard him. That was it! Relieved, she found a newsboy, and asked how he would like to earn five dollars. The wrist-braces were fastened before she told Sam of the substitute who would replace her.

"When you leave I'm goin'," said Sam.

"Drink this nice hot coffee," she pleaded. "An' do be sensible."

"I don't want coffee."

She soothed him, frightened at his manner.

"Millie?"

"Yes?"

"I'd give up a lot of two-fifties just to sit down where it's quiet an' have an hour's talk with you. I was on the level last week, an' I am yet, an' I entered this just to keep my mind busy. Are you *cryin'?*"

"Please, please don't talk that way! Or I'll have to go. I oughtn't to be here at all, an' I d'know what people'll think. An' you make me feel terrible!"

"I don't see why it should," he said sadly. "It don't seem like you'd helped me like this if you didn't think sumpin' about me — all right, I won't. An' I'll drink the coffee."

At seven o'clock a new set of judges climbed into the judicial seats. The son of the whiskered man played, endlessly and unmelodiously, the "Wearing of the Green." With fingers stiffened and sore, Sam rendered the simplest tunes he could remember. At eight, Millie drank some coffee and ate two hot rolls which the boy fetched.

"That other feller's talkin' to himself like a reg'lar nut," the boy reported.

Despite his parent's entreaties, "Lew" sang foolishly to himself, and Sam was encouraged by this evidence of weakness. The boy pulled Millie's sleeve, and she found the whiskered man nodding at her.

"How about splitting the money? They've both had about enough."

"No, indeed! Mr. Loring could play all day easily. He ain't a bit tired," she asserted.

"I'm feelin' stronger," Sam announced, at nine. "Only I can't see. Everything's black and white in front of me. What time is it?"

"Nine. Maybe I ought to have said you'd split, so you could stop."

"Bend over, so the boy can't hear," he requested.

"What is it?" she inquired anxiously.

"I love you!" he whispered.

She retreated to the table and the boy. Certainly this was no place for her. A woman with self-respect could not allow a married man to talk to her like that.

"And if he respected me he wouldn't, unless——"

Was he thinking of divorcing his wife? And, if he was, this was not the time to bestow illegal attention on Mlle. Laverne. But of course he regarded her lightly — a woman who would stay up all night in Coney Island. She jumped up and stood beside him.

"I won't stay another minute! Not one!" she said tremulously. "I'm goin'. Do you hear, Sam Loring? *Oh!* What's that?"

"*I win!*" yelled Sam. "That other guy has quit!"

He struck a few triumphant chords. The scanty audience clapped and cheered. He played a strain of "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden," ending with "Beautiful Doll."

"We'll go an' eat, an' have that talk," he told her, after collecting his prize money. He stretched his muscles, bent his back, manipulated his swollen wrists. They reached the street.

"I'm goin' this minute," said Millie, trembling. "So goo'-by, Mr. Loring. I ought to gone before."

"No, you don't, girlie! If you hadn't thought a little about me, you'd never stuck here all night. Talk about showin' character! *That* showed it, believe me."

"Sam Loring," said Millie, "you mustn't talk so to me. Remember, you got a wife!"

"*Wife?* An' you got another guess! Was *that* what ailed you?"

"But — Mis' Loring — Loring an' Loring?" she stammered.

"Why, we was divorced three years ago, girlie, an' we just work together 'cause it was too good an act to spoil. McGinness could have told you — but, at that, prob'ly he didn't know it. An' she's married to Pete Smith, of the Head to Head Balancers, dearie. She's over takin' care of Pete's mother this week."

"I thought — I thought —" Millie was weeping openly.

"Let's walk down on the beach," said Sam.

"I was scared everybody in the business'd be talkin' about me," she gulped.

Sam smiled beatifically as he led her out of the hall. Millie held tightly to his arm. On the beach they found a bench, and sat there, looking out upon the ocean, discussing a future of happiness, and of headlining all the bills they played.

Digitized by Google

CHERRY KEARTON, WHO HUNTS WILD ANIMALS IN THE JUNGLE WITHOUT WEAPONS, AND HIS LION-FIGHTING FOX TERRIER, SIMBA

THE MOVING-PICTURE MACHINE IN THE JUNGLE

BY

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

TO-DAY a new race of hunters scours the face of nature — men who hunt wild animals, not for their skins, but for their photographs. They have carried their whirring machines across the veldts and brought the lion and rhino back to the "dark room" with them; they have beaten the jungles for a tiger, dangled over cliffs for the eagle, made their way above the "circle" for walrus and bear. Sometimes they have almost died of tropical fever and sometimes fought off the frozen sleep; but Broadway, and Fairfield, Iowa, and Barga, Italy, and Shanghai, China, have had their "movies."

This is romance. And, if that is not enough, it is also science — natural history made interesting.

There is a big Yorkshireman of the name of Cherry Kearton. He stands in the neighborhood of six feet, weighs two hundred and twenty pounds without the aid of any fat, and possesses a long, sweeping mustache and steady, clear-seeing eyes. In his movements he is extremely deliberate. If he were otherwise than deliberate in movement, either he would not be in his present business or he would not be living.

Cherry Kearton and his brother, Richard Kearton, are naturalists of the new school. Twenty years ago they began making pictures of wild animals with a dry-plate camera. They substituted picture-books for dry text-books nobody reads, and have published fifteen of them.

Cherry Kearton did most of the photography while his brother wrote the text. Even in those

Digitized by Google

days he took his camera to the tropics and made flash-lights at water-holes in Africa; but, of course, though he did not know it then, he was only "fooling around," waiting for the kinematograph. When it came, he went to Africa again to "animate" the animals he had photographed before. Among other trips there, he took part in the famous "Buffalo Jones" expedition, "animating" the lassoing of lions, giraffes, and "rhinos" for the Westerners. Later he went to Borneo, made his way into the interior in dug-outs on the rivers and afoot through the almost impenetrable forests, bringing back his film of the orang-outang from the country of the head-hunters. In India his work was catholic enough to include ants and butterflies and tigers and elephants.

Wild Animals Hunted without Weapons

Perhaps no man could be found whose experiences would better illustrate the dangers and vicissitudes, the occasional humor, the never-ending romance, the discouragements and rewards, of the "wild-animal game." Contrary to the general custom of the operators who "work from the ground," Kearton has rarely used dogs, and has insisted, as a rule, that his subjects should not be man-handled in any way. On only one expedition of his own — that with the Masai warriors in East Africa, after lion — have his animals been touched with weapons.

It is quite an exploit to go out on the veldt with a high-power rifle and a small following of dogs and bring down a lion. A lion is an awfully big and fearsome beast in his native wild. But if a man be extraordinarily hard set for amusement, let him strip down to a loin-cloth, take a slender spear in his right hand, go out all alone and find a lion, and then taunt him till he charges; then kill him with the spear. After that, if he were of the Masai, he would be allowed to wear the lion's mane on his head and would be considered an able-bodied hunter.

Carried on a Cot to a Lion Hunt

It was through the kindness and influence of Lord Delamere that Kearton was enabled to go out with a body of these warriors on a lion hunt. The only other white man on the expedition was the Hon. Barclay Cole, brother-in-law of Lord Delamere; and, at the stipulation of the warriors, no firearms whatsoever were carried. Kearton was personally attended by "Mac" (short for Mahomet), the native boy he had trained through many campaigns. Mac's father was killed by the Mad Mullah, and he himself had earned the lion's mane, although still scarcely more than a youth. The rest of the party were made up of the camera porters and four Somali horsemen.

All in all, Kearton made films of five lion fights on this trip. One of them, at least, is a triumph, not only as a picture, but as an illustration of what a man can do in a tight place.

A runner came into camp, one afternoon, with word that the four Somali horsemen were "holding up" a lion at a certain place on the plain. Kearton was flat on his back with a fever of 104 degrees. It was out of the question for him to attempt the sortie on his own feet, but four of the porters were ordered to take up his cot.

In ten minutes the war party streamed out across the plain: Cole mounted, Kearton jolting and plunging between his four carriers, the camera boys trotting along with the machines, and the Masai in a long thin file, progressing at their own peculiar gait, which is something between a fast walk and a slow run.

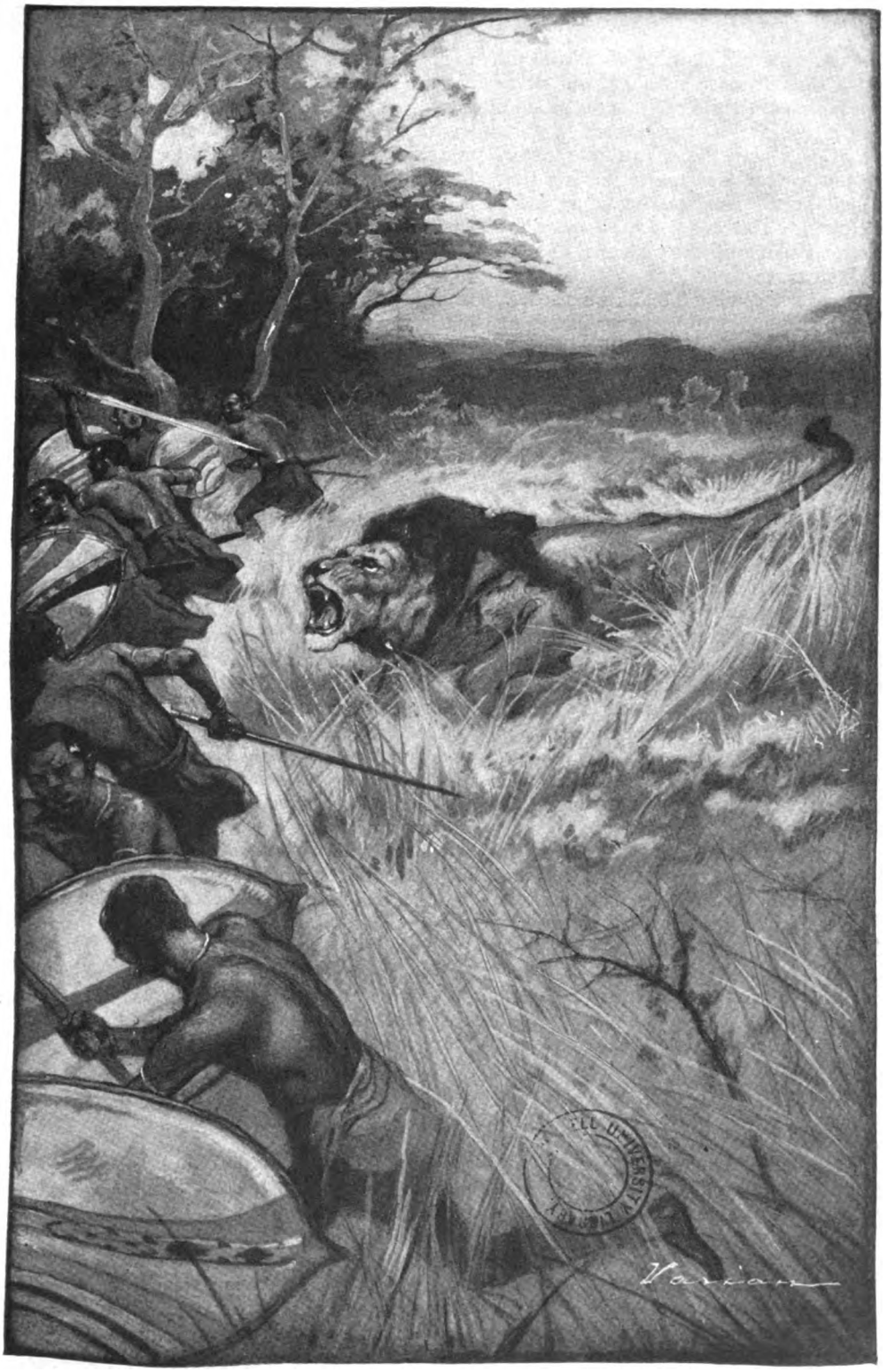
Playing Cross-Tag with a Lion

It is an open land, the East African game country, dotted here and there with clumps of brush and solitary thorn trees, and cut up by innumerable *dongas* — somewhat like the arroyos of our own Western plains, except that they are generally choked with bushes. Here on the open veldt they found the Somali riders at their precarious game of "cross-tag." The lion could be seen in occasional glimpses, bounding through the grass and scrub this way and that after the tantalizing players, who passed him from one to another with polished team work, always bringing him back inevitably to his starting-point. In this way they "hold up" a lion in the open for hours at a time.

At a hundred yards the Masai prepared for action, moving to the left and opening out in a wide crescent. Kearton got up from his cot, took the machine and tripod from the boys, and, flanked by a pair of spearmen, moved up toward the Somali and the lion. To the left the Masai, fifteen in number, advanced in the traditional manner, waving their spears. No sound save the tinkling of the leader's rattle came from the dark line. The horsemen began to draw off, their part in the drama finished. Everything was going smoothly, according to program. Having noted these things, the sick man put his eye to the sights and commenced to turn the shutter.

Now, here is a peculiar phenomenon connected with the taking of animated pictures: once the operator has his eye to the sights, he seems to pass into a state of mesmerism, losing all consciousness of the world about him. It is

Digitized by Google



"HE CAME SLOWLY, BITING AT THE STINGING SPEARS, TEARING UP THE GROUND IN MONSTROUS BIG GASHES. THEN HE CHARGED . . ."

Digitized by Google

a fact that an operator, following the flight of a bird coming directly over his head, will never know he is falling until his head hits the ground. Even perspective loses its significance.

So now it was only the shouts of the two spearmen that roused Kearton to the fact that the lion had bolted and was bounding away across the plain. This was not at all according to program. Picking up the machine, he gave chase as fast as he could run, the shouts of the pursuing Masai coming to him from the left, his eyes on the little knot of horsemen careening far ahead. His two personal guards had thrown in their lot with the larger body, so that he ran alone, and somewhat to the right.

How It Feels to Photograph a Charging Lion

After half a mile it seemed to Kearton that he could go no farther. The fever had so burned away his strength that he was afraid at every step he would drop. For some unknown reason, the Somali appeared to have slowed down not far ahead. Coming alongside of a little clump of brush, he eased down to a walk, completely "done." The quinine he had been taking, thirty grains a day, had so affected his head that he was almost deaf; he felt, rather than heard, a pounding on the earth to his left, and looking up caught sight of Cole bearing past, close in, at a full gallop.

"Lion in the bush, Kearton!" the rider shouted, gesticulating toward the brush. "*Lion in the bush!*"

"I turned my eyes to the right," says Kearton, "and there he was, sure enough. He was crouching under a scraggly branch, his tail whipping his back, and his mouth three parts open, seven yards away. He was looking at me and growling, and through the leaves I could see his huge front paws dragging back and tearing up the earth.

"Well, it was about as tight a place as I ever care to get into. I daren't look away, and, for all I knew, there was nobody within a hundred yards of me. I think I swore — I always do when I get into a corner, although I am not ordinarily a profane man. I know I began to back away slowly, keeping my eye on the chap all the time. The trouble was that I could have no idea what he was going to do. In open-ground fighting, you can always tell that the beast isn't going to charge, so long as he pounces up and down and *whoofs* at you. That's very different from the lion's 'charge,' when he comes along close down on his belly and at about the rate of an express train.

"When I'd come back about eight yards, I put down the machine and began to turn the handle. 'Kearton,' I said, 'either you are going to get him or he is going to get you, and it'll be no use to bolt.' I'm a bit of a fatalist, you know. It's a queer thing, though. I knew I wasn't turning fast enough, and I kept telling myself so, over and over; but, for the life of me, I couldn't make my hand go faster. I've found it's always so in a tight place. I can see it when the pictures are run through afterwards.

"I kept watching him across the sights for what seemed a terrible stretch of time. At last, from a little corner of my eye I saw a line of black sweeping up. It was the Masai. Of a sudden, the lion snarled and charged out of the bush. Two of the warriors had thrown their spears. As another struck, the beast opened up with the full battle-roar of his kind — he'd only been coughing at me. The Masai ran in closer, some of them throwing more spears, all jeering and taunting, trying to get him further into the open.

"He came slowly at first, biting at the stinging spears, tearing up the ground in monstrous big gashes, and roaring the roar that strikes one in the chest and vibrates out of the back. Then he charged, right into the thick of them. I have it on the film, but it is silent there and one can gain no idea at all of the awful tumult — the monstrous pandemonium of roaring, growling, yelling, and screaming.

"He was dead in ten seconds, driven through and through with the Masai spears, but not before he had bowled over and wounded three of the warriors. I have never seen the like of that sight in my life. It will give some idea of the fierceness with which they throw them when I say that one of the spears went clear through the lion and through the thick of a man's arm lying beneath."

After the fight Kearton collapsed. He knew nothing until he came to life again in camp. But his camera boys carried back in the little dark chamber one of the finest lion pictures ever traced upon a film.

Simba, a Mongrel Dog Who Made a Specialty of Lions

In one lion fight Simba, the little fox terrier, played a conspicuous part. This dog was originally picked up in the London Dogs' Home for a few shillings. The Masai, in time, offered Kearton a hundred dollars in bullocks for her, though with them the dog is "unclean" and not to be touched unless necessity require. Kearton says he has never seen any other dog who would attack a lion single-handed; but Simba did it cheerfully and on every possible occasion.

Simba's great day was once when the party picked up a pair of lions under a thorn tree two hundred yards to the southeast of a kraal, where

Digitized by Google

they had been doing considerable damage. Deploying in the usual manner, the Masai moved upon them, and when within fifteen yards the lioness bolted. The lion stood his ground only a moment more before the advancing skirmishers, then made a sudden break around the left wing of the line in the direction of a donga some three hundred yards to the east.

On his way he passed the two camera boys and stopped to growl at them. Simba, the dog, was tied by a leash to the leg of one, and, letting out a growl of her own, she started to fly at the lion's throat, only to be jerked over backward

"WITH A TERRIFIC ROAR, HE CAUGHT THE POOR FELLOW BY THE SHOULDERS AND HURLED HIM TO THE GROUND"

by the leash. Disgusted, she turned and bit the offending leg, and the owner of the leg gave her her freedom as soon as it was humanly possible.

I will let Kearton tell the rest of the story:

"As soon as she was loosed, Simba put her nose in the air, sniffed this way and that way, and then, with an excited yelp, flew straight down into the donga. The next moment a horrible roar came out of the bush. Everybody bolted back fifteen yards or so — it was so utterly unexpected. The boys had thrown stones into the donga, and we supposed the lion must be a mile away by that time. Now he broke cover for an instant, bounding through an open space in the gully; and the startled men let drive their spears, two of them taking effect. I started along the edge at a dead run, bringing up at another clearing to set my machine, and discovered I was all alone, the rest of the party having broken in the opposite direction.

"'Kearton,' said I to myself, 'this is no place for you. If that lion comes out here he'll get you, sure as fate.'

"So I made a dash for it across the donga, and about thirty yards down the other side I met the Masai. They were leaning over, gesturing wildly toward something below. I asked Mac, my boy, what was up.

"'The lion's got one of the men,' he said. I

Digitized by Google

looked down through the sparse shrubbery, and there, sure enough, I could see the bare legs of a man stretched out on the floor of the depression, and through another rift a glimpse of the lion's hide.

"Well, I'll not say that didn't upset me. I liked those black chaps, and there was something bad about losing little Simba, too. One of the men beside me began moaning and trembling, a form of hysteria that takes hold of these people after a big fight. It was something awful to hear just then.

"Hardly had he started his whining, however, when the black legs in the donga exhibited abrupt signs of life, and the following instant their owner came out of the place like greased lightning.

"It seems that he had been trying to get hold of the black tuft at the end of the lion's tail. Among the Masai, the man who first touches that tuft of hair is the rightful owner of the animal's skin. The lion was lying there dead under the brush, and the warrior had a clear field — except for the little white fox terrier. Simba had hold of that black tuft, and was willing to defend her rights in the matter.

"The Masai went down and dragged the carcass out and held their ceremonial dance around it. Then the chief retired to deliberate. Here was a most extraordinary and difficult case; but in the end he awarded the pelt to little Simba."

Of course, some of Kearton's most memorable adventures have had to do with "films" he failed to get. There was the fight with the rhino, which would have made a splendid picture if it could have been taken from a captive balloon.

On this occasion Kearton was accompanied by Mr. James Clark, late of the Natural History Museum, New York, one camera porter, and two spearmen. Out on the veldt the day before, Clark had suddenly discovered himself in the immediate vicinity of fourteen lions. With great discretion, he had withdrawn and returned to camp.

It was in pursuit of these fourteen lions that the party of this day were out. They had been swinging along for some time, with a donga to the left of them, when, for some unknown reason, the thought of rhino came into Kearton's head.

"What about rhino?" he threw out, as a perfectly casual remark.

"Needn't worry about *them*," Clark assured him. "I've been around here quite a while, and I haven't seen a sign of them."

A Rhino Film Kearton Didn't Get

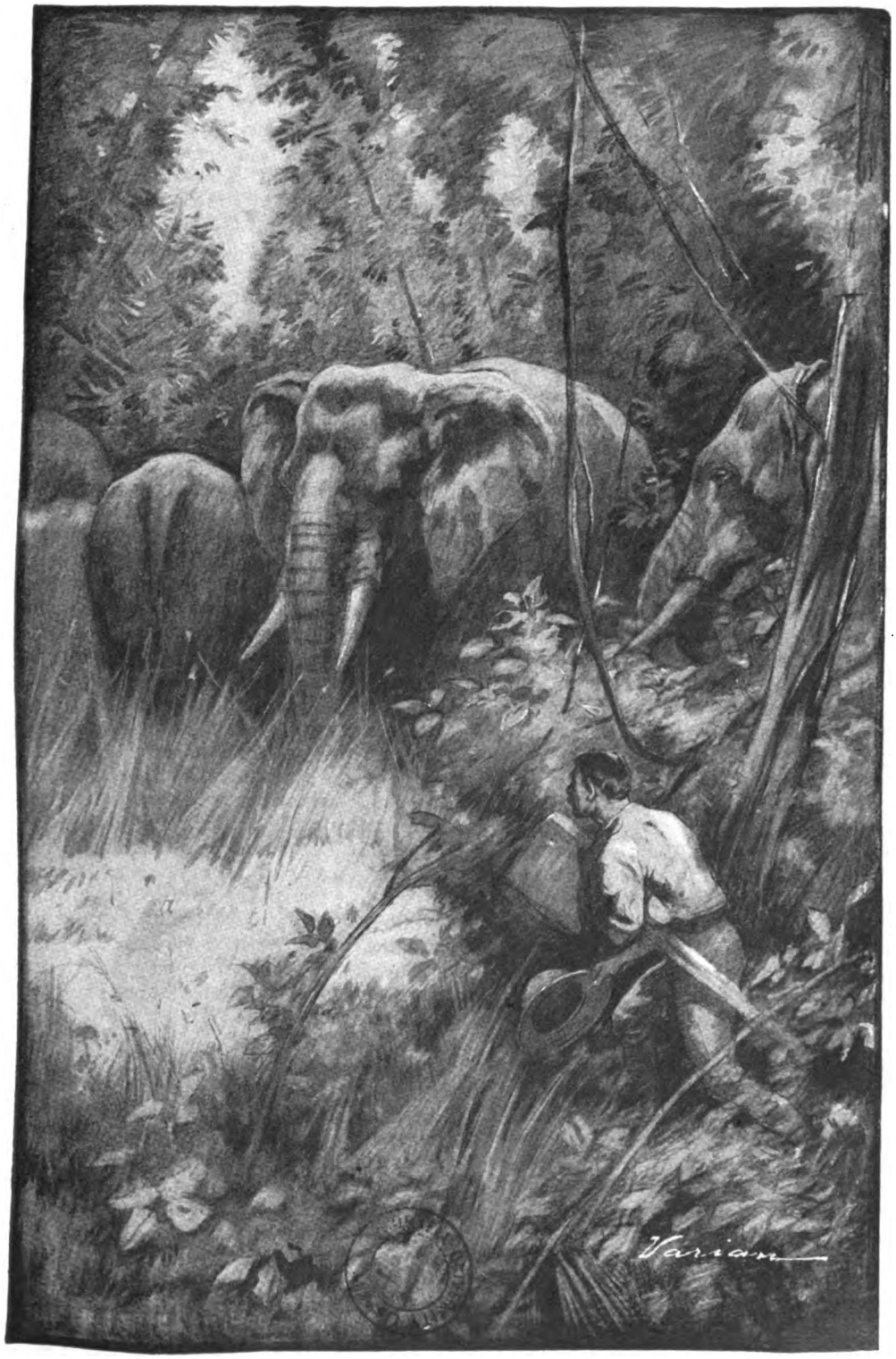
The air was coming from ahead and to the right, so that anything that happened to be in the donga would not get their wind until the party had passed by some twenty yards or more. It is probable that when Kearton made his remark he was directly abreast of, and some ten or fifteen yards away from, two rhinos, resting in the bush. It is certain that a few seconds later his ears were smitten by a wild yell, and he raised his eyes just in time to catch a vague glimpse of his camera boy disappearing in a southerly direction. Out on the plain to the right stood a solitary tree, too big to climb. The two spearmen were making for this at the top of their speed; so was Clark, who was shouting over his shoulder at Kearton.

"The first thing that came into my head," Kearton relates, "was that bunch of lions. I took just one look behind me, and then I started out after Clark and the spearmen. All I could see in that glance was a big tower of dust bearing down at a tremendous rate, and two wicked-looking horned snouts tossing in the middle of it, and all I could hear was a puffing like a dozen steam engines, but that was enough.

"Well, when I got along toward the tree I saw the two blacks standing, one behind and one beside it, with their spears raised, and Clark taking aim. I got there somehow, whirled about, and dropped on one knee beside him. It's hard to remember what happened in the next second or so. I recall hearing Clark shout, 'Fire, Kearton!' and something about his gun being jammed — and there were those animals coming down on us at the rate of an express train and not above nine yards away! I had covered my own, but at Clark's shout I had to shift to the other, the one on the left, all of which took time. I looked at the horn first, but that was no use. So I pulled down to the left shoulder and let go. I found out afterwards that the bullet entered the shoulder and came out near the backbone.

"The rhino's charge carried him to within two yards of my knee, where he fell. There was such a muss of dust kicked up that I couldn't see a thing; but I knew there was another of the beasts to be dealt with, and I didn't want to do it at such close quarters kneeling down. I yelled to Clark, as the one I had pulled down was up with his last strength and charging him, and then I doubled around behind the tree. And right there I had my first and last personal meeting with a rhinoceros. It appears he had had enough of it and bolted, too. As I veered around the trunk, I met him full on with my shoulder, and went sprawling, very scared. But he was through. With a grunt, he galloped off across the plain in a cloud of dust. All this time I had seen nothing of the spearmen; but in the mêlée they had thrown their spears, which I found afterwards, bent and broken."

Digitized by Google



"HE WAS SO CLOSE TO THE GREAT BEASTS THAT HE WAS AFRAID TO TURN THE HANDLE OF HIS MACHINE".

Digitized by Google

Kearton's Fear of the Nimble Elephant

Kearton failed to get wild elephants in Africa for the seemingly paradoxical reason that he got too close to them.

"I will cheerfully admit," says Kearton, "that I am afraid of elephants. Lions and tigers and rhino it is reasonable to go after — but I'm afraid of elephants. They're too mighty quick."

It was in a country thickly studded with brakes of bamboo that he found elephants. These clumps were rather small, but so arranged that it was impossible to see more than fifteen or twenty yards in any direction, and it was only through hearing the great beasts at their feeding, pulling up the shoots with a tearing of roots, and blowing and rumbling, that he was able to locate them at all.

Leaving his three trackers behind, he stalked the invisible animals with all the care and patience of his kind. And, when he did at last creep around the corner of a clump and sight them, he was so close to the great beasts — fifteen yards — that he was afraid to turn the handle of his machine. He knew that he would never have a chance in the world, once their quick ears caught the whirring of the shutter.

So he had to retrace his difficult path, find his trackers, and order them to make a wide circuit, come up on the elephants from the other quarter, and make a demonstration. Then he returned to his post to catch them when they charged away. At the first hostile sound, however, the trumpeting pachyderms left so abruptly that they seemed actually to vanish into the air. It turned out afterward that they had chased two of the men up a tree and held them there all night.

Kearton did get elephants in India, however — two of them at a water-hole. But his chief object in that land was tiger. He went into the jungle for twenty days with a game ranger, on the back of an elephant which the Maharaja of Mysore had put at his disposal; but never a tiger did he see.

It is closer work in the Indian jungle than in the thorn-dotted veldts of East Africa. For days at a time the hunter moves on through the choking, steaming vegetation, and it is a rare vista that runs more than a dozen yards before it is stopped by an impenetrable wall of jungle. It is a bad place for the moving-picture man, the jungle, for, with all its myriad wild folk, they are to be seen only in occasional vague flashes across the green.

An Encounter with an Angry Tiger

After twenty days in the jungle, despairing of his tiger, Kearton turned back toward the plowed lands. And there, half a mile from a village, he found it. It was at a point where a spur of the jungle came down into the open country — a sort of "V-shaped" cape of forest running out toward the village. A short distance up this cape an open space led across it, and here it was that the tracks of the big cat were found, leading out of a leafy tunnel from the village side and into a continuation of the tunnel which went on toward the main jungle. Kearton crawled a short distance along the gloomy path with a Colt's automatic leveled before him. The half-eaten carcass of a bullock lay on the shadowed floor of the passage, and all along the path the scars showed where it had been dragged over the earth. Mingled with them were the "pugs" of the tiger, going backward.

Kearton had seen enough. As soon as possible, he had his beaters away to work across the big end of the cape, so as to cut off the tiger from the jungle mainland. Then he personally superintended the construction of a light screen of leaves and branches near the mouth of the tunnel, facing the path across the open space. Behind this he took up his position with his machine, two of his beaters and the game ranger kneeling some distance in the rear.

Then came a tense and prolonged wait for something to happen. As the time passed by, there began to grow the uncertainty as to whether the tiger was there at all — whether he had not somehow managed to slip through the lines and gain the depths of the jungle.

The question was answered by the tiger. He came across the open in a sinuous, looping flash, coughing terribly at the hostile whirring behind the screen, and vanished in the drift toward the village. A moment later Kearton caught a glimpse of him bounding across the clearing in the other direction, but out of range. He would be back, then.

A Film that Cost a Life

The man behind the screen set himself for another wait, but this time it was not so long. The beaters were moving down. Now the tiger peered out from the leafy curtain, worried by the strange proceedings in his path. In the film which Kearton afterward developed, the huge, curiously patterned face may be seen materializing little by little from the fabric of the green, like a Cheshire cat in the large. Then he bounded across once more, this time growling wickedly.

When he was gone, Kearton stepped out in front of the screen and began measuring the distance at which the tiger had been photographed. The two native beaters were overwhelmed with

Digitized by Google

"ALL I COULD SEE WAS A BIG TOWER OF DUST BEARING DOWN ON ME, AND TWO WICKED-LOOKING HORNED SNOUTS IN THE MIDDLE OF IT"

surprise and disappointment. They had imagined that a shower of bullets would rain out of the muzzle of the machine when Kearton turned the handle, and they had fully expected the animal to fall, riddled like a sieve. Also, they had come to the conclusion that the big white man with the mustachios was mad. This opinion was concurred in by the game ranger. He was just saying that he wouldn't do that again for a thousand pounds sterling, when a full-throated, nerve-twanging cough came out of the opening in the thicket, seeming to roll and reverberate over the ground like something actually ponderable.

"I looked to my right," says Kearton, "and there was one of my guards going up a tree like lightning. To my left the other was doing the same to another tree. I picked out a third tree. I don't recollect getting up the trunk of it, but later I found the inner sides of my knees scraped raw, so I must have done something quickly.

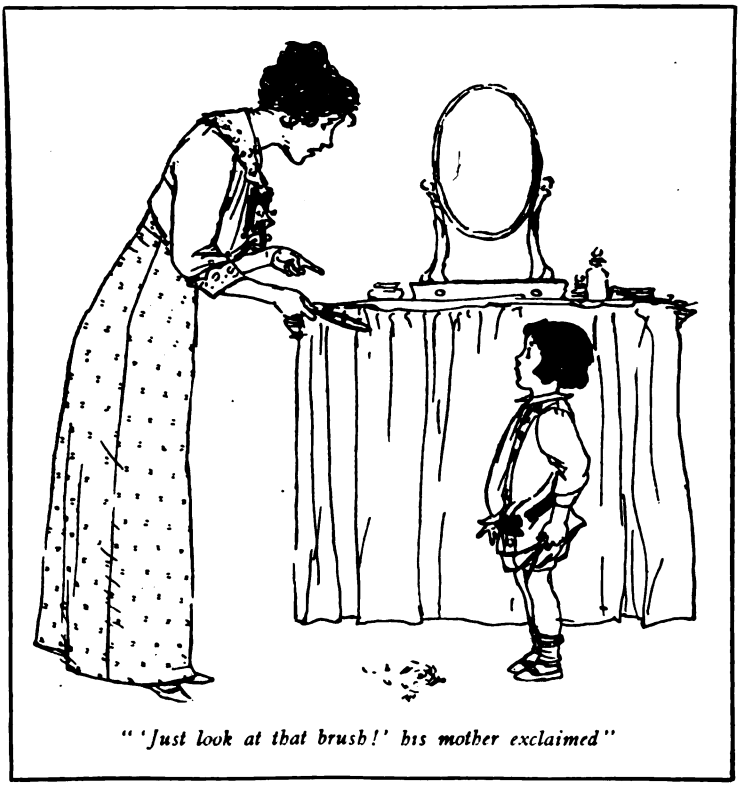
"Those beaters had nerve, though. When we had come to the ground once more, one of them wanted to go after the beast. He stood and argued with me across the screen, trying to make me understand with his outlandish jabbering and gesticulations. And as he stood there the great striped beast bounded out for the third time, and with a terrific roar caught the poor fellow by the shoulders and hurled him to the ground before my eyes. It was a terrible sight — a sight I shall never forget to my dying day. I stood with my head over the screen, looking full in his face, and that eleven-foot demon stood and glared back at me, his foot on the poor chap's shoulder and his cruel claws driven far into the man's chest, coughing and coughing at me. It is a different sound from that of the lion, but its object is the same — to frighten and stampede the victim. I tell you, I felt foolish and scared, but I knew enough not to flinch so much as the hair of an eyelid. If I had, it would have been the last of Cherry Kearton. After a moment the beast whirled and crashed into the undergrowth."

Kearton worked for four years trying to catch a caterpillar going into the chrysalis state, and at last he succeeded — four years for forty seconds of action. He spent almost as long watching to get a butterfly emerging from the cocoon — and failed.

One of these cocoons beat him in the Red Sea, on his way out to Africa. For three whole days and nights he had watched beside the little bundle. He had arranged that the ship's engines should be stopped at the proper moment, so that there should be no vibration. All was in readiness.

Then, just at dawn one morning, the watcher observed the premonitory stirrings in the tiny object under his electric light. He rushed to the deck, fixed his machine, and hurried below to get the cocoon. And there on the table, in the waning glow of the incandescent bulb, was a butterfly just unfolding its new wings!

Digitized by Google



"'Just look at that brush!' his mother exclaimed"

BILLY BRAD AND THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT

BY

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

AUTHOR OF "PIGS IS PIGS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

Ellis Parker Butler is known from one end of this country to the other for that masterpiece, "Pigs is Pigs." In this story Mr. Butler has turned his hand to something quite different. He has created Billy Brad, who deserves to become one of the great children of fiction—another Emmy Lou.

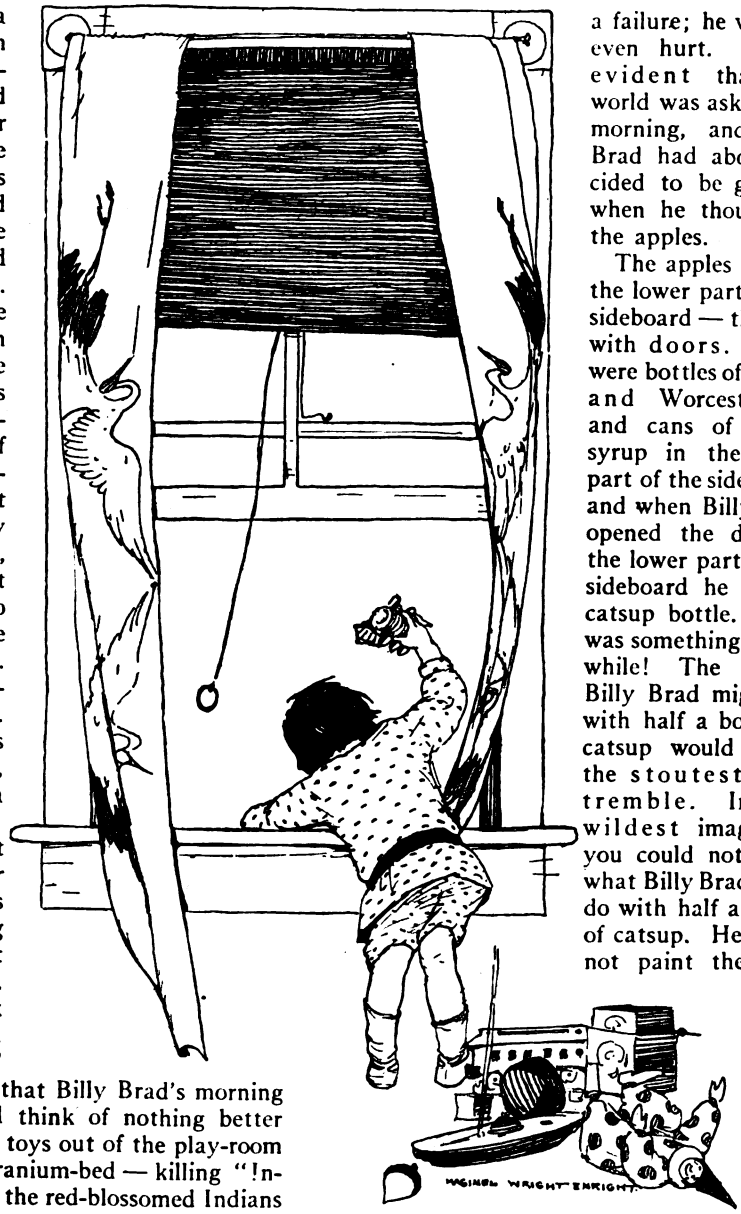
"AND you must not take an apple," said Billy Brad's mother warningly. "If you want an apple, come to me and ask me, and if I think you may have one I will pare one for you. You are too young to know whether you need an apple or not. Do you understand? You must not take the apples!"

"Yes, mama," said Billy Brad cheerfully, and that was a bad sign. There was no reason why Billy Brad should be cheerful; for the day, so far, had not been a success — success and mischief being synonymous in Billy Brad's mind. So far, he had been spanked only twice, and this was far below the average and indicated an unsuccessful day. His world seemed barren of opportunities. The day had begun well enough,

Digitized by Google

for he had found a large jar of cold cream on his mother's toilet-table, and had oiled the bedroom floor with it, giving the floor a better gloss than even Katy had ever been able to give it. For this he had been mildly spanked. Then he had found the shears, and stood on tiptoe, searching the top of Mrs. Bradley's toilet-table for a certain long switch of hair that at times reposed there — for at that moment Billy Brad was a barber, and wanted to "cut it." There was no switch visible, so he "cut" the hair of Mrs. Bradley's best silver-backed hair-brush. The crisp bristles snipped deliciously, but the affair was a tactical error.

"Just look at that brush!" his mother had exclaimed. "It is not good for a thing in this world, now, but to spank you with. I'll keep it to spank you with, Billy Brad. Come here to me!"



"He could think of nothing better than to throw all his toys out of the window"

For an hour after that Billy Brad's morning was dull. He could think of nothing better than to throw all his toys out of the play-room window into the geranium-bed — killing "Injuns"; but when all the red-blossomed Indians had been crushed to earth, this was no fun, and he came downstairs. His first impulse was to come downstairs as a "big old dog" — on his hands and knees; but he remembered that the last big old dog he had been had fallen bumpety-bump down the entire long flight, so he came down as a big old snake.

A big old snake comes downstairs head first, on its belly, clinging with its toes, and hissing virulently. Four or five steps from the bottom, it loses its hold and bumps down. In this it resembles the big old dog.

Billy Brad picked himself up and seated himself on the bottom step. The descent had been a failure; he was not even hurt. It was evident that the world was askew this morning, and Billy Brad had about decided to be gloomy, when he thought of the apples.

The apples were in the lower part of the sideboard — the part with doors. There were bottles of catsup and Worcestershire and cans of maple syrup in the lower part of the sideboard, and when Billy Brad opened the door of the lower part of the sideboard he saw a catsup bottle. Here was something worth while! The things Billy Brad might do with half a bottle of catsup would make the stoutest heart tremble. In your wildest imaginings you could not guess what Billy Brad could do with half a bottle of catsup. He would not paint the wall-paper with it, for that is something you could imagine him doing. Billy Brad always did the thing no one else could possibly have thought of doing. But just as he reached for the catsup bottle Mrs. Bradley entered from the kitchen.

"Billy Brad!" she said sharply. "Don't you touch those apples."

"No, mama," he said sweetly, as she closed the door of the sideboard.

"Now, mind!" said his mother. "Will you promise me not to take an apple?"

Digitized by Google

"Yes, mama," said Billy Brad. "I won't take a napple, but — but — but maybe a big old slickery snake might take a napple."

Mrs. Bradley looked at him suspiciously. She knew that Billy Brad could, with ease, transform himself into beast or bird or reptile. When he crept on his hands and knees and said, "Wow, wow!" he was a big old dog; when he walked on hands and feet, with his plump little haunches higher than his head, and said, "Oof, oof!" he was a big old bear; and when he lay flat on his belly, and wiggled and hissed, drawing himself along by his elbows and fingernails, he was a big old slickery snake. A slickery snake might do, with a clear conscience, things Billy Brad had promised not to do.

"Billy Brad," said his mother, "you must promise that no big old slickery snake, nor any other animal, or bird, or anything else, will touch the apples. Will you promise?"

"Yes, mama," said Billy Brad cheerfully. "And — and — and if a big old slickery snake comes to take one of my mama's apples, I'll take a big swo-word and — and — and cut its head off, I will!"

"Never mind about that!" said Mrs. Bradley. "You have promised. My little boy would not tell a fib. I can trust him. Can't I?"

"Yes, mama," said Billy Brad willingly, for he had no intention of taking an apple. He desired a catsup bottle. He hungered for a catsup bottle. What he would do with it when he got it did not bother him at all. A catsup bottle half full of catsup is a useful thing for a boy to have on hand in case of emergencies. There is no telling when it may come in handiest, and the rational thing to do, when there is a catsup bottle to be had, is to have it.

Mrs. Bradley went into the kitchen, her mind at rest as to the apples, for Billy Brad was a truthful boy. If he said he would not take an apple she felt she could depend on him not to take one, for he had been taught the awfulness of a lie. Mr. Bradley had taught him, with a little rawhide whip that lay on the top shelf of the hall closet. Billy Brad knew that a lie was the one unforgivable sin.

Billy Brad lingered between the dining-table and the sideboard when his mother had gone into the kitchen. Although nothing had been said about catsup bottles, he had a feeling that he had better wait a while before taking one. He leaned against the dining-table and waited. It was a circular table, of mahogany, with a high, glowing polish, and when Billy Brad leaned against it with his head raised enough to give him a good view of its top, his mouth just reached the rim of the table. He put out his tongue and tasted the table top. There was no taste to it at all; it was neither sweet nor sour nor bitter. He opened his mouth wider and tried to bite the table top, and his sharp little teeth sank into the soft, varnished wood quite pleasantly, and when he looked he saw that his teeth had made a pretty semicircle of white dots. This was interesting. Billy Brad moved slowly around the table, making semicircles of white dots. He felt that the appearance of the table was greatly improved. He made dots quite around the table top.

On the top of the table was a large, highly embroidered linen table-cover, and in the exact center of the cover stood a tall glass vase of flowers. Billy Brad fingered the edge of the table-cover, and it moved. He grasped one of the pointed scallops and walked slowly around the table. The entire table-cover revolved, and with it the vase in the center turned slowly. As he walked he kept his eyes on the vase, and sang:

"All aroun' a mubbery-bush, mubbery-bush, mubbery-bush;
All aroun' a mubbery-bush, mubbery-bush, mubbery-bush."

"'I got a napple,

He walked around the table three times, singsonging, but the vase did not topple over. It was an unsatisfactory vase, and the fourth time around Billy Brad held out his free hand. By stretching out his free arm he could touch three chairs as he passed them. So he sang:

"All aroun' a mubbery-bush — tag!
Mubbery-bush — tag!
Mubbery-bush — tag!"

On the fifth round, holding his hand extended after touching the second chair, his finger-tips touched the door of the sideboard. It was a loosely hung door, and, when he touched it, it closed and rebounded open again. On the next round he tagged it a little harder, and it opened a full two inches. A delicious odor of apples issued forth, and through the crack Billy Brad

Digitized by Google

could see the catsup bottle. When he reached the door again he deserted the table-cover and opened the sideboard door. He put his hand into the lower part of the sideboard, reaching for the catsup bottle, and the topmost apple of the pile in the dish bumped to the floor and rolled under the table. Billy Brad withdrew his hand quickly, and three more big red apples followed and rolled across the floor. A glimmering of the power of circumstantial evidence to convict the innocent frightened him, and he hippety-hopped guiltily twice, away from the sideboard.

He went into the hall. When apples are rolling is no time to acquire a catsup bottle. The front door was open, and Billy Brad went out upon the porch. At the bottom of the porch steps was a cement walk, and at the corner of the walk was a small hole, no bigger than his thumb, that led into unknown depths under the walk. Billy Brad remembered this hole now, and he remembered that he had a dead caterpillar in the porch hammock, so he got the dead caterpillar and put it in the hole. He now had three dead bugs, a glass marble, and a dead caterpillar in the hole. It was quite a treasure-trove. He looked about for some other thing of great value to put in the hole. He tried to remember where he had seen a certain dried angleworm. He heard the screen door of the next house slam. He brightened at once. It meant that Florence was coming out to play.

an' you ain't!' "

Florence came down her porch steps slowly, with her hands behind her back. She looked at Billy Brad doubtfully, for only last night she had been whipped for letting Billy Brad put burs in her hair. She had gone in proudly, with her yellow curls beautifully "done up" in the back with burs, and instead of meeting with praise she had been whipped. Contact with Billy Brad might mean serious catastrophe. She hesitated at the bottom of her steps.

But Billy Brad did not hesitate. He walked straight across the pansy-bed into Florence's yard, and took his place immediately before her, with his hands behind his back,— because Florence had her hands behind her back.— and looked at her.

"I got some'n an' you ain' got," said Florence teasingly.

"I got a — a big old lion in my house," said Billy Brad. "And — and — and I got it down my cellar. And — and — and I got it in a coal-bim, I have. And — and — and if I want to I can go down in my cellar, and — and I can go in my coal-bim. And — and I can pat my big old lion, I can. And — and he won't bite me, for 'cause I tooked my mama's scissors and I cutted his teef all out."

Florence looked at him doubtfully. To her mind, it was quite within possibility that a boy should have a lion down cellar in his coal-bin. If he had, it was quite useless to compete by mentioning that her mama had a big cake in the kitchen. She decided it would be more tantalizing to stick to things near at hand.

"I got a napple," she said, suddenly flashing it before Billy Brad's eyes, "an' you ain't!"

"That's my napple!" said Billy Brad promptly. "I want my napple."

"It's my napple!" said Florence. "My mama gave me my napple."

"I want it," said Billy Brad, and he took it. At that age all little boys are robber barons, and no little girls have sex, so he took it as a right. Florence, being robbed, opened her mouth and wept. Billy Brad stood ungallantly and watched her cry, for the cryings of Florence were an interesting mystery to Billy Brad. She was the best cryer on the block, and when she cried Billy Brad could see all the trimmings of the inside of her mouth — the small white teeth, the funny crinkles in the roof of the mouth, and the red tongue all the way back to where it was hitched on. It was an interesting spectacle, and Billy Brad took a step nearer, that he might see better.

"My papa's got gold teef," he said, when he had satisfied himself there was no chance of seeing all the way down Florence's throat. "And you ain't got gold teef."

Florence stopped crying immediately. She had never thought of having gold teeth. It was a new idea. She considered it a moment, and decided that the loss of the apple was the most important incident of the moment.

"I want my napple!" she screamed. It was a shocking display of temper.

"You can't have it," said Billy Brad, and turned away. "I need it."

Digitized by Google

Five minutes later Billy Brad sat on his porch steps, eating the big red apple, and Florence, virtuously aloof, sat on her own steps, eating another, when Mrs. Bradley, passing through the dining-room, saw the apples on the floor and the sideboard door wide open. She stepped to the front door and looked out. Billy Brad, who had promised not to touch the apples, eating one! As he heard his mother's step he looked up at her — placidly.

"Billy Brad," said his mother sternly, "I am going to tell your father!"

"Are you?" said Billy Brad pleasantly. He did not ask what she was going to tell him. He did not so much as wonder what. So many things happen in the course of a day that it is not worth while trying to think what a father is to be told. Often, when Billy Brad had decided what he was to be whipped for, it had, in the event, proved to be something entirely different — something he had quite forgotten.

"And I shall see that he gives you the good whipping you deserve!" said Mrs. Bradley severely.

Billy Brad dug his sharp teeth into the apple. On the score of the apple his mind was at rest. There, at least, he was guiltless. It was his by right of conquest. He humped his back a little more, as if in mute admission of the truth of the sentiment, "We are all miserable sinners."

He ate the apple to the utmost core, and put the core down the hole with the caterpillar. Not because the core was precious, but because it seemed a logical thing to put an apple core down a hole so evidently sized to receive it.

"Now, Billy Brad," said his father, that evening after dinner, "I want a little serious talk with you, young man! Your mother told you not to take an apple to-day, and you promised not to take one. Do you remember that?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad; "and — and — and Flowence had a napple, and — and ——"

"Now, never mind about Florence," said Mr. Bradley coldly. "You promised mother not to take an apple; and when a boy promises not to take one, and then does take one, it is a fib, and a fib is a lie. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad. "Papa, fen — fen — fen you open your mouf I can see *all* your gold teef. And — and — and Flowence ain't got *any* gold teef!"

He said it sadly, as if not having gold teeth was the ultimate sorrow. This was, as you can see at once, a complete explanation of the apple episode, and his father should have known it. If Florence had no gold teeth Billy Brad must have been looking into her mouth, and if he had looked into her mouth she must have been crying, and if she had been crying it must have been because Billy Brad took her apple, and that explained where Billy Brad had obtained the apple. But fathers are notoriously dense.

"We'll forget about gold teeth," said Mr. Bradley coldly. "We will talk about apples. Now, Billy Brad, I want you to tell me the whole apple story."

Billy Brad brightened. He loved stories. He loved to hear them, but even more he loved to tell them.

"There was a big old slickery snake," said Billy Brad, "a great big old slickery snake, and — and — and it wuggled like a wum ——"

"The crying of Florence was an interesting mystery to Billy"

"Stop there!" said his father. "It did not wiggle like a worm, for there was no snake — no snake at all."

"And — and — and there wasn't no big old slickery snake," said Billy Brad, "and it didn't not wuggle like a wum — What did it wuggle like, papa?"

"It didn't wiggle like anything," said Mr. Bradley sternly. "There was no snake, and you know it. Now, go on with this apple story. Your mother told you not to take an apple ——"

"Yes," said Billy Brad, "and — and — and — Why wasn't there no wuggly old snake, papa?"

"Because," said Mr. Bradley, "you were the snake."

"And I was the old slickery snake," said Billy Brad. "And — and — and I wented into the garden, and — and I wuggled up a noak tree —"

Digitized by Google

"The unpleasant half hour when the woman next door comes to complain of your child"

"Now, stop!" said Mr. Bradley. "That's nonsense. You didn't go into the garden, and you didn't wiggle up an oak tree, because there is no oak tree in the garden, and if there was it wouldn't have anything to do with apples. Apples don't grow on oak trees. Apples grow on apple trees. Acorns grow on oak trees. And these apples were in the sideboard."

"Were they?" asked Billy Brad, with surprise.

"Of course they were!" said Mrs. Bradley impatiently "You know they were, Billy Brad."

"Do I?" said Billy Brad, but the information seemed new to him. "And — and — and," he began carefully, "there wasn't no old wuggly snake, and there wasn't no napples on the noak tree, for 'cause napples grow on napple trees. And — and — and —" He hesitated. Nothing in the way of a story seemed to suit his father this evening. He felt he must be careful. "And a big old nangel flewed down," he began briskly.

"No," said his father, shaking his head. "No angel flew down. Not an angel. Not a single, solitary angel. *You* took the apple, Billy Brad!"

"Out from the sideboard in the garden?" asked Billy Brad.

"The sideboard couldn't be in the garden," said Mr. Bradley, "and you know it. Sideboards are never in the garden. Sideboards are in the dining-room. You went into the dining-room, and you took an apple out of the sideboard. No snake, no oak tree, no garden. You took the apple. Now, *why* did you take the apple?"

"For 'cause," said Billy Brad, turning his bright eyes up to his father's face, "for 'cause I was a devil!"

That settled it! A father, even an indulgent father like William Bradley, can not have a son saying such things. He may, or he may not, believe in the black personage mentioned himself, but he can not permit a boy who has stolen an apple, and then fibbed about it, to throw the blame on Satan, still less mention his name in its vulgar form in excuse of his misdoings. He led Billy Brad through the hall to the kitchen, stopping at the hall closet for the rawhide whip. The interview in the kitchen was long. There had to be a long explanation of the reason for the whipping before it took place, and a long wiping of tears and close clasping of a sobbing little boy in a father's arms after it was all over. But

Digitized by Google

Billy Brad never bore ill will. He kissed William Bradley fervently when it was all over, and took his hand to be led back into the parlor.

Mrs. Bradley was not alone. She was sitting very primly in her chair. And facing her in another chair was Mrs. Wix, her lips set firmly. You know the unpleasant half hour when the woman next door comes to complain of your child, and how unpleasant it is when you know she is right. You know in your heart she is right, and yet you feel that she is a most disagreeable, meddling person. Your back stiffens at once. Mrs. Bradley's back was as stiff as a ramrod.

"More of Billy Brad's naughtiness!" she said.

"That's bad!" said Mr. Bradley, without vigor. He knew one thing. After the painful scene in the kitchen, Billy Brad would receive no more punishment at his hands that evening!

He took Billy Brad on his lap. "What's the young terror been doing now?" he asked.

"Will you tell him, Mrs. Wix?" asked Mrs. Bradley stiffly.

"I prefer you should tell his father," said Mrs. Wix, with the air of a woman who has seen her unpleasant duty and has done it.

"Very well," said Mrs. Bradley. "This morning Mrs. Wix gave Florence an apple and sent her into the front yard. She heard Florence cry, and looked out in time to see Billy Brad deliberately take the apple away from her, and then he stood and made faces at her while she cried!"

"I — I — I saw how many teefs Flowence has got," said Billy Brad. "But Flowence hasn't got any gold teef. My papa's got gold teef."

The information was for the benefit of Mrs. Wix, who did not seem much impressed by it, after all.

"Took her apple, did he?" said Mr. Bradley. "Well, I hope he gave it back."

"He did not," said Mrs. Wix. "He took it away from her, and let her come crying to me for another while he sat on his steps and ate it. I would have come over then, but I saw Mrs. Bradley come out. I supposed, naturally, she meant to punish him; but as I heard nothing of the matter from *her*, I thought it my duty ——"

"Quite right!" said Mr. Bradley genially.

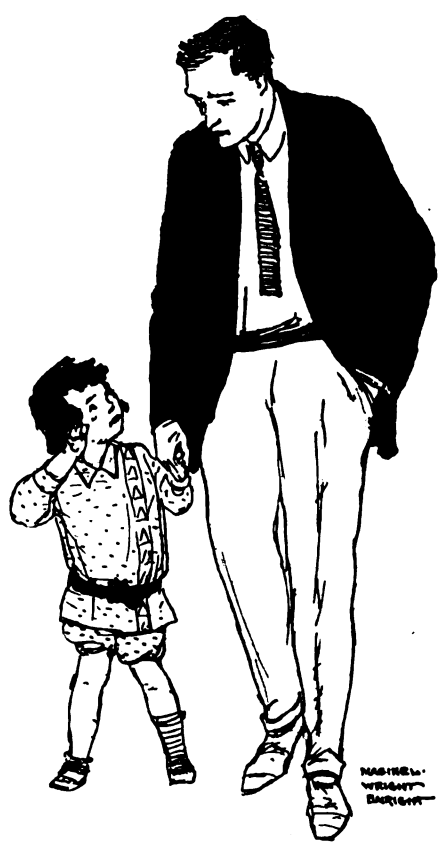
"Because I thought Mrs. Bradley might think your son had got the apple in his own house," said Mrs. Wix.

Mr. Bradley looked at Mrs. Bradley meaningly, and Mrs. Bradley arose.

"We shall see that it does not happen again," she said, leading the way to the door. "Mr. Wix is well, I hope? Good night."

"Well?" she said, when she reëntered the parlor. "So that is where Billy Brad got the apple! He did not steal it, after all. He did not tell me a fib. And the poor child had to be whipped!"

"Yes," said Mr. Bradley gently. "But why didn't you tell us where you got the apple, Billy Brad?"



"He led Billy Brad to the kitchen, stopping at the hall closet for the rawhide whip"

It was evident that Mr. Bradley did not consider infantile highway robbery a serious crime — at least, not at all as serious as lying.

"Why didn't you tell us about the apple in the first place?" asked Mr. Bradley. "I asked you to tell me. Tell papa now. Just as it was, Billy Brad."

"There was a old noak tree," said Billy Brad e[illegible], "and — and — and napples growed on it, and — and — and a slickery old snake wuggled up the big old noak tree, and — and — and it tooked a napple ——"

"Careful!" warned Mr. Bradley.

"And — and — and the slickery old snake wuggled down the noak tree," said Billy Brad,

Digitized by Google

very carefully and very slowly, "and — and — and a big old nangel flewed down, and — and — and ——"

Mrs. Bradley opened her lips to speak, but Mr. Bradley motioned her to be silent.

"And — and — and the big old slickery snake gived her the apple, and — and — and the nangel he tooked his swo-word, and he said, 'Get out of my garden!' and — and — and ——"

"For mercy's sake! You poor kiddie!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, hugging the wee boy tight in his arms. "You poor kiddie! I told him to tell me the story of the apple, and he's been trying to tell me the story of the Garden of Eden!"

"And — and — and there wasn't no old sideboard out in the garden," said Billy Brad, with bravado.

"No, siree, Billy Brad!" said Mr. Bradley. "You knew better than papa that time, didn't you? And I whipped you for telling a fib, when you didn't tell one. So you can have whatever you want, Billy Brad, to square us. Now, think! What do you want most of anything, Billy Brad?"

"Gold teef," said Billy Brad, without the slightest hesitation.

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

Preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, coming suddenly into a fortune of £700,000, decides to go to London and become a gentleman. On his journey he meets with Lady Cleone Meredith, who has been thrown from her horse, and in going to her assistance he quarrels with Sir Mortimer Carnaby, the King's favourite. Barnabas learns that Carnaby is plotting to marry Lady Cleone for her fortune, and that she has consented to meet his go-between, a profligate courtier named Chichester, in a lonely spot at sundown. Barnabas arrives at the rendezvous first, forces Chichester to retire, and, when Lady Cleone comes, offers to escort her back to her guardian. In the explanation that follows, Barnabas learns that Lady Cleone had come to the tryst expecting to meet her half-brother, Ronald Barrymaine, a young scapegrace whose gambling exploits have thrown him into Chichester's power. Barnabas tells Lady Cleone that he loves her, and promises to seek out her brother in London and to try to save him. On reaching London he finds Barrymaine and offers to pay his debts if he will end all relations with Chichester; but Chichester foils Barnaby's purpose. He tries to buy up Barrymaine's debts from Jasper Gaunt, the London money-lender, but fails. Returning to Hawkhurst, he overhears a conversation between Lady Cleone and Carnaby which awakens his jealousy; he quarrels with Lady Cleone.

Barnabas Hears No Good of Himself

"SO that is why you dislike Mr. Beverley?" repeated Cleone.

"Yes; and because of his presumption!" said a second voice, at the sound of which Barnabas flushed and started angrily.

"His presumption in what, Mr. Chichester?"

"In his determined pursuit of you."

"Is he in pursuit of me?"

"Cleone — you know he is!"

"But how do you happen to know?"

"From his persecution of poor Ronald, for one thing. He found his way to Ronald's wretched lodging, and tempted the poor fellow with his gold. And when your unfortunate brother refused his money, this utter stranger actually went behind Ronald's back and offered to buy up his debts! Why should any one do so much for an utter stranger?"

"Either because he is very base or very — noble!" said Cleone.

Digitized by Google

"Noble! I tell you, no man would part with a fortune to benefit a stranger — unless he had a powerful motive!"

"Well?" said Cleone softly.

"Well, Cleone, I happen to know that motive is — yourself! Oh, it is all very simple, Cleone, and very clumsy. This stranger buys the debts of the brother, trusting to the gratitude of the sister. He knows your pride, Cleone, so he would buy your brother and put you under lasting obligation to himself."

"And you say — he tried to pay these debts — without Ronald's knowledge? Are you sure?"

"Quite! And I know, also, that when Ronald's creditor refused, he actually offered to treble the sum! But, indeed, you would be cheap at sixty thousand pounds, Cleone!"

"Oh, hateful!" she cried.

"Crude — yes — and very coarse; but he is young. What, are you going?"

"Yes; pray find my guardian for me."

"First, tell me I may see you again, Cleone, before I leave for London?"

"Yes," said Cleone, after a momentary hesitation; and thereafter came the tread of Mr. Chichester's feet upon the gravel.

Barnabas sighed, a long, bitter sigh, and, looking up, saw Cleone standing before him.

"Ah, dear godmother!" said she lightly. "I hope your Grace was able to hear well?"

"Perfectly, my dear, thank you — every word," nodded the Duchess. "Though twice Mr. Beverley nearly spoilt it all. Dear me, how impetuous you are, sir! He's very handsome when he frowns, don't you think, Cleone?"

"Madam —" began Barnabas angrily.

"Ah! now you're going to quarrel with me. Well, there's the Major — I shall go. If you must quarrel with some one, try Cleone. Oh, Major! pray lend your arm and protection to a poor old defenceless woman." So saying, the Duchess rose, and the Major, bowing gallantly, went off with her.

Barnabas sat staring at the ground, half expecting that Cleone would rise and leave him. But my lady sat leaning back in her chair, her head carelessly averted, but watching him from the corners of her eyes. Yes, he was certainly handsome; and, finding him so, she frowned, and frowning spoke:

"So you meant to buy me, sir — as you would a horse or dog?"

"No," said Barnabas, without looking up.

"It would have been the same thing, sir. You would have put upon me an obligation I could never have hoped to repay!"

"Yes, I see my error now," said Barnabas, his head sinking lower. "I acted for the best; but I am a fool, and a clumsy one, it seems. I meant only to fulfil the mission you gave me, and I blundered. If you can forgive me, do so."

"But why — why did you do it?"

"You asked me to save your brother, and I could see no other way."

"How so? Please explain."

"I meant to free him from the debt which is crushing him down and unmanning him."

"But — oh, don't you see — he would still be in debt — to you?"

"I had forgotten that!" sighed Barnabas.

Surely no man could lie whose eyes were so truthful and steadfast.

"And so you went and offered to — buy up his debts for three times the proper sum?"

"I would have paid whatever was asked."

"And, supposing you had taken over the debt, who did you think would ever repay you?"

"It never occurred to me."

"And you would have done — all this for a — stranger?"

"No, but because of the promise I gave."

"To me?"

"Yes; but, as God sees me, Cleone, I would have looked for no recompense at your hands!"

"Never?"

"Never — unless — I had dreamed it possible that you — could ever have — loved me."

Barnabas was looking at her pleadingly, she knew. But my lady kept her face averted. Wherefore Barnabas sighed and stared at the ground. And presently my lady spoke, but with her face still averted:

"The moon is at the full to-night, I think?"

Barnabas (lifting his head suddenly). "Yes."

Cleone (with a side glance). "Are you riding back to London this evening?"

Barnabas (nodding drearily). "Yes."

Cleone. "It should be glorious to gallop under a full-orbed moon."

Barnabas (shaking his head mournfully). "London is a great way from — here."

Cleone (beginning to twist a ring on her finger nervously). "Do you remember the madman we met — at Oakshott's Barn?"

Barnabas (densely). "Yes."

Cleone (frowning at him a little). "Well, do you remember what he prophesied about — an 'orbed moon'— and 'Barnaby Bright'?"

Barnabas (glancing up with sudden interest). "Yes — yes. He said we should meet again at Barnaby Bright — under an orbed moon!"

Cleone (head quite averted now, and speaking over her shoulder). "Do you remember the old finger-post — on the Hawkhurst road?"

Barnabas (leaning towards her eagerly). "Yes — do you mean — oh, Cleone —?"

Cleone (rising and very demure). "Here comes my guardian. Hush! At nine o'clock, sir."

Digitized by Google

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

"'SO YOU MEANT TO BUY ME, SIR—AS YOU WOULD A HORSE OR DOG?'"

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXXIX

In Which Barnabas Makes a Surprising Discovery that May Not Surprise the Reader in the Least

EVENING, full of dewy scents, of lengthening shadows, of mystery and magic; and over all a rising moon. Thus, as he went, Barnabas' step was light and his heart sang within him for gladness. Then upon the quietude rose a voice:

"How long, O Lord, how long?"

Barnabas beheld one who lay face down upon the grass, and coming nearer, soft-footed, he saw the gleam of silver hair, and stooping touched the prostrate figure. Wherefore the mournful voice spoke again:

"Is it you, young sir? You will grieve, I think, to learn that my atonement is not complete. Clemency is gone — my Beatrix is vanished! I am a day too late! Only one day, sir; and there lies the bitterness."

"Gone!" cried Barnabas. "Gone?"

"She left the place yesterday, very early in the morning — fled away none know whither. Sir, it is very bitter, but God's will be done!"

Then Barnabas sat down in the shadow and took the preacher's hand, seeking to comfort him. "Sir," said he gently, "tell me of it."

"Verily, for it is soon told, sir. I found the place you mentioned. I found there also one — old like myself, a sailor by his look — who sat bowed down with some grievous sorrow. I strove to comfort him; I told him why I was there. And so I learned I was too late, after all; she had gone, and his grief was mine also. And in a while, though he would have me rest there the night, I left, and walked I cared not whither; and, being weary, I lay down here, wishful to die. But I may not die until my atonement be complete, and mayhap some day I shall find her yet. For God is a just God, and his will be done. Amen."

"But why did she go?" cried Barnabas.

"Young sir, the answer is simple. Chichester had discovered her refuge. She was afraid!"

He rose, though like one who is very weary.

"Where are you going?" Barnabas enquired.

"Sir, I take to the road again."

"To search for her?"

"To preach for her! And when I have preached sufficiently, God will bring me to her. So come, young sir, if you will; let us walk together as far as we may."

Presently, walking side by side, they reached a gate, and beyond the gate was a road.

"You are for London, I fancy, young sir?"

"Yes."

"Then we part here. But before I bid you God-speed I would know your name. Mine is Darville — Ralph Darville."

"And mine, sir, is Barnabas — Beverley."

"Beverley!" said the preacher, glancing up quickly. "Of Ashleydown?"

"Sir," said Barnabas, "surely they are all dead?"

"True, true!" nodded the preacher. "The name is extinct. That is how Chichester came into his inheritance. I knew the family well years ago. The brothers died abroad — Robert, the elder, with his regiment in the Peninsula; Francis in battle at sea; and Joan, like my own poor Beatrix, was unhappy and ran away."

"And her name was Joan?" said Barnabas slowly. "Joan — Beverley?"

"Yes."

"Sir, Joan Beverley was my mother! I took her name — Beverley — for a reason."

"Your mother! Ah, I understand it now. You are greatly like her at times. It was the resemblance that puzzled me before. But, sir, if Joan Beverley was your mother, why then ——"

"Then Chichester has no right to their property?"

"No!"

"And — I have?"

"If you can prove your descent."

"Yes," said Barnabas; "but — to whom?"

"You must seek out a Mr. Gregory Dyke, of Lincoln's Inn. He is the lawyer who administered the estate."

"Stay," said Barnabas, "let me write it down."

"And now, young sir," said the preacher, when he had answered all the eager questions of Barnabas as fully as he might, "good-bye. I have a feeling we may meet again, but life is very uncertain; therefore I would beg of you to remember this: as you are strong, be gentle; as you are rich, generous; and as you are young, wise. But, above all, be merciful, and strive to forgive wrongs."

CHAPTER XL

In Which Shall be Found Further Mention of a Certain Finger-Post

THE hands of Natty Bell's great watch were pointing to the hour of nine what time Barnabas dismounted at the cross-roads to wait the coming of Cleone.

Now, being old, and having looked upon many and divers men (and women) in its day, it is to be supposed that the ancient finger-post was not in the least surprised to see Barnabas start forward, bareheaded, to meet her who came, swift and light of foot; to see her pause before him, quick-breathing, blushing; to see how glance met glance; to see him stoop to kiss the hand she gave him — and all without a word.

Digitized by Google

"I began to fear you would not come," said Barnabas, finding voice at last.

"But to-night is — Barnaby Bright, and the prophecy must be fulfilled, sir. And — oh, how wonderful the moon is!"

"Cleone — how beautiful you are!"

And here ensued another silence, while Cleone gazed up at the moon and Barnabas at Cleone.

"Cleone, when will you — marry me?"

Now here my lady stole a quick glance at him.

"You are very — impetuous," she sighed.

"But I — love you," said Barnabas. "If I could only put it into fine sounding phrases!"

"Don't!" said my lady quickly, and laid a slender finger upon his lips.

"Why?" Barnabas enquired, very properly kissing the finger and holding it there.

"Because I grow tired of fine phrases and empty compliments, and because, sir——"

Now, as she spoke, Barnabas beheld the dimple — that most elusive dimple that came and went and came again beside the scarlet lure of her mouth; therefore he drew her nearer until he could look, for a moment, into the depths of her eyes, and lo! in that instant my lady, with her sly bewitchments, her coquettish airs and graces, was gone, and in her place was the maid — quick-breathing, blushing, trembling, all in a moment.

"Ah, no!" she pleaded. "Barnabas, no!"

Then Barnbas sighed and loosed his clasp — but, behold! the dimple was peeping at him again. And in that moment he caught her close, and thus, for the first time, their lips met.

"Cleone!"

"Oh!" she whispered. "Why — did you?"

"Because I love you!"

"No other man ever dared to."

"Oh, Cleone, is it possible you could learn to — love me, in time?"

"I — I don't know."

"Some day, Cleone?"

"It must be nearly half past nine," says my lady, suddenly demure. "I must go; I forgot to tell you — Mr. Chichester is coming to meet me to-night."

"To meet you? Where?" demanded Barnabas, fierce-eyed all at once.

"Here, Barnabas. But don't look so — so murderous!"

"Chichester — here!"

"At a quarter to ten, Barnabas. That is why I must go at — half past nine. Barnabas, stop! Oh, Barnabas, you're crushing me!"

So Barnabas loosed her, albeit regretfully, and stood watching while she dexterously twisted and smoothed and patted her shining hair into some semblance of order.

"Ah, now it's nearly time for me to go, and I haven't had a chance to mention what I came for, which, of course, is all your fault, Barnabas. To-day I received a letter from Ronald. He writes that he has been ill, but is better. And yet I fear he must be very weak still, for, oh! it's such poor, shaky writing. Was he very ill when you saw him?"

"No," answered Barnabas.

"Here is the letter — will you read it? You see, I have no one who will talk to me about poor Ronald; no one seems to have any pity for him — not even my dear tyrant."

So Barnabas took Ronald Barrymaine's letter, and, holding it in the full light of the moon, read as follows:

Dearest of Sisters:

I was unable to keep the appointment I begged for in my last, owing to a sudden indisposition, and, though better now, I am still ailing. I fear my many misfortunes are rapidly undermining my health, and sometimes I sigh for Death and Oblivion. But, dearest Cleone, I forbid you to grieve for me. I am man enough, I hope, to endure my miseries uncomplainingly, as a man and a gentleman should. Chichester has offered me an asylum at his country place near Headcorn. But for him, I tremble to think what would have been my fate long before this. At Headcorn I shall at least be nearer you, my best of sisters, and it is my hope that you may be persuaded to steal away, now and then, to spend an hour with two lonely bachelors and cheer a brother's solitude. Ah, Cleone! Chichester's devotion to you is touching. Such patient adoration must, in time, meet with its reward. By your own confession, you have nothing against him but the fact that he worships you too ardently, and this most women would think a virtue. And, remember, this is the man who has stood by me in adversity. Oh, Cleone, give my friend the answer he seeks, the answer he has sought of you already, the answer which to your despairing brother means more than you can ever guess, the answer whereby you can fulfil the promise you gave our dying mother to help Your unfortunate brother,

RONALD BARRYMAINE.

Now, as he finished reading, Barnabas frowned, tore the letter across in sudden fury, and looked up to find Cleone frowning also.

"You have torn my letter!"

"Abominable!" said Barnabas fiercely.

"How dared you?"

"It is the letter of a coward and weakling! He would sell you to a —" Barnabas choked.

"Mr. Chichester is my brother's friend."

"His enemy!"

"And poor Ronald is sick ——"

"With brandy!"

"Oh — not that!" she cried. "Not that!"

"Didn't you know?"

"I only — dreaded it. His father — died of it. Oh, Barnabas! Save him from — that! You will try, won't you?"

Digitized by Google

"Yes," said Barnabas, setting his jaw; "I'll try. And I ask you to remember that, if I succeed or not, I shall never expect any recompense from you, never!"

"Unless, Barnabas —" said Cleone softly.

"Unless — you should — some day learn to — love me — just a little, Cleone?"

"Would — just a little satisfy you?"

"No," said Barnabas; "no. I want you all — all — all! Oh, Cleone, will you marry me?"

"You are very persistent, sir. And I must go."

"Not yet; pray not yet."

"Please, Barnabas. I would not care to see Mr. Chichester — to-night."

"No," sighed Barnabas, "you must go. But, first, will you ——"

"Not again, Barnabas!" And she gave him her two hands. So he stooped and kissed them.

"And when can I see you again?"

"Ah! who can tell?" she answered. And so, smiling a little, she hastened away.

Now, when she was gone, Barnabas sighed, and turned towards his great black horse. But, even as he did so, he heard a soft sound that was like the faint jingle of spurs; the leaves of the hedge rustled, and out into the moonlight stepped a tall figure, wild of aspect, bareheaded and bare of foot, who, laying his hand upon his bosom, bowed in stately fashion.

"Oh, Barnaby Bright, Barnaby Bright,
The moon's awake, and shines all night!

"Do you remember, Barnaby Bright, how I foretold we should meet again — under an orbed moon? Was I not right? So I followed you, Barnaby Bright — oh, I followed you. And another also, though he — didn't know it. Oho! would you see me conjure you a spirit from the leaves yonder? Ah, but an evil spirit, this! Shall I?"

So saying, the speaker flung up his long arms, and, with his gaze fixed upon a certain part of the hedge, lifted his voice and spoke:

"Oho, lurking spirit among the shadows! Ho, come forth! I summon ye."

There followed a moment's utter silence, then Mr. Chichester stepped out from the shadows.

"Ah, sir," said Barnabas, consulting his watch, "you are just twenty-three minutes before your time! Nevertheless you are too late."

"Too late, sir?" repeated Mr. Chichester softly, shaking his head. "No — indeed, I think not. Howbeit there are times and occasions when solitude appeals to me; this is one. Pray, therefore, be good enough to — go."

"First, sir," said Barnabas, bowing with aggressive politeness, "first, I humbly beg leave to speak with you, to ——"

"Sir," said Mr. Chichester, "sir, I have no desire for your speeches. They, like yourself, I find a little trying, and vastly uninteresting. Pray go away, and let me stare upon the moon and twiddle my thumbs until ——".

"If it is the Lady Cleone you wait for, she is gone!" said the youth, quick and impetuous.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Chichester, viewing Barnabas through narrowed eyes. "Gone, you say? But then, young sir — but then, Cleone is one of your tempting, warm, delicious creatures! Cleone is a skilled coquette to whom all men are — men. To-night it is you — to-morrow ——"

Mr. Chichester's right hand vanished into his bosom as Barnabas strode forward; but, on the instant, Billy Button was between them.

"Stay, my lord!" he cried. "Look upon this face. 'Tis the face of my friend Barnaby Bright; but, my lord, it is also the face of Joan's son. You've heard tell of Joan Beverley?"

Now, in the pause that followed, as Mr. Chichester gazed at Barnabas, his narrowed eyes opened little by little, his compressed lips grew slowly loose, and the tasselled cane slipped from his fingers and lay neglected.

"Sir," said Barnabas at last, "I am the lawful son of Joan Beverley, whose maiden name I took for — a purpose. I have but to prove my claim and I can dispossess you of the inheritance you hold. But, sir, I have enough for my needs, and I am, therefore, prepared to forgo my just claim — on a condition."

Mr. Chichester neither moved nor spoke.

"My condition," Barnabas continued, "is this: that, from this hour, you loose whatever hold you have upon Ronald Barrymaine — that you have no further communication with him, either by word or letter. Failing this, I institute proceedings at once, and will dispossess you as soon as may be. Sir, you have heard my condition; it is for you to answer."

But, as he ended, Billy Button pointed a shaking finger downwards at the grass midway between them, and spoke.

"Look!" he whispered. "Look! Do you not see it — bubbling so dark, down there in the grass? Ah! it reaches your feet, Barnaby Bright. But — look yonder, it rises to his heart — look!" And, with a sudden wild gesture, he pointed to Chichester's rigid figure. "Blood!" he cried. "Blood! Cover it up! Oh, hide it — hide it!" Then, turning about, he sped away, his muffled buttons jingling faintly as he went, and so presently was gone.

Then Barnabas loosed his horse and mounted, and, with never a glance or a word to the silent figure beneath the finger-post, galloped away Londonwards.

Digitized by Google

"BARNABAS TORE THE LETTER ACROSS IN SUDDEN FURY. 'ABOMINABLE!' HE SAID FIERCELY"

CHAPTER XLI

In Which Barnabas Makes a Bet and Receives a Warning

THE tenth of July was approaching, and the Polite World was stirred to its politest depths. In the clubs speculation was rife and betting-books fluttered everywhere.

Yes, indeed; all the world was agog, rich and poor, high and low. Thus, then, the perspicacious waiter at the George knew at once that the tall young gentleman in the violet coat with silver buttons, buckled hat, and glossy hessians was none other than a certain Mr. Beverley, who had succeeded in entering his horse at the last possible moment, and who, though an outsider with not the remotest chance of winning, was, nevertheless, something of a buck and dandy. Therefore the perspicacious waiter at the George viewed Barnabas with the eye of reverence, his back subservient, his napkin eloquent of eager service.

"A chair, sir?" Here a flick of the officious napkin. "Now — shall we say a chop, sir?"

"No, thank you," said Barnabas, laying

Digitized by Google

aside hat and cane. "But you can bring me a bottle of Burgundy and the *Gazette*."

"Yessir — himmediately, sir."

As the waiter, with many flicks of the napkin, left the room, Barnabas became aware of voices and loud laughter from the adjacent coffee-room, and was roused by the mention of his own name in soft, deliberate tones that he instantly recognized:

"Ah, so you have met this Mr. Beverley?"

"Yes," drawled another, deeper voice. "The Duchess introduced him to me. Who the deuce is he, Chichester?"

"My dear Carnaby, pray ask Devenden, or Jerningham; he's their protégé, not mine."

"Sir," broke in the Viscount's voice, "Mr. Beverley is — my friend!"

"And mine also, I trust!" said the Marquis.

"Exactly!" rejoined Mr. Chichester's smooth tones; "and consequently, despite his mysterious origin, he is permitted to ride in the steeplechase among the élite of the sporting world."

"And why not, b'gad?" Captain Slingsby's voice sounded gruffer than usual. "I'll warrant him a true-blue sportsman, every inch. Sit a horse with any man, bird at a fence, and ready to give or take odds on his chances, I'll swear."

"Now, really,"— Mr. Chichester's tone was softer than ever,—"he would seem to be a general favourite here. Still, it would at least be interesting to know exactly who and what he is."

"Yes," Sir Mortimer's voice chimed in; "and only right, in justice to ourselves. Seems to me I've seen him, somewhere or other, before we were introduced. Be shot if I know where, though."

"In the — country, perhaps?" the Viscount suggested.

"Like as not," returned Sir Mortimer carelessly. "But, as Chichester says, it *is* devilish irregular to allow any Tom, Dick, or Harry to enter for this race. If, as Sling suggests, the fellow is willing to back himself, it would at least be well to know that he could cover his bets."

"Sir Mortimer!"— the Viscount's tone was colder and sharper than before,—"you will permit me, in the first place, to tell you that his name is neither Tom nor Dick nor Harry. And, in the second place, I would remind you that the gentleman honours me with his friendship. And, in the third place, that I suffer no one to cast discredit upon my friends. D'you take me, Sir Mortimer?" There followed a moment of utter stillness, then the sudden scrape and shuffle of feet. But, before Sir Mortimer could reply, the door opened and Barnabas appeared.

"Viscount," said he, "for that I thank you most sincerely, most deeply. But, indeed, it will not be necessary, seeing I myself am here to answer such questions as I think — proper."

"Ah, Mr.— Beverley!" drawled Sir Mortimer, seating himself on the table and crossing his legs, "you come pat — and, since you are here, I desire a word with you."

"As many as you wish, sir," answered Barnabas, and he bowed his curly head.

"It would seem, Mr.— Beverley, that you are something of a mystery; and I, for one, don't like mysteries. Then, it has been suggested that you and I have met before our introduction, and, egad! now I come to look at you more attentively, your face does seem familiar, and I am curious to know whom you may happen to be."

"Sir," said Barnabas, "such rare condescension, such lively interest in my concerns, touches me deeply."

"Suppose, sir," retorted Sir Mortimer, his cheek flushing, "suppose you answer my question, and tell me plainly who and what you are?"

"Sir," answered Barnabas gently, "I humbly beg leave to remark that as to who I am can concern only my — friends. As to what I am concerns only my Maker and myself."

"Oh, vastly fine!" nodded Sir Mortimer. "But that's no answer."

"And yet, I greatly fear it must suffice — for you, sir," sighed Barnabas.

"Now look you, sir," said Sir Mortimer slowly, and with a menace in his eyes, "when I trouble to ask a question, I expect an answer."

"Alas, sir, even your expectations may occasionally be disappointed," said Barnabas, beginning to smile. "But, as to my resources, I do not lack for money, and am ready, here and now, to lay you a thousand guineas that I shall be one of the first three to pass the winning-post on the tenth."

Sir Mortimer frowned, and his powerful right hand clenched itself; then he laughed.

"Egad! you have plenty of assurance, sir. It is just possible that you may have ridden — now and then?"

"Sufficiently to know one end of a horse from the other, sir," retorted Barnabas.

"And you are willing to bet a thousand guineas that you ride third among all the best riders in the three kingdoms, are you?"

"No, sir," said Barnabas; "the bet was a rash one. I beg leave to withdraw it. Instead, I will bet five thousand guineas that I pass the winning-post before you do, Sir Mortimer."

"You're not mad, are you?" demanded Carnaby, his red under lip curling.

"Sir," said Barnabas, taking out his memorandum-book, "do you take my bet?"

"Take it!" cried Sir Mortimer fiercely. "I'll double it — make it ten thousand, sir!"

"Fifteen, if you wish," said Barnabas.

Digitized by Google

"No, by heaven! but I'll add another five and make it an even twenty thousand!"

"May I suggest you make it thirty?" enquired Barnabas.

"Ha! May I venture to ask how much higher you are prepared to go?"

"Why, sir," said Barnabas thoughtfully, "I have some odd six hundred thousand pounds, and I am prepared to risk — half."

"Vastly fine, sir!" laughed Sir Mortimer. "Why not put it at a round million and have done with it? No, egad! Twenty thousand will suit me very well, sir!"

"Then you take me at that figure, Sir Mortimer?"

"Yes; I bet you twenty thousand guineas that you do not pass the winning-post ahead of me! And, what's more, non-starters to forfeit their money! Oh, egad, I'll take you!"

"And I also," said Mr. Chichester, opening his betting-book. "Gentlemen, you are all witnesses of the bet. Come, Viscount, Slingsby, here's good money going a-begging."

But the others sat very silent, so that the scratch of Sir Mortimer's pencil could be plainly heard as he duly registered his bet — which done, he turned his attention to Barnabas.

"Hum!" said he musingly. "It sticks in my mind that I have seen you — somewhere or other — before we met at Sir George Annesley's. Perhaps you will tell me where?"

"With pleasure, sir," answered Barnabas. "It was in Annesley Wood, rather early in the morning. And you wore ——"

"Annesley — Wood!" Sir Mortimer's careless, lounging air vanished, and he stared at Barnabas with dilating eyes.

"And you wore, I remember, a bottle-green coat, which I had the misfortune to tear, sir."

And here there fell a silence once more, but ominous now, and full of menace. Then, all at once, Sir Mortimer was on his feet and had caught up a heavy riding-whip, and thus he and Barnabas fronted each other, eye to eye, each utterly still, yet very much on the alert.

And now upon this tense silence came the soft, smooth tones of Mr. Chichester:

"Pray, Mr. Beverley, may I speak a word with you — in private?"

"If the company will excuse us," Barnabas replied; whereupon Mr. Chichester rose and led the way into the adjoining room.

"Sir," said he, "I would remind you that, the last time we met, you threatened me that unless I agreed to — certain conditions, you would dispossess me of my inheritance."

"And I repeat it," said Barnabas.

"Oh, sir, save your breath and listen," smiled Mr. Chichester; "for, let me tell you, threats beget threats! Here is one which I think you will heed!" So saying, he took from his pocket a letter and laid it upon the table. Barnabas glanced at it, hesitated; then, stooping, read:

Dear Lady Cleone:

I write this to warn you that the person calling himself Mr. Beverley, and posing as a gentleman of wealth and breeding, is, in reality, nothing better than a rich vulgarian — one Barnabas Barty, son of a country innkeeper. The truth of which shall be proved to your complete satisfaction, whenever you will, by Yours always humbly to command,

WILFRED CHICHESTER.

Now, when he had finished reading, Barnabas sank down into a chair, and, leaning his elbows upon the table, hid his face between his hands; seeing which, Mr. Chichester laughed softly and, taking up the letter, turned to the door.

"Sir," said he, "if you presume to interfere with me again in any way, Cleone shall know you for the impudent impostor you are!"

But Barnabas sat rigid, and did not move or lift his heavy head, even when the door opened and closed and he knew he was alone.

CHAPTER XLII

The Duchess Gives Advice

My dear Mr. Beverley:

The country down here, though delightfully Arcadian and quite idyllic, is dreadfully quiet, and I freely confess that I generally prefer a man to a hop-pole. As for Cleone, dear bird, she yawns until my own eyes water. In this deplorable situation, I turn to you, dear Mr. Beverley, and write these hasty lines to entreat — nay, to command you to come and cheer our solitude. Cleone has a new gown she is dying to wear, and I have much that you must patiently listen to, so that I may truly subscribe myself,

Your grateful friend,

FANNY CAMBERHURST.

Having read this note for the seventh time, Barnabas, whirling behind two gallant bays, on the road to Hawkhurst, sighed and smiled. Evening was falling, and, behold, before them at a little distance stood a certain finger-post pointing the wayfarer:

TO LONDON — TO HAWKHURST

at sight of which weather-worn piece of timber Barnabas must needs smile, though very tenderly, and thereafter fall a-sighing. But all at once he checked his sighs to stare in amazement, for there, demurely seated beneath the finger-post, and completely engrossed in her needle-work, was a small, lonely figure.

"Why — Duchess!" Barnabas exclaimed, and, giving Peterby the reins, stepped out of the phaeton.

Digitized by Google

"Ah! is that you, Mr. Beverley?" sighed the Duchess, looking up from her embroidery. "You find me here, sitting by the wayside, because I have been driven away by the tantrums of an undutiful goddaughter and the barbarity of a bloodthirsty buccaneer. And all because I had the forethought to tell Cleone her nose was red,— which it was; sunburn, you know,— and because I remarked that the Captain was growing as rotund as a Frenchman. So here I am, Mr. Beverley, very lonely and very sad, but industrious, you see. But indeed you're very silent, Mr. Beverley — though I'm glad to see you are here so well to time."

"To time, madam?"

"Because, you see, I've won my bet. Oh, yes, indeed. I bet Cleone an India shawl against a pair of beaded mittens that you would be here to-day before ten o'clock. Talking of Cleone, sir, she's in the orchard. So, of course, you're dying to be gone — now aren't you?"

"No," Barnabas replied, and, turning, bade Peterby drive on to the house. "You see, madam, I need your advice," he added gravely, as the carriage rolled away.

"Ah, how I love giving people advice!"

"Duchess, I — I have a confession to make."

"A confession, sir? Then I needn't pretend to work any longer; besides, I always prick myself. There!" And, rolling the embroidery into a ball, she gave it to Barnabas.

"Why, then, madam, in the first place, I ——"

"Yes?"

"I — that is to say, you — must understand that — in the first place ——"

"You've said 'first place' twice!"

"Yes — oh! did I? Indeed, I — I fear it is going to be even harder to speak of than I thought, and I have been nerving myself to tell you ever since I started from London."

"To tell me what?"

"That which may provoke your scorn of me and earn me Cleone's bitterest contempt."

"Why, then, sir, don't say another word about it."

"Ah, but I must — indeed I must! For I know now that to balk at it, to — to keep silent any longer — would be dishonourable — and the act of a coward!"

"Oh dear me!" sighed the Duchess. "I fear you are going to be dreadfully heroic about something!"

"Believe me," sighed Barnabas, beginning to stride restlessly to and fro, "the full significance of my conduct never occurred to me until it was forced on my notice by — by another, and then"— he paused and brushed the damp curls from his brow. "To-day I tried to write to Cleone — to tell her everything; but I — couldn't!"

"So you decided to come and tell me first, which was very nice of you," nodded the Duchess — "oh, very right and proper!"

"First, then," said Barnabas, coming to a halt and looking down at her, steadfast-eyed, "you must know that my real name is — Barty."

"Barty?" repeated the Duchess, raising her brows. "Mm! I like Beverley much better."

"Beverley was my mother's name. She was Joan Beverley."

"Joan? Joan Beverley? Why, y-e-s, I think I remember her, and the talk there was. Joan? Ah, yes, to be sure — very handsome and — disappeared. No one knew why, but now — I begin to understand. You would suggest ——"

"That she became the honourable wife of my father, John Barty, the celebrated pugilist and ex-champion of England, now keeper of a village inn," said Barnabas, speaking all in a breath, but maintaining his steadfast gaze.

"Eh?" cried the Duchess. "Eh, sir, an innkeeper! And your mother — actually married him? Handsome Joan Beverley — married to an — innkeeper! Horrible!"

"My father is an honourable man!" said Barnabas, with upflung head.

"Your father is — an innkeeper!"

"And — my father, madam!"

"The wretch!" exclaimed the Duchess.

"And his son — loves Cleone!"

"Dreadful! Frightful!" cried the Duchess. "An innkeeper's son! Beer and skittles and clay pipes! Oh, shocking!" And she turned her back on him.

"Ah," cried Barnabas, "so you scorn me — already?"

"Of course."

"For being — an innkeeper's son?"

"For — telling of it!"

"And yet," said Barnabas, "I think Barnabas Barty is a better man than Barnabas Beverley, and a more worthy lover; and as Barnabas Barty I bid your Grace good-bye!"

"Where are you going?"

"To the village inn, madam — my proper place, it seems. But this evening, unless you have told Cleone, I shall. And now, if your Grace will have the kindness to send my servant to me ——"

"And to-night you will tell Cleone?"

"Yes."

"And, of course, she will scorn you for an impudent impostor!"

"And yet — I must tell her!" he groaned.

"And, afterwards, where shall you go?"

"Anywhere," he sighed hopelessly.

"And — the race?"

"Will be run without me."

Digitized by Google

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

"ALL AT ONCE SIR MORTIMER WAS ON HIS FEET AND HAD CAUGHT UP A HEAVY RIDING-WHIP"

Digitized by Google

"And your friends — the Marquis, Viscount Devenden, and the rest?"

"Will, I expect, turn their gentlemanly backs upon me — as you yourself have done. So, madam, I thank you for your past kindness, and bid you — good-bye!" And he started slowly down the road.

"Come back, sir!"

"Why, madam?" he enquired, pausing.

"Because — oh, because you are running off with my precious needlework, of course. In your pocket, sir — the left one!"

So, perforce, Barnabas came back to give the Duchess her embroidery. But, behold, his hand was caught and held between two others, which, though very fragile, were very imperious.

"Barnabas," said the Duchess very softly. "Oh, dear me, I'm glad you told me — oh, very! I hoped you would!"

"Hoped? Why — why, madam, you — then you knew —?"

"All about it, of course! Oh, you needn't stare — it wasn't witchcraft. It was this letter — read it." And, taking a letter from her reticule, she gave it to Barnabas, and watched him while he read:

To her Grace the Duchess of Camberhurst.

Madam:

In justice to yourself, I take occasion to warn your Grace against the person calling himself Barnabas Beverley. He is in reality an impudent impostor of humble birth and mean extraction. His real name and condition I will prove absolutely to your Grace at another time.

Your Grace's most humble obedt.
Wilfred Chichester.

"So you see I'm not a witch, sir — oh, no; I'm only an old woman with a very sharp eye for faces, a genius for asking questions, and the feminine capacity of adding two and two together and making them — eight. So, upon reading this letter, I made certain enquiries on my own account, with the result that yesterday I drove over to a certain inn called the Coursing Hound, and talked with your father. Very handsome he is, too — as he always was; and I saw him in the hey-day of his fame, remember. Well, I sipped his ale,— very good ale I found it,— and while I sipped we talked. He is very proud of his son, it seems, and he even showed me a letter this son had written him. Ha! Joan Beverley was to have married an ugly old wretch of a marquis, and John Barty is handsome still! But an innkeeper, hum!"

"So — that was why my mother ran away!"

"And Wilfred Chichester knows of this, and will tell Cleone, of course!"

"I think not — at least, not yet," answered Barnabas thoughtfully. "You see, he is using this knowledge as a weapon against me."

"Why?"

"I promised to help Ronald Barrymaine ——"

"That wretched boy! Well?"

"And the only way to do so was to remove him from Chichester's influence altogether. So I warned Mr. Chichester that, unless he forswore Barrymaine's society, I would, as Joan Beverley's son and heir to the Beverley heritage, prove my claim and dispossess him."

"You actually threatened Wilfred Chichester with this, and forgot that finding you your mother's son would prove you to be your father's also?"

"Yes; I — I only remembered my promise."

"But — can't you see, if you force him to expose you, it will mean your social ruin?"

"But then, I gave — her — my promise."

"Oh, Barnabas," said the Duchess, looking up at him with her young beautiful eyes, that were so like Cleone's, "what a superb fool you are! And your father *is* only a village innkeeper!"

"No, madam; he was champion of all England."

"Oh!" sighed the Duchess, shaking her head, "that poor Sir Mortimer Carnaby! But as for you, sir, you're a fool — either a very clumsy or a very unselfish one. Anyhow, you're a fool, you know! And yet, oh dear me! My tastes are so peculiar that there are some fools I could almost — love. So you may give me your arm — Barnabas."

He obeyed mechanically, and they went on down the road together in silence until they came to a pair of tall, hospitable gates.

"Ah, there's Cleone on the terrace, with the Captain," said the Duchess. She raised her voice.

"My bird!" she called in dulcet tones. "Clo dear! Cleone, my lamb, here is Barnabas; I found him — under the finger-post, my dove!"

My lady turned, gave the least little start in the world, was surprised, glad, demure, all in the selfsame minute, and, taking the arm of her tyrant, led him down the terrace steps.

"Ha!" cried the Captain, "my dear fellow, we're glad — I say we're all of us glad to see you. Welcome to the Gables — eh, Clo?"

And Cleone? With what gracious ease she greeted him! With what clear eyes she looked at him! With what demure dignity she gave him her white hand to kiss!

"Clo dear," said the Duchess, "they're going to talk horses and racing and bets and things — I know they are; your arm, my love. Now, lead on, gentlemen. And now, my dear," she continued, speaking in Cleone's ear as Barnabas and the Captain moved on, "he adores you!"

Digitized by Google

"Really, godmother, how clever of you!" said Cleone, her eyes brimful of merriment.

"Yes, my Lady Pert, he worships you, and, consequently, is deceiving you with every breath he draws!"

"Deceiving me!"

"With every moment he lives!"

"But — oh, godmother! Deceiving me?"

"His very name is false!"

"What do you mean? Ah, no, no — I'm sure he would not! And yet — oh, godmother, why?"

"Because — hush! Cleone, he's immensely rich, one of the wealthiest young men in London, and — hush! He would be — loved for himself alone. So, Cleone, listen. He may perhaps come to you with some wonderful story of poverty and humble birth. He may tell you his father was only a — a tinker, or a — an innkeeper! Oh dear me, so delightfully romantic! Therefore, loving him as you do ——"

"I don't!"

"From the sole of your foot ——"

"Godmother!"

"To the crown of your wilful head, your heart, I say, Cleone, may have its way, because, with all his wealth, he has a father who — hush! — at one time was the greatest man in all England — a powerful man, Clo, a famous man — indeed, a man of the most striking capabilities!"

The night was very warm and very still, and upon the quietude stole the sound of the brook — softer yet more insistent than the whisper of wind among leaves — a soothing, murmurous sound that seemed to make the pervading quiet but the more complete. The waning moon was bright enough to show the look in Cleone's eyes and the quiver of her mouth as Barnabas stooped above her.

"Cleone!" he whispered. "Cleone, can you — do you — love me? Oh, my white lady, my woman that I love, do you love me?"

She did not speak, but her eyes answered him; and in that moment Barnabas stooped and kissed her, and held her close and closer until she sighed and stirred in his embrace.

Then all at once he groaned and set her down, and stood before her with bent head.

"My dear," said he, "oh, my dear!"

"Barnabas?"

"Forgive me! I didn't mean even to touch your hand until I had confessed my deceit. Oh, my dear, I am not — the fine gentleman you think me. I am only a very — humble fellow. The son of a village — innkeeper. Your eyes were — kind to me just now, but oh, Cleone, if so humble a fellow is — unworthy, as I fear — I — I will try to — forget."

Very still she stood, looking upon his bent head. Now when she spoke her voice was very tender:

"Can you — ever forget?"

"I will — try!"

"Then — oh, Barnabas, don't! Because I — think I could — love this — humble fellow, Barnabas."

CHAPTER XLIII

How Barnabas Found His Manhood

"Oh — hif you please, sir!"

Barnabas started, and presently espied a figure in the shadow of the osiers — a very small figure, upon whose diminutive jacket were numerous buttons that glittered under the moon.

"Why — it's Milo of Crotona!" said Cleone.

"Yes, my lady — hif you please, it are."

"But — what are you doing here? How did you know where to find us?"

"'Cause as I came up the drive, m' lady, I jest 'appened to see you a-walking together; so I followed you, I did, m' lady."

"Followed us?" repeated Cleone. "Oh!"

"And then — I thought as 'ow I'd better — wait a bit. So I waited, I did." Milo of Crotona looked from Barnabas to Cleone with eyes wide and profoundly innocent.

"And what brings you so far from London?" enquired Barnabas, rather hurriedly.

"Coach, sir."

"And you brought your master with you, of course. Is the Viscount here?"

"No, m'lady — I 'ad to leave 'im be'ind 'count of 'im being unfit to travel."

"Is he ill?"

"Oh, no, not hill, m'lady — only shot, 'e is."

"Shot!" exclaimed Barnabas. "How — where?"

"In the harm, sir; all on 'count of 'is 'oss, sir."

"His horse?"

"Yessir. 'S arternoon, it were. Ye see, for a long time I ain't been easy in me mind about them stables where 'im and you keeps your 'osses, sir. So 's arternoon, as we was passing the end o' the street, I sez to m' lud, I sez, 'Won't your ludship jest pop your nob round the corner and squint your peepers at the 'osses?' I sez. So 'e laughs, easy like, and in we pops. And the first thing we see was your 'ead groom, Mr. Martin, wiv blood on 'is mug and one peeper in mourning, a-wrastling wiv two coves, and our 'ead groom, Standish, wiv another of 'em. Jest as we run up, down goes Mr. Martin; but, afore they could maul 'im wiv their trotters, there's m'lud wiv 'is fists an' me wiv a pitchfork as 'appened to lie 'andy. Then off goes a barker, and off go the coves,

Digitized by Google

and there's m'lud 'olding onto 'is arm and swearing 'eavens'ard. And that's all, sir."

"And these men were — trying to get at the horses?"

"Ah! Meant to nobble Moonraker, they did, sir; and it looked to me as if they meant to do for the Terror as well."

"And is the Viscount much hurt?"

"Why, no, sir. And it were only 'is whip-arm. 'Urts a bit, o' course, but 'e managed to write you a letter, 'e did; an' 'ere it is." So Barnabas took the letter, and, holding it in the moonlight where Cleone could see it, they together made out these words:

My dear Bev:

There is durty work afoot. Some Raskells have tried to lame Moonraker, but, thanks to my Imp and your man Martin, quite unsuccessfully. But I am greatly pirtirbed for the safety of Moonraker, and mean to get him into safer quarters, and advise you to do likewise. Also, though your horse — the Terror, as the stable-boys call him — is not even in the betting, it almost seems, from what I can gather, that they meant to nobble him as well. Therefore I think you were wiser to return at once, and I am anxious to see you on another matter as well. Your bets with Carnaby and Chichester have somehow got about and are the talk of the town, and, from what I hear, much to your disparagement, I fear.

A pity to shorten your stay in the country, but under the circumstances most advisable.

Yours ever, &c. DICK.

Now here Barnabas looked at Cleone and sighed, and Cleone, sighing also, nodded.

"You must go," said she very softly.

"Yes, I must go; and yet — it is so very soon, Cleone!"

"Yes, it is dreadfully soon, Barnabas. But what does he mean by saying that people are talking of you to your disparagement?"

"I think because I, a rank outsider, ventured to lay a wager against Sir Mortimer Carnaby."

"Do you mean you bet him that you would win the race, Barnabas?"

"No; only that I would beat him"

"But oh, Barnabas, he *is* the race! Surely you know he and the Viscount are favourites?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then you do think you can win?"

"I mean to try — very hard!" said Barnabas.

"And I begin to think," said Cleone, struck by his resolute eyes and mouth —"oh, Barnabas, I begin to think you — almost may!"

"And if I did?"

"Then I should be very — proud of you."

"And if I lost?"

"Then you would be ——"

"Yes?"

"Just ——"

"Yes, Cleone?"

"My Barnabas! Ah, no, no!" she whispered suddenly. "You are crushing me — dreadfully and — that boy has terribly sharp eyes!"

"But he's not looking; and oh, Cleone, how can I bear to leave you so soon? You are more to me than anything else in the world. You are my life, my soul, my honour — oh, my dear!"

"Then, Barnabas, you will go?"

"Yes, I'll go — because I love you!"

Then Cleone drew him deeper into the shade of the willows, and, with a sudden swift gesture, reached up her hands and set them about his neck. And now the Duchess, strolling after the truants, came full upon Master Milo.

"Oh, lud!" exclaimed the Duchess, starting back. "Dear me, what a strange little boy! Who are you?" she demanded.

"I'm Viscount Devenden's con-fee-dential groom, ma'm, I am!" said he coldly.

"Groom?" said the Duchess, staring. "What a very small one, to be sure!"

"It ain't inches as counts wiv 'osses, ma'm — or hanythink else, ma'm; it's nerve as counts."

"Why, yes; you seem to have plenty of it!"

"Well, ma'm, there ain't much as I trembles at, there ain't."

"And such a pretty child, too!" sighed the Duchess.

"Child, ma'm? I ain't no child; I'm a groom, I am. Child yourself, ma'm!"

"Lud! I do believe he's even paying me compliments! How old are you, boy?"

"A lot more'n you think, ma'm."

"And what's your name?"

"Milo, ma'm — Milo o' Crotona."

"Milo of Crotona!" repeated the Duchess, her eyes wider than ever. "But he was a giant who slew an ox with his fist and ate it whole!"

"Why, ma'm, I'm oncommon fond of oxes — roasted, I am."

"Well," said the Duchess, "you are the very smallest giant I ever saw. And pray, giant, what may you be doing here?"

"Come up on the coach, I did, to take Mr. Beverley back wiv me, 'cause' is 'oss ain't safe."

"Not safe! What do you mean, boy?"

"Some coves got in and tried to nobble Moonraker and 'im."

"Nobble, boy?"

"Lame 'em, ma'm; put 'em out o' the running."

"The wretches! But where is Mr. Beverley?"

"Why, I ain't looked, ma'm, but they're down by the brook, behind them bushes, they are."

"Oh, are they!" said the Duchess. "Hum!"

"No, ma'm; 'e's a-coming, and so's she."

"Why, Barnabas," cried the Duchess, "what's all this I hear about your horse? What is the meaning of it?"

Digitized by Google

"That I must go back to London to-night, Duchess."

"Leave to-night? Absurd!"

"And yet, madam, Cleone seems to think I must, and so does Viscount Devenden; see what he writes."

So the Duchess took the Viscount's letter, and, having deciphered it with some difficulty, turned upon Barnabas with admonishing finger upraised:

"So you've been betting, eh? And with Sir Mortimer Carnaby and Mr. Chichester, of all people!"

"Yes, madam."

"Ah! You backed the Viscount, I suppose?"

"No; I backed myself, Duchess."

"Gracious goodness!"

"But only to beat Sir Mortimer Carnaby."

"You didn't bet much, I hope?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Not — each?"

"Yes, madam."

"Forty thousand pounds! Against a favourite! Cleone, my dear," said the Duchess, "this Barnabas of ours is either a madman or a fool! Forty thousand pounds! Well, it will at least buy you notoriety, and that is next to fame."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Barnabas.

"And supposing your horse had been lamed and you couldn't ride — how then?"

"Why, then I forfeit the money, madam."

Now here the Duchess frowned thoughtfully, and thereafter said "Ha!" so suddenly that Cleone started and hurried to her side.

"Dear godmother, what is it?"

"You are right, Cleone; he must go to London — now, this very instant! Unless you prefer to forfeit your money, Barnabas!"

"Come here, giant," she called, as Barnabas turned towards Cleone, "and promise me to take great care of Mr. Beverley!"

"Yes, ma'm — all right, ma'm," replied Master Milo, with his superb air. "'E'll be all right along o' me, ma'm, 'e will."

"For that," cried the Duchess, catching him by two of his gleaming buttons, "for that I mean to kiss you, giant!"

And Cleone and Barnabas? Well, it so chanced, her Grace's back was towards them; while as for Master Milo — abashed, he became in very truth a child, though one utterly unused to the motherly touch of a tender woman's lips; therefore he suffered the embrace with closed eyes. Then he turned and

"'DO YOU REMEMBER HOW I FORETOLD WE SHOULD MEET AGAIN?'"

Digitized by Google

followed Barnabas, who was already striding away across the wide lawn, his head carried high, a new light in his eyes, and a wondrous great joy at his heart. And presently, being come to the hospitable gates, he turned with bared head to look back at the two women. Side by side, with arms entwined, they stood, to watch young Barnabas, in the eyes of each an expression alike, yet dissimilar. Then, with a flourish of his hat, Barnabas went on down the road, past the finger-post, with Milo of Crotona's small top-boots twinkling at his side.

CHAPTER XLIV

In Which the Terror Justifies His Name

THE chill of dawn was in the air as the chaise began to rumble over the London cobble-stones, whereupon Master Milo roused himself, and sat suddenly very upright, with his eyes as round and bright as his buttons.

"Are you tired, Imp?" enquired Barnabas.

"Tired, sir? Ho, no, sir — not a bit, I ain't."

"But you haven't slept much!"

"Slep', sir? I ain't slep'. I only jest 'appened to close me eyes, sir. Ye see, I don't need much sleep, I don't. Four hours is enough for any man; my pal Nick says so, and Nick knows a precious lot, 'e do."

"Who is Nick?"

"Nick's a cobbler, sir. We're pals, we are, and I often drop in at Giles' Rents to smoke a pipe wiv 'im."

"Down by the river?" enquired Barnabas.

"Yessir. And now, shall I horder the post-boy to stop?"

"What for?"

"Well, the stables is near by, sir, and I thought as you might like to take a glimp' at the 'osses — jest to make your mind easy, sir."

"Oh, very well!" said Barnabas.

Therefore, having paid and dismissed the chaise, they turned into a certain narrow bye-street. It was very dark as yet, although in the east was a faint grey streak. On they went, side by side, between houses of gloom and silence; and thus, in a while, came to another narrow street, or rather blind alley, at the foot of which were the stables.

"Hush, sir!" said the boy, staring away to where the stable buildings loomed up before them, shadowy and indistinct in the dawn. Barnabas saw that he was creeping forward on tiptoe; and, though scarce knowing why, he himself did the same. They found the great swing doors fast, bolted from within, and not a sound reached them. Then Barnabas laughed suddenly, and clapped Master Milo upon his small, rigid shoulder.

"There, Imp, you see, it's all right!" said he — and then paused and held his breath.

"Did ye hear anythink?" whispered the boy.

"A chain — rattled, I think."

"And 'twas in the Terror's stall. There! didn't ye hear somethink else, sir?"

"No!"

"I did; it sounded like —" The boy's voice trailed off suddenly, and upon the silence a low whistle sounded, then a thud, as of some one dropping from a height, quickly followed by another; and then two figures darted away, impalpable as ghosts in the dawn, but the alley was filled with the rush and patter of their flight. Instantly Barnabas turned in pursuit, then stopped and stood utterly still, his head turned, his eyes wide, glaring back towards the gloom of the stables. For in that moment, above the sudden harsh jangling of chains from within, above the pattering footsteps of the fugitives without, an appalling sound rose high and ever higher — shrill, unearthly, and full of horror and torment unspeakable. And now in its place was another sound — a sound dull and muffled, but continuous, and pierced all at once by the loud, hideous whinnying of a horse. Then Barnabas sprang back to the doors, beating upon them with his fists and calling wildly for some one to open. And, in a while, the doors swung back, revealing Martin, half dressed and with a lantern in his hand, while three or four grooms hovered, pale-faced, in the shadows behind.

"My horse!" said Barnabas, and snatched the lantern.

"The Terror!" cried Milo. "This way, sir!"

Coming to a shadowy corner, Barnabas unfastened and threw open the half-door; and there, rising from the gloom of the stall, was a fiendish black head with ears laid back, eyes rolling, and teeth laid bare — cruel teeth, whose gleaming white was hatefully splotched — strong teeth, in whose vicious grip something yet dangled.

"Why, what's he got there!" cried Martin suddenly; and then — "Oh, my God! sir, look yonder!" And, covering his eyes, he pointed towards a corner of the stall where the light of the lantern fell.

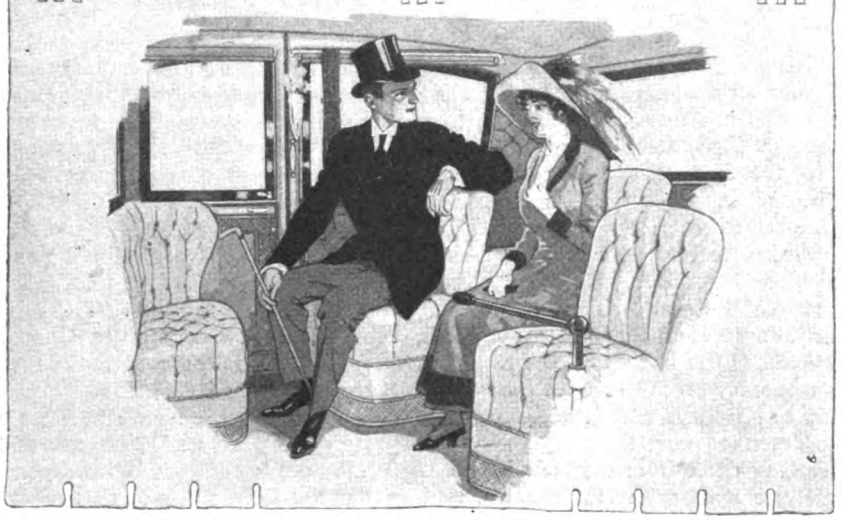
Twisted and contorted, something lay there; something hideously battered, and torn, and trampled; something that now lay so very quiet and still, but that had left dark splashes and stains on walls and flooring; something that yet clutched the knife which was to have hamstrung and ended the career of the Terror once and for all; something that had once been a man.

TO BE CONTINUED

Digitized by Google

THE SILENT

Waverley Electric



To Prospective Electric Buyers

The full view ahead problem for four passenger electrics has been successfully and permanently solved by the pioneer makers of full view ahead electrics. Read the following and judge for yourself if elegance and spacious comfort, with the additional advantage of delightful sociability, have not been attained in

The Silent Waverley Limousine-Four

In this most luxurious four-passenger electric four separate Pullman chairs replace the usual facing seats.

Three face forward; the fourth is in front, at the right—a pleasant "cozy corner."

Thus no one sits in front of the driver, who is *assured* a *full view ahead*—and from the usual left hand rear seat, *with*, instead of *in front of*, the other occupants of the car.

An additional convenience is the ample parcel space, behind the two side chairs, completely out of the way.

Waverley drop-sill construction permits of a graceful body, lower by six inches than any other high-grade electric, swung on the full-elliptic springs that alone insure easy-riding over all roads, on all tires, while saving these tires and increasing mileage.

Steady, unfreezable power insures constant, reliable service in all weather—no going out of commission when the first blizzard blows.

40 cells, 11-plate Exide, Hycap or Philadelphia, or 13-plate Gould or Waverley batteries, all M. V. size jars. Ironclad Exide or 60 cells Edison at extra price.

The Silent Waverley Electric Year-Book, now ready, illustrates and describes this wonderful car in detail. It is gladly sent free to every interested person, as is also our Commercial car catalog, showing models ranging from the light delivery wagon to mighty 5-ton truck. For either or both address

THE WAVERLEY COMPANY
170 South East Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
Chicago Branch: 2425 Michigan Avenue
New York Branch: 1784 Broadway

Digitized by Google

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

A CURIOUS RAILROAD SURVIVAL IN NEW ENGLAND

MR. CHARLES SANGER MELLEN is a curious survival of what might be called the feudal period in American railroad history — the period of the older Vanderbilts and the Goulds. In the September number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE an article by Burton J. Hendrick described Mellen's career and the manner in which he had upheld the old-time American railroad tradition in New England. The New Haven Railroad, under Mellen, had acquired an almost complete monopoly of all transportation facilities in the six New England States, a monopoly that included not only steam roads but trolleys and steamboat lines. The article described how the people of New England, seeking relief from the New Haven's wretched service and extortionate rates, had encouraged the Grand Trunk Railroad to enter the field.

The Grand Trunk had its own grievances against the New Haven; for Mellen, as an essential element of his monopolistic program, had practically thrown this Canadian road out of New England. For three years the rivalries of Mellen and the Grand Trunk have kept this section in a constant uproar. New England, accepting the Grand Trunk's protestations of an entrance into New England in good faith, had supported its ambitions, granted the franchises demanded, and in every way facilitated its operations. After several years' fighting, the Grand Trunk won its victory; it had its entrance into the finest traffic centers of New England; and the Mellen monopoly was broken.

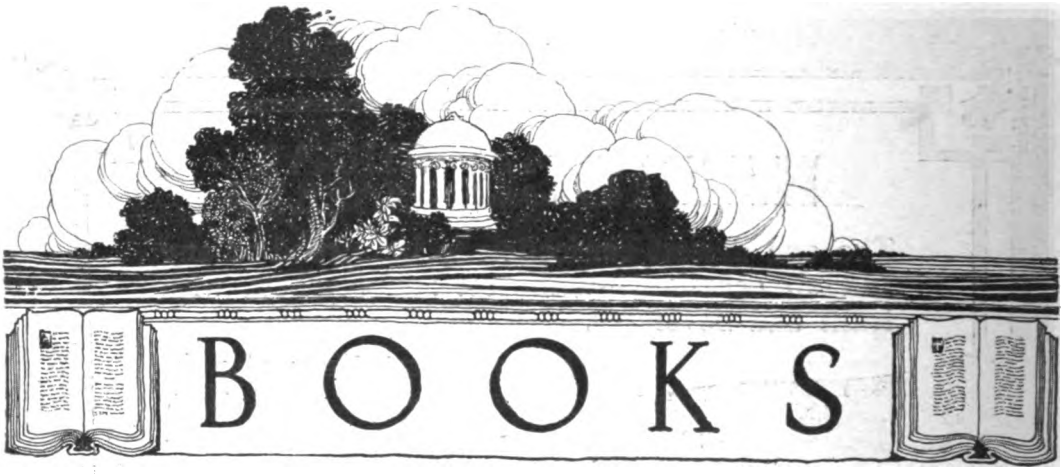
But it now appears that this whole proceeding was more or less of a pretense. The Grand Trunk, from present indications, never intended to build its lines into New England. It was manipulating public sentiment, as represented in the newspapers, Chambers of Commerce, and citizens' associations, only for a single purpose: to bring the New Haven to terms. The net result is a twenty-five years' contract, by the essential terms of which these two former rivals now joyfully proceed to devour the New England carcass. The Grand Trunk Railroad has an exceedingly bad history, but this last proceeding is perhaps its most infamous chapter.

The whole transaction, of course, is an anachronism; Mellen is an anachronism; the Grand Trunk is an anachronism. The fundamental theory of the old railroad "magnates" was that the public existed only to be damned and exploited. Good faith to their patrons was never part of their moral equipment. One has only to go down into Connecticut to appreciate the extent to which Mellen lags superfluous. So far as the relation of the public and the State are concerned, one might think he was back in the seventies or eighties. There is a recently established Public Utilities Commission, but it amounts to nothing, so far as regulating this road is concerned. The newspapers are practically all under the New Haven's thumb. Reporters and editors still gaily ride on free passes, as they did in the good old times in New York, under the jurisdiction of that great distributor of free transportation, Chauncey M. Depew. The New Haven has a small army of press agents, official and unofficial, always alert, for a consideration, to defend the honor of the road. All the other evidences of a corrupt and inefficiently managed railroad of the old days are in full view. Mellen has saddled the parent organization with all kinds of unprofitable properties; the accident record on the main line has become a national scandal; dividends are being paid that are not earned; and public sentiment in six States is so inflamed that the road, under its present control, can never regain public confidence.

All this was unnecessary; it is simply the result of applying to one of the world's greatest railroad properties the ideas popular a generation ago. Outside of New England the railroads have been generally modernized. Mellen is one of the few railroad presidents left who sneers at the Interstate Commerce Commission, at State Utility Commissions, at anti-rebate and anti-pass laws, who still publicly announces his predilection for watered stock, and who believes that the proper way to treat a community is to make deals, break promises, and ignore the needs of his public. He is to-day interesting only as a survival, as a paleontological specimen. His reign, of course, is practically over. When he goes, New England will be recreated, from a transportation standpoint, and the new era in railroads, with its new conception of government regulation, will be universal.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



The Heroine in Bronze

James Lane Allen breaks his long silence with a new novel this season, and it is like scenting the bouquet of wine mellowed by darkness and long days to turn its pages. The quaint and errant touch that distinguished "The Choir Invisible" is in "The Heroine in Bronze" (Macmillan), story of modern New York though it is. One may with justice complain that the theme is trivial — that of a young writer coming to New York to gain fame, and finding there the Wonderful Girl whose sympathetic aid starts him on the way to win both a name and her heart. Through a misunderstanding they separate — with her return comes clear vision. But it is in the telling, as always, that Mr. Allen makes his bid for distinction. It is the charm of finished, unhurried diction; the polish of phrase; the quiet, unsullied humor; the ingeniously subtle dialogue; the ripeness and warmth of description that sets this love story far above so many of its brothers.

It has two faults: an irritating anti-climax, which one may avoid; and the title, which is palpably too metallic.

Fire Prevention

We are a careless people — careless of life, of health, of money. Too busy with our own little affairs of fame or family, we fail to be impressed with our great national lack of foresight. Horrors jump at us from the newspapers each morning and are forgotten before night. "Probes" are conducted amid the admiring shouts of the populace until the populace tires of probing and flocks over to the next sensation with open mouth.

For that reason such books as "Fire Prevention" (Dodd, Mead) deserve the approval and study of any one who is alive to the gigantic and avoidable waste that this country charges off to the fire account each year. Edward F. Croker, the author, spent twenty-seven years in fighting fires, half of them at the head of the greatest fire department in the world. He treats fires as a national disease, and this book is his text and his *materia medica*. Make it yours — if not as a single individual, then as a tax-payer. Edward F. Croker is a real progressive, and is attempting to help us do some intelligent thinking along true economic lines.

"Daddy Long-Legs"

The heroine of this impossible but exhilarating fantasy by Jean Webster suffered under the name of Jerusha. Anything may happen to an orphan, even a name like an expletive. After she had grown to the age of seventeen years and was still hopelessly marooned by the world, an invisible benefactor snatched her from her bewildered orphan home and planted her firmly in college, stipulating only that she write a letter once a month to his lawyer, reporting progress. This Jerusha did very faithfully and delightfully, the letters forming the bulk of "Daddy Long-Legs" (Century). Jerusha had a perfectly lovely time in college,— which is what most people go to college for,— and emerged as a very finished product, ready to fall into the arms of her benefactor. It is betraying no confidence to reveal that she did just that thing. What else could she do in a charming fairy tale like this?

The Man Who Bucked Up

Arthur Howard was the son of a wealthy New York jeweler, and from his earliest years had had everything he wanted — and he wanted a great deal. He spent money freely and was extremely popular with the sort of

Continued on page 38

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Continued from page 36

people who like to see a young man burn up yellow bills with abandon. Of a certain day, however, Arthur Howard learned that there was no more money for him to spend unless he earned it; so he tipped the head waiter at Sherry's with his last dollar and stepped out into Fifth Avenue with nothing between him and a life of industry except his own inclinations. And they, unfortunately, were overbalanced by necessity.

The penniless young man of fiction goes to Mexico and discovers gold mines. Arthur Howard, being a very real person, went to Salem, Massachusetts, discovered politicians, and experienced severe hunger. The story of the way in which he beat these two distressing conditions is told by him in "The Man Who Bucked Up" (Doubleday, Page). It is a story that makes one gasp with astonishment. The audacity with which he, single-handed, tackled conservative Salem and shook it until its teeth chattered was so outrageous as to seem ludicrous. It would have been if he hadn't won; but he did, and Salem elected him as its Mayor within eighteen months of his last dinner at Sherry's.

As fiction this narrative would be classed as of the impossible kind — as a fact story it stands unique in the annals of the men who have tried to "come back."

Dan Russel, the Fox

"Dan Russel, the Fox" (Doran), is another triumph for the Somerville-Ross alliance — and a worthy brother of its saucy predecessors. Once more we have a real picture of Irish life, true in every particular, perfect in every detail. It is a tale of a handful of English strangers transported for a few months' hunting to southwestern Ireland, where they are as much at home as a hen in a Turkish bath. Most of their days (and nights) are devoted to running with Mr. Gus Fitz-Symons' hounds.

The Master is a typical Squireen — rather more brutal perhaps than the average, but not a whit less ignorant or self-satisfied. John Michael, his brother, is of the old-fashioned tribal type, and existed happily but pennilessly under the suzerainty of his elder brother, serving as huntsman and game-keeper for love of the sport. He forms the central figure in this tale. He is best described in his mother's assertion that if "'Gustus would only give Johnny the money to go to England, some rich lady would treat herself to him."

Miss Rowan, the rich English girl who finally proposes to treat herself to him, is discouraged on learning "he'd hate to be married; he'd rather sweep a kennel in America." Such a little thing discourages the English!

A snappy, contrary tale to put people in a smiling humor.

Bella

There are but four characters in "Bella" (Appleton's) that really count. In their order they are Bella, the Poet, Bella's mother, and "Gossip"; and the greatest of these is Bella. She is only thirteen years old, but if she were thirty or threescore she could not be more fascinating. The first three meet at an English seaside resort, where the Poet falls a victim to Bella's innocent charm and beauty of soul, and then in turn is lured by her young and widowed mother, whose beauty and charm are just as undeniable but do not pertain directly to her soul. Then "Gossip" steps in and upsets an Ibsenish postulate. Unconsciously Bella saves the Poet, her mother, and the situation from banality, but leaves the reader at the end vociferously demanding a sequel.

Edward Booth gives us a most charming study of the heart of a sunny child, contrasted as it is with her surprising mother, whom Bella is only old enough to love, not to understand. Bella must grow up and be made into another book even with the certainty of deeper shadows than fall in this one.

The "Flower of Gloster"

At the time when the great waterway in Panama is attracting its crowds of prying tourists, E. Temple Thurston gives us a book concerning the little-known canals of England and a month he spent with Eynsham Harry, the bargeman, exploring these hidden ways through a forgotten and sleeping England. The "Flower of Gloster" (Dodd, Mead) is more of an interlude than a definite contribution. There is more of Eynsham Harry and his placid philosophy than of Shipton-on-Cherwell, Cropredy, and Preston Bagot; but the narrative benefits by that departure. The book is like the voyage — charming, tranquil, and deliberately indefinite.

As an accommodation to our readers we will, on request, gladly supply any information or answer any questions concerning any book. Address Book Service Department, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, *251 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.*

Digitized by Google

"It Requires Less Attention

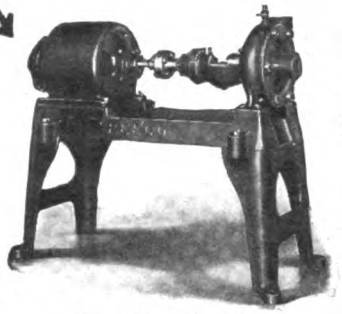
—than any piece of machinery I ever handled," said Mr. D. M. Rogers, Corning, Ohio, after using a "Reeco" Water Supply System for over 5 years. You forget that the "Reeco" System *is* "machinery"—it's so easy to operate and care for.

"REECO" Water Systems

Electric, Hot Air or Gasoline Driven

Repair bills do not worry the "Reeco" owner—Thousands of "Reeco" Systems have been continuously operated 20 years or more without any important repairs. We plan and install complete systems—any capacity—elevated or pressure storage tanks—for houses, factories, hotels, farms; and when desired, we supply all materials and assume full responsibility. 70 years' experience.

Write for Catalogue "G" to nearest office



"Reeco" Centrifugal Pump

RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Montreal, P. Q., Sydney, Australia

Jaeger Sanitary Goods

Sanitary Woolen Underwear

has a world-wide reputation, acquired strictly on its merits, having stood the test of 33 years. It has always carried a guarantee of pure wool, and is recommended by the medical profession for its preventive and curative properties.

Write for illustrated booklet and samples

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores

New York: 306 Fifth Ave., 22 Maiden Lane

Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St. Boston: 324 Boylston St.
Phila.: 1516 Chestnut St. Chicago: 126 N. State St

Agents in all Principal Cities

TRADE MARK

VULCAN-SET

IN RUBBER

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Will stand anything and everything,—**Alcohol, Asphaltum, Benzine, Creosote, Fusel Oil, Hot Glue, Hot Tar, Lacquers, Naphtha, Oils, Turpentine, Any Kind of Paint, Any Kind of Varnish or Shellac, or any other substance.** They will stand any climate, wet or dry, hot or cold. They will never shrink or swell. The setting will last forever,—will not crumble, split, crack, rot or yield in any way under any conditions.

ONE CONTRACT

recently made to supply the requirements for brushes of over forty railroad, steamship and similar companies.

Vulcan-Set Shaving Brushes and Invincible Hair Brushes, in beautiful patterns, wear longer and produce better results than all others.

Whiting-Adams Brushes For Sale Everywhere

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS COMPANY

BOSTON, U.S.A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over One Hundred Years and the Largest in the World

HOT ASHES START FIRE

Home of J. C. Barry Totally Destroyed

Yesterday afternoon the beautiful residence of Mr. J. C. Barry of Woodlawn was razed to the ground by a fierce blaze caused by hot ashes in a wooden box standing on a porch in the rear of the house.

Every one was out of the house except a servant girl, who discovered the fire only after it had made big headway. She quickly phoned to Station No. 6, but the whole building was a raging furnace when the engine and truck arrived.

Will your home be next?

A gust of smoke, a tiny flame, then a blaze leaping up quick and fierce, and to the wooden barrel—to the rickety ash can, is due another of those devastating fires.

Protect your home by using

Witt's Can—For Ashes and Garbage
Witt's Pail—For General Use

the **really fireproof** can and pail, all steel, not a splinter of wood in them. Close fitting lid keeps in all sparks and ashes. Steel rim keeps bottom of the can and pail off the floor. Made of corrugated steel, galvanized (rustproof). Witt's Cans and Pails are the strongest—most durable on the market today. They cost but little more than the ordinary kind, last twice as long.

Three sizes of can and pail. Have your dealer show you them today. If he hasn't Witt's, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

THE WITT CORNICE CO. Dept. 4 CINCINNATI, O.

LOOK FOR THE YELLOW LABEL

Digitized by Google

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

The Most Effective of the Natural Mineral Waters, in Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism, etc.

Dr. I. N. Love, *New York City, former Professor of Clinical Medicine and Diseases of Children, College of Physicians and Surgeons and in Marion Sims College of Medicine, St. Louis, Vice-President of American Medical Association, 1895, etc.,* in an article in *Medical Mirror,* February 1901 says: **"While being the most effective of the natural mineral waters, it is strikingly superior to emergency solutions of lithia tablets and pure water,** even where the said solution is an exceedingly strong one."

Dr. J. Allison Hodges, *President and Professor of Nervous and Mental Diseases, University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.:* "Each year I am more and more impressed with the value of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, SPRING No. 2,** in the treatment of that class of diseases dependent upon a **Uric Acid Diathesis, Rheumatism, Gout, Urinary Calculus, Vesical Irritations, etc.,** for I have time and again witnessed its undisputed efficacy in relieving these cases, and in many instances curing them, by disintegrating and eliminating **Urinary Calculi** when they were present."

Medical testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

They imitate the shape, the box, the slogan; but get the real thing for yours.

PARIS GARTERS

25¢ - 50¢

A. Stein & Company, Makers
Chicago and New York

A scratchy improperly made pen is not only exasperating but a strain on the writer. No need to put up with it when you can get Esterbrook Pens.

Easiest writing, longest wearing. Backed by a half-century's reputation.

Ask your stationer
Write for illustrated booklet

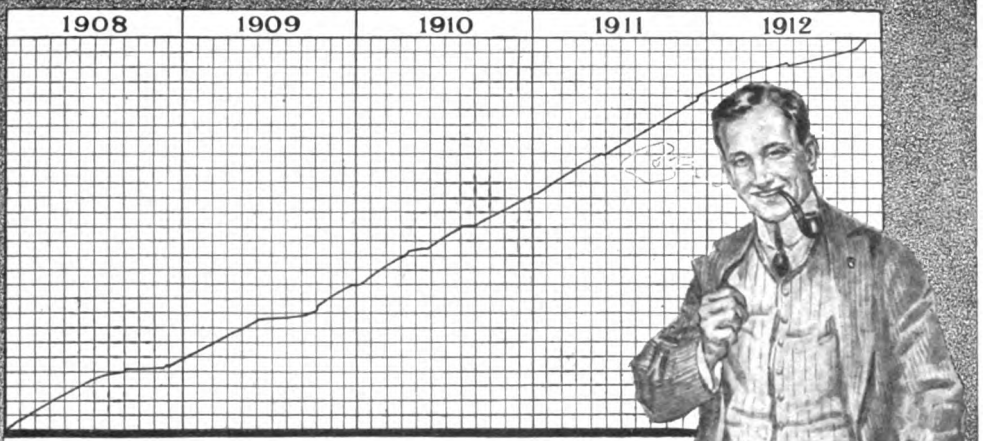
The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John Street, New York
Works: Camden, N. J.

250 Styles

Esterbrook Steel Pens

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google



Up—Up—Up!

That's the way the sales show **HOW**

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

is getting acquainted with pipe smokers of the country!

The choicest selection possible to make of rich Old Burley Leaf—mellowed to perfection—a flavor smooth and full of character. A smoke that will delight you 'way beyond your expectations. Don't miss an opportunity to try Velvet in YOUR PIPE. At all dealers.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c TINS

For Winter chapping of FACE and HANDS

Hinds Liquid Cream in bottles **50c**

HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM

Relieves at once, quickly heals, makes clear, velvety skin. Complexions are greatly improved by its use. Endorsed by refined women. Soothes infants' skin troubles. Men who shave prefer it.—Is not greasy; cannot grow hair; is absolutely harmless. At all dealers.

Write for Free Sample Bottle and Tube A. S. HINDS, 38 West St., Portland, Maine

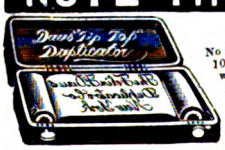
Hinds Cold Cream in tubes **25c**

Digitized by Google

Rates for advertisements in this department $2.15 per agate line. 14 lines to an inch. No advertisement less than seven lines accepted
Address "The Market Place of the World." Eastern Office: 251 Fourth Ave., New York. Western Office: Kesner Bldg., Chicago

NOTE THE SIMPLICITY

Of making perfect duplicates with the



Daus' IMPROVED Tip Top Duplicator.

No intricate mechanism. No printer's ink. Always ready 100 copies from pen-written and 50 copies from type-written original. Useful in any business. Sent on Ten Days' Trial Without Deposit. Complete duplicator, cap size, (prints 8¾x13 inches). Contains roll of "Dausco" Oiled Parchment Back, duplicating surface which can be used over and over again. Circular of larger sizes free on request. **$5.00**

FELIX A. K. DAUS DUPLICATOR CO., Daus Bldg., 111 John Street, New York

WORK SHOPS

OF wood and metal workers, without steam power, equipped with

BARNES' FOOT POWER MACHINERY

allow lower bids on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.
200 Ruby Street Rockford, Ill.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

WOMAN'S BEAUTY

is her complexion. Society requires and every woman desires that soft, clear, velvety smoothness which LABLACHE always imparts. Invisible, but adherent, its delicate perfume is a suggestion of refinement.

Refuse substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Department 19,
125 Kingston Street, - - Boston, Mass.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines **SOLD or RENTED ANY WHERE at ¼ to ½ M'F'R'S PRICES,** allowing **RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE.** Shipped with privilege of examination. ☞Write for Illustrated Catalog H.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

FAY "Ideal" STOCKINGS

We will guarantee to keep your child in **Fay Ideal Stockings** for less money, less bother, less darning, look better, feel better and be better summer and winter than you can with any other stocking made. Try them now. **Satisfaction or money back.** Button at waist, no supporters to buy. Where no dealer mailed postpaid. Write for folder.

THE FAY STOCKING CO., BOX 119, ELYRIA, O.

CLARK'S TOURS

TO EUROPE

March 15 (Auto), 22: April 26 and frequently after. North Cape June 10. Little Groups with exceptional leadership.

Times Building - - New York

A WINEGLASSFUL—BEST BEFORE BREAKFAST

BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

Digitized by Google

SNIDER'S CATSUP Is Delicious.

None Genuine Without This Signature.

Stewart Hartshorn

Get the Originator's Signed Product and Avoid Disappointment.

The Inventor's Signature that stands for perfection in

SHADE ROLLERS

For 62 years the Hartshorn Shade Roller has kept in the lead of all imitations, because of original merit and every possible improvement. Latest model requires no tacks. Wood or tin rollers. Dependable, lasting springs.

WHITE VALLEY GEMS IMPORTED from FRANCE

SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!

These gems are chemical white sapphires — **LOOK** like **Diamonds.** Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and **will cut glass.** Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K **solid gold diamond mountings.** Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—**no money in advance.** Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices & ring measure. **WHITE VALLEY GEM CO.,** 784 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

TYPEWRITERS FACTORY REBUILT

Remington No. 6—$27. Smith Premier No. 2—$23. Only two of our special bargains. Have trademark and guarantee like new machines. Are thoroughly rebuilt, and perfect in appearance. Satisfaction guaranteed. We can save you $25 to $75 on any machine. Branch stores in leading cities.

Write for "The Typewriter's Confession" and catalog.
AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

Macey Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

Money in Poultry and Squabs

Foy's Big Book tells how to start small and **grow big.** Describes world's largest pure-bred poultry farm and leading varieties of poultry, and gives a great mass of useful poultry information. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, brooders. Mailed for 4c **F. FOY, Box 50, Des Moines, Ia.**

Print your own cards, circulars, book, newspaper. PRESS $5, larger $18, Rotary $60. All easy, rules sent. Print for others, big profit. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, etc.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

The Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush — Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows

Digitized by Google

Do your glasses slip?

REMEMBER THE NAME

Shur-on

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTINGS

There's no slip to Shur-on Eyeglass Mountings fitted with H-7 Guards

¶ Touching the sides of nose at the right point, H-7 Guards keep Shur-ons in place with hardly noticeable spring pressure.

¶ New Shur-ons have many other improvements—soft pressure springs, neater lines, greater comfort, increased durability.

¶ Always best, 1912 improvements make Shur-ons better than ever—the result of 48 years acquired skill.

Test Your Eyes Yourself

¶ Hold this advertisement at thirteen inches. Read with each eye. If any of the type blurs, have your eyes examined. If you wear glasses and the type blurs, you may need new lenses or a new mounting. Consider Shur-on mountings. Write us for full information that will enable you to buy glasses intelligently. Never buy glasses by mail. Glasses must be fitted by hand; they cannot be fitted by mail. (Avoid cut price fakers. Trust your eyes only to those you know you can trust.) In buying glasses remember the name Shur-on. Stamped on eyeglass and spectacle mountings, the word Shur-on is your guarantee of reliable, dependable, comfortable glasses.

Write for "How to Buy Glasses Intelligently."

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
Ave. T, Rochester, N.Y.

Established in 1864.

LOOK FOR Shur-on THE NAME ON THE BRIDGE

BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW! and the BURPEE BUSINESS GROWS!

Last year (our 36th) we sold more seeds than ever before in any one year, and in 1913 we shall sell even more. You will understand "the reason why" when you read

BURPEE'S NEW ANNUAL FOR 1913

This complete book, bound in lithographed covers and containing also four fine colored plates painted from nature, is YOURS for the asking—provided you have a garden and will mention where you saw this advertisement. It is an elegant book—the best seed catalog we have yet issued—and offers Rare Novelties in choicest Vegetables and Beautiful Flowers, some of which can be obtained *only* **direct from us.**

Many a winter's evening can be spent profitably in planning your garden by a careful study of this book. Shall we send you a copy? If you appreciate **Quality in Seeds** you will say **Yes!**

If so, **write to-day**—do not put off and possibly forget until it is too late!

REGISTERED VAB TRADE MARK
"THE SEAL OF QUALITY"

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
America's Largest Mail-Order Seed House
BURPEE BUILDINGS, PHILADELPHIA

SUN GASOLINE LAMP
Bright, Safe, Cheap Clean.

A secret process gives "Sun" light the right color value to soothe and protect the eyes. 108 styles fixtures. Satisfaction or money back.

An $8.00 Lamp **FREE** to agents selling 6 lamps.

Get catalog and liberal terms.

Hollow wire system also.

SUN LIGHT CO.
1333 Market St., Canton, O.

Lowest Prices All popular breeds of chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys. Highest scoring strains. Best eggs. 20 years experience. Lowest prices. Best incubators too. You lose money if you buy before seeing my big illustrated Poultry Book. Worth dollars to you sent Free, for name and address. Write quick.

Get my BOOK FREE

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 15 Rockford, Ill.

Protect Yourself *Ask for* ORIGINAL—GENUINE

The Food-Drink for All Ages

Others are Imitations

All Druggists

Built any Size

Cornell Sectional Cottages

Complete Painted Ready to Set Up

Garages, Stores, Churches, Schoolhouses, Playhouses, Studios, etc. Built in sections, convenient for handling and are quickly and easily erected simply by bolting sections together. Skilled labor is not necessary to set them up, as all sections are numbered and everything fits. Built of first class material in the largest and best portable house factory in America. Buildings are substantial and as durable as if built on the ground by local contractors. Are handsomer and COST MUCH LESS. We build houses to meet every requirement. We pay freight. Art catalog by mail on receipt of 4c. stamps. **Wyckoff Lumber & Mfg. Co., 404 Lehigh St., Ithaca, N.Y.**

Digitized by Google

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME XL No. 4 FEBRUARY, 1913

THE FIRST OF THE BOOSTER STORIES

BY WALLACE IRWIN

WITH PICTURES BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

BEGINNING A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES (EACH STORY COMPLETE IN ONE ISSUE) BY THE CREATOR OF HASHIMURA TOGO, THE JAPANESE SCHOOL-BOY

MONTH AFTER MONTH MR. IRWIN WILL TELL THE MARVELOUS EXPLOITS AND ADVENTURES IN "BOOSTING" OF A REAL YOUNG AMERICAN—BRIAN BORU

WHEN the nine-fifteen steamed in from Los Angeles, every real estate dealer in San Bruno, proud city of corner lots, stood agog, a-tiptoe, his mind centered on the Santa Fé station, which sheltered the arrival of Mr. Cyprus Halloway mildly shepherding Halloway's Hundred Health Pilgrims. For Mr. Halloway was there to buy land, and San Bruno had it to sell in every quantity from a clod to a continent. Consequently the sellers of the soil vied with the hotel runners in their attentions to the eccentric stranger. They were all there — all, did I say? Nay; there was one, Brian Boru Blaney by name, who languished in a hall bedroom of the cheapest boarding-house in town, lolled among the pillows and smoked cigarettes. Cigarettes were his habit, but lolling was not; yet his languors of this morning were forgivable, since he was out of a job and considering the future.

Unattended, then, by Blaney or his thoughts, Mr. Cyprus Halloway, owlish, Pickwickian, moderately wealthy leader of health cranks, marshaled his bedraggled hundred up from the depot to the hotel. As he advanced through town he beheld the wonders of booming San Bruno, which, trading cunningly on her annual crop of tourists, had increased in three years

Copyright, 1913, by The McClure Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

Digitized by Google

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

"HE FOUND HIMSELF GAZING DOWN THE MUZZLE OF A DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOT-

Digitized by Google

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

GUN, AT THE OTHER END OF WHICH STOOD AN EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GIRL"

Digitized by Google

from a buxom village to an infant metropolis. On the strength of intemperate boosts for her temperate climate, she could now boast her seventy-five thousand inhabitants; in fact, she *did* boast that number and a little bit more around the new-antique Italian bar of the Grand Hotel. Main Street was no longer a lane — it was just the other end of Broadway extending across America. Big business was beginning to sprout out of weedy corners. The honey-breeze of California smelt of asphalt, and the twelve-story skyscraper of the Insoluble Trust Company loomed right next to the back yard where Mrs. Mary Casey's red hen scratched the roots of a real-estate sign. So Paradise must have looked when municipal improvement set in.

The shoddy establishment where Brian Boru Blaney roomed was called the Majestic, and it afforded Brian a sleeping compartment too small for an extra bureau, but large enough for his expanding thoughts. We may behold him now, pajama-clad, sitting on the edge of his golden oak bedstead. Red-headed, pathetically Irish of eye, youth seemed to proclaim in him the incurable optimist. And he had good use for his optimism this morning, for, being out of work, he had everything to expect. His temperamental passion for his home town had earned for him the local title of the "Little Booster," in distinction to the "Big Booster," who was Mr. Charles W. Ketchum, of Ketchum & Sellers, real estate. Brian had, in fact, been the valued employee of the above-mentioned firm up to last night, when Ketchum had called the young man into the inner shrine and said:

"My boy, that Beulah Addition scheme of yours is a stroke of genius. We stand to lose a hundred thousand by it. You're fired."

As the auburn youth dangled bare toes and reviewed in his mind the details of this ultimatum, Mrs. Meecham, the landlady, coughed menacingly outside the door and slid two envelops through the crack. One Brian recognized as a statement of board three weeks in arrears. The other, of a more prosperous stationery, he opened hastily, and uttered a whistle of reviving hope as he read:

Dear Sir:

Chas. W. Ketchum tells me you are the biggest fool in or out of the real-estate business. I am preparing to launch a deal requiring the talents of such an one. Can you meet me at the Grand Hotel bar at ten o'clock? Yours truly,

WARNER E. HISSUP.

"State Senator Hissup!" thought Brian Boru Blaney, with a sanguine flush, as he read and re-read the mysterious note. "Gee! It's lucky I'm open to propositions this morning!"

Hope flamed rosier than his hair as he proceeded with his dressing, a process which, with Brian, included the adjusting of much gaudy raiment. First he rolled back his mattress and removed therefrom a pair of yellow-brown trousers pressed by slumber's simple process to a fine edge. A pleated coat of the type known to the fifteen-dollar trade as "Norfolk" swung from the back of a chair. His shirt was pink, his tie was green, his mercerized socks were a combination of both colors.

"Senator Hissup can offer lots of things," he repeated to himself, as he buttoned on his knob-toed shoes and strode forth to adventure.

On the way to the Grand Hotel, he paused and smiled as a squad of Halloway's Health Pilgrims passed, moving two by two with the air of elderly boarding-school children. He recognized several real-estate men surrounding Mr. Halloway, gesturing eloquently and using the word "climate" with passionate frequency.

"That old guy needs special treatment," he reflected, "and those simps ain't got class enough to give it."

Leaning against the mahogany of the Grand Hotel bar Brian observed State Senator Hissup, champion of oppressed corporations, a flat-faced person with the profile of a toy spaniel.

"Good morning, Mr. Blarney," said the statesman, extending a flabby paw.

"Blaney," corrected the Little Booster. "The *r* is silent, as in 'bean.'"

"Hum!" growled the doggish State Senator. "My car's outside. We'll go look at the tract. Maybe you don't want to handle such a fool proposition ——"

"I'm the softest of my family," chirped Brian Boru. "My brain's a watery waste, and every drop of it at your service. What's your proposition?"

They mounted a white touring-car outside and went rolling westward.

"As one D. F. to another," explained Hissup, "I say it confidentially — I need the money. The only tract I can sell is not sellable. Does that look bright to you?"

"Where is your El Dorado?" asked Brian cheerfully.

"Ever heard of Slaughter-house Gulch?"

"Holy alkali!" whistled the young man. "Now I understand why Ketchum recommended *me!* Slaughter-house Gulch is Hope's jumping-off place. It's the rattlesnakes' Waterloo ——"

"And mine," supplied the State Senator sadly. "Ten years ago politics gave me a chance to buy the tract at fifty cents per acre. I was crazy enough to think it a bargain. Even the slaughter-house moved away from the

Digitized by Google

blighted spot. Taxes and gophers grow there in luxuriance — nothing else. Last year I tried to give it back to the city as a site for a poor farm."

"The poor saw you first," said Brian. "Nice bit o' land! The slaughter-house shuns it, the poor pass it up — gilt-edge — what? However, many things have been done in my line o' business."

The car stopped at a depressing formation among the hills. Out of the limitless tangle of greasewood, innumerable real-estate signs reared like headstones in some giants' graveyard. Trolley-poles showed dismally to the east.

They plowed their way through the greasewood to a slight bump on the landscape.

"The ocean's there," said Hissup, pointing to a tiny distant speck of blue.

Brian sat himself on the stump of a decayed sign. Half a mile to the south his eyes beheld a spot of green, a fence-inclosed grove of trees and bushes surrounding a weather-beaten bungalow.

"Who lives there?" he asked, his eyes hazy with unborn visions.

"Uncle Steve Pottle — lived there for years. He and the gophers have completely queered the district."

Brian Boru Blaney chewed a sprig of honey sage and concentrated. Uncle Steve Pottle was the oldest man in the world — all San Bruno knew that for a fact. He claimed a hundred and seven years to his credit, and could show abundant proof of his extreme age; for every morning he stood at the corner of D and Main streets, exhibiting an antiquated license stating that Steven E. Pottle, aged twenty-nine, was married in Trenton, New Jersey, seventy-eight years ago.

"Whoops! I got the straw!" cried Brian, suddenly leaping to his feet.

"Straw?" inquired the puzzled statesman.

"You bet! Every good boost's like an orange phosphate — it needs a straw to draw it up through and make it taste natural. And I've got the straw that's going to make 'em thirst for this deal!"

"Straw?" repeated Hissup.

"Wait a minute. In the first place, this tract's goin' to be called Healthy-View-by-the-Sea. True, there's only a quart of ocean in sight, but every drop o' romance counts in the real-estate business. What's that lane down there?" he asked, pointing to a rutty thoroughfare which led, apparently, nowhere.

"That's the old slaughter-house road," said the Senator.

"Hire a hundred 'n' fifty dollars' worth o' Dagos to smooth off the surface. Re-name it 'Æsculapius Drive'— see?"

"But how about the ——"

"Oh, forget the straw for a minute. You've lived in San Bruno long enough, I guess, to know that most o' the land around these parts is bought by tourists from the East — health fans past middle age, who think they can dodge the dread Reaper by nestling close to the soil and pulling the climate over 'em. I guess you know, too, that Cyprus Halloway, the Grand High Totem of the Healthomaniacs, is here with a roll o' bills like a China loan, cryin' like a baby to spend it on a strip o' land that nobody else wants? Health! Gee — what a prospectus I could write on this place!" An ecstatic flush overspread his freckles as he pulled out his pink cuffs and quoted from the Prospectus Beautiful: "'Fanned by old Pacific's life-giving breezes, mayhap the tired business man may pause awhile and linger ——'"

"But," interrupted State Senator Hissup, "you mentioned a certain idea you had to make the scheme draw — a straw, I think you called it?"

"That straw'll be Uncle Steve Pottle, the oldest man in the world," answered the incurable optimist.

When Brian Boru approached Uncle Steve Pottle next morning, the latter had just made his regular daily appearance at the corner of D and Main streets, the observed of tourists. He stood straight as a string, and his cascade of snowy beard and hair gave to his withered face the appearance of a frost-bitten apple neatly packed in cotton.

"How long have you lived in Slaughter-house Gulch?" shouted Brian, standing close to the dotard's good ear.

"Oh, tol'able, tol'able!" replied the oldest of men.

"How long's that — ever since the Revolutionary War?"

"Come there two year before Rex Olcutt shot Bill Fry."

"About seventeen years ago," computed the Booster, recalling the celebrated unpleasantness. He again funneled his hands and shouted: "Uncle, it seems to me you've reflected a lot o' glory on this burg without getting much out of it. Think how you've advertised the climate! You ought to have a monument, or something."

"Oh, shucks!" sniffled old Pottle magnificently, with the air of Caesar refusing golden crowns.

"How'd you like a public testimonial lunch in honor of your hundred and seventh birthday?" Brian proposed suddenly.

"Huckus-pocus! My birthday was last March."

Digitized by Google

"CYPRUS HALLOWAY SCRUTINIZED THE RECORDS CAREFULLY

Digitized by Google

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

'A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL CASE,' HE OBSERVED"

Digitized by Google

"That doesn't hinder our giving you a birthday lunch now, does it?"

"It don't ezackly hender," agreed the old man judgmatically, as he dropped his ivory upper set of teeth a quarter of an inch. "But it don't ezackly *jibe*."

"You're getting on in years, Uncle. Maybe you're scared of the food." Brian sighed.

"Who says I'm gittin' too old to enjoy my vittles?" The patriarch threw out his chest like a withered bird. "Ther ain't a young whippersnapper in this generation kin walk further or eat more vittles 'n I kin!" Uncle Steve's black eyes snapped like electric shoe-buttons.

"That settles it, then," said Brian cheerfully. "A week from Wednesday's going to be Old Folks' Day, and you're to be the guest of honor. Presentation ceremonies, parade, lunch ——"

"Brass band?" inquired the old man craftily.

"The best in town."

Uncle Steve hesitated, and Brian could observe a look of miserly cunning creeping over the withered face.

"Time's money," he squeaked. "I got lots o' things to 'tend to this week. Ther's taxes to pay on my house, 'n' all ——"

"How much?" asked the Little Booster promptly.

"Fifty dollars wouldn't be too much," replied the graybeard, with equal spontaneity.

"That's a lot o' money, but I'll be good for it," said Brian magnanimously. "And now, look here. If I hire you, you've got to obey orders. Make yourself mysterious — see? Keep off the streets and don't show yourself anywhere until Old Folks' Day. D' y' get me, Uncle Steve?"

"Yep." Suddenly the old man craned his little turkey neck over his shoulder with a worried look. "Got to promise one thing," he whispered. "Don't tell Betsy."

"Who's Betsy?"

"None o' yer business. But y' won't tell 'er, will ye?"

"Certainly not, Archibald," agreed Brian readily. Uncle Steve Pottle gave the young man a withered claw, and walked away with the stiff dignity of a marionette.

Thanks to the able stage management of Brian Boru Blaney and the secret connivance of State Senator Hissup, Old Folks' Day was epochal. The politician had lent a room on the third floor of the Insoluble Life Building to the purposes of the Booster; and it was from the window of this office that mysteriously labeled banners were let down from time to time during the week preceding. The first banner, many yards long and boldly lettered, flaunted the question:

WHO IS THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD —AND WHY?

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD LIVES AT HEALTHY VIEW

was the half-answer which soon appeared.

THE OLDEST MAN — 107 YEARS OLD — COMING AT 10 A. M. WEDNESDAY!!

announced another. And so on at hourly intervals.

Prominent among the many spectators arrested by these flaunting promises was an owlish gentleman of Pickwickian mien who took notes in a red morocco book with the air of a gambler studying a pool-room chart. Brian, watching the crowd from behind a closed screen, recognized in this earnest person Mr. Cyprus Halloway of the Hundred Health Pilgrims.

For a bribe of five dollars and a new hat, Brian was able to employ the services of Dr. Abe Meyer (retired from the active practice of patent medicine) to act as spokesman for the Old Folks and marshal a "committee" of twelve elderly tramps, shaved for the occasion and respectable-ized by means of bargain straw hats. It was the duty of this "committee" to ride in automobiles, wear badges, and wave placards announcing the glad but belated tidings of Uncle Steve's hundred and seventh natal day.

Two hours before the time set, Brian Boru, from his third-story window, beheld the crowd gathering, and realized what an unexpected importance his celebration was assuming. Droves of humanity fought for places around the gaudy cars now assembled in front of the Insoluble Life Building. The air vibrated with emotion; and when Steinwinder's Silver Cornet Band leaped into the melting strains of "Darling, I Am Growing Old," two laborers were arrested for starting a riot, so great was the heart-throb.

Gray, white, and bald heads predominated in the throng below. But the Little Booster's nerves most tingled with excitement when he noted the fact that Mr. Cyprus Halloway was there, close to the band, surrounded by his hundred motley pilgrims.

The pathos of "Darling's" increasing longevity was thoroughly exploited by Steinwinder's industrious trumpeters. Meanwhile Brian slunk to a side street, cranked up Senator Hissup's white car, and met Uncle Steve Pottle, according to appointment. Exactly at the hour of ten, to the merry winding of a horn, the big car, all broken out with red and yellow stream-

Digitized by Google

ers, boiled into the Square and took its place at center stage. Immediately there flaunted from the third-floor window a gigantic banner labeled:

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD IS HERE!

Mr. Cyprus Halloway, his owl eyes goggling, edged closer, his faithful hundred following suit.

Brian Boru Blaney arose in the tonneau and laid his hand upon his pleated chest. Beside him sat a small, upright figure wearing a white vest and a silk hat many sizes too small for him.

"Neighbors," began the orator, in a persuasive bellow, "we have the authority of such eminent bac-ter-i-o-lo-gists as Dr. Woods McCutchinson that no man has ever lived to the age of a hundred years. Dr. McCutchinson is doubtless a smart man — but are we good folks of San Bruno going to *believe* such a statement?" (Cries of "No — No!" from several enthusiasts.) "Thanks. I am glad to know that my fellow countrymen are still able to *think* for themselves. For have we not been eye-witnesses for a score of years to the maturity of this splendid specimen of old manhood, Colonel Steven E. Pottle?"

Cheers. Brian, encouraged, now dragged in Professor Metchnikoff to prove that certain favored strips of land grew old men, even as certain vineyards grow old wine. There was Servia, for instance. (Brian was not quite sure it *was* Servia, but it was worth taking a chance.)

"Servia is blessed with longevity, but need we go so far to find the El Dorado of old age?" inquired the Little Booster, in conclusion. He looked straight at Halloway, who now stood within six feet of him. "No! No! I repeat. For we have right here, my friends, at our very door-step, a tract of land so favored, I might say, by a generous heaven that it has enabled our distinguished townsman here to live to the ripe age of a hundred and seven!"

"What's the name of the place?" inquired the chief of the Health Pilgrims, in confidential tones.

"The name of that place is Healthy-View-by-the-Sea!" thundered Brian passionately.

Brian sat down, which was the cue for Dr. Abe Meyer, flanked by his twelve elderly tramps, to deliver to Uncle Steve a large gilded key, presumably unlocking the gates of the city. Dr. Abe spoke in the finest vein of the patent-medicine school of oratory. Meanwhile an automobile circled around the throng, tossing forth pamphlets of a decorative nature containing Brian's real-estate epic beginning, "Mayhap the tired business man ——"

Uncle Steve spoke next. His remarks might have been more coherent had not his false teeth insisted on slipping down and interrupting his eloquence.

"Anyways, I'm a hundred 'n' seven, an' if y' don't believe it" (pause to adjust teeth) "ask the folks back to Trenton, where I was born in — lemme see — eighteen ——"

"Eighteen hundred and five!" prompted Brian, after a lightning calculation.

"In 1805 I was born there." (Dental operation.) "An' if ye don't believe *that*, here's the marriage cetifkit to prove it. My birthday was the fifteenth o' last March ——"

"To-day, to-day!" prompted the Booster, pulling his coat-tails.

"Hey?" inquired Uncle, leaning down with a hand held wing-like behind his ear.

"Your birthday is to-day!" repeated Brian Boru.

"My birthday's to-day," went on Uncle, serenely addressing the crowd. "An' I never felt better in my life. I can walk further an' eat more vittles 'n any darn whippersnapper a-goin'."

Uncle Steve took his seat. Loud applause. Mike, the chauffeur, now began cranking up the car, and two small boys took their places in the van with a placard, "The Oldest Man in the World." Before the procession proceeded, Brian announced to the throng that Uncle Steve, to prove his digestive prowess, would eat his birthday dinner in the window of the Saddle Rock Restaurant.

Cyprus Halloway jumped on the running-board of Brian's car just as it was pulling out.

"How does one get to this Healthy-View-by-the-Sea?" asked the stranger.

"To-morrow at three o'clock we give a testimonial pilgrimage and free bus ride to the home of this wonderful man. If you wish, we'll provide transportation for as many of your Pilgrims as you wish to bring."

"There are a hundred of us," said Halloway. "We'll try and make it."

As they moved slowly toward the Saddle Rock Restaurant, Brian took Uncle Steve in hand and attempted to impress him with the importance of his office.

"Half the town will be rubbering at your performance. You've got to eat like a wolf."

"Guess I kin!" responded Uncle Steve recklessly.

No Fifth Avenue wedding could have blushed more flagrantly in the public eye than did that noonday banquet at the Saddle Rock. A table for fifteen was set in the window to accommodate Dr. Abe's twelve qualified tramps, Dr. Abe himself, Brian Boru, and, on a central throne, Colonel Steven E. Pottle. A floral piece inscribed, "107 — Greetings," hovered o'er.

Uncle Steve at first threatened to be a gastronomic disappointment. First came clams.

Digitized by Google

The old man put on his spectacles and examined them.

"I don't eat no raw food!" he declared stubbornly.

Brian, secretly wringing his hands under the table-cloth, beheld the tempting bivalves carried away untouched. Uncle was displeased at everything. He turned up his nose at soup, jeered at sweetbreads, snubbed the salad, scorned peach Melba.

"I want vittles!" he demanded morosely.

"What do you call vittles?" hissed the Little Booster.

"Ham 'n' eggs," suggested the centenarian.

"Fry him a dozen — quick — before they mob the place!" commanded Brian of a waiter. The spectators in the window were beginning to see the humor of the situation.

During the pause Brian toasted the guest of honor in sparkling cider from gold-label bottles. As each bumper of this stage champagne was lightly tossed, the elderly chorus responded with applause. Uncle looked hungrily toward the kitchen. At last a huge platter of ham and eggs was set before him. And old Pottle ate — ate as never dotard ate before, as though his life and his knife depended upon the performance. He never raised his head until he had stripped the platter clean and wiped it carefully with a wedge of bread. And the mob outside, like unto the ranks of Tuscany at sight of Horatius' Marathon swim, could scarce forbear a cheer.

"Ain't no young whippersnapper kin beat *me!*" chuckled Uncle Steve Pottle.

The luncheon closed officially with a final theatrical toast, the entire chorus rising. As a finale, the window-curtain dropped, disclosing the placard, "A Hundred More Birthdays Just as Happy."

Before the crowd dispersed, Brian stepped to the door and announced his intention of tendering a testimonial pilgrimage to the home of Colonel Pottle on the morrow at three. Autobus rides would be free for all respectable persons over fifty years of age.

The Little Booster and the centenarian slipped quietly out through a back door. The old man was beginning to look sad.

"Better let me take you home in my auto," suggested the young man.

"Lead me to the trolley!" grunted Uncle Steve gloomily.

Brian put him on a west-bound car at the corner of Main and D streets.

"I could take you home just as well," he began.

"Y' can't force me to do nothin' I'm sot ag'in'," declared old Pottle, as he eased himself painfully into an outside seat.

"Be at home, ready for the big call, to-morrow at three!" Brian smiled.

"Um!" was Uncle's sole retort. The tram slid away down the track.

Early next morning Brian telephoned to Senator Hissup.

"Your Old Folks' Day looks to me like a fool proposition," said the statesman.

"Fool propositions are what you hired me for," replied the Little Booster. "I've got to have a hundred dollars extra for bus fare."

"Think I'm made of money?"

"No. But you will be, if you leave it to me. I've got Halloway's Health Pilgrims on the string, and if we can drag 'em to Healthy View there's nothing left to do but tag 'em, 'Sold.'"

Hissup sent the money by messenger, and five buses were engaged for three o'clock.

Imagine, then, the young man's surprise when, driving the Senator's car into the Square at the appointed hour, he beheld what appeared to be the entire elderly population of the town struggling around the five buses, already arrived. Several hundred elderly ladies, clad variously for motoring, surged around an almost equal number of elderly gentlemen, who alternately stormed the vehicles and were repulsed with great slaughter. The horrid truth dawned upon Brian Boru. Most of the old people who had heard the exercises yesterday had accepted his invitation for a free ride to-day. But Halloway's Health Pilgrims, the only desirable clients of the lot, were not there!

Erstwhile staid and dignified persons were jumping aboard the vehicles with the agility of school children, clinging to every available seat as passengers cling to a life-raft beside a sinking ship. Brian was just ordering his chauffeurs to drive ahead and avoid further violence, when a messenger from the hotel brought a note from Halloway that read:

We are attending a health lecture. Will follow at four in our own autos.

The five buses rumbled westward, Brian leading in the Senator's car, slightly overtaxed with ten passengers, mostly fat. Brian pretended to sit on the lap of an exceedingly stout gentleman, although the feat more closely resembled clinging to a cliff of jelly. He was obliged to lean lovingly over his shoulder to explain terms of sale to a timid lady in the tonneau.

As they approached Healthy View, he noticed, to his satisfaction, that Hissup's faithful Italians had scraped off the surface of Æsculapius Drive and set up signs here and there announcing, "To Home of Colonel Pottle," etc.

Digitized by Google

Such bright portents cheered him; yet his nerves thrilled menacingly as the car began bumping over the stony road leading to Uncle Steve's place.

The bars were up at the gate, he saw, and a string of inhospitable barb wire was stretched from post to post. No sign of welcome greeting the party, Brian got out, and was in the act of fumbling with the wire entanglements when he observed a flutter of gingham apron among the leafage, and, looking up, found himself gazing down the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun, at the other end of which stood a small, exceedingly pretty girl with her two black eyes fixed murderously on his heart. Two things that seldom fail to hold the masculine attention — a pretty girl and a loaded gun.

"Halt!" she commanded in that throaty voice which, elocutionists tell us, is supposed to convey the idea of resolution and desperate courage.

"Gladys Glenn, the Bandit's Bride!" grinned Brian. "How do you do?"

"I warn you to turn right round and march back!" said she disdainfully, albeit the gun was now beginning to wabble in her fragile grasp. "I'm not here to fool!"

"Neither am I," said the young man, lowering his voice and approaching so near that the muzzle of the gun scratched his eyebrow. "I can't afford to be held up just now, no matter how much I like it. This is business."

"I don't like your business," she sniffed.

"I love a cordial manner in a pretty girl," he said sweetly. "If my line of talk bothers you, maybe I can interview Uncle Steve Pottle."

"You can't!" The gun wavered back to the firing angle.

"Are you his keeper?"

"Yes. I'm his granddaughter."

"Oh. Then you're Betsy."

"Betsy Spencer, if you want it all."

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Spencer." Brian looked down the gun-barrel and said this politely. "Can't you see how you're getting me in wrong with all these rubber-necks?"

"Your rubber-necks can't make a side-show of grandpa," said Miss Spencer, with *esprit*.

The muzzle of the heavy gun drooped earthward. Brian suddenly laid his hand on it.

"If I wasn't such a perfect gent'man I could take this cannon away," he grinned.

"I don't care. It isn't loaded," she answered calmly. "But I want to tell you one thing confidentially before you start that Glidden tour tramping over our flower-beds. Better not show 'em grandpa, if you value your business standing."

"Why?"

"He'd be the worst real-estate ad in the world to-day. Take my advice — send 'em away!"

Something in her tone bode ill for the enterprise. Putting as bold a face as possible on the matter, Brian walked over to the buses and made excuses. Uncle Steve sent his greetings through his granddaughter, he said, but could not be with them for a few hours.

"Does he always send greetings with a shotgun?" a sarcastic voice from among the tourists was heard to ask, as the expedition wheeled slowly toward Slaughter-house Gulch.

Outwardly calm, raging vultures pecked beneath the fifteen-dollar Norfolk of Brian Boru. Was not the old man just as much his grandfather as hers, in a way, considering that he had been engaged by Brian by the week, fed and exploited? What right had a little girl with a big gun to keep him from his rightful discovery? He would go back and settle the matter at once.

"Stop the car and let me out," he whispered to Mike, the chauffeur. "There's twenty dollars in it for you if you take this mob over the property and boost it hard. Terms hundred 'n' fifty down, balance in a year. I'll join you later."

The young man strode away in the direction of the little gray cottage among the trees. As he rounded the corner of the house he heard a small voice singing slightly off the key:

"Mis-ter Brown, Mis-ter Brown
Had a vi-o-lin!"

On the rose-embowered steps looking toward a mellow California sun, peacefully slanting, he beheld Betsy Spencer mending the neck-band of a faded shirt. In the path at her feet a fat white duck sozzled its bill in a pan of water, daintily satisfied with this manner of finger-bowl. The scene was a pastoral one, bearing no suggestion of firearms or disputed grandparents.

"Now, look here," began Brian, removing his hat and trying to look severe. "There's been awful rotten team work about this job. I came to praise Caesar, and you pulled a gun on me. Cordial little thing, aren't you!"

"I suppose real-estate men are all poets." Betsy rang a tiny mocking bell of laughter. "Homer advertised Greece, Dante boosted Inferno. And now Mr. Brian Boru Blaney has written a perspectus on Healthy-View-by-the-Sage-Brush." She drew one of his folders from her work-basket and began to read: "'Fanned by old Pacific's balmy breezes, mayhap the ti-erd business man ——'"

"Oh, Betsy!" moaned a feeble voice from within the house.

Digitized by Google

"Grandpa's a very ti-erd business man to-day," she announced, disappearing.

"Is he sick?" asked Brian, as soon as she came back.

"He's getting all right now, but he's been awful."

Through the half-open door Brian saw the old man, wrapped in blankets.

"What *did* you feed him at the famous health lunch?"

"Ham an' eggs."

"Murder!" she gasped. "He's lived on buttermilk and toast for years."

"He bragged he could walk further and eat more vittles than ——"

"I know," said the girl quite seriously. For a time she glanced over the silvery grass and sage glinting westward.

"Oh, look!" she said, suddenly regarding Brian's apparel. "There's a button off your pretty actor's coat. Let me sew it on."

Without a word, the Booster shed, while she selected a button and began to sew.

"Untruthfulness is a habit that won't come off — like buttons," she remarked, sewing. "Grandpa's had the habit for years."

"What!" Suspicion took possession of him.

"Grandpa is a great novelist gone wrong. He's always amused himself telling tales. When he was fifty years old he began lying about his age ——"

"The old — excuse me!"

"At sixty he swore he was seventy-five; at seventy he claimed to be a hundred. Are you in pain, Mr. Boru?"

"Then the old — excuse me — is only seventy-seven!"

"On the fifteenth of last March," she replied serenely. "I never thought his fibs were doing any harm, so I've let him lie on for years — in the amateur class. But when I found you'd been offering him money I set my foot down. I don't allow any professional fibbers in my family."

"But he *must* be a hundred and seven," grunted Brian, clutching at vain hopes. "Didn't he show a marriage license to prove it?"

"That license belonged to his father, of the same name, who has been dead for twenty years."

Brian rose and started up the porch.

"Where are you going?" asked the girl, intercepting him.

"I've got to see him — right off!"

"No, you don't," she said, grasping the door-knob firmly. "He's promised to tell the truth, and I'm going to help him. More than that, I know a reporter on the *Globe*, and I'll give him the whole story."

The Irish rage that seethed within him Brian suppressed by means of a diplomacy that was still more Irish.

"Miss Spencer," he said gently, Celtic pathos gathering in his blue eyes, "in about ten minutes a man who can buy the whole tract is coming here with a hundred rubber-necks. The sale depends on whether your grandfather sticks to his fairy story or not."

"I don't see why grandpa and I should add our dishonesty to yours." Her tone was firm.

"Who's dishonest?" he asked very earnestly. "We're offering those lots at a snap, considering what they'll be worth in two years, improved and with a colony on 'em. I'm boosting it as a health resort, and it *is* healthy — everything in this part of California is. I'll be saving these people money by sellin' 'em this land, because they'll be soaked lots worse by the other guy. Besides,"— Brian sighed,—"I ain't making much commission on this job, but I need what little I get — need it bad."

"For more bunco deals?"

"Nope. Straightest game in the world."

"What, then?" Her voice was softening under his influence.

"I'm goin' to get married," he confessed huskily.

"Oh. *That's* it!" He could feel the sudden give in her antagonism. "Well — if I see grandpa and ask about this, you must remember — he's not to get a cent for his falsehood."

After a minute Brian went in to the invalid, who sat, the picture of woe, swaddled in quilts and smelling of camphor.

"Can't do nothin' fer nothin'," announced the old man, fixing Brian with the eye of an angry hawk. "It ought to be worth at least ten dollars."

"You're not doing this for money," said Betsy firmly.

In the distance Brian could hear the honk of approaching automobiles.

"You see, Colonel Pottle," said Brian politely, "your granddaughter was so good as to promise that you and she would help me out of this fix ——"

"You know I told you — he's going to be married," prompted Betsy.

"Be he? To who?" asked the dotard sharply.

"Oh, grandpa!" the girl chided, just as, with a bellow and a honk, the first car of Halloway's Health Pilgrimage drew up at the gate outside.

"Gimme my slippers 'n' dressin'-gown," piped the old man. "Guess I'm 'bout as old as I feel, anyhow."

After the eminent Cyprus Halloway had cast his owlish glances on Uncle Steve, scrutinized

Digitized by Google

carefully his records to observe them flawless, inquired into his ancestry, religion, and state of stomach, he suddenly paused, confronted his faithful Hundred, and uttered an oracular statement.

"A wonderful, wonderful case!" he said.

"I agree with you!" echoed Brian devoutly.

"And now, if we may, we will look at the land that has produced this ideal specimen," he requested. Brian gave orders to the head chauffeur with the inward sensations of one who orders moving-vans to carry away bank-notes.

"Follow the road to the big sign-post below," he instructed. "I'll come down 'cross lots in about ten minutes." The 'buses thundered away.

"Will they buy?" asked Betsy, as the two stood at the gate and watched the caravan filing across the acres below.

"Will a cork float?" he queried, in reply. "The signs never fail. Look down there. Already I can see half a dozen old gents pacing off the street-fronts, while their wives are poking umbrellas into the places where flower-beds are going to be. Add me to that landscape and you can tag the picture, 'Sold.'"

He took her hand and half turned toward the road.

"I'd like to thank you in my bum language," he stammered. "I can't, because it would need an orchestra to get it over."

"Good-by," she said, raising her dark eyes.

"Gee!" said the Little Booster. "When I'm seventy-seven I hope I have a descendant like you!"

"A favor for a favor," she requested, looking away. "What's the name of that helpless maiden you're going to marry?"

"You," said Brian Boru Blaney softly, as he released her hand and began racing toward Healthy View with the stride of a champion training for a Stockholm event.

LEONARD MERRICK — THE NEWEST McCLURE ACQUISITION

With the March McCLURE'S short stories by Leonard Merrick will for several months become a regular feature of the magazine. The author of ***"Whispers About Women"*** *has never done anything brighter or more sparkling than these contributions. He adds a novel and fresh vein of interest to an already varied and unique publication.*

THE JEWISH INVASION OF AMERICA

A notable McCLURE article by Burton J. Hendrick, describing the marvelous recent growth and extension of Jewish power in America, will be followed by ***"Confessions of an American Jew"*** *— an autobiography by one of the successful Hebrews of the country which to many will explain why there is a Jewish Invasion — an illuminating and strikingly unusual personal document.*

WHAT McCLURE'S IS DOING

Month after month we are giving our readers fifteen real features — fifteen contributions that are literature. Nothing cleverer, nothing more amusing, nothing more intrinsically worth while, can be found between covers than our fifteen monthly features.

Get the March McClure's — out February 15

Digitized by Google

WILL JAPAN EVER FIGHT

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

ILLUSTRATED WITH

A WAR PHOTOGRAPH OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS

Since the Russian fleet was demolished in the Sea of Japan, the world powers talent for war, have made her formidable. Each new move, each diplomatic Mr. William Archer, the experienced English observer of world affairs, to determine if there were conditions in Japan that were or were not likely to

WHO invented the phrase "yellow peril"? Probably some ill-inspired journalist, who little imagined what a "winged word" he was sending forth on its travels. But the popularizer of the idea, as distinct from the phrase, rests under no sort of obscurity. He was none other than the German Emperor, who inspired, if he did not paint, a symbolic picture of the Mongol hordes descending upon Caucasian civilization.

The idea was taken up by Mr. H. G. Wells in his prophetic, or prophylactic, romance, "The War in the Air." He showed eastern Asia taking advantage of a great war between Germany and the United States to prosecute the age-old feud between the East and the West; and he showed how aërial warfare, omnipotent in destruction but impotent for purposes of conquest and settlement, might easily throw the world back to a state of brutish barbarism.

This was not a prophecy of what *must* be, but a forecast of what *might* be if mankind should allow invention to outstrip sanity and humanity. The warning was certainly not untimely; but the emphasis lay, not on the aggressiveness of the Asiatic, but on the suicidal folly of the European.

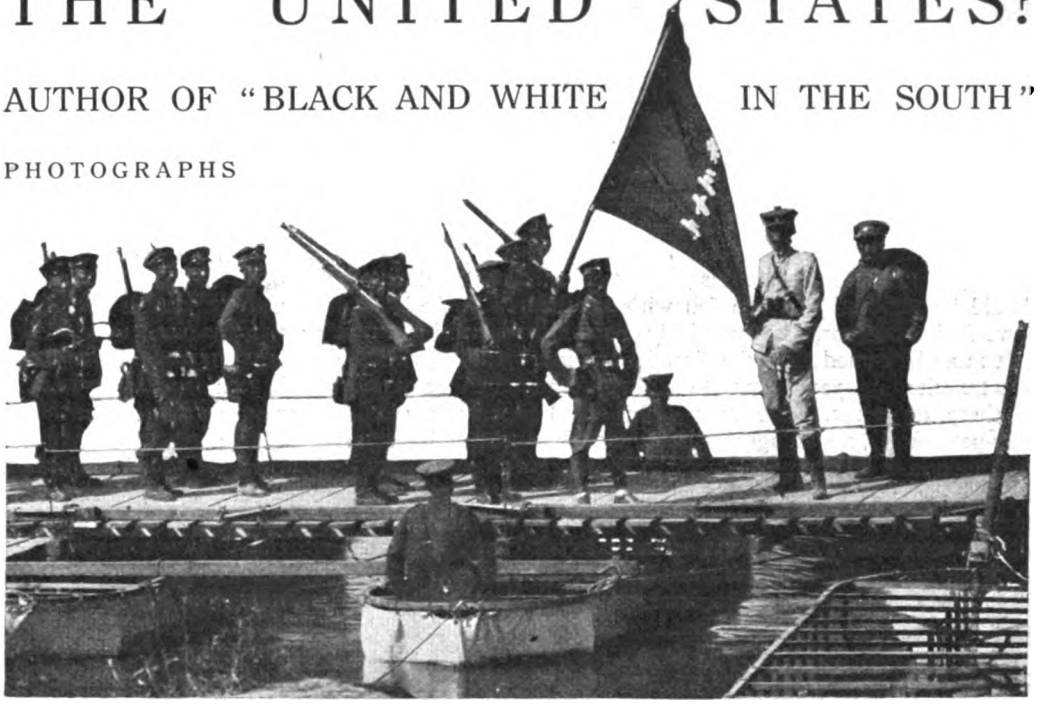
TWO JAPANESE WARRIORS

Digitized by Google

THE UNITED STATES?

AUTHOR OF "BLACK AND WHITE IN THE SOUTH"

PHOTOGRAPHS



IN THE RUSSIAN-JAPANESE WAR OF 1904

have refused to reckon Japan as a peaceful neighbor. Her ambition, her brilliant word from her statesmen, has become the object of watchful scrutiny. recently went to Japan, under commission from McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, *provoke that efficient nation to another great conflict. Here is his report.*

OF THE YEAR 1587

The "yellow peril" into which I here propose to examine is not that which haunts imperial dreams or points the moral of the sociological romancer. I leave China deliberately out of account. If China were to develop in the next half century as Japan has developed in the fifty years that lie behind us, she would be a new factor in the world-problem, the effect of which no one could foretell. It is idle to speculate on such remote contingencies. A very much narrower and more immediate question is all that here concerns us: Has America anything to fear from Japanese ambition? Has Japan either the power or the will to seek aggrandizement in the North Pacific at the expense of the United States, or to challenge the Monroe Doctrine in Spanish America?

Briefly, I believe that she has no such will or power; and I shall now try to give reasons for that conclusion.

A Nation Overrun with Children

It is not unnatural that Japan should have become something of a bugbear to many imaginations. There are certain obvious facts, both in her present position and in her history, that may well seem to render her

Digitized by Google

formidable. She has a rapidly growing population in a territory to which nature has set somewhat narrow bounds. She has just emerged victorious from a struggle with a vastly more numerous people, of apparently far greater resources. She has shown brilliant military and naval capacity, and she is perfectly conscious of the fact — so much so that critical observers discern in her not a few symptoms of the disease known as "swelled head." What more natural (it may be asked) than that, in seeking an outlet for her surplus population, she should be tempted to try a fall with another powerful but comparatively unwieldy opponent?

It must be owned that the first impressions of a traveler in Japan are apt to lend emphasis to these questions. The race seems to be over-poweringly, appallingly prolific. Nowhere in the world are children so much in evidence. Wherever you go, they seem to swarm out of the ground like ants. Even in the remotest country village, you can not pause for a moment to ask the way without having a crowd of from ten to fifty children around you — close-shaven, bullet-headed boys in spotted indigo kimonos, and almond-eyed little girls decked out in squalid finery. Most of the children, too, are double-headed. Nearly all of the girls, and many of the boys, have infants strapped on their backs — pathetic little morsels of long-suffering humanity. Perhaps the least reassuring sight in Japan, to believers in the "yellow peril," is the ample and commodious two-story schoolhouse which rises over the thatched hovels of the poorest village. Everywhere, too, you see drilling squads in the play-grounds, or meet long, serpentine files of school-boys, with peaked caps and "divided skirts" of striped cotton, clattering along in their clog-sandals to some local patriotic festival. Both the intelligence and the military spirit of the people are being sedulously cultivated.*

Why Japan Beat Russia

There is truth, then, in the impression that the Japanese are a people to be reckoned with. They come into the world with comparative ease, they bring with them nimble hands and brains, and they go out of the world with comparative indifference — all characteristics that help to make a nation formidable in war. Soldier for soldier, sailor for sailor, they may probably hold their own with any soldiers or sailors in the world. But there is, after all, nothing miraculous in their prowess. The reasons why they beat the Russians are perfectly plain, and are inherent in the special circumstances of the case. There is nothing to show that they could encounter another nation, under wholly different circumstances, with equal success. The very qualities of prudence and foresight, which enabled their statesmen to run that inevitable hazard with calm resolution, are a guaranty that they would not rush blindly, and with no imperative necessity, into an adventure of wholly different magnitude, under wholly different conditions.

In the Russian war, every possible advantage of position was on the Japanese side. They were close to their base; they were able to strike the first blow and gain command of the narrow seas; they could pour men and supplies into Manchuria by means of a sea passage of a few hours: whereas the Russians, even if they had not had all sorts of corruption and disorganization to contend with, were forced to carry men and supplies over thousands of miles of single-track railroad. These things are patent to all the world: but one has to see the Japanese on his native hills and in his native rice-fields to realize the enormous advantages of the individual soldier.

The Japanese Child Trained to Carry Enormous Burdens

Japan is a very mountainous country. Statistics differ as to the extent of cultivable land; but it is generally reckoned at twelve per cent of the whole surface, and no one places it higher than eighteen per cent. Again, beasts of draught and beasts of burden are very scarce, so that the Japanese man — and woman — has to do by far the greater part of the heavy labor which, in a country like Russia, is done by horses and oxen. We have seen that the Japanese child, almost from his infancy, is trained to carry on his back for hours another infant almost as big as himself. The shouldering of enormous burdens has been for untold centuries the habit of the race. The endurance of the 'rikisha-man is proverbial; and the coolie will trot all day over steep mountain paths with two or three heavy portmanteaus piled on his back. Yet again, the work of the Western plow, horse-drawn or run by steam, is for the most part done in Japan by a large and very heavy iron hoe, with which the field-laborer turns the heavy clay of his rice-swamp or piles the ridges of his barley-field.

The Japanese peasantry, in short, and the lower classes of the town-folk are, and always have been, their own beasts of burden — an enormous advantage from a military point of

* A "Military Virtues Society," founded in 1806, is said to number 2,000,000 members. Its central hall is in Kyoto, where the most animated practice of jiujitsu and Japanese fencing takes place every afternoon.

Digitized by Google

view. They are, moreover, accustomed to endure both heat and cold. The warming appliances of the paper-walled Japanese house (except the stove for heating, or rather for boiling, the family bath) are of the most meager description; whereas the Russian mujik swathes himself in heavy sheepskins and sleeps on the stove. On the battle-fields of mountainous Manchuria, then, a hardy, wiry, burden-bearing race of mountaineers were opposed to the slow and lumbering

DRAGGING THE HEAVY IRON HOE IN THE RICE-FIELDS

to the tasks imposed upon them was a vastly important factor in the case.

While the conditions of life remain approximately as they are in Japan, the Japanese peasantry and fisher-folk will no doubt continue to make excellent soldiers, to whatever people they may be opposed. But the best military material is unavailing unless it can be brought into play, if not under conditions of advantage, at any rate on fairly equal terms. The point to be noted is that,

ONE OF THE REASONS WHY JAPAN BEAT RUSSIA WAS THE ENORMOUS PHYSICAL ENDURANCE OF THE JAPANESE SOLDIER

peasantry of a flat country, accustomed to plodding along behind the beasts of burden which did all their heavy work for them. Add to this that the Japanese were far less addicted to saké than the Russians to vodka, and you have an overwhelming array of points of superiority. The decisive point, of course, was that the Japanese had their hearts in their work, and the Russians had not; but, even apart from this moral superiority, their higher physical adaptation

JAPANESE PEASANT, TRAINED FROM CHILDHOOD TO CARRY HEAVY BURDENS

in Manchuria, the Japanese had every possible advantage on their side, and that these conditions can not be repeated elsewhere. There was nothing miraculous or even surprising in their victory, and especially nothing to show that they would be equally successful in a war of aggression, thousands of miles from their base, and against a people who, if not better soldiers than the Russians, would at least be fighting freely for a cause in which their whole soul was engaged.

Digitized by Google

Not an Inch of Land Wasted in Japan

It may be said, however, that the growth of population is bound to force Japan into aggression upon her neighbors, and that America is the neighbor upon whom, or upon whose possessions, she is most tempted to "spill her overflow." What, then, are the facts as to the population problem in Japan?

In spite of an appearance of overwhelming fecundity, due, doubtless, to the fact that Japanese houses have practically no walls, and that the street is the Japanese nursery, we find, on coming down to cold figures, that the rate of increase in Japan is nothing at all abnormal. Taking an average of the ten years 1897–1906, we reach the somewhat unexpected result that the Japanese are not multiplying quite so rapidly as the people of Great Britain and Ireland. Their birth-rate, indeed, is higher, being 31.3 per thousand, as opposed to 27.95; but their death-rate is also higher (20.7 per thousand as opposed to 16.89); and the upshot is that while, during these years, the people of the United Kingdom increased at the rate of 11.6 per thousand, the increase in Japan was only 10.6. Still, in a population of some fifty millions, that means an increase of half a million a year — a factor not to be made light of.

Can Japan, on her own resources, support a much greater population? Probably not. We have already noted how small is the cultivable area, in proportion to the whole territory; and, to the eye of the ordinary observer, it would seem that every square yard of that area is exploited to the utmost. Nowhere is intensive cultivation carried to a higher pitch. The hills are laboriously terraced, often to a great height. The flat plains have the air of neatly laid out and carefully tended gardens. Not an inch is wasted. Wheat and barley fill up the spaces between the mulberry trees; tea grows under the acres of trellis-work which support the hard, round Japanese pear; even the six-inch irrigation-ridges between the rice-fields are made to bear rows of beans. From much of the land two or even three crops a year are taken; which accounts for the somewhat surprising fact that "the food crops cover an area larger than the total area under cultivation by about 600,000 *cho*" — a *cho* being equal to about two and a half acres. It is believed, indeed, that improved methods of agriculture may in a measure increase the productivity of the soil and enable new land to be brought under cultivation. But the margin can not be very great. As it is, Japan imports cereals to the amount of five or six per cent of her total production.

It would appear, then, that Japan can not support a very largely increased population by means of the agriculture, combined with household handicrafts, upon which she has lived in the past. But what about the era of industrialism which seems to be opening for her?

Will Japan Become the Britain of the East?

The government is doing all in its power to promote the growth of manufactures: among other things, it is suspending an operation of a factory act which would hamper mill-owners in procuring the child labor and indentured labor on which they mainly rely. But Japan has yet to prove her qualifications for holding her own in the industrial race. She has good labor and good water-power; but her coal is not very good, and the only textile raw material she possesses in any abundance is silk. All her cotton she has to import; and why she should hope to compete in cotton-spinning with India and China is not very clear. Admitting, however, that she is capable of great industrial development, and thus of supporting, by means of food-stuffs from abroad, a much larger population than her agriculture and fisheries can nourish, is that a position to which her statesmen can look forward with equanimity? She would thus become, in the fullest sense of the word, the Britain of the East — an island realm so overpopulated that any enemy who obtained command of the sea could, in a few weeks, starve her into submission. In other words, she would have to crush both agriculture and industry under a grinding taxation in order to keep up a huge navy; and, even so, she would lead but a precarious national existence.

What is Japan to Do with Her Rising Millions of Population?

Territorial expansion, then, would seem to be, after all, a safer solution of the population problem than industrial development. Nor can it be denied that Japan is seeking territorial expansion. In his brilliant book, "The Awakening of Japan," Mr. K. Okakura writes:

> Any hostile power in occupation of Korea might easily throw an army into Japan, for the peninsula lies like a dagger ever pointed toward the very heart of Japan. Moreover, the independence of Korea and Manchuria is economically necessary to the preservation of our race, for starvation awaits our ever-increasing population if it be deprived of its legitimate outlet in the sparsely cultivated areas of these countries.

This was written in 1904, during the Russian war. Korea is now not "independent," but

Digitized by Google

NOT AN INCH OF LAND IS WASTED IN JAPAN. THE HILLS ARE LABORIOUSLY TERRACED, THE FLAT PLAINS ARE LAID OUT LIKE GARDENS. THE FOOD PRODUCTION CAN NOT BE GREATLY INCREASED, BUT THE POPULATION IS RISING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS. DOES THIS MEAN THAT JAPAN MUST EMBARK ON A WAR OF EXPANSION?

annexed to Japan; and it is said that at the outbreak of the Chinese revolution an influential party in Japan was disposed to offer help to the Imperialists, demanding as a price the cession of Manchuria. It is needless to speculate upon the ultimate fate of that region. What is certain is that, however "sparsely cultivated" Korea and Manchuria may be, they are no more indefinitely expansible than any other geographical area, and can afford but a temporary relief to the pressure of an "ever-increasing population."

What will probably happen, I suggest, is that before the limit is reached the pinch of circumstance will have put a check upon the increase of population, and Japan will have acquired, or reacquired, the instinct of adjusting her fecundity to her means of subsistence.

During the peaceful two centuries and a half of Tokugawa rule, when she was absolutely shut

Digitized by Google

off from the world,— when it was a capital crime to attempt to leave the country, or to build a ship large enough for foreign trade,—Japan seems to have solved this problem with no great difficulty. There were, it is true, several famines, which led, in some recorded instances, to unspeakable horrors of cannibalism. But they were probably local rather than general, due to the failure of crops in some more or less extensive district, and to the difficulties (both natural and administrative) which hindered the transport of food-stuffs from one daimyate to another.

A six-yearly census, taken with tolerable regularity between 1721 and 1846, shows the population very nearly stationary at some 30,000,000. The utmost limit of oscillation is something like two millions; and there is never anything like this gap between one census year and the next.

The irresistible inference is that, in the main, the people had accustomed themselves to a normal limit of food-supply, and did not breed so as to put a chronic strain on their resources.

The Rush of Children

In half a century, the population has risen from about 30,000,000 to about 50,000,000; but there is nothing surprising, or particularly ominous, in this. With the opening up of the country, the spread of railroads, and the growth of internal and external commerce, there came a general stimulation of all the national energies, which had as its natural accompaniment an increase of population. The opening of the flood-gates was followed by a great rush of children, as of other products; but there is no reason to suppose that this sudden impetus will last for ever, with growing momentum. Indeed, it quite evidently can not, unless Japan is prepared to embark on a career of world-conquest. The first rush over, the waters will find their level.

Already the conditions which automatically check the growth of population are beginning to make themselves felt. The cost of living and the standard of living are both rapidly rising. The factory act before mentioned is not to come into operation for several years, and applies, at best, only to a limited class of factories; yet the progressive spirit of the nation is so strong and so sincere that some effective check can not but be placed before long on the industrial exploitation of children. Though all the traditions of the Shinto cult make the continuance of the family in the male line a matter of supreme importance, the poorer classes of to-day are said to desire girl children rather than boys, as, for various reasons,—chiefly, no doubt, because they are not subject to conscription,— they are better commercial assets than their brothers. It appears, then, that philoprogenitiveness, in the most prolific classes, has an economic basis; and when humanitarian meddling shall have impaired the economic value of children in general, they will certainly be in much less demand. In this instance, as in many others, humanitarian meddling will not be clearly distinguishable from sound statesmanship.

Japan Could Not Finance a War of Conquest

But, supposing the forecast to be unfounded, — supposing the rate of increase to be so steadily maintained that a wide outlet for emigration becomes an imperative necessity,— what has the United States, in particular, to fear from Japan? It would seem that nothing short of madness — on one side or the other — could provoke a contest between the two powers.

The first and determining factor in the situation is the poverty of Japan. She is not — and it is not within the limits of probability that she should ever become — a country of great resources. A chain of mountainous islands, not especially rich in minerals, unfitted for stock-breeding, with no vast corn-lands or cotton-lands or fruit-lands, without even any greater store of timber than is required for internal use, Japan is strikingly deficient in the material that can be converted into great wealth. Her resources are such that she can support an industrious population of cultivators and handicraftsmen in considerable comfort, but not such as to enable her to pour out millions a week in a war of conquest.

It was owing to sheer lack of money that she could not even reap the full advantage of her successful war with Russia, waged, under the most favorable circumstances, almost on her own frontier. That war has crippled her, financially, for years. Who, then, is going to supply her with the funds necessary for such a very different enterprise as an attack on the United States? No Japanese government in its senses would dream of essaying such an adventure.

Three Ways for Japan to Move

There are three ways in which the efforts of Japan to dispose of her surplus population might conceivably clash with American interests. She might claim the right of unlimited immigration into the United States itself; or she might attempt to take possession of Hawaii or the Philippines; or she might endeavor to

Digitized by Google

gain a footing in Spanish America. The claim to dump her millions upon the Pacific Coast could be enforced only by the actual conquest of the United States; even a successful naval war would not enable Japan to force her surplus population upon America: for nothing but armed occupation could prevent the American people from making life impossible for Japanese immigrants. The enterprise, in short, would be absolutely chimerical. The United States has both the right and the power to determine whether, and under what conditions, it will admit immigration from any country whatsoever; and Japan can not possibly challenge that right.

As for Hawaii and the Philippines, a successful naval war might no doubt enable Japan to seize these archipelagos; but it is clear that, even in the event of success, the game would not be worth the candle. By seizing an unguarded moment, she might steal a victory that would give her the command of the Pacific; but grasping is one thing, holding is another; and she very well knows that the United States would not sit down under the humiliation, but would concentrate all her overwhelming resources on wiping it out.

For the same reason, anything like conquest or administrative occupation in South America is out of the question. Mere immigration into Spanish American territory is not a matter that need greatly concern the United States. To conceive any serious danger arising from it requires an almost panic-stricken imagination. It is no part of statesmanship to insist on crossing a river before you come to it.

The United States May Force Japan into War

The danger of a conflict between the United States and Japan lies, I am convinced, not on the Japanese but on the American side of the Pacific. The very fear of a "yellow peril" might conceivably lead to such action as national feeling in Japan would force her government to resent. For the Japanese are a high-spirited people, fully conscious of the prestige they have acquired in their wars with China and with Russia. They, no less than the Western world, are apt to imagine that there is something preternatural in their development during the forty-five years of the Meiji period — the Era of Enlightment — and that nothing can stay their conquering career. Their patriotism is intense. It is founded on age-old myths which even men of culture scarcely dare to criticize.

Mythology apart, however, Japanese patriotism may, without fear of contradiction, make one rather remarkable boast: Japan is the only territory in the world that has never been conquered, has never (so to speak) changed hands, within recorded time. The dawn of history finds the ancestors of the present Japanese people in full possession of the country, at least up to the Tsugaru Strait; and since then no foreign conqueror has ever set foot in the islands. It is not unnatural, then, that the average Japanese should be at least as susceptible as his neighbors on the score of national honor; and a glaring affront to that susceptibility might possibly place the whole nation beside itself.

The government, it is true, is essentially oligarchic, not democratic, and the people, or their representatives, have no power to force the hands of their rulers. But even an oligarchy can not always resist popular clamor; and it is not inconceivable that, in spite of her wiser heads, Japan might rush into a war in which she could, for a time, make herself exceedingly unpleasant to the United States. The ultimate result could not be doubtful; but the quarrel would be a disaster to civilization, in which Japan would have everything to lose, and no one would have anything to gain.

There is every reason why the American government should take a firm and uncompromising attitude on the question of Japanese immigration into the actual territory of the United States. Every country has a right to object to the presence in its midst of large bodies of unassimilable aliens; and the United States, above all other countries, has reason to know the evils arising from such propinquity. On the other hand, it would seem that a policy of the utmost liberality might well be adopted in regions merely administered by the United States — regions which are not essentially "white men's countries," and where a great mixture of Asiatic races already exists.

It would be a grave misfortune if the historic chance which brought the Philippines under American administration were to create in the Japanese mind a legitimate sense of grievance. Though the United States is practically invulnerable to Japan alone, she might quite well prove a most disagreeable factor in a larger international complication. If she fell into a habitually hostile frame of mind, she would certainly be tempted to fish in troubled waters and turn to her own advantage any embarrassment into which her otherwise unassailable neighbor might fall. By a policy of conciliation, then, on all points save those which affect the vital interests of the American people, the United States should aim at securing a friend, rather than a sullenly resentful enemy, on her Pacific flank.

Digitized by Google

"'IN THE DEAD MAN'S POCKET I FOUND — THIS!'"

Digitized by Google

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

Preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, coming suddenly into a fortune of £700,000, decides to go to London and become a gentleman. On his journey he rescues Lady Cleone Meredith from the compromising designs of Sir Mortimer Carnaby, the King's favourite. Barnabas learns that Carnaby is plotting to marry Lady Cleone for her fortune, and that she has consented to meet his go-between, a profligate courtier named Chichester, in a lonely spot at sundown. Barnabas arrives at the rendezvous first, forces Chichester to retire, and, when Lady Cleone comes, offers to escort her back to her guardian. In the explanation that follows, Barnabas learns that Lady Cleone had come to the tryst expecting to meet her half-brother, Ronald Barrymaine, a young scapegrace whose gambling exploits have thrown him into Chichester's power. Barnabas tells Lady Cleone that he loves her, and promises to seek out her brother in London and to try to save him. On reaching London he finds Barrymaine and offers to pay his debts if he will end all relations with Chichester; but Chichester foils Barnabas' purpose. He tries to buy up Barrymaine's debts from Jasper Gaunt, the London money-lender, but fails. He then learns that he is the legal heir of Chichester's fortune, and threatens to dispossess him unless he looses his hold on Barrymaine. Chichester in turn threatens to expose Barnabas to Lady Cleone as an impostor, but Barnabas forestalls him by telling her himself that he is the son of an innkeeper. She promises to marry him, and sends him back to London to win the great steeplechase. On reaching London, he discovers that his enemies have attempted to hamstring his horse.

This Chapter, Being Somewhat Important, is Consequently Short

"MY dear fellow," said the Viscount, stifling a yawn beneath the bedclothes, "you rise with the lark—so deuced early!"

"I am here early because I haven't been to bed. You wanted to see me, Dick. What is it?"

"Why — egad, Bev, I'm afraid it's nothing much, after all. It's that fellow Smivvle's fault, really. Fellow actually called here yesterday — twice, Bev. Wanted to see you — deuced insistent about it, too!"

"Why?"

"Well, from what I could make out, he seemed to think — sounds ridiculous, so early in the morning — but he seemed to fancy you were in some kind of — danger, Bev. When I told him he couldn't see you, because you had driven over to Hawkhurst, the fellow positively couldn't sit still — deuced nervous, y' know, though probably owing to drink. 'Hawkhurst,' says he, staring at me as if I were a ghost. 'But you must get him back!' 'Can't be done!' says I. 'Are you his friend?' says he. 'I hope so,' says I. 'Then,' says he, 'you must get him back — at once!' I asked him why; but he only stared and shook his head, and so took himself off. I'll own the fellow shook me rather, Bev; but, knowing where you were, I wouldn't have disturbed you for the world if it hadn't been for the horses."

"Ah, yes, the horses!" said Barnabas thoughtfully. "How is your arm now, Dick?"

"A bit stiff, but otherwise right as a trivet, Bev. But now, about yourself, my dear fellow — what on earth possessed you to lay Carnaby such a bet? What a perfectly reckless fellow you are! As I told you in my letter, the affair has gone the round of the clubs; every one is laughing at the 'Galloping Countryman,' as they call you. Which brings us back to the horses, Bev. I've been thinking we ought to get 'em away — into the country — some quiet place like — say, the — the Spotted Cow, Bev."

"Yes, the Spotted Cow should do very well; especially as Clemency ——"

"Talking about the horses, Bev," said the Viscount, sitting up in bed and speaking rather hurriedly, "I protest, since the rascally attempt on Moonraker last night, I've been on pins and needles, positively — nerve quite gone, y' know, Bev. I've thought of him all day and dreamed of him all night. I'll get up, and we'll go round to the stables together."

Digitized by Google

"Quite unnecessary, Dick."

"Eh? Why?"

"Because I have just left there."

"Is Moonraker all right, Bev?"

"Yes, Dick."

"Ah!" sighed the Viscount, falling back among his pillows. "And everything is quite quiet, eh?"

"Very quiet — now, Dick."

"Eh?" cried the Viscount, coming erect again. "Bev, what d'you mean?"

"I mean that three men broke in again last night ——"

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the Viscount, beginning to scramble out of bed.

"But we drove them off before they had done what they came for."

"Did you, Bev, did you? Ah, but didn't you catch any of 'em?"

"No, but my horse did."

"Your horse? D'you mean he ——"

"Killed him, Dick!"

Once more the Viscount sank back among his pillows.

"By heaven, Bev," said he at last, "the stable-boys might well call him the Terror!"

"Yes," said Barnabas; "he has earned his name, Dick."

"And the man was — dead, you say?"

"Hideously dead, Dick. And in his pocket we found this!" And Barnabas produced a dirty and crumpled piece of paper. "Look at it, Dick, and tell me what it is."

"Why, Bev, deuce take me, it's a plan of our stables! Here's Moonraker's stall marked out as pat as you please, and the Terror's; but they've got his name wrong."

"My horse had no name, Dick."

"But there's something written here."

"Yes; look at it carefully, Dick."

"Well, here's an *H*, and an *e*, and — looks like 'Hera,' Bev."

"Yes, but it isn't. Look at that last letter again, Dick."

"Why — Bev, it's an *e!* Why, then — why, Bev, it was your horse they were after!"

"My horse, yes, Dick."

"But he's a rank outsider — he isn't even in the betting! Why should any one ——"

"Look on the other side of the paper, Dick."

The Viscount turned the crumpled paper over, and thereafter sat staring wide-eyed at a name scrawled thereon, and from it to Barnabas and back again; for the name he saw was this:

"*Ronald Barrymaine, Esqre.*"

"And, Dick," said Barnabas, "it is in Chichester's handwriting."

CHAPTER XLVI

In Which Ronald Barrymaine Speaks His Mind

THE whiskers of Mr. Digby Smivvle were in a chastened mood. Mr. Digby Smivvle drooped likewise. He sat in one of the rickety chairs, his legs stretched out to the cheerless hearth, and stared moodily at the ashes of a long dead fire. At the opening of the door, he started and half rose, but, seeing Barnabas, sank back again.

"Beverley!" he cried. "Thank heaven, you're safe back again — that is to say —" he went on, striving to speak in his ordinary manner, "that is to say, I mean — ah — in short, my dear Beverley, I'm delighted to see you!"

"Pray what do you mean by 'safe'?"

"What do I mean?" repeated Mr. Smivvle, beginning to fumble for his whisker with strangely clumsy fingers. "Why, I mean safe, sir — a very natural wish, surely?"

"Yes," said Barnabas, "and you wished to see me, I think? At least, the Viscount told me so."

"Ah? Deuced obliging of the Viscount!"

"Are you alone?" Barnabas enquired, struck by Mr. Smivvle's hesitating manner, and he glanced toward the door of what was evidently a bedroom.

"Alone, sir," said Mr. Smivvle, "is the precise and only word for it. You have hit the nail exactly — upon the nob, sir." Here, having found his whisker, Mr. Smivvle gave it a fierce wrench, loosed it, and, clenching his fist, smote himself two blows in the region of the heart. "My friend Barry — wholly forgetful of those sacred bonds which the hammer of adversity alone can weld, scorning friendship's holy obligations — has turned his back upon Smivvle — upon Digby — upon faithful Dig, and, in short, has — ah — hopped the mutual perch, sir."

"Do you mean he has left you?"

"Yes, sir. We had words this morning, and the end of it was — he departed — for good. And all on your account!"

"My account?"

"Sir, in a word, he resented my friendship for you. Sir, Barrymaine is cursed proud, but so am I — as Lucifer! By the way, do you happen to remember if you fastened the front door?"

"No."

"I ask because the latch is faulty,— like most things about here,— and in this delightful Garden of Hatton and the — ah — hot-beds adjoining there are weeds, sir, of the rambling species, which, given opportunity, will ramble anywhere. But, as I was saying, you may have noticed that Chichester is not altogether — friendly toward you?"

"Chichester!" said Barnabas. "Yes!"

Digitized by Google

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

"FOR A MOMENT HER EYES LOOKED UP INTO HIS, DARK AND WIDE; THEN SHE WAS GONE"

Digitized by Google

"And it would almost seem that he's determined that Barrymaine shall be the same. Poor fellow's been very strange lately. Gaunt's been pressing him again worse than ever — even threatened him with the Marshalsea. Consequently, the flowing bowl has continually brimmed,— Chichester's doing, of course,— and he seems to consider you his mortal enemy, and — in short, I think it only right to — put you on your guard."

"You mean against — Chichester?"

"I mean against — Barrymaine!"

"Ah!" said Barnabas, chin in hand. "Why?"

"Well, you'll remember that, the only time you met him, he was inclined to be — just a lee-tle — violent, perhaps?"

"When he attacked me with the bottle — yes!" sighed Barnabas. "But, surely, that was only because he was drunk?"

"Y-e-s, perhaps so," said Mr. Smivvle, fumbling for his whisker again. "But this morning he — wasn't so drunk as usual."

"Well?"

"And yet he was more violent than ever — raved against you like a maniac."

"But — why?"

"It was just after he had received another of Jasper Gaunt's letters. Here it is!" And, stooping, Mr. Smivvle picked up a crumpled paper that had lain among the ashes, and, smoothing it out, tendered it to Barnabas. "Read it, sir — read it!" he said earnestly. "It will explain matters, I think."

So Barnabas took the letter, and this is what he read:

Dear Mr. Barrymaine:

In reply to your favour, re interest, requesting more time: I take occasion once more to remind you that I am no longer your creditor, being merely his agent, as Mr. Beverley himself could, and will, doubtless, inform you.

I am, therefore, compelled to demand payment within thirty days from date; otherwise the usual steps must be taken in lieu of same.

Yours obediently, JASPER GAUNT.

Now, when Barnabas had read the letter, a sudden fit of rage possessed him, and, crumpling the paper in his fist, he dashed it down and set his foot upon it.

"A lie!" he cried. "A foul, cowardly lie!"

"Then you — you didn't buy up the debt?"

"No! no! I couldn't — Gaunt had sold already. And, by heaven, I believe the real creditor is ——"

"Ha!" cried Smivvle, suddenly. "The door wasn't fastened, Beverley; look there!"

Barnabas started, and, glancing round, saw that the door was opening very slowly and inch by inch. All at once a shaggy head slid into view.

"'Scuse me, gents!" said the head, speaking hoarsely and rolling its eyes at them. "Name o' Barrymaine — vich on ye might that be, now?"

"Ha!" said Mr. Smivvle, beginning to tug at his whiskers. "Ha! Get out — d'ye hear!"

"But, axing your pardons, gents, vich on ye might be — name o' Barrymaine?"

"What do you want with him — eh?" demanded Mr. Smivvle, his whiskers growing momentarily more ferocious. "Speak out, man!"

"Got a letter for 'im," answered the head.

"Oh, all right; give it to me!" said Mr. Smivvle, rising.

"Are you name o' Barrymaine?"

"No; but you can leave it with me, and I ——"

"Leave it?" repeated the head, in a slightly injured tone. "Leave it? Axing your pardons, gents — but burn my neck if I do! If you ain't name o' Barrymaine, vy, then, p'r'aps this is 'im a-coming upstairs now — and werry 'asty about it, too!" And, sure enough, hurried feet were heard ascending; whereupon Mr. Smivvle uttered a startled exclamation, and, motioning Barnabas to be seated in the dingiest corner, strode quickly to the door, and came face to face with Ronald Barrymaine.

"Why, Barry!" said he, standing so as to block Barrymaine's view of the dingy corner. "So you've come back, then?"

"Come back — yes!" returned the other petulantly. "I had to. Mislaid a letter — must have left it here, somewhere. Did you find it?"

"Axing your pardon, sir, but might you be name o' Barrymaine? No offence — but might you?"

The shaggy head had slid quite into the room now, bringing after it a short, thick-set person clad after the fashion of a bargeman.

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Might this 'ere be the letter as you come back for? No offence — but might it?"

"Yes! yes!" cried Barrymaine, and, snatching it, he tore it fiercely across and across, and made a gesture as if to fling the fragments into the hearth, then thrust them into his pocket, instead. "Here's a shilling for you," said he, turning to the bargeman. "That is — D-Dig, l-lend me a shilling; I —" Ronald Barrymaine's voice ended abruptly, for he had caught sight of Barnabas sitting in the dingy corner, and now, pushing past Smivvle, he stood staring, his handsome features distorted with sudden fury, his teeth gleaming between his parted lips.

"So it's — you, is it?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Barnabas, and stood up.

"So — you're — back again, are you?"

"Thank you, yes," said Barnabas, "and quite safe!"

Digitized by Google

"S-safe?"

"As yet," answered Barnabas.

"You aren't d-drunk, are you?"

"No," said Barnabas; "nor are you, for once."

Barrymaine clenched his fists and took a step towards Barnabas; but, spying the bargeman, who now lurched forward, turned upon him in a fury.

"What the d-devil d'you want? Get out!"

"Axing your pardon, sir, an' meaning no offence, but summat was said about a bob, sir."

"Damnation! Give the fellow his s-shilling, Dig, and then k-kick him out."

Hereupon Mr. Smivvle, having felt through his pockets, slowly produced the coin demanded, and, handing it to the bargeman, pointed to the door.

"No; see him downstairs — into the street, Dig. And you needn't hurry back; I'm going to speak my mind to this f-fellow — once and for all! So l-lock the street door, Dig."

Mr. Smivvle hesitated, glanced at Barnabas, shrugged his shoulders, and followed the bargeman out of the room. As the door closed, Barrymaine sprang to it, and, turning the key, faced Barnabas with arms folded, head lowered, and a smile upon his lips.

"Now," said he, "you are going to listen to me — d'you hear? We are going to understand each other before you leave this room! D'you see?"

"Yes," said Barnabas.

"Oh!" he cried bitterly, "I know the sort of c-crawling thing you are; Gaunt has warned me ——"

"Gaunt is a liar!" said Barnabas.

"Y-you think, because you've bought my debts, you've bought me too, body and soul, and, through me, Cleone! Ah, but you haven't! Before that happens y-you'll be dead and rotting — and I, and she as well! Are you listening?— she as well! You think you've g-got me — there, beneath your foot. B-but you haven't — no, you haven't!"

"I tell you, Gaunt is a liar!" repeated Barnabas. "I couldn't buy your debts, because he had sold them already. Come with me, and I'll prove it; let me face him with the truth."

"The truth? You? Oh, I might have guessed you'd come creeping round here to see S-Smivvle behind my back — as you do my sister."

"Sir!" said Barnabas, flushing.

"What — do you dare deny it? Do you d-dare deny that you have met her — by stealth? Do you? do you? Oh, I know of your secret meetings with her! I know how you have imposed upon the credulity of a weak-minded old woman and a one-armed d-dotard sufficiently to get yourself invited to Hawkhurst. But, I tell you, this shall stop — it shall! Yes, by heaven, you shall give me your promise to c-cease your persecution of my sister before you leave this room, or ——"

"Or?" said Barnabas.

"Or it will be the w-worse for you!"

"How?"

"I — I'll k-kill you!"

"Then it *is* a pistol you have in your pocket there?"

"Yes; l-look at it!" And, speaking, Barrymaine drew and levelled the weapon with practiced hand. "Now, listen!" said he. "You will s-sit down at that table there, and write Gaunt to g-give me all the time I need for your c-cursed interest ——"

"But, I tell you ——"

"Liar!" cried Barrymaine, advancing a threatening step. "Liar — I know! Then, after you've done that, you will swear never to see or c-communicate with my sister again, or I'll shoot you dead where you stand!"

"You are mad," said Barnabas. "I am not your creditor, and ——"

"Liar! I know!" repeated Barrymaine.

"And yet," said Barnabas, fronting him, white-faced, across the table, "I think — I'm sure, there are four things you don't know. The first is that Lady Cleone has promised to marry me."

"Go on to the next, liar!"

"The second is that my stables were broken into again this morning. The third is that my horse killed the man who was trying to hamstring him. And the fourth is that in the dead man's pocket I found — this!" And Barnabas produced that crumpled piece of paper whereon was drawn the plan of the stables.

Now, at the sight of this paper Barrymaine fell back a step; his pistol hand wavered, fell to his side, and, sinking into a chair, he seemed to shrink into himself as he stared dully at a worn patch in the carpet.

"Only one beside myself knows of this," said Barnabas.

"Well?" The word seemed wrung from Barrymaine's quivering lips.

"Not another soul shall ever know," said Barnabas earnestly —"the world shall be none the wiser, if you will promise to stop now — to free yourself from Chichester's influence now — to let me help you to redeem the past. Promise me this, and I, as your friend, will tear up this damning evidence — here and now."

"And if I can't?"

Barnabas sighed, and, folding up the crumpled paper, thrust it back into his pocket.

"You shall have — a week to make up your mind. You know my address, I think." So

Digitized by Google

saying, Barnabas stepped toward the door; but, seeing the look on Barrymaine's face, he stooped very suddenly and picked up the pistol. Then he unlocked the door and went out, closing it behind him.

As Barnabas turned into the rush and roar of Holborn, he espied a face amid the hurrying throng — a face whose proud, dark beauty there was no mistaking, despite its look of sorrow, and a figure whose ripe loveliness the threadbare cloak could not disguise. For a moment her eyes looked up into his, dark and suddenly wide; then, quick and light of foot, she was gone, lost in the bustling crowd. But, even so, Barnabas turned and followed, striding on and on until at length he saw again the flutter of the threadbare cloak. And because of its shabbiness he frowned and hastened his steps, and because of the look he had read in her eyes he paused again, yet followed doggedly nevertheless. She led him down Holborn Hill, past the Fleet Market, along Bridge Street, over Blackfriars Bridge, and so, turning sharp to the right, along a somewhat narrow and very grimy street of dirty, tumble-down houses, with numerous narrow courts and alleyways that gave upon the turgid river. Down one of these alleys the fluttering cloak turned suddenly; yet, when Barnabas reached the corner, behold, the alley was quite deserted, save for a small and pallid urchin who sat upon a rotting stump, with a pallid infant in his arms, staring at the river.

"Which way did the lady go?" enquired Barnabas.

"Lady?" said the urchin, staring.

"Yes. She wore a cloak — a grey cloak. Where did she go?" — and Barnabas held up a shilling. Instantly the urchin rose and, swinging the pallid infant to his ragged hip, pattered over the cobbles with his bare feet, and with one small, dirty claw extended.

"A bob!" he cried in a shrill, cracked voice. "Gimme it, sir! Yus, yus, I'll tell ye! She's wiv Nick — lives dere, she do. Now gimme th' bob. She's in dere!" And he pointed to a narrow door at the farther end of the alley.

So Barnabas gave the shilling into the eager, clutching fingers, and, approaching the door, knocked upon the rotting timbers with the head of his cane.

"Come in!" roared a mighty voice.

Hereupon Barnabas pushed open the crazy door, and, descending three steps, found himself in a small, dark room, full of the smell of leather. And here, its solitary inmate, was a very small man crouched above a last, with a hammer in his hand and an open book before him. His head was bald save for a few white hairs that stood up, fiercely erect; and upon his short, pugnacious nose he wore a pair of huge horn-rimmed spectacles.

"What's for you, sir?" he demanded in the same great, fierce voice. "If it's a pair o' hessians you'll be wanting ——"

"It isn't," said Barnabas; "I ——"

"Or a fine pair o' dancing shoes?"

"No," said Barnabas again; "I am here to see ——"

"You can't 'ave 'em! And because why?" demanded the little man, his fierce eyes growing fiercer as he stared at Barnabas. "Because I don't make for the Quality. Quality — bah! If I 'ad my way, I'd gillertine 'em all. I'd cut off their 'eads!"

"You are Nick, the cobbler, I think?"

"And what if I am? I'd chop off their 'eads, I tell ye, with j'y and gusto!"

"And pray where is the lady who came in here a moment ago?"

"Lady?" said the cobbler, shaking his head. "Lord, sir, your heyes 'as been a-deceiving of you!"

"I am — her friend."

"Friend!" exclaimed the cobbler. "'Andsome gells don't want friends o' your kind. Besides, she ain't 'ere; you can see that for yourself. Try next door."

"But I must see her," said Barnabas. "I wish to help her — I have good news for her."

"Noos?" said the cobbler. "Oh? Ah! Well, go and tell your noos to some one else as ain't so 'andsome."

"Ah, perhaps she's in the room yonder," said Barnabas. "Anyhow, I mean to see ——"

"No, ye don't!" cried the little cobbler, seizing a crutch that leant near him and springing up with astonishing agility. "No, ye don't, my fine gentleman. She ain't for you — not while I'm 'ere to protect her!" And, snatching up a long awl, he flourished it above his head. But at this moment the door of the inner room was pushed open and Clemency appeared. She had laid aside her threadbare cloak, and Barnabas was struck afresh by her proud, dark loveliness.

"You good, brave Nick!" said she, laying her hand upon the little cripple's bent shoulder. "But we can trust this gentleman, I know."

"Trust him!" repeated the cobbler, peering at Barnabas, more particularly at his feet. "Why, your boots *is* trustworthy — now I come to look at 'em, sir."

"Boots?" said Barnabas.

"Ah," nodded the cobbler. "A man wears his character into 'is boots a sight quicker than 'e does into 'is face, and I can read boots and shoes easier than I can print — and that's saying summat, for I'm a great reader, I am.

Digitized by Google

"THE VISCOUNT STAGGERED AGAINST THE CARAVAN, HIS PALE FACE CONVULSED WITH PAIN. 'BEV,' HE GROANED, 'HOLD ME UP'"

Digitized by Google

Why didn't ye show me your boots at first and have done with it?" Saying which, the cobbler snorted and sat down; then, having apparently swallowed a handful of nails, he began to hammer away lustily, while Barnabas followed Clemency into the inner room, and, being there, they stood for a long moment, looking on each other in silence.

And now Barnabas saw that, with her apron and mob-cap, the country serving-maid had vanished quite: in her stead was a noble woman, proud and stately, whose clear, sad eyes returned his gaze with a gentle dignity. Clemency, indeed, was gone, but Beatrix had come to life. Yet, when he spoke, Barnabas used the name he had known her by first.

"Clemency," said he, "your father is seeking for you."

"My — father!" she exclaimed, speaking in a whisper. "You have seen — my father? You know him?"

"Yes. I met him — not long ago. His name is Ralph Darville, he told me, and he goes up and down the country-side, searching for you — has done so ever since he lost you. And he preaches always forgiveness and forgetfulness of self!"

"My father!" she whispered again, with quivering lips. "Preaching?"

"He tramps the roads, hoping to find you, Clemency, and he preaches at country wakes and fairs because, he told me, he was once a very selfish man, and unforgiving."

"And — oh, you have seen him, you say, lately?" she cried.

"Yes. And I sent him to the Spotted Cow. But, Clemency, he was just a day too late!"

Now, when Barnabas said this, Clemency uttered a broken cry and covered her face.

"Oh, father!" she whispered, "if I had only known — if I could but have guessed! Oh, father, father!"

"Clemency, why did you run away?"

"Because I — I was afraid!"

"Of Chichester?"

"No!" she cried in sudden scorn. "Him I only — hate!"

"Then — whom did you fear?"

Clemency was silent; but all at once Barnabas saw a burning flush, that crept up over rounded throat and drooping face, until it was lost in the dark shadow of her hair.

"Was it — the Viscount?" Barnabas demanded suddenly.

"No — no; I — I think it was — myself. Oh, I — I am very wretched and — lonely!" she sobbed. "I want — my father!"

"And he shall be found," said Barnabas, "I promise you! But, until then, will you trust me, Clemency, as — as a sister might trust her brother? Will you let me take you from this dreary place? I — I'll buy you a house — I mean a — a cottage — in the country — or anywhere you wish."

"Oh, Mr. Beverley!" she sighed, looking up at him with tear-dimmed eyes, but with the ghost of a smile hovering round her scarlet lips. "I thank you — indeed, indeed, I do. But how can I? How may I?"

"Quite easily," said Barnabas stoutly —"oh, quite — until I bring your father to you. Indeed, you can not stay here."

"I must," she answered. "I can earn enough for my needs with my needle, and poor little Nick is very kind — so gentle and considerate, in spite of his great, rough voice and fierce ways. He actually refused to take my money at first, until I threatened to go somewhere else."

"But how did you find your way to — such a place as this?"

"Milo brought me here."

"The Viscount's little imp of a groom?"

"Yes; though he promised never to tell him where I was — and Milo always keeps his word. And you, Mr. Beverley, you will promise also, won't you?"

"Yes," said Barnabas; "I will promise, but — on condition that you henceforth will regard me as a brother: that you will allow me the privilege of helping you whenever I may, and will always turn to me in your need. Will you promise me this, Clemency?" And Barnabas held out his hand.

"Yes," she answered, smiling up into his earnest eyes; "I think I shall be — proud to — have you for a brother." And she put her hand into his. "Mr. Beverley," said she, "I want to ask you — something else — about my father."

"Yes," said Barnabas, as she hesitated.

"Does he think I am — does he know that, though I ran away with — a beast, I — ran away — from him also? Does he know ——"

"He knows you for the sweet, pure woman you are," said Barnabas, as she fell silent again. "He knows the truth, and lives but to find you again — my sister!"

Now, when he said this, Barnabas saw within her tearful eyes the light of a joy unutterable; so he bared his head and, turning about, strode quickly away up the alley.

CHAPTER XLVII

Of a Breakfast and a Roman Parent

BRIGHT rose the sun upon the White Hart tavern, which stood within Eltham village, softening its rugged lines, gilding its lattices, lending its ancient timbers a mellower hue.

Digitized by Google

This inn of the White Hart was an ancient structure and very unpretentious (as great age often is), and, being so very old, it had known full many a golden dawn. But surely never, in all its length of days, had it experienced quite such a morning as this. For to-day was the fateful tenth of July. To-day the great steeplechase was to be run — seven good miles across country from point to point. To-day the very vexed and all-important question as to which horse out of twenty-three could jump and gallop the fastest over divers awkward obstacles was to be settled once and for all.

Up rose the sun high and higher, chasing the morning mists from dell and dingle. And presently, from a certain casement in the gable of the White Hart, his curls still wet with his ablutions, Barnabas thrust his tousled head, to cast an anxious glance first up at the cloudless blue of the sky, then down at the tender green of the world about, and to breathe in the sweet, cool freshness of the morning. As he looked, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, glancing round, he beheld the Viscount in all the bravery of scarlet hunting frock, of snowy buckskins and spurred boots, a little paler than usual, perhaps, but as gallant a figure as need be.

"What, Bev!" he exclaimed. "Not dressed?"

"Why, I've only just waked up, Dick!"

"Waked up! D'you mean to say you've actually been asleep?" demanded the Viscount reproachfully. "'Gad! what a devilish cold-blooded fish you are, Bev! Haven't closed a peeper all night, myself. Couldn't, y' know, what with one deuced thing or another. So I got up hours ago, and looked at the horses. Found your man Martin on guard with a loaded pistol in each pocket, y' know. Deuced trustworthy fellow! The horses couldn't look better, Bev. Egad! I believe they know to-day is the day!"

"But how is your arm, Dick?"

"Arm?" said the Viscount innocently. "Oh — ah, to be sure! Thanks; couldn't be better, considering."

"Are you — quite sure?" persisted Barnabas, aware of the Viscount's haggard cheek and feverish eye.

"Quite, Bev, quite. Behold — feel!" And, doubling his fist, he smote Barnabas a playful blow in the ribs. "Oh, my dear fellow, it's going to be a grand race, though — ding-dong to the finish! And it's dry — thank heaven, for Moonraker's no mud horse. But I shall be glad when we line up for the start, Bev. Devilish long time till eleven o'clock! And I hate to be kept waiting, Bev. Egad, I do!"

"Viscount, do you love the Lady Cleone?"

"Eh? Who? Love? Now, deuce take it, Beverley, how sudden you are!"

"Do you love her, Dick?"

"Love her — of course, yes. Aren't we rivals? Love her? Certainly."

"Why, then," said Barnabas, "since you — honour me with your friendship, I feel constrained to tell you that she has given me to — to understand she will — marry me — some day."

"Eh? Oh! Marry you? The devil! Oh, has she, though!" And hereupon the Viscount stared and whistled, and in that moment Barnabas saw that his frown had vanished.

"Will you — congratulate me, Dick?"

"My dear fellow," cried the Viscount, springing up, "with all my heart!"

"Dick," said Barnabas, as their hands met, "would you give me your hand as readily had it been — Clemency?"

Now, here the Viscount's usually direct gaze wavered and fell, while his pallid cheek flushed a dull red. He did not answer at once, but his sudden frown was eloquent.

"Egad, Bev, I — since you ask me — I don't think I should."

"Why?"

"Oh, well, I suppose — you see — oh, I'll be shot if I know!"

"You — don't love her, do you, Dick?"

"Clemency? Of course not. That is — suppose I do, what then?"

"Why, then, she'd make a very handsome viscountess, Dick."

"Beverley," said the Viscount, staring wide-eyed, "are you mad?"

"No," Barnabas retorted; "but I take you to be an honourable man, my lord."

The Viscount sprang to his feet, clenched his fists, then took two or three turns across the room.

"Sir," said he, in his iciest tone, "you presume too much on my friendship."

"My lord," said Barnabas, "with your good leave, I'll ring for my servant." Which he did forthwith.

"Sir," said the Viscount, pale and stern, and with folded arms, "your remark was, I consider, a direct reflection upon my honour."

"My lord," answered Barnabas, reaching for his breeches, "your honour is surely your friend's also?"

"Sir," said the Viscount, with arms still folded, and sitting very upright on the bed, "were I to — call you out for that remark, I should be only within my rights."

"My lord," answered Barnabas, struggling with his shirt, "were you to call from now till doomsday, I shouldn't come."

"Then, sir," said the Viscount, cold and sneering, "a whip, perhaps, or a cane might ——"

Digitized by Google

But at this juncture, with a discreet knock, Peterby entered, and, having bowed to the scowling Viscount, proceeded to invest Barnabas with polished boots, waistcoat, and scarlet coat.

"Sir," said he, when Barnabas stood equipped from head to foot, "Captain Slingsby's groom called to say that his master and the Marquis of Jerningham are expecting you and Viscount Devenden to breakfast at the Chequers, a little higher up the street, sir. Breakfast is ordered for eight o'clock."

"Thank you, Peterby," said Barnabas, and, bowing to the Viscount, followed him from the room and downstairs, out into the dewy freshness of the morning. To avoid the crowded street, they went by a field-path behind the inn, a path which today wound between booths and stalls and carts of all sorts. And here was gathered a motley crowd — bespangled tumblers and acrobats, dark-browed gipsy fortune-tellers and horse-copers, thimble-riggers, showmen, itinerant musicians. Through all this bustling throng went our two young gentlemen, each remarkably stiff and upright as to back, and each excessively polite, yet walking, for the most part, in a dignified silence — until, having left the crowd behind, Barnabas paused suddenly in the shade of a deserted caravan, and turned to his companion.

"'YOU WILL PROMISE NEVER TO TELL HIM WHERE I AM — WON'T YOU?'"

"Dick!" said he, smiling, and with hand outstretched.

"Sir?" said the Viscount, frowning and with eyes averted.

"'My lord," said Barnabas, bowing profoundly, "if I have offended your lordship — I am sorry; but ——"

"'But, sir?"

"But your continued resentment for a fancied wrong is so much stronger than your avowed friendship for me, it would seem — that henceforth I ——"

With a warning cry, the Viscount sprang forward; and, turning in a flash, Barnabas saw a heavy bludgeon in the air above him; saw the Viscount meet it with upflung arm; heard the thud of the blow — a snarling curse; saw a figure dart away and vanish among the jungle of carts; saw the Viscount stagger against the

Digitized by Google

caravan and lean there, his pale face convulsed with pain.

"Oh, Bev," he groaned, "my game arm, ye know. Hold me up. I ——"

"Dick!" cried Barnabas, supporting the Viscount's writhing figure —"oh, Dick, it was meant for me! Are you much hurt?"

"No — nothing to — mention, my dear fellow. "Pain's quite gone, I assure you. Egad, Bev, some one seems devilish determined you sha'n't ride to-day!"

"But I shall now, thanks to you, Dick!"

So they presently walked on together, but no longer unnaturally stiff as to back, for arm was locked in arm, and they forgot to be polite to each other. Thus in a while they reached the Chequers inn, and were immediately shown into a comfortable sanded parlour where breakfast was preparing. And here behold the Marquis; also Captain Slingsby, lounging upon two chairs and very busily casting up his betting-book.

"Hallo, Devenden," cried the Marquis; "what's wrong? You look a little off colour."

"Well, for one thing, I want my breakfast," answered the Viscount.

"So do I!" cried the Captain, springing to his feet. "But, b'gad, Dick, you do look a bit palish round the gills, y' know. What — is breakfast ready? Then let's sit down."

So down they sat forthwith, and, despite the Viscount's arm, a very hearty and merry meal they made of it.

But, lo! as they prepared to rise from the table, voices were heard beyond the door, whereupon the Viscount sat up suddenly to listen.

"Why — egad!" he exclaimed, "I do believe it's my Roman!"

"No, by heaven!" said the Marquis, also listening. "Dooce take me if it isn't my great-aunt — her Graceless Grace. By Jove, it is!"

Even as he spoke, the door opened, and the Duchess swept in, all rustling silks and furbelows. Behind her Barnabas saw a tall, graceful figure, strangely young-looking despite his white hair, which he wore tied behind in a queue.

"Ah, gentlemen!" cried the Duchess, acknowledging their four bows with a profound courtesy, "I am here to wish you success — all four of you. Which is quite an impossible wish, of course; still, I wish it. I shall gain quite a fortune if you all happen to win — Oh, dear me, Viscount, how pale you are! Look at him, Bamborough; it's his arm — I know it is!"

"Arm, madam?" repeated the Viscount, with an admirable look of surprise.

But here the Earl of Bamborough stepped into the room and, closing the door, bowed to the company.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have the honour to salute you! Viscount, your most dutiful, humble, obedient father to command!"

"My lord," answered the Viscount, gravely returning his father's bow, "your lordship's most obliged and grateful son!"

"My dear Devenden," continued the Earl solemnly, "being, I fear, something of a fogey and fossil, I don't know if you bucks allow the formality of shaking hands. Still, Viscount, as father and son — or, rather, son and father — it may perhaps be permitted us? How are you, Viscount?"

Now, as they clasped hands, Barnabas saw the Viscount set his jaw grimly; yet his smile was quite engaging as he answered:

"Thank you, my lord — never better!"

"Yes," said his lordship, "your Grace was right, as usual; it is his arm!"

"Then of course he can not ride, Bamborough; you will forbid it?"

"On the contrary, madam, he must ride. Being a favourite, much money has changed hands already on his account, and, arm or no arm, he must ride now. He owes it to his backers. You intend to, of course, Horatio?"

"My lord, I do."

"It's your right arm, luckily, and a horseman needs only his left. You ride fairly well, I understand, Viscount?"

"Oh, indifferent well, sir, I thank you. But allow me to present my friend to your lordship. Mr. Beverley — my father!"

So Barnabas shook hands with the Viscount's Roman parent.

"Come, gentlemen," cried the Duchess, rising. "If you have quite finished breakfast, take me to the stables, for I'm dying to see the horses — I vow I am. Lead the way, Viscount; Mr. Beverley shall give me his arm."

CHAPTER XLVIII

In Which Shall be Found Some Account of the Gentlemen's Steeplechase

TRULY it is a great day for the Terror. Behold him as he stands, with his velvet muzzle upon old Martin's shoulder, the while the under grooms, his slaves, hover solicitously about him! Behold the proud arch of his powerful neck, the knowing gleam of his rolling eye, the satiny sheen of his velvet coat! See how he flings up his great head to snuff the balmy air of morning, the while he paws the green earth with a round, bepolished hoof!

"He looks very well, Martin!" says Barnabas.

"And 'e's better than 'e looks, sir!" nods Martin. "And they're laying thirty to one ag'in' you, sir!"

Digitized by Google

"So much, Martin?"

"Ah, but it'll be backed down a bit afore you get to the post, I reckon, so I got my fifty guineas down on you a good hour ago."

"Why, Martin, do you mean you actually backed me — to win — for fifty guineas?"

"Why, y' see, sir," said Martin apologetically, "fifty guineas is all I've got, sir!"

Now at this moment Barnabas became aware of a very shiny glazed hat, which bobbed along, among other hats of all sorts and shapes, now hidden, now rising again, very like a cock-boat in a heavy sea; and presently, sure enough, the bo'sun hove into view.

"Mr. Beverley, sir," said he, "I first of all begs leave to say as, arter Master Horatio his lordship, it's you as I'd be j'yful to see come into port first, or — as you might say — win this 'ere race. Therefore and wherefore, I have laid five guineas on you, sir, by reason o' you being you and the odds so long. Secondly, sir, I were to give you this here, sir — naming no names, but she says as you'd understand."

Hereupon the bo'sun took off the glazed hat, inserted a hairy paw, and brought forth a single red rose.

So Barnabas took the rose, and bowed his head above it, and straightway forgot the throng and bustle about him, and all things else — yea, even the great race itself — until, feeling a touch upon his arm, he turned to find the Earl of Bamborough beside him.

"He is very pale, Mr. Beverley!" said his lordship, and, glancing whither he looked, Barnabas saw the Viscount, who was already mounted upon Moonraker. "Can you tell me, sir, how serious his hurt really is?"

"I know that he was shot, my lord," Barnabas answered, "and that he received a violent blow upon his wounded arm this morning; but he is very reticent."

"It will be a punishing race for him," sighed the Earl, walking away in the Viscount's direction.

"Only ten minutes more, sir!" said Martin.

"Well, I'm ready, Martin," answered Barnabas, and, setting the rose in his breast very securely, he swung himself lightly into the saddle, and, with the old groom at the Terror's head, paced slowly out of the paddock towards the starting-post.

Here a great pavilion had been set up, an ornate contrivance of silk and gold cords, gay with flags and bunting, above which floated the royal standard of England, and beneath which was seated no less ornate a personage than the First Gentleman in Europe,— his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent himself,— surrounded by all that was fairest and bravest in the Fashionable and Sporting World. Before this pavilion the riders were being marshalled in line, a gallant sight in their scarlet coats, and each and every one mounted upon a fiery animal every whit as high-bred as himself.

Amidst this confusion of tossing heads and manes, Barnabas caught a momentary glimpse of the Viscount, some way down the line, his face frowning and pale; saw the Marquis, alternately bowing gracefully towards the great, gaudy pavilion, soothing his plunging horse, and resettling his cravat; caught a more distant view of Captain Slingsby, sitting his kicking sorrel like a Centaur; and, finally, was aware that Sir Mortimer Carnaby had ridden up beside him. Handsome and debonair, he bestrode his powerful gray with a certain air of easy assurance, and laughed softly as he talked with his neighbour.

"A very mysterious person," Sir Mortimer was saying. "Nobody knows him. Devilish odd, eh, Tressider? Tufton Green dubbed him the 'Galloping Countryman.' What do you think of the name?"

"Could have suggested a better, curse me if I couldn't! Why not the Prancing Ploughman or the Cantering Clodhopper?" Here Sir Mortimer laughed loudly.

Barnabas frowned, but, looking down at the red rose upon his breast, he smiled instead, a little grimly, as he settled his feet in the stirrups and, shortening his reins, sat waiting very patiently.

Not so the Terror. Patient, forsooth! He backed and sidled and tossed his head, he fidgetted with his bit, he glared viciously this way and that, and pawed the earth with an impatient hoof.

Now all at once Sir Mortimer laughed again, louder than before, and in that same moment his grey swerved and cannoned lightly against the Terror — and reared back only just in time to avoid the vicious snap of two rows of gleaming teeth.

"Damnation!" cried Sir Mortimer, very nearly unseated. "Can't you manage that brute of yours!" And he struck savagely at the Terror with his whip. But Barnabas parried the blow; and now, even as they stared and frowned upon each other, so did their horses, the black and the grey, glare at each other, with bared teeth.

But now a sudden shout arose, that spread and spread, and swelled into a roar; the swaying line of horsemen surged forward, split into plunging groups, and man and horse were off and away. The great steeplechase had begun.

TO BE CONTINUED

Digitized by Google

CHARLIE SNYDER

The Charmed Life of Miss Austin

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

AUTHOR OF "DINNER AT EIGHT," "THE PEKING PUG," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

"I DON'T exactly like the idea of being burned up," said Miss Austin thoughtfully.

"But we can't burn here — in the Legation Quarter," insisted the bony woman from Kansas City — "with everything solid masonry, and an open space all around it — and the soldiers."

Miss Austin moved over to the window and looked out at the roaring sky. Outwardly she was very trim and girlish in her perfectly fitting tailored suit, white gloves, and turban that rested jauntily on her fluffy hair. She wore a watch strapped to her left wrist. Her left hand swung her brown shopping-bag to and fro as she gazed out at the extraordinarily brilliant spectacle of burning Peking. Somewhere to the westward a roof fell in; a spurt of flame shot up, threw off down the wind a shining flame of sparks, and painted its own momentary glory in red against the smoke cloud behind and above it.

At the sight the pupils of Miss Austin's hazel eyes expanded a very little, the color deepened in her cheeks, and the muscles about her pretty mouth twitched with inner excitement; but in a moment her face resumed its usual girlishly demure expression.

The months of uncertainty were over for the curious assemblage of diplomats, tourists, bankers, correspondents, soldiers of all nations, and Chinese refugees that packed the fortified Legation Quarter — the months that had alternated strangely between panic and a commonplace quiet. It was now the evening of February 29. Edith raised her left hand and glanced at her watch — twenty minutes to nine.

Digitized by Google

On the third of December Nanking had fallen; Peking, it appeared, was falling to-night.

Faintly to Edith's ears, above the roar of fifteen square miles of burning buildings, came the crack, rattle, and boom of large and small arms. They were fighting out there, Manchus and Chinese — fighting, plundering, ravishing. All that was most primitive and beastly in this backward people was loose this night. The women, out there, were undoubtedly by now at the final business of killing themselves. The modern stone gutters that bordered the very modern pavements of the ancient city were serving the ancient purpose of draining off human blood.

Miss Austin compressed her lips and turned. "My people will be simply worried to death," she said. "Aunt is just about down sick, and Uncle had to get her over to the special train without waiting for me to finish dressing; but he understood that I was coming on with you. Now, if you decide not to go. . . . And the train leaves at nine!"

"I'm sure I don't know what to say," replied the bony woman. "If my husband would only get back! You see, he isn't all packed, even. . . . What are you going to do, Edith?"

This question was prompted by the sight of Miss Austin moving toward the door.

"I left Wing loose in my room."

With which rather inadequate reply, Miss Austin went out.

Arriving in her own room, she stood for a moment with pursed lips, gazing down at an absurd little Pekinese dog on the bed. Then she looked at her watch. "Come, Wing," she remarked, with sudden decision; and, cuddling him on her arm, she picked up her traveling-bag and umbrella with her free hand, and left the room and the hotel.

Outside, where usually stood a line of importunate 'rickshaw coolies, there were only the huddling refugees from the Tartar City. Miss Austin made her way hurriedly through the crowd that swarmed over pavement and sidewalk alike. Here and there a pair of almond eyes stared at her. One big brown man elbowed close to her and laughed. A European officer in a green uniform lifted his hat and bowed, an ugly insistence in his eyes. At this her step quickened. When she passed through the opening in the great Tartar wall she was almost running.

The approaches to the railway station were congested with laden carts and disorderly piles of boxes and crates and panic-stricken human beings. Men were shouting. Women and children were wailing. Somewhere up ahead a locomotive was coughing.

Glancing anxiously at her watch, Miss Austin struggled slowly toward the noise of that locomotive. A motor-car blocked the way, wedged in between two carts. She got past by climbing over the forward mud-guard. The chauffeur, a Chinese boy, watched her with an impassive smile.

She could see a part of the train now. It was full of white men and women; there were faces at every window. Blue-clad Chinamen with blanched faces were clinging to the platforms and steps between the cars, and to each other. Many had climbed to the roofs of the cars. There were soldiers up there, too, on the roofs — American marines, she thought, from their green-gray clothing and dust-gray campaign hats. She had to keep turning and twisting to protect Wing from the pressure of the crowd. Her watch, as she hugged the dog close, was close by the little black and white head. She could see that the minute-hand was all but on the hour — closer: it *was* on the hour.

There was a sudden quick rhythm in the coughing of the engine. A bell began to ring. Her heart sank; for the cars were moving. Wing was looking up at her, his tiny eyes shining out through the tangle of silky black and white hair like glistening beads. He reached out a diminutive tongue and licked her chin.

Miss Austin stopped, in some concern as to what she should do next. The train was gone — that much was clear. She turned back, then paused to look up at the red sky. She shrank from the thought of returning to the doomed city, even to the guarded Legation Quarter. But certainly she couldn't stay here in this wild mob about the station. It was to be the hotel and that bony woman from Kansas City, apparently. That or nothing.

The crowd, that had been surging toward the train, was now falling back. She found an opening between two stacks of freight, and started through it.

At the same moment an American marine, a private, apparently, rushed into the narrow opening from the other side. He was young, and not over-tall — at least, her eyes and his, when they met, seemed nearly on a level. His eyes were blue and mild. His luxuriant hair, partly exposed by the backward tilt of his campaign hat, was light brown and curly. His nose was short, and it tipped up at the end. His mouth, set above a rather small chin, was large and of an amiable, easy-smiling inclination. He wore the full equipment of the campaigning soldier — blanket-roll looped over one shoulder, knapsack, canteen, revolver, bayonet, and bulging cartridge-pockets; and he trailed a rifle. He was flushed, and a little blown, as from hard

Digitized by Google

"'I DON'T EXACTLY LIKE THE IDEA OF BEING BURNED UP,' SHE SAID"

running. He was, everything considered, astonishingly attractive. It had not occurred to Edith that a private soldier *could* be so attractive. For one thing, he was utterly, comfortably American. "He looks almost as if I had met him at the Country Club back home," she thought swiftly, "or having soda in Williams' drug-store. I'm positively *certain* I must have danced with him — somewhere." He was hardly older than herself — certainly not more than twenty-one or -two.

The soldier, with a breathless "Excuse me, Miss Austin!" stepped aside in order to pass her. But she stepped the same way, and they stood face to face. In some confusion she stepped back, just as he did the same. Again they confronted each other.

Then he smiled,— not disrespectfully, she

Digitized by Google

thought, with an odd and rather absurd little flutter in her mind,— and, resting his shoulder against a packing-case, drew a long breath. He had extraordinarily white, even teeth.

"Guess it's no use, Miss Austin," he said. "The train's gone."

"Yes," she replied ruefully, "it's gone."

He took her in for a moment, with a good nature that was too easily and frankly of the home-town spirit to be in the least offensive. Then his mobile face sobered and assumed an expression of sympathy.

"Were you left behind?" he asked.

She held the tiny dog against her face and nodded over it with eyes that were suddenly misty.

"Folks gone?"

Again she nodded.

"Well, well," said he. Then he whistled very softly. "Hm!" he mused, in a brown study.

Edith wished he would say something more to the point than "Hm!" and "Well, well!"

His eyes wandered off down the track where the train had disappeared, then back toward the burning city. Suddenly he seemed to think of something. He straightened up and an expression of soldier-like determination came over his face. He glanced back over his shoulder. Then he turned to Edith and asked, quite casually: "Do you want to go to Tientsin — now?"

Edith, still holding Wing against her face, nodded.

"Then come with me," said the extraordinary soldier. "I'm in bad myself," he explained cheerfully, as he led the way back along the platform. "I had instructions to leave a message at our attaché's house and rejoin the company here. Couldn't make it."

He led her straight to the motor-car that she had had to climb over. It was a large touring-car. Oil and acetylene lamps were all lighted, despite the glare from beyond the wall. The Chinese chauffeur was still in his seat, and was still blandly smiling. The carts that had blocked his way were gone now.

The soldier drew his revolver and uttered a Chinese word. The smile faded from the boy's face, and he hopped nimbly to the ground.

"Get in," said the soldier to Miss Austin.

She hesitated, looked at him with startled eyes, bit her lip, then stepped up into the front seat. On the instant she reconsidered and started to her feet. But the soldier waved her back into the seat, cranked up, and leaped in beside her. The big car bounded forward.

A pack of screaming yellow children, with faces like painted eggs, tumbled headlong out of the way. Muleteers plied their whips to make room. In a moment they were out of the press about the station, and were headed southward on the Chienmen Road across the Chinese city. Through the occasionally tangled traffic and the scurrying natives the soldier picked his way with skill.

She stole a sidelong glance at him. He seemed to feel it. They were in a relatively clear space. He flashed a look at her. Their eyes met in the brilliant, flickering light. As she wrenched hers away and gazed off at the row of gaudily decorated one-story houses that bordered the wide street, she could feel the hot color rushing to her cheeks and temples.

"It's eighty miles to Tientsin," he said, "and we're either going there or we're not. More about that later. How are you standing it?"

Edith looked with an odd, absorbed expression at her watch.

"It's some experience," said he, with a sudden glow in his voice. "I haven't the remotest idea whose car this is. The Old Harry knows how far we're going to get in it, and what's going to happen to us. But I'll say this right now, before any of it happens — you're a sport clear through."

Edith's ears burned. But she was still gazing at the watch on her wrist.

"I was thinking," she said soberly, with a slight huskiness in her voice, "that it is only six minutes past nine. I've known you just six minutes."

Suddenly she raised her head, closed her eyes tight for a fraction of a second, and then, cuddling Wing close, gazed out along the open road before them, and managed a nervous little laugh.

"It *is* an experience," she said.

"How did you know my name?" she asked, with a sudden recollection.

They were heading more to the southeastward, in the region where the Peking-Tientsin highway swings around the end of the old Royal Hunting Park. The sky was now more dimly red behind them, and the acetylene lamps were cutting holes of light through the darkness ahead.

He did not reply at once. She thought that he had not heard, and repeated her question.

"Why — it's like this," he began hesitatingly. Then he seemed to remember. "I was in the company that went out to the American mission, that night, to fetch you in."

Edith looked back. There was a patch of dull red off there in the northeast; that was all. The stars were distinct now. She looked up, holding tight to the seat with her free hand. How the car lurched and jumped! She looked at her soldier. He was driving desperately through the night over one of the worst roads in the world, but with easy assurance. He was only a boy — a nice American boy!

Digitized by Google

"'I'M POSITIVELY CERTAIN I MUST HAVE DANCED WITH HIM — SOMEWHERE,' SHE THOUGHT SWIFTLY."

Digitized by Google

She wondered if ever before in the world a girl and a man had been caught up and whirled into so utterly romantic an episode. It wasn't his fault. And it certainly wasn't hers. It was disconcerting—yes. It was carrying her faster than she could think. But it was perfect. She had never before felt exactly like this.

The car plunged honk-honking through a sleeping village. The low houses of mud brick with curving tile roofs nestled close along the road. All were dark, as if asleep like the unthinking folk within. They breathed out the peace of resignation, the age-old spirit of China.

The village watchman, open-mouthed, gong in hand, pressed against the wall of a house as they swept by.

Then the village was gone. The flat, open countryside lay wide beneath the stars. Something within made her catch her breath as her eyes roved from one dim horizon-line to the other. She looked up again at the stars.

The soldier glanced around. Their eyes were very close. He smiled. Even in that faint light she could see his fine teeth. It was pleasant to see them.

"'God's own guides,'" he said, nodding upward, then bent his gaze on the road.

She did not catch the phrase. Without looking at her, he repeated, again with a jerk of his head indicating the star-sprinkled sky overhead:

"'They're God's own guides on the old trail.'"

"Oh," she murmured—"yes; I didn't hear. I love Kipling."

It was an hour later. The soldier was driving more slowly. A new sound was coming to her ears—a soft, musical whine, a faint singing in the air that was barely distinguishable over the steady purring of the motor. It came again. It was ominous—she could not have said why.

Then she caught another sound. It was very faint and far away. It sounded, she thought, like champagne corks popping in another room. Wing stirred in her arms, and she realized that she was holding him too tightly.

Again she heard that whining sound. It ended abruptly with a *zut!*

The engine, which had been running smoothly and sweetly, suddenly exploded—once, twice—like a pistol shot at their feet; and the car, at the same moment, took to jerking violently. There was a flash of light behind them that for an instant lighted the road and a row of abandoned carts beside it. Then the soldier, with an exclamation, drove his foot down on the brake-pedal, the car stopped short, and Edith pitched forward.

He caught her arm with a strong hand just as her knees touched the front board, and drew her back into the seat. For a moment he stood over her, his hand on her shoulder. She wondered, in a momentary flash of cool intelligence, why she did not shake it off. Every nerve in her body was conscious of the pressure of that hand. An impulse came to ask what was the matter. But she said nothing—merely lifted Wing and held him against her cheek. She felt, rather than saw, that her soldier was standing erect, looking out ahead. Again that singing whine—overhead. She began to understand now. It was the song of a bullet!

The soldier bent quickly down, then, until his face was close to hers. She wondered, thinking with great rapidity, what he meant to do, and shrank back in the seat. He relaxed his grip on her shoulder, deliberately put his arm around her, slipped his other arm under her knees, picked her up as if she were a child, swung her around, and, himself kneeling on the seat, gently deposited her on the floor of the tonneau.

Never before in her independent young life had a man taken her in his arms. Danger, even, seemed no excuse that this man should do so now. She could have prevented it. She could have leaped over the seat-back as lightly as he. Yet, for a moment, he had held her against him; her soft turban and hair and forehead had brushed his cheek. Now his arm lingered caressingly about her shoulders as he moved the canteen and knapsack from under her feet and arranged the blanket-roll at her back. And she was meekly submitting, holding fast to the tiny dog in her lap, and turning up to him a white, inquiring face.

For a moment he leaned down close to that face, looking into it.

"Stay right there," he said gently. "The car is protection enough, I think, for now. They're not shooting at us, but we seem to be right in the line of fire of a skirmish down the line."

"Where are *you* going?" she asked anxiously, as he straightened up.

"I've got to look over the engine," he replied, "and find out what they did to us. Be back in a minute."

He disappeared. She could hear him moving about, tinkering with the engine and striking matches. It seemed a long time. The corks were still popping intermittently. Every minute or so a bullet sang by.

"Please come!" she called, a little catch of excitement in her voice.

He laughed softly and called, "In a minute."

He struck more matches. Soon she felt the car-body move, as he leaped up in front and examined the controlling machinery. Then appeared a heavy boot and a sturdy calf, inclosed in a cloth puttee, feeling its way toward a footing. She caught the ankle and guided it.

Digitized by Google

A moment, and he was crowded in beside her. She sat forward and made an effort to give him part of the blanket; but he crouched down beside her, took her two shoulders in his hands, and firmly pressed her back against it.

"You just make yourself comfortable," he said. "We're up against it — for fair. We can't go on, on foot even, while they're fighting. So just make up your mind to settle down and make the best of it."

"My mind's all right," she replied. His hands were still on her shoulders. She moved uneasily, but he did not take them away. "What happened?"

"Queerest accident I ever heard of — a rifle-ball hit the interrupter-box of the magneto."

"Can you repair it?"

"Hardly," said he, shaking his head.

The hands on her shoulders seemed as if charged with some current subtler than electricity. His eyes were on hers. She had to fight down an impulse to sway toward him. She made a desperate effort to control herself.

"Things are pretty serious, then, aren't they?" she asked.

His face was very close.

"Very," he replied, and his voice trembled a little. He hesitated. He seemed to be having some difficulty with his throat. "I don't want to frighten you," he went on, after a moment, "but it could hardly be more serious for you."

"And for you," she breathed.

"It doesn't matter about me." He seemed suddenly bitter. "I'm only fodder for bullets, anyhow. I shouldn't have brought you."

"But I asked you to bring me."

"That makes no difference. You're a girl. That situation was up to me. Absolutely."

She bridled at this. Was there a man anywhere in this masculine world who could perceive woman as responsible, independent human material?

"Please," she said gently, "if there's any fault or blame, it is half mine. I'll take my share."

There was unconscious force behind her girlish softness. A sudden deeper admiration shone out of his blue eyes, and his hands rested more lightly on her shoulders. His touch was caressing. Slowly the hands slid down her arms, hesitated at her wrists, then descended on her hands, removed them gently from the curled-up dog, and clasped them. She held her breath. Her head sank back against the cushions.

"The situation is about this," he was saying. "We're thirty or forty miles from Peking, and forty or fifty from Tientsin. Whatever we do, however we get out of here, it's a matter of foot-work, or a cart — if there's such a thing to be had. I wouldn't dare try to get you back to Peking now. And it'll take a couple of days, at the best, to make Tientsin. All this, if we can get on at all. Right now we're under fire, and, for all we know, we may find ourselves any minute in the middle of a battle. It's as serious as that."

Her confused mind was beginning to clear. Her hands returned his pressure.

"It's all right," she said. "It isn't your fault, nor mine. We'll simply make the best of it. Either we get out or we don't, that's all."

She gently withdrew one hand. It was a compromise that, at the moment, seemed reasonable. He took the hand that she left to him in both of his; bent over and kissed the fingers, one by one; deliberately unbuttoned her glove and drew it off; then kissed the bare fingers and the back of her hand. Edith was leaning back with half-closed eyes, smiling a little smile that he could not see in the dim light.

"I'm going to tell you something," he said, a little later. "There's no use of our pretending that this isn't a very remarkable experience."

She stirred, but said nothing.

"It *is*, you know. I don't believe a man and a girl ever had a more remarkable one."

The way he pronounced the word "man" recalled to her, with an odd little thrill, what a boy he was. He went on:

"And I don't want you to think I don't appreciate it. It's a big thing — an awful big thing. It's wonderful. It looks as if fate had just made up its mind to pick up us two and throw us together."

"I know," she breathed. "And I don't even know your name."

At this they both laughed.

"Now isn't that just it!" he cried. "That shows how much names and positions and all really matter. Now, listen. Here's what I was going to tell you. My name — my military name — is Sanders, Harry Sanders. That's the name I enlisted under. The boys in the company call me Curly Sanders. My story is a very strange one. Perhaps you've noticed that I don't talk quite the same as some private soldiers — my use of English, I mean. Though, after all, there's all kinds in the service. But I was brought up to something different. My father is a very rich man — a multimillionaire."

"It doesn't seem to matter," said she, "the way I feel to-night, who your father is — or who you are."

"I know," said he. "It's just you and me — the man and the woman. That, I suppose, is what love is. Real love, I mean. The big thing."

They were silent for a time. Then he resumed his story:

Digitized by Google

"Last year my father made up his mind that I had to go into his business — at the bottom and work up. When I objected, he cut me off — wouldn't give me a cent. I tried to get along by myself for a while. But it's hard, you know, earning a living, when your parents haven't given you the right kind of a training to start with. One day I saw a recruiting station of the U.S. Marines. In a park. It struck me that I was young — only twenty-two. It looked like a good chance to travel around a bit and see the world in a pretty interesting way. Certainly it was a heap better than the job I had in a shoe store."

"Oh," she murmured, "you did that?"

"Yes. And sold tips to newspapers — and drove a taxi — and tried the express business, and strike-breaking — all sorts of things."

"It was plucky of you."

"Oh, no. Any fellow would have done it. Anyhow, I knew it would be a shock to the governor and it wouldn't hurt me, so I enlisted. I'm glad I did. It brought me out to China — and to you. . . . It is all queer and strange. But I'm going to say this — now, before anything more serious happens to us. We *aren't* responsible for this. It just happened. Here we are. There's no sense pretending we haven't got something for each other. My job now is to get you out of here and safe to Tientsin. I'm going to do it — if I can. If not, if I fail at it — well, I love you, that's all. It's come to me — the big experience. And I'm going to give you this. Whatever happens, you must keep it always." He took from his little finger a heavy seal ring and placed it on the third finger of her left hand.

Edith said nothing. For a long moment she sat looking down at the ring and turning it slowly round and round her finger. Then a timid, hesitant hand groped for his, and found it.

"SHE SAW WHAT MADE HER PULSES JUMP. . . . NOT FIVE YARDS AWAY WAS THE WHITE FACE OF HER AUNT".

Digitized by Google

"It is — strange," she murmured.

He nodded. He took her two hands and pressed his warm lips against them, one after the other. He released them, slipped his arms about her shoulders, and drew her closer to him. She made an effort to hold herself back.

"Edith," he whispered, close to her ear.

She was trying to think. Strange, vague forces, newly released within her, seemed to be swarming over her mind and undermining her will.

"Not now," she was breathing —"not yet." She managed to wrench herself free. Wing, disturbed, set up a barking that for the moment drew their attention.

"You haven't — one — for me?" he was pleading.

She was fighting desperately to collect her faculties.

"Not one — Edith?"

"Wait," she managed to say. "It is — we don't know yet that it is love. It couldn't come as quickly as this." She felt that he was smiling. "Well, then — if it could — how can we be sure?"

"Aren't you sure?" he asked reproachfully.

"No — I'm not. I'm not. It's been such a whirl. And it has all been so — so romantic."

"Perfect!" said he.

"Perhaps"— she was looking at him with a sudden steadiness that surprised herself — "perhaps I don't love you at all. Perhaps it is just the thrill of all that has happened — our being together this way — and you *are* nice."

"Are you sorry you took the ring, Edith?"

"Why,"— she hesitated,—"no. I simply can't tell anything about it. I just don't know. Can't you understand?"

He shook his head. "You puzzle me."

She hesitated. He again reached forward and took her in his arms, firmly this time. He held her head up close to his, in the hollow of his arm. His eyes were gazing into hers. His lips were hovering close to hers. But she roused, wrenched herself partly free, and buried her face on his shoulder.

"Oh — please!" she whispered.

"Not one?"

"Well — on the forehead — just one."

He raised her head. She feared he was going to kiss her lips, and started to dodge away; but he held her face firmly between his hands and brushed his lips gently against her forehead. Then he released her. She sank back against the cushions with pounding temples, and covered her face with her hands.

He leaned forward. "Do you regret it, dear?"

She lowered her hands and for a moment looked at him. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. She rested a light hand on his arm.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I really don't mean to be cross. You're saving my life, and ——"

"Haven't saved it yet," he interrupted grimly.

"No, but — How quiet it is! I don't believe they're shooting now."

They were silent, listening. She deposited Wing on the seat, got to her knees, and looked out over the road ahead. Faint, far away, there was a new noise in the night, a coughing sound. "Come up here!" she commanded.

They stood side by side in the car. She was drawing on the glove he had removed. After a moment they sought each other's eyes. "It's an engine," she cried —"a train! They've been stopped by the fighting. Oh, do you think we can get to it?" And she opened the door and stepped to the ground.

He stood motionless, looking after her rather ruefully. Then slowly, very slowly, he put on his equipment and followed.

"I'm almost sorry," he said.

She tapped the dusty road with a neatly shod toe. "We must hurry."

"I'm sorry, sort of. It smashes our dream."

"You don't want me to be killed," said she. The situation had slipped out of his hands. Her mood had changed.

"Of course not. But, oh, Edith ——"

He tried to take her in his arms; but she had no difficulty in eluding him, hampered as he was with his blanket-roll and rifle, and her satchel.

"Don't — please!" she said. "You'll hurt Wing."

His expression of exasperation was lost in the darkness.

She started off along the road. There was nothing for it but to catch up with her and take her arm. She walked easily and rapidly. He looked down admiringly at her swinging step.

"I know who you are," she broke out unexpectedly, after they had walked a little way. "You're Charlie Snyder, of Middletown."

The hand that held her arm moved with a sudden start.

"Yes," he said. "I told you the truth. My father *is* rich. I'm a rich man myself. I ran away to enlist. I'm Charlie Snyder, of Middletown."

Edith was in a brown study. "I know your sister Betsy," she went on. "We were at school together."

Her voice faltered. She knew other things. The escapades of Charlie Snyder were still a matter of gossip, even in the neighboring city in which she lived. This very matter of his enlistment had filled the local papers for just one blazing day — before old William H. Snyder could make his influence felt. It was a chorus-girl story — and not of one chorus girl, but two! Broadway had made short work of Charlie Snyder.

She disengaged her arm and went on unsup-

Digitized by Google

ported. Her lips were compressed. The same shadow of night that hid the queer, baffled expression on his face happily concealed the flush that came and went on hers — that came and went with certain troubled thoughts.

They walked through another small village, whose inhabitants of every age were out on the road in excited groups. They passed out between the last two houses, and saw, a quarter of a mile away across the fields, a long train of passenger-cars. Farther along, by the light of a row of bonfires, a swarm of men were working on the track. Most of the passengers appeared to be out, standing in dark little knots or moving slowly to and fro in the firelight.

In the shadow of a wall, they paused.

"It's hard to let you go like this," he said. She felt that he was trying to force a note of sentiment into his voice. But the effort was not wholly successful. There had been magic between them this night — a magic that had gone as a bubble goes.

"Thank you," she said gently. "You got me here."

He tried to press closer, but she held him off. "I'll write," he whispered. "Will you be at the Astor House in Tientsin?"

She shook her head. "You mustn't write."

"But — you're not stopping it like this!"

She nodded. "We must. It was a mistake."

"A mistake," he repeated bitterly, almost angrily. "Then it *was* what you said — just the romance, not me."

"Don't," she murmured. "Please let me go!"

He released her hand; and she slipped unobtrusively out by the train, among the shadows and the moving groups of men, women, and children passengers, and the curious, crowding Chinese. She stood quietly there — a slim, pretty girl in a tailored suit, turban, and white gloves, carrying in one hand an umbrella and a small satchel, and holding a tiny Pekinese dog.

And, standing there, she heard an officer call sharply: "Here, Sanders, what are you doing back here! Get forward there on the track work, and be quick about it!"

She pressed her hand to her eyes. How confusing it was! What a night! That officer was an acquaintance of hers. She turned away, unwilling to trust herself to speak to him.

Then she remembered that Charlie Snyder's ring was still on her finger. She wrenched it off. He was coming — he would have to pass her. It would hardly do for her to hand it to him — before all these people. She dropped it on the ground and looked at him. His eyes followed the movement. But, instead of picking it up, he kicked it contemptuously aside, strode by with stiff, military manner, and went on until she lost him in the shifting crowd. At the sight, a little — a very little — of the magic that had woven its web about her heart and senses not an hour earlier fluttered back. It was an act of bravado; but she liked him for it. It was a better ending than the other. She looked on the ground for the ring. But over the spot where it had lain was the firmly planted foot of a bland, moon-faced Chinaman. She gave a little shrug. That, too, was better. And she turned her eyes to the train.

What she saw there made her pulse jump. At an open window not five yards away was the white face of her aunt, and behind it, peering over her shoulder, the rather fat, business-worn face of her uncle, Mr. Wilberly.

"For goodness' sake, Edith!" cried Mrs. Wilberly. "Where have you been, child?"

Miss Austin, as she nodded and smiled and then moved toward the steps at the end of the car, found herself doing some rapid thinking. "How on earth shall I explain it to them?" she was saying to herself. "How much shall I tell? I've got to say something. People don't pop up in the middle of the night from nowhere — not so often — and not in the heart of China." But her wits were too confused to settle this little problem. She found herself getting on the train and making her way to the compartment in which her aunt was reclining.

"How on earth —" began that lady again.

"I felt sure you were somewhere on the train," her uncle interrupted. "I tried to look through for you, but it was so crowded ——"

"Albert, you *told* me you *had* looked through," cried Mrs. Wilberly reproachfully.

"Well, my dear, I did — I went everywhere it was humanly possible to go. It's clear enough now that she *was* on the train, isn't it?" And the uncle added, with assumed cheerfulness: "It's a lucky thing you stepped out here, Edith, and we happened to see you. Your aunt and I *have* worried about you."

Miss Austin smiled and said nothing.

A little later, a fellow passenger stopped at the door of the compartment to inform them that the track was repaired and the line reported clear to Tientsin. The locomotive whistled, and there was the sound of men clambering to the roof of the car and moving about up there, as the Chinese passengers and the military escort prepared to continue the journey at that precarious altitude.

On the following evening, Miss Austin, in a pale yellow evening gown, with a flat gold ribbon bound about her fluffy hair, met her aunt in the hall of the Astor House at Tientsin and went in with her to dinner.

Digitized by Google

"SHE FELT THAT SHE WAS TURNING PALE, AND STEADIED HERSELF BY RESTING THE KNUCKLES OF ONE CLENCHED HAND ON THE TABLE"

"The same old thing," she said pleasantly, running her eye down the long card. "It looks like a real French dinner. But it isn't. Do you know, aunt, that's one reason I'll be glad to get out of China — just to eat a real meal, where there isn't always something the matter with the green vegetables, and the butter doesn't come in a can from Australia and the milk in a can from home. Oh, by the way, where's uncle?"

"I meant to tell you," replied Mrs. Wilberly, "he's invited company to dine with us. Did you ever hear of Charlie Snyder, of Middletown?"

Edith sat perfectly still; but her slim body had become suddenly rigid, and her fingers pressed so tightly against the menu-card in her hands that the tips, usually a healthy pink, went white. She could not speak; so she nodded.

"Well, it's he. A queer, romantic story. He enlisted, you know, in the Marines. His father has just had Senator Mangelburg arrange with the department to get him out. Your uncle says it's done him a world of good — quite made a man of him."

Edith's eyes were fixed on the pedestal of the flower-vase that stood in the center of the table. Her head was swimming. She heard steps behind her, and Mr. Wilberly's voice. She saw her aunt smiling and preparing to rise, and

Digitized by Google

knew that she must rise too. She did rise. She stood motionless for a second, fighting down the confused tumult in her mind. Then she turned.

There stood her stout uncle. And beside him was a tall, broad-shouldered young man of twenty-four or -five, with straight black hair, heavy eyebrows, black eyes, and with a noticeably long, "strong" chin. She felt that she was turning pale, and steadied herself by resting the knuckles of one clenched hand on the table.

Then they sat down.

Fortunately for Edith, who could not possibly have framed a five-word sentence, the real Charlie Snyder was fully as talkative as his blond counterfeit had been. And Mr. Wilberly was plying him with questions about his extraordinary experience as a private in the Marines.

"It's been rather hard luck," said the young man,— this was later, over the Parisian coffee and the Manila cigars,—"that they let me out when they did last week. I'd like to have stayed in for the Revolution. But once the orders came to hand me my discharge, I had to go."

He turned to Edith. "You might think it a rough life, Miss Austin. But it's astonishingly interesting. There are all kinds of men in the service, you know. And it does one good to rub up against them. You'd be astonished to know how much one really learns about life, just being close to those boys."

"Yes," murmured Edith, a shade drily; "I suppose I would."

"And, everything considered, they're nice boys. Good fellows. They have their faults, of course. But, taken by and large, they're real. They've taught me a lot. Why, take Curly Sanders alone. My life — the rest of it — would be a lot poorer if I'd never known Curly Sanders. I'm simply dippy about Curly."

Miss Austin's hands were clasped tightly in her lap, under the table. Her face was expressionless.

"Curly, you see, is really a gifted person," ran on the talkative young man. "He's one of that rare sort that actually live in a world of make-believe. He can't cross the street without running bang into the most extraordinary adventure. Real ones, you know. They happen to him. Mostly with ladies. He is — forgive me, Mrs. Wilberly, but he is — simply one wonder with the ladies. Rich and poor, high and low, they all fall for Curly.

"And the joy of it is, he always comes right back and tells us all about it. Of course you can never be sure how much of what he tells is so. But he always gives names, places, and dates. And it's always gorgeous. Why, he must be down here now — it was our company that came with your train. . . . Come to think of it, Miss Austin, Curly is from your town. His father's a grocer. Curly went to high school there. Then he had to drive a grocery wagon. Then he worked in — oh, Williams' drug-store — a soda-water clerk. Then he skipped out to New York, had some hard luck, and enlisted.

"I must certainly look Curly up to-morrow. It's absolutely sure that he's had some hair-raising adventure in this mix-up."

More was said, but it passed by Miss Austin's ears unheard. She could only smile and nod mechanically now and then to give an appearance of being in the talk.

But gradually, as she sat there, her brain began to clear. Her independent spirit slowly reasserted itself. She wondered if ——

"How long are you staying here, Mr. Snyder?" she asked, as she found herself leaving the dining-room by his side.

"Only to-morrow. I'm leaving for Shanghai on the night boat."

"Oh, really." Her big hazel eyes turned to his. They were beautiful eyes. And she added, quite deliberately: "I'm sorry we shan't see something of you. Betsy has told me so much about you."

She saw the light come into his own black eyes.

"Well," said he, "there *is* to-morrow. Couldn't we — well, play around together a bit?"

"I have nothing to do," said she.

"Just consider yourself engaged for the day, then." His manner was positively enthusiastic. "Do you know, seeing you here just wipes China out. It wipes the Marines out. It's like home."

She smiled. "I'd love to knock around and see the city. I don't get much chance with uncle and aunt. But I don't want to keep you from your friend Curly and his new story."

"Oh, hang Curly!" cried Charlie Snyder boyishly. And they both laughed.

"It won't be necessary to hang him."

"We'll forget him, then."

"All right," said Miss Austin, quite steadily; "we'll forget him."

As soon as they were outside, in the semi-darkness of the big porch, she gave way to the impulse to draw a long — a very long — breath.

"Wanda of the Mysteries" — the latest episode in The Charmed Life of Miss Austin, by Samuel Merwin — will appear in the March McCLURE'S — out February 15

Digitized by Google

PEGGY GOES HUNTING

A New Peggy Story

BY

MARAVENE KENNEDY THOMPSON

AUTHOR OF "BLUE RIBBONS," "PEGGY AND THE SWAMI," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

HUSBAND and wife looked at each other with narrowing eyes — the measuring look of husband and wife from time immemorial, each trying to gage the vulnerability of the other. The man stood by the screen door of the veranda, his hand resting on the knob, his face turned sidewise to view the challenging eyes upraised saucily to his. Their owner rocked herself easily meanwhile. It was rather an ominous rocking, so steady it was and serene, as though no doubts pervaded its propelling force. Unconsciously the man's shoulders squared.

"I won't agree to that proposition, Peggy, so no use talking any more about it. And you yourself don't want to kick Letty out, for that's what it would really amount to."

"*Kick* Letty out!" dimpled Peggy. "I should say *not!*"

Edwin Trowbridge laughed. The thought of Letty — weight a hundred and seventy, muscular as himself — being kicked out by slim little Peggy was a mirthful one. But he returned to the serious side of the subject.

"I'd do 'most anything you could ask quicker 'n this. Letty was here 'fore I was born. The first thing I have any remembrance of is her throwing me up in the air and catching me. She played with me, and slaved for me, and — by George! spanked me, too, when I needed it."

"That was better 'n throwing you up in the air," cried Peggy.

"Don't either seem to have stunted my growth," he chuckled. "No"— answering her beseeching gaze. "You've struck a cropper this time. I won't hurt Letty, and that's all there is to it. She hasn't any folks of her own, or any home but ours."

"But you said once you'd set her up with a place of her own if she ever left you. You did, Ed; I heard you."

"Sure — if she left us of her own accord. But that's a different matter from kicking her out."

"Kicking her out! Don't talk that way, Ed. You know I wouldn't hurt Letty, any more than you would. But we might keep an eye out for a middle-aged man to marry her."

He gave a searching look to see if she were in earnest, then threw back his head to laugh uproariously.

"By George, that's funny! Letty's lived in our family for twenty-seven years,— since she was twenty,— and she's never had a beau to my knowledge, and I remember ma's saying the same."

"But why?"

"That's easy. She's always been deaf's a post. A man can't make love through a megaphone."

"He can *look* love," returned Peggy. "And Letty's real good to look at, even now. I'm sure there's some one for her, if we could find him."

"A Jack for every Jill — eh?"

"Yes," seriously. Then, eagerly: "Why, of course, Ed, there must be some one for Letty. It's intended that a man and a woman should love and marry."

"Another good intention being used for underground pavement by the loose geese and ganders round here."

He turned his eyes to the unbroken sweep of grain before him, sun-kissed wheat, heavy with ripeness. Of course, it was only a joke about marrying Letty off. But there were other ways — and trust Peggy, once on the scent, to nose one of them out. And she was surprisingly gifted in the art of getting rid of things — his

Digitized by Google

things. She had accomplished wonders that were little short of miracles in that line in their short married life — much of which had amused him mightily. But to get rid of Letty, manifold household treasure, would not be cause for mirth. He had become habituated to Letty's orderly household régime.

"Hands off Letty," he gave notice laughingly, but with a warning note in his voice. "Letty isn't to be chucked out or thrown in as good measure to a second-hand man."

"You can't mean Bug Wheelock. He's looking for a wife. But he's fourth hand."

"You know what I mean, all right. Letty stays right here. This is her home for life, same as yours. If you ——"

"Ed!" The eyes lifted to his held a wicked little gleam, and the lovely face was piquantly a-sparkle. "Is that a — dare? Sounds like it — might be."

"You know what it is, you little sinner!" he returned, with playful roughness.

"Yes, Ed, I — know," she answered, with a laugh. But under her light tone was an undercurrent strangely like restraint near to breaking.

Next day she sat on her mother's porch, seven miles distant — sat childishly on the step, her face pressed sidewise against her mother's knee.

"Ma, do you know somebody who might marry Letty?"

Mrs. Patton stopped short with her mending.

"Peggy! Why —" Then she laughed, a big laugh that shook her plump person perceptibly. "You'll never lose Letty if you wait for that. Letty isn't the marryin' kind. And whatever would you do without her? You could never find her equal, nor anything like it. Ed's mother trained her — and she was a Morton, and the Mortons pride themselves on their housekeepin' more'n any folks I know. And, no use talkin', y' could never manage that big house 's Letty does. When y' learn ——"

"But I'll never learn with Letty there," came wistfully. "I like Letty. No one could help it. She's as good's gold, and a wonderful housekeeper — so wonderful that I would never dare to put up my own ways and ideas against hers."

"But if her ways are good ways?" suggested her mother.

"I know, ma; but I want to be the head of my own house."

"Land o' livin', dear, when y' have a woman like Letty t' take the brunt o' things, let her do it. I can't begin t' tell you how thankful I was you married a rich man, and one who'd let y' take things easy, and *I'm* grateful t' Letty for shoulderin' the burdens, if you aren't."

"There's worse things than shouldering burdens," said Peggy, with a quaint lift of brows — "and that's to be incapable of shouldering 'em. Folks who amount to something aren't afraid of responsibilities. I've done an awful lot o' thinking lately. I find I'm a clever schemer at getting my own way, and that's 'bout all I am — so far. But it isn't all I could be. I *could* be a — a *fine* woman, I think, if I had a chance to express my own ideas and plans every day just as they come to me. But I just can't, with Letty there. She makes me feel incapable and young and silly. Perhaps I am — you never let me depend on myself for anything. Now I want to learn — I do, I *do*, ma! I want to stand on my own feet, even if it's only to fall down, and get up, and fall again. Some day I'd *not* fall."

Her mother's hand reached down and stroked the soft hair.

"I believe my little girl's right," said she. "And it's in you t' be 'most anything you want t' be. You're like the Pattons — they're always reachin' out for something beyond 'em — and gettin' it, too. My side o' the family's satisfied with things that come easy. But, dear, you can't marry off Letty. You talk t' Ed again. Ed's ——"

"A darling, *after* a thing's done," laughed Peggy. "No, ma; I'm through talking. I'm going hunting for Letty's man. They say luck is making opportunities instead of waiting for 'em to knock at the door. Nobody's looked for a husband for her before."

"Nobody was crazy enough," said her mother. "And you've got your work cut out for some time, I'm thinking. And even if Letty would marry at all, which I'm not sure, she wouldn't take a no-'count fellow, nor one she didn't care for; and those that c'd choose wouldn't want Letty."

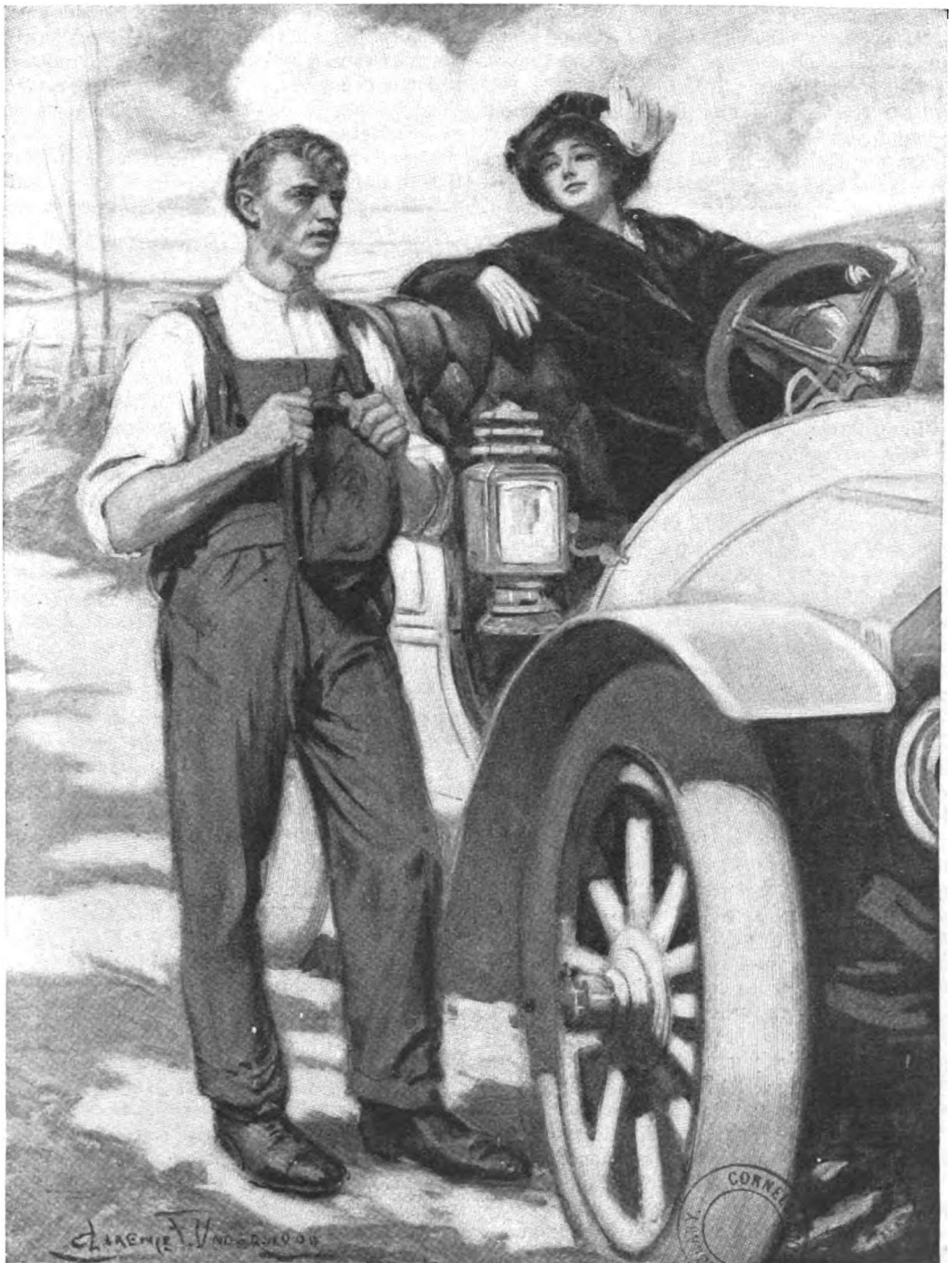
"There's some one for her," persisted Peggy.

Her mother smiled fondly. Nothing bespoke Peggy's own married happiness more fully than her honest belief that every one should marry. And that she should desire to burden herself with unnecessary responsibilities revealed a new Peggy, more beautiful even than she, in her doting tenderness, had imagined. But — there was Letty. And there would always be Letty, standing, like a capable and domineering mother, between Peggy and maturity. Peggy had rightly comprehended her stumbling-block; and pathetically — for she must know the hopelessness of finding an acceptable husband for Letty. She stifled a sigh.

"How's Baby Ed?" she asked, her voice, unconsciously, compassionate.

"Oh, ma," with starry radiance, "I just wish you could have seen him in his bath this morning. He —" She stopped and frowned.

Digitized by Google



"'STEVE, YOU MUST STOP HANGING ROUND LETTY. IT ISN'T FAIR TO HER'"

Digitized by Google

"Oh, my, I keep forgetting! And only just coming over I vowed I wouldn't repeat one thing he did."

"But why?" asked her mother, staring at her always amazing daughter with bewildered eyes.

Peggy explained:

"Mr. Coates, the funny little man that visited the minister last week, says he never visits at a house where there's a baby or a pet dog; that in a house where a baby is, it's 'baby — baby — baby,' from the time he goes till he leaves; and if there's a dog, it's 'dog — dog — dog.' And it *is*, ma. I was mad as a wet hen when he said it, but, oh dear! I soon found out it was 'baby — baby — baby' with me, too — just that one tune pounded out all day long."

"But, Peggy, I'm not a stranger; I like to hear 'bout baby."

"I know, ma, but the way to stop is to *stop*. If I mean to grow, I've got to sow my mind with more'n one crop. I've got to go about developing my mind scientifically, like Ed does the land. You don't get anywhere without working for it, ma. But, first, I got to clear some ground before other things can find enough soil to support 'em. *Then*"— she looked up with merry eyes — "I'll portion it out with regular crops: baby and house and books and music and ——"

"Ed ——"

"Ed?" repeated Peggy. "No; I can't portion out Ed. He's the air and moisture and sunshine that just has to be there before the other things can even start to grow." Her eyes grew dreamy. "I feel awful sorry for Letty, ma — to know there's some one and — and not find him ever."

She reached for a piece of cake lying on the floor, and tossed it carelessly from hand to hand, giving no thought to the act. But a fragrance passed from the broken crumb to her nostrils, thence to a sleeping memory. And a closed door in her brain was unlocked and deftly opened, revealing its precious secret with no effort on her part. Her only virtue was to look in with seeing eyes before the door closed, and comprehend and quickly grasp the elusive talisman. But the possession of that virtue is largely essential in spelling success.

Her dreaminess left her. She sat upright, chin uplifted, breath sharply quickened.

"Where did this piece of cake come from?" she asked.

"That?" Mrs. Patton bent to look at it. "Guess it must 'a' fallen out o' this coat of Still Steve's I'm mendin'. He's always eatin' 'em. Swedish cakes o' some kind. I don't know where he gets 'em. Might as well ask the gate-post as him, for all the answer I'd get."

Peggy sat as though electrified, her eyes childishly round and open. This was the kind of cookies she had found Letty taking from the oven one day when she had come home unexpectedly! And Letty had whipped them hastily under her apron and into the pantry. And they had not been served on the Trowbridge table then or later, though she had smelled the same peculiar fragrance in the kitchen since.

The mention of Still Steve aroused Mrs. Patton to her own troubles.

"There's always something t' worry over, dear. We have Still Steve on our hands, and forever, same's you have Letty. You know, he always was bent on doin' just opposite t' what he was told, and he gets worse and worse, seems like. The only way t' be sure he'll do a thing is to tell him not to. Pa says he isn't goin' t' do that any more; that Steve has t' get used t' taking orders straight or he'll discharge him. But he won't, of course. Steve's been here for eighteen years."

Her daughter sprang up excitedly, her eyes shining like sun-reflecting mirrors.

"Opportunity knocking at the door! It's been squatting on my steps for the whole year, and I haven't had sense enough to see it! Letty and Steve! Oh, ma! Ed'll set 'em up. They'll marry and be happy!— and we'll be happy!"

After a few moments' mental fumbling with this amazing proposition, Mrs. Patton let the coat she was mending fall to the floor.

"Letty — Steve! Why — why ——"

But Peggy's active young body was moving down the driveway as though borne on the wind. She cranked the waiting roadster. Her mother came panting after her.

"Peggy! Stop it! You've gone clean crazy over this notion o' getting Letty a husband. She wouldn't look at Still Steve. You'll only insult her and make trouble for nothin'. Peg-gy!"

Peggy's caroling laugh floated back.

A little way up the road, she stopped the machine and beckoned to a hulking figure in the field alongside. The Swede beamed happily as he swung himself over the fence. He was slavishly devoted to Peggy, as overjoyed to fetch and carry for her as was her Bernard dog, which to her he somehow resembled — big, tawny, kindly-eyed, his spreading mouth always slightly open over long white teeth. His welcoming smile was partly suspended as he viewed Peggy's censorious countenance.

"Steve," she announced gravely, "you must stop hanging round Letty. If you wanted to marry her it would be all right; but just hanging round don't do you much good, and it keeps others away. Ed'll give her a little place of her own when she marries. You see, she wouldn't

Digitized by Google

"'MARRIAGE ISN'T A BARTER. LETTY WANTS TO BE MARRIED JUST AS YOU DID—FOR HERSELF'"

Digitized by Google

leave Ed's mother, with her sick so long; and later she had to look out for Ed. But now that I'm there — And she could have her pick of some mighty fine men if you'd stop fooling round her. Of course, with a big, good-looking fellow like you always squatted in the kitchen or on the porch, there won't any one else come; they won't think they stand any chance. And it isn't fair to Letty. Nor to a man who wants a good wife. Letty's the mothering sort that makes a real home for a man."

Still Steve's weathered face became one of purpled amazement.

"Now, stop it, Steve — understand! You mustn't keep some one else from getting a good wife. For some trifling hugging and kissing ——"

"No — no!" The need of the moment was stronger than Still Steve's distaste for speech. "I not hug kiss her! I not hug kiss no woomans ever."

Peggy's disciplining hand dropped to her lap; her lips parted over a swift "Oh, you poor Steve! You poor, poor Steve!"

The Swede shambled awkwardly from left foot to right, from right to left, his face taking on a dull brick hue, his eyes raised bashfully like a timid girl's. Slowly, very slowly, he questioned:

"Ess — goot — to hug kiss — woomans?"

Peggy's starry eyes were strangely misty.

"Ed thinks it is," she laughingly whispered, and started the rakish roadster and shot down the stretching white road.

Still Steve, she knew, had never thought of Letty sentimentally, or in any sense but as a friendly soul who did not find him in the way or expect him to talk. Since Peggy's marriage he had wandered every week or fortnight into Letty's cheery kitchen, or humped himself on the porch steps, Letty going on with her work, each in a silence that had in it nothing unsocial, and each, apparently, regardless of the other's presence. But Peggy, like her mother, knew the power of counter-suggestion on Still Steve. And now ——

Steve and Letty! A love affair! Romance! She was a-quiver with it.

It was a week later.

"What in thunderation's the matter with Letty?" ejaculated Trowbridge. "There's salt in this pie 'stead o' sugar! And yesterday she put curry in the apple sauce! What's the matter with you, Letty?" he shouted, as Letty appeared from the kitchen. "Are you losing your taste? Or is it your eyes?"

His own eyes grew round, and he drew off and looked at her stupidly. "Crimps!" he muttered. "By the Lord Harry!"

As one not believing his own vision, he continued to stare at the crimps that, for the first time in his memory, relieved Letty's smoothly parted hair. Staring longer, he discovered an unprecedented bow at her throat and an altogether new look pervading her. His bewildered gaze turned from her to his wife. She shook her head, waiting until Letty once more disappeared into the vastness of the kitchen. Then:

"*Letty and Still Steve — are — engaged!*" she cried, in ecstatic breaths. "Last night! She told me this morning. I knew there was some one for her — of course! But I didn't expect to find him right at my door, waiting. Oh, Ed darling! I'm so happy! I've been just dying for you to notice her hair. And I thought you never, never would look. Steve likes waves."

There was nothing but tenderness in Peggy's voice. She had prinked for Ed's delight, and why not Letty for Steve's?

It was a hot, sticky August day. Trowbridge had spent three hours under the blistering sun repairing a broken thresher, the usual mechanic, along with half the hands, not having shown himself that morning,— the after effects of a circus the day before,— and he still tasted the salty pie. For the first time, he was really wrathful with his wife.

"What's Steve marrying on? Has he come into property?" he asked ironically.

"He will when he marries Letty," bubbled the conspirator. "I'm awfully glad it's poor Steve; I'm mighty fond of him. Oh, Ed dear, let 'em have the old Waitely place — Letty would just love that snuggy house."

"Your pa sent Steve over this morning to help out," he returned. "I'm going out now to give him just ten minutes to get off my place. The — skunk!"

He swung himself out of the door. Peggy, stunned at this turn of the affair, ran frantically after him.

"Ed!" she panted. "Ed!"

"Go back!" he commanded sternly. "I'll come and talk to you when I've settled with your tool."

He was gone less than five minutes. It was not a triumphantly joyous wife who met him on his return, but a wife white-faced, moist-eyed, lips a-tremble.

"Oh, Ed, what have you done! What have you done! Letty loves him — loves him just as I love you."

"And does Steve love her just as I love you?"

Peggy drew back slowly, blinking as before a sudden glare of light, her eyes filled with vague, bewildered questioning.

"Pet, I don't think you understand just what you've plotted to do," said he, and there was no

Digitized by Google

anger now in his voice. "Marriage isn't a barter. And Letty wants to be married just as you did — for herself. How do you think she'd feel when she found out, as she soon would, that her poor crimps and her poor old self meant less to the man who married her than a clod of earth? I wouldn't hurt Letty any more'n I would my own mother. There was never a better, kinder, more faithful soul. I found that out in the four years after father and mother died. I should think you'd be glad to have her take the responsibility of this big place. There's lots of things for you to do without this. But if you're so set on getting rid of her that you could plan this low-down thing, I reckon I'd better put her out gently — before you do it some other way. I'll give her a life interest in the Waitely place, and get some couple to live with her — but only as long as she's single; I won't bait grafters to hound her."

"A couple to live with her! Oh, Ed dear, you don't understand. She *loves* him! She told me this morning that she's loved him for years. She remembers the clothes he wore the first time she saw him. Steve's good and kind; he'll treat her well."

"Meaning he won't beat her. No; I won't have a hand in marrying her to a man that's taking her for the premium that goes with her."

"I said she loves him just as I love you. But it's more as I love baby. She'll be happy just in *giving* love. There wasn't a word in her talk about what he could do for her; it was all what she could do for him. Ed, don't you see?"

"I see plain enough that if he'd wanted *her* he wouldn't have waited till you baited him with the promise of a farm — for that's what you did, of course. That kind of whelp would be a nice reward to give a woman for twenty-seven years' faithful service! Even supposing she does love him in the way you do Ed, will she get back the affection you get? You may not ask any love in return, but the little tike heaps it on you good and plenty already." He put an arm about her shoulders. "Little wife, you'll have to let me settle this part of it. Letty means to me what she could never mean to you."

"Ed, it'll break her heart," she sobbed. "If you had seen the look in her eyes when she told me! Steve's good; he is, Ed. Do this for me — for *me*, darling."

He swung her lightly off her feet and to his arms.

"That's not fair, pet. You know I'm soft's batter where my pretty Peggy love's concerned. But I've got to protect Letty, even if it's against you and herself." He kissed her and set her on her feet, and walked the floor, his face clouded. "Guess I'll send Letty out to Michigan to see the Turners — she's missed Mrs. Turner more'n any one except ma. You can try your hand at house managing while she's gone. Afterwards ——"

Letty walked in, silent, as usual, handed Peggy a folded sheet of writing paper, and walked out again. Deep-bosomed, broad-hipped, her massive frame carrying its weight with stolid dignity, her impassive face unlined and pleasingly benign, the eyes serene, Letty was always an impressive figure, one that an artist might easily choose for a Madonna of the people. And to-day Peggy and Ed looked after her with quickened gaze. Somehow, this was not Letty, but another! It was as though a veil had been lifted, an invisible yet shrouding veil that no one knew was there, revealing depths of untold sweetness.

"You can't do it, Ed darling; don't you see?"

"Hang it all!" he fumed.

Peggy read the message Letty had given her. She passed it to him. "Read it," she quavered.

Slowly he deciphered the scrawl:

Lands ess goot butt love ess much more better. Letty me takes lands eff Ed gifes ett freelies. Butt enyhow we marries. We has littel moneys an we nott frade work. You nott to begg Ed for farm orr to make us pressents. Letty me hafe eche otther an we tank you ferry much. STEVE.

Husband and wife looked at each other tenderly, quizzically.

"What are you starting to cry for now, pet?" he asked.

"What are you all choked up over?" she answered.

Stories by Leonard Merrick, the most cleverly ingenious that this brilliant author has ever written, will begin in the March McCLURE'S. The first of these stories is called "The Elegant de Fronsac"

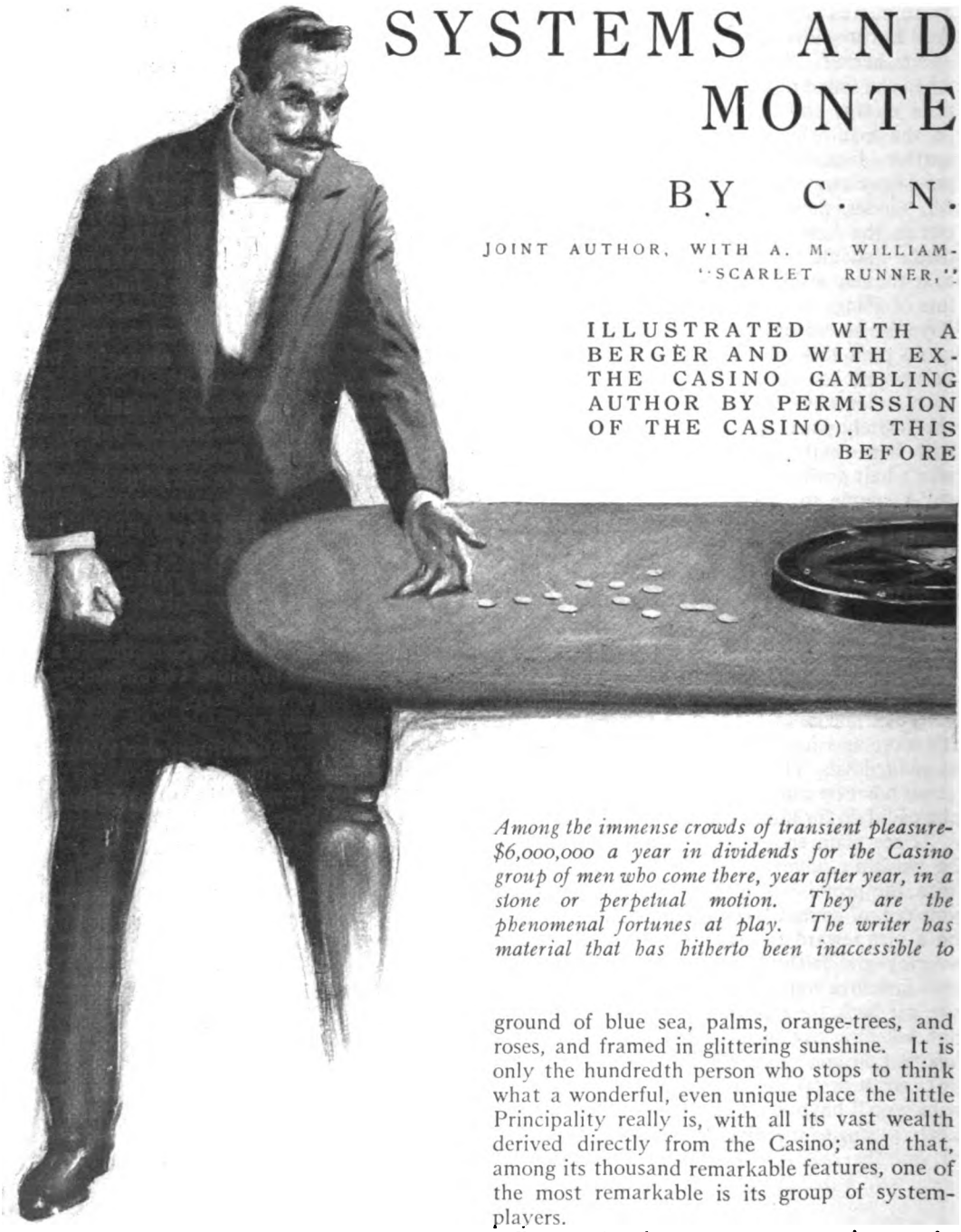
Digitized by Google

SYSTEMS AND MONTE

BY C. N.

JOINT AUTHOR, WITH A. M. WILLIAM-
"SCARLET RUNNER,"

ILLUSTRATED WITH A
BERGER AND WITH EX-
THE CASINO GAMBLING
AUTHOR BY PERMISSION
OF THE CASINO). THIS
BEFORE



Among the immense crowds of transient pleasure-
$6,000,000 a year in dividends for the Casino
group of men who come there, year after year, in a
stone or perpetual motion. They are the
phenomenal fortunes at play. The writer has
material that has hitherto been inaccessible to

TO ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, whether they have visited the Principality or not, the name of Monte Carlo conjures up instantly a flashing picture of gaiety and fashion, lovely women and smart men; the raking on and off of gold on green tables; superficial delights and mysterious vice painted boldly against a background of blue sea, palms, orange-trees, and roses, and framed in glittering sunshine. It is only the hundredth person who stops to think what a wonderful, even unique place the little Principality really is, with all its vast wealth derived directly from the Casino; and that, among its thousand remarkable features, one of the most remarkable is its group of system-players.

Everybody who takes the vaguest interest in the gambling centers of Europe knows that you can fling your money on to the tables as the spirit moves you, or that you can arrange a more or less systematic way of doing it; but only those who know can form any conception of the vast world-league of system-players who pour from all corners of the universe to Monte Carlo to test the success of their ardent studies. There

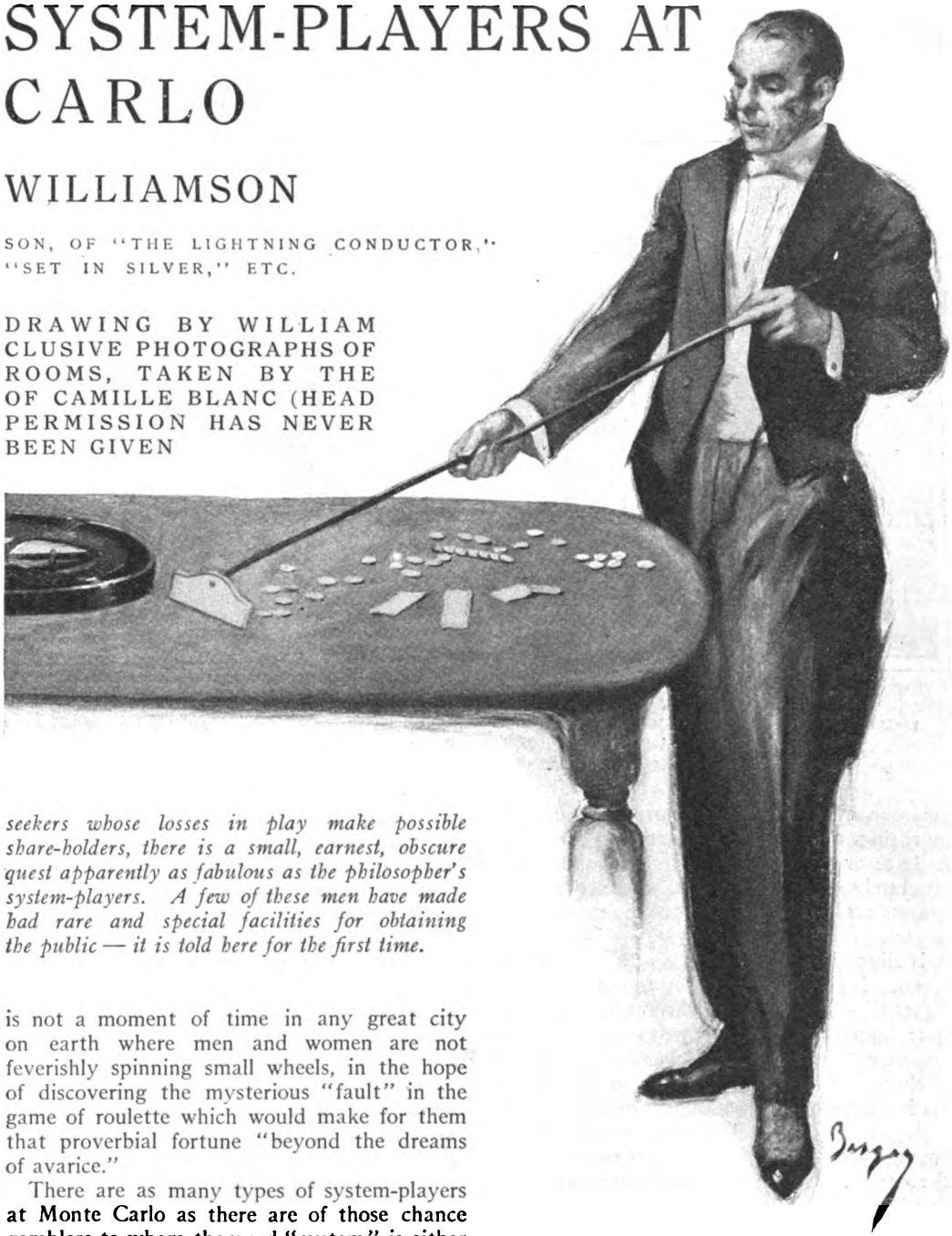
Digitized by Google

SYSTEM-PLAYERS AT CARLO

WILLIAMSON

SON, OF "THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR," "SET IN SILVER," ETC.

DRAWING BY WILLIAM
CLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF
ROOMS, TAKEN BY THE
OF CAMILLE BLANC (HEAD
PERMISSION HAS NEVER
BEEN GIVEN



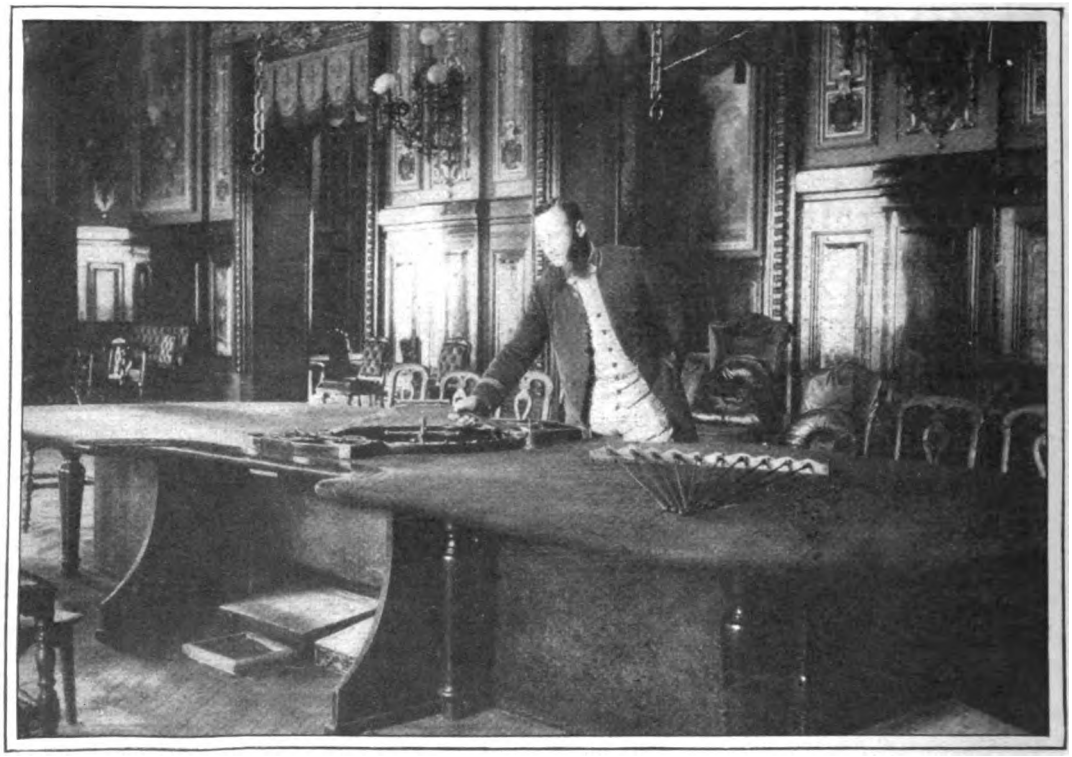
seekers whose losses in play make possible share-holders, there is a small, earnest, obscure quest apparently as fabulous as the philosopher's system-players. A few of these men have made had rare and special facilities for obtaining the public — it is told here for the first time.

is not a moment of time in any great city on earth where men and women are not feverishly spinning small wheels, in the hope of discovering the mysterious "fault" in the game of roulette which would make for them that proverbial fortune "beyond the dreams of avarice."

There are as many types of system-players at Monte Carlo as there are of those chance gamblers to whom the word "system" is either ridiculous or boring. And to students of human nature as seen at Monaco the former are infinitely more interesting. Their life, their work, their sensational successes, their tragic or ignominious failures, the extraordinary industries that grow up around them, are even thrilling. Yet no book has ever been written entirely round the system-players.

Their true Mecca is, of course, Monte Carlo, and not any other gambling resort, because at no other are the conditions so favorable to them. In the first place, trente-et-quarante and roulette are unquestionably far superior to baccara or boule or petits chevaux, or any other game of chance, from the point of view of the serious system-players. They say that only the

Digitized by Google



Copyright by C. N. Williamson

ONE OF THE ROULETTE TABLES

A GARÇON DE SALLE IS LEVELING THE WHEEL BEFORE THE DAY'S PLAY BEGINS. A SLIGHT MECHANICAL FAULT IN ONE OF THESE WHEELS ONCE COST THE BANK OF MONTE CARLO $400,000

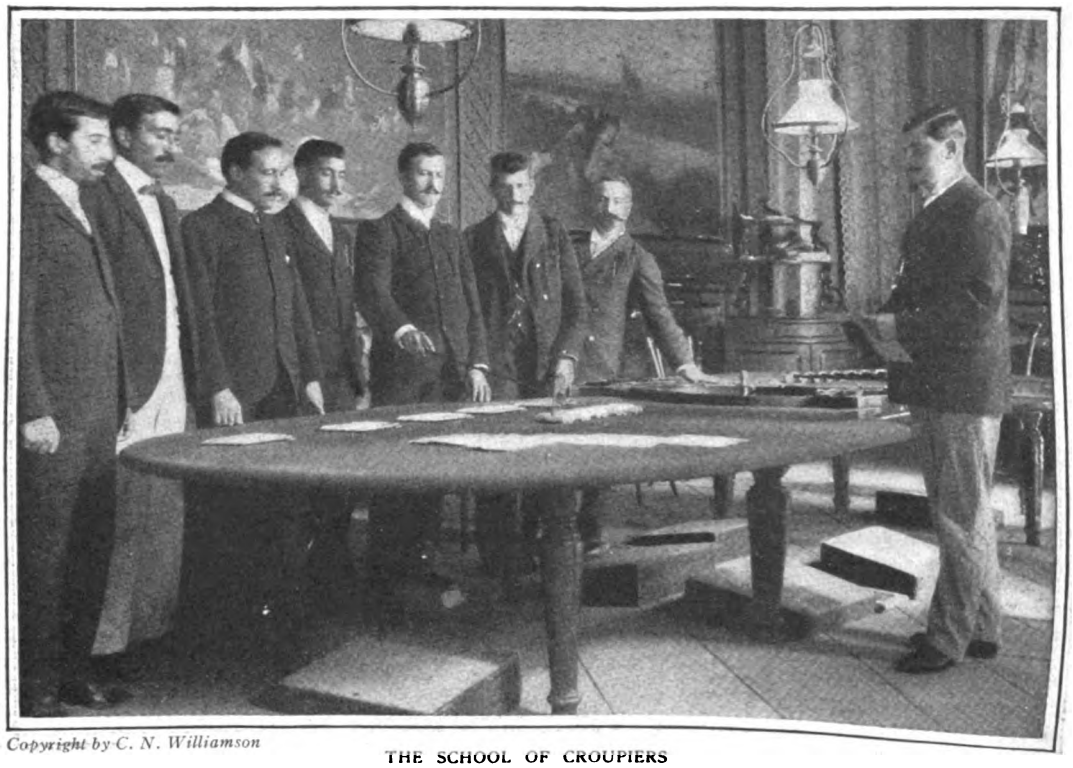
amateur or the one-franc man wastes his time inventing or studying systems except upon roulette or trente-et-quarante; and the casinos absolutely above suspicion where those two games are allowed can be counted on the fingers.

If all roads lead to Rome, so do all to Monte Carlo. It is delightfully easy to reach; and the "cheap" system-players who return year after year know where and how to live there for almost nothing. But not every system-player is cheap. The historic system men of Monte Carlo have worked and are working on a grand scale; and it is doubtless true, as is whispered among them, that even the great power behind the scenes fears some discovery which may some day "find the fault." In the epic day of that classic player, Jaggers, the Casino trembled — but for his story by and by. And there have been and will be others, of whom he and one more modern man, an American, stand at the head.

The morning, soon after the doors open, is the time to find the system-players at their best; but evening in the high season, after dinner till the closing of the doors at midnight, gives the most picturesque show of wild play among big punters. A little after nine o'clock in the morning a stranger would be surprised to see a crowd, composed mostly of men, solemnly assembled on the pavement across the road opposite the Casino. They look more like business men waiting for a suburban train to take them to the city than gay Riviera idlers. Their faces are intent, though not visibly anxious. They talk little to their neighbors, and laugh less.

Presently the tall liveried doorkeeper raises his hand, and the waiting players instantly move across the road in a compact body, to cluster on the steps, the first arrivals pressing as near as possible to the closed doors. This is the first stage in the advance of the system-players, those faithful workers who look upon the Rooms as their office or shop, in which they may or may not make money that day. By and by the outer doors leading into the vestibule and the great hall called the atrium are flung open. Then calmness is thrown aside like a cast-off garment. By this time there are women in the crowd, young and old; but, gamblers being no respecters of sex, system men do not

Digitized by Google



Copyright by C. N. Williamson

THE SCHOOL OF CROUPIERS

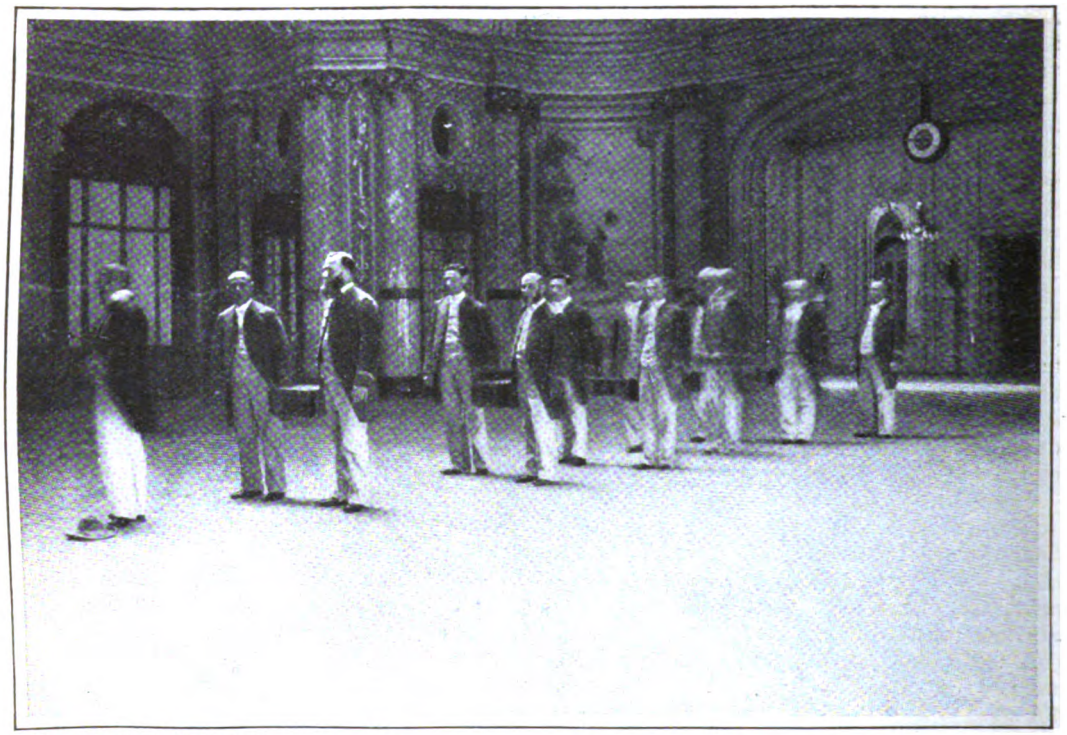
HERE APPLICANTS FOR THE POST OF CROUPIER ARE TAUGHT THEIR BUSINESS IN THE SUMMER MONTHS. THEY PLAY WITH METAL DISKS TO REPRESENT COINS AND PIECES OF PAPER TO REPRESENT BANKNOTES. IT TAKES SIX MONTHS' DAILY INSTRUCTION TO TRAIN A CROUPIER FOR HIS DUTIES IN THE CASINO

make way for system women. All — fat, thin, active, and decrepit — run in as fast as they are able, women having the advantage because they need not pause to leave their hats, whereas the unfortunate men must turn aside to put theirs in the cloak-room. Even now speed has only given first place near the inner doors. Another half hour is to pass before the Rooms themselves will be open for play.

How the Bank Opens

Meanwhile the interval of waiting is not dull. An official appears to inspect the cards of admission, which every player must possess. Then comes a procession of blue-coated footmen descending from the upper floor of the Casino, where the offices are, each couple of men carrying between them a heavy wooden chest clamped with iron. Longing glances follow the procession into the Rooms, for these boxes contain the money which all these patient gamblers, especially the system-players, hope to win. There is 80,000 francs ($16,000) in each box that goes to a roulette table, and $30,000 for each trente-et-quarante table. The procession of footmen, headed by an inspector, moves into the gaming-rooms. The outer doors are opened, and, pressing up more closely, the crowd can see through the inner doors of glass that the footmen have marched with their boxes to the different tables. At last it is ten o'clock. The doors are thrown wide. The crowd pours in, jostling and pushing. Some make for favorite seats at roulette tables near at hand, others run for farther tables, often slipping and tumbling on the slippery parquet flooring; women pick up their skirts and sprint against each other the full length of the immense rooms to gain the distant trente-et-quarante tables, which are few in number. In the twinkling of an eye all the chairs are taken, for there are only sixteen places at each roulette table, and those who are late have to stand and play over the shoulders of the seated ones. Sometimes, half an hour after play has begun, a late comer will tap on the back a man who is seated. Up gets the man in the chair, quietly surrendering to the new arrival the place he has waited and struggled to obtain. The self-sacrificing individual is merely a paid "marker," known and tolerated by the Casino authorities — a man

Digitized by Google



Copyright by C. N. Williamson

THE GARÇONS DE SALLE BRINGING IN THE MONEY FOR THE DAY'S PLAY
THE PROCESSION IS SHOWN CROSSING THE SALLE SCHMIDT, JUST BEFORE THE PUBLIC IS ADMITTED. THERE IS $16,000 IN EACH BOX THAT GOES TO A ROULETTE TABLE AND $30,000 FOR EACH TRENTE-ET-QUARANTE TABLE

who probably combines with marking the more lucrative trade of money-lending.

The lucky ones being in their places, money for the day's play is counted out under their eyes at each table. Gold, weighed in a balance, is piled in rouleaux; notes ranged according to denominations; humble five-franc pieces placed in lines, overlapping like scales of fish. An inspector verifies all, and signs his name to a statement on paper. One of the *garçons de salle* tests the wheel with a spirit-level. Everything in the Casino is done with the regularity of clockwork. The system-players now prepare for business, producing pencils and books. "What," said a stranger once, amused at the scene, "what are all those grave, silent people doing with their little washing-books?"

The System-Player's Washing-Book

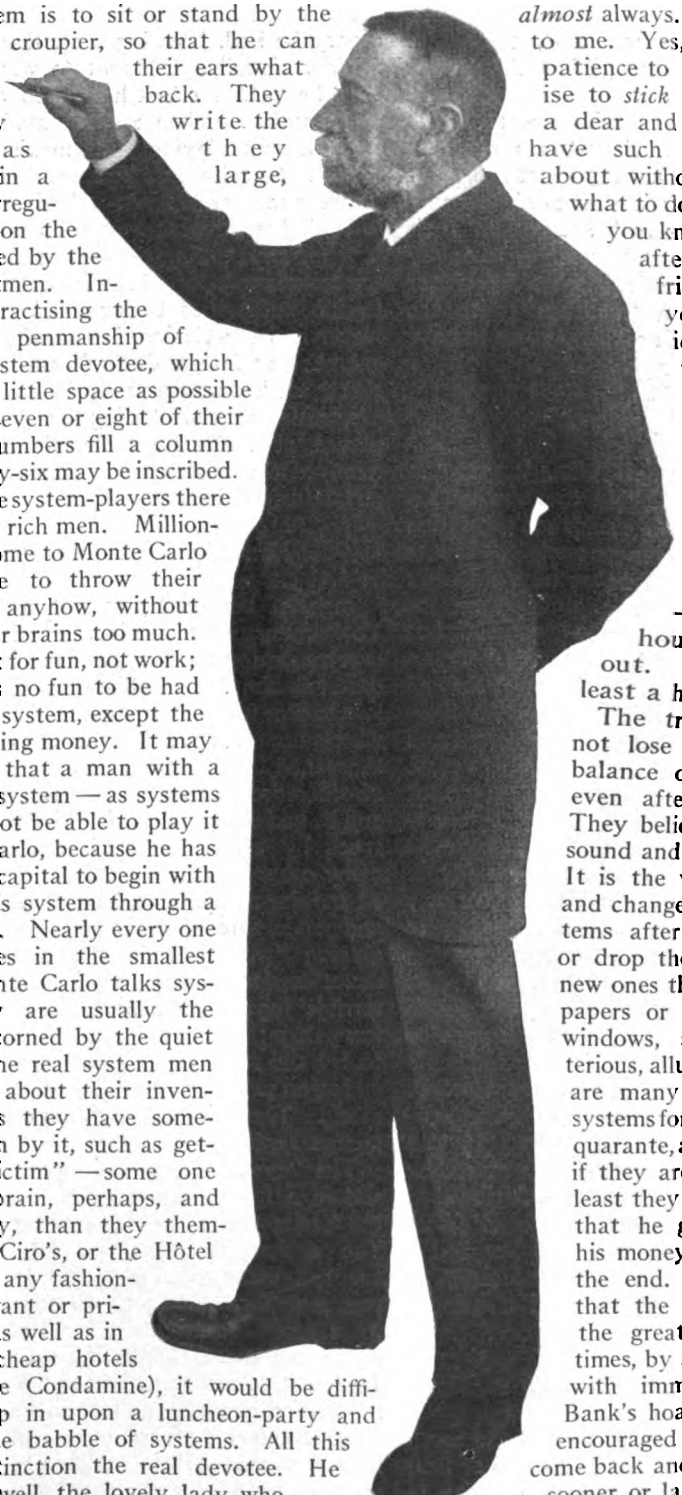
Thus with a hasty phrase were the system-players classified. They are grave, they are silent, for they must not miss noting a spin of the wheel or their calculations may be upset. They are invariably the people with the "washing-books." No system could live without a washing-book or carefully kept cards. But books are favored because they can more easily be referred to afterward at home. Scarcely a type of the many types of system-players is absent from the Casino in the morning, for then there is better air in the Rooms; it is easier to think, to do intricate calculations in a hurry; there are not such confusing crowds looking over the shoulders of the seated ones and playing across their heads.

The scientific system-player almost never plays standing up. He must sit down, noting everything in his book. But not all system-players are scientific, even when they believe themselves to be so. To some it is enough of a system to have a lucky number or dozen at roulette, and follow it always. Such a one can quite well throw on his money over the serried ranks of the largest hats. Others, mostly women, believe that the croupiers, especially their favorite croupiers, can spin any number they please — "though of course they wouldn't dare to do it always, you know, or the inspectors would notice, and discharge them." These ladies do not need "washing-books" to keep the weavings of the game before their eyes. All that is neces-

Digitized by Google

sary for them is to sit or stand by the omnipotent croupier, so that he can whisper in their ears what number to back. They generally write the numbers as they come up, in a large, straggling, irregular hand, on the cards supplied by the Casino footmen. Instead of practising the small, neat penmanship of the true system devotee, which takes up as little space as possible on a page, seven or eight of their sprawling numbers fill a column where twenty-six may be inscribed.

Among the system-players there are few very rich men. Millionaires, who come to Monte Carlo to rest, like to throw their money on anyhow, without exerting their brains too much. They are out for fun, not work; and there is no fun to be had in a serious system, except the hope of making money. It may well happen that a man with a really good system — as systems go — may not be able to play it at Monte Carlo, because he has not enough capital to begin with or to see his system through a few mishaps. Nearly every one who gambles in the smallest way at Monte Carlo talks system. They are usually the amateurs, scorned by the quiet players. The real system men do not talk about their inventions, unless they have something to gain by it, such as getting a "victim" — some one with less brain, perhaps, and more money, than they themselves. At Ciro's, or the Hôtel de Paris, or any fashionable restaurant or private villa (as well as in the many cheap hotels down in the Condamine), it would be difficult to drop in upon a luncheon-party and not hear the babble of systems. All this bores to extinction the real devotee. He knows too well the lovely lady who sweetly says: "Oh, I hear you have the *most wonderful* system! Is it true you *always* make money? Well, then, *almost* always. Do, please, teach it to me. Yes, indeed, I *will* have patience to learn it. Oh, I promise to *stick* to it, if only you'll be a dear and teach me how. I do have such *awful* luck splashing about without any definite idea what to do. Yet one must play, you know." This same lady, after giving her scientific friend (who has spent years in perfecting his idea) infinite trouble, will say to him flippantly next day: "Your system is no good at all, my dear man. I lost worse than ever this morning. Oh, indeed, I *did* do it justice. I tried it over and over again — anyhow, for half an hour — till I was cleaned out. I lost *horribly* — at least a hundred francs."



PRINCE ALBERT OF MONACO

The true system-players do not lose courage if there is a balance of loss against them even after some weeks' play. They believe that their game is sound and must win in the end. It is the weak men who chop and change and alter their systems after a few "bad days," or drop them altogether, trying new ones they see in the system papers or purchase from shop-windows, sealed up in mysterious, alluring envelops. There are many extremely ingenious systems for roulette or trente-et-quarante, and some so good that, if they are not sure to win, at least they protect the player so that he gets a fine "run for his money," and loses little in the end. This is the reason that the Casino likes better the great punter who sometimes, by sheer luck, goes away with immense sums of the Bank's hoard. He is sure to be encouraged by his easy wins to come back another season, and so, sooner or later, he is almost certain to pay back what he has so joyfully borrowed. The system-player, who knows that the

Digitized by Google

Casino is as dangerous as a sleeping lioness, is cautious in his approach, and, though he may snatch little from her gilded claws, does not leave much in them.

The two men, however, who are the most celebrated in the annals of system-playing at Monte Carlo, and who took the most enormous sums from the Casino, oddly enough are supposed to have had no real science in their systems. One — the great Jaggers — certainly had none; and the American who lately for several seasons played a "system" with the most astounding success is said by some to have won by means of a clever dodge.

The Great Jaggers

In the history of Monte Carlo, Jaggers has become almost legendary. He was an Englishman, whose photograph is a cherished possession in the hands of the one person now left at Monte Carlo who seems to have known him. He was an intelligent mechanic or engineer from the north of England. He was not a gambler, but he had heard of Monte Carlo, and of the wonderful roulette-wheels so ingeniously made that no one could beat them. Curiosity took him there when he had put together a little money and earned a holiday. He did not intend to play. It was the wheels themselves that he wished to see. When he found that he was not supposed to keep a seat at the table and watch the game for any length of time without playing, in order to study it in peace in his scientific way he began to venture a few five-franc pieces. He had a favorite table where he happened to feel more at home than at any other; and, while laboriously taking down numbers in order to make a record, he hit upon an astonishing discovery. Some of the numbers appeared more often in a day's play of about five hundred coups than they had a right to do mathematically, according to the laws of chance. Jaggers continued his tests for several days, until he was satisfied that the particular roulette-wheel under observation had some mechanical defect — that it was not truly balanced, but had a bias in one direction which caused the ball to fall more often in one quarter of the cylinder than in the others.

Jaggers Played the Wheel with a Bias

Not a word had the silent man of the north spoken to any one of his first suspicions or final discovery. On the fault, not of roulette in general as a game, but of this roulette-wheel in particular, did Jaggers then and there found his unscientific but amazingly successful "system." He decided to risk in the venture all the money he had, knowing that, though he must fail occasionally, he ought to win far oftener than he lost. At first he played quietly, with small stakes. Then he increased them until soon he was playing with maximums on the wheel's favorite numbers, and winning immense sums of money. Feeling sure of his ground, Jaggers now engaged a staff of men to play for him, taking their turns at the table as the croupiers do, and his wins continued till the Casino authorities became seriously alarmed. Never had the Casino, in the whole history of gambling at Monte Carlo (then comparatively short), suffered so severely in its hitherto impregnable pockets. Seeing that Jaggers always played at the same table, the management removed the cylinder from that table at night and transferred it to another.

How the Bank was Broken

Jaggers, however, was not a hard-headed Yorkshireman for nothing. He had expected every morning to find that luck had suddenly deserted him because his wheel of fortune was lost to him forever among a wilderness of other wheels useless for his "system." His eyes were sharpened by the knowledge that a pin's point of difference was life or death to his interests, and he had observed on his cylinder a tiny white speck by which he could identify it among many others apparently alike. Each morning, on arriving at the table, he glanced at the wheel and made sure of the white speck before beginning "work"; and, on the day after the secret exchange, hovering inspectors saw the terrible Jaggers reducing his great stakes to a few paltry five-franc pieces. Presently he rose, to try the same small game at another table, and so on until his eyes lighted upon the blessed speck. Then he and his staff of clerks began to plunge again.

The "system" began to seem supernatural and in a few months Jaggers had taken from the Casino the unprecedented sum of $600,000. The authorities began to suspect that all the cylinders were imperfect. The maker was sent for, and each wheel was subjected to a rigid scrutiny. The faulty one was discovered and taken away, and next morning Jaggers' tide of fortune turned. For a few days he went on playing, and lost back to the Casino some $200,000 of his enormous winnings. Then he was wise enough to see that he was beaten. He discharged his staff, ceased play, and retired with the comfortable sum of $400,000 intact. Never did he appear again at Monte Carlo; but his memory has lived there since as a classic one.

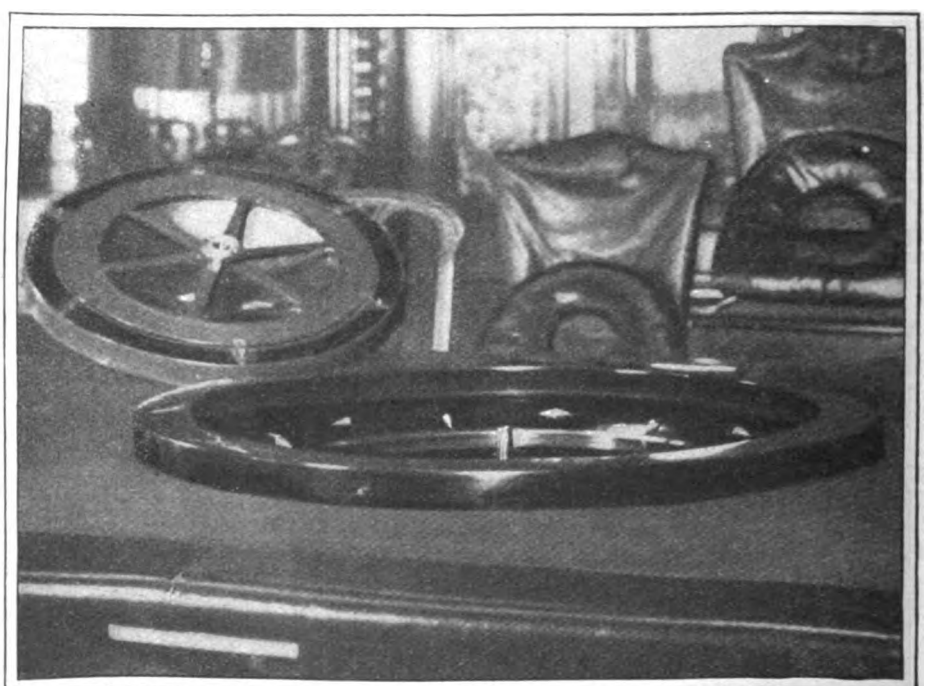
Digitized by Google

THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO, SHOWING AGAINST THE SKY-LINE THE INSTITUT OCÉANOGRAPHIQUE, FOUNDED BY THE PRINCE OF MONACO, WHERE HE CARRIES ON HIS SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS

Digitized by Google

It would be hopeless to-day to try to emulate the exploit of Jaggers, and that for a good reason, which is known, however, to very few members of the public. The mechanism of the wheels used at Monte Carlo is of the simplest. I am perhaps the one member of the outside public who has been allowed to enter the Casino early in the morning, before the gamblers are admitted, to inspect the roulette-wheel, take it in my hands, and photograph it. It is the most simple and honest thing in the world — just a cylinder of sheet copper (carefully balanced, and strengthened by bands of metal) revolving on a vertical pivot of steel. The wheel itself, with the wooden basin in which it revolves, is not supported, as it seems to be, by the table on which the players make their stakes, but is sustained by a separate gun-metal case bolted securely to the floor. The outer circumference of the copper wheel has attached to it a circular band divided into thirty-seven parts, bearing the numbers from 1 to 36 (though these are not arranged in numerical order) and a zero. Within the numbers are small pockets corresponding to them, and into one or other of these pockets the ivory ball must drop when the forces of gravity and friction overcome the initial impulse given by the hand of the croupier. Here comes in the only subtlety of the wheel: the numbers form a circular band, and *this band is movable*, so that the pocket which is opposite number 1 to-day may be opposite number 30 or any other number to-morrow. Probably not one person in ten thousand of those who play roulette knows this secret of the wheel.

The wheels are made thus for a legitimate reason. The Casino rightly wishes to guard by every means in its power against mechanical defects in the wheels; and it might happen that after much wear the thin metal partitions between the pockets might get warped or worn, so that the ball would fall into certain pockets more often than into others. Therefore the movable band which carries all the numbers is from time to time unscrewed, twisted round, and screwed up again, so that the same pockets are not always opposite the same numbers. No player can object to this; for, the more perfect the wheel as an instrument of hazard, the more hope is there for those players who base their systems on the well known operations of the laws of chance.



Copyright by C. N. Williamson

ONE OF THE FAMOUS MONTE CARLO ROULETTE-WHEELS REMOVED FROM ITS PIVOT AND PUT UPSIDE DOWN. THESE WHEELS ARE THE MOST PERFECTLY BALANCED IN THE WORLD

Two bright comets of the system world at Monte Carlo, not remote from the time of Jaggers himself, were the Garcia brothers, two young Spaniards. One brother in particular will never be forgotten at Monaco, for he it was

Digitized by Google

whose science (his system being based on science, not trickery) invented a method of play which still has some followers. The late François Blanc, the founder of the Casino, was then at its head, and he is sa d to have taken a keen interest in the progress of the brilliant gambler who was "using the Bank like a milch-cow." Beginning play with a capital of 9 units, Garcia would place a third of it on the table as his first stake. In case of loss, on went the remaining two thirds at once, thus: capital of 9 units; stake 3 and win; total 9+3=12; stake one third of 12=4 and lose; 12−4=8; now stake the remaining 8 and win; total 8+8=16; stake one third of 16=5 and win; 16+5=21; stake one third of 21=7; and so on.

THE PRINCE OF MONACO IN HIS LABORATORY. HIS INCOME IS PAID OUT OF THE ENORMOUS WINNINGS OF THE CASINO, WHICH ALSO SUPPORT THE ENTIRE MONACO GOVERNMENT AND PAY THE SHARE-HOLDERS A DIVIDEND OF OVER $6,000,000 A YEAR

Playing thus, Garcia often brought off astounding coups. He and his brother, who played with him, had such runs of luck as have seldom been seen on this system, now known as the *tiers et tout*. Often they made eleven wins without encountering the two consecutive losses which swept away their initial capital of 9 units, thus turning the original 9 into 193. Only men of courage and unbreakable nerve can stand the strain of this system, which again and again brings them near their goal, only to dash them down to the beginning again. It might be called the Sisyphus system, as, no matter how close to the top the stone be rolled, it is terribly likely to go tumbling to the bottom of the hill. The Garcias had courage, nerve, and patience, however, and they were rewarded by making a fortune, though they began in a very small way with a few thousand francs they had put together for their great adventure at Monte Carlo. So great was their elation and self-confidence that, after going away in a blaze of triumph, they were drawn to return, thinking to repeat their exploits. The sleeping lioness waked up with the second sharp pinch of her golden tail, and, putting out a claw, rent the Spanish brothers. They lost all they had made, and, broken-hearted, one brother is said to have committed suicide in a cave on the sea-shore not far from the Rock of Monaco. The other became a waiter in a restaurant, where his good stories of Monte Carlo made him a favorite; but he died ignominiously, without saving up enough five-franc pieces to try his luck once more.

A System that Risks Only the Winnings

Founding his system somewhat on the lines of the Garcias, there came to the Rock a man from Marseilles, a Monsieur Paul. He too, beginning with little, made much, playing

Digitized by Google

roulette on the simple chances. He began by putting on 3 units. If he won, 6 units lay on the table. He then added 3 more units of his own to the pile, so that his second stake was 9 units. If he won a second time, there were 18 units on the table, which he left on, hoping for a third win. If this came he had 36 units. Then, taking up his own original 6 units, he left the 30 (all of which had been won from the Bank) for the hazard of a fourth consecutive win; and if this, too, were lucky, he had won 60 units by risking 6. In case of bad luck he lost but little; with good luck he won largely; and, as fortune favored him, he was for a while one of the sensations of Monte Carlo. He also was lucky in going away with his winnings.

With Unlimited Supplies of Money Behind It, the Bank Can No Longer be Broken

Among the classic system-players who gained great sums at Monte Carlo was Charles Wells, adventurer and inventor, who came to Monte Carlo with the money of other people, to "win or lose it all" in testing his great idea. He played, also on the simple chances, a modification of the famous method of d'Alembert, the great mathematician. Wells began with a stake of 10 units, decreasing to 9 if he won, but increasing to 11 if he lost. His game was a kind of swinging of the pendulum, going up one way to 20 units and the other down to 1. For a time he contrived to prosper so sensationally that the tables at which he played had occasionally to stop for a few minutes until more money was brought. This was "breaking the Bank," and gained Wells the honor of becoming the hero of a popular music-hall song. Nowadays, however, no successful player can have the thrilling joy of breaking the Bank. As soon as it is seen that one gambler or more may reduce the funds of a table to a low ebb, more money is unostentatiously brought by one of the footmen, and play never stops for an instant. Charles Wells has recently figured in the criminal courts of Paris, where he boasted he had won $400,000 from the Casino.

Grand Duke Michael's Sensational Play

Many other bright luminaries have risen over the horizon at Monte Carlo, have been the golden idols of the hour (for every one delights in seeing the Bank beaten), and have eventually set behind clouds; but a few, though they have vanished, have left radiant trails behind them, because no clouds ever obscured their triumph.

A fixed star of the first magnitude is the Russian Grand Duke Michael, who spends most of his winters on the Riviera. When he is not playing brilliant golf at Cannes, he is making brilliant coups at the Monte Carlo Casino, where he is a most popular figure: handsome, dignified, striking, easy to find in a crowd because of his height, and amazingly lucky. His system is one that seems to be based on an absurdity — that numbers, having appeared, will immediately repeat them-

PHOTOGRAPH OF A CROWD AT PLAY AT MONTE CARLO, TAKEN BY A LONDON NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT WITH A SMALL CONCEALED CAMERA

Digitized by Google

selves several times in succession or close together; 29 and 36 are the Grand Duke's favorite numbers. When one of these appears, he bets the maximum ($1,200) that it will repeat, staking also on chevaux and carrées, so that if the number itself does not come, another near it may still give him a limited success. Despite improbabilities, season after season the Grand Duke Michael wins on this system, and people seem as pleased as if they themselves had won the piles of gold and notes he gaily rakes off the table. But the greatest sensation of modern days has been made for several seasons running by an American — young, clean-shaven, keen-eyed, pale-faced. Many people know his name; but, as he is a private person and not a Russian grand duke, and may come back again, let him be anonymous here.

His first year in the Principality began with surprising good fortune, followed by some losses. Then he went away and was forgotten by the public that loves to talk system and successes. But in 1910 he returned, played wonderfully throughout the season, continued in "the vein" throughout the summer when the great crowds were out of the way, and returned after a short absence to do more brilliantly than ever in 1911. Every one talked of him. Every one wondered how he did it — what was the secret. Newspapers had paragraphs about him; he could not move without being snap-shotted. When he won vast sums, he did not smile; when he lost, his expression never changed. And so wonderful was his luck that the Casino trembled, as it had in the case of Jaggers.

An American System-Player Wins $500,000

His play was on numbers, but seemed to vary from time to time, occasionally being for "repeats," often skipping from one side of the wheel to the other. No one could understand what he was doing, though it was evident that he had a system of some sort, as he staked without hesitation. The American often lost, but his wins were immensely higher than his losses. The whole table had to wait while he plastered it with numerous piles of gold, and wait again while he was being paid; but the interested crowd was never impatient, and the "system" remained a mystery until at last, when the lucky player left Monte Carlo with $500,000 of the Bank's money, mysterious gossip began to fly about. It was declared, by those who claimed to have inside information, that the clever American had worked his system with the aid of an assistant, who was always with him at the tables. The American used to stand while he played, with one shoulder toward the wheel; and it was said that his assistant, standing at the opposite side of the table, keenly watching the wheel, signaled to the player at the last instant in which quarter of the cylinder the ball seemed likely to fall. Whether this story be true or not, it is not impossible. Many thought it the only way to account for such a long and persistent run of luck with a system based on numbers.

Every system that can be played on the simple chances at roulette is applicable in precisely the same manner to the game of trente-et-quarante. This is a very simple game with cards, and, as the minimum stake allowed is $4 (as against $1 at roulette), a better class of players is attracted to it, and the game is carried on with less noise and confusion than at the roulette tables. One advantage of playing trente-et-quarante is that the percentage which zero takes from the player is slightly less than at roulette. In a thousand coups of roulette, zero should show itself, on an average, from thirteen to fourteen times; while at trente-et-quarante it appears only eleven or twelve times in the same number of coups — a good reason, from the point of view of the Casino, why there are a great many more roulette than trente-et-quarante tables.

How the Numbers are Placed around the Wheel

There are those who speak mysteriously of a "fault" in the roulette-wheel, without defining exactly what they mean. It is said that the inventor was unable to arrange the numbers exactly as he wished, and that a system might be invented to take advantage of this; but I have never heard of anything successful being done in that way. It is said (with what truth I do not know) that the inventor of the roulette-wheel was Blaise Pascal, philosopher, man of letters, mathematician, and physicist. Whoever was its designer, it is certain that the wheel is a diabolically clever apparatus. The numbers are arranged round the cylinder in what at first appears to be a haphazard manner; yet, if it be closely observed, it will be seen that they are arranged with method. The ruling idea on the part of the inventor seems to have been to avoid placing the numbers in such a way as to form combinations; but in this he could not, in the nature of the case, entirely succeed. The reds and blacks alternate round the wheel; but the evens and odds ("pair" and "impair") and the manque and passe numbers ("manque" means all numbers from 1 to 18 inclusive; "passe" all from 19 to 36 inclusive) are in some cases placed in pairs; for example, starting with zero

Digitized by Google

at the top, and moving round the wheel to the right, it will be seen at once that 15 and 19 are side by side; a little farther, 25 and 17, then 34 and 6, and so on. Another combination or grouping, probably here recorded in print for the first time, is this: Taking zero again as the starting-point, and moving half way round the wheel toward the right, it will be seen that fifteen out of eighteen numbers of the right half belong to the combination manque and third dozen, while fifteen numbers out of eighteen on the left belong to the combination passe and first dozen — though it does not seem that any advantage can be drawn from this discovery in actual play. If we refer now to the numbers as arranged on the green table on which the stakes are placed, it will be seen that here, too, are certain peculiarities of arrangement; for, though in the first column there are six black to six red numbers, in the second column there are eight black to four red numbers, while in the third there are four black to eight red; and many systems have been built on these differences.

What the Bank Wins in a Year

Newcomers at Monte Carlo often fall under the fascination of the martingale, or straightforward doubling system. One piece is lost; the player puts on 2; if those also be lost, he plays 4, then 8, and so on till a win comes, when he gets back all the losses, plus one unit of gain; or, if more ambitious, he may play the progression 1, 3, 7, 15, etc., so that, when the winning coup arrives, all losses are instantly recouped and one unit is won in addition for each bet made. Alluring as these methods are to the novice, they are fatally condemned by the existence of the maximum; and, further, it is folly to expose to the constant action of the zero tax the enormous sums that must be placed upon the table if the stakes be doubled at each coup. The zero tax amounts to one thirty-seventh of all money staked on numbers, transversales, carrées, or dozens, and one seventy-fourth part of money staked on the simple chances. Aptly is zero called *l'ami de la maison.* This automatic tax shears away with the relentlessness of a guillotine its due proportion of the capital of every player — a sum so enormous in its annual total that it is enough to pay all of the expenses not only of the Casino, with its two thousand employees, its theater, opera, concerts, and fêtes, but of the whole government of Monaco; to give, in addition, a handsome income to the Prince, and to leave more than $6,000,000 as dividend to the shareholders.

A Conservative System that May Win —

Though the martingale 1, 3, 7, 15, etc., is the most dangerous game that can be played, there is another way of arriving at the same result (namely, a win of one unit for each coup played) which is not dangerous, and would seem infallibly sure to succeed in the end. It is a game known to but few players, and practised by still fewer; for it demands considerable capital and the patience of Job himself. The method of play is this: The first stake is 1 unit, and, as long as there are wins, the unit only is staked. After the first loss 3 units are staked. If there be now a win, these 3 units, with the 3 they have won, are picked up from the table, the result being that two stakes have been made and two units won — which is the player's objective — one unit per coup. Play is then resumed with the stake of 1 unit. But if the 3 units be lost on the second bet, another stake of 3 units must follow; and 3 units must be played at every coup until there is a win, when the player (who has, of course, noted down the winning and losing coups on his card) strikes out with his pencil the one unit that was lost at the beginning. These two transactions are regarded as canceling each other; the 3 units won wipe out the 1 unit lost, leaving a profit of 2 units on these two transactions.

A certain number of losing bets of 3 still remain, however, written down on the card, and, to wipe out these, stakes of 5 must now be played. If there now comes a series of wins of 5 equal in number to the losing bets of 3, the game is over, 1 unit per coup has been won, and the game is begun again with a stake of 1 unit. But if some 5's have been lost in the attempt to wipe out the 3's, then 7's must be played to wipe out the 5's, and perhaps 9's to wipe out losing 7's. And so the game goes on until every losing bet has been wiped out with winning bets each of which is automatically two units higher. This result, it is clear, is attained whenever the player gets equality of betting with the Bank — in other words, whenever he has guessed right as often as he has guessed wrong.

— But the Capital Needed is Large —

Here is a system of play sound, logical, and yielding a high return upon the capital embarked. Supposing the capital to be 5,000 units (and it would hardly be safe to begin this game with any smaller sum), then the return would be 40 units for every hour the game was played (reckoning that as the average number of spins of the wheel per hour), minus, of course, the

Digitized by Google

one seventy-fourth of all the capital put upon the table which zero would have claimed as its inalienable right. Nor is it necessary to have equality of betting with the Bank to win at this game. The player can be many bets behind the Bank and still be a winner. It can not be maintained, even by the most skeptical, that it is unreasonable for the player to hope to guess right as often as he guesses wrong, and, whenever equality arrives, the player will be richer by one unit for each stake made.

—*And the Gambler Must Make a Large Proportion of Correct Bets*

In this system the gambler's expectation of gain depends on two things: the progressive increase of his stakes, and his ability to make a large proportion of correct bets; and every system at roulette or trente-et-quarante has these two elements — the "progression" and the "attack," to use the language of the gambling-rooms. The progression is the rule according to which the stakes are raised or lowered; the attack is the rule that guides the player in placing his stakes on one chance in preference to another. In the vast majority of systems played at Monte Carlo, the hope of gain rests upon some more or less ingenious manipulation of the stakes; that is, upon the progression. It is assumed as an axiom by most writers on the game that any attempt to win by means of the attack alone — that is to say, any attempt to guess right oftener than the Bank does — is foredoomed to failure. At best, they say, as it is an even chance, you might hope to guess right *as often* as the Bank does; but, if that is the best you can do, you must lose in the long run, because zero comes every thirty-seventh spin of the wheel, on the average; so that the only result of your play would be that you would go on constantly paying the zero tax till your capital was exhausted. Therefore, to play successfully with a "flat stake," that is, playing the same unit every coup, you must invent a method of guessing which first annihilates the Bank's advantage of zero, and after that still gives the player a definite advantage. The thing is impossible.

Notwithstanding this apparently sound reasoning, many players have set themselves to solve the problem of winning with a flat stake, and some exceedingly ingenious systems have been invented. The progression is a two-edged sword of which experienced gamblers have a wholesome dread, and it is not surprising that the solution is sought by means of the flat stake. Some authorities, indeed, reject all progressions as intrinsically unsound, declaring that if you can not win with a flat stake you ought not to play at all.

The Inventor of an Infallible System Who Died Miserably Poor

An ingenious flat-stake system has lately been practised in the Casino with sustained success. When tested over more than 50,000 authentic spins of the roulette-wheel, it has persistently given the surprising average of four wins more than the Bank in each hundred coups, after annihilating the zero percentage, and actual play at the tables has corroborated these results. It is difficult to make this system clear without an elaborate explanation; but, briefly stated, it seeks to follow the ball in all its intricacies, to pursue it in every one of its phases. It is a mistake, says the inventor, to suppose that the roulette-ball, falling continually into a black pocket or a red one, produces a series of intricate patterns like the interminable arabesques of the kaleidoscope. The patterns, on the contrary, are strictly limited, amounting only to some six or seven simple elements. The method of betting enables the player to follow almost immediately whatever pattern is beginning to show itself, and, should none of the conventional patterns declare themselves, then, by an ingenious and sudden change of play, the patterns are abandoned, and the player goes on winning during those jumpy periods of play when the whole game seems in a state of flux, and neither runs, nor intermittences, nor *coups de deux*, nor any other recognizable pattern shows itself.

The inventor of this ingenious system, who called himself "the Conqueror," died miserably poor in a London suburb while his pupils were daily winning considerable sums in the Rooms at Monte Carlo. There is no patent on a system; and such is the incredulity of mankind that it might quite conceivably happen that a man should invent an infallible way of winning, and yet be too poor to put it into practice — like the man in Mr. H. G. Wells' story who made an artificial diamond of immense size, yet starved in the streets because he could not get rid of it.

Digitized by Google

STAMMERING AND ITS CURE

BY

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

AUTHOR OF "THE MARVELS OF DREAM ANALYSIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. ENRIGHT

THERE lies convenient to my hand at this moment a thin, pamphlet-like volume that tells the story of one of the strangest among the many singular and tragic blunders which medical science has made in its progress to knowledge. It is a translation from the German of Dr. J. F. Dieffenbach's "Memoir on the Radical Cure of Stuttering." Assuredly, Dieffenbach's "cure" was radical enough, for it consisted in nothing less than the excision of a large, wedge-shaped section from the stammerer's tongue! In this little book, published in 1841 and embellished with several ghastly full-page engravings, is described with great professional gusto the first of these terrible operations, as performed, without the aid of any anesthetic, on an unhappy youth of thirteen. The result was a "complete success." Says Dieffenbach, writing a few weeks after the operation:

"At the present time not the slightest trace of stuttering remains, not the slightest vibration of the muscles of the face, not the most inconsiderable play of the lips. His speech is throughout well toned, even, and flowing."

Curing Stammering by Butchery

Thus was inaugurated a period of butchery that lasted until, almost before the year was out, it was observed that those "cured" by this sanguinary means usually began, before long, to stammer as badly as ever, and also that those who were not "cured" had a tendency to die. Yet Dieffenbach was no charlatan, no "quack." He was a reputable surgeon, who honestly believed that he had discovered the true remedy for stammering. And if the passage of time has intensified the tragedy and absurdity of his method, and has relegated his glowing account of it to a place in the literature of medical curiosities, there is this to be said of him — that he has had plenty of successors who have erred almost as seriously in their attempts to solve the problem presented by the widespread and baffling malady of stammering.

In fact, up to within quite recent times the record of the struggle against stammering has been one of continuous failure. There has been a steady accumulation of methods of treatment, from surgical operations of a less drastic type than Dieffenbach's to the use of various articulatory and respiratory exercises and devices, without any appreciable effect in the diminution of stammering. Even to-day, the great majority of physicians and lay specialists — to whom, by a sort of tacit agreement, the medical profession has largely relinquished the task of coping with stammering — labor to little purpose. At this very moment there are in the United States alone at least three hundred thousand persons who stammer, fully half of whom stammer so badly that they are severely handicapped in the gaining of a livelihood. Thousands of these have resorted to medical advice, or have attended so-called schools for stammerers, with lastingly beneficial results to comparatively few. Small wonder that there is among stammerers and their friends a tendency to believe that stammering is, as a general thing, among the distinctly incurable maladies of mankind.

Yet it may be declared with confidence that they are wrong — that stammering, if usually incurable by the methods now in vogue, is nevertheless perfectly and invariably amenable to treatment. The trouble is that, until lately, there has been no really systematic effort to study its phenomena with a view to ascertaining with scientific exactness its true nature and causation. Stammering, it has long been recognized, is not a malady of uniform symptomatology, like tuberculosis and typhoid fever and Bright's disease. No two stammerers stammer precisely alike. They stumble over different letters and sounds; time, place, and circumstance have varying effects on the degree of their stammering; and the physical spasms and contortions that so often accompany this trouble

Digitized by Google

differ in different stammerers. There is, too, a great variation in the onset of stammering. Mostly, to be sure, it manifests itself in childhood, from the age of four to eleven. But it may not set in until much later in life, and, when it does begin in childhood, it begins under a marked diversity of conditions.

Sometimes a child stammers almost as soon as it has learned to speak, though seldom, if ever, coincident with the learning. Often the first appearance of stammering follows an attack of some disease like measles or diphtheria. Or, again, a child that has been speaking quite well suddenly begins to stammer, and persists in stammering, after being brought into contact with people who are themselves stammerers. "I was entirely free of stammering till I was five years old," writes a clergyman, in a typical communication, "when at that time of life there was a gentleman who occasionally came to my father's house, who indeed stammered very badly, and I distinctly remember one afternoon trying to imitate him, when, unfortunately, he heard me, and was very indignant; and so ashamed were my parents at my conduct that after he had gone I was taken to task and punished severely for it. Ever since that night I have been afflicted with this most distressing malady."

"He was pounced upon and frightened almost into convulsions by a huge black dog"

Heredity, the Catch-All of Science, Blamed for Stammering

Facts like these, I repeat, have long been observed and commented on by specialists in stammering; but, unfortunately, they have, for the most part, been dismissed as mere "oddities," while emphasis has been laid on the single fact that in the majority of cases stammerers have had parents or other relatives who themselves stammered. "Heredity," consequently, has been assumed to be the one and sufficient explanation of all stammering; and it has also been assumed that what is inherited is either an anatomical or a physiological defect. Hence, in too many instances, the use of the surgeon's knife; and hence, also, the invention of innumerable systems designed to train the stammerer in the correct use of his breathing and articulating organs — in a word, to teach him how to talk.

But, as even the most enthusiastic exponents of these corrective systems are now beginning to appreciate, whatever else the stammerer may need, he certainly does not need to be taught how to talk. For he can talk well enough on occasion. Nothing is more significant, from the standpoint of assisting to a clear understanding of the nature of stammering, than the

Digitized by Google

fact that there are uncommonly few stammerers who have any difficulty in speaking when nobody is with them. On this point every stammerer with whom I have been in touch is in remarkable agreement, and others who have had a far wider acquaintance with stammerers testify to the same effect. Only the other day, Mr. Charles L. Rowan, of Milwaukee, a gentleman who has been a stammerer for years and has made a close study of the subject, sent me a statement in which he declared:

He Stammers when Awake, but Talks Clearly in His Sleep

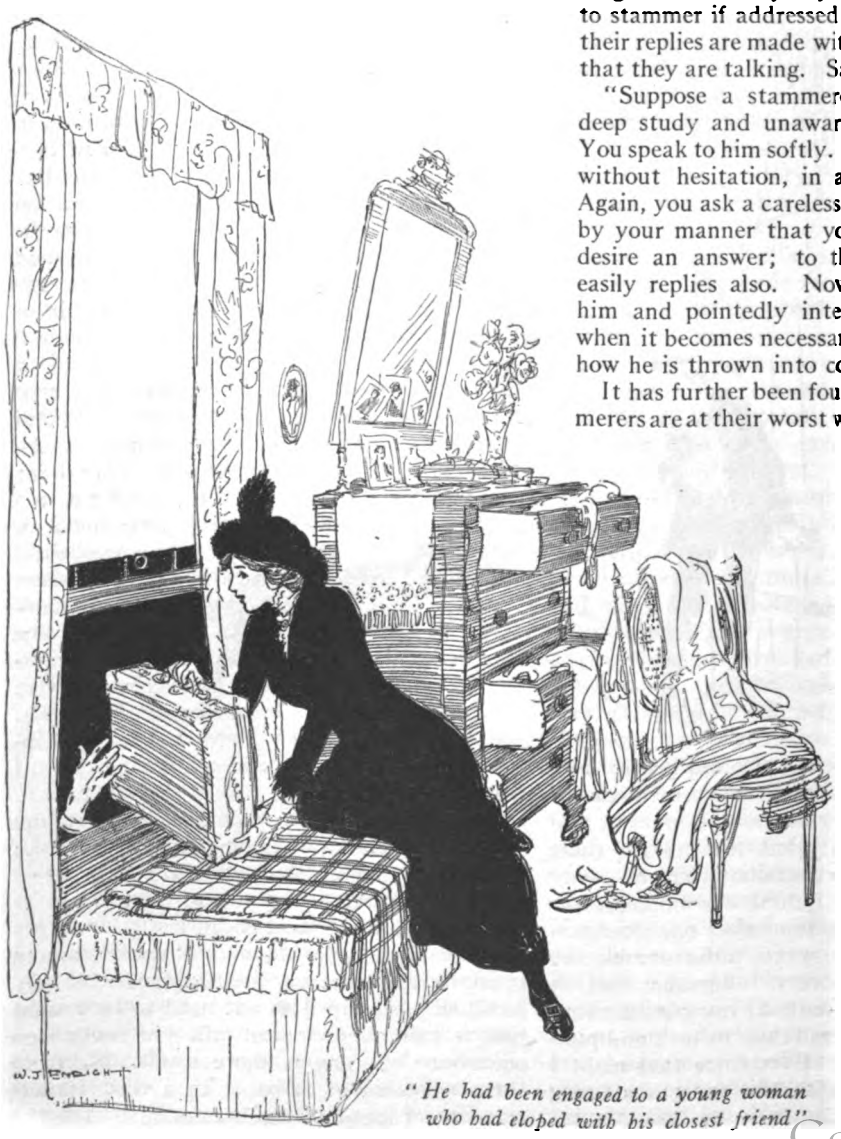
"When I am alone — and the same is true of other stammerers — I have no speech difficulty whatever, and can talk or read aloud for hours with ease. It is only when I am with others that I halt and stammer in my speech. Sometimes I talk in my sleep, and the folks tell me I do not stammer then. But if I am dreaming, and in the dream imagine myself talking, it is always in a stammer.

"I have also noticed that most stammerers talk better when the subject is light and frivolous than when it is something serious. And they talk better when conversing with people whom they regard as inferiors. I know a man who is a section foreman, and he says he can give orders to his negro and Mexican laborers perfectly, but if the road-master comes along, he can not talk to him at all."

More than this, according to another diligent investigator, the majority of stammerers fail to stammer if addressed in such a way that their replies are made without their realizing that they are talking. Says this observer:

"Suppose a stammerer is engaged in a deep study and unaware of your presence. You speak to him softly. He answers readily, without hesitation, in an absent manner. Again, you ask a careless question, implying by your manner that you do not expect or desire an answer; to this he quickly and easily replies also. Now, look straight at him and pointedly interrogate him. See, when it becomes necessary for him to speak, how he is thrown into confusion."

It has further been found that most stammerers are at their worst when in the presence of strangers. Some stammer scarcely at all when at home, with their relatives and intimate friends. On the other hand, there are some who stammer worse than usual when with relatives. Quite recently I learned of one case — that of a young lady who had stammered slightly from infancy — whose trouble was most pronounced when talking with her mother. Almost all stammerers, too, enjoy temporary relief from



"He had been engaged to a young woman who had eloped with his closest friend"

Digitized by Google

"'I knew I was a bad boy — very bad. Nothing could atone for the sins I had committed'"

their speech defect when greatly startled, angry, or otherwise excited.

Stammering a Mental Disorder

Decidedly, then, it is not from anatomical or physiological inability to speak that a stammerer suffers. It is, rather, from a psychological inability. That is to say, the facts just mentioned strongly indicate that stammering is primarily a mental malady — that it is due to the presence, in the mind of the stammerer, of some idea or ideas that inhibit the normal functioning of the organs of speech. This conclusion is confirmed by the additional circumstance that nearly every stammerer who has been questioned on the subject admits that he is perpetually tormented by a haunting dread of not being able to express himself clearly to others, and so of exposing himself to their ridicule, contempt, or pity. Many, indeed, affirm their conviction that if they could only overcome this dread they would be free from their affliction. "I believe," is a characteristic utterance of stammerers, "that if I were to wake up some morning with total forgetfulness that I had ever stammered, I should never stammer again."

Faith as a Curative Factor

Still more significant is the fact that, of the many methods which have been invented for the treatment of stammering,— and which include such curious devices as beating time with every word, and wearing artificial supports under the tongue,— all have had to their credit a certain, however small, proportion of genuine cures. This would suggest, not that they have been intrinsically valuable, but that, in the cases cured, they so impressed the mind of the stammerer with their therapeutic virtue as to banish his long-entertained belief that he could not talk like other people. For that matter, recent experiments go to bear out the view that almost any method, no matter how fantastic, will cure some stammerers, if only they have a "lively faith" in its efficacy.

For example, there was brought to the Boston City Hospital, some few years ago, a woman of thirty-five who, though formerly an excellent speaker, had begun to stammer in a most frightful manner, following a violent quarrel with her husband. She could utter scarcely a sound, except weirdly inarticulate noises, and these only by a great effort. The physician to whom her case was intrusted, Dr. I. H. Coriat, soon became satisfied that she was suffering mainly from a profound belief that she would never be able to talk again; and he therefore endeavored to reason her out of this, but to no purpose. Finally he abandoned the attempt, and, after leaving her pretty much to her own devices for several days, said to her one morning, in a tone of authority:

"Well, Mrs. Blank, I have been looking carefully into your case, and I find there is one way certain to cure you. It may be a little painful, but I know you will not mind that, as long as it is going to make you entirely well."

So saying, and with an air of the utmost confidence, he began to apply to her an electrical current just strong enough to make her wince. Only a few treatments of this sort were found necessary to enable the hospital authorities to discharge her as cured — and she has stayed cured.

Digitized by Google

Of late, consequently, with growing recognition of the dominant psychic factor in stammering, there has been an increasing tendency — though as yet it is far from universal — to employ psychological methods in treating stammerers. The effort is made to instil confidence in the sufferer — to convince him that he need only exercise his will power to bring about his own cure. In a good many cases, and frequently with most gratifying results, resort is had to hypnotism, the "suggestion" being reiterated to the patient, while in the hypnotic state, that in the future he will experience none of his overwhelming sensations of dread and anxiety, and will speak as well as persons who have never stammered. Or he may be treated by the "method of psychic re-education," which consists essentially in the development of volitional control by suggestions tactfully imparted in the ordinary waking state. All of which unquestionably marks a tremendous advance over the theories and practices based on the alleged physiological defects of stammerers, and, unhappily, still popular with many practitioners.

There is this to be added, though — that, sanely beneficial as is the psychological treatment of stammering, it does not, as commonly administered, operate with anything like the regularity of a true specific. Whether the confidence-inspiring suggestions be given in the hypnotic sleep or in the state of normal consciousness, it often happens that they do not "take." The stammerer, albeit he may perhaps show improvement for a time, remains without clear articulatory power. When this occurs, the natural tendency among those treating him — in view of the demonstrated truth that stammering is the effect of a peculiar state of mind — is to throw the blame on the patient instead of on the method. Yet, actually, it is the method that is at fault — or, to be exact, it is the failure to apply the method, which itself is thoroughly sound, in such a way as to remove from the stammerer's mind not only the fear that haunts him and helps to perpetuate his stammering, but also the ideas in which his stammering originated.

Stammering the Effect of a Peculiar State of Mind

Here we come to the central fact in the whole problem of stammering — a fact which, when it is widely enough known and appreciated, is certain to exercise a far-reaching influence on the prevention of stammering, as well as its cure. At present, knowledge of this fact is almost entirely confined to a small group of foreign investigators, physicians with a psychological training, whose special business it has been to determine scientifically the possibilities, the limitations, and the exact procedures to be followed in supplementing the ordinary surgical and physiological treatment of disease by wholly mental treatment. These men, impressed by the predominance of the mental factor in all cases of stammering, were particularly impressed by some of the peculiarities mentioned above — such as the ability of almost every stammerer to speak well when alone or when in a state of abstraction. These, they knew from long experience, bore a strong resemblance to peculiarities characteristic of victims of hysteria, psychasthenia, or some other "psycho-neurosis," in all of which there is a tendency for symptoms to disappear when the sufferer's attention is momentarily withdrawn from them. And, accordingly, it seemed to the investigators quite possible that, in the last analysis, stammering was not so much a disease in itself as a psycho-neurotic symptom.

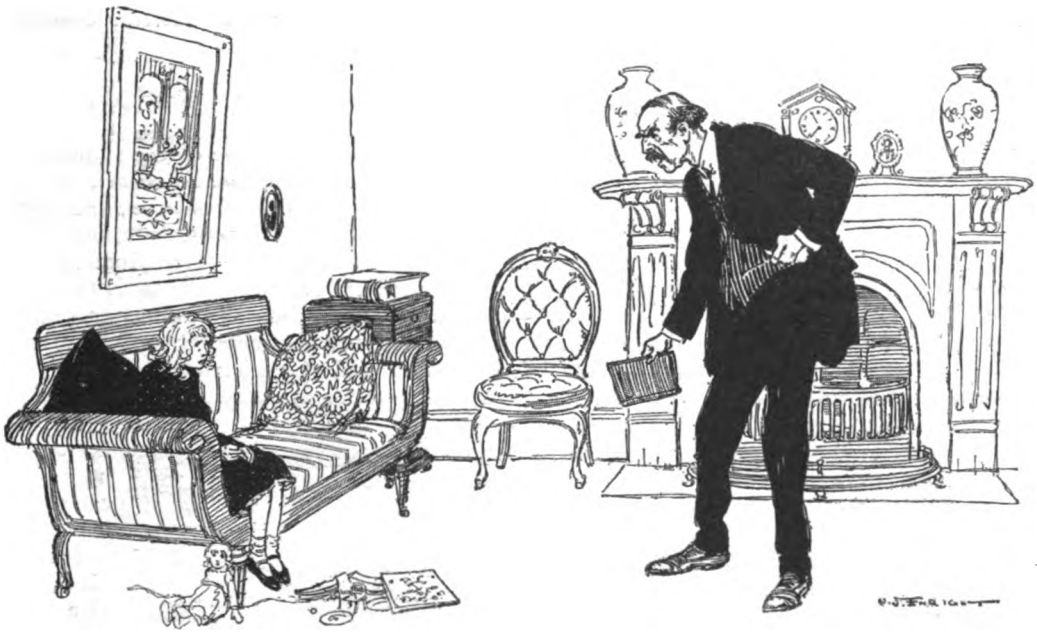
First Caused by an Emotional Disturbance

Now, for reasons I have already set forth in "The Marvels of Dream Analysis,"* they knew that every psycho-neurosis has its origin in emotional disturbances of one sort or another, which, occurring to a person of nervous temperament or rendered neurally unstable by a faulty upbringing, react adversely on the entire organism. Exactly what happens is that the emotional disturbance,— whether it be a fright, a grief, a worry, or what not,— while perhaps completely forgotten by the victim so far as conscious recollection is concerned, remains subconsciously alive in his memory, is ever seeking to emerge again into conscious remembrance, and, failing to do this, takes its revenge, so to speak, by the production of disease symptoms, ranging from mere oddities of thought and behavior to symptoms mimicking those of true organic disease.

Just what form these mentally caused symtoms will take depends altogether on the kind of suggestions received from the sufferer's environment. If he chances, for instance, to have a relative or friend who is a paralytic, he may in time develop pseudo-symptoms of paralysis himself. Or, if his nervous equilibrium be sufficiently upset, he may develop them from merely hearing or reading about them. Whatever the symptoms he manifests, his malady is curable — precisely as it was produced — by mental means alone. Often a general "counter-suggestion" to the effect that henceforward he

* See McClure's Magazine for November, 1912.

Digitized by Google



"Then followed a long series of reminiscences of the severe discipline imposed on her in childhood by her father, a stern, hard man"

will be perfectly well is enough to work his cure. More frequently, permanently curative effects are had only when, by special techniques devised for the express purpose of rummaging through the subconsciousness, the forgotten memory or memories responsible for the psycho-neurosis are brought to light, and the specific suggestion made that from that time they will do no harm. Sometimes, experience has shown, the mere recalling of them into conscious remembrance is enough to put an end to the disease symptoms they have caused.

On the view that stammering is similarly a psycho-neurotic symptom, and that when it fails to yield to treatment by general suggestion it is because the subconscious memories underlying it are too intense to be thus subdued, this group of investigators undertook to treat it as they would any stubborn psycho-neurosis. The outcome of their experiments has been such that I feel justified in declaring that at last science has penetrated to the true inwardness of stammering. Time and again these psychologically trained physicians have taken stammerers who had well-nigh exhausted their hopes and their resources in a futile quest for normal speech, and, after subjecting them to the searching methods of "mind tunneling," of which they are masters, have sent them on their way rejoicing in a perfect cure.

Thus there came some time ago to a German member of the group, Dr. B. Dattner, a stammerer of thirty-six, who had been burdened by his speech impediment from boyhood. He had first stammered, he told Dr. Dattner, after an attack of diphtheria at the age of nine, and he had for some time been treated on the supposition that the diphtheria had caused a peculiar kind of throat paralysis. This treatment failing, he had sought relief by other means, always without more than temporary benefit. Like many another stammerer, he spoke of the abnormal dread that harassed him, especially when with strangers, and expressed the belief that if he could conquer this he would be free from his stammer.

"Ah, but," Dr. Dattner explained, "do you not realize that, after all, your dread is caused by, not the cause of, your stammer? It has helped, doubtless, to keep it alive and to aggravate it. But it has not been the thing that originally made you stammer. That we must seek elsewhere."

"You mean in the attack of diphtheria?"

"Not at all. I mean in something that happened to you before you had diphtheria — something which so exceedingly distressed you that it was continually uppermost in your thoughts, and which finally worked on you so much that, when your nervous system was weakened by the diphtheria, it gave rise to your stammering. Now we are going to try to discover what that something was, and when we have done so it will be possible really to cure

Digitized Google

you. Can you recall any particularly disagreeable incident of your childhood, occurring at any time before you were ill of diphtheria?"

"No," said the other, after a little reflection. "I think that I was perfectly happy as a child, and certainly I was treated very kindly."

"Just the same, something must have happened at that period to disturb you very much. Let us find out, if we can, what it was."

To this end, Dr. Dattner now made use of the "free association method of psycho-analysis," which consists in requesting the patient to concentrate his attention on his symptoms, and state without reserve the thoughts coming to him in connection with them — the theory being that, if there is any exceptionally distressing idea underlying them, the current of his spoken thoughts will sooner or later reveal it. In the present instance, this method at first brought forth only trivial and commonplace memory associations. But after a time a reminiscence of extreme emotional import suddenly emerged.

"'I distinctly remember trying to imitate him, when, unfortunately, he heard me and was very indignant'"

A Remarkably Quick Cure

It related to an episode of the stammerer's eighth year, shortly before his attack of diphtheria, when he was pounced upon, and frightened almost into convulsions, by a huge black dog. This had virtually faded from his conscious memory; but now, as he sat in the quiescent mood enjoined on all patients undergoing psycho-analytic treatment, it welled up into full recollection, every detail of it being vividly recalled — the sight of the dog, the emotions of fear and horror, the hysterical shrieking that followed his escape, the difficulty his parents had in convincing him that he was unharmed. He used to lie awake, he remembered, thinking of the dog; he used to dream of it; the thought of it was always with him.

"Precisely," said Dr. Dattner drily. "And, you see, the thought of it is still with you, for look how graphically you have described it all. The trouble is that it has been leading an independent existence, as it were, in the depths of your mind, with all its original emotional intensity. Your stammering, I can assure you, has been nothing more than the external manifestation, the symbol, of its continuing presence, and of the deadly power it has had over you — sensitive, impressionable child that you must have been. But I can also assure you that your stammering will now come to an end; for we have not only found its cause in the subconsciously remembered shock of your boyhood, but

Digitized by Google

"Almost all stammerers enjoy temporary relief from their defect when greatly startled, angry, or otherwise excited"

we have actually removed that cause by the very fact of recalling it to your conscious recollection and consequently finding a normal outlet for the repressed emotions."

Altogether, it had required just six hours of psycho-analysis, at the rate of about an hour a day, to uncover this horror-incrusted memory of the stammerer's youth. But with its recall, and abundantly validating Dr. Dattner's confident prediction, he once more began to enjoy, and has since continued to enjoy, the blessing of a facile, flowing speech.

In another case, treated by one of the few American physicians who have as yet made any extensive use of psycho-analytical methods,— the same Dr. Coriat, by the way, who so ingeniously employed electricity as a medium of suggestion in the Boston City Hospital case of stammering,— the patient was a man of middle age, who stammered not only when he spoke, but even when he wrote, repeating letters and syllables in anything he tried to put on paper. He had been to two stammering schools, and had been discharged from both as cured, but each time had speedily relapsed.

Fear of Judgment Day Caused This Man to Stammer

Exactly as in the case of Dr. Dattner's patient, psycho-analysis demonstrated that the causal agency of his stammering was a lingering subconscious remnant of distressing emotions of childhood. Only, in this instance the emotions related, not to an unexpected, stupefying fright, but to painful reveries indulged in as a child, and occasioned by certain unpleasant stories he had been told regarding the end of the world.

"These," he recalled, "took complete possession of my mind. I became convinced that the end of the world could not long be delayed, and I was in an agony of terror. Constantly I kept asking myself what I should do to escape destruction. I knew I was a bad boy — very bad. Nothing could atone for the sins I fancied I had committed. But I kept my fears to myself; I did not dare confide them to others. Night and day I worried about them, picturing to myself the terrible happenings of the approaching time of doom."

Until psycho-analysis brought them up to the surface of consciousness, he had long ceased to think of these foolish imaginings of infancy. He had as entirely forgotten them as if he had never entertained them. But, as the event showed, it was their malign influence, working on a nervous system already infirm by defects of inheritance, that had produced a psychoneurosis which, in his case, had taken the form of a speech disorder through the suggestions unconsciously absorbed by watching

Digitized by Google

his mother, who likewise suffered from a peculiar variety of stammering.

Another of Dr. Coriat's patients, a young woman, impressed him, from the day of her first visit, with her extreme timidity and self-consciousness. Both were so pronounced as to be abnormal, and he immediately suspected that they, in common with her stammering, might be linked with subconscious memories of occurrences that had tended to deprive her of proper appreciation of her abilities and rights. She proved a good hypnotic subject, and, knowing that in hypnosis long-forgotten events are easily recalled, Dr. Coriat questioned her as to her previous history.

"Can you remember," he asked her, "just when it was that you began to stammer?"

"It was when I was a very little girl."

"Had anyone or anything greatly frightened you before then?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"It was my father."

Then followed, in answer to further questions, a long series of reminiscences of the severe discipline imposed on her in earliest childhood by her father, a stern, hard man. As she related them, she seemed to feel again all the emotions that they had provoked — the shame, grief, fear, doubt, longing for sympathy. Literally she lived through them anew, and to the trained understanding of the physician it was evident that she had never really forgotten them,— although, in the waking state, she was able to recall her childhood only vaguely,— but had subconsciously dwelt on them all her life long, to the wrecking of her self-confidence as well as the causing of her troubles of speech. Only by completely blotting them out, he saw clearly, could her restoration to health be effected.

An Oath Never to Mention Her Name the Cause of His Stammering

Similarly it has been found that emotional disturbances are always at the bottom of stammering when it develops not in childhood but in adult life. A particularly instructive case, because of the insight it affords into the ingenuity with which the expert psycho-analyst gets at the truth in even the most complicated cases of stammering, is one that was successfully handled by Dr. A. A. Brill, of New York, a pupil of that pioneer Austrian psycho-analyst, Dr. Sigmund Freud. Dr. Brill's patient was a man who, after an early life untroubled by speech defect, had begun to stammer from no discernible cause, and had been stammering for a number of years before he consulted the New York specialist. Several weeks of psycho-analysis elicited nothing that would account for his trouble, and Dr. Brill was in much perplexity until he one day noticed that the words on which his patient chiefly stammered were words beginning with or containing the letter K. It occurred to him that this letter might have some significant association in the stammerer's mind, but the latter denied that it could have.

However, after psycho-analysis had proceeded further, Dr. Brill learned that there had been an event in the patient's life, though occurring some little time before the development of the stammering, that had made a most painful, even agonizing, impression on him. He had been engaged to a young woman who had eloped with his closest friend, and this had so wrought him up that he had vowed never to utter her name again.

"And what was her name?" inquired Dr. Brill.

The stammerer stared at him, and burst into a violent tirade.

"Haven't I just told you," he cried, "that I have taken an oath never to speak it? What business is it of yours, anyway? What bearing can it have on my case?"

Only the Breaking of His Oath Can Cure Him

"Only this bearing — that it may be the means of curing you. Come, now, I am sorry you have taken an oath, because you will have to break it and tell me her name."

"I'll die first."

With this he seized his hat and dashed out of the doctor's office, in a frenzy of indignation. Dr. Brill did not see him again for a month, when he returned repentant. He would tell the name, he said, on condition that Dr. Brill did not write it down in the detailed record which, as is customary, he was making of the case. To this a prompt assent was given, and the patient told the name. As Dr. Brill had expected, it began with K. He then said, leaning forward and showing his sheet of notes:

"See, I have kept my promise. I have called her Miss W. And now we'll soon have you quite well."

But on his next visit the patient was in despair. He was, he protested, stammering worse than ever. Words that had never given him any trouble before were now almost unpronounceable by him. On investigation, it turned out that they were, one and all, words in which the letter W had a place.

"At last," said Dr. Brill, "we know for a certainty what has made you stammer. It was

Digitized by Google

the foolish oath you took, which served to sustain in your mind the memory of the terrible experience you went through with your faithless sweetheart. Vowing never to utter her name, yet thinking constantly of her, you have unconsciously made it difficult to utter even words in which the most prominent letter of that name, its initial, occurs. And now, since she has become Miss W to you as well as Miss K, you are stammering on words with W as well as words with K. We must free you from the torment of that vow, and of the pent-up emotions that go with the forbidden name, and then you will never stammer more."

To-day that young man experiences not the least difficulty in uttering any word — his cure dating, in fact, from the moment Dr. Brill explained to him the origin of his stammering.

To this mode of dealing with stammerers could anything be in stronger contrast than the brutal Dieffenbach technique? The latter exemplifies, if in an extreme form, the folly of attempting — as is so often done, even to-day — to treat stammering on a basis of imperfect observation. The former shows the happy results that may be obtained when it is attacked in the light of thorough investigation. No; it is neither by the surgeon's knife nor by the use of mechanical appliances or physiological devices that the one sure cure for stammering is to be had, but by intelligent application of the wonderful remedial measures which modern medical psychology has worked out.

Stammering, let me repeat, is not an anatomical or physiological trouble. Its individual peculiarities, varied as they are, all tend to prove that it is fundamentally and invariably a mental malady, symptomatic of a psycho-neurosis having its origin, like all psycho-neuroses, in subconscious emotional states. The rôle that heredity plays in it is merely to provide the soil in which it can flourish. Of wholly mental causation, it is curable by mental means — whether by "faith" in the efficacy of any method of treatment, however intrinsically worthless that method may be; by "suggestions" of a general character; or, if needful, by specific recall and eradication of the "forgotten memories" that underlie it.

Prevention of Undue Emotional Strain in Childhood Better than Cure in Later Life

Prevention, of course, in stammering as in all other ailments, is more important than cure; and in the facts of its causation there surely is reason for regarding it as an eminently preventable disorder. Originating usually in the frights, worries, and perplexities of remotest childhood, — as most psycho-neurotic troubles originate, whether they first show themselves early or late in life,— the thing to be done is to guard the young, so far as possible, from emotional stresses of any kind. Particularly is this desirable when there is reason to suspect that a child is constitutionally nervous. And in all such cases — in the case of all children, for that matter — precautionary measures against emotional strain should be accompanied by a careful "education of the will," a training of the child to be calm, courageous, self-confident; so that, when the inevitable shocks and trials of later life arrive, they will have no power to overwhelm the mind and give birth to some neurotic evil.

TO TEACH PEOPLE HOW TO KEEP WELL

Samuel Hopkins Adams, recognized the country over as an authority on matters of health and hygiene, begins, in the March McCLURE'S, a new department under the title, ***"Health, Public and Private."***

In the last few years wonderful discoveries have been made in the practically new science of preventing disease and sickness. If these discoveries were generally known and put into practice, there would no longer be any disease epidemics. Diphtheria, typhoid, even colds, would disappear.

The newest discoveries in this field and a wide range of other topics will be included in this department — medical ethics, health department methods, questions raised by our readers, the latest information about medical progress.

Get the March McCLURE'S. Every intelligent man and woman will find it helpful.

Digitized by Google

THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND

BY

OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. WENZELL

John G. Slade and Bernard L. Majendie are conspicuous rival figures on the New York Stock Exchange, which is threatened with a great financial panic. It is important to Slade to know what Majendie's resources are for weathering the panic, and he tries to obtain this knowledge from Rita Kildair, who is that evening to give a supper which Majendie will attend. Slade plays upon Mrs. Kildair's love of jewels by leaving with her a valuable ruby ring.

Mrs. Kildair's supper is informal, and she asks her guests to help her prepare it. They go freely about her studio apartment, and in and out of her bedroom, where she has left Slade's ruby on her dressing-table. Just as they seat themselves at supper, Mrs. Kildair discovers that the ruby is missing. With the exception of Majendie, of Beecher, who has fallen under the spell of a young actress, Nan Charters, who is present, and of Slade, none of the guests are absolutely above suspicion. Mrs. Kildair has the doors locked, and declares that she will count one hundred in the dark. If, by the hundredth count, the ring has not been placed on the table, she will send for detectives to search her guests. The count goes to sixty-one, when a clatter is heard on the table. Mrs. Kildair continues the count to the end, but when the lights are lit the table is discovered bare. Detectives are sent for, but the ring is not found.

Young Beecher engages the services of the famous detective McKenna; while he is telling him the story, word comes that Majendie's Trust Company has gone down, and that the great panic is on. Mrs. Enos Bloodgood, one of the guests under suspicion of stealing the ring, has made preparations to elope with Majendie. But Beecher, intercepting her at the moment of her departure, breaks to her the news of Majendie's suicide. He takes her to Mrs. Kildair, who persuades her to return to her husband. Beecher discovers that Nan Charters has allowed Garraboy, a broker of uncertain reputation, to invest her small fortune in stocks. To protect her from possible loss he induces her to give him an order on Garraboy for the shares.

CHAPTER XIV

AT eight o'clock promptly McKenna presented himself at the door of Mrs. Kildair's apartment. Kiki, with his velvet glide, ushered him into the studio. The electric chandeliers were dull; only the great standing lamp was lit, throwing a foggy luster about the room, massing enormous dark silhouettes and spaces in the corners.

Every profession develops, back of its elaborate technique, a sudden quality of instinct which exists as the almost mechanical and unguided operation of the disciplined mind. McKenna had no sooner entered the room than he perceived the woman, with a quick defensive "on guard" of all his faculties. He felt at once that he had to do not alone with — what he had expected — a woman of unusual physical attraction, clever with the defensive intuition of one who has evaded the scrutiny of society; but with a woman of mental grasp and decision.

While he was still in the midst of his reflections, Mrs. Kildair entered.

"How do you do?" she said, nodding to him, a crisp, businesslike abruptness in her voice. "Shall we sit here?"

She took her position by the reading-table in a great high-backed upholstered arm-chair. Obeying her gesture, he drew up his chair to a position opposite. In the varied experiences of thirty years, he had come into contact with women of all walks of life. "Is she good or is she bad?" was the question that, in ninety cases out of a hundred, he put to himself at the turning-point of his campaign. For the first time, despite his previous prejudice, he was in doubt as to the answer.

"I have wanted to meet you for a long time, Mr. McKenna," she said directly, but without the accompanying smile of feminine flattery. "Mr. Slade has told me much about you."

"Slade?" he said, with a quick simulation of surprise, while admiring the abruptness, amazing in a woman, with which she had launched her attack.

"You realize, of course, Mr. McKenna," she continued quietly, without giving him time to deny her implication, "that Mr. Beecher, in engaging you, has, quite without his knowledge, brought on a situation that is very embarrassing to me."

"Good!" thought the detective. "She has made up her mind to tell the whole story."

Digitized by Google

Aloud he said, without change of expression: "In what way, Mrs. Kildair?"

"A situation exists which makes it extremely difficult for me to recover my ring without disclosing to the public matters in my own private life that at present are liable to great misconstruction."

McKenna did not answer, resolving by his silence to force her to speak.

"A week," she continued, without pause, though her eyes remained without wavering on his — "ten days at the most — may completely change this position. I won't conceal from you that I am extremely sorry that you have been brought into the case; but, now that you are in it, I shall be forced to give you a confidence against my inclination."

"But —" began the detective.

"One moment," she said, interrupting him. "Before I give you this confidence I wish you to answer one question."

"Mrs. Kildair, I must remind you," said McKenna warily, "that I am engaged in the interests of Mr. Beecher, and can do nothing without his permission."

"Are you representing any one besides Mr. Beecher?" she said, ignoring his objection.

"What do you mean?" he said carefully, to gain time.

"Are you, in this particular case, representing Mr. Slade?" she said directly.

"I have never said that I was employed by him, Mrs. Kildair," he said slowly.

"Mr. Slade has told me himself of your work in connection with the Gray Fox Mines, the Farmers' and Travelers' Bank, and the more personal affair of your recovery of his letters from a Miss Minna Weston. You see, I am informed."

"I have worked for Mr. Slade," said McKenna.

"And you are doing so now," she said sharply.

"I never refer to my clients, Mrs. Kildair," he said stiffly.

"I desire to put this matter entirely in your hands — without reserve," she said quickly. "All I ask from you is a promise that, notwithstanding your relations past or present, nothing I say to you shall be repeated to Mr. Slade."

"Mrs. Kildair," said McKenna, every faculty joyfully grateful for the contest of wits he felt impending, "I must remind you that my employer is Mr. Beecher, and that I can promise nothing that will keep him from doing anything he desires."

"Mr. Beecher is acting for me," she said calmly. "Very well; your position is correct. I will put it this way: Subject to Mr. Beecher's approval, will you give me your word that you will repeat nothing of what I may tell you?"

"If Mr. Beecher is willing, I am," said McKenna obstinately. "That's my word."

"Now I can speak to you freely," said Mrs. Kildair.

"I remain entirely free to communicate anything to Mr. Beecher," interposed the detective instantly.

"You do not understand," she said, without irritation. "Mr. Beecher, in retaining you, did so to assist me, and only after he had secured my permission. Now I desire, in order to arrive at results quickly, and to be free to give you my full confidence, to transfer that authority direct to me. In other words, Mr. McKenna, I wish to retain you."

"That, Mrs. Kildair, depends entirely on Mr. Beecher," repeated the detective.

"But if he acquiesces will you act in my interests only?"

McKenna was about to interpose another evasion, when he reflected that he would have time to acquaint Beecher with what had happened and to advise him either to accept or to refuse.

"Very well," he replied cautiously, feeling instinctively that some trap was being prepared, without yet perceiving what it could be. "I will leave it that way."

"Good," she said, with a little nod of her head. "Now, what have you done?"

"I can not answer that, Mrs. Kildair," he said, smiling; "not under my present arrangement."

"You have, of course, discovered that the ring belongs to Mr. Slade?"

Quite unconsciously, she had adopted his own tactics — the tactics of the inquisitor, who hurls the vital question at the suspect, and then seeks the answer in the almost imperceptible response in the eyes.

"Yes, I know that," said McKenna, who felt that the surprise he had experienced at having the tables thus turned on him had revealed the truth to the questioner. "That is, I know the ring did belong to Mr. Slade."

"Have you informed Mr. Beecher of the fact?"

"It has just come to my knowledge," said McKenna; "I shall, naturally, inform him."

Then she continued: "This is exactly my danger — you see, I won't mince words. It is a situation which constantly occurs, and which is inexplicable except by one construction in the eyes of society. Now ——"

"I warn you," again objected the detective.

"I do not propose to explain my relations with Mr. Slade," continued Mrs. Kildair coldly. "They are such that a great deal depends on the events of the next few days. At present it is enough that I can not explain my possession of the ring in any way that can satisfy publicity."

Digitized by Google

"Mr. Slade did not give you the ring?" said McKenna, in slow progression.

She carefully considered the question.

"Mr. Slade sent me the ring with an offer of marriage," said Mrs. Kildair evenly, with an appearance of great frankness. "The ring arrived on the night of the party, and I committed the imprudence of wearing it. If its source now becomes known, I must appear before the world either as Mr. Slade's mistress or as his fiancée; and at present I have not made up my mind whether I shall marry him."

The directness of this avowal left McKenna immersed in thought.

"You perceive now the delicacy of my position," she said; "and why I desire to have you completely in my interests."

"I do," he answered, but still clinging to the saving rope of defiance. "I only regret that you told me this before Mr. Beecher's ——"

"Now ask me any questions you wish," she said, interrupting him impatiently.

"I don't feel at liberty to do so, Mrs. Kildair," he said warily, convinced that her whole motive was to find out the extent of his knowledge. "I prefer to know first where I stand."

"Very well," she said. "Let us talk of other things, then." Her manner changed to one of a lighter, inconsequential curiosity, which at once put him on his guard. "There is one point in the frightful happenings of the day I should like to know."

"What, madam?" said McKenna, whose instinct warned him to adopt a tone of artless attention.

"Majendie was followed by detectives, was he not?"

"That is the report."

"And he was on the point of leaving when he perceived that he would be followed?"

"That is what I have been told."

"And, believing that he was about to be arrested, he returned to the house and shot himself."

"That's the story."

"As a matter of fact, wasn't he mistaken?"

"In what way?" said McKenna, steeling himself under an appearance of surprise.

"Were not the detectives your own men — placed by you at Mr. Slade's orders to acquaint him with every move of Mr. Majendie?"

"That would make a good Sunday thriller," said McKenna, laughing boisterously.

"That is my guess," she said, drawing back as though satisfied. "I am certain that Majendie committed suicide through the blunder of believing he was threatened with arrest."

"My dear Mrs. Kildair," said the detective, rising, "I see that what you want to know is, am I for or against Mr. Slade. If I'm not in his employ you think I'm retained by his enemies. Well, I don't intend to give you any information."

She made no answer, but, rising in turn, glanced at the clock.

"Since you are here," she said carelessly, "you may as well look over the ground." And, without waiting for his wish, she went to the door. "This is my bedroom. The ring was placed here."

He had hardly made his quick professional scrutiny when there came a ring at the door, and at a sign from Mrs. Kildair they returned into the studio.

"What now?" thought McKenna, who remembered her glance at the clock. "Slade or who?"

To his surprise, it was Beecher who entered. Mrs. Kildair went directly to him, a smile of confidence and welcome on her face, holding out an eager hand.

"Teddy," she said directly, "I have a favor to ask you, and I trust you so completely that I know I need not explain it further. Mr. McKenna and I have had a very complete understanding. I wish him to represent me entirely. I do not mean that you should not continue to work on the case," she added quickly, as she felt instinctively the gesture of warning McKenna made behind her back. "All I wish you to tell him is that anything I may have told him or will tell him shall be considered confidential until the time I am able to tell you myself. I must throw myself on your chivalry and protection as the fine gentleman I have seen you to be," she added, looking at him with a moistening of the eyes in which there was respect and a more tender emotion.

McKenna, though perceiving how completely she had prepared the isolation of the confidence he had just heard, did not again signal his objection, perhaps divining the futility of opposing such an appeal.

"Certainly, Rita," said Beecher, with a pride that brought a smile of amusement to McKenna's lips. "I wish McKenna to do everything he can for you and as you wish."

"Thank you," she said, with a little pressure of his hand. Then, turning, she added: "This I will say to you both. I have my reasons for believing that the ring will be returned within ten days; if it isn't, then I will have more to disclose."

"Returned?" said Beecher, struck by the similarity of her prophecy and that of Nan Charters.

"Exactly. Until then, I believe all that is necessary is to wait for developments." She turned toward the detective, who waited like a statue. "Mr. McKenna, I know you are a busy

Digitized by Google

"'HOW COULD YOU KNOW ALL THIS — SO YOUNG!'"

LIBRARY. CONNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

man. I won't keep you. Mr. Beecher has come to assist me on a very painful errand, one on which I would trust no other man that I know in New York." She held out her hand. "I do not often make mistakes in men, or I should not have told you what I did. Good night; I shall call on you soon."

McKenna bowed, experiencing, despite his resentment at her mastery of the evening, a feeling of respect and deference.

"And now, Teddy," said Mrs. Kildair, as soon as the door had closed behind the detective, "you know what I want of you. I have arranged everything. My carriage is waiting. We are going for Mrs. Bloodgood."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Bloodgood joined them, heavily veiled. They drove to the house next to that of Majendie, and, at a word from Mrs. Kildair, Beecher remained below on guard in the flickering obscurity of the street. The two women went hurriedly up the steps of Majendie's house, where the door was opened for them by some one who had been awaiting their arrival.

For a full half hour Beecher, prey to a profound melancholy, continued his aimless, mechanical pacing.

"What will my life be?" he thought, conjuring up the future. "Calm and commonplace? Or shall I ever be linked to some such tragedy — snuffed out, like Mrs. Bloodgood, all in a day?"

Finally the door opened and two shadows passed down the steps. He returned hastily, saw them into the carriage, and stood with uncovered head, a lump in his throat, as they drove on. Then he went directly to his rooms, and, exhausted by the emotions of the day, fell heavily into a sleep that was almost a stupor.

CHAPTER XV

THE next morning he was awakened by Gunther's abrupt hand.

"Nice time to sleep," said Gunther sarcastically. "Have you forgotten a little visit we're to make to that sweet person, Mr. Garraboy? You've got just twenty-two minutes to beautify yourself and fill the inner being."

"If we're to see your charming friend Mr. Garraboy," said Gunther half an hour later, as they were speeding toward the congested, stirring lower city, "we've got to nip our man before the opening of the Stock Exchange. Now let's hear what happened at Mrs. Kildair's last night."

The events in which Mrs. Bloodgood was concerned were sealed in confidence; but Beecher felt at liberty to recount to his friend the bare details of McKenna's visit as he had known them.

"What the deuce is behind it all?" said Gunther. "What's the reason she wants to bottle up everything? What's her mix-up with Slade? Depend upon it, Ted, that woman knows more than we do — or why should she expect the ring to be returned?"

"If it's returned," said Beecher, "it's Mrs. Bloodgood who took it."

"Never. No woman ever got that ring out of the apartment — not alone; not a Mrs. Bloodgood, or a Nan Charters, or a Mrs. Cheever, or —" Suddenly he reflected. "Ted, there's one person I'd like to meet."

"Miss Lille?"

"Yes. Supposing we look her up a little more."

"I've thought quite a lot about her," said Beecher musingly; and, remembering all at once her self-possession on the night of the theft, he added: "There's nothing weak about her; still, I can't see the motive."

Entering a street where the obstructed sun never shone, they were shot up sixteen stories to their destination. The next moment Garraboy himself appeared at the rail, dapper, dried up, and severe.

"How do you do?" he said sharply, but without inviting them in. "What can I do for you? It's a very busy day for me."

"I assure you, I don't intend to take any more time than I am compelled to," said Beecher stiffly, with an accent that gave another meaning to the phrase. He plunged his hand into his pocket. "I have an order for you."

"Oh, yes, I remember now," said Garraboy, with a malicious drawing up of his lips. "You can save yourself the trouble."

"What do you mean?" said Beecher, surprised.

"You have an order on me to deliver certain stocks I hold for Miss Charters?"

"I have."

"Well, Miss Charters has changed her mind," said Garraboy, letting his glance rest on Beecher with the vacant, impudent stare of which he was master.

"You have seen Miss Charters?" said Beecher, growing very angry.

"I have; and when I explained to her that she had been unduly excited by some one who evidently is not aware that there are laws in civilized countries adequate to deal with those who attack the reputations or interests ——"

"Sir!" exclaimed Beecher, moving so quickly toward the rail that Garraboy hastily retreated.

"When Miss Charters learned that, and likewise that she had parted with stocks worth considerably over twenty thousand dollars, she changed her mind very quickly."

"Mr. Garraboy," said Gunther abruptly, "all this is not to the point. We have a formal order on you for certain stocks. Ted, present it."

Digitized by Google

"True, I forgot," said Garraboy, who produced from his coat a letter, which he looked over with nonchalant delay and finally handed to Beecher. "I presume you are acting from altruistic motives and are not standing on technicalities. Here is a little note which Miss Charters requested me to give you."

Beecher, frowning, unable to conceal the vexation that this unexpected check brought him, opened the letter. The address by its formality completed his irritation:

Dear Mr. Beecher:

Mr. Garraboy has called and explained everything satisfactorily. I am afraid I was needlessly alarmed last night and did him an injustice. As he has shown me how advantageous it will be for me to transfer my holdings to other stocks, now far below their market value, I have decided not to lose the opportunity. Thank you just the same for your interest in this matter. I shall be in at five this afternoon and will explain to you more fully.

Cordially yours,
NAN CHARTERS.

The two watched him read to the end, fold the letter carefully, and put it in his pocket.

"Well?" said Garraboy.

"Insist on the delivery, Ted," said Gunther militantly. "If Miss Charters wants to return them again, that's her affair. The stocks are yours."

"If Mr. Beecher wishes to stand on technicalities," said Garraboy, in his even, oily voice, "he can do so. He can make a very nice profit. Which is it? I repeat, I can not give you much time."

"Miss Charters' letter is sufficient," said Beecher suddenly. "Good day."

The feeling of mortification and chagrin which her action had brought on him dominated all other feelings. He went out in a rage, tearing the letter into minute fragments, without a word until they reached the street and entered the automobile.

"Last time I ever try to help a woman!" he said, between his teeth.

"What the deuce did you play into his game for?" said Gunther. "He's bamboozled her. I believe the fellow is an out-and-out crook — he's got a rotten bad eye. Why the deuce didn't you get the stocks?"

"She can take her own risks," said Beecher furiously. "It's her own affair if she's going to blow hot and cold. By Jove, Bruce, I never met any one who could make me so mad clear through and through."

"What's the use of taking them seriously?" said Gunther, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Amuse yourself, but don't let them absorb you. Suppose we take a turn at the Curb and see what's doing."

With the opening of the market, all the giant sides of Wall Street seemed suddenly animated with the fury of a disturbed ant-hill. At the Curb market the brokers were shrieking and flinging their frantic signals in the air. They entered the Stock Exchange, and reached the balcony, their ears suddenly smitten with the confused uproar from below. They stood there a few minutes, marveling at the inferno of speculation and embattled greed flung before them in all the nakedness of man's terror; and then left, oppressed by the too frank exhibition of their mortal counterparts.

"You like that?" said Beecher, when once more they were in the automobile and the din and oppression of cell-like monstrosities had receded.

"I do," said Gunther, locking and unlocking his broad hands.

"That's only one side of it — speculation; "but even that is impressive. Look beyond those little mobs we saw, get the feeling of the whole country, the vast nation, rising in anger — flinging over hundreds of thousands of holdings — sweeping down the little gamblers with the tremendous waves of its alarm. The whole vibrating industry of the nation is right here, within a quarter of a mile — the great projects of development, the wars of millions, the future of immense territories to the West and the South. There's a big side to it — a real side — that gets me. I've a mind to walk down now and face the old governor and tell him I'm ready."

"Why don't you?" said Beecher. He himself had felt the restlessness of indecision and enforced idleness. He gave a laugh. "You know, Bruce, I'm beginning to feel the same way. Either I've got to get into the current somewhere, or I'm going to pack off for Africa some fine day."

"By the way, Tilton's up at the club. He's here for a few days, getting ready for a lion hunt or something."

"Tilton?" exclaimed Beecher joyfully. "By Jove, I must get hold of him. I'd go in a minute."

He believed what he said. The whirl of emotions into which he had lately been plunged — revealing to him as it had all the mercenary, clutching side of the city — had left him disturbed, rebellious, longing to be away from the mass of men in general, and of women in particular, the brilliant, keen, and calculating women of the city with whom he had been thrown.

In the afternoon he went to call on Miss Charters.

As he neared his destination and began to rehearse all the grave causes for offense that he held against her, he was surprised at the slender stock of ammunition he held.

Digitized by Google

"It was perfectly natural," he thought, struck by the idea — having considered her reasons for the first time. "If Garraboy called and explained everything to her satisfaction, why shouldn't she change her mind? Besides, there is nothing against Garraboy — nothing definite."

Very sheepish, he felt his irritation slipping away as he yielded to the eager desire of once more entering her presence. But all at once he remembered that she had allowed him to receive the news at the hands of a person intensely disagreeable to him.

"Why didn't she telephone me? That's the whole point."

And, all his irritation restored by this one outstanding fact, he entered the apartment with the dignity of a justly offended person.

She was seated by the fire in an easy-chair, and she did not rise as he entered. She was bending eagerly forward, an open manuscript in her hand, and, without turning, she made a little sign to him to be seated until she should have finished.

"Ah," she cried at last, dropping the play in her lap, "it is wonderful!" And, tapping the manuscript with a gesture of decision, she exclaimed: "I will play that part — it will be an enormous sensation!"

Her mind still obsessed by the thought of the newly discovered masterpiece, she turned toward Beecher, who was seated like a ramrod on the edge of his chair.

"A wonderful play! Really, that Mr. Hargrave is a coming man." Forgetting her previous estimate, she rushed on: "Isn't it strange — I always knew he would do it, from the very first! What is extraordinary is the subtlety of it — how he twines two or three emotions together in the same scene. What a chance for an actress! I must telephone the office."

As she rose, a slip of paper which she had been using as a marker fluttered to the floor. She picked it up, recognized it, and handed it to him.

"Oh, yes, here's your check!" she said. "I put it there so as not to forget it. Thanks very much. I'll explain in a minute. I must telephone Stigler; I'm all excited!"

Beecher, more annoyed by this revelation of her professional life than by the rub to his vanity, took the check and pocketed it — not having pronounced a word since his arrival.

Stigler, her manager, was out, and she put down the receiver with a jar of impatience. She looked at him again, and, perceiving that an explanation was due, sought at once to shift the responsibility.

"Do you know, really you were ridiculously alarmed last night," she said. "I don't know what made you so panicky."

"Of course," he said sarcastically, "I realize now that I should never have stirred you up, when everything was so calm. It's strange that I did not explain to you the natural reasons for Mr. Garraboy's not calling you up — but then, I usually lose my head at such times."

"You are angry," she said.

"What a strange idea! On the contrary, it was a charming experience to enter Mr. Garraboy's office and be so delightfully reassured that everything was so prosperous with him."

She did not like irony, or know how to combat it, so she frowned and said:

"I telephoned you."

"Why should you do that? You might have deprived me of the pleasure of meeting your charming friend Mr. Garraboy."

"I telephoned. You were not in."

"When?"

"Last night. Four times."

He was mollified by this, but tried not to show it.

"And this morning?" he said.

"But I never get up before ten," she cried, aghast.

"Your explanations are crushingly convincing," he said, with a bow and a smile.

She watched him with an uneasy look, totally unconscious of any sense of obligation, accustomed as she was to have her requests for service regarded as favors. The reaction from their last interview had left her in a coldly antagonistic state, determined to pluck in the bud this progress toward intimacy which had so disturbed her. Now, seeing him collected and ironical, she was instinctively alarmed at the distance which he, and not she, had placed between them.

"Don't be horrid, Teddy," she said impatiently, and, wishing to appease him quickly, that she might talk to him of the play, she continued: "The fact is, Mr. Garraboy has done everything he could for me. He sold my stocks a week ago, foreseeing this panic, and saved me several thousand dollars. He offered to give me his check for twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars, or to reinvest it for me, when the time came, in the enormous bargains that can be picked up now. What was I to do?"

"You're quite right, and I made a great mistake so to mislead you," he said, with great seriousness.

"It wasn't your fault," she said abruptly.

"Wasn't it?" he said, opening his eyes with a show of surprise.

She comprehended that she would have to surrender, and, changing her tone to one of gentleness, she said:

"It was a great thing for you to do what you did, Teddy — I shall never forget it."

Digitized by Google

"Nonsense," he said, persisting in misunderstanding her. "I often get up early — that was nothing at all."

"You are not at all the way you were last time," she said reproachfully, forgetting that that was just what she wished to avoid.

But at this moment the telephone rang. Stigler, her manager, was calling. Immediately she forgot their misunderstanding, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment. Beecher, with a clear vision, followed her, noticing in her voice, as she sought to cajole the manager, the same caressing pleading which she had employed a moment before with him.

"Now I really see her," he thought, with a liberation of his spirit. "Emma was entirely wrong. She's not a woman — she's always an actress."

"I'll send you the play right away," she was saying. "Mr. Hargrave is coming. I'll have him take it to the hotel. But you must read it to-night. Promise! Oh, yes, lots of comedy — delicious! Heart interest and big scenes — yes, sensational. Just the part for Fannestock. I must have him for the part!"

"Ah, there's Fannestock too," said Beecher grimly to himself.

She rose from telephoning, joyous and excited.

"Oh, if Stigler will only see it! It's a great part — a great part!"

Miss Tilbury came in to announce that Mr. Hargrave was calling. An expression of delight lit up the features of the actress. But all at once she turned anxiously to Beecher, who had risen stiffly.

"By Jove, I've overstayed my time," he said readily, glancing at the clock.

She was grateful, and yet dissatisfied that he had suggested what she wished, and, recalling his new spirit of independence, she said anxiously, with a compensating smile:

"Teddy, call me up in the morning — this is so important."

In the hallway he stepped aside as Hargrave, a frail, oldish-young man, entered, with his famished, doubting glance.

"Oh, it is wonderful — wonderful!" cried the actress, seizing both his hands. "I am still thrilled. Wonderful — wonderful!"

"You liked it?" said Hargrave timidly.

"Like it!" continued Nan Charters, retaining hold of one hand to draw him into the salon. "It is marvelous! How could you know all this — so young!"

Beecher, in the excitement, quietly made his escape.

In the elevator, to the surprise of the wondering bell-boy, Beecher was seized with a mad laughter, which continued to convulse him as he rolled into the street.

"Heaven be praised!" he exclaimed. "Cured — cured, by Jove! I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

On turning the corner of his club, he ran into Becker, a club acquaintance whom he tolerantly disliked.

"Becker, old boy," he said, seizing his arm and flourishing his cane in the direction of the club, "what can I buy you? Come on — *en avant!*"

"What the deuce has got in you?" said that correct youth.

"Joy, laughter, everything. I'm happy as a Croton water-bug on a hot marble slab!"

At the bar, he gathered every one in sight, slapping their shoulders. His comrades looked at him with envy and awe, believing that he had profited by a tip to make a killing in the market. Their own enjoyment was little enough. The market, outdoing the day before, had plunged like a wild steer into the maelstrom of panic.

CHAPTER XVI

THE next day Beecher did not consider for a moment telephoning to Nan Charters, despite her last request. He felt that it was a chapter closed in his life — one of those innumerable false paths down which one plunges, only the quicker to return. He went off for the morning to play rackets with Bruce Gunther, and lunched at the club with Tilton, who urged him to join his hunt, an invitation that he discussed with enthusiasm.

The news from the stock market was the same. The panic had ceased to be one of speculative concern only. Every one was anxiously asking if a permanent blow had not been dealt to the industries of the country. Many freely prophesied that, if the downward rush were not checked within three days, it would take the country ten years to restore its shattered prosperity. There was a rumor that the big men of the Street had made up a fund, reaching to many millions, which would be brought on the morrow to the support of the market. The run on the Associated Trust still continued, checked though it was by delay and technicalities.

Beecher lingered after luncheon, played a hundred points at billiards and won, and an hour's bridge and won again. Then he went off in high spirits to call on Emma Fornez.

"So, you bad boy, you and your little Chartères have quarreled," said the prima donna, greeting him with an accusing smile.

"Not in the least," he said, a little surprised at the insinuation.

"Ta-ta-ta! Enough of your stuff and nonsense," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders.

Digitized by Google

"SHE ENTERED RADIANTLY, AND FLUNG HERSELF INTO THE POSE

Digitized by Google

OF CARMEN. 'WILL THEY THINK ME BEAUTIFUL?' SHE ASKED"

Digitized by Google

"You are too big a simpleton — a little woman like that will always get the best of you."

"But there is no quarrel, and I am not in the least interested."

"Oh, *avec ça* — keep away — better keep away! You will burn your fingers. Just the kind of a little doll that is dangerous. Women like that are like half colors between one thing and the other — very dangerous! A young girl — *jeune fille* — would bore you now, and an old campaigner like Emma Fornez would amuse you; but a little thing like that is too puzzling for you. I see just how it is with you," she continued, placing her hands on her hips and bobbing her head energetically, while Beecher, very much pleased to be so lectured, listened with a mocking look. "Yes, yes, I know very well; she gets you — how do you say?— going and coming. When she is an actress you say she is different from the rest — what a child! And when she is playing the child, you say what a difference — she is such an artist! You laugh — see!"

Beecher broke out laughing at this characterization which came so near the truth.

"What I have said is very good — very good," repeated Emma Fornez, pleased. "It's all studied, very carefully studied out, but it takes with young simpletons, big geese, good-looking boys — don't I know? *Est ce que jeu ai joué de ces tours la?* Come, now, what did you fight about?"

Beecher had an inclination to take her into his confidence; but he resisted the impulse, and to turn the conversation said artfully:

"By Jove, you look stunning! You won't have to sing a note."

She was in a filmy peignoir, and, as his glance showed an amused admiration, she said, with a look of apology which she did not feel at all, gathering the peignoir closer with a modest movement:

"It's very bad — my receiving you like this. I am going through my costumes. They are dreams. Wait, you shall see — you wish to see them? Good!" All at once she stopped and, seizing his arm, cried: "Teddy, I am in a cold fright — I shiver all over whenever I think of it. New York audiences are terrible. It will be a big, big failure, won't it?"

"There, I'll give you my lucky piece," he said, patting her shoulder as he would a child's.

"Will you!" she cried, delighted; and, running into the bedroom, she called back: "I will show you the costume for the second act first. You will fall down and adore me. Keep me talking, Teddy — I shall go into hysterics. Oh, I am so frightened!"

She tried her voice singing a scale, inquiring anxiously, her head peering around the door: "That sounds bad, *hein?*"

"Marvelous," said Beecher, who did not know one note from another.

Reassured, she entered radiantly, took two or three steps forward, and, lifting the castanets on her fingers, flung herself into the pose of Carmen exulting in the return of her lover.

"Carmen, Teddy," she cried, with a toss of her head —"Carmen is different from all other rôles. To succeed in Carmen, one must be a Carmen one's self — *enfant de la Bohême.* You like this? Wait — wait a moment."

Back in her bedroom, she continued (pausing from time to time to shriek at her maid): "Teddy, you do me so much good — you take my mind off. . . . Victorine, *tu m'assassine!* . . . Teddy, they will think me beautiful, *hein?* You will stay — you will talk to me until I go?"

"Wish I could," said Beecher, to whom this peep behind the scenes was novel. "The deuce is, I'm dining with Mrs. Fontaine — going in her box."

"And Chartères — she is going too?"

"I don't know."

"What — you don't know?" she said, emerging, a shawl of shaded luminous greens flung over the shoulder of a russet taffeta. "You lie to me! You love her — and you know!" Then, slipping on the sofa beside him, half playful, half feline, she pleaded: "Tell me, Teddy — tell me just to distract me. Be a nice boy — you see how nervous I am — please!"

Beecher did not resist. He recounted lightly, making little of what he believed inconsequential, the few passages at arms between him and Nan Charters, ending with a droll reproduction of his laughing exit, cured and disillusionized.

"Ah, my poor Teddy!" said Emma Fornez, shaking her head. "Everything you say proves what I feared."

"What?"

"You are in love; you are beyond hope."

"What, after I've told you this?"

"Exactly. She asked you to telephone. You didn't. Why? Because you are in love — you are afraid."

"Emma, I will tell you the truth," he said, with an excusing shrug.

"Aha!"

"I was attracted ——"

"Good."

"But I saw what an idiot I would be."

"Very good."

"I am completely cured, and if I didn't telephone it is ——"

"Because you are in love," said Emma promptly.

"Nonsense!"

Digitized by Google

"You will see her to-morrow; if not, day after to-morrow. And the longer you stay away, the worse for you."

The arrival of Spinnetto, the conductor, to run over a last few points, broke in upon this interesting discussion. Beecher departed, undisturbed by the charges of Emma Fornez.

"I haven't thought of her the whole day," he said contentedly. "If I didn't telephone, it's because — well, because — what's the use? I have other things more interesting to do."

In his apartment he found McKenna waiting for him, in company with Gunther, who was already dressed for the dinner at Mrs. Fontaine's.

"Hello, McKenna," he said, surprised. "What's up?"

The two had been discussing energetically, and the little difficult hesitation told him that he himself had been the subject of conversation.

"I'm called off on an important case," said McKenna. "Thought I'd better have an understanding with you first."

"What understanding?" he said. His eye was attracted by the heaped-up mail on a side table, and he moved over to examine it, with a curiosity, utterly illogical, to see if Miss Charters had written him.

"Mr. Beecher, I have a request to make of you," said McKenna quickly.

"What's that?"

"Don't open any letters or answer the telephone until I am gone."

"Why, yes; but —" He cut off with a look of interrogation.

"Pump it into him, Mac," said Gunther, throwing himself back and puffing forth great volumes of smoke.

"The truth is, Mr. Beecher," said McKenna, smiling, "Mrs. Kildair played us both to the queen's fashion."

"What was I to do?" said Beecher warmly. "Whom does the ring belong to, anyway? Is there any reason I should do what she doesn't want me to?"

"No — no," said McKenna slowly.

"Could I have refused a direct demand from her like that? — and what reason could I give if I had?"

"You couldn't," said McKenna, eyeing the end of his cigar. "She did the job neatly. I admire that woman — don't know when I've met one of that sex caught my fancy so."

"I suppose you're sick of the case and want to get out," said Beecher, believing he had divined the errand. "Don't know as I blame you."

"No, I don't want to quit," said McKenna slowly, while Gunther smiled to himself. "I should say, rather, there are things in this case that make me particularly interested — interested for my own curiosity to go a little deeper. Only, I want to be sure we understand things the same way. You don't understand from anything Mrs. Kildair said, do you, that I am prevented from going on working on my own hook?"

"Why, no; of course not," said Beecher, reflecting. "I understand two things: one, that Mrs. Kildair wishes to keep in confidence what she said to you, which I should say was the explanation of certain facts connected with her having the ring."

"Second?" said McKenna.

"Second, that she believes the ring will be returned, and until she is sure it is she doesn't wish to give us certain suspicions or knowledge that she has."

"First rate — just right," said McKenna, rising quickly, showing satisfaction in the instant alertness of his movements. "That's what I understand; we understand each other." As he spoke, the telephone rang. He made a quick gesture of opposition as Beecher started, saying: "Not now, sir; I'd rather you wouldn't answer — not just now."

Beecher looked at Gunther, who nodded and said:

"McKenna has a good reason. You'll understand later."

"Now, Mr. Beecher, I've just one thing to say before I go," said McKenna, while the insistent bell continued its querulous summons. "I'd prefer you wouldn't mention to any one that you saw me. At any rate, as Mrs. Kildair evidently isn't anxious for quick results, there's nothing to be done now. Perhaps by to-morrow there may be a different turn to the case."

"What do you mean?" said Beecher. "Why don't you tell me what you know?"

"You forget, Mr. Beecher; you yourself have stopped me there," said McKenna, with a slightly malicious smile. "However, there's going to be a little meeting to-night that may have a whole lot to do with the fortunes of a good many people; and when it's over it may, or may not, throw a new light on this case."

"They're going to put Slade through the same initiation they gave Majendie," said Gunther, at a look from Beecher. "There's a meeting of the big fellows at the governor's to-night — a sort of sheep-shearing — though Slade's not much of a lamb."

"And his wool grows close to the hide," said McKenna, with one of his rare laughs. "However, I can tell you this much: whatever hap-

Digitized by Google

pens, I don't believe there'll be any exit by the bullet route — not if I know John G. Slade. Now, sir, I've got to disappear for a while on my own troubles."

"Where can I get you?" said Beecher.

"You can't get me," said McKenna, with one of his sudden contractions of the eyelids. "That's the whole point — not till I get you. I'm off, and you don't know where," he added, offering his hand. "Maybe two days, maybe a week."

"I don't understand," said Beecher, with a puzzled expression.

"I do," said Gunther, pulling his sleeve.

"Now, there are two little points may interest you gentlemen as expert deducers," said McKenna, with his hat on his head. "One is, I've found out who those detectives were that night — they're crooks. Second,— and don't forget this,— I share Mrs. Kildair's opinion that the ring is going to be returned."

"Then you know who took it!" exclaimed Beecher, while Gunther looked up suddenly.

"I don't know a single thing," said McKenna, "but I'm getting in the suspicious stage. So long."

The telephone had stopped. Beecher, left open-mouthed by the exit of McKenna, turned cynically to Gunther, who had resumed his easy lounge.

"What the deuce is going on, Bruce? What's all this mystery?"

"Look over your mail," said Gunther irrelevantly.

Beecher obeyed the suggestion. At the end of a moment he exclaimed:

"Hello! Why, here's a note from Mrs. Kildair — sent by messenger, evidently."

"Read it."

Beecher glanced at it hurriedly.

Dear Teddy:

Have been trying all day to get hold of McKenna, but they tell me at his office he's out of town. I want to see him very much. If you know where he is, please have him call me up. Shall see you at Mrs. Fontaine's to-night. RITA.

P. S. Please find McKenna if you possibly can.

"By Jove — McKenna!" he exclaimed, and hastened toward the door, only to be stopped by Gunther.

"Ted, you blockhead, what are you doing?"

"Going after McKenna."

"Just what he doesn't want."

Beecher stopped short, suddenly comprehending.

"That's it, is it?" he said, returning. "He wants to keep clear of Mrs. Kildair, then?"

"You see," said Gunther, "it is not often that McKenna gets double-crossed. When he does, he doesn't particularly relish it. Mrs. Kildair may be perfectly right in bottling up the whole affair; but, after what happened yesterday, Mac isn't going to stop until he gets to the bottom of the whole business."

"But why disappear?"

"Because, you little white fluffy toy donkey, the last thing in the world Mrs. Kildair wants is to have him do anything at all, and, as you are putty in the hands of any pretty woman, he doesn't intend to have you call him off."

"I'll see Mrs. Kildair at Louise's. What am I to say?"

Gunther shrugged his shoulders.

"Wonder if she's really playing to be Mrs. Slade?" he said grimly. "If she is, she'll give that up after to-night."

"What's going to happen to him, Bruce?"

"He'll come out with so little left that a committee on virtue will arrest him for indecent exposure — and the country will be saved."

When they arrived at Mrs. Fontaine's, they found, to their surprise, that Mrs. Kildair had been delayed by an automobile breaking down, and would only join them later at the opera.

Not one of them had the faintest suspicion, when later Mrs. Kildair calmly entered the box, that she had passed through two hours of supreme agitation that had left her torn between hope and dread — her whole future staked on one turn. Slade, face to face with the crisis that would determine whether he should survive as one of the figures of the financial world, or return staggering into the oblivion of the commonplace, had gone to see her in the afternoon.

Confronted, too, by the imminent outcome of a gamble that had absorbed all her ambitions and her hopes, she had recklessly thrown aside all the restraints which she had interposed between them, by an impulse of daring which makes such women irresistible to men; and, having invented an excuse for Mrs. Fontaine, had kept him to dinner, trusting to his protection, insisting on his confidence.

Afterward she had driven him to the gray, prison-like structure which Gunther called a home, and seen him, defiant with a defiance she had breathed into him, with the scorn of the gambler who comes at length to the ultimate stake, walk up the steps past the group of newspaper men, who, suddenly ceasing their chatter, huddled together and watched him with a unanimous craning of their necks.

TO BE CONTINUED

Digitized by Google

THE DIARY OF A NEW YORK POLICEMAN

BY

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

This is the third and last of Mr. Lewis' chronicles of the progress of a crooked New York police officer, giving actual experiences as related to him.

It tells the story of the policeman's big clean-up and final retirement to the suburbs, incidentally showing the tremendous proportions of graft in the greatest city of the continent.

WHEN you get fixed right in a good police precinct in New York, believe me, it's no penny-ante game you've got into. It is some financial operations. That fattest precinct of Muggs and mine was good for its $50,000 a month, all right, without counting the extras we knocked down.

I'm not good at remembering figures; and, naturally, we didn't keep much in the record line. But I can tell you, offhand, some of the big things. There were, to start with, twenty-two gambling-houses, that would average $550 apiece every month; and, say, fifteen first-class disorderly houses, at an average of $400 a month, and sixty smaller ones at $200. Then, there were pool-rooms, and Raines-law hotels, and dance-halls, and opium-joints, and all kinds of small gambling enterprises, that raised the total to $50,000 a month easily.

There was a lot of it escaped us, too. The street women paid their $5 a week — a weekly total of $3,000 — to the plain-clothes men. That graft had belonged to the plain-clothes men for I don't know how many years. There'd be a fine row if any captain or inspector tried to grab that pasture away from them.

Then, the saloon-keepers. A few months after we took the precinct, all at once they bunched their play under the brewers, and came down with a lump sum of $135,000 to the "man higher up." It was called a "political contribution." Whatever you called it, it did the business for the saloon-keepers; and the force had its orders to keep its nose out of the excise game; and at the same time we lost the revenue.

But still we had our regular $50,000. Just a little over half of it went to the inspector. I don't know exactly, but I figure twenty per cent of his half went to Headquarters somewhere. Twenty per cent of Muggs' half came to me, and every now and then Muggs and I would get something fat on the side. Oh, we weren't pining for food those days.

Graft was big — it's bigger than it used to be in the best of the "good old days" — because crooked business in New York is so big. You take Baden, for an example. That dangerous foe had come into line now, mild as Mary's little lamb, and we worked together cheerful and most prosperous. His place — probably the best known of its kind in the country — did a business on a scale that would make an ordinary country magnate open his mouth and look around. For example:

There is a multi-millionaire,— as you may know,— one of the iron kings, who's a bug to gamble. And just because he's as well known as the Worth Monument, we'll call him Bawsh. He's mighty religious, too; and once, when I felt him out as to how he reconciled gambling with religion, he looked at me with round eyes and said:

"Why, young man, you can't find a word against gambling in the Bible, search from cover to cover."

Not being up on the Scriptures, I had to let him by with it; and even now I'm obliged to refer the question to better posted parties than myself.

Collecting the Iron King's $400,000

This Iron Croesus commonly did his gambling at a swell club where they play bridge for thou-

Digitized by Google

"THE RAILROAD MAN COMPLAINED AT BEING LEFT $125,000 IN THE HOLE. 'WELL,' SAID THE OTHER, 'IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL, TWIRL A QUARTER ONE TOSS TO SEE IF YOU OWE ME $250,000 OR NOTHING.'"

Digitized by Google

sands. It's always been my opinion that he was what you'd call money-numb. While crazy to gamble, amounts meant nothing to him. Just to show you: He got up one evening, about eleven o'clock, from a game of bridge. Said he was tired, or some such careless excuse, and thought he'd go over to the Waldorf. Now, a big railroad guy was sitting in the game, and he owed my iron friend an even $125,000. Also, he wasn't money-numb at all; and the situation fretted him.

As my iron gentleman was being helped into his coat by one of the club lackeys, the railroad student bleated a feeble kick about being left in the cold, inhospitable hole for that $125,000 — and the evening no later than eleven o'clock.

"Well," said my iron friend, as the boy fitted the coat-collar to his neck, "if that's the way you feel about it, twirl a quarter one toss to see if you owe me $250,000 or nothing."

The railroad party, after thinking a while, fell for the offer, and, by the time my iron friend had got his ulster buttoned, there was $250,000 coming to him instead of $125,000.

Bridge and his swell club, however, didn't always touch the spot, and our iron king 'd break in on a regular gambling-house, and go against a faro-bank or the wheel. Always with the bridle off, too. No limit for him; he wanted to bet 'em higher than a cat's back. The big houses were glad to get his play, and they'd always let him go as far as he liked. He'd stick till the fit wore off; and that, with a few hours off to eat and sleep, might mean a week.

One day Baden came whispering in my ear. This iron bug had been playing faro-bank, night and day, for four full days. And one time Baden had him hooked for over $600,000. He was playing markers, not cash; and Baden, who got afraid he might not make good for so large a sum, finally let him win back nearly $200,000 so as to ease his fall. When he came creeping to me, my iron friend was still down for better than $400,000.

Baden was anxious to stop and collect; but, since the iron man himself showed no signs of quitting, Baden didn't know what to do. He couldn't call a halt, and him winner. At last, as an only way out, he thought of having the place pulled. In that event the game would have to close.

"Of course, you don't have to pinch him," said Baden. "As for myself, I'd gladly stand for a fine, just to bring things to a focus."

That very evening I came down upon Baden like a wolf on the fold. As I roughed my way into the gambling-room, after smashing the doors, I thought my iron friend would faint. I assured him, however, that, beyond taking his name in case I needed evidence, he had nothing to fear. He thanked me forty times, and tried to give me a thousand. I delicately declined — there being too many looking on.

As I helped him into his taxi, however, and bid him to be good, he gratefully shoved the thousand into my pocket. Sure it stayed there. It would have been impolite to refuse; and, besides, I can't always be depended upon to shake my head at a thousand dollars.

As to the pinch, I took a couple of Baden's dealers to court, and they paid the usual fine. Meanwhile, as adding to my glory, and in the line of showing how hard Muggs and I were working to clean up our precinct, I gave the raid to the papers, carefully leaving out my iron friend. You should have seen the credit they gave us!

Did Baden get his $400,000?

He sure did, my iron friend kicking in with it before twenty-four hours had gone by. Baden needn't have got cold feet. That iron millionaire would have come across for $600,000, or twice as much. He's what you'd call a square citizen. Baden has never quit hating himself for letting that $200,000 go back. However, you can imagine I didn't get off very bad, as it was, for my part in this little frame-up.

I Accommodate a Fifth Avenue Matron

Next to Baden's the biggest game in the precinct was run by a man named Rebew. Rebew was one of the cleanest among the sports, and his heart was bigger than a house. While collecting for Muggs, I did him a favor which he never forgot, and to this day he stands ready to teeter to the front with $10,000 or $15,000, or whatever's necessary — once I pass the examination — to make me a captain.

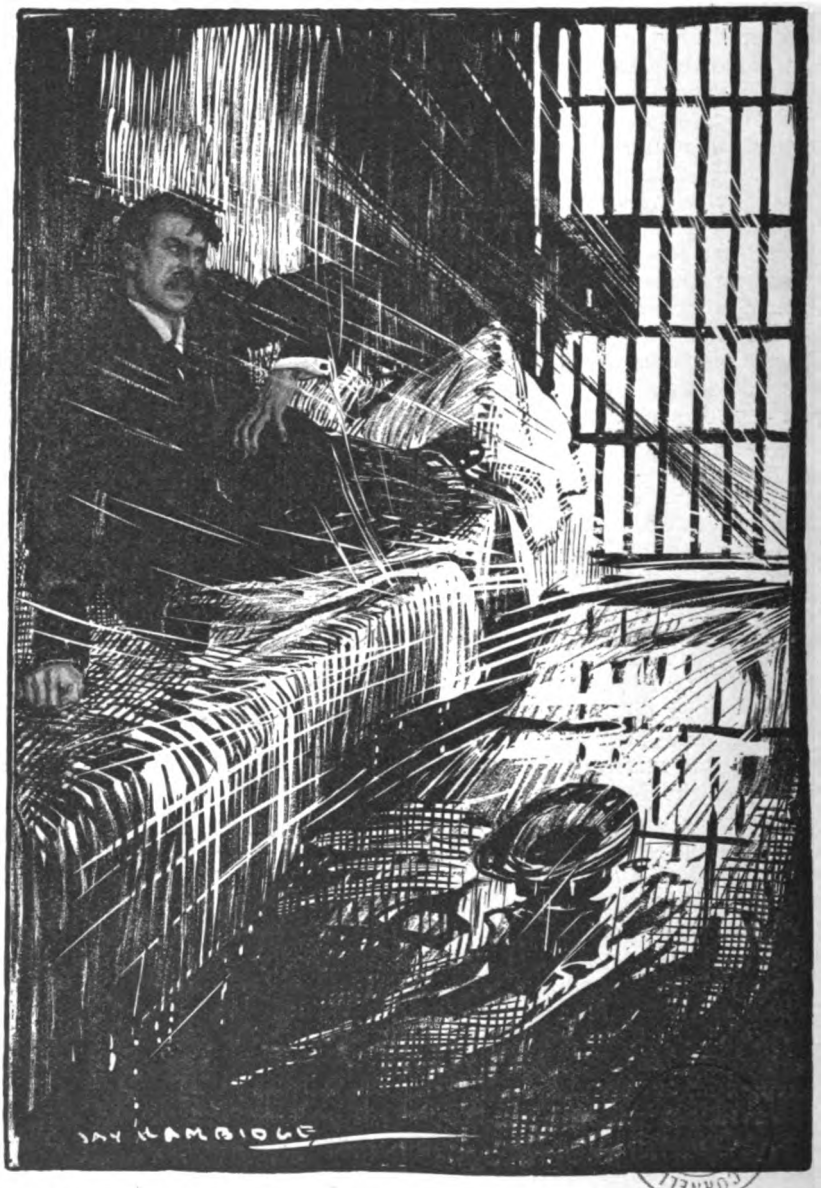
The favor I did Rebew was for smaller stakes than my round-up of the iron king for Baden; but it wasn't such a little thing, either. One of our Fifth Avenue Willie-boys went against Rebew's wheel and dropped $12,000. To get it, it seems he had hocked mama's diamonds. The old dame wasn't any time in missing her ice, and instantly she put up a roar to the Pinkertons. They made short work of locating it; and when they told her where the stuff was, they gave her the whole story.

It was a rough dose; still, the old dame didn't want her Willie-boy son sloughed in. She was none the less red hot to pinch Rebew's joint, and lodged a complaint at Headquarters.

The commish sent for me. "Well, my foxy friend," he began, "I'm afraid it's up to you to get Rebew's place. Here's a gilt-edged squeal, and I must have the report of a pull to file with it before the week's out."

Digitized by Google

There'd have been no kick, even if I'd got Rebew that night. A pinch is a trade risk, and they all are wise to it. Every gambling-house, of high-rollers had blown in on him, and were busy dropping from $7,000 to $10,000 a night. A pinch would put these game-birds to flight,



"THE DOORMAN, WHOM I STAKED TO FIVE DOLLARS, GOT HIS HOSE AND BEGAN TO WASH DOWN THE CORRIDORS. INCIDENTALLY HE FLOODED THE CELL OF MR. SALTERS"

however much it's in right, has to stand for a pull when the complaint's in such shape that there's no ducking nor dodging.

There were reasons, however, why a raid just then meant unusual loss to Rebew. A bunch and of course Rebew wasn't crazy to have 'em disturbed.

Rebew explained this to me, when I gave him the tip that there'd have to be a pull. Certainly; I didn't want to spoil a soft thing, and, to avoid

Digitized by Google

it, this is what I did. I had Rebew rent the top floor — it was vacant — of the next door to his joint. He squared the janitor. And about three o'clock one morning, when quiet folks were in bed, he had his people fake up that top floor as a gambling-room. They used a lot of worn-out wheels and bum faro lay-outs, and before daylight had everything nicely ready.

Twenty-four hours later I backed up the wagons. I took three of Rebew's men, who'd been sent over as fall guys, and loaded them and the old broken-down gambling rubbish into the wagons. Thus organized, I went galloping and gonging off to the station, as though something had really happened. The play went through without a hitch. I reported the pull as Rebew's

"ONE OF OUR FIFTH AVENUE WILLIE-BOYS HAD STOLEN HIS MOTHER'S DIAMONDS, PAWNED THEM FOR $12,000, AND DROPPED IT ALL AT ROULETTE"

Digitized by Google

place, and fixed the street number to suit. The old dame whose son had spouted her sparks was satisfied; the papers were there with the praise; my report went on file — you can read it any day — as covering the original squeal; and Rebew's high-rollers continued changing in their nightly thousands undisturbed. Rebew told me himself that that little frame-up differed him favorably for over $20,000. And, between us, he acted — toward me — as though it had.

A Warning on the Elevated

But you mustn't go away with the idea that all this happened by itself, and the dough kept dropping into our fingers without an effort on our part. Anything that's worth having in this world you have to put up a battle for. And there was plenty of work and plenty of danger still in gathering in our sheaves.

Whatever might be the newspaper fame and reputation of "Muggs the honest cop" and his sterling wardman, those who really knew were never much affected by our pathetic innocence. And every now and then some one took a bite at me — usually some of those reform guys.

For example, there was one shadow who was paid to follow me by one of our moral millionaires. The millionaire himself had been guilty of a score of trade crimes for which he ought to have been locked up. But that made no difference. He was a mighty moralist, just the same.

The shadow was not on me very long before I got hep to him. I knew him; his name was Nagg.

One day he followed me up on to the Fiftieth Street elevated station; and, as a throw-off, he greeted me effusively. I slipped my hand under his arm and led him to the upper end of the platform, he all the time trying to be friendly and I letting him think I wasn't wise.

At the far north end of the platform I stopped. "Nagg," I said, pointing to the coming train, then down near Thirty-third Street, "you see that train?"

"Yes," he replied, wondering.

"When it gets here, I'm going to chuck you under it. I ought to be able to make it suicide with the coroner."

Nagg was the most frightened party in all of broad New York. In the finish I let him go; but only upon the thorough understanding that, the next time I found him on the same elevated platform with myself, he'd go to grease the wheels. Nagg never tailed me after that.

The Hunch and the $2,000

But Nagg was a mere incident to my friend "Salters," detective of one of the anti-vice societies. Nothing can make him let go — as everybody knows now. But that time he was just beginning, and it happened one of his first cracks was at me.

Talk with a Central Office bull, and he'll use the term "thief-wise." What he means is this: You can plant a crook within feeling distance of him, and he'll have an uneasy knowledge inside of ten seconds that there's a thief about. He can't explain; he merely knows. By way of giving the miracle a name, he'll say he's "thief-wise."

Now, by the same token, a wardman gets wise to people who come trying to trap him. That instinct for knowing when some party was out to hand me a lemon has saved me twenty times. I never failed to get the hunch, the moment some smart guy came edging up to throw his net over me.

One afternoon, a man on whom I'd have bet my life introduced me to a smooth, plausible personage who wanted to "talk business."

"This is Mr. Salters," said my friend; "and you can go to sleep on anything he says."

Then he lit a cigar and went his way, leaving "Mr. Salters" and myself sitting at our ease in a café.

Mr. Salters began his negotiations at once. A woman from Chicago, he said, wanted to open a disorderly house; and then he added that there was $2,000 in it for me to stand, paws off, and let her start. He took out the $2,000, as proving his sincerity, and tried to slip it to me on the spot. It was in two 1,000-dollar bills.

Before Mr. Salters had got half through his oration, I could feel that it was a job. I simply knew it. Those bills were marked. Some one was out for my scalp, and I'd only to take that $2,000 to get collared. It would be a plain case of caught with the goods. I let the tail of my eye drift round the café. There wasn't anybody in sight who seemed to be in with Mr. Salters. All the same, I knew.

Also, I wanted that $2,000.

An idea came to me. As Mr. Salters sat offering the money, I waved him back. "Come with me," I said.

Mr. Salters looked puzzled, even troubled, but followed me.

We'd hardly again hit the street before he was all for handing over the dough. I refused for the second time.

"Not here," I said.

"What's the matter? You don't think I'd try to put one over on you?"

"Never mind," I replied; "I have my own way of doing these things."

Mr. Salters grinned a deprecatory grin.

Digitized by Google

We headed up Broadway. Before we'd reached Twenty-eighth Street I'd "made" the parties who were working with him. There were two of them, and it was funny to see them dodging to the other side of street-cars and hiding behind trucks, as they sleuthed their way after us up the street.

Since Mr. Salters had two of his dicks along, I thought I'd take in a few of my own. There had been a new wire-tapping joint opened in Fortieth Street, and four Central Office bulls were planted on it.

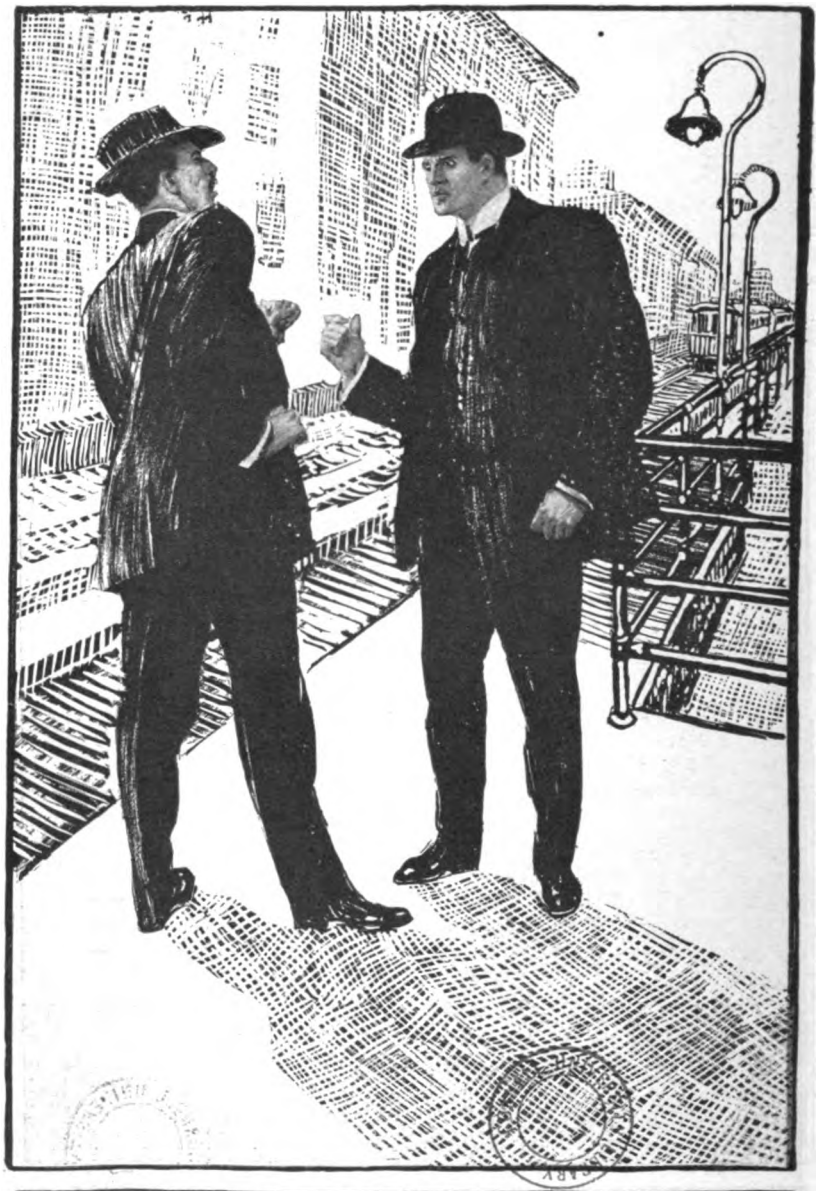
"'UNLESS YOU TELL ME,' I SAID, 'I'LL KILL YOU.' COCKING MY .38, I BEGAN TO COUNT: 'ONE—TWO—THREE!' AT THE LAST WORD, I SHOT . . ."

At Herald Square, I carried Mr. Salters up Sixth Avenue, and then, by way of Fortieth, back to Broadway.

Mr. Salters knew nothing of those four planted bulls. As we swung along Fortieth

Digitized by Google

Street, the four bulls taking us in, I ran my hand along my coat collar as though straightening it out. My four observant gentlemen of Long Acre Square, they'd got on to Mr. Salters' two dicks. The plot was thickening, as our novel-writers say.



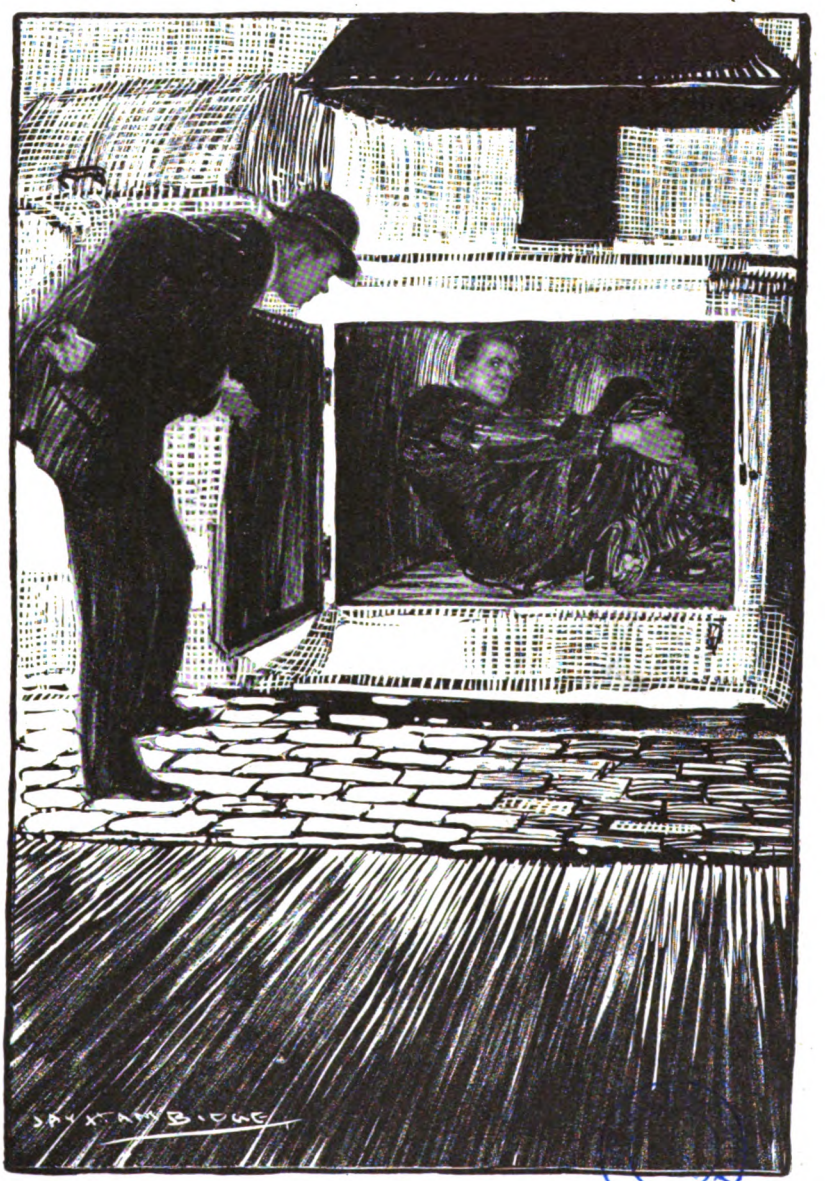
"'NAGG,' I SAID, 'YOU SEE THAT TRAIN?'—'YES,' HE REPLIED, WONDERING.—'WELL, WHEN IT GETS HERE, I'M GOING TO CHUCK YOU UNDER IT'"

from Mulberry Street saw and understood. It was the notice that Mr. Salters would make a first-class collar, and to follow on. They followed; and so well did they know their business that, before we'd gone the length

When Mr. Salters and I reached Central Park, I steered him to an out-of-the-way bench. I knew all about that bench; it was one of the places where my collectors came looking for me, to turn over the month's dough. Also, there

Digitized by Google

was a convenient crack on the under side of the seat, which I'd discovered in my idler moments. I'd led Mr. Salters all this weary way because



"TUCKED AWAY IN THE CAVERN OF AN OVEN, ALL HUNCHED UP LIKE A SUCKING PIG FOR ROASTING, WAS MY CITY'S BOLD DEFENDER"

I was about to need that crack in my destinies. The moment we were seated, I turned to Mr. Salters.

"I'll take that money now," I said.

Mr. Salters shoved me the two 1,000-dollar bills, and I made as though to put them in my trousers pockets. As I did so, he scrambled to his feet to give the signal to his merry men.

In an instant, I'd folded the two bills and shoved them into the crack on the safe side of that excellent bench. That financial feat accomplished, I swung my right on Mr. Salters' neck — his innocent back was toward me —

Digitized by Google

and dropped him. "So you'd bribe me!" I shouted. "I'll teach you, and every scoundrel like you, that neither you nor any other of your bribe-offering tribe'll open a disorderly resort in my precinct!"

While I was grinding Mr. Salters' countenance into the gravel, his two followers came up on the run. So, likewise, did those four intelligent Central Office splits.

"Grab 'em!" I cried.

We carried the three in great triumph to the Forty-seventh Street station, Mr. Salters a bit the worse for wear. On the way, he never opened his head; no more did his two men. Once before the desk, however, he proclaimed himself the agent of the anti-vice society, and vowed that he had just paid me $2,000 for the privilege of opening a disorderly house.

"He's got the money on him now," he said, pointing at me; "it's in two 1,000-dollar bills. I insist that he be searched."

"And I insist on being searched!" I shouted, shaken by a fit of virtuous indignation. "Why, you infamous rascal, do you think to escape by a trick?" Wheeling on the desk lieutenant, I held up my hands. "Search me!" I said. "I'll dispose of that fellow's cheap lie here and now."

"It's in that pocket," said Mr. Salters, indicating the keck in which he fancied he saw me put the money.

The lieutenant turned the pocket inside out. "Nothin' doing!" said he, as the accused pocket proved innocent of money, illicit or otherwise.

Insisting upon being frisked from top to toe, I made the lieutenant continue his search. I even invited Mr. Salters to assist. There was never a sign of those two 1,000-dollar bills about which the complaining Mr. Salters was making such a howl. In the end, we booked Mr. Salters and his brace of dicks, on the charge of attempting to bribe a public officer, and threw them into separate cells.

The doorman, whom I staked to five dollars, got his hose and began to wash down the corridor, and per incident flooded the cells of Mr. Salters and his friends. Having made this particular provision for the comfort of my enemies, I thanked my four Central Office adherents for so nobly responding to my call, and let them go back to their plant on the pay-off.

The two 1,000-dollar bills?

They weren't lost, be sure. And, at that, I waited until long after dark before I went looking for them. Some one from the station might have believed just enough of Mr. Salters' fairy tale to set him tailing me; remembering which, I, as a first strategy, made straight for the elevated road and took the train down town. It was three o'clock next morning before I went after Mr. Salters' $2,000, and then I went in a touring-car, at twenty miles an hour. In this world, and in the New York City world especially, a party can't be too careful. And you never know when you're being shadowed.

When Mr. Salters and his friends showed up in court, there was no conviction. The anti-vice society which had been trying to hand it to me wired them out. The society, however, came in for a tongue-lashing from the judge.

"It was only the invincible honesty of this young man," said the judge, indicating me, "that saved him. What right have you to go about trying to corrupt the city's police?"

But, you understand, life isn't all collecting or dodging frame-ups, even for a wardman, and a pet fox. Now and then you've got to get out and make good on detective work; and build up a name with the newspapers. And, when it came to that, I flattered myself I could hold up my end. For instance, there was the negro burglar that I pried the evidence out of that connected a fence the force had been after for years.

That negro had been arrested time and time again, and the police had him down for a tough nut. The detectives, in giving him the third degree, had all but killed him; and yet they'd never been able to make him tell them a thing. They'd beaten him with their blackjacks; they'd broken night-sticks over his head. No use. He remained as wordless as an image.

There was a loft cracked in Muggs' precinct, and $8,000 worth of silk taken. The bulls were certain that it was the negro burglar who'd turned off the loft, but couldn't get a word of evidence. Also, their past experience had rendered them hopeless of knocking a confession out of him. He lived on San Juan Hill, and, without blowing any bugles about it in advance, I decided to have a shy at him myself. With that, I nailed him one morning about two o'clock in front of the place where he lived. He was all alone, and so was I.

"You ain't got nothin' on me!" he cried.

"I'll have the North River on you before I'm through," I returned.

Instead of carrying him to a station, I headed for Riverside Drive.

"Where you takin' me?" he demanded.

Not a word did I reply.

By the time I'd dragged him across the tracks opposite the foot of Seventy-eighth Street, and had him down to the river's edge, his imagination began working double time. The racket was new to him; I'd got at his imagination in flank. His nerve began to shake; he was getting scared. Who was it said that "courage consists in doing something that

Digitized by Google

you've done before"? I'd sprung a new game on my burglarious coon.

"What you goin' to do, boss?" he faltered, as I planted him so the water fairly lapped his feet.

"Unless you tell me where that silk is," I said, as I pulled my gun, "I'll kill you and throw you in. I'll give you three chances. Tell me before I count three, or I'll blow your block off."

Cocking my .38, I began to count: "One — two — three!"

While badly scared, he didn't really think I'd shoot. He let me count "Three!" without a peep. At the last word, "Bang!" went my pistol, with the roar of a cannon. The bullet shot a piece off the rim of his derby hat.

Ferociously breaking into curses, I recocked the gun. "I'll get you this trip!" I said.

It was too much. Shaking, chattering, my black box-worker fell at my feet. Turning up his scared face, he began to talk a stream. The silk, he said, had been sold to the fence I've referred to for $300. I made a note of that; and then, having got him on the run, I made him tell me more. As the fruit of his confidence down there by the sobbing river, I collected an auto-car full of silverware, the swag of a dozen burglars, before the sun came up. And before night I'd got the fence; and I'd got him right this time. The two of them jogged up my score quite a few.

Taking everything into the count, I was getting along well enough in every way — net proceeds, and reputation too. And then my commissioner, who'd called me a pet fox, and whom I'd begun to like, got his walking papers. He had a run-in with the Mayor about something, and defied his Honor. He figured he'd been tied up with his chief in some deals that the municipal leader would not care to have come to light. Unfortunately, his Honor called his bluff, and he found himself on the street; and he discovered, when he came to think of it,— like most of them do,— that he couldn't tell about the Mayor in that deal without telling the same thing about himself. So he had to bite his tongue and take the medicine.

But right there I could see where Muggs and I were likely to get off. A new commissioner is apt to be a new broom and sweep pretty clean — especially in precincts like ours.

Sure enough. This new man hadn't been in the chair very long when he developed a dark-lantern streak, and started off cop-hunting.

The New Commissioner's Sleuth

A man I knew met up with me one day, and opened up about a party who wanted to start a pool-room. At the go-off I couldn't say but what everything was on the level; it was only my studied caution that saved me. I sent my would-be pool-room keeper word to see me the next day at 1 P. M. in the Albemarle Hotel.

The Albemarle's single entrance opened on Twenty-fourth Street, which made it easy to watch. I planted across in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel,— torn down now, it is,— and about one o'clock saw my would-be pool-room man enter the Albemarle. His name was Bocab, but that I didn't learn till later. The name I was to call him by was "Brown."

Once Brown was surely in the Albemarle, I rang him up on the Fifth Avenue Hotel 'phone.

"Come up here to the Savoy," says I; "I'll wait for you here. It's impossible for me to get down to the Albemarle."

Hurrying back to my Fifth Avenue Hotel window which commanded the Albemarle's entrance, I saw Brown come out. If he'd headed honestly north for the Savoy, I'd have grabbed a taxi and followed. But, as I'd foreseen might be the case, he didn't. He stood on the Albemarle step a moment, looking up and down. It was no time before he was joined by three men — his aides. Apparently Brown told them I'd shifted to the Savoy, and issued a fresh set of orders to fit the changed arrangements. The three hurried away in one cab, and Brown made ready to charter another.

Now Brown was alone, I had no fear; my word was as good as his — or better. So, merely to get the sneer on him, I came out of the Twenty-fourth Street entrance of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and called across:

"Oh, Brown!" He glanced up with a startled eye. "I don't think I'd bother about that Savoy appointment," I said.

There was a moment when Brown nearly sat down on the pavement. Then, as though he'd come to a new resolution, he strode across.

"Guilty!" said he.

In ten minutes Brown had given me his correct name of Bocab, and wised me up as to what the new Czar of Mulberry Street was trying to do to me. Brown's repentance was full, his confession complete. It was the usual thing. The new commissioner detailed a copper that'd just been made, and I didn't know, to get me.

After a few words more, we concluded — Brown's three men having journeyed on before — to go through the motions of keeping the Savoy appointment. He took one cab, I another. We met at the Savoy — under the eyes and ears of the watchful three, who strolled in, one by one, as we sat talking. They heard me as I loudly and virtuously refused to deal with Brown. The report went back to Mulberry

Digitized by Google

Street that I was locked in my integrities as in a tower, and could not be approached. I can't say that anybody really believed this; but it was Brown's report, and it had to stand.

The Cop in the Cook-Stove

This certainly was a good thing for me; I was wise to the news from Headquarters, so long as Bocab was there. He meant to deliver the goods, all right; but, if he hadn't, I had him, a little later, held to my breast with hooks of steel.

It happened, soon after the thing I was telling you, that there was a wrong pool-room running — without putting up protection, I mean; and one afternoon — I needed a pinch at the time — I thought I'd take it into camp. One of the proprietors met me outside.

"You've got us bang right," he confessed. "But can't you put off the pull till to-morrow?"

"Why should I?"

"Because there's a bull inside putting down a bet, and you know better than I do he'll get fired off the force if he's nailed."

"Show me," says I, for I thought the thing was a stall. "Give me a peek at your bull, and I'll let you run a week."

The keeper cheered up, and we went inside. The bull was there, sure enough; and where do you think he'd ducked to? The place had been some kind of a bum restaurant, and the range, big and cold, was still standing in what used to be the kitchen. Tucked away in the cavern of an oven, all hunched up like a sucking pig for roasting, was my city's bold defender. Also, when I hauled him out by the heels, who should he be but Brown, alias Bocab.

Scared? He thought it was his last police day on earth.

When he saw me he was paralyzed. I simply gave him the laugh, and told him to brush the rust off his coat and do a sneak. And ever afterwards, you may imagine, Bocab was my man.

Four months later I cashed in on him. He called me up, one morning, and gave me warning that a new captain had been named for Muggs' place.

The order wouldn't be published for a month.

My first notion was to chase to the station-house and post Muggs. Then I took another thought. Muggs had been having it pretty sweet; he'd got all that was coming to him, and a little more. Why not swell my own personal account by a final $50,000?

The idea made a hit with me.

"Muggs," says I over the 'phone, after I thought things out, "come to Shanley's, and come a-running."

The quaver in my voice threw a dark blue scare into Muggs; that's why I put in the quaver. When he reached Shanley's he was looking a trifle leery.

"What's loose?" he asked anxiously — for he never had his equal to see ghosts. "They ain't after us, are they?"

Muggs' "they" meant anybody and anything, from the police commissioner to the evening papers.

"That's it," I said. "I don't know why, nor what started it, but there's twenty Parkhurst people in our precinct, trying to get something on us. I'm afraid some one's squealed."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Muggs, turning white about the gills. "I was on, the moment I heard your voice. Don't touch a dollar — don't bat an eye nor wag an ear — until the thing blows by! Better send word through the precinct to close up tight as a drum."

"You put the inspector next to the news," I said.

"I'll put him wise at once."

Throughout all of that last month, I was the inspector, Muggs, and the whole thing. They got nothing; I harvested a lapful. Certainly they found it out in the end; but that was later. The inspector breathed fire and smoke. What of it? What could he do? Muggs only laughed; he said that by rights it was coming to me. Muggs had some notion of justice.

So then we had to get up and go away and leave it. Not that I ought to kick. It certainly was clover-deep while it lasted. With that last $50,000, I was $250,000 to the good. Not in money — I wasn't boob enough for that. Every dime had gone into gilt-edged stocks, and every certificate was indorsed to me in blank. There wasn't anywhere on earth a scrap — nothing but my possessions — to establish my membership of that stock.

One man only, the banker who bought them for me, could have testified to it. But, since I had something on him, not at all concerning stocks, the least whisper of which would have made him change his name and leave New York, I'd nothing to fear from that angle. It was a stand-off — a case of "you keep my secret and I'll keep yours."

Muggs and I were sent over to Whitestone, out to the bosky city limits where the most disorderly thing in sight was a nursery and the only graft a daily bouquet.

And so I ceased to be a wardman. But I don't doubt, when the wheel turns round again, I may be back in the old game. It's going on now, just as it was then, only more so. If there's any one thing in the world that's immortal, it's graft.

Digitized by Google

WE promised last month to begin in this issue a three-part detective story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Before Mrs. Rinehart completed the work she discovered new and amazing possibilities in the extraordinary situation she had devised. As a result, we have in hand as absorbing and thrilling a narrative as anything since the best of Sherlock Holmes. But the story is twice as long as originally planned.

Therefore we have been compelled to postpone Mrs. Rinehart's story, but only for a month or so.

Not being able to present in this issue the work of the best detective story writer in America, we immediately secured the work of the best detective story writer of England—Gilbert K. Chesterton—who herewith re-introduces to the United States his famous and unique "Father Brown."

These short stories you may count upon finding in every issue of MCCLURE'S for at least six months to come.

THE STRANGE CRIME OF JOHN BOULNOIS

A Father Brown Story

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

AUTHOR OF THE "FATHER BROWN" STORIES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HATHERELL

MR. CALHOUN KIDD was a very young gentleman with a very old face — a face dried up with its own eagerness, framed in blue-black hair and a black butterfly tie. He was the emissary in England of the colossal American daily called the *Western Sun* — also humorously described as the *Rising Sunset.* This was in allusion to a great journalistic declaration (attributed to Mr. Kidd himself) that he "guessed the sun would rise in the west yet, if American citizens did a bit more hustling." Those, however, who mock American journalism from the standpoint of somewhat mellower traditions, forget a certain paradox that partly redeems it. For, while the journalism of the States permits a pantomimic vulgarity long past anything English, it also shows a real excitement about the most earnest mental problems of which English papers are innocent, or, rather, incapable. The *Western Sun* was full of the most solemn matters treated in the most farcical way. William James figured there as well as "Weary Willie," and pragmatists alternated with pugilists in the long procession of its portraits.

Thus, when a very unobtrusive Oxford man named John Boulnois wrote, in a very unreadable review called "The Natural Philosophy Quarterly," a series of articles on alleged weak points in Darwinian evolution, it fluttered no corner of the English papers; though Boulnois' theory (which was that of a comparatively stationary universe visited occasionally by convulsions of change) had some rather faddy fashionableness at Oxford, and got so far as to be named "Catastrophism." But many American papers seized on the challenge as a great event; and the *Western Sun* threw the shadow of Mr. Boulnois quite gigantically across its pages. By the paradox already noted, articles of honest intelligence and enthusiasm were presented with headlines apparently written by an illiterate maniac — headlines such as: "Darwin Chews Dirt; Critic Boulnois Says He Jumps the Shocks"; or, "Keep Catastrophic, Says Thinker Boulnois."

Digitized by Google

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

"SHE HAD GOLDEN HAIR IN TWO LONG SHINING ROPES, AND A FACE SO STARTLINGLY PALE BETWEEN THEM THAT SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CHRYSELEPHANTINE — MADE, THAT IS, LIKE SOME OLD GREEK STATUES, OUT OF IVORY AND GOLD"

Digitized by Google

And Mr. Calhoun Kidd, of the *Western Sun*, was bidden to take his butterfly tie and lugubrious visage down to the little house outside Oxford where Thinker Boulnois lived in happy ignorance of such a title.

That fated philosopher had consented, in a somewhat dazed manner, to receive the interviewer, and had named the hour of nine that evening. The last of a summer sunset clung about Cumnor and the low wooded hills; the romantic Yankee was both doubtful of his road and inquisitive about his surroundings; and, seeing the door of a genuine feudal old-country inn, the Champion Arms, standing open, he went in to make enquiries.

In the bar parlour, he rang the bell, and had to wait some little time for a reply to it. The only other person present was a lean man with close red hair and loose, horsey-looking clothes, who was drinking very bad whiskey but smoking a very good cigar. The whiskey, of course, was the choice brand of the Champion Arms; the cigar he had probably brought with him from London. Nothing could be more different than his cynical negligé from the dapper dryness of the young American; but something in his pencil and open note-book, and perhaps in the expression of his alert blue eyes, caused Kidd to guess, correctly, that he was a brother journalist.

"Could you do me the favour," asked Kidd, with the courtesy of his nation, "of *di*recting me to the Grey Cottage, where Mr. Boulnois lives, as I understand?"

"It's a few yards down the road," said the red-haired man, removing his cigar; "I shall be passing it myself in a minute, but I'm going on to Pendragon Park to try and see the fun."

"What is Pendragon Park?" asked Calhoun Kidd.

"Sir Claude Champion's place — haven't you come down for that too?" asked the other pressman, looking up. "You're a journalist, aren't you?"

"I have come to see Mr. Boulnois," said Kidd.

"I've come to see Mrs. Boulnois," replied the other. "But I sha'n't catch her at home." And he laughed rather unpleasantly.

"Are you interested in Catastrophism?" asked the wondering Yankee.

"I'm interested in catastrophes; and there are going to be some," replied his companion gloomily. "Mine's a filthy trade; and I never pretend it isn't."

With that he spat on the floor; yet, somehow, in the very act and instant one could realize that the man had been brought up as a gentleman.

The American pressman considered him with more attention. His face was pale and dissipated, with the promise of formidable passions yet to be loosed; but it was a clever and sensitive face. His clothes were coarse and careless, but he had a good seal ring on one of his long, thin fingers. His name, which came out in the course of talk, was James Dalroy; he was the son of a bankrupt Irish landlord, and attached to a pink paper, which he heartily despised, called *Smart Society*, in the capacity of reporter and of something painfully like spy.

Smart Society, I regret to say, felt none of that interest in Boulnois on Darwin that was such a credit to the heads and hearts of the *Western Sun*. Dalroy had come down, it seemed, to snuff up the scent of a scandal which might very well end in the divorce court, but which was at present hovering between Grey Cottage and Pendragon Park.

Sir Claude Champion was known to the readers of the *Western Sun* as well as Mr. Boulnois. So were the Pope and the Derby Winner; but the idea of their intimate acquaintanceship would have struck Kidd as equally incongruous. He had heard of (and written about — nay, falsely pretended to know) Sir Claude Champion as "one of the brightest and wealthiest of England's Upper Ten"; as the great sportsman who raced yachts round the world; as the great traveler who wrote books about the Himalayas; as the politician who swept constituencies with a startling sort of Tory Democracy; and as the great dabbler in art, music, literature, and, above all, acting. Sir Claude was really rather magnificent in other than American eyes. There was something of the Renascence Prince about his omnivorous culture and restless publicity; he was not only a great amateur, but an ardent one. There was in him none of that antiquarian frivolity that we convey by the word "dilettante." That faultless falcon profile with purple-black Italian eyes which had been snapshotted so often both for *Smart Society* and the *Western Sun* gave every one the impression of a man eaten by ambition as by a fire or even a disease. But, though Kidd knew a great deal about Sir Claude,— a great deal more, in fact, than there was to know,— it would never have crossed his wildest dreams to connect so showy an aristocrat with the newly unearthed founder of Catastrophism; or to guess that Sir Claude Champion and John Boulnois could be intimate friends. Such, according to Dalroy's account, was nevertheless the fact. The two had hunted in couples at school and college, and, though their social destinies had been very different (for Champion was a great landlord and almost a millionaire, while Boulnois was a poor scholar and, until just lately, an unknown one), they still kept in very close touch with each other.

Digitized by Google

Indeed, Boulnois' cottage stood just outside the gates of Pendragon Park — as close as it could be without being actually in the grounds.

But whether the two men could be friends much longer was becoming a dark and ugly question. A year or two before, Boulnois had married a beautiful and not unsuccessful actress, to whom he was devoted in his own shy and ponderous style; and the proximity of the household to Champion's had given that flighty celebrity opportunities for behaving in a way that could not but cause painful and rather base excitement. Sir Claude had carried the arts of publicity to perfection; and he seemed to take a crazy pleasure in being equally ostentatious in an intrigue that could do him no sort of honour. Footmen from Pendragon were perpetually leaving bouquets for Mrs. Boulnois; carriages and motor-cars were perpetually calling at the cottage for Mrs. Boulnois; balls and masquerades perpetually filled the grounds, in which the baronet paraded Mrs. Boulnois like the Queen of Love and Beauty at a tournament. That very evening, marked by Mr. Kidd for the exposition of Catastrophism, had been marked by Sir Claude Champion for an open-air rendering of "Romeo and Juliet," in which he was to play Romeo to a Juliet it was needless to name.

"I don't think it can go on without a smash," said the young man with red hair, getting up and shaking himself. "Old Boulnois may be squared — or he may be square. But if he's square he's thick — what you might call cubic. But I don't believe it's possible."

"He is a man of grand intellectual powers," said Calhoun Kidd, in a deep voice.

"Yes," answered Dalroy. "But even a man of grand intellectual powers can't be such a blighted fool as all that. Must you be going on? I shall be following, myself, in a minute or two."

But Calhoun Kidd, having finished a milk-and-soda, betook himself smartly up the road toward the Grey Cottage, leaving his cynical informant to his whiskey and tobacco. The last of the daylight had faded; the skies were of a dark green-grey like slate, studded here and there with a star; but lighter on the left side of the sky, with the promise of a rising moon. The woods looked very black.

The Grey Cottage, which stood intrenched, as it were, in a square of stiff, high thorn-hedges, was so close under the pines and palisades of the Park that Kidd at first mistook it for the Park Lodge. Finding the name on the narrow wooden gate, however, and seeing by his watch that the hour of the "Thinker's" appointment had just struck, he went in and knocked at the front door. Inside the garden hedge he could see that the house, though unpretentious enough, was larger and more luxurious than it looked at first, and was quite a different kind of place from a porter's lodge. A dog-kennel and a beehive stood outside, like symbols of old English country life; the moon was rising behind a plantation of prosperous pear trees; the dog that came out of the kennel was reverend-looking and reluctant to bark, and the plain, elderly man-servant who opened the door was brief but dignified.

"Mr. Boulnois asked me to offer his apologies, sir," he said; "but he has been obliged to go out suddenly."

"But see here; I had an appointment," said the interviewer, with a rising voice. "Do you know where he went to?"

"To Pendragon Park, sir," said the servant, rather sombrely, and began to close the door.

Kidd started a little. "Did he go with Mrs. — with the rest of the party?" he asked rather vaguely.

"No, sir," said the man shortly; "he stayed behind, and then went out alone"; and he shut the door, not brutally but with an air of duty done.

The American, that curious compound of impudence and sensitiveness, was annoyed. He felt a strong desire to hustle them all along a bit and teach them business habits — the hoary old dog, and the grizzled, heavy-faced old butler with his prehistoric shirt-front, and the drowsy old moon, and above all the scatter-brained old philosopher who couldn't keep an appointment.

"If that's the way he goes on, he deserves to lose his wife's purest de-votion," said Mr. Calhoun Kidd. "But perhaps he's gone over to make a row. In that case, I reckon a man from the *Western Sun* will be on the spot."

And, turning the corner by the open lodge gates, he set off, stumping up the long avenue of black pine woods that pointed in abrupt perspective toward the inner gardens of Pendragon Park. That avenue seemed to him to be endless; he half believed it was telescoping onward like a corridor in a nightmare. The trees were as black and orderly as plumes upon a hearse; there were still a few stars. He was a man with more literary than direct natural associations: the word "Ravenswood" came into his head repeatedly. It was partly the raven colour of the pine woods, but partly also an indescribable atmosphere almost described in Scott's great tragedy: the smell of something that died in the eighteenth century; the smell of dank gardens and broken urns; of wrongs that will never now be righted; of something that is none the less incurably sad because it is strangely unreal.

More than once, as he went up that trim

Digitized by Google

"THERE WAS A LONG RED STAIN DOWN THE BANK FROM WHICH THE MAN HAD ROLLED. . . . HE HAD BEEN RUN THROUGH THE BODY"

Digitized by Google

black road of tragic artifice, he stopped, startled, thinking he heard steps in front of him. He could see nothing in front but the twin sombre walls of pine and the wedge of starlight sky above them. At first he thought he must have fancied it, or been mocked by a mere echo of his own tramp. But as he went on he more and more inclined to conclude, with the remains of his reason, that there really were other feet upon the road. He thought hazily of ghosts, and was surprised how swiftly he could see the image of an appropriate and local ghost, one with a face as white as Pierrot's, but patched with black. The apex of the triangle of dark blue sky was growing brighter and bluer, but he did not realize as yet that this was because he was coming nearer to the lights of the great house and garden. He only felt that the atmosphere was growing more intense; there was in the sadness more violence and secrecy — more — he hesitated for the word, and then said it, with a jerk of laughter — Catastrophism.

More pines, more pathway slid past him, and then he stood rooted as by a blast of magic. It is vain to say that he felt as if he had got into a dream; by this time he felt quite certain that he had got into a book. For we human beings are used to inappropriate things; we are accustomed to the clatter of the incongruous; it is a tune to which we can go to sleep. If one appropriate thing happens, it wakes us up like the pang of a perfect chord. Something happened such as would have happened in such a place in a forgotten tale.

Over the black pine wood came flying and flashing in the moon a naked sword, such a slender and sparkling rapier as may have fought many an unjust duel in that ancient park. It fell on the pathway far in front of him, and lay there, glistening like a large needle. He ran like a hare and bent to look at it. Seen at closer quarters, it had rather a showy look; the big red jewels in the hilt and guard were a little dubious. But there were other red drops upon the blade which were not dubious.

He looked round wildly in the direction from which the dazzling missile had come, and saw that at this point the sable façade of fir and pine was interrupted by a smaller road at right angles — which, when he turned it, brought him in full view of the long lighted house, with a lake and fountains in front of it. Nevertheless he did not look at this, having something more interesting to look at.

Above him, at the angle of the steep green bank of the terraced garden, was one of those small picturesque surprises common in the old landscape-gardening: a kind of small round hill or dome of grass, like a giant mole-hill, ringed and crowned with three concentric fences of roses and having a sun-dial in the highest point in the center. Kidd could see the finger of the dial stand up dark against the sky like the dorsal fin of a shark, and the vain moonlight clinging to that idle clock. But he saw something else clinging to it also: for one wild moment, the figure of a man.

Though he saw it there only for a moment, though it was outlandish and incredible in costume, being clad from neck to heel in tight crimson, with glints of gold, yet he knew in one flash of moonlight who it was. That white face flung up to heaven, clean-shaven and so unnaturally young, like Byron with a Roman nose, those black curls already grizzled — he had seen the thousand public portraits of Sir Claude Champion. The wild red figure reeled an instant against the sun-dial; the next, it had rolled down the steep bank and lay at the American's feet, faintly moving one arm. A gaudy, unnatural gold ornament on the arm suddenly reminded Kidd of "Romeo and Juliet": of course, the tight crimson suit was part of the play. But there was a long red stain down the bank from which the man had rolled: that was no part of the play. He had been run through the body.

Mr. Calhoun Kidd shouted, and shouted again. Once more he seemed to hear phantasmal footsteps, and started to find another figure already near him. He knew the figure, and yet it terrified him. The dissipated youth who had called himself Dalroy had a horribly quiet way with him; if Boulnois failed to keep appointments that had been made, Dalroy had a sinister air of keeping appointments that hadn't. The moonlight discoloured everything; against Dalroy's red hair his wan face looked not so much white as pale green.

All this morbid impressionism must be Kidd's excuse for having cried out brutally, and beyond all reason:

"Did you do this, you devil?"

James Dalroy smiled his unpleasing smile: but, before he could speak, the fallen figure made another movement of the arm, waving vaguely toward the place where the sword fell; then came a moan, and then it managed to speak:

"Boulnois . . . Boulnois, I say . . . Boulnois did it! Jealous of me . . . he was jealous, he was, he was. . . ."

Kidd bent his head down to hear more, and just managed to catch the words:

"Boulnois . . . with my own sword. . . . He threw it. . . ."

Again the failing hand waved toward the sword, and then fell rigid with a thud. In Kidd

Digitized by Google

"Yes. The soup will be Campbell's Tomato".

HOW easy that is to say! Even at the last minute if it happens so. And how satisfying to all concerned. Your whole dinner-program is simplified by

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

It relieves you completely of anxiety or effort about this usually trying course. You know that it will be above criticism, and served on the instant without trouble or fuss.

The practical way is to order this tempting wholesome soup by the dozen, at least. You'll want it served in one way or another nearly every day in the year.

"Hear the kettle boil and bubble.
Most melodious humming!
Say good-bye to toil and trouble.
Campbell's Soup is coming!"

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

Digitized by Google

NOTICE TO READERS

BETWEEN THIS PAGE AND THE BACK COVER

are four important editorial features which have been added to the usual contents of the magazine.

These additional features, appearing where there was formerly no reading matter at all, increase the quality and value of our service to advertisers; and, by so doing, increase, without cost to you, the amount and value of our service to you.

By this new make-up of the magazine, we are able to print in this issue the following extra features that would otherwise have been left out:

THE STRANGE CRIME OF JOHN BOULNOIS
By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON
Ending Page 147

WHAT WILSON IS UP AGAINST
By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER
Beginning Page 148

THE NEW DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN
By INEZ MILHOLLAND
Beginning Page 181

THE MYSTERIOUS COUNTERFEITER
By DETECTIVE BURNS
Beginning Page 190

Without any of these features, you have the magazine as you have known it.

With them you have a McCLURE'S of added interest and variety, of increased value and usefulness—without increased cost to you.

The Editors of McClure's

Digitized by Google

rose from its depths all that acrid humour that is the strange salt of the seriousness of his race.

"See here," he said sharply and with command, "you must fetch a doctor. This man's dead."

"And a priest too, I suppose," said Dalroy, in an undecipherable manner. "All these Champions are churchman." And he turned his back and strode swiftly to the house.

The American knelt down by the body, felt the heart, propped up the head and used some last efforts at restoration; but before the other journalist reappeared, followed by a doctor and a priest, he was already prepared to assert they were too late.

"Were you too late also?" asked the doctor, a solid, prosperous-looking man, with conventional moustache and whiskers, but a lively eye, which darted over Kidd dubiously.

"In one sense," drawled the representative of the *Western Sun*. "I was too late to save the man, but I guess I was in time to hear something of importance. I heard the dead man denounce his assassin."

"And who was the assassin?" asked the doctor, drawing his eyebrows together.

"Boulnois," said Calhoun Kidd, and whistled softly.

The doctor stared at him gloomily, with a reddening brow; but he did not contradict. Then the priest, a shorter figure in the background, said mildly: "I understood that Mr. Boulnois was not coming to Pendragon Park this evening."

"There again," said the Yankee grimly, "I may be in a position to give the old country a fact or two. Yes, *sir;* John Boulnois was going to stay in all this evening: he fixed up a real good appointment there with me. But John Boulnois changed his mind; John Boulnois left his home abruptly and all alone, and came over to this derned Park an hour or so ago. His butler told me so. I think we hold what the all-wise police call a clue — have you sent for them?"

ONLY CAME TO ASK YOU ABOUT THE CRIME YOU COMMITTED THIS EVENING,' SAID FATHER BROWN, SMILING"

"Yes," said the doctor; "but we haven't alarmed any one else yet."

"Does Mrs. Boulnois know?" asked James Dalroy; and again Kidd was conscious of an irrational desire to hit him on his curling mouth.

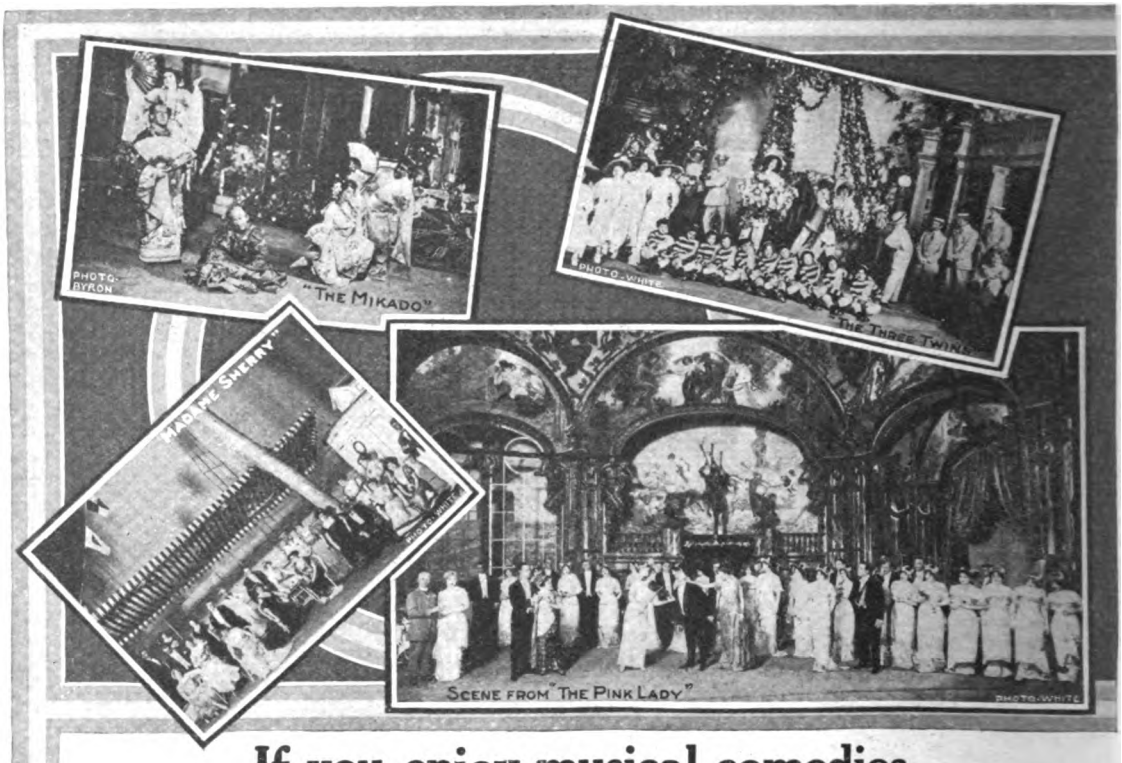
"I have not told her," said the doctor gruffly. "But here come the police."

The little priest had stepped out into the main avenue, and now returned with the fallen sword, which looked ludicrously large and theatrical when attached to his dumpy figure, at once clerical and commonplace.

"Just before the police come," he said apologetically — "has any one got a light?"

The Yankee journalist took an electric torch from his pocket; and the priest held it close to the middle part of the blade, which he examined with blinking care. Then, without glancing at the point or pommel, he handed the long weapon to the doctor.

Digitized by Google



If you enjoy musical comedies, you should have a Victor-Victrola

This wonderful instrument not only repeats for you right in your own home the charming selections from "The Pink Lady", "The Spring Maid", "Madame Sherry", and other operettas now delighting the public, but revives for you beautiful old-time favorites like "Robin Hood", "Olivette", and "The Mikado" which are rarely heard nowadays.

Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak

The Victor-Victrola also brings to you many of the European successes long before they are produced in this country—"The Count of Luxembourg" just being presented here is the latest instance.

Victor-

Digitized by Google

With a Victor-Victrola you can hear sparkling medleys of a half-dozen or more selections from more than fifty operettas, superbly rendered by the talented Victor Light Opera Company; or you can hear individual numbers sung by leading stage favorites.

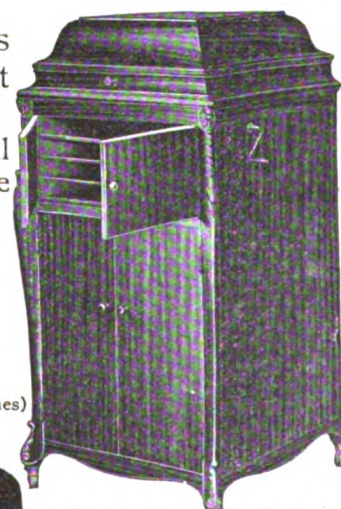
And this is but one of the many forms of music and entertainment that delight you on the Victor-Victrola.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play your favorite music and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)



Victrola

Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak
Other styles $25 to $150

Digitized by Google

"I fear I'm no use here," he said, with a brief sigh. "I'll say good night to you, gentlemen." And he walked away up the dark avenue toward the house, his hands clasped behind him and his big head bent in cogitation, so that he looked from behind rather like a caricature of Napoleon.

The rest of the group made increased haste toward the lodge gates, where an inspector and two constables could already be seen in consultation with a lodge-keeper. But the little priest only walked slower and slower in the dim cloister of pine, and at last stopped dead, still looking at the ground. It was his silent way of acknowledging an equally silent approach: for there came toward him down the avenue a presence that might have satisfied even Calhoun Kidd's demands for a lovely and aristocratic ghost. It was a young woman in silvery satins of a Renaissance design; she had golden hair in two long shining ropes, and a face so startlingly pale between them, that she might have been chryselephantine—made, that is, like some old Greek statues, out of ivory and gold. But her eyes were very bright, and her voice, though low, was confident.

"Father Brown," she said.

"Mrs. Boulnois?" he replied gravely. Then he looked at her, and immediately said: "I see you know about Sir Claude."

"How do you know I know?" she asked steadily.

He did not answer the question, but asked another:

"Have you seen your husband?"

"My husband is at home," she said. "He has nothing to do with this."

Again he did not answer; and the woman drew nearer to him, with a curiously intense expression on her face.

"Shall I tell you something more?" she said, with a rather fearful smile. "I don't think he did it . . . and *you* don't, either."

Father Brown returned her gaze with a long, grave stare, and then nodded, yet more gravely.

"Father Brown," said the lady, "I am going to tell you all I know, but I want you to do me a favour first. Will you tell me *why* you haven't jumped to the conclusion of poor John's guilt, as all the rest have done? Don't mind what you say; I — I know about the gossip and the appearances that are against him."

Father Brown looked honestly embarrassed, and passed his hand across his forehead.

"Three very little things," he said. "At least, one's very trivial and the others very vague. But, such as they are, they don't fit in with Mr. Boulnois being the murderer."

He turned his blank round face up to the stars and continued absent-mindedly:

"To take the vague idea first: I attach a good deal of importance to vague ideas. All those things that 'aren't evidence' are what convince me. I think a moral impossibility the biggest of all impossibilities. I know your husband only slightly, but I think this crime of his, as generally conceived, something very like a moral impossibility. Please do not think I mean that Boulnois could not be so wicked. Anybody can be wicked: as wicked as he chooses. We can direct our moral wills; but we can't generally change our instinctive tastes and ways of doing things. Boulnois might commit a murder, but not this murder. He would not snatch Romeo's sword from its romantic scabbard; or slay his foe on the sun-dial, as on a kind of altar; or leave his body among the roses; or fling the sword away among the pines. If Boulnois killed any one, he'd do it quietly and heavily, as he'd do any other doubtful thing: take a tenth glass of port, or read a loose Greek poet. No; the romantic setting is not like Boulnois. It's more like Champion."

"Ah," she said, and looked at him with eyes like diamonds.

"And the trivial thing was this," said Brown. "There were finger-prints on that sword. Finger-prints can be detected quite a time after they are made, if it's on some polished surface like glass or steel. These were on a polished surface. They were half way down the blade of the sword. Whose prints they were I have no earthly clue; but why should anybody hold a sword half way down? It was a long sword, but length is an advantage in lunging at an enemy. At least, at most enemies. At all enemies except one."

"Except one!" she repeated.

"There is only one enemy," said Father Brown, "whom it is easier to kill with a dagger than a sword."

"I know," said the woman. "One's self."

There was a long silence, and then the priest said quietly but abruptly:

"Am I right, then? Did Sir Claude kill himself?"

"Yes," she said, with a face like marble. "I saw him do it."

"He died," said Father Brown, "for love of you?"

An extraordinary expression flashed across her face, very different from pity, modesty, remorse, or anything her companion had expected; her voice became suddenly strong and full.

"I don't believe," she said, "he ever cared about me a rap. He hated my husband."

"Why?" asked the other, and turned his round face from the sky to the lady.

Digitized by Google

At Your Service Instantly

The New Food-Drink

Instant Postum

Requires No Boiling.

Those who have tried this new table beverage are enthusiastic about it.

There are many reasons that pleased people give us, and here are some:

"It has a rich flavour that we have been unable to get out of coffee altho we have tried several brands."

"Instant Postum has broken us of the coffee habit. Eight days after leaving off coffee I feel infinitely better—but what an appetite!"

"It has relieved me of nervous headaches and gas which I suffered with when drinking coffee."

"I like it because I can fix it myself in a few minutes. If I use coffee I can't sleep. I slept so well last night after using Instant Postum."

"We find it better and more healthful than coffee."

You can please yourself with this wholesome, healthful, hot drink, by ordering a tin from your grocer.

100-cup tin, 50c; 50-cup tin, 30c.

Or, if you desire to try before buying, **send us a 2c stamp (for postage) and let us send you a 5-cup sample tin free.**

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

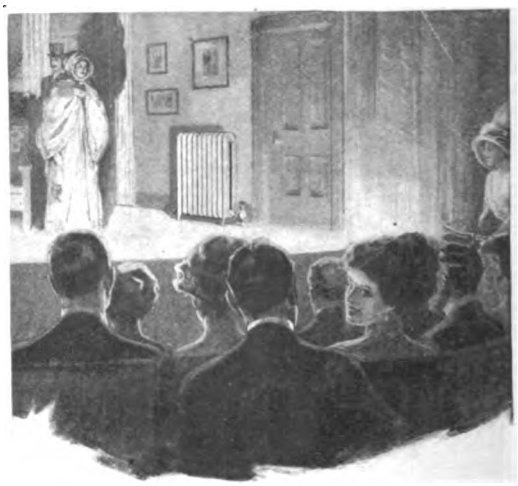
Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Digitized by Google

Heating lightens life's drama

Years ago when theatrical folks desired to bring out a play with stage settings natural and home-like, they put a stove or fireplace in the scene. Nowadays the stage scenes of modern domestic and business life include a real or papier-mache radiator. This recognition of up-to-dateness is due to the immense use of



AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

now commonly found in cottages, town and country homes, city mansions and apartments, hotels, offices, banks, etc., etc., where they have become so necessary to well-rounded living and comfort. The results produced by IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators — both in uniform room-comfort and lowering of the living expenses — account for this democracy of the modern radiator to which the theaters now testify by their use.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators produce cleanest heating known — no ash-dust, soot or coal-gases in living rooms to corrupt the breathing air, damage the furnishings, and make woman's every-day life a constant warfare of burdensome work, as results from old-time ways of heating.

A No. 1-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 422 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $210, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

The lady in picture-foreground says to one of the party: "That's the heating we'll have when we build again." But, it is not necessary to wait—you can easily and quickly put an IDEAL Boiler and AMERICAN Radiators in your present home—without disturbing old heating equipment until ready to start fire in the new outfit. Thousands do it annually—enjoy real winter comfort—save fuel-money, and then get the original cost back should they later sell or rent.

Why not at once put ideal heating in the rooms of your every-day life drama? Write us (*to-day*, lest you forget). We will send (free): "Ideal Heating" book, which tells things on heat-making and heat-regulation which it will pay you big to know.

Write us also for catalogue of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner, that sets in cellar and is connected by iron suction pipes to rooms above. It is the first genuinely practical machine put on the market, and will last as long as the building.

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 21 816-822 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Digitized by Google

"He hated my husband because . . . it is so strange, I hardly know how to say it . . . because . . ."

"Yes?" said Brown patiently.

"Because my husband wouldn't hate him."

Father Brown only nodded and seemed still to be listening. He differed from most detectives in fact and fiction in a small point: he never pretended not to understand when he understood perfectly well.

Mrs. Boulnois drew near once more, with the same contained glow of certainty.

"My husband," she said, "is a great man." She said it as if it were a secret, and she somehow made the hearer feel it was a fact. It was as if she had said he was a negro or an albino: it was not a matter of opinion.

"Sir Claude Champion," she went on, "was not a great man: he was a celebrated and successful man. My husband has never been celebrated or successful; and it is the solemn truth that he has never dreamed of being so. He no more expects to be famous for thinking than for smoking cigars. On all that side he has a sort of splendid stupidity. He has never grown up. He still liked Champion exactly as he liked him at school; he admired him as he would admire a conjuring trick done at the dinner-table. But he couldn't be got to conceive the notion of *envying* Champion. *And Champion wanted to be envied.* He went mad, and killed himself for that."

"Yes," said Father Brown; "I think I begin to understand."

"Oh, don't you see?" she cried. "The whole picture is made for that — the place is planned for it. Champion put John in a little house at his very door, like a dependent — to make him *feel* a failure. He never felt it. He thinks no more about such things than — than an absent-minded lion. Champion would burst in on John's shabbiest hours or homeliest meals with some dazzling present or announcement or expedition that made it like the visit of Haroun-al-Rashid, and John would accept or refuse amiably, with one eye off, so to speak, like one lazy schoolboy agreeing or disagreeing with another. After five years of it John had not turned a hair; and Sir Claude Champion was a monomaniac."

"And Haman began to tell them," said Father Brown, "of all the things wherein the King had honoured him; and he said, 'All these things profit me nothing while I see Mordecai the Jew sitting in the gate.' "

"The crisis came," Mrs. Boulnois continued, "when I persuaded John to let me take down some of his speculations and send them to a magazine. They began to attract attention,

Cut YOUR Heat Cost ½ to ⅔

GET THE PECK WILLIAMSON

UNDERFEED FURNACE or BOILER

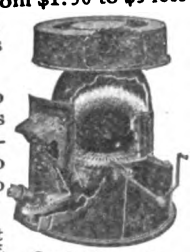
WHY pay two or three times the money *really* necessary for heat? The Underfeed cuts hard or soft coal bills ½ to ⅔.

Last winter, with its long, zero blasts, the Underfeed made good everywhere with adequate, clean, even heat. The longer YOU put off Underfeed installation, the longer YOU burn up good money

Write for FREE Book

which clearly explains the common-sense method of Underfeed coal-burning. Briefly—slack, pea or buckwheat coal, costing from $1.50 to $5 less per ton than higher grades, is fed from below and burns from top down.

Smoke and gases (25 to 40% heat value in coal) pass up through the fire, are consumed and converted into useful heat instead of going to waste—up the chimney.



Cut-Out View of Underfeed Furnace

Live coals are on top—nearest the heating surfaces, instead of being "sandwiched" between fresh coal and grate as in other heaters. No clinkers form and but very few ashes.

Self-Cleaning Feature

Since the Underfeed consumes smoke, there is no soot. The fire-glow is upon clean metal, responsive to heat; whereas in topfeeds the "fire-shine" is upon heating surfaces deadened with a coat of soot-insulation. Topfeeds require frequent, troublesome cleaning; Underfeeds are self-cleaning.

From every angle—feeding, regulating and cleaning—the Underfeed requires least attention.

"Until I installed the Underfeed," writes Wm. H. Guild, 323 Washington Ave., Wheaton, Ill., "I burned best grades of hard coal costing me $8 to $8.25 per ton. I now burn the same number of tons of No. 4 washed pea coal, costing only $3.25 to $4.25 per ton, which supplies intense, even heat and burns with no smoke, gas or soot. The saving is evident."

Write for FREE Book. Let us tell you where you can get *your* Underfeed—Furnace or Boiler—and how to obtain FREE heating plans and estimate of cost.

THE PECK—WILLIAMSON CO. 426 W. Fifth Ave. CINCINNATI, O.

Send me—FREE—

Underfeed Furnace Book_____ Boiler Book_____ (Indicate by X Book you desire)

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Name of my dealer

Digitized by Google

"'COULD YOU DO ME THE FAVOR,' ASKED KIDD, 'OF DIRECTING ME TO THE GREY COTTAGE, WHERE MR. BOULNOIS LIVES?'"

especially in America; and one paper wanted to interview him. When Champion (who was interviewed nearly every day) heard of this late little crumb of success falling to his unconscious rival, the last link snapped that held back his devilish hatred. Then he began to lay that insane siege to my own love and honour which has been the talk of the shire You will ask me why I allowed such atrocious attentions. I answer that I could not have declined them except by explaining to my husband: and there are some things the soul can not do, as the body can not fly. Nobody could have explained to my husband. Nobody could do it now. If you said to him in so many words, 'Champion is stealing your wife,' he would think the joke a little vulgar: that it could be anything but a joke — that notion could find no crack in his great skull to get in by. Well, John was to come and see us act this evening, but, just as we were starting, he said he wouldn't — he had got an interesting book and a cigar. I told this to Sir Claude, and it was his death-blow. Somehow there was something so careless and crushing, so elephantine and innocent, about John's leaving us together while he finished a page or two of print, that the monomaniac suddenly saw despair. He stabbed himself, crying out like a devil that Boulnois was slaying him. He lies there in the garden, dead of his own jealousy to produce jealousy: and John is sitting in the dining-room reading a book."

There was another silence, and then the little priest said:

"There is only one weak point, Mrs. Boulnois, in all your very vivid account. Your husband is not sitting in the dining-room reading a book. That American reporter told me he had been to your house: and your butler told him Mr. Boulnois had gone to Pendragon Park, after all."

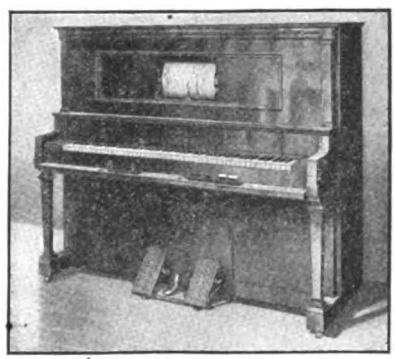
Her bright eyes widened to an almost electric glare; and yet it seemed rather bewilderment than confusion or fear.

"Why, what *can* you mean?" she cried. "All the servants were out of the house, seeing the

Digitized by Google

The Weber PIANOLA

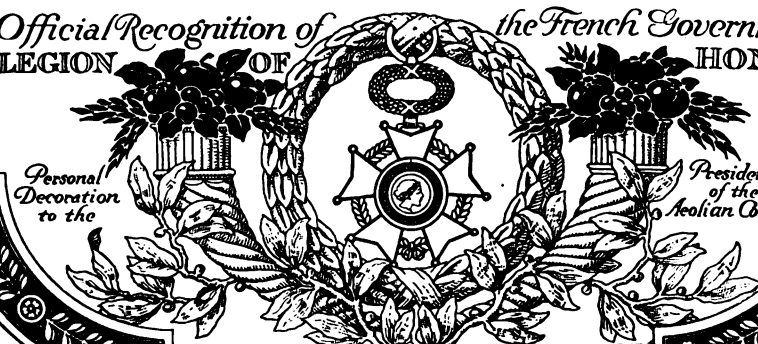
Player Piano - $1000



All that knowledge and art and craftsmanship could bring together to put music *into* an instrument is embodied in this perfect Weber Piano. All that genius, temperament, facility, art, heart and soul could combine to bring music *out* of an instrument is incorporated in the Pianola. Weber *and* Pianola! *"The Pianolist,"* a book by Gustave Kobbé, is on sale at all book stores—or a copy will be sent with our compliments if you will write Dept Y, The Aeolian Company, Aeolian Hall, New York. Steinway, Steck, Stuyvesant, Stroud, Wheelock, and Weber Pianola Player Pianos.

Official Recognition of the French Government

LEGION OF HONOR



Digitized by Google

"BABY GRAND"
Style A size 3x6.
Style B size 3½x7.
Style C size 4x8.

Real Billiards for the Home!

Play on a Genuine BRUNSWICK Home Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table

Not "make believe" billiards on a makeshift "toy" table. You can now play this finest of all indoor games *at home* on a magnificent "BABY GRAND," made by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, whose tables are used exclusively by the world's billiard experts. Multiply home attractions, keep the young folks entertained, enjoy the mental stimulus of billiards by the purchase of

The Beautiful Brunswick "BABY GRAND"

A Masterpiece in Mahogany

The "Baby Grand" is an admirable example of the fine cabinet work for which "The House of Brunswick" is famous.

Genuine Mahogany, Inlaid Design, Richly Finished. Vermont Slate Bed. Celebrated Baby Monarch Cushions. Concealed drawer holds Complete Playing Outfit. Scientifically constructed with perfect playing qualities. The "Baby Grand" is furnished either as a Carom or Pocket-Billiard Table or as a combination Carom and Pocket-Billiard Table, as desired.

Our Brunswick "Convertible" Billiard Tables can be instantly changed from billiard or pocket-billiard tables into handsome Davenports or Dining and Library Tables. Equal in playing qualities to our "Baby Grand" styles.

Over a Year to Pay

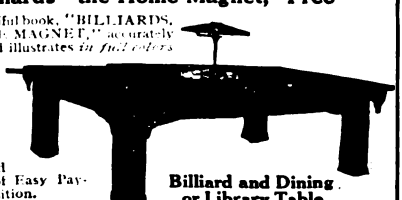
The purchaser has the option of paying all cash or small monthly payments spread over an entire year. Your investment in a "Brunswick" will pay dividends in health and happiness for the family circle.

Complete Playing Outfit Free

The price of each table includes complete Playing Equipment and all accessories—Cues, Balls, Bridge, Rack, Markers, Rules, also valuable book, "How to Play."

"Billiards—the Home Magnet," Free

Our beautiful book, "BILLIARDS, THE HOME MAGNET," accurately describes and illustrates *in full colors* the many styles of Billiard and Pocket-Billiard tables designed for the home. Gives special prices and full details of Easy Payment Proposition.



Billiard and Dining or Library Table

SIGN AND MAIL!

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. CQ. 324-328 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, U. S. A.

Gentlemen: Please send to the address below your Easy Purchase Proposition and Book

"Billiards—the Home Magnet"

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... *State* .....

theatricals. And we don't keep a butler, thank goodness!"

Father Brown started and spun half round like an absurd teetotum.

"What — what?" he cried, seeming galvanized into sudden life. "Look here — I say — can I make your husband hear if I go to the house?"

"Oh, the servants will be back by now," she said, wondering.

"Right, right," rejoined the cleric energetically, and set off scuttling up the path toward the Park gates. He turned once to say:

"Better get hold of that Yankee, or 'Crime of John Boulnois' will be all over the Republic in large letters."

"You don't understand," said Mrs. Boulnois. "He wouldn't mind. I don't think he imagines that America really is a place."

When Father Brown reached the house with the beehive and the drowsy dog, a small and neat maid-servant showed him into the dining-room, where Boulnois sat reading by a shaded lamp, exactly as his wife described him. A decanter of port and a wine-glass were at his elbow; and, the instant the priest entered, he noted the long ash stand out unbroken on his cigar.

"He has been here for half an hour at least," thought Father Brown. In fact, he had the air of sitting where he had sat when his dinner was cleared away.

"Don't get up, Mr. Boulnois," said the priest, in his pleasant, prosaic way; "I sha'n't interrupt you a moment. I fear I break in on some of your scientific studies."

"No," said Boulnois; "I was reading 'The Bloody Thumb.'" He said it with neither frown nor smile, and his visitor was conscious of a certain deep and virile indifference in the man which his wife had called greatness. He laid down a gory yellow "shocker" without even feeling its incongruity enough to comment on it humorously.

John Boulnois was a big, slow-moving man with a massive head partly grey and partly bald, and blunt, burly features. He was in shabby and very old-fashioned evening dress, with a narrow triangular opening of shirt-front. He never put the suit on but once in a decade, and it was many decades old: he had assumed it that evening in his original purpose of going to see his wife act Juliet. He had long since forgotten what clothes he was wearing.

"I won't keep you long from the 'Bloody Thumb' or any other catastrophic affairs," said Father Brown, smiling; "I only came to ask you about the crime you committed this evening."

Boulnois looked at him steadily; but a red bar

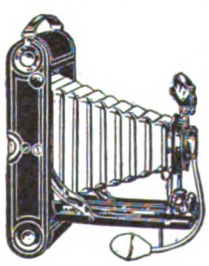
Digitized by Google

Anyone can make Home Portraits

From a Kodak negative (reduced).

The Kodak Way

The deep satisfaction and pleasure of intimate home portraits of family and friends—taken in the every-day home surroundings and atmosphere, are possible to every Kodak owner.



Ordinary window lighting—no dark room required for any of the work—not even for developing and printing.

"At Home with the Kodak," charmingly illustrated, tells you how. Free for the asking. At your dealers or write us.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y., *The Kodak City.*

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

Fairy Soap

Pure-White
The oval Cake

¶You cannot judge the quality of Fairy Soap by its price—**5c.** We put into it the best oils and fats obtainable, and the only thing we could add—if we were to sell it at 25 cents—would be high-priced perfumes, which would lend nothing to the quality or efficiency.

¶Fairy is the only white, floating soap that is made in the oval shape, and this alone makes it far more desirable than the old-fashioned oblong bars.

¶For the toilet and bath, there's no soap so good as Fairy.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY CHICAGO

PRICE **5c**

Digitized by Google

began to show across his broad brow, and he seemed like one discovering embarrassment for the first time.

"I know it was a strange crime," assented Brown in a low voice. "Stranger than murder, perhaps — to you. The little sins are sometimes harder to confess than the big ones — but that's why it's so important to confess them. Your crime is committed by every fashionable hostess six times a week: and yet you find it stick to your tongue like a nameless atrocity."

"It makes one feel," said the philosopher slowly, "such a fool."

"I know," assented the other; "but one often has to choose between feeling a fool and being one."

"I can't analyze myself well," went on Boulnois; "but, sitting in that chair with that story, I was as happy as a schoolboy on a half holiday. It was security, eternity — I can't convey it. . . . The cigars were within reach . . . the matches were within reach . . . the Thumb had four more appearances to . . . it was not only a peace but a plenitude. Then that bell rang, and I thought for one long mortal minute that I couldn't get out of that chair — literally, physically, muscularly couldn't. Then I did it, like a man lifting the world, because I knew all the servants were out. I opened the front door, and there was a little man with his mouth open to speak and his note-book open to write in. I remembered the Yankee interviewer I had forgotten. His hair was parted in the middle, and I tell you that murder ——"

"I understand," said Father Brown; "I've seen him."

"I didn't commit murder," continued the Catastrophist mildly, "but only perjury. I said I had gone across to Pendragon Park, and shut the door in his face. That is my crime, Father Brown, and I don't know what penance you would inflict for it."

"I sha'n't inflict any penance," said the clerical gentleman, collecting his heavy hat and umbrella with an air of some amusement: "quite the contrary. I came here specially to let you off the little penance that would otherwise have followed your little offense."

"And what," asked Boulnois, smiling, "is the little penance I have so luckily been let off?"

"Being hanged," said Father Brown.

Another Father Brown story will be published in March. This is one of the additional McCLURE features that will appear every month

BY THE FIRE

BY

ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE gray wind calls in the dark to-night —
At my window, it beats and peers;
It cries as if this year to-night
Were the last of all the years.

The leaves are driven in packs to-night;
They rustle and huddle and go
Down the dim streets about the town,
While the pipes of the gray wind blow.

And the gray wind's spirit is mine, I know;
Together we roam to-night —
The gray wind abroad in the leaves and trees,
And I in the red firelight.

Digitized by Google

WHAT WILSON IS UP AGAINST

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

AUTHOR OF "THE FORCES BEHIND TAFT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY E. V. NADHERNY

SENATOR F. M. SIMMONS
INTO WHOSE HANDS ALL THE GREAT POWER OF THE SENATE FINANCE COMMITTEE PASSES FROM PENROSE AND ALDRICH

"THE most isolated man in this country," said a New Jersey politician, "is Woodrow Wilson. He is courteous, affable, socially most agreeable. But his real interest in life is thoroughly impersonal and intellectual. He has not one intimate or confidant in the world."

It is for this reason, no doubt, that the quadrennial mystery concerning the personality of the incoming President of the United States, and the forces that will work for and against him to create the next four years of political history in this country, is greater than it has been for years and even decades. It has been nearly thirty years since there has been such absence of information concerning the incoming national administration as exists today in the wisest centers of political news in Washington.

It is now something more than two years since New Jersey politicians, believers in and long-time practitioners of the old working philosophy of personal non-theoretical politics, nominated for Governor the leading theoretical political economist in America. He accepted,

SENATOR THOMAS P. GORE
ONE OF THE FEW MEN WHO HAVE THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

Digitized by Google

"The Standard Paper for Business Stationery"

Old Hampshire Bond

Examine Your Average Morning's Mail

WE concede your right to debate with yourself whether or not you want your letter paper to be as good as the best you see.

You may not *want* superior stationery—in spite of all the reasons why you *should* want it.

But if you do appreciate the impressive and inspirational value of fine letterheads, we must ask you to concede the superiority of Old Hampshire Bond. An inspection of the best looking letters that reach your desk should prove this. The Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens will certainly prove it.

Ask for this book. You will enjoy looking through it—it gives good ideas. It shows a wide selection of letterheads and other business forms. You are sure to find one style of printing, lithographing or engraving on white or one of the fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond that will express exactly the feeling-tone you desire for your stationery. Write for it on your present letterhead.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

Digitized by Google

"She's the happiest baby ever," gratefully writes Mrs. Shahan, wife of Rev. Geo. H. Shahan, Tannersville, N. Y. Little Eunice has been raised on

ESKAY'S FOOD

since she was six weeks old, and "has never seen a sick day." Mothers—*your* baby will be well and happy if his food thoroughly nourishes.

FOR INVALIDS

Eskay's Food makes an agreeable change in the diet and provides a highly-nourishing and easily-digested food. Literature and sample free.

Eskay's Food added to pure, fresh cow's milk provides *everything* necessary to nourish and develop, and is so near mother's milk that baby doesn't notice the change. Eskay's is used by the medical profession generally.

"Ask your Doctor"

TEN FEEDINGS FREE

Smith, Kline & French Co., 443 Arch St., Philadelphia

Gentlemen: Please send me free 10 feedings of Eskay's Food and your helpful book for mothers, "How to Care for the Baby."

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City and State.....

made — as might have been expected — a most scholarly and intellectual campaign, and poured out to interested audiences crystal essays on general political principles with the freedom and clarity of a mountain spring. He had successfully transferred his extraordinary gifts as a speaker from the class-room to the wider spaces of the public platform.

Suddenly, toward the end of the campaign, he was attacked by the enemy. A letter from the Republican radical and reformer, George L. Record, was thrown at him, asking what he proposed to do about a long list of definite reforms, if elected; how he would act toward the personal machine that had nominated him. His answer was clear and sharp, and right on the reforms; on the matter of organization, he replied that he did not believe in a personal god in the machine, and would murder him politically at his earliest convenience. So Woodrow Wilson was chosen Governor of New Jersey.

Once elected, he carried out his contract, and smashed Smith, the State boss who had nominated him, with engaging frankness and directness. Then began at once — propagated by exponents of the personal theory of government — the first Wilson tradition: that Wilson was a cold, far-sighted, and ambitious man, who, having mounted, kicked down the persons on whose backs he had climbed. As a matter of fact, a high-minded and courageous man had been taken directly from a university chair into the world of practical politics and given at once a concrete choice between government by a personal boss and government by principles. There was only one answer.

So, having disposed of his personal conductors, Mr. Wilson passed on to put through the reforms promised in his letter to Record, and attacked the legislature with the calmness of an impersonal mental force meeting and demolishing a problem in algebra in space. His theory had always been that a Governor or President should be the actual head and director of an administration — legislative as well as executive. He went straight at the legislature, entered the Democratic legislative caucus, and insisted upon the passing of reform measures, which finally went through.

At this time began the tradition that Woodrow Wilson was the one great American miracle of a political theorist transformed in the twinkling of an eye to a practical politician. His reforms, in fact, went through, and the frankness, directness, and unworldliness of his attack did much to drive them. But, to get finally the last few votes of the majority to push them over,

Digitized by Google

Cold Weather and Bad Roads

A combination you will meet often during the next two months. It will test your motor to the limit. Is your motor ready for the test?

During cold weather the question of lubrication is vital. Many oils congeal, become "lumpy." You start your motor. For half an hour or so, until the oil becomes thoroughly heated, the motor gets practically no lubrication. That plays havoc with the cylinder walls.

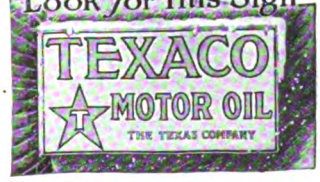
Texaco Motor Oil shows a zero cold test. It will not congeal at that temperature. During the coldest weather it will *lubricate perfectly*.

When you use Texaco Motor Oil your motor delivers *maximum power* with *minimum consumption*. Tests of Texaco Motor Oil conducted during runs of 20,000 miles and more have shown an *entire absence of carbon* accumulation.

Texaco Motor Oil should be *your* oil this winter. It is for sale in 1 and 5 gallon cans at most good garages and supply shops.

For instructive and interesting booklet, "Maintaining a Motor Car," address Dept. A., 15 Battery Place, N. Y. City.

When Touring,
Look for This Sign



THE TEXAS COMPANY

HOUSTON *Branch Offices:* NEW YORK

Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Norfolk, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, El Paso, Pueblo, Tulsa

Digitized by Google

Always on Guard

No matter where a ship may be along the American coast; no matter how dark, or cold, or stormy the night, the coast guard is on watch, patrolling the nearest beach or rocky cliffs.

This man, always on guard, could, by his own unsupported efforts, do little to save life, or to guide ships away from perilous points.

As a unit in an efficient system and able, at a moment's notice, to command the service of his nearby station, he becomes a power to whom all ship owners and passengers are indebted.

In the same way, the Bell Telephone in your home and office is always on guard.

By itself, it is only an ingenious instrument; but as a vital unit in the Bell System, which links together seven million other telephones in all parts of this country, that single telephone instrument becomes a power to help you at any moment of any hour, day or night.

It costs unwearying effort and millions of dollars to keep the Bell System always on guard, but this is the only kind of service that can adequately take care of the social and commercial needs of all the people of a Nation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

there was crying need of reformers trained in the ordinary wiles of working politics.

Every week the reform measures would start in the legislature; every week the machine politicians there would snarl and twist and bedevil them; and every week's end they would be taken to outside reformers, to have the tricks and "jokers" picked out of them. Then, every Monday morning, they would start upon their way again, until finally they became the law. It was during this time — quite fortunately — that Mr. Wilson fell in with the "Fenians."

The new Governor was not a practising politician — he had, in fact, no illusions on this point; and he came to take counsel more and

SENATOR BENJAMIN TILLMAN
THE "PITCHFORK HERO OF THE WOOL HAT MOVEMENT"—ONE OF THE STRONG CONSERVATIVE FORCES OF THE SENATE

more frequently with a group of politicians in northeastern New Jersey who had a warm sympathy for reform plus a training in the hard and guileful school of the local politics in Jersey cities.

From these men, jocularly known as the "Fenians," Mr. Wilson learned some elements of local politics — the necessity of tactics, the use of patronage for righteousness' sake, and something of the psychology of the average voter.

The new Governor was a candid and a willing learner.

"On just what grounds do you arrive at that conclusion?" he would ask conscientiously.

On Baking Day

it's so hard to think of something *new*. You'll have a food that is both unusual and healthful if you make

Dromedary Date Muffins

Cream two tablespoonfuls butter with quarter cupful sugar; add two well-beaten eggs, then one cupful milk, and two cupfuls flour and two teaspoonfuls baking powder; beat thoroughly and add pinch of salt and one cupful of Dromedary Dates cut fine. Bake in a quick oven.

This is only one of the almost endless variety of fine dishes and desserts to be made with

Dromedary Dates

From the Garden of Eden

They are soft and luscious—the pick of the crop in Arabia's finest date gardens. They come to you fresh, moist and clean in our special dustproof package. An ideal confection and an easily digested food. If not at your dealer's,

Send 10c for Special Sample-Size Package

Book of 100 Prize Recipes

sent on receipt of dealer's name. Ask dealer also for

DROMEDARY Fresh-Keeping COCOANUT

In new package that keeps it continuously fresh. Sample FREE.

THE HILLS BROS. CO.
Dept. 16, Beach and
Washington Streets,
New York City

Digitized by Google

Macey
Book Cabinets
Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are
MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

KEITH'S Big $2.00 Offer

Our 80-page monthly magazine, KEITH'S "On Home Building," for a year and your choice of any of KEITH'S famous $1 Plan Books, giving views, sizes, costs, etc. All for subscription price $2. *Select Your Plan Book.*

215	Bungalows and Cottages . .	$1	191	Attract. Homes	$2500-$3000 $1
138	Attract. Homes	$1200-$1600 $1	207	" "	$3000-$4000 $1
186	" "	$1600-$2000 $1	172	" "	$4000 and up $1
226	" "	$2000-$2500 $1	250	Beautiful Interiors	$1

M. L. KEITH, 419 McKnight Bldg., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

And, when he had weighed the matter thoroughly, he acted. He went in a straight line, when he decided, and he went to the limit, without fear. A new type had come into high American politics — one of the intellectual heroes of modern science, more or less oblivious to personal relations and claims, but ready always to shed their last drop of blood for the binomial theorem. The best political economist in America and the hard-headed reform politicians made a splendid working team.

After that first year there were fewer measures of reform in New Jersey, either projected or accomplished. There was comment on the fact, some of it very critical. The exponents of the old school of Jersey politics held loudly that Wilson was neglecting his State and hunting for the Presidency. The historic fact was hatt about that time the Fenians, absorbed more and more by their personal affairs, contributed less time to the counsels of the administration, and the "Katydids" rushed in to take their place.

CONGRESSMAN CLAYTON
A REACTIONARY WITH POWER TO BLOCK ANTI-CORPORATION LEGISLATION

The Katydids were the dapper ones, in white tennis flannels and tan shoes, who later, when Wilson's candidacy for the Presidential nomination grew, flitted through the grass and shrub-

Digitized by Google

GOOD FURNITURE should not only be an indication of good taste but of careful choice.

Your home is an expression of your self; your furniture, wisely selected, makes your home harmonious. You no longer buy furniture for today, you buy it for the future. Berkey & Gay furniture expresses the thoughts and principles which are known to be lasting, for the simple reason that they represent those which have endured through centuries. Our master workers think and feel and work as did the great furniture designers and makers of the historical periods. With them, the wood is a medium for the expression of truth in design and in construction. Quality with them is above price—they make a piece so because it cannot be right unless it is so. For this reason, when you buy Berkey & Gay furniture you are buying

For Your Children's Heirlooms

EACH piece we make bears our shop-mark. It is not a mere label; it is *inlaid*—made a lasting part of the piece. Ask the salesman to show it to you. It is an enduring guaranty of material, design, workmanship and value, and symbolizes the principles which have formed our policy for over half a century.

Our dealer, with the displays on his floors and our portfolio of direct photogravures, will enable you to select from our entire line.

The choosing of one or two pieces, or furniture for the entire home, is made simple and pleasant.

ONE splendid way to know and understand our furniture is to read our de luxe book, "Character in Furniture." We cannot issue a catalog, because we do not make catalog furniture. "Character in Furniture" informs you of the reasons for period pieces, gives you the history of their development. We will send you a copy for fifteen two-cent stamps. Also, if you wish, we will send you, free, "The Story of Berkey & Gay," which tells how the ambition of two young men established America's furniture center in Grand Rapids.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE

This inlaid mark of honor identifies to you each Berkey & Gay piece

Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.

172 Monroe Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Digitized by Google

bery at Sea Girt. Their leader was the active young New York lawyer, William F. McCombs, and their motto was, "Hush, hush!" "You have satisfied the radicals' thirst for action," they reasoned; "keep still and don't scare off the conservatives."

Then began the talk, all over the United States, of Wilson's "hedging." Under the soothing influence of the Katydids, as a matter of fact, Mr. Wilson simply turned again, with Woodrow Wilson, the leading candidates for the presidential nomination, to state their position on the proposed reactionary organization of the Democratic convention. Clark — circus-riding both radicalism and conservatism for the nomination — responded with a Delphic utterance signifying nothing.

The Katydids, hating Bryan with all the cold hatred of the effete East, called on Wilson to do the same as Clark,— to "hedge" with all his

SENATOR HOKE SMITH
WHO MAY WIN A NATIONAL REPUTATION AS WILSON'S SPOKESMAN AND AS A LEADER OF THE PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRATS

SENATOR THOMAS S. MARTIN
THOMAS F. RYAN'S POLITICAL FRIEND IN VIRGINIA, WHO WILL PROBABLY BE DEMOCRATIC LEADER OF THE SENATE

relief, to his natural theoretic interest in politics, and threw out that stream of political generalities which glittered so brilliantly through the campaign.

Woodrow Wilson — the Man Without Confidants

The day came again — as it had with Record's letter in the Jersey campaign — when generalities ceased to satisfy. In an open letter, William Jennings Bryan asked Champ Clark and natural powers,— and even offered him a form of the telegram that he should use. He deposited it in his waste-basket, and wrote a sharp, clean-cut statement of his position. For this Bryan and the progressive Democrats nominated him; and by that one act he became the President of the United States. When he had answered Bryan's letter, he returned again at once to his favorite discussions of political economy.

The Katydids danced in and out of Sea Girt. Ostensibly they were at the head of the cam-

Digitized by Google

"The Sunshine Soda"
Breaks evenly in the center

THE only crisp, flaky soda biscuit that can be eaten with pleasure any time, anywhere, without the usual mussiness of crumbs. It tastes as good as it looks, baked to a golden richness amid the sunshine of the "Bakery with a Thousand Windows."

5 Cents

Sunshine Biscuits

are made in variety to suit every taste and every occasion. That you may know how different and how delicious they are

Send for Our Sunshine "Surprise Box" Your name and address and the name of your grocer on a post card brings it FREE. Don't delay Write at once.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY 575 Causeway St., Boston, Mass.

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

Digitized by Google

THIS is the Globe-Wernicke period in bookcases. The unit construction of the Globe-Wernicke bookcase promotes an added interest in the collection of such books as are worth reading and worth keeping. When it is so easy and economical to store books in such attractive quarters, it is but natural that even the younger generation should take considerable pride in starting individual libraries devoted to specialized branches of study. Whether in the home or school, the Globe-Wernicke bookcase contributes much to the pleasure of all who find satisfaction in a growing library where provision has been made for all possible future additions. The Globe-Wernicke bookcase can be had in all styles and finishes, to harmonize with any interior trim.

"Booklovers' Shopping List"—This little book lists the works of great authors and gives the prices of the same in sets. The list includes the low-priced, popular sets as well as the de luxe editions. Every book buyer should have a copy. Sent free with the Globe-Wernicke catalog. Address Department M

The Globe-Wernicke Co., **Cincinnati, Ohio**

Branch Stores: New York - - 380-382 Broadway, Philadelphia, 1012-1014 Chestnut St. Chicago, 231-235 So. Wabash Ave. Boston, - - 91-93 Federal St. Washington, 1218-1220 F St., N.W. Cincinnati, 128-134 Fourth Ave., E.

Globe-Wernicke
Sectional Bookcases

Digitized by Google

paign. The advanced progressive Democrats of national influence came into Wilson's counsels. All were consulted, but none penetrated very deeply into the stronghold of the candidate's personality. By nature he is a solitary, self-contained man, witty, courteous, personally most attractive, but essentially interested in intellectual principles, not in personal relations. Even during the campaign, he went to the theater alone; wandered about Sea Girt, lonely as a cloud; read, walked alone.

The election came; and the successful candidate, waiting for its returns, sat reading a work on American government. The election past, he sailed across the sea to Bermuda, retired deeper and deeper into the walled garden of his personality, and rested, read, and studied out alone the duties and program of his four years. And, back on the mainland over which he was to be ruler, the forces were developing that were to act and react on his coming administration.

Never before has a new President been in an exactly similar position. He is free to an unprecedented extent from political creditors and alliances. A campaign waged along the broadest of general lines offered no promises exact enough to constitute a specific program. And yet, no one doubts that he stands at a definite and tremendously significant parting of the ways. The active forces of progress and change urge in one direction; in the other, the great passive forces of conservatism.

After all, conservatism, that immortal monster of politics, is really a sluggish beast, with no more spectacular appetite than the strong purpose to be left alone. And, naturally, the powers that work for this are the quietest and most soothing influences in politics. Every President of the United States is met and greeted by their subtle influences at the outset of his service. And all recent American administrations have been damned, not by what they do, but by what they do not do.

Of the influences that surrounded Mr. Wilson the beginning, the Katydids remain, preserving his oldest associations in Princeton and New Jersey. They will be against action, so far as their powers extend. That their counsels will have no determining force in definite crises has already been shown. Their greatest influence, as has been demonstrated in New Jersey, will be to furnish an atmosphere conducive to caution and tending to suffocate impulses for active, definite reform. No one can charge that Mr. Wilson has been dominated in any way by them; yet, nevertheless, since their appearance in his counsels there has been a great falling off in the definiteness of his utterances on gov-

The Light of Home

is seldom strong enough to allow of the best indoor photography with an ordinary lens.

But you can overcome all difficulties with a

Bausch and Lomb-Zeiss TESSAR LENS

Its remarkable power of gathering and transmitting light and its precise optical corrections enable you to make indoor portraits in comparatively weak light as well as action pictures under the most difficult conditions. No lens equals it in all-round efficiency.

Booklet 2H giving prices and information as to the best lens for your purpose, will be sent free on request. And why not call on your dealer?

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.

NEW YORK WASHINGTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON ROCHESTER, N.Y. FRANKFORT

VOSE

PIANOS

The tone, touch and magnificent wearing qualities of the VOSE Piano are explained by the exclusive patented features, the high-grade material and superb workmanship that enter into their construction. The VOSE is an ideal Piano for the home. Over 70,000 sold. Delivered in the United States free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed. Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.

FREE—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog that gives full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 160 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

A Work-Bench

for Busy Men

Here is a genuine efficiency desk—an economizer of time, space and labor. It's for the busy man (perhaps yourself) whose energy is most valuable of all to your concern.

This B-M "Desk With Brains" keeps all your regular business tools—lists, reports, information, data—in easy reach. You can easily change the B-M "Desk With Brains" *as needs change* because it is built from fractional sections you can get at any time from dealers in B-M Quality Office Furniture.

Over 8000 Combinations Are Possible

Write us for chart showing parts or—ask any B-M Dealer. The chart enables you to study—and select—parts for a B-M "Desk With Brains" fitted to your own special needs.

Write for the chart at once. Don't be content with a clumsy, old-fashioned desk. Find out about this new efficiency work-bench—thoroly up-to-date. Write before you forget.

Browne-Morse Company
502 McKinney Ave. Muskegon, Michigan

Dealers—The B-M Quality Line is extensively advertised and ours is an "Exclusive Agency Proposition."

FACTORY GUTTED

Lighted Pipe in Workman's Pocket Starts $5,000 Blaze

BELMONT, June 11—Fire this afternoon destroyed the factory and office building of the Dillon Manufacturing Company, entailing a loss of close to $5,000. A lighted pipe left in a workman's pocket is given as the cause of the fire, which smouldered in a closet and gained disastrous headway before being discovered. Local firemen succeeded in saving the company's warehouse.

READ THIS, THEN WRITE

for your copy of the illustrated catalogue giving information that will positively prevent this danger and loss.

PEN-DAR
PLANISHED STEEL
LOCKERS

are fire-proof, vermin proof, thief proof. They are sold singly, or in units.

They are cheap insurance in Factory or Home. Write for "Locker Information."

EDW. DARBY & SONS CO., Inc.
240 Arch Street, :: :: Philadelphia, Pa.

Designers and Makers of Steel Cabinets, Bins and Shelvings

ernmental reforms, and of the accomplishments of his administration in New Jersey.

But this force is of minor consequence when compared to the forces of reaction that are shaping now to meet the new President in the national Congress at Washington.

The Old Congressional Machine

Now, in Congress, even more than through the presidency, initiative and action must come from progressive sentiment. The burden of proof is always strongly on those desiring change. Conservatism merely sits and solidifies the interests against it; but a great and urgent impulse is needed to effect advance.

Such an impulse came half a dozen years ago from the Republican insurgents of the North and West. It was not extensive, but it was very impetuous and virile; and its representatives threw themselves at once against the traditions of Congress. For there was an inevitable conflict between them.

Radicalism represents youth and changing conditions. The American Congress—beyond nearly all bodies of its kind in the world—is organized and controlled by age and precedent. Every piece of business introduced goes at once, not to the body itself, but to a committee. It dies or comes out from the committee, exactly as that committee chooses. And all committees have been made up by slow promotion of their numbers according to age of service. Age sits in control, in the person of the powerful chairman and the older and more influential members of the committee.

The Republican insurgents could introduce what measures they chose; they died, generally suffocated in committees. In desperation, the insurgents began their attack upon the general Republican machine, which governed the operation of the House. The Democrats were their allies, greater in number, but impelled by a less vigorous desire for change. In 1910 the Democrats obtained control of the Lower House.

The practical test of the forces behind the Democratic victory of 1910, as everybody recognized, was the organization of their House. The radical Democrats and the Progressives protested actively against the following of the old precedent in making up committees. In vain. The impulse behind the Democrats was not radical enough to make a change. Inertia ruled. The old conservatives appeared at the head of the committees; the Republican insurgents were automatically cut out, with the lessening of the total number of Republicans in committees; and the active committee management and control fell to the old-time professional Congressmen from the South, and the great, permanently Democratic cities of the North.

Digitized by Google

The POSTAL exemplifies interstate life-insurance

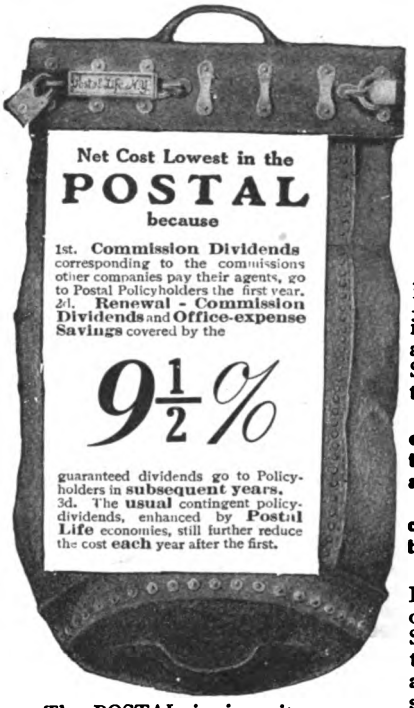
Receives business from *every* State—*direct*

THERE are 252 legal reserve life-insurance companies in the country, all operating through agents, yet only 33 of these companies do business in the State of New York: several withdrew after the reform measures went into effect, and only one has entered the State since.

Similarly, of the largest four New York companies—"the giants," so-called—not one does business in Texas; two of them do not "enter" Wisconsin, and the fourth does no business in ten States.

All of these companies have their troubles just because they operate through agents: the States will not let agents solicit business unless their companies take out licenses, pay so-called "occupation" taxes, and submit to other State exactions, which some companies cannot, or will not, do.

The Postal Life, a New York company, complying with all the strict requirements of that State, is the only insurance institution that receives business from *every State in the Union*, thus enabling everyone to arrange insurance *direct*.



The POSTAL is, in quite a true sense, an interstate institution and it can transact an interstate business, because it is a non-agency company: it dispenses with agents; it does not send them into the various States, and is therefore exempt from the various expensive requirements applicable to companies employing agents and agencies. *Postal policyholders get the benefit.*

Pays claims in *every* State—*promptly*

THE one who wants insurance in the Postal Life *writes*, not as citizen of Texas, Wisconsin, any other State, but as a citizen of the United States, *direct* to the Company's New York headquarters—in its Home-Office Building—*its only place of business.* The POSTAL answers by mail, employing the usual Government facilities, and it is thus subject to the United States Postal Authorities—also the Federal Courts.

Uncle Sam brings letters from applicants, wherever they live, and takes the Company's answers wherever they are directed.

Insurance is thus arranged and policy-claims are paid by check mailed *direct* to the beneficiary—and *promptly*.

Those who thus wisely write the POSTAL save for *themselves* not only the cost of field supervision, State license fees, "occupation" taxes, and other State charges, but also *save* and *receive* the commissions that other companies pay their agents: these *non-agency savings* are *guaranteed* in all the POSTAL'S policy-contracts, as specified herein.

Read the message the mail-bag brings

Postal Life Building

'Twill pay you to find out the exact sum the Company will save you at your age on any standard form of contract—Whole-Life, Limited Payment Life, Endowment—for adults—or on the Company's Child Welfare Policy.

No agent will be sent to visit you: the POSTAL LIFE dispenses with agents. Call at the office or write for full *official information.* Simply say:

Mail me insurance-particulars as per advertisement in the McCLURE'S for February

In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your full name. *2. Your occupation.*
3. The exact date of your birth.

Address:

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The Only Non-Agency Company in America

WM. R. MALONE, *President*

35 Nassau Street, New York

STRONG POSTAL POINTS

First: *Old-line legal-reserve insurance*—not fraternal or assessment.

Second: *Standard policy reserves*, now more than $10,000,000. *Insurance in force* more than $50,000,000.

Third: *Standard policy provisions*, approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under *strict State requirements* and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

Digitized by Google

The Power of the Old Congressman

A great deal has been said about a limitation of term for the presidency; it is advocated, as a matter of fact, in the Democratic platform. Much could be said, also — especially from the standpoint of the radically inclined — favoring a limitation of the terms of Congressmen. Distance and lapse of time make the radical voices of the curbstone and the soil fainter and more faint; and the voice of Washington grows stronger as the years go on. And nowhere has the drift been more noticeable than in the professional congressmen returned, term after term, by the undisturbed Democracy of the South.

fused dinner invitations because he would not submit to that effete and undemocratic institution, evening clothes. Ben Tillman, the pitchfork hero of the Wool Hat movement, melted gradually into the conservative purposes of the most conservative Republican management in the Senate. And the Champ Clark of the early '90's, whose wrathful explosions of the radicalism that was in him strained the proprieties of the *Congressional Record*, in 1912 composed with perfect ease alliances with the most reactionary interests in the country.

The progressives and radicals, both Republican and Democratic, were disappointed in the make-up of committees. They were equally disappointed in their other hope — their plan

REPRESENTATIVE A. MITCHELL PALMER
OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHO WAS ONE OF THE SILENT FORCES BEHIND WILSON'S NOMINATION AND ELECTION

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM C. ADAMSON
OF GEORGIA, ONE OF THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS IN THE HOUSE, WHO WAS AN OPPONENT OF PURE FOOD LEGISLATION

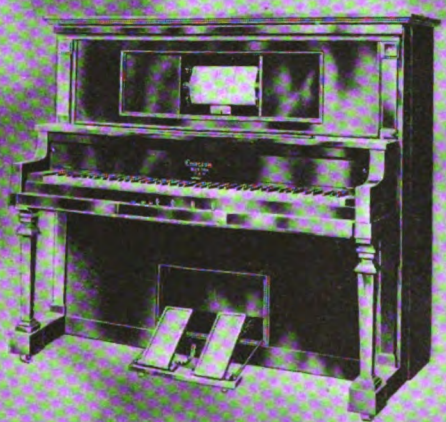
It was not so very long ago, as many men in Washington recall, that Bailey, that true friend of Standard Oil and Wall Street, came flaming out of Texas, a young prophet of reform, who re-

to obtain for the House the right, which the Senate has always had, to take any measure from a committee and act upon it, when a majority voted to do so. Without this power the

Digitized by Google

AT YOUR COMMAND

NARCISSUS
ROBIN HOOD
BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS
DOLLAR PRINCESS
PINK LADY
DIXIE
CARMEN
FAUST
THE ROSARY
HOLY CITY
PARSIFAL
EL CAPITAN
GYPSY LOVE
OLD BLACK JOE
AMERICA
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
LOHENGRIN
MADAME BUTTERFLY



The **Emerson**
PLAYER-PIANO

Enables every one to interpret, *correctly* and *musically*, any musical selection.
Only an artistic piano, combined with a versatile player action insures this result.

Dealers in principal towns and cities. Write for catalogue.

EMERSON PIANO CO., Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Esterbrook
Steel Pens
250 Styles

A surprising amount of care is used in making Esterbrook Pens, but the superiority of the finished product more than warrants it.

The standard of the world.

Fine, medium and broad points. At all stationers.

Write for illustrated booklet.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John Street, New York
Works, Camden, N. J.

PEOPLE of discrimination and taste exhibit these qualities in the care with which they select a writing paper. The refined qualities of

WARDWOVE
WRITING PAPER

meet the requirements of the most fastidious. At the same time this paper is reasonable in price.

It is carried by many of the leading dealers. If your stationer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample portfolio.

Address for Portfolio No. 7

SAMUEL WARD COMPANY, 57-63 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

$ AN HOUR

For a few hour's pleasant work—that's what you gain when your furniture is shipped knock-down. And it's handsomely designed—beautifully finished—made to last—furniture. Biggest values you ever saw for your money. No unsightly buttons—every vital joint mortised, tenoned and pinned. You can save half of what you expected to spend.

Send a postal card for our big new catalogue. It's well worth having and you'll find many pleasant surprises. Drop that Post Card today—now.

THE KUNKLE FURNITURE MFG. CO.
30 MADISON ST. · MACKINAW, ILLINOIS

House is left in the preposterous position of not having the right to decide itself what it wants to vote on.

In the Republican Congressional machine, one man, Speaker Cannon, decided practically just what Congress should act on, and who should act upon it. He appointed the committees, and directed, as commanding member of the Committee on Rules and by his power as Speaker, exactly what program of legislation should come before the House. Members might call aloud until the ceilings cracked; they had no parliamentary existence until he called them to life.

Underwood Welds the New Machine

The insurgent Republicans and Democrats put through, in the sessions before 1910, the institution of a calendar to discharge committees by majority vote, which would allow a majority of the members of the House to take bills from committees and act on them in the general body itself. Calendar Wednesday was also instituted — one day in every week on which no individual or machine should dictate a program, but every matter of business should be taken up in its successive order.

The Democratic House began. And very soon it became clear that these new institutions were in vain. The calendar to discharge committees was immediately blocked by minor measures in such a way that important matters could practically never be reached. Calendar Wednesday was manipulated in much the same way; and Congress found itself just where it had been before. Its committees were reactionary, and it had failed to establish its method of taking bills from committees and considering them itself. Its business was still in the hands of a conservative machine.

At the foundation of it — as was the case, theoretically, with the Republicans also — lay the secret party caucus. At the head, under the Republican control, had been the Speaker; at the head now appeared another official — for, after the Democrats' attack upon the Speaker's powers, these could not be returned to him. The floor leader — and his allies — took his place.

The Democratic leader was the heir to the chairman of the chief committee of the House — the Ways and Means—Oscar W. Underwood, a man surpassed in length of service by only one Democrat in the House. Not only was he recognized by common consent in Washington as one of the most conservative of the Democrats; but he also received the more practical

Digitized by Google

During the thirty-four seasons we have been in business, there has never been a moment when a man could not buy clothes somewhere else for less money, yet

We keep on growing bigger every year

because the clothes we make to individual order embody more style, character and shapeliness than it is possible to obtain elsewhere for

$25 to $50

Our dealer in your city will show you our woolens and take your measure. If you do not know him, write us for his name and address.

E. V. Price & Co.

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Price Building Chicago, U. S. A.

Digitized by Google

RETAIN your good looks. Keep your skin clear, scalp clean and free from dandruff, hair live and glossy, hands soft and white, nails sound and shapely.

Cuticura Soap

with an occasional use of Cuticura Ointment will promote and maintain these coveted conditions in most cases to your complete satisfaction when all else fails.

Besides, in purity, delicate medication, refreshing fragrance, convenience and economy they meet with the approval of the most discriminating. Although sold everywhere, you need not buy them until you try them. Liberal sample each with 32-p. Skin Book free. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 14, Boston.

Digitized by Google

demonstration of being backed by the most reactionary Democats of the country for the Presidential nomination.

The Democrats of the Ways and Means Committee were given the naming of committees by the Democratic caucus. As chairman of the Ways and Means, Underwood had a chief determining voice in their selection. And the older men chosen to the committee places naturally fell in line behind him and his program. He had welded together under him the conservative elements of his party into a solid instrument of control.

His control was not so completely personal as Cannon's. Finesse was more necessary. But the conservatives of the Democratic body lay solidly behind Underwood in appeals to the party caucus. It took a powerful force to budge them, and the only impulse strong enough to do so was not for any radical movement, but for "playing politics" in such matters as the pensions, the distribution of a new form of "pork" to the rural districts through national aid to local highways. The impulse of the election of 1910 had not been strong enough to change the underlying power of conservatism in the one place where it was hoped that it would do so — the Lower House of Congress.

The Voters Bring in a Disagreement

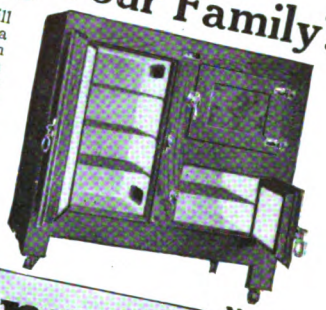
The election of 1912 came on, and a new verdict was expected. But the American people, after being out four months on the case, reported a disagreement. The voters, with a strong conservative interest, pronounced for the Republican party. The Progressive party, with its program of radical industrial reforms, appealed vividly to cities with an industrial population and to manufacturing towns. The Democrats, pushing out their old issue, tariff reform, gained just about the same proportion of the total vote as in previous elections; and their presidential candidate had the smallest popular vote — with one exception, in 1904 — of any Democratic candidate for twenty years. So far as the Democratic Congress was concerned, it received no sharp specific mandate of reform in the election of 1912 — not even on the tariff.

That the Democratic ticket had the confidence of many progressive voters can not be doubted; but that it lost many radical votes to Roosevelt and the Socialists is just as sure. And it is also pretty certain that, in doubtful districts especially, a great many conservative Republicans voted for Wilson with the purpose of defeating Roosevelt. The Democratic vote was puzzling; but probably its chief constituent was a three quarters part of it contributed by

Is Your Refrigerator Poisoning Your Family?

YOUR doctor will tell you that a refrigerator which cannot be kept clean and wholesome as you can *easily* keep the Monroe, is *always dangerous* to your family. The Monroe is the *only* refrigerator with

Solid Porcelain Compartments



The "Monroe"

Never Sold In Stores

which can be kept free of breeding places for disease germs that poison food which in turn poisons people. *Not* cheap porcelain-*enamel*, but one piece of white unbreakable porcelain ware *over an inch thick*—nothing to crack, chip, or absorb moisture—as easily cleaned as a china bowl—every corner *rounded*—not a single crack, joint or any other lodging place for dirt and the germs of disease and decay. Send at once for

Free Book About Refrigerators

which explains all this and tells you how to materially reduce the high cost of living—how to have better, more nourishing food—how to keep food longer without spoiling—how to cut down ice bills—how to guard against sickness—doctor's bills.

30 Days Trial
Factory Price
Cash or Credit

Direct from factory to you—saving you store profits. We pay freight and guarantee your money back and removal of refrigerator at no expense to you if you are not absolutely satisfied. Easy terms if more convenient for you. Send for book NOW —Letter or postal.

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Sta. 10-B, Lockland, Ohio

Blooker's Cocoa

It's Food—and Drink

This delightful beverage—so satisfying, fragrant and "tasty"—is a real food, brimful of nourishment, invigorating, healthful. So easy to prepare, too.

You will like this cocoa. Try it.

Free Sample Prepaid. Address Dept. J.

Sold by Good Grocers

46 HUDSON STREET NEW YORK

THE HOUSEHOLD APERIENT.

THE BEST

"APENTA"

NATURAL APERIENT WATER

BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HU... ARY.

Digitized by Google

New-Skin, For Cuts

New-Skin is an antiseptic liquid for use on cuts, scrapes, etc. It forms a waterproof film, flexible and transparent. This protects the hurt and allows it to heal. Carry New-Skin with you for emergencies. Always have a bottle in the house.

Pocket size 10c, Home size 25c. At druggists. See directions and circular.

NEWSKIN COMPANY
98-100 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York

That "Awful Smart" Your Shaving Soap Did It

The free caustic found its way into the pores of your skin and that terrible smarting and drawing sensation resulted.

Use MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

which **contains no free caustic,** and enjoy a *cool, comfortable shave.*

Mennen's Shaving Cream makes a lather which requires *no "rubbing in"* with the fingers to soften the beard. You *lather* and then you shave. *Saves time,* and does away with tender faces.

For sale everywhere 25c

Sample Tube Free

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

Makers of the celebrated MENNEN'S TOILET POWDER

the hardy old perennial Democracy — while in the remaining quarter, furnished by outside voting, the conservatives certainly equaled the progressives. So the election of 1912 really gave no new sharp, definite impulse of reform to Congress.

As far as the House is concerned, there is small reason to expect the overthrow of the conservatism that has come more and more to rule it during the past two years. There is a tremendous influx of new Democratic members; but these are mostly not from the radical West, but from the States east of the Mississippi. As individual members, most of them are under no obligations to support definite reforms. As new members they will naturally accept the existing organization of the House — as new members, in the absence of some radical issue, always do. And, coming quite largely from those States where party discipline is strong and thorough, they will naturally fall into the Democratic House machine of the past two years.

The House Reactionaries and the Cabinet

Underwood, with Speaker Clark as his ally, as is generally known in Washington, is busily at work perfecting this machine. He purposes to control as before. Both men are defeated candidates for the presidential nomination; and one of them, Speaker Clark, is very bitter over his defeat. He is a thorough and whole-hearted enemy; he carries his feelings to their logical extreme; and it was a common joke, during his campaign for the presidency, that he would not appoint a Congressman who opposed his nomination, even to a place on a committee to attend a funeral.

The associations of both men during their campaign have brought them closer than ever to the reactionary elements in their party. Underwood was backed financially chiefly by Thomas F. Ryan — that stock Mephistopheles of the Democratic party; and his presence as Ryan's guest at a dinner of magnates early in December showed the continuance of friendly relations. And always the conservative tendencies of both Underwood and Clark are likely to be stimulated by any marked preference that Wilson may develop for their radical opponents. The choice of William Jennings Bryan — the arch-enemy of both Underwood and Clark — to a Cabinet position would tend to throw both men into sharp opposition to the administration — though Underwood's temperament is against any open controversy.

The Senate Still Conservative

The probability of an overthrow of the conservative control of the next House as a result

Digitized by Google

THE BIG WAY IS THE CHEAPEST

THE STREET-CAR AND THE CAB

In a cab, which cost only $1000, the average fare is $1.50;

YET

In a street-car, which cost $10,000, the average fare is only 5c.

Cab Service is 30 times dearer than Street-Car Service, because a cab is so small—because it is made for one person only.

THE TRACTOR AND THE HORSE

With a team of horses, costing $500, one man can plow 100 acres at a cost of $250;

YET

With a Rumely Oil-Pull Tractor, costing $3000, one man can plow 100 acres at a cost of $150;

One dollar an acre saved means $300,000,000 in the United States alone. A Tractor cuts down the Horse-Cost of living.

Write today for Tractor Catalog and Full Details

RUMELY PRODUCTS CO.
(Incorporated)
Power-Farming Machinery
LA PORTE, IND.

Digitized by Google

In planning for your new home, consider carefully the question of its ***fire-safe*** construction with

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

Fireproof, damp-proof, vermin-proof, age-proof; warmer in Winter, cooler in Summer

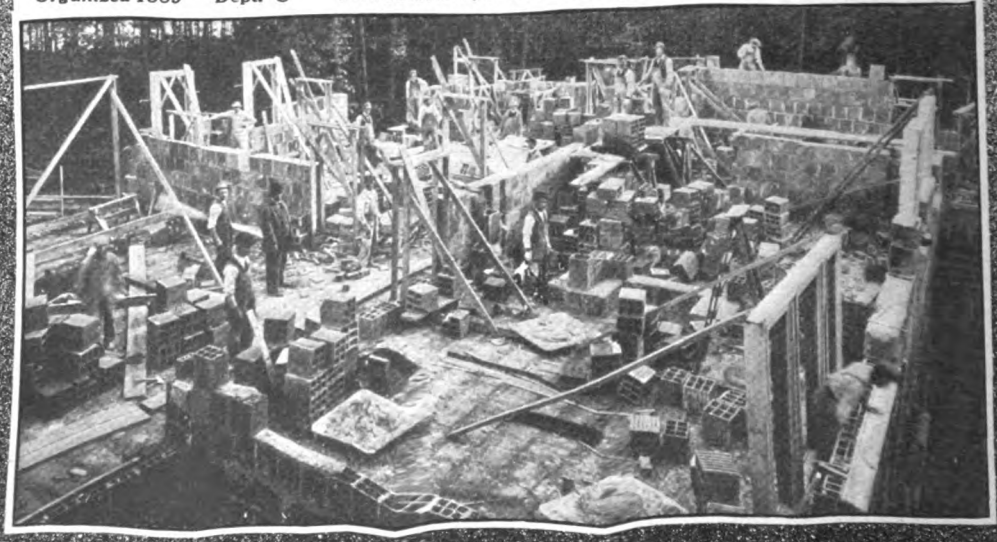
Natco Hollow Tile construction represents a sum of dvantages which no one who plans to build can afford to overlook. Speed in construction, enhanced investment value and low maintenance. An important advantage of **Natco** walls is the fact that the interior is insulated against sudden or extreme atmospheric changes by the blanket of dead air which completely surrounds it. A Natco house requires materially less heating equipment.

"Natco Throughout" is a term of fire-safe construction which is sinking deep into the convictions of architects, builders and building investors It means fireproof construction for walls, partitions, floors and roof, and complete security against the destruction of your home by fire. The increased cost over partial **Natco** forms is not of sufficient importance to weigh against the many advantages gained.

Read up this form of construction before you go ahead with your building specifications. Drop a line for our 64-page handbook **"Fireproof Houses."** Contains 80 photographs of residences and other moderate sized buildings where NATCO has been used for exterior wall construction at costs between $4,000 and $100,000, also a few complete drawings and floor plans. An invaluable guide to the prospective builder. **Mailed anywhere for 20c in postage. Write for it today.**

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING·COMPANY

Organized 1889 Dept. C PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA *Offices in All Principal Cities*



Digitized by Google

of the outcome of the last election is small — unless some force outside of Congress achieves it. The situation is the same in the Senate — except that conservatism is really stronger there. The House has lacked, and apparently will lack, the positive force to free itself from its traditional organization. But in the Senate a majority — counting all votes — is still positively conservative. With the Democrats, their majority will be so slight that a spirit of compromise between the two elements will be essential for party control. And control of the Senate is essential to complete the Democratic administration. This fact is openly recognized in Washington in the discussion of its organization. And both radicalsand reactionaries are busy talking moderation and harmony in the Senate.

In this Congress the Democratic leader of the Senate has been Senator Martin of Virginia — one of the solid old reactionaries of the Senate. A year ago the progressive Democrats, under William Jennings Bryan's leadership, sought to defeat him for the position. They failed, it is true; but they made a fight. Some extremists may make a contest this year, but more probably it will be hushed up.

The position of floor leader in the Senate will carry no such power as it will in the House; but the compromise over the office is at least an excellent indication of the Democratic sentiment in the Senate. Precedent and length of service will continue to organize it, as it has before. The leading members of most of the committees will be from the more Democratic reactionary members; the Republican membership will be almost solidly reactionary. At the head of the Finance Committee — the most powerful in the Senate — will be one of the chief reactionaries of the party.

So the whole attitude of Congress — working without influence from outside — will be against radical change. It represents no general impulse strong enough to accomplish it. The one chief issue where some change is certain to take place — the tariff — gives no promise of marked alterations. No such promise was made in the campaign, or exists in the character of the House.

So far as this one issue was concerned, the sentiment for change was stronger in the new dominant South twenty years ago than it is today. Traditionally the South is non-industrial and committed to the doctrine of free trade. But more and more this thorough-going theory has been qualified by the invasion of the South by local protected interests. Lumber is one of these, sugar another, and tropical fruits a third. The solid South is well broken up on the tariff

POWER for YOU!

Power from within! Strength that is more than mere muscular strength—the strength of perfect health, abundant nerve force—now within your own reach through Vibration! Nine people out of every ten are only half alive! Are you? Listen—

All the Exhilarating Joys of Life-Strength-Youth

may be returned to you through Vibration. For Vibration is Life itself. It will chase away the years like magic. Every nerve, every fibre in your whole body will fairly tingle with the force of your own awakened power! Stagnation simply cannot exist. You are made over new from head to foot. All the keen relish, the pleasures of youth, fairly throb within you. Your blood is sent humming along through every vein, artery and tiny capillary. All the poisonous matters in your system are washed away. Every organ is put in perfect working order. Your self-confidence—your self-respect are increased a hundred fold. Yes, Vibration will do all this, and more, much more. And it is within your reach. You can enjoy its wonder-working powers right at home, right in the privacy of your own room. You can give yourself the same identical treatments which you would receive in the offices of the world's most famous specialists—all without extra charge.

The White Cross Electric Vibrator

Special Offer for a Limited Time

For a short time only we are making a remarkable Special Introductory Offer on the White Cross Electric Vibrator —amazing discounts — actual rock-bottom prices direct if you act at once.

is the result of years of work and experiment. It is absolutely perfect. If you have your house wired for electricity, you can connect it up as easily as an electric lamp; if not, it will run perfectly on its own batteries.

FREE BOOK Sign the coupon and mail it to us today. Get our splendid big FREE book telling you all about the marvels of Vibration. Read what scientistssay about it. Post yourself on what it will do for you. Learn all about the White Cross Electric Vibrator and our limited offer. You are under no obligations at all—all you need to do is to send the coupon today—you can send a postal card or a letter, but the coupon will do just as well.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

Lindstrom-Smith Co.
218 S. Wabash Av.
Desk 1022
Chicago, Ill.

Lindstrom, Smith Co. Wabash Av. 1022 Illinois Desk Chicago.

Without any obligations on my part, please send me, free and postpaid, your free book on Vibration, full particulars of the White Cross Vibrator and your Special Day Offer.

Name _____

Address _____

WRITE PLAINLY

Digitized by Google

Stop Cheating Yourself!

If you use cheap carbon paper you save a few—a very few—dollars, but you invite disaster by having unreadable records. An amazing number of good business houses are constantly committing this blunder.

The reason is, that many men have never had their attention called to the importance of carbon paper. So they leave it up to their employees, who naturally want to buy cheap.

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK

Carbon Paper

is probably the highest-priced, and certainly the most truly economical. First, a single sheet is good for 100 letters. Next, it never becomes ineffective through drying out. Third, it is clean, non-smudging and not affected by weather. Last, and most important of all, it gives (in black and blue) copies that will be clear and legible after you are dead and gone.

Mr. Business Man, you mustn't ignore the carbon question any more. If you do, some day, somehow, those faded, blurred "records" will bring a loss ten times as great as your savings in buying poor carbon paper.

MultiKopy has won, by sheer merit, the biggest sales in the world. It is your best guarantee of permanently legible records, because it embodies twenty years of study and chemical and physical experimenting.

Send for FREE Sample Sheet
Put it to every test you can think of, or, better yet, tell your stenographer to get a box of MultiKopy today.

Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons guaranteed to make 75,000 impressions of the letters "a" and "e" without clogging the type so as to show on the paper.

F. S. WEBSTER COMPANY, 342 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Address letters to the Home Office.

SALES OFFICES: New York, 396-8 Broadway; Chicago, 222 W. Madison St.; Philadelphia, 908 Walnut St.; Pittsburgh, 432 Diamond St.

Digitized by Google

question; and Democratic representatives from other sections ranging from New England to Colorado are sending notice that they will stand for the interests of their constituencies. Already compromise on the tariff is in the air in Washington discussions.

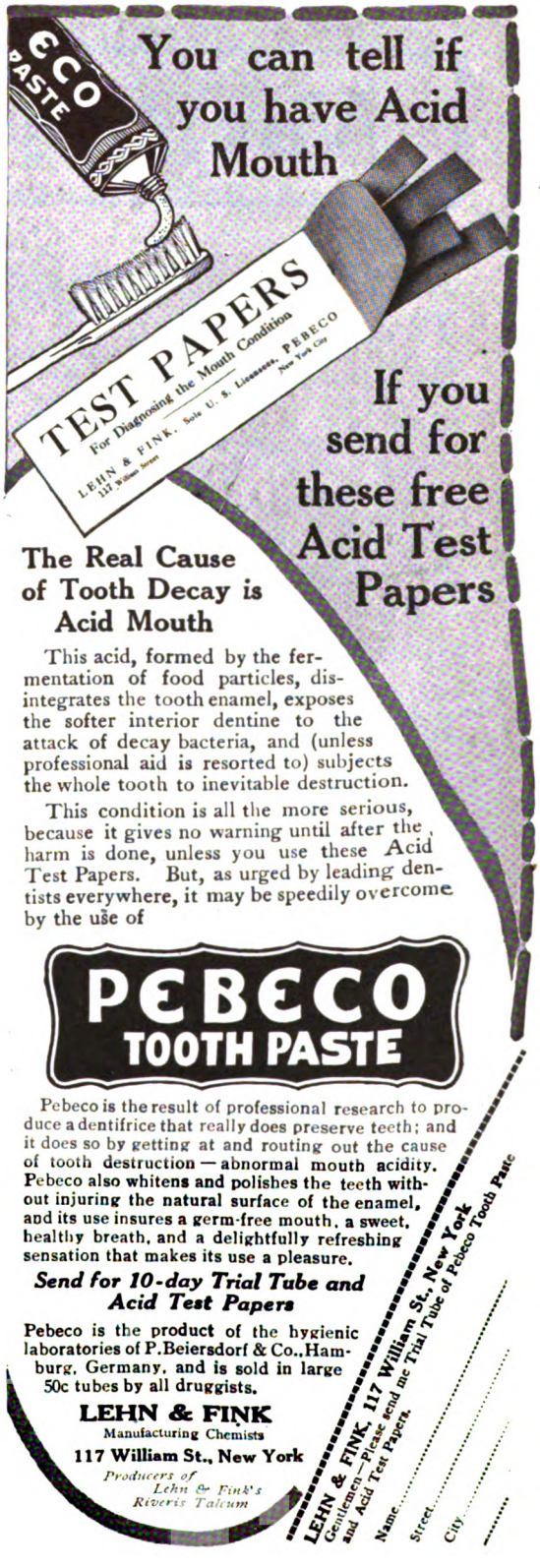
In the House, Underwood, the head of the great Committee on Ways and Means, will shape the tariff legislation, as he did last year. He is a born compromiser and manipulator of compromises. His unusual knowledge of the tariff gives him a marked position on the floor of Congress — more that of a school-teacher than a debater with other members. At the head of the Finance Committee, which will handle this matter in the Senate, will be Simmons, the reactionary Democrat from North Carolina, whose work for the lumber schedules in the Payne-Aldrich Bill is a matter of record, and whose friendly coöperation with Penrose, the Republican head of this committee, in the last tariff session, was a matter of common comment.

These two men will have, between them, great if not determining influence in framing the new tariff. And in the two bodies themselves there will be no force to overrule them. Compromise is now the general key-note of current tariff discussion in Washington. Free raw materials — free sugar, free wool, free lumber — are all much more than doubtful, and prominent Democratic Congressmen are stating that their vote for free sugar a year ago was merely a manoeuver to force a compromise from the Republicans. The fact is that the tariff which the incoming Congress is likely to bring out will be the kind of tariff shown in the bills that Congress passed a year ago — a tariff dictated by the insurgent Republicans of the Senate.

Beyond this most-talked-of issue of the Democratic campaign, the impetus for a change within the Democratic Congress is still more uncertain and unpronounced. The greatest of questions will undoubtedly be the treatment of the trusts and corporations generally; and here the chance of action is checked not only by the organization of Congress, but by the difficulties of a very ancient and powerful doctrine of the Democratic South — the old doctrine of States' rights.

The Great Barrier of States' Rights

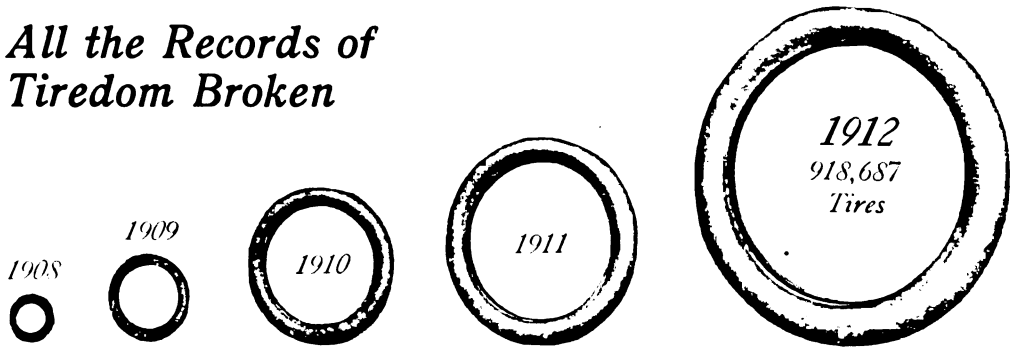
The control of corporations must come through the extension of the powers of the Federal government over matters now controlled by the States themselves. The Democratic party has not only been always theoretically against such an extension; but the Democrats of the South have a most practical objection to this, in the fear that a drift toward Federal power may take from the Southern States their rights



Digitized by Google

No-Rim-Cut Tires

All the Records of Tiredom Broken



Last Year's Jump, 125%

You've seen the demand for Goodyear tires doubled year after year, until the tide became a flood.

Two years ago the sales of these tires broke all the records of Tiredom. In 1911 the sales doubled. In 1912 the increase was 125 per cent.

Last year's sales—918,687 tires—exceeded the previous 12 years put together. Enough sold in one year to completely equip 230,000 cars.

Think What's Coming

Another such increase will bring this year's sales to over two million tires. Enough for 500,000 cars.

Our contracts with car makers insure, at the minimum, that nearly half of this year's new cars will go out with Goodyear tires. Think of that—almost as many Goodyears this year as all other tires together.

And the demand from car users is gaining faster than the demand from makers.

Output Oversold

The demand, in fact, for three years past, has kept 'way ahead of our output. Yet factory after factory has been built.

Last year's demand exceeded our output by some 400,000 tires.

Now we are building to bring our capacity to 8,000 tires per day.

Find Out Why

It behooves you who pay tire bills to find out the reason for this avalanche of trade.

Men must be saving tire money—saving a large percentage—else hundreds of thousands of men are mistaken.

It is too late to say, "Let us wait and see." Men have tested and compared with others nearly two million Goodyear tires. Their final verdict, now voiced by some 250,000 users, is told by last year's figures.

That is too large a verdict to be set aside. One glance at these tires will bring you to agree with it, for the savings can be seen.

Digitized by Google

10% Oversize

Done by Mileage Tests

Note that the Goodyear's amazing success began with the vogue of odometers.

In 1905—after five years of tire making—we made scarcely more than 1 per cent. of the tires.

Men used to buy tires by guess. They made no comparisons—kept no records of mileage.

Now most cars have odometers. It has come to a showdown now on tires, and in that showdown Goodyear tires have won.

The Big Savings

Our invention of No-Rim-Cut tires brought two enormous savings.

One made rim-cutting impossible. And that, as shown by careful statistics, saved 23 per cent.

Then we made these tires—our patent type—10 per cent. over the rated size. And that, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent. to the tire mileage.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—practically cut tire bills in two. And countless odometers proved it.

Factory Tests

Then, for years and years, we have used the odometer to make our factory tests.

We built a machine on which four tires at a time are worn out here under all sorts of road conditions.

Here we compared countless fabrics and formulas, methods, materials and ideas. Here we compared rival tires with our own.

We never let up until this odometer told that we had the best tires in existence. Then tens of thousands of other odometers told the same story to users.

That's how Goodyear tires have come to rulership of Tiredom.

Winter Treads

Our latest invention is this Non-Skid tread. Our experts spent three years on it.

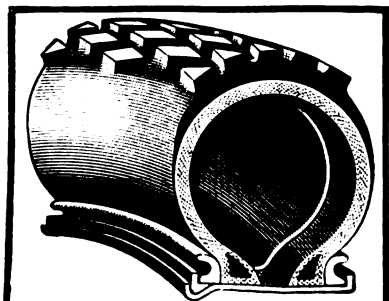
It's a double-thick tread, made of very tough rubber. So it has immense endurance.

The blocks are deep-cut so they don't wear off. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles. In every direction they grasp with a bulldog grip.

The blocks meet at the base, so the strain is distributed over the fabric the same as with smooth-tread tires. With separated projections this isn't so. That's why non-skids have been so short-lived.

One glance will show you that we have solved the non-skid question completely. One moment's comparison will prove to you that other non-skids are not half so efficient.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells every way to save on tires.



GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities **More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire**

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont. (911)

Digitized by Google

to control the negro, politically and socially. The men at the head of the important committees that would deal with this class of measures are nearly all old Southern States'-rights Democrats.

At the head of the House Committee on Interstate Commerce is Adamson of Georgia — an exponent of States'-rights doctrines so extreme that he was leader, to the last ditch, of the lost cause of the reactionaries on that now universally popular legislation, the pure food law — and his fight was on the ground that the Federal government had no right to make laws on such a subject.

Henry D. Clayton of Alabama, at the head of the House Committee on the Judiciary, to whom some of these corporation bills might also go, is another Southern States'-rights Democrat of the old school who could be counted on confidently to oppose any considerable extension of the Federal power.

In the Senate, Newlands, a progressive Democrat, is likely to be chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee, but its membership will probably be conservative. The chairmanship of the Committee on Commerce is due to fall to the reactionary Martin of Virginia.

Corporation legislation of real value is almost essential for the success of this administration. No subject holds a more important place in the public imagination. But no situation could be less promising for progress along this line than that afforded by a Congress with committees and general leadership dominated by the old Southern Democratic traditions on this subject.

The Coming Raid on Government Property

That States' rights will be the motto under which the corporation interests will fight the coming Congress is already clear. They can use it not only for defense, but for offense — as was shown most menacingly in the final days of last summer's session. The cry is that the water powers, public lands, and minerals now in control of the United States should be given over by the nation to the State, and that the States should then arrange with individuals and corporations for their development.

This fight to split up the public property in the United States will be as important to big private interests as any in the coming Congress. For, when this property is once taken by States that are crying for development, capital is practically sure to obtain it on its own terms. The attitude of the Democratic leaders in Congress on this matter was illustrated by their almost grotesque insistence on the passage of bills giving away water powers in the South and West during the closing hours of the last Congress. Underwood and Adamson championed the bills in the House; Senators Martin and Bankhead in the Senate. The bills would have resulted in the appropriation of what will ultimately be millions of dollars' worth of water power by private concerns, without cost or regulations. This raid was beaten, finally, but only after a fierce struggle; and the danger of the distribution of natural resources, through the States, into private hands, by means of the promotion of the State's-rights sentiment in this next Congress, is very great.

The Hope of the Progressive Democrats

It would be impossible, as well as wearisome, to try to forecast the specific legislation that will probably be passed in the next Congress. The motives and purposes are too involved and obscure. There are many individual voices that will be raised for reform — some of them the voices of strong men. In the Senate, Hoke Smith, the leader of the liberal movement in Georgia, and Thomas P. Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma,— both of whom have been among the counselors of Wilson during his campaign,— will be strong advocates of progress, as will the brilliant and erratic John Sharp Williams of Mississippi. In the House, the strength of leadership is lessened by the lively possibility that such men as A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania, Burleson or Henry of Texas may be drafted to the President's Cabinet; yet there will be strong advocates of active measures left among the House Democrats.

But, taken as a body, it is more than doubtful if Congress itself contains the elements to break out and away from the conservative forces that have come, through tradition and inertia, to bind it. The impulse for change behind the members of the body is neither strong nor definite enough to move it, unless some other force comes to its aid.

What possible force of this kind is in sight? There is only one — Woodrow Wilson. The whole conversation of the Democrats, who are anxious for progress, shows that their hopes for success center in this place. Whatever may be the conservatism of Congress itself, the Democratic senators and representatives, they argue, can not afford to withstand a determined and aggressive reform administration, with its power of patronage and the appeals it can make to the general public sentiment favorable to reform. This is their great hope, which the country will share with them.

In the meanwhile, no such mystification concerning any administration ever pervaded Washington as that after Wilson's election. No one was in his confidence or empowered to speak for him. Grover Cleveland has been

Digitized by Google

Quality Is Economy

"American Enterprise finds Business Profit in Improving the Standards of Existence and Appealing to the Pride of Common Folk."
—*Arnold Bennett.*

Mr. Bennett thought it worth putting into a book that New York tenants of low-price apartments gladly pay an increased rental for *beautiful* fittings and trim and *finish.*

From lowest price to highest price, not only of apartments but of furniture and pianos and carriages and automobiles and all other products of manufacture, there is *Business Profit* in Appealing to Pride.

Something in the American atmosphere causes *dissatisfaction* with whatever *fails* to make the *artistic* appeal.

The money for a Splendid Varnish—a Murphy Varnish—gives *more Satisfaction* than *ten times* the money in any other part of the building or the product.

The Varnish That Lasts Longest

Murphy Varnish Company
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President
Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK, N. J.
CHICAGO, ILLS.

Digitized by Google

A PORTABLE GARAGE IS A PERMANENT ECONOMY

It is a money saver, a time saver, and a car saver. No nerve-trying waits to get your car from the garage; no excessive charges for storage and oil; no "unaccountable" breakages and attendant repair bills.

SPRINGFIELD PORTABLE GARAGES

Combine architectural beauty and staunchness of construction, and are the first and last word in Portable Buildings. They are easily assembled; wind, water, and dust proof; they enhance the value of your property, and put luxury in your yard at little cost. Also Portable Houses of artistic design. We pay the Freight. Write for catalog.

SPRINGFIELD MFG. CO.

862 Allen Street
Springfield, Mass.

New York Office
39 Cortlandt Street

Jackson

No hill too steep
No sand too deep

Comfort a certainty

Jackson engineers design for comfort, considering it fully as important as safety, power and beauty of design.

"Olympic" — *$1500*
"Majestic" — *$1975*
"Sultanic", six — *$2500*

Jackson Automobile Company
1310 E. Main St. Jackson, Mich.

compared to him, in his quality of reticence. But there was one man, at least, who knew the plans of Cleveland's coming administration: William C. Whitney of New York was always "on the inside"; and the older newspaper men of Washington remember well the forming of the procession of the news-gatherers to trail the exclusive tidings given out by a correspondent close to Whitney just previous to Cleveland's second inauguration. So far, no spokesman has appeared for the Wilson administration.

Taft Was Crushed; Can Wilson Succeed?

That Mr. Wilson is one of the most high-minded and acutely intelligent men ever elected to the Presidency is a matter of common acceptance. That, when brought face to face by circumstances with concrete decisions, he has decided for progressive and righteous measures, is a matter of record. His detached fearlessness and his directness in carrying out his purposes is equally well assured.

The question still remains, will he develop both the ability to present a concrete program of legislative reforms and the knowledge of practical political tactics to force them through the coming Congress, past the forces of conservatism that will face him — forces different in kind, and to some extent in degree, but in most ways quite similar to those forces that met his predecessor in the presidential office. The dead weight of the conservative machine was too much for Mr. Taft to lift. In the end it crushed him, and smashed the Republican party. It will take a strong and adroit hand to break down the old conservative machine in this Congress. And the responsibility on the one man capable of doing this is tremendous.

"The Wilson administration," says a prominent progressive Democratic senator, "will be either the beginning of an era, or the end of one. Either the Democratic party will become the progressive party of this country, or it will fall back and become a conservative organization — possibly amalgamating with the remaining fraction of the Republican party to form it. In that case, new organizations, formed of the progressive portions of both old bodies, would become the progressive party of the future. For this fact can not be blinked: the time of opposing party organizations representing the liberal and conservative forces in this country is at hand."

The decision as to whether the Democratic party will be smashed or regenerated rests — even more than the same question concerning the Republican organization rested four years ago — with one man.

The forces of conservation were too strong for Mr. Taft. Can Woodrow Wilson master them?

Digitized by Google

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

The tire for you is the one that you can put on and forget. Kelly-Springfield Tires frequently run along on cars unnoticed for 8,000 miles or so.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY **20 Vesey Street, New York**

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Baltimore, Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O., Buffalo.

The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, Ohio.
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Southern Hdwe. & Woodstock Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La.
Savell Davis Rubber Works, Augusta and Savannah, Ga.
Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.
Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.

Digitized by Google

PERSONAL NOTE — It seems to me that this ad is peculiarly free from tire "bombast." It states plain facts in a way that cannot fail to appeal to the thousands of motorists who are desirous of getting the exceptional tire service which the United States Tire Company is so admirably fitted to give. — J. D. ANDERSON

There is a Representative House in every Business

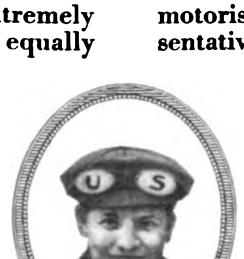
In the tire field the place is admittedly held by the United States Tire Company

IT is a great achievement in these days of big business to be the *representative* concern in any line.

Such a reputation is extremely difficult to acquire and equally difficult to maintain.

The United States Tire Company occupies this position in the realm of motor tires by virtue of a *deliberate* purpose to produce tires of such quality, and to conduct its business on such a plane and thru such representative dealers as would *naturally* give it first rank in its field.

Clearly no other tire company has been in a position to contribute so much to the actual improvement of tire quality as has this company. With the facilities and experiences of four immense tire organizations to draw upon, it has been possible to evolve a tire of such composite strength and such uniform goodness as to practically establish a new era in tire making.



"Tire-by Satisfied"

Not content with its success in producing a superior grade of tires, this company has sought to have its product reach the motorist thru the most representative dealers it has been possible to secure in every community where United States Tires are sold.

The fact that today four-fifths of the best, most reliable dealers are handling these tires is sufficient proof that the tires have made a highly successful appeal to the calm judgment of the trade in the face of the most vigorous competition.

Stated briefly, the United States Tire Company expects to maintain its dominant place in the tire field, first, by the manufacture of strictly high-grade tires; second, by offering its product thru dealers of the highest standing in every community; and third, by guaranteeing to every motorist the fairest, squarest treatment it is possible to accord him both when a tire is bought, and during its use.

United States Tires are good tires

Cost no more than you are asked to pay for other kinds

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY, NEW YORK

Digitized by Google

A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

CONDUCTED BY INEZ MILHOLLAND

NO MOVEMENT OF THIS CENTURY IS MORE SIGNIFICANT OR MORE DEEP-ROOTED THAN THE MOVEMENT TO READJUST THE SOCIAL POSITION OF WOMEN. IN EVERY CIVILIZED COUNTRY, AMERICA PERHAPS MOST OF ALL, THERE IS GOING ON A VAST AMOUNT OF QUIET THINKING AND READING ON THESE NEW IDEAS.

THIS MOVEMENT IN ITS LARGEST GENERAL ASPECTS IS TERMED FEMINISM; IN ITS IMMEDIATE POLITICAL ASPECTS, SUFFRAGE.

MCCLURE'S RECOGNIZES FULLY THE IMPRESSIVENESS AND VITALITY OF THIS DEVELOPMENT. IT PROPOSES TO TREAT OF IT IN A SENSIBLE, STRAIGHTFORWARD MANNER. TO DO SO, THIS DEPARTMENT IS ESTABLISHED.

INEZ MILHOLLAND

No woman in America is better qualified for the important task of conducting this department than Inez Milholland, an ardent worker for the cause of women and children; a clear, independent thinker, and widely read, she is young enough to grasp quickly and be in immediate sympathy with all the new thought of this great new movement.

THE LIBERATION OF A SEX

ROUGHLY, some three million women in California, Oregon, Kansas, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Washington now have the vote. From the rapidity with which the suffragist movement and its deeper parent, the feminist movement, are traveling, it seems reasonable to assume that within the next five or ten years there will be many more States and a good many million more voters added to the list. The women, then, for the first time in our history, are to

Digitized by Google

$92.50—Our Price for Next 30 Days

We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct-from-factory, for $92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit upon the offer. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you $35 or more.

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

Quickly Set Up Any Place

An artistic, fireproof steel structure for private use. Gives absolute protection from sneak thieves, joy riders, fire, lightning, accidents, carelessness, etc. Saves $20 to $30 monthly in garage rent. Saves *time, work, worry and trouble.* Comes ready to set up. All parts cut and fitted. Simple, complete directions furnished. Absolutely rust-proof. Joints and seams permanently tight. Practically indestructible. Locks securely. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Made by one of the largest makers of *portable* fireproof buildings. Prompt, safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed.

(91)

Postal sent today brings new 56-page illustrated Garage Book *by return mail.*

The Edwards Mfg. Co. 613-663 Eggleston Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

THE WELL DRESSED MAN

Must have every smallest detail of his apparel perfect in taste and of the best quality. For evening dress wear, the

Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons

(with Cuff Links to match)

appeal to the most fastidious because of their perfect finish and simplicity of operation.

THEY GO IN LIKE A NEEDLE

without marring the stiffest shirt front, and

HOLD LIKE AN ANCHOR

At the jeweler's you'll find many beautiful styles besides this one, that is made of the finest mother-of-pearl, mounted in platinum.

Booklet, showing many styles, on request

KREMENTZ & CO.

51 Chestnut St. - - Newark, N. J.

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Jewelry in the World.

have something approaching an equal voice in the administration of human affairs. They are to sit on juries, to administer public offices, to confer in the high councils of the nation. They are to bring directly to the problems of government and of civilization those qualities, in certain respects different from man's, which they have hitherto been permitted to employ only indirectly, in the private influence of the individual woman on the man who has acted for himself and her in the world of government and affairs. In the course of this great advance they are to be educated in a manner and to a degree different from any experience in the history of the sex.

Is this new freedom of woman to mean merely a large numerical addition to the voting list, or something more? If more, what?

What are the conditions of bondage or restraint from which women are so determined to work free? Can they work free without, consciously or unconsciously, bringing about immense changes in certain of our existing human institutions?

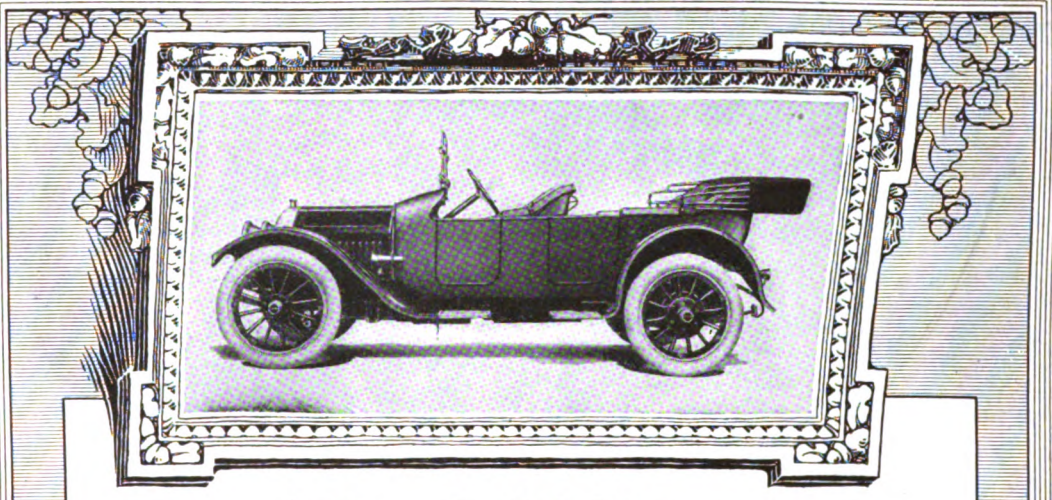
Is this sudden liberation of an entire sex going to mean a revolution of a new and bewildering kind, touching and changing life at every point?

No thoughtful observer can look on at what is taking place before his eyes without coming face to face with some such questions as these. They are so important as to demand some attempt, however inadequate, at an answer.

At the moment, of course, the situation is confused by the fact that a large proportion of the new voters are women of the old types, bred to another standard, not equipped to comprehend the power that has been placed in their hands. Many are of the parasitic sort that Olive Schreiner has so clearly defined in "Woman and Labor." These are naturally conservative, clinging to the conditions that maintain them in idleness or in partial idleness. But it will certainly not be long before the steady influx to the voting ranks of those millions of younger women whose impressions are being formed in the more alert, stirring air of to-day, adding their clearer vision and greater independence of spirit to the hard-headedness of several million workingwomen, will bring the real issues more sharply before us.

We may assume that a sex, with certain bonds of common interest among its members, that are as distinct even to the casual observer as the common interest among a group of bankers or the members of a court or a profession or a political party, will inevitably, like these, struggle and press to extend ever more widely its freedom and power. This will follow as surely

Digitized by Google



A Wonderful Picture!

THE OAKLAND reminds you of a wonderful picture—the work of a great artist. Beautiful to the eye, complete in every detail, the car appeals to you at once as the creation of a master.

There are hundreds of five-passenger, four-cylinder cars—all similar in appearance—and there is the Oakland model of the same description, but a car so different, so beautiful, so individual, that if you saw every five-passenger, four-cylinder car made, you would pick the Oakland as *the car* of the group.

There are a score or more of six-cylinder models but none of them have the fine characteristics of the Oakland Greyhound—6-60—a car of such striking lines that you gaze at it in sheer admiration and marvel at its wonderful symmetry and graceful appearance.

But we do not stop there. We are not satisfied in producing the most beautiful car in the world.

We give you beauty you cannot see—beauty you cannot feel—we give you beauty of construction, for the Oakland is as true inside mechanically as it is true outside artistically.

We give you a car that is mechanically right, for Oakland construction stands for maximum mechanical efficiency.

We give you unit power construction—the motor, clutch, and transmission on one line, because this method gives you increased power, the minimum of friction and straight line drive.

We give you maximum accessibility which you must have in order to give the car proper attention after you own it and drive it.

In the matter of detail, comfort and convenience, the Oakland is modern, for there is incorporated the best of scientific progress made to date in automobile construction.

Models 42 and 6-60 are equipped with the Delco improved electric lighting, ignition and starting system. Gasoline tank is carried at the rear, making it very convenient for filling. There is a gasoline gauge on the tank.

There is an oil sight on the dash. The starter is on the dash. Everything is in a convenient position for use.

THE OAKLAND LINE FOR 1913

The Greyhound 6-60, four, five and seven passenger touring cars and a runabout for two. Price for all models, $2550.

Model 42, four and five passenger touring cars (five passenger touring car illustrated). Three passenger roadster. Price of all models, $1750.

Four passenger coupe, $2500.

Model 35. Five passenger touring car, $1075. Three passenger roadster, $1000.

Send for the Oakland books: "What the Car with a Conscience Stands For," and "The Oakland—Your Car for 1913."

Oakland Motor Car Company, 124 Oakland Boulevard, Pontiac, Michigan

Digitized by Google

NATURE FURNISHES THE ELEMENTS FOR ALL OF MAN'S MATERIAL NEEDS—BUT SKILL, PATIENCE, EXPERIENCE ARE REQUIRED TO PRODUCE THE COMPLETED SUCCESS.

Studebaker

The Studebaker Corporation has for sixty years tested and examined nature's raw material to find the best for the enormous vehicle industry it has built up. And with the same sense of responsibility to the public, it has sought out the most skillful and efficient men for carrying on its great business. The incomparable result appears in the harness, carriage, wagons and the automobiles that bear the enduring guarantee of its name.

THE
STUDEBAKER CORPORATION
SOUTH BEND, IND. :: :: DETROIT, MICH.

as a court always tends to increase its jurisdiction. It may be further assumed that this pressure toward a constantly growing freedom and power on the part of the sex means that, in the long run, the institutions most certain to be touched and changed are the institutions in which the sex, as a sex, is most peculiarly and vitally interested. And these institutions, it is hardly necessary to point out, are the home, and marriage itself.

In later issues of the magazine an attempt will be made, in the light of the new attitude toward hitherto forbidden topics, to discuss the coming problems of the home and marriage, leading up to the last and greatest mystery to be illuminated by the modern spirit of inquiry, the baffling riddle of the ages — sex itself as a basis of human relations.

Needless to say, no attempt will be made to offer solutions to these puzzles. The time is not here for conclusions. The time is distinctly here, however, for discussion to begin. So long as what John Stuart Mill termed "The Subjection of Women," continued, certain ugly facts of life in man's world could be kept from her.

Those unthinking ones who expect the old submission and silence from the free woman of to-day and to-morrow are certainly in for some exceedingly rude shocks. They may lament as they will the passing of what they consider beautiful, innocent womanhood; they are certain to be confronted with a new, alert woman who has discovered that her "home" has, in the complex social life of our time, become entangled in a thousand ways with the outside life of the community and the nation, and who insists, therefore, on her right to inquire into every phase of life, and to act with some authority regarding it.

In the present article it is enough to point out the magnitude of the change that is to-day actually taking place in the mind of woman. This change is, of course, a part and a result of the widespread social stir that is beginning to remake civilization on a new basis of thought.

Study what the women are printing and saying, in the light of the underlying body of modern thought from which they are clearly drawing their ideas and their inspiration, and you will arrive at certain rather obvious conclusions. The most inescapable of these conclusions will be that the new spirit of inquiry is penetrating into the remotest, obscurest corners of life, searching boldly under the premises of everything profane and sacred, and publishing its discoveries broadcast. The most serious mistake we can make is to underrate the pervasive strength of this new leaven in human life. The old reticences are destroyed forever. The myriad army of new thoughts is sapping and mining its way into human minds everywhere in the world. And, as the minds change and grow, civilization and all its institutions will change and grow.

This change and growth is already taking certain observable directions, all apparently converging into a new morality.

The first step was, learning to be frank. Only a few years ago, when certain publications began a discussion of the need of telling children the secrets of sex and life, "good" people everywhere were outraged. The great majority, ignorant and apathetic, clearly preferred that their children should gather this information furtively and perversely from the street. But the discussion grew and gathered force until now we talk the problems of prostitution, and its terribly complex and devastating consequences, in public forums, in suffrage conventions, in our general magazines, even in our pulpits.

We have about dropped the leering furtiveness that formerly characterized all talk about sex. We are openly reading Bernard Shaw's keen and witty but powerful utterances on the forbidden topic. Havelock Ellis on sex psychology and social hygiene, Reginald Wright Kaufman on the terribly tragic life of the prostitute, the plays of Brieux dealing bluntly with topics that have hitherto lain far beneath the plane of public discussion, are lying on center tables in thousands of homes. We read in Ellen Key's "Love and Marriage" that the monogamy to which we attribute so much of our virtue does not exist and never has existed, and there are those who accept it as a fact. A stupid and backward post-office department closes the mails to the exceedingly plain-spoken report of the Chicago Vice Committee, and is promptly put to shame (and to a reversal of its ruling) by the indignant voices of thoughtful, respectable women demanding that the book be circulated as widely as possible.

And through all this frankness runs a definite tendency toward an assault on the dual standard of morality and an assertion of sex rights on the part of woman.

There is a play, "Hindle Wakes," which is arousing interest in London, New York, and Chicago. A girl has slipped away for a week-end with the son of her father's employer. The fact is discovered. The boy is persuaded to marry her, "to save her honor." The girl flatly refuses; she can not see how it will save her honor to spend her life in a degrading alliance with a man she does not love.

"But you *did* love me," he insists. "You must have loved me!"

She turns on him and asks: "Did you love me?"

"No," he replies, falling back on the old dual

Digitized by Google

Each a Lucky Car

By R. E. Olds, Designer

In every make an occasional buyer gets a lucky car. No repairs, no breaks, no troubles. Every part stands every strain.

In Reo the Fifth such things are not luck. I spend $200 per car to insure them. And this is how I do it:

Making Sure

I know, in the first place, after 26 years spent in building cars, how much strength is needed.

To that needed strength I add 50 per cent. Each driving part, by actual test, is made ample for 45-horsepower. That leaves a big margin of safety.

To make sure of this strength I twice analyze every lot of steel.

I test my gears in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity.

I test my springs in another machine, for 100,000 vibrations.

Costly Extremes

In Reo the Fifth I use 190 drop forgings. Steel castings cost but half as much, but a casting often has a hidden flaw.

I use 15 roller bearings, Timken and Hyatt. The usual ball bearings cost one-fifth as much, but they often break.

I use a $75 magneto to save ignition troubles.

I doubly heat my carburetor, to deal with low-grade gasoline.

A centrifugal pump is employed in this car to insure perfect circulation.

I use big tires to cut your tire expense. I have lately added 30 per cent. to my tire cost to add 65 per cent. to your tire mileage.

Endless Caution

Our factory process insures to each car almost a thousand inspections.

Every part is tested. Parts are ground again and again, until we get utter exactness.

Each engine is tested 20 hours on blocks and 28 hours in the chassis. There are five long-continued tests.

And nothing is ever hurried. Our output is limited to 50 cars daily, so no man is ever rushed.

These things are expensive. They add to the necessary cost of this car about $200, I figure.

But they save the user immensely more in repairs and upkeep.

So we save by factory efficiency, by building only one model, by making all our own parts. And we put that saving, for your sake, into these hidden parts.

Digitized by Google

Ideal Center Control

Reo the Fifth has a center control which you won't go without when you see it.

All the gear shifting is done by moving a handle only three inches in each of four directions. It is done with the right hand—not the left hand. And the handle is out of the way.

There are no levers, side or center—nothing in the way. The front is as clear as the tonneau. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

This arrangement permits of the left-side drive, to which the best cars are coming. The driver sits close to the cars he passes, as the law requires in Europe.

Luxurious

Each body is given 17 coats to insure enduring finish.

The best genuine leather is used in the upholstering. The best curled hair for filling.

The side lights are flush with the dashboard, and they are electric lights. The tail light is also electric.

The tonneau is roomy, the seats are wide. The car has ample wheel base. And every detail shows the final touch.

Like Costly Cars

There are high-priced cars built with equal care. That's why they cost so much.

But here is a car at an underprice, built with every precaution known.

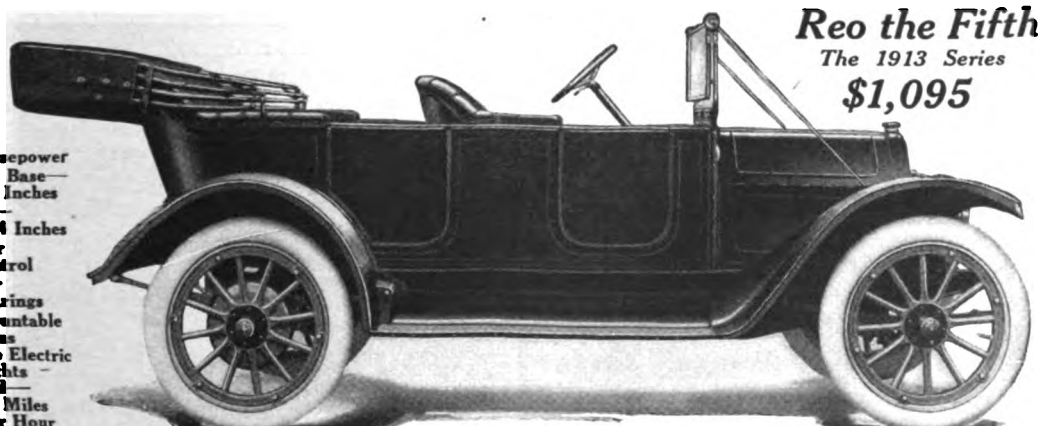
It marks the limit of what I can do after 26 years spent in car building.

If you think that these things are worth the getting, I ask you to see this car.

Sold by a thousand dealers. Write for our catalog of the 1913 model and we'll direct you to the nearest one.

R. M. OWEN & CO., General Sales Agents for REO MOTOR CAR CO., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.



Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Tires—34x4 Inches
Center Control
Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
Three Electric Lights
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170).

Digitized by Google

MOTHERSILL'S, after thorough tests, is now officially adopted by practically all the Great Lakes and New York Steamship Companies running south and many Transatlantic lines.

Three years ago Mr. Mothersill gave a personal demonstration of his remedy on the English Channel, Irish Sea and the Baltic, and received unqualified endorsement from leading papers and such people as Bishop Taylor Smith, Lord Northcliff, and hosts of doctors, bankers and professional men. Letters from personages of international renown—people we all know—together with much valuable information are contained in an attractive booklet, which will be sent free upon receipt of your name and address.

Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or any coal-tar products. 50c box is sufficient for twenty-four hours, $1.00 box for a Transatlantic voyage. Your druggist keeps Mothersill's or will obtain it for you from his wholesaler. If you have any trouble getting the genuine, send direct to the Mothersill Remedy Co., 416 Scherer Building, Detroit, Mich. Also at 19 St. Bride St., London, Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg.

Deaf People Now
HEAR
Clearly!
Distinctly!
Perfectly!

any sound anywhere with the
NEW 4-TONE MEARS Ear Phone

Just out! The great newly perfected hearing instrument for the deaf and those hard of hearing. This improved model has four different sound strengths, instantly changed by a touch of the finger on a tiny switch. Four times as powerful, four times as efficient, four times as convenient, four times as helpful as any other instrument for the deaf.

Try It FREE Every Mears Ear Phone is sold only on trial. Test this wonderful aid to hearing on your own ears at our expense for ten days. Write and ask for a trial. It is free.

Special Introductory Offer

Get our great Introductory Offer on this new wonder of science. Only the first 3,000 to be sold *direct to users* at the Jobber's lowest net price to advertise them. A few dollars, payable on easy terms, if desired, secures you complete relief from your affliction. This offer saves you more than one-half the retail price. Already 14,000 Single-Tone Mears Ear Phones have been sold.

Sent FREE—The Great Mears Book The Mears Ear Phone Book explains all the causes of deafness—how to check its progress, how to treat it. Mailed Free on request. A postal brings it. Send for it at once.

MEARS EAR PHONE CO., Suite 838. 45 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y.

standard. "But I'm a man. It was just my fancy of the moment."

"Well," she replies uncompromisingly, "I'm a woman. It was just my fancy of the moment."

There you have the new issue stated flatly and boldly. It was a challenge, and it was applauded.

To deny that such thoughts are stirring in women's minds is to deny an overwhelmingly obvious fact. To keep quiet about it any longer is a useless deference to the reticence of yesterday — the reticence that is passing with the secluded, the parasitic woman. Nothing has been mentioned here that is not already actually a commonplace of open discussion. To be sure, there are many thoughtful and distinctly modern women who will disclaim some of the above statements. But, as was said near the beginning of this article, woman's new freedom and power will inevitably tend to increase. And it does seem reasonable, even necessary, to believe that they are bound to find themselves ultimately fighting for freedom from the domination of man and property in their lives. And it is further difficult to see how they can change that condition without changing, at the same time, the terms on which woman has until now bestowed her sex, without, indeed, changing the institutions that we have until now regarded as basic to civilization itself.

To those who find themselves unable to trust to the immensely complex adaptive ingenuity of the race in following out the processes of evolution and in creating new conditions of life to meet new needs, the prospect is bound to be deeply alarming. We are releasing a full half of our people from a sex-property enslavement that has endured, through various modifications, from the dim background of history until the present time. There is no use in blinking the fact that we can not liberate woman without ultimately finding ourselves facing radical changes in her relations with man as regards the two vital matters of property and sex. For, acting from a deep-lying sense of injustice, guided by minds that study deeper and see further, the mass of women are fighting to change these very things. Many of them, naturally, shrink from such radical thoughts. But to expect that they can change these vital relations, and still leave them as they were, is to expect too much.

The old social doctrines insisted on submission. In the new, submission is the last quality desired. The quality of the age is a flat refusal to submit to anything on faith, but to insist on testing and examining life at every point. And, as is well known, women, when they are thoroughly aroused, can ask a good many questions.

Digitized by Google

$832 Buys the Material To Build This Home

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

We Save Home Builders 30% to 50%

Design No. 117

$675 Six Rooms and Bath. A Modern Bungalow, Excellent Interior. Size, 39 feet, 6 inches by 27 feet.

Design No. 55

$720 Six Rooms and bath, all rooms convenient and roomy. Size 22 ft. by 31 ft.

Design No. 50

$925 Eight Rooms and Bath, very attractive Exterior; Five Closets, Airy Balcony. Size 28 ft. by 28 ft.

Design No. 53

$998 Seven Rooms, Bath, Large Living and Main Bedroom, Modern in every respect. Size 27 x 36 ft.

The Chicago House Wrecking Co. would not dare ship you a carload of building material, valued anywhere from $500 to $1,000 ***without one cent*** down, if we misrepresented one single item. You are perfectly safe, we take all the risk.

Design No. 152-D
Seven rooms and bath, modern, up-to-date interior, a beautiful home, 28x28

No one else in all the world can make such low prices on new Building Material. Our reputation as cash buyers places at our command, first—every bargain worth having. We are satisfied with one small profit—let the in-between profits remain in ***your*** pocket—***means an immense*** saving—that means all previous

New Building Material Prices S-M-A-S-H-E-D

Then, when our expert knowledge of what to buy and how to buy at the right prices is combined with the expert knowledge of our most complete Architectural Department, the result is practical, modern, beautiful buildings, constructed absolutely without waste—to satisfy all tastes and all pocketbooks.

We not only save you from 25% to 50% on your completed building, but we give you all the assistance you need for its proper and economical construction, free of charge—Blue Print Plans, prepared by expert architects, Specifications and Material Lists, together with ***any other information*** you may need.

Compare our offers and you will be satisfied that none can compete with our price ***—and none can equal our service.***

$10,000 BOOK OF PLANS Mail the Coupon Today FREE

A truly wonderful book given away Free. One hundred pages of modern, up-to-date designs. Free to all parts of the United States. Other points upon receipt of 25c.

$2 Brings Complete $50 Set Blue Prints and Specifications for Any of These Beautiful Homes

The object of this advertisement is not to sell plans, but if you are interested in any of the designs shown on this page, we will, to save time, send a complete set of Plans. Specifications and full descriptive Material List, showing sizes, style, quality and catalog number of the material that we furnish. The best part of it is, that the entire $2 will be credited on your order, or if plans do not suit, you may return them and all but 50c will be refunded. In addition, we will also name, upon request, delivered prices for complete Plumbing Outfit and Heating Plant of any kind and furnish complete specifications free of charge.

FREE Price Wrecking Catalogs

Send for our Special Building Material Catalog No. 101, Plumbing Catalog No. 133 and Heating Catalog No. 120 showing a complete line of construction of house, barn, or any other building. The newest and latest features in each line at low prices.

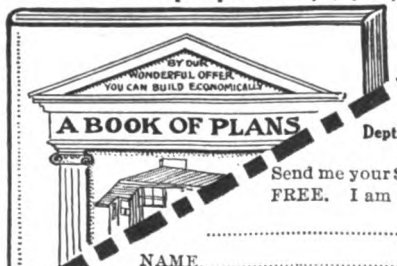
Read Our Guarantee—It Is Your Protection

Our guaranteed proposition to you is to furnish the material as specified in the Material List in ***all brand new stock,*** of the grade, sizes, style, quality and catalog number mentioned, and in quantities sufficient to complete the design strictly according to the plans. We also guarantee prompt shipment of order. All material loaded in one car from our plant here. **Our Paid-Up Capital Stock, $2,000,000**

Heating Plants
Write for our prices on our complete bathroom outfit. We guarantee a saving of 30% to 50%.

Plumbing Material
Steam, Hot Water and Warm Air. Let us estimate on rour requirements. Big saving.

Chicago House Wrecking Company, Dept. F-116 CHICAGO



Chicago House Wrecking
Dept. F-116, Company, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your $10,000 Plan Book FREE. I am also interested in .....

NAME.....

Town.....

County..... State.....

Digitized by Google

DETECTIVE BURNS' GREAT CASES

The Mysterious Counterfeiter

AS TOLD TO

ARTHUR B. REEVE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

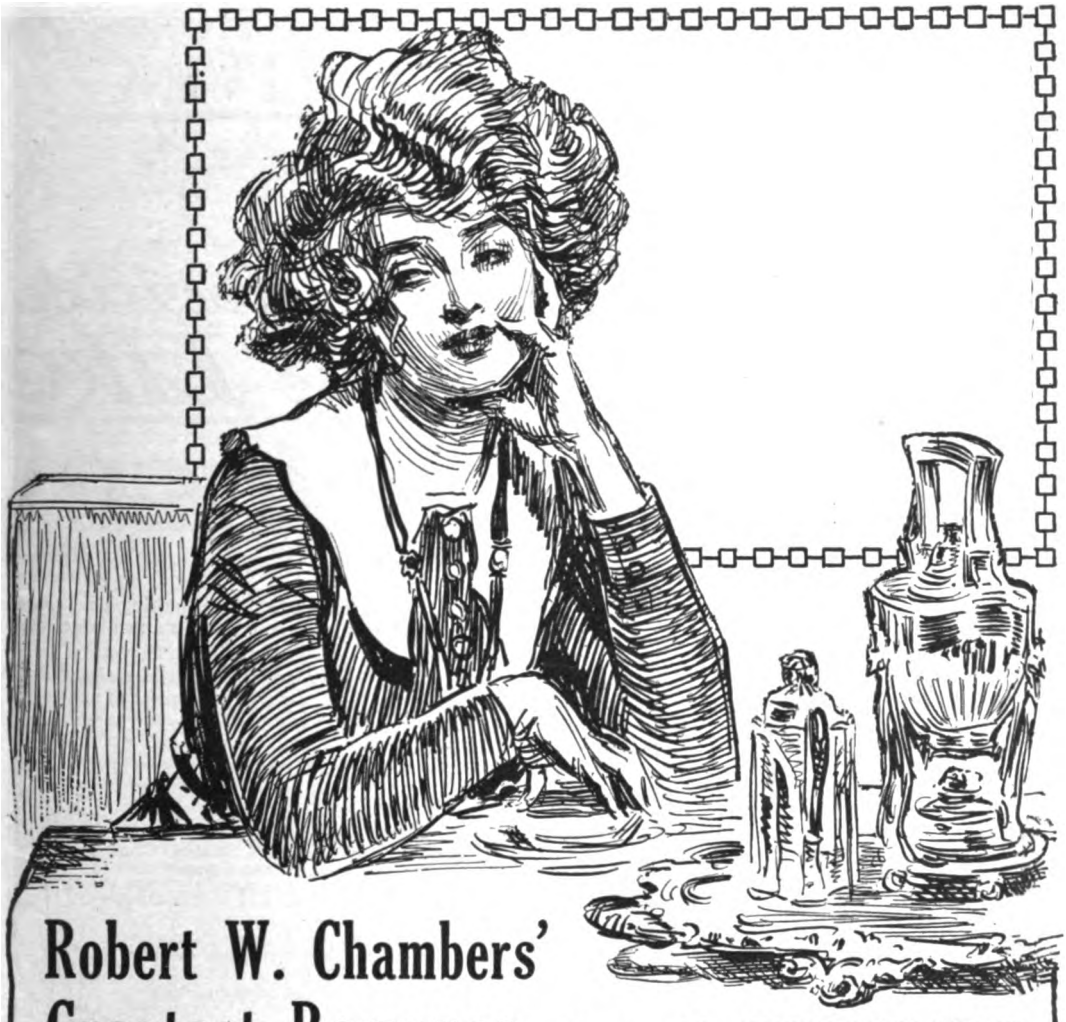
IF John Peters, professional "shover" of counterfeits, had walked into the little shop of a notion-store keeper in a small Connecticut town two days earlier than he did some fifteen years ago, the Secret Service might still be looking for one of the cleverest and most mysterious craftsmen who ever engraved bad money.

It happened that the notion-store was kept by a poor little pathetic figure of an old lady who was struggling against a merciless fate to keep the breath of life in a broken and overworked body by means of the scant profits of the store All that the little old lady took in, in the course of a day, was perhaps not over seventy or eighty cents. The profits were not such as to excite the cupidity of even the "New York Bargain Store," her only serious rival on Main Street.

Now, it must be confessed that pretty nearly everybody, whether he is an ordinary citizen or a professional "shover," has very little compunction in getting rid of anything in the money line that looks queer, and letting the other fellow do the worrying

Dismissing as no part of this story the human-interest heart-throb of the thing, when some one, in making a small purchase, gave the little shopkeeper a counterfeit silver dollar, and got good, right-ringing United States coin in change,

Digitized by Google



Robert W. Chambers' Greatest Romance—Illustrated By CHARLES DANA GIBSON

The characters—the scenes—and the fascinating climaxes in Chambers' thrilling new novel "The Business of Life" rival those in this author's greatest success "The Common Law." In "The Business of Life," he handles the problems that involve our "best society" in a fearless, masterly way, and mingles the classes of Fifth Avenue and the shop with marvelous daring and skill.

You will be startled at the affair at the club, and will follow with feverish haste the attempts of Desboro to gain the affections of the daughter of the old curio dealer. The story fascinates—the coming chapters will grip and hold you in deepest interest. Don't miss a single chapter—get Cosmopolitan now at this reduced trial price.

Use the Coupon

COSMOPOLITAN

381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Cosmopolitan Magazine, 381 Fourth Av. New York City

McC.-2

Gentlemen: Enter my name for the next 3 numbers of Cosmopolitan, for the enclosed 25 cents.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Digitized by Google

among the grapefruit and orange groves and the perpetual sunshine of beautiful Hillsboro County.

Three years ago we began telling hard-working Northerners how, by planting 3 1-3 cents per acre per day in one of these 10-acre fruit or truck farms, they could reap a much larger crop of dollars with many times the comfort and enjoyment of life.

Today, after having sold over 30,000 acres of beautiful Hillsboro County land to over 2,500 satisfied families — after ourselves having had the satisfaction of seeing a good portion of this acreage colonized and under highly profitable cultivation — we tell you again — "Come *now* to Hillsboro County, Florida, and prosper — right here within easy reach of Tampa, the greatest, most rapidly growing metropolis of the South."

We are no longer telling you what *can* be done on our Hillsboro County land — we're telling you what *has* been done on it, what is being done on it today, by our own thrifty settlers. Why don't you just write us for certified copies of what these settlers themselves have to say? You'll find them simply irresistible.

Two Big Tracts to Choose From

The rich fruit and truck farm land we now offer you consists of two tracts, both located in Hillsboro County, which produces over one-tenth of the citrus fruit crop of the entire state. One of these tracts, centering about North Tampa, lies intermingled among the thousands of farms we have already sold. The other, known as the Lithia tract, lies just southeast of the thriving city of Tampa, and contains about 7,500 acres of the finest orange and grapefruit land in the state.

Both the North Tampa and Lithia tracts get the full advantage of two top-priced, insatiable markets: Tampa, with its great tourist hotels and winter resorts, within easy reach of every Hillsboro County settler; and the ever hungry New York market — a surprisingly short haul by boat or rail.

Both tracts are crossed by several big railroads, much of it has free mail delivery and other suburban advantages — *making this practically a suburban proposition at acreage prices.*

When You Buy a Farm Be Sure —

— Be sure that the land company makes the sale subject to examination within 60 days, by yourself or your representative. *You have a right to demand this,* and any land company which does not extend you this protection is not worthy of your business. Our three years' history of success has been built up on just this principle of fair dealing. *Every purchaser* of our farms is extended this privilege. **Moreover, any time within a year from date of your purchase, you may exchange your farm for any other unsold tract of the same size.**

Your money back if you want it. Additional time for investigation if required, but *make your reservation now.* We will have our local representative pick out a farm for you if it's handier than making the trip yourself just now.

You Have a Right to Comfort and Prosperity —

— There's no earthly reason why *your* family shouldn't enjoy *now* the comfort and health and prosperity you have always dreamed of for them. There's *every* reason why you should look into this remarkable opportunity *now* — while the chance is yours.

Don't let your chance slip past you *this* time! Hillsboro County is rapidly filling with ambitious settlers — *home-owners* — and you must choose *now* if you would have the best. Send us TODAY (protected by our broad, straightforward money-back guarantee) your remittance for $1 per acre on as many acres as you think you need. Later payments $1 per acre per month. And be sure to fill out and mail at once the attached coupon. It entitles you to one of the most accurate, most interesting and valuable books on Florida ever published.

NORTH TAMPA LAND CO.
1128 Commercial National Bank Building, CHICAGO

THIS COUPON MEANS ($) FOR YOU — CLIP IT

NORTH TAMPA LAND CO. Mc.2-13
1128 Commercial Nat'l Bank Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me, FREE, your latest and most valuable Book about Florida Land.

NAME_____

TOWN_____

STATE_____

STREET NO._____

Digitized by Google

it was calculated, to say the least, to cause the poor little old lady to do some hard thinking over that bad dollar and over bad money in general.

It was just because the little old shopkeeper was thinking that way that she was the means of starting the Secret Service, and therefore William J. Burns, on the trail of what proved to be "the case of the mysterious counterfeiter."

It was not the silver dollar that was mysterious in this case, although it was the dollar that really started it. The dollar was, as a matter of fact, only a very poor imitation of the genuine, in which there was something wrong from the reeded edge to the "In God We Trust." The little old shopkeeper spent many hours thinking of that dollar. She talked in her cracked, high-keyed voice to every one who knew anything about counterfeits. And she grew wary as she realized, with a sigh of relief, that if it had been a ten-dollar bill she would have lost ten times as much just as easily. She made up her mind that, while she would keep her trust in the Deity, she would no longer trust either man or coin.

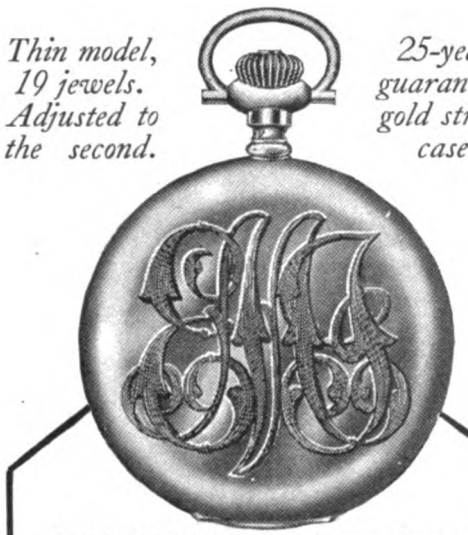
It merely happened that that was the preparation for the reception of the real mysterious counterfeit — worse luck for the real mysterious counterfeiter. The product of his superior genius did not fall upon stony ground when, exactly two days later, a dapper young man stepped into this same little notion-store, made a purchase that represented nearly an average day's business, and jauntily tossed down a pretty yellow twenty-dollar bill, as beautifully executed a work of art as ever came from a versatile engraver not in the Government employ. It was the very first one of these counterfeits that had ever been offered to the general public: a very fortunate coincidence for the general public.

The notion-store keeper had not seen a twenty-dollar bill often enough to have become a serious rival of the bank tellers who, almost blindfolded, can pick a bad one out of a pile as they count them, and lay it aside for future consideration.

As she fumbled in her reticule for the change, her fingers passed, with a tremor, over the counterfeit dollar. Some worldly-wise people would have jumped at the chance to get rid of the "phoney" dollar — and would have been done out of twenty times as much for their worldly wisdom. The old lady passed over the bad dollar, but not over the thought in her mind, "Is this bill good? I must find out first." Of course she could not make the change — would not have made it if she had had a barrel of change in her one room back of the store.

Thin model, 19 jewels. Adjusted to the second.

25-year guaranteed gold strata case.



Here Is the Exquisite Ribbon Monogram Design—You may have your own initial handsomely engraved by hand on the superb gold strata case—guaranteed for 25 years. Your choice of scores of other handsome designs.

Startling Watch Offer

The Great Burlington Special at the Rock-Bottom Price

The world's masterpiece of watch manufacture **now sold direct** to the consumer at the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay. The superb Burlington Special—adjusted to temperature, isochronism and all positions—19 jewels, fitted at the factory into the superb gold strata case—now sold direct to you at the rock-bottom anti-trust price.

The Fight Is On!

We will not be bound by any system of price-boosting contracts with dealers. We will not submit to any "high profit" selling scheme. We will not be dictated to by ANY "system". **No matter what it costs,** we are determined to push our independent line even if we should have to fight a combination of all the watch manufacturers of the country.

And so we are making this offer — the most sweeping, astounding offer ever made on a high-grade watch. The famous Burlington direct and **at the same price wholesale jewelers must pay.** And in order to make the proposition doubly easy for the public we will allow this rock-bottom price, if desired, on terms of **$2.50 a month.**

Get the Burlington Watch Co.'s Free Watch Book

Read our startling exposure of the amazing conditions which exist in the watch trade today. Read about the anti-trust fight. Read about our great $1,000 Challenge. Learn how you can judge watch values. Send your name and address for this valuable FREE BOOK now—TODAY. Sign and mail coupon.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO.
Dept. 1022
19th Street and Marshall Blvd. Chicago Ill.

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1022, 19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Chicago
Please send me, *without obligation* and prepaid, your free book on watches and a copy of your $1,000 challenge with full explanations of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the superb Burlington Watch

Name.....

Address.....

No letter necessary; coupon will do.

Digitized by Google

For Winter chapping of FACE and HANDS

Hinds Liquid Cream in bottles 50c

HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM

Relieves at once, quickly heals, makes clear, velvety skin. Complexions are greatly improved by its use. Endorsed by refined women. Soothes infants' skin troubles. Men who shave prefer it.—Is not greasy; cannot grow hair; is absolutely harmless. At all dealers.

Write for Free Sample Bottle and Tube. A. S. HINDS, 38 West St., Portland, Maine

Hinds Cold Cream in tubes 25c

HYOMEI For Catarrh

SPEEDY RELIEF COMES FROM BREATHING ANTISEPTIC AIR

Stubborn Cases of Catarrh Yield to the Hyomei Breathing Treatment

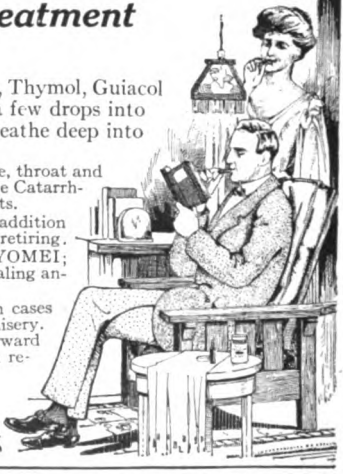
HYOMEI (pronounced High-o-me) is made of Australian Eucalyptus, Thymol, Guiacol and other Antiseptics. It does not contain any harmful drug. Pour a few drops into the little hard rubber pocket inhaler that comes with each outfit and breathe deep into the lungs the germ destroying balsamic air.

As this pleasant air passes over the membrane of the nose, throat and lungs, it penetrates into the folds and crevices; destroys the Catarrhal microbes, and soothes and heals the sore, Catarrhal spots.

To get quick relief and best results from HYOMEI treatment in addition to using the inhaler as directed, try this vapor treatment just before retiring. Into a teacup half full of boiling water pour a half teaspoonful of HYOMEI; hold cup close to face and breathe for five minutes the soothing, healing antiseptic vapor that arises.

Money will be refunded if HYOMEI doesn't give satisfaction in cases of catarrh, coughs, colds and croup and all nose and throat misery. Complete outfit, which includes inhaler, $1.00; extra bottle, if afterward needed, 50 cents, at pharmacists' everywhere. Free trial bottles on request from

BOOTH'S HYOMEI COMPANY, Box 980, Buffalo, N. Y.



THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific treatment which has cured half a million in the past thirty-three years, and the one treatment which has stood the severe test of time. Administered by medical experts, at the Keeley Institutes only. For full particulars write

To the Following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.
Atlanta, Ga.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Des Moines, Ia.
Crab Orchard, Ky.
Portland, Me.
Omaha, Neb.
Manchester, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma City, Okla., 918 N. Stiles St.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Dallas, Tex.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Seattle, Wash.
Waukesha, Wis.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Guatemala City, Guatemala.
Puebla, Mexico.
London, England.

Digitized by Google

She made her excuses, slipped into the back room, then breathlessly across the street to the grocer's.

"Is it good?" she trebled in her cracked voice.

The grocer was a man of big business in that town; but he was not a money expert. He pulled out several twenties from the back of his cash-register and laid them down on the counter.

Whatever it was in this imitation, he sensed the truth. "I think," he drawled at last, "that you ought to call a policeman. It looks mighty queer to me. Wait; I'll call one myself."

"Where did you get this?" inquired the officer suspiciously, entering the notion-store, with the little storekeeper and the grocer well in the background.

The dapper young man threw out his chest. "None of your business," he replied boldly.

"This is a counterfeit," hazarded the policeman — who was a better judge of human nature than of "phoney" money.

"So are you," snorted the dapper fellow in contempt, making a lunge to grab the bill.

"I am, am I?" reiterated the policeman. "Well, just for that I'll take you up to headquarters, where you can prove it — see?"

The bluff of the dapper one had overreached, with the result that he was quietly but effectively escorted from the little notion-store.

They had not gone ten steps up the street before there was the sudden glint of something shiny in the sunlight, a spit of fire, and the hollow bark of a revolver. He overshot, just as he had overreached. The bullet tore out a piece of the officer's collar. Like a flash, the officer seized the neck of the young man with one hand and his billy with the other, and an instant later the pistol clattered on the sidewalk.

When the youth got out of the hospital, there was lodged in the local jail a young person whom no one knew, who had come from nowhere, was connected with nobody, and had no visible means of support except that he had been engaged in passing a brand-new twenty-dollar counterfeit, the first of the unofficial issue ever passed, and so good that the Government accorded it its highest praise, which consists in the word "deceptive."

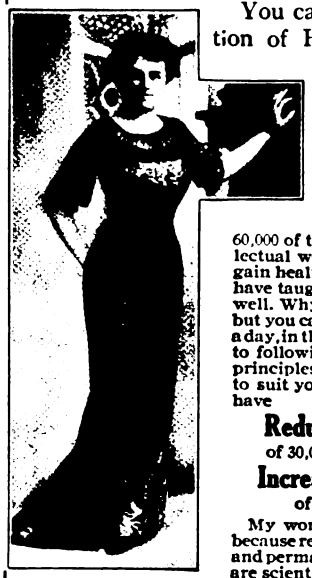
The whole of this little episode, of course, proved extremely interesting, not to say important, to the Government. In fact, every effort was made by the Secret Service and the local police to find out who the young man was and where he got the counterfeit. Several months of effort were devoted to it, with no reward.

One day came a lull in the Washington office of the Secret Service. The Chief had been thinking off and on for six months of that mysterious, dapper young man up in the Connecticut jail.

You Can Weigh

Exactly What

You Should Weigh



You can hold the admiration of Husband, Brother, Friend, Sweetheart. Be sound in body and mind; efficient; well poised. Make the most of yourself.

I have helped 60,000 of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to **keep** well. Why not you? You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day, in the privacy of your room, to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit your particular needs. I have

Reduced the Weight
of 30,000 women and have
Increased the Weight
of as many more.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to *common sense.*

No Drugs — No Medicines

You can—

Be Well so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

Be Attractive—well groomed. You can—

Improve Your Figure—in other words be at *your best.*

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands, and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what **I can do** for you by what **I have done** for others. I have relieved such Chronic Ailments as

Indigestion	**Torpid Liver**
Constipation	**Catarrh**
Anaemia	**Headache**
Sleeplessness	**Weaknesses**
Nervousness	**Rheumatism**

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are **my pupils**—the medical magazines advertise my work.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 95 **624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago**

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

Digitized by Google

The Trained Man Dodges the Axe

This old axe has lopped off heads since the year one. The ***inefficient*** man always gets it. The ***efficient*** man dodges it.

Efficiency means being a "Cracker Jack" at some particular thing. It means being able to ***more*** than hold your own in filling a good job that pays a ***growing*** salary.

If you can only read and write, and are ambitious, the International Correspondence Schools will impart Efficiency to you in your spare time—whoever you are—wherever you live—whatever you do—whatever you earn—or how little spare time you have at your disposal.

It costs you nothing to get the facts telling how the I. C. S. can help you. Simply mark the attached coupon opposite the occupation that particularly appeals to you. Mail the coupon today. Doing so places you under no obligation.

You've got to get ***Efficiency*** or "get the axe." Choose! Mark the coupon NOW.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 814, SCRANTON, PA.
Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Salesmanship	Civil Service
Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeping
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenography & Typewriting
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Architect	Show Card Writing
Building Contractor	Lettering and Sign Painting
Architectural Draftsman	Advertising
Structural Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Concrete Construction	Industrial Designing
Mechan. Engineer	Commercial Law
Mechanical Draftsman	Automobile Running
Civil Engineer	English Branches
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Stationary Engineer	Teacher — Spanish
Plumbing & Steam Fitting	Agriculture — French
Gas Engines	Chemist — German

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

Often, in such a case, the search is from effect to cause. For instance, it may be that the sale of colored ink can be traced. The supply men know their regular customers, and are suspicious of strangers who buy antimony or paper, ink or zinc, out of the ordinary. So with other materials used in counterfeiting — the lenses, the photographic supplies, and the presses. But in this case all the usual methods had been exhausted. The thing could be got at neither backward nor forward. It was like one of those spherical safes: there was no place to catch hold.

Therefore, when a lull came in the busy work of the Service, the mind of Chief Wilkie automatically reverted to the unsolved case.

"Burns," said the Chief, reflectively fixing his eye on the detective, "I think this is a good time to find out who that young fellow up in Connecticut is. Suppose you try it."

A few days later a prosperous, kindly-looking gentleman wandered into the Connecticut jail and asked for the warden. He was interested in an organization that had for its object the welfare of children. This was before juvenile courts were ever heard of outside of Denver.

"THERE WAS LODGED IN THE LOCAL JAIL A YOUNG PERSON WHOM NO ONE KNEW, WHO HAD COME FROM NOWHERE"

Digitized by Google

Florida Land For You—Among Orange and Grape Fruit Groves Now Earning $5,000 to $7,000 a Year

A FLORIDA offer of the *present*. We have the *facts* existent *today*. Here are scores of groves scattered about the country around Wauchula, Florida, three hours' ride from Tampa, right in the heart of the Peace River Valley, a swift flowing stream. High ground, good water—good drainage. Rainfall well distributed throughout the year. A healthful location. Grove owners are laying away $3,000, $5,000 $7,000, $10,000 a year.

We have to offer 10-acre plots, ready to market now that the timber is cut off within sight of flourishing groves. *Our farm expert shows you the short cuts to prosperity.*

The very best transportation—a quick cash market—good prices—for everything you grow, in Wauchula, a live flourishing town of 1500 with two banks, up-to-date stores, fine schools, churches, lodges. Fishing and hunting near at hand. This is a good country to *live* in, for you and your family. *No negroes in Wauchula.* You'll be surprised to find that this land is

So Easy To Buy

You can secure your ten acres at a small amount down and only a dollar a month per acre. This is the famous Wauchula Combination Soil—fine both for vegetables and grape fruit. Your profits in vegetables at the start will make you a good living and pay for the land. Then grape fruit and orange trees come into bearing and you reap the big profits. Come down here and talk to the grove owners, or read their letters in our convincing literature. *You can't fail* if you have a little money and are willing to work.

See the Big Crop of String Beans Among Young Grape Fruit Trees

The above picture of Mr. A. A. Price's land shows the real, *proved combination soil* at Wauchula where growers are getting huge yields of vegetables, between the rows of young orange and grape fruit trees. Beans, peas, cucumbers, watermelons, onions, and other vegetables will *keep you in comfort and pay for the land*. Then when your orange and grape fruit trees begin to bear you are on the high road to actual luxury. Come down and see how grove owners are buying motor cars and sending their children to college.

Most Interesting Florida Facts FREE

Write for *actual facts* of present earnings on these lands. Learn about this home company of bankers. Our Treasurer is President of the Florida Citrus Exchange. Learn why we *guarantee* every acre we sell. No other Florida offer like this. You are so safeguarded that you *can't* lose. Nearly $500,000 bank deposits in Wauchula, Zolfo and Bowling Green all within a radius of 5 miles shows how the grove owners are making money—and the country is only beginning to be settled. Mail the coupon. It puts you under no obligations—it merely puts you in possession of the facts. Write! Address

Wauchula Development Co.,
Box 3701 Wauchula, Florida

Guaranteed By Bankers

A Year to Decide

You can come down here to Wauchula any time within a year after starting payments, and if *you aren't satisfied*, you get back every cent you've paid in *with 6% interest*. Make a little winter vacation of this trip—or come any time. Look at sturdy groves that passed through the great freeze of '95 unharmed. Talk to the owners. Get the *facts on the ground*—then make your decision.

Mail This Coupon Today

Wauchula Development Co., Box 3701 Wauchula, Florida

Please send me actual facts regarding your combination vegetable and citrus fruit lands. Also prices, letters from settlers, etc., etc.

Name.....

St. No. or Rural Route.....

Town.....

State.....

Digitized by Google

After a talk with the warden, he asked to be shown through the jail.

"Have you any boys here?" he asked, as he took pains to impress his sentiments on the warden again, for the benefit of the prisoners.

"Yes, one," was the reply.

"H-m," mused the kindly man, as if this was news to him, and bad news. "Does he associate much with the other prisoners — the more hardened ones?"

"Well — er — there is one," evaded the warden skilfully, "who seems to have taken a fancy to him."

"So. What is this one in for, may I ask? What is his name?"

"It's a long story," replied the warden, as he sketched over the experience of the little notion-store keeper. "Says his name is Peters, John Peters. But we call him 'the mysterious counterfeiter.' All the Secret Service men can't seem to get out of him where the counterfeit was made or ——"

"Oh, I don't care about *his* story," remarked the philanthropist, "but I do care about boys; and if he talks to that boy, I'd like to talk to him. Where is this man?"

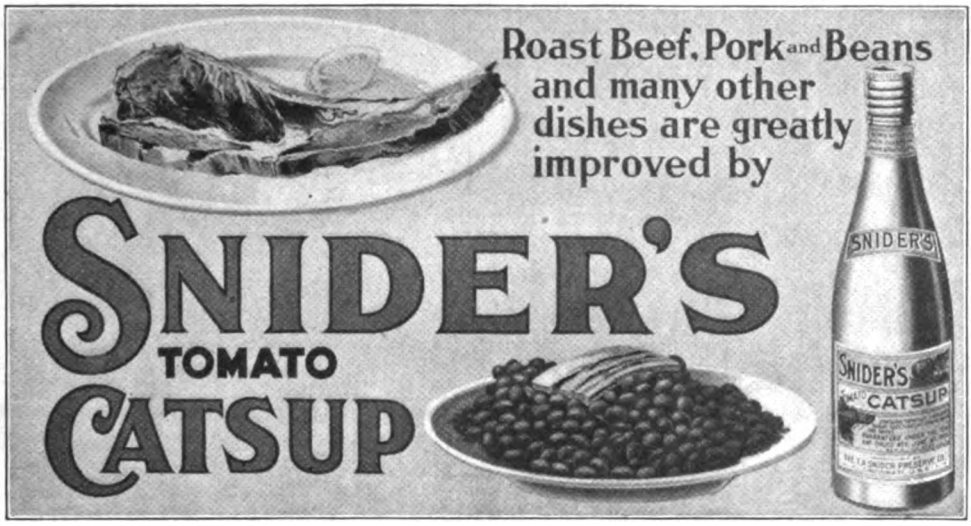
"Over there across the corridor, in the first tier."

The kindly gentleman continued to look at the various prisoners, with a word of encouragement now and then. But he talked mostly of the boy, until they came around to Peters.

"So this is the man who is interested in the boy," beamed the philanthropic gentleman. "I wish you would introduce me. I'm glad to

"BURNS QUIETLY GATHERED, FROM THE GARRULOUSNESS OF INQUISITIVE NEIGHBORS, DESCRIPTIONS OF MEN WHO HAD BEEN SEEN VISITING THE OLD HOUSE"

Digitized by Google



ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT

Is Quality Grape Fruit

With the first suggestion of the use of this grape fruit in rheumatic and fever conditions came a quick endorsement from physicians and the public. We say "as found in the Atwood Grape Fruit," for Atwood Grape Fruit is so far superior to the ordinary kind that it is admittedly in a class by itself when used either as a luxury or medicinally.

Its superiority is not an accident. From the beginning the Atwood Grape Fruit Company (the largest producer of grape fruit in the world) has sacrificed everything for **QUALITY.** An initial expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars was incurred; everything that science or experience could suggest was done to produce **QUALITY;** even then, many trees, as they came to maturity, bore just good, ordinary grape fruit, but not good enough for the Atwood Brand. Therefore thousands of big, bearing trees were either cut back to the trunk and rebudded to **Superior Varieties** or dug out entirely.

So through the various processes of selection, cultivation and elimination has evolved the ATWOOD FLAVOR, as hard to describe as it is difficult to produce.

If you desire, your grocer or fruit dealer will furnish the ATWOOD Brand in either bright or bronze. It may be procured at first-class hotels, restaurants and clubs. Ask for ATWOOD Brand. For home use buy it by the box; it will keep for weeks and improve. The standard box contains 36, 46, 54, 64 or 80 grape fruit, according to the size.

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY MANAVISTA, FLA. TRADE MARK

ATWOOD Grape Fruit is always sold in the trade-mark wrapper of the Atwood Grape Fruit Company.

ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT CO., 80 Maiden Lane, New York City

Digitized by Google

KING OF HOUSEHOLD FINISHES

JAP-A-LAC Renews

EVERYTHING FROM CELLAR TO GARRET

SOLD AT PAINT, DRUG, HARDWARE AND DEP'T. STORES

The GLIDDEN VARNISH CO. Glidden CLEVELAND — TORONTO

LOOK FOR QUALITY GREEN LABEL

HOMER JAUGHLIN CHINA

for Service

For ***real household service,*** for ***real satisfaction,*** you cannot buy better, more attractive or more serviceable dinner ware than Homer Laughlin China; but you ***can pay much higher prices*** than are asked for it.

Sold almost everywhere. The trade-mark name, "HOMER LAUGHLIN," stamped on the under side of each dish is our guarantee to you.

NOTE: People tell us that "THE CHINA BOOK" is one of the most beautiful and interesting brochures recently produced. Send for your copy. It is FREE.

THE HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA COMPANY,
NEWELL, W. VIRGINIA.

HOMER JAUGHLIN

"Mission" or "Colonial" SECTIONAL COME-PACKT FURNITURE Guaranteed Furniture

Direct from Factory at 50% Saving

We have supplied more than 30,000 of America's best homes with handsome Come-Packt Furniture. The public has been won by its beauty of design, solidity, fine finish and sterling worth.

Shipped in finished sections, easily assembled. Sold under Money-Back Guarantee on a full *year's trial.* Factory-to-home plan and saving in packing and freight explain the astoundingly low prices. Note the splendid bargains shown here.

$7.50
Dealer's Price $15

Price $11.75
Dealer's Price $25

Made of quarter-sawn White Oak, handsomely finished. Immense variety of exclusive designs from which to make your selection.

$10.25
Dealer's Price $28

Our Big Art Catalog Mailed FREE

Over 500 pieces of Come-Packt Furniture accurately illustrated and described. Send today. Buy furniture the "Come-Packt" way—save jobber's and dealer's profits.

COME-PACKT FURNITURE COMPANY, 205 Fernwood Avenue, TOLEDO, OHIO (7)

Digitized by Google

know you — er — Peters. What did you say, warden? Counterfeiting? The warden tells me you talk with our young friend a good deal. I'd like to talk to you about him. He's a fine boy, and I hope he comes out of this without any worse ideas than when he came in."

The mysterious Peters brightened up a bit at the mention of the boy. "Yes," he agreed thoughtfully, "he is a fine young fellow — too fine to be here."

"Indeed he is. If we only had a better law in this State regarding minors, he wouldn't be here. Now, over in New York, he'd be in a place where he would come out with a trade and an education."

"Yes," assented the mysterious one doubtfully. It was evident that he didn't know much about it.

"And in Massachusetts, too, they'd take better care of him."

"I hope so," sighed the prisoner.

"Some of the States, though, have the most barbarous way of putting boys in jail with older men," pursued the philanthropist; "particularly in the West."

"Yes," agreed the mysterious counterfeiter; "in Michigan they don't have anything like they have in New York and Massachusetts."

"No; it's terrible out there, I have heard," added the kindly man, betraying not a sign of gratification. Then he passed on, for there was something that told him that it was useless to linger. The mysterious Peters had suddenly lost all interest in the boy and was looking furtively at the kindly gentleman.

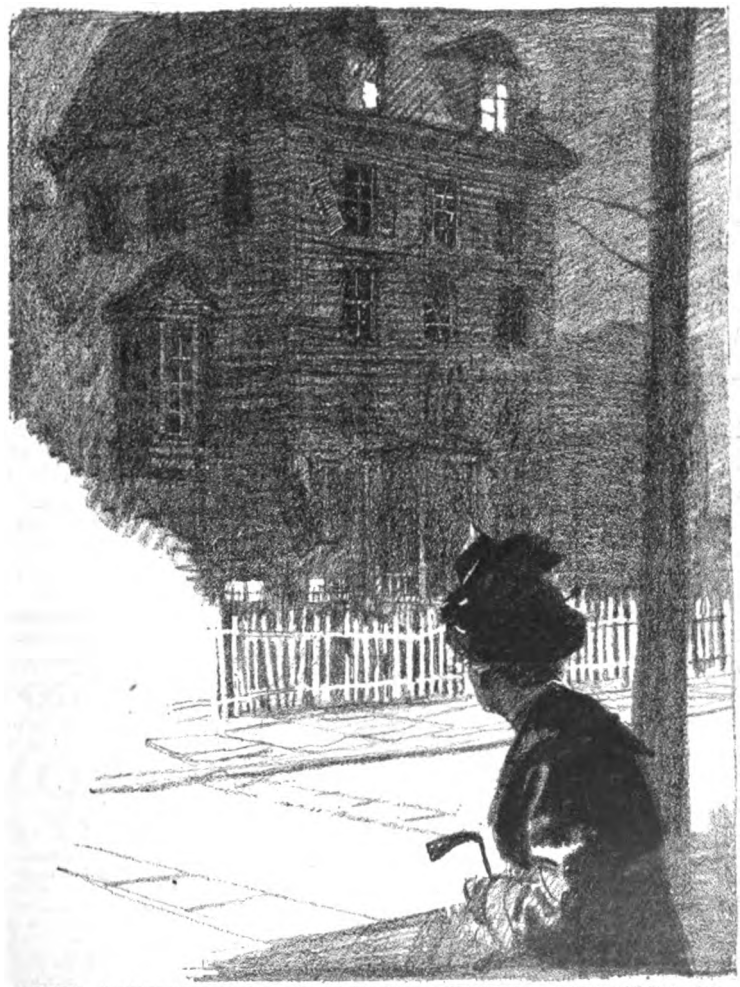
Burns had not found out what town the counterfeits were made in, but he had narrowed the search down at least to the State. Until then they might have been anywhere between Bermuda and Hawaii.

"In Michigan"!

Suddenly the mysterious counterfeit notes showed up again, this time in a little town in Missouri. Surely "Peters," or whatever his name was, could have had nothing to do with that. It showed one thing, at least: Peters was not the mysterious counterfeiter himself, although the trail possibly might lead through him.

The news sent Burns off on a new clue. A storekeeper out there had been arrested for passing the notes, and he, at least, proved to be no very secretive fellow when cornered. He told a remarkable tale, as far as it went.

Some time before, a man had come into his store, a very bald man, stout, with a florid face and small eyes. For several days he had loafed around, and his chief characteristic seemed to be that he talked both very fast and very much without betraying himself. At last, however, he had led up to the point — the way to make money fast and in large quantities. Only, his



"THEY WONDERED WHAT MYSTERIOUS ACTIVITIES WERE GOING ON IN ITS CRAZY ATTIC AND DAMP CELLAR"

Digitized by Google

A Knife Never Ends a Corn

Paring a corn takes off just the top layer. Then it grows, and you pare again.

Month after month one goes on puttering with the same old corn. And there is always the risk of infection.

The right way—the scientific way—is to stick on a Blue-jay plaster. From that instant all pain is stopped.

Then the B & B wax in the heart of this plaster gently undermines the corn. In two days the corn comes out.

That finishes that corn. A new corn may come if you pinch the toe, but the old one is ended forever.

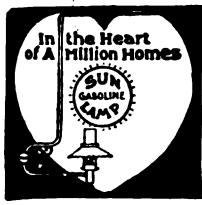
Sixty million corns have been ended in that way since Blue-jay was invented.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. (252)



"Sun" Hollow Wire System

Most effective lighting system in existence. Easy to instal—we send instructions. Beautiful fixtures. Tank and pump outside or in cellar. Liberal terms. Catalog.

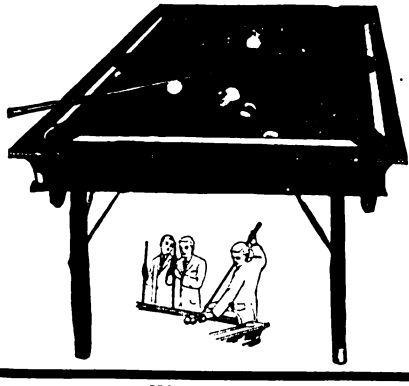
No $3.00 Lamp **FREE** *to agents selling 6 Lamps.* *Gravity Lamps also.*

Sun Light Co. **1333 Market Street, Canton, O.**

Sani-Tissue

"Soft and Clothlike"

It is the only paper impregnated with Canada balsam, making it softer than others.
It reaches the home free from gritty irritating dust, because of its parchment wrapping; three rolls in a carton.
3 rolls for 25 cents
(Except in Rocky Mt. zone and Canada)
Send for FREE sample pocket packet.
SCOTT PAPER COMPANY 624 Glenwood Ave., PHILADELPHIA



Play Billiards at Home

Do you know how very little it would cost, under our easy payment plan, to have your own

BURROWES Billiard and Pool Table

This is your opportunity to play these fascinating, exciting, wholesome games under ideal conditions. Billiards and Pool are the most popular games in the world.

Burrowes Tables are correct in every detail. They are used by experts for home practice. The most delicate shots can be executed with the utmost accuracy. No special room is needed. Table can be mounted on dining-room or library table or on its own legs or stand. Balls, cues, etc., free.

$1.00 DOWN The prices are from $15 up, on terms of $1 or more down (depending on size and style) and a small amount each month. You play on the Table while paying for it.

Free Trial, No Red Tape—On receipt of first installment we ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 85 Spring Street, PORTLAND, MAINE

scheme was one that, fortunately, is not generally followed.

"Now," he said, thoughtfully chewing a coffee-bean and spitting it out a piece at a time, to punctuate his rapid phrases, "I know a man in the East who has as safe and easy a scheme as any I ever heard of." He leaned his elbow on the counter and whispered: "He has some

"SHE HAD NOT SEEN A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL OFTEN ENOUGH TO HAVE BECOME A SERIOUS RIVAL OF THE BANK TELLERS"

'phoney' bills — you know, counterfeits — as good as the real thing. All you have to do is to buy some, and right here in your store you can get rid of them as easy as — as passing them over the counter. Shall I — shall I write for some of them?"

He tilted his chair back, and cocked his head on one side with the air of a man of the world who deals with one not born yesterday. The man from Missouri did not even wait to be

$8,000 to $10,000

YEARLY

Make Money Out of Others' Fun

Pleasing the Public Pays Big Profits and owners of our famous attractions frequently make from $8,000 to $10,000 every year. We make everything in the Riding Gallery line, from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carrousels. Bring in hundreds of dollars daily. It is a delightful, attractive, big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work.

Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. Our goods are the finest appearing, easiest running and most attractive line manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business, write to-day for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.

Park Amusement Outfitters

220 Sweeney Street, N. Tonawanda, N. Y., U. S. A.

"Used while you sleep."

for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a **boon** to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York

or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Digitized by Google

Crooked Spines Made Straight

Use the Sheldon Method 30 Days at Our Risk.

YOU need not venture the loss of a penny No matter how serious your case, no matter **what else** you have tried, the Sheldon Method will help you and probably **wholly overcome** your affliction. We are so sure of this that we will make a Sheldon Appliance to suit your special condition and let you decide, after 30 days, whether you are satisfied. We make this unusual offer simply because the 16,000 cases we have treated **absolutely prove** the wonderful benefit the Sheldon Method brings to spinal sufferers, young and old.

There is no need to suffer longer or to bear the torture of old-fashioned plaster, leather or steel jackets. The Sheldon Appliance gives an even, perfect and adjustable support to the weakened or deformed spine and brings almost **immediate** relief even in the **most serious cases.** It is as easy to put on or take off as a coat, does not chafe or irritate, is light and cool. The price is within reach of all who suffer You owe it to yourself, or the afflicted one in your family, **to find out** more about it. Send for our book **free** at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 212 2d Street, **Jamestown, N.Y.**

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

For the Scientific Treatment of

CANCER

Without the Use of the Knife

With an early diagnosis and prompt treatment practically all accessible cancerous growths are curable. When writing for information describe case in which you are interested.

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
(Formerly Drs. W. E. Brown & Son)
North Adams, Mass.
Established hirty-five years.

Time to Build Your Boat

Complete Patterns and Instructions from $2 to $12

LET us send you complete parts for a boat, shaped and fitted. Easy to assemble. Save two-thirds boat builder's price. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back Only $25 for 23-foot power boat—12 passengers—speed 9½ to 14 miles an hour. Knock-down frame with full-sized patterns to finish by. The boat season comes soon, so

Write For Brooks Boat Book

with 72 pages of illustrations and descriptions of row boats, canoes, sail and motor boats that you can build. Address

BROOKS MFG. CO., 6102 Sidney Street, Saginaw, Michigan

shown. He had been worked up to the point gradually by a personal green-goods canvass such as has seldom been attempted by the boldest operator.

Apparently there was nothing in this case except the description of the man who had worked off the green goods by going to the come-on himself. There was not even a prisoner, in this instance. The man had given the name of Isaac Havens; but then, that meant, if anything, even less than the name John Peters in the first case. Peters was at least still languishing in the New England jail.

Again Burns put himself in the place of the green-goods artist, and began to reason out just what he would do, how he would act, what his fears would be, and how he would guard against every possible danger. One thing was certain. Havens must have got mail, and he must have been very careful about getting it. Having reasoned it out that way, the reasoning took Burns immediately to the post-office, where he introduced himself to the young lady at the general delivery window.

"I'm a Government officer," he said, with a quick glance to either side to make sure that no one else was listening "Do you recall within a few weeks any mail to a man named Isaac Havens?"

Without waiting a moment, the young lady slid off her stool and opened the door. "I've been expecting you," she remarked. "Yes, I do recall it."

Burns did not take time to enlighten her that he was not a post-office inspector but a Secret Service man. Here was the track.

The man with the florid face had figured out the exact time when the reply, containing the green goods of the mysterious counterfeiter, would arrive. At the precise mail, as he thought, he had presented himself promptly at the general delivery window

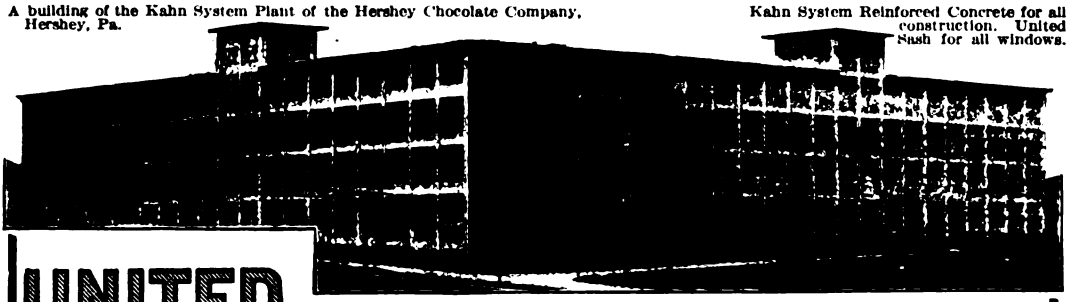
The letter had not come, but so anxious was Mr. Havens about it that he had disputed the young lady's word when she said that there was nothing for him. That was where he fell down. For, when the letter really arrived at last, she remembered all about the dispute. She had noted the cancellation time and place on the envelop, had taken the trouble to show him that he was mistaken, and, in fact, had watched all his mail. It all came from two places, both of which she remembered. One was a little town in Ohio, Milton Center. The other was Bay City, Michigan.

The track now led along a blazed trail, apparently — indeed, along two of them. But just at present Burns was more interested in catching Havens than in finding the counterfeiting plant.

Digitized by Google

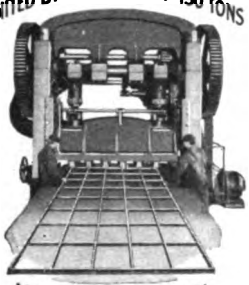
A building of the Kahn System Plant of the Hershey Chocolate Company, Hershey, Pa.

Kahn System Reinforced Concrete for all construction. United Sash for all windows.



UNITED

UNITED BY PRESSURE OF 450 TONS



MACHINE-BUILT STEEL SASH

Daylight All Day Long!

The cheapest and best light is daylight. No other enables workmen to do work so accurately, so rapidly, so economically. No sash affords more daylight than United Sash.

Ventilation to any desired extent is supplied by United Sash. Their large ventilators have double contact surfaces, shutting out the weather and saving fuel. Glazing is simplified by special spring clips.

The strength and rigidity of United Sash is exceptional. No metal is cut away at the joints. Gigantic presses unite the solid steel sections under tremendous pressure into complete perfect units,—accurate, uniform and attractive in appearance.

Write for United Sash Handbook, with tables, illustrations, and complete details. Valuable to all interested in building. Sent free, postpaid.

KAHN Building Products

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.

704 Trussed Concrete Building Detroit, Mich.

Reinforcing—Hyrib and Lath—Sash, Etc., Etc.

Get This New 1913 Book of 40 Color Views

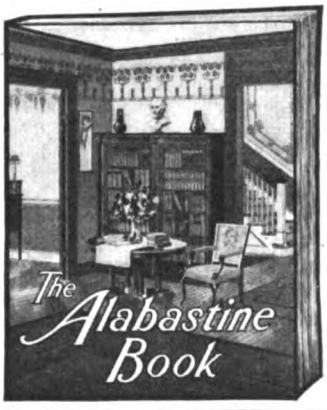
of beautiful rooms showing how to decorate your home. Tells about the valuable color sketches our designers furnish free; also free stencil offer.

Alabastine

THE BEAUTIFUL WALL TINT

will make your walls rich and artistic at small expense. Don't make the mistake of using kalsomine. Alabastine is vastly superior—does not chip or peel. Used over 25 years in preference to wall paper, paint or kalsomine. Write for 1913 Book. It's free.

Alabastine Co. 809 Grandville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich. Desk 9, 105 Water St., New York City



1847 ROGERS BROS.

MERIDEN B. COMPANY

OLD COLONY PATTERN

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., of the highest grade carry the above trade mark.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Send for catalogue "B-33"

Digitized by Google

"'NOW, ED, WE'VE BEEN STUNG. WE KNOW THE GAME. LET'S GO TO IT; LET US STING SOME ONE ELSE'"

He went to Milton Center. The trail through the post-office had proved so clear in the little Missouri town that again he decided to try it out in Ohio. But when Burns asked the postmaster at Milton Center whether there was any one in town who answered the description of the stout man with the florid face, the postmaster thought over every one of his acquaintance, but could recall no one who fitted the description.

Burns tried a new line. He asked if there had been any mail going out or coming in recently from the little Missouri town.

"Yes," replied the postmaster, who evidently kept a keen watch on the letters that passed under his eye. "Yes; Mrs. Mary Dow has a brother from whom she gets letters and to whom she writes there. By George, that's the brother you described, right enough — red face, fat, talks fast. That's the brother, all right."

"Where did his last letter come from?" ventured Burns.

"Don't seem to remember. Don't think there've been any lately."

"Well, when the next one comes, wire me."

Burns had scarcely reached Cincinnati when a two-word telegram from the postmaster overtook him. It read simply: "From St. Louis."

It required no great profundity of reasoning to arrive at the conclusion that it would be again through the general delivery that Havens would receive mail. Inquiry showed a letter already waiting for him.

A day or two later Havens puffed up to the general delivery window and asked for the letter.

"I want you, Havens," remarked Burns at his elbow.

Havens' face turned from red to purple, then almost white, before he caught himself.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed, looking at Burns as if the detective had flung down a royal straight flush on the table. "And just to think — I was on my way to trim a lot of suckers in the Southern Hotel!"

Havens was a short-card man as well as a passer of the mysterious counterfeit money.

So he of the florid face joined him of the dapper manner in jail. From him Burns managed at least to extract a little information, but it was not about the counterfeiter.

He had found another letter from Havens,

Digitized by Google

OSTERMOOR $15.

"Built—not Stuffed"

Sent You on 30-Night Free Trial—yes—a handsome, full-size mattress, 4 feet 6 inches wide and 6 feet 4 inches long, full weight of 45 pounds, best blue and white ticking, will be sent to you by express, prepaid, same day we receive your check or money-order for $15. This amount will be placed to your credit for 30 days until you have ample opportunity to prove the Ostermoor, and will be returned to you without question if you are dissatisfied. Mattresses shipped in leatherette paper and burlap, and reach you in perfect condition. You take no risk.

Write for Free Trial today or send for Free Book and samples of ticking.

Ostermoor & Co., 112 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Mattresses Full Double Bed Size

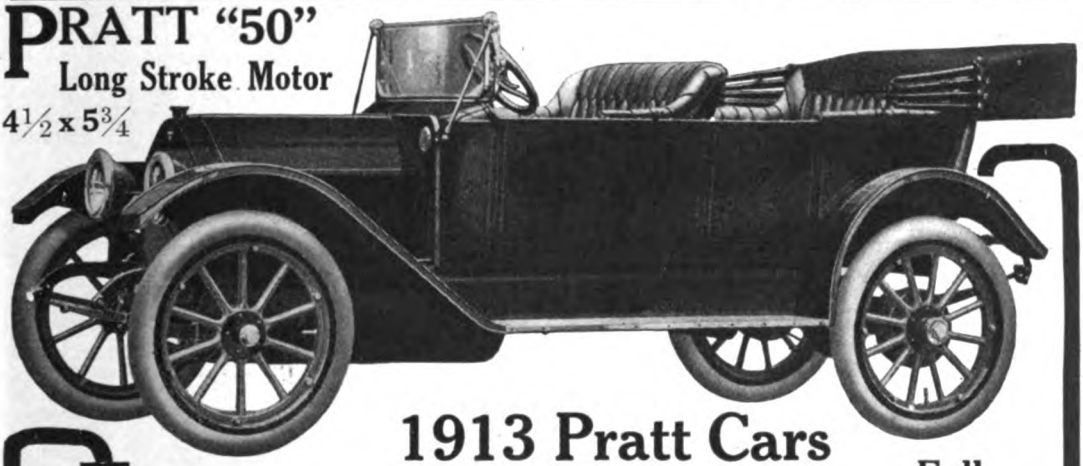
A. C. A. Ticking, 45 lbs.	$15.00
Satin Finish Ticking, 45 lbs.	16.50
Mercerized Art Twills, 45 lbs.	18.00
Special Hotel Style, 50 lbs.	23.00
Extra Thick French Edge, 60 lbs.	30.00

Express prepaid. Mattresses in two parts, 50c extra. Smaller sizes cost $1 less each size.

PRATT "50"

Long Stroke Motor

$4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$



1913 Pratt Cars

***Five Years*—Every one successful as manufacturers of automobiles**

***Forty Years*—Every one successful as manufacturers of standard vehicles**

Get Catalogue showing photographic views of all models, and giving you the standards by which to value any car. **We have a business proposition for you.** Our goal for 1913 is a "Pratt Car" in every locality. If there isn't one in your neighborhood—if there isn't a Pratt dealer near you it will be to your material advantage to write or wire and let us know.

Three Distinct Models

Pratt 50, 122-inch wheel base, electric starter and e ectric lighting system. Price $2,150.00.
Pratt 40, 120-in. wheel base, Prest-O-Starter and electric lighting system. Price $1,850.00.
Pratt 30, 114-in. wheel base, Prest-O-Starter and electric lighting system. Price $1,400.00.

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires and Demountable Rims on all. Pratt Cars are celebrated for their beauty, comfort, noiselessness and economy of upkeep.

ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MANUFACTURING CO., Elkhart, Indiana

Licensed under Dyer, patents, 657,650—885,986 and 921,963.

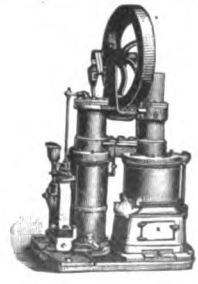
Full Equipment

Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Electric Lighting.
Bosch Magneto.
12-in. Upholstery.

Running Water In Your Home—2c. a Day

To keep fresh, sparkling water always on tap—in kitchen, laundry, bath-room—costs less than one-tenth what you pay for *heating*. And the "Reeco" Water Supply Systems require but one-tenth the care that you give your furnace or stoves.

Mr. Albert Roessing, Butler, Pa., writes that $6.00 a year pays for the operation of his "Reeco" System supplying a 10-room house.



"REECO" Water Systems

ECONOMICAL—NOISELESS—TROUBLE-PROOF—Backed by 70 years' experience

Fifty thousand satisfied owners of "Reeco" Systems—there's one near you. We will send you his name. Ask him—get first-hand information about the simplest, safest, most dependable and most economical system of water supply in the world. We install complete equipments for residences, factories, hotels, farms.

Write for Catalogue "G" to nearest office.

RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Montreal, P. Q., Sydney, Australia

Digitized by Google

Handsome skates for handsome feet, and as strong and sharp as handsome.

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Write for new catalogue No. 8, containing rules of leading Hockey Associations.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.

Factory and Main Offices: Worcester, Mass., U.S.A. Sales Rooms: New York, 84 Chambers St.
Pacific Coast Sales Agency: Phil. B. Dekeart Co., San Francisco.

Stocks to be found at LONDON, 8 Long Lane, E. C.; PARIS, 64 Avenue de la Grande Armee; BERLIN; SYDNEY and BRISBANE, Australia; DUNEDIN, AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON, New Zealand.

What of Your Future?

ARE you doing work which is laying the foundation of a successful, happy life? Or are you just drifting along, doing any work you can get, whether you like it or not?

You can't afford to disregard the future. If you are between 17 and 25—the age when you lay the foundation of your life's success or failure—you should be at work where everything you do counts.

If you feel that your present job will not lead you well on to the road to success, find out what the

UNITED STATES NAVY

will do for you. Call at the nearest Navy Recruiting Station (we will send you the address) and get the complete story. Find out everything about Navy pay, hours, promotion, the healthy life, perfect physical training, and fine class of men with whom you'll be associated. Get full details about chances to learn a trade, to see the world and to save up money. The officers and men at the Recruiting Station will answer every question. You'll enjoy meeting them and be glad you called, even if you decide not to enter the Navy.

Send for "The Making of a Man-o'-Warsman," a free book which describes the daily life of Navy men in simple language and interesting photos. Write your name and address on a post card asking for this book now—so you won't put it off and forget. Send to

BUREAU OF NAVIGATION
BOX 63, NAVY DEP'T, WASHINGTON, D.C.

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

GOLD EDGES
For Social Play
Artistic Designs
Rich Colors
New Each Year
Club Indexes
AIR-CUSHION FINISH

50¢ PER PACK

1913 OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES
Hoyle up-to-date
SENT FOR 15¢ IN STAMPS
ISSUED YEARLY

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

CLUB INDEXES
In use in all
The Civilized
Countries of
The World
For General Play

IVORY OR AIR-CUSHION FINISH

25¢ PER PACK

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Digitized by Google

written to another prospective come-on, offering to sell him the means to a fortune in green goods. Havens had not the remotest idea that Burns had the other letter, though he admitted the Missouri episode, as he would have admitted a bluff on the show-down.

"Didn't you try to sell some counterfeits once in Illinois?" insinuated Burns, mentioning a little town in the central part of that State.

Havens denied it absolutely.

"But you have been there," persisted Burns.

"Oh, yes, a long time ago. I used to know a girl there; but she's married now and moved away." He said it with the same sangfroid with which he would have held out an ace on a "sucker." Only, in this instance, Burns held the ace in his own hand.

Not long afterward he went to the town, and casually sauntered up to the desk at the Commercial House in one of his favorite rôles as traveling salesman.

"The last time I was here," he remarked reminiscently to the genial proprietor, "I met a short-card man."

"Ever play with him?" laughed the host. "Say, he skinned 'em all, he did. He used to get all the traveling men on Saturday night, and oh my, didn't he trim 'em good and proper!"

"Does he come around now?"

"No; I haven't seen him for a long time. He used to see a girl here — Bessie Clayton, down in Brown's Bakery."

Burns walked past the bakery, but again decided on going to the post-office first. One inquiry of the postmistress, an angle-faced lady of many winters, was sufficient.

"Yes," she snapped; "she used to get letters from the biggest scamp alive."

As usual, what was each one's business proved to be the postmistress' very life. Even she knew that the rapid-speaking Mr. Havens had been soft spoken also, and that he had become engaged to the girl.

"Miss Clayton," said Burns, a few minutes later, to the girl in the bakery, "did you really think that Mr. Havens was single?"

The startled look on her face told the truth better than words.

"Of course," she replied simply.

"Well," pursued Burns, slowly breaking the truth as gently as possible, for he had spent some time in looking up Havens, "as a matter of fact, he has a wife, and a son twelve years old."

When the bakery closed that night, Burns had possession of half a trunk-tray of letters. Among them was one written at the same place and at the same time, with identically the same postmark, as that on the letter to the come-on which Havens had repudiated. It was a matter of merely a moment for her to identify the handwriting of both the love-letter and the letter to the come-on. That settled the case of Havens — settled it so well that, even though later he repudiated his original partial confession, and asserted that at the time of writing the second letter he was two hundred miles away from the town where it was said he had mailed the

"PEOPLE WITH SHADY DESIGNS ON THE CURRENCY HAD OFTEN GONE TO HER FOR ADVICE AND AID"

Digitized by Google

McCLURE'S SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Learn a Paying Profession

that assures you a good income and position for life. For seventeen years we have successfully taught

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work

Our graduates earn $20 to $50 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy—living inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW!

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
945 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois

ILLINOIS, Chicago.

The University of Chicago

Home Study. 20th Year. Correspondence-Study Department offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, etc. Begin any time.
U. of C. (DIV. B).

ILLINOIS, Godfrey.

Monticello Seminary School for Girls and Young Women. 75th year. College Preparatory and Junior College Courses. Domestic Science, Music, Art. Certificate privileges. Equipment for school work and recreation purposes first class. Rates moderate. Limited enrollment. References required. Catalogue. MISS MARTINA C. ERICKSON, Prin.

EUROPE.

The Thompson-Baldasseroni **School of Travel for Girls**

13th year. Foreign residence, three periods of travel through eight countries, usual courses of study with Piano and Singing, all is included. American home comforts. October sailing.
MRS. WALTER SCOTT, Sec'y, 158 Central Ave., Dover, N. H.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address
CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 957 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN

Can be learned quickly, easily and pleasantly, at spare moments, in your own home. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. In a surprisingly short time you can speak a new language by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

combined with
ROSENTHAL'S PRACTICAL LINGUISTRY
Send for Booklet and Testimonials
The Language-Phone Method
918 Putnam Building, 2 West 45th Street, N. Y.

LEARN ABOUT OUR FREE COURSE IN SHOW CARD AND SIGN WRITING

A Great Opportunity! We are offering, for a limited time, a complete course in show card and sign writing to those purchasing our assortment of **"Litholia" Ready-to-Use Colors** This is a great opportunity for ambitious persons, either sex, to increase their earning capacity. Good show card writers in demand at $21 to $50 weekly, salary or in business for yourself. Our show card course is not a book of alphabets. It's a complete course in lettering compiled by an expert New York show card artist for us. "Litholia" is the only liquid pigment water paint ever manufactured, used the same as cake, distemper or tube colors, but far superior to either. "Litholia" lasts longer, always ready. "Litholia" is the best for the show card writer, the artist, or the interior decorator. A letter of request brings booklet, circulars, and full information.

LITHOLIA MU. COLOR CO., 71 to 81 W. 23rd Street, NEW YORK CITY

Digitized by Google

letter, attending a prize fight, still he was easily convicted.

It is not the "utterer" or passer of a counterfeit, but the maker himself, that the Government is after in all such cases. Although as yet the maker was anonymous, there was one thing certain: he must be an expert photo-engraver.

The difficulty in catching such a crook nowadays is greater than ever before, chiefly on account of the perfection of the photo-mechanical process of reproduction. In the old days of engraving by hand, a plate required a skilled workman, and the maker wrote his name all over it in little tricks of the tool. But the camera and acids lack individuality. There are thousands of photo-engraving establishments scattered all over the country, every one of them equipped completely for the making of counterfeit money up to the point of buying the paper and the ink. It is a fine tribute to the craft that so few men in it go astray. But it is imperative to catch those few.

There was nothing to do, then, but to take a trip up into Michigan to look over the plant at Bay City. Of course, the engraver would not be there. His plate was there, undoubtedly, but he himself might have been quietly working in any one of a thousand places. That was why Burns had not hurried to Michigan in the first place; it was enough to know where the plant was.

The house was on one of the older streets of Bay City, a large frame house, set up on a terrace above the level of the street. It was an old house, once the property of a wealthy family. Gradually it had sunk in the social scale to the level of the boarding-house. It had even gone lower, and for a time had descended nearly to the status of an abandoned building — ramshackle, unpainted, loose-boarded, unkempt, a very derelict of a house thrust down from genteel poverty to the under-world of real estate.

At last it had been rented by a man named Logan. No one bothered much with it, but the few who did wondered what mysterious activities were going on in its crazy attic and damp cellar, while the rest of the house, blindless and almost innocent of window-panes, seemed as deserted as ever.

Burns began quietly to study the habits, the goings in and comings out, of Logan, the man in charge. From an inquisitive neighbor or two, he obtained descriptions of men who had been seen visiting the old house, at one time or another. Havens was one of them; Peters was another. There were several others, who were as yet unknown, but most of them had not been there for a long time.

STUDY LAW AT HOME

22 YEARS OF SUCCESS. Instruction by mail adapted to everyone. FOR AMBITIOUS MEN who want to prepare for practice or who want to take our business law course so as to better their business prospects. Takes spare time only. Can refer to successful graduates, located in every section of the country. Handsome catalogue and Easy Payment Plan free.

THE SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
255 American Building, Detroit, Mich.

COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn $20.00 to $125.00 or more per week, as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of Governor Wilson with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

The Landon School of Illustrating & Cartooning.
1442 Schofield Building, Cleveland, O.

BE A BANKER

Learn a profession that will give you standing and independence. Splendid opportunities. Pleasant work, short hours, all holidays, 2 weeks' yearly vacation with pay, good salary. Diploma in six months. Lessons and text-books by Edgar G. Alcorn. Catalog free.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF BANKING, 106 Hickox Building, Columbus, Ohio

IF YOU STAMMER

attend no stammering school till you get my large FREE book and special rate. Largest and best school in the world curing by natural method. Write today.
North-Western School, Inc., Lee Wells Millard, Pres., 882 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

LAW TAUGHT BY MAIL

University Methods Theory and Practice. Faculty, PROMINENT ATTORNEYS. Three Courses, most COMPLETE EASIEST, any by mail. GUARANTEED PREPARE FOR BAR, any State. LL.B. CONFERRED by mail. Endorsed by BENCH and BAR. Write for FREE CATALOG, SCHOLARSHIP OFFER and EVIDENCE of RESULTS. McKinley University, 1517 E. 55th St., Chicago

Mr. Roosevelt

SHORT-STORY WRITING

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine.
250-page catalogue free. Write to-day.
The Home Correspondence School
145 Bosse Place, Springfield, Mass.

STAMMER NO MORE

I can cure you. Reputation world-wide. Established 16 years. Trial lesson explaining Home Instruction, with 200-page book, FREE. Answer at once.
George Andrew Lewis, 21 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

Stop Forgetting!

Good memory is absolutely essential to success, for *memory is power*. Be successful—*Stop Forgetting!* Begin your *real* training at once.

The Dickson Method of Memory Training makes you *"Forget Proof,"* develops concentration, will, self-confidence, quick thought, ready speech. Write today for my free book, "How to Remember"—faces, names, studies, also how to secure *FREE*, a copy of my $2.00 DeLuxe book, "How to Speak in Public." Address
Dickson Memory School, 753 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago.

LAW STUDY AT HOME BECOME AN LL.B.

Only recognized resident law school in U. S., Conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL. B.—by correspondence. Only law school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction, by mail. Over 450 classroom lectures. Faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers. Guarantee to prepare graduates to pass bar examination. Only law school giving Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking. School highly endorsed and recommended by Gov. Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students. Only institution of its kind in the world. Send today for Large Handsomely Illustrated Prospectus. Special courses for Business Men and Bankers.
Hamilton College of Law, 1158 Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Digitized by Google

SPEAK ANOTHER LANGUAGE
ENGLISH · GERMAN · FRENCH
ITALIAN · SPANISH

CORTINA-PHONE
"The Original Phonographic Method"
Awarded Medals—Chicago, 1893; Buffalo, 1901

Do you want to learn a foreign language by listening to it, without a costly teacher, without loss of time from regular work and at a trifling expense? If so, write at once for a **Cortina-Phone** booklet describing this marvelous method invented by the world famous scientist, Raphael D. Cortina. The outfit consists of the **Cortina** textbooks, a magnificent phonograph of the two- and four-minute type, and thirty everlasting non-breakable records.

IDEAL HOME-STUDY METHOD

Thousands have learned a foreign language by our method—just as a child learns its mother tongue—by listening to it. Always ready when you have a few moments to spare. You can learn to speak any language with its help. Write for testimonials from leading University professors and others who have used our method.

Records Furnished in Any Language
We will send the complete outfit, and if you like it you can pay for it in easy instalments.
Write for booklet giving full particulars
CORTINA ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES
Established 1882
864 Mecca Building
1600 Broadway
New York

CORTINA-PHONE

A New Hernial Appliance

This Invention Holds More Firmly, Comfortably and Surely Than Any Truss.

Sent on Trial

The new Brooks Appliance for rupture so thoroughly meets every test and every requirement that it is being ordered by the U. S. War Department and is rapidly coming to be recognized as the most reliable, comfortable and dependable support ever invented. The Brooks Appliance is fitted with an **Automatic Air Cushion** which follows every movement of the body, always covers the ruptured spot and is always where it should be to do the most good. The part of the cushion which comes in contact with the skin is soft, pliable gum rubber. It clings closely, so that irritation and slipping is impossible, and yet it is cool and comfortable because of the constant circulation of air through it. It is simple of construction, so there is nothing to get out of order—nothing that can break.

We are selling this Appliance under a positive guarantee of money refunded if not satisfactory. We do **not** guarantee to cure any more than any doctor will guarantee to cure his patient. We **do** guarantee to furnish a perfect fitting Appliance, one that will give the wearer solid comfort and retain the protrusion at all times and under all circumstances.

The purchaser is the sole judge and if for any reason whatever (which does not have to be furnished us) it is returned, the price paid will be refunded in full.

Further information regarding the Appliance, rules for self-measurements and catalog sent Free. Just send your name and address to

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.
31A State Street Marshall, Michigan

Burns was ready to act. One day he slipped alongside Logan as he was picking his way down the crazy stone steps that led from the terrace to the street. "This is a pinch!" he observed quietly.

It was a nice little printing establishment over which Logan presided down in the cellar. There was a press which had been brought in, piece by piece, and assembled quietly. There were acids, chemicals, paints, and inks for drawing in the imitation of the little red and blue silk fibers in the notes. There was the copper-plate for the seal, the numbering-machine for the numbering of the bills. There were stacks and stacks of fine bond paper, cut in the proper size for notes. There was also a small fortune of fifty thousand dollars in notes already printed. One was still wet on the press.

And there, too, was the fine copper-plate, beautifully etched, the product of the master counterfeiter himself.

Three of the gang had been landed now. The plant had been raided. And yet the net result was only adding another man who would not talk, could not be made to talk, about the one point that interested Burns. The elusive engraver of that beautiful plate, the real man of mystery, who alone of all the gang was sought as the great menace to the integrity of the currency, still not only was not caught, but was not even known. He seemed to be a mere figment of the imagination — except that there was the plate, very real and very good.

It was not until another lull in the work of the Secret Service office at Washington that Burns was able to resume following the trail of this mysterious and interesting artist-crook. With every capture, he seemed, if anything, to get farther away instead of nearer. It was as though he had been spirited off by some telepathic warning.

"I think this would be a good time to see if you can't land the man who made that plate," remarked the Chief, recalling the progress that had already been made by Burns.

The only thing to do, then, was to follow out his policy of one quiet arrest at a time, to locate the men whom the inquisitive neighbors had seen going in and out of the plant. One of them proved to be railroad man named Leonard. He also confessed, but it was just a repetition of the other cases. He was only a small part of the plot, and either did not know or would not tell anything that pointed toward the engraver. That made four, however.

The next step was learning from the others of the existence of still another member of the gang. He proved to be a small business man in Detroit, whose name was Fuerst. Then from

Digitized by Google

As Permanent as a Roof cut out of Solid Rock

Can you imagine anything more durable than a roof cut out of solid rock! Such a roof would be practically *indestructible*. Fire couldn't burn it. Acid fumes, gases, rain, snow, sun and extreme temperatures couldn't injure it.

A roof of this description—a roof that is cut from solid rock to all intents and purposes—is

J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING

This roofing is made by crushing solid Asbestos Rock and compressing the long fibres into a dense, homogeneous felt. Several layers of this rock felt are then permanently cemented together with nature's greatest water-proofer, Trinidad Lake Asphalt, making a light-weight roofing that is virtually a *solid sheet of pliable stone.*

J-M Asbestos Roofing forever rids you from the expense of repairs. *No coating. No graveling. Everlasting.* After more than a quarter century of service J-M Asbestos Roofing shows no signs of deterioration. It is the cheapest of all roofings from the cost-per-year standpoint.

Adapted to any building and any climate. Easily and quickly applied. If your dealer can't supply you, we will ship direct.

Write our nearest branch for sample of the Asbestos Rock from which this roofing is made and Illustrated Book No. 2339

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF ASBESTOS AND MAGNESIA PRODUCTS — ASBESTOS — ASBESTOS ROOFINGS, PACKINGS, ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES, ETC.

Albany	Chicago	Detroit	Louisville	New York	San Francisco
Baltimore	Cincinnati	Indianapolis	Milwaukee	Omaha	Seattle
Boston	Cleveland	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Philadelphia	St. Louis
Buffalo	Dallas	Los Angeles	New Orleans	Pittsburgh	Syracuse

For Canada—THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver 1931

CRESCA DELICACIES

To every hostess and every home-maker, we place at your disposal the distinctive foods—the rich savorsome dainties gathered at their best from all quarters of the globe, that prevent the dull monotony which threatens every home table.

Our color booklet "Cresca" completely describes and illustrates these choice products from many lands together with many unusual menus and recipes—sent on receipt of 2c stamp.

CRESCA COMPANY, Importers 352 Greenwich St., N.Y.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

For 62 years this great invention has successfully withstood the attacks of all imitators, because of original merit and continuous improvement. Latest model requires no tacks. Wood or tin rollers. The inventor's signature on every roller. Look for it. Take none without it.

Stewart Hartshorn

EVERSTICK

INVISIBLE RUBBER

The Rubbers of a Gentleman

Appreciated by men of good taste because they are suitable for all occasions, neat and serviceable. Not necessary to remove them in church or at the theatre; they do not heat the feet.

At all good Shoe Stores

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY, NEW YORK

EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of **our 1913 catalogue**—the most beautiful and complete horticultural publication of the day—really a book of **204 pages, 8 colored plates and over 800 photo engravings,** showing actual results without exaggeration. It is a mine of information of everything in Gardening, either for pleasure or profit, and embodies the results of over sixty-six years of practical experience.

To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution we make the following liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses **Ten Cents** we will mail the catalogue **and also send Free of Charge**

Our Famous 50 Cent "HENDERSON" COLLECTION OF SEEDS

containing one packet each of **Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, Scarlet Globe Radish, Henderson's Invincible Asters, Mammoth Butterfly Pansies and Giant Spencer Sweet Peas,** in a coupon envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to **$1.00** and upward.

In addition, all ordering from this advertisement will receive a copy of our new **Garden Guide and Record.** This is a handbook of general garden information, planting tables, cooking recipes, cultural directions, etc., etc., and in all is one of the most necessary and valuable of our many publications.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY.

Digitized by Google

him was learned the existence of a sixth member — a small manufacturer named Selby, who ran a little factory over in Wisconsin.

Gradually Burns was working backward toward the truth. He took a long step in that direction when he found that Fuerst and Selby had put up most of the money to finance the scheme — in short, were the "promoters," the capitalists who had backed the thing.

But even so far the Government had not intended to prosecute the six already caught. In fact, they would never have spent a moment in jail if they had "come across" with the name and whereabouts of the elusive engraver. As it was, most of them were being held merely as witnesses, for the Government was ever mindful of that engraver whose capture would be the greatest deterrent of all to any future master who contemplated taking up the trade.

So far, the men caught, as very often happens, were not thugs. Most of them were business men, artists, artisans — men who were respected, for the most part. Even the gambler stood not ill in his own fraternity.

But, as the story unfolded, it showed how great a fire the little old lady in the notion-store had quenched. A step backward toward the real mystery was taken when two more men who had been seen at the silent house in Bay City were discovered. They were two brothers, one an electrician, William Norris, the other a pressman, Edward Norris.

Now at last the trail was getting warm. For here were the men who had really conceived the scheme in the first place. A clever pair they were, these men who had laid the plans and had got the others interested. They had received their inspiration from the widow of a previous rather noted counterfeiter named Briggs, of Findlay, Ohio, and they had received it by the rather peculiar process of having been themselves stung.

Briggs had died, and his wife, Gertrude, had actually lived on his sinister reputation. People with shady designs on the currency had often gone to her for advice and aid. Among them had been the Norris brothers. Gertrude Briggs had taken them all to her heart, had given them all the benefit of her large experience, had introduced them each to a strange man who, she said, was a very skilful engraver. She had taken their money, and then, when her dupes became restless, she had showed each a letter that settled the case beyond peradventure. Having got their money, she got rid of them by the simple expedient of concocting a letter which told that some one had tipped off the Secret Service. That always settled it. The dupes retired quietly, sadder and wiser and

DREER'S
DIAMOND JUBILEE
GARDEN BOOK

IT OFTEN happens that you want something extra choice in Asters, Pansies, Petunias, Sweet Peas or other Flower Seeds or a special variety of vegetable. You may be looking for a fine Rose which you noted last summer or some out-of-the-ordinary, old-fashioned perennial or garden plant which is not known or kept in stock by the average dealer. If your inquiry as to where you will most likely find what you are looking for be made to a thoroughly posted professional or amateur, the answer nine times out of ten will be:

"You Can Get Them at Dreer's"

The Diamond Jubilee edition of Dreer's Garden Book describes and offers nearly 5000 species and varieties of Seeds, Plants and Bulbs, which include really everything worth growing in this country. Many of the sorts are illustrated, and practical cultural notes on flowers and vegetables make this book of greater value than any half dozen books on gardening.

Mailed free to anyone mentioning this publication

Dreer's Orchid-Flowered Sweet Peas—the finest of all, with immense wavy flowers in sprays of 3 and 4 blossoms each. Just as easy to grow as the common sorts. Our mixture contains a full range of colors. 10 cents per packet—20 cents per ounce—60 cents per ¼ pound. Garden Book free with each order.

HENRY A. DREER 714 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA

GLADIOLI, CANNAS, DAHLIAS, LILIES.

We are the largest growers of these in the world, and are headquarters for new classes, new forms, new colors.

The CHOICEST and BEST at Lowest Prices

FLOWER and VEGETABLE SEEDS Special stocks of standard varieties and many startling Novelties.

BULBS, PLANTS, FRUITS. The very newest, choicest and best Roses, Ferns, Shrubs, new Everbearing Strawberries, Etc.

LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG FREE.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS,
Floral Park, N. Y.

DINGEE ROSES
Sturdy as Oaks. Founded 1850

are the best. Growing plants delivered *FREE*, anywhere. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. 62 years' experience back of them. Write today for "Dingee Guide to Rose Culture"

Most reliable Rose book—86 pages. Superbly illustrated in colors. Mailed *FREE*. Describes and prices nearly 1,000 Roses and other plants; tells how to grow them. Best flower and vegetable seeds. 70 acres in hardy roses.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Box 266, West Grove, Pa.

How To Cut Living Costs

Raise your own chickens. Better eating at one-fourth cost. Serve your own fresh eggs.

Miller's Fowls, Eggs, Incubators

save you money. Backed by 20 years' national reputation for best quality and low prices, Miller's Illustrated Book, "Poultry for Profit," tells how easy you can have your own chickens and eggs. If you write at once, I will send it FREE.

J. W. Miller Co., Box 15, Rockford, Ill.

Digitized by Google

Sweet Peas

An Offer Never Before Equaled!

Six "Superb Spencers"

For 25 Cts. we will mail one fifteen-cent packet each of ELFRIDA PEARSON, the unique new light pink of huge size shown on colored plate,—THOMAS STEVENSON, the intense flaming orange,—IRISH BELLE, rich lilac flushed with pink,—also one regular ten-cent packet each of KING EDWARD SPENCER, intense, glossy, carmine-scarlet,—MRS. HUGH DICKSON, rich pinkish apricot on cream,—also one large packet (80 to 90 seeds) of **The New Burpee-Blend of Surpassingly Superb Spencers** of 1913, which is *absolutely unequaled.* With each collection we enclose our Leaflet on culture.

☞ Purchased separately these would cost 75 cts., but all six packets will be mailed **for only 25 cts.**

Burpee's Annual for 1913

A bright new book of 180 pages, it pictures by pen and pencil all that is Best in seeds, and tells the plain truth. While embellished with colored covers and plates painted from nature, it is A SAFE GUIDE, entirely free from exaggeration. Shall we send you a copy? If so, **write TODAY.** A postal card will do.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Largest Mail-Order Seed House
Burpee Buildings, PHILADELPHIA

Greider's Fine Catalogue

and calendar of pure-bred poultry for 1913, large, many pages of poultry facts, different breeds in natural colors, 70 varieties illustrated and described. Incubators and brooders, low price of stock and eggs for hatching. A perfect guide to all poultry raisers. Send 10c for this noted book. B. H. GREIDER, Box 90, Rheems, Pa.

Cyphers Co.'s Big Free Book

"*Profitable Poultry and Egg Production*" is rich with facts of vital help to poultry raisers! Tells latest methods. Fully illustrated. Write for it now.

Cyphers Incubators and Brooders

insure best success. Substantial, fire-proof, dependable. No heat or moisture troubles. Get in line for 1913—the year of poultry prosperity. Write to Cyphers Incubator Company, Dept 121, Buffalo, N. Y.

Wanted!

Johnson wants your name and address if you are interested in chicken raising. He will send you the famous Old Trusty Book, free—finest published, worth $1.00.

A Postal Brings Johnson's 1913 Old Trusty Book, Free

Tells about the incubator sensation of the world. 400,000 sold—all making big money for owners. Tells about 30 to 90 day free trial offer, 10 year guarantee. Price is less than $10.00, freight paid east of Rockies and allowed that far to points beyond. Get the Johnson's Book Free—read all the facts—see hundreds of photographs. Don't miss it. Mail a postal *now* to

Freight Paid East of Rockies That Far if You Live Beyond

Less Than $10

Johnson Incubator Man
Clay Center, Neb.

poorer. It was a clever scheme, and among those who fell into it were the Norrises.

But the Norrises were different. Instead of beating a hasty retreat in disorder, they had collected their scattered faculties, and, once having realized how neatly they had been trimmed, William, the electrician, had brought his fist down on the table before Edward, the pressman, with a resounding oath: "Now, Ed, we've been stung. We know the game. Let's go to it; let us sting some one else."

It had been an inspiring thought to look forward to the day when they, too, could bunco by the improved Briggs process. Their first move had been to get a real engraver interested. Having got the cleverest man in that line for miles around, their pressing need had been to find some one to finance the scheme. They must have some one who had money, some Maecenas who would support them. They looked about, and at last hit on Fuerst in Detroit and Selby in Wisconsin as promoters. Fuerst proved easily interested. As for Selby, one of the brothers remembered that, years before, he had had a brief criminal record himself. He had spent a few years in the penitentiary for grand larceny. True, he had lived a life of honor since then, and had never strayed from the straight path. But a threat of exposure had helped along Selby's natural cupidity. He had joined the gang.

Fuerst and Selby, promoters of low finance, never reaped a penny in return, however. They had been pouring their money down a rat-hole, like the man in the fable who sent one coin after another to bring the first one back. Nothing came back — not even a counterfeit bill. When they became restless, the Norrises, taking a leaf from the Briggs book, told them that everything was all right, that the final step would be taken soon, that all was not quite ready. They would hear something in a short time.

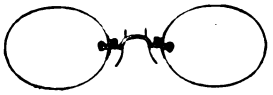
In the meantime, a disagreement broke out among the Norrises and the rest of those who were doing the actual work of counterfeiting. They began to quarrel over the division of the spoils. And in their quarrel they ignored the promoters altogether. The result had been that the precious plate had been taken quietly up to Bay City, where the paper, the press, the ink, and all the other necessaries had been secretly gathered. There they had actually started their "mint."

The promoters had promoted a double cross on themselves. They had furnished the money for their own buncoing. Which all goes to show, as Burns says, that there is no such thing as honor among thieves. However, the truth had been told to the promoters in one particular, at least. They heard. It was not by their usual

Digitized by Google

The most inconspicuous glasses you can wear

Fits-U Eyeglasses



They are so scientifically designed that they give the most perfect optical correction that it is possible to get out of a lens. They grip firmly, and yet so comfortably that you forget them the moment you put them on. It is almost as though you were wearing no glasses at all.

The Fits-u is but one of the many types of eyeglasses and spectacles made by the American Optical Company, the oldest and largest optical house in this country. Our booklet, "The Glass of Fashion," is a guide to correct eye-glass buying. We mail it free on request.

Every pair of this company's glasses is stamped with this monogram, which you should look for and demand as a guarantee of the very highest quality in both frames and mountings. You will find these glasses at your optician's. He will fit you carefully and accurately.

Address Dept. B

American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

Largest makers of spectacles, eyeglasses and lenses in the world

New York Chicago San Francisco London

Digitized by Google

Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We **Ship on Approval and trial** to anyone in the U. S. and *prepay the freight.* If you are not satisfied with the bicycle after using it ten days, ship it back *and don't pay a cent.*

FACTORY PRICES *Do not buy a* **bicycle** or a pair of **tires** from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our latest **Art Catalogue** of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our *unheard-of prices* and *marvelous new special offers.*

IT ONLY COSTS a cent to write a postal and everything will be sent you **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do Not Wait; write it NOW!**

TIRES, Coaster-Brake, rear wheels, lamps, parts, repairs and sundries of all kinds at *half usual prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. W-32 CHICAGO

Salesmen Wanted

DO YOU WANT A GOOD POSITION WHERE YOU CAN EARN FROM $1,000.00 TO $5,000.00 A YEAR AND EXPENSES?

There are hundreds of such positions now open. No former experience as a salesman required to get one of them. If you want to enter the **world's best paying profession** our Free Employment Bureau will assist you to secure a position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars; list of good openings and testimonial letters from hundreds of our students for whom we have recently secured good positions paying from $100.00 to $500.00 a month and expenses. **Address nearest office, Dept. 121**

National Salesmen's Training Association

Chicago New York Kansas City San Francisco New Orleans Toronto

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines **SOLD or RENTED ANY WHERE** at ½ to ⅓ M'F'R'S PRICES, allowing **RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE.** Shipped with privilege of examination. ☞ Write for Illustrated Catalog H

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

WORK SHOPS

OF wood and metal workers, without steam power, equipped with **BARNES' FOOT POWER MACHINERY** allow lower bids on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.
200 Ruby Street Rockford, Ill.

Money in Poultry and Squabs

Foy's Big Book tells how to start small and grow big. Describes world's largest pure-bred poultry farm and leading varieties of poultry, and gives a great mass of useful poultry information. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, brooders. Mailed for 4c **F. FOY, Box 50, Des Moines, Ia.**

Print your own cards, circulars, book, newspaper. PRESS $5, larger $18, Rotary $60. All easy, rules sent. Print for others, big profit. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, etc.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

CLARK'S TOURS

TO EUROPE

March 15 (Auto 22; April 26 and frequently after. North Cape June 10. Japan Cherry Blossom Tour, Mar. 22. Little groups with exceptional leadership

TIMES BUILDING - - - NEW YORK

IS YOUR MEMORY BAD?

Your efficiency in any line of work depends, not on what you have learned, but on what you remember. A **ready, dependable memory is the key to success in life.** Our Memory and Mind Training is simple, speedy, sure; makes you quick and confident in thought and speech. Our free booklet, **"WEST'S IDEAL MEMORY SYSTEM,"** tells how, gives proofs; also, how to obtain free the masterful book, **"PUBLIC SPEAKING."**

The National Press Association
***Dept. 112* : : Indianapolis, Ind.**

and expected underground method of communication, but in the newspapers. It was the startling information that a man named Peters had been arrested in passing the very first one of the beautiful notes that were to have made the fortunes of all of them.

One day Selby sent for Burns. He had felt the web tightening about him. One by one he had seen the members of the gang arrested. It had been too much for his nerves. Who knew when one of them might tell all? It was not much that he could tell, but that little might be just enough to save himself.

"You see," he explained, as he paced the floor and rubbed the moist palms of his hands nervously, "most of us don't know who this engraver is, except as a name, and we're not quite sure even of that. The fact is, Mr. Burns, the man who made the plate is a mystery even to us. I think his name is Sims; at least, that was the name I have overheard the Norrises mention."

"Where is he?" asked Burns, covering his eagerness with a carefully assumed nonchalance.

"Even that I don't know. I haven't the slightest idea where he can be found. All I know is that Sims has covered his tracks by working a short time in several cities and then moving on to others. But,"— and Selby paused in his nervous pacing up and down,—"I do know this. There's a girl in Detroit named Elizabeth Cornell. If you can find her, you'll find this Sims, or whatever his name is."

From city to city Burns traced Elizabeth Cornell. In each city he sought out every photo-engraving establishment, large or small. It was one of those apparently hopeless tasks that only patience and true intuition of the detective can accomplish. But the result was foreordained.

One day Elizabeth Cornell returned, apparently from nowhere, on a visit home to Detroit. From her long, wavy willow plume down to her swagger new boots, she proclaimed the prosperity of Sims. He must be working somewhere in a good position. Burns is not an expert in fashions, but he saw the possibilities of that trim tailor-made suit, and he was satisfied. It was not six hours after her arrival that he was speeding up to Wisconsin. The label in the suit bore the name of a department-store in Milwaukee. At least, that was what the Cornells' maid told a Secret Service man who had been cultivating her acquaintance on her Thursdays out.

The next morning, in a disguised Teutonic voice, Burns called up the engraving department of one of the Milwaukee papers, where a new foreman of superior ability had just been engaged.

Digitized by Google

Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

THIS is the famous Williams' Shaving Stick made more convenient than ever by the nickeled Holder Top. The Holder Top does away with the necessity of touching the soap with your fingers and affords a firm hold till the last bit of soap is used up.

THE PATENTED HOLDER TOP

Williams' Shaving Stick

You can also obtain Williams' Shaving Soap as a stick in the familiar hinged-cover, nickeled box.

For those who prefer a powder Williams' Shaving Powder yields the same rich, softening lather that has distinguished Williams' Shaving Soap.

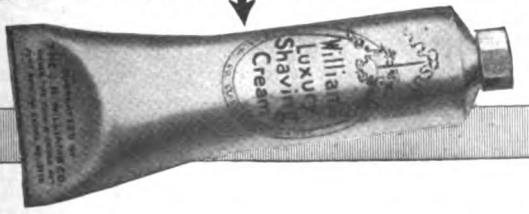
Powder

Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes) is a luxury in lather—the last word in Shaving Cream.

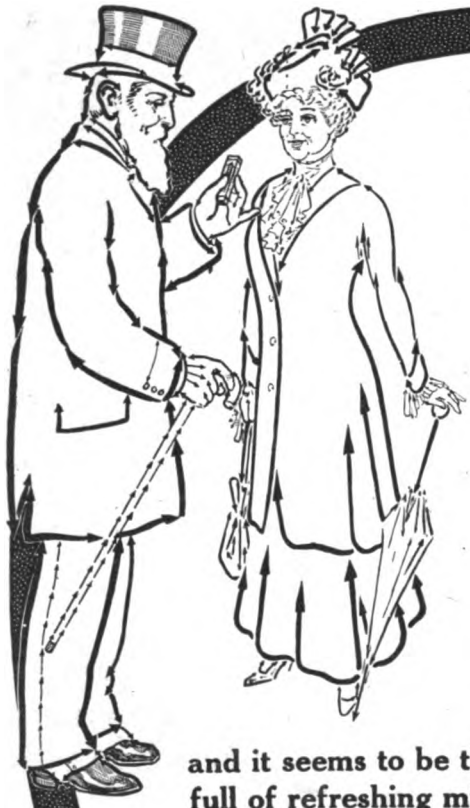
Sample of Williams' Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder or Shaving Cream sent for 4c in stamps

Address The J. B. Williams Co.
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Cream



Digitized by Google



"It's a health-seeking age. Even the pleasures are beneficial.

When I was young, we did all sorts of things we shouldn't do. Now, for instance, nearly everybody chews

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

and it seems to be the best thing they can do. It's full of refreshing mint leaf juice. I tried it and I really felt much better. It gave me an appetite—took away my heartburn—soothed me very pleasantly. It's splendid for teeth and digestion."

Buy It by the Box

It costs less of any dealer

Look for the Spear

The flavor Lasts

B. D'Emo, Adv., Chicago

Digitized by Google

"Hello, is this Mr. Sims?" he asked thickly.

"Yes," came back the hesitating reply.

"Vell, vill you call, or shall I send it — a letter for Mr. Sims at Otto's café?"

The thing appealed to Sims at once. This must be a safe method of communication adopted by his pals. He wanted to know what had happened. He would call.

A few minutes later a tall, slender young man, with light sandy hair and a thoughtful, refined face, sidled up to the bar at Otto's, and asked for the letter. Burns, who had been impatiently chewing a clove, edged up closer. From his pocket he pulled the original twenty-dollar bill that John Peters had tossed so jauntily on the counter of the little notion-store months before.

"Read that," he ground out. "You are under arrest. Now, no monkey business. The game is up, Sims."

He was a splendid young fellow, too — or at least might have been. He had done some remarkable work in his trade, was the son of a minister, and never before had engraved anything the like of which had caused his arrest. It was an actual fact that, except to two or three of the makers and utterers of the counterfeits, he was scarcely more than a name. With consummate cleverness, the Norrises had fitted him in as the main cog in the money-making machine they had devised.

Never a word did Sims say. Even after months in jail, not a syllable in the way of confession could be wrung from him. He remained a man of mystery to the end. Even conviction with the eight other members of the gang did not shake him. But his story was that of some of the greatest counterfeiters that ever lived — the downfall of a clever workman who frequented a saloon where the other fellows had laid the plans for getting rich quick by means of his skill.

And so one of the most baffling attempts ever made to debase the currency, so wide in its ramifications that the chase had extended over half a dozen States and months of time, was frustrated. Sims learned that he was not the man to break Uncle Sam's monopoly of the money business. Burns had rent asunder the veil of mystery that shrouded what seemed like a romance of crime; and he had disclosed the thing in all its sordidness. The mysterious counterfeiter was captured at last.

Another Burns story will appear in March. This is one of the additional features that McCLURE'S is now able to offer to its readers every month

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER
WINTER WINDS
with their chilling, marring, roughening breath, leave no trace on the fair face guarded by LABLACHE. It preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded. Invisible, adherent, delicately fragrant. Always a delight to women of refinement.
Refuse substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*
BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Department 19,
125 Kingston Street, - - Boston, Mass.

FAY "Ideal" STOCKINGS
We will guarantee to keep your child in Fay Ideal Stockings for less money, less bother, less darning, look better, feel better and be better summer and winter than you can with any other stocking made. Try them now. Satisfaction or money back. Button at waist, no supporters to buy. Where no dealer mailed postpaid. Write for folder.
THE FAY STOCKING CO., BOX 119, ELYRIA, O.

GOLDMAN'S Arithstyle
Handiest, Fastest, Cheapest, COMPUTING MACHINE
Adds. Subtracts. Multiplies, Divides.
Carries Automatically. Resets Instantly.
Easily moved over page, fixed to desk, carried in hand or pocket. 5 in. x 2 1-2 in. x 1 in. Weight, 36 oz. Write for Booklet. Attractive Agents' Proposition.
ARITHSTYLE CO., Suite 202 118 E. 28th St., N.Y.

THE "BEST" LIGHT
Absolutely safe. Makes and burns its own gas. Brilliant 500 candle power light. Casts no shadow. Costs 2 cents per week. No smoke, grease, nor odor. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
829-E. 5th St., Canton, O.

WHITE VALLEY GEMS IMPORTED from FRANCE
SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!
These gems are chemical white sapphires — LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices & ring measure. WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 784 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

TYPEWRITERS
FACTORY REBUILT
Remington No. 6—$27. Smith Premier No. 2—$23.
Only two of our special bargains. Have trademark and guarantee like new machines. Are thoroughly rebuilt, and perfect in appearance. Satisfaction guaranteed. We can save you $25 to $75 on any machine. Branch stores in leading cities.
Write for "The Typewriter's Confession" and catalog.
AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

THE MONTESSORI MOVEMENT IN AMERICA

A New McClure Department

CONDUCTED BY ELLEN YALE STEVENS

TWO years ago McCLURE'S MAGAZINE published an article by Miss Josephine Tozier on the work of the great Italian educator, Dr. Maria Montessori. The article described the new ideas that Dr. Montessori had introduced in education, and the success that she had met with in her first schools in Rome. At that time Dr. Montessori was scarcely known outside of a limited circle in her own country. In a few weeks, however, her name had reached practically every part of the civilized world. Few magazine articles have attracted such widespread and spontaneous interest. The press of the United States and nearly every country in Europe reprinted the article in whole or in part; letters came flowing into the McCLURE office by the thousands. Nor was this interest merely temporary. McCLURE'S still receives a large number of letters seeking information on this subject. From all over America and Europe educational experts are finding their way to Rome to learn at first hand the results of Dr. Montessori's experiments. It is perhaps in the United States that the interest is keenest — probably because of the greater attention that anything pertaining to the education and general welfare of children receives in this country.

In view of this great and increasing interest in Dr. Montessori and her method, and the fact that the American public seems disposed to turn to McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for information, the editors have decided to set aside several pages every month for a regular Montessori Department.

This department will serve as a central bureau of information regarding the progress of the movement in this country and Europe. It will also provide an open forum for discussion and an opportunity for frank and full expression of opinion. Correspondence on the subject is particularly invited. A place will be found for letters of interest, and, when possible, Dr. Montessori's own reply to special questions will be obtained.

ALTHOUGH the Montessori movement has nowhere, perhaps, taken so strong a hold upon the popular imagination as in America, it is interesting to know that other countries have gone farther in practical directions. In 1909 Switzerland began to transform its orphan asylums on the Montessori methods and principles, and in June, 1911, passed a law establishing the Montessori method in all its public schools. In 1911, Mr. E. G. A. Holmes, formerly chief inspector of elementary schools in England, was sent to Rome to investigate and report on the Montessori method. In concluding his report he says:

> Dottoressa Montessori is great because she has rediscovered Fröbel's master principle for herself, and in doing so has interpreted it anew, first in the broad and ever-broadening light of modern science, and then in the more concentrated light of her own reflections and experiments. Hence the many points of difference between the two systems.
>
> Fröbel approached education from the standpoint of theology and metaphysics. Dottoressa Montessori has been approachng it from the standpoint of modern physiology and psychology. In Fröbel's treatment of the subject there is a considerable element of *a priori* reasoning. Dottoressa Montessori's treatment of it is preponderatingly experimental. In theory Fröbel left much to the child's initiative, in practice comparatively little. Dottoressa Montessori leaves much to it, both in theory and in practice, her trust in the child's nature being the outcome of observation and experiment rather than an inference from a metaphysical assumption.
>
> In other words, Dottoressa Montessori is living a hundred years later than Fröbel, and is adapting the principle to which Fröbel devoted his life, and to which she is devoting hers, to conditions which one hundred years of scientific progress have profoundly modified.

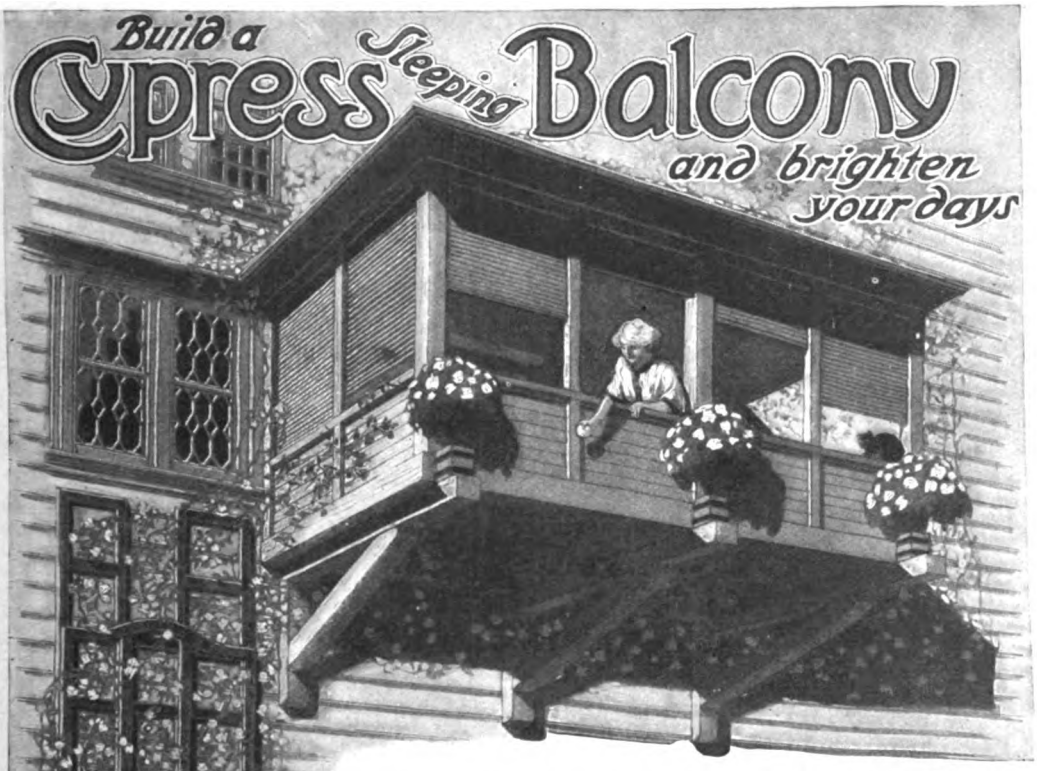
Montessori Schools in the United States

At least four schools are now established in this country with the purpose of attempting a pure application of Dr. Montessori's principles and methods to the education of American children.

Miss Anne E. George, the translator of Dr. Montessori's book, "Pedagogia Scientifica," and the first person to apply the Montessori method in this country, has established a Montessori school in Washington, D. C. This school is conducted in a Children's House, with an adjoining garden, provided by Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, where the environment aimed at in the Montessori schools of Rome is reproduced as perfectly as possible. About twenty-five children, between the ages of two and a half and five, are enrolled in the school. With Miss George, as her assistants, are Miss Roberta Fletcher, who assisted her in the Tarrytown school that she conducted last year, and Miss

Digitized by Google

Build a Cypress Sleeping Balcony and brighten your days



OUT-OF-DOOR SLEEPING MEANS HEALTHY WAKING.

CYPRESS BALCONIES
VERANDAHS and SUN PARLORS

are "the sanest enthusiasm America ever felt." You *needn't build a new house*—all you need is "a few sticks of the Wood Eternal," a hammer, a saw and some nails (or a good carpenter if you can get him) and—presto! you have multiplied the delights of the *old* home. The famous *CYPRESS POCKET LIBRARY* has again justified its status as an Authoritative Reference Work by the addition of the

ENTIRELY NEW VOLUME 35
(FREE TO ANY ADDRESS in the world)

and already sure of unbounded popularity.

IT CONTAINS 6 ORIGINAL DESIGNS, WORKING PLANS and COMPLETE SPECIFICATIONS (enough to build from) of FRESH-AIR SLEEPING QUARTERS—adapted to every sort of established home—all specially made for us by eminent architects. *Not one can be bought*—but all are at your service with our compliments.

DON'T DELAY—WRITE TODAY—for VOLUME 35.

When planning a Mansion, a Bungalow, a Farm, a Sleeping-Porch or just a Fence, remember—"*With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE.*"

Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

1201 HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

INSIST ON CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S. IF HE HASN'T IT, *LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY*

CROSBY-CHICAGO.

Digitized by Google

YOU ARE AS OLD AS YOU LOOK

"Why is not the skin of your face as fair and firm as that of your body? If you look older than you are, it is because you are not doing what you should to help nature. My exercises in

Physical Culture
FOR THE FACE

do for the face what my exercises for the body have done for the health and figures of 60,000 women. Results are *quick* and *marvelous*. In six to ten minutes a day you can do more with these exercises at home than massage will accomplish in an hour a day in a beauty p rlor."

— Susanna Cocroft.

Miss Cocroft, after years of experience, has prepared the instructions for this course, including also the care of the **Hair, Eyes, Hands and Feet.**

Wrinkles	Flabby, Thin Neck	Sallow Freckled Skin
Double Chins	Crow's Feet	Dandruff
Tired Eyes	Pimples	Thin, Oily Hair
Pouches Under Eyes	Sagging Facial Muscles	
Tender, Inflamed Feet		

and many other blemishes are relieved and overcome. The expression is invigorated, the skin cleared, the hair made glossy, more abundant, the eyes stronger and brighter, the feet comfortable, hands smooth. Our pupils look **10 years younger** after our course. Write for **FREE** booklet today.

Grace-Mildred Culture Course
624 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 8. CHICAGO

To The Consumer

¶ Every wise business man is keenly alive to the advantage of holding patronage as a first principle. The second is to gather increase.

To do this he must get and retain public confidence, and the only way this can be done is to make his wares widely known through advertising and keep them true to a fixed standard.

The regular consistent advertiser does this and always offers the best quality for the least cost.

Perkins, who is helping Miss George in the development of rhythmic exercises. In a later issue of McCLURE's Miss George will give an account of the anthropological side of her work and of the rhythmic exercises.

The Misses Blanche and Irma Weil, two sisters from the Pacific Coast, who spent last winter and spring in Rome studying with Dr. Montessori, have opened two Montessori schools in California, one in Berkeley and the other in San Francisco. The school in Mr. Vanderlip's house in Tarrytown, which Miss George described in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for June, 1912, is now under the direction of Miss Bagnell, who was associated with Miss George in this work last year.

The Montessori Training Course in Rome

Dr. Montessori's four months' training course for teachers will open in Rome on January 15. At the present writing (December 15) the following students have enrolled for the course, through the American Montessori Committee, after having given satisfactory evidence of their qualifications:

MISS ELSIE GRACE ANDERSON,
The Smead School, Toledo, Ohio.
MRS. OSCAR BAKER,
204 W. Lincoln Avenue, Delaware, Ohio.
MISS ZOE RUSSELL BATEMAN,
145 East 6th Street, Plainfield, N. J.
MISS KATHERINE BEAKES,
133 W. Main Street, Middletown, N. Y.
MISS MILDRED BIERMAN,
St. Louis, Mo.
MISS KATHERINE L. BRYARLY,
226 Amherst St., Winchester, Va.
MISS BERTHA CHAPMAN,
Baltimore, Md.
MISS ETHEL F. CLEVES,
195 Harrison Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MISS CLARA E. CRAIG,
Providence, R. I.
MISS ELIZABETH CUSHMAN,
Chestnut Hill School, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
MISS ALICE H DAMON,
Concord, Mass.
MISS LEOCADIE FARRELL,
Cresson, Pa.
MISS ELIZABETH FRASER,
145 East 6th Street, Plainfield, N. J.
MISS MARY E. GOUGH,
557 Broadway, Providence, R. I.
MISS ALICE HOPKINS,
97 Lexington Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.
MISS WINNIFRED HUGHES,
Blossburg, Pa.
MISS ANNA HULETT,
R. F. D. No. 2, Newburgh, N. Y.
MISS A. ARCHER HUNT,
The Weeng, Longmeadow, Mass.
MISS HELEN L. IVERS,
Dedham, Mass.
MISS KATHARINE JACKSON,
3224 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.
MISS MILDRED JENKINSON,
Fairview, Wolfeboro, N H.
MISS EDITH CAROLINE JOHNSON,
660 Graceland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
DR. MARY POWELL JORDAN,
Alpine, Cal.
MISS SARAH L. KENNEDY,
540 Broadway, Providence, R. I.
MISS NETTIE A. MAURER,
1223 Euclid Street, Washington, D. C.
MRS. FLORENCE MERRITT,
394 Bloor St., W., Toronto, Canada.
MISS HELEN V. PAINE,
Marblehead, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Regular night and morning care is a duty.

With Colgate's it's a pleasure too, because of the delicious flavor.

Introduce this dentifrice into your household—let each of the family have a tube. Then the twice-a-day care, which common sense demands, is assured—then sound teeth will be the rule, and better looks, better digestion and better health for all will follow. Ribbon Dental Cream is so pleasant to use that it makes care of the teeth an easily formed habit.

Get a box of half a dozen tubes from your dealer—or send us a 2c stamp for a trial tube and our booklet "Oral Hygiene."

COLGATE & CO. Dept. G. 199 Fulton Street, New York City

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

Digitized by Google

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

Devoted exclusively to the advertising of investment securities on which the public may confidently rely

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE McCLURE BUILDING NEW YORK

The Investment With Multiple Safeguards

No. 1.—The Reliability of the Investment Banker

THIS is the first and most vital point on which the careful investor should satisfy himself. Selecting a responsible investment house is the initial step toward safety. It is an old investment maxim that a thoroughly reliable house sells none but sound securities.

In selecting an investment banker, the record of the house is the purchaser's best guide. We call the attention of conservative investors to the fact that no one has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest on any security purchased of us in the 31 years we have been mortgage and bond bankers.

The successful experience we have gained in these 31 years is one of the many safeguards around the securities we sell.

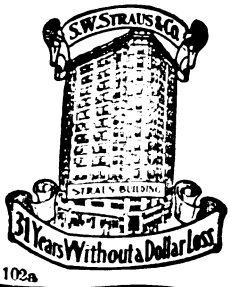
First Mortgage Bonds 5½ to 6%

We own and offer First Mortgage Bonds netting 5½ to 6%. These investments are secured by absolute, direct first liens on carefully selected, improved, income-earning, centrally-located Chicago Real Estate of the highest class. In each case the conservatively appraised value of the property is at least double the total amount of the issue of bonds.

The income from the property securing each bond issue is always more than ample to insure the prompt payment of principal and interest. The bonds mature serially in from two to fifteen years, without any release of the original security. Denominations $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000.

These bonds are legal investments for National Banks and for State Banks in Illinois and other states.

We give reasonable assurance of convertibility through our custom of repurchasing securities bought of us from our clients, when requested, at par and accrued interest, less only the handling charge of One Per Cent.



"THE INVESTORS MAGAZINE," a semi-monthly publication, together with literature of unusual value to every careful investor will be mailed on request.

A list of carefully selected issues has been prepared. Write for Circular No. 1242.

S. W. STRAUS & CO.
INCORPORATED
MORTGAGE AND BOND BANKERS
ESTABLISHED 1882

STRAUS BUILDING CHICAGO — ONE WALL STREET NEW YORK

102a

Digitized by Google

Miss Dorothy L. Peck,
1753 Orchid Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.
Miss Isa H. Robertson,
2605 Main Street, Quincy, Ill.
Miss Belle F. Stein,
St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Gertrude Talbot,
42 East 28th Street, New York City.
Miss Maria P. Templeton,
112 W. Arch Street, Marquette, Mich.
Miss Edith P. Tiemann,
157 E. 81st Street, New York City.
Miss Janet S. Townsend,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Helen Reynolds Tracy,
1400 Clinton Avenue, New York City.
Miss Eva M. U. Tully,
Box 62, Northvale, N. J.
Miss Lucile Le B. Walthew,
4324 Maryland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Miss M. J. Waring,
141 Meeting Street, Charleston, S. C.
Miss Alice Erwin Watson,
404 N. 10th Street, Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Miss Leila M. Wilhelm,
Care R. A. Shaw, 41 Park Row, New York.

As will be seen by a study of this list, fifteen of the United States, and Canada and the District of Columbia are represented. This insures a wide distribution of the training in this country later.

In addition to these students, several Americans have already gone to Italy for this purpose, and a group will also go from England.

Mrs. A. Reno Margulies, head of the Reno Margulies School for the Deaf, in New York City, will go to Rome, at the request of Dr. Montessori, to assist her in the organization of the training classes. Mrs. Margulies' familiarity with Italian, French, and English, her friendship for Dr. Montessori, and her knowledge of conditions both in Rome and in this country, will make her help most valuable, not only to Dr. Montessori but to the American teachers. Her years of experience in teaching children who are physically or mentally deaf give her a point of view in regard to Madame Montessori's theories that few others can have.

Dr. Montessori has carefully planned a comprehensive course which will include thirty lectures, thirty hours of practice work, and fifty observation lessons in the Case dei Bambini and twenty municipal schools that will be open to the class.

A full description of the course after it has been started, written by one of the teachers enrolled, will be published in a later issue.

In giving wide publicity to the Montessori movement through magazine articles, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has had but one purpose. It has been guided by the same motive that led to the publication of such articles as Miss Jane Addams' series on "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil," Mr. Burton J. Hendrick's articles on the work of the Rockefeller Institute, and Miss Edith Wyatt's articles on the Working-girls of New York — the desire to satisfy the interest of the public in the great movements and problems of the modern world.

6% BONDS

of a Fundamental Industry

Secured by first mortgage on a ship-building plant and dry dock in an important Great Lakes port. The bonds amount to only 50% of the value of the Company's fixed assets and mature serially from three to fifteen years. The property's income is highly satisfactory and is augmented by substantial subsidies. The ownership of the Company's stock is in exceedingly strong hands. The location, in a rapidly growing population center with tributary industries and shipping steadily increasing, combines with the above-recited facts to make these bonds an unusually safe investment.

Ask for Circular No. 794D.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(Established 1865) Borland Bldg., Chicago

6% NET

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $300 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 718. $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kans.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

by Rev. E. E. HALE, D. D., and other Unitarian literature Sent FREE. Address M. C., Arlington St. Church, Boston, Mass.

IGNORANCE of the laws of self and sex will not excuse infraction of Nature's decree. The knowledge vital to a happy, successful life has been collected in "SEXOLOGY,"

A BOOK FOR EVERY HOME

(Illustrated)

By William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.

It contains in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

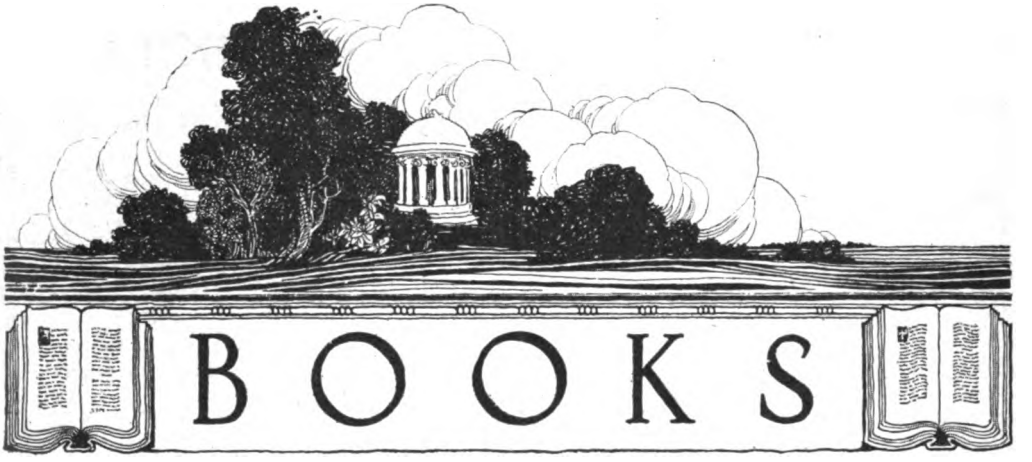
"Sexology" is endorsed, and is in the libraries of the heads of our government, and the most eminent physicians, preachers, professors and lawyers throughout the country.

All in one volume. Illustrated, $2 postpaid

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents

PURITAN PUB. CO., 756 Perry Bldg., PHILA., PA.

Digitized by Google



The Reef

In "The Reef" (Appleton) Mrs. Edith Wharton tells the story of a girl who learned what the high cost of living means (when one chooses to be morally extravagant), a young man who was an accomplished but unlucky liar, and a very good woman with a highly sensitized imagination and no sense of the humor in situations. If she had possessed it, some one other than Mrs. Wharton would have written the story and it wouldn't be seen in the public libraries.

Mrs. Wharton's lack of humor is at the same time her saving grace and her tragedy. "The Reef" is one of the best examples of this paradox and incidentally of her brilliant vivisectionist style.

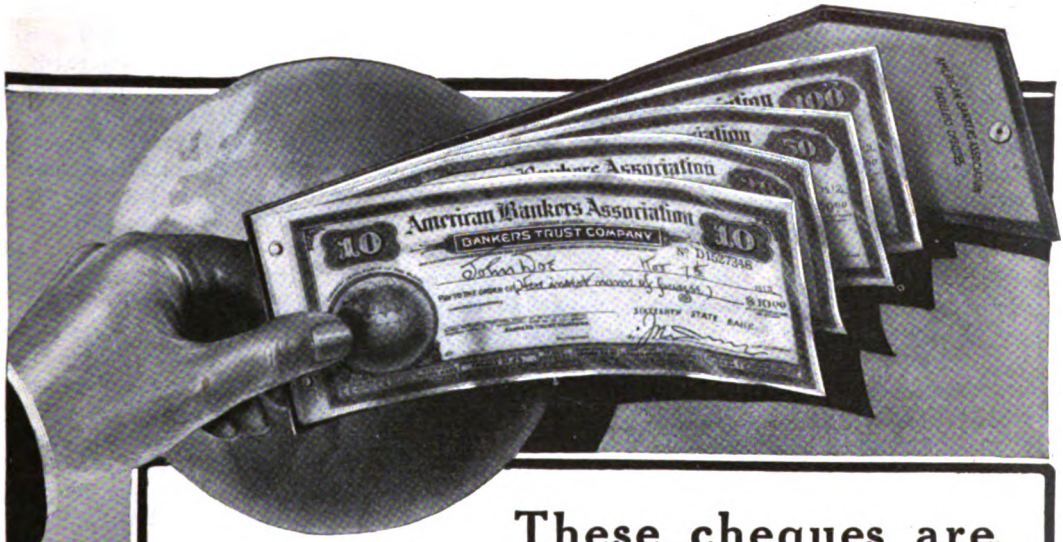
She pictures in George Darrow an ordinarily exemplary young American in the diplomatic service in London, well educated, cultivated, and popular. In Anna Leath she portrays a beautiful young widow of guarded instincts, tranquil life, and serene mind. Conservatism and axiom supplied her formulae of existence. She and Darrow had been youthful sweethearts, and their meeting early in her widowhood rekindled in him the old passion, in her the slow acknowledgment of a possibility. Came a misunderstanding, and Darrow in dull disappointment took the first expedient offered him for diversion. This chance happened to be Sophie Viner, lovely, lonesome, and with temporary leisure. Voilà! Four months later Darrow made the visit of reconciliation to the country home of Anna Leath. His arrival was the beginning of many discoveries — first, that Anna loved him; second, that her little daughter had a new governess; third, that her stepson was engaged to marry the new governess; fourth, that the new governess was Sophie Viner! Could one meet a situation more heavily fraught with humor? Given any other writer than Mrs. Wharton and there would be a laugh in every line. It would be dramatized by an adept in French farces and give delight to thousands of tired business men!

As it is, however, Darrow began to lie, painstakingly, earnestly, sincerely, almost successfully; but there were too many corners to be turned, and gradually the inevitable truth was out. Then Mrs. Wharton turns upon her hapless victims and, with her unique and scrupulous attention to every mental detail, proceeds to apportion and inflict the penalties. To recite them would be to defraud the writer and the reader. It is enough that Mrs. Wharton has produced one of her most adroit and scintillant dissections of the human relation. She has made of Anna Leath an extraordinary study of awakening impulses in a woman; a most sympathetic and frankly human creation in Sophie Viner; and of Darrow a philosopher whose creed for once went astray. He overlooked the exigencies of chance.

The Valiants of Virginia

She is of bold courage who sets at the head of her romance the ill-omened word, "Failed!" But did not Hallie Erminie Rives produce "Hearts Courageous"? And is not her pulsing pen ever attuned to high romantic emprise? Assuredly. And so John Valiant, gorgeous hero of "The Valiants of Virginia" (Bobbs-Merrill), smote that ogre "Failed" between its goggling eyes, turned over his last three million dollars to his father's creditors, fired his chauffeur, cranked up his car, and, with a paltry roll of bills and a white bull pup, motored back to the Valiants' ancestral estate in Virginia. He hadn't known that he possessed any such thing — was quite annoyed by the fact at first; but John Valiant didn't

Digitized by Google



These cheques are accepted for travel bills all over the world.

You can use them like actual money and they are safer to carry. You can pay your hotel bills with them; your railway and steamship fares. You can make purchases with them in the principal shops. And you can cash them without charge in any one of 50,000 banks.

"A. B. A." Cheques

An international currency—a money good in all countries—has always been needed by tourists. "A.B.A." Cheques supply that need. They are accepted in every civilized country because they are known everywhere to be as "good as gold," and because your signature identifies you.

Your traveling money is SAFE if you carry it in "A.B.A." Cheques. If stolen or lost your cheques can be replaced. Without your signature, they are useless to a thief. They are protected against crooks by the William J. Burns National Detective Agency

"A.B.A." Cheques are issued in $10, $20, $50 and $100, convenient for daily expenses and purchases. Each is plainly engraved with its value in the currency of the principal nations. You always know just how much foreign money each cheque is worth.

"A. B. A." Cheques are distinctly an American institution, particularly suitable for American travelers. They are issued by thousands of American Banks. They are the only travelers' cheques accepted, under the law, in payment of United States Customs duties.

Get them at your bank.

Ask for descriptive booklet. If your bank is not yet supplied with "A.B.A." Cheques, write for information as to where they can be obtained in your vicinity.

BANKERS TRUST CO. New York City

Digitized by Google

know how to work; in consequence this trivial matter gained importance. It meant the food necessary to preserve the lines of that symmetrical body.

Once back in Virginia, where the lurid Sunday newspapers of New York had planted the rumors of his incarnadined dalliance with that will-o'-the-wisp, Notoriety, he was greeted with repressed courtesy and mint juleps. Under this sharp stimulant, John Valiant started in to retrieve the family fortune and rehabilitate the old manor, Damory Court. He attended to the flower-beds first, as a retriever usually does, and by the time he had sowed his first paper of pansy seeds, bought a peacock, and put some resentful goldfish into the fountain, he had been bitten by a moccasin, saved by a wildly beautiful girl who loved red, red roses, and had won his position of high esteem among the gentry.

After which the romance rhapsodizes along, as Rivian romances will, threading its way among Kemble pickaninnies, fried chicken, foxhounds, duellos, and sad, sad memories, to its glorious, just-in-the-nick-of-time finale.

John Valiant is probably one of the most beautiful of the dilettante school of men who come back. Seldom have we been given such impressive pictures of grim, grinding determination to succeed under a crushing load of misfortune as these of John Valiant planting with his strong white hands moon-flowers and madonna lilies around the sun-dial, or sitting in the wildwood watching his valuable walnut trees grow. Perhaps the mint juleps were at the bottom of it, although it isn't mentioned.

It is certain that your tears will be shed, that your pulses will quicken, that your fingers will tensely clench, and that the smile will follow the tear; for it is all so wonderfully, so irretrievably romantic.

There are several illustrations — each one good for a laugh.

Why Go to College

Perhaps one of the best arguments for going to college is the recognition by the non-collegian of its value — how else can one explain the heavily gilded Carnegie and Rockefeller foundations — granting, of course, that no motive other than pure and impersonal philanthropy prompted them? And, after the evidence is all in, the value of going to college is altogether a matter of the point of view and of personal ideals. Horace Greeley vigorously damned the college graduate — the New York *Times* employs sixty. Some men go to college because they think they will have a practical use for an education after graduation; others because they don't know any better — the reasons are legion. Some men are made by it, some broken.

But the question is eternal; therefore Clayton S. Cooper's book, "Why Go to College" (Century) has its excuse. The title is declarative, not interrogative. So far as one can go in applying a general theorem to the personal equation, this book will be of use. The chapter on "Education à la Carte" is especially significant and impressive, in this era of specialization and classical decay, in its argument for collegiate personality. It rouses a bit of curiosity as to what a Rockefeller or a Carnegie, stripped of their platitudes and their Pritchetts, really would offer to the college youth. Perhaps it is best as it is — better Carnegie with his Pritchett than an Archbold with his Day. "Why Go to College" is a worthy and sincere endeavor, but you'll have to decide for yourself in the end.

Egyptian Days

"Egypt," said a young gentleman unhappily, "is the place that has fleas — I've been there." But Egypt also has other things: manufacturers of antiques, beggars, trolley-cars, railroads, extensive irrigation projects, German tourists, and electrically lighted tombs of Theban kings — all of which, save the tombs, are things to be avoided while one strives in the hopeless task of translating the glamor of this ancient land — the ripeness and ruin of thirty-four hundred years. Bold the man who tries it, and credit to him if he conveys but a hint of the haunting enchantment of its hoary temples, pylons, and immortal imagery.

This Philip S. Marden has done in "Egyptian Days" (Houghton, Mifflin). It is a diary that does not bore; it is informative without being statistical; and it is written in a casual, informal style that pleases and conveys an atmosphere — Rameses becomes something other than a cigarette. But the fleas remain!

As an accommodation to our readers we will, on request, gladly supply any information or answer any questions concerning any books. Address Book Service Department, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, *251 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.*

Digitized by Google

Big Ben

The Sunrisers' Club of Successful Men.

EVERY morning — about the land — there is a bunch of get-there men who are off the mattress at the first crack of a bell.

They swing down to their work with cheek aglow—with grit afresh—with eye alight—they're the Sunrisers' Club of Successful Men—most are acquainted with Big Ben.

They've left it to him to get them up in the world — and he's done it so loyally, so cheerfully, so promptly, that he's already sleepmeter to two millions of their homes.

Big Ben's the clock for get-there men. He stands 7 inches tall, massive, well-poised, triple plated. He is easy to read, easy to wind, and pleasing to hear.

He calls just when you want and either way you want, *steadily for 5 minutes or intermittently for 10.*—He's two good clocks in one, a dandy alarm to wake up with, a dandy clock to tell time all day by.

Big Ben is sold by 18,000 watchmakers. His price is $2.50 anywhere in the States, $3 00 anywhere in Canada. If you can't find him at your jeweler's, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you attractively boxed and express charges paid.

Digitized by Google

"What do I care
for snow or sleet,
My tummy is full of
CREAM o' WHEAT."

Painted by James Leslie Wallace for Cream of Wheat Co. *Copyright 1913 by Cream of Wheat Company.*

Digitized by Google

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME XL No. 5 MARCH, 1913

THE ELEGANT DE FRONSAC

BY

LEONARD MERRICK

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER

Mr. Leonard Merrick, the author of "Whispers About Women," is now placing all his talents within reach of the readers of McCLURE'S. Here is the first of a new series of short stories that treat with ingenuity and incomparably delicate humor the foibles of some twentieth-century types.

LIKE many another poet, Théophile de Fronsac made a reputation before he made a living. But, though his publishers knew his address to be undesirable, they did not know that he lodged in an attic; they did not know that he buttoned his coat because he had pawned his waistcoat, and that under his patent-leather boots his feet were bare. Even his associates did not know it — indeed, there were writers no poorer than himself who talked enviously of the money he made. And that was de Fronsac's single solace. His hereditary dignity forbade him to confess his straits to the bohemian circle; he liked to pose in it elegantly as a poet who was well-to-do.

One person only knew the grim facts about de Fronsac — Mariette, the daughter of his concierge. In her he confided. And when his plight had grown so desperate that he changed his name and disappeared from Paris, only the devoted Mariette knew where he had gone.

He had become a cook.

Yes; by a stroke of irony, this poet, who had nothing to eat, possessed a skill in cookery, acquired during a less penurious youth; and, although the ignominy of the resource had wrung his withers, there had been a crisis when he crept to a *bureau de placement* and offered himself as chef at the wages of a *bonne-à-tout-faire*.

It was thanks to the modesty of his demands that he had found a situation.

Madame Dolidon had never boasted a chef before. She lived economically in Meudon-Val-Fleury, where she bowed stiffly and was spoken of as being very "proud." Her husband also had that reputation. The long-nosed Mesdemoiselles Dolidon put on a good deal of side, too. The proposal of a male cook attracted the lady much, and when it transpired that the very superior "Dupont" was actually willing to come for forty francs a month, the prospect of her neighbors' jealousy enchanted her to such an degree that she dispensed with a character

Copyright, 1913, by The McClure Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

Digitized by Google

"FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HER MARRIAGE, SHE ENCOURAGED A DOMESTIC TO CONFIDE PRIVATE MATTERS TO HER EAR; AND THE GRACEFUL AMBIGUITIES WITH WHICH DUPONT PARRIED THE ENCOURAGEMENT PIQUED HER INTEREST MORE STILL. IN SHORT, THIS BLAMELESS MATRON WAS GROWING SENTIMENTAL ABOUT HER COOK"

Digitized by Google

on the spot. As in France nobody ever tells the truth about a servant, for fear of an action for libel, she, of course, waived nothing of any consequence.

Under the name of Dupont, Théophile de Fronsac entered Madame Dolidon's service on the ninth day of May. His mortification was intense, and he did not attempt to decide for how long he was prepared to endure his descent in the social scale; but he enjoyed his meals, in spite of it, and began to put on flesh. Truth to tell, the novelty of being amply nourished was so welcome that at the end of the first week, when his employer remonstrated with him upon the quantity of butter that he used in his sauces, he trembled lest she was about to discharge him.

Now, the quantity of butter that he had been using was prodigious — to say nothing of the cream; and if his predecessor, Augustine, could have overheard madame's remonstrance, she would have been struck dumb with amazement at its gentleness. For Madame Dolidon had become conscious of a new and startling interest in her life. Her chef's melancholy eyes, his romantic bearing, impressed her, against her will. For the first time since her marriage, she encouraged a domestic to confide private matters to her ear; and the graceful ambiguities with which Dupont parried the encouragement piqued her interest more still. Never had she visited the basement so often as now. In short, this blameless matron of middle age, this unimpeachable wife and exemplary mother, was growing sentimental about her cook.

And her pride suffered sorely to perceive it. The poet's dignity smarted in the kitchen, and the lady's in the parlor.

No one can question that her self-respect would have impelled her to dismiss him in any case, but the tradesmen's accounts precipitated the scene. De Fronsac, being an artist, could no more stint the butter for his dishes than he could measure the ink for his odes. At the end of two months the climax came.

"I will economize!" he vowed, paling.

"You have promised it often," she reminded him, with a sigh. "No; this time, we are determined, we must lose you! I make no reproaches. With us a chef was an experiment; you were a temptation by reason of your terms. But the bills are appalling, and we must revert to a bonne."

After a despairing silence, during which he saw again his attic and a crust, the poet asked forlornly: "Would madame consent to retain me if I stayed for nothing?"

The matron caught her breath. She trembled. She could not doubt that the fascination was mutual, and for some seconds emotion held her dumb.

"No," she said heroically; "the bills forbid!"

"Kismet!" groaned the chef. "Madame desires to give me my eight days' notice?"

"We have resolved," she said, "to pay you the eight days' money instead; we must part with you at once."

Well, after all, he was possessed of nearly ninety francs! De Fronsac did not repine very long. As the train jolted him into Paris, he on the whole rejoiced to feel himself a man again. His haunting terror was lest the explanation of his absence should ever be whispered on the boulevards. If, even in years to come, his secret leaked out, he was sure he would drain poison or drop into the Seine. He affirmed this to Mariette again as soon as he arrived, and Mariette cried: "How can it leak out unless I betray you?" and became very dramatic indeed.

"If she should poke and pry, that fat woman in Meudon?" said de Fronsac gloomily. "I have an idea that she smelt a rat; she was always trying to pump me."

"Ah! When you were alone?" exclaimed Mariette in another voice. "Tell me, did you, by any chance, break any china?"

"Often. Why?"

"And she never stopped it out of your wages? *Mon Dieu*, how blind you are! She was making up to you, the fat woman; that is all. It is well you have returned to me!"

It was well, so far as it went; but the ninety francs did not last for ever, nor did the flesh that he had put on at Meudon-Val-Fleury. The time came when de Fronsac was even gaunter and whiter than he had been before he went there.

One day he lay abed. In itself this would not have been surprising; but he turned from the *charcuterie* that Mariette had purloined from her mother's meat-safe.

"I have no appetite," he murmured. And at these unprecedented words she fled for a doctor.

His diagnosis was definite.

"Monsieur," he announced, "you are sinking for the lack of nourishment. I recommend bouillon, fish, chicken, and a little Burgundy." Then, as a matter of form, he wrote a prescription.

An ironical laugh came from the bed, and Mariette burst into tears.

"Come, come," said the doctor, dropping his nonsense. "Providing it is regular, almost any wholesome diet will do! But it *must* be regular.

Digitized by Google

Otherwise —" His shrug betokened undertakers.

Unhappily, Mariette's interest in the top-floor tenant was not shared by her mother, and the best the girl could do that evening was to annex an egg and pretend that she had broken it. De Fronsac bade her resign herself to the prospect of a "beautiful room" being "to let" shortly; but she stamped her foot, and all night she racked her brains. She racked them to such purpose that she produced an idea.

In the early morning the poet heard himself addressed, and fancied that it was the voice of de Musset inviting him to dinner.

"Such an honor!" he stammered.

And Mariette exclaimed piteously: "Do not, I pray you, become delirious, just when I have an inspiration!"

She began by intimating, modestly enough, that her scheme was not original. In a newspaper, long ago, she had read of a good-for-nothing who had simulated insanity, with a view to obtaining free board and lodging in an asylum. His histrionics had been indifferent, and he had been detected and kicked out.

"But you," she continued, with an encouraging smile, "you could pull it off quite easily! You have culture, you have taste, you have artistic sensibilities. To you it would be as simple as shelling peas."

"Your simile is harrowing, my child," said the poet, a twinkle in his hollow eyes. "It evokes a vision of roast ducklings. Further, I am *not* a good-for-nothing: I am a man of honor, and a de Fronsac."

"You are a genius, and in such a pass you are entitled to be fed by the state!" she cried.

"Eve!" he rejoined. "And now you are making me dream of fruit!"

"What original poems will occur to you in an asylum!" persisted the temptress. "Why, I see you coming back bubbling with the weirdest notions! And one day you could send to the institution, anonymously, a handsome gift."

"I have no longer the physical force; I am too weak to mop and mow."

"There would be no need to rave. Hallucinations or idiocy would suffice."

"For an idiot I could never be taken. As for hallucinations, they would require more wit than remains to me — not to mention the fatigue of the rehearsals. Occupy yourself with me no more, my faithful friend; permit me to starve in peace!" He turned his pillow, and slept.

By and by Mariette came back with a glass of milk and a new suggestion.

"Do you think you could lose your memory?" she asked.

"'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished," said the poet, quoting Hamlet in French.

"If you could suffer from troubles of memory," she went on, "you might be introduced as a victim of absinthe. I am sure you look odd enough, and it would necessitate no rehearsals for you to lose your memory. I have been making inquiries discreetly of the wife of the *charbonnier* — he used to drink. I find that you would have nothing to do but to present yourself at the establishment and say that you desired to be cured. The *charbonnier's* wife tells me also that the life is most agreeable — as good as staying in a hotel."

"Really?" said de Fronsac, with interest. "Perhaps she exaggerates?"

"She assures me that her husband had such a good time that he has detested work ever since. Do you know what I mean to do? I am going there to make an application for you, as soon as I have changed my frock! And if all she says is true, if there are no delays or difficulties, you begin your cure to-morrow morning." He essayed to speak. "Do not argue! Go to sleep again, and be glad you have some one with a head on her shoulders to look after you. All is said!"

It was in these circumstances that Théophile de Fronsac took a step that led to the most unforeseen and undesired publicity.

Mistakes, as the press has put on record, happen in the best regulated institutions, and de Fronsac was "passed." After that, he found that nothing was expected of him but to express a strenuous craving for absinthe that he did not want; and, as he had seen something of the absinthe craving in others, he described his symptoms very nicely. All was going well, and he was getting as plump as a partridge again, when a fellow patient accosted him in the following words:

"Good morning, Humbug!"

Now, considering the nature of the place, de Fronsac would have dismissed the greeting with an indulgent smile; but the patient's leer was too significant.

"I do not understand you," he replied haughtily.

Whereupon the other, who resembled a monkey more than a man, placed his finger upon his nose and tapped it with derision. The poet turned pale. His tormentor then uttered a singularly disagreeable laugh, and, linking his arm in de Fronsac's, proposed that they should take a little promenade round the recreation-

Digitized by Google

"'DO NOT,' MARIETTE EXCLAIMED PITEOUSLY, 'DO NOT, I PRAY YOU, BECOME DELIRIOUS, JUST WHEN I HAVE AN INSPIRATION!'"

yard; and, because he was afraid to say no, the impostor said that he would be very much pleased to do so.

"My name is Pierre Péricat," volunteered his companion. "By profession I am a rag-picker, a calling which, I assure you, is prettier than picking flowers."

De Fronsac breathed again. The fellow was, after all, out of his mind! He wondered what was Péricat's specialty.

"Hallucinations," said Péricat, as if divining his interest, "hallucinations are my affair! And they are unique — so natural, so heart-rending. When I am otherwise than sane — this is one of my lucid intervals — I shriek at the sight of any person wearing white. Whether it be a nun in her cap, a servant in her apron, or a workman in his blouse, I imagine that it is the spirit of my wife who died. It is very pathetic; everybody pities me much."

"Supposing," said de Fronsac suavely, "we walk in the shade?"

Péricat cast a cunning glance at him. "What, don't you twig? You and I ought to understand each other very well! But wait till you have seen me carry on — you will begin to wonder whether I am not really dotty. You should have seen my crematorium farce!"

"Your what?"

"Are you going to tell me you have not heard of a body being cremated? I once witnessed it, and it upset me shockingly. Well, the slightest illumination recalls it to me — the flicker of a match in my presence has been known to disorganize the whole asylum. It took three attendants to pick me up and put me into the jacket. But I found the jacket most uncomfortable; I shall not favor them with my crematorium agonies again. What is your own little comedy?"

De Fronsac jumped.

"My complaint? I am suffering from frequent loss of memory, caused, I am ashamed to say, by my excesses. Had I listened to advice, I should not have been brought here."

And again Péricat tapped his nose.

The man's suspicion would have made de Fronsac very uneasy if he had not repeated to himself that the man was a lunatic; and, even as it was, he sought to give him a wide berth. But Péricat was persistent in his friendly atten-

Digitized by Google

tions; one would have said that he had conceived a warm affection for Théophile.

"I can not shake him off," the victim complained, when Mariette paid a visit there. "He takes my arm all day! It is no joke, believe me!"

"What does it matter?" she said. "Remember how nicely you are getting on. Soon you will have rosy cheeks."

He grimaced. "It is not due to the variety or excellence of the cuisine. Your friend, the *charbonnier's* wife, is a liar. The monotony of the life! And when I am not hiding from this Péricat, I am positively pinned to his side. He insists that we have a great deal in common, because he is a rag-picker and I am a poet."

"You have exchanged confidences with the poor demented creature?"

"'Confidences' is too large a word; but, naturally, I have talked. I tell you, I can not get rid of him! I can not promenade in silence! Don't you think that by this time I might find my memory so much improved that I could say I wanted to go?"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Not yet. You would be sure to fall ill again! Now that you are here, for goodness' sake, wait until your health is thoroughly reëstablished. Do not play ducks and drakes with an opportunity like this; make the most of it, I implore you!"

At that moment Péricat passed by, and, regarding both with his wicked little eyes, solemnly tapped his nose.

"What does he mean?" asked Mariette under her breath.

"Mad!" said de Fronsac, still wishing to believe it. "Mad as they make them!" But his mind misgave him.

And no later than the following day a detective declared Péricat to be as sane as anybody else. He was identified as the owner of some property,—a clasp-knife that had been left between a citizen's shoulder-blades,— and it was manifest that he had sought temporary shelter in the asylum with a highly intelligent view to a plea of insanity if the crime were brought home to him. He departed from the premises, escorted by two agents of the police; and the authorities whom he had duped, and who foresaw uncomplimentary things being written in the newspapers, looked extremely pensive.

The sensational arrest disturbed de Fronsac, too. More than ever he was convinced that it was none too early for him to be "cured," and he betook himself to the medical superintendent's office as soon as it opened next morning.

"But certainly," acquiesced the doctor, "if you wish it! You are free to go as you came. Your case is not one of involuntary detention."

So warmly gratified was the poet by this prompt response that he shook the gentleman's hand and expressed himself enchanted with his visit. He said that it was only because his friends were missing him so poignantly that he regretfully brought it to a close.

"Then why," demurred the doctor generously, "do you not stay until the probability of a relapse is not so strong? I speak as a friend. In six months you would perhaps have freed yourself from the vice."

"Oh, I have lost it, monsieur," asseverated the poet. "I assure you that I have no craving whatever now! I feel that I shall never touch the abominable stuff again."

"Now you are talking like a child, *mon ami!* I would wager that you will require treatment again and again — and on each occasion it will be more difficult. One day your memory will serve you not at all! Ah, you shudder? Your mind recoils from such a horror? Well, be discreet, then, and remain until we have done more for you."

His gaze was so kindly behind his glasses, his tone was so sympathetic, that de Fronsac stood, at a loss for a reply.

"Oh, monsieur," he began — and blessed the telephone bell for interrupting them.

"*Allo! Allô!*" cried the doctor. "Yes, it is I, Blanchard himself!" He listened, and started violently. "What?" His face turned crimson with chagrin. "Impossible!"

As if the weight of the receiver wearied his right hand, he took it in his left. His glance met de Fronsac's, and there was something new in it that de Fronsac did not like. "We await you!" said the doctor briefly. And the next, with a sudden movement, he turned and caught the poet by the wrist.

"So!" he shouted furiously. "That is the explanation of your sudden eagerness to return to your friends? Well, you will see one of them more speedily than you expected! Péricat has given you away, you scoundrel. Péricat has confessed that it was you who incited him to stab the old man! And this fraud you both practised upon an honorable institution was also your idea, was it? Very ingenious, my young bandit! You have been 'enchanted,' have you? You were regretful to leave? You will be more regretful in the prison to which they come to take you!"

At just what point of the tirade the crowd had been summoned, de Fronsac was too dazed to know; but now the little room was full of

Digitized by Google

"ALL WAS GOING WELL, AND HE WAS GETTING AS PLUMP AS A PARTRIDGE, WHEN A FELLOW PATIENT ACCOSTED HIM IN THE FOLLOWING WORDS: 'GOOD MORNING, HUMBUG!'"

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

Digitized by Google

attendants. Pinioned, he heard himself denounced as the instigator of a robbery and assassination; petrified, he listened while he was charged with having imposed upon the asylum with the same object as the criminal who was in jail. The unhappy medical man was, not unnaturally, aggrieved, and his address was delivered in the best manner of a prosecuting counsel.

That night the distracted poet lay under the same gloomy roof as the rag-picker, and on the morrow, when Mariette read the tenants' papers before taking them upstairs, she fainted on the kitchen floor.

The interesting scene in which de Fronsac was confronted by Péricat — each of the pair "assisted" by counsel — occurred in the cabinet of the *juge d'instruction* on the day after Théophile had been interrogated alone. His helpless avowal then that he had lied to an "honorable institution" had produced no feeling in his favor. Péricat was unrecognizable in the presence of the *juge d'instruction*. Never had an apache been heard to express more noble sentiments; nor did he once tap his nose. His language was as pure as a maiden's, his voice as soft. The more indignant and frenzied de Fronsac, the more gentle and villainous was Péricat.

"But how," raved de Fronsac, "how — *mon Dieu!* — can I have influenced you to commit the murder, seeing that I never set eyes on you before our meeting in the honorable institution?"

"Oh," protested Péricat, wiping a tear, "you are young and I forgive you. But it is bitter to be abandoned by the one who led me astray."

The poet wrung his hands, and the judge said sternly: "You hear? You led him astray — you, a man of superior education! Atrocious!"

"Was it not?" sobbed Péricat. "I was sleeping, with my back to a wall. The moment of my downfall is seared on my brain. He woke me; he said: 'Hungry, mate? So am I! Why should we not eat as well as others?' And then he whispered, and my blood ran cold. 'Have no fear,' he said; 'I will arrange all — you have only to do it!' And I was very, very poor, and my vitals clamored."

The *juge d'instruction* desired sympathetically to know the date and hour of this temptation; and Péricat, never at a loss, replied promptly that it had been on the eve of the crime, the 3d of June, shortly before 10 P. M. He then battled with emotion, and delivered his amazing harangue:

"*Monsieur le Juge*, is it that you will permit me to say something in the favor of the young man? He is a poet. As such I am bound to respect his gifts, while I deplore his morals. Like all the people of France, I revere the arts, and it grieves me to have been compelled to expose his iniquity. I am not the egotist that I may appear. No doubt it would have seemed to him a noble deed had I kept his secret, but I felt that there was a nobler yet. I said: 'This is his first offense, as it is yours. Save him from himself! Let him realize, in suffering beside you, the enormity of his lapse from the straight and narrow path!' And," he continued piously, "shall gratitude count for nothing? I never forget a generosity, *Monsieur le Juge*, never! He led me astray — yes; but afterward he allowed me the first chance to dissemble. Since it would haye been unwise for two impostors to present themselves at the asylum together, he insisted that I should enter it before him! Does not this show that chivalry is not dead — that the poet in the man is stronger than the criminal — even as, in me, necessity was stronger than resistance?"

How long his rhodomontade might have continued one can not pretend to surmise, for in the French courts they will hearken unto such things indefinitely. De Fronsac, who had been torn by conflicting emotions since the date was mentioned, now interrupted him.

"On the 3d of June I was absent from Paris!" he proclaimed.

"It might perhaps have been the 2d," conceded Péricat, with ready courtesy.

"And I was not in Paris on the 2d — nor on the 1st, nor for many days previous."

But, alas! the statement was bald, and not even his peril could induce him to say enough. To prove that he was not a criminal, he must announce that he had been a cook! All his *amour propre* revolted.

Removed to the prison cell, he asked himself, distraught, if any self-respecting poet had ever before been put in such a fix.

"How can you falter?" wailed Mariette, when she was allowed an interview. "If you remain here, you will die before the trial comes on."

"If I came out and were called 'cook,' I should die, too!" groaned the artist.

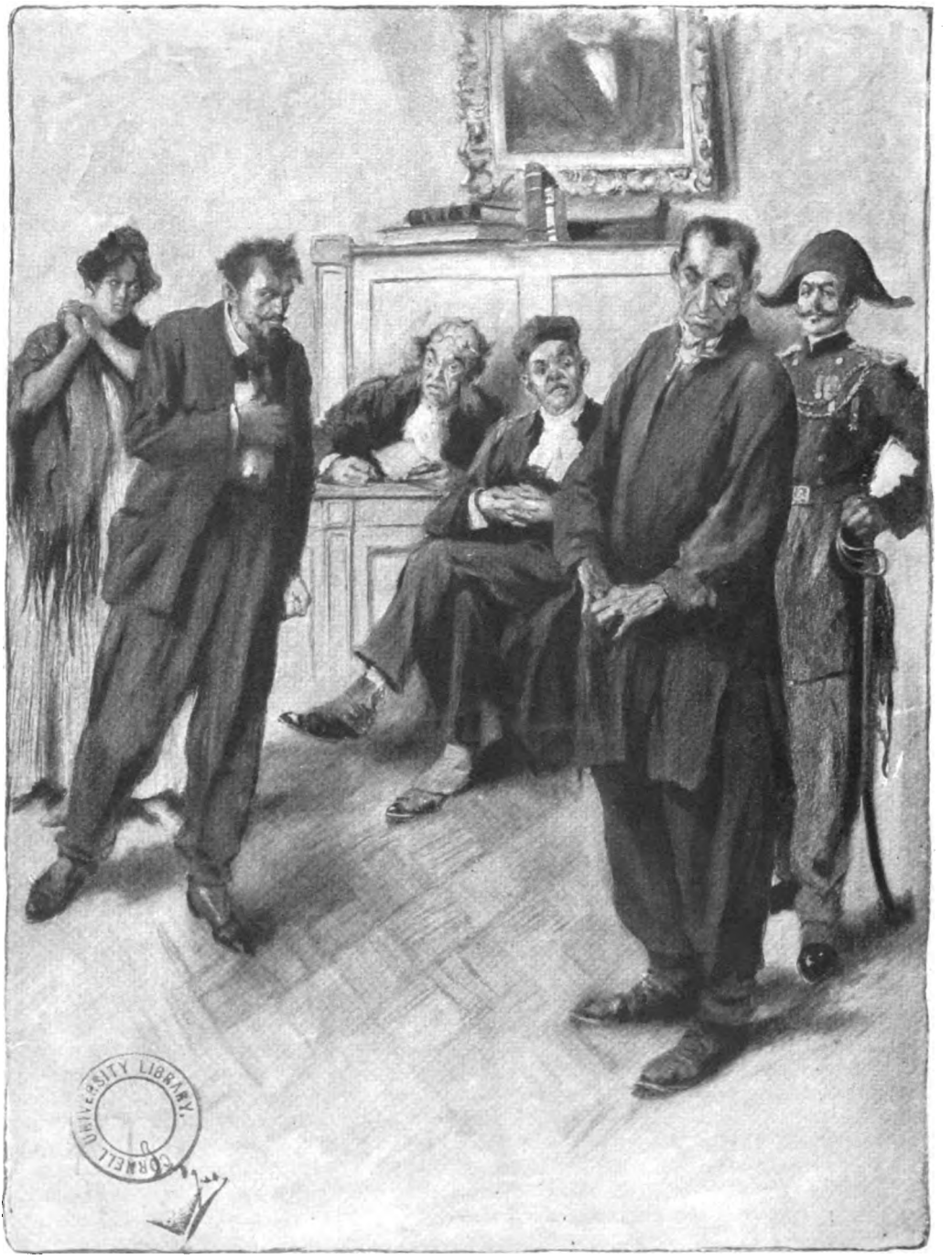
Then Mariette, profiting by her suspicion of the fat matron's sentiment for him, went to her with an appeal; and the matron's smarting self-esteem was vastly assuaged by the revelation that she had been sentimental about a poet and not a chef.

"But how on earth did he come to take such a situation?" she exclaimed, amazed. "Is he so poverty-stricken?"

Digitized by Google

"'SO!' THE ALIENIST SHOUTED FURIOUSLY. 'THAT IS THE EXPLANATION OF YOUR SUDDEN EAGERNESS TO RETURN TO YOUR FRIENDS?'"

Digitized by Google


CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

"'BUT HOW,' RAVED DE FRONSAC, 'HOW—MON DIEU!—CAN I HAVE INFLUENCED YOU TO COMMIT THE MURDER, SEEING THAT I NEVER SET EYES ON YOU BEFORE?'
. . . 'OH,' PROTESTED PÉRICAT, WITH A TEAR, 'IT IS BITTER TO BE ABANDONED BY THE ONE WHO LED ME ASTRAY'"

Digitized by Google

"Oh, dear, no, madame!" cried Mariette. "It was — if I may dare to speak the truth — because he had become fascinated by you from afar."

"How very preposterous!" said Madame Dolidon, trying to look indignant. "I shall never trust that registry office again! And what in the world made him wish to enter an asylum?" she went on.

"Madame," said Mariette, "that was in the interests of his art; he is writing a masterpiece in which the hero loses his reason for love of a married lady."

After an emotional pause, the matron murmured:

"It would certainly be terribly humiliating for him if it were known that he had been a cook! And, of course, if it were proved that he was stopping with us at the time, that would be quite enough. I will speak to Monsieur Dolidon about it." She hesitated. "The only thing is — er — my husband would naturally be displeased by the motive for the gentleman's romantic masquerade here."

"I understand," suggested Mariette shyly, "that one of the Mesdemoiselles Dolidon is almost as attractive as her mother ——"

The discreet evidence of the Dolidon family established de Fronsac's alibi beyond a shadow of a doubt. Acquaintances eyed his elegant figure with more respect than ever after they read of his visiting at a country house; and editors and publishers outbid one another for that unwritten "masterpiece" for which he had dared so much. The affair proved a most valuable advertisement. He sold his old rejected manuscripts at bazaar prices, and Mariette went out in a hat that turned all the neighbors' heads.

Sentence was passed on Péricat in due course — according to French ideas; that is to say, about a year later. It was a nominal sentence, because in France murder is not a serious offense.

"Aribaud's Two Wives" is the title of Leonard Merrick's next story. Look for it in April

"LIFE ON BROADWAY"

Elmer's Domestic Infelicities

BY HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN

AUTHOR OF "ONE DAY IN VAUDEVILLE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

TIME. *Night.* SCENE. *The telephone switchboard in a New York hotel, with a view of the coat-room and the revolving doors.*

CHARACTERS. ELMER, *the head coat-boy, and* FLOSSIE, *the operator.*

ELMER. Did you ever wisht you was dead?

FLOSSIE. Not since I lost my em'rald earring at Coney Island. But a party found it, anyway, and he turned out to be a fr'en' of a fr'en' a' mine in Waterbury. Talk about the world bein' small! Though I don't mean I'd gave him s' much as a gracious word — after I got the bracelet — if he hadn't swore up an' down he saw my picture in Harry's office, an' then he gimme his card. We corresponded for six whole weeks, but he didn't send nothin' Christmas, so I quit. I got some self-respect, an', b'lieve me, he'd wisht *he* was dead if he'd come where I could give him one look. Why?

ELMER. I wouldn't spill this to any one but you, Floss, but I'm a very unhappy feller. Frieda's ruinin' me, an' her folks are helpin'. It takes so much to keep up the flat an' send her two brothers to a private school; an' when I went an' bought the old folks a place down on

Digitized by Google

ELMER: IT'S FRIEDA! SHE SAID SHE'D COME HERE FOR DINNER, AN' I SAID IF SHE DID, ASSERT YOURSELF. IF YOU TOLD HER, MAKE HER DO

Long Island, after simply bein' begged to, they come back $22.60 C. O. D. in a taxi, sayin' they was no society for 'em. An' now Frieda's insistin' that, as I meet plenty swell people while they're checkin' their stuff, I gotta introduce 'em to her an' her maw; an', though cert'nly I am a prom'nent figure along Broadway, an' only last night a young millionaire — he ain't yet, but he will be as soon as he breaks his trust fund — brought some antique junk an' a Persian rug from his aunt's house, an' I left him have fifty on it, for I have knew want myself, just the same, I simply ain't able to do it. An' she says to me, "Either you ease us into a higher circle, or all is o'er." An' I don't want it to be o'er, because I love that girl, Floss. But she cert'nly has a harsh way. A man's an awful mark to git married. When we was just engaged, all I had to do was to whistle an' she'd jump through the hoop. But it shows what women are. I ain't crackin' at you personally, an' Frieda's got a very gentle nature unless she's sore over sumpin', but — this way, sir! I'll take care your hat! Here's your check, an' here's his check. Oh, we never put two on one, sir!

Them guys must think I'm a reg'lar bug. If they each got a check both of em's gotta come through, or next time they're leavin' they'll need to hunt a hat store. A while ago they was a party up 'n the Indian grill, an' merely because he had to wait an hour for a steak *à la minute*, he begins beefin' for the head waiter. A' course they stalled him along by sayin' it was on the fire; but he ketched a steak goin' by to another mob, an' said he'd have it, if

Digitized by Google

AN' BROUGHT HER FOLKS, HER AN' ME WOULD SPLIT. . . . *FLOSSIE:* ELMER, G'WAN AN' IT. AN' LISTEN, KID! US WOMEN ONLY RESPECTS A BOSS!"

the reserves had to be called out. Then him an' the guy it was for hooked up in a tur'ble row, an' the house cop tore in, an' the head waiter called the first party a canal, an' the guy slammed him a haymaker on the bean. I got the coats, an' he never gimme nothin'!

I had to climb right into his cab to git mine, an' then when he throwed half a buck at me he gimme a push I oughta had him pinched for. I tell you, what with private worry an' simply runnin' my legs off after them guests, I'm a sick man; an' yet, I had to be three-cheerin' a stag beefsteak in the Dungeon till four this mornin', an' was gave one contemptible ace for sixteen coats, an' it was too late then to cave in their hats! I got a mind to go on the stage. A light little feller like me could take out a dancin' act, or be a comedian, or sumpin'.

FLOSSIE. You won't make the money you do off tips, an', besides, then you ain't so independent. I'd be back of the foots to-night if I'd been willin' to let stage managers force me to ten-o'clock rehearsals, which when they pulled that they seen me exit laffin'. I was a entire season with the "Girl in the Hack"; an' only oncet, in Davenport, Iowa, was I ast to a wine supper — an' he owned the restaurant, an' it was only domestic grape. Such privations an' actual hardships comes to a blonde of my face an' figger, Elmer, so think a' the dreary life for most! If all the eager-eyed young ladies recitin' "The Raven" an' "The Raggedy Man" for the provincial home circle, an' yearnin' to know Belasco, was wisht into a musical show where you dress eight to a room, they'd wanta dream again!

Digitized by Google

An' the audiences got no pity for you. Suppose *they* hadda stand up in a belt skirt not made for settin' down, keepin' their figures drawed in, an' a ravishin' smile on the front rows, after not leavin' a supper party till five, an' then bein' absolutely forced by social duties to git to Martin's for breakfast at 'leven! An' they never was a evenin' I didn't find sumpin' missin' in the dressin'-room. Not that I accused any one; but I know three rouge-paws disappeared between Terre Haute and Cairo, and a gelman who followed the comp'ny for six jumps an' gimme positively elegant joolry — an' he was a real cute boy, too — he kin prove it. He was in the wall-paper business, an' took me buggy ridin', afternoons. I think I was engaged to Vernon that season, but this party declared he'd win me yet, an' he never'd quit, only his roll give out, an', with the tears streamin' down his manly face, he stood by the comp'ny sleeper at Broken Bow, Nebraska, an' he says: "Florence, I'm comin' to claim you, though oceans separates us, an'—" Hello? Just a minute an' I'll see. Front! Page Mr. William Murdock, an' say Mis' Murdock's astin' if he's comin' home or ain't he, an' if not, why. . . . An' he says: "If I thought I loved before I was kiddin' myself, for you have brang forth a passion what actually frightens me, an' naught shall hold me back from grabbin' you, O my blonde queen, for you got 'em all trimmed," he says; an' I ——

Hello? Just a minute. . . . Find him, front? Says to tell her he ain't been here to-night? . . . Hello? We can't locate him, lady. You're welcome.

ELMER. I was in Broken Bow one time. They was a washout ahead.

FLOSSIE. D'you know, he turned up here last fall, an' I never was so humiliated! He ast me to graze in Rector's, over the wire. An' there I was in my cloth-of-gold gown, an' a big hat, an' all my rings; an' him with a nugget watch-chain, an' a turn-down collar, an' a 1905 style derby with his evenin' clothes, an' didn't even know Lillian Russell was married — he was that illiterate.

ELMER. A derby? Still, them hicks kin be teached better if you're patient. Had he got rich?

FLOSSIE. He'd been minin' in Nevada, an' he had a Gila monster in a oyster-can for me, an' it bit a gelman fr'en' I officed to come over an' oar in to save me from open disgrace. The entire room was lampin' his watch-chain. An' he says to me, "I have came for you, little gal," an' some more that guff. An' I says to kin'ly remember we wasn't alone; an' he says he seen he wasn't there with the right clothes, but was clothes more than honest devotion? I gave a cry of scorn an' said if he loved me he'd have to git a stand-up collar that very second. An' he said take him or leave him like he was. An' the very next week he bought a ermine wrap an' a red-trimmed sixty h. p. for a skinny brunette in a musical show, an' it seems like I'm always meetin' her drivin' by in it just as I'm climbin' on the Seventh Avenue rattler. Oh, ain't the world hard for a young girl?

ELMER. But you're single, while I got a mother-in-law with a eye like a surveyor. An' the old man's stuck on me gittin' him a uniform, so he kin be a coat-boy too, s' long's I do so good.

FLOSSIE. Don't you leave them run over you!

ELMER. A man hates a scene, or the hurry-up'd be clangin' up to our flat twice a day. She presumes on me bein' a gelman, an' I am, for — [*whistles*] Tom! Bill!

Don't you see them four goin' in? I'll trap the fat feller myself. Hat, sir? I'll take your things over to the ladies' check-room, madam! Sir? Yes, sir; I observe it's a new hat. We got very careful boys here. . . . Huh! It's only a three-fifty lid. I wisht a good ten-dollar dark green velours would come in, so I could switch my four-dollar brown. Brown gives me a kinda saller look lately, 'cause I'm frettin' s' much, an' I — will you pipe them three? English, an' wearin' caps, an' they'd eat 'em sooner'n give 'em up; I'd only git insulted if I went over. I hope they can't git a table.

FLOSSIE. I don't git tips enough to flag a bread-wagon. That Indian Maharajah never gimme even a dime, an' usin' a booth continual since six, like I was just his vassal.

ELMER. I don't like him. He wears a turban.

FLOSSIE. An' he — Hello? Who? Oh, hello, Maudie. Whadda yunno? I don't b'lieve I kin, dearie, but I would if I could. Goo'by. . . . The nerve of her! Her feeancy's Princeton '15, an' she's always tellin' of his swell fam'ly, an' at her last affair all they had was nut sandwiches, canned beans, an' two-bit claret. I think rich simplicity's only proper, but if that's her idear of a colorful night in a great city, it runs for Sweeney, Elmer, for my own fr'en's moves in a very different set. Say, just glim that old coat with the whiskers by the news-stand! He's been a-starin' at me for a hour, an' I cert'nly do hope he ain't no fanatic or a gunman — they was a Russian count last year swore it'd be off the Williamsburg Bridge for him if I didn't give him a lock of my hair — but this shade is too expensive, so I cut him a curl from a old front, an' he says to me — There goes Diamond Jim Brady, Elmer! I wonder who *she* is?

Digitized by Google

I'm goin' to have me one them chiffon-an'-violet muffs this summer. They may be hot, but they're the style. I gotta fr'e'n in Sneigel an' Snooper's, an' every time they have a sale she — Hello! Hello? Yes, 8888, a' course I hear you, Central. You been ringin' three minutes? No, you was not, ma'am! As to the party complainin', I — Hello?

All right! Now whadda you want, sir? Miss L. Collins? She just went out with a tall party in a tan coat an' white derby.

ELMER. White? An' he got by me!

FLOSSIE. Oh, I'm only puttin' that in to make this guy think. He rings her every night at seven-ten, an' he ain't got no more regard for a op'rator's feelin's than Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy, but — Hello? No, sir; she didn't leave a messitch. I really kin not tell you; the guests is above confidin' where they're goin' to me, though the very people that have came in an' slipped me a home-made half is the ones got most scorn for us toilers, who — Hello? You don't want to hear my sorrows? Am I astin' you to remain on that wire? Oh, indeed?

Huh! He says this whole hotel runs like a souvenir clock. I'm glad he missed her.

ELMER. Well, I s'pose plenty'd envy us our jobs an' knowin' the inside of every divorce on Broadway, but it's hard to keep your manners genteel, comin' so much in contact with modern society. It musta been grand in the ancient days of Rome! Layin' on banks of roses, an' slaves hikin' around, fillin' the jooled goblets of rare wines, an' if you got a grouch on ag'in' a pal you throwed a purse of gold to a husky, with orders to put the rollers under *him*. The classes an' the masses got no business mixin', like they do now. I wonder was those wines really so swell?

FLOSSIE. I read where — ain't that little Marie Murphy, that had the news-stand last year?

ELMER [*darting forward*]. Coat, sir? Ladies' check-room to the right, madam. Where'd you git the sassy wardrobe, kiddo? Are you married? Oh, excuse *me*, Miss Murphy!

It *was* her, Floss, an' she gimme the ice-pitcher; yet, when that girl first went to work here, she'd *never saw a duck press!* I took her to Sherry's oncet, an' when she seen the price of *partridge en casserole* she was too awed to speak! An' I done it outa pity, because I realized how

"'THERE I WAS IN MY CLOTH-OF-GOLD GOWN AN' ALL MY RINGS, AN' HIM WITH A TURN DOWN COLLAR AN' A DERBY, AN' DIDN'T EVEN KNOW LILLIAN RUSSELL WAS MARRIED—HE WAS THAT ILLITERATE!'"

Digitized by Google

tough it is to git in Dutch, as she showed her pitiful ignorance so plain. An' now she cuts me. But the guy with her left a couple regalias in his coat, an' them are what I smoke myself. Still — golly, there's the boss! Make out I'm gittin' a number for a guest. Him an' his wife was a-battlin' again when I went by their suite a while ago. An' it's only him havin' family trouble makes me tolerate him, for I pay too high for the check-room privilege for him to can me; but if he thought I was hangin' around here he might git to talkin', at that.

FLOSSIE. The world's very censorious, Elmer. They never think a lady an' gelman can be simply true fr'en's. Oh, I just adore culture, an' them what lacks it I despise, like the mob around here.

ELMER. You bet. Did you ever notice how some people — I'll take your hat 'n' stick, sir! Check, sir? Just a second an' I'll bring 'em.

Thank you, sir! . . . Twenty cents for three hats! An' I s'pose he's down to his last million. There was a feller named Galen from Butte stoppin' here — *he* gimme a buck every time he come in or out. But he went to Seattle. A high-minded gelman like that is wasted on them raw towns.

Sir? Yes, sir, I *have* saw Mr. Flo Ziegfeld tonight — he's in the shop gittin' his dial broomed right now. *Thank* you! . . . It's comin' pretty fair this evenin', only it ain't easy to act bright an' gay when I'm thinkin' of that bunch up to my flat, for — pipe! It's Frieda! She said she'd come here for dinner; an' I said if she did, an' brought her folks, her an' me would split, an' she — she's done it, Floss. But that's a swell wrap, ain't it? It set me back three hundred round iron men. It ain't the money — what's *money?*

FLOSSIE. Is the fat little man your pa-in-law? An' the big lady the ma? Elmer, g'wan an' assert yourself — there's one your own boys takin' their things! If you told her, make her do it. An' listen, kid! Us women only respects a boss! Do you git me?

[*Elmer strides toward a party of three, led by a handsome young woman. They are advancing toward the restaurant entrance, across which a red velvet rope is stretched. A suave head waiter welcomes them, and a smiling page unhooks the rope.*]

FLOSSIE. Oh, mercy, he won't *dare!* Look at that minx laffin' in his face, an' her ma sassin' Elmer, too. Poor boy! He loves the ground she walks on; but some are born to be slaves, an' I guess he — he's makin' 'em git their coats again!

He-hello? Uh-huh, 8888. What's the name? Just a minute an' I'll — bully for Elmer!— see. Hello? He's talkin' on another wire; you'll have to wait'll he's through. Drat these guests!

Hello? Oh, I wisht I could hear what Elmer's sayin' to 'em — he's cert'nly made her mother dog it.

Ma'am? I kin not look up numbers, but there's the book. The other girl ust to? I know nothin' of her habits, 'ceptin' that the day she left the drawer was eighty cents shy, an' I was nicked for it — which, while I accuse nobody, if you was her dearest fr'en' I would still repeat I was very differently brang up pers'nally, though if she considers it the part of a lady, leave her do so.

I showed that despotic doll I ain't to be imposed on, if she has got a pearl tiara. They needn't come smilin' at me. . . . There's your party, madam — number five, in the booth.

ELMER [*panting*]. She'll stick to home, like she's told, next time! You gotta be a man or a mouse, an' I guess all of 'em got me tagged now, though I come near weakenin' when she gimme one of her lovin' looks. Do you think I done right?

FLOSSIE. Elmer, gimme your mit! You win a noble victory.

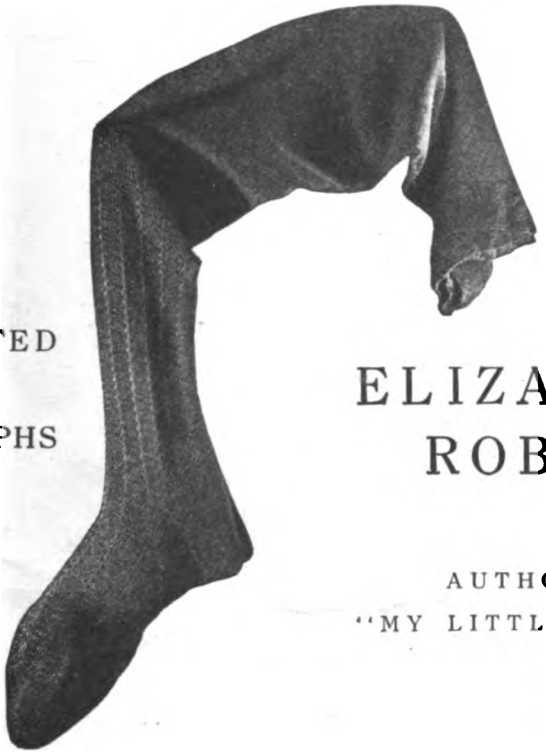
ELMER. I only hope I didn't hurt her feelin's, for she's tender as a dove; but bein' a Lancelot don't git no results on Broadway. Lookit this mob comin'— *nine hats!* I won't be back for a while!

In this number Burton J. Hendrick describes the extraordinary financial success of the Jews in America. Following this article McCLURE'S *will begin in April a series of articles entitled* **"Confessions of an American Jew."** *These articles will tell with autobiographical authority, yet with startling frankness, exactly what American liberty means to the Jewish race and what Jewish liberty means to America.*

Digitized by Google

WOMAN'S WAR

A Defense of Militant Suffrage



ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

ELIZABETH ROBINS

AUTHOR OF "MY LITTLE SISTER"

Hammer concealed in a stocking, found in the middle of the road in Regent Street, London; an emblematic weapon of militant suffrage

For seven years the world has watched with curious interest the strange and sensational duel which has been in progress in that eminently man-ruled and conservative country, Great Britain—the duel between the militant advocates of votes for women and the unrelenting ministers of government.

From heckling political speakers, these "crusaders" have passed to breaking windows; from breaking windows to imprisonment; from imprisonment to hunger strikes; and with each fresh outburst the American public has wondered why such methods were employed: whether violence really was effective; if such acts as the destruction of public mail-boxes did not do the Suffrage cause more harm than good. The entire campaign has been an enigma to the United States.

In the following article one of the leading advocates of Woman Suffrage in England answers these questions for American readers.

THE recent history of the woman's movement in England will be more readily recalled than circumstances which furnish the key to the later happenings. Minds at once retentive and unprejudiced will recall how Englishwomen passed from stage to stage, trying all peaceful measures, trying them over and over with a persistence and a hopefulness that in the retrospect moves us to marvel, not that some women sometimes showed impatience, but that so many for so long repressed impatience.

Digitized by Google

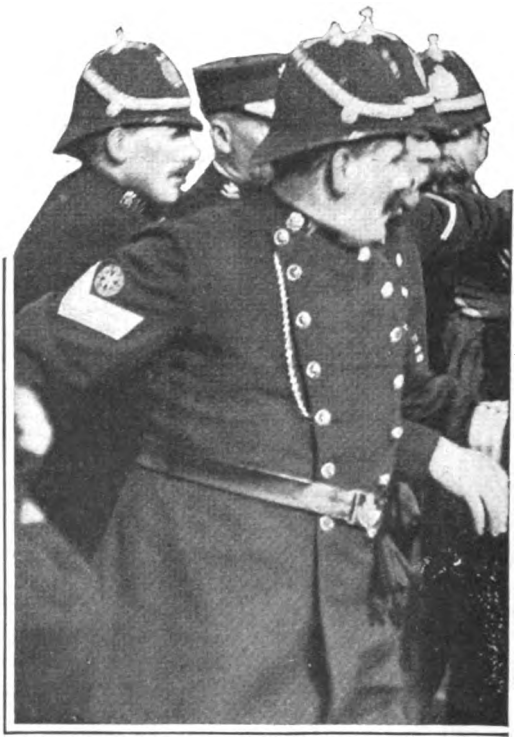
And what, finally, has been the effect alike of patience and impatience?

The vote is not yet won. It is irrevocably coming, as its opponents know and frequently admit. In despair at relinquishing their hope to do more than delay Woman Suffrage for a space, the Antis are filling the void with Cassandra prophecies of the evils that Suffrage will bring. They point to manifestations that militancy has made common among women as heralds of the bitter days to be.

We do not deny that women are changed. They are more changed than their critics know.

Let us consider some of the more obvious changes wrought by militancy, first upon the individual, and second upon the generality.

Take the effect upon individual women. These years of conflict — of severance from friends, of brutalities suffered in the streets and at public meetings, of torture undergone in prison — have for their immediate effect upon the individual the strengthening of many a soul and the shattering of a good many bodies. In addition to this, some observers think they see the marks of the long strain upon the public policy, and in the private relationships between certain of the workers. To have escaped some such result of a struggle so protracted and kept at so high a pitch, women must needs have ceased to be human. So far as concerns the active militants themselves, women who were so concerned to know that government offices were empty before they sent stones through the windows in June, were less concerned in November for the bodily safety of those within. Why was that? Not solely because women *en bloc* are very much like



EJECTION OF ONE OF THE SUFFRAGETTES AT INGS MOST TALKED ABOUT FOR THE BRU-

men *en bloc*, nor merely because all women will not turn the other cheek any more than will all men. The consideration that urged the militants on was that the officials nominally behind government windows were found to be in no danger so great as the danger of remaining indifferent to, or ignorant of, their non-performance of public duty. No public servant, however unfaithful, had suffered, or was likely to suffer, as scores of women had been made to suffer. We do not deny that the earlier concern for the bodily safety of officials became secondary to a concern for Suffragists, after seeing them come out of prison sick and broken from the disgusting struggle with prison authority armed with hose-pipes and unclean nasal-tubes.

MISSILES THROWN THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE WAR OFFICE IN WHITEHALL. THE ONE ON THE LEFT WAS THROWN INTO LORD HALDANE'S PRIVATE ROOM

Each individual woman who went through the horror of

Digitized by Google

LLANISTUMDWY. THIS WAS ONE OF THE MEETTALITY WITH WHICH WOMEN WERE TREATED

such experience became a center of enlightenment for all whom she might thereafter reach. Never again for her, or for her friends, any cobweb left of that old illusion as to the chivalry of the average official. "This and this they did to me rather than admit my purpose honest, rather than treat me as decently as they treat men convicted of the baser crimes."

Is it rational to expect these experiences to leave a woman unchanged? If she were to remain unchanged, would she not prove herself more insensate than the brutes?

People who would insist that such things shall leave a woman unmoved are not merely those who would deny her right to the ballot: they would deny her right to the feelings of a human being.

What Women Will Not Forget of Men

A great deal of water will flow under Westminster Bridge before women forget what men were willing to see them suffer rather than see them voters; before they forget the forbearance shown to malcontents in Ulster and at Tonypandy, as contrasted with the brutality shown malcontents at Wrexham and Llanistumdwy. Much as we desire to see understanding and good will between the sexes — do we *want* women to forget these lessons?

Let us be frank about this.

Let us recognize that many a woman who took no part in it owes to the public struggle her first knowledge of those struggles carried on for ages out of the public eye. This dear-bought knowledge has changed the intellectual outlook on the world for many a woman who has no fault to find with her own individual lot, or with the attitude toward herself of the men she has known best. The first shrinking realization of what kind of a world this is to tens of thousands of women, has brought many a happy and peace-loving soul to wonder whether the fiery ordeal in the open, and the lonely battle in the jails, may not have been needed to set free the spirit of a sex limited for ages to those small garden-plots of life — to stray outside which was to fall upon dishonor.

The most ardent pacifist will hesitate to deny the truth of that militant saying: "Few of us believe in peace at any price." Who, seeing a little child attacked or in need of protection from violence, who of us would withhold help, even if help (to effect its end) involved our using physical force? Tolstoy told a friend that even in such a case he would refrain. Few other men, I think; and few women.

Those who thought it permissible only in men to defy tyranny, had said that nothing but evil could come of women's expressing moral indignation with all their might and as variously as men have done at every crisis in

THE WEAPON USED BY THE LONDON MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES IN THEIR WINDOW-SMASHING RAIDS — A HAMMER CONCEALED IN A "DOROTHY BAG"

Digitized by Google

history. Only evil could come of it? One of the best things in civilization has come of it. Proof of moral and physical courage in women, not as a rare exception, here or there, at call of motherhood or of *any* personal devotion, but as a basis in character — to be looked for, counted on.

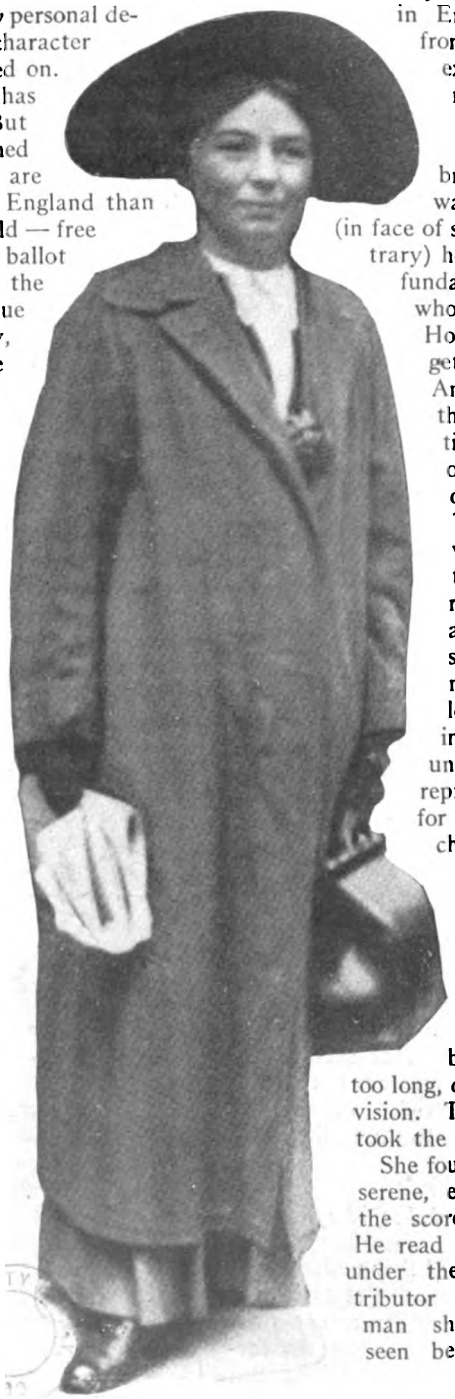
The militant campaign has not yet won votes? No. But the militants have campaigned to such purpose that there are to-day more free women in England than anywhere else in the world — free with a freedom of which the ballot will be a symbol, but which the ballot can not in itself endue with the essence of liberty, or charge with effective authority.

Had the powers that be as much foresight as they have inflexibility, they would have granted a meager instalment of Woman Suffrage as soon as the demand became earnest. Deprived of the main ground of complaint (since the principle would have been conceded), the majority even of enfranchised women would have looked upon the vote with so little realization of its power that the weapon would have lain in their hands, little used, perhaps for a generation.

The longer all the women of Great Britain are denied the vote, the wider must be the door that ultimately admits them, and the greater the changes which will be effected by their entrance on the scene.

Those who have watched the chains fall from one after another, during these last half dozen years, will understand. Persons from whom these moral and spiritual experiences have been hidden may allow me, in a page or two, to illustrate what has been happening.

One object lesson came at a time of such need that, if it can be passed on faithfully enough, it may hearten others.



MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE, FOR WHOM A SEARCH WAS MADE IN TWO CONTINENTS BY DETECTIVES OF SCOTLAND YARD

At perhaps the most crucial hour in the history of the struggle for the vote in England certain politicians from whom better things were expected had made a grave mistake — through lack of information, as some women believed. How to bring that information home, was the concern of those who (in face of some evidence to the contrary) held to their faith in men's fundamental fairness. Those who spend their lives in the House of Commons could not get this information there. And, at the time I speak of, they could not get information from the press, since, owing to the tension, that often open door was closed. To a woman lying ill, word was brought that letters to the papers were being refused, or held back. An appeal was made that she should set down a statement of how the matter looked to women. The first impulse, to call such an undertaking impossible, was repressed. An article destined for an editor wide-minded, chivalrous, was finally undertaken at what cost need not be insisted on. Time was the great factor. The editor had telegraphed that he would reserve space. The article was finished; but it might be thought too long, or in some detail need revision. The writer left her bed and took the article to London.

She found the editor genial and serene, even a little jocular on the score of the eternal theme. He read the first paragraph, and under the eyes of his old contributor became a stranger — a man she had not only never seen before but never guessed at. What he said was less illuminating than what he looked.

Digitized by Google

What! To wish to talk about the motive behind deeds that called for nothing but wholesale condemnation? "And this — this stone-throwing! *You* justify . . . !"

"I explain it," she answered.

"Isn't it possible for you to understand? An article like this would bring down a charge of conspiracy on any one who signed it."

The contributor's readiness to take the risk was fuel on the flame. Any editor who published such opinions would be indictable! He stood up with that changed face, repeating, "Stones"!—"and people like you"— etc., pelting the contributor again and yet again with "stones"!

Only for unadulterated blame and execration of militancy was any admittance there or anywhere else — according to the most open-minded of editors.

The initial "conspiracy," then (that of the authorities to deny fair hearing to their women opponents), was, as we had been told, matched by conspiracy in the press. The public was to be shut out from so much as a chance of hearing the other side.

The spare hour before train-time was spent at a confectioner's near the station. No one else in the tea-room behind the shop. The repulsed contributor drew up, shivering, to the fire, going over what had happened. She had come far to try to help a little toward better understanding. All she had achieved was a realization that better understanding wasn't wanted. The mere attempt at it had been resented as mortal offense.

The worst of what had happened was that the experience did not stand alone. Better women had fared worse. If those in prison could be so profoundly misunderstood, how was understanding ever to come? A sense of the immensity of the undertaking that Suffragists had shouldered overwhelmed her; she sat bowed down. Presently a consciousness that some one had come in. Not the waitress — she had been and gone. The woman by the fire lifted her head to see a girl standing near, straightening her hat at the over-mantel glass, touching the hair that showed intensely dark against her smooth forehead. As the girl looked at herself, the woman looked at her too. Genus: shop-girl, sixteen or seventeen, not very refined; a round face, heavily pretty; full lips, showing the scarlet of health; not the least made up; her clothes noticeably poor, with an effort at being in the mode. While the girl and the woman both looked at the young face in the glass, the young face changed, and turned to confront a man who evidently counted on meeting her in this dull, eminently respectable place. The man was of a superior class; forty-odd; fattish, thick-necked, slightly bald, very sleek and well turned out. They sat down at the nearest table. He ordered tea. The woman by the fire, full of other thoughts, forgot them, till presently an accent in the man's voice reached her. He was urging some point. The girl said little. The woman looked again in the fire. The fragments of talk that forced their way to

MISS EDITH CRAIG, DAUGHTER OF ELLEN TERRY, AND AN ARDENT SUFFRAGETTE, WAITING TO SPEAK TO MR. ASQUITH

Digitized by Google

her inattentive ear seemed to take the form of questions: "Didn't you go?" "Why didn't you go?" "Don't you ever go anywhere?" "Why don't you?" The girl was gaining confidence. She answered with growing assurance and a poor little flirtatiousness which he, leaning to her, encouraged with eye and smile. The usual hour for tea was past. No one there but a tired, abstracted woman and those two. The man made no effort to disguise his quest. The woman made no effort to catch even the general drift of what was passing, thinking still of those girl teachers, women doctors, poor-law guardians, and social workers shut up in Holloway, and why some of them had gone there. Presently the woman (whose different way of helping had failed) found that between the mental vision of the stone-thrower in her cell the picture at the tea-table had forced its way: the cheap little cockney beauty, bridling, only half reluctant, wholly provocative, excited — sixteen! The man of forty, his thick neck red below the thin, brilliantined hair, arms on table, head thrust forward turtle-like, the low, educated voice coaxing the ill-paid, ill-educated girl. The gulf between that girl and the women in prison — so wide, so deep, thought itself was balked to bridge it.

The Flirt and the Voice from Prison

Even the wayfarer by the fire was too far away. What could the sick, disheartened woman say? What had she to offer this poor, pretty creature, so plainly marked out for treading the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire?

To have reached her one must have found her before to-day, in time to make her demand more of life than — this.

Then, in the little space of time needed for drawing on a glove, a well-nigh incredible fact in the psychology of the times was presented and made clearer than could have been done by a library of books.

The "fact" was that the women shut up in prison had got into communication with this girl.

"A previous engagement, have you?" — the man was laughing at the excuse. "Who with?" And then, softly: "Who's going to take care of you?"

"Lottie and me are going to see after ourselves."

"You can't. You must let me ——"

"Oh, you think we can't do anything except what *you* say." She put up her chin. Then in the heavily pretty face an odd flash. "Haven't you heard," she said, "that we can break windows?"

The turtle-head drew in as though one of the stones had struck it.

"Stones!" The wayfarer heard the editor's voice. "An educated, decent woman throwing a stone!"

The man at the tea-table was not more surprised than the woman by the fire, at seeing what strange shores the widening ripples reached. In the girl's face an instant's reflection of the daring. A Bond Street window! — the Paradise of such as she, where the windows flash with jewels and blossom with laces and silk — a window smashed in the face of all that luxury, was, to this poor fly struggling in the meaner web, the type of a courage she would never know.

I am afraid the women in Holloway Gaol, or out, were too late to save that girl. But the women in Holloway had given her a glimpse, at least, of a possible defiance hurled at evil — one flash of that bright weapon in the air before the dark of yielding.

I am fully aware that this object lesson would mean very little to many. In the first place, it presents a concatenation of circumstance too common. In the second, it has been too often sentimentalized clean out of sight of its gruesome end. Men (women too) who have looked on undisturbed at that sort of thing are full of honest horror at the stone-thrower.

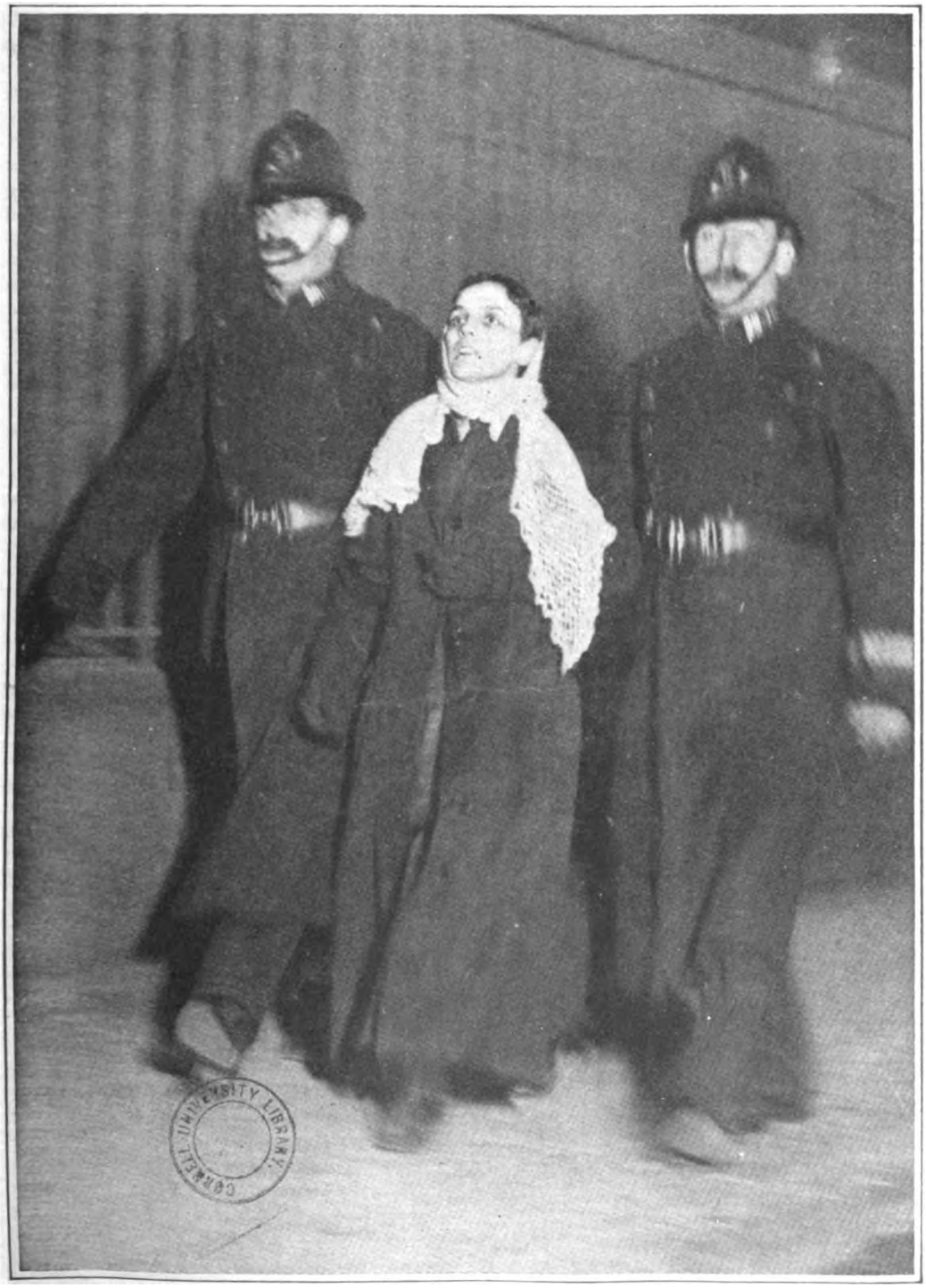
The School-Girl and the Official Male Mind

One could almost sympathize with those officials who, all unprepared, were called on to deal with militant women. Men trained to govern and dominate; brought up from their school-days to think of women as a race apart — creatures for drudgery, or for smiling and the coy assent in youth; for crooning lullabies through later years. What wonder the militant women not only angered but dumfounded the official mind to bewilderment's verge, and toppled it over the verge into the pit of persecution?

Nothing out of the way in a middle-aged man's having a little flirtation with a work-girl over a cup of tea! But a thing monstrous that girls should be demanding different conditions in industry, a different wage-scale, a different sort of attention from "kind" gentlemen. And when the kind gentlemen refuse, if, instead of acquiescence, in some hands a stone — the end of the world is at hand unless these "maenads" are severely punished.

You will search history in vain for a spectacle more tragi-comic than the juxtaposition of the

Digitized by Google



A LONDON SUFFRAGETTE, ARRESTED IN ONE OF THE RIOTS, BEING ESCORTED TO THE POLICE STATION BY TWO LONDON "BOBBIES"

Digitized by Google

old-fashioned official and the girl in college cap and gown — so innocent-looking as seeming to invite the paternal pat on shoulder — until the firm voice puts the highly embarrassing interrogatory about her friend in Abergavenny Gaol. Bad enough to have old or middle-aged women asking inconvenient questions, without having some one who looks the very type of

Prim little scholars —
Trained to stand in rows, and asking if they please —

standing up at a public meeting to ask: "Why do you sentimentalize about benevolence instead of doing justice?" "Why do you talk of making the franchise truly representative when you leave out the women?"

The "kind gentleman" presiding over a Liberal meeting at Nottingham, the other day, not only left women out of his "truly representative scheme"— he let them be thrust out before his eyes — after appealing to them to be quiet and "sweet."

Sweet! People steeled by knowledge of what women are compelled to bear in factories, in sweat-shops, and in prisons, were to save their own skins by dint of being "sweet"! The recommendation has a somewhat musty smell. Upon the women's failure to accept it, let us hope, for sake of the Liberal gentleman looking on at the subsequent hustling, dragging, gagging, and throwing out—let us hope that not too plain was his satisfaction at the penalty inflicted upon women who decline to be "sweet."

"Two Weren't Enough"

"Why did you go?" was asked of the well-born, educated girl lying broken in bed after Llanistumdwy. "You were warned what to expect."

"That was why we went," came the answer.

And then an excuse supplied by a local critic of Women's Social and Political Union autocracy: "You were sent, I suppose?"

"No," the girl said; "we happened to be near on our holiday."

She and her friend heard that two women were going to make a protest against a minister's offering the public a gift, when an over-due public debt remained unpaid. For that protest, "two weren't enough," the girl said, "so we thought we'd better go too."

She stopped the flow of pity for her wounds by a feeble attempt to burlesque the trouble she would have, when she was better, in doing her hair so as to cover the bare place where a handful had been wrenched out. She refused to be commiserated for that, and worse. "It wasn't so bad. I did hear the voices shouting horrible things. I saw the distorted faces, fists, and sticks in the air. *But I never felt the blows.* I remembered the women at Wrexham. I'd do it again."

And here I come to the chief gain that emerges from these years, next after (or perhaps

MISS ALICE PAUL, A DAUGHTER OF THE OLD PAUL FAMILY OF PHILADELPHIA, WHO WAS ARRESTED AND IMPRISONED IN ENGLAND BECAUSE OF HER MILITANT DEMONSTRATIONS

Digitized by Google

even before) those lessons in the protection afforded by the vote. People make much of division among Suffragists. Division among politicians is not new in the world. What is new is the passion of impersonal loyalty which the fuller knowledge has evoked amongst rank and file.

Women of the past were never aware to the extent that we are now aware of the penalty other women pay for our mean content with a better lot.

No one has been able to say that, in the evil days behind, any body of independent women realized the price other women had to pay for the supineness of the fortunate. If woman's loyalty to her sisters were to fail now, that failure would be a stigma upon all concerted effort of the future; a weight to drag down the hope of all the women (and through them all the men) yet to be born. If this newly awakened conscience were waked in vain,— if it ever slept again,— then indeed might women (and men too) despair.

Believing as we do in the impossibility of that, women are full of hope. And men? Beyond a doubt some men are very angry. Beyond a doubt, the sufferings of the militant women — who, if not most in earnest, have paid heaviest for their share in instructing us all — beyond a doubt these sufferings, in welding women together, have (by no wish of their own — often with pain and grief and irretrievable loss) ranged women against those men most determined to crush out the revolt.

Men's Sex-Antagonism Uncovered

The resultant irritation of men has not by any manner of means been wholly evil. It has pricked many to knowledge, and some to enlightened action.

Unable to see "the other side of the shield," some women (not consciously weighing their private difficulties against the public good) have been unduly disturbed.

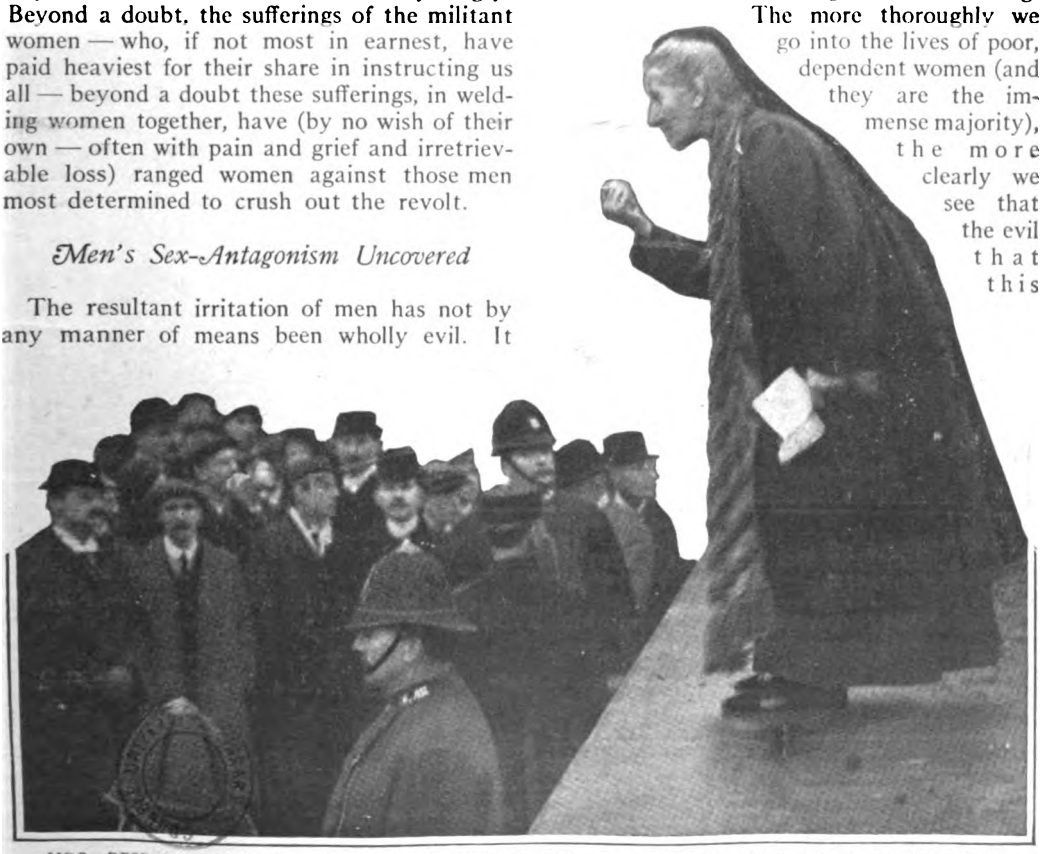
They would agree with Mrs. Creighton that the vote may be a small thing, but that the refusal of the vote has been a very serious thing. Mrs. Creighton did not seem to mean by that what the militant means. She seemed to glance at a regrettable change in the relationships between men and women.

I believe that many, like myself, were much more troubled at the beginning of the conflict by the mere hint of sex-antagonism (at a time when so little of that feeling was expressed, or, as we thought, felt) than later, since men have shown us how great was the sex-antagonism already operant in the world.

Well, why are we not appalled?

For two good reasons. First, because such proof of sex-antagonism as comes our way is not created by the Suffrage agitation. The Suffrage agitation has brought it out of hiding.

The more thoroughly we go into the lives of poor, dependent women (and they are the immense majority), the more clearly we see that the evil that this



MRS. DESPARD, ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE SUFFRAGETTES IN ENGLAND, ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE OF MEN ON THE WOMEN'S ENFRANCHISEMENT BILL. MRS. DESPARD WAS ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE STRIKING SCOTTISH MINERS

Digitized by Google

MISS KENNEY, A LONDON SUFFRAGETTE, WHO DISGUISED HERSELF AS A MESSENGER TO GET A PETITION TO MR. ASQUITH

contest has brought to the surface was always there. The condition of its remaining there, to foster and to breed its myriad progeny, the sole condition upon which it could continue, was that it should not be brought to the surface. The evil of bad relationship between the sexes is not the new thing. The attack upon it is the new thing.

If not for us individually, that sex-contempt was there. The active Suffragist feels that she can bear it better than those for whom it was formerly reserved.

The second reason we are not appalled, but rather consoled and heartened, is that precisely through this struggle we have been taught more faith both

AN ENGLISH MILITANT ON HER WAY TO PRISON. SHE WAS ARRESTED FOR CREATING A DISTURBANCE BY SHOUTING, "I REPRESENT TIPPERARY"

MRS. PANKHURST AND HER DAUGHTER CHRISTABEL IN PRISON UNIFORM

in man nature and in woman-nature — which is to say, in that human nature which alike they share.

The New Awakening of Men

The more generous-minded among men (or the better instructed) have responded generously, understandingly, to the new claims made by women. I will not dwell on the more obvious marks left on society and laws by men's response to the newly awakened spirit among women. With militancy in the air, the reactionaries on the Divorce Commission had

Digitized by Google

not the courage to press for their advocacy of the double moral standard. This fruitful cause of injustice and race degeneracy has only in these last months been given an effectual *coup de grâce*. There were men serving on that Commission who had admitted no flaw, had seen no flaw, in the divorce laws until — well, until the last few years.

Never in all the years of women's wandering in the political wilderness, never before militancy did men form societies to help women to win freedom. Before history was written, men, as the songs and sagas tell us, did battle for women, ostensibly for some "faire ladye," often in reality for the excitement of the tourney and the honor of the knight. Until these days of the new militancy, few were the men who entered the lists to do battle for women in grim, unpicturesque need, women who could never reward these latter-day knights and were not asked for reward.

Never, before the days of militancy, have men for such a cause given up valuable posts, risked livelihood, sacrificed ambition, faced private ridicule and public execration, blows, broken limbs, gone to prison — all that is since militancy.

OPENING ONE OF THE PILLAR MAIL-BOXES INTO WHICH ACID WAS POURED BY MILITANT ENGLISH SUFFRAGETTES. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAILS IS ONE OF THEIR MOST RECENT METHODS OF AGGRESSION

In a hundred ways the sensitive observer will mark the effect of the new influence upon men. They begin to speak of women in public with less flummery; they write of women with an accent less cock-sure, and yet more worthy of assurance. "The Twelve-Pound Look" is since militancy, and many a glance less shrewdly directed toward masculine fatuity.

The Old Superciliousness Dies Slowly

But we must not expect to see the scales fall over-soon from the general eye. The old superciliousness will be long in dying. Women will mark it still in its thousand forms, especially in the elderly-minded. Men will go on naïvely crowning one another, bestowing on one another all the lucrative and power-conferring posts and all the sinecures. They will sit sole sex on the great committees, controlling art and science, as well as law and administrative government.

They will dine in fullness, and permit women to come in afterward like the good children — save that, unlike the children, women will be bidden to sit apart and not speak, but listen — feeding upon the manna of masculine eloquence.

The Root-Idea of Militancy

But these are all very little things in comparison with the respect that must in the near future be given to the essentials — as women see life; to the reverence shown children and the very old of both sexes; to education

Digitized by Google

and care for the public health. The rest can wait.

What could not wait was acceptance of the root-idea of this thing called militancy. The root-idea is: the application to women of the duty to rise up against evil; the baseness of lying down under evil. Women see, at last, that they must share that duty with men, or else with men share the waste and ruin of evasion.

We do not deny that women have put into their politics a passion not usual with men. We may even think that this duty of revolt against evil may sound a sterner call to women. With men these things are largely intellectual gymnastics, exercises in the theory and practice of government, expression of this or that school of philosophy or (un)applied science.

With women these matters are the stuff of existence, their daily bread.

Men, in dealing with social abuses, are "cabined and confined" by formulae, doctrines, laws, by parliamentary procedure — by this intellectual fetich or that.

In the case of women, the practical end is kept in sight by no keener conscience than men's, and certainly by no clearer apprehension of the abstract good. The end is kept well in the sight of women by an admonishment which nature denied to man.

Why the Female is More Deadly than the Male

As women have shown, in their brief commerce with politics, an energy and a resolution that have astonished and bewildered male authority, let it be remembered that behind women's politics is a force peculiar to women. Among the majority, whether open or secret aiders and abettors of militancy, women have come (some consciously, some unconsciously) to feel that militant suffragism is the outgrowth of a fierce race-protecting passion. It is the expression of that mother-instinct which rules in the spirit as well as in the body of our half of the world. It is the force that does indeed make the female more deadly than the male, if she descries a menace to her charge — the future of the species.

The Freedom of the City of the Soul

Those who wished her to remain ignorant of the menace, those who wished to arrest the "uplift" of a vast submerged area of human possibility, or those who, less foolishly, wished it brought to light more gradually, and by a birth less fierce in labor-pain, had only one course to pursue: to eschew repression. The reactionary should not make too much of the fact that the women of the British Isles have not yet attained political liberty. Hundreds and thousands of them have been given the freedom of the City of the Soul.

Any Suffragist who reviews the history of the militant movement and in any hour of discouragement between now and that sure day when the vote is yielded — any one who for a moment supposes the militant party to have failed, confesses to shallow thinking.

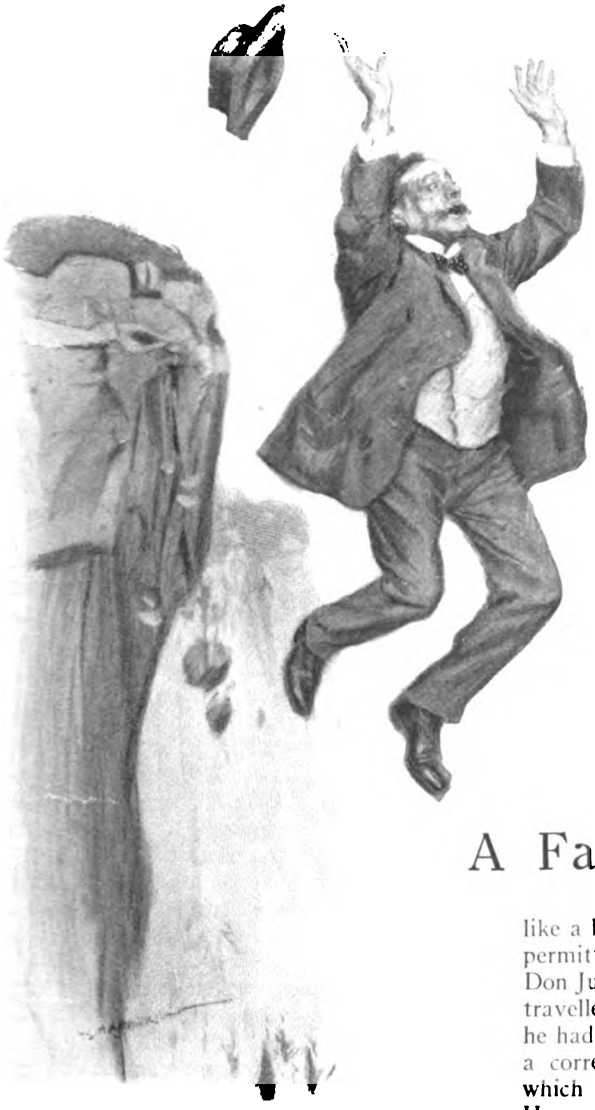
The Slow Rising of the Submerged Sex

In militancy (acting, as we are the first to admit, in conjunction with a world-wide tendency) a force was set to work six years ago that needed only counter-force, needed only ruthless repression, to develop an explosive power which should crack the crust of ages.

Of that immeasurable underlying region, only isolated peaks had hitherto appeared — lonely islets above the waters. Other peaks would have risen slowly, slowly the waters have receded, and the upward tendency have been spread over a wide extent of time — without thunder, rage, and cataclysm.

Like one of those vast, irresistible movements in physical nature that have sunk the old high places under inrushing seas, and from the seat of internal fires have forced up mountain chains to cool their heads in snow, so have the deeps of the submerged sex been upborne to light, to the bright danger of the peaks, by those very forces that sought to hold her down.

Digitized by Google



THE PARADISE OF THIEVES

BY

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HATHERELL

A Father Brown Story

THE great Muscari, most original of the young Tuscan poets, walked swiftly into his favourite restaurant, which overlooked the Mediterranean, was covered by an awning and fenced by little lemon and orange trees. Waiters in white aprons were already laying out on white tables the insignia of an early and elegant lunch; and this seemed to increase a satisfaction that already touched the top of swagger. Muscari had an eagle nose like Dante, his hair and neckerchief were dark and flowing; he carried a black cloak and might almost have carried a black mask, so much did he bear with him a sort of Venetian melodrama. He acted as if a troubadour had still a definite social office, like a bishop. He went as near as his century permitted to walking the world literally like Don Juan, with rapier and guitar. For he never travelled without a case of swords, with which he had fought many brilliant duels, or without a corresponding case for his mandolin, with which he had actually serenaded Miss Ethel Harrogate, the highly conventional daughter of a Yorkshire banker on a holiday. Yet he was neither a charlatan nor a child; but a hot, logical Latin who liked a certain thing and was it. His poetry was as straightforward as any one else's prose. He desired fame or wine or the beauty of women with a torrid directness inconceivable among the cloudy ideals or cloudy compromises of the north: to vaguer races his intensity smelt of danger or even crime. Like fire or the sea, he was too simple to be trusted.

The banker and his beautiful English daughter were staying at the hotel attached to Muscari's restaurant: that was why it was his favourite restaurant. A glance flashed round the room told him at once, however, that the English party had not yet descended. The restaurant was glittering still, but comparatively

Digitized by Google

empty. Two priests were talking at a table in a corner, but Muscari (an ardent Catholic) took no more notice of them than of a couple of crows. But from a yet further seat, partly concealed behind a dwarf tree golden with oranges, there rose and advanced toward the poet a person whose costume was the most aggressive opposite to his own.

This figure was clad in tweeds of a piebald check, with a pink tie, a sharp white collar, and protuberant yellow boots. He contrived, in the true tradition of 'Arry at Margate, to look at once startling and commonplace. But, as the Cockney apparition drew nearer, Muscari was astounded to observe that the head was distinctly different from the body. It was an Italian head, fuzzy, swarthy, and very vivacious, that rose abruptly out of the standing collar like cardboard and the comic pink tie. In fact, it was a head he knew. He recognised it, above all the dire erection of English holiday array, as the face of an old but forgotten friend named Ezza. This youth had been a prodigy at college, and European fame was promised him when he was barely fifteen; but when he appeared in the world he failed, first publicly as a dramatist and a demagogue, and then privately for years on end as an actor, a traveller, a commission agent, or a journalist. Muscari had known him last behind the footlights: he was but too well attuned to the excitements of that profession, and it was believed that some moral calamity had swallowed him up.

"Ezza!" cried the poet, rising and shaking hands in a pleasant astonishment. "Well, I've seen you in many costumes in the green-room; but I never expected to see you dressed up as an Englishman."

"This," answered Ezza gravely, "is not the costume of an Englishman, but of the Italian of the future."

"In that case," remarked Muscari, "I confess I prefer the Italian of the past."

"That is your old mistake, Muscari," said the man in tweeds, shaking his head, "and the mistake of Italy. In the sixteenth century we Tuscans made the morning; we had the newest steel, the newest carving, the newest chemisty. Why should we not now have the newest factories, the newest motors, the newest finance, and the newest clothes?"

"Because they are not worth having," answered Muscari. "You can not make Italians really progressive: they are too intelligent. Men who see the short cut to good living will never go by the new elaborate roads."

"Well, to me Marconi, not d'Annunzio, is the star of Italy," said the other, rising. "That is why I have become a futurist — and a courier."

"A courier!" cried Muscari, laughing. "Is that the last of your list of trades? And whom are you conducting?"

"Oh, a man of the name of Harrogate and his family, I believe."

"Not the banker in this hotel?" enquired the poet, with some eagerness.

"That's the man," answered the courier.

"Does it pay well?" asked the troubadour innocently.

"It will pay me," said Ezza, with a very enigmatic smile. "But I am a rather curious sort of courier." Then, as if changing the subject, he said abruptly: "He has a daughter — and a son."

"The daughter is divine," affirmed Muscari; "the father and son are, I suppose, human. But, granted his harmless qualities, doesn't that banker strike you as a splendid instance of my argument? Harrogate has millions in his safes, and I have — the hole in my pocket. But you daren't say — you can't say — that he's cleverer than I, or bolder than I, or even more energetic. He's not clever; he's got eyes like blue buttons; he's not energetic; he moves from chair to chair like a paralytic. He's a conscientious, kindly old blockhead: but he's got money simply because he collects money, as a boy collects stamps. You're too strong-minded for business, Ezza. You won't get on. To be clever enough to get all that money, one must be stupid enough to want it."

"I'm stupid enough for that," said Ezza gloomily. "But I should suggest a suspension of your critique of the banker; for here he comes."

Mr. Harrogate, the great financier, did indeed enter the room; but nobody looked at him. He was a massive, elderly man with a boiled blue eye and faded grey-sandy moustaches: but for his heavy stoop he might have been a colonel. He carried several unopened letters in his hand. His son Frank was a really fine lad, curly-haired, sunburnt, and strenuous; but nobody looked at him either. All eyes, as usual, were rivetted instantaneously at least upon Ethel Harrogate, whose golden Greek head and colour of the dawn seemed set purposely above that sapphire sea, like a goddess's. The poet Muscari drew a deep breath as if he were drinking something; as indeed he was. He was drinking the classic, which his fathers made. Ezza studied her with a gaze equally intense and far more baffling.

Miss Harrogate was specially radiant and ready for conversation on this occasion; and her family had fallen into the easier Continental habit, allowing the stranger Muscari and even the courier Ezza to share their table and their talk. In Ethel Harrogate conventionality

Digitized by Google

"'DO YOU REALLY THINK THE PASS IS DANGEROUS?' SHE CRIED, TURNING ON HIM HER GLORIOUS EYES. 'I KNOW IT IS DANGEROUS,' HE SAID. 'I AM CROSSING IT TO-MORROW'"

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

crowned itself with a perfection and splendour of its own. Proud of her father's prosperity, fond of her fashionable pleasures, a fond daughter but an arrant flirt, she was all these things with a sort of golden good nature that made her very pride pleasing and her worldly respectability a fresh and hearty thing.

They were in an eddy of excitement about some alleged peril in the mountain path they were to attempt that week. The danger was not from rock and avalanche, but from something yet more romantic; Ethel had been earnestly assured that brigands, the true cut-throats of the modern legend, still haunted that ridge and held that pass of the Appennines.

"They say," she cried, with the awful relish of a school-girl, "that all that country isn't ruled by the King of Italy, but by the King of Thieves. Who is the King of Thieves?"

"A great man," replied Muscari, "worthy to rank with your own Robin Hood, Signorina. Montano, the King of Thieves, was first heard of in the mountains some ten years ago, when people said brigands were extinct. But his wild authority spread with the swiftness of a silent revolution. Men found his fierce proclamations nailed in every mountain village; his sentinels, gun in hand, in every mountain ravine. Six times the Italian government tried to dislodge him; and was defeated in six pitched battles as if by Napoleon."

"Now that sort of thing," observed the banker weightily, "would never be allowed in England; perhaps, after all, we had better choose another route. But the courier thought it perfectly safe."

"It is perfectly safe," said the courier contemptuously. "I have been over it twenty times. There may have been some old gaol-bird called a king in the time of our grandmothers; but he belongs to history, if not to fable. Brigandage is utterly stamped out."

"It can never be utterly stamped out," Muscari answered, "because armed revolt is a reaction natural to southerners. Our peasants are like the mountains, rich in grace and green gaiety, but with the fires beneath. There is a point of human despair where the northern poor take to drink — and our own poor take to daggers."

"A poet is privileged," replied Ezza, with a sneer. "If Signor Muscari were English he would still be looking for highwaymen in Wandsworth. Believe me, there is no more danger of being captured in Italy than of being scalped in Boston."

"Then you propose to attempt it?" asked Mr. Harrogate, frowning.

"Oh, it sounds rather dreadful," cried the girl, turning her glorious eyes on Muscari. "Do you really think the pass is dangerous?"

Muscari threw back his black mane.

"I know it is dangerous," he said. "I am crossing it to-morrow."

The younger Harrogate was left behind for a moment, emptying a glass of white wine and lighting a cigarette, as the beauty retired with the banker, the courier, and the poet, distributing peals of silvery satire. At about the same instant the two priests in the corner rose — the taller, a white-haired Italian, taking his leave. The shorter priest turned and walked towards the banker's son; and the latter was astonished to realise that, though a Roman priest, the man was an Englishman. He vaguely remembered meeting the priest at the social crushes of some of his Catholic friends. But the man spoke before his memories could collect themselves.

"Mr. Frank Harrogate, I think," he said. "I have had an introduction, but I do not mean to presume on it. The odd thing I have to say will come far better from a stranger. Mr. Harrogate, I say one word and go: take care of your sister in her great sorrow."

Even for Frank's truly fraternal indifference the radiance and derision of his sister still seemed to sparkle and ring; he could hear her laughter still from the garden of the hotel; and he stared at his sombre adviser in entire puzzledom.

"Do you mean the brigands?" he asked; and then, remembering a vague fear of his own, "or can you be thinking of Muscari?"

"One is never thinking of the real sorrow," said the strange priest. "One can only be kind when it comes."

And he passed promptly from the room, leaving the other almost with his mouth open.

The next day a coach containing the company was really crawling and staggering up the spurs of the menacing mountain range. Between Ezza's cheery denial of the danger and Muscari's boisterous defiance of it, the financial family were firm in their original purpose; and Muscari made his mountain journey coincide with theirs. A more surprising feature was the appearance at the coast-town station of the little priest of the restaurant; he alleged merely that business led him also to cross the mountains of the midland. But young Harrogate could not but connect his presence with the mystical fears and warnings of yesterday.

The coach was a kind of commodious wagonette, invented by the modernist talent of the courier, who dominated the expedition with his scientific activity and breezy wit. The theory of danger from thieves was banished from thought and speech; though so far conceded in

Digitized by Google

formal act that some slight protection was employed. The courier and the young banker carried loaded revolvers, and Muscari (with much boyish gratification) buckled on a kind of cutlass under his black cloak.

He had planted his person, at a flying leap, next to the lovely Englishwoman; on the other side of her sat the priest, whose name was Brown and who was, fortunately, a silent individual; the courier and the father and son were on the *banc* behind. Muscari was in towering spirits, seriously believing in the peril, and his talk to Ethel might well have made her think him a maniac. But there was something in the crazy and gorgeous ascent amid crags like peaks, loaded with woods like orchards, that dragged her spirit up along with his into purple preposterous heavens with wheeling suns. The white road climbed like a white cat; it spanned sunless chasms like a tight-rope; it was flung round far-off headlands like a lasso. And yet, however high they went, the desert still blossomed like the rose; the fields were burnished in sun and wind with the colour of kingfisher and parrot and hummingbird; the hues of a hundred flowering flowers. There are no lovelier meadows and woodlands than the English; no nobler crests or chasms than those of Snowdon and Glencoe. But Ethel Harrogate had never before seen the southern parks tilted on the splintered northern peaks; the gorge of Glencoe laden with the fruits of Kent. There was nothing here of that chill and desolation that in Britain one associates with high and wild scenery. It was rather like a mosaic palace rent with earthquakes; or like a Dutch tulip garden blown to the stars with dynamite.

"It's like Kew Gardens on Beachy Head," said Ethel.

"It is our secret," answered he, "the secret of the volcano; that is also the secret of the revolution: that a thing can be violent and yet fruitful."

"You are rather violent yourself," and she smiled at him.

"And yet rather fruitless," he admitted; "if I die to-night I die unmarried and a fool."

"It is not my fault if you have come," she said, after a difficult silence.

"It is never your fault," answered Muscari; "it was not your fault that Troy fell."

As he spoke they came under overwhelming cliffs that spread almost like wings above a corner of peculiar peril. Shocked by the big shadow on the narrow ledge, the horses stirred doubtfully. The driver leapt to the earth to hold their heads, and they became ungovernable. One horse reared up to his full height — the titanic and terrifying height of a horse when he becomes a biped. It was just enough to alter the equilibrium; the whole coach heeled over like a ship, and crashed through the fringe of bushes over the cliff. Muscari threw an arm round Ethel, who clung to him, and shouted aloud. It was for such moments that he lived.

At the moment when the gorgeous mountain walls went round the poet's head like a purple windmill, a thing happened that was superficially even more startling. The elderly and lethargic banker sprang erect in the coach and leapt over the precipice before the tilted vehicle could take him there. In the first flash it looked as wild as suicide; but in the second it was as sensible as a safe investment. The Yorkshireman had evidently more promptitude as well as more sagacity than Muscari had given him credit for. For he landed in a lap of land which might have been specially padded with turf and clover to receive him. As it happened, indeed, the whole company were equally lucky, if less dignified in their form of ejection. Immediately under this abrupt turn of the road was a grassy and flowery hollow like a sunken meadow, a sort of green velvet pocket in the long green trailing garments of the hills. Into this they were all tipped or tumbled with little damage, save that their smallest baggage and even the contents of their pockets were scattered in the grass around them. The wrecked coach still hung above, entangled in the tough hedge, and the horses plunged painfully down the slope. The first to sit up was the little priest, who scratched his head, with a face of foolish wonder; Frank Harrogate heard him say to himself, "Now why on earth have we fallen just here?"

He blinked at the litter around him, and recovered his own very clumsy umbrella. Beyond it lay the broad sombrero fallen from the head of Muscari, and beside it a sealed business letter, which, after a glance at the address, he returned to the elder Harrogate. On the other side of him the grass partly hid Miss Ethel's sunshade, and just beyond it lay a curious little glass bottle hardly two inches long. The priest picked it up; in a quick, unobtrusive manner he uncorked and sniffed it, and his heavy face turned the colour of clay.

"Christ deliver us," he muttered, "it can't be hers! Has her sorrow come on her already?" He slipped it into his own waistcoat pocket. "I think I'm justified," he said, "till I know a little more."

He gazed painfully at the girl, at that moment being raised out of the flowers by Muscari, who was saying: "We have fallen into heaven; it is a sign. Mortals climb up and they fall

Digitized by Google

down; but it is only gods and goddesses who can fall upwards."

And indeed she rose out of the sea of colours so beautiful and happy a vision that the priest felt his suspicions shaken and shifted. "After all," he thought, "perhaps the poison isn't hers; perhaps it's one of Muscari's melodramatic tricks."

Muscari set the lady lightly on her feet, made her an absurdly theatrical bow, and then, drawing his cutlass, hacked hard at the taut reins of the horses, so that they scrambled to their feet and stood in the grass, trembling. When he had done so a most remarkable thing occurred. A very quiet man, very poorly dressed and extremely sunburnt, came out of the bushes and took hold of the horses' heads. He had a queer-shaped knife, very broad and crooked, buckled on his belt; there was nothing else remarkable about him except his sudden and silent appearance. The poet asked him who he was, and he did not answer.

Looking around him at the confused and startled group in the hollow, Muscari then perceived that another tanned and tattered man, with a short gun under his arm, was looking at them from the ledge just below, leaning his elbows on the edge of the turf. Then he looked up at the road from which they had fallen, and saw, looking down on them, the muzzles of four other carbines and four other brown faces with bright but quite motionless eyes.

"The brigands!" cried Muscari, with a kind of monstrous gaiety. "This was a trap. Ezza, if you will oblige me by shooting the coachman first, we can cut our way out yet. There are only six of them."

"The coachman," said Ezza, who was standing grimly with his hands in his pockets, "happens to be a servant of Mr. Harrogate's."

"Then shoot him all the more," cried the poet impatiently. "He was bribed to upset his master. Then put the lady in the middle, and we will break the line up there — with a rush."

And, wading in wild grass and flowers, he advanced fearlessly on the four carbines; but, finding that no one followed except young Harrogate, he turned, brandishing his cutlass, to wave the others on. He beheld the courier still standing slightly astride in the center of the grassy ring, his hands in his pockets; and his lean ironical Italian face seemed to grow longer and longer in the evening light.

"You thought, Muscari, I was the failure among our schoolfellows," he said, "and you thought you were the success. But I have succeeded more than you and fill a bigger place in history. I have been acting epics while you have been writing them."

"Come on, I tell you!" thundered Muscari from above. "Will you stand there talking nonsense about yourself, with a woman to save and three strong men to help you? What do you call yourself?"

"I call myself Montano," cried the strange courier, in a voice equally loud and full. "I am the King of Thieves, and I welcome you all to my summer palace."

And even as he spoke five more silent men with weapons ready came out of the bushes and looked towards him for their orders. One of them held a large paper in his hand.

"This pretty little nest where we are all picnicking," went on the courier-brigand, with the same easy yet sinister smile, "is, together with some caves underneath it, known by the name of the Paradise of Thieves. It is my principal stronghold on these hills; for (as you have doubtless noticed) the eyrie is invisible both from the road above and from the valley below. It is something better than impregnable: it is unnoticeable. Here I mostly live, and here I shall certainly die, if the gendarmes ever track me here. I am not the kind of criminal that 'reserves his defence'; but the better kind that reserves his last bullet."

All were staring at him, thunder-struck and still, except Father Brown, who heaved a huge sigh as of relief, and fingered the little phial in his pocket.

"Thank God," he muttered; "that's much more probable. The poison belongs to this robber-chief, of course. He carries it so that he may never be captured, like Cato."

The King of Thieves was, however, continuing his address with the same kind of dangerous politeness. "It only remains for me," he said, "to explain to my guests the social conditions upon which I have the pleasure of entertaining them. I need not expound the quaint old ritual of ransom which it is incumbent upon me to keep up; and even this only applies to a part of the company. The Reverend Father Brown and the celebrated Signor Muscari I shall release to-morrow at dawn and escort to my outposts. Poets and priests — if you will pardon my simplicity of speech — never have any money. And so (since it is impossible to get anything out of them) let us seize the opportunity to show our admiration for classic literature and our reverence for Holy Church."

He paused, with an unpleasant smile; and Father Brown blinked repeatedly at him and seemed suddenly to be listening with great attention. The brigand captain took the large paper from the attendant brigand and, glancing it over, continued:

"My other intentions are clearly set forth in

Digitized by Google

"'I AM THE KING OF THIEVES,' HE CRIED IN A LOUD, FULL VOICE, 'AND I WELCOME YOU ALL TO MY SUMMER PALACE'"

Digitized by Google

this public document, which I will hand round in a moment, and which after that will be posted on a tree by every village in the valley and every crossroad in the hills. I will not weary you with the verbalism, since you will be able to check it; the substance of my proclamation is this: I announce first that I have captured the English millionaire, the colossus of finance, Mr. Samuel Harrogate. I next announce that I have found on his person notes and bonds for two thousand pounds, which he has given up to me. Now, since it would be really immoral to announce such a thing to a credulous public if it had not occurred, I suggest that it should occur without further delay. I suggest that Mr. Harrogate senior should now give me the two thousand pounds in his pocket."

The banker looked at him under lowering brows, red-faced and sulky, but seemingly cowed. That leap from the falling carriage seemed to have used up his last virility. He had hung back in a hang-dog style when his son and Muscari had made a bold movement to break out of the brigand trap. And now his red and trembling hand went reluctantly to his breast-pocket and passed a bundle of papers and envelopes to the brigand.

"Excellent!" cried that outlaw gaily. "So far we are all cosy. I resume the points of my proclamation, so soon to be published to all Italy. The third item is that of ransom. I am asking from the friends of the Harrogate family a ransom of three thousand pounds; which I am sure is almost insulting to that family in its moderate estimate of their importance. Who would not pay triple this sum for another day's association with such a domestic circle? I will not conceal from you that the document ends with certain legal phrases about the unpleasant things that may happen if the money is not paid; but meanwhile, ladies and gentlemen, let me assure you that I am comfortably off here for accommodation, wine, and cigars, and bid you for the present a sportsmanlike welcome to the luxuries of the Paradise of Thieves."

All the time that he had been speaking the dubious-looking men with carbines and dirty slouch hats had been gathering silently in such preponderating numbers that even Muscari was compelled to recognise his sally with the sword as hopeless. He glanced around him; but the girl had already gone over to soothe and comfort her father; for her natural affection for his person was as strong or stronger than her somewhat snobbish pride in his success. Muscari, with the illogicality of a lover, admired this filial devotion and yet was irritated by it. He slapped his sword back in the scabbard, and went and flung himself somewhat sulkily on one of the green banks. The priest sat down within a yard or two, and Muscari turned his aquiline eye and nose on him in an instantaneous irritation.

"Well," said the poet tartly, "do people still think me too romantic? Are there, I wonder, any brigands left in the mountains?"

"There may be," said Father Brown agnostically.

"What do you mean?" asked the other sharply.

"I mean I am puzzled," replied the priest. "I am puzzled about Ezza or Montano or whatever his name is. He seems to me much more inexplicable as a brigand even than he was as a courier."

"But in what way?" persisted his companion. "Santa Maria! I should have thought the brigand was plain enough."

"I find three curious difficulties," said the priest in a quiet voice. "I should like to have your opinion on them. First of all I must tell you I was lunching in that restaurant at the seaside. As four of you left the room, you and Miss Harrogate went ahead, talking and laughing; the banker and the courier came behind, speaking sparely and rather low. But I could not help hearing Ezza say these words: "Well, let her have a little fun; you know, the blow may smash her any minute." Mr. Harrogate answered nothing; so the words must have had some meaning. On the impulse of the moment I warned her brother that she might be in peril; I said nothing of its nature, for I did not know. But if it meant this capture in the hills, the thing is nonsense. Why should the brigand-courier warn his patron, even by a hint, when it was his whole purpose to lure him into the mountain mouse-trap? It could not have meant that. But, if not, what is this other disaster, known both to courier and banker, which hangs over Miss Harrogate's head?"

"Disaster to Miss Harrogate!" ejaculated the poet, sitting up with some ferocity. "Explain yourself; go on."

"All my riddles, however, revolve round our bandit chief," resumed the priest reflectively. "And here is the second of them! Why did he put so prominently, in his demand for ransom, the fact that he had taken two thousand pounds from his victim on the spot? It had no faintest tendency to evoke the ransom. Quite the other way, in fact. Harrogate's friends would be far likelier to fear for his fate if they thought the thieves were poor and desperate. Yet the spoliation on the spot was emphasised and even put first in the demand. Why should Ezza-Montano want so specially to tell all Europe that he had picked the pockets before he levied the blackmail?"

Digitized by Google

"I can not imagine," said Muscari, rubbing up his black hair for once with an unaffected gesture. "You may think you enlighten me, but you are leading me deeper in the dark. What may be the third objection to the King of the Thieves?"

"The third objection," said Father Brown, still in meditation, "is the bank we are sitting on. Why does our brigand-courier call this his chief fortress and the Paradise of Thieves? It is certainly a soft spot to fall on and a sweet spot to look at. It is also quite true, as he says, that it is invisible from valley and peak, and is therefore a hiding-place. But it is not a fortress. It never could be a fortress. I think it would be the worst fortress in the world. For it is actually commanded from above by the common high-road across the mountains — the very place where the police would most probably pass. Why, five shabby short guns held us helpless here about half an hour ago. The quarter of a company of any kind of soldiers could have blown us over the precipice. Whatever is the meaning of this odd little nook of grass and flowers, it is not an entrenched position. It is something else; it has some other strange sort of importance, some value that I do not understand. It is more like an accidental theatre or a natural green-room; it is like the scene for some romantic comedy; it is like ——"

As the little priest's words lengthened and lost themselves in a dull and dreamy sincerity, Muscari, whose animal senses were alert and impatient, heard a new noise in the mountains. Even for him the sound was as yet very small and faint; but he could have sworn the evening breeze bore with it something like the pulsation of horses' hoofs and a distant halloing.

At the same moment, and long before the vibration had touched the less experienced English ears, Montano, the brigand, ran up the bank above them and stood in the broken hedge, steadying himself against a tree and peering down the road. He was a strange figure as he stood there; for he had assumed a flapped fantastic hat and swinging baldric and cutlass in his capacity of bandit king, but the bright prosaic tweeds of the courier showed through in patches all over him.

The next moment he turned his olive sneering face and made a movement with his hand. The brigands scattered at the signal, not in confusion, but in what was evidently a kind of guerrilla discipline. Instead of occupying the road along the ridge, they sprinkled themselves along the side of it behind the trees and the hedge, as if watching unseen for an enemy. The noise beyond grew stronger, beginning to shake the mountain road; and a voice could be clearly heard calling out orders. The brigands swayed and huddled, cursing and whispering, and the evening air was full of little metallic noises as they cocked their pistols or loosened their knives or trailed their scabbards over the stones. Then the noises from both quarters seemed to meet on the road above: branches broke; horses neighed; men cried out.

"A rescue!" cried Muscari, springing to his feet and waving his hat. "The gendarmes are on them! Now for freedom and a blow for it! Now to be rebels against robbers! Come, don't let us leave everything to the police; that is so dreadfully modern. Fall on the rear of these ruffians! The gendarmes are rescuing us. Come, friends, let us rescue the gendarmes!"

And, throwing his hat over the trees, he drew his cutlass once more and began to escalade the slope up to the road. Frank Harrogate jumped up and ran across to help him, revolver in hand, but was astounded to hear himself imperatively recalled by the raucous voice of his father, who seemed to be in great agitation.

"I won't have it," said the banker in a choking voice; "I command you not to interfere."

"But, father," said Frank warmly, "an Italian gentleman has led the way. You wouldn't have it said that the English hung back."

"It is useless," said the older man, who was trembling violently. "It is hopeless. We must submit to our lot."

Father Brown looked at the banker; then he put his hand instinctively as if on his heart, but really on the little bottle of poison; and a great light came into his face, like the light of the revelation of death.

Muscari meanwhile, without waiting for support, had crested the bank up to the road and struck the brigand king heavily on the shoulder, causing him to stagger and swing round. Montano also had his cutlass unsheathed, and Muscari, without further speech, sent a slash at his head which he was compelled to catch and parry. But, even as the two short blades crossed and clashed, the King of Thieves deliberately dropped his point and laughed.

"What's the good, old man?" he said in spirited Italian slang. "This farce will soon be over."

"What do you mean, you shuffler?" panted the fire-eating poet. "Is your courage a sham as well as your honesty?"

"Everything about me is a sham," responded the ex-courier, in complete good humor. "I am an actor; and if I ever had a private character, I have forgotten it. I am no more a genuine brigand than I am a genuine courier. I am only a bundle of masks, and you can't fight a duel with that." And he laughed with boyish

Digitized by Google

pleasure, and fell into his old straddling attitude, with his back to the skirmish up the road.

Darkness was deepening under the mountain walls, and it was not easy to discern much of the progress of the struggle, save that tall men were pushing their horses' nozzles through a clinging crowd of brigands, who seemed more inclined to harass and hustle the invaders than to kill them. Just as he was rolling his eyes in bewilderment, the poet felt a touch on his elbow, and found the odd little priest standing there, like a small Noah with a large hat, and requesting the favor of a word or two.

"Signor Muscari," said the cleric, "in this queer crisis personalities may be pardoned. You will permit me the impertinent intimacy. But do you care about that girl — care enough to marry her and make her a good husband, I mean?"

"Yes," said the poet quite simply.

"Does she care about you?"

"I think so," was the equally grave reply.

"Then go over there and offer yourself," said the priest. "Offer her everything you can; offer her heaven and earth if you've got them. The time is short."

"Why?" asked the astonished man of letters.

"Because," said Father Brown, "her doom is coming up the road."

Almost as he spoke the hedges were broken all along the ridge by a rush of the escaping brigands. They dived into bushes and thick grass like defeated men pursued; and the great cocked hats of the mounted gendarmerie were seen passing along above the broken hedge. Another order was given; there was a noise of dismounting, and a tall officer with a cocked hat, a grey imperial, and a paper in his hand, appeared in the gap that was the gate of the Paradise of Thieves. There was a momentary silence, broken in an extraordinary way by the banker, who cried out in a strangled voice:

"Robbed! I've been robbed!"

"Why, that was hours ago," cried his son in astonishment — "when you were robbed of two thousand pounds."

"Not of two thousand pounds," said the financier, with an abrupt and terrible composure; "only of a small bottle."

The policeman with the grey imperial was striding across the green hollow. Encountering the King of the Thieves in his path, he clapped him on the shoulder with something between a caress and a buffet, and gave him a push that sent him staggering away.

"You'll get into trouble too," he said, "if you play these tricks."

Again, to Muscari's artistic eye, it seemed scarcely like the capture of a great outlaw at bay. Passing on, the policeman halted before the Harrogate group and said:

"Samuel Harrogate, I arrest you, in the name of the law, for embezzlement of the funds of the Hull and Huddersfield Bank."

The great banker nodded with an odd air of business assent, seemed to reflect a moment, and before they could interpose took a half turn and a step that brought him to the edge of the outer mountain wall. Then, flinging up his hands, he leapt, exactly as he had leapt out of the coach. But this time he did not fall into a little meadow just beneath, but fell a thousand feet below, a wreck of bones in the valley.

The anger of the Italian policeman, which he expressed volubly to Father Brown, was largely mixed with admiration. "It was like him to escape us at last," he said. "*He* was a great brigand, if you like. This last trick of his I believe to be absolutely unprecedented. He fled with the company's money to Italy, and actually got himself captured by sham brigands in his own pay, so as to explain both the disappearance of the money and the disappearance of himself. That demand for ransom was really taken seriously by most of the police. But for years he's been doing things as good as that — quite as good as that. He will be a serious loss to his family."

Muscari was leading away the unhappy daughter, who held hard to him, as she did for many a year after. But even in that tragic wreck he could not help having a smile and a hand of half mocking friendship for the indefensible Ezza-Montano.

"And where are you going next?" he asked him over his shoulder.

"Birmingham," answered the actor, puffing a cigarette. "Didn't I tell you I was a futurist? I really do believe in those things, if I believe in anything. Change, bustle, and new things every morning. I am going to Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Hull, Huddersfield, Glasgow, Chicago — in short, to enlightened, energetic, civilized society!"

"In short," said Muscari, "to the real Paradise of Thieves."

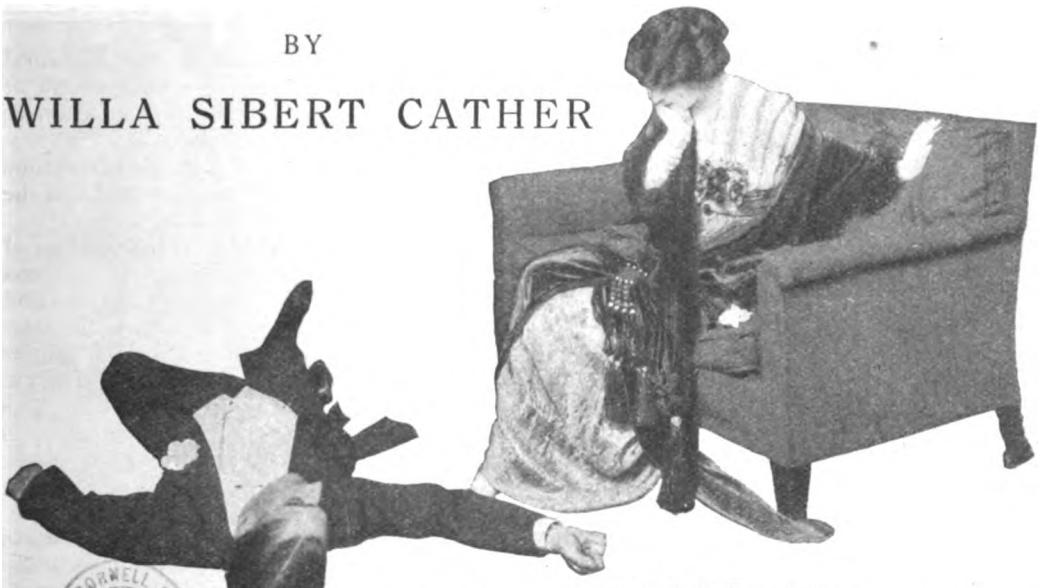
*Another Father Brown story, by Gilbert K. Chesterton — "**The Man in the Passage**" — will appear in the April McCLURE'S.*

Digitized by Google

PLAYS OF REAL LIFE

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER



"Within the Law" — Act III

"English Eddie" and Mary Turner. Jane Cowl as the heroine made one of the most successful impersonations of the season

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

UNQUESTIONABLY the most interesting plays produced in New York this winter before the first of January were "Milestones," "Fanny's First Play," "Hindle Wakes," and "The Mind the Paint Girl." A dramatic season that presents four pieces so fresh and unhackneyed must be accounted a good one.

Sir Arthur Pinero's "The Mind the Paint Girl" seems to have been suggested by the fact that marriages between young English noblemen and music-hall favorites are growing more and more usual, and it deals with the attraction that musical-comedy girls have for young men of Lord Farncombe's class. Since the girls themselves are only a part of this attraction,— a good deal of it lies in their atmosphere, the highly colored world in which they live and do or do not "mind the paint,"— the play is primarily a picture of a kind of life, a kind which young men of gentle breeding find irresistibly alluring.

The story is slight: Lily Parradell — born in a little grocery shop across the river, work-girl in a factory when she was ten, taught out of charity by an old dancing master — has fought her way up until she is the reigning favorite at the Pandora, the foremost musical-comedy theater in London. Young Viscount Farncombe is in love with her and wishes to marry her. On the one hand there is Farncombe, not at all a fast boy, rather dull, rather timid, rather bored, but thoroughly decent and so little of a snob that he is not daunted by Lily's old mother, who has not changed in the least since she kept the grocery shop. On the other hand there is Lily Parradell and her "world," into which the well-behaved young lord wistfully gazes. To say that the play is diffuse is superficial. Its object is to depict this "world" of musical comedy — the girls who shine in it, the men who finance it, live on it, write for it, hang about it. The large cast, the brilliant ensemble scenes, every line of the dialogue, go to construct this picture. The story of what actually happened between Lily Parradell and Farncombe is scarcely more than a pretext upon which we are introduced into the life and atmosphere of "The Mind the Paint Girl" and her kind.

Lily Parradell has heeded the warning of the song in which she made her first success, has minded the paint, and, to the great satisfaction of her old mother, has "kept herself respectable." In the first act we are introduced to Lily on her birthday, when her friends are calling to offer their congratulations. The second act presents a birthday dance and supper given for her by the management in the green-room of the Pandora, with Pinero's long cast of characters artfully massed and managed, and with all the persons and motives of the music-hall world in motion. Here Pinero's intimate knowledge of

Digitized by Google

this world makes itself felt. The act scarcely advances the story at all; in so far as the plot is concerned, nothing happens, except that Lily gives Farncombe a few more dances than she had meant to. Yet the act is full of movement and color. Read from the page, it would seem confused and meaningless. The dialogue is contrapuntal, wonderfully orchestrated, spoken by a score of persons who rush upon the stage *en masse* or weave in and out of the picture in couples, presenting and actualizing a kind of society. The people who make up this society are so well known to Pinero that he can characterize them by a line, a gesture, a grimace. There is the manager of the Pandora, who knows his girls and his public and the value of patrons like Farncombe. There are Lily's colleagues: the hard one who wrings a month at Ostend out of the agonized German Baron, and the soft one who purrs a new motor-car out of the lisping Jew, De Castro. There is Vincent Bland, the song-writer, and Lal Roper, stout and middle-aged, who has a business in the City and lives to follow the lights of the Pandora.

SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT OF "MILESTONES," IN WHICH TO MARRY

ROLAND YOUNG AS ALAN JEFFCOTE, THE MILL-OWNER'S SON, IN "HINDLE WAKES"

The two remaining acts of the play take up and put through the story of Farncombe's courtship, and the retirement in his favor of his rival, Captain Jeyes, an army officer who resigned his commission because his regimental duties took him too far from the Pandora, and who for six years has hung about London to take Lily Parradell to and from the theater, and to suffer tortures of jealousy every day of every week, as new worshipers came and went. Jeyes is a very significant figure of the Pandora world — the young man who insists upon being romantic and ruining himself, who seems to have been especially created to nourish the vanity of actresses. "Catnip men," a French actress once called them.

Miss Billie Burke, as the heroine, did much to give the play verisimilitude. She had the manifest advantage of being, in a sense, the character. If the part had been more warmly done, it would probably have been less true. The rather tight, dry style, with a little rasp in it, seems to be what is needed here. Both Miss Burke and Sir Arthur Pinero know what it is that "comes across" in the music-hall.

WHILE "Fanny's First Play" can by no means be ranked among Mr. George Bernard Shaw's best plays, it is one of the most amusing, and its unconventionality pleased the New York public. Mr. Shaw sets out to ridicule certain conventions — theatrical conventions, domestic and social conventions. Miss Fanny O'Dowda, a student at a woman's college in Cambridge and member of a socialist society, has written a play, and her father arranges to have it produced on her birthday — produced by a professional company, with the London critics in attendance to pass judgment upon the piece. Count O'Dowda, an esthetic survival of the eighteenth century, has not read the play himself, and probably would not have understood much of it if he had. The name of the author is withheld from the company and critics, as Miss O'Dowda wishes no allowance made for her youth and sex.

On the evening when the play is to be given,

Digitized by Google

JOHN RHEAD'S DAUGHTER EMILY IS FORCED BY HER FATHER LORD MONKHURST

the critics meet at Count O'Dowda's house and before dinner deliver themselves upon plays and play-writing in general. They insist upon knowing the authorship of the play they have come to see. "How," says Gunn, "is one to know what to say about a play, if one doesn't know the author?" Says Bannel: "You wouldn't say the same thing about a Pinero play and one by Henry Arthur Jones." After this introduction follows Fanny O'Dowda's play, in three acts. When Fanny's play is over, the critics come forward and attempt to decide upon the authorship. In attempting to place the play in the right locker, the critics take up the best known English playwrights one after another, and, in their own way, define the work of Mr. Shaw and his contemporaries, tagging each playwright by some external and unimportant characteristic that has nothing to do with his real manner or method, much less with his dramatic purpose. They characterize each brand of modern play by comments which remind one of the woman who said she "could always tell Meredith's style, because there were so many parentheses."

This *divertissement* by the dramatic critics by no means exhausts the satiric humor of the piece, though it seems to have attracted more attention than anything else in the play, both here and in London. The complexion of Fanny's budding talents seems to have afforded Mr. Shaw a great deal of amusement; he fairly outdoes himself to be shocking in the play he makes Fanny write. He seems to relish the notion of attributing a flippant and rather "raw" burlesque on the respectable, middle-class English home to a young girl, gently bred. This, Mr. Shaw seems to chuckle, is the sort of thing young ladies who are impelled toward literature are thinking about to-day.

But to Fanny's own play. Knox and Gilbey are partners, drapers, most respectable. Margaret Knox is betrothed to Bobby Gilbey — both young people have been reared in the pure atmosphere of the British tradesman's home, and both are being carefully educated. Margaret, whose mother is a religious fanatic, has had rather more than her fair share of cant. But both young people, according to Fanny, are quite unregenerate, normal savages, absolutely untouched by the moral and social standards under which they apparently live. Margaret, to give vent to her high spirits on a boat-race night, goes alone to a public dance-hall, picks up as escort a French naval officer whom she has never seen before, and, when the police raid the place, knocks out an officer's two front teeth with a well aimed blow. She and her escort are taken to Holloway jail and locked up for two weeks.

Bobby goes out for a lark with "Darling Dora," a little girl who lives

FANNY HAWTHORN, THE REBELLIOUS HEROINE IN "HINDLE WAKES," AS PLAYED BY MISS EMELIE POLINI

Digitized by Google

as she can and who has been in jail before. They go to a dance-hall, drink too much, exchange hats, and walk about the streets singing until they are sent to jail for disturbing the peace and resisting arrest. And yet these are all, as they say in New England, pleasant young people, not at all vicious or unattractive. Even "Darling Dora," Fanny thinks, is not in the least a degraded person. Here, says Fanny, we have the normal young of the species, expressing their healthy animal spirits. That they get locked up is, of course, an accident for the young people, a structural convenience for Fanny. But neither Fanny nor Bobby nor Margaret regard two weeks in jail as a retribution — the blush is for the jail!

When Margaret finds out that she likes liberty, she is honest about it; she says she enjoyed the dance-hall and the street fight; she conceals nothing about the policeman's teeth, not even the teeth themselves, which she keeps as a trophy; and she avows that she has long been in love with Bobby's butler. But living under a respectable roof, and expressing his youth under cover, has made a sad sneak of Bobby. He cuts his little Dora when he is out walking with his mother, and coaxes the butler to tell him how he can break his engagement and put all the blame of it on Margaret. And Fanny does manage to put the onus of Bobby's unattractive qualities on his respectable bringing up. He is certainly more likable in his natural unregenerateness than when he tries to conform to what he thinks respectable. One imagines that "Darling Dora" sees the best of him, when he "always imagines himself a kitten and bites her ankles coming up the stairs."

In the last act the old gods of the British hearthstone meet their twilight, crumble to dust at the thrust of Fanny's bold quill. Everybody takes down the Sunday shutters and lays bare the windows of his soul: Bobby declares that he will have nobody but his Dora; Margaret proclaims her love for the butler; the butler modestly confesses that he is the son of a duke, that his older brother has just died, and that he has succeeded to the title; Margaret's fanatical mother admits that she is not so sure about the "inner light," after all; and the two drapers, Knox and Gilbey, resolve to take a highball and be less respectable in the future. One can't help wondering whether Fanny would advise a similar relaxation in all British households, and where, if it occurred, she thinks we would come out. Fanny has her own engaging ideas to tie to; they will always keep her up to a certain pitch. But people without ideas must have something. The question is, whether Fanny might not find Knox and Gilbey less interesting, unrespectable than respectable; and Mrs. Knox's hysteria might easily take a more offensive form than religious mania.

A PLAY that every one hoped to find interesting was Mr. Edward Sheldon's "The High Road." This expectation seemed warranted both by the fact that Mrs. Fiske was to play the leading rôle and that the piece was the work of a young playwright of exceptional promise, who has many well-wishers. The play was, however, a disappointment, and left New York after a run of two months.

"The High Road" purports to deal with the new activities of women, and the kind of woman such activities develop.

The first act opens on an up-State farm, shut in by hills, where Mary Page is the drudge of a brutal old father who has worked his wife to death and is now grinding his daughter down in the same routine of farm chores. Young Alan Wilson, son of a millionaire, who has been sketching in the country and boarding at the farm-house, at the end of the first act persuades Mary to run away with him to see the world. Throughout the act the dramatist endeavors to disclose in her such unusual qualities of mind and feeling as to warrant this unusual behavior. But Mr. Sheldon sets about proving his point in exactly the wrong way. He makes the girl bookish; she talks too much and too glibly about what she has learned at school and observed in nature. Only Mrs. Fiske's natural and unemphatic acting saved the character from self-consciousness and artificiality. It would be hard to find a stronger instance of ineffective dramatic preparation.

Even in a novel, self-revelation of the kind the author has put upon Mary Page would be superficial and artificial. The character is not treated imaginatively; it is done from the outside. One feels no emotional depth in the girl. Her desire to see beyond the hills that shut in her father's farm, to find wider horizons where her soul can have room to grow, is the theme of the first act — indeed, of the play. But there is nothing here to convince one that this feeling is different from any little country girl's desire to see the world. In the long monologues that the author has set down for Mary, there is nothing to denote either strong feeling or the imaginative quality which he seems to wish her to possess. It is not the child who "makes up" things who is imaginative. The child who tells you she is always finding portraits and landscapes in the clouds, for example, is not an imaginative child, but a commonplace child. No young girl who had in her the feeblest germ of poetic feeling would, after reading "Romeo and Juliet" for

Digitized by Google

SCENE FROM "THE MIND THE PAINT GIRL." MISS BILLIE BURKE AND MR. HERBERT, WHO PLAYS CAPTAIN JEYES, THE JEALOUS LOVER WHO HAS THROWN BY HIS CAREER TO FOLLOW THE STAR OF THE PANDORA

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

the first time, close the book and name her dog Romeo—a dog that was already named Abraham Lincoln! A girl who would do that would never do anything very rash. Any political aspirant would be safe in marrying her; she would have a spotless past.

Synge, in his little play "In the Shadow of the Glen," makes us feel the reality of such emotion and such imagination in an illiterate Irish peasant woman. When she walks off with the tramp in the end, we know there was nothing else for her to do.

The second act, three years later, finds Mary Page living as Alan Wilson's mistress in a sumptuous apartment on Riverside Drive, surrounded by Titians and Giorgiones. She has tired of idleness and luxury, and has decided to leave Alan and go to work in a shirt-waist factory for six dollars a week. Again Mr. Sheldon uses the external method. There is not one incident to show us that her present life has become intolerable to her, and nothing, beyond a marked volume of Karl Marx on her table, to show us that she has become interested in working-girls. Mary is left to explain her motives to Alan Wilson and to the audience. Many of her lines here are very moving, and Mrs. Fiske read them with great sincerity and beautiful feeling. But they were not enough. To be effective, this explanation with Alan should come after some incident which made us feel the birth of new sympathies and aspirations in Mary Page. An audience can not reach a sympathetic understanding of an emotional, much less a spiritual, revolt in a woman merely by hearing her argue her case, even though she argues well.

When Mary Page leaves Alan, she has done very little to prove that she is different from any other young woman who might have been found living in his apartment. Everything is before her to do; she has to make her own life, atone for a disastrous if not a fatal mistake. She has certainly something to make up to herself. But the eighteen years in which she accomplished this, in which she struggled and suffered and grew stronger, and began to help other struggling women, are a closed book to us. We do not meet Mary Page, from the night she left Alan Wilson's apartment, until we meet her in the Governor's office at Albany, a "public woman," president of the Women's Industrial League, author of many books dealing with industrial problems. Miss Page marries the Governor, assists him in his campaign when he is a candidate for the Presidency, and is threatened with exposure by a capitalist who once met her in Wilson's flat, and whose interests her husband's intended industrial reforms would jeopardize. This is all familiar dramatic material. These situations have been used for heroines of every sort, and they are not used here in a way that reveals anything of Mary Page's real nature. The third act brings us not much nearer to her than "Who's Who" would do; it is a mere inventory of her activities. In the fourth act she is caught in an old trap, and in the fifth she extricates herself in a way not new.

The growth of the girl who left Wilson's flat, that night, into a woman who works for other women, would be an interesting development to follow; and such a character, made real and living, would be fresh dramatic material. But Mr. Sheldon omits her struggle, everything

"Within the Law"—the thieving shop-girl who let Mary Turner go to prison on a false charge

EDWARD SHELDON'S "THE HIGH ROAD" AND BAY-WITH WORKING-GIRLS. IN MR. SHELDON'S PLAY AND "PUBLICIST"; IN MR. VEILLER'S WHO SWINDLES WITH IMPUNITY

Digitized by Google

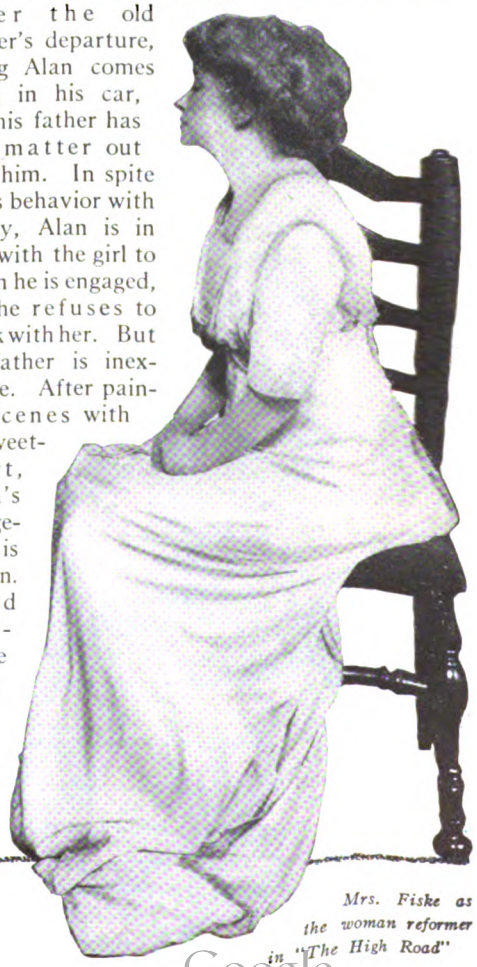
that made her what she was, and asks us to take the really dramatic part of her life for granted. When he brings her upon the stage again, a finished product, the situation with which she is confronted is such as might confront any woman who had something to conceal, and who had married a public man. The heroine in Mr. Fagan's "The Earth" (played by Lena Ashwell) was confronted by a situation almost identical, and she extricated herself in the same way. There is nothing in the action here to define Mary Page's character, any more than there is in the dialogue of the first acts. The curtain falls, and the woman reformer escapes unpresented.

THE working-girl seems to be a tempting bait to playwrights just now. Mr. Bayard Veiller, in his play "Within the Law," has taken a nibble at it. His play, though much less ambitious than Mr. Sheldon's, is, on the whole, more interesting and consistent. The story of the working-girl who is falsely charged with theft, who is imprisoned and afterward comes out to prey upon society, is not new; but Mr. Veiller has taken it up from a new angle and has told it in a stirring melodrama. When the injured girl is being sent away to prison, she breaks out in an appeal to her employer, revealing to him some of the hard conditions that drive shop-girls to steal. From the enthusiasm with which the audience received this speech night after night, one might predict that very substantial rewards await the man who is enough in sympathy with these things to write a play about real working-girls and their problems.

THE only play given in New York this season that touched upon the feminist movement or the industrial position of women at all vitally was Stanley Houghton's new play, "Hindle Wakes." The play did not meet here with a shadow of the success it had in London. It is written in the quiet tone popular among the younger English dramatists, who are so determined not to be artificially conclusive that they are sometimes more inconclusive than they need be. But they are certainly bringing to the stage fresh material; and, cutting into new cloth, they have the right to cut it to a new pattern. The plot is slight, but the characters are very real people, with clearly defined individuality, and the dialogue is living human speech, colored by strong human feelings.

The play begins in the cottage of a workman in the textile district of England. Old Christopher Hawthorn and his wife are awaiting the return of their daughter, Fanny, a weaver in the mills, who went away with her friend Mary to spend Bank-holiday in a neighboring town. The old couple have learned that Fanny left Mary, and has deceived them as to her whereabouts. When Fanny returns, she tries to stick to her deception; but when she learns that Mary was drowned by the capsizing of a pleasure boat, on the day she left her, Fanny breaks down and admits that she motored to Llandudno with Alan Jeffcote, the mill-owner's son, and spent the week-end with him there.

Old Christopher goes up to the mill-owner's house that night. Christopher and old Jeffcote had been workmen together when they were lads. In a splendid scene between these two old men — a scene that lets one into their natures and the story of their lives — Jeffcote promises Christopher that Alan shall break off his engagement to Sir Anthony Farrar's daughter and shall marry Fanny Hawthorn. After the old weaver's departure, young Alan comes home in his car, and his father has the matter out with him. In spite of his behavior with Fanny, Alan is in love with the girl to whom he is engaged, and he refuses to break with her. But his father is inexorable. After painful scenes with his sweetheart, Alan's engagement is broken. Old Jeffcote sends for



Mrs. Fiske as the woman reformer in "The High Road"

ARD VEILLER'S "WITHIN THE LAW" BOTH DEAL
THE WORKING-GIRL BECOMES A REFORMER
SHE BECOMES A CLEVER ADVENTURESS
BY KEEPING "WITHIN THE LAW"

Digitized by Google

Christopher Hawthorn to bring his wife and daughter up to the house and arrange for the marriage. Fanny comes in with her mill-girl's shawl over her head, sits down, and does not once open her mouth while the Hawthorns and Jeffcotes arrange the marriage. When they come to the question of whether the wedding shall be a large or small one, they ask her which she would prefer. Fanny begins to laugh and says she wonders that they should consult her. She's sorry they've been put to such trouble, for she's not going to have any wedding at all. She's never had the least notion of marrying Alan Jeffcote. He is a good fellow, well enough to have a lark with, but she means to have a very different sort of husband; she is not going to marry out of her class. Alan doesn't owe her anything, that he should be saddled with her. She went with him to Wales for her own amusement, not for his. Even Alan is shocked to hear this, and old Mrs. Hawthorn flies into a rage and tells Fanny that she can never come home.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

NATHANIEL JEFFCOTE, THE OLD MILL-OWNER, THE STRONGEST FIGURE IN "HINDLE WAKES," WHO SWEARS THAT HIS SON SHALL MARRY THE MILL-GIRL HE HAS COMPROMISED

Very well, says Fanny. She doesn't need her father's roof any more than she needs Alan's. She is a skilled workwoman, and as long as there is weaving to be done in England, she can always make good wages. She promises her father that she will not disgrace him,—one somehow believes she means it,—says good night, and walks out to take care of herself—which she is much more capable of doing than Alan would be if he were driven out from home. There the play ends. It would have been comforting to the conventional-minded if Mr. Houghton could have added another act showing us where we would find Fanny in, say, five years—whether she was really able to live up to her liberty, whether she recovered from her indiscretion as a young workman would, kept her head, and made the most of her life and her skill. Probably Mr. Houghton would say: "Here is the situation; I don't know where it's leading any more than any one else does."

"MILESTONES," by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, is certainly the most strikingly original play brought out this season. The conflict between youth and age has never before been introduced upon the stage in quite the same terse, direct way that Mr. Bennett presents it, and his novel treatment has given to a very quiet play an almost sensational quality. The plot is by this time known to every one. In the same London drawing-room we see three successive generations of youth, on fire with love, dreams, ideas, come up against the unimaginativeness, the fading mental vision, the cooling arteries, of age. We see each young man when he is big with the idea that is to register him in the world; either he must eat his grandfather or throttle his idea. Although the acts of the play are twenty-five years apart, the playwrights

Digitized by Google

have, in effect, preserved the dramatic unities. The three acts occur in the same room of the same house,— done over to suit the fashion of each period,— and the playwrights are regarding time from the scientific standpoint, as always the same.

The objection has been made that in "Milestones" there is no progression, that the same thing happens over and over in each act, and that each act presents a new set of characters. But this is not the case. In each act the force of the new generation manifests itself in an entirely different manner from that of the generation before. It not only proposes to do something different: it behaves differently, has a tone and color of its own. Nor does each act introduce a new set of characters. John Rhead, splendidly impersonated by Mr. Leslie Faber, dominates the play from first to last; he remains the powerful personality, long after the fire has gone out of him. When we see him in the later acts, with his dull, burnt-out eyes, his imagination dead, his charge spent, we feel that he is still the finest figure among them. His teeming date is drunk up with time, and it is the young fellows who are doing things now. But his fruitful hour, while he had it, was richer than theirs, his dream was bigger, and it has left a noble stamp upon him. Even the Honorable Muriel, his Suffragette granddaughter, who has the most modern ideas about parental authority and often loses patience with her grandfather's domineering ways, admires him.

LIBRARY UNIVERSITY

EDITH BARWELL, WHO DOES A SPLENDID CHARACTER BIT IN "MILESTONES" AS NANCY, THE TYPEWRITER GIRL FROM YORKSHIRE, WHOM CONSERVATIVE MR. SIBLEY MARRIES

After all, old John had his way with two generations; in his youth, when he dreamed of iron ships, and in his middle age, when he bullied his daughter into marrying Lord Monkhurst. It takes the third generation to eat him! But in the Honorable Muriel he meets his match. She doesn't make scenes, but she isn't in the least afraid of them, and she won't be bullied. On his golden-wedding night she puts the old man in a fury by announcing her engagement to her cousin Dick. John's women-folk have always been his slaves. When he asked Rose to marry him, in his splendid youth, she told him that "he could never know how much she wanted to be his slave." His sister, Gertrude, broke off her engagement out of loyalty to John's idea, and remained a dependent spinster all her life, to be patronized and humiliated by her brother. John's daughter belonged to a soft period, when "The Mikado" was young, when Ouida's novels were called "light reading" and William Morris "solid reading." John had an easy victory with her. But the Honorable Muriel simply amazes him. She is so pretty, candid, truthful, so easy and sincere. None of the old sentimental tricks,

Digitized by Google

by which daughters and granddaughters are usually worsted in argument, have any effect upon her. She remains calm and reasonable and unshaken. She will marry Dick because they can't give her any good reason why she shouldn't.

No wonder that, as John Rhead sits by the fire that night, with the old wife whom he has loved and ruled for fifty years, listening to the cracked singing of the old sister whom he has bullied ever since she was born, he says: "All the same, I have said it before and I say it again: the women aren't what they were in my young day. They lack" — with an inclination toward his old wife — "they lack charm!" At this moment the door opens and Muriel comes softly in to make it up to the old man whom she has vexed. Then comes one of those moments which occur so seldom on the stage, and which are remembered so long and so gratefully. Not a word is spoken. The girl goes up to the old man, leans over him, and holds her cheek against his. Then she takes a rose she is wearing, kisses the heart of the flower, and leaves it in her grandfather's hand. Old John's eyes follow her retreating figure, and when the door closes he shakes his head and murmurs to his wife: "We live and learn, we live and learn." Fortunate the play that has such an ending!

The play is almost without apparent "construction." One never hears the click of its machinery. There are no "big scenes" artificially brought about for their dramatic effectiveness, no overheard conversations, no accidental meetings or unlikely coincidences. The inherent vigor of the motive carries the play through. It is like a spiral spring; once released, it will go its length without any prodding. The dialogue, too, is simple. There are no brilliant speeches. The lines are homely, commonplace in themselves, the plain speech of living people. But they are intensely dramatic, none the less, because of the situations that lie behind them. And the situations are dramatic, not in themselves, but because one is interested in the characters concerned in them. All good plays begin with the author's power of creating character. If his people are real enough and interesting enough, anything that happens to them is interesting. If his characters are thin, then his ingenuity must be great to hold our attention at all. People, not an order of events, are the real excitement of the drama. One might almost say that on the stage only the intensely personal and the strongly individual is really interesting. The dramatist outlives his plays.

Of course, the fundamental reason that "Milestones" is a good play is that Mr. Arnold Bennett is a very individual writer, with certain very clearly marked sympathies. His literary personality is the living breath that animates the play. The themes of this play are the same as those in his best novels — his sympathy with women, for example, as the burden-bearers of the social order and of the old sentimental ideals of family life. That solid old institution, the middle-class family, he regards as a sort of sullen idol that can be propitiated and kept smiling only by the sacrifices of women: of the servant who drudges herself into a sexless machine in the kitchen; of the spinster who is condemned to a parasitic existence under some roof where she must help to keep the big god bright; of the young girls who are kept at home and cheated of their chance to live in order that they may minister to the comfort of the old and the unfeeling.

The major theme of the play is that which Mr. Bennett treated with so much sympathy and insight in his novel "The Old Wives' Tale"— the conflict between youth and age, the unintentional, unavoidable cruelty of the old toward the young, and of the young toward the old. No writer, except Tolstoy, has ever treated this relation so truthfully or so understandingly. Mr. Bennett takes the biologist's rather than the poet's view of both youth and age. Youth is the only really valuable thing in the world, not because it is "youth," a pretty name, a charming quality, but because it is force, potency, a physiological fact. A kind of power can be extracted from youth that can be obtained nowhere else in the world — or in the stars; and this is the only power that will drive the world ahead. It makes the new machine, the new commerce, the new drama, the new generation; it is Fecundity. The individual possesses this power for only a little while, a few years. He is sent into the world charged with it, but he can't keep it a day beyond its allotted time. He has his hour when he can do, live, become. If he devotes these years to self-sacrifice, to caring for an aged parent or helping to support his brother's children, God may reward him, but Nature will not forgive him. The kind of self-sacrifice that has so long been accounted a virtue, which is the very corner-stone of the old family ideal, Nature punishes more cruelly than she does any other mistake.

Nobody has dealt more feelingly and appreciatively than Mr. Bennett with the charm of age, and nowhere has he made it more felt than in "Milestones." People are in many ways more interesting after they have lost their rocket quality. But the world *could* get on without the old; without the young it can not.

Digitized by Google

"'YOU CAN GET TWO SUNDAES FOR TWO BITS IN THIS JOINT — TOTAL SAVING, A NICKEL. THAT JUST SHOWS THE ECONOMY OF MARRIAGE'"

THE LITTLE BOOSTER

Two Skyscrapers and Mrs. Casey

BY WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HAD Leonidas advertised for a lady helper to assist in defending the pass at Thermopylae against any number of invading Persians, he could not have done better than to have chosen Mrs. Mary Casey. Also, she would have been useful for holding bridges with Horatius; for it was she who, by her single-handed prowess, held a gap between two tall buildings against the strongest army of real-estate speculators ever assembled in the city of San Bruno, State of California. No name in the directory was

Digitized by Google

more hated of land brokers than was hers, no ground more coveted than the 100 x 150 foot plot on which her tiny, shabby cottage crouched stubbornly between those lofty commercial towers which, like fabled giants, had suddenly risen out of nothing to overcome her. On the right it was the new Insoluble Trust Building, on the left the sky-aspiring department-store of Nathan Rosewasser.

These buildings were the commercial pride of booming San Bruno; and that Mrs. Casey's lot was wanted as the site for a still more imposing structure was a secret so open that it was shouted daily over every other telephone in town. Yet Mrs. Casey continued to raise chickens on her priceless holdings — two dozen scrawny Plymouth Rocks, whose daily egg-songs vied with the click of typewriters in the offices on either side. Every little while some undiscouraged agent would enter her domain prepared to offer her as high as a quarter of a million dollars for her place; and, like the hero in the ballad, said agent would always "walk right in, and turn right round, and walk right out again." If he did not walk, he ran; for Mrs. Casey was taller and broader than most men, and at short range her dish-pan was a deadly weapon.

C. W. Ketchum, from his window on the tenth floor, cast an evil eye upon the widow's roof. He knew how to clear half a million by buying that lot within thirty days, and he could have murdered the big woman for her mulishness. Like many another great sinner, he was an eager stone-thrower. He hated Mrs. Casey's stubborn resistance; yet his own dog-in-the-manger attitude concerning the sale of certain property to the City Park was common talk among the honest Boosters. But it was Ketchum's way. And, as he yearned for Mrs. Casey's lot with a great passion, he resolved to make life so miserable for her that she would have to move. So Brian Boru Blaney happened upon her persecutions.

Anybody would have noticed Brian crossing Central Square that morning, because he wore a suit that rivaled the blue jay in its vivid coloring. In his pocket he jingled his last hundred dollars, the rest of his profits on the Healthy View sale having faded into Utopia Addition. He was thinking hard. Being in love, instinct urged him to ask an uncertain question of a certain girl. Then he fingered the sparse coinage between his thumb and forefinger, and pondered the fallacy of matrimony without patrimony.

"Somp'n' burnin'," said Brian, sniffing the odor of hot rags. Looking across the square, he saw a vast smudge of smoke rising from the street and pouring through the gut between the Insoluble and the Rosewasser buildings. A woman's voice hurled invective in the tone of outdoor Suffrage oratory.

"They're smokin' Mary out again," said Policeman Jones of the Park squad.

"I don't hear any riot call. Are y' blind on that side?" asked Brian.

"It's off me beat," replied Jones, retreating with that air of virtue peculiar to policemen in New York, Sodom, and other centers of graft and culture.

Brian pulled his green velvet hat over his eyes and raced across the square in the direction of the smudge. The gap between the two vast buildings formed a natural flue which drew the smoke straight across Mrs. Casey's house. A vicious circle of spectators had formed about the small but exciting drama, framing a picture which Brian saw from an elbow-space in the front row.

A seedy workman, going about it with all the dignity of a high priest performing a sacred rite, stood shoveling street litter on the pyre. Another workman, smoking a pipe, stood amusingly receiving the volleying abuse that flamed from the lips of a huge Irishwoman who carried a bucket in either hand, setting one down occasionally to add a telling gesture to some lofty flight of Billingsgate.

"Look at him, wud ye, th' dirthy I. W. W. — too lazy to raise th' hand av him to honest worruk, so he must be afther buildin' foires on th' dure-step av a lone woman. Take that grin off yer mug!"

Mrs. Casey suddenly reached for the offending grin, and came sufficiently near the mark to knock the workman's pipe several feet across the cleared space. (Laughter and applause.)

"Who sint ye here on this divil's errand?" she demanded.

"Orders from the Board o' Health, lady," said the workman, mending his pipe.

"Th' Board o' Pesthouses, ye mean! I know who's back o' this job — Ketchum an' Sellers, bad cess to ther black sowls!"

Her red forefinger pointed to a gilt sign on the tenth floor of the Insoluble.

"May the mold rot ther dirthy money an' th' itch come to thim that counts it!" she shrieked.

And, as a sort of emotional climax to her curse, she seized a bucket of water and turned it over the head of the nearest workman. Taking advantage of the confusion, she made for the fire with the other bucket, and was about to empty it when the second workman jumped forward and defended the sacred flame with a shovel held bayonet fashion. Mrs. Casey

Digitized by Google

"'GEE!' WHISPERED BRIAN BORU. 'AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A BOOSTER!' . . . 'GET OUT OF MY OFFICE!' HE SHOUTED"

Digitized by Google

gripped him by the hair, the workman rapped her knuckles with the handle of the shovel, and the crowd laughed.

Brian Boru Blaney, a bright-hued streak of wrath, shot forth from the crowd and wrenched the shovel from the man's hands. The embattled foemen stood aghast at this unexpected appearance of the Blue Knight.

"Look here, Neroo," said he, his Celtic eyes showing gun-metal blue as he held the spade like a baseball bat a convenient distance from the workman's nose, "I guess this burlesque show's gone about an act too far. Chuck the douse on Little Vesuvius, Mrs. Casey!"

"God bless ye for a man!" sobbed the fat woman, as the water struck the smudge with a great hiss.

"It's the boss's orders," whined the man.

"Carry 'em out!" suggested Brian, shaving the man's chin with the cutting edge of the tool.

The workman looked round for his companion. He was gone. So he withdrew in a flame of profanity, while the crowd giggled.

"You're a soft bunch o' rubber, ain't you!" sneered the Little Booster to the audience in general.

"There's a rale gintleman alive — saints be praised for th' miracle!"

The big woman advanced on Brian with arms outstretched. His blushes vying with his carroty hair, he escaped through the mob and hurried away to the offices of Ketchum & Sellers.

C. W. Ketchum, the Big Booster, was still at his window on the tenth floor when the Little Booster came in. Ketchum, who was a fattish man with the general appearance of an old-fashioned tragedian, looked up at Brian's entrance and scowled. The two had not spoken since the day of Brian's abrupt discharge.

"What were you mixing up in *that* for?" asked the Big Booster savagely, pointing to the blackened scrap-heap in front of the cottage below.

"A couple o' hired gunmen were tryin' to smoke the old lady out of her home, and I did the Dustin Farnum act," said Brian.

"Those gunmen were hired by *me*," snapped C. W. Ketchum. "Keep your hands off. They're my gunmen,— see?— not yours. That Casey woman is driving me to distraction. I offer her two hundred thousand for the piece — what does she say?"

"THE BIG BOOSTER HIMSELF OPENED THE DOOR. HE WORE PINK PONGEE PAJAMAS. 'WHAT'S THE FOOL PROPOSITION NOW?' HE DEMANDED"

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

"'LOOK HERE, NEROO, I GUESS THIS BURLESQUE SHOW'S GONE ABOUT AN ACT TOO FAR!'"

Ketchum arose and pressed his nose almost against Brian's.

"What does she say?" he repeated. "Says she won't sell for a quintrillion dollars. Why? Because, forsooth, she wants land to raise hens on. Ye gods, it's sacrilege! To maintain a hen-coop on a lot where there might be a national bank building!"

"So you're trying to smoke her out?" inquired Brian, lighting one of Ketchum's rather offensive cigars.

"In the last three weeks we've done everything short of burning the house to convince her that this is not a homelike neighborhood. We've hired the janitor of the Insoluble to dump dust and tin cans from the roof into her yard. We've had the draymen from Rosewasser's store load crates against her fence, so she can't get in or out. In mending our mains we've — accidentally — shut off her water supply. One of our agents thought of the bonfire scheme." Ketchum chuckled in the manner of a stout and well-fed Cassius. "It wasn't our fault, was it, that the Board of Health selected the spot in front of her house as a trash crematorium?"

"Gee!" almost whispered Brian Boru. "And you call yourself a Booster!" A fella like you's enough to drive the tourists back to Los Angeles."

"Get out of my office!" bellowed Ketchum.

"In a minute," said the Little Booster, shifting the cigar to the other side of his mouth, but making no other move.

"I suppose you got lots of time, now you're out of a job," Ketchum said.

"I ain't out of a job."

"What darn fool are you workin' for now?"

"Mrs. Casey," replied Brian calmly. "She don't know I'm working for her, but I am."

"I hope you'll begin by teaching her some public spirit. For the selfish whim of a female mule, she's blocking the progress of the whole town. It's a hold-up."

"She ain't got a corner on the hold-up business." Brian suddenly stood and leaned over Ketchum. "Now look here, old kiddo, I happen to know that you're tryin' to hold up the Park Commission for fifty thousand dollars on six lots that ain't worth three. Because the city wants that strip for their new gateway on

Digitized by Google

"'FOR ME BABIES!' WHISPERED MRS. CASEY, AS SHE KNELT UNDER THE CANDLE-LIGHT AND AFFIXED HER SIGNATURE"

Digitized by Google

Ocean Boulevard, you think you can stick 'em like a porous plaster. You're spoilin' a public park by your graft — but I ain't goin' to let you do that. Before the week's up I'll make you give that property to the city for what it's worth."

"What I do with my property is none o' your business," snarled the Big Booster.

"That's just what the Widdy Casey says. Unreasonable woman! But before you smoke Mrs. Casey out of her lots I bet I smoke you off your park property so hard you'll be spittin' cinders the rest o' your natural life."

"Dream on, Nemo!" quoth the Big Booster sweetly, as he shoved the Little Booster out into the hall and locked the door on the inside.

As Mrs. Casey had never given any sane excuse for resisting the offers of plutocrats and sticking to her miserable hut, Brian set forth to find an explanation; and he took the most direct course by applying to Mrs. Casey herself. It was not without misgivings that he swung the little picket gate between the two skyscrapers and approached the dwarfish house. In physique he knew he was no match for the Amazon who had scalded many ambassadors from rival real-estate dealers and put mourning-bands around the eyes of several more.

He was rather relieved, indeed, when he observed a padlock on the front door of the cottage; but a pungent smell of baking apprised him of the worst: Mrs. Casey was at home. Passing through the scraggly garden in the side-yard, he startled half a dozen hens out of their forenoon repose.

"Who are ye?" suddenly inquired a harsh contralto from the screen door.

"A friend," said Brian, halting dead in his tracks.

"Ar-r-e ye a real-estater?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then *that* for yer friendship!" The screen door suddenly popped open, and a mop, hurled javelin fashion, whizzed less than six inches from his right ear. A flying tea-kettle smote him in the elbow, and Brian halted the advance long enough to nurse his wounds and consider the advisability of carrying the door by assault, when hostilities suddenly ceased, and Mrs. Casey, her great arms akimbo at her broad waist, stood before him.

"Ye wud be comin' afther —" she began. Then her expression suddenly cleared. "Head o' Saint Dinnis!" she cried. "If I ain't been tryin' to kill the only gintleman in San Bruno!"

"Mrs. Casey," Brian began, standing within easy dodging distance of a tree-trunk, yet removing his hat with considerable grace, "I value your appreciation!" He picked up the mop and handed it to her.

"Ye're Irish, God bless ye!" said Mrs. Casey, accepting the weapon.

"My name is Brian Boru Blaney," said he. "The greenest blood of Ireland flows through my veins. My mother was a Casey and I won't go home till I've had a talk with you."

"Ye can't drive me," she said, making a show of stubbornness.

"You can't get the Irish anywheres by jabbin' 'em with a sharp stick," said he affably. "The English have tried that stunt for a hundred years — and what have they got out of it? God loves the Irish, and it's God's way to lead 'em with love."

"Come in," cried Mrs. Casey, opening wide the door. The room he entered was a broad, neat redwood kitchen. An advertisement representing a pretty child playing with a cake of soap was pinned to a beam beside the window. An insurance lithograph showing an impossibly idealized infant picking daisies occupied a place of honor over the stove.

"Have a cooky!" Mrs. Casey proffered a wooden bowl filled with crisp, golden disks, replicas of a batch now toasting in the oven.

"Yum! Grandma's ginger snaps! O you childhood!" Brian seized six, and smacked ecstatically.

"It's manny's th' day since I've had a man to ate me cookies," mourned Mrs. Casey, sitting ponderously in a kitchen chair and covering her red hands with her apron. "Lonesome I am — the persecuted av spalpeens, wid niver chick nor child ——"

She raised both hands to the lowering skyscrapers on either side.

"Here I set in me withered home between thim divil's crags, like a sick clam in the Giant's Causeway. Wirra th' day!"

She began to weep loudly into her checkered calico apron. Brian rose and laid a sympathetic hand on her shapeless shoulder.

"Honest, it's too bad," he said. "But you're playin' an awful long shot, Mrs. Casey — a million to one against you. But it means a fortune to you to-morrow if you move. Why don't you beat it for pastures new?"

"Me?" Mrs. Casey bounced to her feet, a mountain of indignant fire. "Niver will I move — not till their feet rot away wid waitin'. D'ye think I'd sell out an' give *him*, th' dirthy Scandinavian Swade, th' half o' me profit?"

"Who's the Scandinavian Swede?" asked Brian, leaping to the crucial question.

"Ye're a gintleman, though in a bad business," answered Mrs. Casey. "Be that token, I'll tell ye what no man knows.

Digitized by Google

Siventeen years ago I was married be th' priest to wan Martin Casey, and come to live in this house. Martin was a good man except whin dhrunk, which was most o' th' time. Five years we lived widout child, whin wan day Martin, who was drivin' a sprinklin'-cart,— more shame to th' wather! — fell from th' seat an' expired in his alcohol."

Mrs. Casey gazed at the pretty child in the advertising placard. Tears again filled her eyes.

"What sin had I done, that th' blissed Virgin sint no child to me bosom?" she cried.

"In thim days this house stood in th' midst o' fields. I owned no more than th' lot I live on, wid th' little shack out back, now used as a hin-coop. Wan day along comes a fella name av Oscar Hansen, a white-faced divil av a handsome Swade, thin worrukin' as motorman on th' San Pedro trolley. Th' shack where me hins now roost I sold him for th' price of wan hundhred dollars — great wealth to me in thim days. Th' deed fer th' whole lot was still in me name, but we made a conthract be th' lawyer that we was to share th' profit half an' half if we iver sold it. Thin what did that divil Oscar do but come a-courtin' av me, wid his china-blue eyes an' white heart. Crazy fool that I was for lovin' him — they're wonderful ladies' min, thim Swades. So we was pledged to be married be th' priest. Beware o' thim milk-faced blonds, me lad!" said Mrs. Casey, wiping her eyes.

"All that's milk is not pure," suggested Brian.

"Me an' Oscar was to wed on a Thursdah, Hinry Eagan av th' Gripman's Union to stand for th' groom. It was on Wednesdah marnin' whin along comes Hinry Eagan wid a face longer 'n me father's chimney. 'Mrs. Casey,' he says, says he, 'prepare for th' wor-r-rst.' 'I am that,' says I; 'I'm preparin' to git married.' 'Naw, ye ain't,' says Eagan. 'Explain yersilf,' I says, says I. At which wor-r-ruds Hinry Eagan stands twistin' th' rusty brass buttons av his coat. 'Mrs. Casey,' says he, 'if it's th' truth ye must know, Oscar Hansen ran off last night wid a gilt-roofed biscuit-shooter from th' Trolley's End Restaurant; an' they was married be th' justice.' I hurled th' lie in his face, an' followed it wid a pan o' hot mush. But it was th' God's truth he told me."

"So Oscar flew his kites with the blonde?" asked Brian.

"Where he wint God knows, and how long he'll shtay th' divil cares," she muttered. "But wan thing I know. White coward that he is, he'll niver dare show his mushroom face at me door to claim th' half av his property from th' Widdy Casey."

"So *that's* why you won't sell! You're holdin' on to spite Oscar."

"Ask me nawthin'!" She made a sudden dash at a smudge of smoke that came trickling through the chinks in the oven door. "And now I've burnt me cookies to a heathen sacrifice while gabbin' here for th' good av nayther av us!" she snorted. "G'wan wid yez, befoor I heap th' cinders on yer red head!"

"If you sold your lots, you could hire a cook to cook your cookies," said Brian blandly at the door.

"A mother's shpankin' wud av saved yer manners," she sniffed, as she dumped a pan of blackened cookies out of the window.

Brian dashed down D Street and bolted up the Courthouse steps and into the Hall of Records, where the archives of every deed and misdeed of every citizen in the city and county of San Bruno were filed away in funereal pigeonholes. To seek for the name Hansen over the accumulated records of fifteen years would have required a week of diligence. He delved steadily in dust between the hours of eleven and three; then he abruptly gave up the long search and turned to the Coroner's Office, where he sought the mortuary files under the charge of Bill Hodge, the deputy. The Courthouse clock pointed three-thirty when Brian, archipelagos of dust smirching the oceanic blue of his new Norfolk coat, repaired to the stand of Nick Tony, the bootblack.

A small girl wearing a red hat entered Snell's Pompeian Ice Cream Parlors across the way.

"I didn't come here to take a bath," said Brian to Tony, who was conscientiously sponging a sleeve. "Gimme six zings with the broom and turn me loose."

Betsy Spencer was at the Pompeian's cash window, searching her purse for the price of a nut sundae. A blue sleeve crossed her shoulder and deposited a fifty-cent piece.

"Make it two," said Brian to the cashier.

"Well! You take a lot for granted!" Betsy perked up her nose and tried to look severe.

"I got to take you some way," replied Brian humbly. "Besides, you can get two sundaes for two bits in this joint — total saving, a nickel. That just shows the economy of marriage ——"

"We might as well sit down, if you're going to begin an argument." Betsy, followed by her admirer, crossed over to one of the wire-legged tables.

"How's your grandpa?" he asked.

"He spends all his time now hanging around Healthy View. The old-age cranks there are thinking of running him for mayor."

Brian finished the last morsel of his ice and scraped the dish enthusiastically. However, he was looking at Betsy most of the time.

"Just sweet enough to take the chill off," he said.

Digitized by Google

"THE BOOSTER BEHELD A STRANGE SIGHT — MRS. CASEY HEATING WATER ON A STOVE IN THE YARD, WHILE WITH HER GOOD RIGHT FOREARM SHE SUPPORTED A SLEEPING CHILD"

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

"I like 'em that way, don't you?"

"Sure," he replied. "Especially when they got black eyes and stand about your height."

"Smarty!" She began buttoning her gloves. "Say — goin' home now?"

"Yes. Grandpa's waiting for me."

"Great! Let me take y' out in my auto."

"*Your* auto?" Her look was cynical.

"Hired. Come on. I got to look up a certain party at Ocean Terrace, less 'n a crow's hop from where you live."

"You don't expect to find anybody alive in Ocean Terrace, do you?"

"I hope not. The fella I'm lookin' for can't be too dead to suit me."

"I don't know as I care to ride with such a cannibal." Being crazy to go with him, she put on an air of extreme indifference.

"I need your advice, girlie," he said quite seriously. "I'm on the track of a big bear." So he led her to the Liberty Garage and put her aboard an iron-gray monster with seats for two.

The coaxing out of Mrs. Casey, during the few days following, was a process involving much roundabout diplomacy, which Brian finally accomplished by laying siege to her better nature. Although she had known few children in the flesh, her love of childhood as an idea amounted to a monomania. So Brian called frequently, bearing gifts catering to her saving weakness. Once it was an ostentatious gilt-framed chromo labeled "Tiny Toddlers"; again, a cheap lithograph portrait of the Czarina of Russia surrounded by a mosquito fleet of little princesses. Brian patiently scanned the daily papers for bright sayings of children with which to interlard his conversation.

Mrs. Casey's garrulity, corked up for years, gushed forth in a flood of complaints and confidences. At last, when she lamented her sleepless nights and fits of depression, Brian saw his chance, and said:

"What you need's fresh air."

"Fresh air don't cure a sick heart," she moaned.

"California air'll cure anything from corns to cancers," he replied with optimism. "Come, take a jog in my auto."

"I ain't got no clothes," she objected.

"Wear a table-cloth and be comfortable," he suggested. "I'll be around in an hour with a runabout built for two."

"A beau at *my* age!" exclaimed Mrs. Casey.

Prompt to the minute, Brian drove his hired car up to the gate. Mrs. Casey had attired herself in an alpaca dress of other, slimmer days. The sleeves clung sausage-tight to her fat arms, and a complicated series of ruffles climbed her circular skirt like a winding staircase around the Tower of Babel.

"I ain't in style," she announced, timidly straightening her tiny plush hat, which perked up at the corners in the manner of a Chinese pagoda.

"Cheer up! You will be next year!" her guardian reassured her.

So they were off with a honk, Mrs. Casey in a palsy of nervousness, and Brian never looking up as they drove down the main street of San Bruno.

Their passing constituted a serious flurry in the real-estate market. Clerks in the windows of various offices exclaimed: "Mrs. Casey!" in dread unison. C. Pitman Pike, standing under the gold sign bearing his name, dropped his cigar and forgot to pick it up. And in the office of the Sunland Improvement Company, C. B. Brinkhaus, president, rushed to the telephone and shrieked to his junior partner: "Blaney's running off with Mrs. Casey. For gosh sake —" Then he dropped the receiver, dumb with the thought that the precious widow had already disappeared in a cloud of dust wearing toward the declining sun.

To avoid publicity, Brian purposely took his course through bumpy and illusive by-paths.

"Th' inside av me is churned entirely," moaned Mrs. Casey, holding on.

"It gives you that wealthy feeling," replied her escort at the wheel.

"There do be some pleasures in poverty," she philosophized.

But as they swung into the smooth State road she expanded into smiles, her face assuming the hypnotized expression peculiar to the chronic motorist. The ocean breeze stirred old desires in her heart. She pointed out a broken wharf where her husband had taken her to fish in their courting days. A flock of pelicans swung across the mists in imitation of a Hokasai print.

"I well remimber th' time me husband shot wan o' thim bur-r-rds an' ——"

"Something's wrong with the engine," said Brian grimly. The car was noticeably slowing down. A few hundred yards ahead appeared the desolate, box-like shanties of Ocean Terrace. They were approaching an untidy, ragged tent which stood, like the outcast of beggars, a respectful distance from the settlement. The car stopped dead.

"What's th' matther av it?" asked Mrs. Casey.

"Differentials tangled in the hub," said Brian vaguely, gazing into the hood.

Two towheads peeped curiously out from a flap in the tent beside the road. A baby's cry could be heard from behind the canvas.

"Th' little darlints!" cried Mrs. Casey rap-

Digitized by Google

turously. "Come here, childer, an' talk to yer Aunt Mary!"

A barefooted boy of about ten approached the car and turned a pair of scared blue eyes upon the big woman.

"Ma's awful sick," he said, pointing to the tent. Brian jumped suddenly, and knocked his head against the flap of the hood.

"Sick!" said Mrs. Casey, getting down ponderously.

"She's got a little baby, an' she was took with a spell when she got up to do the washin', an' pa's dead."

"I'll run and hustle a doc," exclaimed Brian, cranking up the supposedly helpless car and starting away in a miraculous jiffy. The boy took Mrs. Casey's big red hand and led her into the tent.

A thin woman lay moaning on a confused pile of bedclothes in a corner. A very small girl was attempting to lift a red-faced bundle of squalls, while the boy stooped to tuck a blanket around his mother.

"Doctor!" said the woman faintly, as Mrs. Casey leaned over her.

"There's wan on th' way, dearie," the widow reassured her, as she raised the woman's head on the pillow and arranged her faded yellow hair.

When Brian returned with a doctor from the village, he beheld a strange sight — Mrs. Casey heating water on a stove in the yard, while with her good right forearm she supported a sleeping child against her broad, sterile bosom.

"This place makes the fresh air smell kind o' close," said Brian, indicating the rubbish that surrounded the tent. "A widow with three kids — down and out — ain't it fierce!"

"Ther's groceries in the cupboard," Mrs. Casey informed him. "But what do these cherubs know about cookin'?"

Brian handed a dollar to the boy.

"Rush the milk-can to the grocer's," he said, "and brace Heine Schmalz for a dozen lamb chops."

The doctor, with the usual offended air of needy country doctors on charity cases, emerged from the tent.

"Why won't these women stay under orders?" he snapped. "Out of the County Hospital three weeks — what does she want to get up and do a day's washing for?"

"Because she don't know how to play golf, maybe," suggested Brian.

"Perhaps," said the doctor dryly. "I don't think she would have enough to eat, except for an order of groceries some one sent her from town last week. Her husband was drowned off the wharf Fourth of July. At any rate, she's got to stay in bed and be nursed for a month."

"I'll be th' nurse," Mrs. Casey volunteered.

"You're on!" said Brian.

"I'll have a word with you about the case," remarked the doctor, beckoning Mrs. Casey into the tent.

"Twenty-seven acres of ripe tin cans and the happiest tribe o' flies I ever met!" Brian mused, as he hunted up an old shovel and began digging a trench to bury the litter in the yard.

The doctor administered an opiate to the mother and left her sleeping. The two visitors, assisted by the small boy, performed the labors of Hercules in making the place habitable. Brian held the baby in various attitudes, while Mrs. Casey washed clothes and the boy turned the wringer. Then Mrs. Casey would snatch the baby from imminent death and set Brian to sweeping, repairing holes in the tent, and splicing the clothes-line. Mrs. Casey, feeding the baby from a bottle, lavished upon it a thousand endearing terms in a voice no mortal had ever heard her use before.

"Gee! you can talk the language," said Brian admiringly.

"Th' pity av it!" sighed Mrs. Casey. "Her a-layin' there starvin' in th' midst av threasures!"

"Them that has ain't got," he philosophized.

"If I was rich, what a home I could give these childer an' ther ma!" She pressed the baby savagely against her shoulder.

"You'd be richer 'n Hetty if you sold your lots," Brian hinted.

"Yes. An' if I cut off me feet I could walk on me hands," she sniffed. Then, as the child began to double its fists and pucker its nose: "Hoosh, darlint chunk av moonbeam! Johnny, there's a good boy, run an' put another bit av wood in th' shtove!"

They had supper on a box under the pepper trees. The doctor's medicine came from the village, and, as the moon rose over the sage, the invalid awoke long enough to take a little broth.

"He was good to me!" she babbled as she fell asleep.

"Shpeakin' av 'er husband!" said Mrs. Casey, tears on her black lashes.

Brian took a list of household necessities required in town; then he went over to his car and lit the headlights. When he returned to the tent he saw Mrs. Casey's massive form crouching on a block of wood in the door. One hand rested protectingly on the cracker-box where the baby had been put to sleep. The little girl also slept, her blond, rather homely little face resting against the Irishwoman's knee. The boy was arguing the subject of bicycles, man fashion.

"Johnny, see how fast you can run over to

Digitized by Google

the car and find my gloves," said Brian. Then, when he was out of hearing, "Mrs. Casey," he whispered, "do you know why you're here?"

"Yer car-r-r busted down an' ——"

"It busted accidentally on purpose," he confessed. "I've got you on this job because it's your last call to the kindergarten. Do you want to help these kids, or don't you?"

"Mary Mother knows how I want to!"

"Mary Mother wants you to have 'em, Mrs. Casey. But you're a blind and stubborn woman — now don't blow up till I finish my spiel. To spite the memory of Oscar Hansen you're making yourself and every one else miserable. If you did the right thing by these purps, you could send that boy to college — either Yale or Business; you could buy those two babies silk petticoats, give their mother a home with all the refinements from Paris to pianola. But no! You prefer to raise hens."

"What can I do?" she asked humbly, lifting the sleeping girl.

Brian promptly unfolded a typewritten paper before her eyes.

"This is an option on your property, sale price two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Sign here, please. To-night I can offer it to any one of twenty dealers."

"Will they take it?"

"Will a cat steal fish?" Brian shook out a fountain-pen.

"For me babies!" whispered Mrs. Casey, as she knelt under the candle-light and affixed her scraggly signature.

She was silent like the southern stars as, still carrying the sleeping child, she followed Brian out to the car. He took his place at the wheel.

"Be th' way, what's th' name o' that sick woman in there?" she asked in a low tone.

"She's the widow of Oscar Hansen," said Brian distinctly.

"God's will!" whispered Mrs. Casey as she turned away. The little girl, half waking, threw her arms around the big woman's neck.

Lights glimmered from bedroom windows in a prosperous residence district of San Bruno as Brian stopped his car in front of a white stucco villa and rang at the oaken door.

"Who's there?" The voice of C. W. Ketchum grated from above.

"B. B. Blaney's my name and every B in it stands for Business," the voice from below bubbled.

"Can't your business wait till to-morrow?"

"Sure. It can wait till Alton Parker's elected. *You're* the one that's got to get a move on." Brian started to stroll away.

"Hey! I'll be down!"

The Big Booster himself opened the door. He wore pink pongee pajamas.

"What's the fool proposition now?" He rubbed his eyes.

"A ten-day option on Mrs. Casey's property at two hundred and fifty thou'," announced Brian in a small, tired voice.

"What!" Ketchum's hands clutched imaginary values. "Sell it to me!"

"It's got strings on it, ol' man. You know what I told you the other day — I'd smoke you out of your property before you smoked the widow out o' hers. Well, here comes the tar-boiler!"

"What do you mean?"

"I'll sell you this option dirt cheap, provided you're a good boy and do what I say. I want you to sit down and write a letter to the Park Board, offering that park strip for six thousand dollars."

"It's an outrage!" said Ketchum.

"Sure it is. The strip's only worth three."

Ketchum went to a desk and wrote the letter to the Board.

"I'll take it with me," said Brian, reaching for the letter. "The Board meets to-morrow at ten. "I'll get Robbins to rush it through, and when the bill of sale is in my hands, I get my commission — five thousand dollars."

"You might trust me a little," said the Big Booster.

"I might," agreed the Little Booster, putting the letter safely away.

And next day, after the deal was closed for all parties, Ketchum handed Brian his commission, and laughed in rare good humor.

"You might have asked five times that amount."

"I know," rippled the optimist, "but I got my money's worth."

A new Booster Story, with illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg, in the April number—out March 15

Digitized by Google

THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND

BY

OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. WENZELL

Preceding instalments.—John G. Slade and Bernard L. Majendie are conspicuous rival figures on the New York Stock Exchange, which is threatened with a great financial panic. It is important to Slade to know what Majendie's resources are for weathering the panic, and he tries to obtain this knowledge from Rita Kildair, who is that evening to give a supper which Majendie will attend. Slade plays upon Mrs. Kildair's love of jewels by leaving with her a valuable ruby ring.

Mrs. Kildair's supper is informal, and her guests help her prepare it. They go freely about her studio apartment, and in and out of her bedroom, where she has left Slade's ruby on her dressing-table. As they seat themselves at supper, Mrs. Kildair discovers that the ruby is missing. With the exception of Majendie, of Beecher, who has fallen under the spell of a young actress, Nan Charters, who is present, and of Slade, none of the guests are absolutely above suspicion. Mrs. Kildair has the doors locked and declares that she will count one hundred in the dark. If, by the hundredth count, the ring has not been placed on the table, she will send for detectives. The count goes to sixty-one, when a clatter is heard on the table. Mrs. Kildair continues the count to the end, but when the lights are lit the table is discovered bare. Detectives are sent for, but the ring is not found.

Young Beecher engages the services of the famous detective McKenna; while he is telling him the story, word comes that Majendie's Trust Company has gone down, and that the great panic is on. Mrs. Enos Bloodgood, one of the guests under suspicion, has made preparations to elope with Majendie, but on the eve of the elopement Majendie commits suicide. Beecher discovers that Nan Charters has allowed Garraboy, a broker of uncertain reputation, to invest her small fortune in stocks. He induces her to give him an order on Garraboy for the shares, but she later withdraws the order, thus creating a breach between herself and Beecher. Mrs. Kildair manoeuvers to delay Detective McKenna's activities, which are embarrassing her. She announces her belief that the ring will shortly be returned. Slade's affairs reach a crisis. On the night that his fate is to be decided Mrs. Kildair is the guest of Mrs. Fontaine at an opera box-party.

CHAPTER XVII

MRS. CRAIG FONTAINE'S box was in the lower grand tier, in that favored circle which, in the present struggle for social supremacy, is the ultimate battle-field. Her entrance was one of the six important arrivals of the night. Besides Gunther and Beecher, there were in her party Lady Fitzhugh Mowbray, a young woman of the striking English blonde type, and the Duke de Taleza-Conti, of the royal house of Italy, a cosmopolite, dry, frail in body, affecting the English monocle, with a perpetual introspective smile on his keen lips.

The absence of Mrs. Kildair had left Mrs. Fontaine in very bad humor. Not only did she consider an invitation to her box as a sort of royal command, that should take precedence over all calamities and render accidents impossible, but she felt that she would miss the effect that her well balanced party had promised. Fortunately, at the last moment the door opened and Mrs. Kildair entered.

"My dear Mrs. Fontaine," she said immediately, in a voice that could not be heard by the rest, "the explanation I sent you is not true. It was not a question of a breakdown. There are crises in our lives that can not be put off. I can tell you no more than this, but I know you will understand that nothing except a matter of supreme importance would ever make me miss an invitation of yours."

Mrs. Fontaine looked at her, and, seeing beyond the surface calm the fires of a profound agitation, was pleased that Mrs. Kildair had not sought an easy excuse, but had thrown herself on her woman's generosity. She smiled, pressed her guest's hand sympathetically, and signaled to Gunther, who removed her wrap. She signed to him to take the seat behind hers, placing Beecher back of Mrs. Kildair; and, while the rest of her party immediately swept the house with their opera-glasses, she remained quiet, conscious of the sudden focus, unwilling to show herself curious of other women.

"Look," said Mrs. Kildair to Beecher, in a low aside; "Mrs. Bloodgood is in her box. What daring!" she added, after a moment's examination. "She has dressed herself in black."

Beecher, following her directions, beheld Mrs. Bloodgood, without a single jewel or a relieving

Digitized by Google

touch of color, sitting proudly, looking fixedly at the stage, disdainful of the stir and gossip that her dramatic appearance occasioned. Behind, in the crowded box, Mr. Bloodgood was standing, smiling and contented, showing himself with a malicious enjoyment.

"How can she do it?" said Beecher.

"After the first act," said Mrs. Kildair, with a sudden impulse of generosity, "go and see her. Take Mr. Gunther. It will give her strength."

She took up her glasses, turning them haphazard.

"I shall never be able to sit through this," she said to herself, leaning forward. "If I only knew! Give me Slade and twenty millions, even," she said to herself, with a great intaking of breath, "and I could do anything! I will dominate this in five years." But, the more violently burned the fire of her desire, the more weak and faltering was her hope. "Ah, will he win out? Can he? How is it possible!" she said bitterly. "Oh, what a gamble it all is! And I must sit here — continue to sit here like a stone — while in an hour it may all be decided."

Gunther touched Beecher on the arm. "Friends of yours over there, Ted."

"Who?"

"The Cheevers — little to your right — row above. Hello," he added suddenly. "See who's with them."

"Who?" said Beecher, who did not recognize the rest of the party.

Gunther placed his finger on his lips, with a warning glance at Mrs. Kildair, and then, bending forward, said:

"I say, Mrs. Kildair, who is that tall, rather black chap in the box with the Stanley Cheevers? He's looking this way now."

Mrs. Kildair raised her glasses.

"Mr. Mapleson," she said directly.

"He's the head of Sontag & Company, the jewelers, isn't he?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Queer-looking chap — ever know him?"

"Yes. Why?"

She turned, looking at the questioner with a fixity that told him she was not entirely ignorant of his real interest.

"He must have been in Paris when you were," he said quickly. "I hear he had quite a career there."

She turned away with indifference, gazed once more through her glasses, and said:

"Yes; there were quite a number of stories about his rise. He is a man with a genius for friendships."

"Rather attentive to Mrs. Cheever, isn't he?" persisted Gunther.

"I didn't know it."

All at once the lights went out and the first act was on. The entrance of Emma Fornez was eagerly awaited as a new sensation to an audience that must be served yearly with the novel and startling. It had been rumored that her impersonation was even a bit shocking; and the house, stirred by the expectation, waited hopefully. At the end of the act opinions were divided. The galleries applauded frantically, moved by the sure magnetism of a great artist; but the boxes and most of the orchestra waited, undecided.

Beecher and Gunther rose, giving their places to arriving visitors, and went into the corridors on their rounds. Beecher was thoughtful. He had perceived Miss Charters in the orchestra; but he had not succeeded in seeing who was her companion.

"I'd give a good deal to know how well Mrs. Cheever knows Mapleson," said Gunther eagerly.

"I say, what did you mean by poking me?" said Beecher suddenly.

"Didn't you get on? Mapleson is the head of Sontag & Company. Sontag & Company sold the ring to Slade. Now, if Mapleson and Mrs. Cheever are intimate, it's possible — just a chance — Mrs. Cheever may have known the facts. See?"

Beecher shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a long shot."

"But a chance. I'll pick up some one here in five minutes who can tell me."

Beecher entered the Bloodgood box, and, making his way to the front, gave his hand to Mrs. Bloodgood. Four or five men, impelled by curiosity, were before him, mentally registering their reports to add to the fund of gossip. Mrs. Bloodgood, glad to avail herself of the opportunity, had turned her back on the audience, and was holding her head against these social scouts who discussed Slade — which was a manner of discussing Majendie.

She welcomed Beecher's arrival as that of an ally, and made him the pretext for withdrawing from the general conversation. The moment he looked at her, he had the tact to perceive that any display of sympathy would be an offense. There was no trace left of the weak and desperate woman. Instead, he was aware of an immense change in her, a transformation that was moral, and, looking in her eyes, he could not realize that he had ever seen them weep.

"Where are you to-night?" she asked quietly.

"In Mrs. Craig Fontaine's box," he said.

"Mrs. Kildair is there, isn't she?"

"Yes."

The woman before him asked compassion

Digitized by Google

from no one. In the commotion at his side he caught a phrase:

"Wonder if Slade will kill himself too?"

"Do you like Fornez?" he said hastily, and, despite himself, he looked in her eyes to see what effect the remark had made.

"Very much," she said coldly, a little staccato. " Fornez has made a success, don't you think?"

Beecher left presently, oppressed by the hardness he felt in her.

The second act was a veritable triumph for Emma Fornez.

In descending the stairway to go behind the stage, Beecher saw Miss Charters in the distance of the shifting crowd. He stopped, by a movement he did not analyze, to speak to a purely chance acquaintance, hoping that she would perceive him. Then he continued to the dressing-room of the prima donna. Emma Fornez was in a state of frenzied delight.

"I have them, Teddy — I have them; is it not so?" she cried, clapping her hands like a child. She flung her arms about him, embracing him. In fact, she embraced every one — even her maid.

"The house is wild with enthusiasm," he said, laughing.

"Aha! I made them sit up, didn't I — your cold women? It's the second act, Teddy — the second — you get them there. Bah! They don't know even what I did to them." All at once she stopped, seriously, assuming a countenance of terror. "Oh, but the critics! What will the monsters say? They never like it when the audience is too enthusiastic."

"I saw Macklin applauding, Madame," said Spinnetto, putting his head into the room.

"Angel!" cried Emma Fornez, and she embraced Spinnetto.

"Third act — third act," came the running call from the flies. "All on the stage for the third act."

When Beecher entered the corridor, Miss Charters was only a short distance away. He was prepared to find Lorraine as her companion, but he felt a sudden anger at the sight of Garraboy, who in turn, comprehending the aim of his partner's manoeuvers, looked anything but pleased.

She nodded to him, holding out her hand.

"She is wonderful, Teddy, wonderful! Have you seen her? Is she pleased?"

"She is a great, great artist," he said, with extra warmth. "She's as pleased as a child."

"Come and see me after the next act," she said, looking at him closely.

"If I can," he answered hastily.

When he returned to the box, Mrs. Kildair and Mrs. Fontaine were in the ante-room, in low converse. He was suddenly struck with the look of age in Mrs. Kildair's face.

"But, I assure you, I can go alone," she was saying.

"I would not allow it," said Mrs. Fontaine firmly. Then, turning to Beecher, she said, so as not to reach the others: "Teddy, as soon as the curtain is up, step out. Mrs. Kildair is not well. You will take her home; I have ordered the automobile. You can get back for the last act."

Mrs. Kildair made no further remonstrance — she was at the end of her tether.

"Sit here," she said to Beecher, sitting on the couch. "I don't want to be noticed."

"You're ill," he said, alarmed.

"Yes, ill," she said mechanically.

At this moment the house became quiet. She rose with a return of energy, and signaled him that she was ready. Five minutes later they were in the automobile, fleeing uptown.

Had a woman been at her side instead of Beecher, she would have given her confidence, in the terrible necessity of sharing the emotion that was so vital to her. As it was, she restrained herself, remaining silent by a last effort of her will; but her hand on the window-frame began a nervous, syncopated beating like the click of fleeing rails that one hears when riding in a railroad train.

"You are feeling better?" said the young man, in a troubled voice.

"Open a window — for a moment," she answered.

The sudden blast of cold air, damp as though laden with the tears of the city, terrified her with its suggestion of despair and defeat.

"No, no; shut it," she said hurriedly.

But in a few moments she was forced to seek the stimulus of the air again, and she cried hurriedly, not concealing her agitation:

"Open — open quick!"

She opened her lips, drinking in the chill, revivifying draught, unaware of the strange impression her disordered countenance in the embrasure of the window made on the occasional passers-by.

"Better first in a village than second in Rome."

She found herself repeating the saying mechanically, without quite understanding how it had so suddenly leaped into her mind. Then, as the automobile turned into her street, and she felt that he was there waiting, as he had promised, successful or ruined,— that now in ten minutes all would be over and she would know,— all at once she began to pray confusedly to Some One immense, whom she had never understood, but One who seemed to hold all fates in the balancing of his fingers.

Digitized by Google

"Are you better? What shall I do? Shall I come up with you?" said Beecher, totally in the dark.

"No — no; wait," she said hurriedly, as the machine ground to a stop. She did not rise at once. Stiffening in her seat, she grasped the arm of the young man until he winced under the contraction of her fingers.

"Good," she said suddenly, and before he could prevent her she was out on the sidewalk. "No, no; stay in. Thanks — thanks a thousand times. I'll send you back."

Before he could protest, she shut the door firmly and nodded to the chauffeur.

The elevator-boy was already at the swinging glass doors, holding them open for her entrance.

"Mr. Slade here, Joe?" she said instantly.

"Yes, ma'am; upstairs."

"How long?"

"About half an hour."

She entered the elevator, and, leaving it at her landing, waited until it had disappeared.

"Now for it!" she said, pressing the bell. And, by a last display of her will, she sent through her body a wave of cold resolution that left her outwardly impassive, with a little touch of scorn on her lips.

CHAPTER XVIII

It is only in the supreme crisis of a colossal disaster that a nation, which fondly believes it elects its governing bodies, perceives its real masters; and even then, in the alarm and confusion of its apprehension, it does not recognize what it is shown. The group of ten men assembled at Gunther's, awaiting the arrival of Slade, could, either in themselves or through the influences they represented, bring to their support over ten billion dollars of capital. If it were possible to conceive of a master spirit that could unite these ten men into one unanimous body with but a single object, in five years they could own every necessary newspaper and magazine in the country, operate every railroad, and, by the simple process of reinvesting their earnings annually, control every important industry, every necessary chain of banks, and the entire food-supply of the nation.

When Slade arrived, he entered by the separate entrance to Gunther's personal apartments, which were situated in a lower wing of the monstrous turreted granite structure that might have served for a miniature Bastile. One of his secretaries was at the door, carefully scrutinizing each arrival. The moment Slade entered, he was aware that his fate was not the only one under discussion.

Four entrances of equal height, in heavy Florentine relief, gave on this ante-room — from Gunther's private office, from the library, from the room of his secretaries, and from the outer entrance by which Slade entered. In the middle of the ante-room, Gunther was seated at a small card-table, studiously engrossed in a game of solitaire. He was a medium-sized man, who, without an effect of bulk, conveyed an instant impression of solidity, while the head, remarkable in comparison with the changed physiognomy of the present day, had the falcon-like, eery quality characteristic of the spreading eyebrows and deep-set glance of the American before the Civil War. Slow in movement, slow in speech, he was likewise slow in the deliberation with which his scrutiny left the face he was considering.

At the vigorous shock of Slade's coming, he completed a row of carefully laid cards and lifted his head.

"How do you do, Mr. Gunther?" said Slade, whose eye was instantly set on the half-opened doors leading into the library, from which sounds of altercation were issuing.

Slade's arrival seemed to surprise Gunther, who looked at his watch and said, without rising:

"You're ahead of time, Mr. Slade."

"Always like to look over the ground when there's a battle," said Slade.

"Sit down."

He motioned to the secretary, who brought cigars and a light.

"I'll have to keep you waiting, Mr. Slade. There is a conference taking place."

Gunther at this moment was probably the most powerful personal force in the United States, and, what was more extraordinary, in an era of public antipathy to its newly created magnates, enjoyed universal respect. As he showed himself rarely, never gave interviews, and surrounded himself by choice with that inciting element of seclusion which Napoleon adopted on his return from Italy, the public had magnified what it could not perceive.

His strength lay in being that inevitable man who results as the balance-wheel of conflicting interests. At this moment the invested wealth of the country, frightened at the cataclysm that threatened it, had thrown its resources implicitly into the hands of this one man, who came forward at the psychological time to stop the panic, issuing his orders and marshaling his forces with a response of instant obedience.

"What's going on here?" said Slade to himself. "And what's the proposition they're reckoning on squeezing out of me? I'd like to know what's going on behind those doors."

As though in response to his wish, the doors

Digitized by Google

"SHE FLUNG HER ARMS ABOUT HIM, EMBRACING HIM. IN FACT, SHE EMBRACED EVERY ONE. 'AHA, I MADE THEM SIT UP, DIDN'T I—YOUR COLD WOMEN?' SHE CRIED"

Digitized by Google

of the secretaries' room swung, and a round little man of fifty in evening dress came out hurriedly, holding in his hand a slip of paper. He approached the stolid player with precipitation, and yet, obeying a certain instinct of deference which showed itself despite his disorder, he waited until Gunther had completed a play he had in hand before blurting out:

"Mr. Gunther, this is the best we can do."

Gunther took the slip that was offered to him, glanced at it, and returned it abruptly.

"Not sufficient," he said, and took up his pack of cards.

The emissary, crestfallen and desperate, returned to the conference; and at the opening of the door the sound of violent discussion momentarily filled the ante-room like a sudden blast of a storm.

"I have it," said Slade, who had recognized Delancy Gilbert, of the firm of Gilbert, Drake, & Bauerman, brokers and promoters of mining interests in Mexico, whose failure had been circulated from lip to lip in the last forty-eight hours. "I see that game. Gilbert's to be mulcted of his Osaba interests. For whom, though? The United Mining, undoubtedly."

Five minutes later the doors of the library opened in turn, and a military figure, gray, bent, with tears in his eyes, came slowly out, the type of convenient figureheads which stronger men place in the presidencies of subsidiary corporations. He likewise placed a sheet of paper before the financier, watching him from the corner of his eye, his white finger working nervously in the grizzled mustache.

"We've agreed on this, Mr. Gunther," he said desperately, in a voice shaken by suppressed emotion. "That's as far as we can go — and that means ruin."

Gunther examined the sheet with slow attention, nodding favorably twice; but at a third column he shook his head, and, seizing a pencil, jotted down a figure, carefully drawing a circle around it.

"That's what I must have," he said, and returned to his solitaire.

The emissary hesitated, seemed about to argue, and then, with a hopeless heave of his shoulders, retired. Gunther frowned, but the frown was called forth by an unfavorable conjunction of the cards. Not once had he seemed to notice the presence of Slade. In the same position, the promoter could not have helped stealing a glance to witness the effect. Slade registered the observation, mentally admitting the difference.

"What does he keep me here for?" he thought; but almost immediately he answered the question: "Effect on the others, of course. Well, let them pull their own chestnuts out of the fire."

In the last emissary he had recognized General Arthur Roe Paxton, president of the Mohican Trust, exploiter of certain Southern oil-fields, equally involved in the Osaba speculation.

At this moment Gunther swept the cards together, glanced at his watch, and pressed an electric button.

"Mr. Slade," he said, fixing his lantern-like stare upon the promoter, "I need not tell you that we are in a desperate situation; that it is time for action — decisive and immediate action."

Slade answered by an impatient jerking of his thumb, and, rising as he beheld the secretary returning from the private office where he had been sent by a look of Gunther's, said:

"I understand perfectly. If the gentlemen whom I am to meet understand the situation as well as I do, we shall have no trouble."

Gunther continued to study him thoughtfully, struck by the confidence of his attitude, where desperation might have been expected. He seemed for a moment about to say something; but presently, giving a sign to the secretary, began thoughtfully to shuffle the cards.

In the private office a group of men were assembled about a long table. The disposition of Slade had been but an incident in the discussion that had been called to decide upon the methods to be pursued in coming to the support of the market, and the deliberation had left its marks of dissension. Slade, on entering, rapidly surveyed the group, perceived its discord, and divided it into its component interests.

"The United Mining is the key," he said, on recognizing Haggerty and Forscheim.

The group was like a transection of that conflicting America which seems to hold the destiny of types. Fontaine, one of the landed proprietors of the city, French by descent and aristocratic by the purifying experience of two generations, was next to Haggerty — a cross-grained, roughly hewn type of the indomitable Irish immigrant of the seventies, who had risen to power out of the silver mines of the eighties. Leo Marx, olive in tint, whispering in manner, thin-veined and handsome, represented the Jewish aristocracy that had ingrained itself in the great banking houses of New York; while Forscheim, leading spirit of five brothers, abrupt, too aggressive, or too compliant, cunning and unsatisfied, was the Hebrew of speculation, the creator of the great corporation known as the United Mining. Judge Seeton B. Barton, representative of the great oil interests,

Digitized by Google

was the grim Yankee, unrelieved by his modifying humor, implacable in small things as well as great, knowing no other interest in life except the passion of acquiring.

Kraus, an ungainly, bulky German-American, had not moved from the half-retreating position he had taken on seating himself. He answered with a short movement of his head, watching every one with covetous, suspicious eyes, never suggested a move, and gave his assent last.

McBane, one of the strongest figures that the rise of the great steel industry had propelled into the public light, was a short, fussy, brisk little man, tenacious, agile, obstinate in opinion. He was the present active force in the group of steel magnates whose personal fortunes alone amounted to over three-quarters of a billion. Marcus Stone, president of the greatest banking force of the country, the Columbus National, was a middle-Westerner, sprung from the hardy soil of Ohio, virile, deep-lunged, direct and domineering. He accounted himself a poor man; he was worth only three millions.

Rupert V. Steele, head of the legal firm of Steele, Forshay & Benton, corporation lawyers, was the type of the brilliant Southerner adventuring into the El Dorado of New York as the Gascon seeks Paris or the Irishman the lure of London. He might almost be said to have created a new profession — that of the lawyer-promoter; and in his capacious, fertile head had been evolved the schemes of law-avoiding combinations for which others received credit. In public he was one of the staunchest defenders of the Constitution and an eloquent exponent of the sanctity of the judiciary.

At Slade's entrance the conversation abruptly ceased, and each in his own manner studied the new arrival.

The second glance reassured Slade, for he distinguished in the group the conflicting rivalries, and perceived by what slender checks the irrepressible jealousies and antagonisms had been stilled.

"If they've gotten together," he said, with a sudden delight in a favorable hazard, "it's because they're scared to the ground and they want to shut off the panic first and trim me second. Good. That's what I wanted to be sure of."

He advanced to the head of the table, swinging into place a heavy chair, and, resolved to acquire the advantage of initiative, said:

"Well, gentlemen, let's get right down to business. I've come to get five millions."

In their astonishment, several pushed back their chairs with a harsh, grating sound. Forscheim laughed aloud insolently.

"Mr. Slade," said Stone, in his blasting manner, "your remark is in bad taste. The situation you are facing is an exceedingly serious one, and only a prompt compliance, on your part, with the measures we have determined upon to avert a national calamity, will save you from bankruptcy" — he stopped, but not from hesitation, adding, with a sudden flush of anger — "and worse."

"And I repeat," said Slade, with a disdainful smile, "that I am here to get five millions, and you are going to give it to me."

An outburst of explanations followed this assertion, half angry, half contemptuous, above which was heard Forscheim's shrill nasal voice saying:

"Dere is a Shtate examiner, Mr. Shlade; don't forget dat."

"My books are kept as carefully as yours, Forscheim," said Slade, with a sudden angry concentration of his glance. Once, in a committee meeting, he had taken Forscheim by the throat and flung him out of doors — a feat that the other could never forget.

"Wait," he exclaimed, rising until his bulky figure towered over the table. "Don't let's waste time. Come to the point. You think I've come here to receive your terms. You're mistaken. I've come here to deliver an ultimatum — my ultimatum."

"Do you realize, sir," said Judge Barton sternly, "what the object of this meeting is? We are here to preserve the prosperity of this country for the next ten years — the homes and savings of millions of persons."

"No; that is not why you are here," said Slade contemptuously. "I'll tell you why you are here. You are here to protect your own interests — first, last,. and always! Because a panic, to you, means hundreds of millions, the end of development, the closing of markets, the colossal flattening out of your billion-dollar trusts. That's why there'll never be another '93 — that's the one good thing in the present situation the public doesn't know. There isn't going to be a '93 now, and you know it and I know it."

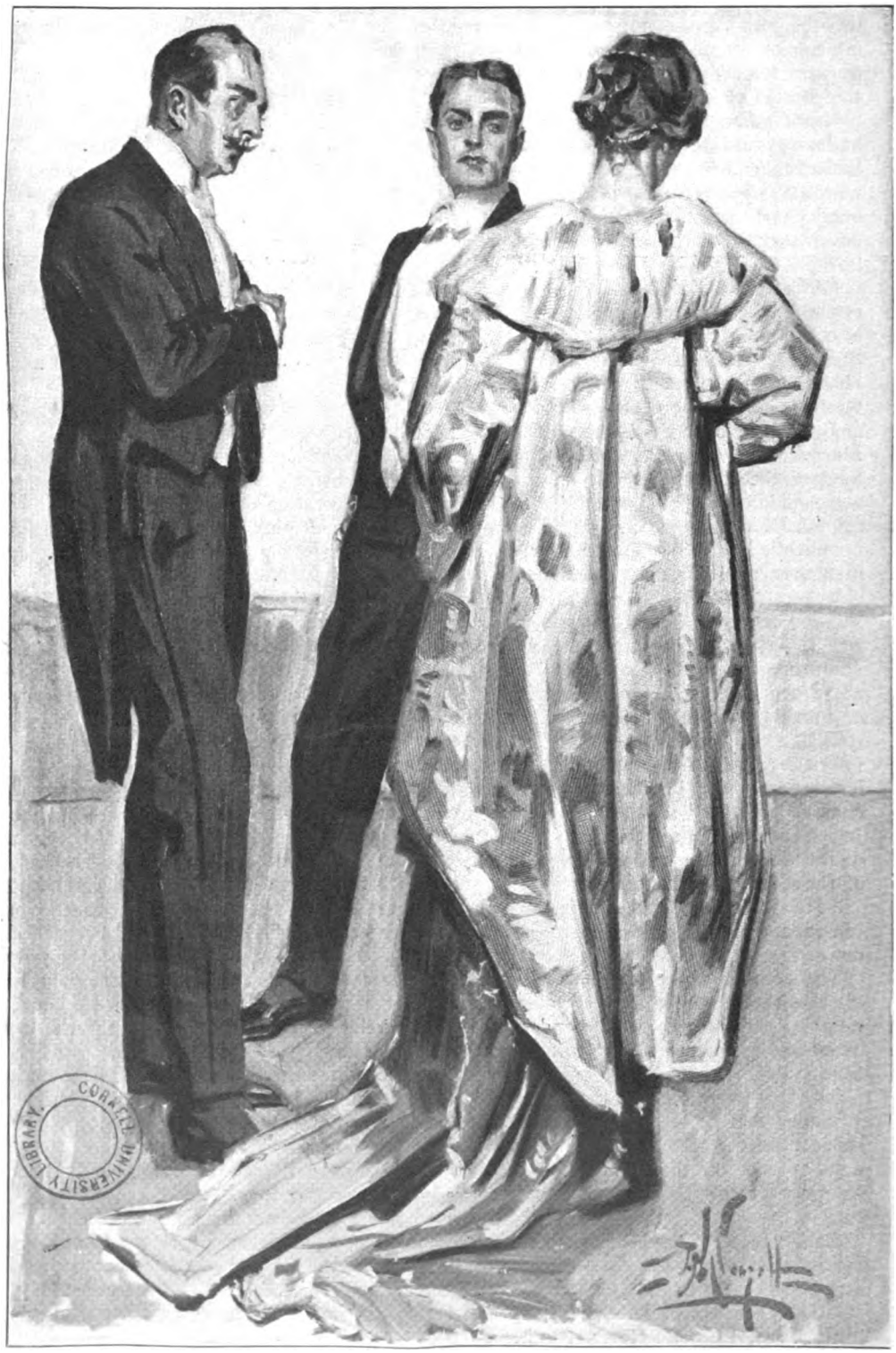
"Suppose, Mr. Slade, you listen to our stipulations first," said McBane, but in a somewhat conciliatory tone.

"I know your demands," said Slade instantly. "Oh, there is no informer present. Nothing difficult. I know you, and the way your minds work. You have three conditions:

"First, I am to resign the presidency of the Associated Trust.

"Second, sell my stock control to a syndicate you have organized, which will stand as a guaranty to the public.

Digitized by Google


CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

"WHEN BEECHER ENTERED THE CORRIDOR, MISS CHARTERS WAS ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE
'IF I CAN,' HE ANSWERED. HE FELT A SUDDEN

Digitized by Google

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

AWAY. 'COME AND SEE ME AFTER THE NEXT ACT,' SHE SAID, LOOKING AT HIM CLOSELY. ANGER AT THE SIGHT OF GARRABOY"

Digitized by Google

"Third, the taking over of all my holdings in the Osaba territory by the United Mining Company.

"Am I right?"

He did not need to wait a reply; the answer was plain upon their countenances.

"Now, gentlemen, I'm going to finish up," he said, pursuing his advantage. "Remember one thing: I'm not a Majendie. I fight to the last breath, and when I'm downed I carry down with me everything I get my hands on.

"Now, let's be perfectly plain. I know where I stand. If Majendie and the Atlantic Trust hadn't gone to smash, there wouldn't be a ghost of a show for me — you'd squeeze every last cent I had. I know it. I knew it then, when I knew it was Majendie or me. But, you see, Majendie's dead, and the Atlantic Trust — three hundred and eighty millions — has closed its doors. That makes all the difference in the world. You don't want to trim me — not primarily. Forscheim and the United Mining do — that's their private affair. What you men who count want, I repeat, is to stop this panic — to get me out of the way and stop this panic if you can; if you can't get me out of the way, to stop this panic at once — now — within twenty-four hours! Now, gentlemen, I defy you to let the Associated Trust close its doors to-morrow."

"You overestimate the importance of such a failure," said Fontaine slowly, but without aggressiveness. Slade's attack had made a profound impression.

"I have taken particular care that, if the Associated fails, it'll be the biggest smash on record," said Slade, ready now to play his trump card.

"What do you mean?" said Haggerty, startled, while the others waited expectantly.

"Just that," said Slade, not unwilling for them to know the depth of his game. "If the Associated fails, sixty-seven institutions, from here to San Francisco, fail. I have taken care of that in the last two months."

"You haf ingreased your oplications at sooch a time?" fairly shrieked Forscheim, who saw his victory eluding him.

"You bet I did," said Slade. "I made sure that I wouldn't be *allowed* to fail." He took from his pocket a folded sheet and handed it to Steele, who a moment before had finally determined to come to his support. "That's what failure means. Pass it around."

The lawyer elevated his eyebrows in astonishment. The disclosure of how Slade, by negotiating loans with a number of subsidiary institutions throughout the country, had made them united in his general fate, completed the dawning recognition of a master that had been forming in his mind.

"He will beat them," Steele thought, passing on the paper. "He will go far. I must be his friend." Aloud he said carefully: "Of course, Mr. Slade, at the bottom the affairs of the Associated Trust are absolutely solvent."

"Solvent under any system of banking in the world that does not withhold ready money on proper guaranties," said Slade, who looked at him with a glance that showed the lawyer he had received his alliance. "Solvent as the Atlantic Trust was, is, and will be proved to be. You gentlemen know that as well as I do."

"Of course, Mr. Slade," said Steele, with an appearance of aggressiveness that the other understood perfectly, "one thing must be understood: the present speculative operations of the trust companies can not go on."

"Now, gentlemen, to finish up," said Slade, who seized the hint, "here's my answer. I will agree to any legislation — in fact, will urge it — that will place the trust companies on the basis of the national banks, that is, on the same conservative basis of loans and transactions. That is right; I am now convinced that it is for the best." He allowed a slight smile to show, and continued: "I will resign as president of the Associated Trust three months from to-day. That I had already determined on. For what I wish to do, that would be only an embarrassment. You will lend me the five millions I wish, and, better still, to-morrow morning make an announcement to the effect that, having consulted on the affairs of the Associated Trust, you have found no reasons for apprehension, and that you will come to its support. Sign it 'Fontaine, Gunther, McBane, Marx, and Stone,' and the run on the banks will end in twenty-four hours. To-morrow morning I will personally assure Mr. Steele, by an examination of my books, that affairs are as I have described. After this examination you can place five millions at my disposal — if necessary. Believe me, this is a much better way to end the panic. You reassure public confidence by your guaranty. The other way, by forcing my resignation, you create an impression that everything is rotten. Besides, the first way has this advantage — it is the only way. That's my word, gentlemen; if you intend to stop the panic, you've got to float me!"

An hour later, having yielded not a jot of his position, turning a deaf ear to threats, expostulations, and arguments, he rose victorious.

In the ante-room he went up to Gunther, who was still bowed over his solitaire, waiting grimly until his word had been carried out.

Digitized by Google

"Mr. Gunther," said Slade, stopping at the table, "we have come to an understanding. The gentlemen in the other room were agreeably surprised at my exposition of the affairs of the Associated Trust. They are going to lend me five millions."

"Indeed!" said Gunther, in a sort of grunt, but with a countenance so impassive that Slade was moved to admiration.

"Gunther," he said, suddenly carried away by a feeling of prophetic elation, "up to now you've known me only as a speculator. Now I'm going to become a conservative force. In a month I'm coming to you with a proposition. You're the only man I would ever trust. Good night."

His automobile was waiting. He threw himself violently into it, giving the address of Mrs. Kildair's apartment, and, as he felt the pleasant, exhilarating sensation that the speed of his machine conveyed to him, he repeated, feeling suddenly how at last he had emerged from the perils of the first phase that he had once so frankly defined:

"Now I'll be conservative."

When Slade arrived at Mrs. Kildair's and found that she was still absent, he was consumed with a nervous impatience. He seated himself at the piano, playing over, clumsily, refrains of the crude ranch songs which came to him as an echo of his earlier, struggling days. But these echoes of a past conflict seemed only to whet his impatience; he ended with an impatient crashing discord, and rose, lighting another cigar, to pace the broad space of the studio with rapid, restless strides, surprised at the annoyance her absence brought him.

When Mrs. Kildair entered, let in by Henriette, her maid, Slade flung aside his cigar and strode impatiently forward.

One glance at his triumphant face told her what she wanted to know. She made a quick sign to him with her hand, and turned her back, disengaging her opera-cloak with exaggerating slowness, drawing a deep breath. Then she sent Henriette upstairs to her room to wait until she called.

"Congratulations," she said, calmly entering the studio and extending her hand. "You have won?"

"How do you know?" he said, taken aback by her composure.

"It is there — in your eyes," she said, passing her fingers so close to them that he seemed to feel their soft contact. "Tell me all about it."

"Yes; I've beaten them. More — I've forced myself into their hide-bound circle. You'll see; in a month I'll be one of them."

"And if Majendie had not killed himself?" she said breathlessly, womanlike perceiving the hazards of fate.

"But he did!" he cried impatiently, unwilling to admit the element of chance in the destiny he had hewn for himself. But the thought sobered him. He looked down from the height to which his ambition had flung him. "It's true: it was either Majendie or me," he said quietly. "Shall I tell you something? That night we were here, I knew he was lost — that he would do it. Don't ask me how I knew!" Then, shaking off the memory like an evil dream, he continued, extending his arm in crude, magnetic gestures: "Well, that's over! I am where I want to be; the rest is easy. In a month — two months — they will see, Forscheim and Haggerty, how the trap they laid for me has sprung against them. To-night will be worth twenty millions to me."

"How do you mean?" she said eagerly; but she did not look at him. Slade, triumphant in his brute power, inspired her with an emotion she did not dare to show him yet.

"Forscheim and Haggerty — the United Mining," he said, forgetting his habitual caution in the new desire to dazzle and overcome this woman who had so resisted him, who had become suddenly so necessary to him, "have laid their trap to get hold of the Osaba territory. They've stripped Gilbert and old General Paxton of their holdings, and they were sure they'd strip me. The Osaba gold fields will one day be worth hundreds of millions — another El Dorado. Well, they'll get a third interest to-night. I've got a third, and Striker and Benz, Mexican United, who've fought them tooth and nail, have another third. Each now has got to have what I've got, or get out. I've got the control, and when I sell ——" he ended with a laugh. "I've licked Forscheim before; but it will be nothing to this. They thought they had me down, and they played into my hands!"

Suddenly, at the memory of Gunther impassively waiting in his ante-room, he changed his tone.

"Now they'll see what I can do," he said savagely. "Gunther's the only real man among them. I must have Gunther. With him I can do what I want — construct, construct!"

She rose, stopping him as he most wanted to continue.

"You must go now," she said quietly. "I've already done what I shouldn't."

He stopped, infuriated at this check to his inclinations; for, beyond his victory over the men he had fought, she still eluded him.

"Did you care what happened to me — much?" he asked savagely.

Digitized by Google

"Yes; I was surprised how much I cared," she said slowly, keeping her eyes on his. She saw in his eyes how much she lacked to his complete triumph, and suddenly seized the opportunity by the forelock. "Why are you afraid to marry?" she said vigorously. "You are a child — you don't understand life. You don't know how to draw from it the incitements it can give you. You wish to be a great figure, and you think you can remain an outcast."

"What do you mean?" he said roughly, and, advancing, took her by the shoulders. She did not recoil.

"You want to be another Gunther," she said, meeting his glance with an intensity of ambition greater than his, "and you wish to fight like a guerrilla. You have the vanity of a god, and you don't know how to feed it."

"Well, what would you do?" he said, still holding her from him.

"I would make you what you should be — a personage, not a wanderer," she said, with extraordinary energy. "I'd make your home a court; I'd show you what it meant to step into your box at the opera and know that every eye in the house turned toward you. You want to do great things; but you want to feel that you have done great things — that others are impressed by them, envy and look up to you. You want that stimulus; and there is only one way to get it. Take your place in society, where you belong — among the great figures."

"I find my own stimulus," he said, looking at her.

"Listen, John Slade," she said furiously. "You think, because you have always done what you want with women, that that will continue. It won't. You are at a dangerous age. You have depended upon women — you can not shake it off. The day will come when you'll be caught, as every man is who plays beyond his youth and strength. Women will either hinder you or push you on. Make up your mind now. Which do you want?"

"I want you," he said, suddenly caught by her words, that came as an answer to his new view of himself; and, violently, characteristically, he added, enfolding her: "And when I want a thing I want it now. Get your wraps on. We're going over to Jersey now and get married."

"No, no," she said firmly, though her heart was beating so that she thought he must hear it.

"You've got me. I never expected it, but I've got to have you," he said; and brutally, without thinking whether he hurt her or not, he forced her head up to his. Then, confident, he renewed his demand that they should be married that night, at once.

"No, no," she said, disengaging herself; and, though all her being responded to his demand, her intellectual self conquered, knowing full well that, beyond winning him, she must always maintain over him a certain moral superiority. "No. To do what I want to do, we must not give any one the slightest occasion to talk. Such an act as this would be suicidal."

"When, then?" he said furiously.

"Announce our engagement to-morrow," she said, "and in a week we can be married very quietly."

"A week!" he cried indignantly.

"Or less," she said, smiling. "And now you must go."

"You haven't said 'I love you,'" he said, with a last flash of antagonistic suspicion.

"When I say it, you will be satisfied," she said, with a look that revealed to him a new, undiscovered world.

"Rita," he persisted doggedly, seizing her wrist, "I know what you can do — what you'll make of us; but that's not all. I don't want any cold-blooded reason-and-logic marriage. Look here. You've got to love me — like hell; do you understand?"

She turned on him swiftly, opening her lips until her white teeth showed in their tense grip. Then, suddenly veiling her emotion in a relaxing smile, she said, as she rang for Henriette:

"No woman could find it hard to love you, John Slade."

CHAPTER XIX

WHEN, the next day, Beecher reached his club, he found all discussions centered upon John G. Slade and the astonishing and incomprehensible outcome of the conference at Gunther's, of which, naturally, only the usual misinformation was to be had. The morning papers had contained a reassuring statement, backed by powerful names, of the condition of the Associated Trust, with promises of support. Gunther had publicly announced that he would bring twenty millions of ready money to relieve the financial stringency, and, if that were not sufficient, twenty millions more. When the man in the street comprehended that the great fortunes of the country had authorized this step, the effect was instantaneous. The stock market opened with a loss of two to three points, and immediately recovered this decline and, for the first time that week, registered distinct advances. The runs on the banks still continued, but the lines of depositors were visually less. At eleven o'clock Rupert V.

Digitized by Google

Steele ostentatiously entered the offices of the Associated Trust, and, advancing to the deserted window of the cashier, made the first deposit. In a minute it was publicly announced that five million dollars had just been deposited to the credit of the great Columbus National.

"Well, Slade's turned the trick," said Gunther, joining his friend. "But how he managed to wriggle through is a mystery."

At this moment a boy arrived with a summons for Beecher to the telephone. He did not immediately recognize the voice.

"You don't know who it is?" said a woman.

He thought he recognized the tones of Miss Rivers, a young lady whom he had shamefully neglected in the excitement of the last days; but, warily, he did not commit himself.

"You're disguising your voice," he said cautiously.

"Not at all. You are not very flattering — but when one listens so much to the voice of Emma Fornez ——"

"Miss Charters!" he said instantly.

"At last. What are you doing to-night?"

"I am dining out," he answered, fibbing.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I wanted you to take me to a dress rehearsal. What are you doing around tea-time?"

"I have an engagement," he said truthfully.

"With Emma Fornez?"

"Yes."

"I am not very lucky, am I?" she said.

The wounded tone in her voice made him feel a bit ashamed. He saw that she would not ask him again, and relented a little.

"Will you be in at four? I can drop in for a little chat then," he said, amazed at his own yielding even as he spoke the words.

"Come then; I want very much to see you," she answered, but without lightness.

"Now I'm in it again," he said ruefully as he left the telephone. "What the deuce made me say I'd go? Just because I didn't want to hurt her. Steady, old boy, steady!"

Outside the booth he found Gunther, an afternoon paper in his hand, scanning it with excitement on every feature.

"I say, Ted, here's news indeed!" he cried. "What do you think of that?"

He pointed to the headline on the front page, where the engagement of John G. Slade to Mrs. Rita Kildair was announced in large type. The two young men looked at each other in profound astonishment.

"By Jove!" said Beecher, suddenly enlightened. "That's what was at the bottom last night. Now I understand." In a moment he comprehended the full measure of the agony of uncertainty she must have suffered at his side in the returning automobile. "So that *was* her game, after all."

"Now things'll begin to move," said Gunther eagerly. "If she really knows who's the thief, as McKenna believes, the ring ought to be returned in forty-eight hours."

"Why?"

"Because, now that she is publicly engaged to Slade, any one who has been trading on the knowledge of how she got the ring won't have a shred to blackmail her with. You see, it now becomes the engagement ring that Slade gave her, and she can move openly; and, from what I've seen of her, she'll lose no time. Ted, I'll prophesy in forty-eight hours we'll hear something about that ring."

"I believe you're right," said Beecher, as they went in to luncheon, and, thinking of the curious conjunction of Mrs. Kildair's and Miss Charters' prophecy as to the return of the ring, he said to himself unwillingly: "If the ring is returned, does that mean that Mrs. Bloodgood took it?"

A little after four he went to pay his call on Miss Charters, and, as he had become accustomed to her perplexing change of moods, he wondered in what temper she would receive him.

She did not wait for him in the sitting-room, but came out into the hall, taking his hat and stick herself and leading the way. Once in the cozy sitting-room, she stopped, turning to face him and suddenly taking his hands in hers.

"Let me look at you," she said, drawing off and raising her eyes to his thoughtfully, while her lips twisted a little into a most serious sternness.

She saw at once in the amused composure of his face that she had been mistaken in ascribing his absence to the pique of jealousy. What she had on her lips she did not say, and, suddenly alert at the realization that her presence no longer troubled him, she drew him toward the fireplace, leading him to a great arm-chair.

"There," she said, laughing; "you will see how we treat the prodigal son. Sit down." She brought a cushion, and insisted upon placing it at his back. "Don't get up. A scotch-and-soda? Sit still — I like to mix it." She went to a table, and presently came back with the tumbler, offering it to him with a well simulated attitude of submission. Continuing always the same game, determined to force a laugh, she brought a box of cigars, lit a match, and held it to him between her rosy palms.

"Is your lordship satisfied?"

"I am."

She camped down on the bear rug. For a moment neither spoke, she studying the embers, he enjoying this new side to her and waiting the next development.

Digitized by Google

"I'm very unhappy," she said at last, without looking at him.

"I'm sorry," he answered sympathetically.

"I have had a great disappointment. I read that play of Hargrave's again — there's nothing to it."

"You surprise me."

(The truth was that Brockway, Stigler's stage-director, had torn it to pieces.) She continued, repeating what Brockway had said:

"The trouble is, it's not actable. It's like all plays that read well — I should have known it. There's no dramatic action. Then, it has one great fault — all young writers have it: you see, every scene should be a unit in itself, express one dramatic emotion, develop it, and increase it; and Hargrave puts three or four emotions in the same page — five or six," she continued indignantly. "It's all mixed up — topsy-turvy. No actress could make an effect. It's very sad; I shall never find a play."

"You were very enthusiastic a few days ago," he said.

"Was I?" she said resentfully. "You see, the trouble is, in reading you imagine things that aren't there."

"So Hargrave isn't a genius, after all?"

"He is very conceited — insufferably so," she said abruptly. "But you don't understand — it's the disappointment to me. I shall never find a play! Sometimes I feel like giving it all up. It's terrible — breaking your heart day after day. Yes, sometimes I feel like never acting again."

"You are in a blue mood," he said cheerfully.

"Everything has gone wrong," she said, pouting. "Even you have changed!"

She looked at him with the look of a tired child longing to climb into his lap to be consoled.

"How so?" he said, opening his eyes.

"Teddy, have I offended you?" she said gently, seeing that she could not unbend him by playing upon his sympathy.

"Not in the least."

She would have preferred any answer to this.

"Why wouldn't you go with me to-night?" she said quickly.

"Because I have another engagement," he said, instinctively glancing at the clock.

She saw the look, sprang up furiously, and, leaping toward the mantelpiece, seized the offending clock and flung it across the room in a tantrum.

"Go to your Emma Fornez!" she said, stamping her foot. "If you are going to sit here and *measure* the minutes, you can go!"

He rose, startled at the passion of jealousy he had aroused.

"I told you I had an engagement," he began.

"Nonsense!" she burst out, still the prey of her anger. "You know very well you can keep her waiting half an hour if you wish, and you know very well that you can put off your engagement to-night. Or is it with her — always with her?"

"I don't care to discuss my engagements," he said coldly — an emotion he was far from feeling; for the sudden wild-eyed fury into which he had plunged her awoke in him something that thrilled him as he had been thrilled, the day he had returned Mrs. Bloodgood to her home, at the thought of what a consuming passion might be.

"Why do you tag around with her?" she continued heedlessly. "I should think you'd have more regard for your dignity — for what people think. Emma Fornez — ah!"

She stopped, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes; and then, feeling he had perceived it, she exclaimed: "If I cry, it's because I am disappointed — disillusionized — angry!"

She turned her back and went quickly to the window, where the little Dresden clock lay shattered in a corner. She picked it up and looked at it, swallowing her anger. Then, as he continued silent, she came back, without looking at him, placed the clock on the mantelpiece again, and said coldly:

"Well, it is time for you to go — not to keep her waiting."

"Good afternoon," he said, with a bow, and left the apartment.

Once in the street, he was overcome with surprise.

"By Jove," he said, swinging joyfully along. "Is it possible, after all, that she does care about me? How her eyes blazed — the little fury. That, at least, wasn't acting!"

And, though he remained until late, amused at Emma Fornez, he felt the flame of the other presence about him, obtruding itself at every moment; and he who had seen the play of strong emotions in Mrs. Bloodgood and Mrs. Kildair avidly began to feel what it would mean to be loved with such intensity.

Emma Fornez questioned him about Miss Charters; but, for the first time, he resolutely concealed from her what had taken place.

That night, on his return to his rooms, he found a short note from Bruce Gunther:

Dear Ted:

Be at McKenna's offices to-morrow — ten sharp. Something doing. B.

P. S. Keep this to yourself — *savez?*

TO BE CONTINUED

Digitized by Google

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

Preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, coming suddenly into a fortune of £700,000, decides to go to London and become a gentleman. On his journey he rescues Lady Cleone Meredith from the compromising designs of Sir Mortimer Carnaby, the King's favourite. Barnabas learns that Carnaby is plotting to marry Lady Cleone for her fortune, and that she has consented to meet his go-between, a profligate courtier named Chichester, in a lonely spot at sundown. Barnabas arrives at the rendezvous first, forces Chichester to retire, and, when Lady Cleone comes, offers to escort her back to her guardian. In the explanation that follows, Barnabas learns that Lady Cleone had come to the tryst expecting to meet her half-brother, Ronald Barrymaine, a young scapegrace whose gambling exploits have thrown him into Chichester's power. Barnabas tells Lady Cleone that he loves her, and promises to seek out her brother in London and to try to save him. On reaching London he finds Barrymaine and offers to pay his debts if he will end all relations with Chichester; but Chichester foils Barnabas' purpose. He tries to buy up Barrymaine's debts from Jasper Gaunt, the London money-lender, but fails. He then learns that he is the legal heir of Chichester's fortune, and threatens to dispossess him unless he looses his hold on Barrymaine. Chichester in turn threatens to expose Barnabas to Lady Cleone as an impostor, but Barnabas forestalls him by telling her himself that he is the son of an innkeeper She promises to marry him, and sends him back to London to win the great steeplechase. On reaching London he discovers that his enemies have attempted to hamstring his horse, and that Barrymaine is implicated in the plot. He finds Clemency, his friend the Viscount's sweetheart, hiding from Chichester in London, and promises to help her and to keep her secret. Another attempt is made to prevent Barnabas from riding the steeplechase, but the Viscount rescues him, at the cost of a disabled arm. The great steeplechase begins.

Some Further Account of the Gentlemen's Steeplechase

HALF a length behind Sir Mortimer Carnaby's grey galloped the Terror, fire in his eye. Twice Sir Mortimer glanced over his shoulder, and twice he increased his pace; yet, as they topped the rise, the Terror still galloped half a length behind. Far in advance raced Tressider, hotly pressed by the Marquis, and with eight or nine others hard on their rear. Behind these, again, rode the Viscount; while to the right of Barnabas raced Slingsby on his long-legged sorrel. The rest thundered on behind.

And now before them was the first jump. Tressider's horse rose to it, and was well over, with the Marquis hard on his heels. But shouts were heard, and vicious cries, as several horses, refusing, swerved violently. There was a crash — a muffled cry. Some one was down! Then, as Barnabas watched, anxious-eyed, mindful of the Viscount's injured arm, Moonraker shot forward and cleared the jump gallantly.

Digitized by Google

And now the Terror felt the restraining bit relax, and thereupon, with his fierce eyes ever upon the grey flanks of his chosen foe, he tossed his great head, lengthened his stride, and, with a snort of defiance, swept past Carnaby's grey, and was over the hedge and away. But behind Barnabas came the sound of a floundering splash. Another, and another! The air was full of shouts and cries, quickly lost in the rush of wind and the drumming of galloping hoofs, and in a while, turning his head, he saw Slingsby's Rascal racing close behind.

"Bit of a rasper, that, b'gad!" bellowed the Captain. "Six of 'em down and out of it, b'gad! Carnaby's behind, too — foot short at the water. Told you it would be a good race, and, b'gad, so it is!"

Inch by inch, the great black horse and the raking sorrel crept up nearer to the leaders. Closing in with the Viscount, Barnabas wondered to see the ghostly pallor of his cheek and the grim set of mouth and jaw, until, glancing at the sleeve of his whip-arm, he saw there a dark stain.

"Dick!" he cried.

"That you, Bev?"

"Your arm, Dick — keep your hand up!"

"Arm, Bev — right as a trivet!" And, to prove his words, the Viscount flourished his whip in the air. "Deuce take me! but Jerningham's setting a devilish hot pace!" he cried. "Means to weed out the unlikely ones right away. 'Gad! there's riding for you!"

The Marquis, it would seem, had taken the lead, and now he galloped a good twelve yards in front of Tressider.

"Come on, Bev!" cried the Viscount.

Moonraker leapt forward, lengthened his stride, and, filling the air with flying clods, came even with Tressider, passed him, and was galloping neck and neck with the Marquis.

Now, as Barnabas rode with the Terror well in hand, he became aware of a great grey head with flaring nostrils, of a neck outstretched, of a powerful shoulder, a heaving flank — and Carnaby dashed by. The Terror saw this too, and, snorting, bore savagely upon the bit. Over a hedge, across a ditch, they raced together until, as they approached the water-jump, behold! once more the Terror galloped half a length behind Sir Mortimer's grey.

Barnabas marked his take-off, and rode for it — touched the Terror with his spur, and in that moment Carnaby's grey swerved. Barnabas saw the danger and, clenching his teeth, swung the Terror aside just in time. Thus balked, the Terror made a brave attempt — leapt, was short, and went down with a floundering splash, flinging Barnabas clear.

Half stunned, half blinded, plastered with mud and ooze, Barnabas staggered to his feet, dimly aware of horses thundering past and well-nigh on him. As the Terror scrambled up, Barnabas got upon his legs, caught the reins, vaulted into his saddle, and struck in the spurs. A mighty joy filled the heart of the Terror, for the hand upon his bridle restrained him no longer — nay, rather urged him forward; and far in the distance galloped others of his kind, others whom he scorned, one and all, notably a certain grey. Therefore, as he spurned the earth beneath him faster and faster, the heart of the Terror was uplifted and full of rejoicing.

But, bruised, bleeding, and torn, mud from heel to head, and with a numbness in his brain, Barnabas rode, stooped low in the saddle, for he was sick and very faint. His hat was gone, and the cool wind in his hair revived him somewhat, but the numbness remained. It was as one in a dream that he found his stirrups and lifted the Terror to a fence that vanished and gave place to a hedge. On and ever on raced the great black horse — head stretched out, ears laid back, iron hoofs pounding — on and on, until Barnabas could distinguish, at last, the horsemen in front. Still as one in a dream, he began to count them to himself, over and over again. Yet, count how he would, he could make them no more than seven all told, and he wondered dully where the rest might be.

Well in advance of the survivors, the Viscount was going strong, with Slingsby and the Marquis knee and knee behind; next rode Carnaby, with two others, while Tressider brought up the rear. Inch by inch Barnabas gained until the Terror once more saw before him Sir Mortimer's galloping grey.

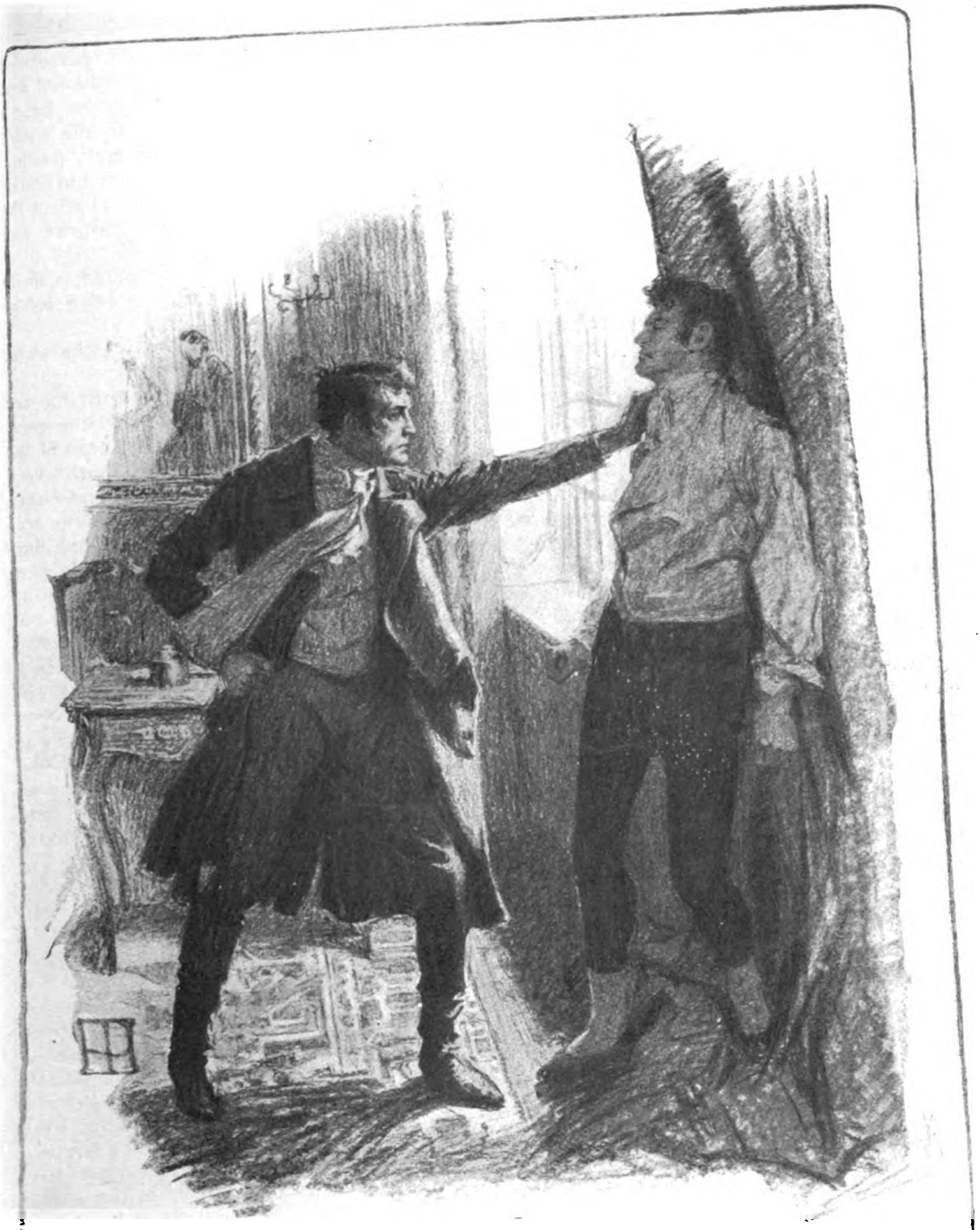
But now something was wrong in front. There was a warning yell from the Marquis. Up flashed the Captain's long arm, for Moonraker swerved suddenly, unaccountably, lost his stride, and fell back until he was neck and neck with the Terror. Thus, still as one in a dream, Barnabas became aware, little by little, that the Viscount's hat and whip were gone, and that he was swaying oddly in the saddle with Moonraker's every stride. He caught a momentary glimpse of a pale, agonized face, and heard the Viscount speaking.

"No go, Bev!" he panted. "Oh, Bev, I'm — done! Moonraker's game, but — I'm — done, Bev — arm, y'know." And Barnabas saw that the Viscount's sleeve was all blood from the elbow down. And in that moment Barnabas cast off the numbness and his brain cleared again.

"Hold on, Dick!" he cried.

"Can't, Bev; I — I'm done. Tried my best, but — I ——"

Digitized by Google



"THE VISCOUNT SPRANG UP AND SWUNG BARNABAS SAVAGELY TO THE WALL. 'SHE'S MINE!' HE PANTED. 'NO ONE SHALL TAKE HER FROM ME!'"

Digitized by Google

Barnabas reached out suddenly, but was too far off. The Viscount lurched forward, lost his stirrups, swayed, and Moonraker galloped, riderless. But help was at hand, for Barnabas saw divers rustic onlookers run forward to lift the Viscount's inanimate form. Therefore he turned him back to the race, and bent all his energies upon the last and grimmest part of the struggle. As for the Terror, he vented a snort of joyful defiance, for he was galloping again in full view of Sir Mortimer Carnaby's foam-flecked grey. But Carnaby saw him coming, and the grey leapt forward under his goading heels.

Over a hedge, across a ditch, and down a slope they raced together, to where, at the bottom, was a wall. An ancient, mossy wall it was, yet hideous for all that, an almost impossible jump, except in one place — a gap so narrow that but one might take it at a time. And who should be first? The Marquis was losing ground rapidly; he now raced a yard behind Barnabas. Thus, two by two, they thundered down upon the gap that was but wide enough for one. Slingsby was plying his whip, Carnaby was rowelling savagely; yet, neck and neck, the sorrel and the grey raced for the jump, with Barnabas and the Marquis behind.

"Give way, Slingsby!" shouted Sir Mortimer.

"Be damned if I do!" roared the Captain.

"Pull over, Slingsby!" shouted Sir Mortimer.

"No, b'gad! Pull over yourself," roared the Captain. "Give way, Carnaby — I have you by a head!"

An exultant yell from Slingsby — a savage shout from Sir Mortimer — a sudden, crunching thud — and the gallant sorrel lay, a twisted, kicking heap, with Captain Slingsby pinned beneath.

"What, Beverley!" he cried weakly. "Well ridden, b'gad! After him! The Rascal's done for, poor devil! So am I. It's you or Carnaby now. Ride, Beverley, ride!"

A fence, a hedge, a ditch, and beyond that a clear stretch to the winning-post.

At the fence, Carnaby saw the Terror's black head some six yards behind; at the hedge, Barnabas had lessened the six to three; and at the ditch, once again the great black horse galloped half a length behind the powerful grey.

And now, louder and louder, shouts came down the wind:

"The grey! It's Carnaby's grey! Carnaby's Clasher wins! Clasher! Clasher!"

But, slowly and by degrees, the cries sank to a murmur — to a buzzing drone. For what great black horse was this which, despite Carnaby's flailing whip and cruel, rowelling spur, was slowly, surely creeping up to the labouring grey? Who was this — a wild, bareheaded figure, grim and bloody, stained with mud, rent and torn, upon whose miry coat yet hung a crushed and fading rose? Down the stretch they raced, the black and the grey, panting, sobbing, spattered with foam, nearer and nearer, while the crowd rocked and swayed about the great pavilion, buzzing with surprise and uncertainty.

Then all at once, above this sound, a single voice was heard — a mighty, roaring bellow such as only a mariner could possess.

"It's Mr. Beverley, sir!" roared the voice. "Beverley! Beverley — hurrah!"

Little by little the crowd took up the cry until the air rang with it; for now the great black horse galloped half a length ahead of the sobbing grey, increasing his lead, with every stride, by inches — by feet! On and on — until his bridle was caught and held, and he was brought to a stand. Then, looking round, Barnabas saw the Marquis rein up beside him, breathless, and splashed with mud and foam, but smiling and debonair as he reached out his hand.

"My congratulations, Beverley!" he said. "Grand race! I caught Carnaby — at the post." But here the numbness came upon Barnabas again, and, as one in a dream, he was aware that his horse was being led through the crowd — that he was bowing to some one in the gaudy pavilion — a handsome, tall, and chubby gentleman remarkable for waistcoat and whiskers.

"Well ridden, sir!" said the gentleman. "Couldn't have done it better myself. Could I, Sherry?"

"No, George — by George, you couldn't!" answered a voice.

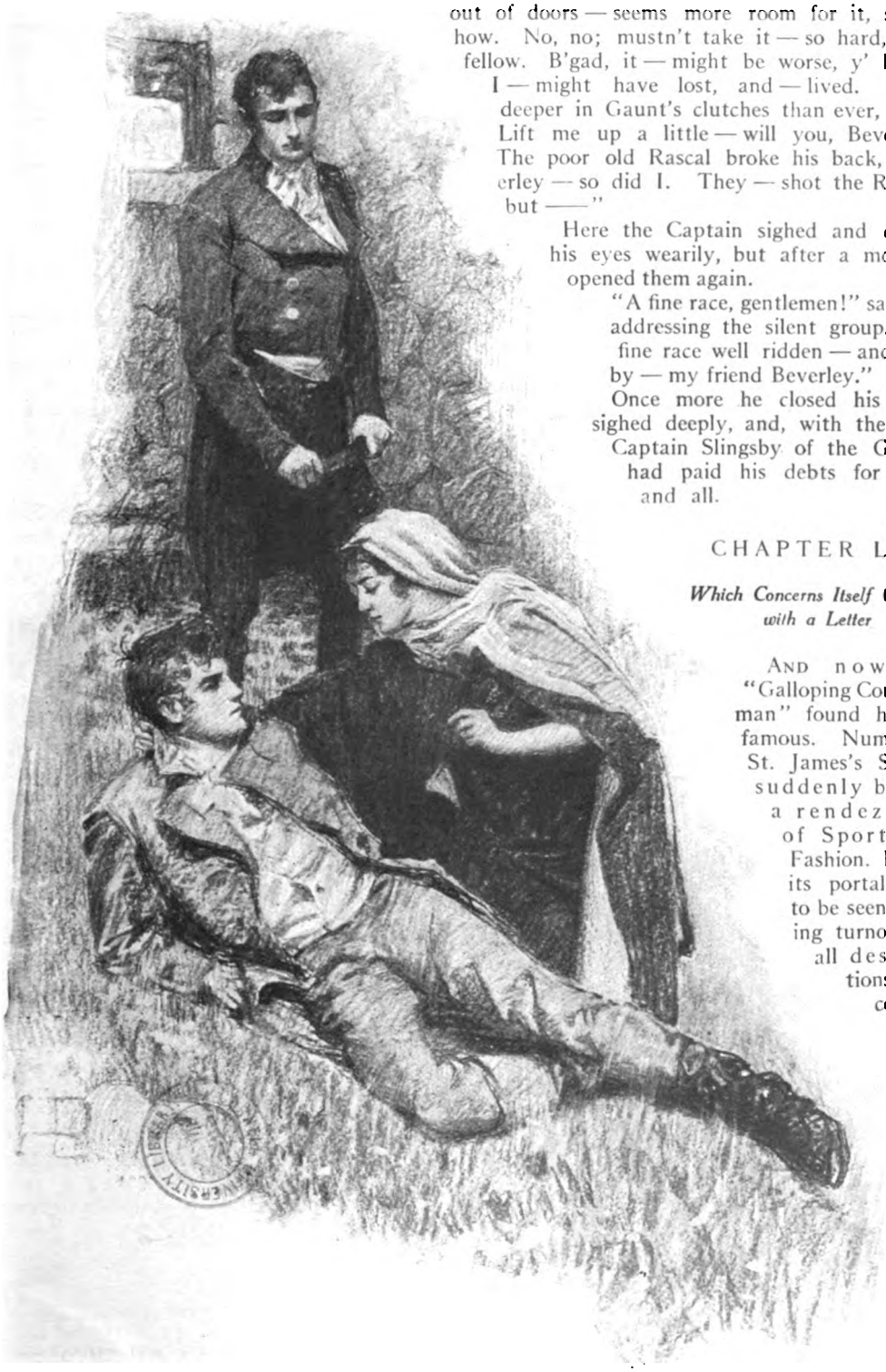
"Must take a run down to Brighton, Mr. — Mr. — ah, yes — Beverley. Show you some sport at Brighton, sir. A magnificent race — congratulate you, sir. Must see more of you!"

Then, still as one in a dream, Barnabas bowed again, saw Martin at the Terror's bridle, and was led back through a pushing, jostling throng all eager to behold the winner — and thus presently found himself once more in the quiet of the paddock behind the White Hart Inn.

As he descended stiffly and painfully from the saddle, he heard a feeble voice call his name, and, turning, beheld a hurdle set in the shade of a tree, and upon the hurdle the long, limp form of Captain Slingsby, with three or four strangers kneeling beside him.

"Ah, Beverley!" said he faintly. "Glad you beat Carnaby; he — crowded me a bit — at the wall, y' know. Poor old Rascal's gone, b'gad — and I'm going, but prefer to — go —

Digitized by Google



out of doors — seems more room for it, somehow. No, no; mustn't take it — so hard, dear fellow. B'gad, it — might be worse, y' know. I — might have lost, and — lived. Been deeper in Gaunt's clutches than ever, then. Lift me up a little — will you, Beverley? The poor old Rascal broke his back, Beverley — so did I. They — shot the Rascal, but ——"

Here the Captain sighed and closed his eyes wearily, but after a moment opened them again.

"A fine race, gentlemen!" said he, addressing the silent group. "A fine race well ridden — and won by — my friend Beverley."

Once more he closed his eyes, sighed deeply, and, with the sigh, Captain Slingsby of the Guards had paid his debts for good and all.

CHAPTER L

Which Concerns Itself Chiefly with a Letter

AND now the "Galloping Countryman" found himself famous. Number 5 St. James's Square suddenly became a rendezvous of Sport and Fashion. Before its portal were to be seen dashing turnouts of all descriptions, from coaches

"CLEONE WAS ON HER KNEES. SHE LIFTED BARRYMAINE'S HEAD AND WIPED THE BLOOD FROM HIS FACE. 'YOU STRUCK HIM!' SHE PANTED"

Digitized by Google

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

"'OH, RONALD, TAKE ME HOME!' SHE BREATHED. SO BARRYMAINE DREW HER ARM THROUGH HIS, AND, TURNING HIS BACK ON BARNABAS, LED HER AWAY'"

Digitized by Google

to phaëtons; liveried menials, bearing cards embossed, gilt-edged, and otherwise, descended upon St. James's Square in multi-coloured shoals. In a word, the Polite World forthwith took Barnabas to its bosom. Barnabas enjoyed it all vastly — for a week. At the end of which period, behold him at twelve o'clock one morning as he sits over his breakfast (with the legs of the Gentleman in Powder planted, statuesque, behind his chair), frowning at a stupendous and tumbled pile of fashionable note-paper and polite cards.

"Are these all?" he enquired, waving his hand towards the letters.

"Them, sir, is — hall!" answered the Gentleman in Powder.

"Then ask Mr. Peterby to come to me," said Barnabas, his frown growing blacker.

"Cer-tainly, sir!" Here the Gentleman in Powder posed his legs, bowed, and took them out of the room. Then Barnabas drew a letter from his pocket and began to read as follows:

The Gables, Hawkhurst.

My dear Barnabas:

As Cleone's letter looks very long (she sits opposite me at this precise moment, writing to you), mine shall be short. Of course, we are all disappointed not to have seen you here since the race, that terrible race (poor, dear Captain Slingsby — how dreadful it was!); but, of course, it is quite right you should stay near the Viscount during his illness. I rejoice to hear he is so much better. I am having my town house put in order, for Cleone has had quite enough of the country, I think; so have I. Though, indeed, she seems perfectly content, and is very fond of listening to the brook. Well, I used to listen to brooks once upon a time — before I took to a wig. As for yourself, now, Barnabas. The Marquis writes to tell me that your cravats are "all the thing" and your waistcoats "all the go," and that your new coat with the opened cuff finds very many admirers. This is very well; but, since Society has taken you up and made a lion of you, it will necessarily expect you to roar occasionally, just to maintain your position. And there are many ways of roaring, Barnabas. Brummell — whom I ever despised — roared like an insolent cat; he was always very precise and cat-like, and dreadfully insolent. But insolence palls, after a while — even in Society. Indeed, I might give you many hints on roaring, Barnabas, but, considering the length of Cleone's letter, I will spare you more — nor even give you any advice — though I yearn to, only this: Be yourself, Barnabas, in Society or out. So shall I always subscribe myself,

Your affectionate friend,
FANNY CAMBERHURST.

3 P.M. I have opened this letter to tell you that Mr. Chichester and Ronald called here, and stayed an hour. Ronald was full of his woes, as usual; so I left him to Cleone, and kept Mr. Chichester dancing attendance on me. And, oh dear me! to see the white rage of the man! It was deliciously thrilling, and I shivered most delightfully.

"You sent for me, sir?" said Peterby, as Barnabas refolded the letter.

"Yes, John. Are you sure there is no other letter this morning from — from Hawkhurst?"

"Quite, sir."

"Yet the Duchess tells me that the Lady Cleone wrote me also. This letter came by the post this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"And no other? It's very strange!"

But here the Gentleman in Powder appeared to say that the Marquis of Jerningham desired to see Mr. Beverley on a matter of importance, and, that nobleman presenting himself, Peterby withdrew.

"Excuse this intrusion, my dear Beverley," said the Marquis, as the door closed. "Doocid early, I know, but the — ah — the matter is pressing. First, though, how's Devenden? You saw him last night, as usual, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Barnabas, shaking hands; "he ought to be up and about again in a day or two."

"Excellent," nodded the Marquis. "I'll run over to Half-Moon Street this afternoon. Is Bamborough with him still?"

"No; his lordship left yesterday."

"Ha!" said the Marquis, and, taking out his snuff-box, he looked at it, tapped it, and put it away again. "Poor old Sling!" said he gently, "I miss him damnably, y' know, Beverley."

"Marquis," said Barnabas, "what is it?"

"Well, I want you to do me a favour, my dear fellow — doocid big favour. Ah — I was wondering if you would consent to — act for me?"

"Act for you?" repeated Barnabas, wholly at a loss.

"Yes, in my little affair with Carnaby — poor old Sling, d'yóu see. What, don't you twig, Beverley — haven't you heard?"

"No!" answered Barnabas. "You don't mean that you and Carnaby are going to fight?"

"Exactly, my dear fellow. Of course! He fouled poor old Sling at the wall, y' know. You saw it — I saw it. So, naturally, I mean to call him to account for it. And he can't refuse; I spoke doocid plainly — and White's was full. He has the choice of weapons — pistols, I expect."

But here once again the Gentleman in Powder knocked, to announce Mr. Tressider.

A thinnish, youngish gentleman in sandy whiskers entered with a rush, but, seeing the Marquis, paused.

"What, then — you're before me, are you, Jerningham?" he exclaimed; then, turning, he saluted Barnabas, and burst into a torrent of speech. "Beverley!" he cried. "Cursed early to call, but I'm full o' news. First, then, it was

Digitized by Google

at White's, you'll understand, and the card-room was full — crammed, sir; and there's Carnaby and Tufton Green and myself, and three or four others, playing hazard, d'ye see, when up strolls Jerningham, here. 'It's your play, Carnaby,' says I. 'Why, then,' says the Marquis, 'look out for fouling!' says he, cool as a cucumber, curse me. 'Eh — what?' cries Tufton. 'Why — what d'ye mean?' 'Mean?' says the Marquis, tapping his snuff-box. 'I mean that Sir Mortimer Carnaby is a most accursed rascal.' Highly dramatic, Beverley — could have heard a pin drop, curse me if you couldn't! End of it was, they arranged a meeting, of course, and I was Carnaby's second, but ——"

"Was?" repeated the Marquis.

"Yes, *was* — for, begad, when I called on my man this morning, he'd bolted, damme if he hadn't!"

"Gone?" exclaimed the Marquis, in blank amazement.

"Clean gone! Bag and baggage! I tell you, he's bolted, but — with all due respect to you, Marquis — only from his creditors. He was devilish deep in with Gaunt, I know. Carnaby was always game — curse me if he wasn't!"

Hereupon the Marquis had recourse to his snuff-box again.

"Under the circumstances," said he, sighing and shaking his head, "I think I'll go and talk with our invalid."

"No good, my boy, if you mean Devenden," said Tressider, shaking his head. "Just been there. Viscount's disappeared too — been away all night!"

"What?" cried Barnabas, springing to his feet. "Gone!"

"Damme if he hasn't! Found his little rascal of a groom blubbering on the stairs."

"Then I must dress! You'll excuse me, I know," said Barnabas, and rang for Peterby. But his hand was even yet upon the bell-rope when stumbling feet were heard outside, the door was flung wide, and the Viscount himself stood upon the threshold. Pale and haggard of eye, dusty and unkempt, he leaned there; then, staggering to a chair, he sank down, and so lay back, staring at the floor.

"Oh, Bev!" he groaned, "she's gone — Clemency's gone! I — I can't find her, Bev!"

Now hereupon the Marquis and Tressider softly left the room.

"Dick!" cried Barnabas, bending over him — "my dear fellow!"

"Ever since you spoke, I — I've wanted her, Bev. All through my illness I've hungered for her — the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand. As soon as I was strong enough,— last night, I think it was,— I went to find her, to — to kneel at her feet, Bev. I drove down to Frittenden — and oh, Bev, she was gone! So I started back — looking for her all night. I kept fancying I saw her before me in the dark. Sometimes I called to her — but she — never answered. She's — gone, Bev! And I ——"

"Oh, Dick, she left there weeks ago."

"What — you knew?"

"Yes, Dick."

"Then — oh, Bev, tell me where!"

"Dick, I — can't!"

"Why — why?"

"I promised her to keep it secret."

"Then — you won't tell me?"

"I can't."

"Won't — won't! Ah, but you shall — yes, by heaven!"

"Dick, I ——"

"But you shall — I say you shall — you must! Where is she?"

"No," said Barnabas, and shook his head.

In that moment the Viscount sprang up and, pinning him with his left hand, swung Barnabas savagely to the wall.

"She's mine!" he panted —"mine, I tell you! No one shall take her from me — neither you nor the devil himself! Tell me where she is; speak before I choke you — speak!"

But Barnabas stood rigid and utterly still. Thus in a while the gripping fingers fell away; the Viscount stepped back, and, groaning, bowed his head.

"Oh, Bev," said he, "forgive me. I — I'm mad, I think. I want her so, and I can't find her. And I had a spill last night,— dark road, you see, and only one hand,— and I'm not quite myself in consequence. I'll go ——"

But, as he turned toward the door, Barnabas interposed:

"Dick, I can't let you go like this. What do you intend to do?"

"Will you tell me where she is?"

"No, but ——"

"Then, sir, my further movements need not concern you."

"Dick, be reasonable; listen ——"

"Have the goodness to let me pass, sir."

"You are faint, worn out. Stay here, Dick, and I ——"

"Thanks, Beverley, but I accept favours from my friends only. Pray stand aside."

"Dick, if you'll only wait, I'll go to her now — this moment. I'll beg her to see you."

"Very kind, sir!" sneered the Viscount. "You are — privileged, it seems. But I don't need you, or any one else, to act as go-between or plead my cause. And, mark me, sir! I'll find her yet. I swear to you, I'll never rest until I find her again. And now, sir, once and for all,

Digitized by Google

I have the honour to wish you a very good day!" Saying which, the Viscount bowed and walked away down the corridor.

Then Barnabas, becoming aware of the polite letters and cards, swept them to the floor and, sinking into a chair, leaned his head upon his hands and fell into a gloomy meditation. It was thus that the Gentleman in Powder presently found him, and, advancing into the room with insinuating legs, coughed gently to attract his attention, the which proving ineffectual, he spoke:

"Ex-cuse me, sir, but there is a — person downstairs, sir — at the door, sir!"

"What kind of person?" enquired Barnabas without looking up.

"A most ex-tremely low person, sir — very common indeed, sir. Won't give no name, sir, won't go away, sir. A very 'orrid person — in gaiters, sir."

"What does he want?" said Barnabas, with head still bent.

"Says as 'ow 'e 'as a letter for you, sir; but ——"

Barnabas was on his feet so quickly that the Gentleman in Powder recoiled in alarm.

"Show him up — at once!"

"Oh, cer-tainly, sir!"

When next the door was opened, it was to admit a horsey person in gaiters.

"You have a letter for me, I think?"

"Yessir!"

"Then give it to me."

"Name o' Beverley, sir?" enquired the gaitered one.

"Yes."

Hereupon he drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to Barnabas, who, seeing the superscription, hurriedly broke the seal and read the following:

O Barnabas dear, when shall I see you again? I am very foolish to-day, perhaps, but, though the sun shines gloriously, I am cold. It is my heart that is cold — a deadly chill, as if an icy hand had touched it. And I seem to be waiting — waiting for something to happen, something dreadful that I can not avert. I fear you will think me weak and fanciful, but, dear, I can not help wondering what it all means. You ask me if I love you. Can you doubt? How often in my dreams have I seen you kneeling beside me with your neck all bare and the dripping kerchief in your hand. Oh, dear Wood of Annesley! it was there that I first felt your arms about me, Barnabas, and I dream of that too, sometimes. But last night I dreamed of that awful race. I saw you gallop past the winning-post again, your dear face all cut and bleeding; and as you passed me your eyes looked into mine — such an awful look, Barnabas. And then it seemed that you galloped into a great black shadow that swallowed you up, and so you were lost to me, and I awoke trembling. O Barnabas, come to me! I want you here beside me, for, although the sky here is blue and cloudless, away to the north, where London lies, there is a great, black shadow like the shadow of my dream — and God keep all shadows from you, Barnabas. So come to me. Meet me to-morrow — there is a new moon. Come to Oakshott's Barn at half-past seven, and we will walk back to the house together.

I am longing to see you, and yet I am a little afraid also, because my love is not a quiet love or gentle, but such a love as frightens me sometimes, because it has grown so deep and strong.

My window faces north, and now, as I lift my eyes, I can see that the shadow is still dark over London. Come to me soon, and that God may keep all shadows from you is the prayer of Your

CLEONE.

Now, when he had finished reading, Barnabas sighed, and, glancing up, found the horsey person looking at him with a pair of very round, bright eyes.

"Now," said he, "I should like to take the liberty o' axing you one or two questions, Mr. Barty, sir — or, as I should say, p'r'aps, Mr. Beverley."

"What!" exclaimed Barnabas, starting up. "It's you again, Mr. Shrig?"

"That werry same i-dentical, sir. Disguises again, ye see: yesterday a journeyman peg-maker vith a fine lot o' pegs as I didn't vant to sell; to-day a groom looking for a job as I don't need. Been a-keeping my ogles on Number Vun and Number Two, and things is beginning to look werry rosy, sir — yes, things is werry promising indeed."

"How do you mean?"

"Vell, to begin vith," said Mr. Shrig, taking the chair Barnabas proffered, "you didn't 'appen to notice as that theer letter had been broke open and sealed up again, did ye?"

"No," said Barnabas, staring at what was left of the seal.

"No, o' course you didn't; you opened it too quick to notice anything. But I did."

"Oh, surely not!"

"That theer letter," said Mr. Shrig impressively, "vas wrote you by a certain lady, vasn't it?"

"Yes."

"And I brought you that theer letter, didn't I?"

"Yes; but ——"

"And oo do ye suppose give me that theer letter to bring to you? The lady? Oh, no! I'll tell you oo give it me. It vas — shall ve say Number Two, the accessory afore the fact — shall ve call 'im C? Werry good! Now, 'ow did C 'appen to give me that theer letter? I'll tell you. Ven B and C vent down to Hawkhurst, I vent down to Hawkhurst. They put up at the Qveen's 'Ead, so I 'angs about the Qveen's 'Ead. Got in the 'abit o' doing odd jobs for Number Vun and Number Two, and last night Number Two gives me that theer letter to

Digitized by Google

deliver — and werry pertickler 'e vas as I should give it into your werry own daddle. 'E also gives me a guinea and tells me as 'ow 'e don't vant me no more. And them's the circumstances, sir."

"But," said Barnabas, in frowning perplexity, "I don't understand. How did he get hold of the letter?"

"Lord, sir, 'ow do I know that? But get it 'e did; 'e likewise broke the seal."

"But — why?"

"Vell, now, might that theer letter be making a app'intment?"

"Yes, an appointment for to-morrow evening."

"Ah! In a nice, quiet, lonely place — say a vood?"

"Yes; at a very lonely place called Oakshott's Barn."

"Oakshott's Barn, eh?" said Mr. Shrig. "It sounds a nice, lonesome place; just the sort o' place for it; a — a — capital place, as you might call it." He shook his head. "But you — von't go, o' course, sir?"

"Yes, of course," answered Barnabas; "the appointment is for seven-thirty."

"Seven-thirty!" nodded Mr. Shrig. "And a werry nice time for it, too! Sunset, it'll be about — good light and not too long to vait till dark! Yes, seven-thirty's a werry good time for it!"

"For what?"

"V'y," said Mr. Shrig, lowering his voice suddenly, "let's say for 'it'! Might I jest take a peep at that theer letter, v'ere it says seven-thirty, sir?"

"Yes," said Barnabas, pointing to the line.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Shrig. "Jest take a good look at that theer seven-thirty, vill you, sir? Come, vot do you see?"

"Why," said Barnabas, staring hard at the spot, "it looks as though something had been scratched out!"

"And so it has, sir. If you go there at seven-thirty, it von't be a fair lady as'll be vaiting to meet you. The time's been altered, o' course."

"Ah!" said Barnabas, and clenched his fist.

"So now, d'ye see, you can't go — can ye?" said Mr. Shrig.

"Yes!" said Barnabas.

"Eh? Vot, you vill?"

"Most assuredly!"

"But — but it'll be madness!" stammered Mr. Shrig, his round eyes rounder than ever. "It'll be fair asking to — to be made a unfort'nate wictim of, if ye go. O' course it 'u'd be a good case for me; but you mustn't go, now; it 'u'd be madness!"

"No," said Barnabas, frowning darkly, "because I shall go — before seven-thirty, you see."

CHAPTER LI

Which Narrates Sundry Happenings at Oakshott's Barn

Even on a summer's afternoon Oakshott's Barn is a desolate place. Yet, standing there, Barnabas smiled and uncovered his head, for here once She had stood. So, having paused a while to look about him, he presently went on into the gloom of the barn, a gloom damp and musty with years and decay.

Now, glancing sharply this way and that, Barnabas espied a ladder that led up from the darkest corner to a loft. Up this ladder he mounted, and thus found himself in what had once served as a hay-loft, at one end of which was a window. He was in the act of looking from this window when all at once he started and crouched down, for upon the stillness broke a sudden sound — the rustling of leaves and a voice speaking in loud, querulous tones:

"I tell you, Ch-Chichester, it will be either him or m-me!"

"If he — condescends to fight you, my dear Ronald."

"C-condescend?" cried Barrymaine, and it needed but a glance to see that he had been drinking more heavily than usual. "I'll give him no chance for his c-cursed condescension. I — I tell you, Chichester, I'll ——"

"But you can't make a man fight, Ronald."

"Can't I? Why, then, if he won't f-fight, I'll ——"

"Hush! Don't speak so loud!"

"Well, I will, Chichester!"

"You don't mean — murder, Ronald?"

"I didn't s-say so, d-did I?"

"Of course not, my dear Barrymaine; but — shall I take the pistols?" And Mr. Chichester stretched out his hand towards a flat oblong box that Barrymaine carried clutched beneath his arm. "Better give them to me, Ronald."

"No; w-why should I?"

"Well, in your present mood ——"

"I — I'm not — d-drunk, damme! And I'll give the f-fellow every chance — honourable meeting."

"Then, if he refuses to fight you, as of course he will, you'll let him go to — ah — make love to Cleone?"

"No!" cried Barrymaine in a sudden wild fury. "I — I'll sh-shoot him first!"

"Kill him?"

"Yes, k-kill him!"

Digitized by Google

"Oh, no, you won't, Ronald, for two reasons. First of all, it would be murder!"

"Murder!" Barrymaine repeated. "So it would — murder!"

"And, secondly, you haven't the nerve. Though he has clandestine meetings with your sister — though he crush you into the mud, trample you under his feet, throw you into a debtors' prison to rot out your days — though he ruin you, body and soul, still you'd never — murder him, Ronald. You couldn't; you haven't the heart, because it would be — murder!"

Mr. Chichester's voice was low; yet each incisive, quick-spoken word reached Barnabas, while upon Barrymaine the effect was demoniac. Dropping his pistol-case, he threw up wild arms and shook his clenched fists in the air.

"Damn him!" he cried. "B-bury me in a debtors' prison, will he? Foul my sister's honour, w-will he? Never! never! I tell you, I'll kill him first!"

"Murder him, Ronald?"

"Murder? I t-tell you, it's no murder to kill his sort! G-give me the pistols."

"Hush! Come into the barn."

"No. W-what for?"

"Well, the time is getting on, Ronald — nearly seven o'clock, and your ardent lovers are usually before time. Come into the barn."

"N-no; devilish dark hole!"

"But — he'll see you here!"

"What if he does? Can't g-get away from me; better f-for it out here — lighter."

"What do you mean? Better — for what?"

"The m-meeting."

"What! You mean to try and make him fight, do you?"

"Of course; try that way first. Give him a ch-chance, you know — c-can't shoot him down on s-sight."

"Ah-h!" said Mr. Chichester very slowly. "You can't shoot him on sight — of course you can't. I see."

"What? W-what d'ye see? Devilish dark hole in there!"

"All the better, Ronald. Think of his surprise when, instead of finding an armful of warm loveliness waiting for him in the shadows, he finds the avenging brother! Come into the shadows, Ronald."

"All right — yes, the shadow. Instead of the sister, the b-brother — yes, by heaven!"

Now, the flooring of the loft was full of wide cracks and fissures, and, lying at full length, Barnabas saw them below — Barrymaine leaning against the crumbling wall, while Mr. Chichester stooped above the open duelling-case.

"They're handsome tools, Ronald, and with your monogram, I see!"

"Yes. Is your f-flask empty, Chichester?"

"No, I think not," answered Mr. Chichester.

"Then give it me, will you? M-my throat's on fire."

Mr. Chichester rose and began feeling through his pockets, while Barrymaine stooped above the pistol-case. Mr. Chichester drew out a silver flask, unscrewed it, and thereafter made a certain quick, stealthy gesture behind his companion's back, which done, he screwed up the flask again, shook it, and, as Barrymaine rose, held it out to him.

"I'm afraid there's very little left, Ronald," said he.

Barrymaine took the flask and, setting it to his lips, drained it at a gulp.

"'Gad, Chichester!" he exclaimed, "it tastes damnably of the f-flask! What time is it?"

"A quarter to seven!"

"Th-three quarters of an hour to wait!"

"It will soon pass, Ronald; besides, he's sure to be early."

"Hope so! But I — I think I'll s-sit down." And he sat down on the floor. "I'm not — n-not drunk, only — dev'lish sleepy!" And, swaying toward the wall, he leaned there, with head drooping.

"Then you'd better — lie down, Ronald."

"Yes; I'll — lie down. Dev'lish — drowsy p-place!" Yet, after lying down full length, he must needs struggle up to his elbow again to blink at Mr. Chichester, heavy-eyed and with one hand to his wrinkling brow. "Wha-what w-was it we — came for? Oh, y-yes, I know — Bev'ley, of course! You'll w-wake me — when he c-comes?"

"I'll wake you, Ronald."

"S-so c-cursed — drowsy!" Barrymaine sank down upon his side, rolled over upon his back, and so lay, breathing stertorously.

Then Mr. Chichester smiled, and, coming beside him, spoke in his soft, gentle voice.

"Are you asleep, Ronald?" he enquired, and stirred Barrymaine with his foot. "Oh, Ronald," he murmured, "what a drunken, sottish fool you are! So you'd give him a chance, would you? Ah, but you mustn't, Ronald! You sha'n't — for your sake and my sake. My hand is steadier than yours, so sleep, my dear Ronald, and wake to find that you have rid us of our good young Samaritan, once and for all. And then — hey for Cleone, and no more dread of the future. Sleep on, you swinish sot!"

And now Mr. Chichester stooped, and taking the pistols, one by one, examined flint and priming with attentive eye, which done, he crossed to a darkened window and, bursting open the rotting shutter, knelt and levelled one of the weapons, steadying his wrist upon the sill;

Digitized by Google

then, nodding as though satisfied, he laid the pistols upon the floor within easy reach, and drew out his watch.

Slowly the sun declined, and as slowly the shadows lengthened about Oakshott's Barn, as they had done many and many a time before. A rabbit darted across the clearing, a blackbird called to his mate in the thicket; but, save for this, nothing stirred. A great quiet was upon the place, a stillness so profound that Barnabas could distinctly hear the scutter of a rat in the shadows behind him, and the slow, heavy breathing of the sleeper down below. And ever that crouching figure knelt beside the broken shutter, very still and very patient.

But all at once, as he watched, Barnabas saw the rigid figure grow suddenly alert, saw the right arm raised slowly, stealthily, saw the pistol gleam as it was levelled across the sill; for now upon the quiet rose a sound faint and far, yet that grew and ever grew — the oncoming rustle of leaves.

Then, even as Barnabas stared down wide-eyed, the rigid figure started, the deadly pistol-hand wavered, was snatched back, and Mr. Chichester leapt to his feet. He stood a moment, hesitating as one at a loss; then, crossing to the unconscious form of Barrymaine, he set the pistol under his lax hand, turned, and vanished into the shadow. Thereafter, from the rear of the barn, came the sound of a blow and the creak of a rusty hinge, quickly followed by a rustle of leaves that grew fainter and fainter, and so presently was gone.

Then Barnabas rose, and, coming to the window, peered cautiously out; and there, standing before the barn, surveying its dilapidation with round, approving eyes, his nobbly stick beneath his arm, his high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat upon his head, was Mr. Shrig.

CHAPTER LII

Of the Gatbering of the Sbadows

SURPRISE and something very like disappointment were in Mr. Shrig's look as Barnabas stepped out from the yawning doorway of the barn.

"V'y, sir," said he, consulting a large-faced watch, "v'y, Mr. Beverley, it's eg-zactly tventy minutes arter the time for it!"

"Yes," said Barnabas.

"And you — ain't shot, then?"

"No, thank heaven."

"Nor even — vinged?"

"Nor even winged, Mr. Shrig."

"Fate," said Mr. Shrig, shaking a dejected head at him, "fate is a werry wexed problem, sir! 'Ere's you, now, Number Three, — as I might say, the unfort'nate wictim as was to be, — 'ere you are a-valking up to fate, axing to be made a corp', and vot do you get? Not so much as a scrat — not a westige of a scrat; v'ile another unfort'nate wictim vill run avay from fate, and vot does 'e get? 'E gets made a corp' afore 'e knows it. No, sir; fate's a werry wexed problem, sir, and I don't understand it — no, nor ever shall."

"It was very simple," Barnabas explained, slipping his hand in Mr. Shrig's arm and leading him away from the barn — "very simple indeed. I got here before they came, and hid in the loft. Then, while they were waiting for me down below, you came and frightened them away."

"Ah! So they meant business, did they?"

"Yes," said Barnabas, nodding grimly; "they certainly meant business — especially Mr. Chich ——"

"S-sh!" said Mr. Shrig, glancing round. "Call 'im Number Two. Sir, Number Two is a extra-special, superfine, over-weight specimen, 'e is. I've knowed a many 'capitals' in my time, but I never knowed such a capital o' capital coves as 'im. Sir, Vistling Dick vas a innercent, smiling babe and young B is a snowy pet lamb alongside o' Number Two. Capital coves like 'im only 'appen, and they only 'appen every thousand years or so. Ecod! I'm proud o' Number Two. And, talking of 'im, I 'appened to call on Nick the cobbler last night."

"Oh?"

"Ah! And I found 'im vith 'is longest awl close 'andy — all on account o' Number Two."

"How, on his account?" demanded Barnabas, frowning suddenly.

"Vell, last evening Milo o' Crotona 'appened to drop in, sociable-like, and it seems as Number Two followed 'im. And Number Two frightened that 'andsome gal, by all accounts. She wrote you a letter vich she give me to deliver, and 'ere it is."

Barnabas took the letter and broke the seal. It was very short, but as he read Barnabas frowned blacker than ever.

"Mr. Shrig," said he very earnestly, as he folded and pocketed the letter, "will you do something for me? Will you take a note to my servant, John Peterby? You'll find him at the Oak and Ivy in Hawkhurst village."

"Vich, seeing as you're a pal, sir, I vill. But, sir," continued Mr. Shrig, as Barnabas scribbled certain instructions for Peterby on a page of his memorandum, "vot about yourself? You ain't a-going back there, are ye?" And he jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the barn, now some distance behind them.

Digitized by Google

"Of course," said Barnabas; "to keep my appointment."

"D'ye think it's safe — now?"

"Quite — thanks to you," answered Barnabas. "Here is the note, and, if you wish, John Peterby shall drive you back to London with him."

"V'y, thank'ee, sir, 'e shall that. But you, now,"— Mr. Shrig paused and somewhat diffidently drew from his side-pocket a very businesslike, brass-bound pistol, which he proffered to Barnabas. "Jest in case they — should 'appen to come back, sir," said he.

But Barnabas laughingly declined it, and shook Mr. Shrig's chubby hand instead.

"Vell," said Mr. Shrig, pocketing the note, "you're true game, sir. Good-bye, sir, and good luck."

When he was gone, Barnabas turned and swiftly retraced his steps; but now he went with fists clenched and head forward, as one very much on the alert. As he entered the gloomy doorway a threatening figure rose upon him from the shadows.

"Ah! So you've c-come at last, sir!" said Barrymaine, steadying himself against the wall with one hand, while he held the pistol levelled in the other. "Instead of the weak s-sister you find the avenging brother! Been waiting for you hours. C-cursed dreary hole this, and I fell asleep, but ——"

"Because you were drugged!" said Barnabas.

"D-drugged, sir! W-what d'you mean?"

"Chichester drugged the brandy."

"Chichester?"

"He meant to murder me while you slept, and fix the crime on you."

"Liar!" cried Barrymaine. "You came here to meet my s-sister, but instead of a defenceless girl you meet me, and I'm g-going to settle with you — once and for all. T-told you I would, last time we met. There's another pistol in the c-case yonder; pick it up and t-take your ground."

"Listen to me," Barnabas began.

"N-not a word. You're going to fight me——"

"Never!"

"Pick up that pistol, or I'll sh-shoot you where you stand!"

"No!"

"I'll c-count three!" said Barrymaine, his pale face livid against the darkness behind. "One! Two!" But on the instant Barnabas sprang in and closed with him. They swayed a moment, and staggered out through the gaping doorway.

Barrymaine fought desperately; Barnabas felt his coat rip and tear, but he maintained his grip upon his opponent's pistol-hand. Yet twice the muzzle of the weapon covered him, and twice he eluded it before Barrymaine could fire. Therefore, seeing Barrymaine's intention, Barnabas loosed one hand, drew back his arm, and smote — swift and hard. Barrymaine uttered a cry that seemed to Barnabas to find an echo afar off, flung out his arms, and, staggering, fell.

Then Barnabas picked up the pistol and, standing over Barrymaine, spoke.

"I — had to — do it!" he panted. "Did I— hurt you much?"

But Ronald Barrymaine lay very white and still; his mouth was cut and bleeding. Barnabas saw that he had struck harder than he intended. Now at this moment, even as he sank on his knees, Barnabas again heard a cry, but nearer now and with the rustle of flying draperies, and, glancing up, saw Cleone running towards them.

"Cleone!" he cried, and sprang to his feet.

"You — struck him!" she panted.

"I — yes, I had to! But, indeed, he isn't much hurt ——"

But Cleone was down upon her knees, had lifted Barrymaine's head to her bosom, and was wiping the blood from his pale face with her handkerchief.

"Cleone," said Barnabas humbly, "I — indeed, I — couldn't help it. Oh, Cleone, look up!" Yet, as he spoke, there came a rustling of leaves near by, and, glancing thither, Barnabas saw Mr. Chichester surveying them, smiling and debonair. Striding forward, Barnabas confronted him with scowling brow and fierce, menacing eyes.

"Rogue!" said he, his lips curling. "Rascal!"

"Ah!" nodded Mr. Chichester gently. "You have a pistol there, I see!"

"Your despicable villainy is known!" said Barnabas. "Ha! Smile if you will, but while you knelt, pistol in hand, in the barn there, had you troubled to look in the loft above your head you might have murdered me, and none the wiser. As it is, I am alive, to strip you of your heritage. I swear you shall be hounded from every club in London — men shall know you for what you are! Now go, before you tempt me to strangle you for a nauseous beast. Go, I say!"

Smiling still, but with a devil looking from his narrowed eyes, Mr. Chichester slowly viewed Barnabas from head to foot, and, turning, strolled away, swinging his tasselled walking-cane as he went, with Barnabas close behind him, pistol in hand, even as they had walked once before.

Now it was at this moment that Cleone, kneeling beside Barrymaine, chanced to espy a

Digitized by Google

crumpled piece of paper that lay within a yard of her. Half unwittingly, she took it up, glanced at it with vague eyes, then started as, knitting her black brows, she read these words:

My dear Barnabas:
The beast has discovered me. I thought I only scorned him, but now I know I fear him too. So, in my dread, I turn to you. Yes, I will go now — anywhere you wish. Fear has made me humble, and I accept your offer. Oh, take me away — hide me anywhere. So shall I be always

Your grateful
CLEMENCY.

Thus in a while, when Barrymaine opened his eyes, it was to see Cleone kneeling beside him with bent head and with both hands clasped upon her bosom — fierce hands, that clenched a crumpled paper between them. At first he thought she was weeping; but, when she turned towards him, he saw that her eyes were tearless and very bright, and that on either cheek burned a vivid patch of colour.

"Oh, Ronald!" she sighed, her lips quivering suddenly. "I — am glad you are better, but — oh, my dear, I wish I — were dead!"

"There, there, Clo!" he muttered, patting her stooping shoulder. "I f-frightened you, I suppose. But I'm all right now, dear. W-where's Chichester?"

"I — don't know, Ronald."

"But you, Cleone? You came here to m-meet this — this Beverley?"

"Yes, Ronald."

"D'you know w-what he is? D'you know he's a publican's son — a vile, low fellow masquerading as a g-gentleman? Yes, he's a p-publican's son, I tell you!" he repeated, seeing how she shrank at this. "And you s-stoop to such as he — s-stoop to meet him in s-such a place as this! So I came to save you f-from yourself!"

"Did you, Ronald?"

"Yes; but oh, Cleone, you don't l-love the fellow, do you?"

"I think I — hate him, Ronald."

"Then you won't m-meet him again?"

"No, Ronald."

"And you'll try to be a little kinder — to Ch-Chichester?"

Cleone shivered and rose to her feet.

"Come!" said she, her hands once more clasped upon her bosom. "It grows late; I must go."

"Yes. D-devilish depressing place, this! G-give me your arm, Clo."

But, as they turned to go, the bushes parted and Barnabas appeared.

"Cleone!" he exclaimed.

"I — I'm going home!" she said, not looking at him.

"Then I will come with you — if I may?"

"I had rather go — alone — with my brother."

"So pray s-stand aside, sir!" said Barrymaine haughtily through his swollen lips.

"Sir," said Barnabas pleadingly, "I struck you a while ago; but it was the only way to save you from — a greater evil, as you know."

"He means I threatened to s-shoot him, Clo. So I did; but it was for your sake — to sh-shield you from — persecution, as a brother should."

"Cleone," said Barnabas, ignoring Barrymaine altogether, "if there is any one in this world who should know me, and what manner of man I am, surely it is you."

"Yes; she knows you — b-better than you think. She knows you for a publican's son, first of all."

"May I come with you, Cleone?"

"No, sir; n-not while I'm here. Cleone, you go with him or m-me, so — choose!"

"Oh, Ronald, take me home!" she breathed.

So Barrymaine drew her arm through his, and, turning his back on Barnabas, led her away. But, when they had gone a little distance, he frowned and strode after them.

"Cleone," said he, "why are you so strange to me? What is it? Speak to me!"

But Cleone was dumb, and walked on beside Ronald Barrymaine with head averted; and so, with never a backward glance, was presently lost to sight among the leaves.

Long after they had gone, Barnabas stood there, his head bowed, while the shadows deepened about him, dark and darker. Then all at once he sighed and, lifting his head, strode away through the deepening gloom. On he went, heeding only the tumult of sorrow and anger that surged within him. And so, betimes, he reached the Oak and Ivy Inn, where, finding Peterby and the phaëton already gone, according to his instructions, he hired post-horses and galloped away for London.

As for my lady, securely locked within the sanctuary of her chamber, she took pen and paper and wrote these words:

You have destroyed my faith, and with that all else. Farewell.

Which done, she stamped a small yet vicious foot upon a certain crumpled letter, and thereafter, lying face down upon her bed, wept hot, slow, bitter tears, stifling her sobs with the tumbled glory of her hair; and in her heart was an agony greater than any she had ever known.

TO BE CONTINUED

Digitized by Google

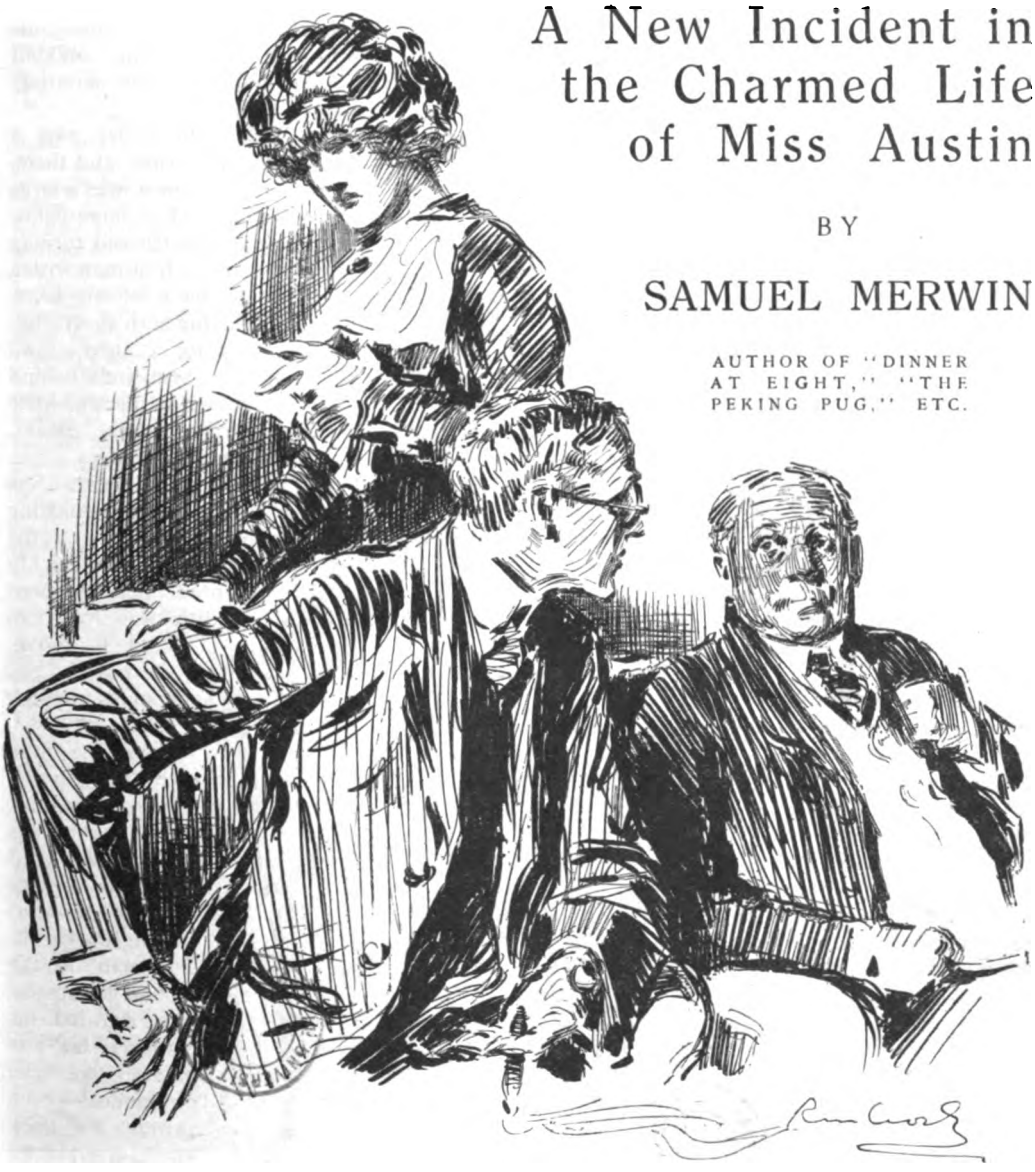
WANDA OF THE MYSTERIES

A New Incident in the Charmed Life of Miss Austin

BY

SAMUEL MERWIN

AUTHOR OF "DINNER AT EIGHT," "THE PEKING PUG," ETC.



IT was Sunday afternoon in Tientsin. In the little park that is the most perfectly British thing in the British Concession, a Sikh band of fifty pieces was playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Tourists strolled about the gravel paths. Japanese, Hindu, and Chinese *amahs* placidly wheeled the perambulators of ruddy British babies. Outside, on the corner, a yellow Shantung policeman, baton under arm, languidly watched the carriages and rickshaws roll by.

Within the park, on a bench that was set far back amid the shrubbery, sat Miss Edith Austin, with a red portfolio on her knee, writing a letter with a fountain-pen. Beside her a tiny Pekinese dog, black with one white ear, was curled in slumber. Tucked away inside the portfolio was a bag of American chocolates, into which Miss Austin's left hand made occasional little forays. Her slim figure was comfortably relaxed; but her pretty mouth twisted itself unconsciously with the strokes

Digitized by Google

of the pen, her brows gathered every now and then into a V-wrinkle just above the straight, rather long nose, and her usually demure hazel eyes were deep with the immense seriousness of a philosophy based on nearly twenty years of living.

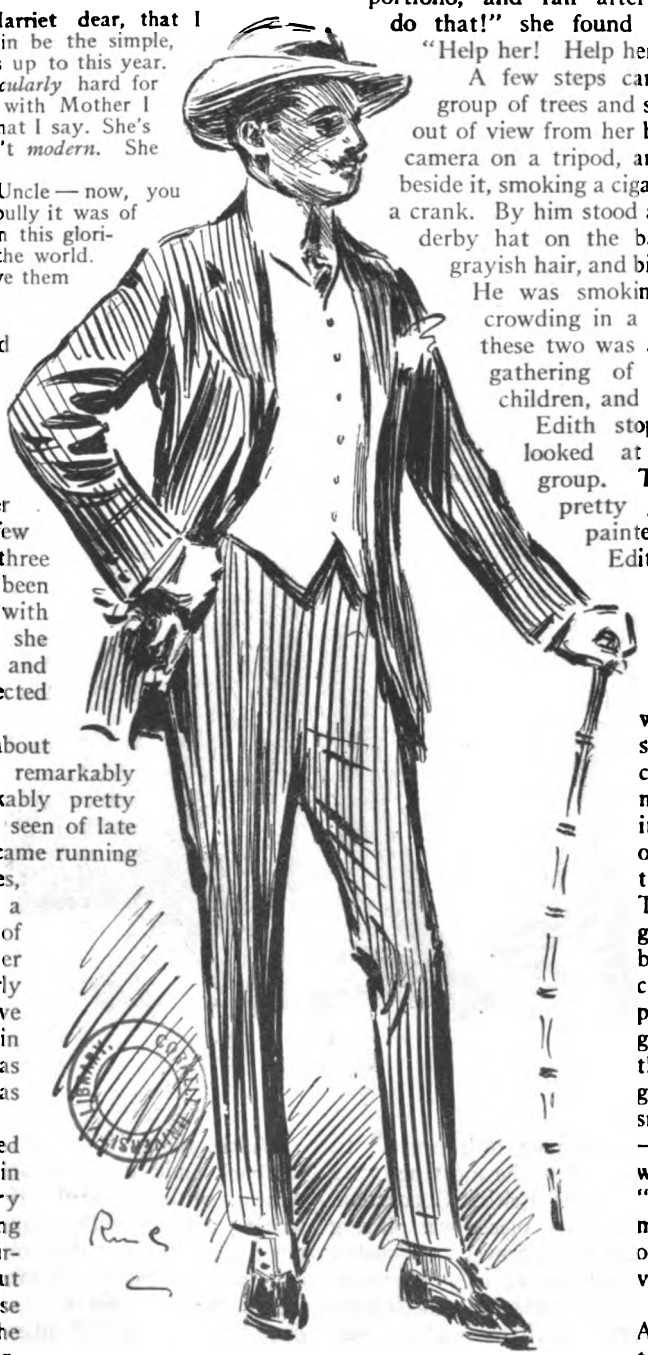
I realize now, Harriet dear, that I can never, *never* again be the simple, ignorant child I was up to this year. Life has been *particularly* hard for me, I think. Even with Mother I have to be careful what I say. She's a dear, but she isn't *modern*. She just isn't.

And Aunt and Uncle — now, you know how perfectly bully it was of them to bring me on this glorious journey round the world. You're right — I owe them *everything* for that.

Miss Austin had been hazily conscious, while she was writing, of some unusual disturbance on the grass-plot at her right, where, a few moments earlier, three little Britons had been playing a game with jack-knives. Now she looked over there and with an effort collected her faculties.

A young girl of about her own age — a remarkably small and remarkably pretty girl whom she had seen of late about the hotel — came running out from the bushes, closely pursued by a sinister little band of Chinese coolies. Her hat had been nearly torn off and one sleeve of her bodice was in shreds. She was deathly pale, and was panting for breath.

As Edith's startled eyes were taking in the extraordinary scene, a good-looking young American hurried to the rescue. But two of the Chinese held the girl, and the others bore the American to the ground, beating him savagely.



"THE TENOR SAUNTERED TO THE DOOR AND STARED IN AT HER . . .

Edith wondered if it were a dream. The band, she knew, was still playing.

The American lay still — there on the ground. They were leaving him, and were dragging the girl away. Edith sprang up, dropping the portfolio, and ran after them. "Don't do that!" she found herself shouting. "Help her! Help her!"

A few steps carried her past a group of trees and shrubs, and there, out of view from her bench, was a large camera on a tripod, and a young fellow beside it, smoking a cigarette and turning a crank. By him stood a thin man with a derby hat on the back of his head, grayish hair, and big horn spectacles. He was smoking a cigar. And crowding in a semicircle behind these two was a respectful little gathering of tourists, *amahs*, children, and Chinese.

Edith stopped short. She looked at the struggling group. The face of the pretty girl was thickly painted. For a moment Edith was too confused to move; she felt the red coming into her cheeks.

Then the man with the horn spectacles took his cigar from his mouth and waved it. The camera operator stopped turning the crank. The man on the ground got up and brushed off his clothes — he was painted, too. The girl smiled — even through the thick grease-paint her smile was radiant — and nodded toward Miss Austin. "Thanks just as much," she called out in a musical voice.

Slowly Miss Austin returned to her bench, gathered up the belongings that

Digitized by Google

had scattered out of her portfolio, and tried to resume the thread of her letter. But for all of half an hour she could only munch chocolates and listen to the band. Gradually, however, her composure returned. After a time she even indulged in a faint smile, and gave Wing, the dog, a friendly little pat. Then she wrote on:

. . . I owe them everything for that. But they could never in the world understand our views, yours and mine. I wouldn't dare tell them. I think it would *kill* them.

But, I was going to say — you remember the talks we used to have — back before either of us knew the world *at all* — when we were first reading "Candida" and "Woman and Economics" — and we used to wonder how it would seem really to escape from our *dreadful* suburban seclusion and see a bit of this great man's world for ourselves.

Well, I *have* seen a bit of it!

I've seen — don't ever whisper a word, dear! — a prize-fight in a Shanghai opium den. I was second to one of the fighters. I helped him take off his shirt. And oh, Harriet, it was wonderful! You've no idea — the thrill, the *humanness* of it!

And I've been in a revolt — at Peking — with bombs and looting Manchus, and a revolver in my own hand that I almost used — and against a *white man!* I would have used it, too, if I hadn't been rescued — you couldn't guess — by a girl gambler!

And I've been made love to. By a perfect dear of a boy. Sometime, when I'm sure of my sense of humor, I'll tell you about that. The queer thing was that for about twenty minutes I really wanted to fall in love. Can you believe it? I *wanted* to. Me!

Then I got sensible all at once. It slipped by like a sneeze that won't come. And after that I wasn't even *interested.* You aren't much interested in sneezes afterward, you know.

Miss Austin lingered a moment over this sentence with a pleased smile; then continued:

I'm almost sorry. It's rather saddening to learn that you're not the falling-in-love kind. But I suppose it's safer.

Aunt doesn't dream. Nor Uncle. They think I'm just the green little thing I look like.

Well, Harriet dearest, I've learned one thing that is *invaluable.*

We were right. A girl *can* go anywhere alone — even here on the China Coast. All they used to try to make us believe, that life is full of mysterious hidden dangers, that people are such dreadfully complicated things, is just plain bunk. I'll admit that I've been afraid once or twice out here, but that was *because* I was ignorant. I was always looking for something terrible beyond words to happen. It never did. I can see now that it never will. Why, I haven't even been insulted but once. After this I'm not going to be afraid of anything.

Really, Harriet, there's no particular mystery about life. People are simple. . . .

A shadow fell across the paper. She raised her eyes, and found the moving-picture heroine standing before her.

This girl was hardly above five feet tall, and could have weighed little more than ninety pounds. Even as she stood quietly there, her lithe young body seemed to respond uncontrollably to the swinging rhythm of the band; by some subtle physical suggestion, she appeared on the point of breaking into a bewildering succession of bendings and posings. "She's the gracefulest thing I ever *saw*," said Edith to herself. Her skin was fair and fresh; her hair, under the big shade hat, was really golden; her facile mouth was quivering on the brink of a smile; her eyes were large, blue, and liquid.

"Mind if I sit down with you?" asked the girl.

Edith was conscious of a thrill of pleasure. This adorable little creature, who looked like a child, was really a grown-up actress. She earned her living, independently, in a world of men. She came and went as she chose. She had certainly traveled far; she had doubtless experienced much. Yet there was not a wrinkle in the fair skin, and the blue eyes were as candid as a baby's. "I'm right," thought Edith, as she made room on the bench; "she's as simple and sweet as if they'd kept her in a convent."

"I noticed your dog," said the girl, in a pleasantly casual tone; "and then, I liked your looks."

. . . 'HE'S A VAIN BRUTE,' THOUGHT EDITH"

Digitized by Google

"That was silly of me — running over there," began Edith.

The girl waved the remark carelessly aside. "Oh, *that*," she said. "We get used to that. You're at the Astor House too, aren't you?" An ingenuous person, clearly. She chattered along as easily as a child of ten. "I don't know your name."

Edith told her.

"Mine's Connidge — my stage name, that is. I'm from Bridgeport, Connecticut. You see — 'idge' from my city, 'Conn' from my State. I think it's nice to be patriotic where we can — don't you? Your first name's Edith, you say? I'm going to call you that, if you don't mind. I always get mixed on last names."

"I don't mind at all," replied Edith, conscious that she was being swept along rather rapidly.

"My first name's Wanda. You *are* stopping at the Astor House, aren't you?"

As Wanda put the question she turned and looked back through the shrubbery toward the big hotel across the street. Built for comfort during the long summers, the front wall of the structure was set back behind a tier of broad verandas or galleries that extended the full width of the building and on around the corner. The outside rooms on each floor opened on the gallery by shuttered doors, long rows of them. Thus it was possible, by using the galleries and the outside stairways connecting them (these latter were around the corner at the end of the building), to go from any one outside room to any other without entering the interior corridors of the building.

"That's my room," said Edith, "on the third floor, second from the corner — near where that man is walking up and down, the one with the little black mustache."

Wanda's eyelids drooped for a moment, as if her thoughts had strayed afield. Then, in an impenetrably casual tone, she said: "Do you know that man?"

Edith did not. "Oh, I've seen him around. And he's tried to flirt with me."

Wanda's face assumed a sympathetic expression. "He would do that," she murmured. "He's a bad actor, if you want my opinion. But then,"— she gave a little sigh,—"most of 'em are. And he *has* nice eyes. He's the tenor in that English concert company that's doing the Coast — the 'Purple Mysteries.' You know."

Edith said she had seen the advertisements.

"They're a phony bunch. The press is that they're big London people who can't afford to have their names known. They play in purple costumes and purple silk masks. We've been running into 'em all along — Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai."

The conversation flagged for a little while. The two girls watched the passers-by. A note of melancholy crept into the voice of the little actress.

"Oh, my dear," she observed later, "if you knew what I've had to endure from men. A girl is so helpless."

Edith looked at her, and was surprised to see that the corners of her mouth were sagging wearily and that there were tears in her eyes. She wondered what disturbing memory had so suddenly depressed that volatile spirit. It seemed hardly possible that there could be any strain of sadness in the life of so lovely and youthful a person.

Wanda slowly turned her head and met Edith's troubled gaze. She brushed a tear from her cheek.

"You'll think I'm a fool," she murmured.

Edith shook her head. "Indeed I won't," she replied impulsively. "I wish you would tell me what is the matter." And she rested a gentle hand on the girl's sleeve.

Wanda mused. "I wonder if I *could* tell you!"

"Please. Were you reminded of something sad?"

Wanda smiled mournfully. "I never forget it," she replied. "Only you have to keep up most of the time. I guess that's what makes life so hard. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you,' you know." She fell to musing again. "Tell me, Edith," she remarked, after a moment, "do you think there's such a thing in the world as true friendship?"

"I'm *sure* there is!" cried Edith. "Won't you tell me? Perhaps I could help."

Wanda shrugged her shoulders. "It's beyond that. Nobody could help me now." Her pathetic eyes again sought Edith's girlish face. "I don't know what on earth to do. You're a dear girl, Edith, but I don't believe you've had enough experience of life to understand."

"I've seen a good deal," said Edith.

There was so much quiet assurance in her tone that Wanda flashed at her a glance of surprise and inquiry, then dropped her eyes and remarked:

"You see, dear, I was married two years ago ——"

"Married!"

The exclamation slipped by Edith's guarding lips. Then, in fear that she had betrayed some inexperience, she hurried on: "You surprised me. You seem so young and inexperienced yourself."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" murmured Wanda. "If you knew all I've suffered. I — I had to leave 'im. He's a drunkard. And he beat me."

"Beat you!"

Digitized by Google

"'ARE YOU SURE HE — YOUR HUSBAND — DOESN'T LOVE YOU?'"

Digitized by Google

"With a razor-strop. I could show you — there's marks on my back now. He got to bringing other women right into our apartment — made me wait on them. He was — oh, I can't! You wouldn't understand! He made me work all the time, rehearsing and playing, and then took my salary away from me — every cent. Not even carfare for me — and I get two hundred a week in New York. Edith dear, if you knew what men are, and what we women have to endure from 'em!"

"I know a little about men," said Edith grimly.

"Well, twice I tried to kill myself. Once by gas. He came home sober that night, for once, and kicked the door in, and beat me till I fainted. The other time I was just jumping out the window when he caught me — by my night-gown. Just see what he's brought me to."

She opened her hand-purse; and there, nestling among three diamond rings and a diamond pendant, a box of lip-carmine and a diminutive powder-puff, a rumpled-up handkerchief, some tightly folded cablegrams, a Mexican dollar (value, fifty cents) with red paper inscribed in Chinese characters pasted on one side of it, and a little silver change, was a small rough glass bottle marked "Poison."

The pupils of Edith's eyes contracted and her lips pressed together. But, true to her new standing as a woman of experience, she suppressed the exclamation of horror that was struggling to her lips.

"I ran away from 'im and went to Chicago. I had a dreadful time — no money at all. There was men who would have advanced me some, but of course I couldn't take it — not that way."

"Of course not," murmured Edith.

"And, as I couldn't very well go to any other manager until I was free from Will — you see, he had always been my manager; Will M. Ryan of the Ryan Amusement Co. — there liter'ly wasn't any way I could turn. One week I almost starved. Will sent horrid telegrams. He hired detectives to shadow me. One of 'em told me who he was, and said that if — oh, you've no *idea* what I've been through!

"Then I got a chance to come out here with this company and do moving pictures. The money wasn't much, of course, but there was the ocean trip and a chance to see Japan, and I jumped at it. Just came right along, all impetyus as usual, and hopped straight out of the frying-pan into the cheerfully glowing coals. That's me, you know, all over. I don't look into things careful enough; I'm too intense."

There was a huskiness in Edith's throat. As she looked at the delicately modeled face under the big hat, at the soft little mouth and the great childlike blue eyes, she felt that she was being permitted to witness one of life's inexplicable tragedies — that before her was quivering an innocent but tortured soul. She was conscious of a new gravity, almost a solemnity, within herself.

She managed to ask: "And so you — you've found more trouble out here?"

Wanda pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. "It's terrible. I don't know how I came to confide in you this way. But I've got to talk to somebody. It's either some kind of sympathy and help or" — her voice quivered — "or that little bottle. I'm in a trap. I don't know what to do." And she took to clasping and unclasping her fingers in her lap.

"Try to be calm," said Edith gently. "Relax. And tell me quietly. I'm going to help you if I can."

Wanda gave her a grateful look, and continued: "We weren't three days out from San Francisco before I found that I had to fight the director of this company."

"You don't mean ——" breathed Edith.

Wanda's eyes were brimming again. She nodded. "He was dreadful. I had to keep my state-room door locked — until Miss La Place came in with me. You must have seen him around here — thin man with grayish hair. Mr. Hemmingway."

"And horn spectacles."

"Yes. Always smoking a cigar."

"Why," Edith mused, "I thought he looked very quiet and ——"

"My dear," Wanda interrupted impressively, "the quiet ones are the worst. There was a tenor singer — he was only a high baritone, really — with the Acorn Opera Company — he was the quiet kind — that — You've no idea! I got worn out fighting him. Sometimes I wonder what's the use."

"But you mustn't feel that way. That is weakness. You must keep up the fight — always."

"I know. But it does wear you out. Specially when you can't see anything ahead. . . . Well, anyway, when we landed at Yokohama I found these cablegrams from Will." She took the folded papers from her purse and spread them out for Edith to read. "While we were in Japan and Shanghai I got a cable every day. Then for two weeks there was nothing. I couldn't imagine what it meant. Hemmingway knew something, I'm sure — he acted so queer. Then, two days ago, this came."

She laid the message on Edith's portfolio. "See, it's from Shanghai. He came clear across

Digitized by Google

the Pacific on a fast boat. He's half way up the Coast now — be here by Wednesday."

Edith read the message:

Leaving here to-night for Tientsin. Am sure everything will be all right when I see you.

WILL.

"Are you sure he — your husband — doesn't love you?" asked Edith, a trace in her voice of that same huskiness.

Wanda compressed her lips and shook her head. "No. It isn't real love. Sometimes, when he hasn't seen me for a while, I fascinate him." She turned her big, appealing eyes to Edith's. "Why is it, dear — I always seem to attract men — that wrong way? Can it be my fault? It's so disappointing. It hurts so."

"I'm sure it's not your fault, Wanda. You can't help being beautiful."

Wanda looked pleased for an instant; then her eyes filled again. "The poor little thing!" thought Edith. "What a bundle of emotions she is. She's all temperament. There ought always to be some one to take care of her. And she's so sweet and so — so helpless."

Wanda was sobbing now, very softly, and pressing her handkerchief to her nose. "Oh, it's too dreadful to tell!" she burst out. "Here I am talking in this matter-of-fact way and — Well, that man tried to get into my room this afternoon — while I was dressing. I'm actually not safe there — in my own room. I ran out of the hotel. I came here because it was open and safe and there were people. And you were here. I thought maybe you'd let me talk. I had to talk to somebody. I'm all alone — and perfickly helpless. Hemmingway is even holding back my salary, just the way Will always did. I don't know what to do. If life has got to be like this, I don't want — to — live!"

Again she fell to sobbing. But after a few moments, with an obvious effort at self-control, she quieted. Then she wiped her eyes; deftly, with a quick glance to left and right, applied the diminutive powder-puff to her nose; dropped her hands listlessly to her lap; and gazed, with eyes that seemed to be looking very far, in the direction of the band-stand, with its glitter of silver and brass, its dreamy brown faces, its enormous red turbans.

Edith, her color slightly heightened, was thinking intently, and toying absently with the silky little dog as she thought. There was a coaster sailing that night for Shanghai. And there was Harry Purnell of the Consular staff, who had been three grades above her in the public school at home. He had been nice and attentive during her stay here. Well, now was his chance to be nicer. Should she tell Wanda about the need of including Harry in her plans? No; it would be better to tell Wanda nothing. It was a situation to try the mettle of the cosmopolitan Miss Austin. She must manage it alone. Her money was all, or nearly all, in the form of travelers' checks. These must be converted into gold; but they distinctly must not be cashed at the Astor House, the only place at which she was known that was open on Sundays. . . . Yes, it was quite a little situation. But a calm assurance within her, an assurance that surprised herself, brought a faith that she would be equal to whatever it might prove necessary to do.

"Don't you see," Wanda was saying, "there may be dreadful trouble when Will gets here. Suppose he found out about Hemmingway. When he's drunk you just can't talk to 'im. You can't tell what he'd do. I'm horribly afraid. There might even be — shooting."

"Listen," said Edith, with a quiet sort of determination in her voice; "I'm going to bring you right in with me — in my room. Now, tell me, if you should run away, is there any place you could go?"

Wanda's face brightened. "You're awfully good, Edith. I was thinking, if I could only get to Shanghai — the Auckland Amateurs offered me a job when we were at Kobe. They'll be there next week. That would keep me going until I could make some arrangements to get back home."

"What's the fare?"

"Well," replied Wanda more briskly, "of course that's hopeless. I haven't got three dollars. It costs forty or so — and then there's all the extras, and something for Shanghai ——"

Edith interrupted her: "Now, Wanda dear, you're not to be hurt or offended at what I'm going to say. It's a crisis, and you must be sensible. I've got money enough. You can send it to me later on — any time. I could let you have a hundred dollars or more easily, without Aunt or Uncle suspecting a thing."

But Wanda made no objections. Instead, she cried again. And after a moment she asked in an unsteady voice, from behind her handkerchief: "Is that gold or Mex, dear?"

"Gold, of course. Now come, Wanda; we mustn't be sitting here if I'm to get you off to-night."

"To-night!" repeated Wanda, almost in consternation.

"To-night," smiled Edith. "And you're to put yourself absolutely in my hands."

"But I can't get three trunks off without Hemmingway knowing."

"I can," said Edith calmly.

Digitized by Google

"But he'll be watching. And if he misses me, he'll watch the boat."

Edith hesitated but a moment. Then she replied: "I'll guarantee to get you off to-night. Now come."

As they entered the hotel, Edith observed the tenor with the black mustache sitting alone on the porch over a half-consumed whisky and Tan San. His face was flushed, his eyes were roving and, she thought, a bit wild. He glanced furtively at them. Edith felt Wanda tremble and draw close to her, and she hurried her into the building and up the stairs.

Edith called a boy and sent a hurriedly written chit to Harry Purnell at the Consulate. She and Wanda speedily packed the three trunks, then slipped down the corridor to Edith's room. There Wanda was attired in a negligée of Edith's and left to rest on the couch.

Edith next wandered down to the lounge on the main floor, and, with a large volume of "Views of Tientsin" on her knee, sat where she could command the porch and front steps through a window and the main hall through a wide door.

The tenor saw her, and, hastily gulping a fresh whisky and Tan San, sauntered, with an assumption of carelessness, to the door and stared in at her. He wore a soft straw hat pulled down on one side of his head, and carried, a light bamboo stick. She watched him, over her book. After a moment he sauntered away and ascended the stairs.

"He's a vain brute," thought Edith. "And it's just about certain that he wants to annoy Wanda." She deliberately laid down her book and followed.

Sure enough, he was hovering outside the room Wanda had occupied. At sight of Edith he flushed to an even deeper red, and hurried out to the gallery by the door at the end of the corridor.

Edith returned to the lounge and resumed her chair and book. A little time passed. Then the thin figure and the horn spectacles for which she was watching appeared in the hall. She couldn't help thinking that the director person looked rather nice. He was the last man she would have picked for a monster. He had strong lines in his face and a patient expression about the eyes. "So goes life," she thought. "To me that tenor is a horrid thing; but Wanda thinks he has nice eyes. Wanda *knows* this manager is a brute; and here I'm thinking I might like him."

Very deliberately Mr. Hemmingway descended the steps, called a rickshaw, and rode away. Edith stepped out on the porch and followed the vehicle with her eyes until it disappeared. Then she found the Chinese head porter, slipped a key and a gold sovereign into his impassive hand, and gave him certain very positive instructions in her best Pidgin-English. Five minutes later, standing near the side entrance, she had the pleasure of seeing three trunks carried out and wheeled away. On the two ends of each trunk, where the words, "Wanda Connidge, New York," had appeared, there was now a row of Astor House labels, pasted symmetrically side by side.

So much accomplished, Edith crossed to the park. There, walking to and fro in a secluded corner, she found Harry Purnell. He had grown rather good-looking since their school days; and his manner, a businesslike briskness tempered by a whimsical, rather facetious humor, was not altogether unpleasing, she thought. He wore nose-glasses, and carried a heavy cane. He was humming in a light tenor voice.

"Very mysterious," he said, as they shook hands — "very mysterious."

"It had to be, Harry. You've got to help me smuggle a poor girl off on the Shanghai boat to-night, and you're not to ask any questions."

"Discretion is my middle name," smiled Harry. "Can do. But you very nearly didn't find me in. And if you ever doubt yourself as a charmer, Edith, it may help some to know that I'm breaking a previous engagement with a particularly attractive person for this very evening."

"That was good of you, Harry."

"No — just weak. Sufficiency. Let's have your instructions. Chop-chop!"

For a little time they walked about the park, Harry listening attentively while Edith explained her needs. They walked around to the Consulate, and Edith waited on the corner while Harry slipped inside. They took a pony victoria and drove rapidly to the wharf. Here she waited, while he boarded the ship. Finally they separated, and Edith hurried back to the hotel and up to her room.

She softly tried the door. It was locked. There was no sound within. She tapped softly. She was glad that Wanda had locked the door; it was a wise precaution. She tapped again. Doubtless the poor child had fallen asleep. She walked to the end of the corridor and back, considering whether to waken her. She lingered a moment at the door, then knocked more loudly — with her knuckles this time. Still there was no response. She felt a bit worried — there was no telling what the child might do. . . .

She was turning irresolutely away, when the sound came to her ears of a door closing within

Digitized by Google

"'WHY, YOU — YOU KNOW EACH OTHER!' EXCLAIMED MISS AUSTIN

the room. It must have been the gallery entrance, as the room had but the two doors. She heard light feet crossing the room; then the key turned, and Wanda opened to her.

The little actress had found a lacy boudoir-cap of Edith's, which, with the thick yellow braids hanging down her back almost to her knees, her high color, nervous smile, and a peculiar sparkle and glow in the expressive eyes, gave her something the appearance of an excited little fairy. For a moment Edith gazed at her in a sort of admiring dismay. Was it right to pack off this alarmingly beautiful little girl on a four-day journey alone — and to such a destination as Shanghai? Yet — to leave her here to be quarreled over by a violent husband and an unscrupulous manager ——!

Edith took her hand and led her to the couch. "You lie down and rest," she commanded.

"I can't," said Wanda; "I get so nervous, Edith dear. The room seemed stuffy — I had to step out on the gallery for a breath of air."

Digitized by Google

"That was unwise," Edith replied. She felt very old and experienced and responsible. "There isn't much use in hiding you, you know, if you're going to get excited and show yourself the first thing.

"Now, dear," Edith continued, "please put this money in your purse. I don't want to carry so much about with me. Two — three — five — eight — twelve, thirteen — fifteen sovereigns. That's about seventy-five dollars, isn't it? I figure that you'd better have at least that much. And here's your ticket. Your name, for the present, is Miss Robinson."

The tears again came rushing to Wanda's eyes. She took Edith's hand in both of her own, and kissed it. "You're very, very good to me, Edith dear," she murmured brokenly.

"Now you behave," was all Edith could manage by way of reply.

Wanda dropped the gold coins into her purse, one by one. And each coin, as it fell, clinked softly against the bottle of poison. Then she said: "You must be sure and tell me just how much you spend, dear. So I'll know."

Edith smiled, patted the soft cheek, and left her.

She went downstairs and out to the porch, looking about for her aunt and uncle. Just outside the door she encountered the tenor, who was hurrying around the corner of the building, his face working nervously, switching his little cane against the chairs and tables as he passed them. At sight of her, he stopped short, stared for an instant (very rudely, she thought), then turned and hurried back around the corner.

Edith gazed after him thoughtfully. Whatever unknown terrors might be lying in wait for lovely little Wanda at Shanghai or on the remainder of the long, hard journey home, it would certainly be a relief to get her safely out of Tientsin.

That evening, at dinner, Mr. Wilberly said unexpectedly:

"Oh, say, Edith, Hemmingway, the moving-picture man, wanted me to ask if you've seen anything of his Miss Connidge in the past few hours."

For a moment Edith's pulse stopped.

"He saw her talking to you earlier in the afternoon. I told him you'd hardly know. It seems she has disappeared completely. He got a key from the management, entered her room, and found her trunks gone. Funny thing."

Just then the Chinese waiter drew Mr. Wilberly's attention to the menu; and that gentleman hunted about his waistcoat for his nose-glasses, put them on, and gave his attention undividedly to the important matter of the next course.

Edith controlled the impulse to draw a long breath. Instead, she nibbled a bread-stick and looked out about the big dining-room with a face that was inscrutably demure.

At one o'clock that night, except for an occasional hilarious sound from the bar-room, the big hotel was still. Lights were out in the lounge. Porch chairs were piled on porch tables. And on the corner a Chili policeman, arms folded, motionless, leaned against a tree.

Two slim figures in long rain-coats, each carrying a hand-bag, came tiptoeing out of a room on the third floor, walked softly along the veranda, turned the corner, and descended two flights of stairs. Walking more rapidly, they came around the hotel into Victoria Road and headed north.

On the next corner, in the shadow of the trees, a young man awaited them. He stepped forward as they approached, and took the bags from them. But, instead of moving on with them, he stood motionless and peered under the big hat that crowned the smaller of the two figures.

"Oh," he said, in what was evidently genuine surprise —"how do you do!"

"Why, you — you know each other!" exclaimed Miss Austin.

But, without speaking further, Harry Purnell briskly led the way up Victoria Road to a corner some two blocks above the steamer wharf, then turned off to the bank of the very narrow, very sluggish little river that is known as the Pei-ho. The girls followed.

A sampan, manned by two native boatmen, awaited them. Harry tossed the baggage aboard, and handed the two girls in after it.

The boat drifted out into the current. Wanda curled up in the bow, silent and pensive. Harry gave all his attention to guiding their little craft. And Edith looked from one to the other, wondering.

There was no moon. A little way below them the black bulk of the ship, held out nearly in mid-channel by fenders, loomed big and mysterious. In the absurd little river and from their lowly point of observation, the small coasting steamer appeared as huge as a transatlantic liner. High above the shadowy hull, lights were blazing. A belated passenger, very drunk, as is not unnatural on the Coast after midnight, was reeling up the long gang-plank above the water, followed by a line of porters with baggage.

The sampan drifted down on the farther side of the ship, out of sight from the wharf. Wanda was humming a gay little tune.

They scraped softly along the plates of the hull, that towered above them like a wall.

Digitized by Google

Well aft, two thirds of the way to the stern, a rope was flapping gently. Harry caught it. A head peered out of an opening just above them. Then a rope ladder was lowered.

Harry climbed up with the bags; then returned for Wanda. The actress threw her arms around Edith's neck and kissed her. Edith could see that her eyes were shining and that she was smiling dreamily.

As she placed a dainty foot on the lowest rung of the ladder, Wanda giggled outright in sheer delight at the romantic quality of her flight. Then Harry picked up her slight body in his arm and carried her up, disappearing with her within the ship. After a moment he reappeared, dropped down into the sampan, and pushed off.

They were back on firm earth before he spoke. Then he said, with some evidence of feeling that he seemed unable wholly to suppress:

"Edith, I wonder if you know what you've been mixing in?"

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"I wonder if you know what that girl is up to?"

Edith was tired, and Harry's tone disturbed her. "I know this," she broke out almost hotly: "if I hadn't helped her get away to-night she would have been in terrible trouble here. I'm not sure that I haven't saved her life, even."

"Oh," murmured Harry, with a touch of mystification in his voice. And for a little way he walked without speaking, looking straight ahead.

When they had nearly reached the hotel, he asked:

"Did you give her any money, Edith?"

"Why, yes, if you must know — I did."

"Mm," said he non-committally.

At the hotel steps, she turned and faced him.

"Now listen, Harry," she said. "You and Wanda Connidge have met before."

"Oh," he replied, "is her name Wanda Connidge?"

Miss Austin stamped her foot.

"Really," said he, almost cheerfully, "we *have* met before, but I didn't know her name."

"Well — how?"

"Look here, Edith; you've knocked about some, you've seen a bit of life — I guess perhaps you've got sense enough to understand. I met that girl on the street just this morning. Flirt-pidgin — like two infants. We took a walk. We were silly, of course — my engagement for to-night was with her. That's — well, that's all."

Edith was puzzled. "No, that isn't quite all," she said. "What made you say what you did, at the landing. Did you see anything on the steamer?"

Harry prepared to beat a retreat. "It's late, Edith. No can keep awake my side. And you're tired out. I've told you all I know. All I *know*," he repeated, with an odd emphasis. Then he said good night, and left her.

After a late breakfast, on the following morning, Edith wandered into the lounge, and found her uncle and Mr. Hemmingway talking in the offhand manner that men affect. Edith stood by the table behind them, and picked up a post-card labeled, "View on Taku Road, Tientsin."

"Speaking as a business man," — it was Mr. Wilberly who was speaking thus, — "I don't see how you handle these crazy actresses at all. I'd be inclined to bring 'em up with a round turn if they tried any of their 'temperament' on me."

"It wouldn't work," replied Mr. Hemmingway quietly. "It hasn't worked in this case. I've exceeded all legal bounds, as it is, trying to keep that girl here. But I cabled Bill Ryan that I'd hold her until he could get here. You see, I had promised him that if he'd bring out Elsie Baker from our Chicago company, he could take Wanda back. Now here he is, tearing up the Yellow Sea with Miss Baker, as per agreement, and I've got no Wanda. I've fallen down. And I watched that boat myself last night until she sailed at two."

"Do you know she was aboard?"

"Certainly. After they'd cast off, the little devil waved at me from the deck. She was with that fool tenor of the 'Purple Mysteries.' He had his arm around her."

Edith's body seemed to freeze as she stood motionless there. The blood rushed out of her face; and then, as swiftly, rushed back until her fair skin was suffused with color. Had she, after all, accomplished nothing more than the financing and stage-managing of a wretched *amour!*

Gradually she became conscious that Mr. Hemmingway was still speaking:

"Rather an interesting case, by the way, for the psycho-pathologists. That girl has run away with five different men, to my knowledge; and every one of them was a tenor singer. Even including Bill himself — he used to be a light-opera tenor. It's a mania, apparently; always a runaway, and always a tenor. Can you beat it?"

"People are queer," observed Mr. Wilberly sententiously.

"They certainly are. People are *some* queer. I knew one other case like this — a middle-aged business man who had a mania for falling in love with star actresses. No matter how beautiful she might be, she had to be an actress

Digitized by Google

and a star — with her name on the billboards. We counted up eleven of them. He pestered them — pursued them — wrote outrageous letters. Several times he was arrested. But he couldn't stop — worse than liquor to him. Well, there's two things I would certainly like to know: how Wanda got on that boat, and who put up the money. Wilson, the Mysteries manager, tells me that the tenor didn't have twenty cents. Why, they haven't paid salaries for five weeks. And this guy hasn't got brains enough to swindle anybody. No; it was our little Wanda that got into some sympathetic spirit. I wish I knew who."

"It's probably a good thing, after all," said Mr. Wilberly sagely.

"What is?"

"That she made her get-away. If she and her tenor were here when the husband walked in, there'd likely as not be trouble. I know how these cases go."

"Trouble? What kind of trouble?"

"Oh, row — punch his face — shoot, maybe."

The director sniffed. "Not a bit of it. Bill Ryan's the best-hearted fellow in the world — couldn't hurt a fly."

"But the tenor. He's the crazy kind, you say ——"

"Tenors don't shoot people," grunted Mr. Hemmingway.

Edith, her head a chaos of emotions and thoughts, quietly made her way out of the room and across to the park, where, though there might be disturbing memories, there *was* air.

After dinner that evening, Edith became aware that Mr. Hemmingway was trying to catch her eye. Finally he encountered her at a moment when her aunt and uncle had gone into the office to look at a new lot of painted snuff-bottles, and asked if she would step out to the porch for a moment. He was so grave and kindly in manner that she did not see how to refuse.

He led her to a corner behind a group of potted palms, and drew a paper from his pocket. He looked puzzled, she thought.

"I — I've received a wireless from Wanda Connidge," he said. "She instructs me to pay you twenty-six pounds, four shillings, and eightpence out of her salary. Here it is." He produced a heavy little canvas bag. Then he cleared his throat.

"If you don't mind my asking," he went on, pushing his hat back and running his long fingers into his hair, "is that the right amount? Is that just what she owed you?"

Edith did a little mental arithmetic, then nodded. "Yes," she said; "it is. Exactly. Why, she has even remembered the chocolate!"

Mr. Hemmingway sighed and made a gesture of despair. "That's the queerest of all," he said. "That kid has kept me guessing from the start. Last week I began to think I had her number. I knew she was a born actress. I knew she was a quick thinker, and — yes — a temperamental little liar. And yet, here she turns out to be scrupulous with money — down to the last cent. Comes pretty close to what we sometimes call honor, doesn't it? . . . Well, it beats me. I guess the fact is we don't really know anybody — ever." He smiled, rather shyly, she thought, and added: "I thought you would probably want me to consider it confidential."

She could have hugged him for that. Instead she returned his smile unflinchingly; said, "Thank you very much, Mr. Hemmingway"; and, concealing the bag in her hand, ran lightly upstairs to her room.

The money she placed in the top drawer of her bureau. In this same drawer was her red portfolio. Smiling a little, and blushing, she drew it out, opened it, and deliberately read her unfinished letter to Harriet, read it through to the end: "Really, Harriet, there's no particular mystery about life. People are simple. . . ."

Several times she read these concluding words; stood there reading them until the blush and the smile had slowly left her face. Then she brought Wing from his basket by the window, drew a big chair to the light, curled up in it, sitting comfortably on her foot, and very soberly wrote a letter that began as follows:

Dear Harriet:

We've been at Tientsin quite a while now, and I must say it is nothing like so interesting as Peking. It is more like a European city, you know. There *are* shops, of course, when you know where to look for them; and they have some nice things. I bought a *beautiful* Mandarin coat — an old red one. And then there is very nice raw silk lace that the Chinese girls make in the French Convent. It is astonishingly cheap. I picked up a lot of it, it goes so *wonderfully* with the piece of natural Assam silk that Aunt bought at Shanghai to make me a dress out of. And I may get some Satsuma buttons — blue and tan — to go with it. What do you think? . . .

Further episodes in the Charmed Life of Miss Austin will be told in the spring numbers of McCLURE'S

Digitized by Google

THE JEWISH INVASION OF AMERICA

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

A PURE TYPE OF ARABIAN JEW. THIS BOY OF EIGHTEEN, A TAILOR BY TRADE, TRAVELED ALONE TO THIS COUNTRY FROM JERUSALEM. HE ARRIVED HERE DECEMBER 28, 1912

Next to Russia, the United States is the greatest Jewish country in the world. There are 2,000,000 Jews in the United States, of whom 1,000,000 are found in New York City. There are more Jews living in New York than were ever collected before in any one place.

From New York the Jews are rapidly spreading throughout the country. There are 100,000 in Chicago, 100,000 in Philadelphia, 75,000 in Boston, and 50,000 in St. Louis. Practically every American city likewise has a large representation.

The United States furnishes the greatest opportunities to Hebrews that the race has ever had. Here they are economically and politically free — unhindered by the restrictions that interfere with their success in eastern Europe.

What use has this indomitable people made of these new opportunities? To what extent is their influence increasing in the United States? The following article answers these and other similar questions.—The EDITOR.

THE increasing importance of the Jewish people in all the large cities of the United States is a matter of everyday observation. One distinguished student of the subject, Professor Werner Sombart of Berlin, even goes so far as to say that in another hundred years the United States will be peopled chiefly by Slavs, negroes, and Jews. Extravagant and absurd as this statement is, the fact remains that the influence of the Jews in the United States in another hundred years promises to be almost preponder-

Digitized by Google

ating. Though they have been here in large numbers only thirty years, they have already shown infinitely greater capacity for economic progress than any of the other great immigrating peoples.

THE CONQUEST OF THE CLOTHING TRADES

THERE are many industries and activities that the Jews absolutely control, and others in which their influence is steadily increasing. The success that has most impressed the popular mind, perhaps, is their unquestioned domination in the clothing trades.

It was inevitable that this mass of immigrants should turn, soon after landing, to the clothing industry. The Russians and Poles who began to reach this country about 1880 were probably the most pitiable and helpless immigrants that ever landed at Castle Garden. Having spent their lives in the cities of the so-called Pale of Settlement, forbidden by law to own or lease agricultural land, permitted to engage only in certain occupations regarded as more or less ridiculous or shameful,— pawnbroking, small money-lending, peddling, dealing in junk, rags, or cast-off clothing,— living constantly in a state of semi-starvation and a perpetual fear of massacre, it was not surprising that these eastern European Jews had developed into a people ignorant, illiterate, unaccustomed to sanitation or ventilation, fearful, obsequious, and dependent. European civilization, in the economic and religious warfare that it had waged against the Jews for centuries, had left them only a few trades in which they could earn a living. Even in the

ISAAC A. HOURWICH, OF THE CENSUS BUREAU, WASHINGTON. AN INTELLECTUAL RUSSIAN JEW—A TYPE THAT IS FOUND IN LARGE NUMBERS IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

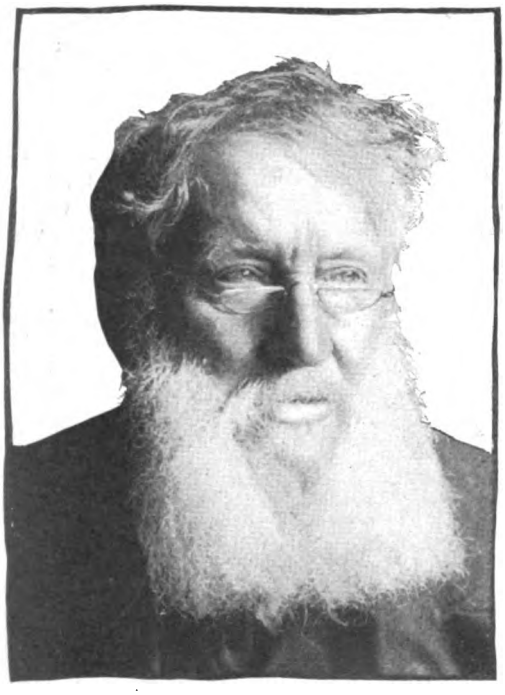
Digitized by Google

middle ages tailoring had been their favorite occupation; visitors to the medieval Ghettos used to describe the Jews, on warm summer days, seated cross-legged in their doorways, industriously at work with needles and shears. By the end of the eighteenth century three fourths of the Jews in the Ghetto at Rome were tailors, and for the last two hundred years they have practically controlled the garment industry in Russia.

When the Jews began to arrive, the clothing business, especially in New York, was already well established. On the manufacturing and commercial side, Germans, a few German Jews, and native Americans dominated the situation; the workers were, for the most part, Irish and Germans. In the last thirty years the Russian Jews have displaced all these nationalities, and gained control of the industry in both the commercial and technical branches. In this career of conquest, the qualities that stood the Russian Jew particularly in stead are his nervous, restless ambition, his remorselessness as a pace-maker, his ability to work unceasingly day and night, and his willingness to submit himself and his family to all kinds of early privations. He is the greatest shoestring capitalist in the world. He can do with one dollar what the average citizen can not do with ten. He can start on the smallest possible scale, live almost indefinitely on credit, finance himself for months in hand-to-mouth fashion, save in picturesque ways that would never occur to the average man, gradually get a grip, which he slowly tightens day by day, and ultimately emerge with a large and profitable business in his control.

A HUNGARIAN JEWESS, ELEVEN YEARS OLD, JUST ARRIVED IN THIS COUNTRY. A TYPE THAT PRODUCES MANY NEW YORK SCHOOL-MISTRESSES

Digitized by Google



DR. SOLOMON SCHECHTER, A DISTINGUISHED JEWISH SCHOLAR AND RABBI, PRESIDENT OF THE JEWISH THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF AMERICA. HIS HOME IS ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, THE ARISTOCRATIC JEWISH DWELLING QUARTER OF NEW YORK

ELIEZER MALACHI, EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD, WHO CAME TO NEW YORK FROM JERUSALEM IN AUGUST, 1912, AND IS NOW STUDYING TO BE A RABBI. HE IS A REPRESENTATIVE TYPE OF THE INTELLIGENT YOUNG JEWISH IMMIGRANT

BUSINESS COMPLETELY TRANSFORMED BY THE JEWS

IT was by the utilization of these minute methods of competition that the Jews, in thirty years, swept aside all other nationalities in the clothing industries. They have entirely transformed the business in all its details. Before they appeared, ready-made clothing was manufactured on what was sometimes described as the "family system." This was largely the creation of the German manufacturers and artisans. The large manufacturers purchased the goods, had them cut into garments at their own establishments, and delivered them in bundles directly to the workmen — for the larger part, Germans and Irish working at their own homes. The head of the family, usually an experienced tailor capable of making an entire garment, impressed his wife and older children into service. Under his supervision, the family would put together the garments. At stated intervals the manufacturer's wagon would stop before the house, collect the finished clothes, pay the family head by the piece, and take the articles back to headquarters. A manufacturer, in those days, was a man who had a plant of limited quarters, and an army of workingmen and workingwomen scattered throughout the city in their own homes. His relations with his employees were almost as close and intimate as though they worked under his immediate supervision in his own factory. The very essence of the system was the lack of the middleman; the manufacturer dealt directly with the people whom he employed.

As long as an industry was organized on this basis, a man with a small capital would naturally have the utmost difficulty in gaining a foothold. One must be either a journeyman tailor, poorly paid and overworked, or he must be a manufacturer, with capital large enough to equip an establishment, carry a large stock of raw material, and meet a good-sized weekly pay-roll. With the employment of the Jew, however, a new figure rapidly forged to prominence in the clothing industry. The middleman wedged himself between the artisan and his employer. The latter no longer sent his garments directly to the worker in his home, but handed them over to a third party — the Jewish contractor. The workman, who for years had maintained rather close and friendly relations with the manufacturer, now never saw him. What gave the contractor his oppor-

Digitized by Google

Bon Ami

Takes Stains out of Dress Shields

The biggest dry-cleaning establishments in New York said, "No—there's nothing that will take perspiration stains out of dress shields!"

But we have discovered that Bon Ami *does* do it. It promptly restores the original whiteness when all other soaps fail.

Apply Bon Ami with cold water and a soft brush or cloth.

You'll find yourself wearing the same shields all winter instead of continually buying new!

Another use: The children's hands get so grimy—keep Bon Ami in the bathroom for them and there will be no difficulty about enforcing the clean-hands rule.

Of course, you are using Bon Ami for nickel and brass, for windows and mirrors and white paint!

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Digitized by Google

tunity, and made him almost indispensable to the manufacturer, was the fact that this new immigration entirely changed the character of the labor market. These half-starved new arrivals, as has already been said, had a natural aptitude for the tailoring trade, and their pressing necessities made them willing to work for wages materially lower than the Irish and German artisans received. In a few years, therefore, they had crowded out practically all the old-time workmen. But the German or American manufacturer could not handle this new labor supply. He did not speak its language and did not understand its peculiar social and religious customs. As the influx of Italian labor for railroad work gave the opportunity for the Italian padrone, so the influx of Jewish artisans in the tailoring trades gave occupation to the Jewish contractor—who, first of all, was the controller of immigrant labor.

ABRAHAM CAHAN, EDITOR OF THE JEWISH DAILY "VORWAERTS"

AN ITALIAN IMMIGRANT JEW WHO IS A REPORTER FOR THE "STAATS-ZEITUNG"

The contractor was himself an immigrant. He had reached this country poor and wretched, and had spent his few years of apprenticeship in the tailoring trades. He was usually the exceptional workman—the typical ambitious Jew, who early saw in the malodorous sweatshop the road to fortune. At the beginning this feverish ambition was practically his only stock in trade. He had a room or two in a tenement—perhaps his own home, perhaps a rented apartment. He went out upon the public highways for his employees; he would persuade his relatives—his cousin, his uncle, his brother-in-law—to join his forces. He would stop a push-cart peddler in the street and show the possibility of improving his condition by running a sewing-machine.

In this way the contractor would get together a working force of ten or a dozen people. He would put in a machine or two, a pressing-board, and a small furnace for heating irons—getting them invariably on credit, with the expectation of paying off in instalments from the profits of the business. He would then make periodical visits to the manufacturer, receiving an armful of cut garments; the force would at once start into activity; on Mondays the contractor would carry back the finished product and receive a new supply. He financed himself in the most haphazard fashion. The neighborhood pawnbroker became his banker, advancing on Friday money for the weekly pay-roll, the contractor reimbursing him on Monday, when he himself collected from the manufacturers.

INTENSITY OF JEWISH COMPETITION

As an essential part of his success, the Jewish contractor evolved—or, more properly speaking, adopted—what came to be known as the "task" or "team" system. There had been "sweaters" in the clothing business long before the Jews,—as readers of Kingsley's "Alton Locke" need scarcely to be told,—but under their domination this system became practically general in New York. In a few years, indeed, the Jewish "team" idea had supplanted the old "family system" of the Germans. Ten or a dozen men were huddled in a single tenement room; in winter-time, when the windows were closed, there was practically no ventilation, and the heat was intense. The business was minutely subdivided. Under the Germans and Irish, the tailor and his family made the whole suit; under the Jews, however, each contractor specialized in a single garment—coats, "vests," or "pants." The contractor, who was himself one of the hardest workers in the "team," would take a coat, perform his "task" (perhaps the machine work), and then toss the garment over to the next man. This one would add his minute contribution and pass it to his nearest neighbor. In this way, the

Digitized by Google

NOTICE TO READERS

BETWEEN THIS PAGE AND THE BACK COVER

are four important editorial features which have been added to the usual contents of the magazine.

These additional features, appearing where there was formerly no reading matter at all, increase the quality and value of our service to advertisers; and, by so doing, increase, without cost to you, the amount and value of our service to you.

By this new make-up of the magazine, we are able to print in this issue the following extra features that would otherwise have been left out:

HEALTH—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE
A NEW DEPARTMENT
Conducted by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
Beginning on Page 166

THE CONSPIRATORS
By DETECTIVE BURNS
Beginning on Page 181

THE NEW DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN
By INEZ MILHOLLAND
Beginning on Page 206

THE MONTESSORI MOVEMENT
By ELLEN YALE STEVENS
Beginning on Page 221

Without any of these features, you have the magazine as you have known it.

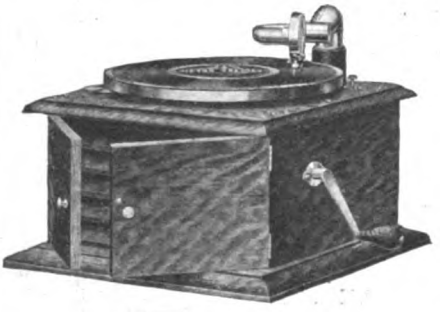
With them you have a McCLURE'S of added interest and variety, of increased value and usefulness—without increased cost to you.

The Editors of McClure's

Digitized by Google

What kind of music

The Victor-Victrola will bring your kind of music right into your home.



Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak

Victor-Victrola VIII, $40
Oak

Your kind of music—the kind *you* like best—sung and played as you have probably never heard it before.

Your kind of music perfectly rendered by the world's greatest artists whenever you wish to hear it.

Victor-

Digitized by Google

do YOU like best?

You don't have to wait until you feel you can afford a $100 or $200 instrument—any Victrola you choose as the instrument for your home will play every record in the Victor catalog, and will give you almost as perfect music as the Victrola XVI, the instrument by which the value of all musical instruments is measured.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victor-Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination*. There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor-Victrola
Mahogany or
Other styles

XVI, $200
quartered oak
$25 to $150

Victrola

Digitized by Google

clothes were kept in rapid circulation. The man at the head, usually the contractor, set the pace; the others had to keep their allotments moving, or drop out of the team and lose the job. The team worked, in those early days, at an incredible rate and for incredible hours. The machines started speeding at six in the morning, and seldom stopped until ten in the evening; there are stories of "teams" who kept tirelessly at work for twenty hours a day.

It is hardly surprising that, under these conditions, the Jews soon obtained complete control. No other immigrant people could stand against a steady, inevitable driving power of this kind. The German, the Irish, and the American workmen, who had dominated the tailoring trades up to 1880, retired from this new competition as from the blast of a furnace. By 1890 there were practically no shops in which other nationalities than Jews were employed. And from the control of the actual manufacturing the Jews speedily advanced to a monopoly in the commercialization of the product. Starting with one team, in a few years the contractor usually had two or three. He economized in every direction, saved every penny, and cheerfully subjected himself and his family to every privation in his determination to succeed. In this way, he slowly paid off his debts and used his profits to open new shops. Once fairly established he found little difficulty in jumping from the position of contractor to that of manufacturer. By 1895 the Jews controlled every branch of the industry.

ETHEL ZBARSCH, A LITTLE ORPHAN WHOSE PARENTS WERE MASSACRED IN KIEFF, RUSSIA

A HUNGARIAN JEWESS WHO HAS JUST COME OUT TO AMERICA TO JOIN HER HUSBAND

The tremendous increase in wealth and population in the last thirty years has greatly enlarged the garment output in this country. The great Jewish manufacturers of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and a few other American cities monopolize the clothing of more than 90,000,000 Americans. New York itself manufactures about half the wearing apparel used in this country—a product amounting annually to not far from $300,000,000. When the Jews made their first inroads, the clothing output in the United States represented $60,000,000 a year; it now represents not far from $600,000,000. And the business has likewise made progress in dignity and working conditions. When the Jews started work, the New York factories were found almost exclusively in the tenements on the East Side. In 1892 the State laws closed the tenement sweatshops, and the Jews flocked into lower Broadway, where the signs, almost exclusively Jewish, called the attention of conservative New Yorkers to their conquest of the business. A few years afterward the Jewish merchants advanced northward to Fifth Avenue, from Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third Street. For many years this had been one of the most fashionable residential thoroughfares in New York—one of the headquarters of the old established Knickerbocker aristocracy. The Jews began tearing down these old brownstone houses, and erecting immense sixteen- and twenty-story marble and granite loft buildings. These structures are now occupied almost exclusively by Jewish merchants and manufacturers in the clothing trades.

If one wishes to visualize the Jewish control of these industries and the changes that it is working in the city's economic and social life, he

Digitized by Google

Put carnival warmth in winter homes

To put one at his or her very best, to put gladness and cheer into the scene, there must ever be cozy warmth, healthful and *reliable.* That's why you'll find, even in the much-advertised resorts of Florida, Southern California, the Riviera, Cairo, India, Japan, etc., that the leading hotels, casinos, sanitariums and baths are now warmed and ventilated by

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

People used to travel solely for climate but now even the humblest cottager can make his own climate in his home, day and night, at the turn of a valve! It's the kind of warmth that puts *heart* into the home, for the young couples, as well as for children and elders. IDEAL Boilers do not merely "burn coal"—they develop and utilize the *full* heating power contained in each pound of coal.

And AMERICAN Radiators are stationed under windows, in vestibules, halls, along outer walls to meet and surely warm the coldest air that beats upon them.

The force or direction of the wind, or intensity of the cold do not matter. There is carnival warmth, summer softness throughout the house on the most tempestuous Winter days. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators protect the family health, save enough in coal to soon repay their cost, they need no repairs, keep all ashes, soot and coal-gases out of the living rooms, are absolutely safe, and a child can run the outfit—which will last as long as the building itself shall stand. If property is sold, you get full money back, or command 10% to 15% higher rental—the outfit is therefore an investment, not an expense.

A No. 2-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 461 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $230, were used to heat this cottage. At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions

Write us also for catalogue of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner, that sets in cellar and is connected by iron suction pipes to rooms above. It is the first genuinely practical machine put on the market, and will last as long as the building.

You will enjoy reading our free book, "Ideal Heating Investments." Write today telling size of house, store, school, church, etc., you wish to heat. Whether your building is OLD or new, FARM or city, do not delay investigating this best INVESTMENT feature of a building.

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 21
816-822 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Digitized by Google

One of These Awaits You—FREE

A Sunshine "Revelation Box" containing 14 kinds of tempting biscuits known as

Sunshine Specialties

each distinctive in flavor and entirely different from any other biscuit baked in this country.

To Get Your Sunshine "Revelation Box"

send us your name and address and the name of your grocer with 10c (stamps or coin) to pay the cost of postage and packing only, and we will send this Sunshine "Revelation Box" of biscuit goodies, FREE. Or, send your own and your grocer's name for our Sunshine "Taste Box," containing 5 kinds, postpaid.

Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

582 Causeway St. Boston, Mass.

should visit this part of Fifth Avenue any day at the noon hour. Twenty years ago this section was one of the fashionable promenades of New York; now the streets are one impassable mass of Jewish workers.

JEWS THE GREATEST OWNERS OF LAND

PERHAPS its most marked result is the fact that the Jews are rapidly acquiring a monopoly of the land. New York's greatest single landed proprietors are the old family estates — the Astors, the Goelets, the Rhinelanders, and the rest — who still tenaciously hold to the soil. Nearly all the new purchasers of land, however, are Jews. This people not only clothes the masses — it also shelters them. One needs only to read the real-estate transfers published every day in the newspapers to learn the extent to which the Jews are acquiring the land. The particular morning on which these lines are written, for example (December 12, 1912), the New York *Times* records the transfer of thirty-six pieces of property in Manhattan and the Bronx. The names show that twenty-six of these particular purchasers are Jews; one is Italian; one probably German; while seven are unquestionably Anglo-Saxons. The list contains not a single Irish name — although the Irish make up at least a quarter of the city's population. The *Real Estate Record and Guide* annually publishes a bulky volume containing a complete list of all the property-holders in New York. This book amounts to an almost continuous catalogue of Jewish names. There are comparatively few Smiths, Robinsons, O'Briens, and Murphys; there is page after page of Cohns, Levys, Kahns, and Rosenthals. Outside of the great New York landed families already referred to, the largest individual property-holders in New York are men bearing such names as Appell, Bachrach, Buttenweiser, Fleischmann, Frankenthaler, Hyman, Jarmulowsky, Lese, Lowenfield, Mandelbaum, Ottenberg, Sulzberger, and Weil. Only a few years ago a considerable number of these present-day millionaire proprietors were carrying packs on their backs or driving push-carts. And they are large holders, not only in the East Side tenement district, but in all parts of the city, including the high-class business and residential sections. The chances are, if you wish to lease an apartment in almost any part of New York to-day, that you will pay your rent to a Jewish landlord. There is not the slightest doubt that in a few years the Jews will own the larger part of Manhattan Island — the richest parcel of real estate in the world.

Digitized by Google

Men of Tomorrow

Many a boy, started off with a sorry fund of health, has been built into a mental and physical "husky" by helpful environment and properly selected food.

No one can build a sturdy, time-resisting wall with poor materials. No one can build a strong, manly boy on flimsy food.

The boy is really more important than the wall!

Ever think of that?

Yet you may be very particular when you inspect the materials you are to put into your house walls.

But how about the boy—is his building material being considered?

Mind and body must be properly trained to make the Master Man.

A true Brain and Body food is

Grape-Nuts

It possesses those vital elements required by Nature for building up strong young bodies and active brains.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Digitized by Google

GENASCO
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

It takes
Trinidad Lake asphalt
to make roofing *lastingly*
waterproof

Roofings made of various compositions give protection and service only till their "compositions" disintegrate and let them leak. The roofing for real endurance is

Genasco

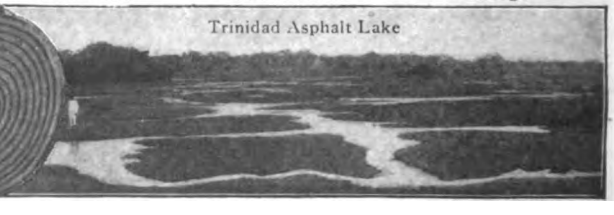
THE TRINIDAD-LAKE-ASPHALT
Ready Roofing

Trinidad Lake asphalt differs widely from common substitutes—California and Texas "asphalts" (so called). These substitutes are manufactured products whose oils of value have been extracted for other purposes, leaving a hard black pitch—a lifeless mass that gives roofing but little resistance. It soon cracks, breaks, and leaks.

Genasco—made of Trinidad Lake asphalt—has the natural oils preserved in it "for life"; and the life defends it against years of rain, sun, wind, hail, snow, heat, cold, fire, alkalis, and acids.

Get Genasco Roofing of your dealer. Smooth or mineral surface. Insist on Genasco—the roofing with the Hemisphere trademark. Guaranteed. Genasco smooth surface roofing has the **Kant-leak Kleet,** that waterproofs seams without cement, and prevents nail-leaks. Write us for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book, free.

The Barber Asphalt Paving Company
Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world
Philadelphia
New York **San Francisco** **Chicago**


Trinidad Asphalt Lake

Digitized by Google

They have accomplished this success as landholders by the exercise of precisely those traits and talents that have led to the control of the clothing industries — their ability to economize, to operate on a small capital, to live on almost nothing, and to find minute profits in hitherto unsuspected corners. Peddlers, push-cart venders, storekeepers, pawnbrokers, and contractors in the clothing trades — these occupations mark the beginnings of New York's future landlords. In many instances, they break into the ownership of real estate just as they break into the clothing business — as middlemen. Until the appearance of the Jews, there were only two parties concerned in the control and management of landed property — the landlord and the tenant. Under these conditions, the Jews could make little progress, as the fee ownership of land, even when it is so liberally mortgaged as it is in American cities, demanded more capital than the average immigrant could command.

THE JEWISH MIDDLEMAN IN REAL ESTATE

So a third party, in the shape of the Jewish lessee, gradually squeezed himself between the landlord and the tenant. By saving and scraping in every direction, the prospective landlord gets together from fifty to a hundred dollars — enough to make a beginning. With this he leases a whole tenement-house. He then moves himself and his family into the least expensive flat, and proceeds to cut expenses in every possible direction. He dismisses the

THIS TYPICAL PUSH-CART PEDDLER, NISSIN SINI, WAS BORN IN CONSTANTINOPLE

janitor and takes the job himself. He is also his own plumber, plasterer, carpenter, and general repair man, while his wife or daughter usually acts as scrubwoman. Once a week he makes the rounds of the several apartments, collecting the rents. By the end of a year he usually has a safe margin of profit;

Digitized by Google

in five years, the period for which such leases commonly run, he has $3,000 or $4,000. With this he purchases a tenement-house of his own. The building may have a market value of $40,000, but the new purchaser gives back two, three, four, five, or six mortgages, falling due at successive dates. Once more he moves in, his family assumes all the details of management, and the profits of the building are used to pay the mortgages. In this way the industrious Jew in a few years works himself up into the actual ownership of the building. With the profits from this he purchases others. He is constantly speculating in vacant land, and becomes a builder of tenements and apartment-houses on his own account. Briefly, this is the mechanism under which the soil of New York City is passing from the hands of its old-time possessors into those of this immigrant people.

DISTINCTIVE TYPE — THE SUCCESSFUL, AGGRESSIVE JEW. IT IS THIS CLASS OF JEW THAT DOMINATES THE CLOTHING BUSINESS AND KINDRED ENTERPRISES

JEWS IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

TEN or fifteen years ago the Jews confined operations of this kind to the great East Side; in the last few years, however, their activities have spread all over the city. They own the larger part of Harlem, enormous stretches of Brooklyn, thousands of acres of tenements and apartments in the Bronx and Manhattan. Coincidently with this extension of their living quarters, they have found their way into practically all departments of the city's life. One third of the students in Columbia University and three quarters of the undergraduates in the College of the City of New York are Jews. They are particularly ambitious to secure positions in the civil service, and at the present moment the larger number of appointments to places in the city departments are of Jews. Here the story is again one of race displacement; and again the explanation is found in the facility with which the nimble-witted Jew outdistances his competitors. Twenty years ago the Irish occupied not far from ninety per cent of all the positions in the city departments of New York. That was the period of the spoils system and the undisputed domination of Tammany Hall.

Now, however, nearly all of the 65,000 positions in the city government are awarded without consideration to party politics, and on the basis of competitive civil service examinations. As a result, the Jews are rapidly driving out the Irish, the Germans, and the native Americans. The East Side branches of the public libraries find themselves unable to supply the demand for books that are supposed to prepare one for civil service examinations. The Jews study hard and long, and their examination papers are so immeasurably superior to the average offered by representatives of other races that they invariably secure preferred places in the eligible lists. They have already obtained absolute control of certain city departments. They fill nearly all medical and laboratory positions — of which

Digitized by Google

A Real Vacation For Your Wife.

DID your wife enjoy her last summer's vacation or did she spend her best hours cleaning up that rented cottage?

Give her a real vacation this year by letting her take her own home right with her. Get her a

KENYON TAKE DOWN HOUSE

It Costs Less Than A Summer's Rent

and with its hardwood floors, its screens on every door and window, its awnings and its ventilated gables you have a perfect home. You can put it up or take it down in a few hours and place it anywhere you wish to live. You have your own home then and it keeps right on saving rent for you year after year.

If there is no Kenyon dealer mentioned in your town or city, or if you would like a copy of our illustrated catalog, write to

THE R. L. KENYON CO., 412 Albert Street WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN

Makers of Kenyon Take Down Houses—the Little Brown Bungalows.

WHEN YOU SEE A LITTLE BROWN BUNGALOW IT'S A

Kenyon TRADE MARK TAKE DOWN HOUSE

Built in sizes of from one to eight rooms. Shipments made to any place you designate, the day your order is received.

Houses Displayed, Set Up and Completely Furnished at all These Stores

Allentown, Pa., . . . Kline Brothers
Ann Arbor, Mich., . Mack & Company
Atlanta, Ga., . . . J. M. High Company
Baltimore, Md., . Stewart & Company
Boston, Mass., . Jordan Marsh Company
B'dg'p't, Conn., Howland Dry Goods Co.
Brockton, Mass., Atherton Furniture Co.
Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field & Company
Cincinnati, O., . Geo. W. McAlpin Co.
Cleveland, O., . Sterling & Welch Co.
Colo. Spring, Col., Pelta Mercantile Co.
Dayton, O., . . Lewis E. Gumpio Co.
Davenport, Iowa, . . . The Fair
Denver, Colo., Colo. B'iders' Supply Co.
Detroit, Mich., Emmons Specialty Co.
Duluth, Minn., Duluth Glass Block Store
Fargo, N. D., W. O. Olsen Furniture Co.
Galesburg, Ill., Doyle Furniture Co.
Great Falls, Mont., . Strain Brothers
Halifax, N. S., Nova Scotia Furn. Co., Ltd.
Indianapolis, Ind., . . Gus. Habich
Kansas City, Mo., . The Jones Store
Los Angeles, Cal., A. Hamburger & Sons
Lynchburg, Va., . C. M. Guggenheimer
M'phis, Tenn., J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., . . . Gimbel Bros.
Montreal, Can., Henry Morgan & Co.
Newark, N. J., ... Hahne & Co.
New Britain, Conn., B. C. Porter Sons
New Haven, Conn., Edw. Malley Co.
Newton, Kan., . McManus Dept. Store
New York, N. Y., . Gimbel Brothers
Ottawa, Ont., . . C. Ross Company
Philadelphia, Pa., . Gimbel Brothers
Phoenix, Ariz., Dorris-Heyman Furn Co.
Providence, R. I., . The Shepard Co.
Reading, Pa., . . . G. M. Britton Co.
Rochester, N. Y., . . Duffy-Powers Co.
Savannah, Ga., Modern Equipment Co.
San Francisco, Cal., Kenyon Pacific Co.
Schenectady, N. Y., A. Brown & Son Co.
Scranton, Pa., . . Economy Furn. Co.
Springfield, Mass., Forbes & Wallace
St. Louis, Mo., Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Dry Goods Co.
Syracuse, N. Y., . W. A. Abel Company
Toledo, O., . . . Lion Dry Goods Co.
Toronto, Can., . . . T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
Utica, N. Y., . John A. Roberts & Co.
Vancouver, B. C., . . . Lowe & Hoyt
Wash'ton, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop
Winnipeg, Can., . T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
Worcester, Mass., Barnard, Sumner & Putnam Co.

Digitized by Google

What a "Royal Appointment" Means

BY

Catherine Cornish

EMERSON considered "the power to command the presence of accomplished men" one of the greatest privileges of nobility, and it was the sage of Concord, also, who said that the only aristocracy was that of intellect.

It is because kings enjoy peculiar opportunities, rare privileges and unusual advantages for broad culture, because they can command the best in persons and genius, possess the sovereign in art, literature and music, that we regard their acknowledged preferences with respect and accept the royal appointment as authoritative and final.

The advance of democracy has wrought an inevitable change in the *political* status of the king—but socially and artistically his *imprimatur* has a value and significance beyond all other temporal honors.

Our modern hereditary rulers—the Romanoffs, Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, Bourbons, Coburgs and Guelphs are, in their respective countries, what Washington was to his people, "the first gentleman of the land."

The Crown of course makes many and varied purchases. The Royal Appointment, however, is reserved for those industrial leaders whose products, by their unquestioned merit, have earned this distinguishing mark of Royal approval.

The throne may be as Napoleon said "only boards covered with velvet," but birth, breeding, travel, training, opportunity and experience make the ruler a critical and discriminating gentleman of culture.

To Americans, the *imprimatur* of a king or of an emperor, translated into the words "by royal appointment," is significant because it stands for the highest and broadest culture, an intelligent appreciation, an authoritative *dictum*.

PROBABLY no articles of American manufacture have ever received so many or such distinguished honors from Royalty as the instruments made by the Aeolian Company. The regard in which these instruments are held by those so well qualified to judge of artistic merit, is reflected in these appointments.

Royal Warrant of Appointment—His Imperial Majesty Wilhelm II, German Emperor.
Royal Warrant of Appointment—His Majesty George V of England.
Royal Warrant of Appointment—His Majesty Albert I of Belgium.
Royal Warrant of Appointment—His Majesty Alphonse XIII of Spain.
Royal Warrant of Appointment—His Majesty Ferdinand I of Bulgaria.
Royal Warrant of Appointment—His Royal Highness Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden.
Appointment from the Vatican—Pope Pius X.
Official Recognition of French Government Legion of Honor. (Personal decoration to the President of the Aeolian Company).

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY
Aeolian Hall, New York
Steinway, Steck, Stuyvesant, Stroud, Wheelock and Weber Pianola Pianos

Digitized by Google

New York employs a fair-sized army. They have captured a great majority of the engineering jobs. They hold most of the minor legal positions. They are the city's searchers, process-servers, and law examiners. Most of the municipal office-boys are youngsters from the East Side; the stenographers and typewriters are nearly all Jewish girls; the bookkeepers and holders of minor clerical positions are nearly all Jews.

PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC CHILDREN NOW TAUGHT BY JEWESSES; JEWISH POLICEMEN AND FIREMEN

TWENTY years ago the majority of schoolteachers in New York were American and Irish girls. But the Jews are now the largest single racial element in the public schools. Nothing so strikingly illustrates their social and economic progress as their prominence in public education. In Russia these Jewesses

A BULGARIAN JEW WHO HAS BEEN IN AMERICA BUT THREE YEARS

would not be permitted to enter a school as pupils; here the primary education of even Protestant and Catholic children is largely in their hands.

In view of the mental keenness of the Jews, their success in becoming the schoolmistresses of the metropolis is not surprising; what is surprising is the extent to which they are making inroads upon a municipal activity that has always been regarded as the exclusive province of the Irish — the police department. Fifteen years ago the average New Yorker would have smiled at the possibility that there should ever be hundreds of New York policemen bearing such names as Levy, Solomon, Isaacs, and Abrahamson. That a Jew should work skilfully with his brain was accepted as a matter of course; but that he should engage

THE grace and refinement of this Heppelwhite pattern embody the perfected ideals of that noted English designer and cabinet-maker who produced some of the finest work of all times during the eighteenth century.

The Reed & Barton productions in Sterling silver—representing the best from all periods—enjoy a reputation second to none in the art of the silversmith.

Reed & Barton

Jewelers and Silversmiths

TAUNTON MASSACHUSETTS

Represented at

Fifth Avenue and 32d Street 4 Maiden Lane

NEW YORK

CHICAGO, Ill. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

Digitized by Google

in work requiring primarily muscular power and personal bravery was hardly thought likely. The Irish still hold the higher positions; the Jews are still content, for the larger part, to serve as patrolmen, detectives, and members of the traffic squad. How long, however, the Irish will maintain a numerical superiority in this department is altogether problematical.

A few years ago, likewise, one would hardly have looked for Jews in the fire department. The idea of a Jew driving a hose-wagon, or scaling a ladder into a burning building, or serving as engineer on a fire-engine, seemed entirely foreign to his nature. One has only to run over the roster of employees, however, to find a large sprinkling of Jewish names. This new development, however, is no stranger than another fact which is a matter of common notoriety — that a majority of the prize-fighters in New York are really Jews who operate under Irish names.

AN IMMIGRANT JEW. HE ARRIVED FROM GALICIA IN DECEMBER, 1912

JEWISH CONTROL OF THE THEATERS

THE activities of American Jews, however, extend far beyond the borders of New York. They control, in particular, one business that reaches into every part of the country — the business of public amusement. They absolutely dominate the "legitimate drama" on its business side, and are the largest single factors in vaudeville and moving pictures. Indeed, the business of relaxation and entertainment for more than 90,000,000 Americans is almost exclusively a Jewish industry. Here, again, the Jews have converted a hazardous speculative enterprise into an enormously profitable commercial undertaking. In doing this, they have completely made over the business, and have secured control in precisely the same way that they have secured control of the clothing business — by introducing and making all-powerful the middleman.

One needs to go back only twenty-five years to discover how completely the Jews have eliminated all other races in the amusement field. Just glance, for a moment, at the names of the great theatrical "magnates" of a generation ago. They were nearly all Irish or plain Anglo-Saxon. The legitimate theater was dominated then by men like John B. Stetson, A. M. Palmer, J. H. Haverly, J. M. Hill, and Augustin Daly. In musical comedy the leading names were those of E. E. Rice and John A. McCaul. Scattered all over the country were successful managers of local stock companies of great competence — such as McVicker in Chicago, Mrs. Drew in Philadelphia, and Macauley in Louisville.

A similar roster now would show an overwhelming majority of Jewish names. It is not only in the matter of race, however, that these old-time "magnates" differed from the new. In many cases they represented an altogether different theatrical type. Nearly all were primarily theatrical managers, and only secondarily business men; many, indeed, had earned their apprenticeship as actors and playwrights. They understood writing as a technical art, and approached the business of entertaining the public largely from an artistic standpoint. The Jewish managers who control the industry now, however, are nothing but business men. A few exceptions, of course, must be made; certainly no one would say that such men as David Belasco and Charles and Daniel Frohman are primarily commercialists. With practically all the rest, however, the modern theater is simply merchandise, like ready-made clothing and women's cloaks. Whereas the old managers started their careers on the stage, it is significant that nearly all of the new managers started in the box-office or in one of the occupations closely allied to the theater.

Abraham L. Erlanger was a ticket-seller in a Cleveland theater, and afterward became an

Digitized by Google

"Mother was a beauty in her younger days."

Mother may smile deprecatingly—but—Watch her go to the little top drawer and take out the precious photograph "taken before I was married." Chances are she will also tell you of her admirers. And we can well believe they were many.

What a priceless record of her younger charms that photograph is to mother, and—to you.

Modern photography can do infinitely more to preserve the record of yours.

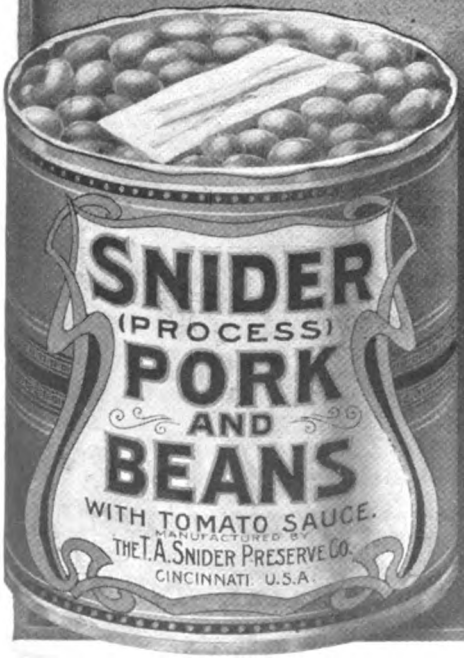
There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

SNIDER
(Process)
PORK & BEANS
An Ideal Food

Prepared from carefully selected Beans, with a luscious slice of Pork Jowl and Tomato Sauce, prepared from Snider's Catsup. A splendid food for the young, middle-aged and elderly.



Digitized by Google

advance agent. Marc Klaw started as a newspaper man in Louisville, Kentucky, and also achieved early success as an advance agent. Frederick Zimmerman was a bill-poster, Theodore Liebler a printer and lithographer. Al Hayman did a profitable business in the West, financing stranded theatrical companies on a percentage basis. Martin Beck, one of the two great "magnates" of modern vaudeville, was originally a waiter in a Chicago music-hall. The Graus, who dominated grand opera in this country for forty years, used to work as street peddlers in front of the old Astor House. The Shuberts, originally haberdashers in Syracuse, made their theatrical beginnings as water-boys and ushers. One of the few rich Jewish managers of to-day who could be described as having entered the theatrical business from the "artistic" side is William Harris, who was once part of a popular black-face song-and-dance team in Boston. Daniel Frohman started life as an office-boy for Horace Greeley, and Charles Frohman as advance man for Haverly's minstrels. The figure of Charles Frohman marching at the head of the minstrel parade down Broadway is still vividly recalled by old-time New Yorkers.

COMMERCIALIZING THE THEATER

THE charge that the Jewish theatrical men have commercialized the theater is unquestionably justified; it is also true that a certain amount of commercialization was needed. Thirty years ago the theater was probably the most demoralized business that made any claim to respectability. Few theatrical managers of that day had advanced to the dignity of having a private office. The pavement of Fourteenth Street, from Broadway to Fourth Avenue, was then the great theatrical exchange. Here, in late summer and early autumn, gathered every day a large concourse of people interested, in several ways, in the theater — actors, managers, playwrights, "producers," advance men, and the rest. Here the somewhat shabby managers of New York "productions" paraded up and down, note-book in hand, looking for chance meetings with the managers of out-of-town theaters, who came from all parts of the United States to make "dates."

This was almost the only way the managers in New England, Ohio, or Colorado had of securing "attractions" for the coming year. The method, however, was extremely unsatisfactory. The manager would go back to his native town, open his theater, and prepare for business; but he never had the slightest

Digitized by Google

Welsbach LIGHTING SERVICE

When you buy a Welsbach Mantle you know its reliability. You know the maker assures its superiority. You know that Welsbach Mantles are stronger, brighter, preserve truer color value, and consume less gas than any other mantle.

¶ To avoid the risk of inferiority that always goes with the unknown, you must discriminate—say "Welsbach" and *mean* Welsbach.

FOR UPRIGHT AND INVERTED LAMPS

BEST QUALITY, 30c.
OTHERS, 25c, 15c, 10c.

BUY THE GAS MANTLE WITH THE SHIELD OF QUALITY ON THE BOX

SOLD BY
ALL GAS COMPANIES
AND RELIABLE DEALERS

WELSBACH COMPANY
Gloucester New Jersey

Digitized by Google

assurance that his "attractions" would appear. Sometimes the company would "jump" his town; more frequently it would become stranded and disband long before it came within a thousand miles of it. For, in those days, few theatrical troupes had any assurance that they would get very far, once they had left New York; sometimes they started out with expenses only to the next town, and trusted to luck. In New York the theatrical business was regarded as so speculative that few old-time managers ever succeeded in establishing credit relations with banks. In "one-night stand" towns the theaters were constantly changing their managers, and theatrical property was an especially hazardous form of investment.

In spite of this, the theatrical business, as a whole, offered a splendid opportunity. Americans are a nation of play-goers, and the aggregate amount spent on the theater in the United States is enormous. The industry was all at loose ends; it needed coördination: in a word, here was a splendid business chance for a middleman. In the Jewish firm of Klaw and Erlanger this middleman appeared. These

A GREEK JEW, LESS THAN SIX MONTHS IN AMERICA

men, keen, alert, and persistent, became, in the years from 1894 to 1900, the great clearing-house of the American theatrical business. They "cornered" the theatrical market by a perfectly obvious expedient. The way to control the business was not to corral the actors, the playwrights, or the managers: the thing to do was to get the theaters themselves. And, in order to monopolize the theater in the country, it was necessary actually to control only those in the large cities. Therefore, Klaw

Model Louis XV—Style 605

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

The graceful lines and dainty ornamentation of the fine upright, shown above, appeal at once to the connoisseur. But it is the delightful tone quality, which more than any other factor has made these instruments famous. This is maintained and even advanced in our 1913 models,—the finest pianos we have ever built. They combine an experience of half a century with the latest ideas of the day.

IVERS & POND PIANOS are the choice of 400 musical and educational institutions and over 50,000 discriminating homes. Our catalog vitally interests every intending buyer. *Write for it,—today.*

How to Buy

We will personally select for you a beautiful IVERS & POND piano, prepay freight and ship it for trial in your home (if we have no dealer near you), wherever in the United States you may live. Catalog showing our full line of grands and uprights, and a personal letter with prices and attractive plans for easy payments, mailed free.

Fill out and send this coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
161 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalog and valuable information to buyers.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Digitized by Google

and Erlanger made Charles Frohman a part of their syndicate, as Mr. Frohman controlled many big theaters in New York. Nixon and Zimmerman entered the combine because they controlled leading theaters in Philadelphia. Al Hayman, who owned many theaters in large Western cities, was indispensable for the same reason. Rich and Harris, who had large theatrical interests in Boston, also affiliated themselves more or less directly with the syndicate. With the exception of Frohman, these men were not theatrical men in the old sense; the trust was simply a business organization of men who controlled theatrical real estate.

Having got the biggest theaters in the largest cities in their hands, the next step was easy. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger went to local managers all over the country with the proposition that they should take the season's "booking" of "attractions" entirely out of the managers' hands. For a commission, say five or ten per cent of the box-office receipts, they agreed to provide shows for the whole season. The local managers need take no more expensive trips to New York, or spend time in perplexing correspondence; all they needed to do was simply to sit at home, see that their theaters were cleaned and lighted, and take such attractions as the syndicate sent them. As a matter of fact, such was the power of the syndicate that local managers were compelled to accept this proposition. "Unless you let us book for you," the syndicate said, almost in these very words, "you won't get any attractions at all; your theater will remain 'dark' all winter." And they had no difficulty in making good their threat. Their control of the theaters inevitably gave them control of the managers who produced plays. You might bring out a wonderfully successful play in New York, but you could never get it "on the road" — where the largest money is made — except by grace of the theatrical syndicate.

THE MOST PERFECT TRUST IN THE COUNTRY

THIS syndicate was unquestionably the most perfect trust in the country, excepting perhaps the American Sugar Company. The Standard Oil Company does not control all the oil; the United States Steel Company has by no means a monopoly of iron and steel: but the theatrical syndicate absolutely controlled the theatrical business. And the industry was a marvel of organization. The business that had formerly had its headquarters on the sidewalk at Union Square now had an entire office building to itself. The booking headquarters had a complete record of every theater in the country. At a glance, Klaw and Erlanger could tell just what dates — or "time" — every theater had open or closed. A "producer" with a successful play could enter their offices and, in half an hour, arrange a six months' tour. Under these conditions, the theatrical business, formerly fugitive and uncertain, operated like clockwork. Attraction succeeded attraction without the slightest friction. All the incidental details — press work, advertising, programs — were arranged with the utmost skill.

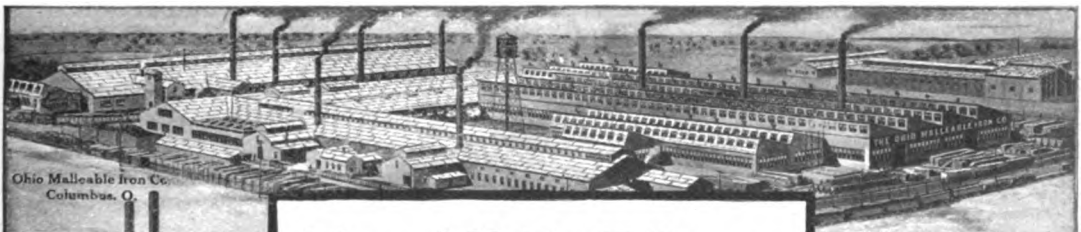
SYNDICATE BROKEN BY RUSSIAN JEWS

CERTAIN managers and actors — Mrs. Fiske, Belasco, Hackett, and Francis Wilson, among others — tried to break this monopoly, but without the slightest success. As in the cloak business, the real competition in theatricals has been between German Jews and Russian Jews. The members of the syndicate were Germans, and it was three young Russian Jews from Syracuse, New York State, who finally destroyed their monopoly. When the Shuberts came to New York, in 1900, to open warfare on the trust, the idea seemed fairly grotesque. Sam Shubert, ablest of the three brothers, was only nineteen years old, and weighed only ninety pounds. These men had started business in New York State in the smallest possible way, getting a theater here and there in small towns. Their relatives, their grocerymen, their bakers, and their butchers financed their operations. The three brothers finally scraped together enough money to lease the Herald Square Theater in New York. A fortunate speculation, Augustus Thomas' play, "Arizona," put the Shuberts in funds and launched them on their career. At the present time the two surviving brothers — Sam Shubert was killed in a railroad accident a few years ago — control fifteen theaters in New York City, and also have theaters in every large city in the country. In all, there are nearly eighty theaters in their hands. They have a large number of traveling companies and booking-offices of their own. The old syndicate is still very rich and powerful; however, it no longer has the field exclusively in its hands, but now divides it with the Shuberts.

MILLIONS MADE IN THE THEATER

FEW of the old American and Irish managers reached any permanent stage of prosperity; nearly all died in poverty. Maurice Grau was the first impresario of grand opera in America who left money enough to pay his

Digitized by Google



Ohio Malleable Iron Co.
Columbus, O.

For All Buildings in All Climates

The true test of a roofing is its ability to withstand *unusual* conditions. Illustrations show buildings on which J-M Asbestos Roofing has withstood 120° of heat without melting or drying out—40° below zero without cracking—deadly gases and chemical fumes without being injured—and a constant rain of hot sparks without burning.

The wonderful durability of this roofing is due to its *all-mineral* construction. There isn't a particle of perishable material in

J-M Asbestos Roofing

Made of that *indestructible rock*, Asbestos, reduced to felt and cemented layer on layer with Trinidad Lake Asphalt, the greatest known water-proofer. Literally a *flexible stone.*

This roofing is still in good condition on hundreds of buildings throughout the country after more than 25 years of wear. Costs less per year of service than any other roofing—its *first* cost is the *last* cost. No coating or gravel ever needed.

Easily applied. Shipped direct from our nearest Branch if your dealer can't supply you.

Write for free sample of the wonderful fireproof ASBESTOS ROCK from which this roofing is made, and our Book No. 2439

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

Manufacturers of Asbestos and Magnesia Products ASBESTOS Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Electrical Supplies, Etc.

Albany	Cincinnati	Kansas City	New Orleans	San Francisco
Baltimore	Cleveland	Los Angeles	New York	Seattle
Boston	Dallas	Louisville	Omaha	St. Louis
Buffalo	Detroit	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	Syracuse
Chicago	Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Pittsburgh	1961

For Canada:
THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver

Northern Electric Heat & Power Co.
South Porcupine, Can.

New Scarritt Building
Kansas City, Mo.

Riveria Entertainment Pavilion
Cornwall, England

Dr. I. E. Williams' Barn
St. Marys, Ohio

Coal Elevator
Jefferson & Clearfield C. & I. Co.
Earnest, Pa.

Potato Store House
Mars Hill, Me.

Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co., Montgomery, Ala.

Aurora Colony, Aurora, Cuba

Miami Copper Co.
Miami, Ariz.

Everett Gas Works, Everett, Wash.

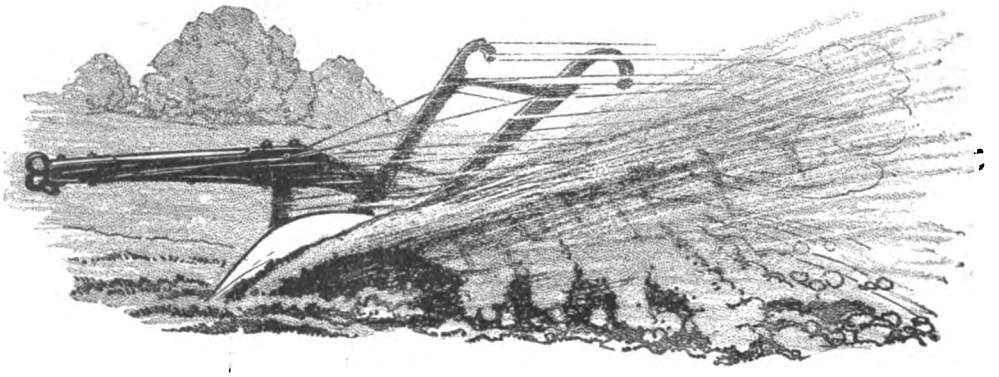
St. Joseph's Auditorium
St. Joseph, Mo.

Merchants Ice & Cold Storage Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.

N. Y. C. Ry. Co. Round House
Buffalo, N. Y.

International Stock Food Co., Savage, Minn.

Digitized by Google



Plowing at 30 Miles an Hour

A Rumely OilPull Tractor pulls an Engine Gang Plow, often turning 12 furrows at once. This is equal to a single horse-plow moving at a speed of 30 miles an hour.

High Speed Plowing! That is what has been accomplished by the

RUMELY OILPULL TRACTOR LA PORTE IND.

Until the coming of the tractor, the plow was the slowest of all farm machinery. It turned only one furrow at a time, and it moved at 2½ miles an hour.

A cablegram can be sent completely around the world while a horse-plow is moving 200 yards. But now, pulled by a ***Rumely Tractor,*** the plow has been speeded up. It is no longer the snail of the farm.

Tractor plowing means a Clear Net Saving of $1 an acre in Plowing alone; and you can use tractors for dozens of other jobs, winter and summer.

There are 51 Rumely Machines — all cost-cutters.

Send for our Tractor Book.

RUMELY PLOWING HULLING THRESHING REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RUMELY PRODUCTS CO.
(Incorporated)
Power-Farming Machinery
LA PORTE, IND.

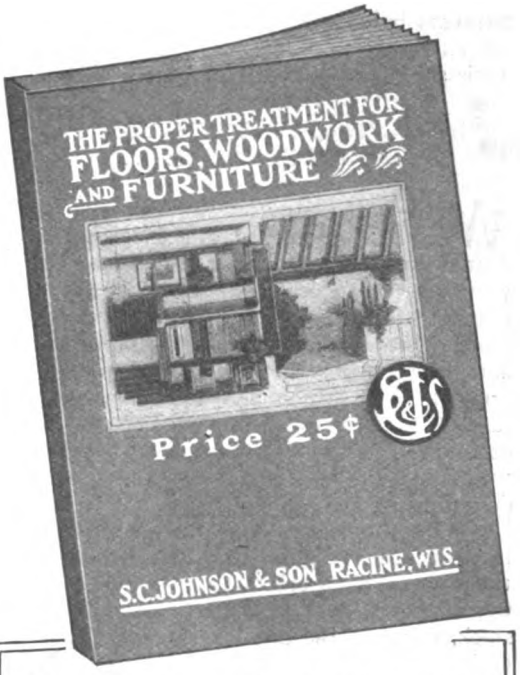
404

Digitized by Google

funeral expenses. Practically all the members of the two great Jewish syndicates of to-day are millionaires. In vaudeville and moving pictures the Jews have likewise made large fortunes. Here, again, they started in the humblest way. Marcus Loew, the millionaire proprietor of more than forty large moving-picture theaters, started as a worker in the fur business. William Fox, another Jew who has made a large fortune in moving pictures and cheap vaudeville, was a cloth-sponger in a clothing factory. The business of exhibiting moving pictures, all over the United States, is largely in the hands of Jews. A small army of push-cart men and small storekeepers on the New York East Side have made comfortable fortunes in providing popular amusement of this kind.

JEWS IN CONTROL OF THE BIG DEPARTMENT-STORES

IN all of the large cities of the United States the Jews are the largest factors in modern department-stores. Thirty years ago, among the large retail establishments in New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, and other large cities there was hardly a Jewish name. The typical "merchant prince" of New York was A. T. Stewart, of Chicago Marshall Field, and of Philadelphia John Wanamaker. In New York all the leading firm names were English, Scotch, or Irish — Arnold Constable, McCreery, O'Neill, Adams, Hearn, Lord & Taylor, Simpson, Crawford & Co., R. H. Macy. All these old firms still survive; two of the largest of the old establishments, however, are owned by Jews, and certain others have been weakened financially by Jewish competition and have lost their old-time leadership. On the other hand, at least a dozen large Jewish establishments have sprung up in the last twenty years, all of them exceedingly successful. Indeed, the modern American department-store is very largely their invention. More than half a century ago a retired sea captain, R. H. Macy, opened a modest establishment on Sixth Avenue that afterward became known as a "department-store." It was not a department-store, however, in the modern sense. Mr. Macy had a dry-goods shop of his own, and let out quarters in the same building to other merchants, who opened "departments." Mr. Macy had no financial interests in the business of his associates; they were merely his tenants. A few years after the Civil War the basement of Macy's store was taken by Lazarus Straus, who opened there a crockery and china store. When Macy died, sometime in the seventies, Mr. Straus' two sons, Nathan and Isidor, took



A Book of Valuable Ideas for Beautifying The Home ---- FREE

Present this coupon to your paint or hardware dealer. It is good for our 25c Instruction Book. Two 10c bottles of Johnson's Wood Dye and a 10c can of Johnson's Prepared Wax.

Our Book tells how to secure artistic wood effects with least expense and trouble.

Johnson's Wood Dye

is a *dye*, not a stain. It sinks deep down, bringing out the natural beauty of the wood. It dries in half an hour without a lap or streak. Made in 17 beautiful shades—Mission Oak, Early English, Mahogany, Fumed, etc.

Johnson's Prepared Wax

imparts a soft, velvety, protecting finish to all woodwork, floors and furniture, including pianos. It is just the thing for Mission furniture. Can be used over varnish, shellac, etc.

Get the 25c Book and 10c packages from your dealer *free*. If he cannot supply you we will send direct, postpaid, on receipt of 25c in stamps or silver.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
Racine, Wis.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

(Coupon)

Value 55c—FREE

Good at your paint store for one 25c Book, one 10c can Johnson's Prepared Wax and two 10c bottles of Johnson's Wood Dye.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
(Only one set to a family.) K-3

Digitized by Google

over the entire business. A few years ago the Strauses built a ten-story $6,000,000 building at Thirty-fourth Street, New York, to house their enormously increased business.

SMALL BEGINNINGS OF THE BIG DEPARTMENT-STORE MEN

WHILE the Strauses were making their small beginnings, other Jewish merchants were also starting at the bottom. Fifty years ago two Jewish boys were working side by side back of a counter in a little Grand Street shop, in New York. One was Benjamin Altman, now the proprietor of New York's most luxurious retail establishment—a man with a fortune not far removed from $20,000,000. The other was Lyman G. Bloomingdale, afterward the founder of one of New York's largest department-stores. Some years later Isaac and Louis Stern opened a small retail shop in an inconspicuous location. The Stern Brothers did their own porter work; after the day's business was over they swept out the store, dusted the stock, wrapped the day's sales, and acted as their own delivery-boys. At the present time the firm is erecting, on Forty-second Street, one of America's greatest department-stores. About 1867 Henry Siegel, then fifteen years old and recently arrived from Germany, secured a job as an errand-boy in a retail shop in Washington. Henry Siegel now controls five of the world's largest department-stores, located in Chicago, New York, and Boston. J. B. Greenhut, the controller of several large retail establishments, whose fortune probably exceeds $25,000,000, started life as a distiller. In practically every large city in the United States, the department-stores will be found in the hands of Jews who made their beginnings in the same small way.

JEWS CONTROL THE WHISKY BUSINESS

ONE of the largest and most profitable businesses in this country is the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks. As the prohibitionists are constantly pointing out, the American people spend more money every year on fermented and spirituous liquors than they do on bread and meat. Judging from the amount of intoxicants consumed, alcohol may be regarded as one of the modern necessaries of life. The two favorite alcoholic beverages of the masses are beer and whisky. The Germans, of course, practically control the breweries; but the Jews dominate the whisky trade. There is a National Liquor-Dealers' Association, eighty per cent of whose members are Jews. A respectable authority figures that sixty per cent of the business of distilling and wholesaling whisky is in the hands of representatives of the same race. They also control the wine product of California. In this they are simply traders — or middlemen. In only exceptional cases do the Jewish wine merchants have vineyards of their own; they make the tour of the vineyards after the grapes are gathered, and buy up the "must," or the unfermented juice. In these activities, of course, American Jews are simply repeating history. The Jews were Europe's greatest wine merchants in the days of Charlemagne, and in more recent times they controlled the liquor business of Russia until this traffic became a state monopoly.

In the United States the history of the whisky business is again one of race displacement. Few people realize that the extensive use of whisky in this country is really a modern development. In certain back-woods sections, Americans have distilled and drunk whisky for two centuries; its widespread popularity as a beverage, however, dates back only fifty or sixty years. Before the Civil War the prevailing liquor drinks were rum, brandy, and gin. The Irish and the Scotch, quite naturally, introduced whisky into this country. The considerable number of Irish and Scotch names still identified with the trade — Gibson, Dougherty, Lanahan, Wilson, Carstairs, Stewart — sufficiently indicate its racial origin. The great headquarters of the business is now Cincinnati, from which point the whisky belt spreads over Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, south to Kentucky and east to Pennsylvania. One needs only to glance at the roster of distillers and wholesalers in this section to appreciate the present extensive activity of the Jews. Fleischmann, Bernheimer, Westheimer, Guckenheimer, Rosenfield, Kessler, Woolner, Frieberg, Workman — these are the names that now figure at the head of the industry. There are more than fifty Jewish liquor merchants at the present time whose fortunes exceed a million dollars. The whisky trust was practically their creation; J. B. Greenhut, mentioned above as a leading figure in the department-store business of New York, was for many years its head.

Why is it that the Jews have so extensively engaged in the whisky business and played little part in the manufacture of that other popular American beverage, lager beer? The reason is evident: the brewing business gave no opportunity for middlemen. The great German brewers, through the control of the saloons, practically retail their whole product themselves. The business has had no wholesalers, no jobbers, and it was therefore impossible to break in upon it with a small capital. But

Digitized by Google

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
Washington, D. C.
One of many Kahn System Buildings for U. S. Government

Durable Artistic Buildings

Kahn Building Products receive their best commendation from the many thousands of buildings all over the world in which they have been successfully used. They are adapted to the finest type of public and monumental buildings as well as to those of strictest utilitarian character. To the architectural building Kahn Building Products insure fireproofness, permanence and economy. To the industrial building, Kahn Building Products bring not only these desirable qualities, but also a simple, dignified beauty of line and proportion.

KAHN BUILDING PRODUCTS

cover all constructions: Reinforced Concrete for every use; Steel Sash for windows; Hy-Rib for roofs and walls; Waterproofings; Technical Paints; and Building Specialties.

Hy-Rib, a steel sheathing with deep stiffening ribs, makes monolithic walls, roofs, partitions, etc., at very low cost. It obviates the use of wooden forms and other expensive equipment, combining within itself reinforcement, centering, studs and lath.

United Sash provide maximum daylight for industrial buildings. Made of solid steel sections unweakened by cutting or punching, but forced by tremendous pressure into perfect units. Large ventilators with double contact joints to shut out draft and storms.

We make a specialty of

Economical Industrial Buildings

Our large force of engineers will furnish you, free of charge, useful literature, valuable suggestions, etc.

No matter when you intend to build, write us at once. It will pay you.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.
904 Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

38-Acre Plant of Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

Marlborough-Blenheim, Atl. City.
Free Press, Detroit.
Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco.
Kingsbury Apartments, St. Louis.
One Story Factory—Fireproof—Daylight.

KAHN Building Products
TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO

Digitized by Google

Tooth Preservation Involves more than mere Toilet Refinement

The Scientific Dentifrice is

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

PEBECO reaches the chief cause of bad teeth and bad breath—it neutralizes the mouth-acids that gradually break down the enamel, and it destroys the bacteria that cause these acids. To remove these mouth-acids means that you have a good chance to keep your teeth for life.

Pebeco is the most delightfully refreshing cleanser, polisher, whitener and deodorizer; it hardens the gums, purifies the breath and stimulates the salivary glands. And having done all and more than the ordinary dentifrice can do, Pebeco has "just begun to fight." For it is here that science steps in and makes it *the* dental preparation that is able to counteract the cause of 95% of all tooth decay, by preventing the acids of the mouth from attacking the enamel of the teeth.

Send for Ten Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers—FREE

by letter or postal and prove Pebeco's all-around perfection at our expense. "Will your tongue turn the blue test paper pink?" Try the test—it is interesting and scientific.

Pebeco is the product of the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Company, Hamburg, Germany, and is sold all over the world. The extra large 50 cent tubes are economical because only a small quantity is used at each brushing.

LEHN & FINK 117 William Street New York

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum

Digitized by Google

the whisky business gives the Jews a splendid opportunity to exercise their talents for buying and selling. And many began the business in the smallest possible way. They almost never opened saloons, but started in practically as peddlers of whisky. The little whisky huckster would make the rounds of his neighborhood, visiting first his relatives and friends, taking orders for small quantities of his product, always for family drinking. With this small basis as a business, he would purchase a small stock of "straight" whisky — that is, the "unblended" article, the direct product of the distillation. In his little tenement home at night, the whole family would assist in making this product ready for consumption. The embryo merchant, his wife and family became amateur "rectifiers,' pouring in a little prune juice or a little caramel, which gave the whisky the necessary color and flavor. Next day the family head would load his bottled product upon a push-cart and deliver it to his customers. Carefully hoarding his minute profits, he would presently assemble capital enough to open a "family store." From this he rapidly advanced to success and prosperity — in many cases to large wealth.

GREAT PROFITS IN THE MAIL-ORDER TRADE

IN the last few years the Jews have had a monopoly of the "mail-order" liquor business in certain Southern and Western States. The prohibition movement has poured riches into their hands. Hardly had Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and other States gone "dry" when a great "mail-order" industry sprang up, with headquarters in Cincinnati, Richmond, and Jacksonville. The prohibition laws, of course, ended the saloon; but there was no law to prevent a dealer in another State from sending his product by mail into the South, so long as he took the trouble to label it, "For domestic use." These mail-order houses sent their agents all through the Southern States, getting lists of whisky-drinkers. These prospective customers were then thoroughly "circularized" from the headquarters of the trade. Whisky was offered them in cases, at "fifty and seventy-five cents a quart." One of the most successful widely advertised "five quarts of whisky for $3.50." The traffic was exclusively on the cash basis; one sent his money to Cincinnati or Jacksonville, and received his supply of drinkables by return mail. Thousands of Southern citizens, in place of getting their occasional potations at the corner saloon, began having their whisky shipped to them by the gallon and the case.

"KODAK"

Is our Registered and common-law Trade-Mark and cannot be rightfully applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If a dealer tries to sell you a camera or films, or other goods not of our manufacture, under the Kodak name, you can be sure that he has an inferior article that he is trying to market on the Kodak reputation.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Digitized by Google

Domestic drinking in many sections took the place of the public house. That the business was profitable was brought out a few months ago when the head of one of the largest mail-order whisky houses died, leaving a fortune of $6,000,000.

JEWS CONTROL THE TRADE IN LEAF TOBACCO

MOST people believe that the American Tobacco Company dominates the tobacco business in all its branches. There is one activity, however, that they have never succeeded in getting away from the Jews. These people practically control the raw product — the leaf tobacco. They do this because they excel all other people as traders. Every fall these Jewish middlemen visit the tobacco fields of Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, and other States, and dicker with the farmers for their crops. The business is extremely speculative, as prices are constantly changing and there are a hundred considerations that regulate them. There are few buyers who really succeed, and practically all of them are Jews. The American Tobacco Company has to purchase from them nearly all its raw material. Moreover, the Jews control the cigar business in all its branches, except the raising of the crop. The American Tobacco Company manufactures about fifteen per cent of the cigars consumed in this country; the Jews make all the rest. Other departments of the business — smoking and chewing tobacco, and snuff — they leave absolutely alone. Here again the explanation is obvious. The manufacture of smoking and chewing tobacco requires a large capital and extensive machinery; one can start in the cigar business, however, on almost nothing. And the great Jewish tobacco men of to-day started in this way. With a small room to work in, a board, a knife, and a few leaves of tobacco, they became manufacturers.

The poor Jewish immigrant would work the larger part of the day and night, rolling with his own hands a few dozens of cigars. He would peddle these in his own neighborhood, visiting the saloons and drug-stores, perhaps even trading them for food with the corner grocery. He gradually increased his operations, became a wholesaler and a buyer and dealer in the raw leaf. The career of A. L. Sylvester, president of the American Cigar Company, the cigar department of the American Tobacco Company, is a typical one. Mr. Sylvester started, at the age of eleven, as a "sprig boy" in a cigar factory — his duties being to sit on the floor and pick up the tobacco leaves discarded by the cigar-makers. In a few years Mr. Sylvester was the head of the largest leaf tobacco house in the country and was doing a business of $5,000,000 a year.

But it is not only in the cigar business, the clothing trades, department-stores, and other fields in which they predominate that the Jews have made these modest beginnings. The great American Jewish banking houses similarly had a humble origin. The firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. is America's greatest financial power, next to J. P. Morgan & Co. Fifty years ago it was a retail clothing store.

SELIGMANS ORIGINALLY PEDDLERS

ONE of the greatest of American banking houses, as well as one of the most distinguished of American Jewish families, bears the name of Seligman. James Seligman, the only survivor of the eight Seligman brothers, recently told in detail the history of this firm. The family came from Baiersdorf, Germany — the sons of David Seligman, a small merchant. James recalled how, one day, when he was only sixteen years old, his mother sewed forty dollars in a bag, tied it around his waist, and tearfully sent him off to America. He became a peddler in Pennsylvania, carrying a pack containing "rings, pins, chains, and German silver." Next year he traveled around the South, and accumulated a capital of $1,000. Then, with his brothers, he began establishing dry-goods and clothing stores throughout the South. The breaking out of the gold fever in California in 1849 led to the establishment of J. and W. Seligman in San Francisco. The firm made millions during the Civil War, supplying the Union troops with uniforms; and with this capital the Seligmans became bankers. They did splendid work reëstablishing the credit of the United States, which had suffered severely as a result of the Civil War. For forty years there was hardly a large issue of United States bonds in which the Seligmans did not have a share. In 1879, with the Rothschilds, they took the whole of the federal refunding bond issue, amounting to $150,000,000.

JEWS A GREAT POWER IN AMERICAN RAILROADS

UNTIL recent years the Jewish bankers had been chiefly identified with government bonds. The elder August Belmont, a Jewish banker from Frankfort (the family name was originally Schoenberg, the modern form representing merely its translation into French), came

Digitized by Google

COLGATE'S

SHAVING LATHER

STICK - POWDER - CREAM

Whichever method you prefer—Stick, Powder or Cream—you find in Colgate's the fullest measure of both comfort ***and economy.***

They all give the same creamy, "smartless" lather that softens the beard while being worked up with the brush—no mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers is necessary.

There is no waste.

Shaken on the wet brush, the last particle of Powder is as good as the first.

The Cream can be squeezed out to the very end of the tube.

Those who favor the Stick find economy as shown below.

Learn the comfort of a Colgate shave by sending 4 cents in stamps for a trial size of Stick, Powder or Cream.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. G
199 Fulton St.
NEW YORK

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

Economy with Colgate's Stick

When the one you now have is nearly used up, wet it and press it firmly on the end of the new Stick. It stays—and you use every bit instead of having to throw away the last half inch or so as usual.

Digitized by Google

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

here in 1837 as the American representative of the Rothschilds, and laid the foundations of the Belmont fortune in United States bonds. But the last few years have witnessed the encroachment of Jewish influence in a field that for more than seventy years had been the peculiar province of the native Anglo-Saxon stock, that of railroad ownership and finance. The two greatest powers in American railroads to-day are J. P. Morgan and the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. One is down-East Connecticut Yankee — the other is composed of German Jews. Inasmuch as the railroads are the agencies that most directly influence the welfare and economic and political destinies of the people, the commanding position that the Jews have secured in American life is at once manifest.

THE RISE OF OTTO KAHN

NO railroad man or banker had ever had such a golden opportunity as that presented by the finances of the Union Pacific in 1897. Practically all the non-Jewish houses in New York, however, after an attempted dissection of the tangle, refused to undertake it. J. P. Morgan had the proposition under consideration for a year, and then abandoned it as hopeless. It remained for a young man, scarcely turned his thirtieth year, to grasp the opportunity. The early life and surroundings of Otto H. Kahn were markedly different from those of many of the other Jews described in this article. He was born in Mannheim, Germany, the son of a prosperous banker, and had behind him several generations of the finest Jewish culture. His early inclinations were all toward art and literature, rather than toward finance. He spent a year in the German army and served an apprenticeship in a German bank at Carlsruhe. Here his training was of the strict, old-fashioned kind; he had to fetch and carry, clean the desks, sweep out the office, and run errands for the older clerks. Inasmuch as promotion went by merit, however, Mr. Kahn made rapid progress, and soon found himself in a responsible position in a German bank.

In a few years he was pro-manager — a title that corresponds to that of vice-president in this country — of the London branch of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin. He became a British subject, and was rapidly becoming a financial influence in England when some one suggested that his real opportunities lay in the United States. The idea was a new one and appealed to Kahn's adventurous spirit. No definite opening was offered; he was told that he would have to start at the bottom and find his

Digitized by Google

CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR

PURITY is the chief claim to household favor held by Crystal Domino Sugar.

The attractive, sparkling whiteness that pleases at first sight—the great, clear crystals, which dissolve like nectar—are simply the outward proof of innate purity. The dainty, easy-breaking shape adds the last touch of refinement.

One of the Quality Products of

The American Sugar Refining Co.

117 Wall Street **New York City**

Read the story of its making in our splendidly illustrated booklet. Sent free on request. : : : : : : : Address Department 9.

Full and Half Size Pieces

Digitized by Google

This Wooden Man Shows How This Razor Can Guarantee

500 Shaves from 12 Blades

IF A WOODEN MAN CAN
DO IT, YOU CAN

This wooden man is used in AutoStrop window displays. He shows you how to strop AutoStrop blades to Head Barber edges.

Read this Guarantee

ANY shaver failing to get 500 Head Barber shaves from a package of 12 AutoStrop blades may return his 12 blades to us, state how many shaves he is short, and we will send him enough new blades to make good his shortage.

EVERY barber, every steel expert—even common sense—tells you that no razor can stay sharp without stropping.

No human hand can strop as well as a machine. A separate machine is a nuisance.

There is just one razor in the world that combines safety shaving and mechanical stropping in one instrument. That one is the AutoStrop Razor.

The perfect mechanical stropping is what makes 12 AutoStrop Blades last through 500 shaves and more. Cheapest shaving ever devised. Cheaper than a 25c razor.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of a silver-plated, self stropping razor, 12 blades and strop in smart case, $5. Price in Canada and U. S. the same. Factories in both countries. Send for catalog.

Do not be overmodest about asking the dealer for an AutoStrop Razor on 30 days' free trial. Because if you take it back, we protect him from loss.

AutoStrop Safety Razor

This Razor Strops, Shaves, Cleans Without Removing Blade

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 354 Fifth Ave., New York. Toronto. London.

Digitized by Google

own way. His decision to come was a remarkable one; it meant that Kahn would have to sacrifice what was an assured career in England, on the merest chance of making a success here. For the first few weeks after his arrival in New York, Mr. Kahn almost regretted that he had made the plunge. He reached Wall Street in the summer of 1893. The panic was then in full blast; values were tumbling everywhere, banks were failing, and railroads were going into receiverships. Disconcerting as all this seemed, these conditions really furnished Mr. Kahn his opportunity; the panic of 1893 and the railroad reorganizations that followed it contributed greatly to his own personal fortunes, as well as gave the Jewish bankers, for the first time, a commanding position in American railroads.

Mr. Kahn started as an arbitrage clerk in the office of Speyer & Co. He married the daughter of Abraham Wolf — another remarkable American Jew, who started life as an office-boy at three dollars a week, and died, a member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., leaving a fortune of $20,000,000. Soon after his marriage, Mr. Kahn became a partner in this firm. Though it was then one of the richest banking houses in America, it had by no means reached its present preëminent position. Soon afterward, when the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. undertook the rehabilitation of the Union Pacific Railroad, Mr. Kahn was brought into close association with Harriman. From the beginning Otto H. Kahn and Harriman were drawn to each other. In many ways it was a strange association. Kahn was a much more cultured man than Harriman; he was interested in other things than finance — in art, music, and the drama; Harriman was a man with an abiding passion, railroads, and, at that time, was particularly absorbed in the despised and broken-down Union Pacific. Kahn's manners were suave, adroit, diplomatic; Harriman was simply a sledge-hammer. A year or so after this first meeting, however, Kahn and Harriman were working side by side in the rehabilitation of the Union Pacific.

This brilliant railroad achievement was thus the joint product of what are perhaps the two keenest business intellects in the world — the Yankee and the Jew. To tell the story of Kuhn, Loeb and Co. and Kahn in American railroads would simply be to tell once more the story of the Union Pacific. As a result of this association, the railroad field in that great section extending from the Mississippi River to the Pacific coast, and south from the Missouri River to the Mexican line is now largely dominated by the Jews. Among other properties this influence extends to the Illinois Central — the

BEST FOR BABY'S BATH

IS

CUTICURA SOAP

It tends to keep baby's skin clear and healthy, prevents minor eruptions, and establishes a permanent condition of skin and hair health. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment it is unrivaled in the treatment of eczemas, rashes and other itching, burning infantile eruptions so often the cause of baby's fretfulness and sleeplessness.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. For sample of each, with 32-p. book, free, address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. At stores or by mail, 25c.

Digitized by Google

DO you know who made the telephone that you use every day?

It is the product of the Western Electric Company—for more than 30 years manufacturers of *all* the "Bell" telephones.

This same company offers, in every piece of electrical equipment bearing its familiar trade mark, the perfect workmanship, the high efficiency and the remarkable reliability of the "Bell" telephone, upon which you depend so absolutely.

So, when you want a vacuum cleaner, a motor or an electric cooking utensil, if you would be sure of its quality, look for the Western Electric name.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 7,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Main Office: New York City — Branch Houses: All Principal Cities

Digitized by Google

road which, for fifty years, was popularly known as the "society road," because its largest owners and managers — the Goelets, the Astors, and Stuyvesant Fish — were leaders in the old New York "aristocracy." This Jewish house is also the largest single power in the Baltimore & Ohio — a property long associated with one of the most famous of old American railroad families, the Garretts of Baltimore. It is also influential in the Southern Pacific — the creation of those hardy and adventurous Anglo-Saxons, the Huntingtons, the Crockers, and the Hopkinses of pioneer California days. It is by no means without power in the great railroad system built up by Commodore Vanderbilt, the New York Central, though J. P. Morgan is still here the predominating figure. A year or two ago the whole Gould system escaped, at the eleventh hour, from falling into the hands of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and George Gould rescued himself only by appealing for help to another Jewish banking house, that of Speyer & Co. Had the United States Supreme Court not interfered — in the Northern Securities decision — there is every likelihood that the same combination would have taken over the larger part of the railroad mileage of this country. And the Jews have been important in other than the financial side; thus Julius Kruttschnitt, Harriman's chief lieutenant in the operation and maintenance of the system, and at present vice-president of the Union Pacific, is a Jew. He is a nephew of Judah P. Benjamin, the famous Jewish leader in the cabinet of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy.

The foregoing gives some idea of the extent to which the Jews are making progress in the United States. The writer has contented himself chiefly with recording facts, and has only incidentally touched upon the racial traits and training that have made possible this success. In succeeding articles in this magazine, a well known writer, himself a distinguished Jew, Mr. Abraham Cahan, editor of the *Vorwaerts*, a Jewish daily with a large circulation on the New York East Side, will analyze this phase of the subject. Mr. Cahan will show, by concrete example, the minute workings of that wonderful machine, the Jewish brain. His articles will make clear why it is that the Jews so easily surpass or crowd out, at least in business and finance, the other great immigrating races,— Irish, Germans, Scandinavians, and Italians,— and why, in the next hundred years, the Semitic influence is likely to be almost preponderating in the United States.

"Our Boy Now Lives at Home!"

A Mother's Splendid Tribute to the Brunswick Home Billiard Table

A mother who purchased a Brunswick Home Billiard Table for her son writes us:

"When we attempt to make plain to you what pleasure your beautiful billiard table has brought to our home, words fail us and we can only say—'OUR BOY NOW LIVES AT HOME.'

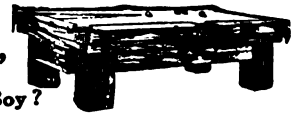
"My sincere opinion is that The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company has done a great and noble work in making it possible to have billiard tables in our homes."

Not "make believe" billiards or a makeshift "toy" table. You can now play this finest of all indoor games *at home*, on a magnificent "BABY GRAND" made by The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, whose tables are used exclusively by the world's billiard experts.

Why Not a BRUNSWICK

"BABY GRAND"

For *YOUR* Boy?



Multiply home attractions, keep the young folks and the whole family entertained, enjoy the mental stimulus of billiards by the purchase of one of these superb tables. The "Baby Grand" is made of *genuine mahogany, inlaid design, richly finished.* Has a Vermont slate bed; celebrated Baby Monarch Cushions; concealed drawer holds Complete Playing Outfit; scientifically constructed, with perfect playing qualities. Furnished either as a Carom or Pocket-Billiard Table or as a combination Carom and Pocket-Billiard Table.

OUR BRUNSWICK "CONVERTIBLE" BILLIARD TABLES can be instantly changed from billiard or pocket-billiard tables into handsome Davenports or Dining and Library Tables. Equal in playing qualities to our "Baby Grand" styles.

Over a Year to Pay!

Complete Playing Outfit Free

The purchaser has the option of paying all cash or small monthly payments spread over an entire year. Your investment in a "Brunswick" will pay dividends in health and happiness for the family circle. Price of table includes complete playing outfit.

"Billiards—the Home Magnet," Free

Our beautiful book, "BILLIARDS—THE HOME MAGNET," accurately describes and illustrates in *full colors* the many styles of Billiard and Pocket-Billiard tables designed for the home. Gives special prices and full details of Easy-Payment Proposition. (72)

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company
Dept. D. O. 324-328 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Digitized by Google

HEALTH
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

A New McClure Department

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

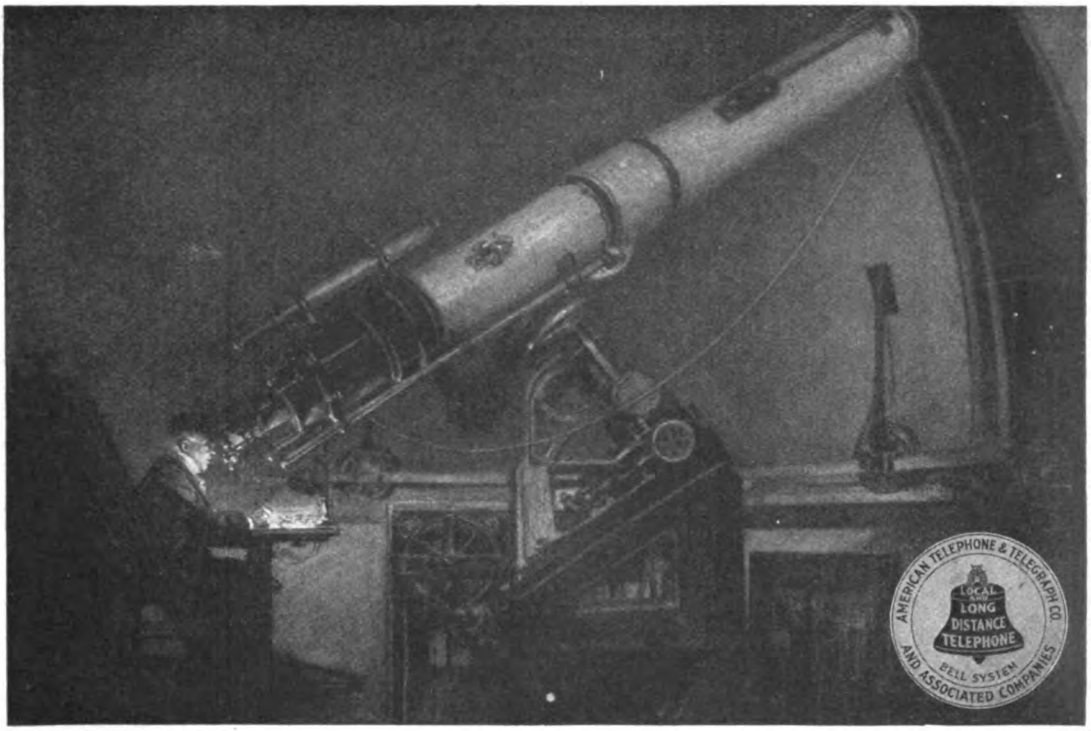
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

No man in this country is better fitted than Mr. Adams to report to readers of McCLURE'S *on the progress of preventive medicine and of the new science of public health. For a dozen years he has followed the work of national, State, and city health officers, the experiments of physicians and investigators, and the advance of the great pure-food movement. To an extraordinary degree he has the confidence of the medical profession, and his name and reputation are a guaranty of the soundness of the information and suggestions that will be presented here month after month.*

MAN never lives, and seldom dies, to himself alone. In this vast interdependence of existence, which is civilization, the question of whether Citizen Jones perishes to-morrow, or fulfils his normal span, is by no means determinable by Jones himself: but hangs upon the actions or accidents of a hundred Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons. Dairyman Perkins, a hundred miles away, washing his milk-cans at a typhoid-infected well, or Car-Conductor Murphy smearing a transfer with influenza germs deposited from a moistened thumb, may slay Jones just as efficiently, and with a good deal more expense to the victim and danger to the community, than if Jones had quietly swallowed a dose of carbolic acid all by himself. Broadly speaking, the well-being or ill-being of the individual is influential to the uttermost bounds of his association. This truth has attained recognition only within the last generation. Hence the new and expanding science of Public Health.

Essentially, public health and private health are one. None live safely in a sick city. We are ready enough, all of us, to recognize the danger when it comes in strange and sensa-

Digitized by Google



The Telescope of Speech

The astronomer, by the power of his telescope, becomes a reporter of the movements of a hundred worlds greater than ours, and the student of celestial activities millions of miles away.

He points his instrument at any spot in the heavens, and his sight goes rushing through space to discover and inspect a star hitherto unknown.

Up to the power of his lenses, his vision sweeps the universe.

As the telescope may be focused upon any star, so the telephone may be focused upon any person within the range of its carrying power.

Your voice may be directed anywhere in the Bell System, and it will be carried across country at lightning speed, to be recognized and answered.

The telescope is for a very limited class, the astronomers. The telephone is for everyone.

At the telescope you may see, but cannot be seen. At the telephone you may speak and be spoken to, you may hear and be heard. By means of the Bell System this responsive service is extended to the whole nation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

Digitized by Google

Safety

Only the most sanitary of refrigerators should be acceptable in modern residences. The health of the family often depends on how foods are kept in hot weather. The danger of tainting or poisoning of foods by soggy, stagnant air or zinc linings can be absolutely prevented by installing in your home a

McCRAY Refrigerator

In the McCray a perfect circulation of pure dry, cold air keeps food sweet, fresh, cool and absolutely untainted. Scientifically insulated walls and sanitary, easily cleaned interiors lined with opal glass, enamel, porcelaine or odorless white wood—no zinc.

McCrays are quality refrigerators chosen by the U.S. Pure Food Laboratories and are installed in the most luxurious institutions and private residences.

A wide range of stock sizes and built to order types to suit the smallest or largest families. Outside icing doors may be added to any McCray, thus avoiding the iceman's tracking up the kitchen floor.

Write for our free book "How to Use a Refrigerator" and any of the following catalogs:

No. 90—Regular Sizes for Residences.
No. 73—For Florists.
No. 49—For Hotels, Clubs, Institutions
No. 69—For Grocers.
No. 60—For Meat Markets.
No. A.H. Built-to-order for Residences.

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR Co.
579 Lake Street Kendallville, Ind.

Salesrooms in the following Cities:

Chicago, 158 No. Wabash Ave., New York, 231 W. 42nd St., Philadelphia, 206 So. 11th St., Boston, 52 Commercial St., Cleveland, 1915 Euclid Ave., Detroit, 239 Michigan Ave., Milwaukee, Water and Sycamore Sts., Minneapolis, 103 N. Sixth St., St. Louis, 304 No. Third Ave., New Orleans, 225 Baronne St., San Francisco, Geary and Stockton Sts., Washington, 611 F. St. N.W., Louisville, 643 So. Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, 114 Market St., Columbia, S. C., Main St., Atlanta, Ga., 82 Marietta St., Cincinnati, 303 E. 4th St., Indianapolis, 1116 Prospect St.

For branch salesrooms in other cities see your local phone directory

tional guise — when cholera flaunts its yellow war-flag at our ports, or typhus runs like a flame through our slums. But the more familiar and greater dangers we are prone to ignore, or to accept with a sort of fatalism: tuberculosis, pneumonia, typhoid, diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, and the vaguely designated "intestinal disorders" that slaughter our babies wholesale. Perhaps this season we have individually escaped. Next year we may be fortunate again. But not forever. No man can remain twenty years in a city without suffering from that city's ills. The individual must pay for the sins of the community, just as surely as the community pays for the sins of the individual.

Health Can be Made as Contagious as Disease

Within the memory of our fathers, disease was regarded as the curse of God upon sinful man. Now we know that it is the curse of man upon his fellow men. We are even able to reduce it down to its primal causes: to greed, to sloth, to avarice, to neglect, to selfishness, to lawlessness, to vice. Half of it is clearly preventable. A great part of the other half would perhaps be avoidable, could marriages between the unfit be controlled. That is a matter for the future. The vital question of to-day is, how most effectually to check the transmission of disease, through direct or indirect media of communication, from man to man. To this question this editorial department will be mainly devoted. Its highest ambition is to bear some useful part in the fight to "make health as contagious as disease."

Things the Department Will Not Attempt

Some things the department will not attempt. It will not prescribe. It will not give medical advice, "free" or otherwise, to those seeking a cure for illness. The editor is not a physician; and, if he were, he would not undertake to advise upon a case of illness that he had never seen. In his own personal view, treating disease by mail is on a par with repairing a watch by the same method, and the person who undertakes it, be he regular practitioner, quack, or nostrum-vending layman, should be made answerable to the law for malpractice. The word "Private" at the head of this department does not imply consideration of individual cases of illness: your own physician is the person to consult about your own ills. It does mean that, in so far as the conditions of health or illness on the part of the individual are ascribable to the conditions of his environment,— that is, wherever

Digitized by Google

New-Skin

For Cuts and Scrapes

New-Skin is an antiseptic liquid for emergency use on cuts, scrapes and small hurts. The liquid dries quickly and forms a film. This film is flexible and transparent and will not come off even when washed with soap and water. It protects the hurt and allows it to heal.

Any one is liable to need New-Skin at any time. When you want it you'll want it badly. The best way is to keep it on hand in the house and always to have a bottle of it with you. The time to buy it is *before* the accident occurs. The small size can be easily carried in pocket or purse.

New-Skin is also for chapped hands, hang-nails, corns, blisters, callous spots, etc. See circular in package, "200 Uses."

There is only one genuine New-Skin. Make sure that you receive it if you ask for it.

Home size, 25c. Pocket size, 10c. Surgeon's size, 50c. At druggists. If you cannot get it at a store we will supply the 25c or 50c sizes (one or more packages), by Parcel Post, upon receipt of price. Stamps taken.

NEWSKIN COMPANY, DEPT. H.

98-100 Grand Avenue **Brooklyn, New York.**

Digitized by Google

Riverside Drive, Elkhart, Ind.

Elkhart's Experience with Tarvia

WHEN ordinary macadam is laid on a boulevard where there is considerable automobile traffic, the macadam will last about a year; sometimes it will go to pieces in less time than that. At any rate, its life under such conditions is never long, because plain macadam lacks sufficient cohesiveness to enable it to resist the thrust of automobile driving wheels.

Tarvia is a dense, tough, waterproof, viscid tar product which can be incorporated into the macadam during construction so as to form a matrix for the stone. In this construction the stone does not ravel or loosen; it is held to its work despite automobile traffic. The road remains smooth, firm and dustless for years.

A typical boulevard built in this fashion is Riverside Drive, Elkhart, Ind., which was constructed in 1909 and 1910, using 2½ gallons of Tarvia X per square yard. The road complete cost $1.06 per square yard and proved a great success.

Mr. Amandus M. Smith, City Engineer of Elkhart, wrote on October 1, 1912:

"To-day the road is as good as when constructed. We feel proud of this boulevard, as it proved most satisfactory, and have received the finest compliments on this splendid drive."

Our experts are ready to show any city or town how to get the same results.

There are three kinds of Tarvia—Tarvia X for road and pavement construction, Tarvia A for surface work and Tarvia B for dust suppression and road preservation. The first two are very dense and viscid and require heat for application. Tarvia B is applied cold. Booklets free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland
Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Corey, Ala.

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd:— Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Halifax, N.S.

TRADE B MARK

Digitized by Google

the relation between private health and the public health is implied,— the experience of the editor of this column, gained by twelve years of first-hand studies in this and other countries, and by association in field-work with many of the nation's foremost hygienists and sanitarians, is at the service of any reader.

To no formula of medical practice are we bound. Good may be found in most of the schools. Homeopathy has vitally affected and modified the whole practice of medicine. Osteopathy maintains its useful place, in certain forms of affliction. Mental healing has powerfully influenced the thought of all but the most conservative physicians. Even Christian Science, despite the malign influence of its negations, bases its philosophy on a broad truth, still warred against by our pessimistic, predestination-haunted inheritance of Puritanism; that to think health is to gain health. Against quackery alone, whether that of the self-exploiting pseudo-scientist, or of the charlatan who wrings his profits from the ruin of piteous hopes and the destruction of lives by his lying promises of cure, we shall stand uncompromisingly.

The Next Medical Discovery

Toward new discoveries in medical science we shall be receptive, while not over-credulous. Hardened skepticism is, to-day, an absurdity and an anachronism, in view of the fresh marvels that every year brings forth. On the other hand, there is the long category of bitter disappointments when some heralded "sure cure" for cancer, tuberculosis, or other scourge advanced, it may well be, by a wholly reputable and well-meaning experimenter, has failed utterly to substantiate the claims made for it. With perhaps two exceptions, the great triumphs of medicine have been preventive, not curative. What further advances are now imminent, no man can guess. In some remote laboratory or bustling health department may be obscurely working to-day the man who to-morrow will revolutionize our conception and treatment of one or another of the deadly diseases against which science still battles blindly. To record such developments as they manifest themselves will be the news function of this department.

Health as a News Feature

Public health as a factor of vital public interest is the child of the new century. Look back in the '90's and see how little part in the day's news was played by health matters. Undoubtedly

A Good Catch

is an every-day experience with a Tessar lens. The wonderful speed resulting from its great power of gathering and transmitting light, makes it possible to get action pictures of the most difficult subjects and insures good results on gray days or in waning light. With a

Bausch and Lomb-Zeiss TESSAR LENS

you are assured perfect illumination and uniformly clear definition of detail. Nothing equals its all-round efficiency with action subjects, landscapes, indoor portraits, etc.

Booklet 2H, giving prices and details as to the best lens for your purpose, sent on request. Inquire also of your dealer

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.

NEW YORK WASHINGTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON ROCHESTER, N.Y. FRANKFORT

Leads in Tone Quality in America

The EVERETT PIANO

One of the three great Pianos of the World

Prices - Regular Styles $550 to $1500

The John Church Company
Cincinnati New York Chicago
Owners of
The Everett Piano Co., Boston

Digitized by Google

place ... the old ... gitte quarantine station at Essington. The city owns this property, but it would cost $40,000 to place it in condition.

FINDS MAN LOOTING LOCKER

On Watchman's Testimony, Fischer Goes to House of Correction

On the testimony of Levine, a watchman for the Swift Packing Company, 6th and Noble sts., Daniel Shamlone, 9th and Christian sts., was sentenced to six months in the House of Correction to-day by Magistrate Belcher in the 10th and Buttonwood sts. station.

Levine stated that he found Shamlone going through the pockets of clothing the locker room, while another man stood on guard. The other man escaped.

Stop Thief!

A Locker System that will absolutely prevent success of sneak thieves, with Skeleton Keys.

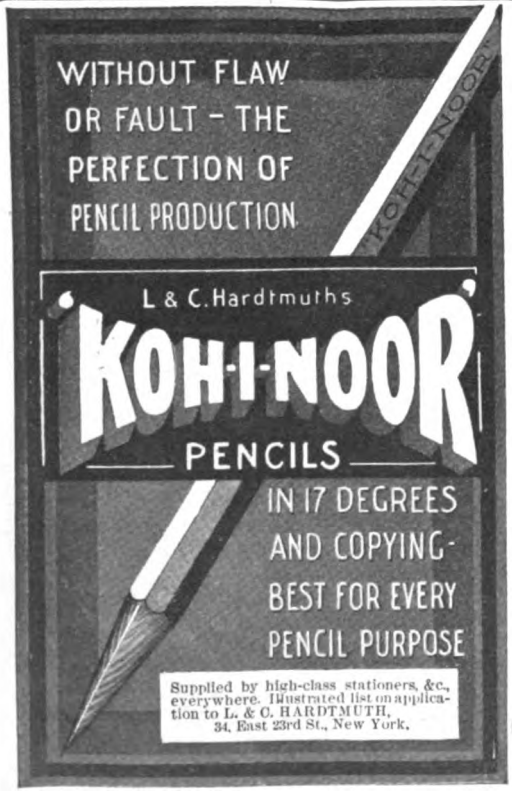
PEN-DAR
PLANISHED STEEL
LOCKERS

are a positive insurance against thieves, fire, and vermin.

Write for copy of "Locker Information." It's free and it shows equipments for down-to-date Schools, Factories, Offices and Homes.

Representative Sales Agents wanted.

EDWARD DARBY & SONS CO., Inc.,
240 Arch Street, Philadelphia,
Designers and Makers of Steel Cabinets, Bins and Shelvings



the Spanish war, with its mortal scandal of wasted lives in filth-stricken camps, served to arouse general attention to the subject. But it was not for several years thereafter that the great movement now in full swing gained impetus. In the last century the health bureau was, to the average citizen, a potentially meddlesome power which might, under certain conditions, make him a prisoner of quarantine in his own house. The health officer was an obsession instead of a protection. Sanitary or hygienic laws were for the other fellow. Responsible and otherwise conscientious citizens violated them, often with the tacit or overt consent of physicians. There was no civic conscience as to hygienic sins.

The Sixth Commandment in Terms of Hygiene

What a change has come! Everywhere now, from the editorial chair, from the school rostrum, from the pulpit, from the lecture platform, the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," is being taught in terms of hygiene. National, State, and municipal bureaus issue simple and practical publications of information, warning, and advice. Great commercial concerns, such as insurance companies and large factories, maintain private agencies, not for treatment alone, but for education. Public schools set aside special days as Health Days, when the pupils are instructed how to protect themselves against communicable disease. Colleges and universities have established courses in public health and sanitation. States have founded lecture bureaus, which furnish lecturers free to any public meeting in the interest of health. Exhibitions travel the country over, educating the people pictorially, and without charge, in the avoidance of tuberculosis, infant mortality, and other causes of death. Even the most modern of devices, the moving-picture show, has been pressed into service, and daily exposes that Beelzebub-agent of filth and sickness, the house-fly.

The New Life-Savers

The hygienist, too, is coming to his own. Twenty years ago the only medical man whose name was familiar to the public was some surgeon who had successfully charged a $10,000 fee, or the fortunate attendant upon some martyred statesman or slow-dying millionaire. Recognition has come, tardily but surely, to the public health workers, official and unofficial, who are the nation's real life-savers: scientists and investigators like Welch, Chapin, Hill, Kiefer, Stiles, and Flexner; executives and administrators like Goler, Dixon, Young, Hurty, Dowling, Levy, and Bracken; organizers and

Digitized by Google

Have BOTH by Using

PREST-O-LITE

Gas lighting with an automatic lighter offers every convenience, plus safety, reliability and economy unequaled by any other system

No lighting system can be more convenient than gas when used with a good automatic lighter. We make one—the Prest-O-Liter. By its use you can have gas in all your lamps and can easily light or extinguish any or all of your lights from the driver's seat whether the car be running or standing. An automatic reducing valve attached to the tank regulates the flame to exactly the proper height at all times.

And should this convenience ever fail—you still have light and safety by the use of a match.

Whenever you drive your car at night, you place the safety of your passengers and yourself on the dependability of your lighting system.

Five hundred thousand experienced drivers can testify as to the *absolute reliability* of Prest-O-Lite.

It is a system so simple as to be trouble proof. Prest-O-Lite agencies in every city and town and nearly every cross-roads village guarantee its service.

Prest-O-Lite has no delicate mechanism to get out of order—it is not affected by a downpour of rain or any other contingency of touring. Why should you complicate your lighting system so that in case of trouble only a factory expert can give you light?

As to cost. The average cost of Prest-O-Lite does not exceed $10 per year. Figuring the cost of power used in operation and the cost of repairs and replacements, no other lighting system is so economical. Just one repair on any more complicated system may easily cost more than years of Prest-O-Lite's reliable service. But even if Prest-O-Lite cost more—instead of less—its dependability, its efficiency, its added safety, should make it twice as valuable to the experienced driver.

No matter what self-starter you have on your car—insist on gas lighting. Self-starter convenience is safe-guarded by the use of the crank in emergencies. It is even more important that lighting convenience be safe-guarded by the use of a match to insure light in emergencies. Almost any manufacturer will equip your new car with Prest-O-Lite and an automatic lighter if you insist. If your car is now equipped with Prest-O-Lite, any dealer or any of our service stations can install an automatic lighter at small expense.

By all means, before you decide on any lighting system, send for the vital facts on automobile lighting. The coupon attached will bring you a free book on this subject by return mail. Send for it NOW and know the facts.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., 220 E. South Street INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Canadian Factory and General Office, Merritton, Ont.

SERVICE STATIONS IN THESE CITIES: Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Memphis, Tenn., Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., Providence, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minn., San Antonio, San Francisco, Seattle, Syracuse. SERVICE STATIONS IN CANADA: Merritton, Ontario; Toronto, Ontario; Winnipeg, Manitoba.

THE PREST-O-LITE CO.,
220 E. South St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Please send me your Free Booklet,
"Light on the Lighting Problem."
.....
.....
.....

Insist on Gas Lighting

Digitized by Google

The tire for you is the one that you can put on and forget.

Kelly-Springfield Tires

frequently run along on cars unnoticed for 8,000 miles or so.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO. **20 Vesey Street, New York**

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Baltimore, Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O., Buffalo

The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, O.
Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.
Southern Hardware & Woodstock Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La.
Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
Savell Davis Rubber Works, Augusta and Savannah, Ga.
C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.

Digitized by Google

statesmen of public medicine like Blue, McLoughlin, and White of the United States Public Health Service; philosophers and educators like Wesbrook, Rosenau, Fulton, and Flick; publicists like Gulick, Hutchinson, and Evans. And, from outside the ranks of the profession, such invaluable allies as Howard the entomologist, Hoffman the statistician, Irving Fisher, Rittenhouse, and Wiley of pure-food fame.

All this change within a generation; most of it within a decade. Few things are more wonderful in this wonderful twentieth century than what an able writer has prophetically termed "the Dawn of the Health Age."

The inciting of readers to ask questions is one hopeful purpose of this department. Not, preferably, of the editor; rather of themselves, their doctors, and their health officials. What do you, who read here, really know about your own environment? Have you ever read a local health report? Are you cognizant of the principal cause of death in your city? — in other words, of what you yourself are most likely to die? Does your municipality issue weekly or monthly health bulletins? If not, why not? They are more important than the stock-market quotations or the weather forecasts, for which people look daily. If it does issue them, do you read them? Information that may save you money, health, and even life, is likely to appear in any paragraph.

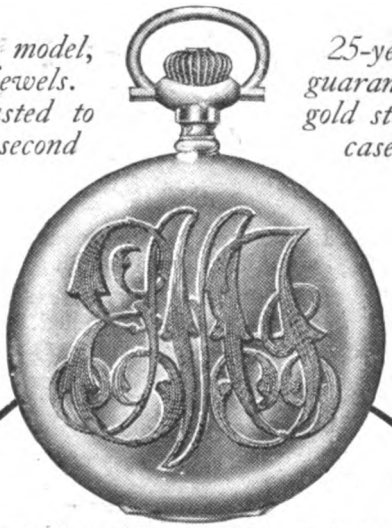
Questions

Put a few queries to yourself, and see if you can't get them answered. Ask yourself about your milk supply. Everybody drinks milk, and a great many people die of it. Is your own supply reliable? A Connecticut dairyman was recently (and too soon) released from jail, whither he had been sent for killing twenty-odd people by putting typhoid in his milk, through criminal carelessness. Unless your Board of Health can tell you about your milk supply, it isn't doing its work.

Are you reasonably sure of the city water? If there is a rise in the local typhoid rate, you can avoid one source of peril by boiling your drinking supply. What about your air? Do you get it fresh and plentiful, at your work and at your home? Starved lungs fall easy prey to the omnipresent tuberculosis and pneumonia germs. Does your street-cleaning department dry-sweep the city? If so, it scatters poison when it scatters dust. Are the common infectious diseases — measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, diphtheria — advancing in your vicinity? Then somebody's children are scattering them; how can you know but what your children may be the next recipients?

Thin model, 19 jewels. Adjusted to the second

25-year guaranteed gold strata case.



Here Is the Exquisite Ribbon Monogram Design—You may have your own initial handsomely engraved by hand on the superb gold strata case—guaranteed for 25 years. Your choice of scores of other handsome designs.

Startling Watch Offer

The Great Burlington Special at the Rock-Bottom Price

The world's masterpiece of watch manufacture **now sold direct** to the consumer at the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay. The superb Burlington Special—adjusted to temperature, isochronism and all positions—19 jewels, fitted at the factory into the superb gold strata case—now sold direct to you at the rock-bottom anti-trust price.

The Fight Is On!

We will not be bound by any system of price-boosting contracts with dealers. We will not submit to any "high profit" selling scheme. We will not be dictated to by ANY "system". **No matter what it costs,** we are determined to push our independent line even if we should have to fight a combination of all the watch manufacturers of the country.

And so we are making this offer—the most sweeping, astounding offer ever made on a high-grade watch. The famous Burlington direct and **at the same price wholesale jewelers must pay.** And in order to make the proposition doubly easy for the public we will allow this rock-bottom price, if desired, on terms of **$2.50 a month.**

Get the Burlington Watch Co.'s Free Watch Book

Read our startling exposure of the amazing conditions which exist in the watch trade today. Read about the anti-trust fight. Read about our great $1,000 Challenge. Learn how you can judge watch values. Send your name and address for this valuable **FREE BOOK** now—TODAY. Sign and mail coupon.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO.
Dept. 1023
19th Street and Marshall Blvd.
Chicago Ill.

Please send me, *without obligation* and prepaid, your free book on watches and a copy of your $1,000 challenge with full explanations of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the superb Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

No letter necessary; coupon will do.

Digitized by Google

Jackson

No hill too steep
No sand too deep

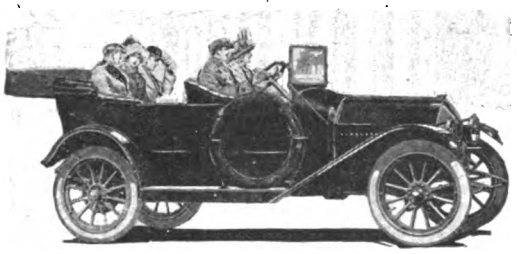
Consider Comfort—

Do this and you become more than ever a Jackson prospect.

Because in this feature also the Jackson stands unexcelled.

"Olympic" . . . $1500
"Majestic" . . . 1975
"Sultanic"—Six . 2650

Jackson Automobile Co.
1310 East Main St.
Jackson, Mich.



$92.50—Our Price for Next 30 Days

We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct-from-factory, for $92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit upon the offer. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you $35 or more.

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

Quickly Set Up Any Place

An artistic, fireproof steel structure for private use. Gives absolute protection from sneak thieves, joy riders, fire, lightning, accidents, carelessness, etc. Saves $20 to $30 monthly in garage rent. Saves *time, work, worry and trouble.* Comes ready to set up. All parts cut and fitted. Simple, complete directions furnished. Absolutely rust-proof. Joints and seams permanently tight. Practically indestructible. Locks securely. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Made by one of the largest makers of *portable* fireproof buildings. Prompt, safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed.

(91)

Postal sent today brings new 56-page illustrated Garage Book *by return mail.*

The Edwards Mfg. Co.
613-663 Eggleston Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Have you first-hand knowledge of your schools? A Michigan jail investigation recently brought out, as a side-light, that the children imprisoned in the near-by schoolhouse were worse off for light, air, and environment than the malefactors pent in the jail — and it was a pretty foul jail, at that. In a high-class Eastern private school it was discovered that the pupils were suffering from eye-strain because of the glaring and unrelieved light reflected from glazed white walls. Are there unconnected cess-pools within a fly-flight from your house? Pittsburgh had twenty thousand of them only a few years since; every one a peril as well as an offense against decency.

Take these questions home and try them on your family doctor. If he can't answer, present them to the local health authorities. In case they aren't interested, ask the newspapers. Perhaps you'll stir up something. In time you might even get a sanitary survey of your city. Springfield, Massachusetts, had one not long since, in the course of which it asked itself a lot of personal questions quite publicly, and proceeded to find the answers. Springfield hasn't recovered from the shock yet. But it is a better Springfield — and it was very decent, as American cities go, before — because of its sanitary self-analysis.

The Conquest of Infantile Paralysis

By the subjection of monkeys to the bite of the common stable-fly (the fly having been previously infected), it has been established that the insect is the agent of the dreadful and hitherto mysterious disease of infantile paralysis. Potentially, it is now practical to eliminate infantile paralysis from any afflicted locality by destroying the biting fly, just as our Southern cities have been delivered from the terror of yellow fever by the destruction of the stegomyia mosquito, and many of our country districts from the plague of malaria by wiping out the blood-sucking anopheles. When one considers that there have been, within the past three years, wide-spread and uncontrolled epidemics of infantile paralysis in localities as far apart as Massachusetts, Texas, and Nebraska, before which private and public health agencies alike stood helpless from lack of knowledge, while child after child died or was hopelessly crippled, some vague estimate of the importance of the discovery made by Entomologist Brues and Doctors Rosenau and Richardson of Massachusetts may be gained. Anterior poliomyelitis bids fair to join the category of conquered diseases.

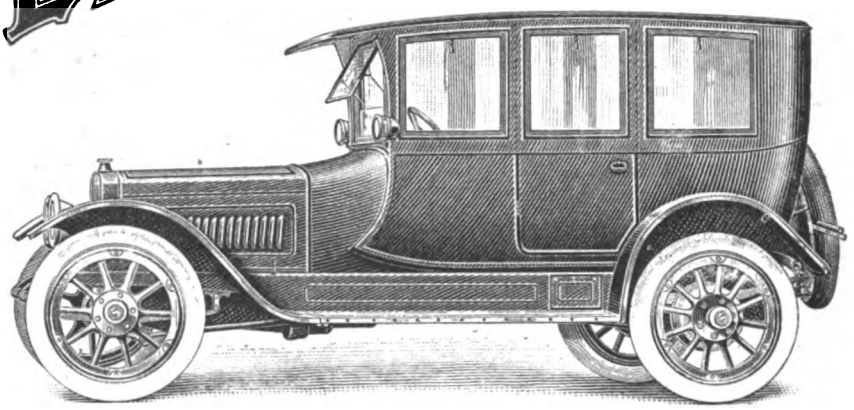
In a certain city where the health laws

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LOZIER

"The Choice of Men Who Know"



Lozier "LIGHT SIX" Metropolitan, $4450

JUST as Lozier power and strength and speed have made it pre-eminent as a touring car, so the extreme flexibility of Lozier motors and the ease of handling in city streets have made it pre-eminent as a town car.

In this, the sixth successful season of Lozier Sixes, we offer for the first time a Lozier Six —and it is a *true* Lozier—for less than $5000.

"BIG SIX"—88 Actual Horse Power—Left-side Drive, Center Control, Electric Lighting. Touring models and roadster, $5000. Limousines and Landaulets, $6500.

"LIGHT SIX"—52 Actual Horse Power—Left-side Drive, Center Control—Stream-line body design—Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System. Touring model and runabout, $3250. Coupe, $3850. Limousines, $4450.

Catalogues mailed on request.

LOZIER MOTOR COMPANY, 3703 Mack Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Factory Branches in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco.

Dealers in all other Principal Cities.

Digitized by Google

are really enforced, a high dignitary received a call from an inspector. "Where is your garbage-can?" the inspector inquired. The high dignitary did not know, nor did he evince any marked interest in the matter. He passed the query on to his butler, who transmitted it down the line until the answer came back from the depths of the household. The garbage-can, it appeared, had been stolen a few days before. "Twenty-five dollars fine," said the inspector, making a note in his book. "I shall appeal," said the high dignitary, and he did. The case went at once to court, where the appellant was found guilty, and the fine doubled, with costs added, as is the course of procedure in such cases. The high dignitary then went home and bought a garbage-can. That city, as the intelligent reader would logically infer, is one of the most sanitary in the western hemisphere.

Life Better Safeguarded in Havana than San Francisco

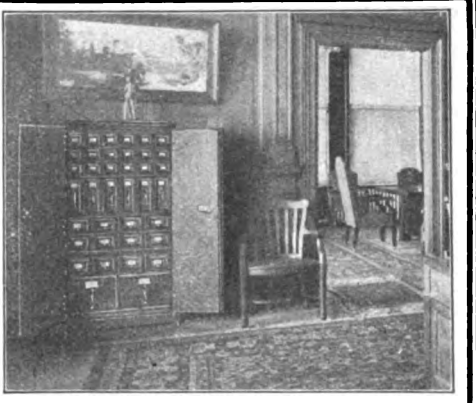
At the other side of the western hemisphere is a certain other city wherein the enforcement of the health laws is somewhat different. After the lesson of a paralyzing epidemic, all citizens were required to protect their stables against plague-bearing rats. A big, powerful, and rich firm ignored this notice. When recourse to the courts was threatened, it employed, through its legal talent, every trick and device of delay. Appeal was made to the federal health authorities, whereupon the concern worked a political "pull" in Washington and blocked that move. For a year and a half that big, rich, and treasonable firm imperiled the whole city by its contempt for the law. Finally a personal appeal to the head of the firm prevailed upon his good nature, and he condescended to order the work done. That city, as the intelligent reader may infer, with equal logic, is *not* one of the most sanitary in the western hemisphere. (To do it justice, however, it is to-day in a sound condition of plague defense.)

The city of the law's potency is Havana, Cuba.

The city of the law's helplessness is San Francisco, California.

Life is to-day better safeguarded in the capital of "semi-civilized" Cuba than in the western metropolis of the United States, because the Cuban, unlike the American, is too wise to "flout the law he makes," when that law bears directly upon his own and his neighbor's life.

All communications in reference to topics discussed in this department should be addressed to Samuel Hopkins Adams, care of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.



Privacy and Protection in Executive Offices

IN every office are certain documents, statistical card records, contracts, legal and financial papers, letters of a personal nature that should never find their way into the general office files or storage vault.

Such records are not so numerous but what they can receive the individual attention of the manager or his private secretary.

Globe Cabinet Safes

Because of the added security afforded by Double Steel Walls—Bolted Steel Doors—Yale Combination Locks, the Globe Cabinet Safe with an interior that can be quickly upfitted with our stock sizes of shelves, partitions and sections, offers decided advantages to those who realize the need of such protection.

Our agent furnishes model interiors arranged as *you* want them.

These Cabinet Safes are made in several different sizes, that accommodate Globe-Wernicke Steel Fixture Cabinet Sections and which can be duplicated at any time. Shelves and Partitions quickly and easily adjusted.

Enameled in Olive Green,—Oak or Mahogany Grains to match Wood interior trims. Catalogue on request.

Address Dept. M

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Cincinnati, Ohio

Branch Stores — Cincinnati, 128-130 East Fourth Avenue; Chicago, 231-235 So. Wabash Avenue; Boston, 91-93 Federal Street; Philadelphia, 1012-1014 Chestnut Street; New York, 380-382 Broadway, cor. White; Washington, D. C., 1218-1220 F St., N. W.

Digitized by Google

EACH MAN HAS AN APTITUDE BORN WITH HIM TO DO EASILY SOME FEAT IMPOSSIBLE TO ANY OTHER.

—EMERSON

Studebaker

Clem Studebaker—and his brothers—laid a foundation of energy and integrity, sixty years ago, which has given a lasting impetus to a great work. The modern Studebaker organization, whose products travel to the ends of the earth, holds loyally to the ideals of its founder, and the enduring impress of those time tried qualities "born with him" appears today in Studebaker harness, wagons, carriages and automobiles.

THE
STUDEBAKER CORPORATION
SOUTH BEND, IND. :: :: DETROIT, MICH.

Digitized by Google

DETECTIVE BURNS' GREAT CASES

The Conspirators

AS TOLD TO

ARTHUR B. REEVE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

IT was nearly twenty years ago that Burns took up, and followed by various paths to its end, the exceedingly interesting and romantic case of the Costa Rican bank-note. Counterfeit Central American paper money — under ordinary circumstances — is not among the chief causes of anxiety of the United States Secret Service. But this note, unfortunately, was manufactured in the United States.

Burns started at once for the office of the consul-general of Costa Rica in New York.

"Ah, you come from the grand government of the United States," said the consul, in exuberant friendliness. "Welcome! I greet you!"

He seated Burns in his innermost office.

"It is the revolutionists," he explained. "This much we know, but not yet can we prove it."

"The revolutionists!" said Burns.

"You are surprised, my friend? No wonder," said the consul. "But listen; I will tell you. It is like this.

"My country has no revolutions. It is not like other Central American countries. It is Costa Rica — the Rich Coast, as you say it in your English tongue. We have riches, we have property, we have justice. We have more school-teachers than soldiers. But now, two, three years ago, we find the revolutionary junta — here in your great city, New York. They plot and plan to destroy my country. At the head is a very bad man — General de Mora; his grandfather once was Costa Rican President — a bad, a very devilish man."

"I see," said Burns. "What then?"

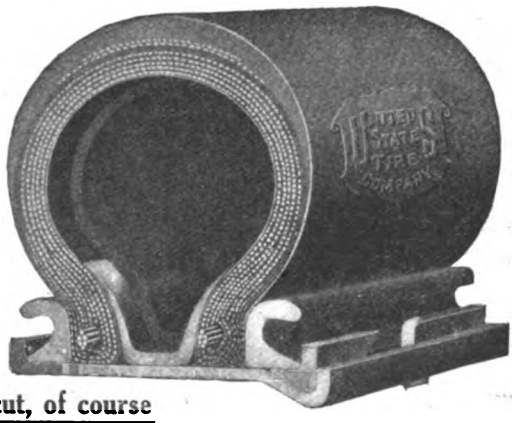
"I will tell you. Listen. This is the hard times, is it not?" (It was the darkest period after the big panic.) "Very well. To have revolution, one first must have what? Money. Am I not right? But there is no money. What, then, will they do? Ah — they will make the false money here! They take it with them and pass it in Costa Rica. In this way they will get funds for their revolution. You see? Is it

Digitized by Google

GENUINE DUNLOP
Straight Side TIRES
are the premier automobile tires of the world

The most flexible Tire made

Fits any Q. D. Rim



Easiest Tire on the market to put on or take off

Cannot Rim-cut, of course

THEY represent what thousands of motorists regard as the ideal *type* of tire. It is in no sense a *new tire*.

The Hartford Rubber Works practically introduced it into this country more than ten years ago, and it has always been one of the standard Hartford (now United States) tires.

No other tire has ever been imitated so widely as has this tire, and yet in no other tire has the *original principle* been so firmly adhered to.

The illustration on this page is of the original Dunlop tire, stripped of any and all the so-called "improvements" which some of the Dunlops have shown.

As an indication of the growth in favor which this *genuine* Dunlop has enjoyed, it may be stated that the United States Tire Company has, without the blare of trumpets, actually taken care of

More than a 600% Increase in Sales in Less than a Year's Time

So insistent has the demand become for this tire (in the face of the most strenuous competition on the part of other tires of a similar type), that we have been obliged to add immensely increased facilities for its manufacture during 1913.

From now on the United States Tire Company will undertake to supply all the *genuine* Dunlop Tires demanded by the trade. Bear in mind—this Dunlop is the *only* Dunlop possessing *all* the merits of this extraordinary tire.

Made Exclusively by the

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY, NEW YORK

Makers of America's Predominant Tires

Digitized by Google

not terrible? Is it not diabolical? My friend, they will destroy my country by first passing counterfeits among its people!"

"Do you know this?" said Burns.

"This much we know — though yet we can not prove even this much definitely. This money has been passed — two, three months ago — by one member of this junta — at Port Limon, our seaport."

"Who passed it?" asked Burns. "This General Mora?"

"No. He is the chief. He would not act so openly. It was a younger man, a man called de Requesans."

"Was he alone?"

"No; there was another with him — ah, yes, a woman. A most charming lady — an American, whom they say he will marry."

The Shadows and the Revolutionist

In a day Burns had his shadows on the suspects — all of them in New York. The first and most important was General Federico de Mora — a distinguished-looking old man, with dark skin, piercing black eyes, and a shock of silver hair. He was an old sinner in the revolutionary business. His grandfather had been president of the little republic; and the grandson would never be satisfied, it seemed, until he succeeded him.

Ricardo de Requesans, the second man, was much younger — a handsome figure, straight as an arrow, wearing a black mustache and imperial. He was a widower, and lived part of the time with his mother-in-law, a Mrs. Collins, in Long Island City. Part of the time, when funds permitted, he had stopped at the semi-fashionable boarding-house in New York which General de Mora graced with his presence.

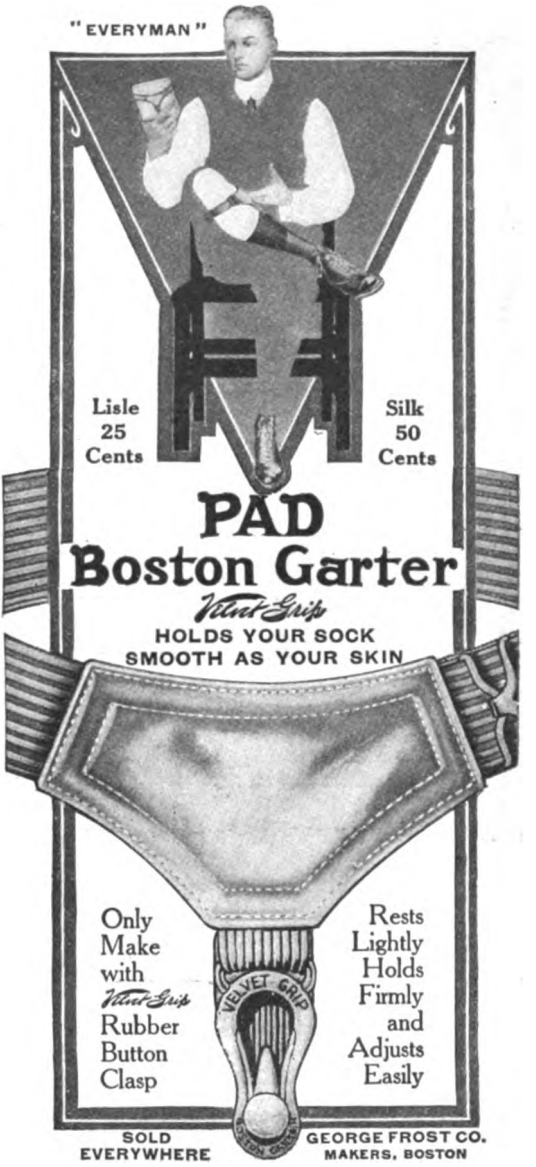
The third figure was the "little widow," as Burns has always called her — Mrs. Girard, a bright-eyed, vivacious young woman, who, following the death of her husband in California, had come to New York to cultivate her rich contralto voice. By chance, she and a companion had come to live in the same boarding-house with the revolutionists. She was rich, talented, and lively, and de Requesans had from the first been her devoted suitor.

The Two-Million-Dollar Sofa

Having fixed his shadows on them, Burns began his investigations of their celebrated sofa.*

The money-changing expedition upon which the revolution was to be founded had ended

*A short description of the following of this clue, as one of the celebrated pieces of detective work in the annals of the Secret Service, was given in McCLURE'S for April, 1911.



MULLINS CEDAR CANOES CAN'T SINK

The famous Yale and Harvard models—highest grade material—finest finished—the strongest, staunchest, handsomest canoes built. When equipped with Mullins Patented Buoyancy Pads these canoes have sufficient buoyancy to float when capsized or filled with water and keep two people afloat. Open gunwale construction — Keel — Heavy Pressed Bronze Bang Plates protecting stems.

Handsome Colored Catalogue Free.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.,

367 Franklin St., Salem, O.

Digitized by Google

You Can Build This Handsome Power Boat

ONLY $28 for knockdown frames, patterns and instructions for this 23 footer—speed 9½ to 14 miles an hour. Everything made simple. Easy to build if you can handle hammer, saw and screw driver. We also furnish complete knockdown boat. Or patterns alone at from $2 to $12 according to design. Thousands of Brooks boats in use and building now. It's fun—and profit—and real pleasure to build a boat. **Write for Brooks Boat Book today**—just a postal. Mailed free. Scores of models and sizes of all kinds illustrated. Save two-thirds the boat builder's price. Get our offer.

BROOKS MFG. CO., 6103 Sidney St., Saginaw, Mich.

suddenly, some weeks before, where it had begun — at Port Limon, on Costa Rica's seacoast. De Requesans and his charming widow had only started their campaign of lavish spending of counterfeit bills, when it became known that there was counterfeit money in circulation; and the handsome "passers" fled between days.

They had escaped successfully, and with them, supposedly, their counterfeits. But the government officials of Costa Rica took no chances. Hunting anxiously around Port Limon, they had chanced upon a piece of furniture, a sofa, which had reached the country at the same time de Requesans had. They had undone its careful packing, torn it apart, and found hidden in its back two million dollars' worth of counterfeit bills.

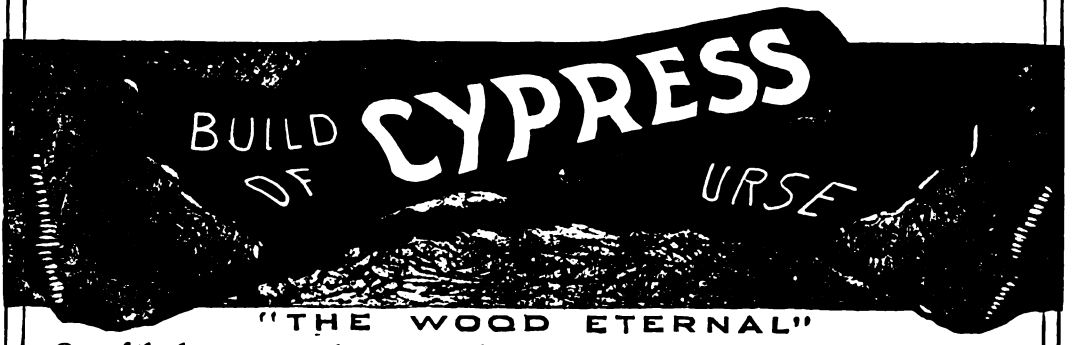
Now, in all probability, this sofa had been taken to Costa Rica by de Requesans and his fiancée. The practical question was, could this be proved definitely before a court of law? Burns at once sent an operator to Costa Rica

"IT BECAME KNOWN THAT THERE WAS COUNTERFEIT MONEY IN CIRCULATION, AND DE REQUESANS AND HIS CHARMING WIDOW FLED BETWEEN DAYS"

to bring back the mysterious sofa and all its packing. It arrived at length, and Burns went over it in detail. The most likely clue, he came to think, was the piece of burlap it was wrapped in. And that certainly was not a very likely clue to the ordinary mind.

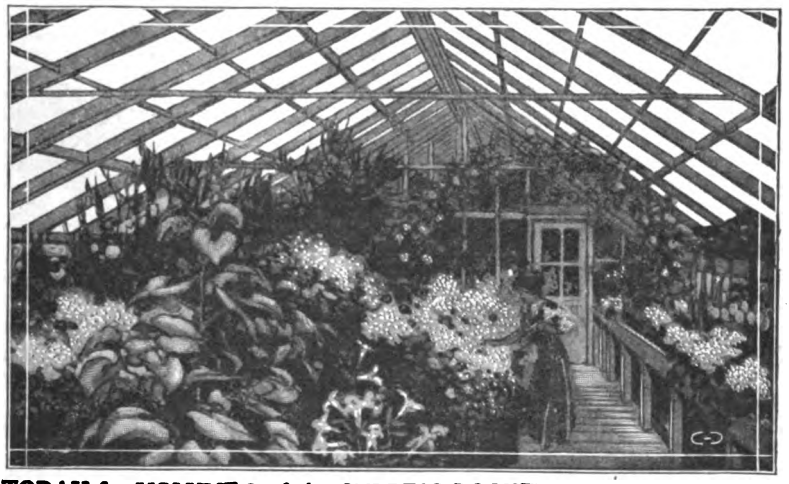
Digitized by Google

DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD A GREENHOUSE RIGHT NOW? THEN DECIDE NOW TO BUILD ONE NEXT SUMMER — AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES TO FAIL TO



"THE WOOD ETERNAL"

One of the largest greenhouse manufacturers, J. C. Moninger Co., Chicago, says: "We first began using Cypress *exclusively* for greenhouse construction in 1885, using it previously in conjunction with pine. The greenhouses then built with Cypress *are being used today* by their owners and the *wood* is found *perfectly preserved and free of any decay or rot.*" *Figure it out yourself.*



WRITE TODAY for VOLUME 3 of the CYPRESS POCKET LIBRARY, WITH 20 PAGES of Valuable Guidance for Amateur Greenhouse Folks. (Sent PROMPTLY and no charge.)

"WOOD THAT WILL STAND THE GREENHOUSE TEST WILL STAND ANYTHING," SO *INSIST ON CYPRESS AND NO SUBSTITUTES*

When planning new improvements or repairs to old ones, just remember—"*With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE*"

Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
1201 HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

INSIST ON CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S — IF HE HASN'T IT, *LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY*

Digitized by Google

This Engine Has Pumped Water Since 1881

"At one of the houses on my property here there is an Ericsson Engine, sold in 1881, still pumping water from well to attic tank. Chas. B. Going, Parkesville, N. Y."

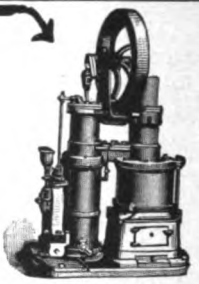
Every "Reeco" System we install is capable of equaling this performance, if properly treated.

"REECO" Water Systems

ECONOMICAL—NOISELESS—TROUBLE-PROOF—Backed by 70 years' experience

are built to meet all water-supply requirements for *hotels, factories, farms, country homes, etc.* Water can be taken from lake, stream or deep artesian well, carried several hundred yards, if necessary, raised to elevated sto age tanks or forced into pressure tanks at moderate cost.

We make complete installations and tell you the exact cost beforehand.



Hot-Air Pump

Write for Catalogue "G" to nearest office

RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO. New York, Montreal, P. Q., Boston, Philadelphia, Sydney, Australia

Crooked Spines Made Straight

Use the Sheldon Method 30 Days at Our Risk.

YOU need not venture the loss of a penny. No matter **how** serious your case, no matter **what else** you have tried, the Sheldon Method will help you and probably **wholly overcome** your affliction. We are so sure of this that we will make a Sheldon Appliance to suit your special condition and let you decide, after **30 days**, whether you are satisfied. We make this unusual offer simply because the 16,000 cases we have treated **absolutely prove** the wonderful benefit the Sheldon Method brings to spinal sufferers, young and old.

There is no need to suffer longer or to bear the torture of old-fashioned plaster, leather or steel jackets. The Sheldon Appliance gives an even, perfect and adjustable support to the weakened or deformed spine and brings almost **immediate** relief even in the **most serious cases.** It is as easy to put on or take off as a coat, does not chafe or irritate, is light and cool. The price is within reach of all who suffer. You owe it to yourself, or the afflicted one in your family, to **find out** more about it. Send for our book **free** at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 212 3d Street, **Jamestown, N.Y.**

Macey Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

The Best Business Card

for your use and for any man's use who desires the distinction of attention to little things is the Peerless Patent Book Form Card. It will get close and careful scrutiny, and that means an audience with most favorable attitude of mind from your prospect.

Peerless Patent Book Form Cards

not only save fifty per cent of your cards, but they are always together and get-at-able when you want to hand one out. They are always clean, perfectly flat and every edge is smooth and perfect.

OUR SMART CARDS IN CASE

Send for a sample and detach the cards one by one and see for yourself.

Send today.

The John B. Wiggins Company
Sole Manufacturers
Engravers, Die Embossers, Plate Printers
57-59 East Adams Street, Chicago

Rent a Few Months— Then It's Yours!

This Great Visible Writer
The Famous Oliver Model No. 3

Send your name and we will tell you about the greatest typewriter proposition in the world.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate, 166-D 7 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

I FORGOT IT

Your efficiency in any line of work depends, not on what you have learned, but on what you remember. **A ready, dependable memory is the key to success in life.** Our Memory and Mind Training is simple, speedy, sure; makes you quick and confident in thought and speech. Our free booklet, **"WEST'S IDEAL MEMORY SYSTEM,"** tells how, gives proof; also, how to obtain free the masterful book, **"PUBLIC SPEAKING."**

The National Press Association
Dept. 112 : : **Indianapolis, Ind.**

CRESCA FOREIGN DELICACIES

Rich, Unusual Tasty Things from Many Lands.

For a two-cent stamp we will send our palatable color booklet giving full particulars as well as many suggestions for menus and a host of distinctive, rare recipes. Address
CRESCA COMPANY, Importers, 352 Greenwich St., N.Y.

It was, on the face of it, just a piece of common burlap. If you have ever had occasion to pack anything in burlap, you will probably recall that, after you secured the stuff from some shop-keeper, you found it covered with marks, which you put on the inside of your own package. Sometimes the marks tell a straight stamped or stenciled story about the former use of the burlap — So-and-So's coffee, or Such-and-Such brand of other goods.

Let XX Represent the Unknown Quantity

This burlap told no plain story. On examining it, Burns found merely the following cryptic marks:

$$\frac{2\ XX}{64}$$

Now, what did that mean? Was it merely a useless circumstance, or did it contain a clue?

In the hope of securing some light on the problem presented by this simple piece of burlap, Burns visited a great number of places. Among them were the wholesale dry-goods houses that cluster in the region of Worth Street in New York. They told him of several commodities that were marked with the double X as a brand. The "64" was a different matter. That might refer to something else. The double X, for instance, was used for shirts. And there was also a chance that the burlap might have been used as a covering of shipments of overalls.

Burns visited a number of overall manufacturers, and finally, at Newburgh, New York, he found the factory from which the shipment had been made. So far, so good. But it seemed like hunting for a needle in a haystack to discover just where the shipment had gone. The manufacturer said it would be impossible. Burns kept doggedly on his path; and in a few hours, by examining order-book after order-book, he was able to determine what the factory manager had said was impossible. He found the destination of those overalls. They had been bought by a little dry-goods store in Long Island City.

Burns went straight to the little dry-goods store, and asked if they could sell him some burlap. There were piles of it in the cellar; they were glad to get rid of it.

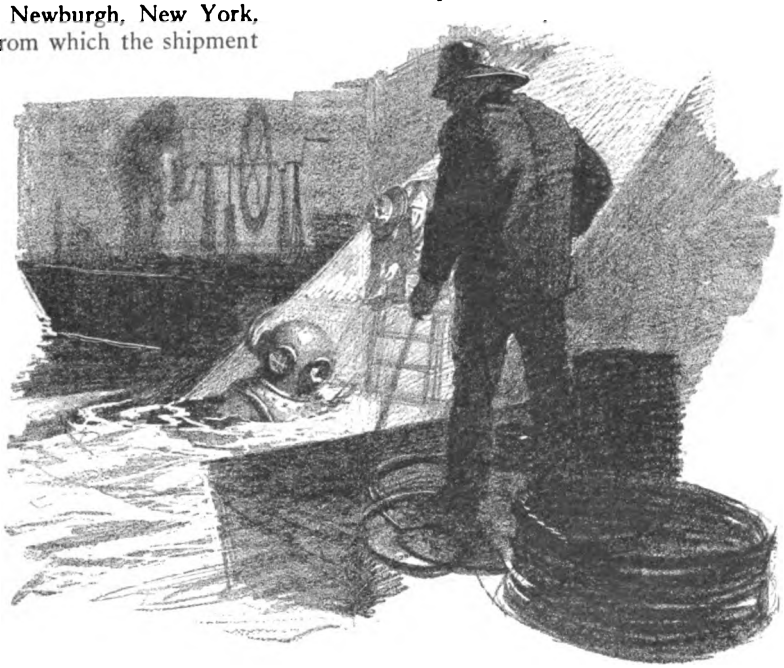
Confidentially he explained to the shipping-clerk, when they reached the basement, that he did not want any burlap, after all. He had enough of it in that piece which bore the tell-tale marks. But could the clerk remember selling any within the past few months to any one who had come to him with a similar tale? The clerk thoughtfully scratched the side of his nose. Yes, he did remember. An old lady with gray hair, dressed in mourning, with gold-rimmed spectacles, had bought some.

"And would you know her if you saw her again?" asked Burns eagerly.

"I think so," replied the clerk — "although I never saw her before or since."

Burns had been doing some rapid-fire thinking. Mrs. Collins was an old lady in black with gold-rimmed spectacles. With the clerk, he sauntered around to her house and rang the bell. An inquiry for a mythical lodger brought a sharp negative from her; but as the door closed the clerk cried under his breath: "Yes, that's the woman who bought the burlap!"

Burns felt that he was now on solid ground. He canvassed the express drivers of the neighborhood, and finally found the identical man who had carried the sofa from Mrs. Collins' house to the pier where it had set out upon



"A DIVER WAS SENT DOWN, AND THE ORIGINAL PLATES OF THE COUNTERFEIT WERE FOUND"

Digitized by Google

Shirley President Suspenders
Guarantee on each pair

They're *so* Comfortable

Just the suspenders you've been wanting—because **Shirley President Suspenders** move freely—won't pull on your shoulders—and don't strain. Millions of men have proved it—why don't *You?*

Wear a pair for a month. If you don't like them, we will buy them back at price you paid.

Made in Light and Medium Weights. Extra lengths for tall men. Each pair guaranteed.

Price 50 cents everywhere.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.,
Shirley Guaranteed Suspenders,
304 Main Street, SHIRLEY, MASS.

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

THERE is a big difference in men's garters. They may look alike, but they don't feel and wear alike.

PARIS GARTERS have introduced all the best things in men's garters.

Wear Paris Garters

A. Stein & Company, Makers
Chicago and New York

its eventful journey to Costa Rica. The expressman was able to recall that a "tall Spaniard" had engaged him for the job, and had paid him well.

The case was now perfect, so far as it had gone. The shadows who had dodged de Requesans and the little widow reported them still in New York. It was the work of merely a moment to arrest both of them.

That was only the beginning, however. The real goal, as always, was the man highest up, together, of course, with all those all the way up. In this case there was one wily old conspirator who stood at the very pinnacle. The problem was to get him. Could they?

A Call from the General

Scarcely had de Requesans been arrested and, with the little widow, lodged in the old Ludlow Street jail in New York, when General de Mora himself walked, in his dignified fashion, into the very office of the Secret Service and asked to see Mr. Burns. Burns came to the window.

"Good ahfternoon, Meestair Bearns," purred the General. "Here ees my car-rd. I understand you like to see me? Thees ees my address. At any time that I can ser-rve you, you will find me in my rooms."

It was bold, crafty. The old fellow was as cunning as a rat. He knew there was nothing "on" him, so far.

"That is very kind of you, General," replied Burns, suavely putting the card into his pocket — as if he had not known already every time the General went out to buy a newspaper or overthrow a government. "When I want anything I will call on you."

"Thank you, Meestair Bearns. Adios, sir." And the General bowed himself out backwards.

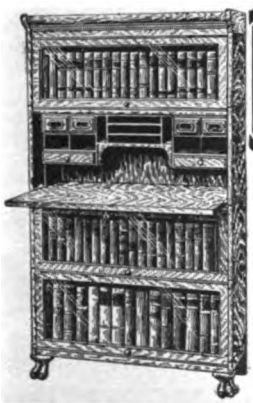
He had known that he would be suspected; but he felt so sure that no evidence could be obtained against him that he had actually derived pleasure in thus sticking his head into the trap, and then withdrawing it safe still on his shoulders.

As it was, de Mora had good reason to congratulate himself. The case against de Requesans and his fiancée was pretty clear. But how could the counterfeit be traced back to the chief criminal? There was only one way, apparently — a confession. It was necessary that either de Requesans or the little widow tell.

The little widow was a pathetic figure, in her present circumstances. A wealthy and dainty woman, who was certainly not a principal in the affair, and who was separated by the width of the continent from her older friends and

Digitized by Google

10¢ TINS Handy 5¢ Bags—or one pound glass Humidor Jars



SECTIONAL GUNN BOOKCASES

Write for our "BOOK OF DESIGNS"

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED in colors (*mailed free,*) showing our Sanitary Clawfoot, Mission, Colonial and Standard bookcases and how you will save money by placing them in your home. The handsome designs, the rich finish, the removable non-binding doors, the absence of disfiguring iron bands, make them far better than the old-fashioned kind.

Our Prices are Lower than Others

and high quality is guaranteed. Sold by dealers or direct. Address Dept. M.

GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY, 12 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

GUNN OFFICE DESKS — WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

Digitized by Google

Deaf People Hear Whispers

With Common-Sense Ear Drums —"Wireless Phones for the Ears"

For twenty years the Common-Sense Ear Drums have been giving good hearing to hundreds of thousands of deaf people, and they will do the same for all who try them.

Every condition of deafness or defective hearing is being helped, such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated or Partially Destroyed Drums, Drums Wholly Destroyed, Discharge from Ears—no matter what the cause or how long standing the case may be, there is hope of good hearing for all the afflicted deaf.

The Common-Sense Ear Drum is made of a soft sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are out of sight when worn, and easily adjusted by the wearer.

Good hearing brings cheerfulness, comfort and sunshine into the life of the lonely deaf.

Our Free Book, which tells all, will be sent on application. Write for it today to

WILSON EAR DRUM CO. (18)
740 Todd Building Louisville, Ky.

A New Hernial Appliance

This Invention Holds More Firmly, Comfortably and Surely Than Any Truss.

Sent on Trial

The new Brooks Appliance for rupture so thoroughly meets every test and every requirement that it is being ordered by the U. S. War Department and is rapidly coming to be recognized as the most reliable, comfortable and dependable support ever invented. The Brooks Appliance is fitted with an **Automatic Air Cushion** which follows every movement of the body, always covers the ruptured spot and is always where it should be to do the most good. The part of the cushion which comes in contact with the skin is soft, pliable gum rubber. It clings closely, so that irritation and slipping is impossible, and yet it is cool and comfortable because of the constant circulation of air through it. It is simple of construction, so there is nothing to get out of order—nothing that can break.

We are selling this Appliance under a positive guarantee of money refunded if not satisfactory. We do **not** guarantee to cure any more than any doctor will guarantee to cure his patient. We **do** guarantee to furnish a perfect fitting Appliance, one that will give the wearer solid comfort and retain the protrusion at all times and under all circumstances.

The purchaser is the sole judge and if for any reason whatever (which does not have to be furnished us) it is returned, the price paid will be refunded in full.

Further information regarding the Appliance, rules for self-measurements and catalog sent Free. Just send your name and address to

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.
31A State Street Marshall, Michigan

acquaintances, had been thrown into the old jail of New York's East Side, noted everywhere as the most ancient and squalid prison in the city. Her situation was enough to arouse sympathy in a casual stranger. But there was at least one person in New York who had more than a casual interest in her. This was a young American business man named Bates, who formerly, before she had given her confidence to de Requesans, had been her suitor.

The Pretty Widow in the Old Jail

Hearing of her ill fortune, Bates went to visit her, and was horrified at seeing her in that dark, ill-ventilated jail. He lost no time in looking up Burns and finding out exactly how far Mrs. Girard was involved.

Burns told him. "The trouble is," he continued, "she's tied, hand and foot, to that crowd. If she would only drop them, as they will drop her, it would be simple enough."

Bates went away, planning what could be done.

"THEY WRESTLED FOR THE NOTE — AND BURNS GOT IT"

In a short time Burns had another caller who was very much interested in the situation of the widow. The warden of the jail came in to see him, to learn about her chances. After hinting around for some time, he asked point-blank about her case.

"I'm very sorry for Mrs. Girard," said Burns slowly, as if weighing something very

Digitized by Google

EVERSTICK

INVISIBLE RUBBER

All the service of a common rubber with none of its disadvantages. They stay on when you need them but they're easy to *take* off and *put* on.

Comfortable and dressy

At all good Shoe Stores

UNITED STATES
RUBBER COMPANY
New York

6% NET

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 118 $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence Kans.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines SOLD or RENTED ANY WHERE at ⅓ to ½ M'F'R'S PRICES, allowing RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Illustrated Catalog H.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Protect Yourself

Ask for

ORIGINAL—GENUINE

The Food-Drink for All Ages

Others are Imitations

All Druggists

Sani-Tissue

"Soft and Clothlike"

WHEN buying, ask for the soft, strong clothlike toilet paper that is treated with healing Balsam.

It is parchment wrapped to protect from gritty irritating dust.

3 rolls for 25 cents

(Except in Rocky Mt. zone and Canada)

Send for FREE sample pocket packet.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY 624 Glenwood Ave., PHILADELPHIA

Digitized by Google

McCLURE'S SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

National Park Seminary
FOR GIRLS. Washington, D. C. (Suburbs)

A distinctly original school for American girls. Academic Studies, Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial Work, Library Economy, Business Law and Hygiene. 20 buildings in a park of romantic beauty. Write for catalogue to Box 152.

Forest Glen, Maryland

Learn a Paying Profession
that assures you a good income and position for life. For seventeen years we have successfully taught

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work

Our graduates earn $20 to $50 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy—living inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW!

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
945 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois

ILLINOIS, Chicago.

The University of Chicago

Home Study. 20th Year. Correspondence-Study Department offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, etc. Begin any time. U. OF C. (DIV. B).

ILLINOIS, Godfrey.

Monticello Seminary School for Girls and Young Women. 75th year. College Preparatory and Junior College Courses. Domestic Science, Music, Art. Certificate privileges. Equipment for school work and recreation purposes first class. Rates moderate. Limited enrollment. References required. Catalogue. MISS MARTINA C. ERICKSON, Prin.

EUROPE.

The Thompson-Baldasseroni **School of Travel for Girls**

13th year. Foreign residence, three periods of travel through eight countries, usual courses of study with Piano and Singing, all is included. American home comforts. October sailing. MRS. WALTER SCOTT, Sec'y, 158 Central Ave., Dover, N. H.

UNCLE SAM IS BEST EMPLOYER;
pay is high and sure; hours short; places permanent; promotions regular; vacations with pay; thousands of vacancies every month; all kinds of pleasant work everywhere; no layoffs; no pull needed; common education sufficient. Special money back guarantee if you write today for booklet D1138. IT IS FREE.
EARL HOPKINS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GET A BETTER PLACE

Mount Ida School
Send for new year book

FOR GIRLS
6 miles from Boston

All studies but English elective.
Preparatory: finishing school.
Advanced Elective Courses for high school graduates. College Certificate.
Piano, organ, violin, voice with NOTED men.
Pipe Organ, Gymnasium with swimming pool, new building.
Exceptional opportunities, with a delightful home life.
66 Summit Street
NEWTON, Mass.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN

Can be learned quickly, easily and pleasantly, at spare moments, in your own home. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. In a surprisingly short time you can speak a new language by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
combined with
ROSENTHAL'S PRACTICAL LINGUISTRY
Send for Booklet and Testimonials
The Language-Phone Method
918 Putnam Building, 2 West 45th Street, N. Y.

LAW
Leading Law School In Correspondence Instruction
Est. 1892
Prepares for the Bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Classes begin each month. Send for catalog giving rules for admission to the bar of the several States.
The Greatest Correspondence Law School in the World
Chicago Correspondence School of Law
548 Reaper Block, Chicago

Digitized by Google

carefully in his mind. "They're putting up a job on her." Then, in an apparent burst of confidence, he explained — what he knew was true — that de, Requesans had made plans to go free and leave Mrs. Girard to take care of herself. It was true; but it was also an excellent chance to work upon the feelings of the woman and get the much-needed confession.

"Yes, I'm very sorry for that little woman," said Burns pensively; "she's up against a pretty hard situation."

"Don't you think you ought to tell her about it?" asked the warden.

Burns laughed. "What — I tell her? I guess you've never heard her give her opinion of me. No — it wouldn't do the slightest good; she wouldn't believe a word I told her."

"I think she would," said the warden — and went back and told Mrs. Girard the whole conversation.

It worked exactly as Burns hoped. In a very short time he was invited to an interview with the widow. She didn't trust him entirely then, of course. He had no hope of persuading her himself. But he proposed, instead, that she select some friend in whom she had absolute confidence; and she selected Bates.

The rest was simple. Burns went with Bates to the office of a surety company downtown. The proofs Burns had collected there were very clear. Bates was easily convinced of the plot of the conspirators to desert the widow. He returned and told her of it. As she heard and understood it all, she broke into hysterical crying and denunciation of the man who had deceived her. They should all suffer for what they had done to her, she said.

Burns had his confession at last.

Love, Revolution, and Washington Society

The part of the little widow had begun months before, when she had first reached New York from California. It was a new world; she entered it with the interest and freedom of a young woman left alone in the world, with several hundreds of thousands of dollars in her own right. Her husband had been older than herself. She had seen little of the excitement of life, and she had come East to see the life of the great city as well as to train her voice. And then she had chanced to meet the two fascinating Central American adventurers in her boarding-house.

From the start both men, old and young, had been devoted to her. The younger wooed her with intense fervor. Both showed her a deference and a confidence that were delightful.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing Trained This Nurse at Home

"My association with The Chautauqua School of Nursing has been the pleasantest year of my life. In the year since my study I have had 18 cases and earned $640."
Alice L. Westlake, Concord, N. H.
(Portrait)

Thousands of our graduates, without previous experience, are earning $10 to $25 a week.

Write for "How I Became a Nurse" and our Year Book, explaining our correspondence and home practice method; 370 pages with the experiences of our graduates, 48 specimen lesson pages sent free.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
272 Main Street
Jamestown, N.Y.
12th Year

Mr. Esenwein

SHORT-STORY WRITING
A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine.
250-page catalogue free. Write to-day.
The Home Correspondence School
165 Bessie Place, Springfield, Mass.

CIVIL SERVICE
positions are very desirable. Good salary, short hours, easy work, pleasant surroundings, life positions, steady work, thirty days vacation and thirty days sick leave annually with pay. 46,202 appointments made last year. No political pull needed. Common school education sufficient. Must be 18 years or over. Full information about how to secure these positions and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.
COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

COPY THIS SKETCH
and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn $20 00 to $125.00 or more per week, as illustrator or cartoonist My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent.
Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you Send me your sketch of Governor Wilson with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.
The Landon School of Illustrating & Cartooning
1142 Schofield Building, Cleveland O.

LAW STUDY AT HOME BECOME AN LL.B.
Only recognized resident law school in U. S., Conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL. B.—by correspondence. Only law school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction, by mail. Over 450 classroom lectures. Faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers. Guarantee to prepare graduates to pass bar examination. Only law school giving Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking. School highly endorsed and recommended by Gov. Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students. Only institution of its kind in the world. Send to-day for Large Handsomely Illustrated Prospectus. Special courses for Business Men and Bankers.
Hamilton College of Law, 1158 Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago, Ill

Digitized by Google

Learn the new profession Tree Surgery

Not overcrowded and offers splendid and unusual opportunities to honorable young men. Ages 20 to 28. Students must have attended high school, be at least 5 foot 7 in height, physically sound and of good character. After completing two years' course, good men make $1,000 to $5,000 a year. Positions guaranteed to good men after graduation. Every city, park, orchard and private estate needs an Expert Tree Surgeon. Positions open also with established companies or State and National Governments. Special attention to Fruit Growing. Tuition moderate, including first year's board. We pay salary second year. Write promptly for full particulars. Address the Secretary.

DAVEY INSTITUTE OF TREE SURGERY
Box 206 Kent, Ohio

7 DAYS— All You Need To Learn PARAGON SHORTHAND

Sounds incredible, but absolutely *true.* Remarkable invention of expert. Simplest system ever devised. *Speed capacity beyond reach of the hand.* Easy to *read.* Is being used in service of *U. S. Government,* in offices of Railroads, Banks and other big corporations, Law Reporting, etc. **POSITIVE PROOF or NO MONEY.**

Write For Free Particulars Today! Now!

PARAGON INSTITUTE, 1412 Coliseum Pl., New Orleans, La.

STUDY LAW AT HOME

22 YEARS OF SUCCESS. Instruction by mail adapted to everyone. **FOR AMBITIOUS MEN who want to prepare for practice or who want to take our business law course so as to better their business prospects. Takes spare time only.** Can refer to successful graduates, located in every section of the country. Handsome catalogue and **Easy Payment Plan free.**

THE SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
255 American Building, Detroit, Mich.

"The Original Phonographic Method"

LANGUAGES

German—French—English
Italian—Spanish

or any other language learned quickly and easily by the Cortina-Phone Method **at home.** Write for **free** booklet today; **easy** payment plan.

CORTINA-PHONE

Cortina Academy of Languages
865 Mecca Bldg., 1600 B'way, Cor. 48th St., N. Y.

STAMMERING

THE BRYANT SCHOOL FOR STAMMERING—A dependable institution for the correction of speech defects. Established and conducted by a reputable physician since 1888. The following letter from the Postmaster at Frankfort, Ind., under date of July 29th, '12, came unsolicited and speaks for itself. "Your treatment of my son's speech defect has simply changed him. He talks with perfect ease and I am confident that his general health will improve. I regard your methods as sane and practical for they go right to the seat of the trouble. It will be a pleasure to recommend your treatment to any inquirers.—E. A. Spray." Many other letters of the same sort from influential, honorable people on file. If you want a reliable, sensible course which has stood the test of time, by an experienced teacher, without false promises, fads or tricks, call or send for my booklet.

Dr. Frank A. Bryant, 62B West 40th St., New York

STUDY AT HOME

Strong courses by correspondence to meet almost every need. This is an accredited school; you cannot afford to seek help from one of lower rank. Write today, stating clearly your needs.

INTERSTATE SCHOOL
621-625 South Wabash Avenue Chicago, Ill.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 957 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

In a very short time they admitted her to their conferences about their impending occupation of Costa Rica. It was a matter, seemingly, that was just about to be consummated.

"We shall strike a blow that will paralyze the government from the very start," explained General de Mora, bringing his fist down on the table as if the blow had already fallen. "Our troops will land here, and here," he said, sticking pins in a map of Costa Rica that lay before him.

"Ricardo," he asked, looking up, "have you closed the deal with the German agent for the rifles?"

De Requesans answered that all was ready — the rifles and ammunition, and the supplies. There seemed to be no possible slip. And when the revolution came the young man was to be Costa Rica's ambassador at Washington.

Counterfeiting as a War Measure

While the lights burned pinkly on the tables in the lobster palaces on Broadway, de Requesans had poured his story softly into the little widow's ear; and finally the psychological moment came. Ricardo de Requesans and Julia Girard were engaged. Then at last the great coup itself was sprung.

One night de Requesans unfolded to her the latest scheme of de Mora's. It was brilliant, ingenious. It struck a double blow at the republic. It provided them with funds to finance the revolution, without calling on the numerous mythical bankers who stood ready to aid them; and, at the same time, it would ruin the Costa Rican government itself, and make it an easy prey. The scheme was nothing less than counterfeiting the currency of Costa Rica.

Of course it was not really counterfeiting, after all, he said. They were so nearly in control that they might issue their own money if they chose. But this plan had its advantages.

"'THAT IS VERY KIND OF 'WHEN I WANT ANYTHING

Digitized by Google

"It is a war measure, my dear Julia," he said. "You see, we shall introduce the notes quietly in Costa Rica, and exchange them for gold. Of course we shall have to do it at a premium; but we can afford to do that, for, don't you see, it will be nearly all clear profit. Think of it — we shall make them put up the money for our own revolution! And, at the same time, we shall strike a tremendous blow at the monetary system of the country. It will cripple them so that they can not raise funds to fight us. There is considerable trouble in money affairs now, and the government is in arrears even on the interest on the existing debt."

So he rattled on, sketching what indeed was one of the shrewdest schemes ever devised for carrying on a revolution.

$3,000,000
Worth of Counterfeits

And now he had found a financial backer, a capitalist to float the enterprise, in the woman who loved him. He did not have to urge the little widow to put money into it; she thanked him for allowing her to do so.

Once there was real money to work with, things moved fast and furiously. A photo-engraver in New York was found to make a plate by the photo-etching process. From this photo-etched plate, transfers were made by an expert transferer. It was all done in about the same manner in which the government printed its money. They printed an enormous batch of the money, some three million dollars' worth of hundred-colon notes. At last everything was ready. One day de Requesans and his fiancée sailed together secretly for Costa Rica, with the benediction of de Mora. In their grips they carried $285,000 in counterfeit notes. They also shipped the sofa to Costa Rica.

YOU, GENERAL,' SAID BURNS. I WILL CALL ON YOU'"

De Requesans and Mrs. Girard landed at Port Limon, one of the points on the map in which de Mora was fond of sticking pins. De Requesans began quietly to pass the counterfeits, and the chink

LUCK

Is Largely a Matter of U

You know that a fine job and a big salary are not going to fall into your lap with no effort on ***your*** part. You've got to be ready by making ***yourself*** ready.

You can easily prepare yourself for a good paying position through the help of the International Correspondence Schools. In your spare time you can acquire training that will qualify you for whatever occupation most appeals to you. It doesn't matter where you live, what you do, what you earn, or what schooling you have had—***so long as you can read and write*** the I. C. S. way is open.

Just mark the coupon opposite the occupation you desire, and mail it ***today.*** The I. C. S. will send all the ***facts*** showing just how I. C. S. training is adapted to ***YOUR*** particular need. ***It costs you nothing and puts you under no obligation*** to find out ***how*** the I. C. S. can help you.

Every month over four hundred salaries raised are ***voluntarily*** reported by successful I. C. S. students of all ages. ***You*** can join these men.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 814, SCRANTON, PA.
Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Salesmanship	Civil Service
Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeping
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenography & Typewriting
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Architect	Show Card Writing
Building Contractor	Lettering and Sign Painting
Architectural Draftsman	Advertising
Structural Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Concrete Construction	Industrial Designing
Mechan. Engineer	Commercial Law
Mechanical Draftsman	Automobile Running
Civil Engineer	English Branches
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Stationary Engineer	Teacher — Spanish
Plumbing & Steam Fitting	Agriculture — French
Gas Engines	Chemist — German

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

Digitized by Google

Don't envy the trained man—be one

No use envying the man who has made good. Don't think he got where he is because he had a "pull." A "pull" doesn't amount to much unless you can deliver the goods, and the best "pull" in the world is **training.**

Just make up your mind today—**right now**—that you are going to be a **trained** man—that you are going to get the money and hold a good job. **You can do it.** The **American School of Correspondence** will show you how. This great school, with its sixty-five complete courses in **Engineering, Business and Law,** can soon give you the training necessary to become a successful man—a man who will be envied as you, perhaps, now envy the men above you.

How the American School Will Give You the Training You Need

The **American School of Correspondence** was established fifteen years ago for the benefit of ambitious men and women everywhere. This school makes it possible for you to obtain the education and training you need without leaving home or giving up your work. It will bring a practical college course to you right in your own home.

No matter where you live, the **American School** will train you in any branch of **Engineering, Business and Law,** or prepare you for entrance into any resident college. Remember: no need of your leaving home or giving up your present job.

Write the **American School** now, while the subject of making more money is on your mind. State how far you went in the public schools, what you are doing now, and what you would like to be. Your case will receive special attention.

The **American School** will tell you the best and quickest way to better your condition and get more money. Check the coupon and mail it now. Don't let this matter drag another day. Another year might slip by and find you at the same old job and prospects for a raise very slim.

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

Your Opportunity Coupon

Check the course you want and mail the coupon now

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for the position marked "X." McC., 3-13

....Electrical Engineering	....Lawyer
....Elec. Light & Power Supt.	....Bookkeeper
....Electrical Wireman	....Stenographer
....Telephone Expert	....Private Secretary
....Architect	....Accountant
....Building Contractor	....Cost Accountant
....Architectural Draftsman	....Cert'f'd Public Acc'nt
....Structural Engineer	....Auditor
....Concrete Engineer	....Business Manager
....Civil Engineer	....Fire Ins. Inspector
....Surveyor	....Fire Ins. Adjuster
....Mechanical Engineer	....Fire Ins. Expert
....Mechanical Draftsman	....Moving Picture Op'r
....Steam Engineer	....Sanitary Engineer
....Stationery Engineer	....Reclamation Eng'r
....Gas Engine Engineer	....Textile Boss
....Automobile Mechanician	....College Preparatory

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

of the gold in exchange was sweet music to his hungry ears — even sweeter than the musical voice of his pretty fiancée. Then came the deluge, and they were compelled to flee. The glamor on the romance of the little widow began wearing off. Instead of dinners and society at Washington, she found herself fleeing secretly from place to place like a hunted creature. And yet, like womankind from the beginning of the world, she had still the uncomplaining faith that it would all turn out right in the end. Ricardo said it would.

The Trunk with a False Bottom

But now that the disillusionment had come, the woman, wild with anger and hatred, poured out into the willing ears of Burns the bitter story of her deception at the hands of the conspirators. There were more cases of counterfeiting than one. She told them all fully, and Burns sat and laid his plans for returning General de Mora's call. His whole concern now was to fasten his hands upon the crafty head of the whole operation.

The widow had not confined herself alone to financing the operations in Costa Rica. She had backed, as well, a plan for counterfeiting Colombian notes; and in this de Mora had acted directly. He had arranged for printing $250,000 worth of bills, had had a trunk with a false bottom made for carrying them, and had sent them down. The government of Colombia had then confiscated the notes, and shot de Mora's accomplice — the man who was introducing them.

"That trunk," said Burns to himself, when he left Mrs. Girard, "was probably made by some trunk-maker near the boarding-house."

So he started out to look for trunk-makers in the neighborhood. He found two within a few blocks, and he dropped in to see one of them.

"About four months ago," he remarked, "you put a false bottom in a trunk for a friend of mine. I want one just like it."

The trunk-maker was puzzled. Burns described his friend — de Mora. Still the trunk-maker was puzzled. He didn't recollect. His puzzlement was genuine — for a good reason: he hadn't made it.

Burns excused himself as best he could, crossed the street to the other shop, and put the same question to the second man.

The look on the trunk-maker's face was most encouraging. "Oh, yes," he nodded; "I remember well. A big, tall man with a large white mustache, and a small fellow, fat, dark like a nigger."

That was enough. The little fat man was

Digitized by Google

Every bottle sterilized before filling

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Keeps when opened

Delicious — Appetizing — Satisfying

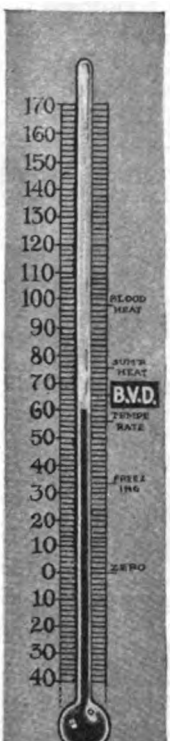
Every tomato selected—only the choice, red-ripe ones used—cooked lightly that the natural flavor is retained, and seasoned delicately with pure spices. Prepared in modern, sanitary kitchens, immaculate in their cleanliness.

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government.

Order an assortment of our products from your grocer; it includes Soups, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Meats, Canned Fruits and Vegetables—each as delicious as Blue Label Ketchup.

Our booklet "Original Menus" will be found helpful; it contains many hints for dinners and luncheons. Your name and your grocer's (mentioning this magazine) will bring it.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO., Rochester, N. Y.



Don't Wait Till The Thermometer Registers B. V. D.

RIGHT away, get B. V. D. into your bureau drawer and have it ready for duty *the first warm day.*

Be on your guard to buy the *genuine* B. V. D. Don't "stand for" an imitation, "our private brand" or the fictitious "same-thing-for-less-money." On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

You can't be misled, if you seek and *find* the label.

Accept only B. V. D.—reject all others.

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.*)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the suit.

The B. V. D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, ALDERMANBURY, E. C.

Digitized by Google

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

If Coming To New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

CLENDENING 188 W. 103 St. New York
Select, homelike, economical. Suite of parlor, bedroom, private bath for two persons, $2.00 daily. Write for Booklet H., with fine map of city.*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HOTEL DRISCOLL
Faces U.S. Capitol. Tourists' Favorite. Near Union Station. Amidst Show Places. Garage. Baths gratis. Music. Amer. $2.50. Eur. $1 up. Booklet. Souvenir Card.

MOTOR TOURS IN EUROPE
HODGMANS MOTOR TOURS — IN EUROPE- EXPENSES-7TH SEASON-SUMMER AND WINTER-ALSO CARS FOR HIRE IN EUROPE RATES, ITINERARIES, TESTIMONIALS-389-5TH AV. N.Y. CITY — $450.00 ALL

ATLANTIC CITY N. J.

ATLANTIC CITY
IS A DELIGHT IN THE WINTER MONTHS
Nothing is more attractive or beneficial than being seated in an easy chair, wrapped in a steamer rug, and enjoying the marine views from an open deck, or glass enclosed solarium immediately adjoining the boardwalk. HOTEL DENNIS is unequaled in this respect and maintains an unobstructed ocean view from every floor.

Always Open Capacity 600 WALTER BUZBY

EUROPE. THE IDEAL WAY. Send for Booklet.
J.P. Graham Ideal Tours, Box 1055X. Pittsburg

ATLANTIC CITY N. J.

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

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

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEVILLE, N. C. FINE HOTELS, 18 Holes Golf, Purest Water, Picturesque Scenery, Delightful Winter Climate. Fine Motor Roads, Free Booklet. Write Secretary Board of Trade.

SEATTLE WASH.

Hotel Savoy. "12 stories of solid comfort," concrete, steel & marble. In fashionable shopping district. English grill. Auto Bus. $1.00 up.*

THIS BUREAU appears monthly in 7 big American magazines. Combined circulation 2,500,000 copies.

These small advertisements read by millions yield remarkable results.

*Write for further information.

See Switzerland
Nothing half so enjoyable as a holiday in the LAND OF LAKES AND ALPS. Illustrated Pocket Guide No 14 Two Maps, full particulars of hotels, etc. Postpaid 10 Cents — OFFICIAL INFORMATION BUREAU OF SWITZERLAND 241 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

HEALTH RESORTS

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM SYSTEM OF HEALTH BUILDING
is bringing many health seekers, who are learning how to live right and how to keep well. The Sanitarium is a great educational center at the head of a world-wide movement for physical betterment. It offers 200 kinds of Baths, electrical, manual, Swedish, mechanical treatments, etc. under the direct guidance of 30 specializing physicians 300 trained nurses. Pleasant recreations like beautiful Palm Gardens, Sun Parlors, Indoor Swimming Pools for men and women, Musicals, Lectures, Gymnasium, Etc. Write for Portfolio of Views. THE SANITARIUM BOX 109 BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Farm Sanatorium, BELLE MEAD, N. J. For Insane, Nervous, Alcohol, Drug Patients, Epileptics, Feeble Minded. Modern Equipment. Best treatment. Beautiful country. 300 acres. Write Resident Physician.*

MT. CLEMENS FAMOUS MINERAL BATHS

FOR RHEUMATISM AND NERVOUS BREAK DOWNS WRITE FOR INFORMATION THE COLONIAL BOX G MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

The Rumsey. Family Hotel. Mineral Baths. *Always open.* Steam Heat. Special Winter Rates. Treats Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Liver and Kidney Troubles. WESTFIELD, N.Y.

SUNNYREST SANATORIUM, White Haven, Pa. Don't cross a continent to treat tuberculosis, leaving home comforts and friends. "The invigorating Blue Mountains are better." Write Elwell B. Stockdale, Supt.*

LONG BEACH CAL.

LONG BEACH SANITARIUM
California's BEST Sanitarium. Located at beautiful Long Beach where it is NEVER COLD. Battle Creek Sanitarium methods of treatment. Booklet FREE.*

You Should Know All About the MUDLAVIA TREATMENT The Home of Health and Rest
No matter what ails you, you should not let another day pass without writing for our illustrated, descriptive booklet. 30,000 patients successfully treated. Ask us for references from your own locality. The Mudlavia Treatment is distinctive and this is the only place in the world where you can get it. Get this booklet before you leave home in search of health and rest.
ADDRESS MANAGER MUDLAVIA, - - - - KRAMER, IND., BOX 80.

CLARK'S TOURS / **TO EUROPE**
March 15 (Auto), 22; April 26 and frequently after. North Cape June 10. Little groups with exceptional leadership. Japan Cherry Blossom Tour, March 22.
TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK

High-Class Conducted Parties TO EUROPE
SEND FOR DAY BY DAY ITINERARIES
DePotter Tours Co. (34th Year) 175 Fifth Ave., New York

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
A clean tooth never decays—the Pro-phy-lac-tic keeps teeth clean

Magnificent Steel Launch $96
Complete With Engine, Ready to Run
18-20-25 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. **The Safe Launch**—absolutely non-sinkable—needs no boathouse. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust. We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, lock-seamed steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world. **Free Catalog. Steel Rowboats, $20.** (83)
MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO., 1260 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Digitized by Google

the one who had been shot by the Colombians. Burns thanked the trunk-maker and said he would call again. The first the man knew that all had not been right in the making of a secret hiding-place for "some valuable papers" was the summons to appear before the federal Grand Jury to identify de Mora

"THEY FOUND HIDDEN IN THE BACK OF THE SOFA $2,000,000 IN COUNTERFEIT BILLS"

It next became necessary, in building up the case against de Mora, to find the men who had made the counterfeit for him. In her confession the widow had been hazy as to names, dates, and places. But there was enough to serve as a beginning.

The Cuban Photographer

Moreover, in a memorandum-book in the pocket of de Requesans was found a long list of people to whom he had paid money. Burns took the names and ran them out. One proved to be that of a Cuban photo-engraver in New York — Burnez. Burns called on him.

"I am the attorney for de Requesans," he explained. "You know, he's in jail. Now, I want you to keep still, Burnez, and not tell anybody you made those plates for that scheme of

Biltmore Nursery Books show you how to plant

You see, just as the camera saw them, scores of charming landscape effects that you may duplicate in your own home grounds at small cost, with the superior, thrifty trees, shrubs and hardy plants that are grown at Biltmore Nursery.

"Biltmore Nursery Catalog"
A guide to the cultivated plants of North America. 196 pages, 212 illustrations.

"Flowering Trees and Shrubs"
Beautiful Biltmore specimens described and pictured in a helpful way. 64 pages.

"Hardy Garden Flowers"
Full descriptions and complete pictures of perennial plants and their uses. 64 pages.

"The Iris Catalog"
Magnificent flowers shown in all the colors of nature. A fascinating book. 16 pages.

Write today for the book you need most if you intend to plant soon

BILTMORE NURSERY, Box 1531, Biltmore, N. C.

DREER'S DIAMOND JUBILEE GARDEN BOOK

ARE you looking for a novelty in flowers or vegetables? Or a new Rose which delighted you last summer? Or perennials which are not kept in stock by the average dealer? Nine times out of ten

"You Can Get Them at Dreer's"

The Diamond Jubilee Edition of Dreer's Garden Book describes and offers nearly five thousand species and varieties of Seeds, Plants and Bulbs which include really everything worth growing in this country. Many of the sorts are illustrated, and practical cultural notes on flowers and vegetables make this book of greater value than any half dozen books on gardening.

Mailed free to anyone mentioning this publication

DREER'S PEERLESS GIANT PANSIES. A mixture of the most exclusive giant sorts in a bewildering range of rich colorings. Sown out of doors by end of April, will bloom from July till snow flies. Special packets containing enough seed to produce over 100 plants, 10 cents per packet. DREER'S GARDEN BOOK free with each order.

HENRY A. DREER 714 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA

Digitized by Google

Burpee's Seeds

are the best it is possible to produce! If you love flowers, you have *a rare treat* on pages 111 and 112 of BURPEE'S ANNUAL FOR 1913, where we *strive* to describe and picture in nine colors the amazing beauty of the

New African Daisies These unique Dimorphotheca Hybrids are the most attractive annuals that have been "created" in a decade! Wonderfully profuse in bloom, they carpet the ground with bright, large, daisy-like flowers and are easily grown everywhere. Per pkt. 10 cts.

Crimson Ray Cosmos Burpee's distinct novelty of 1912—three times as many petals as the old Cosmos and star-like. Per pkt. 10 cts.

Burbank's Rainbow Corn Beautiful as a Dracæna; as easily grown as field corn. Per pkt. 10 cts.

Burpee's "Airy-Fairy" Morning Glory Countless flowers, ivory white, flushed rosy pink, remain fully expanded until afternoon. Per pkt. 10 cts.

For 25 cts. we will send ALL THE ABOVE and ALSO one regular ten cent packet each of *Burpee's Improved* IMPERIAL CENTAUREAS,—*Burbank's New* FIRE-FLAME ESCHSCHOLTZIA,—Fordhook Finest Mixed GRANDIFLORA PHLOX and the charming new BURBANK POPPIES.

☞ EIGHT ELEGANT ANNUALS, costing eighty cents separately,—*mailed for* ONLY 25 CTS.! *Choicest seed of each all grown upon our own farms in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and California.*

Burpee's Annual

Long known as "The Leading American Seed Catalog."—this bright book of 180 pages for 1913 is better than ever before. It is mailed FREE, upon application.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Seed Growers, Philadelphia

Money in Poultry and Squabs

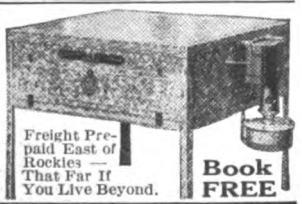
Foy's Big Book tells how to start small and **grow big.** Describes world's largest pure-bred poultry farm and leading varieties of poultry, and gives a great mass of useful poultry information. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, brooders. Mailed for 4c F. FOY, Box 50, Des Moines, Ia.

SEND FOR OUR Big FREE Poultry Book

Cyphers Company Year Book for 1913—"Profitable Poultry and Egg Production," surpasses all previous issues. Broader, more complete. Full of new and helpful information. Write now for your copy and learn about

CYPHERS INCUBATORS AND BROODERS
—World's Standard Poultry Equipment. Be prepared for 1913—the year of high prices and big profits.
Cyphers Incubator Co., Dept. 121, Buffalo, N. Y.

Price
Less Than
$10



Book FREE

QUICK!
Get Johnson's Book

It tells so many facts not found in other books that you need it, no matter which others you have. Home made, home printed, plain and practical from cover to cover. Tells about the

OLD TRUSTY

Incubator—over 400,000 in use—all sold on 30 to 90 days' free trial. 10 year guarantee—*direct from factory*. Price less than $10. Write to Johnson and read his book—then select your incubator.

JOHNSON, INCUBATOR MAN, Clay Center, Neb.

his. I'll make it right with you. What do you think it will be worth to you?"

Burnez said he didn't know whether it was worth anything. He assured Burns that, as far as he was concerned, he didn't want to make any trouble.

"You see, de Requesans was interested in a revolution," he said. "As a good Cuban revolutionist myself, I thought we should all stick together. I was just helping the cause."

"Have you the original negatives and positives?" Burns asked, affecting alarm that they should be at large.

"Oh, no," Burnez answered. "They were destroyed as soon as the plates were made."

Burns pulled out one of the hundred-colon notes, and asked the man if he could identify it. "Yes," he answered positively; "that's the note all right. But, you know, it went through a transfer process."

So much for the photographer. Now for the maker of the plates.

The Plates in the North River

Mrs. Girard had told of a man somewhere on Fulton Street who had delivered the notes and had the plates, but she did not know his name or where his place was. The next thing was to look up all the engravers on Fulton Street. That, in itself, is not the easiest of tasks.

An establishment doing business under the name of Dobbs seemed to be the most likely place. A note purporting to come from de Requesans was carefully prepared to be sent to him. A boy was picked out to carry it, and coached to play his part. The note read to this effect:

> Take good care of the plates, because I may aid myself in getting out by giving them over to the government. You can rest assured you will not be involved. Keep them intact and hand them over only to myself or my attorney.

The boy had been instructed to wait until the man read the note and said something. If the engraver said, "All right," the boy was to cough.

Everything went smoothly. A very much forced cough suddenly issued from the open door of the engraver's shop. In walked Burns.

"How are you?" he said, extending his hand cordially to Dobbs, who was holding the note in his left hand.

One look was enough for each. They wrestled for the note — and Burns got it.

Dobbs, however, denied all knowledge of the plates. Even when Burns and his men searched the place from floor to ceiling, they could find nothing. Dobbs was, nevertheless, hustled off

Digitized by Google

Floors To Be Proud of

Of all finishes (brilliant or otherwise) for floors and woodwork none has the peculiar richness, the soft, pleasing, silky lustre of good wax. But waxes differ in effect. The beauty of "Old English" finish, admired for centuries, is principally due to the liberal proportion of hard and imported expensive waxes always used in its making. That is why you should be sure to use only

Old English Floor Wax

Easy To Care For

Old English doesn't show mars nor scratches and is free from stickiness and tendency to collect dust.

Old English is more economical, also, because this firm wax spreads farther, is put on thinner (coat must not be thick) and lasts longer. A 60c can will do the floor of a large room. Afterward you can rub a little more wax on parts that receive most wear—no need to do over the whole room. In fact, waxing is easiest way to finish floors. Prove this. Send for

Free Sample and Book

"Beautiful Floors—Their Finish and Care." It will help in

Finishing New Floors	Kitchen, Pantry & Bathroom Floors
Finishing Old Floors	Finishing Dance Floors
Hardwood Floors	Finishing Furniture
Pine Floors	Interior Woodwork
Cleaning and Polishing	Stopping Cracks
Care of Waxed Floors	Removing Varnish, etc.

THE A. S. BOYLE CO.
1913 West 8th Street, Cincinnati, O.

McC.

The A. S. Boyle Company

Send Booklet and Free Sample so I can try Old English Floor Wax at home.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

My Dealer is.....

The Only Real Stains

Don't judge shingle-staining by th crude and tawdry colors made by cheap builders and painters, which are nothing but coarse paints thinned with kerosene or some other inflammable cheapener. They give you no idea of the beautiful velvety coloring effects of

CABOT'S CREOSOTE STAINS

Cabot's co'ors are soft, transparent—bringing out the natural beauty of the wood—and *lasting*. Creosote is "the best wood preservative known" and reduces inflammability. Result—the most artistic and economical colorings for shingles, siding and other exterior woodwork.

You can get Cabot's Stains all over the country. Send for samples of stained wood and name of nearest agent.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Manfg. Chemists, 139 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Stained with Cabot's Shingle Stains.
Hollingsworth & Bragdon, Arch'ts, Cranford, N. J.

Digitized by Google

Lowest Prices Get my BOOK FREE

All popular breeds of chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys. Highest scoring strains. Best eggs. 20 years experience. Lowest prices. Best incubators too. You lose money if you buy before seeing my big illustrated Poultry Book. Worth dollars to you sent Free, for name and address. Write quick.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 15 Rockford, Ill.

Greider's Fine Catalogue

and calendar of pure-bred poultry for 1913, large, many pages of poultry facts, different breeds in natural colors, 70 varieties illustrated and described. Incubators and brooders, low price of stock and eggs for hatching. A perfect guide to all poultry raisers. Send 10c for this noted book. **B. H. GREIDER, Box 90, Rheems, Pa.**

55 BREEDS PURE-BRED CHICKENS, DUCKS, GEESE, TURKEYS, **also Incubators, Supplies, and Collie Dogs.** Send 4c for large Poultry book, Incubator Catalog and Price List. **H. H. HINIKER, Box 207 Mankato, Minn.**

NOTE THE SIMPLICITY

Of making perfect duplicates with the **Daus' IMPROVED Tip Top Duplicator.** No intricate mechanism. No printer's ink. Always ready. 100 copies from pen-written and 50 copies from type-written original. Useful in any business. Sent on Ten Days' Trial Without Deposit. Complete duplicator, cap size, (prints 8¾x13 inches). Contains roll of "Dauseo" Oiled Parchment Back, duplicating surface which can be used over and over again. Circular of larger sizes free on request. **$5.00**

FELIX A. K. DAUS DUPLICATOR CO., Daus Bldg., 111 John Street, New York

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1913 model. *Write for Special Offer.* **Finest Guaranteed 1913 Models $10 to $27** with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof Tires. **1911 and 1912 MODELS ALL OF BEST MAKES..... $7 to $12** **100 Second-Hand Wheels** *All makes and models, good as new* **Great Factory Clearing Sale. $3 to $8** We **Ship on Approval** *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* & allow **10 Days' Free Trial** **TIRES** coaster-brake wheels, lamps, and sundries, *half usual prices.* **DO NOT BUY** till you get our catalogue and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A-32 CHICAGO

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

WINTER WINDS

with their chilling, marring, roughening breath, leave no trace on the fair face guarded by LABLACHE. It preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded. Invisible, adherent, delicately fragrant. Always a delight to women of refinement.

Refuse substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,

French Perfumers, Department 19, 125 Kingston Street, - - Boston, Mass.

to the Secret Service headquarters, and Burns waited for the man's partner to come in.

At last he came, open-eyed at the disorder in their little place of business.

"THEY UNDID THE CAREFUL PACKING OF THE SOFA AND TORE IT APART"

"Sh-h," whispered Burns, drawing him aside. "I'm from a lawyer's office. Your partner has been arrested, and wants to see you quick. But he told me to tell you to say nothing to the Secret Service. See?"

Fortunately, the partner "fell" for the story that Burns had handed out almost on the spur of the moment.

"Are they hidden?" whispered Burns, bringing his lips close to the partner's ear in confidence.

"What?" he asked in momentary caution.

"The plates — the plates!" feigned Burns, in great excitement.

"Oh, yes," succumbed the partner, "the Colombian plates are hidden, but the others are in the North River."

With never a smile, Burns disclosed his identity.

The Colombian plates were found at the home of a friend of the firm, and a wrecking company was engaged to search for the Costa Rican plates. They lay at the Jersey City end of a ferry. A diver was sent down, and for four or five nights he dived, until at last the original hundred-colon note plates of the counterfeits were found.

This was the last link in the chain that Burns had been forging for the gallant invaders of Costa Rica.

Digitized by Google

Coal Bills Cut ½ to ⅔ BY THE UNDERFEED

Four Reasons Why

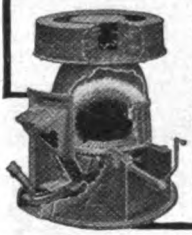
UNDERFEED PRINCIPLE

TOPFEED PRINCIPLE

COAL in the Underfeed is fed from below and, like a candle, burns from top down. Four big savings result—most interestingly explained in Underfeed Furnace or Boiler Book—either mailed FREE.

The Underfeed produces in coldest weather, *more clean, even* heat than any other heater and requires least attention in feeding, regulating and cleaning.

Cheaper Coal—The Underfeed produces from cheaper grades of hard or soft coal, more clean, even heat per ton than topfeeds from most expensive grades.



Complete Combustion—Smoke and gases (valuable heat units) pass up through the fire, are consumed and converted into useful heat instead of going to waste—up the chimney. Combustion is perfect; no clinkers form and very few ashes.

All Heat Utilized—Fuel being fed from below, live coals are on top—nearest most effective radiating surfaces, whereas in topfeed heaters, live coals are smothered by fresh coal.

Self-Cleaning Feature—Smoke being consumed, there is no soot. The fire-glow is upon clean metal, responsive to heat; whereas in topfeeds the "fire-shine" is upon heating surfaces coated with soot-insulation. Topfeeds require frequent cleaning; Underfeeds are self-cleaning.

S. A. CLOW, Fairview Castle, Dowagiac, Mich., writes: "The Underfeed has no equal. With 27 outside doors and windows, house exposed on all sides, there was no frost on the windows even with temperature 26 below zero. Our fuel bill last winter was between $29 and $30."

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK. Let us tell you where you can get YOUR Underfeed—Warm Air Furnace or Steam or Hot Water Boiler—and how to obtain free heating plans and estimate of cost.

The Peck-Williamson Co., 426 W. Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Send me FREE—Underfeed Furnace Book_____ Boiler Book_____ Indicate by X Book you desire

Name_____ Address_____

Name of my dealer _____

BOOTH'S HYOMEI

BREATHE IT FOR CATARRH

HYOMEI (pronounced High-o-me) is made of Australian Eucalyptus, Thymol, Guiacol and other Antiseptics. It does not contain a drop of any harmful drug. Pour a few drops into the little hard rubber pocket inhaler that comes with each outfit and breathe deep into the lungs the germ destroying vaporized air.

As this pleasant air passes over the membrane of the nose, throat and lungs it penetrates into the folds and crevices and destroys the Catarrhal microbes, and soothes and heals the sore, Catarrhal spots.

To get quick relief and best results from HYOMEI treatment in addition to using the inhaler as directed, try this vapor treatment just before retiring:

Into a bowl of boiling water pour a scant teaspoonful of HYOMEI; cover head and bowl with a towel and breathe for five minutes the soothing, healing antiseptic vapor that arises.

Money will be refunded if HYOMEI doesn't give satisfaction in case of catarrh, coughs, colds and croup. Complete outfit which includes inhaler, $1 00; extra bottle, if afterward needed, 50 cents, at pharmacists' everywhere. Free trial bottles on request from

BOOTH'S HYOMEI COMPANY, Box 980, Buffalo, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

Vital Strength through Deep Breathing

Read what Dr. D. O. Harrell, M. D., the noted surgeon, says about the vital necessity of breathing correctly:

"Breathing is the Vital Force of Life. Not one person in 20—or perhaps 100—really breathes deeply. Without deep breathing one **must** become anaemic and weak. A booklet published by Paul von Boeckmann, R. S., 1560 Terminal Bldg., 103 Park Avenue, New York, is the best treatise I have ever read on Deep Breathing. **It gives us the real key to constitutional strength.** The simple exercises it describes are worth many dollars to anyone hampered by shallow breathing. The booklet may be obtained from the author for ten cents in coin or stamps." (*Extract from special article by Dr. D. O. Harrell.*)

We Ship on Approval

without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** on every bicycle. **IT ONLY COSTS** one cent to learn our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous offers* on highest grade 1913 models.

FACTORY PRICES *Do not buy* a **bicycle** or a pair of **tires** from *anyone* at *any price* until you write for our new large **Art Catalog** and learn our *wonderful proposition* on the first sample bicycle going to your town.

RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. **We Sell** cheaper than any other factory.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and sundries at *half usual prices.* **Do Not Wait;** write *today* for our *latest special offer* on "Ranger" bicycle.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A-32 CHICAGO

Your Children's *Chance in Life* ....

will be greater, broader, better in Southern California. Big opportunities await them there. Give them the chance they are entitled to. Write for specific information to

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Dept. 12, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

WORK SHOPS

OF wood and metal workers, without steam power, equipped with

BARNES' FOOT POWER MACHINERY

allow lower bids

on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.
200 Ruby Street Rockford, Ill.

WHITE VALLEY GEMS IMPORTED from FRANCE

SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!

These gems are chemical white sapphires — **LOOK** like **Diamonds.** Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and **will cut glass.** Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K **solid gold diamond mountings.** Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—**no money in advance.** Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices & ring measure. WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 784 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Best grade cedar canoe for $20

Detroit canoes can't sink

All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 106 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The time had come to return the call of General de Mora. The shadows reported that he was at home and Burns sallied out toward his boarding-house.

"I should like to see General de Mora," asked Burns of the neat-capped maid.

"He is not in, sir," answered the maid, returning to him.

Burns handed her his card and asked her to try again. A moment later she tripped back. "I beg pardon, but I made a mistake. The General says for you to come right upstairs."

There the sly old fox stood in the middle of the room, smiling and balancing the pasteboard thoughtfully between his finger-tips.

"Ah, Meestair Bearns, it is indeed a great plaisir," he exclaimed politely. "A cup of coffee? No? A cigar or cigarette? No? A drink? No? It is too bad. I am at a loss to entertain you."

Burns Explains His Call

"You know, General," hastened Burns, "I'm merely renewing our acquaintance of the day you so kindly called at our office. You said you would be glad to be of any assistance to me."

"Yes."

"And I have called ——"

"Yes."

"With a warrant for your arrest."

The General moved not an eyelash. "This is very annoying to me," he protested coolly. "There is not one particle of evidence that I am concerned in any matter that interests the Secret Service."

"I am very sorry, General," pursued Burns firmly, "but you understand I have a duty to perform in this matter."

"My dear fellow," he returned heartily, "no excuses. I shall go with you."

He went with Burns to the Federal Building in the same outward spirit in which he would have gone to a club. There he was turned over to the United States marshal, who placed him in jail. That was the last the boarding-house saw of this soldier of fortune. There was a long trial, in which de Mora and de Requesans had the benefit of some of the best legal talent in New York. But they were convicted, largely on the testimony of the "little widow."

And two years later two subdued soldiers of fortune left a federal prison to revolutionize in safer regions that knew no Burns.

Next month ***"The Customs Spy,"*** *by William J. Burns—one of the five additional features that McCLURE'S is offering its readers.*

Digitized by Google

Unseen Peril Menaces Burns —As it Does You

Aims Easy As Pointing Your Finger

FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

Send also for our handsome free rifle catalogue, explaining all about the famous high power Savage rifles, and the well known line of Savage 22 caliber rifles. Savage Arms Company, 713 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS carries in his hip pocket constantly a Savage Automatic.

During the detection of the Dynamiters, Burns had definite information that his life was in peril. Therefore, this greatest American Detective, whose moves were breathlessly watched by the whole country, protected his life with the greatest arm of defense—the Ten Shot Savage Automatic.

Every property owner knows in the bottom of his heart that the unseen peril of the burglar may become a reality any night. He knows, as well as Detective Burns knows, that if he has a Savage Automatic he is a match for any emergency. That even in his absence his wife and family are protected. That he has placed in his household *"the greatest weapon ever invented for the protection of the home,"* as Detective Burns has stated.

Shoots 10 shots, gets into action quick with the first vital shot. Follows with one shot to every trigger pull. Reloads and recocks itself automatically. When empty 10 more shots are loaded in a second.

Examine the new Savage Automatic at your dealer's today.

SEND FOR TWO BOOKS 6c.

"Banishes Fear" and "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Whether you fear burglars or not, you'll find them absorbing reading. Send to-day.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

None Genuine Without This Signature.

Stewart Hartshorn

Get the Originator's Signed Product and Avoid Disappointment.

The Inventor's Signature that stands for perfection in

SHADE ROLLERS

For 62 years the Hartshorn Shade Roller has kept in the lead of all imitations, because of original merit and every possible improvement. Latest model requires no tacks. Wood or tin rollers. Dependable, lasting springs.

STAMMER NO MORE

I can cure you. Reputation world-wide. Established 16 years. Trial lesson explaining Home Instruction, with 200-page book, FREE. Answer at once.

George Andrew Lewis, 21 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

Money in This

Print your own cards, circulars, book, newspaper. PRESS $5, larger $18, Rotary $60. All easy, rules sent. Print for others, big profit. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, etc.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

STILLWELL BUNGALOW BOOKS

YOUR OWN HOME—the design and plan—concerns you vitally. Genuine Bungalows are most profitable investments, combining the beautiful and practical with low cost. If artistic homes mean anything to you, the pictures, floor plans, and descriptions in our Bungalow Books will be intensely interesting.

"REPRESENTATIVE CALIFORNIA HOMES"—Price 50 cents
50 Bungalows and two-story houses, costing ..... $1600 to $6000

"WEST COAST BUNGALOWS" Price 50 cents
50 one-story Bungalows of 4 to 6 rooms, costing ..... $500 to $2000

"LITTLE BUNGALOWS" -25 costing $400 to $1200. Price 25c.

SPECIAL OFFER—All 3 books sent postpaid for ONE DOLLAR.

E. W. STILLWELL & CO., Architects, 4118 Henne Bldg., LOS ANGELES

A Good Housekeeping Necessity

LIQUID VENEER

Write For Free Sample

Keeps Furniture and Woodwork Like New Simply By Dusting With It

Buffalo Specialty Co., 233 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

CONDUCTED BY INEZ MILHOLLAND

NO MOVEMENT OF THIS CENTURY IS MORE SIGNIFICANT OR MORE DEEP-ROOTED THAN THE MOVEMENT TO READJUST THE SOCIAL POSITION OF WOMEN. IN EVERY CIVILIZED COUNTRY, AMERICA PERHAPS MOST OF ALL, THERE IS GOING ON A VAST AMOUNT OF QUIET THINKING AND READING ON THESE NEW IDEAS.

THIS MOVEMENT IN ITS LARGEST GENERAL ASPECTS IS TERMED FEMINISM; IN ITS IMMEDIATE POLITICAL ASPECTS, SUFFRAGE.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE RECOGNIZES FULLY THE IMPRESSIVENESS AND VITALITY OF THIS DEVELOPMENT. TO PRESENT THE IDEAS OF THE MORE ADVANCED THINKERS OF THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT, THE EDITORS HAVE SECURED THE SERVICES OF ONE OF ITS MOST DISTINGUISHED AND INFLUENTIAL LEADERS.

INEZ MILHOLLAND

No woman in America is better qualified for the important task of conducting this department than Inez Milholland, an ardent worker for the cause of women and children; a clear, independent thinker, and widely read, she is young enough to grasp quickly and be in immediate sympathy with all the new thought of this great new movement.

THE CHANGING HOME

WOMAN'S share in the business of life has taken two main directions: marriage and industry. Marriage has not infrequently been a refuge for girls and women overtaxed in industry; industry has in many cases offered an escape from unsuccessful marriage. But in each of these great departments of life woman has mainly served the traditional or conscious purposes and desires of man in a civilization mainly devised and administered by men.

There is a third department of life as it presents itself to women, relatively small in magnitude but immense in its significance and virulent

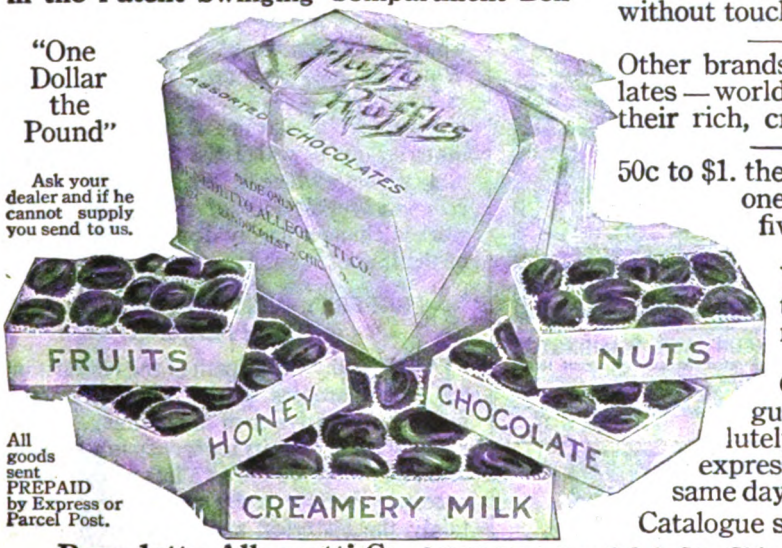
Digitized by Google

Fluffy Ruffles

"The Sweetmeat Unique"
in the Patent Swinging Compartment Box

"One Dollar the Pound"

Ask your dealer and if he cannot supply you send to us.



All goods sent PREPAID by Express or Parcel Post.

Contains fifty-five delicious morsels to the pound.

Each Dainty can be selected without touching the others.

Other brands of our Chocolates—world famous for their rich, creamy centers.

50c to $1. the pound, in half, one, two, three and five lb. packages.

We cater only to those who demand the best.

Our Chocolates guaranteed absolutely fresh, as we express them to dealer same day they are made. Catalogue sent on request.

Benedetto Allegretti Co. 220-224 Randolph St., Chicago, U. S. A.

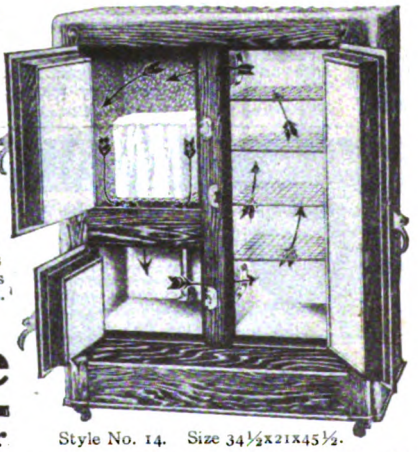
STAGNANT AIR

And Moisture in Your Refrigerator

Ruins Your Food

It ruins the taste and wholesomeness. It promotes decay. It makes children sick and causes many cases of ptomaine poisoning. Leonard Cleanable Refrigerators operate with perfect circulation in every corner of each compartment. Never is there stagnant air and moisture to breed disease germs. Mr. Leonard has been in the refrigerator business since Lincoln was president. He guarantees every Leonard Cleanable to be the easiest refrigerator built to keep spotless. There are no cracks, no corners, no seams. Food compartments in a

Leonard Cleanable



Style No. 14. Size 34½x21x45½.

One Piece Porcelain Lined Refrigerator

are of steel, shaped and welded in one piece, lined with genuine pure white indestructible porcelain fused to the steel in 2000 degrees of heat in our own porcelain plant. Before you buy a refrigerator, get a sample of our porcelain lining or ask the salesman to test his knife on the lining. If it is porcelain the knife cannot hurt it. If he refuses his only object is to deceive you—to sell you paint for porcelain. Paint or imitation porcelain chips off into the food and leaves cracks for dirt, food and grease to lodge and decay, causing ptomaine poisoning.

Indestructible Porcelain

Every Leonard Cleanable is sold in a Binding Money-Back Guarantee. Write for Book. C. H. LEONARD, President

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO., 112 Clyde Park Ave., **Grand Rapids, Mich.**

The Largest Refrigerator Plant in the World

30 Days Trial

Fifty different styles, also outside icing refrigerators for **New Homes**—prices $18 and up. If your dealer won't supply you I will ship direct, **freight paid,** East of the Mississippi and North of the Ohio Rivers.

Send for catalog and free sample of porcelain lining and Leonard Booklet telling all about refrigerators. **Free Sample**

Digitized by Google

Detroit Marine Engine
Uses Gasoline or Kerosene

Demonstrator Agent wanted in each boating community. Special wholesale price on first outfit sold. Amazing fuel injector saves HALF operating cost, gives more power, will not back-fire. Engine starts without cranking; reversible, only three moving parts.

New Catalog FREE

Write TODAY!

GREATEST ENGINE BARGAIN EVER OFFERED. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. 1, 2 and 4 cyl. 2 to 50 h.p. Suitable for any boat; canoe, racer, cruiser—or railway track car. Join "boosters" club. Send for new catalog.

Detroit Engine Works, 1260 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Washburne's Pat. "O.K." Paper Fasteners, used exclusively by those who desire the best in Office, Bank, School and Home. Made of Brass and nickel-plated Steel, three sizes; put up in Bright Metal boxes of 50 & 100 each. *Your Stationer*, 10, 15, 20 & 25¢. Send 10¢ for box of 50 assorted. Booklet free.

YEARLY SALE NOW 100 MILLION.

THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

FARM MORTGAGES IN OREGON AND WASHINGTON

The 6 per cent First Mortgages we offer for sale represent loans made with our own funds on improved farms worth at least two and one half times the amount loaned. Write for list and booklet.

THE DEVEREAUX MORTGAGE COMPANY
1016 Spaulding Building Portland, Oregon

The "BEST" LIGHT

Makes and burns its own gas. No grease, odor nor dirt. Brighter than acetylene. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Write for catalog.

Agent Wanted.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
829 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

300 CANDLE POWER

I will send, as long as they last, my **25c Book**

Strong Arms

For 10c in stamps or coin

Illustrated with twenty full-page half-tone cuts showing exercises that will quickly **develop, beautify, and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms and hands,** without any apparatus.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER
50 Barker Bldg., 110 West 42d Street, New York

TYPEWRITERS
FACTORY REBUILT

Remington No. 6—$27. Smith Premier No. 2—$23. Only two of our special bargains. Have trademark and guarantee like new machines. Are thoroughly rebuilt, and perfect in appearance. Satisfaction guaranteed. We can save you $25 to $75 on any machine. Branch stores in leading cities.

Write for "The Typewriter's Confession" and catalog.
AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

BE A BANKER

Learn a profession that will give you standing and independence. Splendid opportunities. Pleasant work, short hours, all holidays off, yearly vacation with pay, good salary. Diploma in six months. Lessons and text-books by Edgar G. Alcorn. Catalog free.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF BANKING, 106 Mclene Building, Columbus, Ohio

Bright Cheap Clean

SUN GASOLINE LAMP

Takes the best of care of your eyes—gives them just the sort of light needed to work or read by, without strain. No other lamp does this. Satisfaction—or money back.

AN $8.00 LAMP **FREE** TO AGENTS SELLING 6 LAMPS.

Get catalog & liberal terms. *Hollow wire system also.*

SUN LIGHT CO. 1333 Market St., Canton, O.

in its social results — the baffling, age-old custom of prostitution.

The present swift advance of women toward some actual sharing with man in the responsibility of administering the business of life can hardly mean less than that man's roving freedom and traditional authority are to be somewhat curtailed in these three departments of life. Which implies, of course, the most genuinely radical revolution of recent times, if not of all history; for the relations of the sexes are the very material out of which the fabric of life is spun and woven, whereas the political, even the economic revolutions of the recent past have worked changes hardly deeper than the pattern of the fabric.

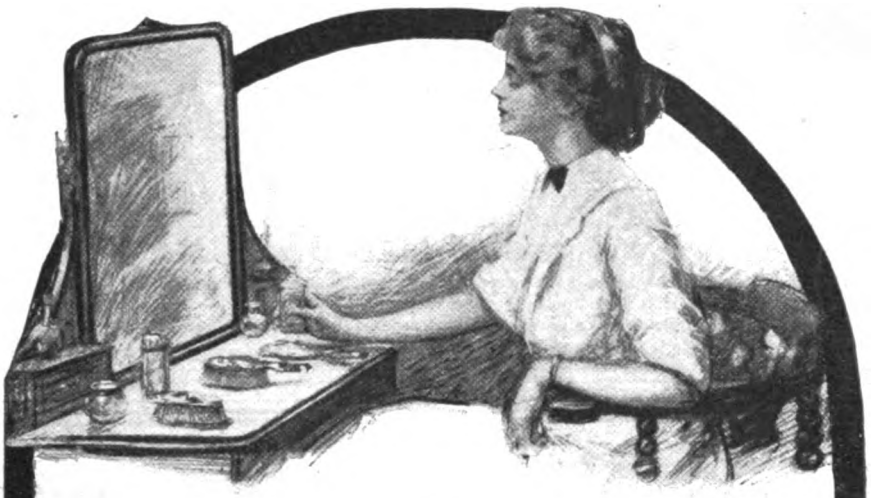
PROPERTY RIGHTS IN WOMEN ARE DISAPPEARING

THIS is why the growth of the feminist movement arouses so real a panic among the more conservative men and women. So much of our thinking has its roots deep in the analogies of history that we are at a loss when it becomes necessary to face really new issues. And certainly the historical analogies can not help us much here. Repeating the familiar aphorisms that "these things move in cycles," that "it has always been so and (therefore) will always continue to be so," that "after all, you can't change human nature," gets us nowhere at all. It does no good to insist that nothing can possibly happen, when every day brings fresh evidence that the race is moving on into a new phase.

Certainly something is happening; and the something is, at least in part, new to human experience. The past fifty years, with their key discoveries in science, have unlocked the secrets of earth and air, have given us modern production and distribution, have brought the ends of the world together in an entirely new sort of neighborhood, with the beginnings of a new common understanding— have, in a word, expanded man's thought, feeling, and social power as the explorations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries expanded his geography.

These discoveries and the resultant harnessing of newly discovered natural laws, have made possible the "social surplus" of which the Socialists say so much. For the first time in human history, the race can produce enough of the necessaries of life to go round. While we have not yet arrived at such a fair distribution, the tendency of modern social and political effort is distinctly taking that direction all over the world. And, coincidentally with the struggles of workers everywhere for a share in the fruits of life under the new conditions, we see woman, with individual economic independence

Digitized by Google



The finishing touch

to one's toilet is a slight application of "4711" Eau de Cologne. Discreet in aroma—refreshing in its effect. No toilet table is complete without it. Has been before the public continuously for one hundred and twenty years. That means merit.

Insist on "Forty-seven-eleven" — Avoid substitutes. — Sold Everywhere.
4 oz. bottles, 55c; other sizes, plain and wicker, 85c to $3.00.

Ferd. Mülhens, No. 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne o/R, Ger.
U.S. Branch — Mülhens & Kropff, New York.
House Founded 1792.

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

LEARN ABOUT OUR FREE COURSE IN SHOW CARD AND SIGN WRITING

A Great Opportunity! We are offering, for a limited time, a complete course in show card and sign writing to those purchasing our assortment of **"Litholia" Ready-to-Use Colors**. This is a great opportunity for ambitious persons, either sex, to increase their earning capacity. Good show card writers in demand at $21 to $50 weekly, salary or in business for yourself. Our show card course is not a book of alphabets. It's a complete course in lettering compiled by an expert New York show card artist for us. "Litholia" is the only liquid pigment water paint ever manufactured, used the same as cake, distemper or tube colors, but far superior to either. "Litholia" lasts longer, always ready. "Litholia" is the best for the show card writer, the artist, or the interior decorator. A letter of request brings booklet, circulars, and full information.

LITHOLIA MU. COLOR CO., 71 to 81 W. 23rd Street, NEW YORK CITY

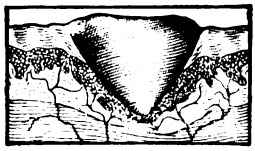
Digitized by Google

For Rough or Chapped Skin

Always use HINDS CREAM

Relieves at once, quickly heals, makes clear, velvety skin. Complexions are greatly improved by its use. Soothes infants' skin troubles. Men who shave prefer it.—Is not greasy; cannot grow hair; absolutely harmless. At all dealers. In bottles 50c., Cold Cream 25c.

Write for Free Sample Bottle and Tube A. S. HINDS, 38 West Street, Portland, Maine



Note This Corn

See What Must be Done—and How

If you pare it, that means to take off the top layer. The root is left to grow. If the blade slips, there may be infection.

Any old-time treatment means just brief relief. Every few days you are compelled to repeat it.

The only cure is complete removal. And the B & B wax—a famous chemist's invention—does that without discomfort.

Apply the little Blue-jay plaster, and the pain stops instantly.

Then this wonderful wax begins to loosen the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, without any pain or soreness. *That's the end of that corn.*

So many folks know this that a million corns monthly are removed in this simple way. For your own sake, try it now.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. (237)

BLACKSTONE MASSAGE MACHINE

Satisfies After Shaving.

Works by Water Power—Attaches to Any Faucet

A reliably made, **substantial, long-lived** machine for producing a **perfect vacuum massage treatment.** Can be applied to the face, scalp, or any part of the body. **Does not pound, twist or mutilate the tissue,** but gently draws the blood into the Capillaries, thus beautifying the complexion and rounding out the figure. **Removes premature wrinkles, blackheads and other facial blemishes.**

Makes Firm Flesh by Correcting Flabby Tissue

Makes the skin soft, smooth and velvety. Affords a beautiful, healthy complexion. **Endorsed and recommended by prominent physicians and masseurs.** It is made of highest quality materials. Main cylinder of rolled brass, handsomely nickeled and polished. All rubber parts the very best. **Costs practically nothing to operate. Lasts a lifetime.** Price, including all attachments for facial, scalp and body massage, with complete instructions for use, together with a jar of best Massage Cream, all packed in neat leatherette case, prepaid, **for only $5. Money back if you're not entirely pleased. Fascinating book, "The Power and Love of Beauty and Health," sent free to any address.**

Agents Wanted—You can surely make **big money** selling the BLACKSTONE MASSAGE MACHINE. Why not get our proposition at once?

Blackstone Mfg. Co., 641 Meredith Bldg. Toledo, Ohio

Beautifies After Bathing

Digitized by Google

at last in sight, stirring and striving to free herself from property-subjection to man in industry, and in marriage itself.

HOME HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM THE WOMAN

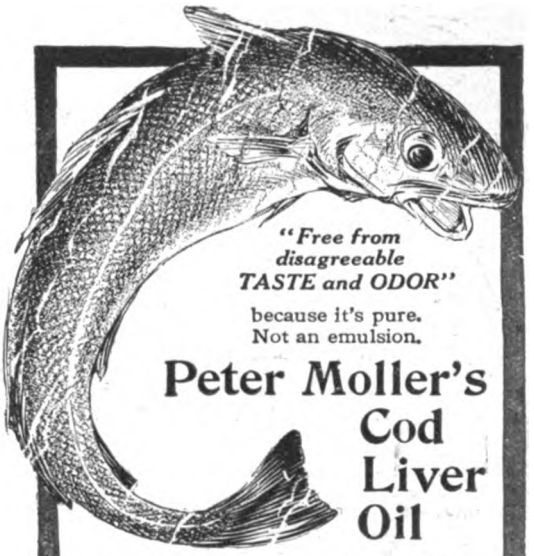
IT is still said, in some quarters, that "woman's place is the home"; but it is becoming increasingly difficult to understand the phrase. For the home, in the earlier sense of the term, has been pretty effectually removed from the woman. In the traditional idyllic home which apparently still exists in the fancy of many conservative thinkers (but which probably never existed as generally as these thinkers imagine) woman spun, wove, and made clothing, milked and churned, put up foods, and so on. Her duties were many, arduous, sometimes dignified and important. Her "sphere" was defined with some clearness. Within it she exercised a real authority. In addition, she bore and reared children. And she found time for all!

To-day, if woman is to "go back to the home" in the only sense that the phrase can possibly carry, she will have to follow it into the canning factory, the packing-house, the cotton and woolen mills, the clothing factory, the up-State dairy, the railroad that handles the dairy products, the candy factory, etc. As a matter of fact, she has already been forced in considerable numbers to follow these tasks into their new industrial environment. But, whereas in the home she had some authority and certain partnership rights, in industry she has no voice except as she can make herself heard through the medium of a trade union or (less directly) of the vote.

So the "home" has, in part, been removed, and the eight million women actually engaged in industry to-day indicate with some force that woman has had to go with it. To order her "back to the home" is, therefore, nonsense. It is like ordering the cab-driver, displaced by the taxicab chauffeur, back to the stage-coach to compete with the railroad.

WOMAN'S OLD OCCUPATIONS GONE

THE existing homes to which she can, in fact, be consigned, offer no such scope for useful service as that traditional "home." It is still left to her to bear and rear children, a task in which a considerable number of American women are to-day engaged with a fine sense of responsibility; but in the great majority of cases this is not enough. Motherhood is a particular job that builds character, but that carries with it little in the way of mental preparation for the broader tasks of life, and, except in the case of unusually large families, it occupies a woman's



"Free from disagreeable TASTE and ODOR"

because it's pure.
Not an emulsion.

Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil

Easily digested—does not "stick to the tongue"—does not "repeat." Bottled by Peter Moller in his own factory at the Norway fisheries.

Sold by druggists everywhere—never in bulk—sold only in flat oval bottles bearing the name of

Schieffelin & Co., New York Sole Agents

Vapo Cresolene

(ESTABLISHED 1879)

"Used while you sleep."

for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a **boon** to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Digitized by Google

THOSE who find it necessary to get away for a few weeks this winter will find here every facility for rest, recreation and health improvement. Here everything is scientifically planned for health-building. You eat, sleep and live daily for health in a wholesome, health-winning environment.

The new Diet System, the physical culture classes, the School of Health, the interesting health lectures, swimming, games and drills—these and a hundred other attractive features are enjoyed by guests as well as by patients.

If you are interested in "right living," if you are planning a winter vacation, or if you simply want general information about the Battle CreekSanitarium, this Booklet will prove of interest to you. Write for it today.

The Sanitarium
Dept. 144 E
Battle Creek, Mich.

$8,000 to $10,000
YEARLY

Make Money Out of Others' Fun

Pleasing the Public Pays Big Profits and owners of our famous attractions frequently make from $8,000 to $10,000 every year. We make everything in the Riding Gallery line, from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carrousels. Bring in hundreds of dollars daily. It is a delightful, attractive, big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work.

Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. Our goods are the finest appearing, easiest running and most attractive line manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business, write to-day for catalogue and particulars

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
Park Amusement Outfitters
220 Sweeney Street, N. Tonawanda, N. Y., U. S. A.

whole time for relatively few years out of what should be a long, active useful life. It is plainly the women from these comfortable homes who find so much time for bridge, shopping, and theaters, and for other unproductive, unreal activity, and who so often end by presenting the tragic spectacle of the untrained, unoccupied woman of fifty about whom Charlotte Perkins Gilman has written so convincingly.

These women of the actual modern home appear to divide, largely along lines of temperament, into two camps on the feminist and suffrage questions. Those who are content to be maintained in some ease and comfort by their husbands drift inevitably into a conservative position. Those who are stirring with a healthy discontent drift as inevitably into some more or less conscious alliance with that great army of workingwomen who have been driven to follow the old "home" tasks into modern industry. And we witness the interesting spectacle of comfortable, well-kept women organizing and financing such extremely modern institutions as the Woman's Trade Union League, giving of their own energy to fight alike for the vote and for a direct voice in industry — all in harmony with the new spirit that is pressing woman to extend in every direction the new freedom and power of a sex that is on the eve of liberation from an age-old subjection to man.

WHITE-SLAVE INVESTIGATIONS CHIEFLY UNDERTAKEN BY WOMEN

MOVING along directly with this many-sided and active contest on the part of women for a fuller share in the main business of life, animating it, illuminating it, is the new spirit of inquiry into many puzzling aspects of life as it affects woman. With this searching inquiry comes inevitably a growing freedom of discussion. Woman is no longer shut away from consideration of the rougher facts of life. Indeed, now that she is beginning to see what certain of these facts mean to her as a woman, it is doubtful if they can ever again be successfully hidden from her.

The present keen inquiry into the causes of prostitution has been carried on to a considerable extent by women. Man has always refused to take this problem seriously, or at least to admit that anything could be done about it. He has been fond of saying that it "has always existed." He has not widely called attention to the unassailable fact that it has always existed for the use of men. These inquiring women have already done enough to justify certain partial conclusions. It is clear now that more girls are driven into evil courses by the pressure of want — or, if you prefer, by the love

Digitized by Google

1847 ROGERS BROS.

MERIDEN B. COMPANY

CROMWELL PATTERN

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., of the highest grade carry the above trade mark.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Send for catalogue "C-33."

Is Your Refrigerator Poisoning Your Family?

Never Sold in Stores

The "Monroe"

30 Days Trial—Factory Price—Cash or Credit

Direct from factory to you—saving you store profits. We pay freight and guarantee your money back and removal of refrigerator at no expense to you if you are not absolutely satisfied. Easy terms if more convenient for you. Send for book NOW—Use coupon or a letter or postal.

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station 10C, Lockland, Ohio

Your doctor will tell you that a refrigerator which cannot be kept sweet, clean and wholesome, as you can *easily* keep the Monroe, is *always dangerous* to the health of your family. The Monroe is the *only* refrigerator made with

Solid Porcelain Compartments

which can be kept free of breeding places for the disease germs that poison food which in turn poisons people. *Not* cheap "bath tub" porcelain-*enamel*, but one solid piece of snow-white unbreakable porcelain ware—nothing to crack, craze, chip, break or absorb moisture—but *genuine* porcelain, *over an inch thick*—as easily cleaned as a china bowl—every corner *rounded*—not a single crack, crevice, joint, screw-head or any other lodging place for dirt and the germs of disease and decay. Send at once for

FREE BOOK **About Refrigerators**

which explains all this and tells you how to materially reduce the high cost of living—how to have better, more nourishing food—how to keep food longer without spoiling—how to cut down ice bills—how to guard against sickness—doctor's bills.

TEAR OFF AND MAIL NOW FOR BEAUTIFUL FREE BOOK

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station 10C, Lockland, Ohio

You may send me your book about refrigerators.

Name .....

Address .....

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

AIR-CUSHION FINISH CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS 606 GOLD EDGES COPYRIGHT BY THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

GOLD EDGES
For Social Play
Artistic Designs
Rich Colors
New Each Year
Club Indexes
AIR-CUSHION FINISH

50¢ PER PACK

1913 OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES
Hoyle up-to-date
SENT FOR 15¢ IN STAMPS
ISSUED YEARLY

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

CLUB INDEXES
In use in all
The Civilized
Countries of
The World
For General Play
IVORY OR AIR-CUSHION FINISH

25¢ PER PACK

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Digitized by Google

SMALLEY
MARINE GAS ENGINES
America's Oldest Two Cycle Engine
What better proof could you ask of high quality at a low price?
Catalog on request.
Smalley-General Co.
1903 Trumbull Street
Bay City, Mich.

BE A SALESMAN
Do You Want a Good Position Where You Can Earn From $1,000 to $5,000 a Year and Expenses?
There are hundreds of such positions now open. No former experience as a Salesman required to get one of them. If you want to enter the world's best paying profession our Free Employment Bureau will assist you to secure a position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars; list of good openings and testimonial letters from hundreds of our students for whom we have recently secured good positions paying from $100 to $500 a month and expenses.
Address nearest office. Dept. 121
National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco, New Orleans, Toronto.

WRITE US A STORY
To sell on commission - 2c. to 5c. a word. MSS. read, criticized, revised, and typed. Story-Writing and Journalism taught by mail. Free booklet, "Writing for Profit," tells how, gives proof. Established 1895.
NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, Dept. 112, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE FAMILY APERIENT.
THE BEST
"APENTA"
NATURAL APERIENT WATER
BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

of greater comfort and brightness than is afforded by desperately hard work at four to six dollars a week — than by inherent depravity. Ignorance and bad training are factors; unhealthy environment is a factor.

WORKING-GIRLS' WAGES

THE first step toward relieving some part of this condition has been taken in the past year. A few far-seeing business houses have established a minimum wage for girl employees. One of these houses places the minimum at eight dollars a week, another at nine dollars. At the same time the new ideals of "social justice" that have split the Republican party (and permeated the Democratic) are educating men and women alike to the fact that we have got to consider paying workers, including the girls, enough to live on, to compensate them in case of accident or illness, and even, ultimately, to provide for their helpless old age. Undoubtedly the surest way to cut down the supply of prostitutes is to make decent living possible for the millions of girls who have to work for a living.

The same light of open-minded inquiry has been turned on the institution of marriage. A new phrase has quietly come into use — "marrying for a living." And it has brought a new stigma with it.

MARRIAGE BY INTIMIDATION

NO one, of course,— least of all the advanced feminist thinkers,— questions the imperative beauty and value of romantic love. Indeed, the hope is that marriage, far from being undermined or destroyed, can be made real and lasting. Above all, that later idyl of human mating, the settled, sensible companionship between a man and a woman after the blaze of young love has passed, offers a benefit, alike to the individual and to the race, that is incalculably rich and lasting. What thoughtful women are distinctly beginning to object to is the time-honored belief that it is decent for a woman to bestow her sex, legally or illegally, in exchange for a guaranty of food, shelter, and clothing.

That millions of women have had to do precisely this in the past is too commonly known to be gainsaid. They have had to do it sometimes because there was no other way in which they could live according to reasonable standards of what living is, and sometimes, often, because the prevailing masculine ideal of the ornamental, comparatively useless woman has withheld from them the training and equipment that would have enabled them to cope with life as it is.

Digitized by Google

I LOVE TO "EVINRUDE"

I CALL it Evinruding; this gliding along through the water in a motor-driven rowboat, and then when I hang this portable motor over the stern of *any rowboat* (it attaches in less than one minute) and skim up the river or lake at an 8-mile pace, I feel that I am having a *real* summer. The

EVINRUDE
DETACHABLE
ROW-BOAT-MOTOR

is not cranked as other motors are, one simply gives the fly wheel a swing, and the weedless propeller drives the boat along for hours and hours, anywhere. This motor weighs but 50 pounds, develops two full horse-power, is reversible, and above all, carries in a canvas case just like a satchel. Anyone can operate it.

IT HAS BEEN ADOPTED BY FOUR GOVERNMENTS

and is used extensively in the fishing industry, as it runs in both salt and fresh water. The illustrated catalog which we will send to you on request, shows the motor in use in different parts of the world.

Write for a copy:

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.,
326 M. Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

New York Salesroom,
260 West Broadway

Members of National Association of Engineers and Boat Manufacturers

"Come over and hear my new EMERSON"

No need to say "Emerson PIANO."

To most persons the name "Emerson" means a piano.

Which illustrates the value of an **old** and **distinguished** name.

Dealers in principal cities and towns

Write for catalogue

EMERSON PIANO CO.
Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

IGNORANCE of the laws of self and sex will not excuse infraction of Nature's decree. The knowledge vital to a happy, successful life has been collected in "SEXOLOGY."

A BOOK FOR EVERY HOME

(Illustrated)

By William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.

It contains in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

"Sexology" is endorsed, and is in the libraries of the heads of our government, and the most eminent physicians, preachers, professors and lawyers throughout the country.

All in one volume. Illustrated, $2 postpaid

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents

PURITAN PUB. CO., 756 Perry Bldg., PHILA., PA.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

by Rev. E. E. HALE, D. D., and other Unitarian literature **Sent FREE.** Address M. C., Arlington St. Church, Boston, Mass.

THE AUTO-PNEUMATIC SWIMMING BELT, Pat. Self-inflating on adjustment. Weighs 1½ lbs. Folds to 5x6 in. Water-proof, indestructible. The only handy, effective safeguard to seafarers and bathers. It encourages aquatic sport and saves life. Price $5. Illustrated booklet 10c. Don't risk cheap, flimsy, so-called life preservers. AUTO-PNEUMATIC SWIMMING BELT, Inc., 309 B'way, N.Y.

Trade-Mark.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes —**The Standard Remedy for the feet** for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Man who put the E E s in F E E T.

MULTIPLIES × — + SUBTRACTS

ADDING MACHINE

For General Office or Personal Desk Use

Over 60,000 in operation nearly half sold through recommendation.

Purchase through your Stationer If he can't supply you send remittance to us. Guarantee with every machine—money refunded if not satisfactory within 10 days.

K. GANCHER A. A. M. CO. 271 Broadway N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We **Ship on Approval and trial** to anyone in the U. S. and *prepay the freight.* If you are not satisfied with the bicycle after using it ten days, ship it back *and don't pay a cent.*

FACTORY PRICES *Do not buy a* **bicycle** or a pair of **tires** from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our latest **Art Catalogs** of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our *unheard-of prices* and *marvelous new special offers.*

IT ONLY COSTS a cent to write a postal and everything will be sent you **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do Not Wait;** write it **NOW!**

TIRES, Coaster-Brake, rear wheels, lamps, parts, repairs and sundries of all kinds at *half usual prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A-32 CHICAGO

But, now that the changing economic conditions have forced woman in some degree to meet life squarely and directly, and at the same time have begun to make some sort of economic independence seem possible for almost any individual, she is making the interesting discovery that she can in some measure subsist without throwing herself, legally or illicitly, on the mercy of the individual man. Accordingly, she is pressing and striving to increase her economic opportunity, even to gain some real economic authority; and at the same time she is getting a grip on the lever of political power.

MOTHERHOOD PENSIONS

A particularly significant idea that is stirring in the minds of advanced women all over the world to-day is the idea of "motherhood pensions." It has not yet found its place in political debates, but it is none the less a live and growing thought. It suggests that woman will one day insist on some sort of direct compensation for her peculiar service to the state in bearing and rearing little citizens, and this quite independently of her relations with the individual man.

THE NEW POWER OF THE WAGE-EARNING WOMAN

A GENERATION ago woman married, in the absence of romantic love, because there was nothing else to do. And, in cases where marital conditions were degrading and intolerable, she stayed married, because there was nothing else to do. The gradual increase of economic opportunity is enabling her to choose her mate with greater freedom and intelligence; it is also enabling her to divorce him in the event of a marriage turning out distinctly unsuccessful. There is now an alternative. Man can no longer starve her into submission.

For that this new condition carries with it a new social attitude toward divorce goes without saying. The promise of the new relationship between man and woman is that the deeply rooted, perennial mating instinct may begin to work more spontaneously and finely in conditions permitting freer choice. It is beginning to be recognized that real marriage can not be brought into existence through fear of want or through other social intimidation.

It is further recognized that unsuccessful marriages can not be made real and fine by any imaginable pressure of the law or of public opinion. It is as easy to make a dead rose-bush blossom by a court order as to breathe life into a sex-relationship that is

Digitized by Google

JAP-A-LAC

RENEWS

EVERYTHING FROM CELLAR TO GARRET

SOLD IN PAINT, HARDWARE, DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

FACTORIES: CLEVELAND, OHIO; TORONTO, CANADA

THE Glidden VARNISH CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO

BRANCH WAREHOUSES: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, LONDON

MAKERS OF GLIDDEN'S GREEN LABEL VARNISHES, WHITE ENAMELS, ENDURANCE (MISSION) WOOD STAINS, WATERPROOF FLAT WALL FINISHES AND CEMENT COATINGS

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

Challenges comparison with any other known mineral water in the world on its record of results.

DR. ROBERTS BARTHOLOW, *Professor Emeritus of Materia Medica, General Therapeutics, etc., Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia,* said, in "Practical Treatise on Materia Medica and Therapeutics," 1899, that **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** "contains well-defined traces of lithia and is alkaline. It has been used with great advantage in gouty, rheumatic and renal affections."

DR. GEORGE BEN JOHNSTON, Richmond, Va., *Ex-President Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association, Ex-President Medical Society of Virginia, and Professor of Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery, Medical College of Virginia,* says: "When lithia is indicated, I prescribe **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in preference to the salts of lithia, because it is therapeutically superior to laboratory preparations of lithia, lithia tablets, etc."

Edward M. Eldherr, M.D., Ph.D., Ch.D., Ph.G., *University of Vienna, Chicago, Ill.,* declares: "I have found **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** of undoubted service in the treatment of Uric Acid Gravel, Chronic Rheumatism and Gout."

Voluminous Medical Testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

40 Color Plans FREE

For Your Spring Decorating—Write Today

Alabastine

The Beautiful Wall Tint

Don't start any decorating until you see the fine effects and smooth, handsome walls shown in our Spring Decorating Book in Colors. Alabastine tints are exquisite, never chip, peel or rub off when properly applied. Used 25 years—different from all other tinting and vastly superior. Write for Free Book of Plans today.

Alabasco

The Flat Wall Paint

The newest idea in decorating is to use the Beautiful Alabastine tints on ceilings and upper walls and put Alabasco, our washable paint, below the chair and plate rail, along the stairs, in bathroom, kitchen and cupboards. The Alabasco walls can be washed when soiled and kept as fresh as the Alabastine above. 40 Plans Free.

Liquid Form

Alabastine Co., 810 Grandville Rd., Grand Rapids, Mich. Desk 10, 105 Water St., New York City

Digitized by Google

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

Devoted exclusively to the advertising of investment securities on which the public may confidently rely

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE McCLURE BUILDING NEW YORK

The Investment With Multiple Safeguards

No. 2—Margin of Security

IN THE selection of an investment, the fundamental consideration should not be "Is it safe enough?"—but "Does it possess *every possible element* of safety that can be devised?"

The very nature of the First Mortgage Real Estate Bond provides an opportunity for the exercise of more and greater precautions, *without lessening of the interest yield,* than many other forms of securities.

For instance, in the 5½ to 6% First Mortgage Bonds, owned and offered by us, the conservatively estimated value of the improved, income-earning, centrally located Chicago real estate, upon which the security is a direct first lien, *is never less than double the total amount of the bond issue.* This large margin of safety is constantly increased by the fact that the bonds mature serially in from two to fifteen years without any release of the original security.

First Mortgage Bonds—5½ to 6%

After the margin of security has been satisfactorily decided, equal care is exercised in determining *each of the many other factors of safety* upon which we insist in every case.

The strongest evidence of the wisdom of this policy is the fact that during the thirty one years in which we have been engaged in handling this class of investments exclusively, not one of our clients has ever lost a single dollar, either of principal or interest, on any security purchased from us.

We give reasonable assurance of convertibility through our custom of repurchasing securities from our clients, when requested, at par and accrued interest, less a net handling charge of 1%.

These bonds are legal investments for National Banks and for State Banks in Illinois and other states.

"THE INVESTORS MAGAZINE," a semi-monthly publication, together with literature of unusual value to every careful investor, will be mailed on request.

A list of carefully selected issues has been prepared. Write for Circular No. 1243.

S. W. STRAUS & CO.
INCORPORATED
MORTGAGE AND BOND BANKERS
ESTABLISHED 1882

STRAUS BUILDING CHICAGO — ONE WALL STREET NEW YORK

103A

Digitized by Google

not a real marriage in the hearts of the persons concerned.

A mere casual survey of current books and plays makes it evident that a calm, intelligent study of these elemental facts is rapidly taking the place of our traditional attitude of outward conformity tempered by inner panic. We are beginning to perceive that we can not successfully fit all of life into a preconceived mold; that our real task is to try, soberly and patiently, to learn what this strange substance we call life really is.

THE FEMINIST IDEAL OF MARRIAGE

MORE than ever before in the history of the race, the ideal of marriage is a fine, healthy, continuous companionship and sharing of burdens, permitting the rearing of healthy children under the continuous intelligent and loving care of the parents.

To say that we have been able very widely to live up to so high an ideal during the long era of the economic or property marriage, with the man dominant, is to say an absurd thing.

And to stop our ears or run away in fright when the subject is broached will no longer do, certainly not in face of the vast economic change that is profoundly affecting the institution of marriage, as it is affecting every other human institution.

Hitherto we have proceeded on the theory that the fine blaze of young love must in every case remain a blaze for fifty years, or there was wickedness somewhere. It was like finding a man in some sudden and natural enthusiasm or other nervous excitement, and sentencing him to remain in that condition for the rest of his life. The only possible way in which we could maintain this theory was by winking at the dreadful devastating abuses it led to. This we have traditionally done.

THE NEW ERA OF WOMAN IS HERE

Recognizing that the attraction between the sexes is at once the material out of which the social fabric is woven and an elusive complex quality that has so far evaded successful control, recognizing that woman is distinctly different from man in certain particulars, and yet is able and determined to share the business of life with him on equal terms, recognizing that the shifting conditions of life make this new relationship not only possible but imperative, we must try to adjust our minds to these changes. For they are here.

6%

Is Your Money Doing Its Best?

THOUSANDS of those who save fail to take advantage of investment openings because they do not realize what may be done with small amounts of money. They imagine that Bonds and other securities are only for the well-to-do.

This is no longer true.

Moreover, persons of limited means are the very ones who should begin to invest their savings safely and profitably. They particularly should demand good security and the largest interest return consistent with safety. In this way only can they materially improve their financial position.

Have you $100, or more, which is not doing its best for you? Is it earning 6%, and is it safe?

You can invest $100, $200, $500, $1000 or more in A-R-E 6's, the 6% Gold Bonds of the American Real Estate Company, receiving your interest every six months and your principal in ten years.

The Bonds are based on the ownership of millions of dollars' worth of New York real estate. For a quarter of a century they have paid 6% interest and matured principal at par, returning over $10,000,000 to investors.

A-R-E 6's may also be purchased by instalments earning 6% compound interest, and maturing $1,000 or more in 10, 15 or 20 years, carrying liberal surrender privileges.

Our printed matter and map of New York City showing the location of our properties will be sent at your request.

American Real Estate Company

Founded 1888 Assets $24,134,240.39
Capital and Surplus $2,076,587.35

527 Fifth Ave. Room 502 New York

Digitized by Google

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

We have been making soaps for very many years, and

Fairy Soap

is the best product our chemists can produce. It answers every requirement of the toilet and bath.

¶ Fairy Soap is white because it is pure; it floats and is always easy to get at; it is made in an oval cake that just fits the hand; its price is but **5c.**

¶ When you want the best soap get Fairy Soap.

THE
N. K. FAIRBANK
COMPANY
CHICAGO

Digitized by Google

THE MONTESSORI MOVEMENT

A New McClure Department

CONDUCTED BY ELLEN YALE STEVENS

TWO years ago McCLURE'S MAGAZINE published an article on the work of the great Italian educator, Dr. Maria Montessori. The article described the new ideas that Dr. Montessori had introduced in education, and the success that she had met with in her first schools in Rome. At that time Dr. Montessori was scarcely known outside of a limited circle in her own country. In a few weeks, however, her name had reached practically every part of the civilized world. Few magazine articles have attracted such widespread and spontaneous interest. The press of the United States and of nearly every country in Europe reprinted the article in whole or in part, and letters have come flowing into the McCLURE office by the thousand.

In view of this great and increasing interest, the editors of McCLURE'S have decided to publish every month a regular Montessori Department, which will serve as a central bureau of information regarding the progress of the movement and as an open forum for discussion. Correspondence is particularly invited. A place will be found for letters of interest, and, when possible, Dr. Montessori's own reply to special questions will be obtained.

CABLE messages just received from Rome announce that the Montessori training course opened on January 16, with an enrolment of seventy-two students. The opening lecture by Dr. Montessori was followed by a reception of the students by the Italian Committee under the patronage of Queen Margherita. Arrangements have been made for the students to observe the working of the Montessori method in the Convent School in Via Giusti, the school of Saint Angelo in Pescheria, the Municipal School on the Pincio, and other municipal schools.

This group of more than seventy teachers are to be congratulated on the successful inauguration of this unique school — unique because so many trained educators are to have the unusual opportunity of direct contact with so inspiring a personality and creative genius.

On the walls of the Sistine Chapel in Rome is painted what is perhaps in its suggestive power the most wonderful picture in the world — Michelangelo's "Creation of Adam." The outstretched finger of God touches that of Adam, and the spark of life passes from one to the other. Such direct communication of power from one personality to another is a laying on of hands, an apostolic succession which makes movements living and permanent. The Greeks who followed Socrates realized this truth; so did those medieval scholars who wandered from one university to another, seeking the personal touch, the intimate communication with the master.

With the introduction of printing the reception of knowledge at first hand gradually grew less. The written book carried the message, which formerly came direct from the speaker's lips. Now, in the twentieth century, the age of scientific discoveries, of material advancement, the old custom is revived again. Exchange professors in America, France, and Germany bring direct to scholars in those countries their special gift of knowledge. So this band of pilgrims to Rome will, each in her own way, receive inspiration and power from their four months' intercourse with a wonderful woman in a wonderful city.

In this issue of the Department we publish a remarkable article by Dr. Montessori outlining her plan for an International Institute in Rome, to be developed as a center for experiment and research in education. The training course which has just been opened may prove to be the first step toward the formation of this Institute.

PLAN FOR AN INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE

BY DR. MARIA MONTESSORI

THE only way worthily to respond to the demand for the widespread diffusion of my method would be to found an institute where the method can unfold itself, be demonstrated to teachers and to all those who desire to learn something of it at first hand. The fact that the method is not complete is no reason for putting off until some future time the training of teachers; *everything* that can be of any use at all to men should be taught and widely diffused.

Sixteen years of unchanged unit construction tell why Goodrich Tires are the best for your car

FORTY-THREE years of successful rubber manufacturing are in Goodrich Tires We made the original American clincher automobile tires. That was sixteen years ago, when automobile tire-making began. The twenty-seven years of rubber experience that had preceded were crystalized in our principle of Unit Construction.

This principle demonstrated its soundness from the start, and Goodrich Tires always have been and always will be so made. You know what you are getting in Goodrich Tires—they are a protection to your automobile, and they give you comfort and mileage.

Goodrich Unit Construction Tires

Best in the Long Run

Made as a Unit

Unit Construction means just what it says—each Goodrich Tire is made as a unit. The unit idea prevails in the placing of the layers of fine rubber-impregnated fabric which build up the backbone of the tire, and in the finishing with the thick, tough tread of the purest rubber which is compounded in a way our forty-three years of knowledge of rubber makes us know will resist road wear.

The result is a unit tire which is bound to give both resistance and resiliency, as both tire users and automobile makers testify by their choice.

Each layer of fabric, each strip of rubber—every part of a Goodrich Tire, is placed just as accurate knowledge of the demands to be made upon it demonstrates is best.

Users' Opinions a Unit

Goodrich Tire users are a unit in recommending them. Over a million Goodrich Tires did not satisfy the complete demand in 1912. Our increased factory facilities will enable us to take care of the much greater demand in 1913. Makers of 175,000 of the 400,000 new automobiles which will be marketed in 1913 have already contracted for Goodrich Tires.

Fully half the automobile output of 1913 will go from maker to buyer with Goodrich Tires as the original specified equipment.

This overwhelming verdict of automobile makers and owners is the most tremendously convincing argument you can desire for the advantage to you, as a tire user, in Goodrich Unit Construction.

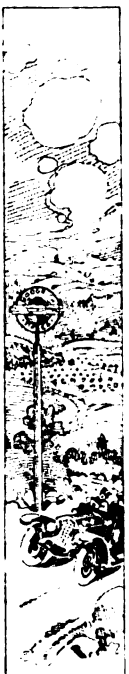
Digitized by Google

Cured as a Unit

The critical point in making a tire is the curing—the vulcanizing. To be perfectly cured, rubber requires just so much heat—*once*.

Goodrich Tires are cured as a unit. Body and tread are cured together in our vulcanizers under proper heat. The rubber impregnation of the fabric strips, the breaker strips, side strips and the thick, tough tread, in this most particular operation, literally *become one tire—a unit*.

This is the secret of the non-stripping of Goodrich treads. Our unit curing converts the built-up tire into an integral structure, strong, full of life. We wouldn't cure the tire twice, any more than you would bake a pie twice.



Write for Goodrich Route Book for your tour

Sent FREE

Wear as a Unit

Goodrich Tires wear uniformly. Curing them as units unifies their strength as well as their buoyancy. The thick, tough tread—extra heavy and extra strong—because of the unit curing, is perfect at every point. One inch wears the same as another.

The Goodrich unit construction gives the same dependable staunchness to the body of the tire—the inside. Body and tread are one—they cannot come apart—they hold and wear together.

This is what the tire user wants.

For all these reasons you owe it to yourself and your car to buy only Goodrich Tires

If you are an experienced automobilist you know immediately the value to you of the verdict of the makers of nearly half the 1913 output of cars,

If you are not, their decision, coupled with that of hundreds of thousands of experienced motorists, is worth even more to you. Don't get *your* tire knowledge from future experience. Benefit now by the experience and judgment of all this majority of makers and tire users, and begin with Goodrich Tires.

Goodrich dealers and service stations everywhere.

The B. F. Goodrich Company

Akron, Ohio

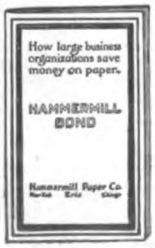
Digitized by Google

THE verdict of purchasing agents, printers and business men is that Hammermill Bond is a strong, durable paper of good finish and uniform quality; while its moderate price makes it available for general use in business.

HAMMERMILL BOND

will cut down your paper bills, and save detail work as well as money by furnishing you a standard paper for all your business uses.

If you want proof of our claims for Hammermill Bond, write on **your letterhead** for Book of Samples. See for yourself Hammermill Bond's finish and wide range of colors. Notice how it takes printing and typewriting. Consider it as a standard paper for all your business uses. Deliveries of Hammermill Bond are immediate. That alone is a feature worth money.



Hammermill Paper Co.
Erie, Pennsylvania

This has been the method adopted by all the positive sciences; immediately after their appearance, they have been perfected by universal collaboration. This is a sort of democracy introduced into science by the principle of experimentation. In the place of the teacher, on whose word every submissive pupil was to hang, is substituted nature herself. Scientists go straight to her, drawing truth from her bosom, and in this way there has been substituted, for the authority of an individual on the mass, the right of all people to free knowledge.

EDUCATION SHOULD BE AN EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE

WHEN the study of bacteriology demonstrated the existence of pathogenous microörganisms, and the possibility of isolating them, of cultivating them, and of destroying their virulence, there sprang from this fact alone a science of positive hygiene which does battle against the death-rate. But it was not thought necessary to delay the foundation of the bacteriological institutes, laboratories, and chairs of hygiene until *all* the microbes were discovered or all the theories elaborated; there was no notion that a complete doctrine should be determined, like that of Hippocrates, which was transmitted whole among the Greeks and Romans.

If the practice of medicine had advanced only by means of the work of masters, as it passed from Aesculapius to Hippocrates, it would not have gone a single step forward. In the same way, when pedagogy thinks that it can progress on individuals, passing from Rousseau to Herbart, to Pestalozzi, to Kant or to Froebel, it deludes itself with the notion that it advances at all; in reality it remains perfectly stationary, trampling down successively the men who appear to it for a moment as the steps of an ascending stair.

TEACHING CAN NOT BE MEMORIZED

NO pedagogue can lead us toward progress; no pedagogic doctrine can contain the whole truth: it must be a *method*, capable of putting us in free contact with human nature, which will send us forward over the road of progress and perfectibility.

To learn the content of a science, as the students of antiquity did when, armed with the books of Hippocrates, they drew near the bed of sickness, or with the works of Aristotle instructed the younger generation, was far easier than to possess, as our modern scientists do, a *method* of investigating, and with this to advance

Digitized by Google

MOTT'S PLUMBING

WHAT THE HOTEL MAN HAS LEARNED

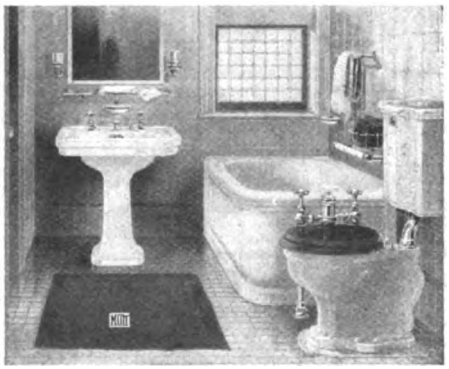
Why do you find solid porcelain fixtures in the bathrooms of modern hotels?

Because hotel men have learned from experience that solid porcelain fixtures are more economical than any other kind when compared on the basis of initial cost, plus servant's time, plus the cost of upkeep.

There's a valuable hint here for the home builder wise enough to plan years ahead.

In order to meet all requirements, we make plumbing fixtures in three kinds of ware —Imperial Solid Porcelain, Extra Heavy Vitreous Ware and Enamelled Iron. Each has its proper use in bathroom equipment.

To enable others to know the strong points of each of these wares we offer an 80-page booklet, "Modern Plumbing." This book shows 24 views of model bathroom interiors, ranging in cost from $73 to $3000, with full description and prices.



One of the illustrations (reduced) from our booklet, "Modern Plumbing." Write for it.

THE J. L. MOTT IRON WORKS

1828 EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS SUPREMACY 1913

FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

WORKS AT TRENTON, N J.

BRANCHES:

Boston	Minneapolis	Denver	Seattle	Cleveland, O.	CANADA
Chicago	Washington	San Francisco	Portland (Ore.)	Kansas City	The Mott Co. Ltd.
Philadelphia	St. Louis	San Antonio	Indianapolis	Salt Lake City	134 Bleury Street,
Detroit	New Orleans	Atlanta	Pittsburgh		Montreal, Que.

Digitized by Google

A Healthy Body Means A Wealth Of Power

Nowadays the body of the average person is far from being in condition to withstand the strains that it is subjected to by the individual. The result is that in time sedentary habits and indoor work tells, and one's efficiency and alertness rapidly decline.

Doesn't your day's work sometimes fag you? Isn't your sleep sometimes unrefreshing? Aren't your muscles soft and flabby? If this is the case the

MILLER

COURSE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

will help you. It will build up your run down condition—make your body healthy and vigorous—your brain more alert—it will enable you to do more and bigger things—it will make your daily work seem like play. Our course will only take a few minutes a day—requires no apparatus and does not force you to alter your regular habits. We prescribe exercises necessary to suit your individual needs, to develop just where it is needed or to overcome any particular deficiency that you may have.

The course covers a period of three months time and at regular intervals the pupils' conditions are examined and proper changes in exercises prescribed.

Our system has proven most successful—it is now practiced and followed by many of the brainiest men in the country.

Course suited for both men and women. Ladies' Department under direct supervision of Mrs. E. F. Miller, who has been eminently successful in this work. **Write for our interesting booklet. Do it today. It is the first move in securing a healthy body, which means a wealth of power.**

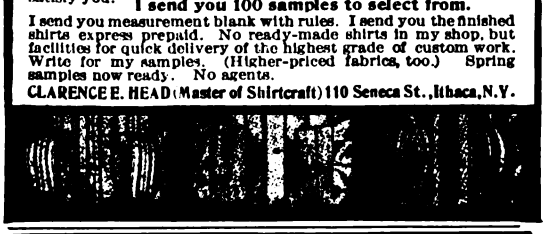
The Miller Institute of Physical Training,
Dept. 16C Washington, D. C.

3 CUSTOM SHIRTS FOR $5.00

I make shirts that fit you, because I make your shirts from your measurements and guarantee to take them back if they do not satisfy you. **I send you 100 samples to select from.**

I send you measurement blank with rules. I send you the finished shirts express prepaid. No ready-made shirts in my shop, but facilities for quick delivery of the highest grade of custom work. Write for my samples. (Higher-priced fabrics, too.) Spring samples now ready. No agents.

CLARENCE E. HEAD (Master of Shirtcraft) 110 Seneca St., Ithaca, N.Y.



Certain standards in texture, surface and color are called for by those who know what is the proper thing in correspondence paper, and such people appreciate

WARDWOVE WRITING PAPER

because of these qualities.

This paper has grown much in vogue with the best trade and is carried by many of the leading dealers. If you want a paper which bespeaks refinement, ask your dealer for it. If he cannot supply you, send us his name and we will send you a sample portfolio.

Address for Portfolio No. 7.

SAMUEL WARD COMPANY, 57-63 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

toward the enigmas of nature, to search into the secret of the stars, the hidden forces of the earth, or the mysteries of life.

The teacher of the new pedagogy will not be able to commit to memory the content of the thought of any new pedagogue. He must acquire a *scientific method*, together with the characteristics of the scientists. The school in which to train this new teacher will no longer be a hall where a professor lectures and an assembly listens, but a place of *experimental education*, where his personality can perfect itself. And on such principles all future schools will be founded.

SCHOOLS WILL BE TURNED INTO LABORATORIES

IN the perfected training of the teacher, thus understood, is bound up the possibility of transforming the schools for children into laboratories for experimentation, since the spontaneous and natural development of the child, his liberty, depends on the teacher.

I believe that in this first stage of the movement I might give such instruction to teachers, largely illustrating with words and practical demonstrations the principles indispensable to such training; since it is necessary to precede a universal collaboration by the founding of one first center of experiments which, by its training of the new teachers, would determine the origins of the new pedagogy. Absolutely clear understanding of the method (the way to change a school into a field for experiments) is necessary if pedagogy is to advance on the principles of the positive sciences; which, up to the present, have limited their investigations to matter, to brute forces, and to biology, leaving out of the question man and the complexity of his spiritual life.

Within these limitations the positive sciences show brilliantly the open road to the discovery and to the multiplication of intellectual possessions and of economic riches; and the progress which they have brought about in the last century has astounded men, attracting and fixing modern thought almost entirely upon these sciences. The illusion has gained ground that the world would be explained from a materialistic point of view. And the personality of humanity, the greatest reality of the world, has remained, so far, because of such precipitately adopted dogmas, unknown to science.

THE LAWS OF THE SPIRIT AS DISCOVERABLE AS THE LAWS OF CHEMISTRY

AFTER the laws of matter, discovered by physics and chemistry; after the laws of physical life, discovered by biology; lo, like the majestic aim and lofty reward of such in-

Digitized by Google

CORBIN LOCKS

Protect

Business and Home
Property and Life

All kinds of functions to suit all conditions of service. The best dealer in your town sells them.

P. & F. CORBIN

Division

The American Hardware Corporation

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

P. & F. Corbin of Chicago

P. & F. Corbin of New York

P. & F. Corbin Division Philadelphia

Digitized by Google

VOSE

PIANOS

The tone, touch and magnificent wearing qualities of the VOSE Piano are explained by the exclusive patented features, the high-grade material and superb workmanship that enter into their construction. The VOSE is an ideal Piano for the home. Over 70,000 sold. Delivered in the United States free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed. Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.

FREE—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog that gives full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 160 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

The Regular Price for This Dining Room Table is $45.00—*and It Is Worth It*

Brooks Extension Dining Table No. 311

Constructed of the choicest quarter-sawed Oak, 54-inch top closed, 90-inch extension. Massive, substantial—no furniture you can buy is better made and

Our Factory Price to You is $22.50

Saving You Over Half Average Retail Price

We absolutely guarantee that you will be satisfied with this piece and everything you purchase of us—*or your money will be paid back at once.* Write for our beautiful illustrated Furniture Book now and see many more equally attractive pieces at equally low prices for living room, den, dining room, library or bedroom. Everything shipped in complete sections. A few minutes with the screw driver and it is all ready for use.

From *Factory* to you—that's how we do it. Write for Book.

It will tell you all about the Famous Brooks Furniture and 100 bargains.

BROOKS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1902 Sidney Street Saginaw, Mich.

tellectual efforts, are the *laws of the spirit*, to be discovered as soon as pedagogy takes the first step along the road of experimentation.

And, in the observance of the laws of his being, man will be able to grow to the fullness of his stature.

To advance toward its goal, the world is waiting for this free and great man. In the near future all spiritual problems and questions must have an active part in social existence; and, with this condition established, there will disappear the present discord between matter brightly lighted and the spirit still folded in the blackness of ignorance.

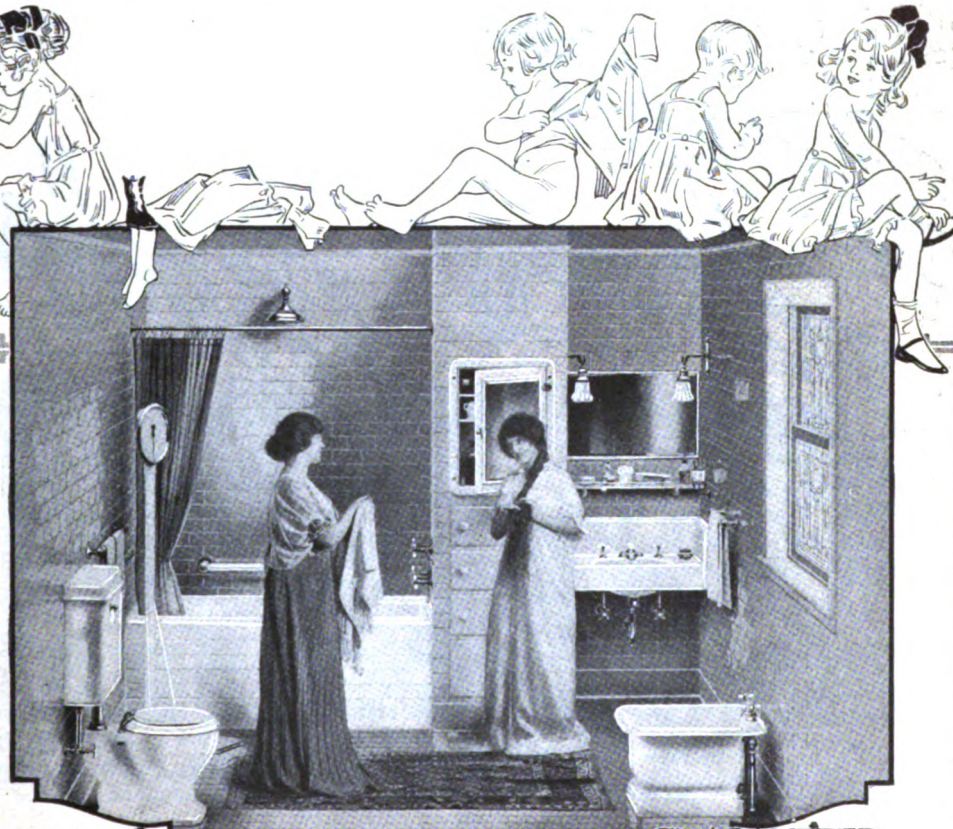
This movement is, moreover, awaited even by the positive sciences as the birth of a new humanism, which shall bring the human conscience to the light. Experimental science pursues and retraces the history of man to-day in a vision of liberty, as at the close of the Middle Ages European thought sought in the Renaissance for the "free thought" of man, trying to retrace in it all the fullness of its manifestations back to its sources in Greek civilization.

THE NEW PILGRIMAGE TO ROME

WHERE should a first center for experimental pedagogy be situated, if not in Rome? If spiritual growth and not arid culture alone is to prepare the educators of the new generation, Rome offers them the best opportunities. Here the old civilizations springing up on the shores of the Mediterranean in Egypt and in Greece found the place of their triumph and incentive to spread themselves throughout the world in the Roman Empire. Here Christian civilization, coming to the shores of the Mediterranean from the hills of Asia, found its place of peace and glory in the Church, the conqueror of souls. The Renaissance, too, from which sprang the intellectual conquests of Kepler and Galileo, began here, and was propagated as the intellectual movement of a new era throughout Europe. A place where all the civilizations lie in strata possesses traces, souvenirs, and life able to fuse great energies into action.

I have a vision of a pedagogic Institute here which, receiving on an equal footing normal and deficient children, will open a new path for the progress of humanity. But I would wish, for the teachers who come here to study, that the majestic ruins of old pagan Rome surrounding this Institute should come to life, and that the Catacombs of Christian martyrs should open to exhale a breath of the spirit that conquers all material might and power; and that, from the great temples of

Digitized by Google



"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

To make the bathroom beautiful and sanitary with "Standard" ware, brings the joy of cleanly living to the whole household and teaches the gospel of the daily bath to young and old alike.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.* In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. E **PITTSBURGH, PA.**

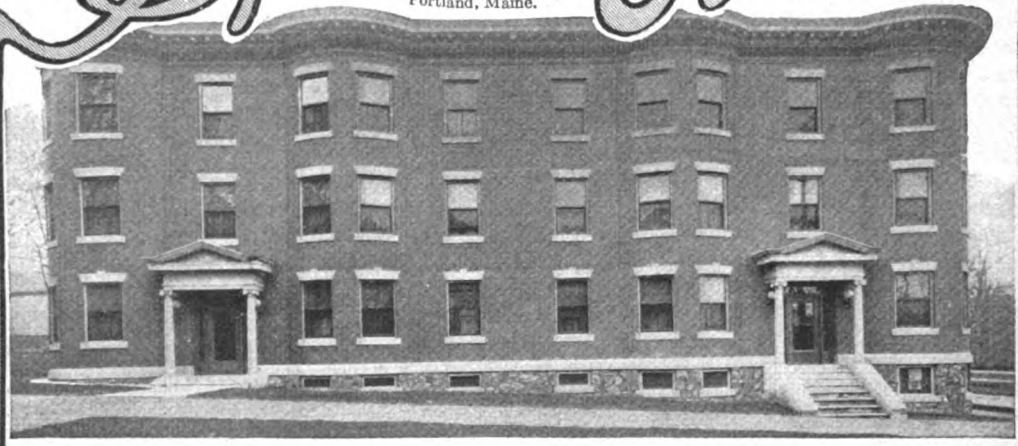
New York . 35 West 31st Street
Chicago . 900 S. Michigan Ave.
Philadelphia. 1128 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can., 59 Richmond St., E.
Pittsburgh . 106 Federal Street
St. Louis . 100 N. Fourth Street
Cincinnati . . 633 Walnut Street
Nashville . 315 Tenth Avenue, So.
New Orleans, Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can. . 215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston . . . John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville . 319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland . 648 Huron Road, S. E.
Hamilton, Can. . 20-28 Jackson St., W.
London, 57-60 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Houston, Tex. . Preston & Smith Sts.
Washington, D. C. . Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio . 311-321 Erie Street,
Fort Worth, Tex. . Front & Jones Sts.

Digitized by Google

Barrett Specification Roofs

Windsor Apartments
Portland, Maine.

F. W. Cunningham & Sons, Architects & Contractors



A Question and an Answer

Barrett Manufacturing Co., Jersey City, Feb. 27, 1912.

"I have at last become tired of painting and repairing the tin roof on the apartment which I own, and have decided to put on the building the best roof that can be had, so for this reason I ask you to kindly send to me a specification that will be sure to fill my needs; I do not wish to remove the tin if this is practicable.

How can I be sure of securing 'Barrett' goods?"

(Signed) John Armstrong.

"Thousands of owners have reached the same conclusions you have, namely, that all roofings that need periodical painting, like tin and ready roofings, are unduly expensive to maintain. The way to avoid this is to give a copy of the Barrett Specification to your roofing contractor and secure prices on that basis.

The Barrett Specification is simply a formula requiring certain grades and quantities of material and specifying how the roof shall be laid. The Specification further states how the roof may be inspected to ascertain whether you have secured the required five plies of felt with continuous intervening layers of pitch.

If you order a Barrett Specification Roof and insist that the Specification be followed *absolutely*, you are certain of what you are getting. Your Barrett Specification Roof will never need painting and should give good service for twenty years or more without leaks and without a cent of maintenance expense."

Copy of the Barrett Specification with tracing ready for incorporation into your building plans sent free on request. Address nearest office.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired however the following is suggested.

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

TRADE B MARK

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Seattle, Corey, Ala.

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.:—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

Digitized by Google

antiquity, from the works of architecture that cover the soil of Rome, from the sacred music that is kept in its purest form here, and from the artistic delights given to every sensitive soul by the works of Michelangelo, of Raphael, of Reni, and of Titian, there should rise for them a fountain of vigor.

How many pilgrimages are made here by people from the most distant parts of the earth, in the hope of drawing strength from the ruins of antiquity! But all these treasures have never been organized to show the origin of civilized life. I would like to have arranged in the Institute of Pedagogy an orderly illustration of all that created in the past by the human spirit, and I would have archæologists and art critics add their lessons and their demonstrations, on the ancient sites of history and art, to the lessons and pedagogic demonstrations on the living children of the humanity of the future.

Possibly not only teachers, but every one who would like to live with more spiritual vigor, might stop at this school, and then continue, with a consoling hope, the path of his own existence.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

BY

GARDNER W. WOOD

The Financier

"The Financier," the latest production of Theodore Dreiser, is printed in small type and fills 780 narrow-margined pages. It also by this fact fills the average reader with horror — we have yet to find any one who has had the courage to finish this monumental collection of quaint and simple Dreiserian words.

For two years Mr. Dreiser has been the mode, ever since the publication of "Jennie Gerhardt," whose instant success served to resurrect "Sister Carrie," his previous story, for a larger and more generous reading and appraisal. "Jennie Gerhardt" was proclaimed, albeit, with rather apoplectic enthusiasm, as the greatest book of the decade. Many a critic nailed his flag to the mast with that statement.

Very naturally, then, the appearance of Mr. Dreiser's third book, "The Financier" (Harper's), was eagerly awaited — and has been greeted with mingled emotions. One faction has asked itself, "Was our claque a little too loud when 'Jennie Gerhardt' made her bow?" The others, disappointed but still hopeful, feel that if he learns his lesson Mr. Dreiser will do better next time. We hope so, too.

"The Financier" is as simple in plot as its predecessors. Philadelphia at the time when traction systems were first developing possibilities as millionaires' toys is the theater of action. Frank Cowperwood, whose fictional presentment is obviously based on an actual pirate of finance, is the pivotal character. The story concerns the rise of Cowperwood from obscurity to great power in Philadelphia finance, his marriage, his ruin at the hands of the politician who had befriended him and whom he had repaid by debauching his daughter, his term in prison, his financial rehabilitation, and the swift-following descent upon Chicago with his inamorata for future but undivulged activities.

With Mr. Dreiser's characterizations there is little fault to find. They are done with minute precision, and have the same sharp brilliance that dazzled the readers of "Jennie Gerhardt." Cowperwood himself, old man Butler his patron, Aileen the feminine firebrand are splendid drawings. The story is, or would be if it were not swathed in a winding-sheet of words, a gripping drama. But Mr. Dresiser has overdone the thing that had distinguished him.

He is like a dredge scooping its way across country. Everything is brought to the surface: mud, water, stones, organic life, sticks, tadpoles, old shoes — everything; and left open to the startled vision of man. Nothing escapes the automatic Mr. Dreiser, and it all goes into his book; leather chairs, "stained glass of a soothing key," politicians innumerable, turgid and frequent philosophizing, boodle, intrigue of all known varieties, Gothic architecture, black silk stockings — an unending hodge-podge of detail, gone over and over with iteration and

Digitized by Google

Join the SCRIBNER MUSIC CLUB

How would you like to possess on your piano or music cabinet —responsive to your every mood and catering to your every whim—a convenient ten-volume library of piano and of vocal music, containing every conceivable kind of music such as

classic, modern, standard, operatic, sacred, and dance compositions, arranged in such a way that you as an average player can easily master them? If your home piano is one of the chief factors in recreational enjoyment; if you are weary of expending money for unsatisfactorily-arranged flimsy "music folios," join the Scribner Music Club and with one single purchase of "THE IDEAL HOME MUSIC LIBRARY" obviate music expense for all time.

The publication by Charles Scribner's Sons, on March 1st, 1913, of "The Ideal Home Music Library" will mark a memorable epoch in the history of the art. Conceived more than twelve years ago, and gradually worked out as a labor of love, it fulfils in concrete form all the dreams that music lovers have had of an ideal music library, and, most important of all, the information of the Scribner Music Club renders it possible for members not only to purchase the entire collection at a saving of 90% of standard sheet music prices, but also to pay for it in convenient monthly remittances.

THE SCRIBNER MUSIC CLUB (CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS)

Digitized by Google

and Save 90% of Your Music Expense

How It Came To Be and What It Is

NOT A "CUT AND DRIED" WORK

Most musical collections are "cut and dried" in that they are bulky volumes of difficult music put together without regard to their suitability for use in the home. The method by which **The Ideal Home Music Library** was compiled stands out in sharp contrast.

HOW IT CAME TO BE

The idea of **The Ideal Home Music Library** occurred to the compiler about twelve years ago, and over ten years were spent in studying the home music field and in gathering together the compositions which comprise its contents, the challenge for each number being the magic word **"melody,"** and each one has met this severest of tests.

WHAT "THE IDEAL LIBRARY" IS

The Ideal Home Music Library is exactly what its name implies, a perfect compilation of piano and of vocal music for use in the home. It comprises ten (10) convenient volumes of piano and of vocal music with a **Practical Guide** to its use, the entire set housed in a substantial case (illustrated on opposite page) which may be placed on the piano or on the music cabinet—a thing of beauty as well as usefulness.

EVERY CONCEIVABLE KIND OF MUSIC

Among the **more than one thousand piano and vocal numbers,** specially arranged for home use, contained in The Ideal Home Music Library will be found every conceivable kind of music—**classic, modern, standard, operatic, sacred, sentimental, dance**—in fact every kind and class to appeal to every taste.

THE "PRACTICAL GUIDE"

Here again is at once a remarkable and an absolutely exclusive feature. The **Practical Guide** leads you through the **3,000 pages** of "The Ideal Home Music Library" just as a "Baedeker" conducts you through Europe, bringing out the strong points of each individual volume and rendering intelligent use of the music possible from the very start.

ITS SPHERE OF USEFULNESS

The usefulness of **The Ideal Home Music Library** is absolutely without limit in every home where music is a factor in the recreational plan. Every member of the family from the **lover of classic music** to the **five-year-old nursery rhyme singer** will find his particular taste catered to by an abundance of just that kind of music he prefers, and he will further find that **every number is readily performed.**

How To Obtain Complete Information Free of Charge

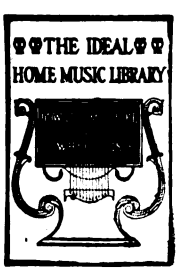
Within the limits of these pages, adequate description of this tremendous work is obviously utterly impossible. Bearing this fact in mind we have prepared **a dainty little booklet** entitled "The Ideal Home Music Library — How It Came To Be and What It Is," which we are desirous of placing in the hands of every home music lover. Its contents include a readable and interesting description of the entire work; the complete contents list of each volume; twenty actual music excerpts to try upon the piano; and, most important of all, full particulars of **THE SCRIBNER MUSIC CLUB plan of securing the work for a limited time at a special pre-publication price.**

Merely fill out this coupon and mail it.

INFORMATION COUPON

SCRIBNER MUSIC CLUB
153 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me free of charge and without obligation on my part, this booklet and details of THE SCRIBNER MUSIC CLUB 90% Saving Plan.



Name .....

Address .....

NEW YORK CITY

McC March '13.

Digitized by Google

Big Ben

For that sleep jinx

For that thing that tries to chloroform you in the morning—for that other fellow that pulls the covers up around your neck—claims five minutes won't matter, then double-crosses you and lets you sleep twenty:

For a pleasant on-time awakening, a velvet-like shaving, a Sunday-like breakfast—for a good hard day's work that will put feathers in any old bed—for a little spare time around the evenings and a little play with the little ones:

Big Ben—seven inches tall, two good clocks in one. A rattling good alarm to wake up with, a rattling good time-piece to tell time all day by.

Great easy winding keys that almost wind themselves—big, bold hands and figures you can see at a glance in the dim morning light—big, jolly, deep toned voice that greets you on the dot on your drowsiest mornings.

Rings just as you want, five straight minutes or every other half minute for all of ten minutes.—Sold by 18,000 watchmakers gladly, $2.50 any where inthe States, $3.00 anywhere in Canada.—Made in *La Salle, Illinois*, by *Westclox*—sent by them anywhere, attractively boxed and express charges paid.

Digitized by Google

reiteration until the weary brain reels and shrieks for relief.

Perhaps after this gigantic effort Mr. Dreiser will amend his ways and his diction. There is such a thing as overestimating the quantity of one's own quaint qualities and misdirecting one's directness.

My Little Sister

A new book by Elizabeth Robins has just been published under the title of "My Little Sister" (Dodd, Mead).

This story first appeared in McCLURE'S, where, even in necessarily condensed form and with the omission of some important characters, it created more interest than any other story of recent years by sheer force of dramatic worth.

Briefly described — the drama is located in England; involves two fresh, innocent-hearted maidens, sixteen and nineteen years old, respectively; their widowed mother struggling with genteel poverty on the one hand, and on the other with anxious but mistaken zeal rearing her daughters in ignorance of some important realities of life.

Their first trip away from home is to visit their aunt in London, whom they do not remember. On arrival they are met by an impostor, the "Grey Hawk of the World," who kidnaps the two sisters. One escapes; the little sister does not. Elizabeth Robins has "struck twelve" in "My Little Sister."

The Flowing Road

In his foreword to "The Flowing Road" (Lippincott) Casper Whitney frankly admits that the only reason he travels is because he wants to. He gets the *Wanderlust;* he has to go somewhere — not for any well-defined reason except that he must "satisfy the horizon-hunger." Admirable!

There are those who go to strange parts and ports to study the birds or butterflies. Others use much type in telling of the peoples, customs, geology, flora, fauna, sunsets, and suffering. Credit in due degree to them. But here is a man who travels just because he likes to and then likes to tell about it. Mr. Whitney opens an interesting book with a praiseworthy confession.

"The Flowing Road" is the water route from the mouth of the Amazon to the delta of the Orinoco, a little-traveled, less known, and least comfortable triangle of travel known to the wandering tribes.

What with constant pouring rains, boiling rapids, insects of all degrees and conditions — flying, crawling, and jumping — united in the

Set Six Scre...
Save Furniture Dolla...

It takes six minutes to drive these six screw and **the saving is $13.25.** Now if your time is worth more than $2.21 a minute, don't read any further.

This advertisement is for those who want high-grade furniture at rock-bottom prices and approve a selling plan that actually saves big money.

$11.75

No. 300 Library Table
Come-Packt Price $11.75
Shipping Weight 150 lbs.

Over 30,000 American Homes

buy Come-Packt Furniture for these substantial reasons. Here is an example of Come-Packt economy.

This handsome table is Quarter-Sawn White Oak, with rich, deep, natural markings; honestly made; beautifully finished to your order. Height, 30 inches; top, 44 x 28 inches; legs, 2½ inches square. Two drawers; choice of Old Brass or Wood Knobs. It comes to you in four sections, packed in a compact crate, shipped at knock-down rates.

Sold on a Year's Trial

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE

Our price, $11.75. With a screw-driver and six minutes you have a table that would ordinarily sell for $25!

Free Catalog Shows 400 Pieces

for living, dining or bedroom. Color plates show the exquisite finish and upholstering. Factory prices. Write for it today and we will send it to you by return mail. (11)

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 305 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

15 Days' FREE Use

Moth Proof Red Cedar Chest 15 Days' Free Trial

A Piedmont Red Cedar Chest makes ideal birthday or wedding gift. Protect furs and woolens from moths, mice, dust and damp. Every home needs one. Charmingly useful and decorative. Write for illustrated 56-page catalog showing all beautiful designs in Piedmont Chests and amazing low prices. Also book "Story of Red Cedar". Postpaid. FREE. Write today.

Factory Prices Freight Prepaid

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co. Dept. 40 Statesville, N.C.

KEITH'S Big $2.00 Offer

Our 80-page monthly magazine, KEITH'S "On Home Building," for a year and your choice of any of KEITH'S famous $1 Plan Books, giving views, sizes, costs, etc. All for subscription price $2. *Select Your Plan Book.*

215 Bungalows and Cottages	$1	191 Attract. Homes	$2500-$3000 $1
138 Attract. Homes	$1200-$1600 $1	207 " "	$3000-$4000 $1
186 " "	$1600-$2000 $1	172 " "	$4000 and up $1
226 " "	$2000-$2500 $1	250 Beautiful Interiors	$1

M. L. KEITH, 420 McKnight Bldg., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Digitized by Google

A Half Inch of Cream
A Few Movements of the Brush
A Perfect Lather

Mennen's Shaving Cream

"The Perfect Shaving Medium"

Applied directly on the face—lathers freely and instantly. **Contains no free caustic** and absolutely will not dry on nor smart the face—softens the beard without the usual "rubbing in" with the fingers—extremely economical—100 shaves per tube—no waste—sanitary—antiseptic.

Mennen's Shaving Cream is not the hasty product of a day, but the result of three years' careful investigation and experimenting. The name Mennen is behind the cream.

For sale everywhere, 25c
Sample Tube, Free

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, N. J.

Makers of the Celebrated Mennen's Toilet Powder

Cut a Rolled Gold Plate KREMENTZ Cuff Button

(One-Piece Bean and Post)

37K

38K

43K

47K

in half, and you see why it is **the strongest Cuff Button made.** No solder joints to break—the face is locked on so it cannot be pulled off. The thickest metal is in the post, where the greatest wear comes.

A plate of gold is rolled on the metal backing, and after years of wear the gold is still there, which is not the case with other plated goods. The name **KREMENTZ** on the button protects you.

Leading jewelers and haberdashers sell the **Krementz Cuff Buttons,** and the **Krementz Bodkin Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons,** in various attractive patterns and in all grades, from Rolled Gold Plate to the most expensive.

Send for booklet telling how they are made, and showing many designs.

KREMENTZ & CO., 170 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.
The Largest Manufacturers of Fine Jewelry in the World.

one game of "bite the travelers," lazy, thieving natives, hungry crocodiles, and ungentle jaguars, these solitary journeys through lands of lost hope and commercial uselessness may seem like folly to the steam-heated citizens who read "The Flowing Road."

But that is neither here nor there. Mr. Whitney made the trip; he had a bully time doing it; his observations in this little-known land are informative and valuable; his narrative flows as easily as the Road. He didn't have to go, you will remember.

Sunshine Sketches

Stephen Leacock, professor of economics in McGill University, finds relief—although he denies it in his preface—from the embattled class-room in the writing of stories of which "Sunshine Sketches" (Lane) is the third in a trio of alliteratively entitled volumes. And very happy, healthful stories they are for moments of relaxation.

The latest volume concerns the people, the life, and the activities of a typical small Canadian town wholly untroubled by the outside world. The author takes the reader into his confidence and introduces to him with affection and humorous understanding Mr. Smith, weighing nearly three hundred pounds and "one of the greatest minds in the hotel business." Then follow the irascible Judge Pepperleigh and his adorable daughter Zena, who is loved by young Peter Pupkin, the bank teller, "a tremendous Christian," and Jeff Thorpe, the barber—financier—too many to mention here but all worth knowing. "Sunshine Sketches" are the kind of short stories that melt in your mouth.

The Unknown Quantity

There is a haunting quality, an unsullied atmosphere about any script that comes from the pen of Dr. Henry Van Dyke that constitutes its greatest attraction. This seems to be acknowledged, and is diversely illustrated in "The Unknown Quantity" (Scribner's) his latest volume of tales. They are strung, as he explains, on the thread that represents "the sense of mystery and strangeness that runs through human life" as evidenced in a New Jersey college town, in Paris, or in the Province of Quebec.

We are all keenly aware of this thread, and for that reason these short romances and interludes, handled with Dr. Van Dyke's skilful delicacy and contemplative ease, merit wide approval. There is humor too of an airy sort, as found in one of the half-told tales, "The Unruly Sprite"—unruly perhaps, but very potent.

Digitized by Google

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME XL No. 6 APRIL, 1913

MORGAN'S PARTNERS

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

"He has taken them at their prime, worked them to the limit, made them millionaires many times over, and then, when at last they have all but broken, he has again renewed the youth and energy of his firm by fresh blood from the next generation"

ONCE every decade the Greatest Merchant has beckoned, and a new generation have come in, climbed up the worn marble stairs, passed under the weird stone sisters at the entrance, and sat down at their desks in his dark old counting-room. Two or three more men have reached the highest ambition of American business — they are Morgan's partners.

Always they are seasoned men — as a rule, between forty and fifty years old; always they have fought their way up outside — for no one, except Morgan's family and his old partners' boys, has worked up to partnership inside his New York house; and at the end of ten or fifteen years they have gone out again, aged between fifty and sixty — tired men, usually, sentenced for their remaining life to the minor satisfactions of the retired multimillionaire. And, as they have passed out, Morgan has stood there, calling in another generation.

It is fifty-six years ago now since first he came to business in America. Along the East River, when he came, still sat, in their dusky counting-rooms, the old sea merchants of New York, whose traditions he was to perpetuate. To them, year after year, came up the Yankee boys, for apprenticeship in the

Copyright, 1913, by The McClure Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

Digitized by Google

"JACK" MORGAN

Who has trained for more than twenty years to succeed his father

sacred mysteries of business; and, decade after decade, they took one or another of these into partnership, as Morgan takes his partners now. They split up their businesses, as the sea-going Yankees split the interests in their ships, into halves and quarters and sixteenths, and even into sixty-fourth parts; and the new partner took the share allotted him.

But Morgan was no ordinary Yankee boy. He was the heir apparent to the greatest mercantile business in the world, the field preëmpted by the great commercial discoverer, George Peabody of London. This New Englander had gone to England in 1837 to buy English dry goods for the Americans; he remained to sell American debts to the Englishmen. And in doing this he had taken to himself a field which to the present time has been limitless.

Now, the first of Morgan's partnerships were really business alliances. In 1864, when he was twenty-seven, he entered his first, made with an older man, a New Englander named Charles Dabney. In 1870 Dabney had gone out, retiring with a competence of half a million. And in 1871 Morgan had become allied with the rich private bankers, the Drexels of Philadelphia, in a firm made up, besides himself, of Drexels and the Drexels' Philadelphia men. By 1873 the firm was in its famous building opposite the new New York Stock Exchange. The Drexel in-

Digitized by Google

HARRY P. DAVISON

"Generally rated the ablest and most aggressive young banker in New York"

terest centered still in Philadelphia: Morgan took charge in New York. And in 1876 he was ready to choose his partners for himself.

Fabbri Retires to His Italian Castle

The first of these was from his own associates, the shipping merchants: Egisto P. Fabbri, an urbane but daring and pushing Italian. He was born in Florence, Italy, his father a Florentine, his mother a Russian woman of good family. From Italy he had drifted as a boy to France, and from France to America and New York. And there he worked himself up into a big shipping business, set down under the bowsprits of the sailing-vessels on old South Street.

Fabbri worked inside; Morgan pushed and jammed and dragged in business to him: government bonds, Northern Pacific, New York Central, the West Shore and the Long Island railroads. Fabbri worked out the detail. And together they turned out good securities for good customers, who would come again and ask for more. It was hard work. American financial goods — corporation and too often State as well — had been fraudulent, or worthless.

It was extremely strenuous work. Fabbri, a man a little older than Morgan, wore out under it in about ten years. He took his fortune, — estimated between $10,000,000 and $20,000,000, — went to Florence, bought a castle, and took

Digitized by Google

E. T. Stotesbury and his bride at Palm Beach

up the pastimes of an Italian nobleman; fed and drank and got medals from the King. He was fifty-seven when he got through; eight years afterward he died.

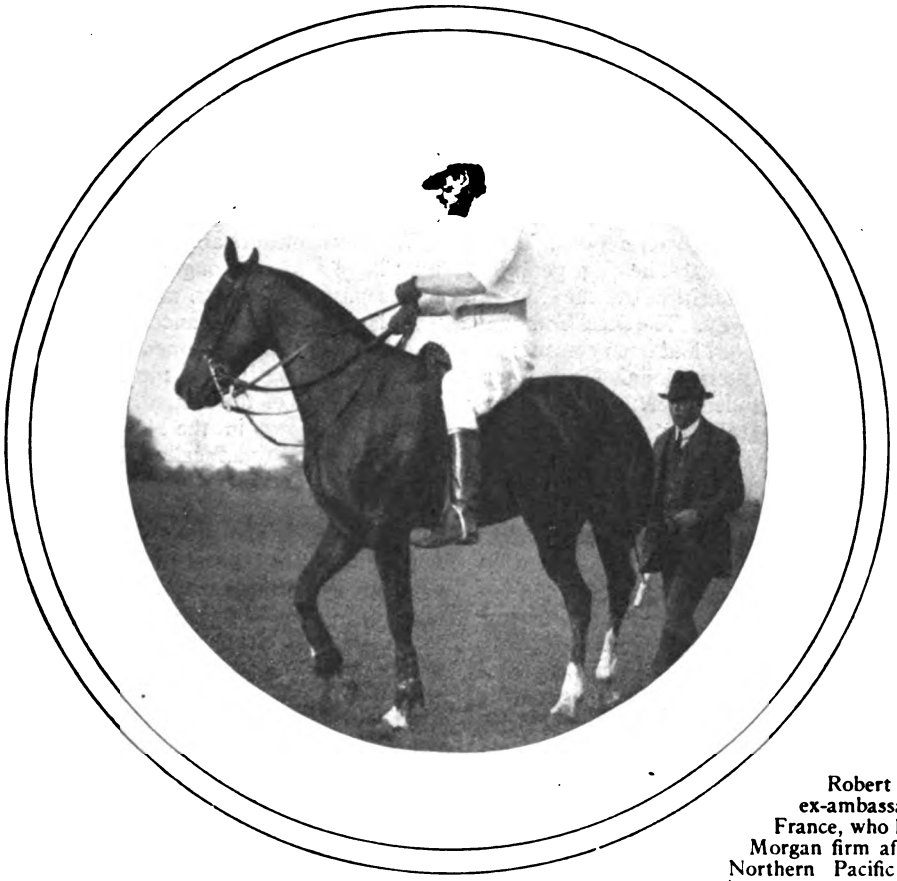
The Second and Third Sets of Partners

In the middle of the '80's five more men came in — three of them into the Philadelphia house; two of them, George S. Bowdoin and Charles H. Coster, into that in New York. Only one of these assumed a very active part in the main business. The Philadelphia men stayed at home. And in New York the active work fell to Coster, who had been in Fabbri's old mercantile establishment.

In the '90's generations changed. Junius Morgan — Pierpont Morgan's father, who was head of the London house which Peabody had made — died an old man. The third generation came back from school and college — young Morgan, young Drexel, young Bowdoin; and Pierpont Morgan's daughter Juliet married. And the younger men came into the old counting-room. Then Anthony J. Drexel died, and the last of the Drexel family left the firm. In London and Philadelphia and Paris, as well as in New York, Pierpont Morgan was head of the house.

The railroads had gone to smash in the panic of 1893; American securities were a mess again, and Europe was again disgusted. Morgan and Coster set out to rearrange them. Coster, a man with a mathematical brain, worked at the detailed sorting out of the wreck. Morgan, with a clairvoyant mind and a genius for adjusting the relative rights of all kinds of security holders, listened, and changed, and growled assent. Coster, now a man with a weary face, marked by a constant expression of wonderment,— as if surprised at what he saw the world was capable of doing to itself,— wore himself out on these problems. His vitality was almost gone. One Thursday in March, 1900, he took pneumonia. On the following Tuesday he was dead. He was forty-eight, and left a fortune estimated at from five to ten million dollars. Mr. Morgan, still as vigorous as ever, was about to secure another generation of partners.

Digitized by Google



Robert Bacon, ex-ambassador to France, who left the Morgan firm after the Northern Pacific panic

There was one man already in the firm who might take the strain, a Harvard man, since nationally famous — Robert Bacon. He was in a bond house in Boston when Morgan saw him — an extremely fine, upstanding figure. Personal appearance counts with Morgan, and always has, in the choosing of his partners. He liked Bacon, and took him into partnership offhand in 1894. Then, just as the burden was slipping on to Bacon's shoulders, the gigantic duel with Harriman in the Northern Pacific came along in the spring of 1901, when Morgan was abroad, and smashed Bacon under it. He was invalided to England; two years later he retired, and took up the business of foreign ambassadoring. Morgan was now sixty-six. A fourth generation of personally selected partners was at hand.

Mr. Perkins Gets a New Desk

Coster had done the legal work of his reorganization with the Wall Street law firm of Seward, Guthrie & Steele. Steele had been acquainted with the detail of the work, and, carrying it along after Coster's death, came into touch with Morgan. Steele was an agreeable man, forty-two years old then, married into an old and well known New York family. He was made a member of the Morgan firm.

Insurance companies had been growing very strong and active in financial operations — owning banks, buying stocks and bonds, running underwriting syndicates. Near the head of one of them was a handsome, able, sharp-eyed man, George W. Perkins — the individual, according to the newspapers, in whom that most wonderful bloom of the human face, the insurance agent's smile, had been developed to its highest known perfection.

Perkins was in the Morgan office,— so the currently accepted story goes,— standing by one of the old-fashioned mahogany desks.

"How would you like that desk?" said Morgan abruptly.

"Why, I'd like it, Mr. Morgan —" said Perkins, puzzled and confused.

"It's yours," said Morgan, leaving the room.

After taking counsel, Mr. Perkins interpreted

Digitized by Google

this as, what it was, an offer of a partnership. The next morning he walked in, sat down, and began his work with J. P. Morgan.

It was thought that this generation would be the last of Morgan's choosing. He still drove his business personally, but he was easing up on the details, and taking longer European trips. And, after all, he was sixty-six years old.

Steele went on with Coster's work, largely occupied with railroads. The big period of creating industrial securities by the Morgan house was now under way. The Steel Company, that unheard-of monster, had been created; the Harvester and the International Marine companies were being founded; Perkins, full of vigor and self-confidence, took up these big things of the time. Steele was a quiet, able office lawyer, Perkins the aggressive man and meeter of men. He was clearly Morgan's first lieutenant. Then, all at once, the sky fell, in 1907.

Morgan's Choice in 1907

In the current popular statesmen's school of economic thought, the panic of 1907 is explained on the Charles Lamb theory of the origin of roast pork — the strange historical phenomenon of the man who burnt his house down to cook the family pig. Here is a business turning out a couple of hundred millions' worth of goods a year in bonds and stocks — a line which it had sold for half a century, and expects to sell for half a century longer. And now it sets to work, with patient skill, to wreck the world it lives in, and to destroy the market that it lives upon. On this scale of thought, a man would set fire to the homestead to secure the insurance on the sofa in the dining-room. It is certainly enough to make an old-fashioned merchant in securities snort in scorn and fierce amaze.

There were two possibilities open to the Morgan firm in 1907: it could buy millions of securities at half their value, or it could jump in and help to prevent the financial machinery that supported it, and by which it lived and always hoped to live, from coming down in splinters on its head. The Morgan firm did what any sound and far-sighted merchant firm would have done in the same circumstances. It put its millions where they would preserve the financial machine. In the days when the crash was on, the firm of Morgan bought no stock, except in a few instances where small sums were required for some special supporting of a security.

"This is the Place to Sign"

Those were the hours that tried the souls of many big figures, kept safe behind the shelter of millions, and found them soft. Men, whose names stand out as our strong monuments of finance, whimpered into their hands and lay down and quit. And yet, there was only one thing to be done to stop the panic of 1907. The men who had grabbed all they could, and had gone off and hoarded it, must be made to come out again and take a chance.

Whatever orators and books and populations may have said or thought of Pierpont Morgan in the past forty years, no one has yet said he would not take his chance. The traditions of the old Anglo-Saxon sea merchants fit, if nothing else, a crisis like that in 1907. Morgan saw at once the focus of the danger. It was, as everybody now knows, in the New York trust companies. So Morgan called the trust company presidents together.

They came at night to his library on Thirty-sixth Street. The trust company presidents not only had not been coöperating, but many of them actually had to be introduced to one another. They were meeting for the first time. But upon this group of men the fortunes not only of New York, but of the country, hung that night.

Their problem was the matter of mutual contributions for loaning on the assets of the weaker trust companies. There was a long debate, a committee was formed, and an agreement worked out for general signature, pledging the various contributions of support. Finally, at three o'clock in the morning, the paper, after many doubtful crises of debate, was written out. It was thought the thing was done. One detail only was to come — the signing of the terms that had been agreed upon.

There was one man who must sign first — the chairman of the committee, the head of one of the great institutions of the city. The paper lay before him. He read it, paled, and laid his pen down. It meant a sum in the millions.

"I dare not take the responsibility," he whispered to the silent group around him.

It was all wiped clean again. If he refused to sign, certainly no one else would do so.

Morgan was in another room, smoking as usual. A young man who had been very active in the fight, Harry Davison of the First National Bank, went in to him.

"Mr. ——— won't sign," he said.

"Is that so?" said Morgan. "That's bad."

He walked into the next room, and stepped over to where the trust company official sat.

"Is this the paper?" he asked, taking it up. He read it deliberately, and laid it down again. "That seems a good, sound document. Don't you think so? Here," he added, placing his finger underneath the text, "is the place to sign."

Digitized by Google

Nothing more was said. The president of the trust company took his pen and wrote. One president after another, the others signed. The trust companies had come together; and the turn in the tide of the panic of 1907 had arrived.

It was a time and a piece of work that was of importance to the firm of Morgan not only for its financial results, but because it had a determining influence upon the selection of the present working members of the partnership.

George Perkins was still chief lieutenant, and continued to be for three years more. But there was, more and more, the feeling in the financial district that Perkins was growing too dominant and decisive in the affairs of the Morgan business. So far, there had been one will only in the house of Morgan — directing, dissenting, approving, exploding like the wrath of God on a perishing world. In January, 1911, Perkins retired from Morgan's, with a great fortune; and the stories of the growing tension that led up to his resignation are still related with much detail in that great whispering gallery of the gossip of the country, Wall Street.

THOMAS W. LAMONT

Who rose in twenty years from a newspaper reporter to a Morgan partner

WILLIAM H. PORTER

Who carries much of the burden of Morgan's inside office business

But now, with the revolving of the seasons, the North American continent started to tip again toward the sun for the opening spring of another decade, and it was time for Morgan — over seventy now — to choose his fifth set of partners.

At the head of the firm as he saw it — when his final change of partners comes — will still be, not a Perkins, nor a Coster, but a Morgan. Junius, his own father, had trained him for what he was, a working merchant — and no foolishness about it, either. His boy would be the same. He had had his apprenticeship and hard knocks. He had learned the business here and by a long stay at the house in London. And now he was back again, and there was always a Morgan in town. When the father went, in the winter or early spring, to Europe or the Nile, he came back again before Jack Morgan could take his autumn vacation. Jack Morgan was at

Digitized by Google

the desk—"Little Jack Morgan," according to the kindly, familiar tone of the Sunday supplement, a nice child who has just been given his first pony; in reality, a sturdy, thick-shouldered, straightforward business man, fastened to a strong cigar, upon whose crown and temples time has already made a considerable reaping.

Now, then, there was need of active members to work with the Morgans. Pierpont Morgan reached out and brought them in again, from the enterprises with which his own business experiences brought him into touch. In the past ten years the general banking business had been one of these.

The oldest and one of the greatest of the financial banks — the banks that buy great quantities of bonds—was the First National. Morgan—a friend of George F. Baker, its head for forty years—had become a large stockholder in this ten years before, and had watched its extraordinary growth from the inside. It was here that he found the first of his new partners, Harry Davison, who had helped him in the time of the 1907 panic. Davison in 1909, when Morgan took him, was a man of forty-two. For fifteen or twenty years, then, he had been associated with interests active in the First National Bank, both in that institution, and before that in outside smaller banking houses. And he was quite generally rated the ablest and most aggressive young banker in New York. He had been the active head of one bank before he came to the First National, and was the chief founder of one of the greatest of the recent business miracles of New York, the Bankers' Trust Company.

Davison came in on January 1, 1909. (Practically all of the changes of the Morgan firm come at the beginning of the calendar year.) Two years later, at the opening of 1911, came Davison's personal friend and business associate, Thomas W. Lamont. And at the same date came in another banker, William H. Porter, for the past eight years the president of that strong tower of the middle ages of New York finance, the Chemical National Bank.

The choice of bankers as his partners was, in a way, new to Morgan. But these men were not merely technical bankers, trained to the narrow specialties of commercial banking. Two of them had had their big successes in the financial banks and trust companies, which, after all, were principally concerned in buying and selling and estimating the value of securities and of enterprises, in much the same way that the firm of Morgan was. The third, as president of a great bank more commercial in its line, had had his own large training in the same kind of work.

MRS. CHARLES STEELE AND HER DAUGHTERS

Who have been prominent figures in the social life of New York

And with these men the present firm of Morgan was completed. At the head of it is J. Pierpont Morgan, and no other. He has no regular desk now, at which he is stationed, in his old office. Since the library behind his house on Thirty-sixth Street was finished, he has made his headquarters there. And from four to six months of the year, starting generally in the winter or early spring, he is abroad — on the

Digitized by Google

Nile, in Italy, at the German baths, or at his house in London. Wherever he may be, he is consulted. When he is in town, his active partners often begin their day by calling at his library on their way downtown. When he is abroad, he is kept posted on every large affair by cable.

Next to him is his son, J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., now forty-six years old — a big, heavy-motioned man, with a frank, direct expression of face, and a careless, easy manner. In general mold and facial lines he strongly resembles his father. He lacks his father's fire and violent driving power, but he has a very evident power of his own. He is a man simple, direct, and absolutely unaffected in his personal contact, but rather diffident and retiring from public scrutiny, of the type that makes the big, quiet athletic hero as a college boy, but consistently prefers suicide with honor to speaking at a public dinner.

CHARLES STEELE

The clear-headed business adviser in the Morgan office, now somewhat worn in health

He is overshadowed now by the personality of his father; but those who know him best hold that in his time, with a different method, he will furnish all the strength essential to direct the Morgan firm. Far different from his father, the more the son is crowded by affairs, the more urbane his manners grow; and the more conciliatory his way, the harder his determination.

Young Morgan is the type of a good, sound, working business man. He has, as his father has, a knowledge of foreign exchange, gained by his training abroad, equaled by few men in this country. And he has a similar and even more valuable equipment in his expert knowledge of the kinds of securities which European markets now demand. But, like his father, he has few theoretical interests. He is not the kind likely to go out nights, after business, and spoil his intellectual digestion by feeding on new ideas. The great new social and economic movements that center upon his firm will never have their final analysis from him. Other men must contribute this, and do.

Davison, as a matter of fact, makes a good share of this contribution. He is a keen, hard-surfaced business man, as his pictures show him; but, in addition, he is a student of economics and political development, and, with the facilities at his hand in this country and abroad, goes out to meet new ideas in the best possible fashion, by personal contact with their ablest exponents.

Davison is the new-fashioned type of business man, equipped to comprehend the new problems which the growing socialization of industry is daily forcing on his firm. And, besides this, much of his success in a business way — as his portraits do not show — is due to his ability to make acquaintances, to a personal and friendly interest in men.

Of all the partners, Davison is probably closest to young Morgan. Their summer places on Long Island lie near together, and their desks are together in the Morgan office.

The second of the new and active partners is Thomas W. Lamont, a man of training and ability and breadth of view not unlike his long-time friend, Davison. He was a Harvard man; gained the broadening education in human affairs in newspaper work, serving as reporter

Digitized by Google

and editor on the New York *Tribune* for several years; and showed his enterprise in establishing and building up a successful wholesale business house, from which — because of his general business acumen and sound sense — he was called by Davison to become secretary and treasurer of the Bankers' Trust Company at its founding. From there he followed Davison, through a vice-presidency of the First National Bank, to a partnership in Morgan's.

Lamont is a few years younger than Davison — a man in his early forties. Like him, he is not only a keen business man, but an individual with a wide and constantly growing acquaintance with the men of importance in the business life of the country. His experience in business makes him especially valuable in the field of industrial enterprises, in which his predecessor, Perkins, was active.

The third of the new working partners, William H. Porter, is a little older — a man now in his early fifties. He is a sound, hard-working, practical banker, who carries much of the burden of the daily business of the office. He is a man of extraordinary memory and knowledge of securities and commercial paper.

Of the older partners, Mr. Steele,— now somewhat worn in health,— besides being a director in many of the great enterprises of the country, is a clear-headed, cool business adviser. Temple Bowdoin, the son of the earlier partner, works out many of the details of the business, such as all the arrangements for its underwriting syndicates. William P. Hamilton, Mr. Morgan's son-in-law, and a great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, has charge of the general management of the office and its hundred and fifty employees.

These are the seven partners in the New York office of J. P. Morgan. There are three men in the Philadelphia office of the house, under the firm sign of Drexel & Co., who are really joint partners in the New York enterprise. These are E. T. Stotesbury, horseman, lavish entertainer, and shrewd business man, who has been more than a quarter of a century with the firm; and two younger men, Arthur E. Newbold and Horatio G. Lloyd, who have more recently come into the partnership. The Philadelphia house has problems of its own, and, while its partners share in the general proceeds with those in New York, their activities are generally confined to their own fields. The house has two European branches, Morgan, Grenfell & Co. of London — the successor of George Peabody and J. S. Morgan & Co.— and Morgan, Harjes & Co. in Paris.

The Old Morgan Office

But the main interest in the great partnership centers in the old counting-house at the corner of Wall and Broad streets in New York — the famous landmark which this spring, exactly forty years after its completion, will be torn down and replaced by a more modern structure. It is an interesting old building, an architectural link between the somber, jail-like old sub-treasury on one side, and the screaming classical grandeur of the new Stock Exchange upon the other — steadfastly preserving, in the shadow of the skyscrapers, the elegance and inconveniences of the early '70's.

From the street you walk half a story up the outside marble steps; then up some more steps inside; and pass into the corridor, with its ornate classic pillars and its particolored marble trimmings. On the left are the clerks and their counters. On the right, down a narrow passageway, the long mahogany-and-glass-walled room of the partners. In the first and larger compartment of this are now the desks of Messrs. Lamont, Porter, Hamilton, and Bowdoin. In a smaller back compartment, through an always open door, are the desks of Morgan, Jr., and Mr. Davison. In the rear, beyond folding doors, are larger and more private rooms, in which Mr. Steele and Pierpont Morgan, when he is there, are found, and where the most intimate conferences of the firm take place.

Outside the front offices, in a little railed inclosure in the corridor, sit the visitors, waiting for their audience. Big men, whose names show black in the headlines of the newspapers, sit here and stiffly await their turns. But nothing could be more direct and informal than their greeting when their turn comes. There is nothing of the rigidity of the new fortunes here. Inside of the dark-carpeted, comfortable office, with its dark desk and trimmings, the partners pass to and fro at their work, writing, smoking, chatting, looking out of the windows.

The Kind of Business Morgan Does

There is a lack of even elementary understanding of the business of this firm whose name is in every man's mouth throughout the country. It is believed, for example, that they are promoters, launchers of new enterprises. Nothing could be farther from the truth. This house, and other houses of the older kind, hold that it is their business to finance existing enterprises; that this is safer and more profitable than to take the chances of new ventures.

Digitized by Google

A somewhat similar condition exists as to the financing of smaller enterprises. The Morgan house is now equipped with a machinery for floating great bond issues. It costs no more to investigate and carry through the placing of ten million dollars' worth of bonds than of half a million. And, naturally, the Morgan house prefers to occupy its machinery with a larger issue. The smaller ones go to the lesser firms that make a specialty of that type of business. New clients, requiring millions, are constantly coming in. But much of the work of the Morgan house is concerned with the old corporations for which it has been bankers in the past.

For these corporate clients the house of Morgan performs the function of expert financial adviser. And to each of them Morgan & Co. generally assigns a member of its firm as special adviser — to learn its coming needs, to plan the best time and style for its security issues, and where to place them, here or abroad. Each of the more active partners has a number of great corporations whose financial affairs and necessities he watches closely. But he makes no individual agreements with them for his firm. Every matter of consequence must come before the whole partnership. The firm is in general conference once every day, at least, over its business, and oftener many times.

A Quarter of a Billion a Year

Every year the firm of Morgan distributes to investors about a quarter of a billion dollars of securities, principally bonds. For doing this it must have the most remarkable machinery in the world.

It is, in the first place, a private bank, in which there are deposits upward of $100,000,000. With this it can perform the usual functions of a financial bank, that is, it can hold great quantities of securities on their way to the investor, and still have left, for its protection in time of sudden stress, millions of resources in the most liquid form on earth — "call" loans against stock-market security, which can be turned into money in an instant.

In addition to the distributing power of its house, it has its branches in Philadelphia, London, and Paris. It is in close and friendly relations — through directorships of its partners — with the great security-buying and -selling agencies of this country, the financial banks and trust companies and insurance companies of New York. And, in addition, scores of smaller jobbers and retailers of bonds come into Morgan's office to take their shares of new issues.

The flotation of single issues, up to ten or one hundred or one hundred and seventy million dollars of securities at one time, seems to the average man a mysterious and almost incredible feat. It is merely a great piece of merchandising. And, when each issue is split up between jobbers and purchasers, many of whom — like the New York trust companies and financial banks and insurance companies — each have assets running into the hundreds of millions, it is easy to understand that no one agency need take from a security manufacturer like Morgan's house any overstock of the goods which it is its daily business to handle.

Mr. Morgan's Philosophy of Business

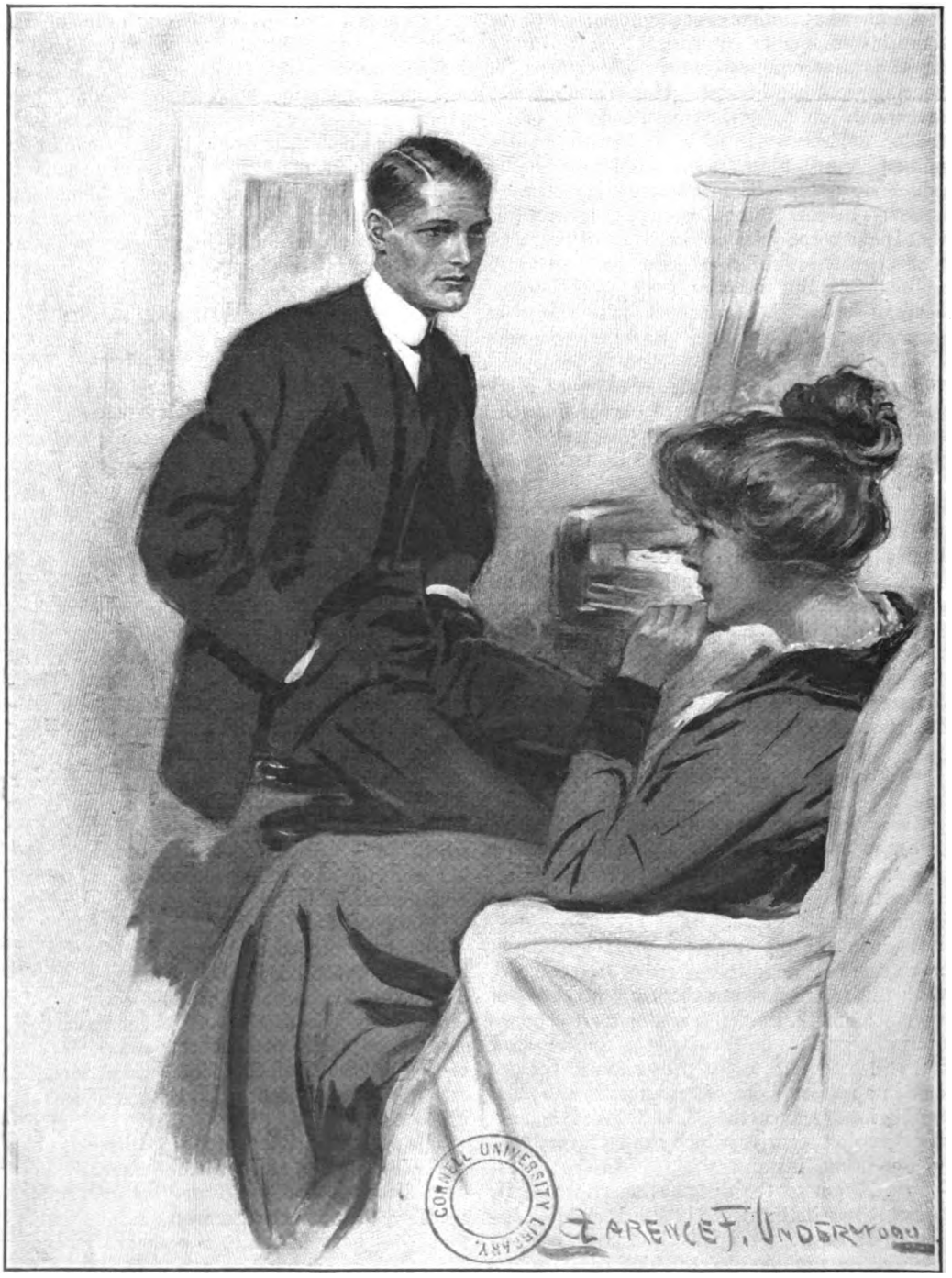
No one can overestimate the social and economic significance of the tremendous power centering in J. P. Morgan & Co.; and no one, not even those in closest relation to that institution, can observe its growth without wonder and at least some feeling of uneasiness. But one qualification must always be made, in any criticism or to any feeling of apprehension. The Morgan establishment is, after all, a mercantile business depending upon fundamental limitations of mercantile trade. It will hold its relative position in the security market just so long and no longer than it makes honest goods and works out the far-sighted business policies of the reputable and responsible merchant who intends to develop and perpetuate his business. Its power depends, in the last analysis, on a quality which Mr. Morgan, in his recent testimony, placed at the basis of his philosophy of business — the personal integrity of individual men.

That great changes in the curbing of individual power in private and corporate business are to come is undeniable. But it is equally undeniable that the power which has come to Mr. Morgan and his firm would never have been secured by them without the exercise of the virtues of the business period to which they belong — honesty and courage and individual enterprise.

The personal driving force of J. Pierpont Morgan has generally, and probably correctly, been known as the first reason for his unexampled success. But a fact of scarcely second importance has been his unusual policy of renewing the youth of his business every decade by the introduction of new working partners.

He has taken them at their prime, worked them to the limit, made them millionaires many times over, and then, when at last they have all but broken, he has again renewed the youth and energy of his firm by fresh blood from the next generation.

Digitized by Google



"'I TOLD YOUR FATHER I'D LIKE THE DEUCE TO MARRY YOU, DON'T YOU KNOW, AND ALL THAT KIND OF THING—SAID YOU WERE A DASHED CHARMING GIRL, AND SO ON, AND THAT I THOUGHT WE'D HIT IT OFF TOGETHER'"

Digitized by Google

MAKING £10,000

BY

TALBOT MUNDY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"I HAVE!" said the Honorable William Allison. And he closed his lips so tightly when he had said it, and his merry face looked so comically sorry, that Gladys Powers had no need to guess what the answer was.

"Tell me all about it!" she said promptly. She smiled back at him, but there was concern in her big dark eyes. "First of all, what did *you* say?"

"Me? Oh, I told him I'd like the deuce to marry you, don't you know, and all that kind of thing — said you were dashed charming girl and so on, and that I thought we'd hit it off together."

"And did you say it offhandedly like that?"

"Why, of course! You didn't expect me to go down on my knees to him, did you?"

She was trembling on the very verge of laughter, and drew out her handkerchief to hide it from him.

"No," she bubbled. "Go on. What did *he* say?"

"Said he'd no time for hereditary boneheads — dashed if I know what a bonehead is, exactly, but I'll bet it's something rude — and that he wouldn't let his daughter marry one on any terms! Said there were boneheads enough in the States, without coming across the water to find one! He added a lot of tommy-nonsense about the idea of an aristocracy being all wrong anyhow. So I asked him whether he'd have liked me any better if I'd been a brick-layer!"

The dimples began to dance again. She loved this lean, clean-looking Englishman very dearly; but love had not killed her sense of humor.

"Most extraordinary thing, but the mention of bricks seemed to make him positively savage!"

"He made his money building, you know. He's been fighting the brick-layers' union all his life; he says that, from first to last, they've cost him fifteen million!"

"He must be most uncommon oofy, to spend that much money fightin' a lot of brick-layers!"

"Father's not exactly a pauper, you know!"

"Confound him — he called me one!"

"That's exactly what you called yourself when you proposed to me!"

"I know I did. But I didn't mean it as literally as all that! I've got fifteen hundred a year of my own. I said that as his son-in-law I supposed I might amount to something financially some day! But he got awfully red in the face, and said he wouldn't have me for a son-in-law at any price. I asked him whether we couldn't come to some sort of terms. He said no! So I reminded him that as a business man — which he seemed so infernally proud of calling himself — he must realize that there's a way of compromising everything. He thought a little after that. Then he said suddenly that if I'd prove to him that I'm not a bonehead, he'd consider it. By the way, what the deuce is a bonehead?"

"A fool. Go on — what then?"

"I invited him to be a little more explicit. He said, 'Go and make some money, and bring it here and show it to me!' I asked him how much money, and he thought for a minute, and then snapped out, 'Ten thousand!' 'Dollars?' I asked him. You see, I could have borrowed that much, at a pinch, and have brought it round to him this afternoon! But he said: 'No; pounds! Go and make ten thousand pounds within the next six months, and show it to me. Then I'll let Gladys do as she likes about it!' So I bowed myself out."

"And can you do it?" asked Gladys Powers eagerly.

"Not if I want to keep out of jail, I'm afraid! You see, I've had no business training."

Gladys Powers dug the point of her umbrella into the frozen February grass, and frowned.

"I call it mean of father," she exclaimed, "to talk to you that way! He's forever preaching against what he calls 'bucking the other fellow's game,' and now he tells you to go and do it! He knows perfectly well that you're not a business man! Besides, he's bucking somebody else's game himself, and he's seen how futile it is!"

"Whose game's he buckin'?"

"Yours. He's perfectly crazy to get into

Digitized by Google

society over here, and he hasn't been able to do it."

"He'd find himself in society in a minute, if he'd let you marry me!"

Gladys smiled, in spite of herself. She knew that her father would either get what he wanted on his own merits and by his own efforts, or do without.

"Oh, if you could only get the better of him!" she exclaimed. "He'd think the world of you! Won't you try? Do try! It isn't that you're poor — he doesn't mind that; he wants me to marry a man with brains. Beat him! Then he'll have to admit that you've got brains. Try! Won't you?"

And she said "Won't you?" in a way that went straight to the heart of the Honorable William Allison. He stood in front of her for a moment stock-still, gazing straight ahead beyond her.

"I'll have a try!" he said in a low voice. "Tell me — is he really keen on this idea of gettin' into society?"

"He's crazy about it! He's crazy because he's failed! He hates failure, and he means to keep on at it until he's won!"

Bill Allison reflected again for about a minute; he was beginning to look singularly gloomy.

"I don't see how that's goin' to help much," he said, more to himself than to Gladys Powers. "Still,"— and he looked straight into her eyes, and she read resource there, and believed in him and took courage,—"I can but try! We'll see!"

II

An hour later the Honorable William Allison strolled into one of the most exclusive clubs, and subsided gloomily into a deep arm-chair. It was one thing to say that he would try, but quite another thing to think out a feasible plan on which to act.

"Confound the man!" he muttered savagely.

"Hullo, Bill!" said a pleasant voice beside him; and he started and looked round.

"You, Galloway? Why the deuce didn't you speak before? How long have you been here? Were you here when I came in?"

"Thought I'd watch you, Bill! Dashed interestin', believe me! First time in my life that I ever saw you lookin' gloomy! Been busy wonderin' what's up! Money-lender naggin' you?"

"No. Nothin' to speak of."

"Liver out of order?"

"Never better in my life."

"Some female woman been unkind to you?"

"No."

"Bill — you're in love!"

"Nonsense."

"You can't deceive me, Bill! So she won't have you, eh? Well, you'll get over that all right. There are heaps more women, Bill, and they're all of 'em too good for you and me! Your troubles don't amount to anything — listen to my tale of woe! Trainin' stable all gone to the deuce — eight rotten gee-gees all eatin' their useless heads off — three of 'em lame — two of 'em crocks that couldn't win a sellin' plate to save their lives — an' that brute Souffriere so savage that nobody can do a thing with him! He half killed an unfortunate stable-boy the day before yesterday. The boy's in hospital — at my expense! Takes a sight of the whip to induce any of the other boys to go near the brute. Pity of it is that he's entered for the Grand National — and he could win it, if only I could find a man to ride him!"

"He certainly could win it!" said Bill Allison, with an air of absolute conviction.

"I know he could, Bill! But I've got to sell him; there's nothin' else for it! My stable's been losin' me money for so long that I simply can't stave off my creditors for another week!"

"But why sell the best horse you've got? Why not keep him, and sell the rest?"

"Seen the others?"

"Yes, I've seen 'em."

"Would you buy 'em?"

"Well, speakin' personally, no! Still ——"

"Shut up talkin' rot, then! Souffriere's got to go. I'm goin' to sell him next week."

"Is he fit?" asked Allison. An idea seemed to have risen new-born behind his eyes, for they positively blazed as he leaned forward and looked at Galloway.

"He's fit as a fiddle — now. He won't be, though, in a week's time. All he needs is gallopin', and, I tell you, I can't get a man to ride him."

Bill Allison lay back in his chair again, with his tall hat tipped forward over his eyes. His long lean leg, crossed over the other, moved up and down rhythmically, and the fingers of his right hand drummed gently on the arm of the chair.

"Tell me, Sammy," he said suddenly, "are you keen on sellin' Souffriere? D'you want to get out of the racin' game for good?"

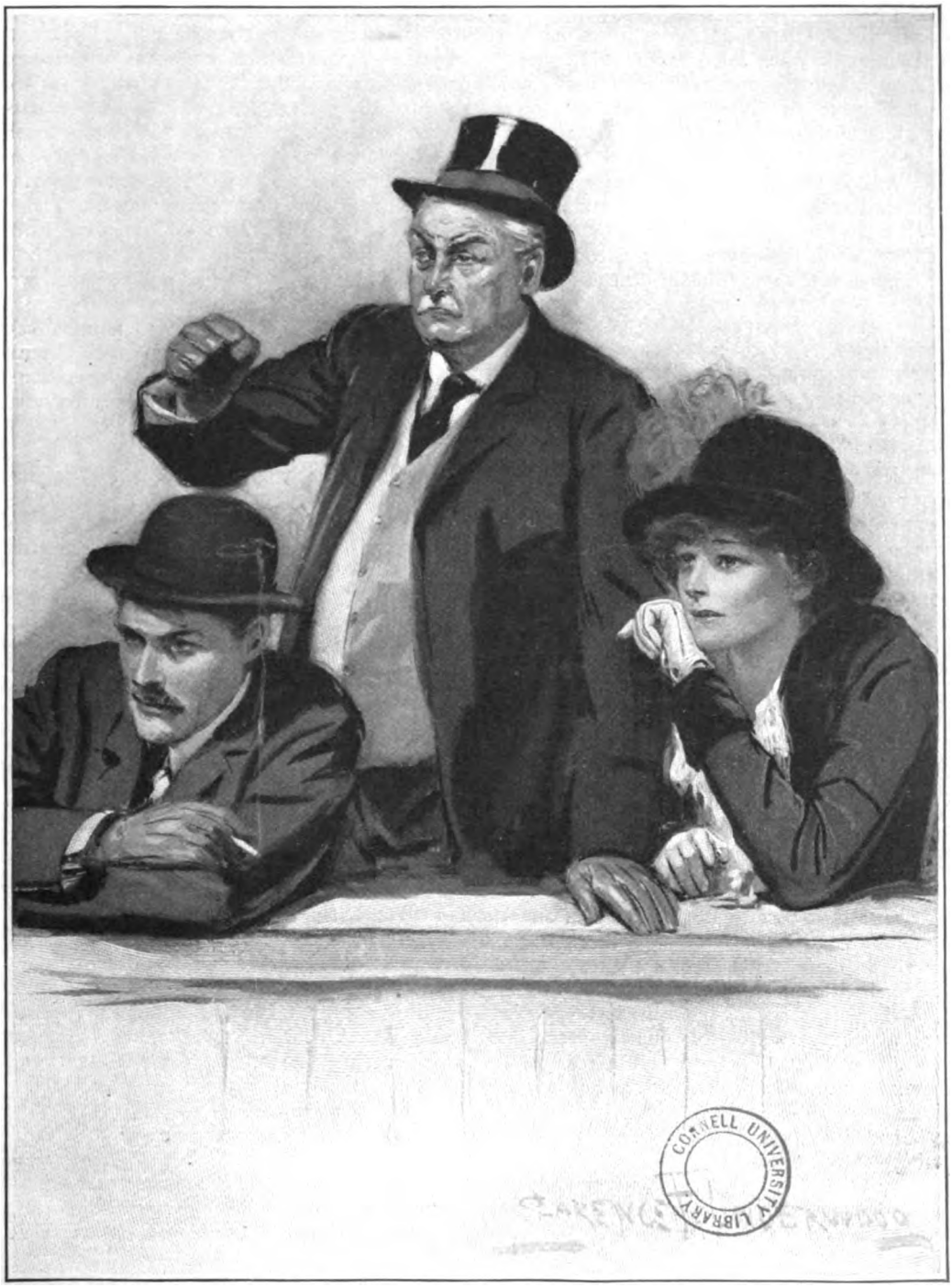
"Want to? I should say not! If I could think of any way out of quittin'——"

"I've thought of one!"

"Out with it, then, as you love me! I'd give ten years of my ill-spent life for the right idea!"

"Ten years won't do, Sammy, my boy! We'll have to do this on half shares and hold our respective tongues. Also, we'll have to be singularly — most uncommon — careful!"

Digitized by Google



"GLADYS LEANED AGAINST THE RAIL AND TRIED TO STOP HER HEART FROM PALPITATING BY PRESSING IT AGAINST THE WOOD. SAMMY GALLOWAY GROUND HIS TEETH. 'WHAT'S THE MATTER?' ASKED GLADYS. 'HE'S TAKING IT TOO FAST!'"

Digitized by Google

"I'm the carefulest young fellow you ever knew, Bill. There's not even a woman can make me talk, when I don't want to!"

They talked together for the next three hours, mysteriously; and every now and then one or the other of them was emphatic.

At the end of that time the Honorable William Allison hurried to his chambers and superintended the packing of his portmanteaus. A little later he took a train into the country. But his friend Sammy Galloway, contrary to his original intentions, remained in town.

III

There was nobody in London with a more varied or extensive acquaintance than Sammy Galloway. He was popular for his sunny disposition and his thoroughly sportsmanlike qualities; and, although his comparative poverty precluded his returning hospitality to any great extent, his presence at all kinds of social functions was in very great demand. So he had no difficulty whatever in securing an introduction to Mr. Franklin Powers.

Sammy was ushered into the largest room of the most expensive private suite in the most up-to-date hotel in London; and he was kept waiting there for fully ten minutes before Mr. Powers appeared. To use his own expression, he was "sweatin' like a horse" when his host finally arrived and demanded, rather brusquely, what he might want.

Mr. Powers had been just long enough in England to realize that letters of introduction from influential sources were seldom guileless when addressed to himself. He had made the discovery that society is as greedy of favors from millionaires as it is chary of extending them. So there was a note of challenge in his voice, and it acted as a tonic to Sammy Galloway. He left off feeling nervous, and displayed true genius by tackling his quarry in the one way that was at all likely to have effect. "I've come to talk business," he said, as he resumed his seat.

"Good!" said Franklin Powers. "I'm listening!"

"I've been told — and I won't divulge the name of my informant on any terms — that you are anxious to get into the best society over here."

Powers stood up as though a spring had been suddenly released inside him. "Go on!" he said non-committally.

"I can show you the way — on terms."

Powers sat down again, and the two men looked at each other in tense silence for about a minute. Each liked the appearance of the other. There was no gainsaying the rugged strength of the millionaire; he looked like what he was — a born fighter, whom many victories had made self-confident. And Sammy Galloway, who looked the acme of good nature, also looked honest. His introductions, too, were unexceptionable.

"Let's hear all about it!" said Mr. Powers.

"I'm not here for fun!" said Sammy. "There are a lot of things I'd rather do than this. But, as long as you understand, to begin with, that I'm playing my own game as well as yours, we ought to hit it off all right."

Powers nodded. "I hope it's not introductions!" he said. "I've tried 'em — had dozens of 'em. All they ever got me was invitations to charity bazaars, and a pink tea or so now and then!"

"Lord, no!" said Sammy. "You've got to do a thing like this off your own bat! Introductions are all right, of course, to begin with, provided they're the right kind. But a man wants more than that. Nobody cares much where a man comes from; what he's got to do is to be something or do something out of the ordinary. Millionaires are as common as stray dogs! What's wanted is a millionaire who's something else besides; and — and that's where I come in!"

Powers nodded again. "Go on!" he said. "I'm interested!"

"You want to do something big in a social sort of way that'll make the right crowd take notice of you."

"I've given a couple of very expensive parties," said the millionaire. "But that didn't work. Half the people I invited didn't come, and those that did come weren't any good!"

"Exactly!" said Sammy. "Any fool can give a party! Now do something decent!"

The millionaire stared hard at him, not quite certain how to take that remark. "What would you do, for instance?" he asked after a moment.

"Win a classic race!"

"Win a what?"

"Be the owner of a horse that wins the Grand National, for instance."

"The only horses I've ever owned were truck-horses. I don't know a thing about race-horses. My daughter and I use autos. I wouldn't know how to go about it."

"Exactly!" repeated Sammy. "That's where I come in! I own a horse that can win the National, and I've got to sell him. I'm broke, you understand."

Powers got up again and began to pace the room. "How do you know he can win the National?" he demanded abruptly.

Digitized by Google

"How do you know in advance that you can put through one of your big business deals?" asked Sammy.

"That's different. It's my hand that puts them through. I succeed where another man would very likely fail. I know how!"

"That's my case again," said Sammy triumphantly. "I could sell this horse for enough money to get me out of debt; but the man who bought him couldn't win the National with him. He needs riding, and I've got the only man in England who can do it. He's a brute of a horse — savage as they make 'em; wants a real man on his back."

"Then you want me to buy your horse? Is that what it all amounts to?"

"Not by a long way! I could sell him, as I told you. There are more than a dozen men I know who would take a chance on buying Souffriere. I'm offering you more than just a horse, and I'm asking more than just the price of him. I'm offering to win the National with him for you, and I'm willing to be paid by results. That horse is worth about three thousand guineas as he stands; they'd pay that price for him for the stud, and any one you care to ask will confirm what I say. I'm asking you two thousand guineas for him — cash; and in return for that amount I'll transfer him, engagements and all, into your name. If he doesn't win the National, he's yours anyhow, and you'll be able to sell him again for enough to get back the two thousand — together with the expenses of my training-stable, which I'll expect you to guarantee from now until the race comes off. If he wins, I get your check for ten thousand pounds immediately after the race."

"But why do you come to me?" asked Powers suspiciously. "Why don't you go with your offer to one of your own countrymen?"

"I thought I'd be able to make a quick deal with you, for one thing, and I knew you'd got the money. Besides, I've got ulterior motives. When the thing's all over, I've a friend I want to introduce to you; possibly he can put something in your way, too. He'll be able to help you socially better even than I can. But I want you to learn to have confidence in me first. One thing at a time."

"But how is this business of winning the Grand National going to help me socially?"

"Believe me," said Sammy darkly, "there's positively nothing you could do that would help you more!"

Powers drew the stub of a pencil from his pocket, and tossed it up and down on the palm of his hand in a movement that was characteristic of him when he was making up his mind.

"Supposing he wins, who gets the stake?" he asked.

"You do."

"When is the Grand National run?"

"Latter part of March — six weeks from now."

"And this jockey you speak of — are you sure of him?"

"Absolutely! If he doesn't ride the horse, you can call the deal off, and I'll pay you your money back!"

Powers looked hard at him through narrowed eyes. He was still uncertain. The pencil-stub was still dancing on the palm of his hand. This man was certainly a gentleman — his introductions were beyond all question everything that they ought to be. He looked honest and spoke squarely. The proposition was unusual, but ——

"Will you give me your word of honor that this proposition's on the level?" he demanded.

"Certainly."

Powers tossed the pencil up and caught it. His mind was made up.

"I'll go you, then! How much cash did you say? Two thousand guineas? Two thousand one hundred pounds, eh?"

And Mr. Franklin Powers produced his checkbook and made out a check in favor of Mr. Sammy Galloway for that amount.

IV

Six weeks later the fashionable sporting crowd put in its annual appearance on Aintree racecourse. It was tall-hatted and fur-coated, and as different from a summer-season racing crowd as could easily be imagined. The people who brave the March winds at Aintree are those who go racing for the love of it, and not just because it happens to be the thing to do.

Galloway, most immaculately dressed, leaned against the paddock railing and talked through it to his friend Allison. Allison was overcoated from ears to heels; he looked thinner than when he and Sammy had talked together at the club, but the glow of health was on him, and he seemed happy as a school-boy.

"What odds are they laying?" demanded Allison.

"Twenty to one!"

"I don't wonder!" said Allison, looking over his shoulder at Souffriere. The big red devil of a horse was being led round and round the paddock at what was intended to be a walk — blanketed until nothing of him was visible except his savage eye, which peeped out through a hole in his hood. As Allison spoke, the brute snorted and squealed and snatched at his lead-

Digitized by Google

ing-rein, and a pitched battle followed between him and the man who led him. Above the buzz and clamor of the crowd came the raucous bellowing of a book-maker: "Twenties, Souffriere! Twenty to one, Souffriere!" But no one seemed anxious to bet on him.

"Have you got the money on?" asked Allison.

"Yes."

"The whole two thousand?"

"Every single penny of it."

"So we stand to win forty thousand pounds, eh?"

"We do — or else lose everything!"

"Don't think of it! How did you keep old Powers out of the way?"

"He and Miss Powers were awfully keen to come into the paddock," said Sammy. "But I told him it wouldn't do. Said I wanted his entrance on the scene to be as dramatic as possible; asked him to wait until the race was over before showing up, and then lead in the winner. He and Miss Powers are sitting in a box right in the middle of the grand stand, and they're both of 'em half frantic for the race to begin. I'd better go over to 'em now, and try to keep 'em quiet. So long! Good luck, Bill!"

"So long, Sammy! Good luck!"

As Sammy Galloway joined the little party in the box, Souffriere's price began to alter in the betting.

"Why, they're only laying fifteen to one against him now!" said Gladys Powers. "Listen! I wonder why that is?"

"Dunno, I'm sure," said Sammy, taking the vacant chair between her and her father. "Unless some one in the crowd's spotted who's goin' to ride him."

"Why, is the jockey so well known? I thought he was just one of your men."

"Oh, he's fairly well known," said Sammy. "Listen! They've shortened him some more!"

"Twelve to one, Souffriere! Twelve to one, Souffriere!" barked the bookies.

"What's the jockey's name?" asked Gladys.

"Bill."

"Bill what?"

"Just Bill. Look! There they come!"

There was a sudden silence, and everybody craned forward to watch the horses coming out. Seventeen of them, prancing and cavorting, filed out, one by one, on to the course. They missed their blankets, for the March wind nipped them; and as they danced on tiptoe, in their eagerness to get their heads down and be off, they presented as fine a spectacle as could be witnessed anywhere. The last to come out was Souffriere — seventeen hands of plunging red deviltry; and as he reared on his hind legs and seesawed through the gate, the crowd began to hum again with conversation.

But the bookies were still silent. To a man, they were watching Souffriere through field-glasses. Suddenly one of them closed his glasses with a snap and turned toward the rest.

"It is!" he yelled excitedly. "Tens, Souffriere! Ten to one, Souffriere!"

The last-minute plungers, who always form a quite considerable percentage of the betting crowd, took that to be an echo of inside information. There was a rush to get on at ten to one, and in a moment the price had shortened down to eights. The bookies bellowed it out above the ceaseless murmur of the crowd.

"He'll be the favorite in a minute at this rate!" said the millionaire, grinning with pleasure that he took no trouble to conceal.

Souffriere was the biggest and by far the finest-looking of the field. He came on to the course sideways, fighting for his head like a mad devil. He seemed the squealing, dancing, plunging, lashing embodiment of energy. His red coat shone like new satin, and his great muscles played up and down beneath it like springs of tempered steel. He was a picture of a horse. Any one with half an eye could see that he was trained down to the last touch; and the rider who sat him so perfectly, and coaxed and steadied him, seemed as lithe and well trained as the horse.

"That man's face seems strangely familiar!" said Franklin Powers, staring through his field-glasses.

Gladys Powers had thought the same thing; she too was watching closely through her glasses.

"Who did you say his jockey was?" she asked Sammy. "Bill who?"

"Watch, Miss Powers! This'll be worth watching!"

"It looked almost like ——"

"Oh, all men look pretty much alike in racing-kit! Watch!"

Every rider excepting Souffriere's gave his horse a trial jump over the first fence on the course. But Souffriere was taken straight down to the starting-point. It seemed better, to the man who rode him, to take the first jump blind than to let the horse have his head yet for so much as a second. He kept him by the starting-gate until the other horses came and lined up on either side of him.

"They're off!" roared the crowd.

It is like the thunder of a big wave on rocks, and the growl of the undertow — that sudden exclamation of the waiting crowd. It thrills even the oldest race-goer. Gladys Powers leaned against the rail in front of her and tried

Digitized by Google

to stop her heart from palpitating by pressing it against the wood. The silence of the dead followed, as the horses raced neck and neck for the first jump. They reached it all together in a bunch. Souffriere rose at it as if it were a mountain, shot over it without touching a twig, and landed neatly in his stride on the far side, half a length in front of the rest. Between that jump and the next he continued to gain steadily.

But the Grand National is a five-mile race, or thereabouts — five miles of the stiffest going in the world. The jumps are prodigious. No ordinary horse could get across them, and none but the stoutest-hearted man dare try to ride him. The pace was a cracker, and Sammy Galloway — gazing through his glasses beside Gladys Powers — grunted and ground his teeth.

"What's the matter?" asked Gladys.

"He's taking it too fast!"

He had reached the open ditch already — a misnamed contraption with a guard-rail in front of it and a thumping big fence on the far side; it had been the death of more good men and horses than all the other risks of steeplechasing put together. As Galloway spoke, Souffriere's rider dropped his hands, and the horse swung his great hind legs under him and leaped over it like a cat. He cleared it without touching, and his rider — his head a little to one side — watched his fore feet critically to see how he placed them when he landed.

"Look at him!" said Sammy. "Ain't he cool! But what's he takin' it so fast for?"

Souffriere was a full length in the lead now — striding along as though he found the going easy, and eating up the distance between jumps with long, easy strides that told of tremendous strength still in reserve. He had a hundred and forty pounds to carry,— twenty-eight pounds less than the top weight,— and he was making nothing of it. The two horses next behind him rose at the open ditch together, cannoned heavily, and fell — one of them with a broken back. The remainder cleared it; but the accident gave Souffriere a lead of two full lengths. The race had still nearly four miles to go, and Galloway, watching through his field-glasses, could see Souffriere's rider looking behind him to see where the others were.

"Take a pull, man! Take a pull!" he grumbled aloud. "There's simply tons of time!"

"Didn't you give him instructions how to ride before the race started?" asked Gladys, who had been reading up horse-racing matters since her father had become an owner.

"Me? Tell Bill how to ride? I should say not! He's out and away the best horseman in England! Watch him!"

Souffriere, slugging his head against the bit, seemed bent on increasing the lead still further, and his rider seemed quite disposed to let him do it. The great horse was still sweeping along without any apparent effort, and jumping as a cat jumps — carefully. The pace, though, was nothing short of tremendous. It was much too hot to last, and the field was tailing out behind already. As they rounded the turn for home, Souffriere was more than four lengths in the lead. Six other horses were waiting on him, and going strong — one little brown horse, that was running fourth, seeming to go well within himself. They were all six letting Souffriere make the pace for them, and every one of them was clearly to be reckoned with.

As they galloped up toward the grand-stand, though, Souffriere's rider seemed to be cracking on the pace even a little faster. Those who watched him narrowly enough through field-glasses could see him speaking to the horse. Gladys was one of those who watched the rider's face. Suddenly she clutched at Sammy's sleeve and whispered to him.

"Tell me, Mr. Galloway, who's that riding him? It looks from here like — It is! Isn't it?"

"Quiet now, Miss Powers!" said Sammy. "Don't give the game away! Yes — it is! Watch him!"

As Souffriere galloped past the grand-stand, Sammy Galloway found time to scrutinize Mr. Powers' face for a second. The millionaire was watching the horse as though his whole fortune depended on his winning. He had no time to study the rider, and no idea as yet who was on the horse's back; and Sammy heaved a sigh of relief as he turned to watch the race again.

The horses were starting on their second journey round the course, and there was beginning now to be something different in the gait of Souffriere that was noticeable to a close observer — his stride had lost a little of its elasticity. Carefully nursed, he looked good to win the race yet, especially considering the lead he had; but there were more than two miles of wicked country still ahead of him, and he needed riding.

Saving the one question of pace, he was being ridden perfectly; no man could have ridden him better. Jump by jump, his rider schooled him over the fiercest course in England as coolly and perfectly as though he were out for a practice gallop; and, so far, Souffriere had not touched a twig. But the pace was a killer.

A booky voiced the general sentiment. "Ten to one, Souffriere!" he roared. Several people laughed. Nobody ran to bet with him.

Digitized by Google

Then, at the water-jump, Souffriere put a foot wrong as he landed, and stumbled badly.

"He's down!" roared the crowd.

Gladys Powers smothered a scream and clutched at Sammy's sleeve. He was not down, though. The stumble had cost him a good length of his lead, but he was up and going strong.

Now two of the other horses were beginning to challenge Souffriere's lead. Whips were going. Their jockeys moved on them, and the distance between them and Souffriere began to grow gradually less. They gained very little on him between the jumps, for his long, easy strides were in his favor, and he was almost able to hold his own; but at each jump they lessened his lead, for he had begun to pause before taking off, and he was landing clumsily. Each pause, and each mistake, cost him five yards or more.

Then there were only three jumps left to take, and a straight run home of less than two furlongs. He might do it yet, but it seemed very doubtful. Sammy Galloway gripped his glasses, and ground his teeth, and swore beneath his breath. Gladys Powers clutched his arm again, and her father stood up in the box — rigid with excitement.

"Oh, Bill, you idiot!" groaned Galloway. "Steady him, man! Steady! Take a pull, and let 'em pass you! You'll catch 'em again in the straight! Oh, you idiot!"

Even as he spoke, the man he apostrophized took up his whip and sent home three good rousing wallops to Souffriere's ribs. The second horse — the little one that had been running fourth so gamely all the way — was coming up hand over hand.

"Twenty to one, Souffriere!" roared a booky, and a chorus of other bookies echoed him.

Then the horses and their riders caught the intoxicating roar from the stands — the roar of an appreciative crowd, that has turned the heads of contestants ever since the dawn of history and has ruined many a fellow's chances. It was the crucial moment. All of the horses were stretched to their limit.

"My God!" groaned Galloway. Souffriere's rider was flogging like a wild man — or seemed to be. It was the one, absolute, and only thing he should not have done! Just behind him — gaining on him fast, and coming up on the inside — was the little brown horse. He and Souffriere charged at the last hurdle side by side, racing shoulder to shoulder for it, with Souffriere's head only the least bit in front.

Crack! came his rider's whip. Souffriere slipped badly at the take-off, and hit the hurdle hard with both hind legs.

"He's down!" roared the crowd.

This time Souffriere was really down — kicking and struggling like a brute possessed. His rider was still on him, clinging with both hands to his neck, and trying to force his weight backward into the saddle again. Souffriere kicked, and struggled, and rose to his feet. Gladys Powers screamed. Powers swore, and smashed his glasses against the rail in front of him. The third horse rose at the jump, cleared it, and missed Souffriere on the far side by about an inch!

"Now ride!" yelled Galloway. "Ride, man! Ride!"

The man in front had glanced over his shoulder, and, seeing that he was leading by a safe margin, had pulled up a bit to save his horse. There was more than a furlong still of straight going on good green grass, and the race was still to win.

"It's all up!" groaned Galloway; and the millionaire looked toward him and nodded. "Worth it, though!" he said, with a wry smile. "I was never more excited in my life!"

"Thank heaven, he wasn't killed!" said Gladys. She was white as a sheet, and trembling.

"Oh, watch!" said Sammy. "Watch!"

The crowd was yelling and thundering in the stand. They had reckoned without Souffriere and his rider! The big red devil was game to the last kick, and his last kick was not due yet by a long way. It dawned on the brute suddenly that there were two horses now in front of him. That, and the whip, and his rider's spurs convinced him that there was still a fight ahead, and he settled down to catch them in real earnest. He passed the second horse like a flash, and gave chase to the little one in front with his eyes shut and his head slugged against the bit — while the crowd roared and yelled until the grand-stand sounded like the thunder of an army.

"Oh!" yelled Galloway. "Look at that, will you!"

The whip was out again, and Souffriere's rider was putting in all he knew. The whip rose and fell like a flail.

"He's not floggin' him! D'you see that? He's not floggin' him! Oh, Bill, you're the cunnin'est old dog that ever ——"

Bill was flogging at his boot. The rider of the first horse heard the *whack-whack-whack* behind him, and started his own whip going. He flogged his horse, though. The game little fellow changed his feet, and in that second Souffriere caught up with him. Then down came Bill's whip on Souffriere's flank, and he spurted, and the two flashed past the winning-post in a thundering, snorting, sweating, wild-eyed

Digitized by Google

streak — so close together that no one outside the judges' box could tell which was the winner.

Then the roar of the crowd died down to expectant silence, while everybody watched the number-board. A man started fumbling with the numbers, and Sammy saw them even before they were on the board.

"Ten — seventeen — six!" he read off.

Ten was Souffriere!

"Come on, Mr. Powers!" said Sammy Galloway. "You're too late to lead him in, but you can see him in the paddock!" He took Miss Powers' arm, and the millionaire followed them to the paddock at a run. Souffriere was already blanketed again, and was trying hard to eat a stable-hand who was leading him back to his box; and Galloway left them looking at him, while he hurried round to the weighing-room door. There he waited patiently, and presently the Honorable William Allison emerged in jockey-kit — covered with mud and foam, but beaming. "Bill, you idiot, we've won twenty-five thousand pounds apiece, and it's just twenty-five thousand more than you deserve! What, in heaven's name, possessed you to ride the race like that?"

"Point is, I won it, Sammy! Had to ride it that way! Haven't been riding Souffriere in his gallops every day for nothing, you know! I got a line on him right away at the start. If you pull him, he sulks and fights. You've got to let him gallop his worst all the way, and whip the steam out of him at the finish! Got that check for ten thousand yet?"

"Of course not! I can't ask him yet!"

"You must, Sammy! I've got to have it!"

"Better leave it till Monday, hadn't we? Let him settle up like the bookies do; that'll be soon enough."

"No, Sam; I've got to have it now! Go and find him, and make him write it out, while I have a tub and a change. Bring it to me in the dressing-room."

"All right, Bill; I suppose you're running this. I'll ask him. But, I say, I'd feel awfully mean if he tried to kick me! I'm beginning to like the old boy!"

It seemed to Mr. Franklin Powers a little bit like sharp business to be asked for his check almost the instant the race was over. He was beginning to wonder, too, where all the social glamour was that had been promised him; nobody had noticed him as yet. However, he was a man of his word, and he produced his check-book and a fountain-pen, and wrote out a check for ten thousand pounds in favor of Sammy Galloway. "Meet you in the box!" said Sammy, turning to hurry away again. "I'm going to bring something in the society line to introduce to you," he added over his shoulder as an afterthought.

Twenty minutes later Sammy Galloway came back to them; and with him was the Honorable William Allison — quite immaculately dressed, smiling as usual, and perfectly at ease. He raised his hat to Gladys, but said nothing to her. She watched him in absolute amazement, for the contrast between this dandy and the man in silk who had ridden Souffriere was almost unbelievable. Allison walked straight up to the millionaire, and produced a folded piece of paper from his pocket.

"Here's the ten thousand you mentioned, Mr. Powers," he said, smiling affably.

Powers seized the piece of paper and examined it. It was his own check for ten thousand that he had given Sammy Galloway!

"This isn't yours!" said the millionaire. "You're not Galloway!"

"Look on the other side, won't you? You'll see that he's indorsed it over to me!"

"What's the meaning of all this?" asked Powers.

"That's the ten thousand that you told me to go and make! I preferred that it should be ten thousand of your money, that's all!"

"Then you and Mr. Galloway are — er ——"

"Accomplices?" suggested Allison.

"And was this talk about getting me into society all bunk?"

"Not a bit of it!" said Sammy, stepping forward. "Allow me, Mr. Powers! This is my friend that I said I'd like to introduce to you afterward. You'll remember, I said he can do more for you socially than even I can!"

"Who thought out this scheme?" asked Franklin Powers — bewildered for almost the first time in his life.

"Bill did!" said Sammy. "I simply obeyed orders! He planned the game, and he rode Souffriere. No other horseman in England could have brought him in a winner. It took a man with brains to win this race and to put through such a scheme. We were both of us broke, and we've each of us made twenty-five thousand, thanks to him — and you!"

"You've got everything you bargained for!" said Allison, trying not to laugh. "As my prospective father-in-law you'll have the entrée into society right away. May I take it that your — ah — your objection is — ah — withdrawn?"

"You may! Shake!"

The Honorable William Allison turned to Gladys. "Care to come into the paddock?" he asked her, almost casually.

"I'll go anywhere in the world with you!" she answered.

Digitized by Google

THE LITTLE BOOSTER

The Lot and Lottie Lottery

BY WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

IN direct defiance of all natural laws, fame gains impetus by rolling uphill. So it was with Brian Boru Blaney, who, after his audacious sorties in the real-estate market had been noised abroad, found himself waited upon by a committee from the Boosters' Club of San Bruno, who offered to make him their Commissionaire of Publicity, with immodest apartments in the Grand Hotel. Brian accepted with alacrity.

It was while he was packing his trunk to move from the sordid Majestic to the splendid Grand that he encountered fate, fame's jealous ally, in the form of a cabinet photograph from which smiled a face of doll-like beauty, such a face as Greuze might have limned or some contemporary artist in wax might have set among the models in a leading ladies' cloak and suit parlor. Diagonally across a corner of the picture, in a hand of dashing angularity, was written, "You know me — Lottie."

"Candy!" sniffed Brian, contemptuously tossing the photograph in the tray of his trunk. Since a girl with dark eyes filled his brain completely, he had little patience with the blond Germanic type. Besides, he didn't know Lottie very well. He had merely taken her out to supper twice, a year ago, when she, stranded among a company of vaudeville performers, had boarded for a week at the Majestic, and departed to avoid paying the bill. He remembered her pleasantly, but without sentiment, as the girl who had fallen so violently in love with San Bruno's climate that she offered to marry him, or the Mayor, or a wooden man, so long as she might be supported in luxury in that idyllic corner of California.

In his new environment, Brian set to work strenuously spreading the name and fame of San Bruno. And the blare of brazen trumpets was never more needful than at that moment, for San Bruno was worried. Less than a hundred miles down the coast, a long-despised hamlet called Bay Center had suddenly blazed into magnitude, like one of those mysterious stars which puzzle astronomers. Yesterday there was rumor of an oil bonanza in that region; to-day it was realized, and the town, swelled like a puff-ball, was discovering the value of her corner lots, advertising her "splendid harbor and unequaled climate" (pilfering a phrase from San Bruno's Prospectus Beautiful), in fact, was building hotels and business blocks on a mammoth scale and actually stealing the tourists out of San Bruno's streets. The upstart editor of the Bay Center *Herald*, boasting his city's growth, had darkly hinted that San Bruno's population had been exaggerated ten thousand. "It's a lie!" the San Bruno Boosters had whispered virtuously among themselves. "We've always told within five thousand of the truth."

"We've actually got about sixty-five thousand population on Saturday nights when the town's crowded," said Obrey O'Malley, the contractor, a stubby-bearded replica of General Grant. He, with C. W. Ketchum, C. B. Brinkhaus, and other prominent Boosters, had called at Brian's office to hold a council of war. "We've been buzzing like wind-bags claiming seventy-five thousand, and now the world is getting on to us. What are we going to do about it?"

"Increase our population five thousand and

Digitized by Google

"'DEARIE, I CAN'T POSSIBLY APPEAR NOW. Y' KNOW, THEY'RE GETTIN' AWFUL STRICT ABOUT BIGAMY. MY BROTHER FRED WAS ARRESTED JUST LAST WEEK FOR MARRYIN' THREE OF 'EM IN SEATTLE'"

Digitized by Google

make a noise like ten. Then we can claim seventy-five thousand till the census man comes round," was Brian's prompt solution. "And now it's up to me, the Boy Booster, to coax, intimidate, hustle, and shanghai into San Bruno five thousand citizens of any race, color, or creed."

"How?" chorused half a dozen anxious listeners.

"Search muh!" answered the Little Booster carelessly. "Gimme a day and a pack o' cigarettes. If I don't land a hunch by then, gentlemen, my goat is yours per parcels post."

Brian closed his desk and went out for a walk, armies of yellow ideas storming the frowning heights of Possibility and falling back defeated. Every project — from putting Uncle Steve Pottle on an Eastern vaudeville circuit with a monologue on "How San Bruno Made Me the Oldest Man in the World" to a series of wild press despatches relating how a professor of hygiene from the University of Placerville had discovered the San Bruno girl to be the modern Venus de Milo — tormented his brain. The beautiful girl idea impressed him favorably. Girls — always a signal for stop-look-listen — just see how the magazine covers worked it! . . .

Brian's pack of cigarettes being exhausted in the service of imagination, he stopped to renew his supply at the varicose-veined mahogany cigar-stand of Leopold Egg, the village gossip. At the instant of Brian's entrance, Mr. Egg was furtively passing a slip of paper to a disreputable citizen, who slunk into the billiard parlor out back.

"Aha! Once an Egg, always a poacher!" Brian mocked. "Caught you sellin' China lottery tickets again!"

"Vanta buy von?" asked Leopold, ever alert for profit.

"I never gamble — I'm in the real-estate business. Besides, who wants to risk a dollar to win thirty?"

"Vat you vant for nodding? A house und lot?" inquired Mr. Egg.

"A house and lot with a wife thrown in wouldn't be so worse," remarked the Little Booster, as he lit up and went smoking on his way. Suddenly a yellow thought scaled the walls of Possibility with such dramatic effect that Brian stopped dead in his tracks as though shot by an invisible bullet. A house and lot with a bride thrown in!

He took the elevator to the eighth floor of the Grand Hotel and locked himself in his bedroom amid the glories of blue Colonial wallpaper and tinted court beauties in Empire frames. How many yearning bachelors were there in the United States, how many lonesome widowers, with gambling instincts? Who wouldn't risk a hundred dollars to buy a lot and get a chance to win wife, home, and fortune — especially if said wife were amazingly beautiful? Why not put the colonization of San Bruno into the hands of a few big dealers with property to burn and the nerve to put it through? — himself and Brinkhaus and O'Malley and Ketchum, for instance, who owned vast adjoining tracts in Utopia Addition?

He took the photograph of the irresistible Lottie de Vere from the tray of his trunk, and, after gazing speculatively for a moment, went to the telephone and summoned the three landholders to a conference in his room.

Mr. O'Malley was the first to arrive. Stocky, sensible, middle-aged, he stroked his General Grant beard and carefully examined the photograph of Lottie de Vere which Brian handed him.

"She's too fine a young lady to be the mother o' men," said O'Malley, with just the trace of a brogue.

"She's goin' to populate San Bruno, just the same," announced Brian Boru.

Ketchum and Brinkhaus entered upon the conversation, and four conspiring cigars burned incense to Lottie's perfect outlines, while Brian outlined a scheme still more perfect.

"In a cocoanut shell," he said, "I can increase the population of San Bruno five thousand in sixty days. We'll all be richer than we are, and the weddin' bells 'll chime ding-dong, if you come in with me."

"On what?" three voices inquired.

"A lottery!"

"It's against the law," objected Brinkhaus.

"What's the law, when we have State Senator Hissup to help?" asked Brian. "The stunt I'm going to pull off is a little matrimonial love gamble to be called the Lot and Lottie Lottery. Now harken!" He held up a hand to forestall interruption. "All that bleak desert stretch which politeness calls Utopia Addition is owned more or less jointly by those present — although all I own is a second joint. My idea is to cut that tract up into about six thousand buildin' lots and put 'em on the market at a hundred dollars per. We can draw 'em like flies."

"If you've got the attraction," said the cynical Ketchum.

"We've got it all right," grinned Brian, waving aloft the portrait of Lottie de Vere. "Now listen to my spiel. We put up the land between us and mark it off into buildin' lots. On the prettiest lot in the tract we build a cheap-and-handsome Mission-style house, and put the lots on sale under the following conditions: Six thousand lottery tickets will be issued, and every purchase of a hundred-dollar lot

Digitized by Google

"'THE MAN WHO GETS THE LUCKY NUMBER WINS THE HOUSE AND LOT, WITH FULL TITLE TO MARRY THE LOVELY LOTTIE DE VERE,' SAID BRIAN. 'DO YOU FOLLOW?'"

entitles the purchaser to a ticket. On a set date we hold a drawing, and the man who gets the lucky number wins the house and lot, with full title to marry the lovely Lottie de Vere. Do you follow?"

"Will this Lottie person be willing to come in to such a scheme?" asked O'Malley.

"Sure as shootin'!" said Brian. "Last time I saw her, she said she'd marry anybody, even me, to get to live in San Bruno."

"She's desperate — you need say no more," grunted Ketchum. "I think the idea is full of wheels."

"It takes wheels to get anywhere," retorted the Little Booster. "There's my scheme. Take it or leave it. If you leave it, it costs you nothin'. If you take it you'll have to raise enough dough to put 'er through."

Brian sought the manager of the Empire Vaudeville Theater in the quest of the golden Lottie, and found that her name was on the books as appearing that week at a theater in Seattle; so there Brian sent the following telegram:

Would you play headliner matrimonial engagement San Bruno, life contract?

B. B. BLANEY.

To which came the reply, "collect":

Will a cow eat grass? Who pays car-fare?

LOTTIE.

Brian wrote a letter outlining the great lottery idea, and, armed with Lottie's enthusiastic consent, he set forth to carry out his plans. Several thousand cheap prints were manufactured from the beauteous photograph in Brian's possession, and in a short space of time Hi Kusick, a confidant of Leopold Egg's, went on the road as commercial traveler for the scheme. There were six thousand tickets struck off, one thousand of these to be distributed in San Bruno and environs, the balance to be sold in the larger cities throughout the West. The stipulation of sale was that the purchaser, paying one hundred dollars for a chance and receiving a lot in Utopia Addition in return, must be in San Bruno on the day of the drawing, November 12, and must promise to remain there at least six months after.

It was Brian himself who suggested that twenty-five of San Bruno's leading citizens buy the first tickets, in order to set a moral example to less illustrious gamblers. Ere the

Digitized by Google

week had waned fourteen leading citizens came secretly to Brian with shame in their eyes and tickets in their hands. "We're married men," as they expressed it, furtively glancing over the left shoulder. "What would *we* do with Lottie, even if we won her?" Brian was too thoroughly a business man to let the chance slip, and bought up the fourteen tickets at a seventy-five per cent discount. The chances he held, being of an early issue, ran in sequence between the numbers 1203 and 1217.

In a short space of time Lottie de Vere began to take rank with Mona Lisa and Lillian Russell among the world's mysterious beauties. Although her share in the lottery was never mentioned, her career was thoroughly syndicated in yellow supplements.

Cipher telegrams began pouring in from the industrious Hi Kusick announcing that the tickets were sold out and hordes of expectant bachelors already hastening toward San Bruno. Out on the prairie stretch of Utopia Addition workmen had been busy for weeks building a super-dreadnought of a house in the Aztec style of architecture. In the midst of it all came a telegram from the lady herself saying that she could not be in San Bruno until the 9th, three days before the lottery drawing.

One afternoon, when Brian was going through the now flourishing colony of Healthy View, he stopped, of course, at Uncle Steve Pottle's cottage, and leaned over the fence to talk to a small young woman in a gingham apron who was transplanting geranium slips into a cracker-box.

"I been over to Utopia Addition lookin' at the new lottery house. Say, it's a dream!" he announced enthusiastically.

From under Betsy's frivolous practical sunbonnet strayed such a lock as Daphne might have shaken, maddening many a river-god.

"What lottery house?" she inquired.

"Oh, bee-have!" snorted Brian. "Everybody on the Coast knows about my Lot and Lottie Lottery."

"I'm not everybody on the Coast," she replied promptly.

"You are to me!" said Brian in a low voice. But, as conversation seemed to strike a cul-de-sac at this remark, he sought to lighten the effect by bringing the photograph of Lottie de Vere from his pocket. "She's the girl that'll marry the man that'll win the house," he explained. "It may sound like the House that Jack Built, but there's more truth than Mother Geese in this proposish."

Betsy took the photograph and looked critically at Lottie's incredibly regular features.

"How did *you* get acquainted?" she asked.

"I don't know her very well," Brian hastened to reassure her. "Just met her in a restaurant and ——"

"Oh!" With the concentration of a handwriting expert, she scrutinized the scribbled "You know me — Lottie."

"I think she has a hard mouth," said Betsy decisively, as she handed back the picture. "I suppose you have bought lots and lots of tickets in hopes of winning this Lottery Queen?"

"Only fifteen," he said.

"Let's see them!"

He handed over the pack of little pasteboards running in sequence from 1203 to 1217. Betsy fingered them curiously, but as she handed them back she fumbled and scattered several along the hedge.

"I don't care how many I lose, as I wouldn't win Lottie for a million dollars," he explained, as he stooped to gather up the fallen tickets.

"I suppose not," she said coolly. "Good-by — I hear Grandpa calling me."

Had Brian been woman-wise instead of man-wise, he would have received Betsy's fleers as evidences of a growing regard. As it was, he took her biting comments as carking shafts intent to wound. Accordingly, he departed as nearly miserable as a chronic optimist dare become.

"Honeymoon House," as the lottery-prize structure was officially christened, was to be finished well in time for the drawing. Furniture was to be rushed in from a local department-store, and all prepared for immediate occupancy. Lottie was to enter town, heavily veiled and under an assumed name, on the 9th; and Brian, who knew his Barnum well, planned that her first public appearance should be dramatic. So he ordered to be built a clock-dial eight feet in diameter, marked off with the conventional twelve intervals, each interval being labeled with population-numbers, beginning with 45,000 and increasing five thousand at a time until the sky-aspiring numeral 100,000 stood at the top of the clock. The dial was furnished with one hand only; and, at the time of its setting up in Central Square, the hand pointed to the number 70,000 with the placard beneath:

SAN BRUNO'S PROSPERITY CLOCK — WATCH THE HAND GO ROUND!

Miss Lottie de Vere, the matrimonial prize, was to appear at noon on the 9th to give the hand of the clock its first push forward, indicating the town's growth in the past month.

Brian was abroad that morning, superintending the erection of a flight of steps leading up to the clock, purchasing roses to be strewed thereon, hiring Steinwinder's Silver Cornet

Digitized by Google

Band to harmonize the event — in fact, Brian was neck-deep in business, when a boy from the hotel approached and whispered:

"Lady to see you in the second-floor parlor."

Brian entered the second-floor parlor, arranging his necktie, as befits a courtier approaching royalty. Despite his indifference to Lottie's charms, her beauty would exact a certain homage, he felt. A girl was gazing out of the window, between a pair of enormous velours curtains. From his first glimpse of her she seemed, somehow, smaller and more angular than he remembered her. Brian shuddered at the horrid possibilities of changing time, and coughed behind his hand. She turned suddenly, and Brian paused, strangled, staggered by the revelation—for the face that looked at him was that of Lottie de Vere with all its beauty gone—a sort of tawdry caricature of itself!

Small, lusterless china-blue eyes blinked across a nose of unnecessary length; an indefinite mouth grinned at him; and greenish, blondined locks peeped kittenishly from an infantile bonnet. Yet she was undoubtedly the lady of the photograph, freaked curiously by some ill-made negative.

"What's —" ("What's happened to you?" he was going to ask, but gallantry checked him.) "How dee do, Miss de Vere?" he said, extending his hand.

"Oh, vurry well!" she lisped. "How's the Lottery, kiddo?"

As he held her gloved hand and gazed without prejudice, he was able to justify his first impression. She was not only plain, but quite strikingly homely. Out in the Square below he could see the gathering crowd, and realized there was no time to lose by indirection.

"Miss de Vere," he began bluntly, "you'll excuse *me*, but this is business, meaning somethin' more than tea-table compliments to you and me. If you'll pardon my simple longshore language, what's happened to you? I ain't casting any reversions, child, but you sure ain't so much Lottie as I was led to expect, from the time I met you before."

"The Lottie you met before," she said coolly, "was my sister."

"Come again!"

"My sister!" repeated the faded enchantress somewhat shrilly. "Y' see, we used to call ourselves Lottie and Dottie de Vere; but that was only a stage name. Our real name is Hogbloom, which ain't romantic enough for two sisters doin' the double saxophone act. Six months ago Lottie married a rich Rube and went to live in Australia, so I didn't see any harm in friskin' her name for myself. That's often done in our business, honey."

Brian smiled a Spartan smile. Throughout the continent he had spread the report of Lottie's perfection. Five thousand anxious bachelors had journeyed to San Bruno to gaze on — this! Even now he could hear the deep-throated voice of the mob outside in the Square awaiting her first appearance.

"Lottie," said Brian, "since you're the only Lottie on the job, and time's short, you've got to take the call and brass it through somehow. Got a stage auto costume with a veil that'll cover a harem?"

"In my trunk — it's pink ——"

"The color of peaches!" Brian took her by the arm and piloted her to the door. "Wind yourself like a chiffon mummy. And if the curtains flop up during the performance, we're lost!"

Brian's memory of the ensuing event was one of haste and extreme peril. A dozen muscular Boosters, acting as body-guard, wedged ahead through the crowd as he led a small, pink-swathed figure which might have been that of a Sultan's favorite. Up the flower-strewn ladder they mounted speedily, and Lottie reached up and gave the hand of the clock a shove forward to the number 87,000, while the populace of San Bruno, fed for years on census inflation, loved her for the act.

"Let's see 'er!" a hoarse voice cried.

Brian silenced the mob with a gesture, and shouted through a megaphone:

"Miss Lot-tie de Vere, the twen-ty-five thousand dol-lar mat-ri-mo-ni-al prize, will be unveiled for the first time next Fri-day, at the draw-ing to oc-cur at U-to-pi-a Ad-di-tion!"

"Bet she's a lemon," some dangerous cynic remarked; but the twelve muscular Boosters had boosted Lottie into the car and gotten her out of harm's way before the crowd could rend her veil asunder.

"Whew! that's over!" said Brian to Obrey O'Malley, as he wiped the icy drops from his forehead. "But how will we get away with her next Friday?"

O'Malley, by the way, was necessarily in on the secret, as he was a director in the Grand Hotel and could post a confidential housekeeper at the door of Lottie's room and keep her away from spying eyes.

"She don't come up to specifications," said the practical Irishman, after meeting the lady. "I've been in the contracting business for years, but never yet have I been able to cover a job like that!"

"I should worry," replied Brian peevishly, as he went out for a walk to cool his nerve. As he passed Rosewasser's Department Emporium, he was aware of a small young woman in a red hat pushing open the plate-glass doors. He

Digitized by Google

"FOURTEEN LEADING CITIZENS CAME SECRETLY TO BRIAN WITH SHAME IN THEIR EYES AND OVER THE LEFT SHOULDER. 'WHAT WOULD *WE*

Digitized by Google

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

TICKETS IN THEIR HANDS. 'WE'RE MARRIED MEN,' THEY EXPRESSED IT, FURTIVELY GLANCING DO WITH LOTTIE, EVEN IF WE WON HER?'"

Digitized by Google

entered, and found her at the glove counter examining a ninety-eight-cent bargain.

"Shoddy!" she sniffed, passing the gloves to the girl behind the counter, but looking straight at Brian.

"I saw you in the Square," she told Brian, with rather a frozen smile. "It was a lovely scene of a moving picture. I thought you were too much of a man to go around acting foolish over those bee-ootiful doll things."

"Betsy, I swear she's not a doll. She's ——"

"Oh, defend her if you wish. Only, if that's what you prefer, you'd better suit yourself."

"Betsy — excuse me — girlie — Miss Spencer — I —" Brian blushed. "You know darn well how little I care for anything on earth but you. I want you to ——"

"Take those back!" commanded Betsy sharply of the girl who appeared with another pair of gloves. She rose and faced poor Brian, who, though taller, seemed to dwindle before her majestic smallness.

"Well, hope you draw the prize!" she drawled, swishing out of the store.

"Gee! she *did* hand it to you!" grinned the girl behind the counter.

"Hand what?" inquired Brian in a dazed fashion.

"This," said the girl sweetly, holding up one of the rejected gloves.

It was half past eight on the morning of Friday the 12th. Uncle Steve Pottle, basking in his reputation as the oldest man in the world, leaned over his own fence and addressed to a member of the Healthy View Colony his best-worn anecdote beginning, "I well rec'lect when I was a boy back to Trenton ninety-eight year ago," when the screen door closed with a flap, and Betsy Spencer, humming "O You Bee-ootiful Doll" more than usually off the key, came forth arrayed like the morning in a suit of white serge with a little white hat to match. With an offhand manner screening vast determination, she sauntered down the road toward the trolley.

Betsy had gone to town ostensibly to shop, but she got off in front of the Grand Hotel, intent to speak home truths to the irresistible Lottie.

Fortunately, the jailer-maid was shirking her duty at the actress' door when Betsy knocked.

"Come in!" said a choking voice, and Betsy could hear distinctly the sound of sobs as she opened the door into a shell-pink boudoir, at the farther end of which she beheld a grotesque sight. A very plain girl in a very fancy kimono, her green-streaked blonde hair down her back, sat before a mirror, daubing colors on her face from a make-up box that reposed on the dressing-table before her. As she daubed she sobbed, plentiful tears cutting irregular channels through the rouge on her high cheek-bones.

"Are *you* Lottie de Vere?" cried Betsy, in a tone that was very like joy.

"Yes — boo-hoo — th-th-that's my s-s-stage name, dearie!" blubbered the blonde, attempting to erase her tears with copious applications of rice powder.

Betsy sighed ecstatically.

"Then you're not —" she began, but checked herself.

"No, I'm not pretty, if that's what you're driving at," said the other girl, rising defiantly. "I'm a lime-juice tablet of the first water — you're on. But, thank Gawd,— huh-huh-huh, — somebody loves me!"

"Who?" inquired Betsy weakly, sitting on the bed.

"M-m-my h-h-husband!" sobbed Lottie.

"Oh!" Betsy's brow smoothed again. "I thought you came to San Bruno to *get* a husband."

"So I did, dearie," said the homely Niobe, powdering the bridge of her nose. "And that's what makes me cry. I'm so happy because Clarence has came back, but just crazy broken-hearted because I can't earn that lovely house. Y' see, dearie, when I came here I was divorced — or thought I was. That's why I took up Mr. Blaney's matrimonial proposition. But this morning there came a telegram from Clarence — he's my husband — saying that a fresh judge had re-fused our decree. So Clarence has changed his mind and wants to be a good boy." Lottie suddenly seized from the corner of the mirror a photograph showing a flat-headed youth, and on this she planted three detonating kisses. "Gee!" she exclaimed, "it's grand to be loved!"

"That lottery drawing is to come off in an hour," said Betsy. "How are you going to arrange about that?"

"Oh, dearie, I can't possibly appear now. Y' know, they're gettin' awful strict about bigamy. My brother Fred was arrested just last week for marryin' three of 'em in Seattle."

"But they've made all sorts of arrangements. You've given your word," Betsy persisted.

"This won't be the first contract I've jumped the last minute," quoth Lottie lightly. "Now, honey, there's no use gettin' peeved because I won't make the goat o' myself to please yer best feller."

"I don't know what you mean," snapped Betsy.

"A blind toad could tell you was stuck on Mr. Blaney," said the homeliest of the de Veres.

Digitized by Google

Betsy stood before the make-up box and fingered the pencils absent-mindedly. Idly she wondered how she would look with a great red Cupid's bow splashed across her mouth.

"He'll be terribly disappointed," she said, mostly to herself.

The prize house on the prize lot at Utopia Addition was built for show, mostly of shoddy material, sacrificing the domestic virtues for theatrical charms. Obrey O'Malley, being a practical contractor, had stolen the plans from a Los Angeles architect, and had followed them out quite superficially. The structure had been given the gargantuan look peculiar to the Mission style, being made of lath-and-plaster to imitate concrete, and surrounded by inordinately swollen pillars, imparting to the place the general appearance of some white, prehistoric monster suffering from gout or elephantiasis. Square-sawed, chocolate-brown furniture adorned the interior, standing on Navajo blankets of a particularly savage pattern, bearing the quaint craft-mark of Grand Rapids, Michigan. It was built to give away, and looked it.

Brian Boru Blaney, who drove over with Obrey O'Malley on the morning of the lottery drawing, beheld a vast throng gathered from all sides, a-foot, a-horseback, a-gasoline.

"Behold the Greeks besieging Troy!" remarked Mr. O'Malley, who was fond of his classics, "all for a face —'the face that launched a thousand ships.'"

"The face that stopped a thousand clocks," retorted Brian bitterly.

He was, in fact, in no mood for epic poetry that morning. The prosaic present offered sufficient problems to claim his entire attention. He had heard some one in the crowd murmur, "A cheap-looking shack!" in reference to the prize house. And, viewed in the dispassionate light of day, the structure *was* an ostentatious freak. The house, then, was a disappointment to the mob — what would they say when the prize beauty's startling homeliness was revealed to them? Ice rilled down the Little Booster's spine. He was depressed, too, by Betsy's scorn of yesterday; and he swore, could he but bring to-day's venture to a successful termination, he would marry her, even though he had to lay siege to her house with her grandfather's shotgun.

Betsy's hostile attitude toward Lottie had made Brian cautious about being seen in public with the lottery bride; so he had despatched C. W. Ketchum and C. B. Brinkhaus as an escort of honor to bring her from the hotel to Honeymoon House in Ketchum's car. Already they were ten minutes late. The crowd was growing restless.

The lottery wheel, filled with many thousands of numbers, was within plain view of the throng.

Down the pike leading from the center of town, Ketchum's car could be seen approaching, in the tonneau a small pink figure between two somber larger ones.

"Here she comes!" went up the whisper from the crowd. Brian, smiling woodenly, experiencing an unaccustomed paralysis in the region of the knee-caps, took his place on the porch among the honored guests. He saw events through a milky atmosphere, being semi-delirious with the horror of an approaching catastrophe. He was aware of Lottie's pink form being escorted to her place beside the lottery wheel amid the hoarse cheers of the multitude. Behind the folds of her veil he could catch the flash of violently rouged cheeks.

"What does she want to rub it in for?" he muttered, in disgust.

Dan Hollis, one of Ketchum's clerks, chosen apparently for his entire ignorance of lotteries, came forward with a typewritten sheet, and silence fell over Utopia Addition. In the halting voice of a high-school valedictorian, the young man read the terms under which Lottie and the Honeymoon House should be won. After an eternity of droning monologue, there came another silence, while some one tied a handkerchief over the eyes of the pink-veiled lady. Brian forgave her brazen past and pitied her. Her form looked young and helpless before that mob, and somehow he found himself blushing for his super-Boosterism which had put even Lottie de Vere in such a false position.

An assistant came forward and began turning the wheel. He gave the hopper a mighty flip, and round and round it spun, the papers inside swirling like snow-flakes in the vortex of a cyclone. Slowly it stopped. The mob tiptoed, while O'Malley guided the girl's hand to the hole in the hopper. She proved unaccountably clumsy. She picked up two or three tickets, dropped them again, and, after what seemed another year's interval, withdrew her hand and gave something to O'Malley. The latter slowly broke a seal and slowly read:

"Number 1214 wins!"

Brian sank against a pillar and tried to articulate, "What's that?" But something had withered his palate. He must have swooned standing, for the next he knew the clerk was reading: "Mr. Brian Boru Blaney holds the lucky number."

There were a few scattered cries of "Fake!" — but the crowd was mostly either ignorant or friendly. Somebody dug Brian in the ribs, and

Digitized by Google

there was considerable tittering among the distinguished citizens of San Bruno gathered on the porch.

"Be a sport!" Brian's guardian angel whispered in his ear. He braced his shoulders, resolved to submit to the turn of the wheel, even though it wrecked his future. Obrey O'Malley, a granite smile on his face, came forth and led him to the spot where the Lottery Bride stood, in the act of drawing a hat-pin from her chiffon veil. Icily he took her hand and looked the other way.

A general cry of "Ah-h-h-h!" rose from the throng, with single, accentuated interjections like "A peach!" "A pippin!" Were they all humorists indulging in infernal sarcasms? Brian summoned all his courage and looked straight at his raffled fiancée. He gasped and looked again, imbecile with amazement — for he was gazing upon the highly painted but unmistakable features of Miss Betsy Spencer!

"What in — excuse me!" he managed to say.

"Get me away — quick!" she whispered, holding the loose chiffon over her face and drawing him after her into the Navajo splendors of the new parlor.

"Betsy dear, I'm so flabbergastedly happy," he began, hysterical with the weakness of one emerging from a fever dream.

Something in her manner steeled his nerves like an icy shower. She took a little box of cold cream from her pocket and began removing the grease-paint in methodical fashion.

"I want to get out of here in a closed hack with the blinds down," she said. "That's the way a Turkish trophy is supposed to travel, I believe."

He came closer.

"O Betsy, I've wanted to win you —" he began.

"Pass me that handkerchief," she said. "I've done a lot for you this morning, boy. I'm not going to be any foolisher for a while."

"Well, why ——"

"Because. That de Vere person backed out at the last moment, and I knew that somebody had to be the Prize Bride or your old lottery would be a sticky ruin. So I rubbed on so much grease-paint my own grandpa wouldn't know me, and took Lottie's place."

"*I* knew you, the first pop out of the box."

"Thank you for that, at least — Brian." She gave him a rewarding smile.

"How did I come to draw that winning number out of six thousand others?"

"You didn't," she said.

"What t'ell — excuse me!"

"The other day, when you were showing me your silly old lottery tickets, you dropped some, and forgot to pick one up. That was Number 1214. I put it in a little envelop, and to-day, when the time came to draw, I accidentally had the ticket in my hand instead of the one I should have taken from the wheel. O'Malley and his old clerk and the rest of them were such amateurs, they didn't know the ticket from the duplicate. That was simple."

"Gee! What a little helpmeet you could be to a bunco man!"

"Is the hack ready — with lots of curtains?" she asked.

"Brinkhaus has lent me his limousine. It's by the side porch."

"I've left a package in Ketchum's car. Get it and take me back to Healthy View," she said. He obeyed, and after they had smuggled themselves into the mysterious car, they wove, unobserved, through the fast dispersing crowd. Betsy took her little white hat out of the package, removed her pink cloak, and became again a charming private citizen in white serge.

"I never thought I would win you this way," said Brian, after a long, embarrassed pause.

"You won't, my boy," she replied softly, turning upon him her pure, girlish eyes. "You won't — ever."

"Aren't you sport enough?"

"No woman is a sport. Besides, you wouldn't want a wife out of a grab-bag. Next thing you'd be calling me '1214.' Besides, raffle goods don't wear well."

As they approached Healthy View, she rapped on the window for the car to stop.

"I'll walk the rest of the way," she said.

Brian opened the door.

"Anyway," she continued, as she got out, "the house don't belong to me by rights. It's in the name of Lottie de Vere. She's still at the Grand Hotel, putting black marks around her weeping eyes. She's got a husband-thing somewhere. They'll be hideously happy in that vaudeville house."

"Am I just Mr. Nix to you, Betsy?" asked Brian, standing three paces distant, his hat in his hand.

"A girl doesn't do a thing like this for a perfect stranger," she answered as she turned away.

To the reporters who awaited him at the hotel Brian said:

"Put it in the papers that me and Lottie have had a lovers' quarrel. We parted at the sunset by the old stone well. She's goin' to marry a sassiety Johnnie from Jersey City."

"She's the queen of the harem," said a young reporter regretfully.

"What's a harem to a hermit?" inquired Brian, with an air of heroic renunciation.

Digitized by Google

THE MAN IN THE PASSAGE

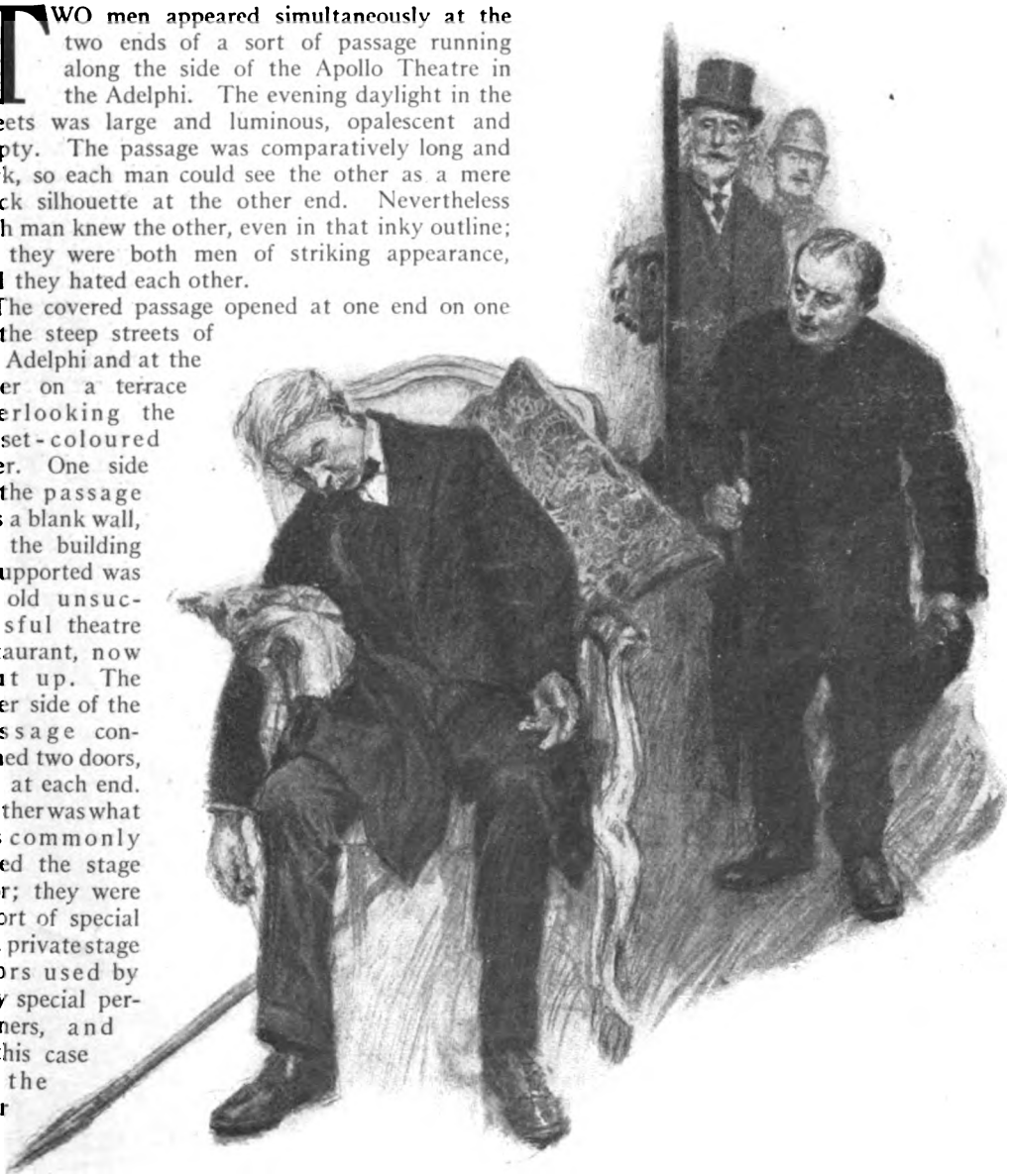
Another Father Brown Story

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HATHERELL

TWO men appeared simultaneously at the two ends of a sort of passage running along the side of the Apollo Theatre in the Adelphi. The evening daylight in the streets was large and luminous, opalescent and empty. The passage was comparatively long and dark, so each man could see the other as a mere black silhouette at the other end. Nevertheless each man knew the other, even in that inky outline; for they were both men of striking appearance, and they hated each other.

The covered passage opened at one end on one of the steep streets of the Adelphi and at the other on a terrace overlooking the sunset-coloured river. One side of the passage was a blank wall, for the building it supported was an old unsuccessful theatre restaurant, now shut up. The other side of the passage contained two doors, one at each end. Neither was what was commonly called the stage door; they were a sort of special and private stage doors used by very special performers, and in this case by the star



"'WE MUST ATTEND TO THE . . . THE DEATH . . .' SAID CUTLER SHARPLY. . . . 'THE TWO DEATHS!' INTERRUPTED THE VOICE OF THE PRIEST"

Digitized by Google

actor and actress in the Shakespearean performance of the day. Persons of that eminence often like to have such private exits and entrances, for meeting friends or avoiding them.

The two men in question were certainly two such friends, men who evidently knew the doors and counted on their opening, for each approached the door at the upper end with equal coolness and confidence. Not, however, with equal speed; but the man who walked fast was the man from the other end of the tunnel; so they both arrived before the secret stage door almost at the same instant. They saluted each other with civility, and waited a moment before one of them, the sharper walker, who seemed to have the shorter patience, knocked at the door.

In this and everything else each man was opposite, and neither could be called inferior. As private persons both were handsome, capable, and popular. As public persons both were in the first public rank. But everything about them, from their glory to their good looks, was of a diverse and incomparable kind. Sir Wilson Seymour was the kind of man whose importance is known to everybody who knows. The more you mixed with the innermost ring in every polity or profession, the more often you met Sir Wilson Seymour. He was the one intelligent man on twenty unintelligent committees — on every sort of subject, from the reform of the Royal Academy to the project of bimetalism for Greater Britain. In the arts especially he was omnipotent. He was so unique that nobody could quite decide whether he was a great aristocrat who had taken up art, or a great artist whom the aristocrats had taken up. But you could not meet him for five minutes without realising that you had really been ruled by him all your life.

His appearance was "distinguished" in exactly the same sense; it was at once conventional and unique. Fashion could have found no fault with his high silk hat; yet it was unlike any one else's hat — a little higher, perhaps, and adding something to his natural height.

His tall, slender figure had a slight stoop, yet it looked the reverse of feeble; his hair was silver-grey, but he did not look old; it was worn longer than the common, yet he did not look effeminate; it was curly, but it did not look curled. His carefully pointed beard made him look more manly and militant rather than otherwise, as it does in those old admirals of Velasquez with whose dark portraits his house was hung. His grey gloves were a shade bluer, his silver-knobbed cane a shade longer, than scores of such gloves and canes flapped and flourished about the theatres and the restaurants.

The other man was not so tall, yet would have struck nobody as short, but merely as strong and handsome. His hair also was curly, but fair and cropped close to a strong, massive head — the sort of head you break a door with, as Chaucer said of the Miller's. His military moustache and the carriage of his shoulders showed him a soldier; but he had a pair of those peculiar frank and piercing blue eyes that are more common in sailors. His face was somewhat square; his jaw was square, his shoulders were square, even his jacket was square. Indeed, in the wild school of caricature then current, Mr. Max Beerbohm had represented him as a proposition in the fourth book of Euclid.

For he also was a public man, though with quite another sort of success. You did not have to be in the best society to have heard of Captain Cutler of the siege of Hong-Kong and the great march across China. You could not get away from hearing of him wherever you went; his portrait was on every other postcard; his maps and battles in every other illustrated paper; songs in his honour in every other music-hall turn or on every other barrel-organ. His fame, though probably more temporary, was ten times more wide, popular, and spontaneous than the other man's. In thousands of English homes he appeared enormous above England, like Nelson. Yet he had infinitely less power in England than Sir Wilson Seymour.

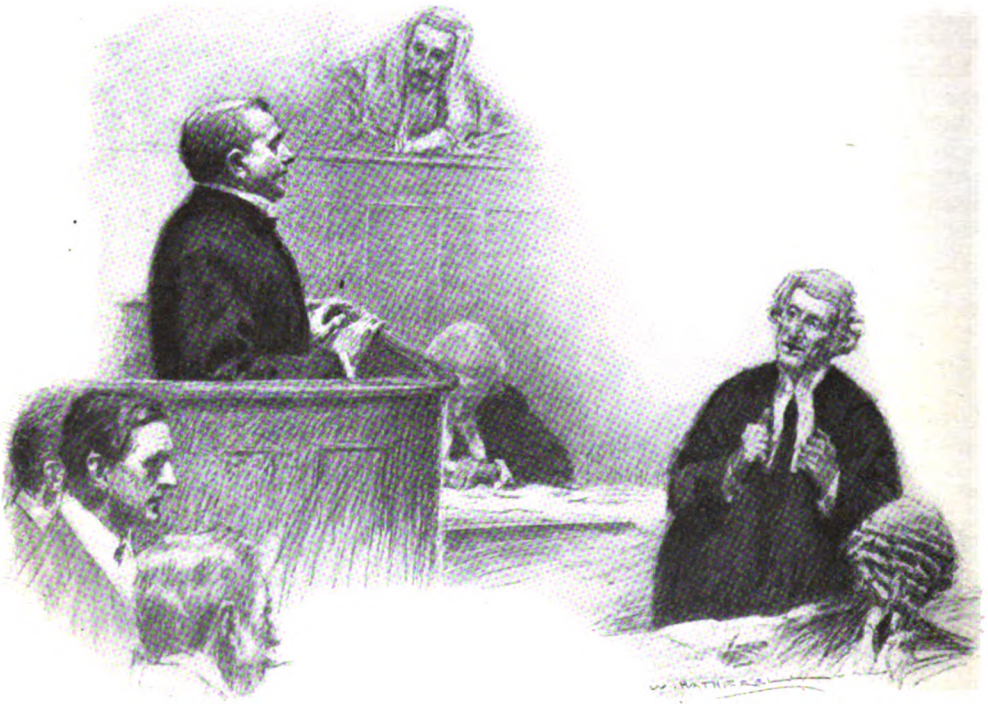
The door was opened to them by an aged servant or "dresser," whose broken-down face and figure and shabby black coat and trousers contrasted queerly with the glittering interior of the great actress's dressing-room. It was fitted and filled with looking-glasses at every angle of refraction, so that they looked like the hundred facets of one huge diamond — if one could get inside a diamond. The other features of luxury, a few flowers, a few coloured cushions, a few scraps of stage costume, were multiplied by all the mirrors into the madness of the Arabian Nights; and danced and changed places perpetually, as the shuffling attendant shifted a mirror outwards or shot one back against the wall.

They both spoke to the dingy dresser by name, calling him Parkinson, and asking for the lady as Miss Aurora Rome. Parkinson said she was in the other room, but he would go and tell her. A shade crossed the brow of both visitors. For the other room was the private room of the great actor with whom Miss Aurora was performing, and she was of the kind that does not inflame admiration without inflaming jealousy. In about half a minute, however, the inner door opened, and she entered —

Digitized by Google

"A SIXTH FIGURE HAD SUDDENLY PRESENTED ITSELF JUST INSIDE THE DOORWAY—A MAN IN THE BLACK UNIFORM OF THE ROMAN SECULAR CLERGY. 'I BELIEVE MISS ROME SENT FOR ME,' HE SAID"

Digitized by Google



"'YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT THIS DAGGER; YOU KNOW THE EXPERTS SAY THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED WITH A SHORT BLADE?' . . . 'A SHORT BLADE,' ASSENTED FATHER BROWN, 'BUT A VERY LONG HILT'"

as she always did, even in private life — so that the very silence seemed to be a roar of applause, and one well deserved. She was clad in a somewhat strange garb of peacock-green and peacock-blue satins that gleamed like blue and green metals, such as delight children and aesthetics; and her heavy hot brown hair framed one of those magic faces that are dangerous to all men, but especially to boys and to men growing grey.

In company with her male colleague, the great American actor, Isidore Bruno, she was producing a particularly poetical and fantastic interpretation of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which the artistic prominence was given to Oberon and Titania, or, in other words, to Bruno and herself. Set in dreamy and exquisite scenery and moving in mystical dances, the green costume like burnished beetle-wings expressed all the elusive individuality of an elfin queen. But, when personally confronted in what was still broad daylight, a man looked only at the woman's face.

She greeted both men with the beaming and baffling smile which kept so many males at just the same dangerous distance from her. She accepted some flowers from Cutler which were as tropical and expensive as his victories; and another sort of present from Sir Wilson Seymour, offered later on and more nonchalantly by that gentleman. For it was against his breeding to show eagerness, and against his conventional unconventionality to give anything so obvious as flowers. He had picked up a trifle, he said, which was rather a curiosity; it was an ancient Greek dagger of the Mycenaean Epoch, and might well have been worn in the time of Theseus and Hippolyta; it was made of brass, like all the heroic weapons, but, oddly enough, sharp enough to prick any one still. He had really been attracted to it by the leaf-like shape; it was as perfect as a Greek vase. If it was of any interest to Miss Rome or could come in anywhere in the play, he hoped she would ——

The inner door burst open, and a big figure appeared who was more of a contrast to the explanatory Seymour than even Captain Cutler. Nearly six feet six and of more than theatrical thews and muscles, Isidore Bruno, in the gorgeous leopard skin and golden-brown garments of Oberon, looked like a barbaric god. He

Digitized by Google

leaned on a sort of hunting-spear, which across a theatre looked a slight silvery wand, but which in the small and comparatively crowded room looked as plain as a pike-staff — and as menacing. His vivid black eyes rolled volcanically; his bronzed face, handsome as it was, showed at that moment a combination of high cheek-bones with set white teeth, which recalled certain American conjectures about his origin in the Southern plantations.

"Aurora," he began, in that deep voice like a drum of passion that had moved so many audiences, "will you ——"

He stopped indecisively, because a sixth figure had suddenly presented itself just inside the doorway — a figure so incongruous in the scene as to be almost comic. It was a very short man in the black uniform of the Roman secular clergy, and looking (especially in such a presence as Bruno's and Aurora's) rather like the wooden Noah out of an ark. He did not, however, seem conscious of any contrast, but said with dull civility:

"I believe Miss Rome sent for me."

A shrewd observer might have remarked that the emotional temperature rather rose at so unemotional an interruption. The detachment of a professional celibate seemed to reveal to the others that they stood round the woman as a ring of amorous rivals — just as a stranger coming in with frost on his coat will reveal that a room is like a furnace. The presence of the one man who did not care about her increased Miss Rome's sense that everybody else was in love with her, and each in a somewhat dangerous way: the actor with all the appetite of a savage and a spoilt child; the soldier with all the simple selfishness of a man of will rather than mind; Sir Wilson with that daily hardening concentration with which old hedonists take to a hobby; nay, even the abject Parkinson, who had known her before her triumphs, and who followed her about the room, with eyes or feet, with the dumb fascination of a dog.

A shrewd person might also have noted a yet odder thing. The man like a black wooden Noah (who was not wholly without shrewdness) noted it with a considerable but contained amusement. It was evident that the great Aurora, though by no means indifferent to the admiration of the other sex, wanted at this moment to get rid of all the men who admired her and be left alone with the man who did not. Did not admire her in that sense, at least; for the little priest did admire and even enjoy the firm, feminine diplomacy with which she set about her task. There was perhaps only one thing that Aurora Rome was clever about; and that was one half of humanity — the other half. The little priest watched like a Napoleonic campaign the swift precision of her policy for expelling all, while banishing none. Bruno, the big actor, was so babyish that it was easy to send him off in brute sulks, banging the door. Cutler, the British officer, was pachydermatous to ideas, but punctilious about behaviour. He would ignore all hints, but he would die rather than ignore a definite commission from a lady. As to old Seymour, he had to be treated differently; he had to be left to the last. The only way to move him was to appeal to him in confidence as an old friend, to let him into the secret of the clearance. The priest did really admire Miss Rome as she achieved all these three objects in one selected action.

She went across to Captain Cutler and said in her sweetest manner:

"I shall value all these flowers because they must be your favourite flowers. But they won't be complete, you know, without *my* favourite flower. *Do* go over to that shop round the corner and get me some lilies-of-the-valley, and then it will be *quite lovely*."

The first object of her diplomacy, the exit of the enraged Bruno, was at once achieved. He had already handed his spear in a lordly style, like a sceptre, to the piteous Parkinson; and was about to assume one of the cushioned seats like a throne. But at this open appeal to his rival there glowed in his opal eyeballs all the sensitive insolence of the slave; he knotted his enormous brown fists for an instant, and then, dashing open the door, disappeared into his own apartments beyond. But meanwhile Miss Rome's experiment in mobilising the British Army had not succeeded so simply as seemed probable. Cutler had indeed risen stiffly and suddenly and walked towards the door hatless, as if at a word of command. But perhaps there was something ostentatiously elegant about the languid figure of Seymour leaning against one of the looking-glasses that brought him up short at the entrance, turning his head this way and that like a bewildered bulldog.

"I must show this stupid man where to go," said Aurora in a whisper to Seymour, and ran out to the threshold to speed the parting guest.

Seymour seemed to be listening, elegant and unconscious as was his posture; and he seemed relieved when he heard the lady call out some last instructions to the Captain and then turn sharply and run laughing down the passage towards the other end, the end on the terrace above the Thames. Yet a second or two after Seymour's brow darkened again. A man in his position has so many rivals; and he remembered that at the other end of the passage was the

Digitized by Google

corresponding entrance to Bruno's private room. He did not lose his dignity; he said some civil words to Father Brown about the revival of Byzantine architecture in the Westminster Cathedral, and then, quite naturally, strolled out himself into the upper end of the passage. Father Brown and Parkinson were left alone; and they were neither of them men with a taste for superfluous conversation. The dresser went round the room, pulling out looking-glasses and pushing them in again, his dingy dark coat and trousers looking all the more dismal since he was still holding the festive fairy spear of King Oberon. Every time he pulled out the frame of a new glass, a new black figure of Father Brown appeared; the absurd glass chamber was full of Father Browns — upside down in the air like angels, turning somersaults like acrobats, turning their backs to everybody like very rude persons. Father Brown seemed quite unconscious of this cloud of witnesses, but followed Parkinson with an idly attentive eye till he took himself and his absurd spear into the farther room of Bruno. Then he abandoned himself to such abstract meditations as always amused him; calculating the angles of the mirrors, the angles of each refraction, the angle at which each must fit into the wall . . . when he heard a strong but strangled cry.

He sprang to his feet and stood rigidly listening. At the same instant Sir Wilson Seymour burst into the room, white as ivory.

"Who's that man in the passage?" he cried. "Where's that dagger of mine?"

Before Father Brown could turn in his heavy boots, Seymour was plunging about the room, looking for the weapon. And before he could possibly find that weapon or any other, a brisk running of feet broke upon the pavement outside and the square face of Cutler was thrust into the same doorway. He was still grotesquely grasping a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley.

"What's this?" he cried. "What's that creature down the passage? Is this some of your tricks?"

"*My* tricks!" hissed his pale rival, and made a stride towards him.

In the instant of time in which all this happened, Father Brown stepped out into the top of the passage, looked down it, and at once walked briskly towards what he saw.

At this the other two men dropped their quarrel and darted after him, Cutler calling out:

"What are you doing? Who are you?"

"My name is Brown," said the priest sadly, as he bent over something and straightened himself again. "Miss Rome sent for me, and I came as quick as I could. I have come too late."

The three men looked down, and in one of them at least the life died in that late light of afternoon. It ran along the passage like a path of gold, and in the midst of it Aurora Rome lay lustrous in her robes of green and gold, with her dead face turned upwards. Her dress was torn away as in a struggle, leaving the right shoulder bare; but the wound from which the blood was welling was on the other side. The brass dagger lay flat and gleaming a yard or so away.

There was a blank stillness for a measurable time; so that they could hear far off a flower-girl's laugh outside Charing Cross, and some one whistling furiously for a taxicab in one of the streets off the Strand. Then the Captain, with a movement so sudden that it might have been passion or play-acting, took Sir Wilson Seymour by the throat.

Seymour looked at him steadily without either fight or fear.

"You need not kill me," he said in a voice quite cold. "I shall do that on my own account."

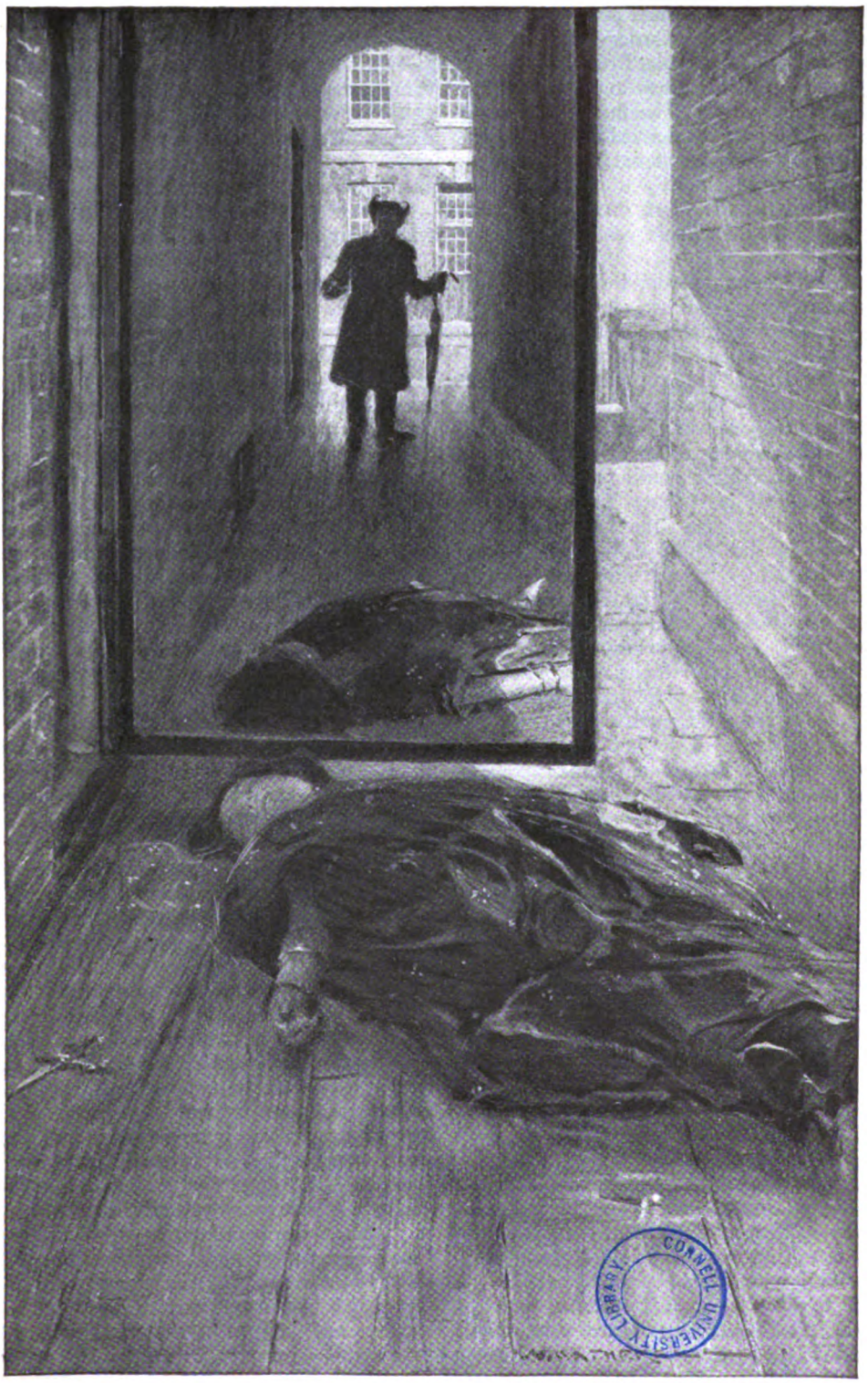
The Captain's hand hesitated and dropped; and the other added, with the same icy candour: "If I find I haven't the nerve to do it with that dagger, I can do it in a month with drink."

"Drink isn't good enough for me," replied Cutler, "but I'll have blood for this before I die. Not yours — but I think I know whose."

And, before the other could appreciate his intention, he snatched up the dagger, sprang at the other door at the lower end of the passage, burst it open bolt and all, and confronted Bruno in his dressing-room. As he did so old Parkinson tottered in his wavering way out of the door, and caught sight of the corpse lying in the passage. He moved shakily towards it; looked at it weakly with a working face; then moved shakily back into the dressing-room again, and sat down suddenly on one of the richly cushioned chairs. Father Brown instantly ran across to him, taking no notice of Cutler and the colossal actor, though the room already rang with their blows as they began to struggle for the dagger. Seymour, who retained some practical sense, was whistling for the police at the end of the passage.

When the police arrived, it was to tear the two men from an almost ape-like grapple; and after a few formal enquiries to arrest Isidore Bruno upon a charge of murder, brought against him by his furious opponent. The idea that the great national hero of the hour had arrested a wrong-doer with his own hand doubtless had its weight with the police, who are not without elements of the journalist. They treated Cutler with a certain solemn attention,

Digitized by Google



"AURORA ROME LAY LUSTROUS IN HER ROBES OF GREEN AND GOLD, WITH HER DEAD FACE TURNED UPWARDS. THE BRASS DAGGER LAY FLAT AND GLEAMING A YARD OR SO AWAY"

Digitized by Google

and pointed out that he had got a slight slash on the hand. Even as Cutler bore him back across tilted chair and table, Bruno had twisted the dagger out of his grasp and disabled him just below the wrist. The injury was really slight, but, till he was removed from the room, the half-savage prisoner stared at the running blood with a steady smile.

"Looks a cannibal sort of a chap, don't he?" said the constable confidentially to Cutler.

Cutler made no answer, but said sharply a moment after:

"We must attend to the . . . the death . . ." and his voice escaped from articulation.

"The two deaths," interrupted the voice of the priest from the farther side of the room. "This poor fellow was gone when I got across to him." And he stood looking down at old Parkinson, who sat in a black huddle on the gorgeous chair. He also had paid his tribute, not without eloquence, to the woman who had died. The silence was first broken by Cutler, who seemed not untouched by a rough tenderness.

"I wish I were he," he said huskily. "I remember he used to watch her, wherever she walked, more than — anybody. She was his air, and he's dried up. He's just dead."

"We are all dead," said Seymour in a strange voice, looking down the road.

They took leave of Father Brown at the corner of the road with some random apologies for any rudeness they might have shown. Both their faces were tragic, but also cryptic. The mind of the little priest was always a rabbit-warren of wild thoughts that jumped too quick for him to catch them. Like the white tail of a rabbit, he had the vanishing thought that he was certain of their grief but not so certain of their innocence.

"We had better all be going," said Seymour heavily; "we have done all we can to help."

"Will you understand my motives,' sked Father Brown quietly, "if I say you have done all you can to hurt?"

They both started as if guiltily, and Cutler said sharply:

"To hurt whom?"

"To hurt yourselves," answered the priest. "I would not add to your troubles if it weren't common justice to warn you. You've done nearly everything you could do to hang yourselves, if this actor should be acquitted. They'll be sure to subpoena me; I shall be bound to say that, after the cry was heard, each of you rushed into the room in a wild state and began quarreling about a dagger. As far as my words on oath can go, you might either of you have done it. You hurt yourselves with that; and then Captain Cutler must hurt himself with the dagger."

"Hurt myself!" exclaimed the Captain with contempt. "A silly little scratch."

"Which drew blood," replied the priest, nodding. "We know there's blood on the brass now. And so we shall never know whether there was blood on it before."

There was a silence; and then Seymour said, with an emphasis quite alien to his daily accent:

"But I saw a man in the passage."

"I know you did," answered the cleric Brown, with a face of wood; "so did Captain Cutler. That's what seems so improbable."

Before either could make sufficient sense of it even to answer, Father Brown had politely excused himself and gone stumping up the road with his stumpy old umbrella.

As modern newspapers are conducted, the most honest and most important news is the police news. If it be true that in the twentieth century more space is given to murder than to politics, it is for the excellent reason that murder is a more serious subject. But even this would hardly explain the enormous omnipresence and widely distributed detail of "The Bruno Case" or "The Passage Mystery" in the press of London and the Provinces. So vast was the excitement that for some weeks the press really told the truth; and the reports of examination and cross-examination, if interminable, even if intolerable, are at least reliable. The true reason, of course, was the coincidence of persons. The victim was a popular actress; the accused was a popular actor; and the accused had been caught red-handed, as it were, by the most popular soldier of the patriotic season. Under these extraordinary circumstances, the press was paralyzed into prolixity and accuracy; and the rest of this somewhat singular business can practically be recorded from the reports of Bruno's trial.

The trial was presided over by Mr. Justice Monkhouse, one of those who are jeered at as humorous judges, but who are generally much more serious than the serious judges; for their levity comes from a living impatience of professional solemnity, while the serious judge is really filled with frivolity, because he is filled with vanity. All the chief actors being of a worldly importance, the barristers were well balanced. The prosecutor for the Crown was Sir Walter Cowdray, a heavy but weighty advocate of the sort that knows how to seem English and trustworthy, and how to be rhetorical with reluctance. The prisoner was defended by Mr. Patrick Butler, K.C., who was mistaken for a mere flâneur by those who misunderstand the Irish character — and those who had not been

Digitized by Google

examined by him. The medical evidence involved no contradictions, the doctor whom Seymour had summoned on the spot agreeing with the eminent surgeon who had later examined the body. Aurora Rome had been stabbed with some sharp instrument, such as a knife or dagger — some instrument, at least, of which the blade was short. The wound was just over the heart and she had died instantly. When the first doctor saw her she could hardly have been dead for twenty minutes. Therefore, when Father Brown found her, she could hardly have been dead for three.

Some official detective evidence followed, chiefly concerned with the presence or absence of any proof of a struggle; the only suggestion of this was the tearing of the dress at the shoulder, and this did not seem to fit in particularly well with the direction and finality of the blow. When these details had been supplied, though not explained, the first of the important witnesses was called.

Sir Wilson Seymour gave evidence, as he did everything else that he did at all, not only well but perfectly. Though himself much more of a public man than the judge, he conveyed exactly the fine shade of self-effacement before the King's justice; and, though every one looked at him as they would at the Prime Minister or the Archbishop of Canterbury, they could have said nothing of his part in it but that it was that of a private gentleman, with an accent on the noun. He was also refreshingly lucid, as he was on the committees. He had been calling on Miss Rome at the theatre; he had met Captain Cutler there; they had been joined for a short time by the accused, who had then returned to his own dressing-room; they had then been joined by a Roman Catholic priest, who asked for the deceased lady and said his name was Brown. Miss Rome had then gone just outside the theatre to the entrance of the passage, in order to point out to Captain Cutler a flower shop at which he was to buy her some more flowers; and the witness had remained in the room, exchanging a few words with the priest. He had then distinctly heard the deceased, having sent the Captain on his errand, turn round, laughing, and run down the passage towards its other end, where was the prisoner's dressing-room. In idle curiosity as to the rapid movements of his friends, he had strolled out to the head of the passage himself and looked down it towards the prisoner's door. Did he see anything in the passage? Yes, he saw something in the passage.

Sir Walter Cowdray allowed an impressive interval, during which the witness looked down and, for all his usual composure, seemed to have more than his usual pallor. Then the barrister said in a lower voice, which seemed at once sympathetic and creepy:

"Did you see it distinctly?"

Sir Wilson Seymour, however moved, had his excellent brains in full working order.

"Very distinctly as regards its outline, but quite indistinctly — indeed, not at all — as regards the details inside the outline. The passage is of such length that any one in the middle of it appears quite black against the light at the other end." The witness lowered his steady eyes once more and added: "I had noticed the fact before, when Captain Cutler first entered it." There was another silence; and the judge leaned forward and made a note.

"Well," said Sir Walter patiently, "what was the outline like? Was it, for instance, like the figure of the murdered woman?"

"Not in the least," answered Seymour quietly.

"What did it look to you like?"

"It looked to me," replied the witness — "like a tall man."

Every one in court kept his eyes rivetted on his pen or his umbrella-handle or his book or his boots, or whatever he happened to be looking at. They seemed to be holding their eyes away from the prisoner by main force; but they felt his figure in the dock, and they felt it as gigantic. Tall as Bruno was to the eye, he seemed to swell taller and taller when all eyes had been torn away from him.

Cowdray was resuming his seat with his solemn face, smoothing his black silk robes and white silk whiskers. Sir Wilson was leaving the witness-box, after a few final particulars to which there were many other witnesses, when the counsel for the defence sprang up and stopped him.

"I shall only detain you a moment," said Mr. Butler, who was a rustic-looking person with red eyebrows and an expression of partial slumber. "Will you tell his lordship how you knew it was a man?"

A faint, refined smile seemed to pass over Seymour's features.

"I'm afraid it is the vulgar test of trousers," he said. "When I saw daylight between the long legs I was sure it was a man, after all."

Butler's sleepy eyes opened as suddenly as some silent explosion.

"After all!" he repeated slowly. "So you did think first it was a woman."

Seymour looked troubled for the first time.

"It is hardly a point of fact," he said, "but if his lordship would like me to answer for my impression, of course I shall do so. There was something about the thing that was not exactly

Digitized by Google

a woman and yet was not quite a man: somehow, the curves were different. And it had something that looked like long hair."

"Thank you," said Mr. Butler, K.C., and sat down suddenly, as if he had got what he wanted.

Captain Cutler was a far less plausible and composed witness than Sir Wilson; but his account of the opening incidents was solidly the same. He described the return of Bruno to his dressing-room, the dispatching of himself to buy a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley; his return to the upper end of the passage; the thing he saw in the passage; his suspicion of Seymour; and his struggle with Bruno. But he could give little artistic assistance about the black figure that he and Seymour had seen. Asked about its outline, he said he was no art critic — with a somewhat too obvious sneer at Seymour. Asked if it was a man or a woman, he said it looked more like a beast — with a too obvious snarl at the prisoner. But the man was plainly shaken with sorrow and sincere anger; and Cowdray quickly excused him from confirming facts that were already fairly clear.

The defending counsel also was again brief in his cross-examination; although (as was his custom) even in being brief he seemed to take a long time about it.

"You used a rather remarkable expression," he said, looking at Cutler sleepily. "What do you mean by saying that it looked more like a beast than a man or a woman?"

Cutler seemed seriously agitated.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have said that," he said; "but, when the brute has huge humped shoulders like a chimpanzee and bristles sticking out of its head like a pig ——"

Mr. Butler cut short his curious impatience in the middle.

"Never mind whether its hair was like a pig's," he said. "Was it like a woman's?"

"A woman's!" cried the soldier. "Great God, no!"

"The last witness said it was," commented the counsel with unscrupulous swiftness. "And did the figure have any of those serpentine and semi-feminine curves to which eloquent allusion has been made? No? No feminine curves? The figure, if I understand you, was rather heavy and square than otherwise?"

"He may have been bending forward," said Cutler, in a hoarse and rather faint voice.

"Or, again, he may not," said Mr. Butler, and sat down suddenly for the second time.

The third witness called by Sir Walter Cowdray was the little Catholic clergyman — so little that his head seemed hardly to come above the box, compared with the others; so that it was like cross-examining a child. But, unfortunately, Sir Walter had somehow got into his head (mostly by some ramifications of his family's religion) that Father Brown was on the side of the prisoner, because the prisoner was wicked and foreign and even partly black. Therefore he took Father Brown up sharply whenever that proud pontiff tried to explain anything; and told him to answer yes or no and tell the plain facts without any jesuitry. When Father Brown began, in his simplicity, to say who he thought the man in the passage was, the barrister told him that he did not want his theories.

"A black shape was seen in the passage; and you say you saw the black shape. Well, what shape was it?"

Father Brown blinked as under rebuke; but he had long known the literal nature of obedience.

"The shape," he said, "was short and thick, but had two sharp black projections curved upwards on each side of the head or top, rather like horns, and ——"

"Oh! the devil with horns, no doubt," ejaculated Cowdray, sitting down in triumphant jocularity. "It was the devil come to eat Protestants."

"No," said the priest dispassionately; "I know who it was."

Those in court had been wrought up to an irrational but real sense of some monstrosity. They had forgotten the figure in the dock, and thought only of the figure in the passage. And the figure in the passage, described by three capable and respectable men who had all seen it, was a shifting nightmare: one called it a woman, and another a beast, and the other a devil. . . .

The judge was looking at Father Brown with level and piercing eyes.

"You are a most extraordinary witness," he said, "but there is something about you that makes me think you are trying to tell the truth. Well, who was the man you saw in the passage?"

"He was myself," said Father Brown.

Butler, K.C., sprang to his feet in an extraordinary stillness, and said quite calmly:

"Your lordship will allow me to cross-examine?" And then, without stopping, he shot at Brown the apparently disconnected question: "You have heard about this dagger; you know the experts say the crime was committed with a short blade?"

"A short blade," assented Brown, nodding solemnly like an owl, "but a very long hilt."

Before the audience could quite dismiss the idea that the priest had really seen himself

Digitized by Google

doing murder with a short dagger with a long hilt (which seemed somehow to make it more horrible), he had himself hurried on to explain:

"I mean, daggers aren't the only things with short blades. Spears have short blades. And spears catch at the end of the steel just like daggers, if they're that sort of fancy spear they have in theatres; like the spear poor old Parkinson killed his wife with, just when she'd sent for me to settle their family troubles; and I came just too late, God forgive me! But he died penitent — he just died of being penitent. He couldn't bear what he'd done."

The general impression in court was that the little priest, who was gabbling away, had literally gone mad in the box. But the judge still looked at him with bright and steady eyes of interest; and the counsel for the defence went on with its questions unperturbed.

"If Parkinson did it with that pantomime spear," asked Butler, "he must have thrust from four yards away. How do you account for signs of struggle, like the dress dragged off the shoulder?" He had slipped into treating this mere witness as an expert; but no one noticed it now.

"The poor lady's dress was torn," said the witness, "because it was caught in a panel that slid to just behind her. She struggled to free herself, and, as she did so, Parkinson came out of the prisoner's room and lunged with the spear."

"A panel," repeated the barrister in a curious voice.

"It was a looking-glass on the other side," explained Father Brown. "When I was in the dressing-room, I noticed that some of them could probably be slid out into the passage."

There was another vast and unnatural silence; and this time it was the judge who spoke:

"So you really mean that, when you looked down that passage, the man you saw was yourself — in a mirror?"

"Yes, my lord; that was what I was trying to say," said Brown. "But they asked me for the shape; and our hats have corners just like horns; and so I ——"

The judge leaned forward, his old eyes yet more brilliant, and said in specially distinct tones:

"Do you really mean to say that when Sir Wilson Seymour saw that wild what-you-call-him with curves and woman's hair and men's trousers, what he saw was Sir Wilson Seymour?"

"Yes, my lord," said Father Brown.

"And you mean to say that when Captain Cutler saw that chimpanzee with humped shoulders and hog's bristles, he simply saw himself?"

"Yes, my lord."

The judge leaned back in his chair with a luxuriance in which it was hard to separate the cynicism and the admiration.

"And can you tell us why," he asked, "you should know your own figure in a looking-glass, when two such distinguished men don't?"

Father Brown blinked even more painfully than before; then he stammered:

"Really, my lord, I don't know . . . unless it's because I don't look at it so often."

FIVE FEATURES FOR MAY

McCLURE'S announces:

"The Purple Wig" . . . by GILBERT K. CHESTERTON
"A Millionaire's Romance" by LEONARD MERRICK
"The Little Booster" . . . . . by WALLACE IRWIN
"Life on Broadway" by HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN
"Bringing in the 'Almeria'" . . by FREMONT RIDER

Any one of these five stories would make the May McCLURE'S distinctive; each one represents the author's high-water mark. Ten other features will appear in McCLURE'S for May.

Digitized by Google

WHY CHILDREN WORK

The Children's Answer

BY

HELEN M. TODD

Courtesy National Child Labor Committee

IT has always been the assumption that bad industrial conditions are responsible for child labor.

Is there another powerful but indirect influence that is also responsible? Does the factory, heavy as the tax is that it takes from children, represent an escape from something that is even more dreaded?

In all that has been said on the subject of child labor, there is one voice that has not been heard. This is the voice of those most vitally concerned — the children. Their explanation of their own problem has not been given.

In the following article Miss Helen Todd, for years a factory inspector in Chicago, reports their novel and surprising attitude.

WE must turn to some one other than the statistician to learn why children work, and what the effect of this work is upon them. I am a factory inspector. If being a factory inspector is to you merely a political job, you will learn little or nothing from the children. You are to them an official, a creature with a policeman's star, who decoys you into telling the truth as to your age and the number of hours you work, in order to make your boss "holler on you," your mother weep because of you, and a large, cross man called a judge to take away your job. Fortunately, at fourteen boys and girls are still children. They still have a psychic power of feeling at once the magnetism of people who care for them. None can be worse judges of character, as a whole, than children. One and only one thing they know and value, and that is, if you love them.

Digitized by Google

If you do, you may learn a little of how things really seem to the wage-earning child.

My first years of factory inspection gave me a longing to resign and go where I might never see a factory again. A civilized person can hardly face the reality of child labor without doubting the very value of life itself.

Out of 800 wage-earning children whom I questioned, in 381 cases the cause of the child's working was the death of the father through some industrial accident, or his sickness from some industrial disease contracted in the course of his work. In 28 cases the father had been killed outright. In six out of these 28, there had been some slight compensation given by the employers to the family; but in three of these cases the compensation consisted only in paying the doctor's bill and the funeral expenses.

In the other 22 cases the man's death came under the Assumption of Risk, Contributory Negligence, or the Fellow Servant clause, which prevented the families of the men from collecting any damages, unless they took it through a long court process which they were unable to afford.

Ask any twenty children in a factory the question: "Why are you working?" The answers will show you that a great part of child labor comes from the premature death or disability of the father through industrial accident or disease, or the unemployment of the father through being engaged in an industry which occupies its people only a portion of the year, at low wages.

Over and over again, in answer to the question, "What does your father do?" the reply is, "He's sick"; and the same story unfolds in every factory from most of the children you question: "He's got the brass chills"; "He's got consumption"; "He's got blood-poisoning"; "He's paralyzed"; "He can't use his hands"; "He works in a foundry, and the cupola burst, and he got burned"; "A rail fell on his foot, and it's smashed"; "He's dead — he got killed." He worked in the steel mills, or the stock-yards, or on the railroad, and the engine ran over him; he was burned with molten metal, or crushed by falling beams, or maimed by an explosion.

These stories, told in the soft voices of little children, are endless. To the question, "Did your mother get any money from the company?" the answer is almost invariably, "No," or a shake of the small head, the child not caring to take enough strength from its work even to speak; and when you ask, "How many children are there besides you?" the numbers usually range from five to seven. And when you say, "How many are there of you who are working?" the answer is sometimes one, sometimes two, seldom more; and often, without looking up, the child answers: "My mother she works, and me." "And how much does your mother make?" "She makes eighteen cents an hour, scrubbing downtown." "And how much do you make?" "I make six cents a thousand, pasting on cigar-bands." "And can you and your mother earn enough money to take care of the family?" "Yes, ma'am," she answers; "we gotta."

There can be no doubt that the average healthy life of the father of the child worker ends at forty or forty-five. Coming here as an out-of-door peasant, unused to our climate, to our machinery, to our highly specialized and speeded-up industries, his health is rapidly undermined by the long hours of labor and the extremes of heat and wet and cold, the lack of any protection from occupational disease, combined with insanitary housing, insanitary factories, and insufficient and adulterated food.

As the man can not get proper food or air or rest, drink is the quickest means to drive away hunger and exhaustion and supply the necessary energy for heavy work. Young and strong, he can stand the pace set by the machine, and keep himself and his family above the poverty line while the children are little; but by the time the oldest is about fourteen, his only capital, his physical strength, begins to wane. Some day, when he leaves the foundry, after from twelve to fourteen hours' work over red-hot sand-pits, at sixteen cents an hour, an icy chill stabs through his lungs as he comes out into the winter air. So the family goes over the poverty line; the man either dies or comes through broken and weakened; and the children fall into the struggling, suffering, tumultuous mass at the very foot of the ladder.

I once asked the head of one of our largest foundries how much he paid unskilled help. "Sixteen cents an hour," he replied. "Can they save anything on that?" I asked. "No," he answered; "they can not." "What do they do, then, when you have to shut down for months, as you did last year?" "Well," he answered, "as far as I can make out, the women and the children support the entire family. Those Poles can live on almost nothing. Sausage, and three loaves of stale bread for five cents, is their staple." "How many hours," I asked, "do they work?" "Oh, from twelve to fourteen," he answered; "they're glad enough to get work." "How long do they last?" "Well," he said, "they're no good after forty-five.

"But," he continued, "you ought to see those Polish women and children work when they're put to it. Why, a woman and a half-grown girl will feed the whole family, and the man too. The stock-yards are full of them. Ever seen that box factory in the next block?

Digitized by Google

It's worth seeing. Go into one of those rooms, and you'd think you were in the fourth grade of a Polish school. If it wasn't for the wages of the children and their mothers, the families would never pull through."

The child of the working class represents the human rubbish-pile, the waste material of the industrial world. In our age of efficiency, the horns and the hoofs of cattle, the bristles of the pig, the tar from coal, scraps of iron, of meat and paper, all the waste products of industry are being utilized.

The working people have for a long time possessed an unsuspected mine of wealth. They have, through ignorance, large families of children beyond their earning power to rear; and now the economic waste material these children represent is being utilized. All that is needed to make an iron and steel machine perfect in its money-making power is the addition of a human cog. A child will do as well for this human cog as a man, and so a use has been found for the children of the working people. As commercial waste products they are the source of some of our largest fortunes.

The commercial system could not bring things to this pass if the parents understood.

A child was working and coughing in the dust-filled air of a lumber-mill which I inspected, and, although I stood close to him and shouted, my voice was drowned in the roar of the machinery, and he continued to work, feeding a gleaming, carnivorous-looking rip-saw with pieces of wood with automaton-like regularity; and as I waited, afraid to startle him while his hands were in reach of those jagged teeth, another fit of inaudible coughing shook his thin body and brought the sweat out on his face.

I sought out a big, muscular Swede who was evidently in charge of the mill. "Tell that child, the one over there, to come into the office. I want to talk to him," I shouted, my lips close to his ear. The man looked bewildered, and I saw his lips move. He shook his head, pointing to the machines to indicate that he could not hear. I motioned him to follow me, and, when I had again reached the boy, indicated that I wanted to speak to him. The boss reached up and pulled a lever above the child's head, and the great circular saw slowed down reluctantly, gleaming and leaping with life. It stood still, and the small, stoop-shouldered child who ran it turned toward me with a dazed look, brushing the dust from his hair and listless, yellowish face with his thin hands. In the office the child stood before me, stooped and passive, covered with dust, looking at nothing, apparently thinking of nothing.

All my stock of little jokes and playful remarks died within me as I looked at him. I could not imagine him smiling or his eyes lighting up. He seemed the very gray breath of weariness. "Sit down," I said. "What is your name?" "Adolph Jenson." "How old are you, Adolph?" "'Bout fifteen." "When did you begin to work?" "I don' know." "How old were you when you started to work?" "'Bout thirteen, I guess." "When do you come to work in the morning?" No answer. "Listen, Adolph. What time must you start to work?" "'Bout six-thirty." "Six-thirty! Where do you live?" "1430 Larrabee Street." "Why, that's 'way out north. What time do you get up?" No answer. "Adolph, what time do you get up, dear?" "'Bout five." "When do you stop work?" "Six o'clock." "Do you have an hour for lunch?" "Yes'm." "Do you ever play?" "No'm." "What do you do at night?" He seemed not to hear. His loose, dusty clothes hung about him in shapeless lines, and he sat with his eyes fixed on the floor. "What do you do evenings, Adolph?" I insisted. He raised his dull eyes. "I go to night school," he said, and dropped them again. "Do you like to work?" He shook his head. "Do you like school?" I put my hand on his arm to rouse him. He shook his head again. "Do you ever play with the other boys — ball or anything?" "No." "How long have you had that cough?" "I don't know."

The office door opened, letting in the roar of the factory and the shriek of the saws through the wood as the manager came in. "How are you getting on with the kid?" he said good-naturedly.

"This child is working eleven hours instead of eight, which is a violation of the child-labor law. He is working on dangerous machinery, which is another violation. And," I added, "he is sick."

The man regarded me as one would look down upon an unreasonable pigmy. "You're all on the wrong track, Inspector!" he said. "I don't employ that boy. There ain't no violation. That's my own boy, working here without pay, learning the business. Only boy I got; all the rest's girls. D'ye think I wouldn't take care of him? Don't I send him to night school every night, to learn him so he will get educated? Don't his mother cook him everything he wants to eat? Ain't he got a bedroom with a stove in it? Ain't I worked up and bought out this business as much fer him as fer me? Why, I own this here place, and he's my boy! Me and him'll be partners when he grows up and when I'm dead and gone he'll be boss

Digitized by Google

over his own men, 'stead of workin' his liver out for 'em."

I gazed at the big Swede. "Your own child!" I said. "You're the proprietor of this factory, and that's your child? Is he" — turning to the dreary little wreck in the chair — "is that man your father?"

The child looked at him. "Yes."

"And he works in this place from six-thirty in the morning till six at night, and all day Saturday, and has done this ever since he was thirteen? Your own little boy? Why," I said, standing up, "why have you done this to him?"

Something in my tone penetrated the peasant mind of the father, and roused him. "See here," he said, with a sort of grave dignity, "work don't hurt nobody. Look at me. I started work in the old country when I was a baby, and I ain't never been sick a day. Used to tend the ducks, up in Sweden, when I was five years old. Bound out to a farmer when I was ten — feedin' stock and doin' chores. Slept in the barn; never had enough to eat, or decent clo's or shoes. Hauled gravel when I got older, and earned forty cents a day. Used to sleep in the barn at night, aching from head to foot from shovelin' dirt all day. Colder'n Greenland I was, an' hungrier'n a wolf.

"I just made up my mind, after I came to America and my boy was born, that he should have an inside job out of the cold and rain, and a warm bedroom and a bed. None of your day laborers fer him, breakin' his back fer other folks. Why, all he has to do is to stand there and feed that rip-saw. That ain't work. It's just play. And I'm learnin' him the business. He'll own this factory when I'm dead and gone."

"Mr. Jenson," I said, a great pity for the man

IN 1909 I took 500 children out of twenty different factories and asked them the question: "If your father had a good job and you didn't have to work, which would you rather do — go to school or work in a factory?" 412 said they would rather work in a factory

Digitized by Google

forcing me to speak, "your boy is sick. Now, here's the address of the doctor that can cure him, if anybody can. To-morrow's Saturday. Won't you take him there to-morrow morning? It won't cost you anything. Just look at him," pointing at the child in the chair. "Can't you see there's something the matter with him?"

The man fumbled at the card with his big hand, staring at the child and back again at the card, an undefined fear showing in his face. "His mother's been pesterin' me, too," he muttered. "She says the boy don't eat nothin'. Yes, if you say this doctor's all right, I'll take him over there to-morrow." . . .

"There's a man been waiting here to see you all the afternoon," they told me at the office, Monday; and, turning, I saw Mr. Jenson sitting on the bench at the door, his big hands resting idly on his knees, his eyes, strained and bloodshot, staring at the opposite wall, so sunk in wretched, anguished thought that I had passed in front of him without his seeing me. He lifted his huge body heavily from the seat, and looked down at me, pulling at his beard with thick, trembling fingers. "Adolph's got the tuberculosis," he told me. "The doctor he says as Adolph would 'a' kept well if he'd had to sleep in a barn and shovel gravel like me. The doctor he says it's the learnin' and machinery that's give Adolph this here tuberculosis. The doctor he says as everything I've been doin' fer Adolph has been bad fer him. I can't understand what he means!" the man cried, breathing hard in his suffering. "The doctor he says my Adolph's sick, and he must go up in the pine woods and live in a shanty, and keep outdoors in the cold, and have the wind blowin' on him from the windows. I — that's got up in the night to keep the fire in the stove, so's his room would.

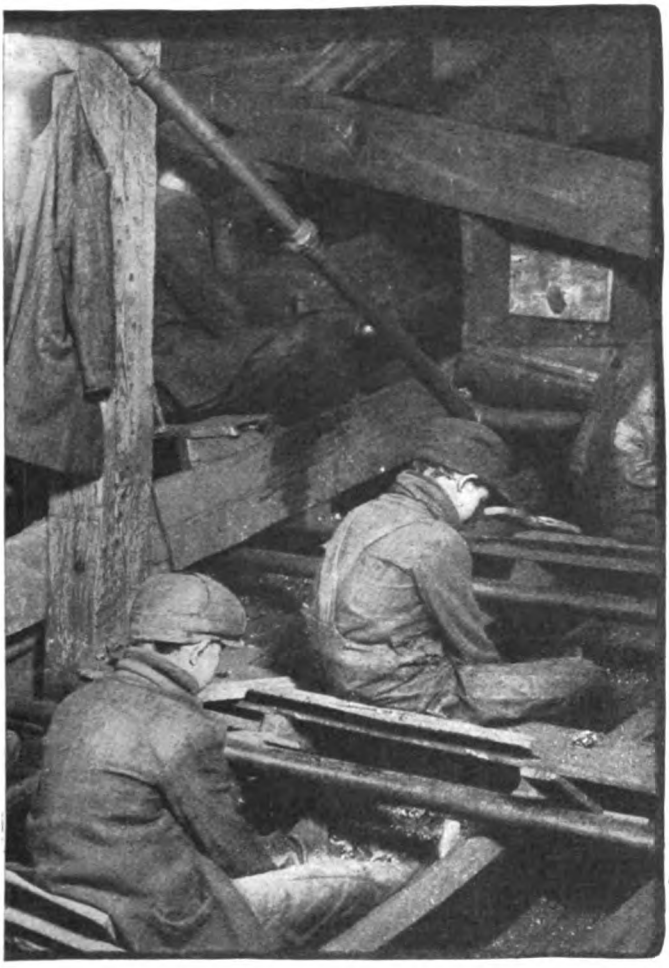
Courtesy National Child Labor Committee

Courtesy National Child Labor Committee

BOYS of fourteen working in the age wage of $4.50 a week, and stone from the coal as it moves

The boys work in ***this*** *position* ***their*** *work*

Digitized by Google



breaker of a Pennsylvania coal-mine. for nine hours a day, at an average being to pick out pieces of slate through a chute over which they sit

brute force. Cold, hunger, exposure, blows, and heavy manual toil — that's all they understand."

That night I read in Thomas Oliver's "Diseases of Occupation" these lines, which sum up the reason why children work. Speaking of England, he said: "Child labor was fostered by the ignorance of the working people, by paternal greed and poverty, and was encouraged by employers."

The disease of child labor seemed to have similar sources in all countries. Was there any panacea for it? I wondered. What future was it making for America?

In 1909 I took 500 children out of over twenty different factories in all parts of Chicago, and asked them this question: "If your father had a good job and you didn't have to work, which would you rather do — go to school or work in

Courtesy National Child Labor Committee

be warm — I've got to send him up there, or the doctor says he'll die. I can't understand him. When he talks I don't know what he means. I want to ask you if you'll listen to him, and find out what he means, and tell me so's I can understand."

He fixed his eyes, full of dumb suffering, on me. "You was mad about his tendin' that rip-saw," he said, "but you know I'd do anythin' for Adolph. And his mother —" He turned and, pulling his hat down over his face, pushed open the door and went out.

It was too late to do anything for the boy, the doctor told me.

"I was sorry for that poor old Swede father," he added. "He was like a whale with a harpoon through him, around here in the office, when he finally understood the boy had consumption and might not live. Kept telling how he'd never let the boy work outdoors or bum in the streets, and was bringing him up to own a factory."

"That's the trouble. The parents have no conception of any work being hard, except that which requires sheer

Digitized by Google

Courtesy National Child Labor Committee

BREAKER-BOYS in an anthracite coal-mine. Fourteen is the legal working age in Pennsylvania, but the boys leave school at twelve and thirteen to go into the mines

a factory?" Of 500 children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, 412 said they would rather work in a factory than go to school. These astonishing and unlooked-for statistics bewildered me.

I wrote down their reasons as they gave them to me: "Because you get paid for what you do in a factory." "Because it's easier to work in a factory than 'tis to learn in school." "You never understands what they tells you in school, and you can learn right off to do things in a factory." "They ain't always pickin' on you because you don't know things in a factory." "You can't never do t'ings right in school." "The boss he never hits yer, er slaps yer face, er pulls yer ears, er makes yer stay in at recess." "It's so hard to learn." "I don't like to learn." "I couldn't learn." "The children don't holler at ye and call ye a Christ-killer in a factory." "They don't call ye a Dago." "They're good to you at home when you earn money." "Youse can eat sittin' down, when youse work." "You can go to the nickel show." "You don't have to work so hard at night when you get home." "Yer folks don't hit ye so much." "You can buy shoes for the baby." "You can give your mother yer pay envelop." "What ye learn in school ain't no good. Ye git paid just as much in the factory if ye never was there. Our boss he never went to school." "That boy can't speak English, and he gets six dollars. I only get four dollars, and I've been through the sixth grade." "When my brother is fourteen, I'm going to get him a job here. Then, my mother says, we'll take the baby out of the 'Sylum for the Half Orphans." "School ain't no good. When you works a whole month at school, the teacher she gives you a card to take home, that says how you ain't any good. And yer folks hollers on yer an' hits yer." "Oncet I worked in a night school in the Settlement, an' in the day school too. Gee, I humped myself. I got three cards with 'excellent' on 'em. An' they never did me no good. My mother she kept 'em in the Bible, an' they never did her no good, neither. They ain't like a pay envelop." "School ain't no good. The Holy Father he can send ye to hell, and the boss he can take away yer job er raise yer pay. The teacher she can't do nothing."

To paste thousands of labels, strip mounds of tobacco, make quantities of buttonholes, requires no education that a school gives.

A boy or a girl who at the price of much sacrifice has passed the eighth grade, gets the same wages as a child who signs his name with a cross. And to these children, and to their parents, the object of education is to help you earn money.

A report card makes no change in the family fortunes or in the child's environment. Two plus two may be four; but the baby has no milk, the child has no shoes, and the house is cold, even when he has figured and read and

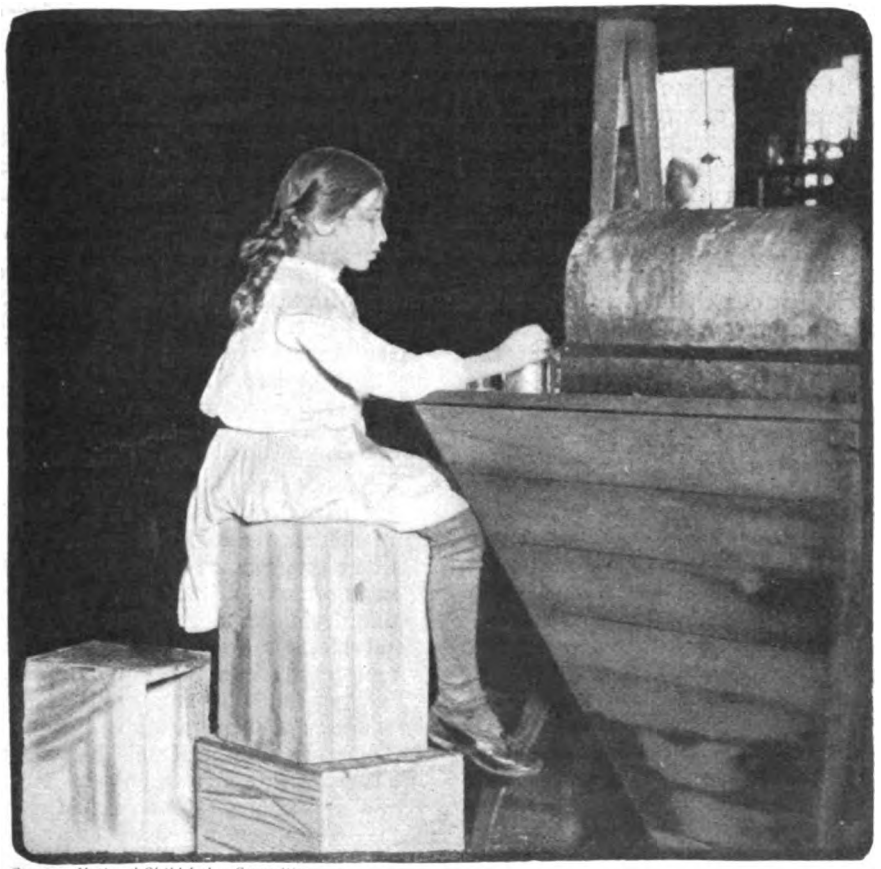
Digitized by Google

written for a month. But two hands of tobacco stripped is four cents, and four times ten equals forty, and when you bring home a pay envelop with $2.40 in it at the end of the week, not only your immediate environment, but that of the baby, the mother and father, and the five other children is immediately affected. No wonder that to exchange the pay envelop for a report card seems a poor bargain to the child who works.

envelop and crawled behind a large pile of dusty wrapping-paper and boards in the corner of the room. When we had removed this barrier, piece by piece, in order to reach him, we found him pressed close against the wall, weeping miserably.

As I walked home with him, I asked him: "Don't you like to go to school?"

"No," he answered; "I want my job," and began weeping afresh.



Courtesy National Child Labor Committee

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD child at work in a canning factory. Her task is to operate a capping-machine, which puts the caps on filled cans of vegetables. She caps 40 cans a minute. The law does not regulate the hours of work in this industry

Also, the children fear and dread corporal punishment. Inspecting in the stock-yards one day, I literally stumbled over a little creature in the basement who, on being brought to the surface and into the light of the office, proved to be not yet fourteen. His father was laid up with inflammatory rheumatism, and the child had been given a job out of pity, to help the family.

Upon being told that he was not old enough to work, and must go to school, he took his pay

"What," I said in despair, remembering the dark, damp basement in which I had found him, "what is it you like so much about your job?"

"The boss," he answered, "don't never hit me."

"Did they hit you at school?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"They hits ye if ye don't learn, and they hits ye if ye whisper, and they hits ye if ye have string in yer pocket, and they hits ye if

Digitized by Google

yer seat squeaks, and they hits ye if ye scrape yer feet, and they hits ye if ye don't stan' up in time, and they hits ye if yer late, and they hits ye if ye ferget the page."

His voice trailed off into silence, and he stood before me with bent head, his face glazed with weeping, at bay, like one of his own little stock-yard sheep being driven down into the shambles.

Out of some 800 children questioned, 269 gave as their one reason for preferring a factory to school, that they were not hit there.

What the working children need is what all children need, but these especially — love from some one who has the time and intelligence to love, work from some one who knows what kind of work will be most possible and useful to them; but, above all, play, music, stories, pictures, and the personality of a teacher who is joyful, tender, intelligent. Discomfort, anxiety, and privation make their faces old at ten years. They stand, little shabby creatures, between the mockery of what our civilization has made of their homes, and the wreckage that machinery and speeded-up industry will make of their lives. Meantime, there is our school here. Would it not be possible to adapt this child of foreign peasants less to education, and adapt education more to the child? To reach into the home and console and protect and coöperate with him better than we do?

COTTON-MILL employee, working 60 hours a week at wages of six cents an hour

Courtesy National Child Labor Committee

Nothing that a factory sets them to do is so hard, so terrifying, as learning. This ought not to be so; but these rusty, heavy little minds, the product of generations of child labor, need a kind of education that we do not give. We do not make our education fit their psychology, their traditions, their environment or inheritance. The result is, we lose them. Do not think that that little Polish or Lithuanian child who sits stupid and dumb at his desk, conscious that he is the biggest child in the room, is not suffering; for he is experiencing an agony of weariness, bewilderment, and sense of failure that makes the nearest paper-box factory, where he feels that he is of some use, a haven of refuge. He has never been especially clean or petted, but he has always been useful. From the time that he could stand on a chair and wipe dishes, there has been more than enough for him to do. Take from him at school his one asset of usefulness, and his self-respect goes with it, only to return with his working certificate and his first week's pay envelop.

One August afternoon I climbed the long flights of stairs of a factory in Lake Street. "We haven't any children here," said the agent of a leather company on the floor next to the top. "Can't use them in our business. But I wish your office would get after that place upstairs. There's a lot of children there. It's some sort of business where they lacquer canes; and what with the smell of the stuff they use, and the heat of that drying-furnace they've got there going full blast in the same room, it's a tough proposition, specially as in these old buildings, which were built for storage-houses, there are only windows at the ends and you can't get any air. You have to burn gas all day to see. But we had to tell the man who runs it to put up a sign saying, 'No more children wanted.' They were running upstairs as thick as ants, getting in here by mistake, and pestering us to death, wanting a job. It beats all, what gets into children to want to work in a place like that. It can't be the money — they don't earn enough. Seems as if they were all just naturally crazy for a chance to work."

Upstairs, in the long, low attic of the building, the heat was intense. The gas burned yellow in the turpentine-filled air; three windows at the far ends of the long, dark room were the only means of light or ventilation. A big cement furnace at one end was making intolerable the already

Digitized by Google

CHILD at work lacquering men's canes. The worst feature of this work is the intense heat from the drying-ovens, in which the canes are dried after being varnished. The children are seated as near the furnace as possible, in order to save time in transportation

oppressive August afternoon, besides sending out a nauseating odor of varnish and turpentine every time the oven door was opened to take out or put in the canes that were being lacquered.

Of the thirty-five people employed, fourteen were children between fourteen and fifteen years of age. They were all little girls, and were seated on stools around a large table. They were putting the last coat of varnish or lacquer on a cheap variety of men's canes, and as the canes went directly from their table to the drying-ovens, the children were seated as near to the furnace as it was humanly possible to endure, in order to save time in transportation.

"Who do you want to see, lady?" said the manager sharply. "Didn't you see 'NO ADMISSION' on that door? We don't allow any visitors in here. Oh, the factory inspector. Well — glad to see you, Inspector. Hope you'll find everything all right here. We never employ a child under fourteen years or without a certificate. Short hours, from eight in the morning to five at night. Yes, it's hot here, but

Digitized by Google

we got to keep the furnace going in our business. Yes, it smells bad to some people, but that smell's healthy when you get used to it. Go right ahead with your inspection, and you will find me in the office when you're through."

When I had finished my inspection of the room, I found an empty box, and drew it up to the table where the children were working, and sat down, wearied and depressed. "How can you stand it here, children?" I asked, wiping the dirt and perspiration from my face. "It's so hot. Don't your heads ache?" They stared at me shyly and did not answer. "Why don't you little girls go to school?"

"School!" cried one who had given her name as Tillie Isakowsky, aged fourteen years and three months, shaking her head until her red bows trembled. "School is de fiercest t'ing youse kin come up against. Factories ain't no cinch, but schools is worst."

"Yees, ma'am — yees, ma'am," reiterated Bessie Oxenhelder, who was prodding me softly with her varnish-brush, in an agony of fear lest, even at my age, I might be decoyed into some school. "Yees, ma'am. Hear to me. Me, I works two, three, four, nine mont's for de Washin'ton schools. I will not to mind my baby, I will not to scrub my floor, I will not to wash de dish. I will to learn. My teacher she hollers on me that my hair it shall be wash, that my ear it shall be wash, that my under skin under my clo's, it shall be wash; and I hollers on my mudder. I slap my baby that she spit on my book. I kick my brudders in my bed, that they shall to lay still in the night, for I will to sleep to learn. My fader he gets a mad by dat Washin'ton school, and take his pay envelop and go to de saloon. For why? For that I must to have a geogroffee; my teacher she hollers on me for those geogroffee, and I hollers on my mudder. I say I will kill myself in the lake if I become not a geogroffee book. My mudder she take the money off the pay envelop of de pants of my fader. He say, 'You want I shall work on my empty belly,' he say, 'that youse kids shall loaf in a seat an' feed der head?' He break de dish, he hit my mudder, he go to the saloon. And what do I gets for all my works by dat Washin'ton man what bosses dose schools? Youse knows!" Her eyes blazed. "I gets a bad name, dat I eats up de crackers of the lunch of de kindergarten children. It's a lie. My mudder she buy me the work certificate off my cousin, who's sixteen and don't need it no more. I take dat certificate, I get me a job. I go no more to dose Washin'ton schools."

"Once, in the first grade," began Marie Mamscalsco shyly, "I had a so beautiful teacher with a silk waist and feathers in her hat, and when she went for to talk it was like when my brother he plays on de concertina. I feel for my teacher"— a sweet passion stained red the pallor of her face — "like — like I was dat teacher's mudder. I will to get my teacher's rubbers. I will to fetch my teacher's hat. I will to stan' by the street-car till she come. I will to have my seat in my school change. For why? For so I can touch with my hand my teacher's dress when she write on the blackboard."

"I never," said Bessie Oxenhelder, "had by any teacher no such feelin's like dose."

But the spell of memory was on Marie, and she paid no attention. She laid down her cane softly, and, folding her stained little hands in her lap, murmured on, her clear, childish eyes fixed on mine:

"She would not to stay by dat school. She say to me, my teacher say, 'Ah, Maria, I must to go. This teachin' school, Maria,' she say, 'it kill my heart.' But I make her a good-by party by my house, and she come to my house, and drink the wine and eat the cake in my house. And she give her hand to my fader and mudder and everybody in my house, and she say 'good-by' and she smile. But when she kiss me good-by, I can to feel how my teacher's face it is all wet by tears for that she leave me."

Softened by these memories, Tillie Isakowsky repented of her violent onslaught on schools. "Some schools dey ain't so fierce as oders," she qualified, varnishing violently to make up for lost time. "Der is children what likes schools." Her eyes rested on Anna. "Dis new girl," she cried, "dis new girl der she likes fer to go to school. She cries dat she can't to go to school. I seen her. Ain't it so what I say, Anna? Ain't it dat you cry for to go?"

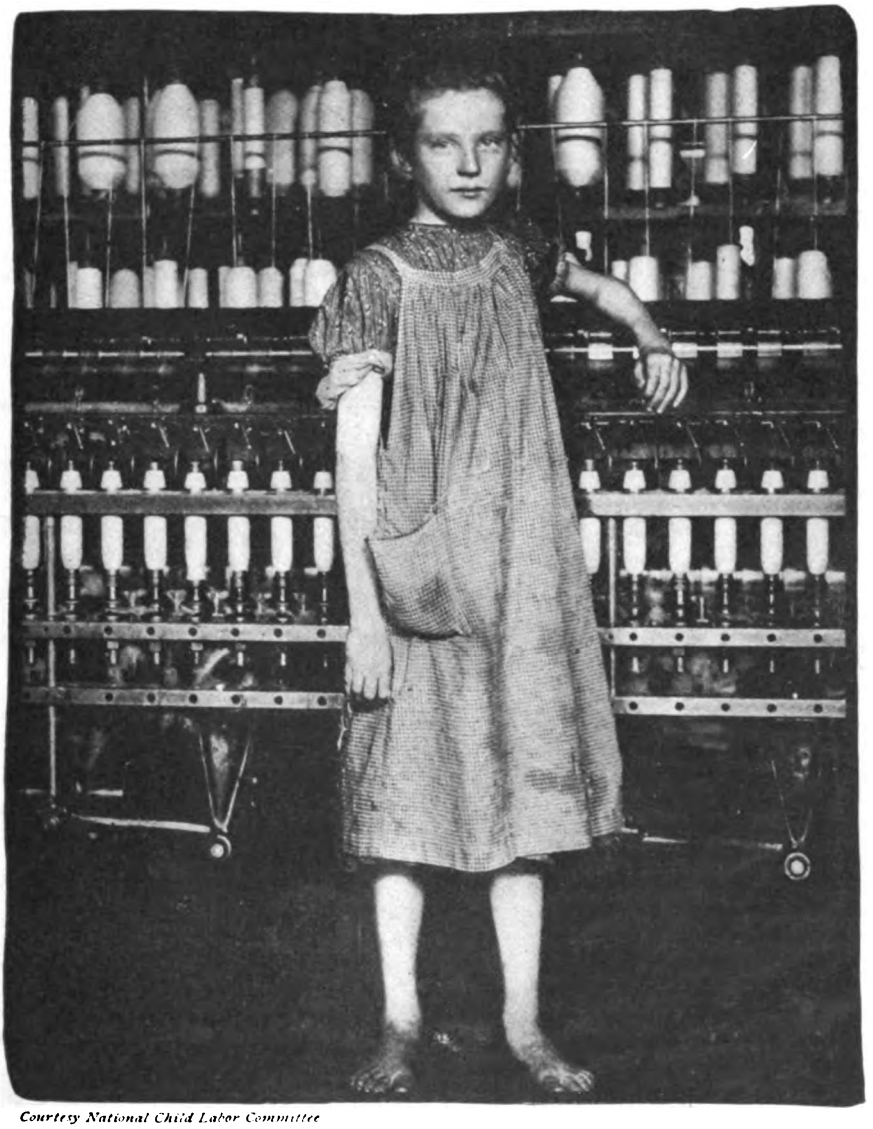
My little girl, as I had called her to myself, the smallest and most lovable of them all, looked up with a quick, quivering smile, and bent her head over her work; and presently I saw on the front of her coarse gingham apron the round wet stains of her tears. "Her fader," shrilled the child next to her,— "lady, her father he got killed. "He ——"

"Don't talk about it," I said sharply, and, carrying my box around to the child's end of the table, sat down upon it beside her. For a moment her fingers, small and sticky with varnish, clutched my hands. Hot and trembling with fear, they closed over them with I know not what appeal in their grasp. All that men pray to be saved from and break their hearts over was in her touch. Then, from some obscure source,

Digitized by Google

from I know not what depth of resignation and courage from which those who labor draw endurance to go on, she leaned down, wiped her face on her underskirt, drew her hands out of mine, and bent over her work again, varnishing men's canes with the sweet, clumsy docility of a child.

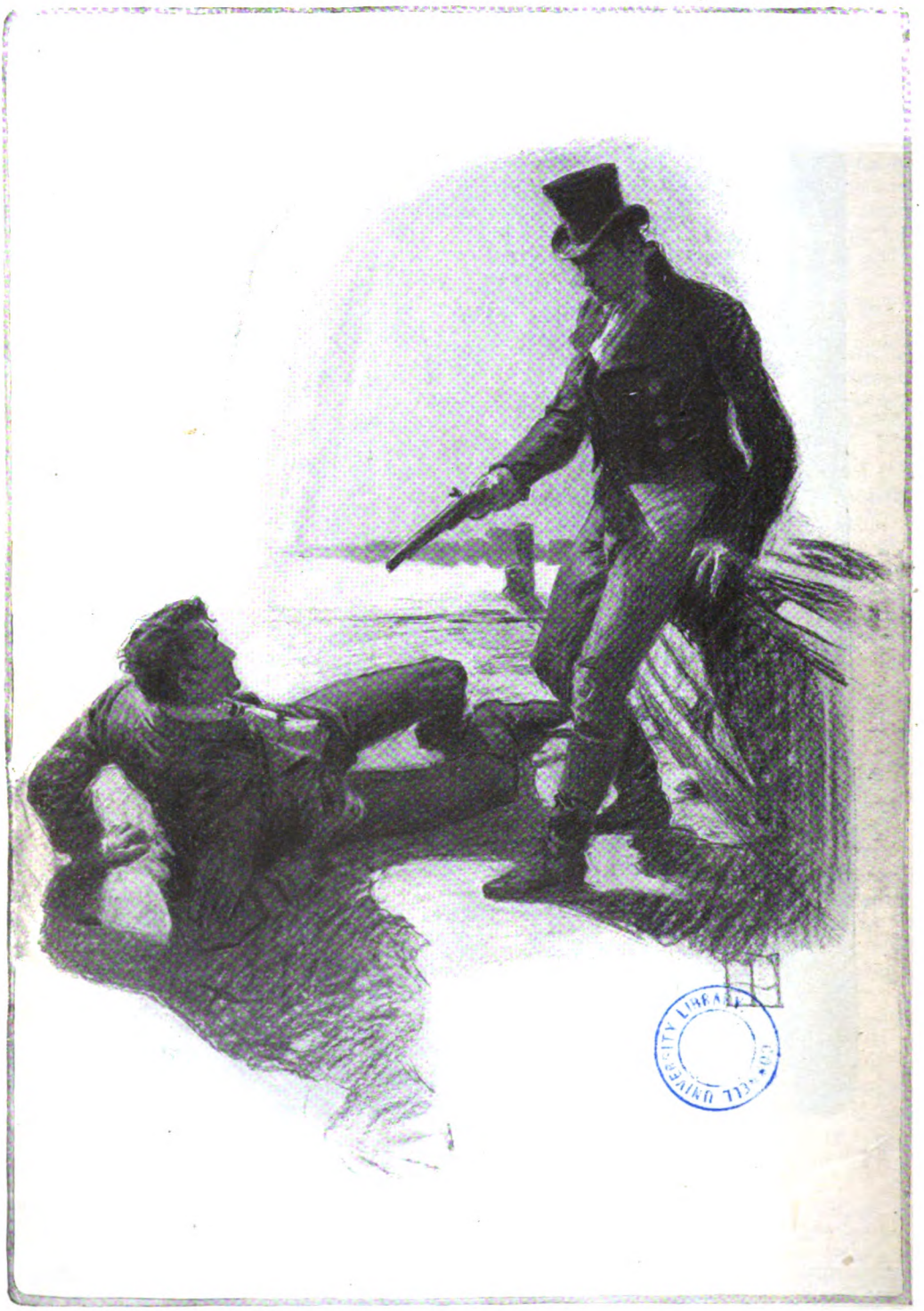
Sit down by any child in a factory and talk to him; go from one to another; question them about the home and the family — how much the father earns, how many children there are, is he sick, is he dead, what killed him, why is he sick. They will answer you, and their answers will take you into their world. That great Hinterland of disorder and pain which lies back of our commercial system the children will reveal to you; and as you do the few superficial things an inspector in a political office can do, and turn away, is it to be wondered at that "What Shall it Profit?" appears to be written large above all the monstrous buildings and shrieking factories of Chicago?



Courtesy National Child Labor Committee

GIRL spinner in a Vermont cotton-mill. Her work is to walk up and down between the spinning-frames and knot any threads that break. Her working hours are from six in the morning till six at night. She earns $3 a week

Digitized by Google



"'I HAVE ALWAYS FOUND YOU AN OBSTACLE,' SAID CHICHESTER. 'BUT LATELY YOU HAVE BECOME A MENACE. SINCE IT IS TO BE YOUR LIFE OR MINE, I VERY NATURALLY PREFER THAT IT SHALL BE YOURS'"

Digitized by Google

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

Begun in April, 1912.—Barnabas Barty, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, coming suddenly into a fortune of £700,000, decides to go to London and become a gentleman. On his journey he rescues Lady Cleone Meredith from the compromising designs of Sir Mortimer Carnaby, the King's favourite. Barnabas learns that Carnaby is plotting to marry Lady Cleone for her fortune, and that she has consented to meet his go-between, a profligate courtier named Chichester, in a lonely spot at sundown. Barnabas arrives at the rendezvous first, forces Chichester to retire, and, when Lady Cleone comes, offers to escort her back to her guardian. In the explanation that follows, Barnabas learns that Lady Cleone had come to the tryst expecting to meet her half-brother, Ronald Barrymaine, a young scapegrace whose gambling exploits have thrown him into Chichester's power. Barnabas tells Lady Cleone that he loves her, and promises to seek out her brother in London and to try to save him. On reaching London he finds Barrymaine and offers to pay his debts if he will end all relations with Chichester; but Chichester foils Barnaby's purpose. He tries to buy up Barrymaine's debt from Jasper Gaunt, the London money-lender, but fails. He then learns that he is the legal heir of Chichester's fortune, and threatens to dispossess him unless he looses his hold on Barrymaine. Chichester in turn threatens to expose Barnabas to Lady Cleone as an impostor, but Barnabas forestalls him by telling her himself that he is the son of an innkeeper. She promises to marry him, and sends him back to London for the great steeplechase, which he rides and wins. He finds Clemency, Viscount Devenden's sweetheart, hiding from Chichester in London, and promises to help her and to keep her secret. Lady Cleone, misconstruing their relationship, quarrels with Barnabas and breaks her engagement to him.

How the Viscount Found Him a Viscountess

REACHING London at daybreak, Barnabas went to bed, and there, wearied by his long ride, found a blessed oblivion from all his cares and sorrows. Nor did he wake till the day was far spent and evening at hand. Night was falling when he set out along Charles Street toward Blackfriars. He wore a long, befrogged surtout buttoned up to the chin, and his hat was drawn low over his brows; also, he carried a heavy stick.

As he crossed Blackfriars Bridge, plunged in frowning thought, he was quite unaware of one who followed him, step by step, upon the other side of the way.

Presently Barnabas turned down a narrow, ill-lighted street, still wholly unaware of the figure following him step by step, patient and persistent. Thus, at last, being come to the door of Nick the cobbler, he knocked upon it with his stick.

It was opened by Clemency herself.

"I saw you coming," she said, giving him her hand, and led him through the dark little shop into the inner room.

"I came as soon as I could, Clemency."

"Yes, I knew you would come," she answered.

"I am here to take you away to a cottage I have found for you — a place in the country, where you will be safe until I can find and bring your father to you."

She looked at him through gathering tears.

"How good — how kind of you!" she said very softly. "And oh, I thank you; but ——"

"But, Clemency?"

"I must stay here."

"In this awful place! Why?"

Clemency flushed. "Oh, I couldn't leave London yet — I couldn't!"

Barnabas leaned across the table and touched her slender fingers very gently.

"Why not? Tell me your trouble, my sister."

Clemency bowed her dark head, and when she spoke her voice was low and troubled:

"Because — he is ill — dangerously ill, Milo tells me, and I — I am nearer to him here in London. I can go, sometimes, and look at the house where he lies. So, you see, I can not leave him yet."

"Then — you love him, Clemency?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes — oh, yes, always — always! That was why I ran away from him. Oh, I love him so much that I grew afraid of my love, and of myself, and of — him. Because he is a great gentleman, and I am only — what I am."

"A very good and beautiful woman!"

"Beauty!" she sighed. "Oh, it is only for that he — wanted me; and — dear heaven! I love him so much that — if he asked me, I fear —" And she hid her burning face in hands that trembled.

Digitized by Google

"Clemency!"

The word was hoarse and low, scarcely more than a whisper; but, even so, Clemency started and lifted her head to stare wide-eyed at the figure leaning in the doorway, with one hand outstretched to her appealingly — a tall figure, cloaked from head to foot, the hat drawn low over his brows, his right arm carried in a sling. And, as she gazed, Clemency uttered a low, soft cry, and rose to her feet.

"My lord!" she whispered. "Oh, my lord!"

"Dearest!"

The Viscount stepped into the room and, uncovering his head, sank upon his knees before her.

"Oh, Clemency," said he, "the door was open and I heard it all — every word. But, dearest, you need never fear me any more — never any more. Because I love you, Clemency, and here, upon my knees, beg you to honour me by marrying me. Clemency dear, I have been ill, and it has taught me many things, and I know now that I — can not live without you. So, Clemency, if you will take pity on me — oh, Clemency!"

The Viscount stopped, still kneeling before her with bent head; nor did he look up or attempt to touch her as he waited her answer.

"Dear," said she very gently, "dear, if you — want me so much, you have only to — take me!"

And now, beholding their great happiness, Barnabas stole from the room; and, being only human, he sighed deeply and pitied himself mightily by contrast.

CHAPTER LIV

Which Relates, Among Other Things, How Barnabas Lost His Hat

Now, as Barnabas stood thus, he heard another sigh, and, glancing up, beheld Mr. Shrig seated at the little cobbler's bench.

"Sir," said he, "theer's a uncommon lot o' windictiveness about to-night; it's a-vaiting for you, as you might say, round the corner."

"For me? Are you sure?"

"And sartin! There's certain coves as you and me had a bit of a turn-up with once before. If it hadn't been for the young gent as shadowed ye all the way to Giles's Rents, it's my opinion as they'd ha' done you into a corp as you come along."

"But why should they want to do for me?"

"V'y, sir, they'd do for their own mothers, j'yful, if you paid 'em to!"

"But who would employ such a gang?"

"Vell, sir, naming no names, there's a party as I suspect, from conclusions as I've drawed — a party as I'm a-going to try to ketch this here werry night, sir, if you'll help me."

"Of course I will," said Barnabas, a little eagerly; "but how?"

"By doing eg-zactly as I tell you, sir. Is it a go?"

"It is," nodded Barnabas.

"V'y, then, to begin vith, that theer coat o' yourn — it's too long to run in. Off vith it, sir!"

Barnabas smiled, but off came the long, befrogged surtout.

"Now," proceeded Mr. Shrig, "as to a vepping?"

"I have my stick," said Barnabas, holding it up.

Mr. Shrig took it, balanced it in his grasp, and passed it back, with a nod of approval.

"V'y, then, sir, I think ve may venture," said he, and, rising, put on his hat, examined the priming of the brass-bound pistol, and, taking the nobbly stick under his arm, crossed to the door. "Sir," said he, "you promise to do eg-zactly vot I say?"

"I promise!"

"Ven I say 'run,' you'll run?"

"Yes."

"Then come on, sir, and keep close behind me."

Mr. Shrig opened the door and stepped noisily out into the narrow court. "This vay, sir." Mr. Shrig turned sharp to his left along the alley toward the river.

"Why this way, Mr. Shrig?"

"First, sir, because they're a-vaiting for you at t'other end o' the alley; and, second, because ven they see us go this vay they'll think they've got us sure and sartin, and follow according; and, third, because at a certain place along by the river I've left Corporal Dick and four o' my specials. S-sh! Qviet, now! Oblige me with your castor — your 'at, sir."

Wonderingly, Barnabas handed him the article in question, whereupon Mr. Shrig, setting it upon the end of the nobbly stick, began to advance swiftly where the shadow lay blackest. They were close upon the river now. But on they went, swift and silent, until Mr. Shrig, stopping all at once, raised the hat upon his stick and thrust it slowly, inch by inch, round the angle of the wall. And suddenly it was gone — struck away into space by an unseen weapon; and, all in an instant, it seemed, came a vicious oath, a snarl from Mr. Shrig, the thud of a blow, and a dim shape staggered sideways and, sinking down at the base of the wall, lay very still.

"Run!" cried Mr. Shrig; and away he went beside the river. All at once he stopped and glanced about him.

Digitized by Google

"What now?" inquired Barnabas.

"S-sh! D'ye 'ear anything, sir?"

Sure enough, from the darkness behind came the rush and patter of pursuing feet.

"Are we to fight here?" demanded Barnabas, buttoning his coat.

"No, not yet, sir. This vay, sir!" And, turning to the left again, Mr. Shrig led the way down a narrow passage. Half-way along this dim alley he paused, and, seating himself upon a dim step, fell to mopping his brow.

"What do we do now?" asked Barnabas.

"V'y, sir, I'll tell you. Ve sit here, nice and qviet, and let 'em run on till they meet my four specials and Corporal Richard Roe, late Grenadiers. My specials has their staves and knows how to use 'em. So v'en they come running back, d'ye see, theer's you vith your stick, and me vith my barker, an' so ve 'ave 'em front an' rear."

"But can we stop them — all?"

"'Ah!'" nodded Mr. Shrig. "All as the Corp 'as left of 'em. Now, are ye ready? Keep behind me — so. Here they come, I think." Somewhere along the dark river hoarse cries arose, and the confused patter of running feet that grew rapidly louder and more distinct. So another minute dragged by, and then, settling his broad-brimmed hat more firmly, Mr. Shrig sprang nimbly from his lurking-place and fronted the oncomers with levelled weapon.

"Stand!" he cried. "Stand — in the King's name!"

A sudden blinding flash, a deafening report, and, dropping his pistol, Mr. Shrig groaned and staggered up against the wall. But Barnabas was ready, and, as their assailants rushed, met them with whirling stick. It was desperate work, but Barnabas was in the mood for it, answering blow with blow and shout with shout.

"Oh, Jarsper!" roared a distant voice, "we're coming. Hold 'em, Jarsper!"

So Barnabas struck, and parried, and struck, now here, now there, advancing and retreating by turns, until the flailing stick splintered in his grasp and he was hurled back to the wall and borne to his knees. Twice he struggled up, but was beaten down again — down and down into a choking blackness that seemed full of griping hands and cruel, trampling feet.

Faint and sick, dazed with his hurts, Barnabas rose to his knees, and so, getting upon unsteady feet, sought to close with one who threatened him with upraised bludgeon; grasped at an arm, missed, felt a stunning shock; staggered back and back, with the sounds of the struggle ever fainter to his failing senses; tripped, and, falling heavily, rolled over upon his back, and so lay still.

"'BEATRIX — OH, MY CHILD, FORGIVE ME!'"

CHAPTER LV

Which Tells of a Reconciliation

"O Lord God of the weary and heavy-hearted, have mercy upon me! Oh, Father of the sorrowful, suffer now that I find rest!"

Barnabas opened his eyes and stared up at a cloudless heaven, where rode a silver moon.

"O Lord of pity, let now thy

Digitized by Google

"'CLEMENCY!' THE WORD WAS HOARSE AND LOW, SCARCELY MORE THAN A WHISPER—

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

mercy lighten upon me. Suffer that I come to Thee this hour, for in Thee is my trust. Take back my life, O Father, for, without hope, life is a weary burden, and death a boon."

The voice ceased, and upon the hush stole the everlasting whisper of the river. Then, clear and sharp, there broke another sound — the oncoming tread of feet. Suddenly they stopped, and Barnabas, turning his throbbing head, saw a figure standing within a yard of him.

"Sir," said Mr. Chichester, coming nearer and smiling down at prostrate Barnabas, "this is most thoughtful — most kind of you. I have been hoping to meet you again, and now to find you awaiting me at such an hour, in such a place — remote from all chances of disturbance, and with the river so very convenient, too! — indeed, you couldn't have chosen a fitter place, and I am duly grateful."

Saying which, Mr. Chichester seated himself upon the mouldering remains of an ancient wherry, and slipped one hand into the bosom of his coat.

"Sir," said he, leaning toward Barnabas, "you appear to be hurt; but you are not — dying, of course?"

"Dying!" repeated Barnabas, lifting a hand to his aching brow. "Dying! No."

"And yet, I fear you are," sighed Mr. Chichester. "Yes, I think you will be most thoroughly dead before morning — I do indeed." And he drew a pistol from his pocket, very much as though it were a snuff-box.

"But before we write 'Finis' to your very remarkable career," he went on, "I have a few — a very few words to say. Sir, there have been many women in my life, yes, a great many; but only one I ever loved — and you, it seems, must love her too. You have obtruded yourself wantonly in my concerns from the very first moment we met. I have always found you an obstacle, an obstruction. But lately you have become a menace, threatening my very existence. Since it is to be your life or mine, I, very naturally, prefer that it shall be yours."

As he ended, Mr. Chichester smiled, sighed, and cocked his pistol. But, even as it clicked, a figure rose up from behind the rotting wherry, and, as Mr. Chichester leaned toward Barnabas, smiling still, but with eyes of deadly menace, a hand, pale and claw-like in the half light, fell and clenched itself upon his shoulder. At the touch Mr. Chichester started and, uttering an exclamation, turned savagely; but Barnabas struggled to his knees, and, pinning his wrist with one hand, twisted the pistol from his grasp with the other, and, as Mr. Chichester sprang to his feet, faced him, still upon his knees, but with levelled weapon.

"Don't shoot!" cried a voice. "God will requite him — let him go."

Digitized by Google

"No!" said Barnabas, shaking his head. But, as he pressed forward, intent on his purpose, restraining hands were upon his arm, and the voice pleaded in his ear:

"God is a just God, young sir. Let the man go; leave him to the Almighty."

Barnabas bowed his head and clasped his throbbing temples between his palms. When he looked up again, Mr. Chichester was gone, and the Apostle of Peace stood before him, his silver hair shining, his pale face uplifted towards heaven.

"I owe you — my life!" said Barnabas.

"You are alive, young sir, which is good; and your hands are not stained with a villain's blood, which is much better. But, as for me,— God pity me! — I came here to-night, meaning to be a self-murderer — oh, God forgive me!"

"But you," said Barnabas, "you live also. And to-night your pilgrimage ends — in Clemency's loving arms."

"Clemency? My daughter? Oh, sir, how may that be? They tell me she is dead."

—BUT CLEMENCY STARTED AND STARED WIDE-EYED AT THE FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY—A TALL FIGURE, CLOAKED FROM HEAD TO FOOT. 'MY LORD!' SHE WHISPERED. 'OH, MY LORD!'"

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

"Lies!" said Barnabas. "I spoke with her to-night."

"Then, sir, take me to her!"

So, without more ado, they left that dreary place and walked on together, side by side and very silent. In a while they turned into the narrow court, and, reaching the door of Nick the cobbler, Barnabas knocked. As they waited, he could see that his companion was trembling violently where he leaned beside him against the wall. Then the door was opened, and Clemency appeared, her shapely figure outlined against the light behind her.

"Mr. Beverley!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Clemency. And — and I have kept my promise; I have brought you — " But no need for words; Clemency had seen.

"Father!" she cried, stretching out her arms. "Oh, dear father!"

"Beatrix," said the preacher, his voice very broken — "oh, my child, forgive me!"

But Clemency had caught him in her arms, had drawn him into the little shop, and, pillowing the silvery head upon her young bosom, folded it there, and so hung above him, all sighs, and tears, and tender endearments.

Then Barnabas closed the door upon them, and, sighing, went upon his way. And as he walked with lagging step and with gaze ever upon the ground, he was conscious only of the pain in his head, the dull ache at his heart, and the ever-growing doubt and fear within him.

CHAPTER LVI

How Barnabas Went Forth to His Triumph

No, Barnabas was not happy, since needs must he think ever of Cleone. Two letters had he written her — the first a humble supplication, the second an angry demand couched in terms of bitter reproach. Yet Cleone gave no sign; and the days passed. Therefore, being himself young and proud, he wrote no more, and waited for some word of explanation, some sign from her. Then, as the days lengthened into weeks, he set himself resolutely to forget her — if such a thing might be.

The better to achieve a thing so impossible, he turned to that most fickle of all goddesses, whose name is Chance, and wooed her fiercely by day and by night. He became one of her most devoted slaves; in noble houses, in clubs and hells, he sought her. Calm-eyed, grim-lipped, he wooed her, yet with dogged assiduity. He became a familiar figure at those very select gaming-tables where play was highest, and tales of his recklessness and wild prodigality began to circulate — tales of huge sums won and lost with the same calm indifference, that quiet gravity which marked him in all things. Thus a fortnight elapsed, and the star of Barnabas Beverley, Esquire, had indeed attained its grand climacteric, for a night came when he was to eat and drink with Royalty, and the Fashionable World was to do him honour.

"Unless, John," sighed Barnabas, as he stood before his mirror, undergoing the ordeal of dressing, "unless I receive a word to-night, I shall drive down to Hawkhurst as soon as I can get away; so have the curricle and greys ready, will you?"

"Yes, sir." At this moment the legs of the Gentleman in Powder planted themselves quivering on the threshold to announce:

"Viscount Devenden!"

The Viscount still carried his arm in a sling, but, excepting this, he was himself again, bright-eyed, smiling, and debonair. But now, as Peterby withdrew and Barnabas turned to greet him, gravely polite, he hesitated, frowned, and seemed a little at a loss.

"Egad!" said he ruefully, "it seems a deuce of a time since we saw each other, Beverley."

"A fortnight!" said Barnabas.

"And it's been a busy fortnight — for both of us, from what I hear."

"Yes, Viscount."

"Beverley," said he, staring very hard at the toe of his varnished shoe, "I — didn't know how few my friends were until I — fell out with you. And so — I'm here to — to ask your pardon. Oh, deuce take it! Will you give me your hand, Bev?"

But, before the words had well left his lips, Barnabas had sprung forward, and so they stood, hand clasped in hand, looking into each other's eyes as only true friends may.

"I — we — owe you so much, Bev! Clemency has promised to — to marry me next month — to marry me, Bev! Oh, my dear fellow, I'm the very happiest man alive, and, egad, that reminds me! I'm also the discredited and disinherited son of a flinty-hearted Roman."

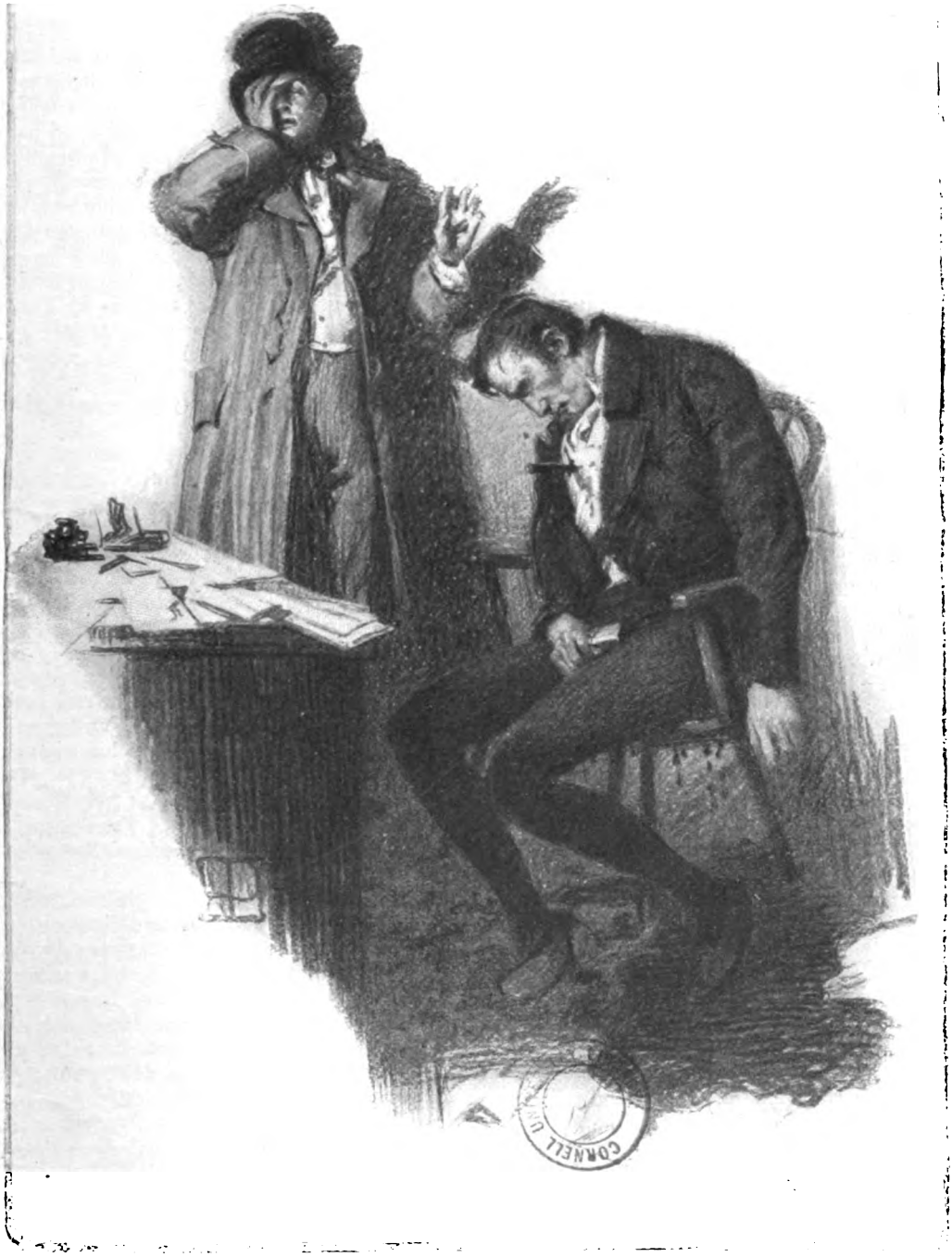
"What, Dick? Has he — cut you off?"

"As much as ever he could, my dear fellow, which reduces my income by a half. Deuced serious thing, y' know, Bev. Shall have to get rid of my stable and the coach. Moonraker must go too, I'm afraid. Yes, Bev," sighed the Viscount, shaking his head at the reflection of his elegant person in the mirror; "you behold in me a beggar, and the cause — Clemency. But then, I know I am the very happiest beggar in all this wide world, and the cause — Clemency!"

"Has he seen her?"

"No; that's the deuce of it. She's away with

Digitized by Google



"SOMETHING IN HIS ATTITUDE, SOMETHING IN THE APPALLING STILLNESS OF THAT FIGURE, FILLED BARNABAS WITH GROWING HORROR. WITH A GASP, HE FELL BACK TO THE WALL"

Digitized by Google

her father, y' know. Bit of a mystery about him, I fancy; she made me promise to be patient a while, and ask no questions."

"And where is she?"

"Haven't the least idea. However, I went down to beard my Roman, y' know, alone and single-handed. Great mistake! Had Clemency been with me, the flintiest of Romans would have relented; for who could resist Clemency? As it was, things couldn't have gone worse!"

"How?"

"'Sir,' says I, in an easy, offhand tone,—'sir, I've decided to act upon your very excellent advice and get married.'

"'Indeed, Horatio?' says he (Roman of eye, Bev). 'Who is she, pray?'

"'The most glorious woman in the world, sir!' says I.

"'Of course,' says he; 'but — which?'

"This steadied me a little, Bev, so I took a fresh grip and began again. 'Sir,' says I, 'beauty is a transient thing at best, unless backed up by virtue, honour, wisdom, courage, truth, purity, nobility of soul ——'

"'Horatio,' says my father, 'you do well to put these virtues first; but, in the wife of the future Earl of Bamborough, I hearken for such common though necessary attributes as birth, breeding, and position, neither of which you have yet mentioned.'

"'Sir,' says I, 'my future wife is above such petty considerations!'

"'Ah!' says my Roman, 'I feared so! She is, then, a — nobody, I presume?'

"'Sir, most beautiful girl in all England,' says I.

"'Ha!' says my Roman, nodding, 'then she *is* a nobody; that settles it.'

"Now, I'll confess I grew a little heated at this, my dear fellow, though I kept my temper admirably — oh, I made every allowance for him, as a self-respecting son should.

"'So you are determined to marry a nobody, are you, Horatio?' says he.

"'No, my lord,' says I, rising (and with an air of crushing finality, Bev); 'I am about to be honoured with the hand of one who, 'by stress of circumstances, was for some time waiting-maid at the Spotted Cow Inn at Frittenden.'

"Well, Bev, that did it, y' know! My Roman couldn't say a word - positively gaped at me; and, while he gaped, I bowed and walked out."

"But, Dick, how will you live?"

"Oh, I have an old place at Devenden, in the wilds of Kent. We shall rusticate there. There are roses there, and she loves roses, I know! We shall be alone in the world together — alone! Yes, it will be very quiet, Bev — thank heaven!"

"The loneliness will pall after a time, Dick — say a month. And the roses will fade and wither — as all things must, it seems," said Barnabas bitterly. Whereupon the Viscount turned and looked at him, and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Why, Bev," said he, "my dear old Bev, what is it? You're greatly changed, I think; it isn't like you to be a cynic. My dear fellow, are you in any trouble — any danger? I have been away only a week, yet I come back to find the town humming with stories of your desperate play. I hear that d'Argenson plucked you for close on a thousand the other day ——"

"Why — one can't always win, Dick!"

"Oh, Bev, my dear fellow, do you remember shaking your grave head at me because I once dropped five hundred at one of the hells?"

"I fear I must have been very — young then, Dick!"

"And to-day, Bev, to-day you are a notorious gambler, and you sneer at love! My dear fellow, what does it all mean?"

Barnabas hesitated; and this history might have been very different in the ending but that, even as he met the Viscount's frank and anxious look, the door was flung wide, and Tressider rushed in, followed by the Marquis.

"Beverley," said the Marquis, "I thought we might drive round to the club together, you and Devenden and I, if you are ready?"

"Thank you, Marquis, I'm quite ready."

Thus with a marquis on his right and a viscount on his left, and divers noble gentlemen in his train, Barnabas went forth to his triumph.

CHAPTER LVII

Which Tells How Barnabas Triumphed in Spite of All

NEVER had White's, that historic club, gathered beneath its roof a more distinguished company. Dukes, royal and otherwise, elbowed each other on the stairs; earls and marquises sat cheek by jowl; viscounts and baronets exchanged snuff-boxes in corners. Here, also, was a certain "Mr. Norton," whom Barnabas immediately recognised by reason of his waistcoat and his whiskers. And Mr. Norton was particularly affable, and was graciously pleased to have Barnabas beside him, and even condescended to lean upon his arm as far as the dining-room. Forthwith the banquet began.

Thus Barnabas sat amid the glare and glitter of it all, smiling at one, bowing to another, speaking with all by turns — and wondering in his heart if there was yet any letter from Hawkhurst. And now a mottle-faced gentleman rose and, clutching himself by the shirt-frill with one

Digitized by Google

hand and elevating a brimming glass in the other, cleared his throat and held forth in this wise:

"Gentlemen, I'm an Englishman, therefore I'm blunt. Gentlemen, I desire to speak a word upon this happy and memorable occasion, and my word is this: Being an Englishman, I very naturally admire pluck and daring; Mr. Beverley has pluck and daring; therefore I drink to him. Gentlemen, we need such true-blue Englishmen as Beverley to keep an eye on old Boney. It is such men as Beverley who make the damned foreigners shake in their accursed shoes. So long as we have such men as Beverley amongst us, England will scorn the foreign yoke and stand forth triumphant — first in peace, first in war. Gentlemen, I give you Mr. Beverley."

Hereupon the mottle-faced gentleman let go of his shirt-frill, bowed to Barnabas, and, tossing off his wine, sat down amid loud acclamations and a roaring chorus of "Beverley! Beverley!" accompanied by much clinking of glasses.

And now, in their turn, divers other noble gentlemen rose in their places and delivered themselves of speeches, more or less eloquent. To all of which he listened with varying emotions, and with one eye upon the door, fervently hoping for the letter so long expected.

But the time had come for him to respond, and the guest of the evening rose, a little flushed, a little nervous, yet steady of eye. But, ere ever he could speak, a disturbance was heard at the door — a shuffle of feet and the mutter of voices; whereat his auditors cried angrily for "Silence!" which duly accorded, he began:

"Gentlemen, I fear no words of mine, however eloquent, could sufficiently express to you all my ——"

"Oh, Barnabas!" cried a deep voice. "Yes, it *is* Barnabas!"

Even as the words were uttered, the group of protesting waiters in the doorway were swept aside by a mighty arm, and a figure strode into the banqueting-room,— a handsome figure, despite its country habiliments, a commanding figure by reason of its stature and great spread of shoulder,— and John Barty stood there, blinking in the light of the many candles.

Barnabas closed his eyes and stood with bent head and a strange roaring in his ears. Little by little this noise grew less until he could hear voices about him, an angry clamor:

"Put him out!"

"Throw the rascal into the street!"

"Kick him downstairs, somebody!"

And, amid this ever-growing tumult, Barnabas could distinguish his father's voice; and in it was a note he had never heard before — something of pleading, something of fear:

"Barnabas! Barnabas! Oh, this be you, my lad, bean't it, Barnabas?"

Yet still Barnabas stood with bent head, his fingers clenching the chair-back, while the clamor about him grew more threatening.

"Jove!" exclaimed the Marquis, "if nobody else will, I'll have a try at him myself."

But, as he advanced, Barnabas lifted his head and, staying him with a gesture, turned, and beheld his father standing alone, the centre of an angry circle. And John Barty's eyes were wide and troubled and his usually ruddy cheek showed pale as he beheld the stricken face of his son. And, seeing it, John Barty groaned, and so took a step toward the door.

"A — a mistake, gentlemen," he muttered. "I — I'll go!"

But, even as the stammering words were uttered, Barnabas strode forward into the circle, and, slipping a hand within his father's nerveless arm, looked round upon the company, pale of cheek but with head carried high.

"My lords!" said he. "Gentlemen! I have the honour — to introduce to you — John Barty, sometime known as 'Glorious John,' ex-champion of England and — landlord of the Coursing Hound Inn — my father!"

A moment of silence! A stillness so profound that it seemed no man drew breath, a long, long moment wherein Barnabas felt himself a target for all eyes — eyes wherein he thought to see amazement that changed into dismay, which, in turn, gave place to an ever-growing scorn of him. Therefore he turned his back upon them all.

"Oh, Barnabas!" he heard his father saying, though as from a long way off. "Barnabas lad, I — I — oh, Barnabas, they're going! They're leaving you, and — it's all my fault, lad! Oh, Barnabas, what have I done! It's my fault, lad — all my fault. But I heard you was sick, Barnabas, and like to die — ill and calling for me — for your father, Barnabas. And now — oh, my lad, my lad! what have I done?"

"Never blame yourself, father; it — wasn't your fault," said Barnabas, with twitching lips; for from the great room behind him came the clatter of chairs, the tread of feet, with voices and stifled laughter that grew fainter and fainter, yet left a sting behind.

"Come away, John," said a voice. "We've done enough to-night; come away!"

"Yes, Natty Bell, yes; I be coming — coming. Oh, Barnabas, my lad, my lad, forgive me!"

Now, in a while, Barnabas turned; and, behold! the candles glowed as brightly as ever, silver and glass shone and glittered as bravely

Digitized by Google

as ever, but — the great room was empty, that is to say, very nearly. Of all that brilliant and fashionable company, but two remained. Very lonely figures they looked, seated at the deserted table — the Viscount and the Marquis.

"My lords," said Barnabas, "why haven't you — followed the others?"

"Why, you see," began the Marquis, flicking open his snuff-box, "you see, speaking for myself, of course,— I say, speaking for myself,— I — hum! Oh, dooce take it!" And, in his distress, he actually inhaled a pinch of snuff, and immediately fell a-sneezing.

"Sirs," said Barnabas, "I think you'd better go. You will be less — conspicuous. Indeed, you'd better go."

"Go?" repeated the Viscount, rising suddenly. "Go, is it? No, damme if we do! If you are John Barty's son, you are still my friend, and — there's my hand, Barnabas."

"Mine — too!" sneezed the Marquis, "s-soon as I've got over the — 'ffects of this s-snuff."

"Oh, Dick!" said Barnabas, his head drooping. "Marquis —— "

"Why, Bev," said the Viscount, "don't take it so much to heart, man. Deuced unpleasant, of course, but it'll all blow over, y' know. A week from now they'll all come crawling back, if you only have the courage to outface 'em. And we are with him — aren't we, Jerny?"

"Of course!" answered the Marquis. "Dooce take me — yes! So would poor old Sling have been."

"Sirs," said Barnabas, reaching out and grasping a hand of each, "with your friendship to hearten me, all things are possible."

But here a waiter appeared, bearing a tray, and on the tray a letter. With a murmured apology, Barnabas took it and, breaking the seal, read these words in Cleone's writing:

> You have destroyed my faith, and with my faith all else. Farewell.

Then Barnabas laughed, sudden and sharp, and tore the paper across and across, and, dropping the pieces to the floor, set his foot upon them.

"Friends," said he, "my future is decided for me. I thank you deeply, deeply for your brave friendship — your noble loyalty. But the fiat has gone forth. To-night I leave the World of Fashion for one better suited to my birth, for it seems I should be only an Amateur Gentleman, as it were, after all. My lords, your most obedient, humble servant. Good-bye!"

So Barnabas bowed to each in turn, and went forth from the scene of his triumph, deliberate of step and with head carried high, as became a conqueror.

And thus the star of Barnabas Beverley, Esquire, waxed and waned and vanished utterly from the fashionable firmament, and in time came to be regarded as only a comet, after all.

CHAPTER LVIII

Which Tells How Barnabas Heard the Ticking of a Clock

It was a dark night, the moon obscured as yet by a wrack of flying cloud; for a wind was abroad, a rising wind that blew in fitful gusts, filling the dark with stir and tumult.

But Barnabas strode on, heedless and deaf to it all. Headlong he went, his cloak fluttering, his head stooped low, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, taking no thought of time or direction, or of his ruined career, since none of these were in his mind, but only the words of Cleone's letter.

And slowly a great anger came upon him, with a cold and bitter scorn of her, that cast out sorrow. Thus, as he went, he laughed suddenly — a shrill laugh that rose above the howl of the wind, that grew even wilder and louder until he was forced to stop and lean against an iron railing close by.

"An Amateur Gentleman!" he gasped. "An Amateur Gentleman! Oh, fool, fool!"

Through some rift in the clouds the moon cast a fugitive beam, and thus he found himself looking down into a deep and narrow area where a flight of damp stone steps led down to a gloomy door; and beside the door was a window, and the window was open. Now, as he gazed, the area, and the damp steps, and the gloomy door all seemed familiar.

The place was very silent, and very dark save for one window where burned a dim light. Moved by a sudden impulse, Barnabas strode forward and, mounting the steps, seized the knocker. But, even as he did so, the door moved. Slowly, slowly it opened, swinging back on noiseless hinges, wider and wider, until Barnabas could look into the dimness of the unlighted hall beyond. Then, while he yet stood hesitating, he heard a sound, very faint and sweet, like the chime of fairy bells; and from the dark a face peered forth, a face drawn, and lined, and ghastly pale, whose staring eyes were wide with horror.

"You!" said a voice, speaking in a harsh whisper. "Is it you? Alas, Barnaby Bright! what would you — here? Go away! Go away! Here is an evil place, a place of sin, and horror, and blood. Go away! Go away!"

Digitized by Google

"What is it? What do you mean?" demanded Barnabas.

With his eyes still fixed and staring, and without turning his head, Billy Button raised one hand to point with a rigid finger at the wall just within the doorway.

"Look!" he whispered.

Then, glancing where he pointed, Barnabas saw a mark upon the panelling — a blur like the shadow of a hand; but, even as he stared at it, Billy Button, shuddering, passed his sleeve across it, and, lo, it was gone!

"Oh, Barnaby Bright!" he whispered, "there is a shadow upon this place as black as death, even as I told you. Flee from the shadow. Come away — come away!"

As he breathed the words, the madman sprang past him down the steps, tossed up his long arms toward the moon with a wild, imploring gesture, and scudded away.

Now, after a while Barnabas stepped into the gloomy hall and stood listening. The house was very silent; only upon the stillness he could hear the loud, deliberate tick of the wizen-faced clock upon the stairs, and, as he stood there, it seemed to him that to-night it was trying to tell him something. Barnabas shivered suddenly and drew his long cloak about him; then, closing the door, took a step along the dark hall, yet paused to listen again, for now it seemed to him that the tick of the clock was louder than ever:

"Go — back! Go — back!"

Could that be what it meant? Barnabas raised a hand to his brow, and, though he still shivered, felt it suddenly moist and clammy. Then, clenching his teeth, he crept forward, guiding himself by the wall.

He reached the stairs at last, and, groping for the bannister, began to ascend slowly and cautiously. On he went, and up, past the wizen-faced clock, and so reached the upper hall, at the farther end of which was the dim light that shone from behind a half-closed door.

Being come to the door, Barnabas lifted his hand to knock, yet stood again hesitating, his chin on his shoulder, his eyes searching the darkness behind him, whence came the slow, solemn ticking of the clock:

"Come — back! Come — back."

For a long moment he stood thus; then, quick and sudden, he threw wide the door and stepped into the room.

A candle flared and guttered upon the mantel, and by this flickering light he saw an overturned chair, and beyond that a litter of scattered papers and documents, and, beyond that again, Jasper Gaunt seated at his desk in the corner. He was lolling back in his chair like one asleep, and yet — was this sleep? Something in his attitude, something in the appalling stillness of that lolling figure, something in the utter quiet of the whole place, filled Barnabas with a nameless, growing horror. He took a step nearer, another and another — then stopped and, uttering a choking gasp, fell back to the wall, and leaned there, suddenly faint and sick. For, indeed, this was more than sleep. Jasper Gaunt lolled there, a horrid, bedabbled thing, with his head at a hideous angle, and the dagger — which had been wont to glitter so evilly from the wall — smitten sideways through his throat.

Barnabas crouched against the wall, his gaze rivetted by the dull gleam of the steel; and upon the silence, now, there crept another sound, soft and regular — a small, dull, plashing sound; and, knowing what it was, he closed his eyes and the faintness grew upon him. At length he sighed and, shuddering, lifted his head and moved a step backward toward the door. Thus it was he chanced to see Jasper Gaunt's right hand — that white, carefully tended right hand, whose long, smooth fingers had clenched themselves even tighter in death than they had done in life. And in their rigid grasp was something that struck Barnabas motionless — that brought him back slowly, slowly across that awful room, to sink upon one knee above that pale, clenched hand, while, sweating, shuddering with loathing, he forced open those stiffening fingers and drew from their dead clutch something that he stared at with dilating eyes, and with white lips suddenly compressed, ere he hid it away in his pocket.

Then, shivering, he arose and backed away, feeling behind him for the door, and so passed out into the passage and down the stairs, but always with his pale face turned toward the dim-lit room where Jasper Gaunt lolled in his chair, a bedabbled, wide-eyed thing of horror, staring up at the dingy ceiling.

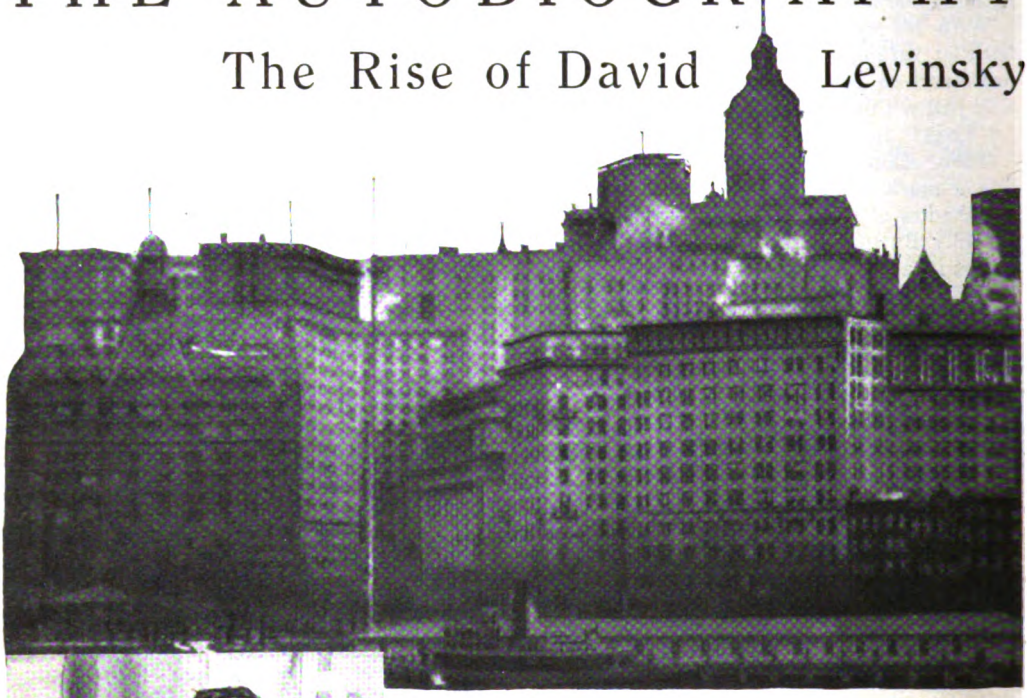
Thus, moving ever backward, Barnabas came to the front door, felt for the catch, but, with his hand upon it, paused once more to listen; yet heard only the thick beating of his own heart and the loud, deliberate ticking of the wizen-faced clock upon the stairs. And now, as he harkened, it seemed to him that it spoke no more, but had taken on a new and more awful sound; for now its slow, rhythmic beat was hatefully like another sound, a soft sound and regular, a small, dull, plashing sound — the awful tap! tap! tap! of great, slow-falling drops of blood.

TO BE CONTINUED

Digitized by Google

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The Rise of David Levinsky



ILLUSTRATIONS BY

BUSINESS is the Great Adventure of to-day. Its strang-
David Levinsky, the uncouth Russian immigrant boy,
advancing in twenty years to become the millionaire
has a career more sensational than could be conjured up
Levinsky is, in fact, an actual type; his story repro-
from real life. And his intense and complicated struggle
character by which the Jew has made his sensationally
Abraham Cahan, the chronicler of this progress,
"Forward" of New York. He has probably the most

WHEN I think of my youth in a superficial, casual way, it seems to be separated from the present by a wider ocean than the one that lies between my American home and my Russian birthplace. I arrived in this country with four cents in my pocket. That was twenty-two years ago. Now I am recognized to be one of the leading men in the cloak and suit trade of the United States. Surely the contrast is striking enough. And yet, it is not always that the distinction comes home to me. Indeed, whenever I take a look at my inner self, it impresses me as being precisely the same as it was twenty-two, or thirty, years ago; and then my present station, power, the amount of worldly happiness at my command, and the rest of it, strike me as something unreal.

"WITH TWENTY-NINE CENTS IN MY POCKET, I SET FORTH IN THE DIRECTION OF EAST BROADWAY"

My father died when I was a child. All I re-

Digitized by Google

OF AN AMERICAN JEW

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN

JAY HAMBIDGE

est chapter has been the rise of the Jew in the United States.
with his antique education and his four cents in money,
clothing manufacturer and arbiter of American fashions,
by any man's imagination.
duces actual characters, occurrences, and situations taken
shows, as no invention could do, the traits of mind and
rapid progress in the business world of America.
is editor of the great Yiddish daily newspaper, the
intimate knowledge of Jewish life of any man in America.

member of him is his shaggy dark beard, a huge yellow apple he once gave me at the gate of an orchard where he was employed as watchman, and the candle which burned at his head as his dead body lay under a white shroud on the floor.

Left to her own resources, my mother tried to support herself and me by peddling a kind of pea-mush. She was a spare little woman with an iron will and a quick temper. To the best of my recollection, however, she was never irritated with me. We lived in a deep basement, in a large dark room which we shared with three other families. Violent quarrels among the housewives were a daily occurrence in that room.

The fee for my tuition at *beder* (school for religious instruction) was from eight to ten rubles ($5) for a term of six months. My mother could not

ABRAHAM CAHAN
EDITOR, AUTHOR, AND GENERAL COUNSELOR OF THE JEWISH EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK

Digitized by Google

afford it. On the other hand, she would not hear of sending me to the free heder of our town, because of its reputation for poor instruction and inhuman treatment. So she importuned and harassed some relatives of ours until they agreed to raise the sum between them. The payments were made with anything but promptness, however, the result being that I was often turned out of school. There were scores of such private schools in our town, and before I got through my elementary religious education I had become acquainted with a considerable number of them.

"'I AM GOING TO KILL HIM. I AM JUST GOING TO KILL HIM!' SHE SAID, IN ACCENTS THAT STILL RING IN MY EARS"

It may not be out of place to explain that instruction in these heders was confined to the Hebrew Old Testament and rudiments of the Talmud, the exercises lasting practically all day. The classroom was at the same time the home, the bedroom, living-room, and kitchen, of the teacher's family. His wife and children were always around. These heder teachers were usually a haggard-looking lot, with full beards and voices hoarse with incessant shouting.

A special man generally came around for an hour to teach the boys to write Yiddish, or perhaps also the Russian alphabet. As he was paid separately, I was not included. The feeling of envy, abasement, and self-pity with which I used to watch the other boys ply their quills is among the most vivid as well as the most painful memories of my childhood.

Nor could I expect justice at the hands of my teachers during lessons. They never complained of my behavior; as to the progress I was making, they admitted, some even with enthusiasm, that mine was a "good head," "fit for learning." And yet, to be beaten by them was a commonplace experience with me.

Overworked, underfed, and goaded by the tongue-lashings of their wives, these enervated drudges were usually out of sorts. Bursts of ill temper on their part, in the form of invective, hair-pulling, ear-pulling, pinching, or caning, came every few minutes, and very often I was the scapegoat for the sins of other pupils. When a boy deserved punishment, and the schoolmaster could not afford to inflict it because the culprit happened to be the pet of a well-to-do family, the teacher's

Digitized by Google

anger was almost sure to be vented on me. If I was not quick enough in turning over a leaf, or there was the slightest halt in my sing-song, I received a violent nudge or a pull of the ear.

"Lively, lively, carcass that you are!"—I can almost hear one of my teachers shout these words as he digs his elbow unmercifully into my side. "The millions one gets from your mother!"

My Mother is Killed

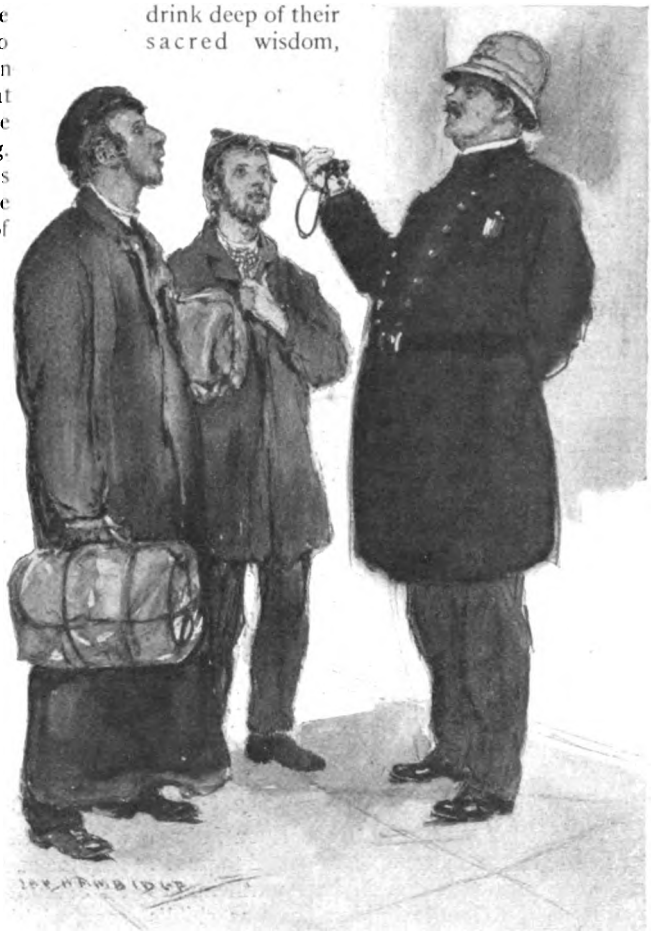
My mother had no idea of the treatment I received at heder. As to her own worries and humiliations on my account, the compliments that were paid my "good head" were ample compensation for all her suffering. Apprenticing me to an artisan was out of the question. I was the "crown of her head," the "light of her eyes," and she was bent upon making a "fine Jew" of me, a man absorbed in the "law and service" of God.

There was a celebrated Talmudic academy, or *yeshivah*, in our town, which attracted students from many provinces. It was supported by donations, and instruction in it was free. Moreover, out-of-town students found shelter in it, sleeping on the benches or floors of the same rooms in which the lectures were delivered and studied during the day. Also they were supplied with a pound of rye bread each for breakfast. As to the other meals, they were furnished by the various households of the orthodox community. I understand that some school-teachers in certain villages of New England get their board on the rotation plan, dining each day in the week with a different family. This is exactly the way a poor Talmud student gets his sustenance in Russia, the system being called "eating days."

I was admitted to that academy at the age of thirteen. As my home was in the city, I neither slept in the class-room nor "ate days."

The lectures lasted only two hours a day; but then, there was plenty to do studying them and reviewing previous work. This I did in an old house of prayer where many other boys and men of all ages pursued similar occupations. It was known as the "Synagogue of the Two Brothers," or simply the Brothers' Synagogue, and was famed for the large number of noted scholars who had passed their young days reading the Talmud under its roof.

The Talmud is a voluminous work of about twenty huge, ponderous volumes. To read these books, to drink deep of their sacred wisdom,



"I MUSTERED COURAGE TO APPROACH A POLICEMAN. TO ME HE LOOKED LIKE SOME UNIFORMED NOBLEMAN, WITH HIS COAT OF FINE BLUE CLOTH, STARCHED LINEN COLLAR, AND WHITE GLOVES"

Digitized by Google

is accounted the greatest "good deed" in the life of a Jew. It is, however, as much a source of intellectual interest as an act of piety. If it be true that our people represent an unusually high standard of mental aptitude, the distinction is probably due, to some extent at least, to the extremely important part which Talmud studies have played in the spiritual life of the race. There are thousands of men among the Jewish immigrants in New York alone who have passed their youth and part of their manhood in these studies.

I spent eight years at it, and if I am not entirely devoid of a certain intellectual quality, in spite of the fact that I never received even the most elementary education in the general acceptance of the term, I owe it to those eight years. Indeed, I think it would be impossible to understand the type to which I belong without taking this fact into consideration.

To avoid misconception, it may be well to state that those who look forward to a rabbinical career form a very small minority of all those who study Talmud. Indeed, a Talmudic education was, until comparatively recent years, almost the only kind of education a boy of old-fashioned parents ever received.

The bulk of the Talmud is taken up with recording debates of the ancient rabbis. It is primarily concerned with questions of conscience, of religious and social duty and human sympathy — in short, with the relations "between man and God and those between man and man." But it practically contains a consideration of almost every topic under the sun, mostly with some verse of the Pentateuch for a pretext. All of which is analyzed and explained from every possible point of view and in the minutest and keenest manner conceivable, discussions on abstruse subjects being sometimes relieved by anecdotes, a bit of folk-lore, worldly wisdom, gossip, and small talk.

It is at once a fountain of moral and religious inspiration and a "brain-sharpener." "Can you fathom the sea? Neither can you fathom the depths of the Talmud," as we used to put it. We were sure that the highest mathematics taught in the Gentile universities was child's play compared to the Talmud.

In the Brothers' Synagogue, then, I used to sit for hours together, swaying to and fro over a big book, as I read its Hebraico-Chaldaic contents, translating it into Yiddish and interpreting it in the same dialect as I went along. All this I did in the peculiar Talmudic singsong which still persists in my intonation, even when I talk cloaks or bank accounts and in English.

The Talmud was being read there, in a hundred variations of the same singsong, literally every minute of the year, except the hours of prayer. There were plenty of men to do it during the day and the evening, and at least ten men (a sacred number) to keep the Holy Word echoing throughout the night. Some of these Talmudists depended for their support upon the generosity of the worshipers; but the majority of them were simply scholarly business men who would drop in to read Talmud for an hour or two. There were quite a number of such, however, who made it the occupation of their life, being supported by their wives, who kept shops, stalls, inns, or peddled all sorts of wares, while their husbands spent sixteen hours a day studying Talmud.

One of these was "Reb" (Rabbi) Sender.

Whenever I pass in review the purest and sincerest people I have known, there looms up the insignificant, ungainly little figure with the heavy sidelocks of Reb Sender. When I think of the most lovable men I have met, and of those who have shown me the most warm-hearted kindness, I behold the dear old face, the sad, childlike face, of Reb Sender.

His wife kept a trimming-store or something of the sort, and their only child, a girl much older than I, helped her attend to business as well as to keep house in the single-room apartment which the family occupied in the rear of the little shop. As he invariably came to the synagogue for the morning prayer — that is, before breakfast — and never left it until after the evening service, his breakfasts and dinners were brought to the house of worship, where he had them served to him on the same bench at which he sat.

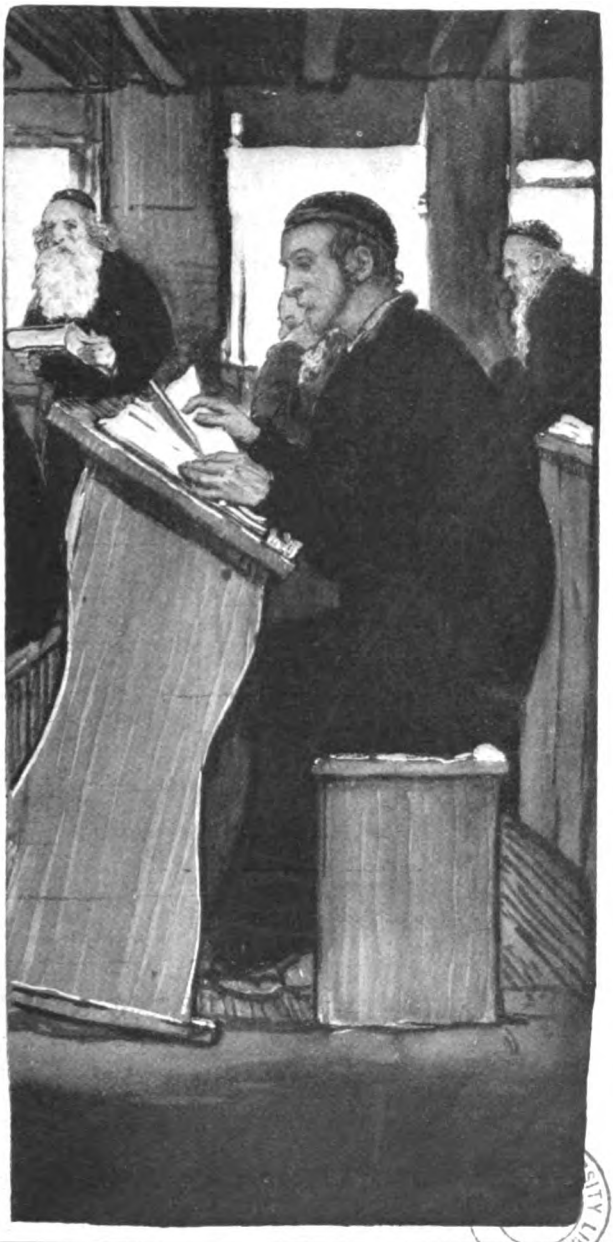
I made his acquaintance by asking him to help me out with an obscure passage. This he did with such simple alacrity and kindly modesty as to make me feel a chum of his. I warmed to him, and he reciprocated my feelings. He often offered to go

Digitized by Google

over my lessons with me, and, of course, I accepted his services with joy, till gradually I came to be treated by him in the double capacity of ward and companion.

After I graduated at the academy (although such things as formal examinations or diplomas were unknown there), I proceeded to read Talmud as an "independent learner." About a year later an incident occurred of which I can never think without horror.

One day, when the Jewish Passover concurred with the Christian Easter, I happened to cross a marketplace at a spot where a crowd of young Gentiles were rolling brightly colored Easter eggs over the ground. My long-skirted coat and dangling sidelocks provoked their mirth, and one of them, a fellow whom I knew, hit me a savage blow in the face, splitting my lower lip. Another rowdy snatched off my cap—just because our people consider it a sin to go bareheaded. And, as I made my way, bleeding, with one hand to my lip and the other over my head, the company sent a shower of broken eggs and a chorus of jeers after me.



"I TRIED TO THROW MYSELF INTO MY STUDIES WITH RAPTURE. 'I'M ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD,' I TOLD MYSELF. 'I MUST BECOME A GREAT SCHOLAR. I MUST BE FAMOUS'"

It was only a short distance from my home. When I entered our wretched basement and faced my mother, she stared at me for a moment as though dumfounded, and then, slapping her hands together, she sobbed out:

"Woe is me! Darkness is me! What has happened to you?"

When she had heard my story, she stood silent a while, looking aghast at me, and then left the house.

"I'm going to kill him. I am just going to kill him!" she said, in measured accents which still ring in my ears.

A woman, one of our roommates, and I ran after her, imploring her not to risk her life on such a foolhardy errand. I pleaded with her with tears in my eyes; but she shook us off.

"Go back," she said to me, trying to be gentle, while her eyes were lit with an ominous gleam.

These were the last words I ever heard her utter. Ten minutes later she was carried into our basement, all covered with bruises and contusions. She died the same evening.

An examining judge made some pretense at

Digitized by Google

investigating the case, but nothing came of it. No arrests were made.

I Lodge in the Synagogue

I now had to "eat days" and to lodge at the synagogue, making my bed on a pew. In this respect I was much better off than some others who slept at the house of worship; for I had my mother's bedding, while they had to sleep on hay pillows with an old coat for a blanket. But then, things were quite slow in coming my way in the matter of meals.

The upshot was that I seldom ate my fill, and that quite often I went a whole day without food.

I tried to throw myself into my studies with rapture. "I am all alone in the world," I said in my heart. "I have only myself to look to. I must become a great scholar. I must be famous. A rich, devout man shall give me his daughter in marriage." Whereupon I would picture a pretty, God-fearing, shy girl, the child of affluence and piety, as my bride.

The efforts I made to study hard were futile, however. Pangs of hunger prevented me from understanding what I was reading most of the time. Then, too, I frequently beheld floating before me the bruised, blood-stained face of my dead mother. It tore my heart to pieces.

My unwonted lack of zeal could not but attract Reb Sender's attention. It evidently mortified him, but he was too considerate to refer to it until I chanced to broach the matter of my own accord.

"Oh, I can't, I can't!" I said one day, breaking off in the middle of an argument which we were reasoning out aloud in joint singsong.

"What's wrong, David?" he questioned, with no end of sympathy. "Maybe you're hungry?"

"No, not at all. I simply can't get my mind on anything. I can't help thinking of mother."

"Try to compose yourself, my child. The Holy One — blessed be He — will take pity. It is for her soul's sake that you ought to study well. She'll enjoy a bright paradise if you do."

One day I was introduced to an elderly woman named Shiphrah, who made it a mission of her life to care for at least eighteen poor Talmudists — eighteen being the numerical value of the letters composing the Hebrew word for "life." She was as pugnacious as she was charitable, and as quick to make up a quarrel as to pick one. Her husband, who was well-to-do, was a "worldly" man and not over-religious, although quite well versed in the Talmud; their younger children were being educated at the Russian schools and universities. But they all humored her old-fashioned ways, to a certain extent at least, while she had long since become reconciled to their "Gentile" ones. Relegating her household affairs to a devoted old servant with whom she was forever wrangling, Shiphrah spent most of her time raising contributions to her various charity funds, looking after her students, quarreling with her numerous friends and begging their forgiveness.

When Shiphrah heard that I frequently had nothing to eat, she burst into tears and berated me soundly for not having called on her sooner. Then she went to investigate my character at the Brothers' Synagogue. The information she obtained from the beadle, and particularly from Reb Sender, were of such a nature that she at once handed me a ruble (half a dollar) — the largest amount of cash I had ever possessed — and set about filling up the gaps in my eating calendar.

My days of hunger were at an end. I lived in clover. "Now I can work," I thought to myself, with the satisfaction of a well-filled stomach. "And work I will. I'll show people what I can do."

I applied myself to my task with ardor, but it did not last long. My former interest in the Talmud was gone. The spell was broken irretrievably.

Then it was that the name America first caught my fancy.

It was buzzing all around me. The great "new exodus," which had received its first impulse eight years before, was in full swing. Born of the anti-Jewish riots by which the government sought to divert popular attention from the revolutionary movement that had culminated in the assassination of the Czar Alexander II, it was spreading like wild-fire over the entire Pale of Jewish Settlement. Hundreds of the people of my town were going to America, or were planning to do so. Letters full of wonders from emigrants already there went the rounds of eager readers and listeners, until they were worn to shreds in the process.

So I now caught the general contagion. The United States began to lure me, not merely as a land of milk and honey, but also, and perhaps chiefly, as one of mystery, of striking experiences, of marvelous transformations.

When I unburdened myself to Reb Sender of my project, he was thunder-struck.

He returned to the subject every day, until, seeing that my mind was made up, he exacted a solemn pledge from me that I would not neglect Judaism or the Talmud in America.

The journey, including a steerage passage across the Atlantic, was then a matter of sixty or

Digitized by Google

seventy rubles ($30 or $35). When Reb Sender heard it, he asked, almost with joy:

"How will you raise it? Better throw the plan out of your mind. Why should our people lose a fine scholar? God knows, we have none too many to spare."

"I don't know how I shall raise it," I rejoined. "I only know that I must go to America. I'll do anything; I am willing to work as a common laborer — to dig ditches, to carry heavy loads — until I save up the amount."

He listened to me with an expression of curi-

"A CROWD OF YOUNG GENTILES WERE ROLLING EASTER EGGS. MY LONG-SKIRTED COAT AND DANGLING SIDELOCKS PROVOKED THEIR MIRTH. ONE OF THEM HIT ME A SAVAGE BLOW IN THE FACE, AND THE COMPANY SENT A SHOWER OF BROKEN EGGS AFTER ME"

Digitized by Google

osity. This tone of mine and the firmness of resolution it betrayed was something he had never suspected in me. It surprised him, almost overawed him. Indeed, this intensity of purpose on my part was a revelation to myself. It was the first time I was aware of the existence of such a trait in my make-up.

I began by saving the small allowance which I received from Shiphrah, and by selling some of the clothes and food she brought me. For the evening meal I usually received some rye bread and a small coin for cheese or herring; so I invariably added the coin to my little hoard, relishing the bread with thoughts of America.

Presently something occurred which solved my problem as though by the stroke of a magic wand — an episode, by the way, which infused the first taste of romance in my life.

I fell ill (it must have been influenza) and had to be taken to the hospital. There Shiphrah visited me, with some delicacies, while I was convalescing. When I had been discharged, and she saw me at the synagogue, feeble and emaciated, she gasped.

"You're a cruel, heartless wretch," she flared up, addressing herself to the beadle. "The poor boy needs a good, soft bed, fine chicken soup, and real care. Why didn't you let me know at once? Come on, David!"

"Where to?" I inquired timidly.

"None of your business. Come, I say! I'm not going to take you to the woods — you may be sure of that. I want you to stay in my house until you are well rested and strong enough to study. Don't you like it?" she added, with a wink at the beadle.

It appeared that her husband was away on one of his prolonged business excursions. Otherwise, installing in her home an old-fashioned, ridiculous young creature like a Talmud student would have been out of the question.

I followed her with a fast-beating heart. I knew that her family was a "modern" one, that her children spoke Russian and behaved like Gentiles, and that there was at least one grown young woman among them.

The case of this young woman had been the talk of the town the year before. The details of the incident had never reached me, but I had heard that her father had married her off to some bad fellow, an impostor, and then paid him a small fortune for divorcing her, a month or two after the wedding. I heard, also, that she was pretty. That she was well dressed went without saying.

All this both fascinated and cowed me. A peculiar feeling of curiosity agitated my breast as Shiphrah was towing me in the direction of her home.

Arrived at our destination, she introduced me to her old servant in the kitchen.

"He'll stay a week, perhaps more, with us," she explained. "I want you to build him up. Fatten him up like a Passover goose — do you hear?"

From the kitchen she took me to a spacious room with an enormous green sofa and a labyrinth of chairs and bureaus. Ensconced in a corner of the sofa we found a young woman with brown hair. She looked no more than twenty, but when her mother addressed her as Sonya — a Russian diminutive — I knew that I was facing the heroine of the sensational divorce. She was extremely interesting, but pretty she certainly was not. Her Russian name had a world of charm for my ear.

One of the trifles that cling to my memory is the fact that upon seeing her I felt something like amazement at her girlish look. I had had a notion that a married woman, no matter how young, must have a "married face," something quite distinct from the countenance of a maiden, while here Sonya did not begin to look married. Was it because she did not wear the old-fashioned wig? But then, I had seen other young matrons who were bold enough to dispense with it, and they all had that "married" something in their appearance.

Sonya

The next morning, as I was having breakfast, Sonya entered the dining-room and seated herself in a corner, some distance from the table. She ordered nothing to eat, and it seemed as though she had come for the express purpose of eyeing me out of countenance. If she did, she succeeded but too well. Her silent glances fell on me like splashes of scalding hot water. I was so disconcerted I could not swallow my food.

In the afternoon of the same day I sat at the open window of the parlor, gazing at some peasant teams, when she came in, accompanied by two of her girl friends.

The three young women were chattering in Russian, a language of which I understood scarcely two dozen words. I could guess, however, that the subject of their talk was no other than my own quailing personality.

Suddenly Sonya addressed herself to me in Yiddish:

"Eh, young man! It is bad manners for a young man to sit with his back to ladies."

I faced about, all flushed and scared.

"That's better," she said gaily. "Never mind staring at the floor. Give us a look, will you? Don't be a 'bashful bridegroom.'"

Digitized by Google

I made no answer. The room seemed to be in a whirl.

"Why don't you speak?" Sonya insisted, concealing her quizzical purpose under a well acted air of gravity.

Her two friends roared, and, spurred on by their merriment, she continued to make game of me.

"Won't you give us one look, at least? Do, please! Come, my mother will never find out you have been guilty of a great sin like that."

I was dying to get up and rush from the room, but I felt glued to my seat. Their cruel sport, which made me faint with embarrassment and misery, had something inexpressibly alluring in it.

One of the two girls said something in Russian of which I caught the word "kiss," and which was greeted by a new outburst of laughter. I was terror-stricken.

"Well, pious Jew! Suppose a girl were to give you a kiss. What would you do? Commit suicide, would you? Well, never fear; we won't be as cruel as all that. I tell you what, though. I'll hide your sidelocks behind your ears. I just want to see how you would look without them." At this, she stepped up close to me and reached out her hands for my two appendages; but I pushed her off.

"Please let me alone," I protested.

"At last we have heard his voice. Bravo! We're making some headway at least, aren't we?"

The next morning she tantalized me again. My bashfulness, innocence, and primitiveness seemed to tempt her. This, at least, is how I interpreted her behavior subsequently, when I was older and had a better knowledge of the world.

She made another attempt to tuck my sidelocks behind my ears. As we were alone, I had more courage.

"If you don't stop, I'll go away from here," I said, in a rage. "What do you want of me?" As I thus gave vent to my resentment, I

"'DO YOU LOVE ME?' SHE ASKED. I NODDED. MY HEART STOOD STILL. 'KISS ME, THEN,' SHE DEMANDED, AND SHE PUT MY ARMS AROUND HER"

Digitized by Google

instinctively felt that, so far from causing her to avoid me, it would quicken her rompish interest in me, and I hoped it would.

"S-sh, don't yell," she said, startled and somewhat frightened. "Can't you take a joke?"

"A nice joke, that!"

"Very well; I won't do it again. I didn't know you were a touch-me-not."

After a pause she resumed, in grave, friendly accents:

"Come, come, don't be angry. I want to talk to you. Look here. Is there any sense in your wasting your life the way you do? Look at the way you are dressed, the way you live generally. Besides, the idea of a young man like you not being able to speak a word of Russian! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Why, mama says you are remarkably bright. Isn't it a pity that you should throw it all away? Why don't you try to study Russian, geography, history? Why don't you try to become an educated man?"

"How can I?" I said eagerly. My confusion was gone, partly at least. I looked her full in the face.

Now that I had scanned her features in the light of the fact that she was a married woman, I read that fact into them. She did look married, I remarked to myself. But this only heightened the fascinating mystery of the distance between us.

She proceeded to draw me out. She made me tell her the story of my young life, and I obeyed her but too willingly. I told her my whole tale of woe, reveling in my own rehearsal of my sufferings, and more especially in the expression of horror and heart-felt pity which they elicited from her. When I had concluded, flushed with excitement, she said:

"All the more reason for you to study Russian and be an educated man." She cited the cases of many former Talmudists, poor and friendless like myself, who studied at the universities, fighting every inch of their way, till they had achieved fame as physicians, lawyers, writers.

All this made a strong appeal to my ambition; but I had to urge that I would soon be conscripted and have to spend five years in an army, where the Jew is treated with special cruelty.

"Then what are you going to do?" she asked, in despair.

"I have a plan. I have thought it all out," I answered.

When she heard what I wanted to do, she shook her head, frowning as she did so. She said, in substance, that America was a land of dollars, not of education, and that she wanted me to be an educated man.

Still, when she saw that my heart was set on the project, she yielded. She seemed to like the fervor with which I defended my cause, and the notion of my going to a far-away land was apparently beginning to have its effect. I was the hero of an adventure. Gradually she became quite enthusiastic about my plan.

"I tell you what — I can raise the money for you," she said, with a gesture of sudden resolution. "How much is it?"

When I said forlornly that it would come to about seventy rubles, she declared gravely:

"That's all right; I shall get it for you."

I was in a flurry of joy over this windfall; but a little later, when I was left to myself, I became aware that the flurry I was in was of quite a different nature. When I tried to think of America, I found that my ambition in that direction had lost its former snap.

I was deeply in love with Sonya.

She continued to treat me in a patronizing, playful way; but we were supposed to be great friends, and I asked myself no questions.

"The money is assured," she once announced. "You shall get it in a few days. You may begin to pack your great baggage," she laughed.

I feigned joy, and at the same time my heart sank within me.

"Do you deserve it — pious soul that you are?" she jested. And, casting a side-glance at my sidelocks, she added: "I do wish you would cut off those horrid things of yours. You won't take them to America, will you?"

I smiled.

She proceeded to put them behind my ears, and this time I did not object. She then smoothed them down, the touch of her fingers thrilling me through and through. Then she brought a hand-glass and made me look at myself.

"Do you see the difference?" she demanded. "If you were not rigged out like the savage you are, you wouldn't be a bad-looking fellow, after all. Why, girls might even fall in love with you. But then, what does a pious soul like yours know about such things as love?"

"How do you know I don't?" I ventured to say, blushing like a poppy.

"Do you really?" she said in mischievous surprise.

I nodded.

"Well, well. So you are not quite so saintly as I thought you were! Perhaps you have been in love yourself? Have you? Tell me!"

I kept silent. My heart was throbbing wildly.

"Do you love me?"

I nodded once more. My heart stood still.

"Kiss me, then."

Digitized by Google

She put my arms around her, made me clasp her to my breast, and we kissed passionately.

When she had freed herself from my embrace, she jumped up and down several times, slapping her hands triumphantly and exclaiming with great merriment:

"There is a pious soul for you! There is a pious soul for you!"

In the evening of that day, when there was company in the house, Sonya behaved as though she did not know me. But the next morning she made me kiss her again.

She dropped her quizzical tone, adopting a manner of patronizing earnestness with me. This, coupled with our rapidly growing intimacy, alarmed me. I was in a fever of bliss, misery, shame, and uneasiness. As to her, she seemed to be getting a bit nervous about our relations, and when my stay at her mother's house was declared at an end, she was obviously glad of it.

"I shall bring you the money to the synagogue," she whispered to me, at the moment of my departure.

I left her with a heart bleeding with love and humiliation, yet full of hope.

On the evening of the third day, as I was making a pretense at reading Talmud, a poor boy came in to call me out. In the alley outside the house of worship I found Sonya. She had the money with her.

"I don't think I want it now," I said. "I don't care to go to America."

"Why?" she asked impatiently. "Oh, take it and let me be done with it!" she said, forcing a small packet into my hands. "I have no time to bother with you. Go to America. I wish you good luck!"

"But I'll miss you. I won't be able to live without you," I said, all but sobbing.

"Are you crazy?" she said sternly. "You forget your place, young man!"

And she stalked hastily away. Her figure was swallowed by the darkness.

The Promised Land

About a month later I was a steerage passenger on a steamship on my way to New York. Who can depict the feeling of desolation, homesickness, uncertainty, and fear with which an emigrant makes his first voyage across the ocean? The sea frightened me. The thumping of the engines drummed a ghastly accompaniment to the awesome whisper of the waves. I felt in the embrace of a vast, uncanny force. And echoing through it all were the heart-lashing words:

"Are you crazy? You forget yourself, young man!"

When the discoverers of America saw land at last, they fell on their knees and a hymn of thanksgiving burst from their souls. The scene, which is one of the most thrilling in history, repeats itself in the heart of every immigrant as he comes in sight of the American shores. I am at a loss to convey the peculiar state of mind which the experience created in me.

When the ship reached Sandy Hook, I was literally overcome with the beauty of the landscape.

The immigrant's arrival in his new home is like a second birth to him. Imagine a new-born babe in possession of a fully developed intellect. Would it ever forget its entry into the world? Neither does the immigrant ever forget his first impressions and experiences in the adopted country. I conjure up the gorgeousness of the spectacle just as it appeared to me on that clear June morning — the magnificent verdure of Staten Island, the tender blue of sea and sky, the dignified bustle of passing craft. It all seemed utterly unlike anything I had ever seen or dreamed of before. It unfolded itself like a divine revelation. I was in a trance.

My ecstasy, however, only added to my sense of helplessness and awe. Here on shipboard I was sure of my shelter and food, at least. How was I going to procure it on those magic shores? I wished the remaining hour could be prolonged indefinitely.

Nor did my unhappy love cease to harrow me. The image of Sonya blended with the hostile charm of America.

One of my fellow passengers was a young Yiddish-speaking tailor named Gitelson. He was about twenty-four years old, yet his forelock was gray — just his forelock, the rest of his hair being a fine, glossy brown. His own cap had been blown into the sea, and the one he had obtained from the steerage steward was too small for him, so that gray tuft of his was always peeping out like a plume. We had not been acquainted more than a few hours, in fact, for he had been seasick throughout the voyage and this was the first day he had been up and about. He was literally in tatters. He clung to me like a lover, but we spoke very little. Our hearts were too full for conversation.

When I say that my first view of New York Bay struck me as something not of this earth, it is not a mere figure of speech. I vividly recall the feeling, for example, with which I greeted the first cat I saw on American soil. It was on the Hoboken pier, while the steerage passengers were being marched to the ferry. A large black well-fed feline stood in a corner, eyeing the crowd of newcomers. The sight of it gave me a thrill of joy. "Look! there is a cat!" I said to Gitelson. And in my heart I

Digitized by Google

added: "Just like those at home!" For a moment the little animal made America real to me. At the same time, it seemed incredible. I was tempted to feel its fur to ascertain whether it was actually the kind of creature I took it for.

We were ferried over to Castle Garden. One of the things that caught my eye as I entered the vast rotunda was an iron staircase rising diagonally against one of the inner walls. A uniformed man, with some papers in his hands, ascended it with brisk, resounding step till he disappeared through a door not many inches from the ceiling. It may seem odd — but I can never think of my arrival in this country without hearing the ringing footfalls of this official and beholding the yellow eyes of the black cat which stared at us on the Hoboken pier.

The harsh manner of the immigration officers was a grievous surprise to me. As contrasted with the officials of my despotic country, those of a republic had been portrayed in my mind as paragons of refinement and cordiality. My anticipations were rudely belied. "They are not a bit better than Cossacks," I remarked to Gitelson. But they neither looked nor spoke like Cossacks, so their angry voices were part of the uncanny scheme of things that surrounded me. These unfriendly voices flavored all America with a spirit of icy inhospitality which sent a chill through my very soul.

The stringent immigration laws now in operation had not yet come into existence. We had no difficulty in being admitted to the United States, and, when I was, I was loath to leave the Garden.

Many of the other immigrants were met by relatives or friends. There were cries of joy, tears, embraces, kisses — all of which intensified my sense of loneliness and dread of the New World. There was an agent of a Jewish charity organization at the Garden, but I did not know it. Gitelson, who, like myself, had no friends in New York, never left my side. He was even more timid than I. It seemed as though he were holding on to me for dear life. This somehow had the effect of putting me on my mettle.

"Cheer up, old man!" I said, with bravado. "America is not the place to be a ninny in. Come, pull yourself together."

In truth, I addressed these exhortations as much to myself as to him, and so far, at least, as I was concerned, my words had the desired effect.

I led the way out of the immigration station into Battery Park, and then across the park and under the elevated railway to State Street. A train hurtling and panting along overhead produced a bewildering, a daunting effect on me. The active life of the great, strange city made me feel like one abandoned in the midst of a jungle. Where were we to go? What were we to do? But the presence of Gitelson continued to act as a spur on me. I mustered courage to approach a policeman, something I should never have been bold enough to do at home. As a matter of fact, I scarcely had an idea what his function was. To me he looked like some uniformed nobleman. With his coat of fine blue cloth, starched linen collar, and white gloves, he reminded me of anything but a policeman of my town. I addressed him in Yiddish, making it as near an approach to German as I knew how. But my efforts were lost on him. He shook his head. With a withering grimace, he then pointed his club in the direction of Broadway, and strutted away majestically.

"He's not better than a Cossack, either," was my verdict.

At this moment a voice hailed us in Yiddish. Facing about, we beheld a middle-aged man with huge, round, perpendicular nostrils and a huge, round, deep dimple in his chin, that looked like a third nostril. Prosperity was written all over his smooth-shaven face and broad-shouldered, stocky figure. He was literally aglow with diamonds and an air of self-satisfaction. But he was unmistakably one of our people. It was like coming across a human being in the jungle. Moreover, his very diamonds somehow told a tale of former want, of a time when he had landed, an impecunious immigrant like myself; and this made him a living source of encouragement to me.

"God himself has sent you to us," I began, acting as the spokesman. But he gave no heed to me; his eyes were eagerly fixed on Gitelson and his tatters.

"You're a tailor, aren't you?" he questioned him.

My steerage companion nodded. "I'm a ladies' tailor, but I have worked on men's clothing, too," he said.

"A ladies' tailor?" the well-dressed stranger echoed with ill-concealed delight. "Very well. Come along; I have work for you."

That he should have been able to read Gitelson's trade in his face scarcely surprised me. In my native place it seemed to be a matter of course that one could tell a tailor by his appearance and manner. Besides, had I not divined the occupation of my fellow passenger the moment I saw him on deck?

As I learned subsequently, the man who had accosted us on State Street was a cloak contractor, and his presence in the neighborhood of Castle Garden was anything but a matter of chance. He came there quite often, in fact, his purpose being to angle for cheap labor among the newly arrived immigrants.

Digitized by Google

We paused near Bowling Green, the contractor and my fellow passenger being absorbed in a conversation full of sartorial technicalities which were Greek to me, but which brought a gleam of joy into Gitelson's eye. My former companion seemed to have become oblivious of my existence.

As we resumed our walk up Broadway, the bejeweled man turned to me.

"And what is your occupation? You have no trade, of course."

"I read Talmud," I said confusedly.

"That's no business in America," he declared. "Any relatives here?"

"No."

"Well, don't worry," he said. "If a fellow isn't lazy or a fool, he has no reason to be sorry he came to America. It'll be all right."

"All right," he said in English, and I conjectured what it meant from the context. In the minute or two which he bestowed upon me he uttered it so many times that the phrase engraved itself upon my memory. It was the first bit of English I ever acquired.

The well-dressed, trim-looking crowds of lower Broadway impressed me as a multitude of counts, barons, and princes. I remember wondering why they were walking instead of riding in imposing carriages behind liveried footmen, as they would have done in my town. Also, I was puzzled by their preoccupied faces and hurried step. It seemed to comport ill with their baronial dress and general high-born appearance.

In a vague way, all this contributed to my conception of America as a peculiar country utterly unlike Russia, Germany, or France — a country divergent from the rest of the world in her ways and views. Broadway seemed to confirm the contractor's prophecy that I should be "all right." My spirits rose.

When we reached the General Post Office at the end of the Third Avenue surface line, our guide bade us stop.

"Walk straight ahead," he said to me, waving his hand toward Park Row. "Just keep walking until you see a lot of Jewish people. It isn't far from here." With which he slipped a silver quarter into my hand, and made Gitelson bid me good-by.

The two then boarded a big red street-car.

I was left with a sickening sense of having been tricked, cast off and abandoned. I stood watching the receding public vehicle as though its scarlet hue were my last gleam of hope in the world. When it finally disappeared from view, my heart sank within me. I may safely say that the half hour which followed is the worst I experienced in all the twenty-two years of my life in this country. The big round nostrils of the contractor and the gray forelock of my young steerage fellow haunted my brain as hideous symbols of treachery.

With twenty-nine cents in my pocket (four cents was all that was left of the sum which I had received from Sonya), I set forth in the direction of East Broadway.

A ten minutes' walk brought me to the heart of the East Side. The streets were swarming with Yiddish-speaking people. The sign-boards were in English and in Yiddish. The scurry and bustle of the people was not merely overwhelmingly greater, both in volume and intensity, than in my native town, but it was of another sort.

"There goes a green one!" people said, pausing to eye me with wistful smiles of curiosity, the sight of me obviously evoking in the gaping crowd reminiscences of the days when they had been "green ones" like myself.

The appellation is one of the many Anglicisms which my mother-tongue had absorbed in America, and I had never heard it before. Its very sound was offensive to my ear; as a contemptuous term for a newly arrived, inexperienced immigrant, it stung me cruelly.

When it was quite dark and I was much in need of rest, I asked a street peddler to direct me to some synagogue, expecting to spend the night there. What could have been more natural?

At the synagogue that was pointed out to me I found a handful of men in prayer. It was a large place, and the smallness of the congregation gave it an air of desolation.

The service over, several of the worshipers took up some Talmud folio or other holy book, and proceeded to read them aloud in the familiar singsong. The strange surroundings suddenly began to look like home to me. One of the readers, an elderly man with a pinched face and a little forked beard, paused to look me over.

"A green one?" he asked genially. "It isn't Russia," he told me, with a sigh. "Judaism has not much of a chance here."

When he heard that I intended to stay at the synagogue overnight, he smiled ruefully.

"One does not sleep in an American synagogue," he said. "It isn't Russia." Then he added, with an air of compassionate perplexity:

"Where will you sleep, poor child? I wish I could take you to my house, but — well, America isn't Russia. My wife would raise a rumpus if I brought you along; I should never hear the last of it. When we were at home in Russia, she was a different woman. Have you no money at all?"

I showed him the quarter I had received from the cloak contractor.

Digitized by Google

"Poor fellow! Is that all? I am ashamed of myself. 'Hospitality,'" he quoted from the Talmud, "'is one of the things which one enjoys in this world and the fruit of which he relishes in the world to come.' To think that I can not offer a Talmudic scholar a night's rest! Alas! America has turned me into a mound of ashes. At home I used to spend my days at the synagogue studying, and my wife supported me. She was glad to do so. She looked up to me. She was in business, and she rejoiced in the thought that the Lord of the universe had given her a man of learning in marriage. She made a comfortable living for our family; she was a good wife. She had a tongue, that she always had, but I felt it very seldom. Alas! America is a topsy-turvy country; it turns things upside down. A poor man becomes rich here, and a man of wealth must go to work in a factory. My wife has changed for the worse. She says I must make a living now—that America is not Russia. She sends me peddling. But what kind of a business man am I? I have spent my whole life at the Talmud.

"See that man with the reddish beard?" he said, pointing to one of the other readers. "When the Uppermost wills it, He gives one good, well-to-do children. That man has a daughter, a rich woman. She is so rich she doesn't know herself how rich she is."

After a while the man with the reddish beard closed his book, kissed it, and rose to go. On his way out he unceremoniously stopped in front of us, a silver snuff-box in one hand, and fell to scrutinizing me.

"A green one?" he finally uttered. "Where from?" And he grasped my hand. He was rather neatly dressed and well fed. As I now recall his face, it somewhat reminds me of Thackeray.

Very soon we were engaged in a Talmudic discussion. I seem to have acquitted myself creditably. Anyhow, he invited me to a restaurant and ordered supper for me. Then he withdrew, telling me to wait there, and asking the proprietor to take care of me.

"I must run home for a few minutes. My own supper is waiting for me," he explained, with a somewhat bashful smile which completely won my heart.

From what the woman behind the counter said about him to some of her customers in his absence, I learned that his son-in-law was the landlord of the tenement-house in which her restaurant was located and of several other buildings. I also gathered that he refused to live with his daughter, whose kitchen was not conducted according to the laws of Moses and in whose house there were many other things that offended his orthodox habits. Furthermore, he was too proud to be a kill-joy to the younger generation, as the restaurant-keeper phrased it. So he preferred to board with pious, old-fashioned strangers, visiting her far less frequently than she visited him, and never eating at her table. "If she wants to see her father, she must call on him," he argued. "It is as well that parents should not make themselves cheap."

Mr. Even came back and paid my bill; then he took me out to various stores, where he bought me a suit of clothes, a hat, some underclothes, handkerchiefs, collars, and a necktie.

"One mustn't look like a greenhorn," he explained.

Next he took me to a barber-shop with bath-rooms in the rear.

"Give him a hair-cut and a bath," he said to the man in charge. "Cut his sidelocks, too, while you are at it. One may go without them and yet be a good Jew."

He disappeared again; but when I emerged from the bath-room I found him waiting for me. I made my appearance, with the necktie and one of the collars in my hands, not knowing what to do with them, till Mr. Even showed me.

"Don't worry, David," he consoled me. "When I came here, I too had to learn these things." When he was through with the job, he took me in front of a looking-glass.

"Quite an American, isn't he?" he said to the barber beamingly.

I was all flushed with embarrassment and with a novel relish of existence. I felt that I had entered a new world—felt it in every fiber of my being, as though the bath had baptized me and the "modern" clothes arrayed me for a new life. The shabby bundle of my old things, which Mr. Even made me discard, seemed to inclose my former identity.

He took me to an apartment in a poor tenement-house, and introduced me to the housewife, explaining that he had paid her in advance for a month's board and lodging for me.

"And here is some cash," he said, handing me a five-dollar bill. "For the rest you must shift for yourself. That's all I can do for you, David. Nor would I do more if I could. A young man like you must learn to stand on his own legs. Only one thing I want you to promise me. Don't neglect our religion, nor our dear Talmud. Do you promise it, David?"

I nodded. There was a note of fatherly tenderness in the way this stranger repeatedly called me by my first name. I wanted to say something, but I felt a heavy lump in my throat.

I went to bed with a firm resolution to succeed, to prove to Mr. Even, as soon as possible, that I could "stand on my own legs."

TO BE CONTINUED

Digitized by Google

THE MOLLMEIT

BY CYNTHIA STOCKLEY

AUTHOR OF "THE ROAD TO TULI," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Only three or four times a year does a short story as powerful and dramatic as the following come to MCCLURE'S. The writer, Cynthia Stockley, is a young Englishwoman whose stories of South Africa are attracting more attention than any since Olive Schreiner's. She knows the South African veldt as few men have known it, and she writes of it with a force and unconventionality that is giving her a unique place among the younger English writers.

WHEN the number of colored pupils attending the Friend for Little Children school reached one hundred and fifty, it was decided that Aunt Joanna ought to have the assistance of a white teacher as well as the three half-caste young girls she had already trained. The high-Dutch ladies of Brandersburg who interested themselves in Aunt Joanna's good work determined to advertise in the Free State newspapers for a girl who would not only teach in the school, but also live with Aunt

Mollmeit is Dutch for "madwoman" or "witch."

Digitized by Google

Joanna at the school cottage and help with the simple domestic arrangements. For Aunt Joanna kept no servant; she would have considered it extravagant to do so while she had health and strength. She was a good cook, could make her own soap, smoke her own legs of mutton, and grow her own vegetables. She had a neat little garden round the cottage (which stood some hundred and fifty yards from the school), and a corner of it was devoted to herbs; for she was deeply learned in the science of herbal healing, and could cure a headache, a varicose vein, a black eye, or supply you with a sleeping draught that would make you forget you had ever known neuralgia. Besides this, she managed with great skill and discipline the large school of colored boys and girls which she had started herself with half a dozen children some fifteen or sixteen years before; and yet found time to tend the sick, harass the lazy, and manage the affairs generally of every one in the native Location. However, though she would not admit it, she was beginning to look old and worn, and it was certainly a good idea to get some one to help her in her busy life.

The advertisement brought several answers, but none of them so satisfactory as that of a young Bloemhof girl called Mary Russel. The Brandersburg ladies thought well of her letter of application, and better still of Mary herself when she arrived, pretty and fresh and kind, with a firm mouth and a courageous glance in her gray eyes. No sooner was Mary Russel installed than she became a great favorite with the children, and the Brandersburg ladies, feeling that they had done well by so popular a character as Aunt Joanna, thereafter turned their attention to their own affairs.

The large and flourishing town of Brandersburg lay within the shadow of a mighty *berg* that in any other country would be called a mountain, and even in Africa was considered worthy of a title. Thaba Inkosisan, it was named, and, when the sun set, its great jagged shadow lay far-flung across the veldt, just missing Brandersburg, but falling full and black upon the native Location; and this was considered a curious and sinister thing by the colored population, for it was upon their village and in their hearts that the mountain had cast sorrow and fear.

The Friend for Little Children school stood close to the foot of the berg, and a road ran directly from it to the Location, so that the children could go to and fro between their homes and the school without approaching the Dutch town; and perhaps this was one of the reasons why Aunt Joanna's work was as popular with the whites as with the natives, for in the Free State the whites did not care for their children to mix with the natives, and any arrangement to keep the two races apart was greatly favored. But the situation of the school was a cause of disquietude among the colored parents — not because it was too far from the town, but because it was too near the berg. For Thaba Inkosisan was haunted by a mollmeit, and a mollmeit is no friend to little children.

The haunting of the mountain dated from many years back, to the year when the Basutos fought in the Free State, surrounding many a town and putting it in a state of siege. Brandersburg had been among the beleaguered towns, and the inhabitants of several farms near by had been put to the *assegai* by the fierce Basuto warriors.

Now, on the other side of the mountain, about thirty miles from the town, there had stood a little stone farmhouse which an old Boer had built with an eye to defense in case of war. Its windows were small and high, its doors and shutters were of iron, and there was nothing inflammable anywhere in its outer structure. When the Boer died, the place was bought by an Englishman with a pretty wife and a little daughter. Just before the trouble with the Basutos, another woman came to supplement the little family — a certain Janet Fink, middle-aged, well educated, and recently come to Africa on an emigrant ship. She had been engaged by an agent at the Cape to come to the farm as nursery governess and "mother's helper" combined.

Unfortunately, the English family was one of those cut off from the town. The Englishman had, indeed, been warned; but he poohpoohed the idea of war, or heeded it only enough to postpone going in to the town to get the monthly supply of provisions. Eventually supplies ran so low that he was obliged, one day, to set forth, after giving careful instructions for the defense of the farm in case of attack. But he had delayed too long. On his way to the town he was met by Basutos out for killing, and put to the *assegai*. A contingent of the main *impi* then went to the farmhouse and tried to take it; but the women had seen them coming, and received them so resolutely and with such well-aimed shots from the high windows that, having more important things on hand, they presently proceeded on their way, leaving two men behind, with instructions to watch the house and kill the women, if possible; if not, to starve them out. The Kaffirs were aware that, though there was water in the house, there was no meat or meal to speak of, and that the little garrison could not hold out for more than a few days.

Digitized by Google

"AS SHE OPENED THE DOOR, HER ARM WAS GRIPPED AS BY A HAND OF IRON.
'WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THERE?'"

Digitized by Google

It held out, however, for ten days, during which time smoke went up every morning from the chimney; and whenever the Basutos made a feint at approaching they were received with rifle fire. On the eleventh day there was no smoke, and toward evening the two Basutos, feeling pretty sure of their prey, crept close, meaning to try for an entry by the chimney. Within ten yards of the house, one of them was picked off with a bullet through the head; the other, though wounded, managed to crawl away into the bush, where, a day or two later, he was found by a troop of Dutch artillery. Under the lash of the *sjambok*, he was induced to tell all he knew about the farmhouse; and the Dutchmen, convinced at length that the place was not an ambush, rode up to it, and found, not what they expected, but many surprising things.

First of all, instead of signs of famine there was every evidence that meals had been eaten. The Boers were deeply puzzled until, in an adjoining room, they found the body of the farmer's wife, lying in a corner, covered with old sacks. She had been dead for many days, and the manner of her dying was swift and sudden: she had been stabbed in the back. When, later, the charred skull and thigh-bones of a little child were raked out of the ashes in the fireplace, the dark tragedy was made clearer still, and the rough men turned from the scene with sick hearts and grim mouths. There were husbands and fathers among them, and it would have gone hard with her if, in that hour, they had come across the "mother's helper" who in so hideous a fashion had helped herself. But they never found her. Whether, after escaping from the house, she had been caught and killed by the Basutos, or whether she had reached some town, told a plausible tale, and been taken in and cared for, had never been discovered. Only, presently, in some strange way, a story got about that she had fled to Thaba Inkosisan, and was living there in a cave, subsisting on wild roots and rock-rabbits.

The tale first got credence, among others besides the natives, on the disappearance from some transport wagons, outspanned near the mountain, of a little Kaffir child. It was declared by the Kaffirs that the "flesh-eating woman" from the farm had turned into a mollmeit with cravings for human flesh, and that the children of Brandersburg would never be safe again while she lived in the mountain. Mollmeits, according to them, were like tigers that, having once tasted human blood, find no other so much to their liking; the evil craving comes upon them at times like a madness, and must be satisfied. Most of the Dutch people scoffed at this ghoulish tale, saying that it was more likely that the Kaffir child had fallen down a ravine, and thereafter been eaten by jackals. But some there were who believed in the mollmeit theory, and spoke of searching the mountain. However, the idea came to nothing. There are too many little pickaninnies in Africa for one more or less to make any difference except to its mother.

With the passing of months and years the legend of the mollmeit had almost died out, when another child disappeared — a little orphan, this time, whom no one missed at first because it was no one's business to look after her. Thus several days passed before her loss was realized, and then it seemed rather late to make more than a perfunctory search: if she were lost in the bush, she was probably already dead from starvation or sunstroke. A search was made in a half-hearted sort of way, mainly because Aunt Joanna agitated for it; but no one bothered long about a little half-caste orphan child.

It was long before the mollmeit was heard of again. True, the superstitious and fearful tried to make out that little Anna Blaine, the youngest of a large colored family, had fallen a victim to the witch; but to all sensible people it was plain that the child had been drowned at the Sunday-school picnic. She was not missed until the children got home, and then it was remembered that when last seen she was throwing stones into the *spruit* near whose banks the picnic had been held. Aunt Joanna, with whom the child had been a great favorite, worried the police until they consented to drag the *spruit* for some six miles; but the body was never recovered.

The fourth disappearance created more stir than any of the others. For one thing, it *was* the fourth; and when four children have mysteriously disappeared within the space of fourteen years it is time to be up and doing, said both the Dutch and colored population of Brandersburg. Further, it was no orphan or unwanted child this time, but Susie Brown, the pet child of a highly respectable colored carpenter. The child had started for school one morning, and simply never arrived. From the time she set out, an hour late, on the long, empty road that skirted the foot of the berg, no one had seen her. It was as though some great *asvogel* had swooped down from the skies and carried her off. This time the mountain was searched from end to end by a large band of men. It is true that all the inner crevices could not be explored, nor the highest cliffs; but the searchers were satisfied that neither monstrous bird nor human monster occupied Thaba Inkosisan.

So again, with the passing of years, the weird

Digitized by Google

"'THE POOR LITTLE THING! WAS IT AFRAID THE MOLLMEIT WOULD GET IT?' AUNT JOANNA ASKED TENDERLY"

legend died away, and at the time of Mary Russel's coming to the school it was almost forgotten, except by loving mothers who warned their children to keep as far away from the mountain as possible, and by the children themselves, who never wearied of embroidering and embellishing the fearsome tale, handing it on to one another, and sometimes frightening a timid child into a fit with it.

Mary, one day in the school-yard, came to a little group of girls who, having finished their tiffin, were seated in a ring, listening with scared eyes and parted lips to the story (with variations and improvements) of Susie Brown's disappearance.

"And the mollmeit chose her because she had such nice, fat arms and legs — just like Rosalie Paton's, there," announced the historian; and a chubby pale-brown maiden of five gave a howl of terror. Mary sat down and took the child in her arms, roundly scolding the story-teller, while she cuddled the soft, fuzzy

Digitized by Google

head against her breast. Little Rosalie Paton's mother was a Cape woman, and a very disreputable one — the drunkard of the village, in fact; but it was probable that the child's father was a white man, for, except for the fuzziness of her long black hair and the brilliance of her great dark eyes, she was as like a pretty white child as she could be.

When Mary had thoroughly scolded the children for talking about the mollmeit, she carried the still weeping Rosalie with her up to the cottage. A little petting soon dispersed the tears, and then Mary produced her trinket-box and allowed the child to look at its contents. There was a necklace of jagged red corals that Rosalie gurgled over so joyously that Mary, after a moment's hesitation, clasped it round the dusky little neck and told the child that she might wear it that night to the magic-lantern entertainment. For the autumn holidays were approaching, and Aunt Joanna was going to celebrate the break in the school term by giving one of her frequent little entertainments. In the midst of Rosalie's joyful caperings, the voice of Aunt Joanna was heard calling:

"Mary, Mary, where are you, my child? Isn't it time for the school bell?" And Mary jumped up guiltily just as Aunt Joanna appeared in the doorway, filling it with her plump, large presence. She was a short woman who, in spite of her great activity, could not keep down stoutness. Her large, round face was pallid with the dead pallor peculiar to people who have lived long in hot climates, but it was lighted by an unfailing smile of cheerfulness and sky-blue eyes. She wore a quaint garb of black alpaca, long and full, and confined by a cord at the waist; while on her head was an arrangement that resembled something between a coal-scuttle and a Turkish woman's *yashmak*. This uniform was her own invention, and, if it was a quaint and funny uniform, no one laughed, for Aunt Joanna was both liked and respected.

When Mary had told the tale of Rosalie's troubles, Aunt Joanna burst into her jolly laugh.

"The poor little thing! Was it afraid for its nice little fat brown body?" she said tenderly, and, taking Rosalie on her knee, rolled up the child's cotton sleeves, looking at the plump pale arms, and pinching the soft neck.

"Let me catch any old mollmeit trying to eat my Rosalie!" she said fondly. "Run along, Mary, and ring the bell. Get lessons over early. Tell the children I am letting them off an hour earlier, so that they may have time to curl their hair for to-night." She laughed merrily at her own little jest, well knowing that hair-curling is an unnecessary item in a colored child's t[illegible]t. She was always full of merry little jokes of this kind, and the natives, being a laughter-loving race, rejoiced in them as much as she did.

Mary hurried away, leaving Rosalie seated happily on the old woman's knees, and did not see the child again until, during the afternoon, Aunt Joanna carried her into the schoolroom fast asleep.

"Oh, Auntie! How can you carry that great, fat thing? You'll be tired out before to-night," said Mary reproachfully, for she thought Aunt Joanna looked even paler than usual. And, sure enough, that night the old lady was too tired to eat any supper before starting for the entertainment. She looked as haggard as death, though her sky-blue eyes were brighter than ever and full of excitement; but the beautifully broiled mutton chop Mary had prepared, with potatoes baked in their skins, lay on her plate untouched. Mary, in all the months she had been at the cottage, had never known Aunt Joanna to want an excellent appetite, and she was troubled.

Down at the school, the children were buzzing like bees outside the closed door, while Aunt Joanna and the pupil-teachers within put the final touches to the magic-lantern arrangements. Mary fished Rosalie out of the crowd, and found that, though she was still wearing her torn school frock, she had been washed, her hair braided, and she was proudly sporting the coral necklace. She still seemed half asleep, but she blinked happily at Mary.

The entertainment was an enormous success. The magic lantern worked like magic indeed, and there were howls of regret when, at nine o'clock, the last slide was shown. Aunt Joanna made an announcement that during holiday week she should give another exhibition for the parents, and the children then danced and partook of a repast of buns and ginger beer. They were to go home at half-past nine punctually; but, before that time, Aunt Joanna, who was very tired, left Mary in charge and went home.

"I'll see the children safely off," Mary promised.

"Oh, the children will be all right," said Aunt Joanna. "It's my lantern and slides I'm thinking about. Pack them safely and put them away in the cupboard, Mary, or, sure enough, those rapscallions who come to clean up in the morning will be fiddling with it and break something."

Mary promised not to leave until everything was locked up safely and all the lights put out.

"You needn't worry about anything, Auntie. Just get to bed and have a good rest."

Yet when, about an hour later, she came up the slope to the cottage, she saw by the faint

Digitized by Google

red and purple gleams shining from one of the windows that Aunt Joanna was still at prayer. She felt vexed to think that the old soul was praying instead of sleeping, but she knew better than to disturb her, and, being very tired herself, was not long in getting to bed. She fell asleep thinking happily of the coming week of holiday, which she was to spend with her family at Bloemhof.

During the night she was much disturbed by the howling of her dog Fingo, who was fastened in the yard. She had been allowed to bring Fingo from Bloemhof, and he had always slept in the kitchen and been allowed the run of the house; but that very afternoon Aunt Joanna had accused him of rooting in the garden, and insisted on his being kept tied up in future. Whether it was the curtailing of his freedom that desolated Fingo it is hard to say, but certainly Mary had never before heard him make such tragic and doleful sounds. At last he left off, and she got to sleep; but it seemed only a moment later that she was awakened by a loud thumping on the front door, and, sleepily putting out her hand for the matches, realized that the light of early dawn was already in the room. Jumping out of the bed, she threw a cloak over her night-dress and went to open the door. As she passed through the dining-room she heard Aunt Joanna also hurrying out of bed.

"Some one must be ill, Mary," she called through her door; and, as if in answer, came another loud knocking and a voice crying, in bitter trouble:

"Aunt Joanna! Oh, Aunt Joanna!"

"What, my poor thing? What?" called back the old woman, and came floundering, half dressed, from her room as Mary opened the door.

A colored woman was standing there, haggard and dishevelled, her hair hanging in strings about her wild face, fear in her bloodshot eyes. Her clothes were rumpled as if they had been slept in, and she was panting and covered with dust — a picture of misery.

"Is my little Rosalie here?" she gasped — and with the question came a sickening odor of stale brandy. It was then they recognized her for Rosalie Paton's mother.

"Here! Why, of course not, Mrs. Paton," said Mary.

"What do you mean?" said Aunt Joanna, in astonishment.

"*Then the mollmeit's got her!*" wailed the woman distractedly. "*The mollmeit's got my child!*"

"But what do you mean?" repeated Aunt Joanna in a sterner voice, for she saw that the woman was on the verge of hysteria. "Rosalie went home with all the other children last night. Do you mean to say they didn't bring her to you?"

"No!" said the woman — and in her voice was a dreadful despair. "God forgive me, I was drunk — and asleep. It was not till this morning that I knew she hadn't been home — at least, she wasn't in the house. Since then I've been to a dozen houses, and no one knows anything; but some of the children say that on their way home they were frightened by something that jumped out from behind a rock down there where the berg comes near the road ——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" broke in Aunt Joanna scornfully. "Listening to children's tales! You just go back to the village, Sarah Paton, and look for your child. She's there right enough; some one has kept her for the night, knowing the state you were in. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, my woman. Be off now and find her, and when you have found her come straight back here and tell me, and see if you can turn over a new leaf after this."

Thus with good-natured scoldings she waved the more than half-comforted woman from the door.

"Get back to your bed, Mary, child, and sleep a little longer. It's not five o'clock yet, and we've earned a little lie-abed after the tiring day yesterday. That child's all right — safely tucked up in some kind soul's bed, you may be sure. It will be a lesson to that good-for-nothing hussy."

But Mary, though she went back to bed, was too disturbed to sleep. She was haunted by the fear of harm having come to little Rosalie, and she could not rid herself of foreboding. Why had she not gone down the road herself with the children? She had, indeed, watched them for a while from the school door, and had adjured the elders to take the hands of the little ones and see them all safely to their doors. But well she knew the careless, irresponsible nature of the colored race! No doubt the little ones had soon been allowed to lag behind. Even so, what harm *could* befall them on that straight road not three quarters of a mile long? Of course the talk of a mollmeit was silly, and yet — and yet — Oh, it was no use staying in bed worrying and fretting. She jumped out, and busied herself getting breakfast. By the time it was ready, Aunt Joanna also was dressed, and together, according to custom, they went into a room that was fitted as a sort of little chapel and said their prayers before the altar. Although Aunt Joanna was extremely devout, no one had ever found out to what creed she

Digitized by Google

subscribed. She was believed to be a trifle unorthodox. But her unselfish and charitable life disarmed the critics who found some of her practices rather eccentric. She was in the habit of retiring to pray constantly, and at morning and evening Mary always joined her.

It was a nice little room, the floor covered with a soft, hand-made rug of red and brown woolen scraps, like little autumn leaves, sewn one above the other; several chairs with kneeling-stools before them; and an altar-table that no one would have guessed was made of rough packing-case wood, for it was hidden by a fine scarlet cloth and linen embroidered by the school children, and there were flowers and candles upon it. The many small panes of the one window had been glorified by means of scarlet and purple tissue paper, which, cut in sheets and pasted on alternate panes, made an excellent substitute for stained glass; and when the sun shone through and fell in a flood of color upon the patchwork rug, Mary felt a subtle pleasure woven among her prayers. Under the window a large dark oaken chest lent a further air of ecclesiasticism to the little room. It was worm-eaten and full of cracks and holes; but it was reputed to have been part of the furniture of a church, and Aunt Joanna loved it.

As the two arose from their knees the sound of voices broke in upon them, followed by a knocking on the door. Once more Sarah Paton stood without; but now several women were with her, and a scattering of children with scared faces and eyes ready to jump out of their heads. There was ill news to tell. Rosalie was not to be found, in the village or out of it. No one had seen her since last night, when some of the elder children remembered calling out to her to "come on," as she loitered sleepily behind. Other, smaller children averred that, as they were capering along in the rear, "something white" had darted out from behind a rock and "made noises like a mollmeit." They were quite unable to describe the noises, but declared that they had all run screaming down the road. Evidently, in the pleasurable excitement of this adventure, sleepily lagging Rosalie had been forgotten; and no one thought of her again until, with the morning, came the weeping mother.

"And, I tell you, the mollmeit's got her!" shrieked the unhappy woman once more, while the others gazed apprehensively at Aunt Joanna.

"How long is that witch going to be left up in the mountain?" they muttered. "You must write to the government, Aunt Joanna. None of our children are safe ——"

Aunt Joanna did not conceal her impatience with them.

"It is all nonsense and silly superstition," she said. "The child will be found all right. I'll find her." And she pulled Sarah Paton indoors, and made her eat the breakfast Mary had prepared, scolding, comforting, and lecturing the poor woman at the same time. She herself ate nothing, so anxious was she to be off and start the search.

"Lock up, Mary," she said briskly, "and come along. I'll find the little *schelm*, see if I don't, and give her a good shaking for causing all this trouble."

However, a thorough search of every nook and corner of the village and inquiry at every house elicited no result, and at the end of the morning Aunt Joanna began to look as blank as the muttering women, and much more weary. There was no question of school; the children were given a holiday and told to join in the search. The Dutch police were then communicated with, and the afternoon was spent in going through Brandersburg. Aunt Joanna was on her feet all day, but at five o'clock Mary persuaded her to return home, begging her to eat something and go straight to bed. Mary herself stayed on in the Location, wandering about, questioning, and trying to comfort Sarah Paton with words of hope that had no response in her own breast.

It was sundown before she reached home, tired and dispirited; and it was just as well that she had accepted a cup of tea in the village, for of course Aunt Joanna had been too tired to prepare a meal, and there was not even a fire in the kitchen. However, Mary found a cup with the remains of some herbal brew that Aunt Joanna had evidently been making for herself, and a moment later she herself appeared. Fresh hope and courage, gained perhaps in prayer, showed in her face; for, though still pale, she looked extraordinarily excited, and her blue eyes gleamed with some inner fire that Mary's news could not quench.

"We shall find her — we shall find her, never fear," she prophesied. But Mary went to bed cold and miserable. The doleful howling of Fingo throughout the night depressed her and drove away all hope of sleep. In the morning Aunt Joanna decreed that Fingo must return to Bloemhof.

"I can quite understand your fondness for him, Mary — he's a dear little dog; but we can't be kept awake like this night after night. You must take him back with you to-morrow. By the way, I've made arrangements for Tom Jackson to call for you."

"But, Auntie, I don't want to go. I feel I can't, unless Rosalie is found."

"Nonsense, my dear! What good can you

Digitized by Google

do? If she is to be found, I'll find her. If you miss Jackson's cart, you miss your holiday, and I'm not going to have that." There was resolution in the old woman's voice, and Mary made no further remark, only ate her breakfast and hurried off to school — for work had to go on, whatever befell. It was the last day before the holidays, and should have been a bright and merry one, but gloom hung over every one. The children spoke in hushed voices, and at tiffin-time, instead of playing, sat in groups, whispering.

During the afternoon school session Mary had an attack of neuralgia, which became so acute that she determined to go to the cottage for something to relieve it; and, having set her class a task, she put the eldest pupil-teacher in charge, and slipped away. She took a short cut

"THE COLD SWEAT STOOD ON HER FOREHEAD AS SHE OPENED THE DOOR OF THAT SILENT ROOM"

Digitized by Google

to the cottage over a broken-down place in the school-yard wall, through the cottage garden, and in by the kitchen door, which stood open. Fingo whined as she passed, but she took no notice, being intent on the matter of relieving her pain. Gaining her room, she took a bottle from a shelf, and began to apply the medicament to her gums with the tip of her finger. At the same moment she heard Aunt Joanna going through the kitchen to the back door, and was on the point of getting up and making her presence known, when the sound of Aunt Joanna's voice, speaking to Fingo, arrested her:

"What are *you* sniveling about, you dirty cur?"

Mary could hardly believe her ears. Not only the coarse words astonished her, but the indescribably vicious way in which they were spoken, and the harsh voice, so utterly unlike the genial tones she knew so well. The girl sat on her bed as if she had been glued there, and heard the rest of the sentence:

"I've a good mind to settle your hash for you; only—" The threat remained unfinished. The speaker had turned back into the kitchen and was moving about. Presently she went in to pray, and shut the door. Mary was meditating a stealthy flight,— for, without examining her reasons, she was suddenly averse to letting Aunt Joanna know she had heard the words addressed to Fingo,— when the door was opened again and Aunt Joanna came back into the kitchen. She seemed to be busy at the drawer of the dresser, and next came the sound of a knife being sharpened on the door-step. Afterward there was a dead silence for two or three minutes. Then, in a curiously fierce whisper, some words: "No . . . no . . . I mustn't . . . No! I must wait till to-morrow."

A loud rap on the front door broke the sinister spell. Aunt Joanna, dropping something on the kitchen table, left the kitchen, and Mary crept out and made her escape through the back door. As she passed through the kitchen she saw the carving-knife, with a fresh edge to it, lying upon the table.

When school was over at last, and the children gone, there was still much to be done, and it was dusk before Mary approached the house again, walking slowly, for she felt a strange reluctance to meet Aunt Joanna. But the house was empty. Aunt Joanna had not returned from her sick visit. Mary made the fire and put on the kettle for a cup of tea, then turned her attention to the matter of supper. Since Sarah Paton had first knocked on the door, no regular meal had been prepared in the cottage; and, after she had visited the larder, Mary's simple calculations told her that, if she had eaten little during the two troubled days, Aunt Joanna had eaten absolutely nothing. Apparently, another cup of herbal tea had been brewed and drunk; for the empty cup, giving out a faint, peculiarly bitter odor, was on the table. Herbal tea, however, is a poor sustenance, and it behooved Mary to see about getting a good meal ready. As she sat peeling potatoes, her mind wrestled persistently with the problem of little Rosalie, and when she had finished she determined to go and pray. She had often prayed for things, as the young do, with fervor and faith, and her prayers had sometimes been answered in a wonderful way. The thought of going to God now, in the quiet house, appealed to her. She stepped softly into the little chapel room, and, kneeling down, not in her usual place but right before the altar, she prayed with all her heart that Rosalie might be found. When she finished, the tears were streaming down her cheeks, so ardently and pleadingly, like a child in trouble, had she called upon God. Immediately her heart was lighter, her courage higher. It was as if she had passed a burden from her own into other, abler hands.

As she rose she felt a brittle, crunching sensation under her boot, and, stooping, picked out something from under the red and brown leaves of the rug, and a thrill of amazement suddenly ran through her. The chapel was by now so dark that she could only dimly see what it was she had found, but not for a moment did she mistake the familiar feel of a thing she had possessed nearly all her life. It was her own little coral necklace—the necklace Rosalie was wearing when she disappeared.

No sound broke from the girl's lips, but a cry went up from her heart at this strange answer to her prayer. She realized that, if she had not gone to the altar steps to pray, her foot would never have found the necklace. Bewildered, amazed, frightened as she was, she suddenly felt strong and secure. God was at work!

As she opened the door that led back into the kitchen, lighted only by the flickering firelight, she collided heavily with some one, and her arm was gripped as by a hand of iron.

"What were you doing in there?"

Aunt Joanna, breathing very heavily, as if she had been running, barked the question hoarsely at her. Mary stared a moment, a sort of terror creeping over her at that harsh, brutal voice heard twice the same day. Some swift instinct warned her to conceal what she felt.

"I have been praying, Aunt," she answered quietly. "Praying that our little Rosalie may be found."

Slowly the grip on her arm relaxed, and, as if nothing untoward had happened, she moved

Digitized by Google

across to the kitchen fire and lifted a saucepan. "I'm afraid my stew is burning!"

She had spoken to hide something. A terrible inspiration had come to her that she must not share with Aunt Joanna the discovery she had just made; and, as she shook the saucepan with one hand, with the other she slipped the necklace into her pocket. Then she lighted the kitchen lamp, and got out the teapot.

"I'm just going to make you a cup of tea, Auntie," she said cheerfully; "I expect you are dead beat."

The old woman had sunk into a chair by the table; but her eyes had a strange glare in them as she watched Mary, who bustled about, rattling the tea-things. At last the tea was made and poured out.

"And now tell me, Auntie dear, is there any news yet?"

Aunt Joanna gave a sigh as if some tight band around her had suddenly been loosened and she had breathing-space once more.

"No, child"—and it was almost her old genial voice. "The men have come back from the bush. But to-morrow they are going up the mountain. I've worked them up to *that*."

"I'm glad," said Mary thoughtfully. "For do you know, Auntie, I am beginning to believe, as the children do, that there really *is* a mollmeit up there, and that she is at the bottom of all the disappearances."

The blue eyes fastened themselves keenly on the girl's face; then, "I have always believed it myself," said Aunt Joanna solemnly.

The Irish stew looked appetizing enough in its dish; but the sight of it had a curious effect on Aunt Joanna. She looked at it almost ravenously, then turned away as if the sight sickened her.

"No — no, I couldn't eat any," she muttered, half to herself.

Mary's own appetite had taken wings since that curious scene in the kitchen. Nevertheless she made a great pretense of hunger. Presently Aunt Joanna rose and stumbled toward her room, which was next to the dining-room. It was easy to see that she was dropping with fatigue. How could it be otherwise after two days of ceaseless activity during which she had eaten nothing? Her heavy, pallid cheeks hung in haggard rolls about her jaws, and, with the glare gone out of them, her eyes resembled two large blue beads in a fat doll's face.

"I'll go to bed, Mary," she said heavily. "I must get rest."

"Yes, do, Auntie. No evening prayers tonight, I suppose?"

Like a flash, energy came back into the old woman's glance and the haggard muscles of her face seemed to tighten; but Mary, though her heart had come bounding up into her throat, ate on placidly.

"No," said Aunt Joanna slowly; "I shall say my prayers in my room. And I advise you, my dear, to get to bed as soon as possible, for Jackson will be here for you at five in the morning. Have you got your things ready?"

"Not yet," said Mary, and secretly repeated to herself — "*not yet!*" She was dazed, bewildered, and terrified. Creeping, creeping terror of she knew not what was in her veins. But not for nothing had she prayed, and felt answering faith and courage poured into her heart! Definitely she knew that after that prayer and its answer she had no right to go yet — until Rosalie was found.

Though she could not eat, she sat for some little time at the table, making sounds with her knife and fork Her idea was to prolong the evening as much as possible. She did not wish to go to bed until Aunt Joanna slept. She could hear her undressing, and presently murmuring to herself; later the iron bed creaked. But sleep was as yet far from that bed. Long before Mary had observed in Aunt Joanna an intense, almost foxlike acuteness that, in one less kind and genial, would have alarmed the girl. Now it did alarm her; for from the silent bedroom, through the closed door, she felt it directed upon her. Those unfortunate last words about evening prayers had aroused it!

At last, Mary rose and quietly cleared the table, went out to the yard and fed Fingo, made one or two little preparations for the morning, then bolted the back door and retired to her room. With her door carefully ajar, as she often left it, she then began to shake out and fold up her holiday things and pack them in a bag. In all she did she was careful to be perfectly natural, and to make no sound more or less than she would on any ordinary night; for she was still aware of that acute attention piercing through the very walls about her. At last she washed her face, brushed and plaited her hair, and got into bed. But under her night-dress she was fully dressed.

There in the darkness she lay thinking, thinking, and while she thought she practised breathing regularly and evenly, as she had often done when a child. What was the meaning of it all? — the strange words in the kitchen . . . the abuse flung at the dog . . . the screeching knife . . . the grip on her arm . . . the watching eyes . . . the coral necklace in the little chapel? Mary had no clear idea; only, when she tried to piece the strange puzzle together, she was afraid with a deadly fear that froze the blood in her veins and paralyzed her heart.

Digitized by Google

It seemed as if years instead of hours passed before that happened which she had known must happen. Very gently, Aunt Joanna's door opened, and feet came padding softly to the kitchen. Beside Mary's door they paused — it was for this moment Mary had practised her regular breathing, and the practice stood her in good stead. After some frightful moments — the longest, it seemed to Mary, she had ever lived through — the stealthy feet crossed the kitchen, and the chapel door was opened. It was then that Mary sat up in bed, straining her ear-drums until she thought they would crack. But the only sound that reached her was a little soft, creaking sound. A moment later she was lying flat again, breathing regularly; for the feet were returning, to pause by her door, and the light of a candle flickered in. At last, the gentle opening and shutting of another door, and the creak of the iron bed under a heavy body, told that Aunt Joanna had finished her midnight prowlings. It was Mary's turn to get up.

For a full hour she stood listening in the darkness, and in the end she heard the stertorous breathing of a stout, tired woman fallen heavily asleep. This time it was Mary who stole, candle in hand, to the chapel. Drops of cold sweat stood on her forehead and round her mouth as, without a sound, she opened the door of that silent room to seek there that which Aunt Joanna had hidden and feared for another to find. Whatever and wherever it was, there was no time to lose. At any moment the old woman might wake. Fearfully the girl stole to the altar, and, lifting the heavy red cloth, stared beneath. Nothing!

The only other possible place was the oak chest. With faltering hands she lifted the lid (which gave a little creak) and looked in, and at what she saw the candle all but fell from her hands. White and still upon the folded altar cloths lay the body of little Rosalie. Mary turned faint and sick; but the Power that had sustained her throughout the terrible night did not fail her in that moment. She put out her hand to touch the child, and at the same moment a faint, bitter odor of herbs came to her, and she recognized it as the same she had smelled in the cup in the kitchen. There was a brown stain on the child's lips, and drops of liquid on her dress.

Like a flash Mary realized the truth, and, touching the little hands, found them still warm. The child was not dead, but under the influence of a sleeping herb. Plenty of air came through the holes and cracks of the old chest. She was being kept asleep until . . . until what?

The sinister words muttered in the kitchen came back to memory:

"No, no, I mustn't . . . I mustn't! . . . I must wait till to-morrow!"

Until to-morrow — when Mary would be gone. Was that it? Then, in the silent house, what?

Ah, what terrible thoughts! They almost unnerved Mary. But she found strength to catch up the child's still form, and, turning, fled from the accursed place. The lid of the chest fell with a loud bang, and as she gained the back door and fumbled with the latch she heard Aunt Joanna leap like a tiger from her lair.

Ah, what a race was that through the black night! Over garden beds to the gate mercifully open, and down the long, lonely road. Far, far in front lay the native village, and a single point of light glimmering out from a sick woman's hut; and behind was a wild beast balked of its prey, snarling and panting.

Mary ran until a glaze came over her eyes and the blood burst from her nostrils. The rush of the air woke the child in her arms to weak but piercing crying, and only then did the padding, shambling feet behind begin to falter and fall back. But Mary ran staggering on toward the light burning in Sarah Paton's hut, and only stopped to fall fainting on the door-step.

Within half an hour the tale was told, and men, with lanterns in their hands and black fury in their hearts, were out on the road. But they found no one. Both the school and the cottage were empty.

The mollmeit had fled to the mountain at last.

Sewn into the mattress of Aunt Joanna's bed were discovered the emigration papers of Janet Fink; and later, from under the bed of herbs in the garden, aided and guided by good dog Fingo, men dug out the skulls and bones of four little children. Then, raging, they burned the cottage and school of the Friend for Little Children, and, with brands from the fire, set alight the thick bush of the mountain. For four days the flames roared and crackled, sending down great gusts of heat to the town below, and by night lighting up the veldt for miles. The rock-rabbits and mountain buck came scudding down to the safety of the bush, but the men deployed in a wide circle round the base of the berg never raised a gun to them, so intent were they on their grim vigil.

At length the flames died down, and Thaba Inkosisan, blackened and bare, with no leaf or flower or branch, nor any living thing left upon it, gloomed silent above the town.

Digitized by Google

THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND

BY

OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. WENZELL

Begun in October, 1912. — John G. Slade and Bernard L. Majendie are conspicuous rival figures on the New York Stock Exchange, which is threatened with a great financial panic. It is important to Slade to know what Majendie's resources are for weathering the panic, and he tries to obtain this knowledge from Rita Kildair, who is that evening to give a supper which Majendie will attend. Slade plays upon Mrs. Kildair's love of jewels by leaving with her a valuable ruby ring.

Mrs. Kildair's supper is informal, and her guests help her prepare it. They go freely about her studio apartment, and in and out of her bedroom, where she has left Slade's ruby on her dressing-table. As they seat themselves at supper, Mrs. Kildair discovers that the ruby is missing. With the exception of Majendie, of Beecher, who has fallen under the spell of a young actress, Nan Charters, who is present, and of Slade, none of the guests are absolutely above suspicion. Mrs. Kildair has the doors locked and declares that she will count one hundred in the dark. If, by the hundredth count, the ring has not been placed on the table, she will send for detectives. The count goes to sixty-one, when a clatter is heard on the table. Mrs. Kildair continues the count to the end, but when the lights are lit the table is discovered bare. Detectives are sent for, but the ring is not found.

Without consulting Mrs. Kildair, young Beecher employs the famous detective, McKenna, whose activities begin to embarrass Mrs. Kildair. She expresses her belief that the ring will shortly be returned and asks him to suspend operations. Majendie's Trust Company fails, Majendie commits suicide, and the ensuing panic threatens to overwhelm Slade. Beecher discovers that Nan Charters has allowed Garraboy, a broker of uncertain reputation, to invest her small fortune in stocks. He induces her to give him an order on Garraboy for the shares, but she later withdraws the order, thus creating a breach between herself and Beecher. Slade emerges triumphant from the financial crisis, asks Mrs. Kildair to marry him, and is accepted.

CHAPTER XX

DEAR TEDDY:

I am very much ashamed at what happened yesterday. Please forgive my ill humor, and some day, when you have a spare hour, do come to see me.

Very cordially your friend,
NAN CHARTERS.

This note was the first that Beecher read, on awaking the next morning. He had slept by fits and starts, troubled by the memory of his most recent interview with the young actress.

"If, after all, she does love me? How tremendous it would be!" he had said to himself a dozen times, turning restlessly in the half stupor of waking sleep.

"I'll call up later," he thought, with a smile. "That will be much better."

He went eagerly downtown to McKenna's office, wondering what surprise was in store. Gunther and McKenna were already in the latter's private office as he entered, and, with the first look at the detective's smiling countenance, he perceived that he must be on the track of something significant.

"We were discussing Mrs. Kildair's engagement," said Gunther. "McKenna agrees with me that it will expedite matters wonderfully."

"How did Slade manage it?" said Beecher.

The detective, without answering, went to his desk and picked up a square of cardboard on which he had pasted two clippings from the newspapers — one the announcement, signed by Gunther, Sr., Marx, and Fontaine, giving notice of their support of the Associated Trust, and the other the bare announcement of the prospective marriage of John G. Slade and Mrs. Rita Kildair.

"I am going to preserve this and hang it up over my mantelpiece," he said, looking at it thoughtfully; "and when I have an idle hour, I'll stretch out, smoke up, and study it. A couple of million people must have seen that, and that's all they'll ever know. Think of it — that's what news means."

"And you?"

"I can only — deduce," he said, a twinkle in his eye. He glanced at the clock and said hurriedly: "Now we must get down to business. I am expecting some one in half an hour who ought to particularly interest you."

"You know who took the ring?" said Beecher instantly.

Digitized by Google

"I know several things," said McKenna briskly, "but everything in place. I promised you gentlemen, as you are interested in those things, a little history of the party that was at Mrs. Kildair's that night. It's nothing, as literary style goes — just facts. Here it is. I'll skip the personal descriptions."

He took up a bundle of notes, seated himself on the corner of the flat desk, and began to read:

"Cheever — Mr. Stanley Cheever. Age forty-eight, married, old New York family, left a fortune estimated at $425,000 at the death of his father, Garret Cheever, when he was twenty-eight. Lived ten years abroad, principally London. Inveterate gambler, lost heavily at Monte Carlo — sum estimated at $125,000; later became involved in a gambling scandal in England. Declared bankruptcy in Colorado, where he had gone to promote a mine. His statements contested by creditors who brought suit. Contests settled out of court by payment by his relatives to avoid a family scandal. Returned to New York and engaged himself as an exploiter of well-known wine merchants. Married three years ago Lydia Borgen, daughter of a large importing grocer, who brought him $100,000. Lives at rate of $30,000 a year. Only known occupation, gambling. Frequently quarrels with his wife over the attentions of other men. Known to have applied unsuccessfully at several banks within the last month to raise loans. Speculated heavily on long side of recent market, purchasing large block of stocks, margined, on morning after theft of ring, and said to be heavily involved. Sought aid of wife's relatives day before yesterday — refused.

"Cheever — Mrs. Lydia Cheever. Born Lydia Borgen, daughter Hans Borgen, German emigrant, who married Lydia Foley, waitress in Pearl Street restaurant. Father made fortune in grocery business, establishing with brother, in South America, a large importing office dealing in cocoa, coffee, and fruit. At death of uncle, Lydia became heir to $100,000. Father said to be worth three quarters of a million, but estranged from daughter, whose marriage he opposed. As a young girl Lydia was rebellious and wild, constantly involved in escapades, notably with an actor, James Rocker, with whom she attempted to elope and go on the stage. Married at nineteen to Stanley Cheever, through mediation of mother and a Mrs. Dorgan, notorious marriage broker. Very extravagant in personal expenses, which can not be accounted for on known income. From beginning of married life has been conspicuous for her relations with other men, generally wealthy bachelors, who have subsequently lost money at cards — names best known, Edward Fontaine, Reginald Forrest, Thomas Haggerty, Jr. At present seen frequently with R. G. Mapleson of firm of Sontag & Co.——"

"Mapleson!" said the two young men in a breath.

"I know what you mean," said McKenna, raising his hand. "Wait till I get through." And he continued to read in his matter-of-fact, unemotional voice these pages of hard, glaring facts that left his hearers straining forward to catch every word:

"At present deeply involved in affair with E. V. Garraboy. Seems to have been introduced to the broker at desire of husband, to obtain through this channel information which his sister, Mrs. Enos Bloodgood, may have acquired from B. L. Majendie of financial affairs in general, and particularly Atlantic Trust. Acquaintance developed into violent passion for Garraboy by Mrs. Cheever; has met him frequently of late, twice having been followed to his apartments. Of late, scenes with husband have been increasing in violence, coupled with mutual threats — believe rupture possible.

"*Item:* Bills against Mrs. Cheever known to be outstanding include $13,800 to Sontag & Co. for jewels; $1,200 to Madame Cortin for hats, etc.; $8,300 to Friegel Bros.— robes.

"*Item:* The $100,000 she inherited stands in her own name, but is believed to be now reduced to $75,000. Morning after theft of ring, sold short through Garraboy, her broker, 5,000 shares Union Pacific. For further details see Garraboy."

"Charming little domestic circle, eh?" said McKenna, laying down the sheet. "Now for another:

"Bloodgood, Enos R. Owner New York *Daily Star*, large holder of real estate in lower New York, director Metropolitan Opera. Brought up, at death of his parents, by his grandfather, Joseph Bloodgood, president of the Northwestern Railroad, as his prospective heir. At age of twenty, despite threats of his guardian, left college and married Charlotte Granby, daughter of his tutor. Promptly disinherited. Went to work as a clerk in Brooklyn dry-goods store, living on fifteen dollars a week. Lived in that condition for five years until his wife's death. Sent abroad for a journey through Europe. Two years later, on point of marrying an Austrian countess of doubtful history, fell ill with pneumonia, almost died. Returned to New York, and became reconciled with grandfather. Seemed to begin a second existence; entered journalism, and made good record for steadiness and conservatism, leading exemplary life. Grandfather in his will, however,

Digitized by Google

"'TEDDY, DON'T YOU SEE HOW WICKED IT WOULD BE—HOW WRONG? YOUR WIFE CAN'T BE ON THE STAGE, AND I CAN'T GIVE IT UP'"

Digitized by Google

contrary to expectations, cut him off with $20,000. Two months later, married Mrs. Georgiana Wakeman, fifteen years his senior, fortune estimated at ten millions, widow of former owner of N. Y. *Star*, which then passed under his control. Next ten years remarkable for his strict application to business and the dissoluteness of his private life. Mixed up in several promoting schemes, with varying success. At death of second wife, received bulk of fortune. Remained bachelor three years, greatly increasing fortune at period of trust consolidations. Next married third wife, Elise Garraboy, noted Southern beauty, no fortune. Union unhappy. After first months, returned to his old habits. Plunged heavily on short side of late market in a pool formed to bear market, reputed to have made immense gains.

"*Item:* Has been in confidential relations with Miss Maud Lille for some time. Visited her early morning after theft of ring."

"That's queer," said Gunther, startled at this final detail. "Did Bloodgood do anything in the market that day?"

"Sold right and left," said McKenna, exchanging papers.

Beecher, more impressionable than his companion, said nothing, overcome by the bare recital of this brutal, materialistic life that once had been young and stirred to unbelievable sacrifice.

"Mrs. Enos Bloodgood — born Elise Garraboy, sister of Edward Garraboy, old Southern family, New Orleans. Father, Colonel Marston Garraboy, died when children were little. Mother married Boyd Hallowel, Englishman, third son Lord Carmody; came to live in New York. Hallowel died ten years later, leaving her with small income but best social connections. Elise a great beauty, numerous suitors. Engaged in second season to Enos Bloodgood; engagement broken, married a year later. Story current, forced into it to save mother from bankruptcy. Met Bernard L. Majendie eight months ago at Palm Beach. Infatuation no secret. It is understood that two weeks before the panic she had placed her interests in the hands of lawyers, who procured evidence for divorce. Action halted temporarily. Night of party at Mrs. Kildair's, trunks packed for journey, tickets purchased at Grand Central to Montreal. Day after, made no investments in Wall Street. Following day, left home with trunks, and returned shortly after suicide. That night went to home of Majendie, in company of ——"

Suddenly McKenna stopped at a violent movement of surprise from Beecher, and said quickly, "a woman and a young man. Said to be totally without funds; husband reputed to allow her only one hundred dollars a month pocket money. That's all."

Gunther had been quick to see the agitation of his companion; but, comprehending that whatever the part he had played he wished to keep in confidence, pretended to have understood nothing.

"Then there is no trace of Mrs. Bloodgood's having gone into the market?" he said.

"None," replied McKenna. "There are other details, but they come better under head of the brother."

He shuffled the remaining sheets, and then, as though divining the growing unease of Beecher, he said in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Here's the history of Miss Nan Charters; but, as it gives us nothing important we don't know, I'll leave it out — particularly as we're short of time. However, I'll say this: there is no record of any stock transactions except that which we know of already. The next is Miss Maud Lille — a curious character, too."

Beecher drew a long breath and relaxed in his chair, grateful to McKenna for his consideration.

"Maud Lille," said the detective, reading. "Real name Margaret Case, daughter Rev. Hiram Case and Fanny Saunders, of Zanesville, Ohio. Left home at age of sixteen. Studied one year to be trained nurse. Later joined traveling circus, business department — became press-agent. Stranded in northern Arizona, earned living by writing for local newspapers under name of Jane Anderson. Went to San Francisco and from there to Honolulu, supporting herself by her writings. In Hawaii met and married an Eastern adventurer known under name of Edward Bracken; returned with him to San Francisco, where couple engaged in mining speculations. Husband pursued for fraud, and fled. Wife arrested, but released. Went to Chicago after securing divorce, and changed name to Maud Lille. Sent to Cripple Creek by Chicago *World*. Married Patrick O'Fallon, wealthy mine-owner. Went with him for trip in Europe, but, apparently dissatisfied with the life, left him and returned to newspaper work, establishing herself in New York. Not divorced. Under own name, author of several successful novels. Attached to staff of New York *Star*, and apparently much in confidence of owner. Lately much interested in stock market. On morning after theft, met E. V. Garraboy at Levine's Restaurant, near home, before breakfast. Returned to her apartment, and saw Enos Bloodgood two hours later. Reported sold short 500 shares Union Pacific."

Digitized by Google

"'I DON'T WANT TO MARRY—I DON'T WANT TO FALL IN LOVE. I WANT TO BE FREE'"

Digitized by Google

"By Jove!" exclaimed Beecher, as Gunther rose excitedly to his feet, "you've got it."

"Maud Lille took it first and transferred it to Garraboy," said Gunther; then he stopped, puzzled. "But Bloodgood — that's incredible."

"Hold in your horses," said McKenna, shaking his head with silent laughter — delighted that they had fallen into his trap. "There's one more little history to read." He hesitated and then said: "Now, I don't want to play up to a little tin god on wheels, though that would be easy enough. I'll say this: that a good deal of the information I am reading you I have had in hand. The gentleman whose bright little history I am going to read you, I have had my eyes on for some time. That'll develop.

"Garraboy — Edward V. Sent to military training-school, expelled, went up north to boarding-school, expelled, tutored for college, and went to Harvard. Ran up debts to extent of over a thousand dollars in two months, signing promissory notes. Paid by stepfather, who withdrew him at the request of college authorities. Cut off by family and sent to Chicago with $400, to enter business house. Instead, speculated in wheat market and said to have made a little money. Went to Denver with small capital, and posed as son of wealthy parents. Made acquaintance of a family called Sanderson, and shortly became engaged to daughter, heiress to considerable fortune. Engagement broken as result of investigations. Left Denver, leaving behind a number of debts and bad checks. Made a lucky gamble in silver-mine and went to San Francisco, living high. Went to Seattle. Became engaged to a widow of large real-estate manipulator. Persuaded her to invest her money in land-exploitation scheme in southern California which proved failure. Ran away from Seattle and went to Hawaii to sell imitation jewelry under name of Edward ——"

"Bracken!" exclaimed the two young men in one breath.

"Exactly."

"Married to Maud Lille!" cried Gunther, the first to recover his astonishment. "Why, the little toad! How the deuce did these women fall for him?"

"Oh, that's a question by itself, Mr. Gunther," said McKenna, smiling. "It's a good deal in studying what you're dealing with, and Garraboy watched them pretty close. Let me finish.

"Came to San Francisco, as you know. Fled to escape pursuit. Next known of him, returned from the far East under own name, with apparently a certain amount of money. On hearing marriage of his sister, came to New York and established himself in Wall Street, largely through the aid of Bloodgood, over whose head, evidently, he has held some threat. Met Maud Lille and probably came to some understanding with her; has paid her money from time to time. Encouraged sister's infatuation for Majendie, whom he sought to enlist in scheme for rice production in South — failed. Secured personal loan of $10,000 from Majendie without knowledge of sister. Has lived at rate of $40,000 a year, running several establishments. Made immense short sales in recent market, and was on verge of failure when panic saved him. Has profited by infatuation of Mrs. Cheever to borrow large sums in last week. On day after theft, sold steadily all day. Under suspicions by his own clients and on verge of arrest, when drop in stocks turned tide in his favor. Reputed to have covered his losses and made $100,000 in last three days."

"You were on his track, then!" exclaimed Beecher, suddenly enlightened.

"I was and I am," said McKenna, "and in less than twenty-four hours I'll shake down that frisky gentleman for about forty-five thousand dollars that he has been speculating with. Four days ago I couldn't have collected forty-five cents. That's why I held off."

"Good heavens!" said Beecher, suddenly remembering. "I say, McKenna, Miss Charters' money is tied up with him. You don't suppose — by Jove, I hope nothing's wrong."

"You give me the amount," said McKenna, with a click of his teeth. "I'll get it. He knows, I guess, by this time what a pretty little story it would make in the morning papers. He won't resist — not he!"

"Look here," said Beecher excitedly, putting his hand to his pocket-book. "By Jove, that's lucky. I've still got that order. I can telephone her now."

"Telephone nothing," said McKenna, reaching out his hand. "I don't need that order, except as a reference. Just keep it quiet. The young lady won't thank you less for your saving her without her knowledge, will she?"

"No," said Beecher, flurried. "Here's the order. When'll you get at Garraboy?"

"In about ten minutes," said McKenna, reaching over for a fresh cigar.

"Here?"

"Right here."

"And the ring," said Gunther quickly.

"What do you think?" said McKenna, his little eyes snapping through the blaze of the match as he lighted his cigar.

"I think it lies between Mrs. Cheever, Miss Lille, and Garraboy," said Gunther. "Either

Digitized by Google

"That's a good Soup ad!"

"YES; and a good *soup*, too. And I find there are a hundred good ways to use it."
This is a most surprising fact about

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

It is not only the ideal soup-course when prepared simply with hot water, milk or cream; but used in condensed form --just as you receive it--and combined with many other simple dishes, it makes a most delicious seasoning; and adds greatly to their wholesomeness and flavor.

Are *you* one of the clever house-wives who have discovered these helpful facts; and does *your* table get the full benefit of this perfect soup?

Why not write for our little free booklet which describes a number of tempting ways to serve it.

Flirty Miss Gerty so fair
Is frequently heard to declare
Her rosy attractions
And vigorous actions
Are due to her *Campbell's Soup* fare.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

Digitized by Google

woman took it and either passed it to Garraboy at the table ——"

"Well?" said McKenna, as Gunther hesitated.

"Or Garraboy took it first and passed it to one of them."

"Why?"

"For fear that he or she had been seen taking it the first time — to cover up the tracks. Whoever may have seen the ring taken would believe the original thief had restored it and keep quiet."

"That's ingenious and I must say it may prove to have some bearing," said McKenna. "It's likewise possible. But you gentlemen have missed the whole point of what I've been reading you."

"In what way?"

"There's not one bit of evidence who took the ring," said McKenna, with a gesture at the recording sheets. "It shows who might have taken it — that's true. Now, what it shows is this — what was working in every one's mind the night of that party. You remember that it was on the night before Majendie's failure, and that the whole question of the panic hung on whether he was going to pull through or not. Now, of every one who was there, with the exception of Miss Charters, Mrs. Bloodgood, and Mr. Beecher here, every one was in Wall Street up to their necks, and if they knew what had happened to Majendie they could call the turn. Now, what happened? Bloodgood was getting his information from Maud Lille, who got it from Garraboy, who easy enough could get it from his sister — not out of treachery, but unconsciously, you may be sure. Well, all these three got the straight tip. That's what the meeting next morning was about. Bloodgood never took the ring; that would be ridiculous. And Maud Lille, whatever her record for drifting, is not a crook. So those meetings were on the question of speculation, pure and simple.

"Now, Mrs. Cheever got the news straight and Mr. Cheever didn't, though he depended on his wife working Garraboy. Cheever bought stocks, and was caught. That likewise shows there may be some interesting developments in that charming little family, particularly when he finds out that Mrs. Cheever sold and won. Now, what have we to go on? Cheever's a crook — but if he took it, he did it alone.

"Garraboy's a crook, and, following Mr. Gunther's theory, he could have taken it alone or working with Mrs. Cheever. If there was any collusion, it was there. Gentlemen, I am only discussing possibilities."

"If the ring was taken to raise money to gamble in Wall Street, then it lies between Cheever and Garraboy," said Gunther.

"Say it this way: if Mrs. Cheever or Miss Lille took it, Garraboy would probably know ——"

"And Slade?" said Beecher.

"If Slade took it, we're losing our time; aren't we?" said McKenna.

"McKenna, do you know?" said Gunther suddenly.

"Gentlemen," said McKenna, answering, with a nod, an assistant who opened the door at this moment, "I'm not given to boasting, but I'll risk this." He went to the desk, wrote a name on the card, sealed it in an envelop, and handed it to Beecher. "That's the name of the person who took the ring. Keep it until it is found. That sounds like Sherlock Holmes, but there's one reason why I feel like being a little stagey, and I don't mind admitting to you that I got to it by deduction — honest deduction, though!"

"Why've you got Garraboy here, then?" said Beecher, while the letter in his pocket seemed to radiate heat like an ember.

"Do you want to know? You'll be surprised," said McKenna, going to the desk again. "Well, it's to convince myself that Garraboy had nothing to do with it."

"What!" exclaimed the two.

McKenna made them a signal to be silent, and, taking up the loose sheets of the different records, started to place them in the drawer. But all at once he stopped, selected one,— the record of the broker himself,— and laid it face up on the table. The next moment the door opened and Garraboy came warily into the room.

CHAPTER XXI

At the sight of Beecher and Gunther, Garraboy stopped short, evidently nonplussed.

"I was told to come," he said, lifting his eyebrows.

"Quite right," said McKenna briskly, raising his voice a trifle. From the moment of the broker's entrance, his eyes fastened on Garraboy, never leaving him. "Come right in."

"I'm interrupting," said Garraboy carefully, conscious of this set gaze.

"Not in the least."

"I thought our business was confidential, McKenna," he said, without having moved from the position he had taken on entering. "I fail to see —" He stopped and looked again at the two young men.

"Oh, Mr. Beecher and Gunther!" said McKenna affably. "Suppose we call them attorneys for one of your clients."

"Miss Charters?"

"You're a good guesser, Mr. Garraboy."

Digitized by Google

NOTICE TO READERS

BETWEEN THIS PAGE AND THE BACK COVER

are six important editorial features which have been added to the usual contents of the magazine.

These additional features, appearing where there was formerly no reading matter at all, increase the quality and value of our service to advertisers; and, by so doing, increase, without cost to you, the amount and value of our service to you.

By this new make-up of the magazine, we are able to print in this issue the following extra features that would otherwise have been left out:

ARIBAUD'S TWO WIVES
By LEONARD MERRICK

THE NEW DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN
By INEZ MILHOLLAND

THE REWARD OF ENTERPRISE
By WARD MUIR

HEALTH—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE
A NEW DEPARTMENT
Conducted by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

THE CRACK OF THE WHIP
By JOHN D. SWAIN

THE MONTESSORI MOVEMENT
By ELLEN YALE STEVENS

Without any of these features, you have the magazine as you have known it.

With them you have a McCLURE'S of added interest and variety, of increased value and usefulness—without increased cost to you.

The Editors of McClure's

Digitized by Google

Victor-Victrola XVI
Mahogany or oak, **$200**
The instrument by which the value of all musical instruments is measured.

If the Victor-Victrola did nothing but bring to you the soul-stirring arias and concerted numbers of opera, beautifully rendered by the world's greatest artists, that alone would make it a treasured addition to your home.

But besides the compositions of the great masters, the Victor-Victrola brings into your home a wonderful variety of music and mirth, that satisfies alike the longing for musical harmonies and the taste for sheer entertainment.

Victor- Mahogany
Victrola X or oak, **$75**

Victor-

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

Whether you wish to hear the superb voice of Caruso or Melba, or the witty songs of Harry Lauder or Blanche Ring; exquisite instrumental solos by Paderewski or Kubelik, or stirring selections by Sousa's Band or Victor Herbert's Orchestra, the Victor-Victrola brings them to you true to life—just as they are rendered by the same artists in the great opera houses and theatres of the world.

And as you sit and enjoy all these musical riches, you will marvel at the varied accomplishments of the Victor-Victrola and thoroughly appreciate its value as a companion and entertainer—a treasured possession in your home.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victor-Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Victor-Victrola IV
Oak, **$15**

Victor-Victrola VIII
Oak, **$40**

Victor-Victrola XI
Mahogany or oak, **$100**

Other styles $25, $50, $150
Victors, $10 to $100

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination*. There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Victrola

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

The broker drew in his upper lip, and, coming slowly forward, said:

"The presence of these gentlemen is exceedingly distasteful to me."

"You're not in a position to object, Mr. Garraboy."

Garraboy turned his back and walked slowly back and forth, evidently in distressed conjecture, occasionally raising his head to shoot a glance at the three, half in rage, half in fear.

All at once he stopped by the desk as though his mind had come to a certain decision, and, bearing heavily on it, said:

"I do not know that I care, under the circumstances, to enter into any discussion. You, Mr. McKenna, represent my client, Mrs. Alva White; your claim against me is for $45,846." He drew out his pocket-book. "I have here a check made to your order." A second time he plunged his hand into his pocket, and brought out a check-book. "I was not notified that Miss Charters' account was also under discussion. However, I will settle that at once. To whose order, please?"

McKenna, without answering, indicated himself with a jerk of his finger.

Garraboy, seating himself at the desk, took up a pen and carefully filled in the check, blotted it, and handed the two drafts to McKenna, who took them, indorsed them, and, ringing for an assistant, handed them to him:

"Present these at once. Telephone me as soon as they are honored."

Garraboy carefully blotted the check-book in turn, replaced it in his pocket, and was thrusting back his chair when McKenna, turning on him sharply, said:

"Garraboy, you stole that ring of Mrs. Kildair's."

The broker, startled, jerked up his head.

"So that's the meaning of all this!" he said angrily.

"Answer my question!"

But this time Garraboy, without wincing, rose suddenly to his feet.

"McKenna, I have nothing more to say to you," he said, scowling, "on this or any other question. Your claims are satisfied. I recognize no further right of you to insult me."

"Don't move, Mr. Garraboy," said McKenna softly; "we've a lot of business still to talk over."

"Are you trying to blackmail me?" said Garraboy furiously, folding his arms.

"Garraboy, I've got the goods on you," said McKenna, the pupils of his eyes seeming to dwindle to a point as the whites showed under a well simulated show of anger. "First place, you're going to sit here until I get a telephone message that those checks are cashed. Second, — and this may surprise you,— you're going to stick right by me, to-day and to-night, until you make up your mind whether you'll answer me or answer in a court of justice. Third, before we get through here, I want your name at the bottom of a little document I've drawn up for you."

"What do you mean?" said Garraboy, but with a note of apprehension in his voice.

"A plain, honest recital of what you've been doing with other folks' property these last two months ——"

"You said —" fairly screamed the broker.

"I said if you settled my claims I wouldn't prosecute — true, I won't. But, just the same, you're getting out of business here in New York, and I'm going to hold a paper that'll keep you out."

"Never!" exclaimed Garraboy, in desperation. "Every cent I owe will be settled in twenty-four hours. I'll close up every account — I'll agree to that; but I'll not be blackmailed into this. You haven't a charge against me that'll stand in any court in this country."

"What about that ring?" said McKenna. "You were trying all over town to raise fifteen thousand dollars that day. Garraboy, you stole that ring, pawned it, and raised the money to hold off your loans."

"That's a lie," he said, clenching his fists. "I got it ——"

"Where?"

"None of your business."

"Where did you get the money to pay your interest and to put up the new margins you did?"

"I was acting for others."

"What others?"

Garraboy opened his mouth to reply, and then suddenly stopped. McKenna said immediately:

"No, you won't say what others, because, if you do claim you sold for others, here before witnesses, you know you'll restore a good deal more money than you figured out to disgorge. Oh, you're clever all right. Answer me — did you steal that ring?"

"I did not," said Garraboy suddenly, "and I don't know anything more about it than Beecher here — in fact, considerably less." He looked over with a sneer on his lips, and then exclaimed: "McKenna, my mind's made up. I'm going out that door — now. If you attempt to prevent me, I'll hold Mr. Beecher and Mr. Gunther here as witnesses that you kept me here by force. And I'll have you up on —" All at once he seemed to choke on a word, as his

Digitized by Google

Worth Looking Into

The choice of a table beverage frequently has much to do with the health and happiness of a family, not only the children, but grown-ups too.

The New Food-Drink

INSTANT POSTUM

is proving most satisfying and beneficial in homes where it has taken the place of coffee and tea, which contain *caffeine* and other harmful ingredients.

This new beverage requires **no boiling.**

It is regular Postum percolated at the factory and reduced to a soluble powder.

A level teaspoonful in a cup with hot water, and cream and sugar to taste, produces a very fascinating beverage ***instantly.***

Instant Postum is free from *caffeine* or any harmful ingredient.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. 90 to 100 cup tin, 50c; 45 to 50 cup tin, 30c.

A trial tin (5 cups) sent for grocer's name and 2c stamp for postage.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

Postum Cereal Company, Limited.
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Digitized by Google

You can have a strong, light, fireproof, permanent concrete roof—

if you have it constructed without the expensive form work which until recently was always considered necessary. And you can have it laid at any angle or pitch you wish—which is a new thing in concrete roof construction.

Cut down the cost of your building by using

Self-Sentering is a new form of expanded metal for concrete reinforcing and general fireproofing, perfected after years of study and experiment. It is adapted for practically every form of concrete construction—floors, ceilings, partitions, walls, etc., as well as roofs. It eliminates all form work and furring in both flat and curved construction. It is quickly and easily put up, making a great saving in labor costs.

Do you know how your concrete building is to be erected? It will pay you to find out. It may mean a big difference in the final cost.

Send Us the Name of Your Architect
and we will send both you and him full information in regard to this new method of inexpensive concrete construction.

The General Fireproofing Co.

804 Logan Ave Youngstown, Ohio

Trade Mark

eyes, following the movement of the fist that struck the table, came suddenly in contact with the upturned sheet entitled:

"GARRABOY—EDWARD V."

The sight seemed to paralyze every muscle of his body. He sat down abruptly, drawing the document under his eye.

"Take your time, Bracken; read it over carefully," said McKenna in a soothing voice. He retired to the fireplace, and relaxed into the easy-chair, waiting the moment.

Garraboy read hastily, fairly galloping through the pages. Then he stiffened in his chair, frowned, and read carefully through it all again, considering each phrase.

At the last, the three who watched him saw him push the paper from him, lock his hands in front of him, and stare at McKenna. The correct, insolent man of the world had faded. Instead, before them, bare to the bone, was the rascal, the desperate, clever adventurer. Suddenly making a quick resolve, he said in a tone that surprised them for its absence of emotion:

"Give me the paper I'm to sign."

McKenna jumped up and, going to a shelf, took down an affidavit.

"It's always a pleasure to deal with professionals," he said genially, placing the document on the table. "Oh, read it first."

Garraboy skimmed through it hastily, nodding. He took up his pen and paused.

"It's understood that the contents will never be made public, directly or indirectly, so long as I keep out of the United States?"

"Understood."

"Your word of honor on it as a gentleman, McKenna?"

"My word."

"And yours too, Mr. Beecher, Mr. Gunther?"

Each repeated the promise in turn.

Garraboy signed the confession and handed it to McKenna.

"What now?"

"You will, of course, wind up your business immediately."

"I will telephone for my clerk to bring my books here at once for your inspection. I will draw the necessary checks and have them deposited to the credit of my clients this afternoon. One of your men can personally assure himself that everything is right. Will that satisfy you?"

"Couldn't have proposed anything more practical," said McKenna, nodding.

"What next?"

"Clean up that matter of the ring."

Garraboy rose impatiently.

"I haven't got the ring."

"I don't believe you."

Digitized by Google

Balanced heating guaranteed!

Even after you're sure "Winter's backbone is broken," there's the long period which comes between the last snow and the first green that is ***most trying*** — with raw, searching winds, chill rains, and penetrating fogs and dampness. Then's the time of extremes — under- and over-heating — fuel wastes — that's when old-fashioned heating methods are drains on patience and purse. To protect in any weather, day and night, by ***balanced heating,*** absolute control in even comfort —is the mission and guaranty of

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

An IDEAL Boiler will burn least fuel because it is unnecessary to force the fire to send heat to windward rooms — the more heat needed the faster will be the flow of warmth to the AMERICAN Radiators to offset the cold. All IDEAL Boilers are or may be fitted with an IDEAL Sylphon Regitherm, which gives perfect automatic control over the draft and check dampers, insuring great fuel economy and uniform heating. Saves running up and down the cellar stairs during quick-changing weather. It is the greatest improvement made in a century for exact control of the volume of heat.

A No. 3015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $125, were used to heat this cottage.
At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This does not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

The practical values and every-day economies, conveniences and cleanliness of these heating outfits have been demonstrated in thousands of notable buildings, homes, stores, schools, churches, hospitals, theaters, etc., in nearly every civilized country, and endorsed by leading health officials, engineers, and architects.

That is why IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are so fully *guaranteed.* Yet they cost no more than ordinary types made without scientific tests of construction and capacity.
IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators do not corrode, warp or rust out by action of fire, gases or water — will last scores of years! Their purchase price is a far-sighted investment, adding 10% to 15% to rentals, and you get "full money back" if building is sold.
If Spring winds are now showing how comfortless and costly your present system is, write us *today* for (free) book — "Ideal Heating" — which shows how to put "an armor of balanced heating comfort" around your building and save fuel.

Public Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. 21 Chicago

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

If it isn't an Eastman, It isn't a Kodak.

It's Springtime. Every field and park and woodland—every walk and ride, every joyous outing, invites your KODAK.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

Catalogue free at your dealers or by mail. ROCHESTER, N. Y. ***The Kodak City.***

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

"Are you going to keep me under surveillance?"

"I am."

"Until when?"

"Until the ring is returned."

"McKenna," said Garraboy desperately, "I think I've satisfied you. I'm not standing on technicalities. You've got me cold. I know it. Now, I'll tell you just how I stand. When everything is paid up, I stand pretty nearly $200,000 to the good. I'm going to get out — go abroad and stay there; and I want to catch the first boat out. If I had that ring, I'd throw it over quick. That's straight goods."

"Garraboy, did you steal that ring?" said McKenna again.

"I did not."

"Did you know the detective, John Ryan, whom Mrs. Kildair called in?"

"Yes."

"And you recommended him to Mrs. Kildair?"

"Yes."

"So you knew whom she would call in?"

"No; I didn't think of that."

"Garraboy, didn't you take the ring, knowing that Ryan would be called in, and that he would never make a search of you?"

"I did not."

"Do you know who took it?"

"No."

"That's sufficient," said McKenna, apparently satisfied.

The broker remained quiet a moment, rolling a pencil between his moist fingers.

"Will you answer one question?" he said at last.

"What?"

"Does Mrs. Kildair know? Are you acting for her?"

"Mrs. Kildair does not know what I'm doing," said McKenna quietly.

Garraboy rose with what seemed a little relief, a movement that McKenna was quick to note.

"Well, I've made up my mind to tell you what I know," he said.

"Good!"

"I haven't got the ring," he said carefully.

"Did you take it?"

"I did not take it," said Garraboy, looking steadily in McKenna's eyes.

"But you know?"

"Yes, in a way I know," he said firmly. "A woman took it."

"How do you know?"

Garraboy did not answer immediately. Finally he blurted out:

"I don't know who took it first; but this is

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

Send for these Acid-Test Papers

and find out if your teeth are being injured by "acid-mouth," the chief cause of tooth-decay, and see how this is overcome by

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

When you overcome "acid-mouth" by the use of Pebeco, you stand an excellent chance of keeping your teeth sound and white for life.

No other dentifrice is like Pebeco in this respect. It is especially made to overcome "acid-mouth," as well as to beautifully clean, whiten and polish the teeth and purify the breath. It gives a delightful sensation of refreshment and revitalization to the mouth.

Send for Free 10-Day Trial Tube and Acid-Test Papers

Pebeco Tooth Paste is a scientific product of the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. Sold everywhere in large 50c tubes. Very economical. Saves money—saves teeth.

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists
Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum
117 William Street New York

Digitized by Google

CUT Your COAL BILL ½ to ⅔

With Emphasis We Repeat—

THE UNDERFEED

Cuts Coal Bills ½ to ⅔

THE Underfeed has solved the problem of efficiency and economy in heating. The Underfeed Free Book clearly and interestingly explains the Underfeed way of burning coal in Underfeed Warm Air Furnaces and Underfeed Boilers—Steam or Hot Water. It explains four big savings resulting therefrom.

Our Free Book Shows

—how cheaper grades of hard or soft coal—slack, pea or buckwheat sizes—are fed from below and, like a candle, burn perfectly from top down, leaving but few fine ashes;

—how smoke and gases, instead of going to waste up the chimney, pass up into the fire and are consumed, producing *useful* heat;

—how the heating surfaces are automatically kept free from soot, the fire-glow playing upon clean metal—responsive to heat; whereas in other heaters, the "fire-shine" is upon heating surfaces deadened with soot;

—how live coals are continually kept in close contact with the heating surface instead of being blanketed with fresh coal; and how this heating surface represents the greater part of fire pot and dome, whereas in top feeds live coals are in direct contact with but a narrow belt around the heater's fire pot.

Cut-Out View of Underfeed Furnace

THE PECK Williamson Underfeed FURNACES BOILERS

The many exclusive advantages of the Underfeed are explained clearly and *truthfully* in the free Underfeed Book. Facsimile testimonials of responsible users will remove all doubt. For example:

FURNACE AND BOILER RECORDS

M. K. Hefling, Mercer, Pa., writes: "With my Underfeed FURNACE, my annual coal bill the past six years averaged $17.48 for heating eight rooms and bath. No furnace built will beat that record."

D. C. Goodyear, Morenci, Mich., writes: "My Underfeed BOILER has done all you claimed for it. My coal bill in 1911, for house of eight rooms, was $22; 1912, $25."

Write for FREE Book—Warm Air Furnace or Steam or Hot Water Boiler; how to obtain free heating plans and estimate of cost.

The Peck-Williamson Co., 426 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

Send me UNDERFEED Furnace Book..... Boiler Book.....

(Indicate by X Book you desire)

Name.....

Address.....

Name of my dealer .....

CUT Your COAL BILL ½ to ⅔

what happened — the God's truth. When Mrs. Kildair put out the lights and counted sixty-one, I heard the ring on the table." He hesitated a moment, and said hurriedly: "I made up my mind to give them all a shock. I did not intend to keep the ring — I swear it. I put out my hand to take it — and I touched another hand — the hand of a woman."

"Was that woman Mrs. Cheever or Miss Lille?" asked McKenna quickly.

"I don't know."

"You have no idea?"

"No."

"You were told nothing afterwards?"

"Nothing."

"Garraboy, it's just possible you're not lying," said McKenna, with a frown, "though I'm not sure by a long shot. However, I'll know the truth before the sun goes down."

"How?" said Garraboy, looking up.

"I neglected to tell you," said McKenna, watching him, "that I know whom the ring was pawned with, and this evening the gentleman himself will tell me who pawned it. The time I keep you depends a good deal on what he says."

"Then this evening I will be free," said Garraboy joyfully, with such evident confidence that both young men were struck by it, and McKenna, a little disturbed in his theory, continued to stare at the face of Garraboy, which was illumined with a slight, malicious smile.

CHAPTER XXII

HALF an hour later, Gunther and Beecher, leaving McKenna's office with a promise to return that evening, went uptown. In Beecher's pocket was a check on McKenna representing the amount of Miss Charters' account. Garraboy remained in custody of the detective.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said Gunther.

"I think Garraboy lied," said Beecher.

"Oh, about the reason he tried to take the ring — yes, naturally. He could make a plausible reason for that — you'd hardly expect him to say in so many words that he was a thief, if he really didn't get the ring, as he says."

"I think he cooked up the lie right there," said Beecher obstinately. "I don't believe a word of it."

"I don't know — I sort of think he told the truth."

"Do you think any woman would have the nerve to go on after she had felt a hand on hers and knew that some one had a clue — not absolutely definite, but almost so?"

"But, Ted, if any one denounced her,

Digitized by Google

River Parkway, Cambridge, Mass.

Cambridge's Experience With Tarvia

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. is another Tarvia town. Many of its roads have been built during the last five years with Tarvia X or treated with Tarvia B. The streets of Cambridge carry an enormous automobile traffic and the problem of maintaining adequate road surfaces was a serious one.

During 1912 eight of the leading thoroughfares which had been built with Tarvia X received surface treatments with Tarvia B at a cost of 2¾c. per square yard.

The Superintendent of Streets of Cambridge reports "This treatment not only preserves the surface of the road from raveling, but renders the street dustless to a large extent. It has been found to be the most economical way to care for tar bound macadam."

In later years it will be found that additional annual treatments with Tarvia B will cost less each year. Westfield, N. J., for instance, found that roads which had been built with Tarvia, cost as little as 1¾c. per yard per year to maintain with Tarvia B.

Towns which experiment with Tarvia get the habit and in time settle down to its use as a matter of consistent policy. By this means they reduce their road costs and at the same time give greater satisfaction to the citizens.

Tarvia is a special combination of refined tars especially prepared for road use. It forms a tough, plastic matrix about the stone and prevents erosion and attrition. It is not a palliative but a cure. It does not *suppress* dust so much as prevent the attrition which *creates* dust. Booklet on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

TRADE B MARK

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland
Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Corey, Ala.
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.,—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Halifax, N.S.

Digitized by Google

Ready-Made Breakfasts

Delivered at your door

Ready to Eat

That's the modern way—easy for the housewife—brings satisfaction to the family table.

When you order a package of

Post Toasties

from the grocer, you secure a delicious dish for breakfast, lunch or supper without worry, and at trifling cost.

These tasty crisps of toasted Indian Corn, dainty in flavour and rich in nourishment, add pleasure to any meal.

Tempting and Sweet—Ready to Eat.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

Digitized by Google

wouldn't he have to acknowledge the fact of his own motive? That would be enough to shut any one up."

"I think Garraboy lied," persisted Beecher. "I think he had a part in the theft, and at least I am sure he knows all about it."

"Listen to reason," said Gunther warmly. "If Garraboy signed a confession such as McKenna handed him, he wouldn't stop at returning a ring — particularly when he knows that McKenna will keep hold of him till the affair is closed up. No, no; Garraboy says he's cleared $200,000 — you may be sure he's got considerably more. He's satisfied. He wants to get away from here quick. McKenna's not the only one on his track — you may be sure of that. No; it doesn't stand to reason he'd balk at a little matter like the ring."

Beecher was silent, digesting the argument.

"There may be one explanation," he said at length. "You noticed that the fellow was particularly anxious to know if Mrs. Kildair was behind us?"

"Yes, I noticed that."

"Now, McKenna thinks — and I do, too — that Mrs. Kildair all along has known who took the ring, and has only been held up before this from prosecuting on account of a possible scandal."

"But that's over now; nothing can be said — it was an engagement ring, of course."

"Exactly; and that's the reason why I'm going to make this guess — that Garraboy, knowing the game was up, returned the ring this morning."

"By George!"

"And that's the reason he told the lie he did — knowing that everything will blow over in twenty-four hours."

"Ted, by the Lord Harry, I believe you've hit it!" said Gunther excitedly. "I say ——"

"What?"

"Let's go up to your rooms; there may be a letter from Mrs. Kildair."

Full of eagerness, they went to Beecher's rooms — only to return empty-handed and disappointed. Then they hurried to the club and searched the letter-boxes, without success.

Disappointed and impatient, they went in to a late lunch.

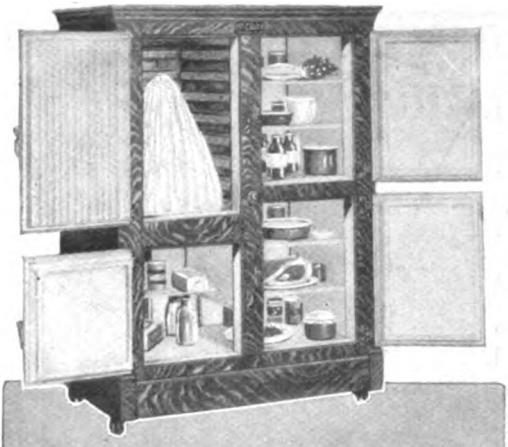
"What are you going to do about that check of Miss Charters'?" said Gunther in an aggressive tone.

"Take it round to her," said Beecher, looking at him out of the corner of his eye.

"So you're going around?" said Gunther, with a grin.

"I am."

"I thought you said you had never met any one who could make you so angry?"



Modern Housekeeping Demands

that food be kept fresh, healthful and appetizing no matter how hot the weather. Modern kitchens should include in their equipments, modern and sanitary

McCRAY Refrigerators

which have a perfect circulation of pure, dry, cold air that keeps food in perfect condition. They have scientifically insulated walls and sanitary, easily cleaned interiors lined with opal glass, enamel, porcelain or odorless white wood. No zinc is used. Their convenience, economy of ice and food and perfect refrigeration are unequalled. They are used by the U. S. Pure Food Laboratories and in thousands of the better class of clubs, hotels and private residences.

McCray Refrigerators are made in a large number of regular sizes and built to order to suit special requirements. They can be arranged to be iced from the outside. They can be equipped with ice water cooler, and special racks for cooling bottled beverages.

Write For Free Book "How to Use a Refrigerator" and any of the following catalogs:

No. 90—Regular sizes for Residences. No. 78—For Florists. No. 49—For Hotels, Clubs, Institutions. No. 69—For Grocers. No. 60—For Meat Markets. No. A. H. Built to order for Residences.

McCray Refrigerator Co.
579 Lake St., Kendallville, Ind.

Salesrooms in the Following Cities

Chicago, 158 No. Wabash Ave. *New York*, 231 W. 42nd St. *Philadelphia*, 206 S. 11th St. *Boston*, 52 Commercial St. *Cleveland*, 1915 Euclid Ave. *Detroit*, 239 Michigan Ave. *Milwaukee*, Water and Sycamore Sts. *Minneapolis*, 109 N. Sixth St. *St. Louis*, 304 N. Third Ave. *New Orleans*, 225 Baronne St. *San Francisco*, Geary and Stockton Sts. *Washington*, 611 F. St., N. W. *Louisville*, 643 S. Fourth Ave. *Pittsburgh*, 114 Market St. *Columbia, S. C.*, Main St. *Atlanta, Ga.*, 82 Marietta St. *Cincinnati*, 303 E. 4th St. *Indianapolis*, 1116 Prospect St.

For Branch salesrooms in other cities see your local phone directory

Digitized by Google

IN many homes, members of the household have individual libraries in their own rooms or apartments where they can store their most cherished volumes and enjoy them without fear of interruption and without interfering with the pleasure of others. The Globe-Wernicke Bookcase lends itself ideally to individual libraries, because its sectional construction adapts it equally well to large or small book collections. It grows with the library and its units can be rearranged quickly in any number of new and artistic combinations. Exact duplicates of sections are always obtainable.

Globe-Wernicke Bookcases are made in many styles and finishes to suit the color scheme of different interior trims. Sold by 1500 authorized agencies. Where not represented goods will be shipped on approval, freight prepaid.

"Booklovers' Shopping List"—This little book lists the works of great authors and gives the prices of the same in sets. The list includes the low priced, popular sets as well as the de luxe editions. Every book buyer should have a copy. Sent free with the Globe-Wernicke catalog. Address Dept. M.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Branch Stores: New York, 380-382 Broadway; Philadelphia, 1012-1014 Chestnut St.; Chicago, 231-235 So. Wabash Ave.; Boston, 91-93 Federal St.; Washington, 1218-1220 F St., N. W.; Cincinnati, 128-134 Fourth Ave., E.

"Come and get me at five o'clock," said Beecher, with a wave of his hand.

"I begin to have my doubts," said Gunther slowly, with the air of one steeling himself against a great calamity.

Beecher had no such anticipation as he went lightly out of the club and took his way up the avenue. For the preceding twenty-four hours he had thought much more of the possible feelings of Nan Charters toward his own receptive person than of analyzing the impregnability of his own position. He had not telephoned, desiring to effect a little surprise. But, as he neared his destination, he remembered that she might possibly be out.

"In that case I'll leave a little note,—just a line with the check,—as though it were a casual affair."

But Miss Charters was in; an automobile which he thought he recognized was at the curb.

Miss Charters herself answered the door, detaining him a moment in the ante-room.

"I am so glad you came," she said in a low voice, yet in which it was impossible to mistake the pleasure. "I wanted you to know that. A friend of yours is here — but he won't stay long." She added softly, with that gentle appeal in her voice against which he knew no defense: "You'll stay — I want you to."

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Mr. Lorraine." And, as she saw the instant stiffening that went through him, she said quickly, with that subtle, merciless flattery of which only women have the command: "Shall I send him away — if you wish?"

"No."

The two men greeted each other boisterously, but underneath their heartiness was a sudden sense of invaded territory.

Each, with an extra show of cordiality, began to talk, addressing his remarks to the other. Only Lorraine, whose tenancy was thus threatened, continued to prolong his stay, anxiously watching the effect on the woman. At the end of half an hour he no longer doubted; she was only waiting for him to go, uneasy and resentful at his delay.

He rose, heavy of heart, and shook hands with Beecher, whom he would have liked to throttle, and, nodding to Miss Charters, went toward the hall, hoping that she would follow him. But women in love match the boundless surrender and tenderness they show to the man to whom they yield with an equal cruelty toward those whose misfortune it is to have loved them. She did not move, waiting impatiently until she heard the tardy click of the door. Then she went to him directly, standing quite close, looking up at him like a penitent school-girl.

Digitized by Google

Trinidad Lake Asphalt
Asphalt-saturated wool felt
Trinidad Lake Asphalt

Genasco

THE TRINIDAD-LAKE-ASPHALT
Ready Roofing

How is it the contents of Trinidad Lake make roofing lastingly waterproof?

Trinidad Lake is a lake of natural asphalt—the everlasting waterproofer of Nature. This asphalt abounds with natural oils that keep it pliable and give it lasting resistance to all kinds of weather.

Any substitute for natural asphalt in roofing is deceiving and disappointing—especially the substitutes that are used to make roofing look like genuine natural asphalt roofing. They are like it in looks *only*, and before long they dry-out, crack, and leak.

Genasco Roofing is made of the standard asphalt of the world. It is remarkable for its uniformity—a necessary quality to make roofing permanently waterproof.

This is why you should insist on Genasco Roofing to insure endurance and real economy.

Ask your dealer for Genasco. Mineral or smooth surface—several weights. Guaranteed—in writing, if you want it. Write us for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book, free.

The **Kant-leak Kleet** waterproofs the seams as effectually as this asphalt waterproofs the roofing. Does away with cement. Prevents nail-leaks.

The Barber Asphalt Paving Company **Philadelphia**

Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.

New York San Francisco Chicago

Digitized by Google

THEIR Home Or YOURS

WHY PAY RENT for a cramped up "Other Fellows" cottage this summer when you can take your own home right with you? You can put this home up alone in a few hours. You have a real home then—not a stuffy cabin. A home that goes and comes right with you year after year **where** you want it. Its sectional hard wood floors, ventilated gables, its storm blinds and its screens are but a **part** of things that make it so complete.

A KENYON TAKE DOWN HOUSE

costs so little, in any size you want it; one to eight rooms that give you joy to use—the joy of your own summer home with the pure fresh air of the woods.

If there is no Kenyon dealer mentioned for your town or city, or if you would like a copy of our illustrated catalog, write to

THE R. L. KENYON COMPANY, 413 Albert Street, WAUKESHA, WIS.

Makers of The Little Brown Bungalows.

HOUSES ON DISPLAY, SET UP AND FURNISHED AT ALL THESE STORES:

Albany, N. Y., . W. M. Whitney & Co.
Allentown, Pa., . C. A. Dorney Furn. Co.
Ann Arbor, Mich., . . Mack & Company
Ashland, Wis., . . . Dopp & Watson
Atlanta, Ga., . . . J. M. High Company
Bakersfield, Cal., . Willow Furniture Co.
Baltimore, Md., . . Stewart & Company
Binghamton, N. Y., McNamara & Harding
Boston, Mass., . Jordan Marsh Company
Bridgeport, Conn., Howland Dry Goods Co.
Brockton, Mass., . Atherton Furniture Co.
Buffalo, N. Y., . William Hengerer Co.
Chicago, Ill., . Marshall Field & Company
Cincinnati, O., . . Geo. W. McAlpin Co.
Cleveland, O., . . Sterling & Welch Co.
Colo. Springs, Colo., Pelta Mercantile Co.
Davenport, Iowa, ... The Fair
Dayton, O., ... Rike-Kumler Co.
Denver, Colo., Colo. Builders' Supply Co.
Detroit, Mich., . Emmons Specialty Co.
Duluth, Minn., . . Kelley Hardware Co.
Fargo, N. D., W. O. Olsen Furniture Co.
Fond du Lac, Wis., E. M. Little Furn. Co.
Galesburg, Ill., . . Doyle Furniture Co.
Grand Forks, N. D., . The Ontario Store
Great Falls, Mont., . . Strain Brothers
Halifax, N. S., Nova Scotia Furn. Co., Ltd.
Indianapolis, Ind., . . . Gus. Habich
Kansas City, Mo., . . The Jones Store
La Crosse, Wis., . Wm. Doerflinger Co.
Los Angeles, Cal., A. Hamburger & Sons
Lynchburg, Va., . C. M. Guggenheimer
Memphis, Tenn., J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., . . . Gimbel Bros.
Montreal, Can., . Henry Morgan & Co.
Newark, N. J., ... Hahne & Co.
New Britain, Conn., . B. C. Porter Sons
New Haven, Conn., . Edw. Malley Co.
Newton, Kan., . . McManus Dept. Store
New York, N. Y., . . . Gimbel Brothers
Norfolk, Va., . Miller, Rhodes & Swartz
Ottowa, Ont., . . . C. Ross Company
Paterson, N. J., . . . C. B. Vaughan
Philadelphia, Pa., . . . Gimbel Brothers
Phoenix, Ariz., Dorris-Heyman Furn. Co.
Providence, R. I., . . The Shepard Co.
Reading, Pa., . . . G. M. Britton Co.
Rochester, N. Y., . . Duffy-Powers Co.
Rockford, Ill., The Ashton Dry Goods Co.
Savannah, Ga., . Modern Equipment Co.
San Francisco, Cal., . Kenyon Pacific Co.
Schenectady, N. Y., A. Brown & Son Co.
Scranton, Pa., . . . Economy Furn. Co.
Sheboygan, Wis., . Hanchett Furn. Co.
Springfield, Mass., . . Forbes & Wallace
St. Louis, Mo., Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Dry Goods Co.
Stockton, Cal., ... F. A. Gummer
Syracuse, N. Y., . W. A. Abel Company
Toledo, O., . . . Lyon Dry Goods Co.
Toronto, Can., . . . T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
Trenton, N. J., . A. V. Manning's Sons
Troy, N. Y., ... R. C. Reynolds
Tyrone, Pa., . The Templeton Company
Utica, N. Y., . . . John A. Roberts & Co.
Vancouver, B. C., . . . Lowe & Co.
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop
Watertown, N.Y. Hardiman-Woolworth Co.
Winnipeg, Can., . T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
Wilkesbarre, Pa., C. F. Murray Furn. Co
Worcester, Mass., Barnard, Sumner & Putnam Co.

Digitized by Google

"I thought he'd never go," she said impatiently; and then, with an uneasy searching look in her eyes, she said contritely: "Do you think I am very terrible?"

He smiled and shook his head, but without profiting by the opportunity her attitude invited.

"You were engaged to Charlie once, weren't you?" he said, trying to give the question an accent of natural curiosity.

"No, never."

"But he is in love with you," he said positively.

She did not like the quiet, inconsequential way in which he spoke; for, in her own mood, she did not detect the jealousy underneath his.

"Please don't let us talk of Mr. Lorraine," she said quickly. "I have never been engaged to Mr. Lorraine, and never could; first, because I don't intend to marry; and second, because, if I did, Mr. Lorraine could never appeal to me."

She broke off and, going to the telephone, said to him over her shoulder:

"You're not in a hurry?"

"No."

"Good — then we need not be interrupted."

She called the office and left word that she would not be at home. Then, rising, she came back slowly, very subdued, still alarmed at the undisturbed friendship in his look.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come to see such a little virago," she said softly.

"I came to see you on a matter of business," he said, without thinking of his words.

Her face fell.

"Oh, indeed!"

He drew out his pocket-book and took out the check.

"Mr. Garraboy is leaving rather suddenly for Europe," he said, turning over the bit of paper. "He has decided to wind up his affairs. He wished me to give you this check in settlement of your account."

She stood quite still, her arms behind her back, but her eyes dangerously brilliant.

"If it's only on business you came," she said, breathing deep, "you can keep your check."

"But ——"

"Is it only on business you go to see other women?"

He extended the check, and the jealousy Lorraine's presence had brought him made him seek to hurt her a little more.

"Don't be unreasonable," he said.

"If you don't answer," she said, stamping her foot, "I will tear it into pieces."

A quick, impulsive joy went through him at this revealing anger.

HAIR AND SKIN BEAUTY

PRESERVED BY CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted by occasional use of Cuticura Ointment. No others do so much for the skin, scalp, hair and hands.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A.

☞ Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

Digitized by Google

You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should Weigh

You can be sound in body and mind; efficient; well poised and

You Can Be Well

I have helped 60,000 of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to **keep** well. Why not you? You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day, in the privacy of your room, to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit your particular needs. I have

Reduced the Weight

of 30,000 women and have

Increased the Weight

of as many more.

My work has grown in favor because results are **quick**, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to *common sense.*

No Drugs — No Medicines

You can—

Be Well so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

Be Attractive—well groomed. You can—

Improve Your Figure—in other words be at *your best.*

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands, and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what **I can do** for you by what **I have done** for others. I have relieved such Chronic Ailments as

Indigestion	**Torpid Liver**
Constipation	**Catarrh**
Anaemia	**Headaches**
Sleeplessness	**Weaknesses**
Nervousness	**Rheumatism**

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are **my pupils**—the medical magazines advertise my work.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 95 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

"I came because I wanted to see you," he said, with a provoking delight in his eyes. "This is of no importance."

She took the check, still looking at him, became calmer, smiled, and then, with a determined bob of her head, went to place it on her writing-desk. All at once she turned quickly:

"But this is signed 'McKenna.'"

"That's a detail."

"Your friend McKenna, the detective? Then you forced this out of Garraboy?"

"It wasn't very hard."

She let the check flutter from her fingers to the desk, thoughtfully considering it, divining slowly what it meant.

"I am unreasonable," she said quietly, returning and holding out her hand. "Thank you. Why did you bother — after the way I acted?"

"Well, just because," he answered, looking down into her eyes.

"So Garraboy is a defaulter," she said slowly.

"I can not tell you any more."

All at once a thought came to her, and an anxious frown passed over her forehead.

"None of this is your money?" she said quickly.

"No."

"On your honor?"

"Yes."

"It is a great thing you have done for me," she said solemnly. "I am very grateful."

"Nonsense," he said lightly. "It was no trouble. I would have done it for any one."

They were near the great dormer windows, high above the threaded smoke and gray roofs of the city, now blending into fuzzy masses with the closing of the day.

"Well, now that your business is over," she said, but with a new lightness, "I suppose you must be going?"

"What do you want me to say?" he said, smiling with a growing feeling of well-being.

"Why did you come?" she repeated maliciously; and, half laughing, half determined, she took the lapel of his coat in a gesture which, on her fingers, was almost a caress. She stood looking up at him, so happy, so brimming with the satisfaction of having him back, of regaining what she had feared to lose, that he could not resist the desire in her eyes.

"Because I like you," he said.

"Despite my tantrums and my moods?"

"On account of them."

"And would you have done what you did for any one?"

"Come to think of it, no."

She was not content. She would rather that he had answered more sentimentally. She felt he was stronger than she was, more controlled.

Digitized by Google

THE possession of good furniture is forever a satisfaction.

Berkey & Gay furniture is not costly, and besides, whether you furnish your entire house, or only one room, or merely buy a piece or two, you have something which is not going to grow old but which will increase in charm for you with the years. Excellent wood is one reason for this, but purity of design and worthiness of making also have a prominent part. Berkey & Gay period pieces have that element of the artistic which is fundamentally beautiful; they do not represent whims nor the straining after the unique. Over fifty years ago we began making our kind of furniture. We may be old fashioned, but we keep on in the same way. When you buy anything bearing our shopmark it will be

For Your Children's Heirlooms

IT is important that you see the Berkey & Gay shopmark when you buy. This shopmark is not a label; it is *inlaid* in every piece. It is made with the piece. It is a lasting guaranty, covering material, design, workmanship and value.

Our period pieces are studies from the authentic masterpieces of their times, while our "Flanders" is the most beautiful treatment of America's own wood—oak—you will find in furniture.

Our dealer, with the displays on his floors, and our portfolios of direct photogravures, enables you to select from our entire line.

ALTHOUGH you may not contemplate purchasing furniture at this time, you will be interested in our de luxe book "Character in Furniture." It is illustrated from oil paintings by Rene Vincent, and gives in an informative way the history of period furniture. It is an expensive book—for us, but the demand has been so great that we have prepared another edition. We will send you a copy for fifteen two cent stamps. Also, on request, we will mail you free "The Story of Berkey & Gay." It is a business story—if you have a boy he will be inspired by reading it.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE

Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.

172 Monroe Ave., Grand Rapids, Michigan

This inlaid mark of honor identifies to you each Berkey & Gay piece.

Digitized by Google

You know motorcycling at its very best when you're astride

The Indian Motocycle

The 1913 models of the Indian Motocycle are as complete and satisfying as the most exacting rider could demand. The prime essentials of Power, Speed, Flexibility, Comfort, Reliability and Ease of Control are positively superb in each instance. No less than eleven improvements this year. Twenty-nine minor "refinements" in addition.

Most important new features are those providing absolute riding comfort. No jolting—no vibration.

The Cradle Spring Frame

is the greatest of all improvements. Riding on the Indian is like riding on air, so smooth is its running. There's no strain on the nervous system and no unnecessary jarring of the machine and fittings. The "life" of the motorcycle is greatly increased.

Two Riding Positions

Equipment of footboards in addition to pedals, on 4 H. P. and 7 H. P. "regular" models, is another new feature. You have the choice of two comfortable riding positions with the double brake control in each. You may use the pedals merely for starting the motor if you wish. Improved luggage carrier will commend itself to tourists and traveling men especially.

Any speed from 4 to 50 miles an hour. Free Engine Clutch gives the Indian a thousand speeds. Motor has reserve power that takes you up any hill. Wonderfully economical motorcycle to maintain. No "extras" on the 1913 models. No increase in prices.

First get a free demonstration from the nearest of our 2000 dealers throughout the country. No matter where you live, there's an Indian dealer handy. Ask us for his name and address.

Prices: { 4 H.P. Single Cylinder, $200 } *F. O. B.*
{ 7 H.P. Twin Cylinder, $250 } *Factory*

Write us for free 1913 catalog describing all models and improvements.

THE HENDEE MFG. CO., 939 State Street Springfield, Mass.
(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

Branch and Service Stations:
Chicago Denver San Francisco Atlanta Toronto London

"Are you interested in Emma Fornez?" she said, looking away from him.

"Oh — interested."

"You like her?"

"Yes, very much."

"I shouldn't like to have you talked about."

He did not answer.

"What have I done that displeases you, Teddy?" she said all at once.

But, before he could answer, the room behind them dropped suddenly back into darkness.

"The light's gone out," she said, startled, her hand on his arm.

"The current's cut — that's all," he answered. "I'll light a lamp."

"No. It's good here. Wait. It'll only be a moment."

They remained in the dusk, turning their glances out of the window, suddenly conscious of the panorama of the evening — the stir of departing multitudes, the end of labor and the coming of rest.

"How plainly you can see!" he said. "That's Brooklyn Bridge, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Toward the east three giant spans stood out across the unreal gray water, that had neither banks nor green approaches, that cut its way like an invading flood through the huddled cities. Innumerable cottony puffs of steam, busy, hurrying, restless, rose from unseen hulls across the fading silhouettes of tangled spars. High to the south, from a cyclopean tower, a cyclopean eye was shining. Below, in the long, straight avenues, the city was putting on its necklaces of brilliants; and from the black dotted masses that must be there somewhere in the growing obscurity, rushing home over the backs of the waters, high above housetops or deep through the bowels of the city, a great sigh seemed to rise with the sudden freshening of the twilight breeze, while the two human beings who looked down, as God looks down on this spectacle of a moving world, found nothing to express the sudden melancholy that troubled them, awakening vague desires, stirring them with the feeling of their own littleness.

"Come," she said, the first to turn away; and, lingering, looking back, she placed a hand on his arm, repeating: "Come."

He did not reply, but stood looking beyond, deeply conscious of all this humanity that each moment receded farther from them, isolating them, lifting them above the world into the loneliness of the skies. Her hand remained on his arm unconsciously; but its weight, so soft and yet so imperious, recalled him to himself. He thought no longer of what lay without. He

Digitized by Google

THE WEBER PIANOLA

PLAYER-PIANO $1000

Royal Warrant of Appointment
H. R. H.
Crown Prince
GUSTAF ADOLF
of SWEDEN

WITHIN the Weber, lying dormant like a captive soul, is all the music of all the ages.

And the Pianola, the *art* of playing—sets it free.

"The Pianolist" a book by Gustave Kobbé is for sale at all book stores—or a copy will be sent with our compliments if you address Department Y.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY
AEOLIAN HALL·NEW YORK

STEINWAY·STECK·STUYVESANT·STROUD·WHEELOCK AND WEBER PIANOLA·PIANOS

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

Fits-U Eyeglasses

offer the most becoming and most comfortable way of correctly fitting your eyes that eighty years' experience has developed.

You will find Fits-U Eyeglasses at your opticians. There is a little mark on the bridge by which you can identify them. It looks like this:

Write for "The Glass of Fashion." Address Dept. B

American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

Largest makers of spectacles, eyeglasses and lenses in the world

New York Chicago San Francisco London

Digitized by Google

looked at her. She was trembling. He too felt the subtle, disturbing restlessness of this dusk that closed in about them, shutting out the peopled world — this mood of the day that exerts over human beings such a compelling desire.

She turned and looked at him. He could not see her face distinctly, only the eyes — that seemed incapable of seeing all but his. Then abruptly, brusquely, by the same mutual impulse, they were in each other's arms, straining to each other, their lips irresistibly closed over each other's, feeling themselves more and more wrapped around by this soft darkness that had cast them up, enfolding their loneliness in the great protective instinct of human love.

The room flared up brilliantly. She recovered herself first, drawing out of his arms, covering her face with fingers that still throbbed with the agony of their embrace.

They could not look at each other, bewildered by the suddenness of what had happened. She went past him hurriedly to the fireplace and sat down. He followed irresolutely, feeling his feet unsteady beneath him, all the intellectual forces within him submerged, drunk, overthrown by the sudden delirious awakening of his senses, suddenly aroused by this revelation of woman.

"What have we done? What was it?" she said breathlessly, without facing him. "We are crazy, Teddy — crazy!"

He came heavily to the other end of the fireplace, leaning on the mantel, looking down at the woman who was no longer an indefinite mystery of silks and colors, but a moving, living body that had stirred in his arms.

"Teddy, we are crazy," she repeated. "What possessed us?"

"It is you who are crazy now," he said abruptly. "What is the use of arguing? Those things are beyond us. It is over — it is settled. We had nothing to do with it."

"No, no," she cried vigorously, jumping up. "It is not right. It isn't fair to you. We were swept off our feet."

"Thank heaven, yes."

"But it's impossible; it's crazy — it's senseless. I don't want to marry — I don't want to fall in love. I want to be free; I must be free. I know that — you know that. So what then?"

"What's the use of arguing? It's been settled for us.".

"But it isn't settled. I lost my head — you lost your head. We didn't know what we were doing. Marriage is impossible, absurd. I'm not a woman to marry — you would be unhappy. Don't you see how ridiculous it is? I think only of myself, my career ——"

"What's all that amount to? You love me

Indestructible Porcelain $18 and up

The food compartments of Leonard Refrigerators are made of *pure white genuine porcelain* fused to steel in 2000 degrees of heat in our own porcelain plant. Made in one piece without crack, seam or corner. The lining of a Leonard Cleanable

Guaranteed Refrigerator

is indestructible. Mr. Leonard has been in the refrigerator business since Lincoln was president. He sells every Leonard Cleanable on a binding Money-Back Guarantee. If your dealer won't supply you we will ship direct, *Freight Paid*, east of Mississippi and north of Ohio River.

LEONARD Cleanable

Protects you from ptomaine poisoning. Preserves your food and health, also insures reasonable ice bills. Send for catalog showing 50 different styles including outside icing refrigerators.

30 Days Trial — Ask for sample of our porcelain lining and Leonard booklet telling all about refrigerators.

FREE SAMPLE

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO.
112 Clyde Park Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.
The Largest Refrigerator Plant in the World.

A Chance For A Good Man To Make A Business For Himself

The management of large stores, schools, factories and industrial organizations are awakening to the advantages of

PEN-DAR PLANISHED STEEL **LOCKERS**

as well as our metal cabinets, shelving, and other equipment.

System and Efficiency are becoming big factors in modern enterprise.

And we can help one good live man in every territory where we are not represented to profit by this change and build a lucrative and growing business of his own.

Edw. Darby & Sons Co., 240 Arch St., Philadelphia

Digitized by Google

ARROW COLLARS and SHIRTS

MARLEY *and* **DEVON**
Two heights in the cutaway front collar now so popular with men who make of dress a study. *2 for 25 cents*

The color combinations and patterns in "Style H" shirts are correct and uncommon, and the shirts are made to insure absolute comfort to most men. *$1.50 and up*

Send for Booklet, CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Makers, TROY, N. Y.

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

and I love you. It's always been so. We've been fools, and we didn't know it."

"But I don't know it!" she cried; yet in the same breath she knew that it was so. But this knowledge only roused in her the spirit to combat, to resist, to put away from her the threatening obstacle.

"Nonsense! Why didn't you let me go? You wouldn't — you brought me back — you couldn't help it; and I came. I would have come if you hadn't called me. I've said all that you say myself. What good did it do me? Here I am!"

"Well, then, yes, we may love each other," she said desperately. "I don't know. I can not reason it out. It may be so, perhaps. But, even then? Teddy, it can't go on! Don't you see how wicked it would be — how wrong? Your wife can't be on the stage, and I can't give it up. It's everything — it's been my whole life. We must be strong; we must stop it. It's absurd — it's wrong."

She came to him, seized by the two contrary impulses: an instinctive revolt, a desire to force him from her life — and something just as instinctive and irresistible that drew her back to him; and at the moment she said the firmest "No, no, it's absurd, it's wrong," she put out her hand and caught his coat in her fingers.

He caught her to him, wrapping his arms around her. She continued to protest, but without resisting, her head dropped on his shoulder, her eyes closed, her lips breathlessly open.

All at once from the hall came the sound of a key in the latch. They disengaged themselves hurriedly, arranging their disordered hair, standing ridiculously apart.

From the ante-chamber came the voice of Miss Tilbury, the chaperon, discreetly remaining without:

"Nan dear, Mr. Hargrave is below. He has come for his manuscript."

"But I'm not at home," she said in a muffled voice.

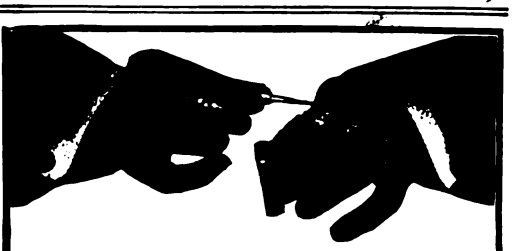
"You ought to send it down to him, really."

"Mr. Beecher is here; aren't you coming in?"

"In a moment."

The steps died away. Beecher, who had looked at the clock, uttered an exclamation. She came to him quickly, with the motions of the alert feline, and, seizing his wrist, said quickly:

"Listen, Teddy. I will not hold you to what has happened. We are out of our senses — you and I. We are crazy — crazy! You must not see me for a while — two days, at least — until we know what we are doing. Go now, please." Then, suddenly remembering that



"Paint It with New-Skin"

New-Skin is an antiseptic liquid for emergency use on cuts, scrapes and little hurts. It dries and forms a flexible coating, not affected by washing.

Home size 25c; Pocket size 10c; Surgeon's size 50c. See directions and circular, "200 Uses." There is only one New-Skin. Be very careful not to accept an imitation. If you cannot get New-Skin at a drug store, we will supply the 25c or 50c sizes by Parcel Post. Stamps taken.

NEWSKIN COMPANY, Dept. H
100 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York

Get that Smile

It was caught in an instant by a lens of surpassing merit. The perfect illumination and uniformly clear definition can not be suggested by the reproduction. The best results will be within your reach with a

Bausch and Lomb-Zeiss TESSAR LENS

Its remarkable power of gathering and transmitting light gives great speed — clear definition — perfect illumination. The Tessar is unequaled for portraits, landscapes, action subjects, etc.

Price and information as to the best lens for your purpose will be sent postpaid. Write for Booklet 2H today. Ask your dealer to show you a Tessar.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
NEW YORK WASHINGTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON ROCHESTER, N.Y. FRANKFORT

Digitized by Google

Yes Sir, this is the 100th copy I've made with that FREE Sample sheet of

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK

CARBON PAPER

All clean and distinct, all permanently written, fade-proof, rub-proof, smut-proof.

Black or blue MultiKopy never fades. Its smooth surface makes all the letters on a page of its copy evenly distinct. A single sheet will copy 100 letters *well*. It is the only carbon paper that can give you 20 perfect copies at one writing.

Send for FREE Sample Sheet

with your name, address and dealer's name.

F. S. WEBSTER CO., 342 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Ask for Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons

Set Six Screws— *Save Furniture Dollars!*

It takes six minutes to drive these six screws, and **the saving is $13.25.** Now if your time is worth more than $2.21 a minute, don't read any further.

This advertisement is for those who want high-grade furniture at rock-bottom prices and approve a selling plan that actually saves big money.

$11.75

No. 300 Library Table
Come-Packt Price $11.75
Shipping Weight 150 lbs.

Over 30,000 American Homes

buy Come-Packt Furniture for these substantial reasons. Here is an example of Come-Packt economy.

This handsome table is Quarter-Sawn White Oak, with rich, deep, natural markings; honestly made; beautifully finished to your order. Height, 30 inches; top, 44 x 28 inches; legs, 2½ inches square. Two drawers; choice of Old Brass or Wood Knobs. It comes to you in four sections, packed in a compact crate, shipped at knock-down rates.

Our price, $11.75. With a screw-driver and six minutes you have a table that would ordinarily sell for $25!

Sold on a Year's Trial

SECTIONAL COME-PACKT FURNITURE

Free Catalog Shows 400 Pieces

for living, dining or bedroom. Color plates show the exquisite finish and upholstering. Factory prices. Write for it today and we will send it to you by return mail. (11)

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 405 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

the same Hargrave had been the innocent cause of a little pain to him, she went quickly to the table and took up the offending play, and, with that sure instinct of a woman to give even the smallest revenge to the man she loves, said: "Take this. Give it to Hargrave yourself. Say I can not see him."

"I shall see you to-morrow."

"No — no; but telephone — to-night:"

She listened a moment, her ear toward the hall like a child, and then sprang into his arms; and this time it seemed to him that it was she, not he, who dominated the embrace.

CHAPTER XXIII

AT half past five, Beecher, his brain in a whirl, arrived breathlessly at the office of McKenna. As luck would have it, only Gunther and the detective were there.

"My friend is a little late," said McKenna, with a quick jerky glance at the clock.

"Where's Garraboy?"

"Twirling his thumbs in another room," said Gunther, laughing. "In a cussing bad humor, too."

For the second time, McKenna glanced nervously at the clock. Beecher was struck with the mood of restlessness which obsessed him.

"Mr. Beecher," he said suddenly, stopping short, "I'm not sure but what I've gone off on a ridiculous tangent; it may be — it may be. Have you still got that envelope I gave you?"

"Yes, in my pocket — here," said Beecher, surprised, laying his hand on his coat.

"It was a ridiculous thing for me to do," said McKenna quickly. He made a movement of his hand as though to take it, but repressed it, saying: "All I ask is, don't open it until I see you." Then, still ruffled, he turned away, saying to himself: "Guessing — humph! I'd fire a man for doing that."

The telephone rang with a message from the outer office, and a moment later, to the amazement of both young men, Mapleson of the firm of Sontag & Co. came in, smiling and businesslike.

"How are you, McKenna?" he said affably, shaking hands. "Sorry to keep you waiting. What can I do for you?"

He was a slender, dark young man of forty-two or -three, very graceful, pleasant in voice and fluent in manner, with a sure instinct for ingratiating himself where it best could serve.

"How do you do, Mr. Beecher," he said, on being introduced. "I am very glad to know you, Mr. Gunther. I have the pleasure of knowing your father slightly. The country owes him a great debt for what he's done in this panic.

Digitized by Google

All These FREE!

Present this coupon to your paint or hardware dealer for our 25-cent Instruction Book. He will also give you free two 10-cent bottles of Johnson's Wood Dye, which comes in 17 shades, such as Mission Oak, Early English, Mahogany, etc., and one 10-cent can of Johnson's Prepared Wax. Our book tells how to secure the right artistic wood effects with least expense and trouble.

Johnson's Wood Dye

is a *dye*, not a stain. It sinks deep down bringing out the natural beauty of the wood. In half an hour it will be perfectly dry. No dust sticks, no streaks show. Not only beautiful but lasting and easy to use. May be applied over old worn varnish or shellac.

Johnson's Prepared Wax

a *perfect furniture polish* and finish for all woodwork, floors, and furniture, including pianos. Can be used over all finishes. Is beautifying and protecting. Our book tells how to apply it over any wood—new or old. Get the book and 10c packages free from your dealer.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wis.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Value 55c-FREE

Good at your paint or hardware store for one 25c book and three 10c packages.

I asked my dealer (name)

.....

but he could not supply me—so please send postpaid.

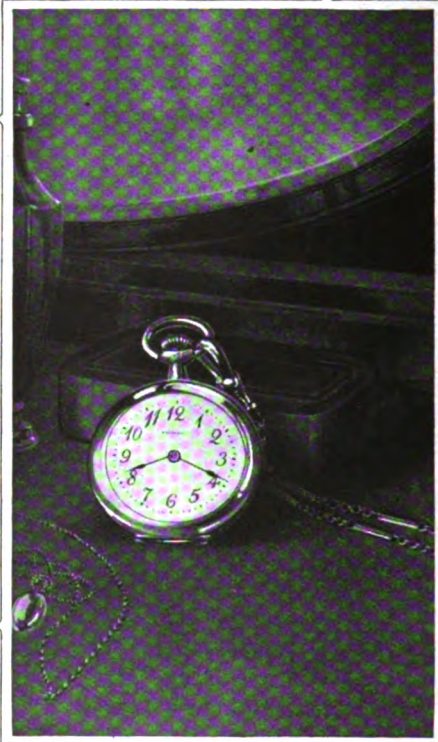
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

K.4. This coupon must first be presented to your dealer.

Digitized by Google



At both extremes of size

and in between

Waltham Watches

have the supreme instrumental excellence

The watch on the left is the Waltham "Vanguard", the most widely used railroad watch in the world. In every country you will find trains running, and running promptly on Vanguard time. But we do not consider this the height of Waltham achievement, for the reason that large size watches such as railroad men use are not particularly difficult to manufacture.

A more severe test of watch-making occurs in the thinner and smaller models such as the lady's watch pictured above, the movement having the same diameter as a nickel 5-cent piece. It is our sincere opinion that Waltham offers the first ladies' watches which can really be considered as serious dependable time-pieces

Most ladies' watches are made to be worn in the bureau drawer; Walthams are designed for actual use and accurate use at that.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Waltham Riverside model. It is worth a hundred "toy watches".

Riverside Watches are described and illustrated in a booklet, sent free upon request. Please mention "The Riverside Family."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, Waltham, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Well, is there any mystery I can clear up for you?"

He accepted a chair, crossed his legs easily, brought out a gold cigarette-case, offered it with a wave, and smiled at their declinations.

"Why, yes, Mr. Mapleson; you can give us a little information," said McKenna.

"Anything I can do for you, McKenna — glad to do it," said Mapleson.

"You may remember a ring that was sold by your firm a few months ago to Mr. John G. Slade," said McKenna directly — "a single ruby, valued, I believe, around thirty thousand dollars."

Mapleson did not avert his eyes from the glance of the detective; yet, without a movement of his body, an instant change came in his manner. He drew in a puff of smoke, let it out, nodded carefully, and said:

"Yes, known as the Bogota ruby. I remember perfectly."

"I understand that that ring was brought back within the last ten days and pledged for a considerable amount."

"Indeed?" said Mapleson. He flung away the half-smoked cigarette and busied himself with selecting another. "Well, what do you want to know?"

"I want to know the name of the person — man or woman — who pledged it."

Mapleson changed his mind, shut the cigarette-case with a snap, clasped his hands in front of him, thumbs up, and pressed his lips against his teeth.

"Can you tell me a little more?" he said at last.

"No, I can not," McKenna replied frankly.

The eyes of the jeweler wandered from the detective and settled on the face of Beecher. The look made the young man flush. It was as though the smiling, affable confidant of feminine mysteries and intrigues were asking himself what part in all this he was playing.

"Can you tell me for whom you are acting, Mr. Beecher?" he said suddenly.

McKenna made a gesture of warning, interrupting:

"I'm sorry — we can not."

"Have you a warrant?" continued Mapleson seriously. "In other words, is this a friendly meeting or a legal procedure?"

"There is no warrant as yet. It is a case we particularly desire to keep out of court," said McKenna.

"It is very embarrassing," said Mapleson frankly, "very. I don't know quite how to act. Of course, McKenna, considering your relations with our firm, I should always be glad to assist you in any way — you understand that. The

"THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY"

YOU can recognize the genuineness of Old Hampshire Bond by its feel and crackle. It's seldom necessary to look for the water-mark.

Old Hampshire Bond

You will enjoy looking through the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It shows a wide selection of ideal letterheads and business forms. Ask for this book on your present letterhead.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER CO.
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively — including "The Stationery of a Gentleman" (Old Hampshire Bond in boxed form with envelopes) for personal correspondence.

Digitized by Google

This Summer—Take "Home" With You When You Go Away

That's the "Springfield" way—the sensible way—the **only** way. Hundreds of families and parties **CONVENIENT** will spend the coming months at the seashore, in the mountains, at the lake, in Springfield Portable Houses. Many have done it for years. They find there's nothing like it, with one of these pretty, convenient, **homelike** houses.

The Springfield is guaranteed absolutely water-tight and wind-proof—it's not "made to sell" like **PRACTICAL** the ordinary kind, but to give lasting satisfaction **at small cost.** It's the best, most practical suggestion for that "different" outing you've always wanted. Everything simple—two unskilled men can put it up in a few hours.

Of course you've got some questions. Ask them—we like to answer them.

SPRINGFIELD MANUFACTURING CO.
862 Allen St., Springfield, Mass.
New York Office, 39 Cortlandt Street

Macey
Book Cabinets
Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

Time to Build Your Boat

Complete Patterns and Instructions from $2 to $12

LET us send you complete parts for a boat, shaped and fitted. Easy to assemble. Save two-thirds boat builder's price. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Only $28 for complete knock-down frame of 23-foot Motor Boat—12 passengers—speed 9½ to 14 miles an hour. This includes full-sized patterns to finish by. The boat season comes soon, so

Write for Brooks Boat Book

with 72 pages of illustrations and descriptions of row boats, canoes, sail and motor boats that you can build. Address

BROOKS MFG. CO., 6104 Sidney Street, Saginaw, Michigan

present case is different. The ring was not pledged with Sontag & Co.— but with me personally. It is a personal matter, and a very delicate one."

"I understand that," said McKenna, frowning. "And yet, I must inform you that I shall probably have to proceed in the usual manner."

"Of course, if I'm brought into court on a summons," said Mapleson thoughtfully, "that is different. If I am faced by the fact that a theft has taken place, I can do nothing else but aid the law."

"But now ——"

"At present? No, McKenna; I can not give you the name of the person that pledged the ring with me. The case seems very complex to me — much more than you may believe; and as nothing is legally charged, I prefer to keep my relations confidential."

"Mr. Mapleson, can you answer this?"

"What?"

"Is your refusal because you believe the intention of the person who pledged it is to restore it to its owner?"

Mapleson turned the question over a long time, whistling softly to himself. Finally he said:

"I don't know. I know nothing."

"Can you tell me the amount you advanced on the ring?"

"Yes, I think I can tell you that," he said, after a moment's thought. "I advanced twenty-eight thousand dollars."

"Twenty-eight?" said McKenna, lifting his eyebrows. "Twenty-eight on a ring worth only thirty thousand?"

"It was not a business transaction — entirely," said Mapleson stiffly.

"Then Sontag & Co. knew nothing about it?"

"No."

"Was the ring pledged the day before Majendie committed suicide?"

"Yes."

"In the morning?"

"Early in the morning."

"One final question. The ring is still in your possession?"

"No."

"It is not in your possession?" said McKenna, with a sudden clearing of his forehead. "Mr. Mapleson, you are answering this because you feel bound ——"

"Not at all," said Mapleson quickly. "The ring was redeemed this morning. I know nothing more about it."

The speculations which were occasioned by this disclosure were suddenly interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Come," said McKenna sharply.

Digitized by Google

CHALMERS

FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12, 1905

TRADE MARK

"Porosknit"

DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19, 1905

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GUARANTEED

Remember, there is only one genuine

"Porosknit" Underwear—and it bears the label shown here and has the Chalmers Guarantee Bond with every garment, as shown at bottom of page. Read it.

Do not be misled into accepting underwear that merely *looks something like* "Porosknit." It isn't.

"Porosknit" is properly made; built to be comfortable and with the quality to wear. That's why it can be and is guaranteed—satisfactory or money back.

Light, cool, durable, soft, absorbent, elastic, shape-retaining and perfect fitting. Try the Chalmers "Porosknit"

Get This Guarantee

Chalmers Guarantee

If, in your opinion, this garment, labeled as below,

CHALMERS

Be Sure It Has This Label

"Porosknit" TRADE MARK

It Means Genuine "Porosknit"

GUARANTEED

fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage.

This guarantee applies to every genuine "Porosknit" garment not stamped "Seconds" or "Imperfect" across the "Porosknit" Label.

Chalmers Knitting Company, Amsterdam, New York

Union Suit

with closed crotch but no bulging flaps. It stays buttoned (no gaping). Fits right at waist.

Write for Illustrated Style Booklet

For Men **$1.00** Any Style Union Suits **50c** For Boys

For Men **50c** Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment **25c** For Boys

Men's Mercerized fabric (looks like silk), $1.00 per garment; Union Suits, $2.00

Handled by Good Dealers Everywhere

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
12 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

Instead of paying high prices for good custom tailoring, or buying clothes made for nobody in particular, cut down the high cost of living by having us tailor

Your Clothes to Order
for $25 to $50

They will not only fit both mind and body, but will look better and last longer than anything you can obtain elsewhere for anything like the money.

Our local dealer in your city will show you our handsome Spring and Summer woolens and take your measure.

G. W. Price & Co.

Largest tailors in the world of
GOOD made-to-order clothes

Price Building Chicago, U. S. A.

Digitized by Google

An assistant entered with two letters. McKenna looked at the first and nodded; and then, seeing the address on the second, looked up quickly, saying:

"How did this come — this letter for Mr. Beecher?"

"It was sent down from his apartment, I believe, sir. Mr. Beecher's man brought it, I think."

"Very well." McKenna dismissed him with a gesture, but, instead of opening his letter, thrust both in his pocket.

"That's all, Mr. Mapleson," he said with incisiveness. "I'm sorry to have troubled you. It's quite possible, as you perhaps believe, this case will be settled out of court."

"Let's hope so," said Mapleson non-committally. "I'm always at your service, you know. It's I who should apologize. Mr. Gunther, remember me to your father. Mr. Beecher, I hope to meet you soon again."

He shook hands warmly with Beecher, as though the young man had acquired a new value in his eyes, and went out.

The moment the door had shut, McKenna had the two letters out of his pocket.

"Two letters from the same lady," he said, tossing one to Beecher. "Both messages the same, too, I'll bet. Of course!"

He laughed and extended the letter to Gunther, who read:

DEAR MR. MCKENNA:

The ring has just been returned. Can I see you at once? Take no further measures.

RITA KILDAIR.

McKenna was a changed man. All the indecision had left him. His eyes were sparkling with pleasure and he was laughing to himself as he took up the telephone.

"Here, give me Clancy," he cried petulantly. "Hello. What's the matter with Brady — hasn't he come back with that information yet? He has? Well, why the deuce — Send in the figures. Quick!"

A moment later a slip was in his hand and he was gazing at it eagerly.

"Mr. Beecher, give me half an hour's start — no, better, three quarters of an hour. Wait — have you got a car? Good. Drive me up to Mrs. Kildair's as fast as you can get me there."

"What about Garraboy?" said Gunther. "Is he to go free?"

"Not by a long shot!" said McKenna joyfully, rushing them down the hall. In the office he stopped to say hurriedly: "Clancy, stick by Garraboy. Feed him — but keep him close until I telephone you!"

TO BE CONTINUED

The Florsheim SHOE

It is not what you pay but what you *get* when you *buy* The Florsheim Shoe.

Look for the Florsheim Sign—You'll find a live dealer ready to show you correct styles to fit your feet.

Price $5.00

"IMPERIAL" Quality $6.00

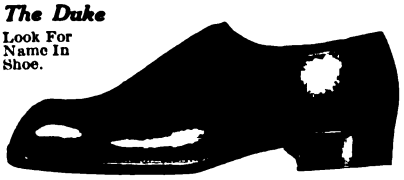
Style Book FREE upon request

The Florsheim Shoe Company

Chicago, U. S. A.

The Duke

Look For Name In Shoe.



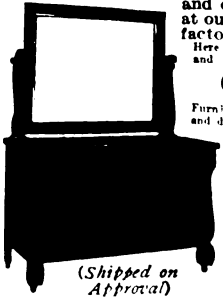
Buy As Dealers Buy

at Grand Rapids, the World's Furniture center, direct from factory at factory prices. We furnish your home and office complete—goods returned at our expense if not perfectly satisfactory.

Here design and quality reign supreme—here styles and standards for furniture of class are fixed.

QUALITY

Furniture has satisfied thousands of people of taste and discrimination—and saved them money besides.



(*Shipped on Approval*)

The 1913 Book of Quality—160 handsome large pages for wise furniture buyers, containing the CREAM of GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE designs, by parcels post for 25 cents—stamps or silver. (We credit this on your first order or return your quarter if you say so.) Write for this guide to economy and Quality today.

QUALITY FURNITURE CO.,

(Formerly Grand Rapids Furniture Mfg. Co.)

405 Quality Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Digitized by Google

Baby's First Bath

In a famous hospital, three babes are born daily. The care of these infants has become an exact science.

The nurses use nothing but soft tepid water and pure olive oil for baby's bath the first week of its life.

After that Palmolive naturally follows.

* * * *

Baby's first soap and water bath should be always a Palmolive bath—smooth, soft, creamy suds, of warm fresh water and Palmolive Soap.

Many physicians recommend Palmolive as the perfect soap for a Baby's delicate skin, because it is made of the two necessary palm and olive oils.

And because it does not contain free alkali, or anything that can injure the tenderest skin. Palmolive Soap refreshes and invigorates the skin, preventing redness, irritation or chafing.

Since Palmolive Soap is best for the tender skins of children, it certainly is best for grown women and men. Palmolive Soap is *unlike* any other toilet soap—because of the soothing, cleansing, softening effects of the wonderful palm and olive oils. That is why more Palmolive is used than any other high-grade toilet soap. Price 15 cts. per cake.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO is delightfully cleansing. It stimulates the hair to healthful lustre and luxuriant growth. Price 50 cts.

PALMOLIVE CREAM is pure and delightful. It whitens and nourishes the skin, and imparts a soft and delicate refinement to a woman's toilet. Price 50 cts.

Send two 2-cent stamps for sample cake of Palmolive Soap and free booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty"

PALMOLIVE is sold by all good dealers

Made by B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Digitized by Google

"THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL THERE WHOSE FACE CAUGHT AND HELD MY ATTENTION"

ARIBAUD'S TWO WIVES

BY

LEONARD MERRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE ELEGANT DE FRONSAC," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER

IN the Bois, the day before yesterday, I met Madame Aribaud. By Madame "Aribaud" I mean the wife of a very popular dramatist, and I call them "Aribaud" because it wouldn't do to mention their true name. I like meeting Madame Aribaud when I take a walk in Paris. It refreshes me — not only because she isn't preceded by a gust of scent, and doesn't daub her mouth clown red, like other Parisiennes, but because she is so cheerful. She diffuses cheerfulness. She sat beaming at her little son while he scattered crumbs for the birds, and she informed me that he was in the latest fashion, having a nurse from England to give him the real English pronunciation, though as yet he was scarcely a linguist. And the nurse said: "I tell madam we must be pietient with 'im; we can't expect 'im to talk like I do hall at once!"

Also the lady informed me that they had finished arranging their new house, and that on the morrow I must go there to *déjeuner*. Although they are French, the Aribauds are as hospitable a couple as you will find anywhere in the world.

So I went; and they showed me the "English nursery," and an American contrivance that she had presented to her husband for his dressing-room — "*Comme ils sont pratiques, les Américains!*" — and an antique or two that she had picked up for his study; and, not least, she showed us both some *croquettes de pommes* that looked ethereal, and — I have never tasted

Digitized by Google

$1.00 Sent Anywhere in U. S.

On Approval $1.00

BEATS CARD SYSTEMS

This Outfit Will Prove It.
RECORDS INDEXED ALPHABETICALLY AND BY DATE AT THE SAME TIME
All Kinds of Records Can be Arranged Better and Found Easier in OUR LOOSE LEAF BINDERS Than if Kept in Any Other way.

$1.00 This complete outfit sent on approval. If it's not worth MORE to you send it back and we will return your $1.00

One Improved Flat Opening Loose Leaf Binder covered with Imported Buckram, size 5¾ in. high, 8½ in. wide, 1½ in. thick; securely holding 200 sheets.

Two Hundred Sheets—(Your choice of 45 different record forms, including 5 different Ledger Rulings), on a fine quality of white bond paper, size 5 in. high by 8 in. wide.

One Complete Set Alphabetical Index Sheets to fit Binder, with durable tabs printed on both sides.

Twenty-five Moore's Movable Metal Markers for indexing records Alphabetically and According to Date.

One Special Heavy Index Sheet, numbered from 1 to 31.

OUR FREE BOOK—"Moore's Modern Methods" contains 160 pages of valuable information on the subject of Bookkeeping and Loose Leaf Accounting; it illustrates and describes the various ruled and printed record forms which can be furnished with this outfit. We send this book WITHOUT CHARGE to any Business or Professional Man who writes for it.

JOHN C. MOORE CORPORATION, 802 Stone Street, Rochester, N. Y.

IMPROVES THE FIGURE.

THE BEST "APENTA" NATURAL APERIENT WATER

BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

Blooker's cocoa

You'll Like It if You'll Try It

Here you have the ideal beverage for YOUR table—every cup delicious, fragrant, satisfying—and nutritious and healthful as well. Sustaining, invigorating—easy to prepare.

Free Sample Postpaid. Address Dept. J.

Sold by Good Grocers

46 Hudson Street, New York.

croquettes de pommes like Madame Aribaud's' I always declare that she is the most domesticated of pretty women, and that her husband is the most pampered of good fellows. Playgoers who know him merely by his comedies, in which married people get on so badly together up to the fourth act, might be surprised to see inside his villa.

Only when he and I were lounging in the study afterwards — my hostess was in the little garden, pretending to be a horse — I said to him, as the boy's shouts came up to us through the open window: "Isn't the child disturbing out there when you're busy?"

My friend nodded. "Sometimes," he acknowledged, "he disturbs me. What would you have? He must play, and the 'garden' is too diminutive for him to go far away in it. It makes me think of what Dumas père said when he paid a visit to his son's chalet in the suburbs: 'Open your dining-room window and give your garden some air!' Once or twice I have wondered whether I should work in a front room instead; but, to tell you the truth, I always come to the conclusion that I like the noise. A dramatist may suffer from worse drawbacks than a child's laughter, believe me!" He blew smoke thoughtfully, and added: "My first wife was childless."

Now, though I knew Maurice Aribaud very well indeed, I had never heard that this was his second marriage, and I suppose I stared.

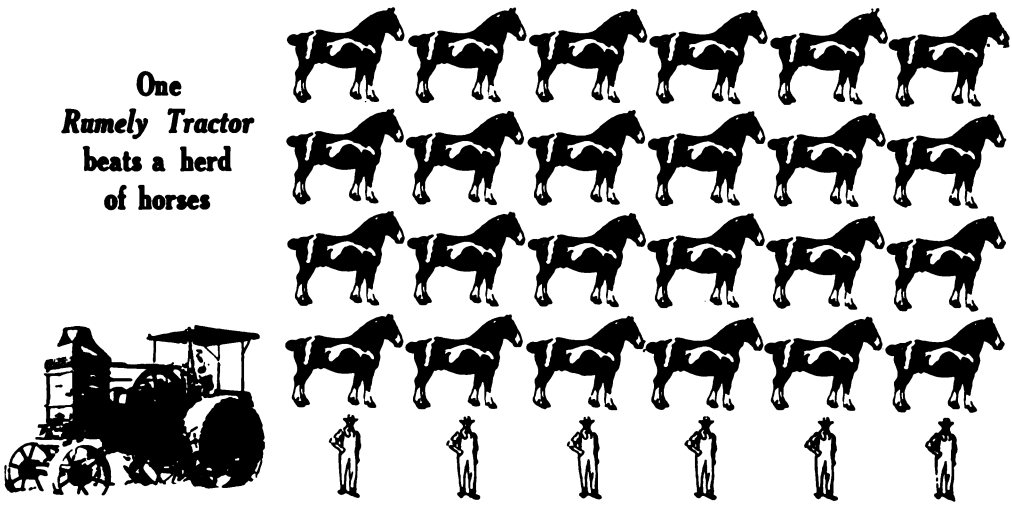
"Yes," he said again, "my first wife was childless." And then, with many pauses, he told me a lot that I had not suspected about his life, and, though I can't pretend to remember his precise words, or the exact order in which details were forthcoming, I am going to quote him as well as I can.

"I HAD not two louis to knock together when I met her, and I wasn't so very young. I had been writing for the theater for years, and had begun to despair of ever seeing anything produced. To complete my misery, I had no companionship, if one excepts books — no friend who wrote, or aspired to write, no acquaintance who did not draw his screw from a billet as humdrum as my own. I was a clerk in the Magasins du Louvre, and though, of course, the other men in the office talked about plays,— in France everybody is interested in plays; in England, I hear, you are interested only in the players! — none of them was so congenial that I was tempted to announce my ambitions to him. I used to think how exciting it must be to know authors and artists, even though they were obscure and out-at-elbows. Every night, as I walked home and passed the windows of a

Digitized by Google

The Horse-Cost of Farming

One *Rumely Tractor* beats a herd of horses



The next cost to be cut down is ***Horse*** Cost. To feed our 25,000,000 horses requires ***one fifth*** of all our farm land.

120,000,000 tons of food a year go to feed Horses and Mules. All told, the annual Horse-and-Mule cost is more than

$2,000,000,000

This vast expense, which has become excessive, is now being reduced by the use of the

RUMELY OILPULL TRACTOR LA PORTE IND.

One of these tractors, while burning 2 to 4 gallons of kerosene, can plow one acre of ground. It can plow from 25 to 50 acres in a day and night. It gives *cheap power* for a hundred uses.

Last year's output of Rumely OilPull Tractors did the work of more than 100,000 horses, on farms alone. Better investigate tractors, if you have much money invested in land. Send for catalog and details.

There are 51 Rumely Machines—all cost-cutters

RUMELY PRODUCTS CO.
(Incorporated)
Power-Farming Machinery
LA PORTE, IND.

402

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

bohemian café, I used to look at it wistfully. I envied the fiercest disappointments of the habitués inside; for they were at least professionals of sorts — they moved in a different planet from myself. Once in a blue moon I found the resolution to enter, pushing the door open timidly, like a provincial venturing into Paillard's. I suppose I had a vague hope that something might happen, something that would yield confidences, perhaps a comrade for life. But I sat in the place embarrassed, with the air of an intruder, and came out feeling even lonelier than when I went in.

"One windy, wet day I was at the mont-de-piété to redeem my watch. I had pawned it two or three weeks before because I had seen a second-hand copy of a book that I wanted very much and could not afford at the moment — I had feared that if I waited it might be gone. I will not inquire whether you have ever pawned anything in Paris yourself, but, if you have not, you may not know the formalities of the *dégagement?* You have pawned things only in London — ah!

"'AH, YOU DECLARE BEFOREHAND THAT I HAVE NO ABILITY! WHY DO YOU SAY SUCH A THING? IT ISN'T RIGHT OF YOU!'"

"Well, after you have paid the principal and the interest, you are given a numbered ticket, and then you go into a room and take your choice among uncomfortable benches, and wait

Digitized by Google

FAIRY SOAP

—is the purest white toilet soap made.

¶ The cake fits the hand; the price, **5c,** fits the pocketbook; the quality fits the most exacting requirements.

FAIRY SOAP

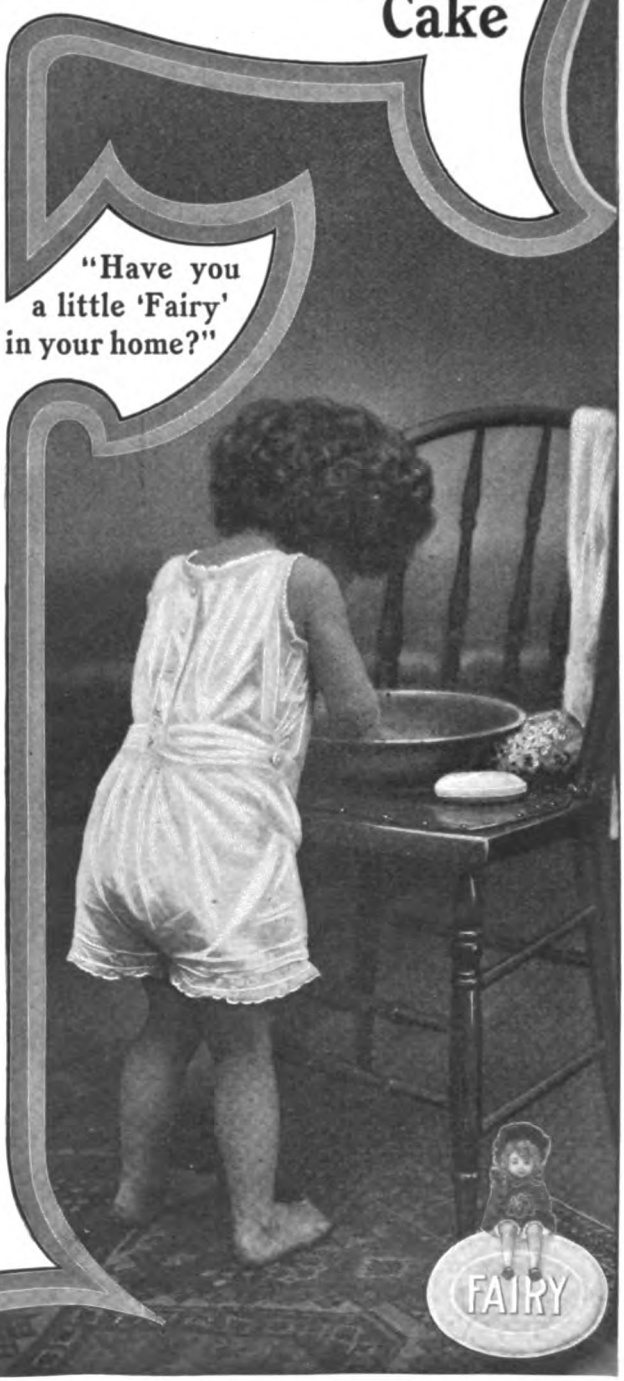
is made of edible fats—much higher priced material than usually finds its way into soap.

¶ Fairy Soap is white—and stays white to the last wafer of the cake.

¶ Try Fairy Soap in your toilet and bath.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY CHICAGO

The Floating, Oval Cake



Digitized by Google

There's just one joy smoke in this world for you

That's Prince Albert—pipe and cigarette tobacco made by a patented process that removes the bite and the "parch" and gives every man the privilege of smoking as much as he wants every day—*without* regrets!

We've been game enough to spend a fortune to perfect the Prince Albert process and another fortune to *tell you about this smoke.* How long are you going along with the "ranks" and "biters"? You try

PRINCE ALBERT

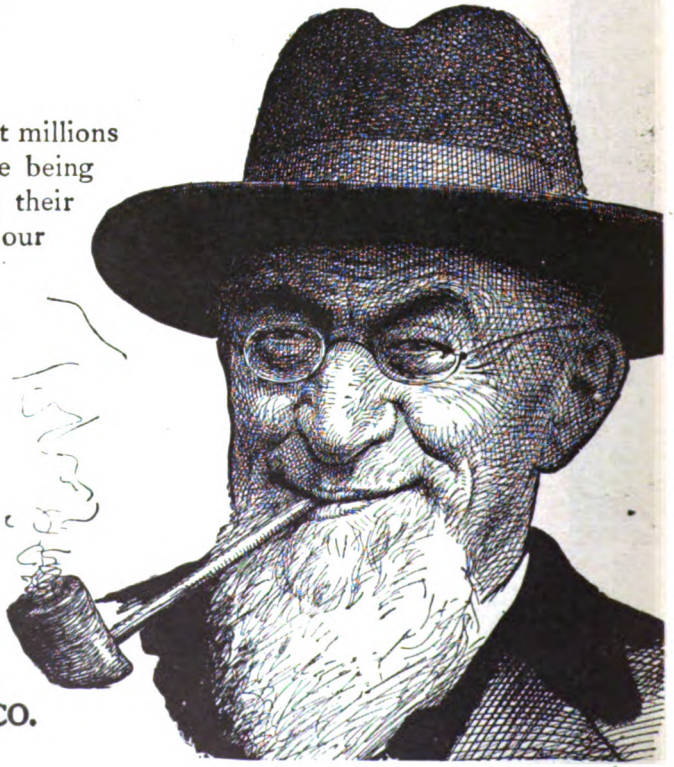
the national joy smoke

5c

for P. A. in the toppy red bag

Can you get behind the fact that millions of pounds of Prince Albert are being smoked by men who switched their brands because they took us at our word and gave P. A. a try-out?

If P. A. pleases millions of men, we declare *it will please you!*



The "get acquainted" toppy red bag, 5c, is weather and soil-proof jacketed, inside and out. It's a mighty handy little package for cigarette smokers. The tidy red tin, 10c, is popular because it lies flat in your pocket. Also, handsome pound and half-pound humidor jars. Prince Albert is sold everywhere.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

your turn. It is something like cashing a check at the head office of the Crédit Lyonnais, only at the mont-de-piété the people on the benches sit waiting for the most disparate articles. On one side of you there may be a fashionably dressed woman who rises to receive a jewel-case — and on the other some piteous creature who clutches at a bundle. The goods and chattels descend in consignments, and when a consignment has been distributed the interval before the next arrives threatens to be endless. The officials converse in undertones, and you have nothing livelier to do than to wonder how hard up your neighbor may be, and listen to the rain.

"THAT day, however, I did not chafe at the delay. There was a young girl there whose face caught and held my attention almost immediately. Not only was her prettiness remarkable—her expression was astonishing. She looked happy. Yes, in the gaunt room, among the damp, dismal crowd, relieving the tedium by a heavy sigh or an occasional shuffling of their shoes, this fair-haired, neat, innocent little girl looked happy. Smiles hovered about her lips, and her eyes sparkled with contentment. I tried to conjecture the reason for her delight, what treasured possession she was about to regain. A trinket? No, something indefinable in her bearing forbade me to think it was a trinket. My imagination ranged over a dozen possible pledges without finding one to harmonize with her. Ridiculous as it sounds, I could picture nothing so appropriate for her to recover as a canary that should flutter singing from the counter to her finger. Every time another number was cried, curiosity made me hope that her turn had come. The latest load that had been delivered was almost exhausted. Only three packages remained. Another cry, and she got up at last! The package was a bulky one. I craned my neck. It was a typewriter.

"Quite five minutes more lagged by before I got my watch, and when I crossed the courtyard I had no expectation of seeing her again; but no sooner had I passed through the gate than I discovered her in trouble. She had been trying to carry the typewriter and an open umbrella, and now the umbrella had blown inside out, and she had put the typewriter on the pavement.

"In such a situation it was not difficult for me to speak.

"I picked the thing up for her. She thanked me, and made another ineffectual attempt to depart. I offered my help. She demurred. I insisted. We made for her tram together — and tram after tram was full. It had been raining for several hours, and Paris was a lake of mud. In the end I trudged beside her through

EXTRA!

68,570 "BABY GRAND" Inquiry Letters Burned!

If you wrote us, WRITE AGAIN

The fire which, on February 13, destroyed the General Offices of The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company in Chicago, swept away all the accumulated correspondence and card records resulting from our advertising of *Brunswick Home Billiard and Pocket-Billiard Tables* in this and other magazines.

We wish to announce that our factory facilities were untouched. **We have nine factories and sixty branch houses, with complete stocks of all sizes and styles of Brunswick Tables, ready for immediate shipment.**

We are now established in new General Offices and are equipped to transact business with our customary promptness. In order to avoid confusion and delay, we ask all who have already corresponded with us to WRITE AGAIN, AT ONCE.

Play HOME BILLIARDS On The "BABY GRAND"

Billiards affords the delightful combination of physical exercise, mental relaxation, excitement and *fun* for young and old. *Real billiards* can only be played on a *real* billiard table. You can now secure, *in home sizes*, the famous Brunswick tables, used exclusively by the billiard experts of the world.

The Brunswick "BABY GRAND" is the world's finest Home Billiard Table. Genuine mahogany, inlaid design, highly finished. Celebrated Baby Monarch cushions. Vermont slate bed. Concealed drawer holds complete playing equipment. Unexcelled playing qualities.

The Famous "Baby Grand"

The "Baby Grand" is furnished either as a Carom or Pocket-Billiard Table or as a combination Carom and Pocket-Billiard Table, as desired.

Our Brunswick "Convertible" Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Tables serve also as Dining or Library Tables and Davenports. Equal in playing qualities to the "Baby Grand."

Over a Year to Pay! Full Playing Outfit FREE

Play while you pay! Our low prices and easy terms bring Brunswick Tables within reach of all who love the game. Complete Playing Equipment and all accessories furnished free with each table. Outfit includes cues, balls, bridge, rack, markers, rules and book, "How to Play."

WRITE for Illustrated Circular, Now

Accurately describes and illustrates *in full colors* the many styles and sizes of Billiard and Pocket-Billiard Tables designed for the home. Gives special prices and full details of Easy-Payment Proposition. Address (85)

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. F D Harrison St. and Wabash Ave., Chicago

Digitized by Google

The Winged Message

Noah's messenger was a dove. In Solomon's time, pigeons were trained to carry messages. Brutus used them at the siege of Modena. They served the Turks in their fights against the Crusaders. In mediæval wars they were more useful than ever before.

France had a carrier-pigeon mail service, with messages reduced by photography and read through a microscope.

Even today carrier pigeons are utilized as news-bearers in isolated parts of Europe.

In America, the land of the telephone, the carrier pigeon is bred only for racing. The winged word has taken the place of the winged messenger.

Pigeons may fly more than a mile a minute, but the telephone is as quick as speech itself.

The dove is the emblem of peace. The telephone is the instrument of peace. The telephone lines of the Bell System unite a hundred million people in one national family.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

the splashing streets, carrying her typewriter all the way to the step of her lodging. So began my courtship.

"She was as solitary as I. Her father's death had left her quite alone. He had been old, and very poor. Blind, too. But his work had been done up to the last, my little sweetheart guiding him to the houses — he had earned a living as a piano-tuner. In Sèvres she had an aunt, his sister-in-law; but, though the woman boasted a respectable business and was fairly well-to-do, she had come forward with nothing more substantial than advice, and the orphan had had only her typewriter to keep the wolf from the door. Her struggles in Paris with a typewriter! She had been forced to pawn it every time she lost a situation; but, every time she saved enough to recapture it, she felt prosperous again. Her own machine meant 'luxuries.' With her own machine she could afford a plant to put in her attic window, and a rose-bud for her breast.

"She loved flowers, and she wore them often, tucked in her bodice. After the Magasins du Louvre closed, the clerk used to hurry off to meet the little typist on her way home. Yet she told me once that her love for them had come very late; for years the sight of all flowers had saddened her. She had been born on that melancholy boulevard that leads to the cemetery of Père Lachaise, that quarter of it where one sees exposed for sale nothing but floral tokens for the mourners — nothing to right and left but mountains of artificial wreaths and dreary chrysanthemums in stiff white paper cones. As a child she had thought that flowers were grown only for graves. I recall the courtship in all seasons, and always in the streets — when the trees were brown and the light faded while we walked, and when the trees had whitened and the lamps were shining, and when the trees grew green and we walked in sunlight. It was in the streets that we fell in love — in the streets that I asked her if she would marry me.

"We were on the Quai des Orfévres one Sunday afternoon in summer. I had meant to wait till we were in the Gardens of the Tuileries; but we had stopped to look at the river, and — I can see it all now: the barge folk's washing hanging out to bleach, and a woman knitting among the geraniums on a deck! There was a little fishing-tackle shop, I remember, called 'Au Bon

"'WHEN I AM YOUR WIFE, I SHALL TYPEWRITE ALL YOUR PLAYS FOR YOU, MAURICE — PERHAPS THAT WILL BRING YOU LUCK!'"

Digitized by Google

See Furniture Book for 100 Styles of Chairs, Settees, Tables, Couches

Brooks Rocker No. 10

Retail Price, $16.00

Our Factory Price $8.50

for this beautifully designed MASTER-BUILT rocker—made of finest quarter-sawed oak—Marokene leather cushion. Height, 35 inches; width, 31 inches; depth, 21 inches. Completed and finished in color you choose. Then shipped in sections—assembled in a few minutes with a screw driver. Any one can do it easily. Pocket the dealer's profit of from 25% to 75% and have furniture that will last a lifetime.

FURNITURE BOOK FREE

showing 100 BROOKS MASTER BUILT pieces; furniture for every room in the house. 64 pages filled with illustrations. Get this book and our offer—write today.

BROOKS MFG. COMPANY
1903 Sidney St. Saginaw, Michigan

Every Piece GUARANTEED

"Used while you sleep."

for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a **boon** to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Pêcheur,' and a poodle and a Persian cat were basking together on the door-step. Our hands just touched because of the people passing, and then we went on to the Tuileries, and talked. And before we seemed to have said much, night had fallen; a concert had begun, and away in the distance some one was playing a violin. 'Why,' I exclaimed, 'I've given you no dinner!' She laughed. She hadn't been hungry, either. No millionaires have ever dined more merrily at Armenonville than we, for a hundred sous, at a little table on the sidewalk!

"She said, 'When I am your wife, I shall typewrite all your plays for you, Maurice — perhaps that will bring you luck!' And by and by, when we came to the Magasins du Louvre, she pointed to the Comédie Française. 'You haven't to travel far to reach it, dearest,' she smiled; 'we'll cross the road together!'

"HOW sweet she looked in the wedding-frock that she had stitched! How proud I was of her! Our ménage was two rooms on the left bank and in the evening, in our tiny salon on the sixth floor, her devoted hands clattered away my manuscript on her machine till I kissed and held them prisoners. Didn't she work hard enough all day for strangers, poor child? 'You are jealous,' she would say gaily, 'because I write your dialogue so much faster than you!' And often I wished that I could create a scene as rapidly as she typewrote it! But we had our holiday evenings, also, when we built castles in the air, and chose the furniture for them. I had brought home from the Magasins one of the diaries that they issue annually. It contained plans of the theaters,— it always does,— and, perched on my knee, she pictured a play of mine at each of them in turn, and the house rocking with applause. And then we penciled the private box we'd have, and drove, in fancy and our automobile, to sit there grandly on the hundredth night.

"We spent many hours in selecting the presents that I would have made to her if I could. One of the things she wanted was, of course, a theater-bag — 'the prettiest that you can pretend!' And I pretended a beauty for her in rose brocade — and inside I put the daintiest enameled opera-glasses that the Rue de la Paix could show, and a fan of Brussels point, and a Brussels point handkerchief, and a quaint gold bonbonnière with sugared violets in it. I remember she threw her arms round my neck as ecstatically as if the things were really there! We were, at the time, eating stale bread, with a stick of chocolate apiece, for supper."

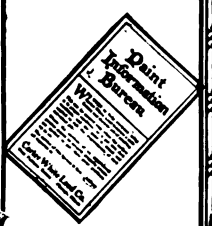
The dramatist sat silent, his eyes grown wide. I think that for a moment he had forgotten his

Digitized by Google

What do you want to know about Paint?

Ask Your Painter

or paint dealer to show you this Portfolio of Modern Color Schemes for House Painting. If you do not get an idea that seems just the thing for your house, send us a photograph and our Art Department will offer other suggestions.



Have You Paint Troubles?

State the facts to our Paint Information Bureau and let us tell you how to remedy them and how to avoid them in the future. The service is offered in the interest of better painting and is free to all.

For Painters

Every Painter who wants to keep up with the times should see that his name is entered for a free subscription to "The Carter Times." Every issue is full of good, practical things to help painters do better work and to get more work to do.

The Efficient Paint

We paint to beautify and to protect our property from decay. That paint is most efficient which looks best, wears longest and renders the service at the lowest annual cost. The cost of painting is, roughly, one-third materials, two-thirds labor.

It is then but a small proportion of the total cost of painting that can be saved by using cheap materials, and as both beauty and durability depend so much upon the materials, it is important that care be used to secure paint that will give efficient service.

Pure white lead and linseed oil are recognized as the standard ingredients of all good outside paint. They possess a peculiar affinity for each other, uniting to form a tough, yet elastic paint film which accomodates itself to changes in temperature without cracking, scaling or peeling.

CARTER

Strictly Pure White Lead

"The Lead with the Spread"

is old fashioned white lead, but being made by a modern, improved process, is whiter and finer and free from any discoloring agencies.

Carter is such a clear, pure white that it has established a new standard of whiteness for white paint and given new life and beauty to colors mixed with it. It is so fine that it has unusual covering capacity and is most economical to use.

An experienced painter will mix Carter White Lead and linseed oil exactly to suit the varying conditions that paint must meet and will color it to any desired shade or tint.

Even figured by the gallon this paint is not the most expensive on the market and when the other tests of paint efficiency are applied nothing will be found that will give more satisfactory service or at lower annual cost.

In asking for any of the helps illustrated, please state whether you are interested in painting as Owner of Property; Architect; Painter; or Paint Dealer.

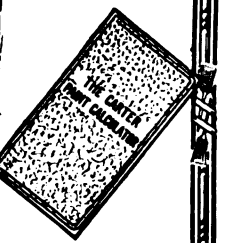
CARTER WHITE LEAD CO.
12066 So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.
Factories: Chicago—Omaha

Have You a House to Paint?

This little Text Book on House Painting contains much useful information. It tells you how to know pure paint and how to get it. Sent free with six suggestions for color schemes.

For Painters and House-Owners

To prevent any misunderstanding as to what constitutes "a first class job of painting" make these specifications a part of your contracts. Write for a copy.



For Paint Dealers

With this book in your vest-pocket, you have the answer ready for nine out of ten of these questions that are asked by everybody when buying paint. Every dealer handling Carter may have a copy for the asking. To others the price is 25 cents

Digitized by Google

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

KREMENTZ

Collar Buttons

are worn by men who know, because they are perfect in finish, and made in shape and size to suit every need. Unbreakable in wear. A new one free in exchange for any Krementz Collar Button broken or damaged from any cause.

14 k Rolled Gold Plate 25 cents
10 k Solid " $1.00
14 k " " $1.50

Look for the name
KREMENTZ on the back
and be sure to get the genuine.
At leading jewelers and haberdashers
KREMENTZ & CO.,
51 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.
Largest manufacturers of high grade jewelry in the world

WARDWOVE WRITING PAPER

embodies that refinement in stationery which has long made the Ward name so distinctively known to New Englanders. Ask your dealer for it. It has all the qualities that the refined correspondent requires, and sells at the right price. It is appropriately boxed and comes in standard sizes. If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and we will forward you a sample portfolio.
Address for Portfolio No. 7
SAMUEL WARD COMPANY, 57-63 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

In Thrilling Moments Like This
Your camera—your lenses—*must* not fail you. If you wish to *unfailingly* record incidents in real life not as the eye sees them— but as they *actually* happen—use
GOERZ LENSES CAMERAS
A Goerz Lens takes pictures that *are worth money*, because they show in clearest, sharpest detail, incidents which the eye itself is not quick enough to grasp. A Goerz Lens may be fitted to the camera you now have.
Our Book on "Lenses and Cameras"
will be sent for the asking
C. P. Goerz American Optical Co., 323 E. 34th St., New York

new, desirable house and the antiques on the mantelpiece, that he was back in a girl's arms in the room on a sixth floor. Under the window, his wife had ceased to play at horses, and was swinging their son, instead. The child's delight was boisterous. She called up to us now:

"Are we a nuisance, messieurs? Shall we go to the nursery?"

"No, no," cried Aribaud, starting, "not at all. We are doing nothing. Continue, *mon ange*, continue!"

"WHAT a heaven opened," he went on, turning to me "when, I had a piece taken at last! As long as I live I shall think of the morning that letter came, our reading it together, half dressed, and crying with joy — she was making the coffee for breakfast. And yet, even when the contract was signed, it sometimes seemed incredible. I used to dream that it had happened, and dream that I was dreaming — that I was to wake and find it wasn't true. And then, the eternity of delay, the postponements, one after another. And when we felt worn out with waiting, the night that we jolted to the show in an omnibus, and sat breathless in the *fauteuils de balcon!* I remember how she clung to me, sobbing and comforting, when we got home, and knew that the piece had failed.

"I had a short run the next autumn with 'Fin de Mois'; but my first hit, of course, was 'Les Huit Jours de Léonie.' When that was produced, the fees came tumbling in.

"HOW dazed we were at the beginning! And how important we felt to be taking a flat and going to a *bureau de placement* to engage a servant! We were like children playing with a doll's house! The change was marvelous, and when I received an invitation from somebody or other who had been unapproachable only a year ago, what exultance to see me go! The invitations to the author, you understand, did not always include his wife, and, unfortunately, those that ignored her were often those that it would have been unwise for me to decline. I found that rather pathetic; we had hoped together for so long, and now that success had come, she wasn't getting her fair half of the fun. An elaborate evening gown that we had hurried expectantly to order for her was not needed, after all — it was out of fashion before she wore it. Still, as I say, she exulted to see me go — at first. And later — well, when I insisted on a refusal because she had not been asked, it grieved her that I neglected opportunities for her sake; and when I consented to go without her she was, not unnaturally, dull.

Digitized by Google

Answer the Call of the Great Out-Doors

in a luxurious Baker Electric, particularly in the beautiful new Baker Coupe. Note its long wheel base, its generous low-hanging step, its graceful hood and body lines, its exquisite upholstery and finish. It is a practical, efficient, powerful AUTOMOBILE—money cannot buy a car more comfortable or more luxurious. It is the only coupe that has forward drive, the only one with full limousine back, and the only electric selling at less than $3000 that has REVOLVING FRONT SEATS.

THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO

Canada: The Baker Motor Vehicle Co. of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ontario

Builders also of Baker Electric Trucks *Branches or Dealers in Principal Cities*

UHL ART STEEL TYPEWRITER TABLE AND CABINET

WARNING!

After years of effort in perfecting the "Uhl" cabinet, we now find it imitated by a cabinet, made to look like ours, but built mostly of wood, with wood roller top. Make sure you get the original "Uhl" steel cabinet by looking for our name.

SAVES Time—Space—Rent —and Stationery

Every square foot of space in your office costs money. Save money by installing the Uhl stand and cabinet. This stand occupies only 4 square feet as compared with the 10 square feet taken up by the old-style desk. It is

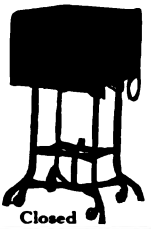
100% PRACTICAL

DESCRIPTION: Rigid steel frame, absolutely indestructible. Ample space for full week's supply of stationery, but no drawers to serve as a "catch-all" for odds and ends. Always clean and sanitary. Wood platforms—silent under operation. Easily moved to follow the light when on casters, half turn of lever makes it rigid and immovable. Sides fold up, and steel top rolls down and locks. *Write us on your business stationery for our 15 day trial offer and name of nearest dealer. Every one of our cabinets is sold with the understanding that if not satisfactory after 15 days' free trial our dealer will buy it back at the full price.*

OFFICE SUPPLY DEALERS write us for a special proposition.

The Toledo Metal Furniture Co., 2317 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio

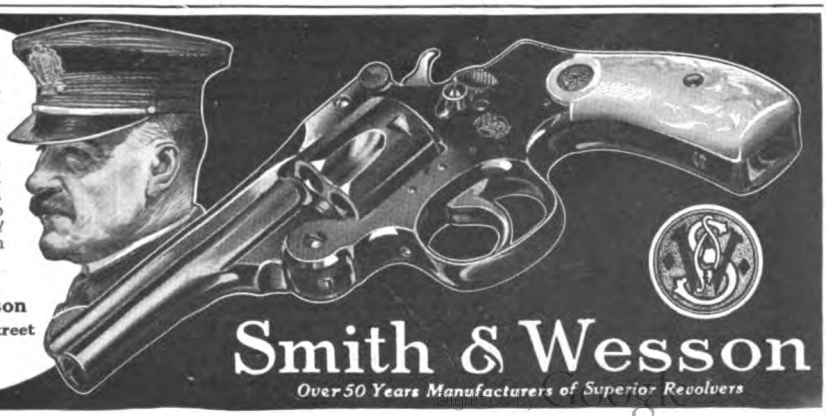
15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL



The best home protectors

You can *call* the police. The Smith & Wesson you can have right at hand for any emergency. Keep your home protected *all* the time. Get a Smith & Wesson today. Write for free booklet.

Smith & Wesson
509 Stockbridge Street
Springfield
Mass.



Smith & Wesson

Over 50 Years Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

How a World-Wide Business Grew from this Old Kettle

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

FIFTY-FIVE years ago Joseph and Thomas Berry made in it the first run of Berry Brothers' varnish.

But they put into it more than merely the necessary ingredients and a wonderful knowledge of varnish-making. They included honesty of purpose, high manufacturing ideals, a standard of product which nothing short of perfection could satisfy.

And buyers, seeking these things, made a beaten pathway to the brothers' door, and told their fellows of it. So today, from that little kettle, has grown the world's largest varnish-making business, reaching every corner of the earth.

For the same ideals have been maintained throughout our history. And through our complete experimental laboratories we have steadily improved processes and methods, keeping our products always in the forefront of the industry.

You Should Insist on Berry Brothers' Varnishes

It doesn't matter whether you merely wish to finish the floor of one room, or whether you're superintending the completion of a skyscraper. There's a Berry Brothers' product for every varnish need—the best that can be made.

Good dealers everywhere sell Berry Brothers' products. Look for the label and the name. And write us, stating your varnish problems. We have special booklets (free) for every class of user.

This famous Berry Wagon has delighted thousands of children—some of them grandparents now. Ask your dealer about it.

And write for the beautiful children's booklet, "Around the World in a Berry Wagon," illustrated in color by W. W. Denslow. Sent free.

BERRY BROTHERS
Established 1858

FACTORIES: Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.

BRANCHES: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, London, England.

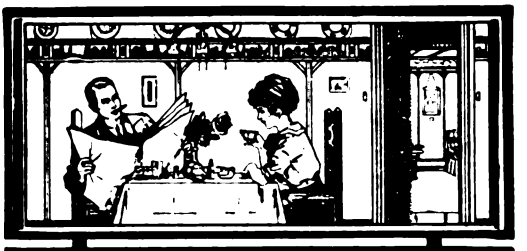
Digitized by Google

"It was not very lively for her in the daytime, either. When my duties as a clerk had taken me from her, she, too, had had employment; but now, of course, her berth had been resigned, and while I wrote all day upstairs, she was alone. She was not used to leisure; all her life she had worked. We had no child to claim her time, to occupy her thoughts and yield the joys and interests of maternity. Though she endeavored to create distractions for herself, the flat we had been so proud of was rather dreary for her after its novelty faded. She sighed in it oftener than she laughed.

"The very few women that she met were actresses, who talked of nothing but their careers — their genius, their wrongs, and their press notices. What companion could she find among them, even had I wished her to seek their companionship? And the men who came to us also talked 'shop' continuously, and directed themselves chiefly to *me*. No doubt they would have had enough and too much to say to her

"AS LONG AS I LIVE I SHALL THINK OF THE MORNING THAT LETTER CAME"

had I been absent, but, as it was, they often appeared to forget that she was there. As time went on, too, the theater made more and more demands upon me — a comedy in rehearsal



UTILITY Wall Board

is more than simply an artistic covering for walls and ceilings—it is a protection against dampness, cracking, heat and cold that ordinary plaster walls are heir to—

Read this letter from a prominent Chicago business man—

"Heppes Company.

Gentlemen: My little bungalow in Kissimee Park, Florida, is covered inside, walls and ceilings, with Utility Wall Board. We came north and left the house locked from the last of June to September—When our caretaker opened the house in the fall he was surprised to find everything as dry as a bone, and no sign of vermin anywhere. The books and shoes were not mouldy and the range was free from rust. The house was closed during the entire rainy season. It was the only dwelling in the park that was not damp and mouldy and in which there were no insects or vermin.

Our house is the warmest in cold weather, and the coolest in hot weather on the beach.

Very truly yours,

ISAAC S. DEMENT."

Utility Wall Board takes the place of both lath and plaster—it is more attractive—more durable—easier to put on—cheaper.

Don't fail to write for free sample

Wide Awake, responsible dealers wanted—write for details.

THE HEPPES COMPANY
4529 Fillmore Street CHICAGO, ILL.

Digitized by Google

For Face and Body

Jap Rose Toilet Talcum Powder is a blending of purest ingredients into an exquisite powder of wonderful smoothness and surprising tenacity, ensuring the attractiveness of your skin without the "powdered look."

JAP ROSE
Toilet Talcum Powder

is a soothing talcum, antiseptic and absorbent, refreshing and non-irritating—an ideal face and body powder.

Miss Veda Steele, of Daniel Frohman's Company, says: "Jap Rose Talcum Powder **is the only powder I have found that can be used on the face and body too.** Usually every powder I have found leaves my face so shiny, so I have taken this liberty to tell you how pleased I am with it, and shall be glad to recommend it to my friends; those who have tried it seemed delighted."

Ask your dealer to supply you with Jap Rose Talcum.

A sample size box will be mailed you for five cents in stamps and dealer's name and address.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.
327 E. Michigan St., Chicago

Send for Handsome Colored Catalogue

The famous Yale and Harvard models—highest grade material—finest finished—the strongest, staunchest—handsomest canoes built.

MULLINS CEDAR CANOES CAN'T SINK

When equipped with Mullins Patented Buoyancy Pads these canoes have sufficient buoyancy to float when capsized or filled with water and keep two people afloat. Open gunwale construction—Keel—Heavy Pressed Bronze Bang Plates protecting stems. *Handsome Colored Catalogue Free.*

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.
367 Franklin Street Salem, Ohio

A LITTLE HIGHER UP

in the estimation of your prospective customer, is what you gain by sending in a perfectly smooth edged **PEERLESS BOOK-FORM BUSINESS CARD.** How you can detach a card bound in book form and have no possible indication of its having been detached may possess some elements of mystery to you, but our patented process makes it possible and perfect.

There is nothing like it

Our smart card in case

Send for Sample Tab and see for yourself

The John B. Wiggins Company
Sole Manufacturers
Engravers, Plate Printers, Die Embossers
57-59 East Adams Street, CHICAGO

while another was being written, the telephone bell always ringing to call me away just when I had arranged to take a half holiday with her! And, when I left the theater, I could not dismiss the anxieties of a production from my mind, as I had dismissed the affairs of the Magasins when I left my office stool — they were mine, and I brought them home with me. She grew bored, restless. She was nervous with solitude, and chagrined at feeling herself insignificant. She told me, one day, that she wanted me to put her on the stage!

"Mon Dieu! To begin with, she had no gift for the stage — and, if she had been ever so clever, did I want to see her there? I was aghast.

"'But, *mignonne*,' I said, 'what makes you think, all of a sudden, you could act? Leaving everything else aside, what reason is there to suppose you would succeed? You have had no experience; you have never even shown the slightest tendency toward it!'

"'I want something to do,' she said.

"'But,' I said, 'that isn't enough! And, besides, you would not like it at all. You would find it odious. You sit in a box and you see a celebrated woman bringing the house down, and to be an actress looks to you very fine. But she has been half a life-time arriving at celebrity — there is nothing fine about the journey to it. A dramatist's wife in the box is a much more dignified figure than a dramatist's wife rehearsing a trivial part and being corrected by the stage-manager.'

"'I did not mean trivial parts,' she said disconsolately, and I realized for the first time that she had been dreaming of a début in the principal rôle! But she let the discussion drop, and I half thought I had convinced her.

"I WAS very much mistaken. A few weeks later she referred to it again, and more urgently. She seemed to imagine that her project was quite a simple matter for me to arrange, that the only obstacle in the way was my personal objection to it. 'What you say about trivial parts is perfectly true,' she acknowledged, with an air of being extremely reasonable; 'but in one of your own pieces you could easily get me Lead. Everybody wants plays from you now; you would only have to say that you wished me to be engaged. Of course I should study; I could go to a professor of diction and take lessons.'

"Well, I tried to explain the commercial aspect of the case to her! I told her that, for one thing, the managers would see my plays in Jericho before they agreed to intrust the leading part to a novice. And I told her that, supposing for an instant I did find a manager reckless

Digitized by Google

The ELECTRIC DISCO System

STARTING—LIGHTING

59,000 Starts

—Not a Single Failure or Adjustment

Just now, when motorists everyplace are discussing Electric Starters—it is interesting to note some recent public performances.

At the leading automobile shows, just closed, the thousands of visitors saw the Electric Disco make a record of 59,000 successive starts—not one failure—not even an adjustment!

That's equal to starting your car 20 times a day, 365 days in the year, for eight years.

And these demonstrations were made, not on ordinary 4-cylinder engines, but on the big Six, 60 H. P. type—under full compression.

Disco Makes Them Spin!

What amazed the onlookers most was the speed at which the small compact Electric Disco turned those monster engines.

Instead of the slow "c-h-u-r-n, c-h-u-r-n" so noticeable when an engine is turned by the ordinary electric starter, it would fairly "sing."

One Hundred and Twenty Revolutions per minute was the minimum speed.

This ability, not merely to turn over or crank the engine, but to make it instantly spin as it does under its own power, largely explains the Disco's unqualified success.

Your engine may be the largest. It may be dead and cold. The oil may be stiff. The temperature may be far below zero, but if you've got an Electric Disco on your car, all you've got to do is press the button and you're off. No failures. No adjustments. No delays.

Remember, too, the Electric Disco not only starts and lights the car, but can be used as emergency power to drive it several miles on High Speed.

Utter Simplicity

The man of mechanical turn marvels at the utter simplicity of the Electric Disco. No instructions are sent save these:

"To Start Car, Press the Button."
"To Light Car, Turn the Switch."

A Priceless Experience

From the beginning of Starters, the Disco has always led. We have successfully equipped over 150,000 cars with Disco Starters.

And, with the coming of the Electric Starter, it was only to be expected that the Electric Disco would lead. For experience always was, is, and ever will be the best Teacher.

First Cost Higher

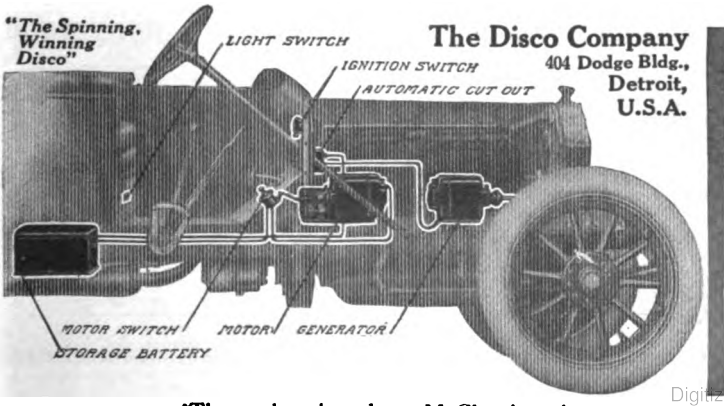
The initial cost is somewhat above other Electric Starters. But who could expect to buy the most durable and dependable product in any line at a ridiculously low price? And what reputable automobile maker, in order to save $50 to $100, would deny you your choice of Electric Starters?

Send for This Book of Surprises

Our new Book is proving a revelation to motorists who thought Electric Systems might be a complicated subject. On the contrary, it is quite simple—and tremendously fascinating.

With this Book before you, it is easy to understand the basic principle of Electric Systems. In six minutes you have it all.

Send for this terse, non-technical, instructive Book. Get Posted. The perfect Starter is none too good for your car. Use Coupon, Letter or Postal, whichever is the most convenient.



"The Spinning, Winning Disco"

The Disco Company
404 Dodge Bldg.,
Detroit,
U.S.A.

Booklet Coupon

The Disco Company
404 Dodge Building
Detroit, U. S. A.

Please send me your Booklet on Electric Starting and Lighting.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

What Make of Car do you favor? .....

*These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

The Test of Winter

Put a motor oil to the supreme test, use in winter weather, and you can judge well of its quality. It will break down then if ever.

Many fairly good oils that give fairly good service in summer fail utterly under the extreme conditions of winter. They congeal, grow "lumpy," lose their power of lubrication.

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

is not a fair weather oil. It gives as good service in winter as in summer. It gives *maximum power* with *minimum consumption* and *without carbon deposit.*

There is a reason for this. Texaco Motor Oil shows a zero cold test. It will not congeal at zero. It is practically unaffected by cold. Look for this quality when you buy. Buy Texaco and you won't look far.

Nearly all good garages and supply shops sell Texaco Motor Oil in 1 and 5 gallon cans. Inquire at yours.

For a booklet, "Maintaining a Motor Car," that may help you with some of your motor troubles and that will enable you to identify any car you meet on the road, address Dept. B,

15 Battery Place, New York City

THE TEXAS COMPANY

HOUSTON *Branch Offices:* NEW YORK

Boston	St Louis	New Orleans	Pueblo
Philadelphia	Norfolk	Dallas	Tulsa
Chicago	Atlanta	El Paso	

Digitized by Google

enough to consent, I should be ruining my own property.

"'Ah,' she said, 'you make up your mind in advance that I have no dramatic instinct?'

"I said: 'It is not even a question whether you have any dramatic instinct. It is enough that you haven't any renown. You have heard too much of the business by this time not to know that everybody tries to secure the most popular artists that he can. For me to put up a play with an absolutely unknown name instead of a star's would be asking for a failure.'

"'If I were billed as "Madame Aribaud" the name would not be unknown,' she argued.

"'Whether you were billed as "Madame Aribaud" or as anybody else,' I said, 'the point would be, how good you were in the part. The public would not pay to see an indifferent performance because you were Madame Aribaud.'

"'ARE YOU MEN REALLY SURE WE AREN'T LAUGHING TOO MUCH?'"

"'Ah, then you admit it, that is it, after all!' she cried. 'You declare beforehand that I have no ability. Why should you say such a thing? It isn't right of you!'

"I said: 'I declare beforehand that you have had no training! I declare beforehand that you could not master, in a few weeks or months, a technique that other women acquire only after years. And, on top of all that, I declare that I don't want to see you in the profession. Why do you become dissatisfied after we have got on? Why can't you be as content as you used to be when we had nothing?'

"'The days are longer than they used to be. I want something to do!' she insisted.

"Oh, I understood! But I need hardly tell you that this fever of hers didn't make for bliss! The theater became a bone of contention between us — the position that I had dreamed of and yearned for was dividing me from my wife. It got worse every year. I no longer dared to mention business in my home. We were on affectionate terms only in the hours when the theater was forgotten. One day I would hold her in my arms, and on the next some chance allusion would estrange us. If I happened to come across a little actress who was suitable to a more conspicuous part than those that she had had, my casting her for it was a domestic tragedy — I 'made opportunities for every woman but one!' I have been told that strangers who pestered me for theatrical engagements always complained that I was unsympathetic — they little guessed how I was pestered for engagements on my own hearth!

"The aunt at Sèvres also had something to say! She had managed to get on a semi-friendly footing with us when 'Les Huit Jours de Léonie' was running, and now she had the effrontery to take the tone of a mother-in-law with me. She 'knew I was devoted to her

Digitized by Google

PHOENIX
SILK HOSE

With its quality and durability assured, bought by the box and worn daily, costs no more in the end than good cotton hose

Phoenix Silk Hose for men and women not only meets the demand for luxurious quality, but presents, also, the double appeal of extra durability and assured economy.

Made of pure-dye thread silk, absolutely free from artificial "weighting."

In distinctive 4-pair boxes

Men's 50c., 75c., $1.00 Pair

Women's, 75c., $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 Pair

At All Good Dealers

"Made in America" by

PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
240 Broadway, Milwaukee

niece, but I was not being fair to her — I ought to realize that she had a right to a career, too!' What audacity — a woman who had given nothing but phrases when her niece was penniless! I did not wrap my answer up in silver paper, and I fancy the aunt's influence was responsible for a good deal — I think she revenged herself by offering all the encouragement possible behind my back.

"Anyhow, my wife announced to me at last that she had determined to go her own road without my help!

"It was as if she had struck me!

"She meant to seek an opening in some minor company in the provinces — in the obscurest of the *théâtres ambulants*, if she could do no better. Since I refused to further her ambition, she must resign herself to beginning in the humblest way, she told me quietly; she 'regretted to defy my wishes, but she was a woman, and I had been wrong to expect from her the blind obedience of a child — she could not consent to remain a nonentity any longer!' She dumfounded me. It meant actual separation; it meant the end of our life together. And she was telling me this composedly, coolly, as if our life together were the merest trifle compared with the fascination of the footlights! I cursed the footlights and the day I first wrote for them; I swear I wished myself back in the Magasins du Louvre! My excitement was so violent that I could not articulate; I stuttered and stood mute. I went from her overwhelmed, asking myself what I was to do.

"THERE is one course that never fails to remedy marital unhappiness and bring husband and wife together again — on the stage. It is when he leads her to an ottoman, and, standing a step or two behind her, proceeds with tender gravity to recite a catalogue of her defects. He contrasts them pathetically with the virtues that endeared her to him in the springtime of their union — and the wife, moved to tears, immediately and forever afterward becomes the girl that she used to be. The situation is pretty, it is popular — and it is quite untrue; for in real life one can not recreate a character by making a speech to it. However, I was a dramatist and more credulous than I am now, and I tried!

"For days I pondered what I should say. Arguments were plentiful; but the problem was, how to present them forcefully enough to show her the wildness of her plan and yet gently enough to avoid incensing her. Our future hung upon the scene, and I prayed to heaven that not a tactless word should escape me. I knew that we had reached the crisis, that a mis-

Digitized by Google

United States Tires

are America's Predominant Tires

and everybody knows it

Does the fact that the United States Tire Company occupies the leading position among the tire makers of the world signify the grade of tires it produces?

Most assuredly it does.

It must be evident to any one familiar with the strenuous competition that exists in the tire business today, that no concern could possibly take the foremost position in the industry except through making tires of superior merit.

But difficult as this position is to attain, to hold it demands an even higher standard of quality. For much is expected of a leader.

To hold it demands that the United States Tire Company shall continue to give to the motorists, dealers and car manufacturers of this country stronger tires and longer wearing tires than they can obtain elsewhere.

It is a fixed purpose of our whole organization to continue to be America's Predominant Tire Makers.

Therefore, as long as the United States Tire Company shall retain its present leadership in the tire industry—as long as four-fifths of all the best dealers in the country shall continue to handle its product—as long as the makers of the very highest grade of cars shall continue to equip their cars with United States Tires—so long may the motorists of this country rest assured that in buying United States Tires they are getting the utmost in tire value for their money.

Cost no more than you are asked to pay for other kinds

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY

Exclusive makers of Genuine Dunlop Straight-side Tires

Digitized by Google

Kelly-Springfield Tires

IT is easy to spend a great deal of money on automobile tires—and just as easy to spend *less*, by securing the longer service assured in tires marked Kelly-Springfield.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO. **20 Vesey Street, New York**

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Baltimore, Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O., Buffalo

The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, O.
Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.

Southern Hardware & Woodstock Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La.
Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
Savell Davis Rubber Works, Augusta and Savannah, Ga.
C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.

Digitized by Google

taken adjective, even an impatient gesture, might be fatal.

"*Enfin*, the opportunity came. She sat down on the couch,— the ottoman of the stage situation,— and I began to speak, with all the tenderness and gravity of the stage husband. Struggle as I would to banish the thought, I could not help being conscious of our resemblance to the hero and heroine of a thousand comedies in the last act! I say that I 'began' to speak, and that I felt constrained by a shoal of theatrical reminiscences; but our likeness to the hero and heroine was brief. She interrupted me, she defied the dramatic convention. In lieu of being moved to tears, she replied with a world of dignity that the faults were mine. She advised me, for my own sake, to try to attain a more unselfish view. With a flow of impromptu eloquence that I envied, she warned me that, though I was not intentionally unjust, I was allowing prejudice and egotism to warp my better nature. Before I knew that had happened, I stood listening to a homily. The situation that meant my last hope had come out upside down!"

ARIBAUD paused again. On the little lawn, the child had left the swing; the most devoted of wives and mothers was playing *chat perché* with him now. They made a pretty picture, but my thoughts were with her predecessor; I was mourning the love story that had begun like an idyl, and that seemed to have had so bad an end.

The man's voice brought me back. "Yes, the infallible situation had failed!" he repeated. "What do you suppose was the sequel?"

"I suppose," I sighed, "she had her way?"

"No," said Aribaud; "she had her — baby!"

He waved a triumphant hand toward the garden.

"And, from the first promise of that God-sent gift, the glamour of the theater faded from her mind and she talked only of her home. She became another woman — I called her my 'second wife'! From that day to this we have been as happy together as you see us now."

My exclamation was cut short by the hostess whose history I had been hearing.

"Are you men really sure we aren't laughing too much for you?" she pealed up to us again.

"Sure, sure! It is well; it is as it should be. We come to join you," shouted Aribaud. "Laugh loud, my love, laugh on!"

Jackson

No hill too steep
No sand too deep

Test Cars For Comfort

You'll find in the Jackson all the power and speed and mechanical goodness to satisfy any reasonable want—

And a degree of comfort not surpassed and rarely equalled.

"Olympic" . . . $1500
"Majestic" . . . 1975
"Sultanic"—Six . 2650

Jackson Automobile Co.
1310 E. Main St. Jackson, Mich.

$92.50—Our Price for Next 30 Days

We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct-from-factory, for $92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit upon the offer. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you $35 or more.

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

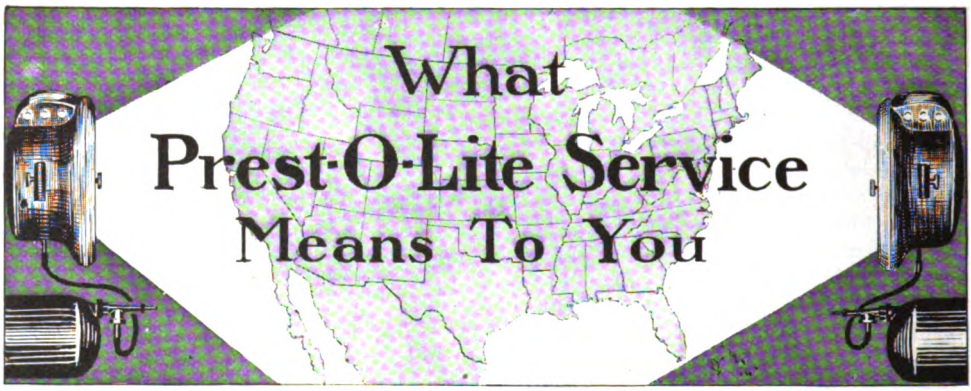
Quickly Set Up Any Place

An artistic, fireproof steel structure for private use. Gives absolute protection from sneak thieves, joy riders, fire, lightning, accidents, carelessness, etc. Saves $20 to $30 monthly in garage rent. Saves *time, work, worry and trouble.* Comes ready to set up. All parts cut and fitted. Simple, complete directions furnished. Absolutely rust-proof. Joints and seams permanently tight. Practically indestructible. Locks securely. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Made by one of the largest makers of *portable* fireproof buildings. Prompt, safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Postal sent today brings new 56-page illustrated Garage Book *by return mail.*

(91)

The Edwards Mfg. Co.
613-663 Eggleston Avenue, Cincinnati Ohio

Digitized by Google



Prest-O-Lite Service includes far more than merely putting gas in an empty cylinder. To protect your investment in Prest-O-Lite, remember this.

The owner of a genuine Prest-O-Lite is entitled to participate in a nation-wide exchange service, whereby, for his empty Prest-O-Lite plus a small exchange fee, he receives what is practically a *new Prest-O-Lite*. Therefore, genuine Prest-O-Lite never becomes "second hand." No imitator has ever stayed in business long enough to build up and offer you similar service.

Prest-O-Lite service includes putting every cylinder that passes through our hands in perfect working order. In many cases the actual cost of replenishing the solvent, regulating the valve, adjusting the gauge, or re-plating the cylinder is far more than the small exchange fee you pay. If you accept an imitation, do you get this service?

All this, combined with unequaled exchange facilities, and the Prest-O-Lite quantity and quality of gas, constitute "Prest-O-Lite Service." See that you get it. You can easily do this by accepting only a genuine Prest-O-Lite. As a safe-guard, remember that we do not hold ourselves responsible for any Prest-O-Lite cylinder refilled by anyone other than the Prest-O-Lite Co., because we cannot guarantee either the quality or quantity of gas in such cylinders, nor the condition of the cylinders themselves. It behooves you to watch this point.

Prest-O-Lite

For Motorcycles

Prest-O-Lite makes night riding pleasant and safe. It floods the road far ahead with *steady*, brilliant, dependable light, turned on and off like a gas jet.

It costs no more to use Prest-O-Lite—usually less—than the carbide to feed a generator.

The first cost is low, and must not be regarded as money spent, but as an investment. Owing to universal use and demand, a genuine Prest-O-Lite is always easily sold for about the price you paid.

See your dealer (motorcycle or automobile) or write us for our 30-day Trial Offer. We gladly arrange for immediate exchange service for anyone, anywhere.

For Buggies

Prest-O-Lite provides a cleanly and efficient driving light for every horse-drawn vehicle. It enables the user to comply fully with state laws and city ordinances on vehicle lighting. And better still, it prevents collisions in the dark.

The motorcycle size of Prest-O-Lite is used. New lamps are not needed—oil lamps are easily converted into combination oil and gas lamps. Your carriage dealer can fit your vehicle with Prest-O-Lite or you can easily do it yourself.

M. C. Size for Motorcycles and Buggies **$10**
The exchange fee on this size is very small

See your dealer, or write for booklet.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., 220 E. South Street INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Canadian Factory and General Office, Merritton, Ont.

BRANCH STORES AND SERVICE STATIONS IN THESE CITIES: Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Memphis, Tenn., Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., Providence, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minn., San Antonio, San Francisco, Seattle, Syracuse. IN CANADA: Merritton, Ontario; Toronto, Ontario; Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Exchange Agencies Everywhere

Digitized by Google

THE NEW DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

CONDUCTED BY INEZ MILHOLLAND

NO MOVEMENT OF THIS CENTURY IS MORE SIGNIFICANT OR MORE DEEP-ROOTED THAN THE MOVEMENT TO READJUST THE SOCIAL POSITION OF WOMEN. IN EVERY CIVILIZED COUNTRY, AMERICA PERHAPS MOST OF ALL, THERE IS GOING ON A VAST AMOUNT OF QUIET THINKING AND READING ON THESE NEW IDEAS.

THIS MOVEMENT IN ITS LARGEST GENERAL ASPECTS IS TERMED FEMINISM; IN ITS IMMEDIATE POLITICAL ASPECTS, SUFFRAGE.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE RECOGNIZES FULLY THE IMPRESSIVENESS AND VITALITY OF THIS DEVELOPMENT. TO PRESENT THE IDEAS OF THE MORE ADVANCED THINKERS OF THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT, THE EDITORS HAVE SECURED THE SERVICES OF ONE OF ITS MOST DISTINGUISHED AND INFLUENTIAL LEADERS.

INEZ MILHOLLAND

No woman in America is better qualified for the important task of conducting this department than Inez Milholland, an ardent worker for the cause of women and children; a clear, independent thinker, and widely read, she is young enough to grasp quickly and be in immediate sympathy with all the new thought of this great new movement.

THE WOMAN AND THE MAN

LAST month, in this department, the ideal marriage was defined as follows: A fine, healthy, continuous companionship and sharing of burdens, permitting the rearing of healthy children under the intelligent and loving care of the parents.

No person of mature mind who has lived in several different American communities, who has observed the various aspects of our social life, not in the light of some ancient and arbitrary dogma but rather in the light of what this social life appears actually to be, who has looked even casually into a few hundred average homes and has kept an eye on the changing attitude toward divorce that has been coincidental with the growing independence and self-respect of woman

Digitized by Google

All of that dust

and miscellaneous litter which makes the floor look so untidy gathered up quickly and easily.

BISSELL'S
"Cyco" BALL BEARING
Carpet Sweeper

cleans, brightens and preserves carpets and rugs and is the most convenient and practical everyday sweeping device for the home. It is entirely **self-adjusting** and automatic. Sold by the best dealers everywhere. Prices $2.75 to $5.75.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Dept. 40A **Grand Rapids, Mich.**

(Largest Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Manufacturers in the World)

Chairs & Tricycles
For Invalids and Cripples
Worthington Co.
602 Cedar St., Elyria, O. (2)

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED
Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. Patents advertised **free. How to Obtain a Patent** and **What to Invent** with **list of inventions wanted** and **prizes** offered for inventions sent **FREE**
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

DIRECT

BUY DIRECT
This Mission Rocker $5.90
Simply do the unpacking of this finished Rocker and Save $4.10

Has Fine Auto Seat with Nine Springs, Genuine Leather, No. 1 grade. It is made of solid oak, with quarter-sawed back and arms. Specify fumed or Early English finish as desired. Order No. 4455. Price $5.90. Money back if you are not entirely satisfied and pleased.

Our catalog shows better-than-usual furniture for every room. We ship from the factory to you, and by simply unpacking our completely finished furniture you earn for yourself the jobbers' and dealers' big profits, and save all their expenses; getting splendid furnishings to beautify your home at just about half what stores must charge.

$5.90

DIRECT FURNITURE is refined in design, worthy in construction and sent on approval. Order this chair or let us send our complete catalog M.

Write today to the
DIRECT FURNITURE CO., Government Sq., Cincinnati, Ohio

as woman—no such person can for a minute support the claim that our present civilization is very widely productive of homes that approach this ideal.

The common human experience is that there is a great deal of trouble in marital relations. In the great majority of cases this trouble arises some years after marriage. It appears usually to indicate that the fine blaze of young love has passed without working out, shading off, into the settled working companionship that is marriage. It has been our social habit to insist that there is always some measure of blame to be attached to the individuals who, after undertaking a sacred contract to remain in love for all eternity, find themselves, for whatever reason, violators of that contract. Many of these individuals, mistaking the social habit for a genuine personal "conscience," have been brought to the point of the intensest suffering and discouragement. This state of mind not infrequently results in mental overstrain and even suicide.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF FALLING OUT OF LOVE

YET the thing happens in every walk of life, on every plane of society. It is so common, and the blind social stigma on the unfortunate individual who (for whatever reason) ceases to "love" is so crushing, that the facts are concealed in every possible manner. In such a situation, where the facts are terribly real and yet the attitude of a panic-stricken society is so bitterly intolerant, the "best" of individuals will often turn furtive, lie, cover his tracks with desperate ingenuity.

Our entire social body is honeycombed with these subtle and painful burrowings. Occasionally some accident of publicity brings a maze of them into the light, as one uncovers an ant community by turning a stone; and then, for a time, we invariably have to witness the spectacle of a group of earnest persons, backed solidly against an age-old wall of dogma, clamoring for sterner repressive measures—for more laws, for more stones with which to cover the painful burrowings, for sterner and sterner repression—always for repression.

The assumption is, apparently, that there is nothing in human nature but hopeless and disheartening depravity, and that the only way you can possibly keep it from becoming even worse is by a constant and constantly increasing application of external force. It is the same familiar philosophy of life that leads the police of our cities to suppress disorder by cracking heads instead of inquiring into the facts.

Digitized by Google

THE Detroit ELECTRIC

SOCIETY'S TOWN CAR

Some Detroit Electric Features

Clear Vision, enclosed body with curved rear glass panels, enabling the occupants to see in *every* direction.

Aluminum roofs, body panels and "closed-in" fenders which retain a beautiful finish without warping or cracking. Aluminum mouldings and window sash are used instead of wood.

Direct Shaft Drive, "Chainless" power plant.

Horizontal controller lever which takes up no valuable seat space.

Extra large, powerful motors.

Over-sized brakes which set *instantly* with little exertion on the driver's part.

We make our own batteries, which are *guaranteed* by us.

Detroit Electrics are built in the largest and most modern plant in the world making electrics exclusively. Our large sales make it possible for us to not only give you the highest grade of car, but also the most value for the money.

Illustrated catalog showing eight different models, ranging in price from the $2,300 Ladies' Victoria and the $3,000 Clear Vision Brougham to the $5,000 Limousine.

Anderson Electric Car Company

Detroit Mich., U. S. A.

Digitized by Google

No-Rim-Cut Tires

Our Average Profit $2.90 Per Tire

Goodyear tires, according to size, sell all the way from $15.55 to $104.95.

The popular size—34x4—costs you from $32.95 to $37.90, according to type and tread.

And our average profit last year, all sizes considered, was exactly $2.90 per tire. In getting at this we figure no interest on millions of capital invested.

Why We Tell It

This is something unusual—this telling of profit. But we know of no better way to show you exactly the value you get in these tires.

That's half of the tire question—the actual money which goes into work and materials.

Tires could be made at half our cost which would look as good as Goodyears. The material cost depends entirely on the maker's standard. So does your cost per mile.

We Never Skimp

Goodyears are built, without regard to expense, to give you the utmost mileage.

We learn what is best by countless comparisons made on tire testing machines.

Thus we have tested some 240 formulas and fabrics. We wore the tires out and metered the mileage.

Then we adopted that formula and fabric which cost the least per mile—no matter what it cost per tire.

That's what you get in every Goodyear tire. And we get for our service and capital just $2.90 over cost, averaging all the sizes.

Lowest Making Cost

We build more tires, by long odds, than any other plant in the world. And our factory is equipped with the latest machinery, much of our own invention.

Thus production cost is brought to the minimum, type and worth considered.

Nearly all that we get for a tire, therefore, goes into things that count.

That's how you get, at the Goodyear price, tires that can't be rim-cut—tires 10 per cent oversize.

What we cut from our profit goes into these things. What we save by efficiency goes there. And those two features, on legions of cars, have cut tire bills right in two.

In view of these facts, can you think any tire offers more real value than you get in a Goodyear tire? Can anyone serve you more efficiently? Will anyone take less profit?

Digitized by Google

10% Oversize

Fortunes Are Spent to Improve Them

Here's another side to tiremaking which consists of dead expense.

We maintain a laboratory for chemical research. Also a large experimental department.

Half a hundred men—mostly technical graduates—are here seeking ways to better Goodyear tires.

Here tires are destroyed on tire testing machines to prove out formulas and methods. Here materials are analyzed. And scores of trained minds here are constantly thinking how to add to Goodyear mileage.

$100,000 Per Year

These departments cost us about $100,000 per year. Yet that will mean, on this year's probable output, only five cents per tire.

Five cents per tire to guard all the materials, and to constantly lessen your tire bills.

For a good many years we've been doing this for you. And you find the result in Goodyear tires of today.

Outsell All Others

Now note the result, after two million Goodyears have told men what they do.

These tires by far outsell all other tires. And the demand for Goodyears has grown like an avalanche as the facts about them spread.

Last year's sale by far exceeded our previous 12 years put together. And the demand from users this year is running twice as large as last.

Consider this fact, then consider how men are now keeping track of tire mileage. These are days of odometers—days when men know the service that tires are rendering.

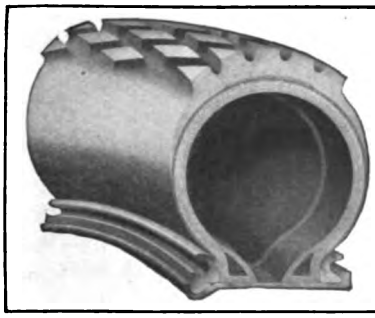
It was under these conditions, mark you, that Goodyear tires came to outsell others.

And you, like the rest, want tires that can't rim-cut, tires 10 per cent over-size.

You want tires built by the mileage test, as Goodyear tires are built. You want tires sold at a minimum profit, as Goodyear tires are sold.

Then ask for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. Make your tests as others have made them. You will then adopt these tires, as hundreds of thousands have done. And your tire upkeep will drop to minimum.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.



GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities **More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire**

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont. (1013)

Digitized by Google

CAN MARRIAGE BE MADE SCIENTIFIC?

OF course, really, the policeman's club has never settled anything. Blind discipline, repression, the military idea of force, have never settled anything. These methods are as shadowy and unfinal as Napoleon's conquest of Europe; indeed, they invariably multiply the troubles they seek to crush.

The idea of blindly and brutally disciplining children is to-day rapidly giving place to newer, gentler, more intelligent methods based on a careful study of what the child's mind and body actually are.

In industry, the foreman of the group, with his rule-of-thumb method and his driving, ignorant authority derived from an irresponsible and autocratic "boss," is superseded to-day by the "staff" expert in scientific management, who begins by studying the capacity, qualities, and limitations of the individual workman and his machinery, and deduces laws of production and organization from the facts thus gathered.

But in the case of marriage, in that sex-relationship based on the attraction we call "love," the relationship that underlies and colors every human institution, it is the time-honored custom to begin by ignoring every observable fact — indeed, in a panic lest we shall be forced to recognize the existence of any facts at all — and fall back on forcible repression, on the club.

The problem is simply how to approach most nearly that fine ideal of marriage and the home. The present facts of one divorce to eleven marriages — with ample evidence that these who seek divorce are not the only unhappy ones, but are only the most desperate or the wealthiest or the most courageous out of a much larger number than the one-to-eleven ratio would appear to indicate — imply that we are at present a very long way from the ideal. So long as the traditional conditions of life continued, so long as there was really, in the case of the average woman, no alternative to the economic marriage, underpaid work in man-controlled industry, or prostitution, there was apparently nothing to do but support the traditional marriage. Now that an increasing economic independence lies before woman, however, giving rise to an increasing determination on the part of women to become independent in industry and also in the bestowal of their sex, the time has come when the traditional institution must submit to the same sort of scientific scrutiny and reconstruction that is touching and changing every other human institution.

LOVE — A SCIENTIFIC PROBLEM

THERE is reason to believe that woman is about ready to approach man in the marriage relation as an equal in law and in fact. In order to bring about any such condition of things, it becomes necessary to find out what marriage is, and, therefore, still more vitally necessary to find out what love is — physiologically, psychologically, spiritually.

Hitherto, in our general fear of the subject, we have been given to assuming that this wonderful instinct, so vital to nature's purpose, was something shameful, something to be avoided; and yet, since it *was* vital to nature's great purpose and, therefore, not to be avoided at all, we have fallen back on the idea of catching love wherever it appeared as an attraction between a man and a woman, confining it, weighing it down with economic burdens, crushing it wherever possible; and, for the rest of it, avoiding the subject and generally making the best of an incomprehensibly bad bargain.

At present we do not know what "love" is. But we are now facing, for the first time in modern history, a determined effort on the part of certain of our ablest psychologists, sociologists, and philosophers to find out. And, judging from the wonderful fruits of recent inquiry into certain other hitherto puzzling aspects of life, we are destined to learn much.

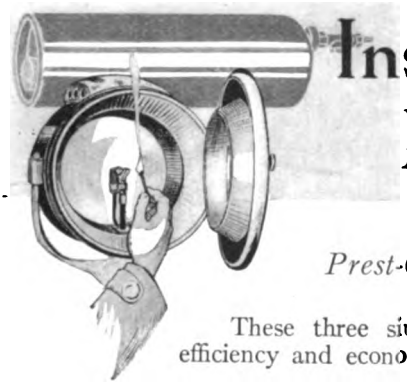
One fact that is rapidly becoming observable is that "love" is no such definite and settled quality as our dogma and our laws vainly insist it must and shall be. It is variable, elusive, complex. Its manifestations are widely different in different individuals. It shows many evidences of fading and dying under the pressure of external force, and of flowering in conditions of greater freedom. In the case of a single individual, it often changes greatly with the changing phases of life. It is often calm and really "enduring"; it is quite as often intense and episodic.

NATURAL MARRIAGE AND ECONOMIC MARRIAGE

ONE elemental fact meets the observant eye in every thoughtful consideration of the subject — the fact that in the life of the normal individual there is a time — ranging from the late teens to the early twenties — that is the natural human mating time.

There has been hitherto a tacit recognition of this elemental fact, evidenced by our marriage customs. But these customs have been modified by the increasing cost and difficulty to a man of maintaining a non-productive wife, and the resulting delay of marriage until a time much later than the normal mating time. This

Digitized by Google



Insures Light In Emergencies

Prest-O-Lite, the lamps, and the match.

These three simple elements give unequalled dependability, efficiency and economy to gas lighting.

Add the Prest-O-Liter, or any other good automatic lighter, and you have every feature of convenience the most complicated system can offer you. You may light or extinguish any or all your lamps from the driver's seat.

But remember this—should this convenience ever fail, it does not leave you in the dark as the failure of any complicated system must. You can light your *gas* lamps with a match and you still have brilliant, dependable light.

The first rule of the manufacturer in the equipment of his car should be reliability. Any feature that sacrifices dependable lighting to *convenience alone*, detracts from the value of the car.

Prest-O-Lite's absolute reliability is unquestioned. There are no delicate adjustments, connections, or complicated attachments to get out of order. Prest-O-Lite is so absolutely simple, it is trouble proof. If, through carelessness, you allow your Prest-O-Lite to run dry, a Prest-O-Lite agency is close by, wherever you may be. Every city and town, and nearly cross-roads village, has its Prest-O-Lite exchange agency.

Prest-O-Lite gives all the light you need far ahead, and also concentrates light on the road *directly ahead of the car*, where you need it most. As a practical road light, Prest-O-Lite has no equal.

And with all its superiority, Prest-O-Lite costs less to operate and maintain than any other efficient lighting system.

No matter what self-starter you have on your car—insist on gas lighting. Almost any manufacturer will equip your new car with Prest-O-Lite and an automatic lighter if you insist. If your new car is now equipped with Prest-O-Lite, any dealer or any of our service stations can install an automatic lighter at small expense.

By all means, before you decide on any lighting system, send for the vital facts on automobile lighting. The coupon attached will bring you a free book on this subject by return mail. Send for it NOW and know the facts.

The Prest-O-Lite Co. **220 E. SOUTH ST. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**

Canadian Factory and Branch Office, Merritton, Ont.

BRANCH STORES AND SERVICE STATIONS IN THESE CITIES: Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Memphis, Tenn., Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., Providence, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minn., San Antonio, San Francisco, Seattle, Syracuse. In CANADA: Merritton, Ont., Toronto, Ont., Winnipeg, Man.

Exchange Agencies Everywhere

Insist on Gas Lighting

THE PREST-O-LITE CO.,
220 E. South St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Please send me your Free Booklet,
"Light on the Lighting Problem."
.....
.....
.....

Digitized by Google

Crooked Spines Made Straight

Use the Sheldon Method 30 Days at Our Risk.

YOU need not venture the loss of a penny. No matter how serious your case, no matter what else you have tried, the Sheldon Method will help you and probably wholly overcome your affliction. We are so sure of this that we will make a Sheldon Appliance to suit your special condition and let you decide, after 30 days, whether you are satisfied. We make this unusual offer simply because the 16,000 cases we have treated absolutely prove the wonderful benefit the Sheldon Method brings to spinal sufferers, young and old.

There is no need to suffer longer or to bear the torture of old-fashioned plaster, leather or steel jackets. The Sheldon Appliance gives an even, perfect and adjustable support to the weakened or deformed spine and brings almost immediate relief even in the most serious cases. It is as easy to put on or take off as a coat, does not chafe or irritate, is light and cool. The price is within reach of all who suffer. You owe it to yourself, or the afflicted one in your family, to find out more about it. Send for our book free at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 212 4th Street, Jamestown, N.Y.

When You're *All Fagged Out*—

Tired in brain, body, yes, every muscle—when you feel listless and aimless—when your thoughts persist in wandering and it seems impossible to concentrate, what do you generally feel is the cause?

Now, think carefully—is it really overwork or is it a case of your making your body do more than it is capable of withstanding? In most cases the latter is correct. To overcome this fagged out feeling, to get brain and body both to do more and stand more, you need the

MILLER COURSE of PHYSICAL CULTURE

It will make you sleep well. You will awake refreshened. You will eat well and relish your food. Your work will not bore you. You will overcome that irritable and nervous feeling. You will be strong, vigorous and virile. Your working day will go quickly and you will accomplish more, hence, you will be worth more to yourself—be more successful in business.

Our course takes only a few minutes a day. No apparatus. Does not alter your regular habits. We prescribe exercises adapted to your individual needs. The course covers a period of three months' time at regular intervals. Pupils' conditions are examined and proper changes in exercises prescribed.

The course suited for both men and women. Ladies' department under direct supervision of Mrs. E. F. Miller, who has been eminently successful in this work.

If you want to get rid of your tired-out, fagged, and worried feeling—build your body up so it will stand the strains of Twentieth Century hustle. Write us today.

The MILLER INSTITUTE of PHYSICAL TRAINING
Dept. 16D, Washington, D. C.

putting off of a natural function has many aspects that are unnatural and unhealthy. It has contributed to nervous disorders in the individual, and has probably increased prostitution.

The growth of economic opportunity for the individual woman, and the new feminine self-respect that stirs her to resist the idea of merely "marrying for a living," the insistence on the part of the self-respecting woman on a greater freedom in selecting her mate and (where the choice has turned out badly) in giving him up, all appear to indicate the beginnings of a breakdown of the artificial barriers in the way of a more natural observance of the mating instinct.

This problem of the natural as against the economic marriage is far from simple. The normal mating time comes early in life, when the individual, though perhaps best equipped to bring healthy children into the world, is pitifully lacking in perception and judgment. A marriage under these conditions is too often an intense, temporary attraction, in which nature is working out her irresistible purpose of race continuity without regard for the individuals she happens to use. But, if civilization means anything, it means that the individual has rights to be considered. The growing social ideals emphasize these rights, in the face of nature's great, sometimes blind pressure forward in time.

The mating or ripening period is a natural, a beautiful thing. It is distinctly necessary to nature's purpose. It imperatively demands fulfilment in its own time. It exists in and out of law—in the light and in the dark. It is the most completely vital force in the world. It is everywhere. It has never been successfully confined or controlled. There is at present no reason to think that it ever will be. Many are even beginning to wonder if it ought to be—if any vital weakening would not advertise the dying out of the race. The occasional cry that we should "make marriage more difficult" by law would not in the slightest degree solve the problem; it would merely drive much that in the light might be beautiful and useful back there under the stone. Despite conservative outcry, there is reason to believe that the present swift growth of liberty for woman means ultimately a new freedom for her in every department of life—above all, in the deepest of all relationships.

MEN WILL BECOME LESS FREE AS WOMEN BECOME MORE FREE

THERE is much in the approaching changes to disturb traditional habits of thought. Woman, economically free, will certainly reduce somewhat the supply of women who are willing to sell themselves to men, either in legal marriage or in the darker ways of prostitution.

Digitized by Google

$832 Buys the Material To Build This Home

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

We Save Home Builders 30% to 50%

Design No. 152-D
Seven rooms and bath, modern, up-to-date interior, a beautiful home, 28x28.

The Chicago House Wrecking Co. would not dare ship you a carload of building material, valued anywhere from $500 to $1,000 ***without one cent*** down, if we misrepresented one single item. You are perfectly safe, we take all the risk.

No one else in all the world can make such low prices on new Building Material. Our reputation as cash buyers places at our command, first—every bargain worth having. We are satisfied with one small profit—let the in-between profits remain in *your* pocket—***means an immense*** saving—that means all previous

Design No. 117
$675 Six Rooms and Bath. A Modern Bungalow, Excellent Interior. Size, 39 feet, 6 inches by 27 feet.

New Building Material Prices S-M-A-S-H-E-D

Then, when our expert knowledge of what to buy and how to buy at the right prices is combined with the expert knowledge of our most complete Architectural Department, the result is practical, modern, beautiful buildings, constructed absolutely without waste—to satisfy all tastes and all pocketbooks.

We not only save you from 25% to 50% on your completed building, but we give you all the assistance you need for its proper and economical construction, free of charge—Blue Print Plans, prepared by expert architects, Specifications and Material Lists, together with ***any other information*** you may need.

Compare our offers and you will be satisfied that none can compete with our price ***—and none can equal our service.***

$10,000 BOOK OF PLANS Mail the Coupon Today FREE

A truly wonderful book given away Free. One hundred pages of modern, up-to-date designs. Free to all parts of the United States. Other points upon receipt of 25c.

Design No. 55
$720 Six Rooms and bath, all rooms convenient and roomy. Size 22 ft. by 31 ft.

$2 Brings Complete $50 Set Blue Prints and Specifications for Any of These Beautiful Homes

The object of this advertisement is not to sell plans, but if you are interested in any of the designs shown on this page, we will, to save time, send a complete set of Plans. Specifications and full descriptive Material List, showing sizes, style, quality and catalog number of the material that we furnish. The best part of it is, that the entire $2 will be credited on your order, or if plans do not suit, you may return them and all but 50c will be refunded. In addition, we will also name, upon request, delivered prices for complete Plumbing Outfit and Heating Plant of any kind and furnish complete specifications free of charge.

FREE Price Wrecking Catalogs

Send for our Special Building Material Catalog No. 101, Plumbing Catalog No. 133 and Heating Catalog No. 120 showing a complete line of construction of house, barn, or any other building. The newest and latest features in each line at low prices.

Design No. 50
$925 Eight Rooms and Bath, very attractive Exterior; Five Closets, Airy Balcony. Size 28 ft. by 28 ft.

Read Our Guarantee—It Is Your Protection

Our guaranteed proposition to you is to furnish the material as specified in the Material List in ***all brand new stock,*** of the grade, sizes, style, quality and catalog number mentioned, and in quantities sufficient to complete the design strictly according to the plans. We also guarantee prompt shipment of order. All material loaded in one car from our plant here. **Our Paid-Up Capital Stock, $2,000,000**

Heating Plants
Write for our prices on our complete bathroom outfit. We guarantee a saving of 30% to 50%.

Plumbing Material
Steam, Hot Water and Warm Air. Let us estimate on your requirements. Big saving.

Design No. 53
$998 Seven Rooms, Bath, Large Living and Main Bedroom, Modern in every respect. Size 27 x 36 ft.

Chicago House Wrecking Company, Dept. F-116 CHICAGO

Chicago House Wrecking
Dept. F-116 Company, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your $10,000 Plan Book FREE. I am also interested in

.....

NAME.....

Town.....

County.....State.....

Digitized by Google

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER
NATURE SPEAKS
as Spring advances and brings promise of new life and recreation. LABLACHE tells women everywhere how to keep that fair complexion and the velvety smoothness of youth. It preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded.
Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually.
Send 10c. for a sample box.
BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 19
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

KEITH'S 20 WONDER HOUSES
A New Book of 20 Plans showing photo views as actually built and large floor plans for 20 selected types of Keith's best ideas in Bungalows, Cottages and Houses, costing $2,000 up. They are Wonder Houses for practical, inexpensive homes. Send silver or stamps.
10c
M. L. KEITH, 421 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

WHITE VALLEY GEMS IMPORTED from FRANCE
SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!
These gems are chemical white sapphires —LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices & ring measure. WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 784 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

GOLDMAN'S Arithstyle
Handiest, Fastest, Cheapest COMPUTING MACHINE
Adds, Subtracts, Multiplies, Divides.
Carries Automatically. Resets Instantly.
Easily moved over page, fixed to desk, carried in hand or pocket, 5 in. x 2 1-2 in. x 1 in. Weight 36 oz. Write for Booklet. Attractive Agents' Proposition.
ARITHSTYLE Co., Suite 204, 118 E. 28th St., N. Y.

Special Spring Offer
15 Days' Free Trial in Your Home
Now is the time to get a Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest. Protects furs, woolens from moths, mice, dust, damp. Delightful wedding or birth gift. Unique gift for the girl graduate. Factory prices. Freight prepaid.
Book Free Write for 64-page illustrated catalog and book, "Story of Red Cedar," postpaid. Write today.
Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. D, Statesville, N.C.

Man will find it more difficult to keep her, as to get her in the first instance, through the threat of poverty. Woman's political and industrial organizations are already beginning to attend to that. The new relationship between the individual man and the individual woman is bound to be more a matter of free choice and less a matter of restraint applied from without.

And yet, the new relationship brings promise of a new set of conservative forces to check that dangerous further step from healthy freedom into license.

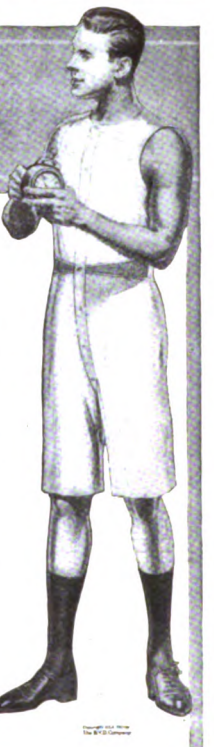
For one thing, man is pretty certain to find himself much less free than at present. Above all, his present roving promiscuity—doubtless the most devastating factor in our existing system of life—will be largely curtailed; and with it will disappear much of his actual power to degrade and destroy the quality of womanhood.

CONSERVATIVE WOMAN

FOR another thing, after admitting every imaginable variety of exception, it can hardly be gainsaid that woman, in sex matters, is immensely more conservative than man. For it is in the nature of the normal woman to think about motherhood and children in a way that the "best" of men are physiologically and psychologically incapable of comprehending. In our present civilization, woman has been largely molded within the limits of masculine thinking; her real self has been, to a great extent, driven into the channels of indirection. And yet her influence, as an individual, tucked away in the home where the children were reared and where the battle-weary man retreated for solace, has been the most beautiful factor in all the rather sorry welter of human life. It has been the soul-stuff of the race. What woman will become, in later generations, when the causes of her indirection have been removed,—when she has taken her rightful place as a frank, outspoken, responsible, quite independent member of the social body, standing with rulers, insisting (as only woman can) on the consideration of life as well as property,—is a thought that stirs the mind to new hopes for mankind.

The approaching revolution in education and in the care and rearing of the child promises to lighten somewhat the burdens of individual parents, and to bring about a much more intelligent understanding than we have ever had as to what the home really should be. Doubtless the strongest natural factor making for a conservative approach to permanence in the marriage relation is the responsibility of parenthood. This responsibility is, of course, much stronger and sweeter in the case of economically

Digitized by Google



Off Goes April and On Goes B. V. D.

OFF goes tight fitting, full length, knit underwear that cramps your body and clogs your pores! On goes loose fitting, soft draping B. V. D. that cools and comforts your skin!

Don't take *any* "Summer Underwear" or *any* "Athletic Underwear." Accept *only* B. V. D. and reject all others. On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the garment.

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U.S.A.,4-30-07.) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.*)

You can't go amiss, if you seek and *find* this label.

The B. V. D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E.C.

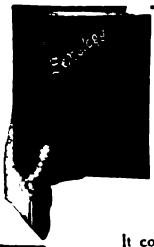
"We've got a new player-piano." "That's nothing, we've got one too." "Yes, but *ours is an Emerson.*"

Legitimate pride and satisfaction come from knowing you have a player-piano with an established reputation that is universally appreciated.

Write for catalogue. Dealers in principal cities and towns.

EMERSON PIANO CO. BOSTON, MASS.

Digitized by Google



IGNORANCE of the laws of self and sex will not excuse infraction of Nature's decree. The knowledge vital to a happy, successful life has been collected in "SEXOLOGY,"

A BOOK FOR EVERY HOME

(Illustrated)

By William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.

It contains in one volume:
Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

"Sexology" is endorsed, and is in the libraries of the heads of our government, and the most eminent physicians, preachers, professors and lawyers throughout the country.

All in one volume. Illustrated, $2 postpaid
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents
PURITAN PUB. CO., 756 Perry Bldg., PHILA., PA.

SMALLEY-MARINE GAS ENGINE
AMERICA'S OLDEST
Our past your guarantee for the future
High Quality at a Low Price. Send Stamps for Catalog
SMALLEY-GENERAL CO.
1904 Trumbull St. BAY CITY, MICH.

LOW FACTORY PRICES
on Invalid Chairs and Tricycles. Send 10c in stamps for big illustrated catalog.
GORDON MFG. CO. 414 MADISON AVE., TOLEDO, O.

Do Your Printing!
Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18, Rotary $60. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog. TYPE, cards, paper, outfits, etc.
THE PRESS CO. - Meriden, Conn.

PATENTS Sixty-seven years practice before the Patent Office. Our handbooks on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the Scientific American.
MUNN & CO.
370 Broadway, N. Y., and 627 F Street, Washington, D. C.

6% NET
For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 715
$25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.
PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kans.

FIRST MORTGAGES ON IMPROVED FARMS ARE SAFE and yield 6% and 6½% **NET**
We collect and remit interest in N. Y. exchange without charge. Write for lists of mortgages and full details
THE DEVEREAUX MORTGAGE COMPANY
1016 Spalding Building Portland, Oregon

Spend Your Vacation on
Quaint Cape Cod
Seashore, Woods and Country. Splendid fishing, yachting, bathing and golfing. Cool breezes always.
Send for "Quaint Cape Cod." It's free
Write ADVERTISING BUREAU, Room 715, South Station, Boston.
NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD R. R.

independent parents than in the case of those unfortunate ones who are tortured beyond endurance by the nervous strain of dependence on others or the horrors of actual poverty.

And, further, to look frankly a considerable way ahead, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that many of the factors that make for the present license and depravity are not primarily sex problems. There is, for instance, the relation between vice and the liquor traffic, and the bewildering, frequently overwhelming pressure that certain organized, profit-hunting, profoundly vicious industries exert on the individual at almost every moment of the day. There is here an unhealthy stimulus that is certain to be removed, or at least modified, when the new understanding of the social effects of certain kinds of economic forces has been extended a little further. And, in this connection, the widespread belief that the liquor interests have been influential in defeating Woman Suffrage in several States takes on a peculiar significance.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD-FASHIONED HOME

THERE is reason to believe that our traditional attitude toward marriage has not been bringing us with any great rapidity toward the ideal "home" that conservative political orators are given to defending with such passionate vehemence. We have repeatedly fought and bled (rhetorically) in defense of a certain kind of "home" without any too great reason to believe that this sort of home has had a very general existence. The old-fashioned "home" has gone beyond recall. The new-fashioned home has bred the idle, parasitic woman to an alarming extent, and has been breaking up, for obvious reasons, before our eyes. We have spent some energy in fighting down divorce, mainly in the interest of an occasional child or two, while the interests of an occasional million or two children whose little lives are being ground up in profit-seeking industries have only begun to concern us, and rather vaguely at that. Yet it is all a part of the life we must live together as a race. And it is all the problem of the real "home," the social home, as we have got to learn to understand it.

There is reason to hope that the approaching freedom of woman, while it seems destined to create, not a greater but certainly a franker marital freedom than we have hitherto been accustomed to, may tend both to limit certain over-free prerogatives of man in more than one department of life, and to develop woman and her influence into a more finely and powerfully constructive civilizing force than our history so far records.

Digitized by Google

NEW FEATURES *for* 1913
Make This Fireless Cook Stove
Exclusively "IDEAL"

The IDEAL Fireless Cook Stove will save 50% of your kitchen labor, 75% of your fuel, and add 100% to the quality of your food.

AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROL The "Water Seal" Top - Heat-Conserving Valve with Patented In-Built Condenser—

Lined Throughout with Pure Aluminum—SEAMLESS Cooking Compartments—"VULCANIZED" Solid Oak Outer Casing

THESE features put the IDEAL Fireless cook stove *in a class by itself.* Cooks perfectly—***Roasts, Bakes, Steams, Stews, Boils,*** and retains *all* the nutriment, food-values and flavor. You cannot expect to obtain full cooking efficiency from a Fireless cook stove in which there is not *every fortification against the escape of cooking heat.*

"Water Seal" Top The "Water Seal" top is an automatic heat control that locks or seals the cooker at the cover, *preventing the escape of cooking heat. This feature is exclusive with the IDEAL.*

Heat-Conserving Valve with Patented In-Built Condenser—Our Patented Automatic condenser is a scientific steam controlling and heat-conserving valve. *No other cooker has this* type of automatic condenser.

"The Ideal" Fireless Cook Stove is lined throughout with heavy sheets of *Pure Aluminum*—will not rust, corrode, crack, chip or peel. Has seamless cooking compartments. Separate cover for each compartment equipped with patented lever, locks and "stop" hinges. *Pure Aluminum cooking utensils;* absolutely seamless and self-locking covers. An insulation made after our own secret formula. Handsome in appearance. Solid oak outer casing which has undergone special "vulcanizing" treatment.

30 Days' Trial

Try the IDEAL Fireless cook stove at our risk. Test the truth of every claim we make. Cook your meals in it for thirty days, if at the end of that time it has not fulfilled our every promise, send it back. *Every cent you will have paid will be refunded.*

Pay a Little Each Month

As evidence of the confidence we have in the IDEAL we will sell it to you on the installment—pay a little each month.

"IDEAL" TRIPLICATE PAILS

$3.00 PREPAID

We are originators of the *Pure Aluminum, Seamless Triplicate Pails* for Fireless cook stoves. *These make the equipment of any Fireless cook stove complete.* With these Triplicate Pails *three things may be cooked at ONE time in ONE compartment of any Fireless cook stove,* thus greatly adding to the capacity and convenience of the cooker. Also splendid for cooking three things over one burner of a gas or oil stove. Sent anywhere, prepaid, upon receipt of price, $3.00. *Money back if not satisfied.*

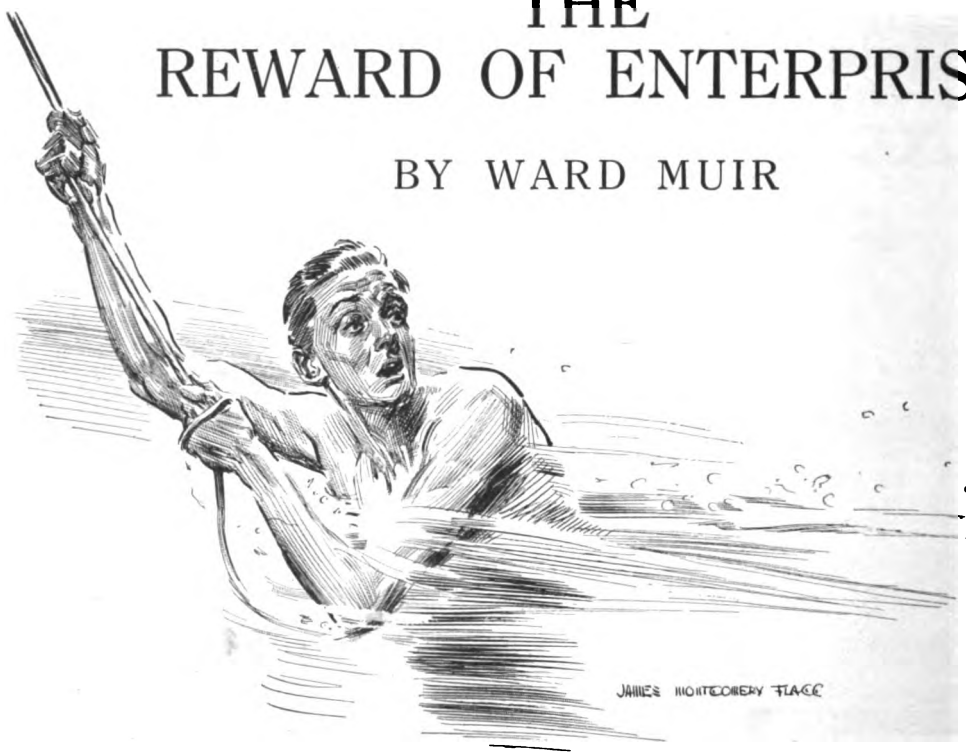
Write today for illustrated catalog and details of our easy payment plan. We want you to have these at once.

THE TOLEDO COOKER CO., 1331 West Bancroft St., Toledo, Ohio

Digitized by Google

THE REWARD OF ENTERPRISE

BY WARD MUIR



THIS is how it happened [said my friend Harborough].

I'm a novelist, as you know, but if I hadn't *had* to take to writing, I'd have been a rolling stone by profession and by inclination. In my more philosophic moods I perceive that, really, it was sheer luck — this occurrence about which you've asked me to tell you. I should never have made a success of any other trade but authorship. I'd have starved; instead, I'm rather well off, as things go. But still ——

You understand, I was by way of being a bit venturesome as a young man. I did a certain amount of journalism, from time to time, but my secret hopes were set on all that is implied in that specious phrase, "seeing the world." I wanted to see the world.

Keeping this object in view, I shipped on a tramp steamer with whose captain I had struck up an acquaintanceship. Nominally I was the purser; actually I was the captain's guest. Cargo boats like the S. S. *Peterhof* do not employ a purser.

No need to narrate the history of that voyage, nor dwell upon the trivial particulars of our life on board. Suffice it to say that in mid-Atlantic our engines had a breakdown. The *Peterhof* came to a standstill.

If it has ever happened to you during a big voyage, you will know that there is something portentous about the cessation of a steamer's machinery in mid-ocean. Day and night the engines have throbbed, until their throbbing has penetrated into your very marrow; and when the throbbing abruptly dies you are sensible of a shock. When the *Peterhof* halted, I ran up on deck as speedily as though we had had a collision. I saw, all round, nothing but sea, sea, sea; and it was far more amazing than if I had beheld an island, or an iceberg, or a raft of shipwrecked mariners, or any of the other picturesque phenomena which my fertile fancy had hastened to invent as an explanation for our stoppage.

The *Peterhof's* engines were antiquated; breakdowns had occurred before, and our two engineers, I learned, would be able to effect a repair. Twenty-four hours' labor would set us going again, and meanwhile we were free to admire, as best we might, the somewhat monotonous beauties of the Atlantic.

Digitized by Google

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER

You Can't Lock Them Out— Burglars

IT'S their business—their art—to pick locks, to avoid burglar alarms, to *get in* when they make up their minds to get in.

Every lock maker knows this. Every policeman and detective know it. *You* will know it only too well the night you wake with a start and have to face them.

Get ready for that night. For you can out-arm any burglar. You can protect your home and family with an unfailing defender—the ten-shot Savage Automatic.

Its quick, sure, instinctive aiming will never fail you—even in the dark. Its ten quick shots—one to each trigger pull—gives you a real arsenal of defense. Its very possession in the home gives you a confidence that no other arm ever gave you.

'Phone your dealer to send you a ten-shot Savage Automatic today—before nightfall.

Burglar book, advice by eminent detective and police authorities, sent you for 6 cents in stamps.

FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

Our handsome free rifle catalogue shows and describes the latest Savage rifles, including new 20-shot repeater; 22 cal. 20 in. barrel; military bolt action; weight 4 lbs. Price, $6.50. Savage Arms Company, 71, Savage Avenue, Utica, New York

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

I'M GOING "EVINRUDING"

THE lake is mine. The river too and every little inlet of the bay, because I "Evinrude" to where I want to go. I go alone if I wish or I fill the boat with friends. Eight miles an hour I glide through the waters and the propeller never *did* know a weed. My

EVINRUDE
DETACHABLE ROW-BOAT-MOTOR

with its merry little purr of two full horse power, will fit *any* row boat; mine or a rented one and it's so simple that I operate it myself.

IT WEIGHS BUT FIFTY POUNDS and IT CARRIES LIKE A SATCHEL. Brother John takes it whenever he goes on fishing trips to the lakes, and he says that's why he gets fish. This motor doesn't crank you know; we simply give the fly wheel a swing and presto! We're "Evinruding" through the water.

Illustrated catalog sent upon request.

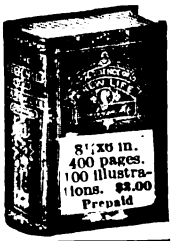
EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.,
327 M Street MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Members of National Association of Engine & Boat Manufacturers. New York City Show Room Hudson Terminal Bldg 30 Church St. Western Agents: Woodhouse Gasoline Engine Co., 62 Marion St., Seattle, Wash.; A. Hebgen, 51 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.; F. G. Epton, Box 829, Portland, Oregon.

Digitized by Google

Every Married Couple

and all who contemplate marriage



Should Own

this complete informative book

"The Science of a New Life"

By JOHN COWAN, M.D.

Endorsed and recommended by foremost medical and religious critics throughout the U. S. Unfolds the secrets of married happiness, so often revealed too late! No book like it to be had at the price. We can give only a few of the chapter subjects here as this book is not meant for children. (Agents wanted):

Marriage and Its Advantages. Age at Which to Marry. Law of Choice. Love Analyzed. Qualities One Should Avoid in Choosing. Anatomy of Reproduction. Amativeness: Continence. Children. Genius.

Conception. Pregnancy. Confinement. Nursing. How a Happy Married Life is Secured.

Descriptive circular giving full and complete table of contents mailed FREE.

Special Offer

The regular price is $2.00. In order to introduce this work into as many neighborhoods as possible, we will, for a limited time, send one copy only to any reader of this Magazine, postpaid, upon receipt of $2.00.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., 25 Rose Street, New York City

"Where Summer Is Five Septembers Long"

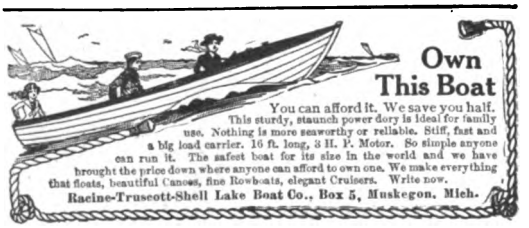
You'd enjoy a vacation this summer at either

Marthas Vineyard or Nantucket

Islands in the Atlantic

We've two beautifully illustrated books that describe these islands. They're free. Write today. Advertising Bureau, Room 714, South Station, Boston.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD R. R.



Own This Boat

You can afford it. We save you half. This sturdy, staunch power dory is ideal for family use. Nothing is more seaworthy or reliable. Stiff, fast and a big load carrier. 16 ft. long, 3 H. P. Motor. So simple anyone can run it. The safest boat for its size in the world and we have brought the price down where anyone can afford to own one. We make everything that floats, beautiful Canoes, fine Rowboats, elegant Cruisers. Write now.

Racine-Trusceott-Shell Lake Boat Co., Box 5, Muskegon, Mich.

RANGER BICYCLES

Have *imported roller chains, sprockets* and *pedals; New Departure Coaster-Brakes* and *Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment* and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. *Guaranteed 5 yrs.*

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL We ship on approval, *freight prepaid*, anywhere in U.S., *without a cent in advance.* DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you get our big new catalog and *special prices* and *a marvelous new offer.* A postal brings everything. *Write it now.* TIRES, Coaster-Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, sundries, *half usual prices.* Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. A-32 CHICAGO

Salesmen Wanted

DO YOU WANT A GOOD POSITION WHERE YOU CAN EARN FROM $1,000.00 TO $5,000.00 A YEAR AND EXPENSES?

There are hundreds of such positions now open. No former experience as a salesman required to get one of them. If you want to enter the world's best paying profession our Free Employment Bureau will assist you to secure a position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars; list of good openings and testimonial letters from hundreds of our students for whom we have recently secured good positions paying from $100.00 to $500.00 a month and expenses. Address nearest office, Dept. 121

National Salesmen's Training Association

Chicago New York Kansas City San Francisco New Orleans Toronto

THERE was not a breath of wind; the sun blazed from a cloudless sky. As long as the *Peterhof* had been in motion, we had considered the temperature fairly cool; but now that her motion was arrested, the heat became very noticeable. The sea was, in a sense, absolutely smooth; but its smoothness did not imply flatness, any more than the smoothness of a carpet's pile implies flatness if the carpet is being shaken. On the contrary, the *Peterhof* was rolling upon the undulations of a heavy ground-swell. The surface of that ground-swell was without a wrinkle, polished and glossy like lacquer; but its hills and its dales were gigantically high and deep — far higher and far deeper than I had realized until the engines relinquished their task of propelling us athwart them. Now, lying helpless upon the water, we swooped up to a glazed summit, swooped down to the bottom of a satiny gulf, swooped up again and down again in a splendid, even oscillation, and — this was what seemed so extraordinary to a landsman — in absolute silence. It was uncanny. Those fabulous billows never broke. There was not even a hiss of foam against the side of the steamer.

The thing fascinated me. I stood by the rail, reveling in this prodigious see-saw, and only gradually did it dawn upon me that we were not really rushing down one slant and up the next — we were only being lifted up and down vertically.

This discovery sounds foolish, but I can't tell you how it excited me. I got an empty biscuit-tin from the steward, and threw it into the sea as far as I could, and then watched it floating. You'd have said that that biscuit-tin would have been drawn away by the strength of the swell, or else dashed against the *Peterhof's* side; instead, it simply sat there at exactly the spot where it had fallen; and an hour after I had thrown it into the water it had shifted perhaps only six or eight inches nearer the steamer.

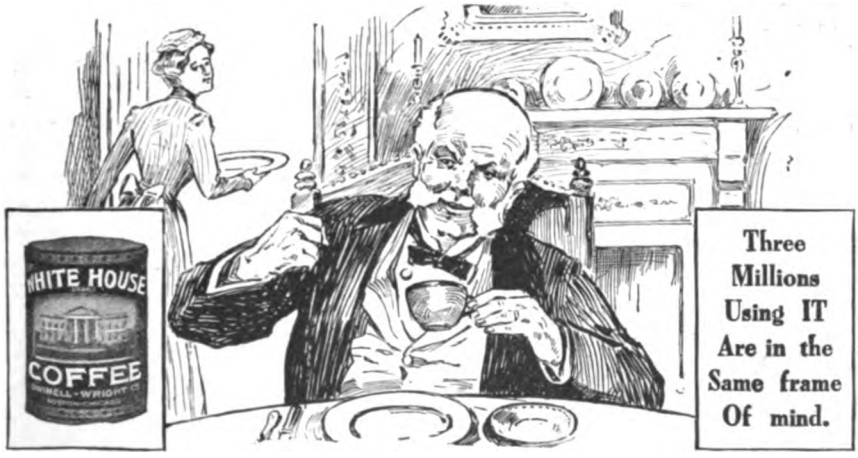
A project was forming in my mind. I looked at the water. It was a peculiar, vitreous green, and, closer under the steamer, was transparent to the depth of many feet. Beneath my shoe-soles the poop was hot; overside the sea looked inexpressibly inviting. And on a sudden I turned to the drowsing captain and exclaimed: "I want to bathe."

"To bathe?" The captain gazed at me.

"Why not?"

THE captain yawned out some lethargic suggestion to the effect that to bathe would be dangerous because of the depth — as though I'd be more apt to drown in three miles of water than in three fathoms.

Digitized by Google



"You can't make me believe there's any other coffee so good as

'White House' Coffee"

Dwinell-Wright Co., Principal Coffee Roasters, Boston & Chicago

Is Your Refrigerator Poisoning Your Family?

Never Sold in Stores

Your doctor will tell you that a refrigerator which cannot be kept sweet, clean and wholesome, as you can *easily* keep the Monroe, is *always dangerous* to the health of your family. The Monroe is the *only* refrigerator made with

Solid Porcelain Compartments

which can be kept free of breeding places for the disease germs that poison food which in turn poisons people. *Not* cheap "bath tub" porcelain-*enamel*, but one solid piece of snow-white unbreakable porcelain ware—nothing to crack, craze, chip, break or absorb moisture—but *genuine* porcelain, *over an inch thick*—as easily cleaned as a china bowl—every corner *rounded*—not a single crack, crevice, joint, screw-head or any other lodging place for dirt and the germs of disease and decay. Send at once for

FREE BOOK About Refrigerators

which explains all this and tells you how to materially reduce the high cost of living—how to have better, more nourishing food—how to keep food longer without spoiling—how to cut down ice bills—how to guard against sickness—doctor's bills.

The "Monroe"

30 Days Trial—Factory Price—Cash or Credit

Direct from factory to you—saving you store profits. We pay freight and guarantee your money back and removal of refrigerator at no expense to you if you are not absolutely satisfied. Easy terms if more convenient for you. Send for book NOW—Use coupon or a letter or postal.

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station 10D, Lockland, Ohio

— — — **TEAR OFF AND MAIL NOW FOR BEAUTIFUL FREE BOOK** — — —

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station 10D, Lockland, Ohio

You may send me your book about refrigerators.

Name .....

Address .....

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS $15.

"Built—Not Stuffed"

We have samples of ticking for you—and a FREE BOOK that tells how the Ostermoor is built of airy, interlacing sheets, of great elasticity; closed in the tick by hand, and *never* mats, loses shape nor gets lumpy. Perfectly dry, non-absorbent, guaranteed vermin-proof. Soft, and pure as *can* be; no re-making nor re-stuffing necessary.

FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a handsome, full-sized Ostermoor Mattress to *try*—on receipt of $15. The money will be placed to your credit and will be returned without question if you are dissatisfied at end of 30 days. Mattresses packed in leatherette paper and burlap, fully protected. Shipped, express paid, day order is received. Get the FREE TRIAL or *Free Book* now.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 112 Elizabeth St., New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Mattresses Full Double Bed Size	
A. C. A. Ticking, 45 lbs.	$15.00
Satin Finish Ticking, 45 lbs.	16.50
Mercerized Art Twills, 45 lbs.	18.00
Special Hotel Style, 50 lbs.	23.00
Extra Thick French Edge, 60 lbs.	30.00

Express prepaid. Mattresses in two parts, 50c extra. Smaller sizes cost $1 less each size.

Inexpensive Fireproof Construction With Hy-Rib

All the requirements of successful, modern construction—permanence, durability, fireproofness and economy are ensured by the use of Hy-Rib. A steel sheathing, stiffened by rigid deep ribs, Hy-Rib does away with forms and perfectly reinforces concrete. Hy-Rib construction is monolithic, permanent—never burns or rots.

ROOFS—*Hy-Rib roofs are light, fireproof and low in first cost. Their after-cost is practically nothing.*

WALLS—*Since Hy-Rib combines reinforcement, forms, lath and studs, Hy-Rib walls are built more quickly, with less labor and at lower cost.*

PARTITIONS, etc.—*Partitions, floors, ceilings, etc., built with Hy-Rib are easily and cheaply constructed, permanent, fireproof and sanitary.*

Whenever or whatever you intend to build, it will pay you to learn about the economy and other advantages of Hy-Rib. Write us about your plans and receive interesting literature and useful suggestions free.

KAHN Building Products — TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.

Trussed Concrete Steel Co. 604 Trussed Concrete Bldg. DETROIT, MICH.

"Pumping Every Day for 20 Years

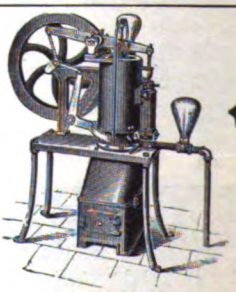
—and entirely satisfactory." Thus writes Mr. A. L. Tyler, Anniston, Ala., of the "Reeco" Water System which supplies his house. This is your most important consideration in installing a water system—the ability to operate continuously year after year at maximum efficiency, without break-down.

"REECO" Water Systems

ECONOMICAL—NOISELESS—TROUBLE-PROOF—Backed by 70 years' experience

50,000 "Reeco" Systems in every part of the world are now demonstrating this efficiency, durability and economy that you demand—in hotels, factories, farms, country homes. We design systems to meet every water-supply requirement—tell you the cost to a penny—and make complete installations.

Write for Catalogue "G" to nearest office.



Ericsson Pump

RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Montreal, P. Q., Sydney, Australia

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

Seafaring people are odd in that way. They're so — how shall I express it? — so unenterprising. In the midst of adventure and romance, they are stirred by no recognition either of the adventurous or the romantic. I was a city-bred youngster, who had never been out of hail of the home-land before, and I possessed more enterprise in my little finger than that far-traveled captain had in the whole of his weather-worn, hulking lump of a carcass. I wanted to bathe. I wanted to bathe in mid-Atlantic. I had learned to bathe in the public swimming-bath near my old school, and now I wanted to try a swimming-bath three miles deep and tilting continuously at an angle of I don't know how many degrees. The notion was gorgeous.

"I can swim," I said. "You needn't be afraid."

"But the waves 'll sweep you away."

"There aren't any waves. Watch that biscuit-tin."

The captain hadn't thought of it in that light. He tried to argue; but my biscuit-tin answered his argument. And eventually he allowed me to have the ladder lowered; I stripped, descended the ladder, and launched myself into the sea.

I STRUCK out, to get clear of the ship, then ceased swimming and looked around me. The sea was coldish, but not unendurable. Behind me the *Peterhof* towered like a cliff; I had never realized before how big a five-thousand-ton vessel looks from the water. At her rail I could see a cluster of the crew, watching me.

But, if the *Peterhof* appeared strange from the water, how much stranger was the view in the opposite direction! Or, rather, the absence of view!

The ground-swell had looked formidable when I was on the *Peterhof's* deck; here its aspect was terrific. The crystalline slope in which I was cradled seemed to reach to the sky; yet, without having climbed it, I immediately found myself, instead of looking up the slope, looking down it — down an oblique abyss of gleaming profundity. I seemed to fall and fall and fall. Nevertheless, there was no spasm of nausea; although I was falling, I was supported, sensuously, in my fall. And I never reached the finish of the fall; it merged, imperceptibly, into an ascent; and a moment later I was surveying a fresh trough of glassiness, or else gazing audaciously downward (*downward!*) on to the deck of the *Peterhof*.

It was overwhelming. Never in all my life have I attained to a rapture comparable with that bath in mid-Atlantic. I had aspired to

More than two-thirds of the trees in America have weak crotches and are liable to be split apart by the first high wind. Such trees are structurally weak—they are bound to split apart sooner or later. It may be five or ten years, or it might be only five or ten days.

The untrained eye can seldom detect a weak crotch—**DAVEY EXPERTS** are trained to detect them and to **prevent** disastrous splitting.

We will gladly have one of our experts examine your trees without charge and report on their exact condition.

Splitting branches are a source of danger to other trees and to buildings, and a constant menace to life.

It costs ten times as much to save a tree after splitting apart as it would to have saved that tree from splitting.

If your trees need no treatment, you want to know it; if they do need treatment, you ought to know it.

Don't employ unskilled labor, it is always expensive.

Let us examine your trees now. Write for booklet P.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT COMPANY, KENT, OHIO

Branch Offices: 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Harvester Bldg., Chicago, Ill. New Birks Bldg., Montreal, Can. Merchants Exch. Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone: Madison Square 9546, Harrison 2066, Up Town 6726, Telephone Connection
Representatives Available Everywhere.

ARE you searching for a special vegetable which delighted you last season? Or that novelty in flowers which drew your admiring attention? Have you a corner of your garden where some old-time perennial just **belongs**—if you could only find it? It is almost certain

"You can get them at Dreer's"

The Diamond Jubilee edition of Dreer's Garden Book describes nearly five thousand kinds of Seeds, Plants and Bulbs—really everything worth growing in this country. Practical cultural notes on flowers and vegetables make this book of greater value than any half dozen books on gardening.

Mailed free to anyone mentioning this publication

DREER'S SUPERB ASTERS—The finest strain, either for garden decoration or cutting. Packets contain enough seed to produce more than one hundred plants. Made up of eight beautiful colors. Ten cents per packet. DREER'S GARDEN BOOK free with each order.

HENRY A. DREER 714 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA

Digitized by Google

Burbank's New Shasta Daisy
The Westralia

You all know the famous Luther Burbank creation, the Shasta Daisy, with its huge white flowers with soft, velvety gold centers—the world-wide popular flower creation of the century.

The Westralia Shasta is a new type, of pleasing cream color, semi-double, three to four inches across, produced on fairly long stems in bewildering profusion, with remarkable resistant vigor and ability to overcome ill-treatment and unfavorable conditions. Beautify your garden with this unusual Burbank novelty. Get it from the true original source.

As with all original Burbank productions, the demand is great. Order before the supply is exhausted—today.

One plant, 75 cents; two, $1.25; three, $1.50; six, $2.00; ten, $2.50; 100, $15.00.

You can now get Luther Burbank's 1913 Rose Novelty—Corona

For your own garden. This, the most unique of all rose creations, has a bloom which, when cut, will last in perfect condition for two weeks. It is a semi-climber of the Crimson Rambler type, with immense clusters of rose-crimson flowers, resembling the Chinese Primrose.

The Corona is a hardy plant, and will grow anywhere in the United States. A row of "Coronas" will make your garden a sight to behold.

Large plants, each, $5.00; per ten, $40.00. Place your orders now.

With every dollar order we will send you upon request Luther Burbank's Instructions "How to Plant and Raise Flowers"—worth the price of the order.

Luther Burbank wants the people of all countries to enjoy the beauty and splendor of his new flower creations. Now for the first time, the original creations are within the reach of all. None genuine without seal.

THE LUTHER BURBANK COMPANY

Send for our 1913 Seed and Nursery Catalogue at once.

The Luther Burbank Co.

Sole Distributer of Burbank's Horticultural Productions

808 Exposition Bldg., San Francisco

Greider's Fine Catalogue

and calendar of pure-bred poultry for 1913, large, many pages of poultry facts, different breeds in natural colors, 70 varieties illustrated and described. Incubators and brooders, low price of stock and eggs for hatching. A perfect guide to all poultry raisers. Send 10c for this noted book. **E. H. GREIDER, Box 90, Rheems, Pa.**

55 BREEDS

PURE-BRED CHICKENS, DUCKS, GEESE, TURKEYS, also Incubators, Supplies, and Collie Dogs. Send 4c for large Poultry book, Incubator Catalog and Price List. **H. H. HINIKER, Box 207, Mankato, Minn.**

16 NEW BULBS FOR 20 CTS.

1 New Yellow Calla, very fine and valuable.
3 Emerald Vine, most graceful and elegant of vines.
3 Hellanti, a most showy flower like Cosmos. Tubers make a fine winter vegetable cooked like asparagus.
3 Gladiolus New Hybrids.
6 Shamrock Oxalis. Fine foliage; everblooming. These 16 Bulbs are all new and extra fine. We mail them all together with a complete treatise on Culture of Summer Bulbs and big Catalogue for **20 cents**.

Our big **Catalogue of Flowers and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs and rare new Fruits** free to all who apply. We are the largest growers in the world of Gladiolus, Cannas, Dahlias, Lilies, etc., and our stocks are the best and cheapest.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We **Ship on Approval and trial** to anyone in the U. S. and *prepay the freight*. If you are not satisfied with the bicycle after using it ten days, ship it back *and don't pay a cent*.

FACTORY PRICES *Do not buy a* **bicycle** or a pair of **tires** from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our latest **Art Catalogs** of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our *unheard-of prices* and *marvelous new special offers*.

IT ONLY COSTS a cent to write a postal and everything will be sent you **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do Not Wait; write it NOW!**

TIRES, Coaster-Brake, rear wheels, lamps, parts, repairs and sundries of all kinds at *half usual prices*.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A-32 CHICAGO

be able to say that I had swum in water three miles deep — oh, never mind what vain boast I had promised myself. Boasting was forgotten; I was experiencing. I was surrendered to an ecstasy, an enchantment, a glee, beyond expression, grandiose and delicious. I lolled in the pellucid water, not troubling to swim. I let myself go in those dizzy soarings and sinkings.

THE whole adventure was half terrifying and half — well, comfortable. Perched on the crown of one of those flawless ridges, I felt, as I toppled over, that I must either be smashed to pieces at the end of the plunge or engulfed in some horrid under-tow. But I knew that nothing of the sort would happen. Quietly I paddled with my arms and feet; almost contemptuously I gave myself to the puissant and colossal rhythm which swayed me as high as a cathedral at every swing, and then gently rocked me down as deep as a valley. I tell you, the sensation was sublime; and I hadn't even got my hair wet!

I remembered, in the middle of my bliss, this perfectly incongruous fact that I hadn't got my hair wet, and I prepared to "duck." But at that moment I heard a shout from the deck of the *Peterhof*.

I turned in the water, and saw that the captain was gesticulating to me, but I couldn't hear what he was saying. The crew were shouting also, and one of them had got a coil of rope over his arm and seemed to be making ready to throw it. What did they mean?

Stupidly, in the tingling ardor and gusto of my enjoyment, I didn't make out, for a minute, what they were driving at; it occurred to me that they had taken it into their heads that because I wasn't swimming I had got cramp. I signaled cheerily to them, to reassure them; but they did not cease shouting. And then, as I turned again, a little, in the water, I *knew*. . . .

NEAR the sky-line rim of the superb mountain-range upon which I was commencing to rise, I saw, shadowy in the translucent green, an unmistakable shape — the shape of a great fish: a shark. Its fin cut the surface like a knife. For one instant I stared, and in that instant I observed, with vivid clearness, all manner of minute details — the burnished sheen on the water, the glistening tautness of its lofty sky-line, the sapphire blue of the sky itself, and, most lucidly of all, the silhouette of the shark. Every movement of the latter was now plain to me. And it *was* moving — there was no doubt of it: a trail of bubbles streamed from its flank and a tiny streak of froth fluttered behind the

Digitized by Google

(?) WHERE-TO-GO Bureau 6 BEACON ST. BOSTON

If Coming To New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

CLENDENING 188 W. 103 St. New York
Select, homelike, economical. Suite of parlor, bedroom, private bath for two persons, $2.00 daily. Write for Booklet H., with fine map of city.*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HOTEL DRISCOLL
Faces U.S.Capitol. Tourists' Favorite. Near Union Station. Amidst Show Places. Garage. Baths gratis. Music. Amer. $2.50. Eur. $1 up. Booklet. Souvenir Card.

SEATTLE WASH.

Hotel Savoy. "12 stories of solid comfort," concrete, steel & marble. In fashionable shopping district. English grill. Auto Bus. $1.00 up.*

ATLANTIC CITY N.J.

ATLANTIC CITY
IS A DELICHT IN THE WINTER MONTHS
Nothing is more attractive or beneficial than being seated in an easy chair, wrapped in a steamer rug, and enjoying the marine views from an open deck, or glass enclosed solarium immediately adjoining the boardwalk. **HOTEL DENNIS** is unequaled in this respect and maintains an unobstructed ocean view from every floor.

Always Open Capacity 600 WALTER BUZBY

ATLANTIC CITY N. J.

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

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

TRAVEL

See Switzerland
Nothing half so enjoyable as a holiday in the LAND OF LAKES AND ALPS. Illustrated Pocket Guide **A** Two Maps, full particulars of hotels, etc. Postpaid 10 Cents
OFFICIAL INFORMATION BUREAU OF SWITZERLAND
241 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

EUROPE. THE IDEAL WAY. Send for Booklet.
J.P.Graham Ideal Tours, Box 1055X. Pittsburg

Hodgman's Motor Tours
IN EUROPE, $245—25 days London to London, all exp. Other Tours Continent. Summer and Winter; 7th season. Especially adapted for ladies traveling alone. Also cars for hire anywhere in Europe. Rates, itineraries, testimonials, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Eup'n Auto Road Maps $1.

HEALTH RESORTS

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM System of Health Building is bringing many health seekers, who are learning how to live right and how to keep well. The Sanitarium is a great educational center at the head of a world-wide movement for physical betterment. It offers 200 kinds of Baths, electrical, manual, Swedish, mechanical treatments, etc. under the direct guidance of 30 specializing physicians-300 trained nurses. Pleasant recreations like beautiful Palm Gardens, Sun Parlors, Indoor Swimming Pools for men and women, Musicals, Lectures, Gymnasium, Etc. Write for Portfolio of Views. THE SANITARIUM
BOX 109 BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

MT. CLEMENS FAMOUS MINERAL BATHS
FOR RHEUMATISM AND NERVOUS BREAK DOWNS
WRITE FOR INFORMATION
THE COLONIAL
BOX G MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

SUNNYREST SANATORIUM, White Haven, Pa. Don't cross a continent to treat tuberculosis, leaving home comforts and friends. "The invigorating Blue Mountains are better." Write Elwell B. Stockdale, Supt.*

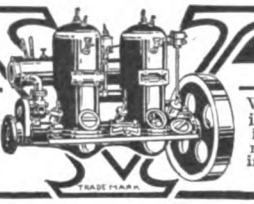
Write for further information.

YOU SHOULD KNOW ALL ABOUT THE **MUDLAVIA** TREATMENT THE HOME OF HEALTH AND REST.

No matter what ails you, you should not let another day pass without writing for our illustrated, descriptive booklet. 30,000 patients successfully treated. Ask us for references from your own locality. The Mudlavia Treatment is distinctive and this is the only place in the world where you can get it. Get this booklet before you leave home in search of Health and Rest.
ADDRESS MANAGER MUDLAVIA — KRAMER, IND., BOX 80.

VIM MOTORS

1, 2, 3 and 4 CYLINDER **2 CYCLE, 5 TO 55 H. P.**



The boat builders' "stand-by"—the boat owners' pride. Strong, simple—absolutely dependable. Parts easily accessible. Built to last a life time. Heavy brass fittings and equipment.
VIM MOTOR COMPANY

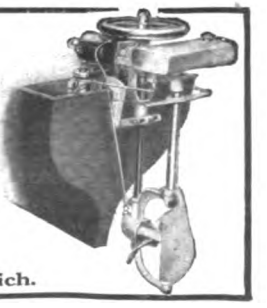
With the **Vim,** motor boating is an exhilarating, fascinating, healthful sport. The experienced boatman always picks the **Vim.** Thousands now in use, 8 or 9 years old. Read 27 reasons why in "Boating Facts"—our new catalog. Send today.
1704 Water Street, Sandusky, Ohio.

Put the "PORTO" on YOUR Row-boat

This simple little 2 H. P. engine drives an 18 ft. row-boat 7 miles an hour, 4 hours on a gallon of gasoline. The most power for the *price*—most power for the *weight*—only 55 lbs. complete.

Makes a Motor Boat of ANY Boat in 5 Minutes

—off or on in a jiffy. Simple—compact—strong. Has been sold on trial for seven years. We'll send *you* the latest model to use a month at our risk. Ask for our 1913 catalog showing Waterman Motors for every purpose—you'll want this interesting book soon if not now—write us today for it.



Waterman Marine Motor Co., 121 Mt. Elliott Ave., Detroit, Mich.

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

Detroit Marine Engine
Uses Gasoline or Kerosene

Demonstrator Agent wanted in each boating community. Special wholesale price on first outfit sold. Amazing fuel injector saves HALF operating cost, gives more power, will not back-fire. Engine starts without cranking; reversible, only three moving parts.

New Catalog FREE

Write TODAY!

GREATEST ENGINE BARGAIN EVER OFFERED. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. 1, 2 and 4 cyl. 2 to 50 h.p. Suitable for any boat; canoe, racer, cruiser—or railway track car. Join "boosters" club. Send for new catalog.

Detroit Engine Works, 1260 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

NOTE THE SIMPLICITY

Of making perfect duplicates with the

Daus' IMPROVED Tip Top Duplicator.

No intricate mechanism. No printer's ink. Always ready. 100 copies from pen-written and 50 copies from type-written original. Useful in any business. Sent on Ten Days' Trial Without Deposit. Complete duplicator, cap size, (prints 8¾x13 inches). Contains roll of "Dausco" Oiled Parchment Back, duplicating surface which can be used over and over again. Circular of larger sizes free on request. **$5.00**

FELIX A. K. DAUS DUPLICATOR CO., Daus Bldg., 111 John Street, New York

Tourists-Settlers

—should see sunny Southern California before traveling abroad—before deciding to locate somewhere else. The attractions, beauties, opportunities, possibilities for you in Southern California are unequaled any place else in the world. A request will bring you all information free.

Write Dept. 12, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Los Angeles, Cal.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines **SOLD or RENTED ANY WHERE at ½ to ⅔ M'F'R'S PRICES, allowing RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE.** Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Illustrated Catalog H.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

ADDING MACHINE
MULTIPLIES—SUBTRACTS
For General Office or Personal Desk Use
Over 60,000 in use
Mostly sold through recommendation
Purchase through your Stationer
If he will not supply you, send remittance to us. We guarantee every machine—money refunded if not satisfactory within 10 days.
K. GANCHER A. A. M. CO. 319 Broadway N.Y.
LIVE AGENTS WANTED

WORK SHOPS

OF wood and metal workers, without steam power, equipped with

BARNES' FOOT POWER MACHINERY allow lower bids

on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.
200 Ruby Street Rockford, Ill.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1913 model. *Write for Special Offer.* **Finest Guaranteed 1913 Models** with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof Tires. **1911 and 1912 MODELS ALL OF BEST MAKES.....** **$10 to $27** **$7 to $12**

100 Second-Hand Wheels *All makes and models, good as new* **$3 to $8**

Great Factory Clearing Sale. We **Ship on Approval** *without a cent deposit, pay the freight & allow* **10 Days' Free Trial**

TIRES coaster-brake wheels, lamps, and sundries, *half usual prices.* **DO NOT BUY** till you get our catalogue and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A-32 CHICAGO

fin. The shark was not passive in the element, as I was. It was monarch of the waves; it could drive through them with the precision of a torpedo. I had invaded a realm that I had no business to invade . . . and its guardian was come to punish me.

An astonishingly coherent train of reflections such as these whirled through my brain. They must have occupied a fraction of a second. I know that, at all events, I struck out for the *Peterhof* without any apparent pause. My arms and legs worked frantically. I swam as I had never swum before. I hurled myself through the water.

Fortunately, I had gone only a very short distance from the foot of the steamer's ladder. It seemed remote enough, though, I can tell you! My eyes were bursting out of their sockets, but I could dimly see the captain leaning on the rail and shouting, and some of the men running down the ladder to receive me. Then the rope was flung. It splashed across me. I grasped it. I dug my nails into it — I clung to it with a grip so fierce that I felt as though I were crushing it. Simultaneously the men at the other end of the rope began pulling, and I was jerked through the water in a lather of spray which swirled round my shoulders. My arms and head were above the water, I was being dragged so fast up to the steamer's side. I could still see the captain, vaguely, confusedly. His mouth was open, his hands were waving. But I wasn't interested in him, I was only interested in what was pursuing behind me. 'Gad! That was an awful moment. I dream of it, sometimes, even now — the disgusting, obscene terror of that dash for safety . . . and I wake sweating with the horror of it.

HARBOROUGH paused.

"And how did your adventure end?" I asked.

"I don't know. I lost consciousness. But I kept tight on to the rope. They hauled me on board . . . they told me afterward that I hadn't even got my hair wet . . . but . . ." He hesitated.

"I'd had my experience — a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Dash it!" he laughed. "It was almost worth it, I swear. And I'm making money now, as a novelist, whereas if I'd continued my life of rolling stone I'd certainly have arrived in prison or the poorhouse. Yes, I suppose that every disaster has its compensations.

"But I confess I didn't think so when I awoke on board the *Peterhof* — we were plug-plugging onward again by that time — and found that I'd got only one leg."

Digitized by Google

SNIDER'S (Process) PORK & BEANS

With Tomato Sauce.

CRESCA FOREIGN DELICACIES

Rich, Unusual Tasty Things from Many Lands.

For a two-cent stamp we will send our palatable color booklet giving full particulars as well as many suggestions for menus and a host of distinctive, rare recipes. Address
CRESCA COMPANY, Importers, 352 Greenwich St., N.Y.

CLARK'S TOURS / TO EUROPE

March 15 (Auto), 22; April 26 and frequently after. North Cape June 10. Little groups with exceptional leadership.
TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK

TOPHAM TOURS

mean small, select parties and the highest grade of European travel. We make thorough sightseeing a pleasure. Write for Booklet E.
TOPHAM TOURS, 305 S. Rebecca St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Magnificent Steel Launch $96

Complete With Engine, Ready to Run

18-20-25 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. **The Safe Launch**—absolutely non-sinkable—needs no boathouse. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust. We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, lock-seamed steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world. **Free Catalog. Steel Rowboats, $20.** (83)
MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO., 1260 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Keeps a Piano Beautiful and New

LIQUID VENEER

Write For Free Trial Bottle

Takes off that ugly bluish look, dust, dirt, finger-marks; restores and preserves the beautiful finish

Buffalo Specialty Co.,
234 Liquid Veneer Bldg.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

16 Years in the Business

M&M PORTABLE READY-BUILT COTTAGES

Complete Ready To Set On The Foundation

Bungalows, Chapels, Schoolhouses, Garages, Studios, Playhouses, etc.

When shipped from our factory they are **Ready-Built** complete in every detail ready to set on the foundation. **No carpenter, no sawing, no fitting,** as every piece is finished and fitted. Our houses are constructed on the UNIT SYSTEM. Easily shipped and handled. ANY ONE CAN ERECT THEM. All the parts are numbered. We send a floor plan giving the number and showing the location of every piece. WE PAY THE FREIGHT. Enclose 4c postage for our FREE HANDSOME BOOK OF PLANS AND DESIGNS. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. **MERSHON & MORLEY CO., 610 Main St., Saginaw, Mich. U.S.A.**

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

Use Oxide of Zinc Paints

PAINT ECONOMY consists in selecting those paints which give the best and longest service at the lowest annual cost. Experience proves these to be Paints containing Oxide of Zinc.

Buying such paints you buy permanent tints, efficient protection, durable coatings.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY
55 Wall Street, New York

We do not make paint.
A list of paint manufacturers sent free on request.

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

HEALTH
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE
A New McClure Department
CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

No man in this country is better fitted than Mr. Adams to report to readers of McCLURE'S *on the progress of preventive medicine and of the new science of public health. For a dozen years he has followed the work of national, State, and city health officers, the experiments of physicians and investigators, and the advance of the great pure-food movement. To an extraordinary degree he has the confidence of the medical profession, and his name and reputation are a guaranty of the soundness of the information and suggestions that will be presented here month after month.*

SOME unknown, with a soul more pragmatical than poetical, has thus painfully distorted Mr. William Watson's tuneful lyric:

> April, April,
> Laugh thy girlish laughter.
> Then, the moment after,
> Sneeze thy foolish sneeze!

However unfair to Mr. Watson this may be, it is a just aspersion upon that month of uncertainties which is "the turn of the year." More colds are contracted in April than in any other month except, perhaps, November. The reasons are obvious. Rapid changes of temperature first overheat and then chill the body. Furnace fires are allowed to lapse too early. Optimistic prophets of the spring plunge joyously into summer underclothing because the thermometer registers 70° in the morning, and then come home and send for the doctor when it drops abruptly to 30° in the evening. Other-

Digitized by Google

JAP-A-LAC

RENEWS

EVERYTHING FROM CELLAR TO GARRET

For Sale In Paint, Hardware, Drug & Department Stores

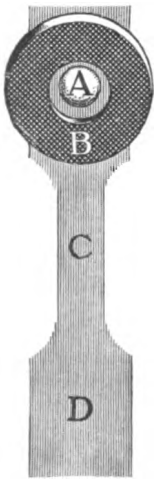
QUALITY IN EVERY DROP

The Glidden Varnish Co.

CLEVELAND, TORONTO, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, LONDON

Makers of Glidden's Green Label Varnishes, White Enamels, Endurance (Mission) Wood Stains, Waterproof Flat Wall Finishes & Cement Coatings

Who Ever Knew Any Corn to Stay?



Who ever saw a corn so old, so tough as to resist a Blue-jay plaster?

There are corns which resist the first plaster—that's true. But the most stubborn corn must come out with the second.

Think how easy it is. The little plaster is applied in a jiffy. The pain stops instantly.

For two days the corn is forgotten. Then you take off the plaster and the corn comes out.

It comes out entirely and forever, without soreness or any discomfort.

Did you ever know anyone to use a Blue-jay without just that result?

If not, why don't you try it? Why not end your own corns in this modern scientific way?

Now used on a million corns monthly.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

(322) **Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.**

THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific treatment which has cured half a million in the past thirty-three years, and the one treatment which has stood the severe test of time. Administered by medical experts, at the Keeley Institutes only. For full particulars write

To the Following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.
Atlanta, Ga.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Des Moines, Ia.
Crab Orchard, Ky.
Portland, Me.
Omaha, Neb.
Manchester, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma City, Okla., 918 N. Stiles St.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Dallas, Tex.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Seattle, Wash.
Waukesha, Wis.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Guatemala City, Guatemala.
Puebla, Mexico.
London, England.

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

wise sensible people pass from a dry-baked air within doors to an atmosphere surcharged with cold moisture outside, and then refer to the resultant pneumonia as a "mysterious dispensation of Providence." Here are a few suggestions designed to aid the ambitious in the worthy project of getting through the spring alive.

Don't shift your underclothing prematurely. Better a little discomfort to the skin than a sore spot on the lungs.

Control your furnace fire by the thermometer, not by the calendar.

Keep the air in your house moderately humid by means of pans of water placed under the radiators or near the registers.

Take a cold bath every morning; there is no better defense against taking cold.

Keep your distance from people who cough or snuffle; a cold is as contagious as smallpox.

Avoid dust.

Don't say, "Oh, it's only a cold." The cemeteries are full of people who will never say that again.

POISONED WATER

TYPHOID is another of April's children. Fortunate residents of cities that maintain adequate filtration plants need not worry on this score, so long as they remain at home. But the citizen whose municipality depends upon a natural water-supply from stream or lake will do well to exercise special care. With melting snows and seasonal rains comes high water and the earth's spring cleansing. Foul spots in remote corners are washed out; the overflow discharges into some unconsidered rill, which, in turn, flushes into a river and thus contributes its poison to the drinking supply of one or more settlements.

Yet the individual can pretty safely guard himself and his household by the simple expedient of forbidding the use of unboiled water. Boiled water is very cheap. Typhoid fever is very expensive. A dollar's worth of time and trouble may well save a thousand dollars' worth of doctors' and nurses' bills, not to mention the ever-present possibility of the undertaker.

DISPUTED MEDICAL ETHICS

MEDICAL ethics operates charitably to protect both the profession and the public. In those instances where they fall short, it is the public that suffers.

Suppose an extreme and imaginary case. A scarlet-fever patient, convalescent, but perfectly capable, because of his still inflamed nose and throat, of communicating the virulent disease, says to his physician: "Now I am going to the house of a friend who doesn't know my condition,

This Curve
makes you shave right
Even though you hold this razor straight on your face you get a sliding stroke: if held at an angle you get a *double* sliding stroke. The latter only possible with a curved blade, which insures a cleaner and smoother shave than you've ever experienced before. Shaving is *always* a pleasure with the celebrated
"Curved" Shumate Tungsteel
The *curved blade* feature is a *proven* success. Thousands of men who have splendid razors say that the "Curved" Shumate excels them all. Its fine 6-temper Sheffield steel edge will last forever—never need grinding. The "Curved" Shumate is *Guaranteed for Life.* If this Shumate ever proves unsatisfactory, we will exchange it at any time, free. 30,000 dealers sell Shumates—if yours doesn't, it will be
Sent to You Prepaid Only $2.00
Get a "Curved" Shumate today sure—you may be satisfied with the razor you are using, but you'll never realize what superlative shaving comfort is, until you've used this "Curved" Shumate.
Dealers should write for Special Proposition.
Shumate Razor Co.
Established 1884
320 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

TYPEWRITERS
FACTORY REBUILT
Remington No. 6—$25. Smith Premier No. 2—$23.
Only two of our special bargains. Have trademark and guarantee like new machines. Are thoroughly rebuilt and perfect in appearance. Satisfaction guaranteed. We can save you $25 to $75 on any machine. Branch stores in leading cities.
Write for "The Typewriter's Confession" and catalog.
AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

ARMY AUCTION BARGAINS

Saddles	$3.00 up	New Uniforms	$1.50 up
Bridles	.90 "	Army Revolvers	1.65 "
Team Harness	21.85 "	" Rptg. Rifles	1.48 "
Leggins, Pair	.15 "	" Swords	.35 "
Tents,	2.20 "	" 7 Shot Carbines	2.95 "
Colts Cal. .45, Revolvers	$7.50 up	Cartridges	.01c each
Springfield Manser Sporting Rifle	11.85	Cartridges	.02c each
Army Breech Loading Rifle	98 cents	Cartridges	.02c each

MARCH 1913 CATALOGUE, 400 large pages, over 5,000 illustrations. 15 acres Gov't Auction Bargains described in cyclopedia catalogue, mailed 25c stamps.
FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 501 Broadway, New York

Best grade cedar canoe for $20
Detroit canoes can't sink
All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.
DETROIT BOAT CO., 106 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sharpen Your Own Razor
Money-back Guarantee
$1.00

Blades to a better edge than when new. The "Victor Automatic" sharpens blades perfectly. Keen, velvety edge, makes shaving a delight. Fitted with full length, extra wide, specially treated honing and finishing strop. Solved the shaving troubles for thousands of satisfied users.
AGENTS BIG MONEY. Liberal commissions. Write for our free trial offer and *"Guaranteed Sales"* proposition.
THE VICTOR SPECIALTY CO., 219 Cook St., Canton, Ohio

Digitized by Google

and stay close by him until I've given him scarlet fever." Medical ethics says that this is a confidential communication and must be held sacredly secret. But would not the physician be justified in disregarding the restriction, and employing the most stringent measures to thwart such a plan?

Now suppose another case, equally extreme, but far from imaginary. A young man suffering from a disease much more terrible than scarlet fever says to his doctor: "In two (or three or four) months I am going to marry." Were he logical and truthful he would add, "and transmit to an innocent and ignorant girl the curse which I have brought upon myself." This is an emergency which, some time or other, confronts nearly every specialist in this class of ailment. It is so common as to be, to-day, one of the mooted questions of medical practice.

What is the physician to do? He knows that he can not expect to cure the patient beyond danger of a recurrence of the taint, in the limited time given him. He finds that arguments, pleas, and warnings have no effect. Only too well he knows the probable dreadful consequences to the woman: infection, followed by complications which lead to the hospital and the operating-table; sterility, perhaps; perhaps even insanity and death. A word from him would avert all this. Yet he may not utter it. Ethics forbids; and, based upon ethics, the law seals his lips. If he stop the criminal marriage by revealing the truth, the patient may sue for breach of professional confidence. In some States he would be guilty of a misdemeanor. So he must remain impotently silent, while the man goes forth bearing fire and sword to future generations.

A great French playwright has given to this problem the setting of a powerful and tragic drama, "Les Avaries" (literally "The Tainted," but in the English translation rather inadequately entitled "Damaged Goods"), which has been published in this country, together with two other plays, under the title "Three Plays by Brieux." It should be in the hands of every physician, and of every father of a family.

HEROES OF HEALTH

DANGERS avoided quickly wane from the public memory. How many newspaper readers now recall that only two years ago the scientists of the Occidental world were watching, with the keenest anxiety, the march of the "black" plague across Asia?

The epidemic never reached our shores. But, while the danger was still imminent, two of our soldiers of science advanced into the heart of the pest-ridden country, there to establish the first defense. Dr. Richard P. Strong and Dr. Oscar Teague went, at the instance of the War Department, from Manila to Manchuria, and served there through the stricken winter of 1910–1911. Alone in a foreign and semi-hostile region, almost without aid from the panic-smitten Chinese, toiling in the ill-equipped, unheated hospitals day after day, and, in odd hours, performing autopsies in a temperature so bitter that the blood froze on the tables; seeing such native doctors as stuck to their posts die, one after another, and filling their places, as best they might, by extra effort of their own; taking their lives in their hands at their every going out and coming in — as by a miracle, they won through the pestilence, uninfected.

One definite achievement crowned their ordeal; they established as a fact what had been merely a working theory, that pneumonic plague, instead of being spread through rats and other rodents, like the bubonic type, is chiefly transmitted by direct communication from man to man. To the lay mind, this may seem a slight result. But upon the slow, painful, perilous accumulation of such data as this is our whole modern system of combating communicable disease built up.

SOME PUBLIC ENEMIES

WITH felicitous and concise ingenuity, Health Commissioner Powers of San Francisco catalogues what he terms the "enemies of children" under thirteen heads:

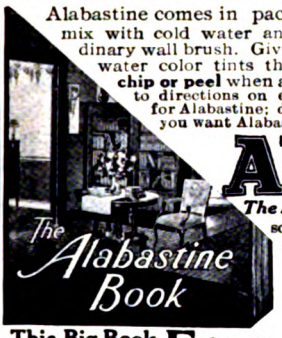
1. Doctors who don't report their cases of contagious diseases.
2. Dirty milkmen.
3. Flies.
4. Tubercular cows.
5. Persons who conceal contagious diseases.
6. Hokey-pokey men.
7. Reckless automobile speeders.
8. Violators of quarantine.
9. Manufacturers of adulterated candies.
10. Manufacturers of adulterated foods.
11. Child slavers.
12. Parsimonious taxpayers who place the hoarding of money above measures for the protection of child life.
13. Mothers who needlessly deprive their babies of mother's milk.

To these might be added two more:

14. School boards that neglect air, light, and sanitation.
15. Venders of soothing syrups and other "doped" nostrums.

The list is worthy of being posted in every household. Properly interpreted and digested, it will do more good than much medicine.

Digitized by Google



This Big Book *In Colors* **Free**

Alabastine comes in packages ready to mix with cold water and apply with ordinary wall brush. Gives beautiful, soft, water color tints that **won't rub off, chip or peel** when applied according to directions on each package. Ask for Alabastine; don't for the love of goodness (wall goodness), say kalsomine when you want Alabastine. Alabastine is chemically and durably different.

Alabastine

The Beautiful Wall Tint—All Shades and White

Full 5 Lbs. Dry Powder

Alabasco

The Flat Washable Wall Paint

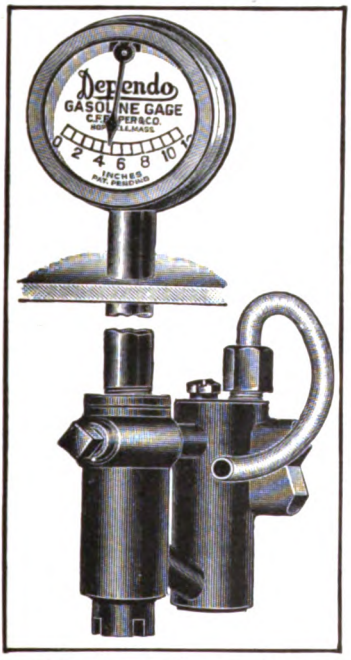
Alabasco is a ready mixed paint for use on lower part of dining room, hall, bath room, nursery, kitchen and all places where walls may become soiled and need washing with soap and water. It dries without gloss.

Liquid Form Ready to Use

By using Alabastine and Alabasco you obtain a rich, durable decoration at low cost. Our large new book shows 40 interiors in colors. It's FREE.

ALABASTINE CO., 811 Grandville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich. or Desk 11, 105 Water St., New York City

Write Postal for Our 40 Plans Book NOW!



AT LAST!!

A Gasoline Gauge for automobiles that is accurate and dependable—up hill, down hill, on side list, and on the hottest and coldest days. Shows at a glance the amount of gasoline in the tank.

The Dependo Gasoline Gauge

(Attaches to the Dash)

$7.50
Brass or Nickel Finish

SOME OF ITS MANY ADVANTAGES

No more Dry Tanks miles from Garage.

No more pulling up cushions to run measuring stick into tank.

Detects Leaky Tanks immediately. Shows instantly amount of gasoline that goes into tank and amount being consumed per mile.

As dependable as your watch, and will not get out of order.

Full directions for installing sent with each gauge.

Supplied at present for the 1912 and 1913

Ford, Overland, Buick, E. M. F., and the 1913 Studebaker.

If for other cars, send us name, model and year, and we will notify you if we can supply you. Not made at present for cars having pressure tanks.

If your dealer cannot supply you we will, direct, on receipt of price. Catalog No. 2 giving full particulars sent free

C. F. ROPER & CO., Hopedale, Mass.

Hinds Cream

HONEY AND ALMOND

Improves the Complexion

50c.

25c.

A toilet cream that is particularly agreeable and refreshing; that keeps the skin so pure and so clean that it never looks unwholesome, but always fair, fresh and attractive. It is not greasy and cannot grow hair.

You should try **HINDS** Honey and Almond **CREAM**—Sold by all dealers, Hinds Cream in bottles 50c, and Hinds Cold Cream in tubes 25c.

Write for Free Samples **A. S. HINDS, 38 West St., Portland, Maine**

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

Devoted exclusively to the advertising of investment securities on which the public may confidently rely

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE McCLURE BUILDING NEW YORK

Sound 6% Investment

Secured by First Mortgage On a

Downtown Chicago Building

La Salle Building

We own and offer $550,000 La Salle Building First Mortgage Serial 6% Bonds secured by a new 12-story office building in the financial district of Chicago. We have purchased this entire issue after careful investigation and recommend these bonds to the most conservative investors. We emphasize the following features:

Security—The La Salle Building is a new, steel-frame, fireproof office building, located at the Northeast Corner of La Salle and Van Buren Streets, Chicago, opposite the La Salle Street Railway Station and Chicago Board of Trade.

Margin of Security—The total bond issue is $550,000. The value of the property is $1,200,000—more than double the total amount of the bonds.

Earnings—The net rental income of the building is almost three times the greatest annual interest charge, and shows a large surplus over the principal and interest requirements taken together.

Serial Maturities—The bonds mature serially in semi-annual installments from two to ten years, thus constantly reducing the loan and constantly increasing the margin of safety.

Market—We maintain a market for these bonds through our custom of repurchasing securities from clients, whenever requested, at par and accrued interest, less only the handling charge of 1%—thus giving reasonable assurance of their convertibility.

Price—Par and accrued interest. Denominations—$500, $1,000 and $5,000.

No investor has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest on any security purchased of us since this house was founded 31 years ago.

Call or write for Circular No. 1244.

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

INCORPORATED

MORTGAGE AND BOND BANKERS

ESTABLISHED 1882

STRAUS BUILDING CHICAGO

ONE WALL STREET NEW YORK

104A

Digitized by Google

THE DANGEROUS NEIGHBOR

IN time of epidemic, distrust even the well man. Such is the rule of safety promulgated by the more advanced epidemiologists. It arises from the recognition of a new human factor in the spread of disease, the carrier. A carrier is a person who, while having a contagious or infectious ailment, suffers no apparent illness from it, and yet may transmit it in virulent form to others. "Typhoid Mary," who spread the disease from which she took her formidable nickname among a dozen households where she cooked, during a period of several years, was one of these phenomena. Other instances are known, among school-teachers who have borne the virulent bacilli of diphtheria in their throats for months at a time, without having been incapacitated for their professional duties. Grip is known to exist in carriers, and, by analogy, it is almost certain that scarlet fever and measles are similarly spread.

The existence of the carrier greatly complicates the problem of controlling communicable disease, since the discovery of the danger is usually a matter of luck or chance. Not improbably for every hundred open cases of epidemic, scarlet fever, or diphtheria (which can be isolated as soon as determined) there is one indeterminable and hence extra-dangerous case in the form of a carrier, moving about among his fellows, unrestricted and unaware of his own malignancy. Hence it is the part of wisdom and safety, during an epidemic, to regard every one as a possible source of danger, and to avoid, so far as possible, direct contact with one's fellows, since it is by contact, direct or indirect, that the carrier disseminates his poison. Public drinking-cups, towels, and similar articles which come into contact with the faces of others, should be rigorously shunned. In time, some method may be found to discover and control this source of peril.

AN AWAKENING STATE

LOUISIANA is waking up hygienically. Several years ago it showed what it could do in time of stress, and the triumph of New Orleans over yellow fever still stands as the most notable American victory over an epidemic. Since then there has been something of a slump. With the fear of Yellow Jack lifted, the public vigilance relaxed and public interest waned. People ceased to be sensitive about health matters. The State bade fair to revert to its old condition, when Oscar Dowling was appointed president of its Board of Health.

Now, Dr. Dowling is one of those men who, without any particular experience or training along public health lines, possesses an instinct

New Illustrated Booklet Ready

Write for it to-day

¶ Sending for this Booklet will not place you under the slightest obligation, but it may be worth a good deal of money to you.

¶ If you have $100, $500 or $1000 to invest from time to time where it must yield you a fixed, known income, you should have this Booklet.

¶ Every investor will find it interesting—some more than others. The ***conservative*** investor particularly will be interested in this Company's

6%
GOLD MORTGAGE BONDS

Denominations: $100, $500, $1000

Protected by Trust Mortgage
Interest Payable Semi-Annually

¶ Thoroughly secured by the actual ownership of millions of dollars' worth of high-class, improved, income-producing *city* property—located on Manhattan Island, New York City, the most valuable and *most productive area of its size in the world.*

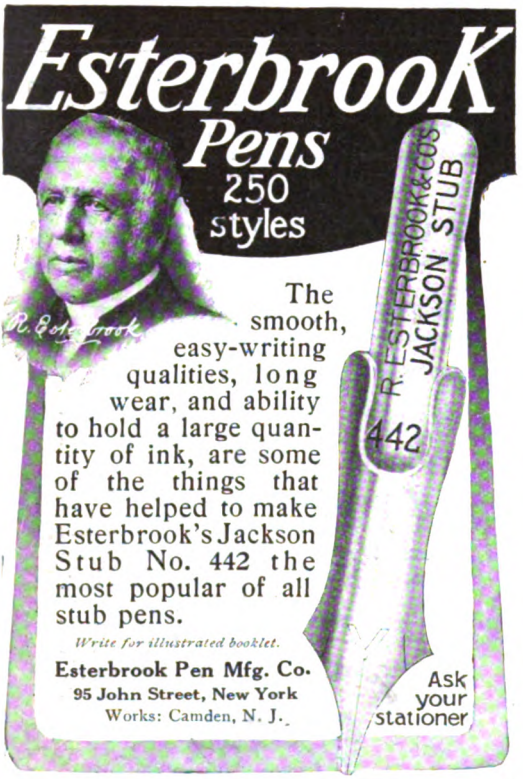
¶ ***Be sure to ask for Booklet 19***

NEW YORK REAL ESTATE SECURITY CO.

Assets over $14,000,000
Capital Stock $3,950,000

42 Broadway **New York**

Digitized by Google



for this kind of work. He is patient, persistent, and philosophical. Opposition does not frighten him, nor personal or political considerations distract him from his one main purpose. That purpose is education, teaching people how not to die. In Louisiana the lesson must be presented in the simplest terms, for the things that the State does not know about itself are fairly astonishing. There is a dearth of those vital statistics which are the very foundation of any systematized hygienic effort. Births are not reported. Diseases are not reported. Even deaths, in many districts, are not reported; and the bodies are buried without the safeguard of permit or certificate. Official records are made up largely by guess-work. It is known that the State has a high death-rate; what goes to make up that high death-rate is a matter of dim conjecture. Whether malaria kills more Louisianians than scarlet fever, or measles than either, nobody knows, and apparently nobody wanted to know until Dowling took office.

THE POWER OF THE PICTURE

REALIZING that one can't successfully fight disease in the dark, he cast about him for means of disseminating the light. While on a visit to the north he had seen a traveling tuberculosis exhibit. It occurred to him that this plan might be applicable to his needs. So he fitted up a special car with a health exhibit — pictures, diagrams, charts, and simple literature. The railroads became interested, and offered transportation. Into every corner of the State Dr. Dowling and his staff have been taking their "show," gathering the people to them and explaining to them the simple rules of hygiene: the danger of bad milk and food, the importance of fresh air; the difference between proper housing and improper housing, the part played in the spread of disease by flies, by mosquitoes, by overcrowing, by filth, the peril of the hookworm and how to avoid it; and always backing up the spoken word with simple, graphic illustrations of what to do and what not to do, in order to keep alive and well.

Already results are showing in a scattering and desultory way. Here, it is a clean dairy where before there were only dirty dairies; there a village movement for the cleaning up of unsanitary conditions; elsewhere the introduction of public school instruction in right living. And everywhere Dr. Dowling strives to impress upon the people and upon their physicians the necessity of reporting disease and death, in the hope that, in future, there may be slowly built up a system of vital statistics upon which a plan of active campaign may be formulated.

Digitized by Google

Wilson Bro's

Athletic Union Suit

Licensed under Klosed-Krotch Patents

The perfection of summer underwear comfort. Crotch is closed as in a pair of drawers. No edges or surplus material to draw and irritate the skin. Front and rear openings separate. Can't gap in the seat. Made of best materials. Light, airy, roomy. The only garment of this style licensed under the Klosed-Krotch patents. $1 up. If not carried by your dealer, he can secure from us.

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bro's mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc.

Wilson Bro's
528-536
So. 5th Ave.
Chicago

Look for this label

BOUDOIR UPRIGHT
STYLE 715

IVERS & POND PIANOS

A SMALL ROOM UPRIGHT

For the bungalow, the city apartment, or wherever space and expenditure are limited, no piano is more satisfactory than the tasteful little upright shown here. It has the full keyboard compass, and the delightful qualities of tone and action which have made the **Ivers & Pond** famous. We build grands, uprights and player pianos. Latest catalog mailed on request.

Where we have no dealer we quote lowest prices, make expert selection and ship direct from factory, subject to approval. Deferred payments available. WRITE US.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO., 161 Boylston Street, BOSTON, MASS.

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

THE CRACK OF THE WHIP

By JOHN D. SWAIN

"NOTICE that man in gray tweeds?" Habberley asked, checking his Kentucky mare and pointing with his whip. I saw a broad-shouldered pedestrian, in a wide-brimmed Panama, a heavy stick clutched in a big gray-gloved fist, and turned inquiringly to Habberley.

"Take a good look at him," he added, "for he is worth your attention."

He laid the reins gently on the flank of the mare, which leaped forward and past the man in gray tweeds. As we neared him, Habberley cracked his whip sharply. The pedestrian shrank suddenly against the hand-railing; his head seemed to draw into his shoulders; his arms were flung up as if to ward off a blow; and the face I caught a fleeting glimpse of was yellowish white with terror. The effect was almost sickening. I seemed to have witnessed the disintegration of a man, the crumbling of a soul.

"Don't look back," cautioned Habberley. "It was a rotten thing for me to do, but he will never know it was intentional. That was Farrington. Remember the case? A millionaire — and a convict. I told you he was worth your attention. Millionaire convicts are as yet a dream of the fourth estate. Farrington was one, however."

I FOUND it almost impossible to resist the inclination to look back, to see that fine, clean-cut figure cringing against the railing. It fascinated me by its horror, its sinister suggestion.

"What did he do?" I asked, seeing that Habberley had fallen into silence.

"Oh, it is a long story, and it really has nothing to do with the feature that interests me. As I said, he is rich. But he went to prison, and for a long term; and it was all for some one else. Circumstantial evidence, combined with his decision to pay somebody's score, you see. The other fellow died later on, after confessing, and then it all came out. Yes, there was a woman in it somewhere — I really do not know the details. It is the other thing that has always interested me."

"The other thing?"

"You saw it," Habberley answered simply. "The crack of the whip. It seems that Farrington had trouble in prison. I never knew why, but one can easily guess. He was young, self-willed, accustomed to homage; he knew he was innocent, and his very soul must have shrunk from a ten-by-four whitewashed tomb with a flat board and a wooden pail for furniture, and the daily round — the rising by gaslight, coffee in a tin cup, bread on a tin tray, the lockstep to the shop where, in absolute silence, he bottomed chairs, or sewed canvas bags, or whatever he may have been assigned to. It was hell, of course — all that and more, for the guilty. What it was for Farrington, globe-trotter, good fellow, clubman — and innocent — you can guess, can't you? And then enters Corbin.

"FARRINGTON left all that sort of life," Habberley continued, "and met Corbin. I know Corbin — a little. He is a big man now, Superintendent of Prisons, and a noted penologist. In Farrington's day he was a warden, and had charge of Farrington's tier. He is a perfectly honest and conscientious man, and an entirely inflexible one. He was given certain things to do, and he did them — did them thoroughly and, I believe, without rancor or ill temper. I think he did not know Farrington's name, even, or the circumstances of his conviction; he was merely a number to Corbin, a cog in the wheel. Somehow, he and Farrington fell out. If you have followed me, you can easily imagine it. Corbin broke him."

I shuddered. The vision of Farrington, big, free, handsome, a true outdoors sort of chap, passed before me. "Broke him?" I whispered.

"Broke him," Habberley repeated. "It took a long time to do it. Loss of all privileges, bread and water, solitary confinement, all no good. Finally — it came to the whip."

I cried out in involuntary protest. "And he — Farrington — he ——"

"Oh, yes," said Habberley. "In time. Used to grovel at his feet, and shed tears like a woman. Say!" Habberley turned fiercely to me. "I think I would kick you out of my house if you were to repeat this. It's rotten of me to speak of it. I don't know why I did so — only, we have shared so many secrets. Anyhow, to this day,— and all this happened years ago,— whenever Farrington hears the crack of a whip or a sudden noise he mistakes for it, he — he goes like that, as you saw him."

"And the man's spirit was broken — he was ruined — while expiating the crime of another!"

"Not at all. He is as intrepid a man as New York boasts to-day. Last summer he

Digitized by Google

YOUR NEW HOME can and should be a stronghold of *fire-safety*. Fortify it against interior and exterior fire disasters by specifying and building of

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

Fireproof, damp-proof, vermin-proof, age-proof; warmer in Winter, cooler in Summer

Besides the element of fire immunity established by the use of **"Natco"** for walls, partitions, floors and roof, are the compelling factors of rapidity and economy of construction, permanence and low maintenance.

A **"Natco"** house is shielded against extreme heat or cold by the blankets of still air which completely surround and insulate it.

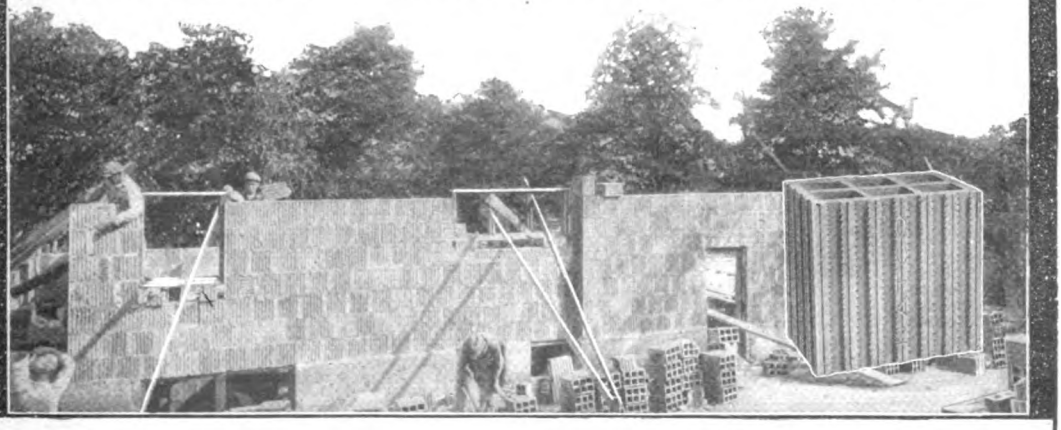
"Natco" for your outer walls alone provides a form of construction vastly superior in every way to any of the older materials singly or combined. And, the cost is but little more.

The word **"Natco"** stamped into each block guarantees to all structures of moderate size the skyscraper standard of general structural efficiency. Natco Hollow Tile is the same material (and the same Company's product) as used in the fireproofing of the country's most gigantic and notable business and public edifices. Inferior substitutes will be avoided by specifying **"Natco"** by name and being sure that you get it.

Before defining your building plans, send for our 64-page handbook *"Fireproof Houses"* fully describing with illustrations, every detail and phase of **"Natco"** construction. Contains 80 photographs of **"Natco"** buildings. Mailed anywhere for 20 cents to cover postage. :: :: :: Write for it today.

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING·COMPANY

Organized 1889 Dept. C PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA *Offices in all Principal Cities*



Digitized by Google

This Roofing Never Costs a Cent for Maintenance

It's false economy to put your money in a "cheap" roofing that has to be painted, regraveled or repaired every year or two. The *real* cost of a roofing is the *purchase price* plus the *cost of maintenance.*

J-M Asbestos Roofing is the only ready roofing that never requires a single cent's worth of coating, regraveling or other protection. Therefore it *costs less per year of service* than any other roofing.

This roofing never needs any protection because it is made of layers of stone (Asbestos) felt securely cemented together with Trinidad Lake Asphalt. It is *mineral through and through*—literally a sheet of *pliable stone.* There isn't a particle of perishable material in

New Vanderbilt Hotel, New York, Roofed with 17,280 Sq. Ft. of J-M Asbestos Roofing

J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING

Is it any wonder that this stone roofing is not affected by rain, heat, cold, salt air, chemical fumes, etc., and that it affords absolute protection against fire? And is it any wonder that this roofing is still in good condition on hundreds of roofs after more than 25 years of service?

J-M Asbestos Roofing comes in rolls ready to lay; also furnished in built-up form. Suitable for any type of building. Easy to lay. J-M Roofing Cleats, packed in each roll, make absolutely water-tight laps and give the entire roof a handsome white appearance.

Your dealer sells J-M Asbestos Roofing—if not, order from our nearest branch.

Write for sample of the curious Asbestos Rock from which this Roofing is made and our Book No. 2739

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF ASBESTOS AND MAGNESIA PRODUCTS

TRADE ASBESTOS MARK

ASBESTOS ROOFINGS, PACKINGS, ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES, ETC.

Albany	Chicago	Detroit	Louisville	New York	San Francisco
Baltimore	Cincinnati	Indianapolis	Milwaukee	Omaha	Seattle
Boston	Cleveland	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Philadelphia	St. Louis
Buffalo	Dallas	Los Angeles	New Orleans	Pittsburgh	Syracuse

For Canada—THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver 1967

Digitized by Google

saved two women from drowning, and nearly lost his life. Twice a week during the winter you may see him sparring in the Athletic Club. The man who banks on a streak of yellow in Farrington is going to receive a rude shock. It's just the whip: a case of reflex action. That is his souvenir of prison life. He can never escape from it. For the moment, he is paralyzed, physically and mentally. I discovered it by accident, one day, when a single stick broke during a bout at the armory."

SOME one came up behind us then, and in the resultant brush the subject of our conversation was dropped. After that I often saw Farrington, but I never chanced to meet him, although we belonged to the same clubs.

Once I saw Corbin. He lectured before the Economic Club, and I had the curiosity to hear him. He was a big, square, determined sort of man, very much in earnest in his work. I wondered if he ever chanced to meet Farrington, and whether they would recognize each other.

At that time I was collaborating with Habberley on a novel, and I accepted a card from him to the Founders Club. Every one knows the Founders. Nothing ever happens there. The servants are as noiseless as if barefoot. No one scrapes acquaintance; a man might dwell there all his life and never be disturbed.

Habberley used to look in on me on pleasant evenings, and we would take a long stroll, talking over the final chapter of our book. On one such evening we stood by the hall door, chatting, when Habberley started and indicated with his stick a man who was leaning on the mantelpiece over the big empty fireplace: "That's Corbin!"

I RECOGNIZED him at once. I have always thought it a singular coincidence that he should have been examining with some care a big Zulu whip of buffalo hide, a souvenir some nomadic Founder had left at the Club.

I heard Habberley draw in his breath sharply, and turned in time to see Farrington entering the doorway by which we stood. I knew that he was a member, but, in all the time I had spent there, he had not appeared before.

He could hardly have passed through the doorway before his eyes fell on the hulking figure of Corbin, standing by the fireplace, with his back to us, toying with the big Zulu whip.

What happened occupied but a few brief moments. With the most singular and sinister stealth, Farrington began to approach Corbin. Habberley and I waited in horrified silence for what we felt was going to happen. I remember that Habberley grasped his Malacca stick in both hands, bending it slightly as his knuckles clenched. But no one else in the room paid the slightest attention to Farrington or Corbin.

Presently Farrington, feeling his way along the wall, came to the angle of the room, turned, and faced Corbin; and so he came on to the heavy chimney-nook, and worked his way to where Corbin stood abstractedly.

Quietly, almost timidly, Farrington put out his hand and touched Corbin on the shoulder. With remarkable quickness for so bulky a man, the latter wheeled about, and found himself face to face with a stranger.

"I'm Farrington," we heard, in a still, emotionless voice. Then, as no sign of recognition signaled from Corbin's eyes, he added: "Number 79, Dannemora."

Then, indeed, the light of recognition flamed in Corbin's face.

"Put up your hands," Farrington said, still in a voice we had to strain our hearing to catch; and almost instantly he was at Corbin's throat.

CORBIN went at him in a workmanlike way enough, and rained blows upon the other's face; but Farrington did not seem to make any effort to avoid them, and presently managed to get his free hand back of the other's neck, all the time working the fingers of the other hand deep into Corbin's sinewy throat.

The dozen or so members in the room had risen by this time, and were staring in horrified amazement at the sight. No one seemed to have the presence of mind to interfere, and Habberley and I were as stricken as the rest.

Presently, having wrestled away from the fireplace, the two men fell heavily to the floor, with Corbin underneath; after which, of course, his blows were ineffective. Farrington had both hands at his throat now, and was uttering strange and unnatural cries, like the whining and worrying of a dog. This, and Corbin's strangled breathing, were the only sounds in the room.

Of course, some one came to his senses at last, and others followed his example. They pulled Farrington off, not without difficulty, and he shook himself and stood erect. I caught sight of his face; and, instead of being distorted by passion, it was beautiful, all shining and glorified, like the face of the young St. Michael of the master painters.

I turned to Habberley, who was staring in fascinated horror at the little group. Suddenly the light Malacca walking-stick he held clutched in both hands snapped with a sharp crack, like that of a whip. Instantly Farrington seemed to shrink against the paneled wall; he seemed suddenly to have grown strangely smaller, and behind his stiffened fingers, held protectingly before him, his face was convulsed with fear.

Digitized by Google

THE MONTESSORI MOVEMENT

A McClure Department

CONDUCTED BY ELLEN YALE STEVENS

TWO years ago McCLURE'S MAGAZINE published an article on the work of the great Italian educator, Dr. Maria Montessori. The article described the new ideas that Dr. Montessori had introduced in education, and the success that she had met with in her first schools in Rome. At that time Dr. Montessori was scarcely known outside of a limited circle in her own country. In a few weeks, however, her name had reached practically every part of the civilized world. Few magazine articles have attracted such widespread and spontaneous interest. The press of the United States and of nearly every country in Europe reprinted the article in whole or in part, and letters have come flowing into the McCLURE office by the thousand.

In view of this great and increasing interest, the editors of McCLURE'S decided to publish every month a regular Montessori Department, to serve as a central bureau of information regarding the progress of the movement and as an open forum for discussion. Correspondence is particularly invited. A place will be found for letters of interest, and, when possible, Dr. Montessori's own reply to special questions will be obtained.

A LARGE proportion of the letters read by the editor of this department are from mothers who are using or desire to use the Montessori materials. Many of these mothers are far from schools; others are not in sympathy with the kindergarten. There is an especial timeliness, therefore, in this record of a mother's experiment with the Montessori materials, written by a kindergartner of high reputation. Miss Glidden, who gives this account, has been an instructor in the Pratt Institute Kindergarten Training School for nearly twenty years. In the spring of 1912 she spent several weeks in Rome, studying and observing the Montessori schools.

A MOTHER'S EXPERIMENT

THE "experimentee" was six years old, bright, active, interested in everything. His mother had visited the famous Montessori schools in Rome, and he had heard a great deal of talk about the Roman children and the wonderful work they were doing.

One day the expressman brought to the door a big box containing a complete outfit of Montessori material. The boy s mother began taking off the wrappings and letting him experiment with the material, "observing his spontaneous reactions." Though a trained kindergartner, she was not thinking of pedagogic experiments, but merely of giving her little boy pleasure in a profitable way.

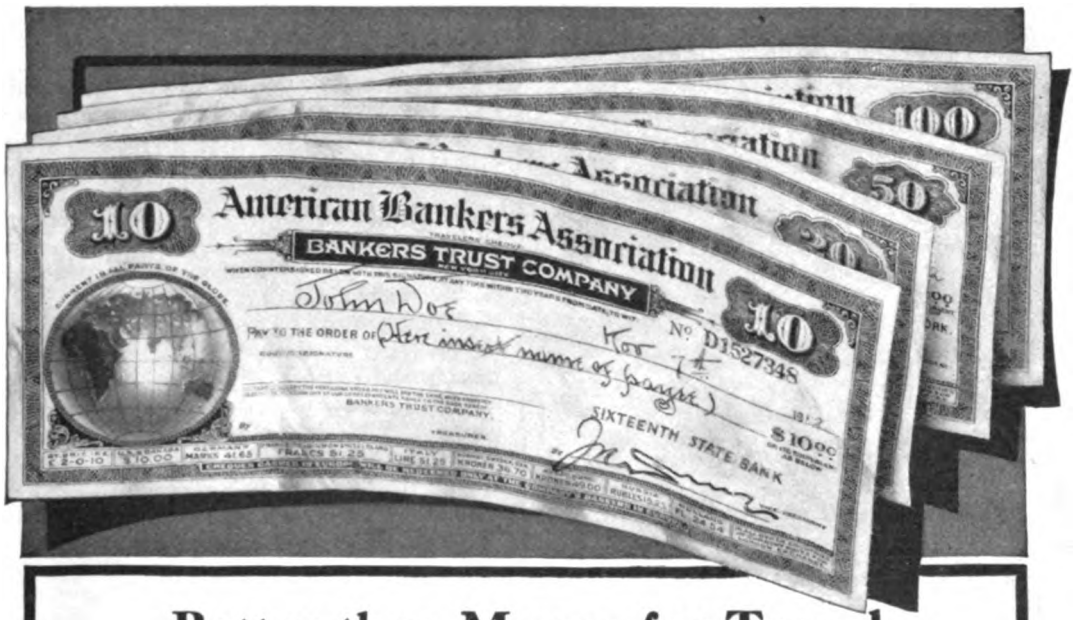
WHAT ONE CHILD DID WITH THE CYLINDERS

SHE first placed the cylinders before him — three boxes, containing cylinders of different dimensions. With the first set, he made a few mistakes before he discovered the necessary order, the self-corrective nature of the material being clearly shown. As soon as he comprehended what the task called for, he did an interesting thing. Instead of using the "trial and failure" method, he peeped into the empty wells, measured the distance with his eyes, then, in the same manner, measured the height of the cylinders, and at once correctly put them in their places. The first set he pronounced "easy," the third set (dimensions varying in two directions) "hard." Having mastered the cylinders, he was through with them for the time, and this proved true of each type of material.

MASTERING THE LACING-FRAMES

NEXT, the mother gave him the frames for lacing, tying, hooking, and so on, which give the muscular training to the hands needed in dressing and undressing. She showed him carefully how each thing was done, once with the very simple tasks, like hooking; three times with the harder ones, such as tying bows. He experimented eagerly, making mistakes, correcting them, conquering difficulties, and running with joy to show his mother. He was, however, only mildly interested in the "Tower," placing the blocks correctly, after making one mistake in his first experiments. Then it occurred to him that it would make a famous train. His mother, being a kindergartner, saw no fault in this, and let him alone. She later suspected the error of her ways, and came to believe that Dr. Montessori had good and sufficient reasons for not wishing the didactic material to be used in this way.

Digitized by Google



Better than Money for Travel

These cheques are making money matters ***safe*** and ***easy*** for thousands of American tourists. They are used like money by travelers in all parts of the civilized world. If you are planning a trip abroad you will want to know about them.

"A. B. A." Cheques

are better than money when traveling

Because they are *SAFE* to carry about with you. If lost or stolen they may be replaced. Without your signature they are useless to a thief.

Because they can be used in every foreign land for traveling expenses, like the currency of the country. You don't have the annoyance and expense of changing money whenever you cross a frontier.

Because you always know how much you are spending in U. S. Money as well as in the currency of the country you are traveling in. Each cheque is engraved with its exact value in the money of the principal foreign nations.

Because hotels welcome them in payment of bills. Railway and steamship lines and the best shops know they are as good as actual money. 50,000 banks throughout the world cash them without charge.

Because there is no vexatious delay, inconvenience or embarrassment in cashing them. No personal introduction is necessary. Signing one of your "A.B.A" Cheques identifies you anywhere.

Get them at your Bank

Ask for descriptive booklet. If your bank is not yet supplied with "A. B. A." Cheques, write for information as to where they can be obtained in your vicinity.

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
New York City

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

You Can Qualify for the Boss's Salary

It makes you envious when you catch a glimpse of the pay envelope some other fellow gets. *You wish* you were getting what he gets.

He once earned no more than you do. *You* can earn what *he* now earns. It's all a matter of knowing as much about the work as *he* knows. *You can acquire that very knowledge in spare time through the help of the International Correspondence Schools which have been raising salaries for 21 years.*

Can you read and write? Then the way is open. The I. C. S. doesn't care where you live, how little schooling you have had, or what little spare time you have. *The I. C. S. will go to you and train you in your own home.*

To learn *how* the I. C. S. can help you costs you nothing. Mark the coupon opposite your chosen occupation and mail it to the I. C. S. They will send you the facts.

Don't begrudge the other fellow *his* pay. Get out *yourself* for a better position and more salary. Mark and mail the coupon *NOW*.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 814 SCRANTON, PA.
Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Salesmanship	Civil Service
Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeping
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenography & Typewriting
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Architect	Show Card Writing
Building Contractor	Lettering and Sign Painting
Architectural Draftsman	Advertising
Structural Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Concrete Construction	Industrial Designing
Mechan. Engineer	Commercial Law
Mechanical Draftsman	Automobile Running
Civil Engineer	English Branches
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Stationary Engineer	Teacher — Spanish
Plumbing & Steam Fitting	Agriculture — French
Gas Engines	Chemist — German

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

WHY HE LIKED THE MONTESSORI MATERIALS

THREE hours passed quickly. "Come, Carlos; come to dinner." "Oh, mother, *must* I stop?" "Yes, dear; there will be many other times when you can play with this material." Dinner was being gulped down by the small boy, in his eagerness to get back to his new play material, when his mother told him to eat more slowly, for he had had enough play of this kind for the day. "Oh, mother, I love it; I do so want to go back to it!" "Why do you love it, Carlos?" After a moment's thought and a mental struggle to express clearly a feeling: "Because it is easy and because it is hard." "Why, that is really just it," thought the mother. "It is easy enough to lure him on, and it is hard enough to hold his interest."

After a nap and a run in the garden, back into the house came the little boy, spontaneously to apply some of the lessons he had learned in the morning. Strings were fastened to blinds, so that the strings could be tied into bows, door-knobs were fastened together, his sole interest being in exercising his newly found power. It was particularly delightful to him to have so suddenly acquired this skill, for his fingers were unusually weak and unreliable, being double-jointed, supple, and uncertain in the matter of grasping elusive buttons.

THE TOUCH HAS A BETTER MEMORY THAN THE SIGHT

THE summer before, when the boy was five, his aunt (also a kindergartner) had made sandpaper letters for him, and, following closely the description of the Montessori work given by Miss Tozier in the May McCLURE's of that year, had given him some Montessori lessons in reading. The experiments satisfied both her and the child's mother that the muscular memory is very keen and tenacious. The sight of a word might not recall its name, when two fingers run lightly over its surface would instantly recall it.

This boy is not a Montessori child; his mother wishes he were. He has simply played with the material a number of times. There has been no one trained in Montessori methods to give it to him, and his mother firmly believes in training. She thinks that teaching correctly, according to Montessori methods, is a fine art, and rejoices to know that in another year the skilled American teachers who are now in Rome, studying the method, will be in this country, and will be able to give to mothers and other guardians the practical results of their study.

Digitized by Google

The PURITANS PIONEERS of NEW ENGLAND

OFFICIAL REPORT UNITED STATES CENSUS BUREAU

"In 1895, Messrs. Wilcox & White of Meriden, Conn., began manufacturing an interior attachment, and in February, 1897, built their first '*Angelus*,' a cabinet piano player. This instrument, the invention of E. H. White, may be regarded as *the pioneer of the various similar attachments that have since been placed on the market.*"

The ANGELUS The Pioneer PLAYER-PIANO

There is something more than historical significance in the statement of the U. S. Census Bureau proclaiming the Angelus the Pioneer Player-Piano.

To be the first the pioneers—is to lead the way, and the Angelus enjoys the same distinction of leadership today that it had from the beginning.

The only Player-Piano in the world equipped with the marvellous

PHRASING LEVER

(Patented)

This exclusive Angelus device is as essential to the perfect player as are the keys to the piano—the only device enabling you to play music that glows with life and animation; a sensitive vibrating lever, immediately under your finger, that forms the connecting link between you and the piano, enabling the novice to play with spirit and dash.

Supplemented by the Melodant—which gives distinctiveness to the Melody; the Sustaining Pedal device, the Graduated Accompaniment and the Melody Buttons—the music of the whole world can be played by anyone.

Knabe-Angelus—Grand and Upright, the celebrated Knabe piano and the Angelus.
Emerson-Angelus—Grand and Upright, the sweet-toned Emerson piano and Angelus.
Angelus-Piano—An upright piano built expressly for the Angelus.
In Canada—The Gourlay-Angelus and Angelus Piano.

Any of these instruments can be played by hand in the usual manner

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.

Business Established 1877 MERIDEN, CONN.

233 Regent Street, LONDON Agencies All Over the World

Digitized by Google

Jack London

has just finished the best story he ever wrote.
He thinks so himself and those who have read the manuscript agree with him. He has been working on it five years.

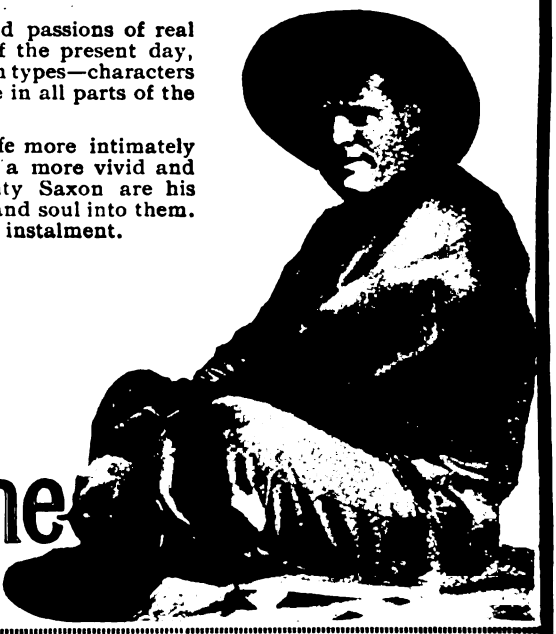
This great novel will begin in the April number of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. Read it, if you delighted in the red-blooded exploits of Smoke Bellew. Read it for one of the most surprising — most touching — love stories that ever appeared in print. It is superbly illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

Jack London will write exclusively for the Cosmopolitan during the next five years. Another of America's greatest authors—*exclusively*—for "America's Greatest Magazine"; another example of the *Cosmopolitan's* policy: *the best—and only the best—at any price.*

"The Valley of the Moon"

deals with the hopes, ambitions, loves and passions of real Americans; full-blooded, live Americans of the present day, in our big cities. They are true Jack London types—characters that have made his novels go like wild-fire in all parts of the country.

No writer living knows unconventional life more intimately than Jack London, or describes it with a more vivid and forceful pen. Big Bill Roberts and dainty Saxon are his latest creations—he has put his own heart and soul into them. Don't miss the dance-hall scene in the first instalment.



The April
Cosmopolitan
Magazine

Pin a dollar bill to this coupon, fill in your name and address, send it to us at our risk, and get the Cosmopolitan with Jack London's story for 8 months. We will gladly give you the dollar back, if you don't think the story alone is worth the price.

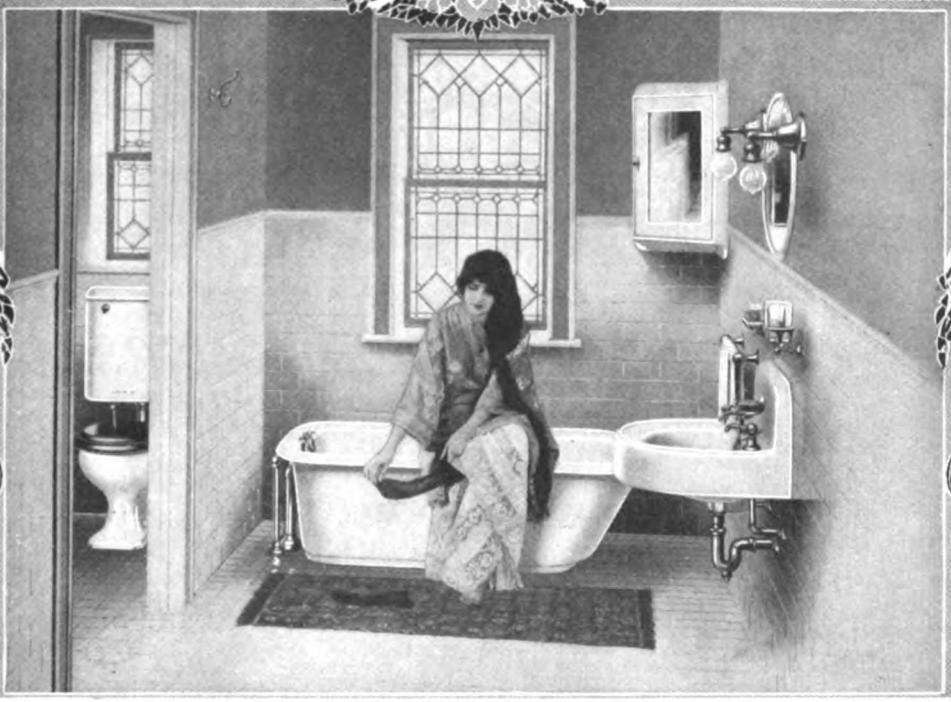
COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

For one dollar enclosed please enter my trial subscription to the Cosmopolitan Magazine for 8 months, beginning with the April Number, containing the opening chapters of "The Valley of the Moon." Mc 4-13

Name .....

Address .....

Digitized by Google



"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

NO matter how inexpensively you plan your new home, the selection of the equipment for your bathroom should have the most thoughtful consideration. "Standard" guaranteed fixtures, because of their assurance of sanitary safety, should be specified always. Their installation will make your bathroom a constant source of comfort and satisfaction.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.* In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. E PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York . . 35 West 31st Street
Chicago . 900 S. Michigan Ave.
Philadelphia . 1215 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can. . 59 Richmond St. E.
Pittsburgh . . 106 Federal Street
St. Louis . 100 N. Fourth Street
Cincinnati . . 633 Walnut Street
Nashville . 315 Tenth Avenue, So.
New Orleans, Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can. . 215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston . . John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville . 319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland . 648 Huron Road, S.E.
Hamilton, Can., 20-28 Jackson St., W.
London, 57-60 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Houston, Tex., Preston and Smith Sts.
Washington, D.C. . Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio . 311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex., Front and Jones Sts.

Digitized by Google

Packard Control Board

Answered by the Packard "38"

Why is a Packard at its best after thousands of miles of hard usage on the road?

Why will a Packard run so long without mechanical attention?

Why can a Packard run 30,000 miles without overhauling?

Why may a Packard owner start on a thousand-mile tour at a moment's notice?

Why will a Packard bought this spring have a higher relative cash value next fall, next spring or five years hence than any other car purchased at the same time?

Why does the discriminating buyer demand a Packard?

Ask the man who owns one

Here are some of the "38" features looking to safety, convenience and Maximum Service:

Left Drive	Short Turning Radius
Electric Self Starter	Six Cylinders Perfected
Electric Lighting	Dry Plate Clutch
Centralized Control	Forced Feed Oiling
Separate Magneto Ignition	Extra Large Crank Shaft
Hydraulic Governor	Six-inch Depth of Frame

The Bridge Builder's Factor of Safety

The sum of these essentials is to be found in no other car. This comprehensive solution in one motor carriage of all the chief problems of recent years compels the consideration of the critical patron.

Demonstration by any Packard dealer on any kind of road

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

Digitized by Google

TIFFANY & CO.

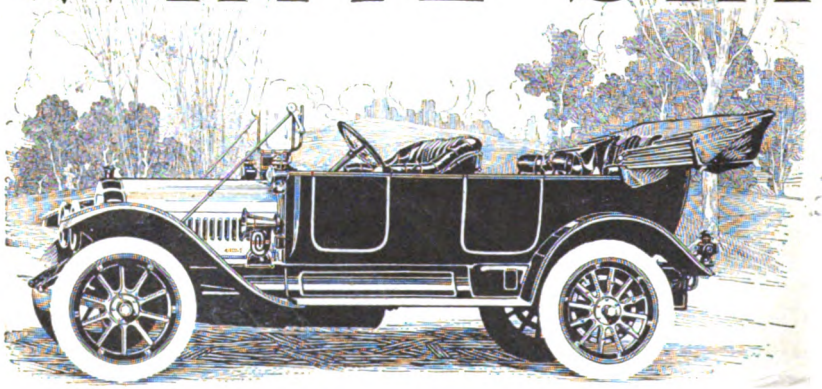
SILVERWARE MADE IN TIFFANY & CO.'S OWN SHOPS IS SOLD ONLY BY THEMSELVES

TIFFANY & CO.'S BLUE BOOK (CATALOGUE) GIVING PRICES AND PARTICULARS WILL BE SENT UPON REQUEST

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Digitized by Google

THE INCOMPARABLE WHITE SIX



Electrically started and lighted
left side drive - right hand control

The purchaser of a high priced car has the right to expect superior design and equipment as well as superior material and workmanship.

The WHITE was the first six to introduce left side drive, and today the WHITE presents this logical method of control in its most advantageous form – with right hand operation of the gear lever.

The WHITE was the first six to equip with an electrical starting and lighting system, and the WHITE today is the only six equipped with an electrical system that is designed and manufactured by an automobile company for its own product.

THE WHITE COMPANY

Digitized by Google

APRIL McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE, Editor; CAMERON MACKENZIE, Managing Editor
Frederick L. Collins, President; Arthur S. Moore, Secretary; Cameron Mackenzie, Treasurer

THE FIFTEEN-FEATURE MAGAZINE

HERE is a story of success.

We secured in America and England the work of the livest, cleanest, most entertaining writers of the day—Jeffery Farnol, Owen Johnson, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Wallace Irwin, Detective Burns, Inez Milholland, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Samuel Merwin, and others.

We illustrated these stories with the best pictures of the cleverest rtists of the day—James Montgomery Flagg, A. B. Wenzell, R. M. rosby, Clarence F. Underwood, Jay Hambidge, and others.

We increased the number of monthly features from ten to fifteen —a 50 per cent increase in value with no increase in price; and began issuing our great big Fifteen-Feature Magazine.

Forthwith the public responded. All previous records in the twenty years of McCLURE history have been broken.

THIS EDITION EXCEEDS HALF A MILLION

And the sales are continuing to climb month by month.

Place your order well in advance with your news-dealer for the next issue.

It will be an all-star number, with fifteen big, strong features which you are sure to want.

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

Morgan's Partners ..... George Kibbe Turner
How J. Pierpont Morgan has kept his house at the highest point of efficiency by selecting new partners from each new generation 25

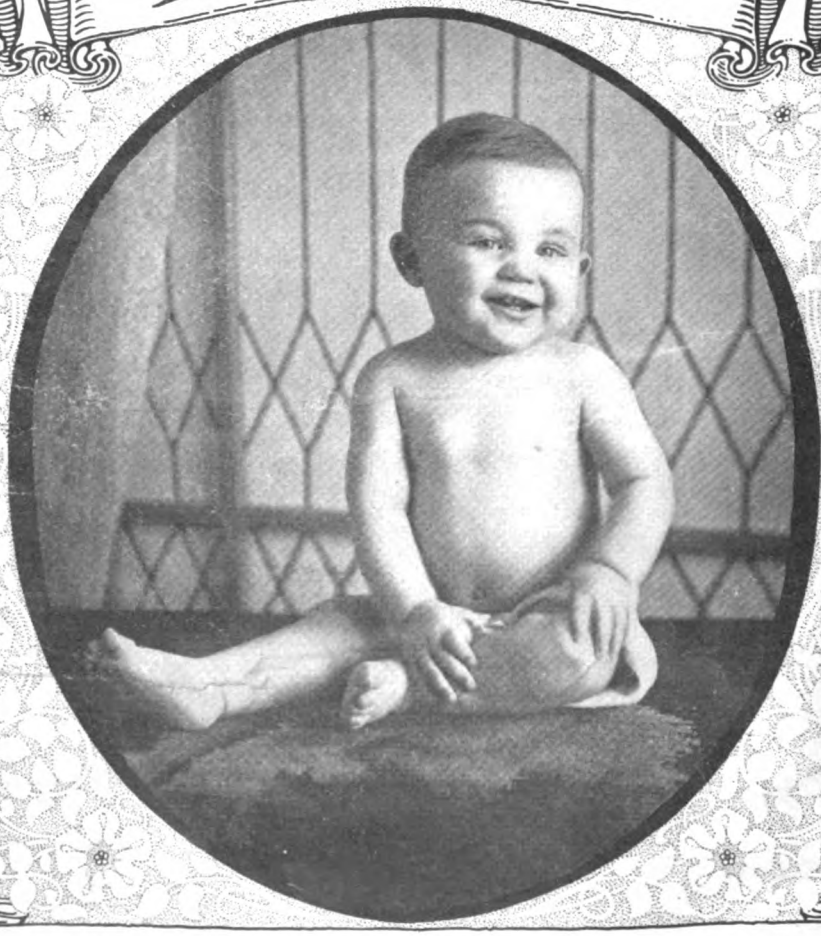
Making £10,000 ..... Talbot Mundy
The story of a clever young Englishman who won an American bride by outwitting his prospective father-in-law 37
DRAWINGS BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

The Little Booster ..... Wallace Irwin
"The Lot and Lottie Lottery"—another adventure in the adventurous career of Brian Born 45
DRAWINGS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE

Digitized by Google

MELLIN'S FOOD



A radiant face with the flush of joyous, healthy babyhood is the natural result of a Mellin's Food diet. Mellin's Food babies have no cares nor worries. They devote all their time to growing strong and developing properly, as Nature intended they should.

Write today for a Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY, - - - BOSTON, MASS.

Digitized by Google

The Man in the Passage ..... Gilbert K. Chesterton
An unusual plot even for the author of the "Father Brown" stories 57
DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM HATHERELL, R. I.

Why Children Work ..... Helen Todd
For the first time, the children themselves tell why they work in factories 68

The Amateur Gentleman ..... Jeffery Farnol
A greater triumph than "The Broad Highway" 81
DRAWINGS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

The Autobiography of an American Jew ..... Abraham Cahan
The Rise of David Levinsky—a remarkable history of the rise of an immigrant Russian Jew who arrived in America with a capital of twenty-nine cents 92
DRAWINGS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

The Mollmeit ..... Cynthia Stockley
A powerful and dramatic story by the author of "The Road to Tuli" 107
DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

The Sixty-first Second ..... Owen Johnson
The most successful serial of the year 119
DRAWINGS BY A. B. WENZELL

Aribaud's Two Wives ..... Leonard Merrick
A clever story by the master of the story with the sudden twist, the unexpected dénouement 161
DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM BERGER

The New Department for Women ..... Inez Milholland
The Woman and the Man 185

The Reward of Enterprise ..... Ward Muir
A story with a surprising end 198
DRAWING BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Health—Public and Private ..... Samuel Hopkins Adams
A department conducted by the most expert reporter on health in America 209

The Crack of the Whip ..... John D. Swain
A powerful short story 218

The Montessori Department ..... Ellen Yale Stevens
A Mother's Experiment 222

COVER DESIGNED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Published monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York, New York. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada. Copyright, 1913, by The McClure Publications, Incorporated, New York, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York; Maxwell House, 11 Arundel Street, Strand, London. All dramatic, moving-picture, and other reproduction rights reserved. Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions $1.50 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union $2.50 per year.

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

Digitized by Google

No, the Claims of Sanatogen are Not Exaggerated.

What Are Calories?

Query: *I have heard it said that the composition of Sanatogen is kept secret, that a dollar's worth of wheat flour has many times more calories than a dollar's worth of Sanatogen, and that your claims generally are exaggerated. I have been taking Sanatogen and it has helped me, but such criticism puzzles me.*

Answer: *We have received several letters similar to this. Probably others have heard similar criticisms. It is for their benefit as well as for the information and enlightenment of the general reader that we present the following facts, so that "he who runs may read."*

FROM the date of its origin in Germany, fifteen years ago, the exact composition of Sanatogen has been published in booklets, advertisements, in letters, and in fact, whenever and wherever occasion offered. Moreover, this composition is stated plainly on a leaflet that is wrapped around every packet of Sanatogen sold to the public. So you see the assertion that we are hiding the composition of Sanatogen is plainly untrue.

While it is correct to say that a dollar's worth of flour has many times more calories than a dollar's worth of Sanatogen, it is likewise true that a dollar's worth of oleomargarine has many times more calories than a dollar's worth of finest steak, and a pound of laundry soap or lard has just as many calories as fifty eggs.

Caloric value is *not* food value. It simply expresses the heat or energy producing value of a given substance. It is neither scientific, nor correct to attempt to express food value simply in terms of calories. A calorie is only a measure of heat, representing the amount of heat that a food can produce in the body or outside the body, *provided* it can be digested. A food substance can be high in *caloric* value, yet on account of the difficulty of its digestion be very poor in *nutrient* value. The most valuable and vitally necessary portion of the food in health or in disease is that which repairs tissue waste or builds new tissue. Without it the body dies. Such portion of the food is called *protein*. Sugar, starch and fat do not build tissue or repair it. They do furnish fuel to produce energy. Hence protein has true nutrient value, but the other kinds of food *only* energy value. To assert that the caloric or energy value of a food means the same thing as its nutrient value is deceptive, and is contrary to fact.

Sanatogen is a *scientific food* for those who are run down or nervous. It is not intended to replace daily food, but to be *given with it.* Sanatogen is a scientific compound, designed to act as a *help* to nutrition, endowed for that purpose with special nutritive and tonic properties not found in every-day foods. In point of easy and perfect digestion Sanatogen is not approached by even the most easily digested ordinary food. As a reconstructor of nervous energy Sanatogen stands in a class by itself.

Are our claims for Sanatogen exaggerated? Any claims made for a substance intended to promote health must be capable of proof in two ways. They must first of all be in harmony with known scientific facts. Second, they must have been verified by actual experience; this is to say, competent observers must have seen actual evidence of the results claimed for such substance. How does Sanatogen stand in this respect?

As you know, Sanatogen is an original chemical compound of about 95% purest albumen of milk (protein) and 5% glycerophosphate of sodium. The two substances form a chemical unison so original and useful in its design that it has been granted Letters Patent in nearly every civilized country. We claim that this compound is able to produce superior results upon digestion and assimilation, upon nutrition, and that, above all, it is capable of acting as a tonic upon the nervous system. Can this claim bear theoretical investigation? How does Sanatogen actually behave in the human system? Has this question ever been scientifically investigated? Has it ever been shown that the human organism takes up the phosphorus of Sanatogen better than it would take up the inorganic kinds of phosphorus?

Yes, most emphatically, such investigations have been made by physicians of high reputation. One of these, by Professor Tunnicliffe of King's College, London, was read before the International Congress of Medicine in 1906. This authority found that the taking of Sanatogen was followed by most remarkable increase of phosphorus and of protein in the system. Not only was this increase due to the constituents of Sanatogen themselves, but it was clearly shown that Sanatogen so acted on the other foods taken with it that the system appropriated from them much more protein and phosphorus than it did under a diet without Sanatogen.

Now this proves very definitely that Sanatogen acts first of all as a cell food, and second as a purveyor of phosphorus to the nervous system. Similar investigations were made by several other scientists and with equally definite results.

Digitized by Google

So here we have a scientific basis—one of several—for our claim that Sanatogen does invigorate the nervous system, since debility of the nervous system is very often, if not always, dependent upon a loss or deficiency of phosphorus, and if the system can be brought to absorb with the aid of Sanatogen more organic phosphorus than it is able, unaided, to extract from the ordinary food, a strengthening and invigorating of the whole nervous apparatus is the natural and logical result. If we can bring the body to absorb more albumen (protein) through the blood into the body cells, we inevitably increase the efficiency, endurance, and resistive force of the organism.

Now as to the *practical* results. The final test of the efficiency of any preparation lies in the *crucible of experience.* Sometimes a product is right in theory but fails lamentably in practice. What is Sanatogen's record of achievement in actual practice? The medical profession of five continents have tried it, are using it, and surely their experience, their opinion, should count. We have received by actual count over 16,000 original letters from physicians who have themselves watched the beneficial effect of Sanatogen. There have appeared in the leading medical journals of the world over 120 original contributions by members of the medical profession, including authorities of world-wide renown, detailing the good results of Sanatogen in a variety of conditions.

From this authoritative material we have drawn the claims we make on behalf of Sanatogen. When we say that Sanatogen will invigorate and revitalize the nervous system we do not say it simply because we fancy it will, but because from the authoritative reports which we have received we feel *there can be no doubt* that it will do these things. When we say that Sanatogen will be of remarkable benefit to frail and anemic people, we say this because we have back of us the incontrovertible evidence of scientific authorities. When we say that Sanatogen will give you better health, better strength, that it will endow you with added power to endure and to resist, we merely reiterate what thousands of doctors have virtually said, either in their letters to us or in original articles which have since become a definite part of medical literature. Only to illustrate: A New York physician, head of a clinic, writes, after detailing his experience, that he considers Sanatogen almost as a specific in anemia, that is to say, he considers Sanatogen almost unfailing in anemia. When a physician of standing makes such an utterance, based upon actual observation, and when his utterance is corroborated by hundreds of other physicians, are we not justified in saying that Sanatogen will help anemic people? Prof. von Noorden, head of the most famous medical clinic in the world, the first medical clinic of the University of Vienna, writes that he considers Sanatogen an excellent albuminous preparation, and that he finds it especially valuable in anemic conditions. Is such an utterance from one of the greatest living authorities to be ignored?

Prof. C. A. Ewald of Berlin, also an acknowledged authority, states openly that he has watched the effects of Sanatogen in a large number of cases and that he has observed excellent results from its use in *neurasthenia.* Another physician, director of a large sanitarium in Maryland, writes that from his experience he is able to say that Sanatogen has *positive reconstructive force* in neurasthenia. In view of such definite statements, which, moreover, are corroborated in thousands of instances by other physicians, can we be accused of exaggeration when we say that Sanatogen will help nervous people, that it will infuse new strength into the nervous system impoverished by overwork, worry or illness?

As a matter of fact, if we were to publish all the results reported to us by physicians, our claims for Sanatogen would be ten times stronger than they actually are. Viewed in the light of what *we could* claim, our statements are truly conservative, as indeed they should be. We do not claim Sanatogen to be a cure for consumption, Bright's disease, etc. We claim it to be simply and truly a natural, healthful food-tonic, designed to increase the efficiency of the human system, to aid digestion and assimilation, to act as a tonic upon the nervous system; in short, to strengthen the fundamental sources which make for health and strength and long life. That Sanatogen supplies a real need its ever increasing success abundantly testifies. The remarkable benefits it has conferred and is daily conferring upon people in every walk of life form an enduring monument to its intrinsic value.

If you have carefully read these vitally important facts about Sanatogen you will realize that Sanatogen is perfectly able to stand on its own record and needs no defence, but it is necessary to dispel misconceptions, misstatements, spread through ignorance or otherwise. We cordially invite everyone interested to write to us for an interestingly written booklet fully describing the nature of Sanatogen and what it is able to do for those who are run down and nervous. The booklet is written by a physician and well worth reading. It is sent free and postage prepaid to anyone who will ask for it. Sanatogen itself can now be obtained at any good drug store. Address The Bauer Chemical Co., 24C Irving Place, New York City.

Digitized by Google

SERVICE

McClure's stands for Service

McClure's Editorial Service means—

Editorials by men and women whose ideals and achievements are making the world a better place to live in.

Articles by our investigators who present facts about the great world movements.

Fiction of the cleaner sort, illustrated by artists whose selection depends upon their ability to impart human interest and charm to the story.

McClure's Economic Service—

The Recommendation to you in the advertising pages of manufacturers who make reliable goods and whose statements about them are true—that you may feel absolutely safe as to quality and satisfaction whenever you answer the advertisements or buy their goods in any store.

It is important that you read good literature.

It is wise to buy good goods.

Walter H. Manning

Advertising Director.

Guide to the "Marketplace of the World"

Automobiles, Motor Boats and Accessories

Anderson Electric Car Co. . . . 187
Baker Motor Vehicle Co. . . . 173
Brooks Mfg. Co. . . . 156
Disco Company, The. . . . 177
Detroit Engine Works . . . 206
Edwards Mfg. Co., The . . . 183
Evinrude Motor Co., The. . . . 199
Goodrich B. F. Co., The . . . 229
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. . . . 188–189
Jackson Automobile Co. . . . 183
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co. . . . 182
Michigan Boat Co. . . . 207
Prest-O-Lite Co. . . . 184–191
Packard Motor Car Co. . . . 228
Racine-Truscott-Shell Lake Boat Co. . . . 200
Reo Motor Car Co. . . . 230–231
Roper, C. F. & Co. . . . 213
Smalley-General Co. . . . 196
Springfield Mfg. Co. . . . 156
Texas Oil Co. . . . 178
United States Tire Co. . . . 181
Vim Motor Co. . . . 205
Waterman Marine Motor Co. . . . 205
White Co., The . . . 2

Banking and Financial

Bankers Trust Co. . . . 223
Devereaux Mortgage Co. . . . 196
New York Real Estate Sec. Co. . . . 215
Perkins & Co. . . . 196
Straus, S. W. & Co. . . . 214

Building and Construction

Alabastine Co. . . . 213
Berry Brothers . . . 174
Carter White Lead Co. . . . 171
Chicago House Wrecking Co. . . . 193
Genasco Roofing Co. . . . 141
General Fireproofing Co. . . . 132
Heppes Company, The . . . 175
Johns-Manville, H. W., Co. . . . 220
Keith, Max L. . . . 194
Kenyon, R. L. Co., The . . . 142
Mershon & Morley Co. . . . 207
National Fireproofing Co. . . . 219
New Jersey Zinc Co., The . . . 208
Rider-Ericsson Engine Co. . . . 202
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. . . . 227
Tarvia . . . 137
Trussed Concrete Steel Co. . . . 202
Up-to-Date Mfg. Co. . . . 21

Digitized by Google

The Advantages of Drinking

BAKER'S COCOA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

The Cocoa of High Quality

lie in its absolute purity and wholesomeness, its delicious natural flavor, and its perfect assimilation by the digestive organs.

As there are many inferior imitations, consumers should be sure to get the genuine with our trade-mark on the package.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 **DORCHESTER, MASS.**

Digitized by Google

Cameras and Optical Goods

American Optical Co. . . . 148
Bausch & Lomb Optical Co. . . . 151
Eastman Kodak Co. . . . 134
Goerz, C. P. American Optical Co. . . . 172

Cigars and Tobacco

Reynold's Tobacco Co., R. J. . . . 166

Cutlery and Strops

Shumate Razor Co. . . . 211
Victor Specialty Co. . . . 211

Educational

American School of Banking . . . 20
American School of Correspondence . . . 21
Bryant, Dr. F. A. . . . 21
Chautauqua School of Nursing . . . 21
Chicago Correspondence School . . . 20
Columbian Corres. College . . . 21
Cortina Academy of Languages . . . 20
Dickson Memory School . . . 20
Hamilton Col. of Law . . . 21
Home Correspondence School . . . 20
Hopkins, Earl . . . 21
Illinois College of Photography . . . 18
International Correspondence School . . . 224
Language-Phone Method . . . 20
Lewis School . . . 21
National Press Ass'n . . . 21
National Salesmen Training Association . . . 200
Paragon Institute . . . 20
Sprague Correspondence School of Law . . . 20

RESIDENTIAL

Camps . . . 20
Connecticut . . . 18
District of Columbia . . . 18
Foreign . . . 20
Illinois . . . 18
Indiana . . . 19
Massachusetts . . . 19
New Jersey . . . 19
New York . . . 19
Pennsylvania . . . 20

Food Products

Apenta Water . . . 162
Baker, Walter & Co., Ltd. . . . 9
Blooker's Cocoa . . . 162
Campbell's Soup . . . 125
Cresca . . . 207
Cream of Wheat Co. . . . 232
Dwinell-Wright Co. . . . 201
Grape-Nuts . . . 4th Cover
Instant Postum . . . 131
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes . . . 3rd Cover
Mellin's Food Co . . . 4
Peter's Chocolate . . . 22
Post Toasties . . . 138
Snider Pork & Beans . . . 207
Swift & Co. . . . 2nd Cover

For the Home

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. . . . 186
Boyle, A. S. Co. . . . 208
Buffalo Specialty Co. . . . 207
Brunswicke-Balke-Collender Co. . . . 167
Glidden Varnish Co. . . . 210
Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co. . . . 149
Johnson, S. C. & Son . . . 153
McCray Refrigerator Co. . . . 139
Monroe Refrigerator Co. . . . 201
Ostermoor & Co. . . . 202
Piedmont Cedar Chest Co. . . . 194
Toledo Cooker Co. . . . 197

Furniture

Berkey & Gay Furniture Co. . . . 145
Brooks Mfg. Co. . . . 170
Come-Packt Furniture Co. . . . 152
Darby, Edw. & Sons Co. . . . 149
Direct Furniture Co. . . . 186
Globe-Wernicke Co. . . . 140
Macey Company . . . 156
Quality Furniture Co. . . . 159
Toledo Metal Furniture Co. . . . 173

Heating and Lighting Systems

American Radiator Co. . . . 133
Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace . . . 136

Insurance

Postal Life Ins. Co. . . . 11

Jewelry and Silverware

Tiffany & Co. . . . 1
Waltham Watch Co. . . . 154
White Valley Gem Co. . . . 194

Miscellaneous

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. . . . 168
Barnes, W. F. and John Co. . . . 206
Bauer Chemical Co. . . . 6–7
Bauer & Black . . . 210
Cocroft, Susanna . . . 144
Gordon Mfg. Co. . . . 196
Keeley Institute . . . 210
Miller Inst. of Physical Training . . . 192
Philo Burt Mfg. Co. . . . 192
Press Company . . . 196
Rumely Products Co . . . 163
Vapo Cresolene Co. . . . 170
Worthington Co. . . . 186

Musical Instruments, Etc.

Aeolian Co. . . . 147
Emerson Piano Co. . . . 195
Ivers & Pond Piano Co. . . . 217
Victor Talking Machine Co. . . . 128–129
Vose Piano Co. . . . 216
Wilcox & White Co. . . . 225

Office Equipment

American Writing Machine Co. . . . 211
Arithstyle Co. . . . 194
Automatic Adding Machine . . . 206
Daus Duplicator Co. . . . 206
Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co. . . . 216
Moore, John C. Corp. . . . 162
Typewriter Emporium . . . 206
Webster, F. S. Co. . . . 152
Wiggins, John B. Co. . . . 176

Patents

Evans, Victor J. & Co. . . . 186
Munn & Co. . . . 196

Poultry, Seeds and Incubators

Burbank, The Luther Co. . . . 204
Childs, John Lewis . . . 204
Davey Tree Expert Co., The . . . 203
Dreer, Henry A. . . . 203
Greider, B. H. . . . 204
Hiniker, H. H. . . . 204

Publishers

Cosmopolitan Magazine . . . 226
Dodd, Mead & Co. . . . 15
Encyclopædia Britannica . . . 13
Merriam, G. & C. Co. . . . 14
Ogilvie Pub. Co. . . . 200
Puritan Pub. Co. . . . 196
Stokes, Frederick A. Co. . . . 12
Tabard Inn Book Co. . . . 14
Thompson Publishing Co., "Balzac" . . . 17
Vir Publishing Co. . . . 14

Sporting Goods

Bannerman Francis . . . 211
Detroit Boat Co. . . . 211
Hendee Mfg. Co. . . . 146
Mead Cycle Co. . . . 200–204–206
Mullins, The W. H. Co. . . . 176
Savage Arms Co. . . . 199
Smith & Wesson . . . 173

Stationery

Hampshire Paper Co. . . . 155
Ward Co., Samuel . . . 172
Whiting Paper Co. . . . 16

Toilet Articles

Fairbank Co., N. K. . . . 165
Hinds, A. S. . . . 213
Ivory Soap . . . 24
Johnson, B. J. Soap Co. . . . 160
Kirk, B. K. Soap Co. . . . 176
Lablache Face Powder . . . 194
Lehn & Fink Co., "Pebeco" . . . 135
Newskin Co. . . . 151
Potter Drug & Chemical Co. (Cuticura Soap) . . . 143

Travel

A. B. A. Travelers' Cheques . . . 223
Battle Creek Sanatarium . . . 16
Chamber of Commerce . . . 206
Clark's Tours . . . 207
DePotter Tours Co. . . . 207
N. Y. New Haven & Hartford R. R. . . . 196, 200
Where-To-Go Bureau . . . 205

Wearing Apparel

B. V. D. Co., The . . . 195
Chalmer's Knitting Co. . . . 157
Cluett, Peabody & Co. . . . 150
Florsheim Shoe Co. . . . 159
Krementz & Co. . . . 172
Phoenix Knitting Works . . . 180
Price, E. V. & Co. . . . 158
Wilson Bros. . . . 217

Digitized by Google

Insurance Economy

Non-agency savings *Health-conservation*

WHAT was sought for at the time of the Hughes Insurance Investigation in 1905, has become *an established fact.*

Anyone now desiring sound insurance protection can walk into the office of the Postal Life Insurance Company, or write a letter to it and deal *direct,* thus *becoming his own agent* and saving for himself *the agent's commissions* each year during the premium-paying period.

The non-agency method has been followed in England for more than a century.

As a matter of fact, it is agency-expense that has burdened and weakened *more than one American company.*

The Postal Life has, indeed, absorbed two such companies and *saved their policyholders from serious loss.*

MORE than 1,600 people were accepted last year for insurance in the Postal—*without agents.*

The *first* year, Postal policyholders receive a *guaranteed* commission-dividend *corresponding to what other companies pay their agents, less the moderate advertising charge.*

In subsequent years policyholders can deduct the entire *agent's renewal commission* of 7½% and an *office-expense saving* of 2%, making up the

Annual Dividend of

9½%

Guaranteed in the Policy

And, in addition, the Postal pays, every year after the first, *contingent dividends that are earned by the policy.*

THE Postal's Annual Statement for 1912 shows that the Company in less than seven years has built up *through non-agency methods,* and through re-insurance, a policyholding body representing $50,000,000 of insurance in force, backed by legal-reserves amounting to $10,000,000.

It receives business from *every State* and from foreign countries. It is an interstate and international institution.

The Company's Health Bureau also performs an important public service through the distribution of helpful printed matter on health-preservation. Policyholders may also have *one free medical examination each year,* if desired, so as to detect incipient disease in time to check or cure it, thus reducing the cost of mortality.

Postal Life Building

Write and find out the exact sum the Company will save *you* at your age on any standard form of contract—Whole Life, Limited Payment Life or Endowment.

No agent will be sent to visit you: the Postal Life dispenses with agents. Call at the office or write for **full official information.** Simply say:

Mail me insurance-particulars as per advertisement in

McCLURE'S for April

In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your **full name.**
2. Your **occupation.**
3. The **exact date of your birth.**

STRONG POSTAL POINTS

First: *Old-line legal-reserve insurance*—not fraternal or assessment.

Second: *Standard policy reserves,* now $10,000,000. *Insurance in force* $50,000,000.

Third: *Standard policy provisions,* approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under *strict State requirements* and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

Postal Life Insurance Company

WM. R. MALONE, President

35 Nassau Street **NEW YORK**

Digitized by Google

Everybody's Asking **Who's Bobbie?**

Bobbie is a girl, tender-hearted, exuberant, normal, and she manages—without their knowing it—the large, motherless New England family of which she is the oldest daughter. Everybody loves her, not because she is a usual pretty heroine, pursued by admirers, but because she is such a trump.

BOBBIE, General Manager

By OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY

tells so charmingly the story of her and her brothers and sisters and father that it is already one of the successes of the season. A third edition was demanded even before publication. Amusing—touching—it is saturated with domesticity, and comes not from a far-away world of romance, but from our own lives.

$1.25 net; postpaid $1.37

A GUIDE to the MONTESSORI METHOD

By ELLEN YALE STEVENS

Graduate of Columbia and University of Chicago. Principal of Brooklyn Heights Seminary, has studied with Dr. Montessori personally and has experimented with the method with American children.

An interpretation of the Montessori method for American mothers and teachers. It includes an orderly description of the successive steps of the method, directions for use of the material, suggestions as to adaptation to American conditions; and it focuses the attention on the deeper, spiritual side of Dr. Montessori's message to our times, a side of the highest importance too much overlooked. Nothing can be a substitute for Montessori's book itself; this is an interpretation which will dispel misconceptions of Montessori's theories.

Illustrated, cloth, 12mo, $1.00 net; postpaid $1.10

By the author of "To M. L. G."

The much talked-of successor to a much talked-of book—

THE LIFE MASK

A novel telling an intense love story the scene of which is beautiful Granada—where the author retired after the publication of her anonymous confession.

$1.30 net; postpaid $1.42

To be published March 26

McC 4-13.

F. A. Stokes Co. 443 Fourth Ave. New York City

Send illustrated catalog of new publications.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

Owen Johnson's

The SIXTY-FIRST SECOND

Illustrated by A. B. Wenzell

$1.35 net; postpaid $1.47

Edna Ferber's

ROAST BEEF MEDIUM

Illustrated by J. M. Flagg

$1.20 net; postpaid $1.32

Publishers FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY New York

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

100,000 Americans

are using daily a new book which tells the whole story of human knowledge in a new way, in the light of the most recent research and in readable and interesting language. It is the most successful book of our time, and the most useful. Every university library, more than 2,000 public libraries, all of the great newspapers, hundreds of banks, manufacturing companies, thousands of business men, the foremost scholars, authors, lawyers, educators, doctors, clergymen, engineers have bought it. The book reviewers have referred to it in the most flattering terms, and it is being sold in every country of the world where the English language is spoken.

This Book is the new 11th Edition of the

Encyclopaedia Britannica

28 Volumes and Index—Published by the Press of the University of Cambridge, England.

The New Edition of this celebrated work displaces and supersedes all previous editions and all "reprints." It contains 40,000 articles and 44,000,000 words of text—the largest body of practical information ever printed in one work, and it is the only encyclopædia which is up to date.

It is the *fullest*, the only really *authoritative* encyclopædia in existence; it is also the *cheapest*, and the only one with the magnificent tradition of almost 150 years of supremacy, since the publication of the first edition at Edinburgh in 1768-71. Sold for cash, deferred cash (in 4 mos. 8 mos. or 12 mos.) or $5.00 monthly.

"A *particularly successful and attractive book*," says a lawyer. "*Beautifully gotten up*," says a business man. "*There has never been anything like it*," says a head master. "*Worth more than twice the money*," says the manufacturer.

As no mere pamphlet is adequate to describe this wonderful new work, we have had to prepare a book about it of 250,000 words, containing many illustrations and exemplifying the wonderful saving in bulk and increased convenience brought about by the use of thin but opaque India paper. It costs us over 50 cents a copy to print and mail.

You should examine this elaborate prospectus because it describes the most notable literary undertaking of the age, upon which $1,500,000 was expended before a single copy was printed.

Sign the attached inquiry form, and we shall be pleased to send you by mail our 250,000-word "Book About a Book," together with full particulars of prices, payments, bindings, bookcases, etc.

The India Paper Set, each volume but *one inch thick*, bound in full Sheepskin. The Index Volume (on ordinary paper) is seen on top.

Manager, Encyclopaedia Britannica
120 West 32d Street, New York

Immediate delivery of the complete set of 29 volumes in any binding on first payment of only $5

Please send me by mail 160-page prospectus ("A Book About a Book") of the new Encyclopædia Britannica with price, etc. McC. 7

Name.....

Address.....

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

"Here is the Answer"

in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The *Merriam* Webster

Even as you read this magazine you likely question the meaning of some *new* word. A friend asks: "What is *white coal?*" You seek the location of the *Levant* or the pronunciation of *jujutsu.* Who was *Becky Sharp?* Is *Hongkong* a city or an island? etc.

You

Often long for a quick, up-to-date, accurate answer. This NEW CREATION is an encyclopedia, equivalent in type matter to a 15 volume set. It answers **all kinds of questions with final authority.**

INDIA PAPER EDITION: ➡

Printed on **thin, opaque, strong, expensive India Paper** imported for this edition. Has an excellent printing surface resulting in remarkably clear impressions of type and illustrations. What a satisfaction to own the ***new Merriam Webster*** in a form so light and so convenient to use! **One half** the thickness and weight of the Regular Edition. Weight only 7 lbs. Size 12⅝ x 9¼ x 2½ inches.

REGULAR EDITION: ➡

Printed on strong book paper of the highest quality. Weight 14¾ lbs. Size 12⅝ x 9¼ x 5 inches. **Both Editions** are printed from the same plates and indexed.

400,000 Words. 6000 Illustrations. 2700 Pages.
The only dictionary with the *new divided page*,—characterized as "A Stroke of Genius."

WRITE for specimen pages, illustrations, etc. FREE set of pocket maps if you name this magazine.

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U.S.A.

Per Advt. in McClure's
Send Sample pages, maps, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

BIG BARGAINS IN BOOKS

DROP A POSTAL

Send now for our Spring Catalogue No. 41, containing Lists of the very NEWEST publications. Thousands of brand new books of Publishers' Remainders at prices cut in halves and quarters, including Literature, Science, History, Travel, Biography and Fiction.

THE TABARD INN BOOK COMPANY
1302-4 Filbert Street - - Philadelphia

Stall's Books
Self and Sex Series
Natural Questions Answered Right
Free from medical terms Up to date

These books answer plainly sex inquiries for both married and single, young and old. 8 separate books.

FOUR BOOKS TO MEN
What a Young Boy Ought to Know
What a Young Man Ought to Know
What a Young Husband Ought to Know
What a Man of 45 Ought to Know

FOUR BOOKS TO WOMEN
What a Young Girl Ought to Know
What a Young Woman Ought to Know
What a Young Wife Ought to Know
What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know

Cloth; sold singly at $1.00 per copy, postpaid. Table of contents free

THE VIR PUBLISHING COMPANY
721 Church Bldg., N.W. Cor. 15th & Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

THE WISDOM OF THE NATIONS

NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA

Its Varied Uses and Great Value

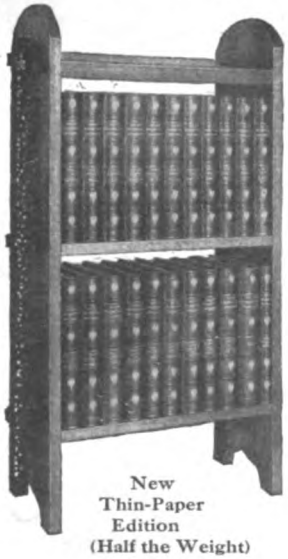
This encyclopaedia has many special uses, which make it valuable far beyond a mere work of occasional reference.

In The Family: As an educational influence in the home circle it far exceeds its price. So simple is its arrangement that your boy or girl can quickly find the information demanded of them by modern conditions. Note the increasing fund of accurate information the young folks of the household speedily accumulate from its pages.

In Business: The "New International" furnishes aid that **means dollars.** Increased knowledge of fields of trade, of newest manufacturing processes; descriptions of commercial products, old and new; explanation of commercial systems, business law and a thousand facts essential to **business success.**

In The Professions: Condensed in the "New International" is a wealth of expert special knowledge, that only consultation of many separate expensive works will furnish elsewhere; and much not to be found **anywhere** save in this great work.

For Literary Man and Student: The comprehensive and accurate matter on every subject, so necessary to literary worker and general student, is nowhere else to be found in such complete, condensed, accessible form. The **advantage** of such a source of information always at hand is **incalculable.**



New Thin-Paper Edition (Half the Weight)

In All Walks of Life: The New International Encyclopaedia furnishes aid **without counterpart** in any work of its kind in the English-speaking world. Its information is more readily available than that of any reference work ever before published.

Easy To Buy: The price is so **moderate** and **terms** so **liberal** that all may buy without inconvenience.

We Guarantee Satisfaction.

Mail The Coupon for detailed information with samples of paper, printing, illustrations, binding and payment plan.

DODD, MEAD & CO.
449 Fourth Ave.
New York

Cut out and mail this Coupon.
DODD, MEAD & CO., 449 Fourth Ave., New York
Send samples of printing, paper, illustrations, and details of small-payment plan of the New International Encyclopaedia.

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....
State.....
McC. Mag. 169

Digitized by Google

TRADE MARK 1865

THE TRADE MARK that stands for quality in fine writing papers

WHITING PAPERS for Fine Correspondence or General Business Uses are America's best. They have given satisfaction to a multitude of users for nearly half a century. They are made in tints and surfaces to suit all tastes. You can get them at any first-class stationer's.

WHITING PAPER COMPANY
New York Philadelphia Chicago

WHITING'S WOVEN LINEN is preëminently satisfactory for the use of men in their personal letter writing. It has long been a favorite among men of taste in all parts of the United States, and especially among congressmen at Washington. Are you using it? If not, try it.

When you think of writing think of Whiting

The Battle Creek Sanitarium

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

INDOOR SWIMMING POOL

Those who find it necessary to get away for a few weeks this winter will find here every facility for rest, recreation and health improvement. Here everything is scientifically planned for health-building. You eat, sleep and live daily for health in a wholesome, health-winning environment.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium is the one institution where all the most recent scientific curative measures have been assembled under one control. Many new and interesting departments have been recently installed, including Radium, Diathermy, Electrical Exercises, new additions to the X-Ray which make possible an accurate diagnosis of intestinal disorders, the Electrocardiograph for heart examination and various other means which are proving exceedingly valuable both in diagnosis and in treatment.

In addition to the special medical advantages, the Sanitarium offers many unique opportunities to health-seekers. The new Diet System, the physical culture classes, the School of Health, the interesting health lectures, swimming, games and drills—these and a hundred other attractive features are enjoyed by guests as well as by patients. If you are interested in "right living," if you are planning a winter vacation, or if you simply want general information about the Battle Creek Sanitarium, this booklet will prove of interest to you. The coupon brings the book. Sign and mail it now.

Box 144D
The Sanitarium
Battle Creek, Mich.
Send me the free booklet on examinations entitled "The Reason Why" by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, illustrated prospectus, and actual examination charts.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____
State_____

Digitized by Google

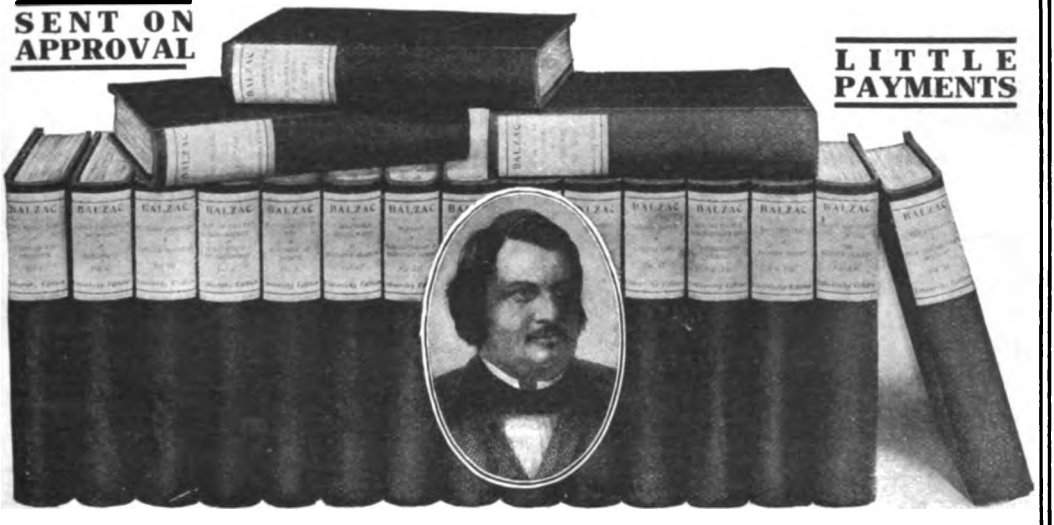
YOU MUST READ
BALZAC

Translated from the Original French—Unabridged

NOT in any literature of any country on the face of this earth are there any books like Balzac's. The most brilliant name of his day in the literature of France, Balzac reached the very pinnacle among the world's greatest writers. His marvelous imagination, coupled with his intimate knowledge of life, enabled him to scale every height and sound every depth of human passion. Of himself he said (and said significantly) **"I am the Secretary of Society."**

SENT ON APPROVAL

LITTLE PAYMENTS



IF you would read the great book of life, with its countless thousands of lights and shadows, portrayed by the hand of a master, then **you must read Balzac.** But if you would read only that which is superficial, **then do not read Balzac,** for he deals with things not as they should be, but with things as they are, and his university is **the Great University of Human Experience.** Balzac's stories literally burn their way into your brain and memory; they read as though they were his own actual, personal experiences, and such is their master-grip and hold upon you that to read them is to *live* them for yourself, **and here's your chance.**

Full Set Sent on Approval

We will send you the complete set of 18 beautiful volumes for you to examine and look at and thumb through at your convenience in your own home. We do not ask you to buy these books from merely reading this advertisement or any other literature we might send. Our plan is to do away with descriptive "booklets" altogether and instead send the full set for your approval. In this way you have an opportunity to actually see the books themselves before making us any payment or obligating yourself in any way. The set consists of 18 handsome volumes measuring 8¼ by 5⅛ by 1⅝ inches, splendidly bound in a deep blue genuine Library Cloth, with gold dust-proof tops and head bands. Don't miss this opportunity to see this wonderful set of books. **Mail coupon on the right at once.**

Special Terms—Only $2 a Month

To introduce this handsome Set of Balzac's Complete Works, we will, for a short time, accept orders at nearly one-half price, on terms of only $2 a month. Regular price of this complete Library Edition is $54 – now offered you at $29.50 and sent on approval. We do not ask for any deposit or any guarantee. Just tear off and mail coupon and we will ship you the entire set for seven days' examination. You can then examine each volume carefully, and if the books are not satisfactory you may return them at our expense. But if the books are satisfactory and you wish to keep them, then send us only $1 as first payment and $2 a month until the special price of $29.50 is paid. Mail Coupon At Once

COUPON BRINGS COMPLETE SET ON APPROVAL

(4-13)

THE THOMPSON PUBLISHING CO.
1127-29 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me for examination one set of **Balzac's Complete Works,** in 18 volumes Library Edition. If I am satisfied with the books, I will send you $1 as first payment and $2 a month thereafter until the special price of $29.50 is paid. If I do not wish to keep the books, I will notify you within seven days and the books are then to be returned at your expense, as offered **McClure's readers.**

Name.....

Address.....

The Thompson Publishing Company

ST. LOUIS

Digitized by Google

McCLURE'S SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

CONNECTICUT, Washington.

Wykeham Rise

A Country School for Girls.

MISS DAVIES, Principal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, Mintwood Pl. and 19th St.

Bristol School FOR GIRLS. French Residence. Elective, Preparatory, Academic and two years' Collegiate Courses. New $50,000 additional fire-proof building. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Basketball, tennis. Literature, Psychology, Civics, by MERRILL E. GATES, Ph.D., LL.D., L.H.D., ex-President Amherst College. MISS ALICE A. BRISTOL, Prin.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

Chevy Chase Seminary A home school, preparatory and finishing, for young ladies. Literature, Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Campus of eleven acres for outdoor sports. Healthful location in Washington's "Suburb Beautiful." Artesian water.

MR. and MRS. S. N. BARKER, Principals.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

Fairmont

A Home School for Girls. Literature on request

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1906 Florida Ave.

Gunston Hall A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Established 1892. Preparatory and Academic Courses. Two years Post-graduate and College work. Music, Art and Expression. Building specially planned for the school. Athletics.

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

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1324 19th St.

Miss Madeira's School for Girls

College preparatory with certificate privileges to Vassar, Smith and Wellesley. Academic course for pupils not going to college. Two years' advanced course for High School graduates. Music and Art. Gymnasium and athletics. MISS LUCY MADEIRA, A. B. (Vassar).

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

Washington College For girls and young women. Located within National Capital; park of 10 acres; choicest educational and social advantages; refined associations, most beautiful home life. Preparatory, Certificate and College Courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Literature on request. Address F. MENEFEE, President.

ILLINOIS, Chicago.

The University of Chicago

Home Study. 20th Year. Correspondence-Study Department offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, etc. Begin any time.

U. OF C. (Div. B).

ILLINOIS, Godfrey.

Monticello Seminary School for Girls and Young Women. 75th year. College Preparatory and Junior College Courses. Domestic Science, Music, Art. Certificate privileges. Equipment for school work and recreation purposes first class. Rates moderate. Limited enrollment. References required. Catalogue. MISS MARTHA C. ERICKSON, Prin.

Learn a Paying Profession

that assures you a good income and position for life. For seventeen years we have successfully taught

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work

Our graduates earn $20 to $50 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy—living inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW!

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
945 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois

Digitized by Google

MASSACHUSETTS, Springfield.

"The Elms" School For Girls. A city school with country sports. Open air sleeping room. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, Simmons. Graduating and special courses. Domestic Science, Music.

MISS PORTER, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 559 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.)

Chauncy Hall School

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist.

FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge.

Massachusetts College of Osteopathy

Chartered 1897. Right to confer Doctor's degree given by the legislature. Faculty of 30 Osteopathic physicians in active practice. Instruction in science and practice largely individual. Term begins Sept. 15th. Write for catalogue. 15 Craigie St., Cambridge, Mass.

Mount Ida School

Send for new year book

FOR GIRLS

6 miles from Boston

All studies but English elective.

Preparatory: finishing school. Advanced Elective Courses for high school graduates. College Certificate.

Piano, organ, violin, voice with NOTED men.

Pipe Organ, Gymnasium with swimming pool, new building.

Exceptional opportunities, with a delightful home life.

66 Summit Street
NEWTON, Mass.

ROGERS Hall School

Faces Rogers Fort Hill Park **FOR GIRLS**

38 minutes from Boston. Thorough preparation for college. Advanced courses for graduates of high schools. Household Arts. Music. Arts and Crafts. Large grounds for all outdoor sports. Experienced instructors in charge of all athletics. New Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. For catalogue address

MISS OLIVE S. PARSONS, Principal, Lowell, Mass.

Lasell Seminary

Auburndale, Massachusetts. Ten Miles from Boston

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

G. M. WINSLOW, Ph. D., Principal,
112 Woodland Road

NEW JERSEY, Summit. 20 miles from New York.

Kent Place School For Girls. College Preparatory and General Courses, Domestic Science New school building. Cottage for younger girls. Gymnasium. Circulars on request. HAMILTON W. MABIE, President of Board of Directors.

MRS. PAUL, MISS WOODMAN, Principals.

NEW JERSEY, Englewood, Box 605.

Dwight School for Girls College preparatory and special courses. Certificates accepted by leading colleges. Limited number of pupils insures individual attention. Spacious grounds. Suburban to New York. Gymnasium. Tennis, riding. Address

MISS CREIGHTON and MISS FARRAR, Principals.

NEW YORK, Carnegie Hall, Room 146.

American Academy of Dramatic Arts

Founded in 1884. Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies. FRANKLIN H. SARGENT, President. For Catalogue and Information, apply to

THE SECRETARY.

NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, Lock Box 708.

The Castle Miss C. E. Mason's Suburban School for Girls. Upper School for girls 13 to 25; Lower School for girls 8 to 13. All departments. College preparatory, graduating and special courses. Certificate admits to leading colleges. New York City Annex. European class for study and travel. For circular address

MISS C. E. MASON, LL.M.

NEW YORK, Scarsdale.

Heathcote Hall

The Misses Lockwood's Collegiate School for GIRLS. A country school with all the advantages of the metropolis. Faculty of sixteen instructors. Superior opportunities for Music and Drawing. Healthful outdoor life. 40 minutes from Grand Central Station.

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

The Holbrook School for Boys "A school that is better than the catalogue." 500 ft. elevation, commanding a 40-mile view of the Hudson. 30 miles from New York. Complete equipment. All sports. College preparatory. Character references required. Catalogue on request.

NEW YORK, Poughkeepsie, Box 706.

Riverview Academy 78th year begins September 24, 1913. A home for the better kind of boys. It looks beyond college entrance. Instruction is thorough, sane. Equipment modern. Its influence makes for manhood. 77 years of consecutive management. For catalogue, address

JOSEPH B. BISBEE, A.M.

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

St. John's School FOR MANLY BOYS. Special opportunities for quick college preparation. Military drill. Parental discipline. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Athletic field. Manly sports encouraged. *Junior Hall* a separate school for boys under 13. Catalogue.

REV. W. A. RANNEY, A.M., Pd.B., Principal.

NEW YORK, Troy.

Emma Willard School For Girls. 100th year. On the hills, 400 feet above the city. Four new fireproof buildings, the gift of Mrs. Russell Sage. Preparatory, General and Special Courses. Certificate privileges. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Gymnasium with swimming pool. Catalogue on request.

MISS ELIZA KELLAS, Ph.B., Principal.

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

PENNSYLVANIA, Ogontz School P. O., Box K.

Ogontz School FOR YOUNG LADIES. Founded 1850.

Flexible adaptation of both class and individual instruction in language, literature, history, art, music, science, economics and domestic science. Experienced faculty. Advantages of exceptional social and home life together with carefully supervised physical exercise are marked features of Ogontz School. Modernly equipped buildings in a beautiful suburban park of 65 acres. 20 minutes to Philadelphia, affording the exceptional educational advantages of the city. For catalogue and views address

Miss ABBY A. SUTHERLAND, Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA, Mercersburg, Box 103.

Mercersburg Academy Offers a thorough physical, mental and moral training for college or business. Under Christian masters from the great universities. Located in the Cumberland Valley, one of the most picturesque spots of America. New gymnasium. Equipment modern. Write for catalog. Address WILLIAM MANN IRVINE, LL.D., Headmaster.

PENNSYLVANIA, Hollidaysburg.

Miss Cowles' School FOR GIRLS. (Highland Hall.)

EMMA MILTON COWLES, A.B., Head of School. Preparatory to Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Vassar, Smith and Mt. Holyoke. Certificate privilege. Also general course. Music and art. Healthful location, 1,000 ft. altitude. New sleeping porch. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Catalog. Address THE SECRETARY.

PENNSYLVANIA, Birmingham, Box K.

The Birmingham School, Inc. For Girls. An excellent school offering either Academic or College Preparatory Courses. Beautiful and healthful location in the mountains. On Main Line P. R. R. Gymnasium. Physical training. For catalogue address

A. R. GRIER, President.

PENNSYLVANIA, Jenkintown.

Beechwood School FOR YOUNG WOMEN. A Cultural and Practical School. Fits for any remunerative vocation. College Preparatory; College Departments; Conservatory of Music; Art, Arts and Crafts, Oratory, Domestic Arts and Sciences, Secretaryship, Normal Gymnastics, Normal Kindergarten. Moderate terms. M. H. REASER, Ph.D., Pres.

BUENA VISTA, Va., Box 980.

Southern Seminary For Girls and Young Ladies. 47th year. In Blue Ridge Mountains, the famous valley of Virginia. Near Natural Bridge. Wonderful health record. Home Life. Courses, College Preparatory. Finishing. Music including pipe organ. Domestic science, Secretarial, etc. Students from every section of U. S. and outside. Rate $285.

FOREIGN

EUROPE.

The Thompson-Baldasseroni **School of Travel for Girls**

13th year. Foreign residence, three periods of travel through eight countries, usual courses of study with Piano and Singing, all is included. American home comforts. October sailing.

MRS. WALTER SCOTT, Sec'y, 158 Central Ave., Dover, N. H.

CAMPS

NEW YORK CITY, 233 W. 77th Street.

Blue Mountain Family Camps Rangeley Lake District, Wilton, Me.

Beautiful bungalows completely equipped for every comfort. Most attentive service. Best home cooking. Fresh country products. Good fishing. Bathing beach. All sports. Kindergarten specialist for children. $15 to $20 a week. Separate camp for girls. Address IRVING I. McCOLL.

VERMONT, Milton,

Camp Winnisquam For Boys. On Lake Champlain. Bronco riding. Scouting on Indian trails. Mountain, river and lake trips. Land and water contests. 2 baseball diamonds; 3 tennis courts. Cottages and tents. Booklet. M. H. MOODY, Box 33, Waterbury, Vt.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Peterboro.

Sargent Camp for Girls On our own lake. DR. D. A. SARGENT, Pres. All field and water sports. Amateur theatricals, Music. Food from farm. Songs and stories around the camp fire. Address

THE SECRETARY, 8 Everett St., Cambridge, Mass.

NEW YORK CITY, 233 W. 77th Street.

Kineo Camps for Boys

In Maine and New Hampshire. Most carefully conducted, most completely equipped for all sports; and best table of any boys' camp in America. Main Camp for boys under 16, $200; three Camps for older boys, $175. Address IRVING I. McCOLL.

Stop Forgetting!

Good memory is absolutely essential to success, for *memory is power*. Be successful—*Stop Forgetting!* Begin your *real* training at once.

The Dickson Method of Memory Training

makes you *"Forget Proof,"* develops concentration, will, self-confidence, quick thought, ready speech. Write today for my free book, "How to Remember"—faces, names, studies, also how to secure *FREE*, a copy of my $2.00 DeLuxe book, "How to Speak in Public." Address

Dickson Memory School, 753 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago.

STUDY LAW AT HOME

22 YEARS OF SUCCESS. Instruction by mail adapted to everyone. **FOR AMBITIOUS MEN who want to prepare for practice or who want to take our business law course so as to better their business prospects. Takes spare time only.** Can refer to successful graduates, located in every section of the country. Handsome catalogue and **Easy Payment Plan free.**

THE SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
255 American Building, Detroit, Mich.

"The Original Phonographic Method"

LANGUAGES

German—French—English
Italian—Spanish

or any other language learned quickly and easily by the Cortina-Phone Method **at home.** Write for **free** booklet today; **easy** payment plan.

CORTINA-PHONE

Cortina Academy of Languages
866 Meeca Bldg., 1600 B'way, Cor. 48th St., N. Y.

Mr. Rosewein

SHORT-STORY WRITING

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by **J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine.**

250-page catalogue free. Write to-day.

The Home Correspondence School
145 Bosse Place, Springfield, Mass.

7 DAYS— All You Need To Learn PARAGON SHORTHAND

Sounds incredible, but absolutely *true*. Remarkable invention of expert. Simplest system ever devised. *Speed capacity beyond reach of the hand.* Easy to *read*. Is being used in service of *U. S. Government*, in offices of Railroads, Banks and other big corporations, Law Reporting, etc. **POSITIVE PROOF or NO MONEY.**

Write For Free Particulars Today! Now!

PARAGON INSTITUTE, 1412 Coliseum Pl., New Orleans, La.

BE A BANKER

Learn a profession that will give you standing and independence. Splendid opportunities. Pleasant work, short hours, all holidays off, yearly vacation with pay, good salary. Diploma in six months. Lessons and text-books by Edgar G. Alcorn. Catalog free.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF BANKING, 166 Hickox Building, Columbus, Ohio

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN

Can be learned quickly, easily and pleasantly, at spare moments, in your own home. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. In a surprisingly short time you can speak a new language by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

combined with

ROSENTHAL'S PRACTICAL LINGUISTRY

Send for Booklet and Testimonials

The Language-Phone Method

918 Putnam Building, 2 West 45th Street, N. Y.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 957 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

BECOME A NURSE

The Chautauqua School of Nursing Trained This Nurse at Home

"My association with The Chautauqua School of Nursing has been the pleasantest year of my life. In the year since my study I have had 18 cases and earned $640."

Alice L. Westlake, Concord, N. H. (Portrait)

Thousands of our graduates, without previous experience are earning $10 to $25 a week.

Write for "How I became a Nurse" and our Year book, explaining our correspondence and home practice method; 370 pages with the experiences of our graduates. 48 specimen lesson pages sent free.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
272 Main Street, Jamestown, N. Y.
12th YEAR.

CIVIL SERVICE

positions are very desirable. Good salary, short hours, easy work, pleasant surroundings, life positions, steady work, thirty days vacation and thirty days sick leave annually with pay. 46,202 appointments made last year. No political pull needed. Common school education sufficient. Must be 18 years or over. Full information about how to secure these positions and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

UNCLE SAM IS BEST EMPLOYER; pay is high and sure; hours short; places permanent; promotions regular; vacations with pay; thousands of vacancies; all kinds of pleasant work everywhere; no layoffs; no pull needed; common education sufficient. Special money back guarantee if you write today for booklet B1188. IT IS FREE.

EARL HOPKINS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GET A BETTER PLACE

WRITE US A STORY

To sell on commission 2c. to 5c. a word. MSS. read, criticized, revised, and typed. **Story-Writing** and **Journalism** taught by mail. Free booklet, **"Writing for Profit,"** tells how, gives proof. Established 1895.
NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, Dept. 112, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE BRYANT SCHOOL FOR STAMMERING

An institution for the correction of speech defects. Established by a physician in 1880. Methods embrace remedies for nervous conditions as well as speech training. The result of thirty years' close study and teaching. Even short courses show immediate improvement. Booklet free. Open all summer.
F. A. BRYANT, M.D., Principal, 68 B West 40th Street, New York.

STAMMER NO MORE

I can cure you. Reputation world-wide. Established 16 years. Trial lesson explaining Home Instruction, with 200-page book, FREE. Answer at once.
George Andrew Lewis, 31 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

LAW STUDY AT HOME BECOME AN LL.B.

Only recognized resident law school in U. S., **Conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL. B.—by correspondence.** Only law school in U. S. conducting **standard resident school** and giving **same instruction, by mail.** Over 450 **classroom lectures.** Faculty of over **20 prominent lawyers.** Guarantee to prepare graduates **to pass** bar examination. Only law school giving **Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking.** School highly endorsed and recommended by **Gov. Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students.** Only institution of its kind in the world. Send today for **Large Handsomely Illustrated Prospectus.** Special courses for Business Men and Bankers.
Hamilton College of Law, 1158 Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

CHEAP AS WOOD
40 Styles. All Kinds of Fence. No Agents
Catalog Free
Up-to-Date Mfg. Co.
Box C Terre Haute, Ind.

Don't envy the trained man—be one

No use envying the man who has made good. Don't think he got where he is because he had a "pull." A "pull" doesn't amount to much unless you can deliver the goods, and the best "pull" in the world is **training.**

Just make up your mind today—**right now**—that you are going to be a **trained** man—that you are going to get the money and hold a good job. **You can do it.** The **American School of Correspondence** will show you how. This great school, with its sixty-five complete courses in **Engineering, Business and Law,** can soon give you the training necessary to become a successful man—a man who will be envied as you, perhaps, now envy the men above you.

How the American School Will Give You the Training You Need

The **American School of Correspondence** was established fifteen years ago for the benefit of ambitious men and women everywhere. This school makes it possible for you to obtain the education and training you need without leaving home or giving up your work. It will bring a practical college course to you right in your own home.

No matter where you live, the **American School** will train you in any branch of **Engineering, Business and Law,** or prepare you for entrance into any resident college. Remember: no need of your leaving home or giving up your present job.

Write the **American School** now, while the subject of making more money is on your mind. State how far you went in the public schools, what you are doing now, and what you would like to be. Your case will receive special attention.

The **American School** will tell you the best and quickest way to better your condition and get more money. Check the coupon and mail it now. Don't let this matter drag another day. Another year might slip by and find you at the same old job and prospects for a raise very slim.

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

Your Opportunity Coupon

Check the course you want and mail the coupon now

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for the position marked "X." McC.-4-13

....Electrical Engineering	....Lawyer
....Elec. Light & Power Supt.	....Bookkeeper
....Electrical Wireman	....Stenographer
....Telephone Expert	....Private Secretary
....Architect	....Accountant
....Building Contractor	....Cost Accountant
....Architectural Draftsman	....Cert'f'd Public Acc'nt
....Structural Engineer	....Auditor
....Concrete Engineer	....Business Manager
....Civil Engineer	....Fire Ins. Inspector
....Surveyor	....Fire Ins. Adjuster
.... Mechanical Engineer	....Fire Ins. Expert
.... Mechanical Draftsman	....Moving Picture Op'r
....Steam Engineer	....Sanitary Engineer
.... Stationary Engineer	....Reclamation Eng'r
.... Gas Engine Engineer	....Textile Boss
....Automobile Mechanician	....College Preparatory

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Digitized by Google

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

THE EXPERT

is able to distinguish the difference between wines of different ages or coffees of different countries.

It is not necessary, however, to possess a trained sense of taste to distinguish between the delicious flavor of Peter's Milk Chocolate and other milk chocolates.

Peter's superiority is evident to everybody.

Peter's Milk Chocolate

stands in a class by itself. If you will simply try it you will realize keenly that Peter's Milk Chocolate is unapproachable for its purity and its delicious true chocolate flavor.

Peter's stands alone!

"High as the Alps in Quality"

Be sure and get Peter's when you ask for milk chocolate

These advertisers have McClure's endorsement—mention McClure's.

Digitized by Google

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

IN THIS NUMBER

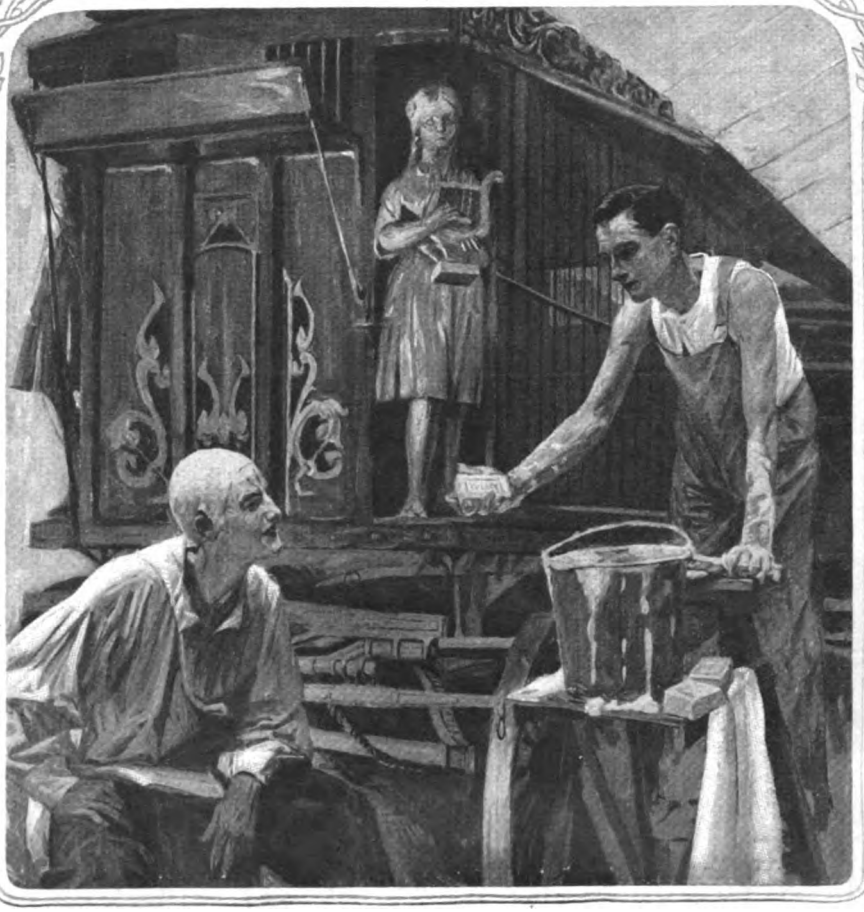
Morgan's Partners

is a big and important article. And don't miss the first instalment of

The Autobiography of an American Jew

APRIL—1913

Digitized by Google



When the circus comes to town, it is not the show alone that fascinates, but the immensity of numbers, the quickness of movement, the sureness of operation and the efficiency which keeps everything as bright as new in spite of the soil of travel and weather. For instance—

Is it not surprising how the gilded figures and scroll work on the menagerie and parade wagons are kept so brilliant? It is evident that circus men know how to clean gold leaf without injury.

They use Ivory Soap and nothing but Ivory Soap.

Because it is mild and pure and free from alkali, Ivory Soap does not hurt the gilding. And because it contains no free oil, it is rinsed off easily, leaving the finish beautifully clear and bright.

With the circus people using Ivory Soap for this purpose all through the season, the housewife may be certain that there is nothing surer or safer for cleaning gilded articles in the home.

Here is an Excellent Way to Clean Gold Frames

Shave half of a small cake of Ivory Soap into a pint of water and boil for five minutes. When cool, apply this jelly with a very soft brush or sponge. Then, with a clean soft brush or sponge, apply cold, clear water and let dry immediately in a warm place.

IVORY SOAP . . . . . 99 44/100% PURE

Digitized by Google

McCLURE

APRIL FIFTEEN CENTS

FIFTEEN FEATURES

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Leonard Merrick — Wallace Irwin — Samuel Hopkins Adams

Charles Dana Gibson — G. K. Chesterton — Jeffery Farnol

Owen Johnson — James Montgomery Flagg — Cynthia Stockle

Helen Green Van Campen — Inez Milholland — George Kibbe Tur

[illegible] — [illegible] — Mont

Digitized by Google

Leading the "Easter Parade" to Breakfast

(March 23rd.)

Swift's Little Cook has prepared the daintiest and most appetizing breakfast for you—

Swift's Premium Bacon

Sweet, savory, mild, and known the world over for highest quality. Sliced evenly and thin and sold in sealed glass jars, or in the piece at all dealers.

Look for the legend **"U. S. Inspected and Passed"** on all the meat food products you buy.

Swift & Company,
U. S. A.

Digitized by Google

"Aw, Gimme Sumpin Good"

MOTHERS, are you ever puzzled about your little children's appetite? There are so many things they don't like, and the things they do like are generally none too wholesome.

Try Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuit with them. They will eat this nourishing, thoroughly digestible whole-wheat biscuit whenever they're hungry, because it tastes good to them. So will husbands, sisters and brothers.

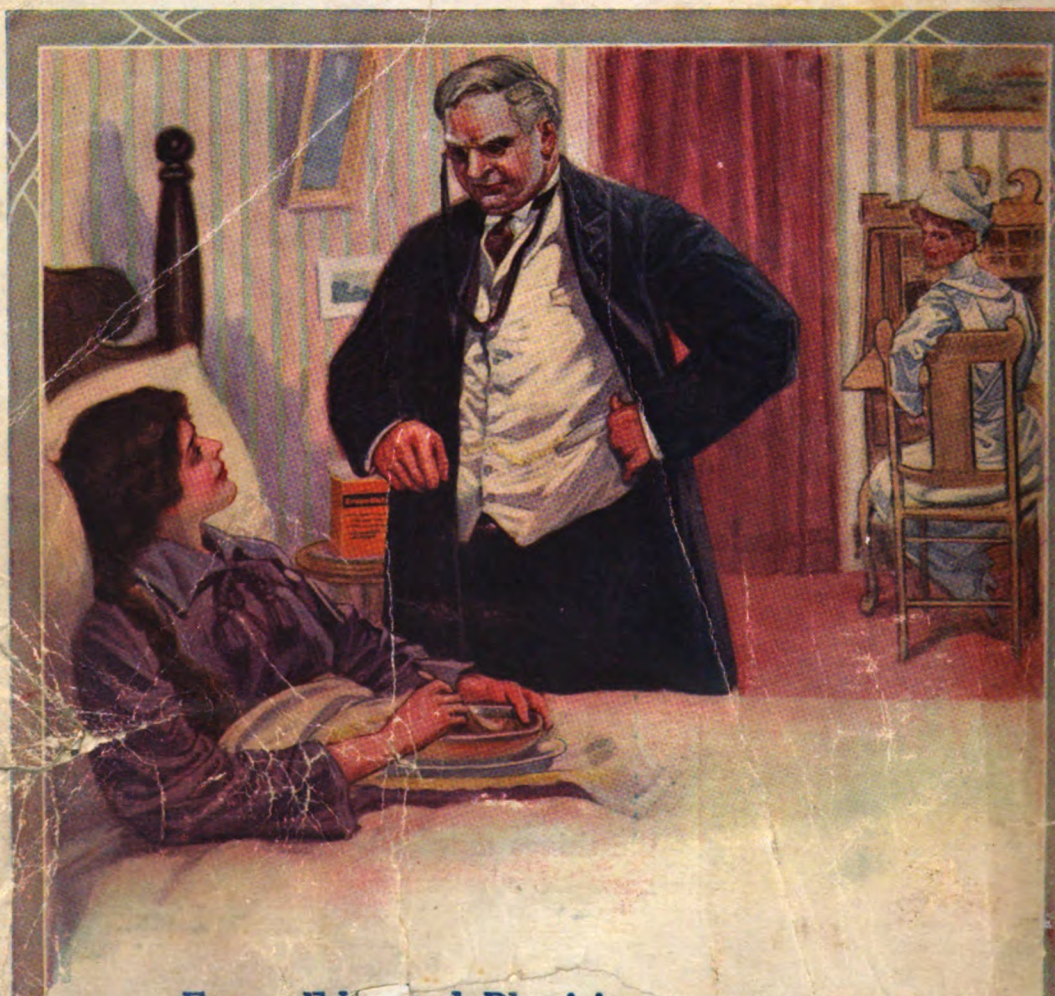
It's a delightful breakfast, a sustaining lunch, a ready toast at all times. You'll know it's Kellogg's by the flavor.

Look for

W. K. Kellogg

this Signature

Digitized by Google



Every Educated Physician
Will Tell You Upon Inquiry

That the soft gray filling of the nerve centres, including the brain, is made up of water, albumen and Phosphate of Potash, as the largest ingredients —

And that when the nerve centres are rebuilt every day as fast as worn by use, the individual is equipped to keep well.

Grape=Nuts

FOOD

Was specially designed to provide nutrition for both body and brain. It is rich in Phosphate of Potash, the vital salt of gray nerve tissue, often lacking in the usual diet.

A dish of Grape-Nuts and cream regularly for breakfast will show

"There's a Reason"

Digitized by Google

THE SCHWEINLER PRESS

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google