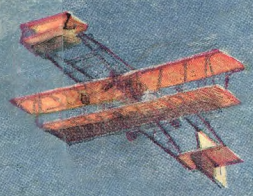
The American MAGAZINE

July

A NEW STORY
by W·J·LOCKE

15 cts



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The American Magazine

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Secretary, Henry J. Fisher
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CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1911

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THE CHARLES SCHWEINLER PRESS

INDEX TO ADVERTISEMENTS

Every advertisement in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is trustworthy. When for any reason you do not think so, please say so to the publishers.

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THEY are objectionable to you; they are objectionable to all American Magazine advertisers; they are objectionable to us.

When you see (if you do) any advertisement which for any reason seems to you objectionable, please tell us about it, for three reasons: the readers; the worthy advertisers; the publishers.

The American Magazine must deserve confidence. Believe in its aims and help.

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Index to Advertisers—(*Continued from page 4*)

THE PIN-MONEY CLUB

FOR GIRLS WHO WANT TO MAKE MONEY

BY

MARGARET CLARKE, SECRETARY

FAMILIAR as I am with the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of women all over the country who are searching for ways to make money, both in and out of their homes, I was not quite expecting the avalanche of letters that the postman has just poured on my desk. Letters from the girl and women readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE all the way from Maine to California and from Florida to Alaska! Heaps and heaps of them and each one insistent in its demand to learn our club secret which has helped so many girls to shake hands with success.

The very first letter that I opened read: "The Pin-Money Club seems to be just the thing I've been looking for all these years. I'm married, Miss Clarke, and I'm no longer very young, so you can see that it is not at all easy for me to earn money. I had almost given up the dearest hope of my life—to buy a little bungalow—when I read your article. And now hope has sprung up anew and I am going to join your Pin-Money Club and earn the money all myself to help pay for our little home. I think you must be a very happy girl to be able to help so many thousands of women, and I am glad that I have found you. Mrs. C. R." This is the sort of letter that gives me new inspiration.

The Pin-Money Club is for every girl and woman reader of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. There is no age limit and there are no restrictions of any kind. Girls in business and at home, married or not, with much leisure or only a little, are most cordially invited to join our club and share our checks and good times. There is a place for every girl who earnestly wishes to earn money through her own efforts. There is definite work for her to do and still more definite pay for doing it. All over the country homes are being bought and fitted up, bank accounts are being started, college courses are being paid for and cares are being lightened—all through the work of the Pin-Money Club.

There are thousands of women in small country towns and in big cities who are in Mrs. C. R.'s position exactly. They *need* to earn money and they *want* to earn money, but they do not know how to take the first step. It is mainly for them that I am writing these articles in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Girls, if you only knew what a wonderful sense of freedom and independence a few dollars of your own spending money—your very own—would give you, you would all come flocking into our club to be in time for the checks that I shall send out this month.

But money, though it is the first consideration of our club, is by no means all that our girls receive. The lovely gold and diamond brooch of the Inner Circle, for instance, is a gift from the club that every Pin-Money girl hopes to possess. The Inner Circle? It is the heart of the Pin-Money Club, and every loyal member desires above all things to enter its charmed portals. And there is the Camera Club for our girls who "would a-snapping go." And the boxes of P. M. C. monogrammed stationery and many, many little special surprises in the way of books, pictures, odd bits of jewelry and so on. One of our girls in Iowa said last week: "You are always making something *happen* in the club, Miss Clarke, and that is what makes it so interesting. Every girl who wants to make money easily should join our club."

I do hope that you will let me have the pleasure of telling you our plans. If you do not like them, why, of course, you will not join the club. But I'm pretty sure you will like them. And there is a charming little book of other girls' successes that I shall be glad to send, too, if I may. Just a line on a postal will bring a prompt reply. There are no dues nor expenses of any kind.

MARGARET CLARKE,
Secretary, Pin-Money Club.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Editor's Table this month begins on advertising page 35 in the back part of the magazine

Summer-Time Cooking Made Easier

Here are some hot weather hints which will save time and trouble, shorten hours in the kitchen, and help cut down expense.

Get a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef and learn how to use it as foreign cooks do. It is the basis of many light and delicious dishes especially suitable for summer menus.

Delicate cream soups are easily and quickly made from summer vegetables if you have a spoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef to give body and flavor.

A roast of beef or lamb can be used to the last scrap, without the slightest danger of monotony.

For the second day simply cut some even slices and heat them in a rich gravy made with butter, flour and Armour's Extract of Beef.

Next have some croquettes, or old-fashioned hash, than which nothing is better if it is well made.

Both should be moistened with gravy made with Armour's Extract of Beef, then browned in butter on a hot skillet.

Women are learning every day how a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef helps them over the hard places and saves tedious culinary "stunts."

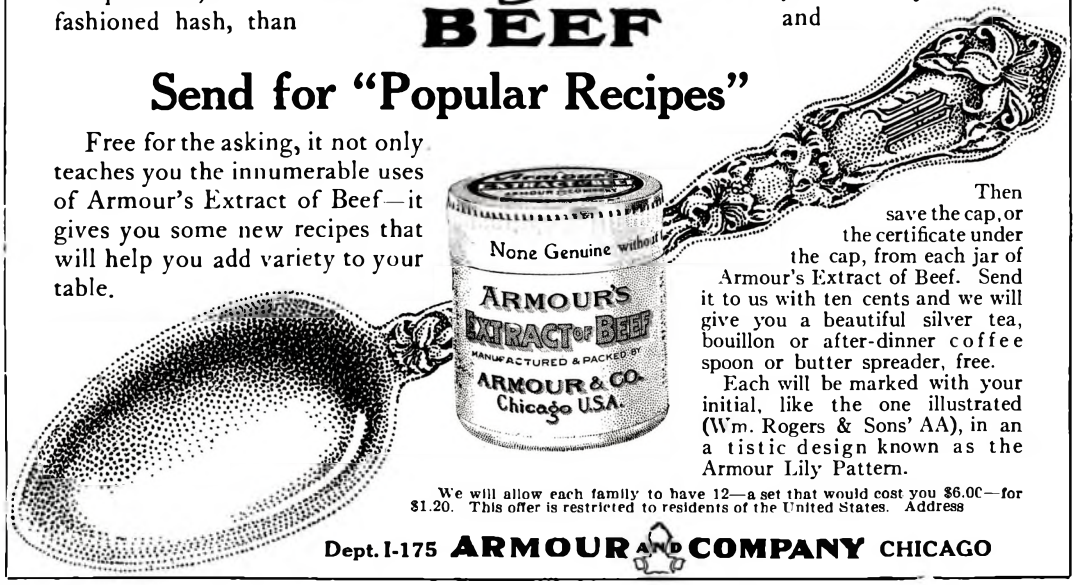
Once you learn its possibilities it is as much a cooking essential as salt and pepper.

For sale everywhere by good grocers. Get your first jar today and

Armour's EXTRACT of BEEF

Send for "Popular Recipes"

Free for the asking, it not only teaches you the innumerable uses of Armour's Extract of Beef—it gives you some new recipes that will help you add variety to your table.



Then save the cap, or the certificate under the cap, from each jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Send it to us with ten cents and we will give you a beautiful silver tea, bouillon or after-dinner coffee spoon or butter spreader, free.

Each will be marked with your initial, like the one illustrated (Wm. Rogers & Sons' AA), in an artistic design known as the Armour Lily Pattern.

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This school offers to a limited number of young men and boys an unusual opportunity to thoroughly prepare for colleges, universities, scientific schools, U. S. Military and Naval Academies. Small classes, individual instruction. Certificates accepted at all colleges.

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MR. and MRS. S. N. BARKER, Principals, Drawer 841.

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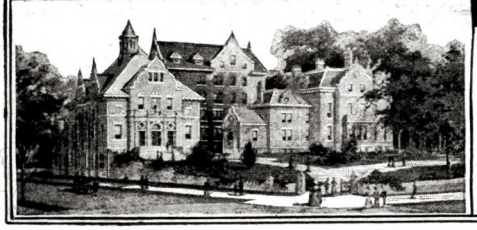
Enjoys the intellectual and social life of Oberlin College.

Eminent faculty of 36 specialists, 832 students last year from 41 States and 9 foreign countries.

A four-year high-school course, or its equivalent, required before entering courses leading to degree of Bachelor of Music. Fall Term opens Wednesday, Sept. 20th. Send for catalogue and musical year book. **CHARLES W. MORRISON, Director.**

CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY of MUSIC. ESTABLISHED 1867.

Miss Clara Baur, Directress.



Instructs, trains and educates after the best methods of **Foremost European Conservatories.** The faculty numbers some of the **Leading Musicians** and **Artists of today.**

ELOCUTION **MUSIC** LANGUAGES

Location ideal with respect to home comfort and luxurious surroundings. The **most completely equipped buildings devoted to music in America. Day and resident students may enter at any time.** Illustrated Catalogue **FREE.**

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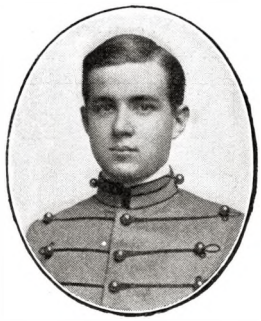

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380 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in United States. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring waters. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Fine, shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic park. All manly sports encouraged. Daily drills and exercises in **open air.** Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our **tutorial system.** Standards and traditions high. **Academy fifty-one years old.** New $125,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fire-proof. Charges $360. Handsome catalogue free. Address

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For Girls and Young Ladies

45th YEAR Location: In Blue Ridge Mountains, famous Valley of Virginia, near Natural Bridge. Wonderful health record. **Courses:** College Preparatory, Finishing, Music, including Pipe Organ, etc. **Home Life:** Personal attention to the whole life, manners, character, etc. **Outdoor Sports:** Large grounds. **Building:** Beautiful and commodious. Students from every section of the United States. Rate $260. Catalog. Address

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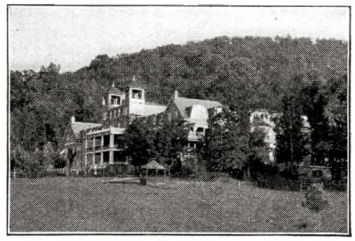

MATTIE P. HARRIS, President, Roanoke, Va.
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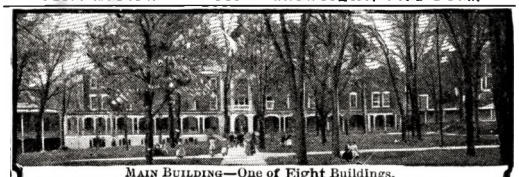
(Roller's School) Ft. Defiance, Va.

A school with country location and modern equipment. In the famous Shenandoah Valley. 125 acres with large campus. Gymnasium containing swimming pool, bowling alley, etc. Numbers limited. Able faculty. 37 years of successful work. Charges $315. Write for catalog.

THOS. J. ROLLER CHAS. S. ROLLER, Jr., Principals



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68th Session.

Home School for Girls. Church Influences.

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A branch of the Randolph-Macon System. Liberal gifts make unusual advantages possible. Equipment cost $100,000. Prepares for College or Scientific Schools. Gymnasium, physical culture and outdoor sports. Terms, $250. 20th session opens September 19, 1911. For free catalogue and illustrated pamphlet, address

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WEST VIRGINIA, Alderson, Box 542.

Alleghany Collegiate Institute

Rates $187.50. For young men and women. Military and outdoor life for young men. Special building and organization for girls. Splendid health. In beautiful Greenbrier Valley. Lower school also. Strong faculty. REV. L. S. SHIRES, A.B.

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THIS school possesses a distinct personality, character and efficiency, and an excellent record for developing Christian scholars and gentlemen. Able tutors, small classes and personal teaching are augmented by a perfect scholastic and physical equipment and beautiful, healthful surroundings, in the Orange Mountains—500 feet elevation—only 14 miles from New York. "Your Boy and Our School" is a book that will interest you, no matter where your son is educated. It contains a brief summary of the right ideas and methods for college and business preparation of boys. It represents the Headmaster's mature experience of more than a quarter-century of successful boy culture.

This book, together with our catalogue, sent on request.

JOHN C. MacVICAR, A.M., 28 Walden Place, Montclair, N. J.

IN choosing a school for your boy you place character and scholarship foremost in your requirements. So do we in selecting boys for

The Peddie Institute

OUR AIM IS: "The Best Boys' School in America"

¶ We have an endowed school with an enviable record in fitting boys for college and for life; a strong faculty of successful experience here; splendid enthusiasm among our 250 boys.

¶ Location nine miles from Princeton; region unsurpassed for health. Fine equipment. Sixty acres campus, athletic field, gymnasium with indoor track and swimming pool. Well-appointed laboratories, library of 9000 volumes, observatory, museum.

¶ We prepare for all colleges, law, medical and engineering schools. Thorough business course. Music.

¶ Rates $400. Lower school for boys 11 to 14 years. Forty-sixth year opens Sept. 20, 1911. Catalogue and booklets sent on request.

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School for Boys

Now in its 74th year. A boy's school with a brilliant record, whose graduates take front rank in the affairs of men. Alumni includes Congressmen, Senators, Governors, and men prominent in all the walks of life. All Academic and commercial courses. Elocution, Vocal and Instrumental Music. Fine Organ. Thorough course in English Bible. Educational trips with master to Philadelphia, New York and Washington.

Separate Military Junior Department for boys under 14. Athletic field, Gymnasium. Physical Director. Rates $400 to $500. For catalog, address FRANK MacDANIEL, Headmaster, Pennington, N. J.

NEW JERSEY, Blairstown, P. O. Box O.

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For Boys. Founded 1766. *Preparatory:* Fits for any college. *Elementary:* Boys 8 to 14. Separate buildings; manual training; athletics. New York, 60 min., Phila., 90 min. Terms, all necessary expenses, $500. No extras. *Summer Camp:* Schoodic Lake, Me.

MYRON T. SCUDDER, Headmaster.

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DETROIT UNIVERSITY SCHOOL

Preparatory and Manual Training School for Boys

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HOUGHTON, MICHIGAN

Located in the Lake Superior District

MINES AND MILLS

Accessible For College Work

For Year Book and Record of Graduates, apply to President or Secretary. F. W. McNAIR, President

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Tennessee Military Institute

Sweetwater Tennessee

One of the Most Successful Military Schools in the South

A school of national patronage, in the mountains of East Tennessee. Gives thorough preparation for college, Government Academies, or business. Individual instruction. New buildings, designed especially for a military school, with modern equipment. Campus of 45 acres, athletic field, gymnasium, bowling alleys. Most healthful climate in U. S. Encampments in mountains, practice marches, cavalry trips. In every respect a high-class school, with the moderate terms of $350 for board and tuition, full session.

Send for illustrated catalogue. Address

Col. O. C. HULVEY, Superintendent

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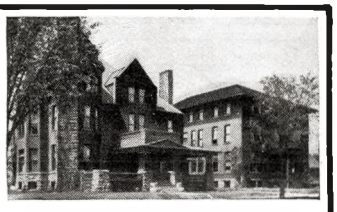
Sweetwater College for Young Women

Complete college course. Preparatory department. Music and Art. Three laboratories. Beautiful buildings, steam heat and electric lights, hot and cold water in each room; new plumbing. Rates $240. Booklet. MRS. ELIZABETH M. ROWLAND, Principal.

MINNESOTA

Stanley Hall
For Girls



There are schools and schools. Many people having daughters to educate will be glad to know of a school—

That is moderate in price,
That is of the best in equipment,
That for 20 years has sent its graduates to the best Universities and Colleges on certificate,
That offers the advantages of a conservatory centering upon its 28th year, having 40 instructors and an enrollment of over 500 students,
That has a well-equipped gymnasium and gives first-class physical training,
That provides the training and environment necessary to the development of the truest social graces of its pupils,
That receives pupils for special work in one line only if desired.

MINNEAPOLIS, the home of this school, is a city in its advantages, a beautiful country town in its general features. In these respects, as well as in its location, climate and healthfulness, it is unsurpassed as an educational centre. For catalogue of either school address

OLIVE A. EVERS, Principal,
2177 Pleasant Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

At a Summer Resort

BY BRAND WHITLOCK

YES, it is beautiful; this peaceful scene
Of shimmering lake, deep in the pinewoods green,
With happy, brown-kneed children, youth and maid,
And elder folk in summer white arrayed,
At tennis, golf, and boating—all at play,
Wherewith they while these golden hours away.

And yet—and yet—I wish I could not see,
Back in the city's heat and misery,
Those patient men who toil in shop and mill,
Their work-worn wives, their children wan and still,
Wasting their lives in cruel sacrifice
To give these idle ones this paradise!

"I saw them again last night, shortly after midnight"

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXII JULY, 1911 No. 3

THE LONG TRYST

A STORY OF OLD HAMILTON

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR WITH STEWART EDWARD WHITE OF "THE MYSTERY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH

. . . and forever, in after years,
At the thought of its bloom or the fragrance of its breath
The past shall arise,
And his eyes shall be dim with tears,
And his soul shall be far in the gardens of Paradise.
—*Wishmakers Town.*

I

LAURIE'S coming was as strange as everything else about him.

The old college had gone to bed to the lullaby of a May wind. From the chapel tower, the habitant voice sent one golden note winging out into the darkness. The night was full of little whispers and faint fragrances.

A light glimmered, lonely, on the campus. It shone from the open window of Belden, who was working late on the final draft of his junior chapel oration. A vagrant breeze entered the room, breathed across his tired eyes, and twitched suggestively at the paper beneath his fingers.

"A good reminder," said Belden gravely, to the breeze. "I think, myself, it's time to quit."

He crossed to the window, and inhaled deeply of the sweet air. A voice came up to him from far below.

"Is that North-North-Second-Front-Middle?"

Belden did not recognize the voice, but he had a quaint, vague feeling that its owner had been waiting to accost his room a long, long time—an hour perhaps, or a century.

"You've got your geography right," he responded, peering down. "And who are you?"

"Laurie. Laurie, '12."

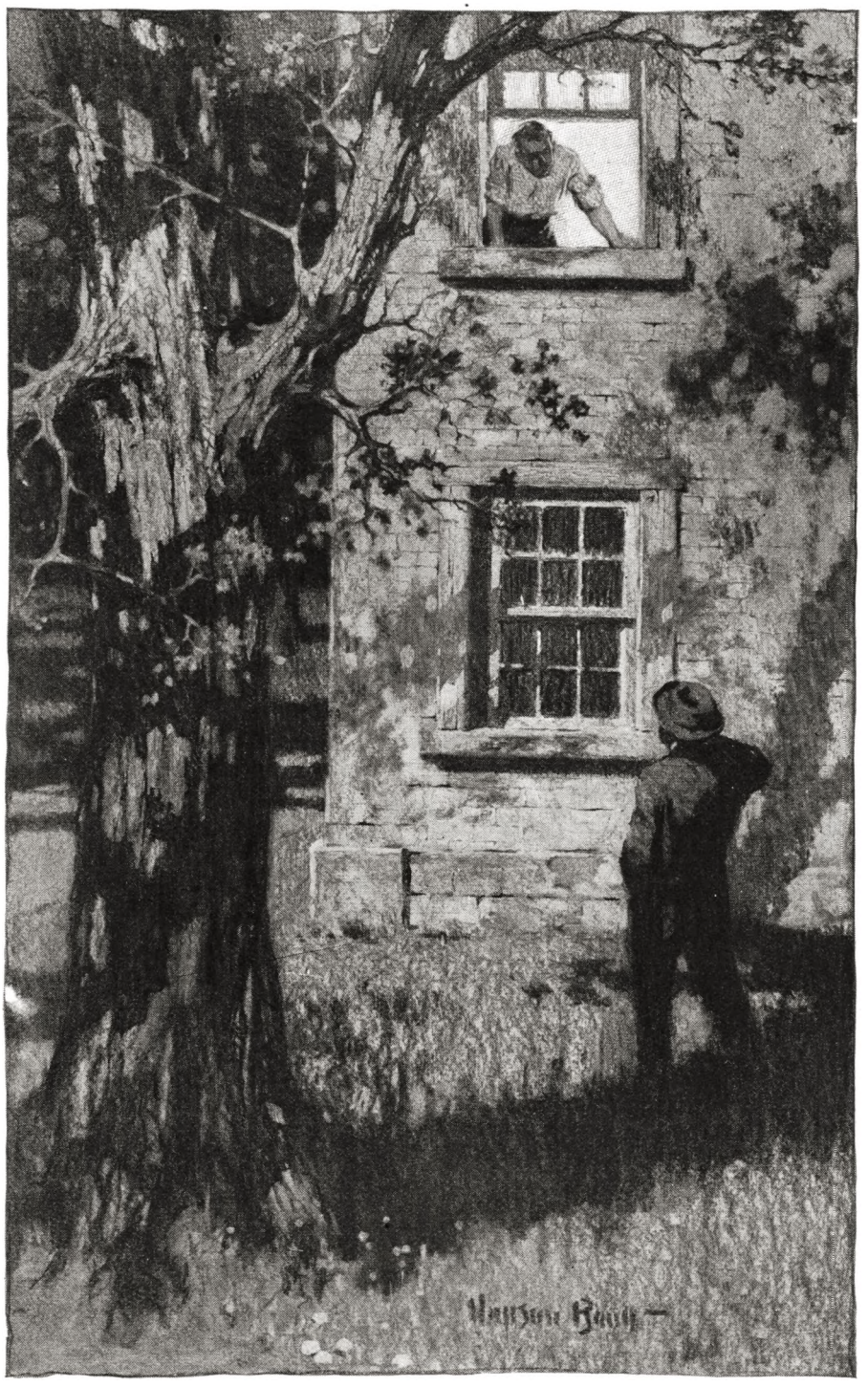
"What are you giving me?" demanded Belden, puzzled. "There's no Laurie in '12."

"If there isn't, there will be to-morrow."

"The class will be honored," retorted Belden sardonically. "But why am I selected as special nocturnal repository for these glorious tidings?"

"Do you expect me to explain from here?" queried the voice plaintively.

Belden laughed. "Come up, then," he invited, his curiosity amused by the strange encounter. "Follow the railing to the second landing. There are no lights."



Belden did not recognize the voice, but he had a quaint, vague feeling that its owner had been waiting to accost his room a long, long time—an hour perhaps, or a century

He heard the entry door swing, and presently the bidden guest's quick footsteps, mounting. Then the voice near by:

"Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen; and that's the top."

A slender, well-set figure appeared in the doorway, and stopped, giving Belden a moment's opportunity of appraisal. He got a quick physical impression of clean-cut, muscular competency, and a quick psychological impression of poise and power. The stranger looked to be not more than nineteen or twenty. His telling characteristic lay in the eyes, which were deep and bright, and looked out, with a singular and engaging frankness, from beneath a high forehead. Luxuriant, deep-brown hair curved and crested above—the hair of a faun vivifying the head of a dreamer.

"Well?" said Belden.

"Meaning 'What's your business here?'" translated the visitor. "I want to live here; here in North-North-Second-Front-Middle."

"Well, of all the fresh and verdant nerve!" burst out Belden, his upper-classman dignity ruffled.

"I know, it must seem so to you," agreed the other. "But perhaps when you under——"

"Will you have the infinite condescension to inform me when I'm to move out?" interrupted the other. "Have you seen Prexy's house yet? Maybe you'd like that better than my humble quarters."

Laurie's candid eyes never wavered. "I'm sorry if I've offended you," he said composedly. "I didn't expect you'd let me come at once. But I thought perhaps later you'd take me in. I don't believe you'd find me a troublesome roommate. And most people like me," he added, with a childlike ingenuousness.

Belden laughed outright. "It doesn't seem impossible," he conceded. "Sit down. No harm in talking it over, anyway."

"Do you mind if I look about a little?" asked the visitor. He glanced at the inner apartment, where Belden's bed and dresser stood.

"Where's the other door?" he said in obvious surprise.

"What other door?" asked Belden quickly.

"Why I don't know. I thought—" the younger man rubbed his hand across his forehead, confusedly—"some way it seemed as if there ought to be two doors there. And there's only the one wide one."

It happened that Belden had once looked up some historical details of Hamilton College architecture. "This used to be a triple-room," he said; "but that was before the building was remodeled, in the fifties. You weren't here half a century ago, I suppose."

"I've never been on the campus until I took my exams to-day. Yet it all seems so familiar and natural to me——"

"Never been here before?" said Belden, looking at him keenly. "Then how came you to reckon the exact number of steps for the second flight, when you came up the stairs in the dark?"

The caller shook his head musingly. "I just felt, deep inside me, that there ought to be eighteen steps, just as I expected to find two narrow doors over there. And just as I feel that this room is home."

"So you've intimated already. Any particular reason for your delusion of locality?"

"The call of the blood, I suppose. Since my earliest memory I've always meant to come back to Hamilton."

"Back? Why, you just said you'd never been here before."

"But my great-grandfather has. Class of 1812, Hamilton Oneida Academy. He never graduated, though. Some trouble with the faculty; I don't know what. So I've returned to finish out his course."

"And where has your breed been since the year 1812?"

"Where not! Over the world and under the world," chanted the extraordinary visitor, "and back at the last to—Alma Great-Grand-Mater. *Cœlum non animam mutant*, you know."

"'Constant the heart through all the changing climes,'" paraphrased Belden, with a smile. "Then you have 'run across the seas'?"

"Thousands of miles. Straight to this very spot."

Belden considered for a moment. "You mean me to understand that this is the room where Laurie of 1812 lived, in his academic days?"

"North-North-Second-Front-Middle. The same."

"Youngster, you win," pronounced Belden. "I can't go back on a tradition like that. No Hamilton man could. I'll take you in at the beginning of the fall term."

"I knew you would," returned the other contentedly.

"Meantime, if you care to turn in for the night, you'll find the couch all right."

"Thank you," said his guest. He threw off his coat and loosened his collar. "Oh, here's something that might interest you," he added, a trifle shyly. "It was my great-grand-

He leaped from his bed, and saw Laurie seat himself at the writing table, dip a

father's." And he held out to Belden across the table a huge, old-fashioned cameo scarf-pin.

Advancing a step to take it, Belden stumbled. The pin fell to the table, and opened across its length.

"That's odd!" cried the boy; "I never knew there was a spring."

He touched it, and a slender lock of hair curled about his finger, like a living tendril. Underneath the hair a single white flower, exposed to the atmosphere, was already crumbling away. From it arose the subtly sweet odor of the white violet, perfuming the whole room.

"Strange," said Belden, "how powerful that is. And after all these years. But of course that must have been put there long after."

"No," replied Laurie positively. He closed the pin over the lock of hair. "My grandfather—the son of Laurie 1812, gave it to me: and he had never worn it. He told me so. Good night." He threw himself on the couch and was asleep directly.

It was dim dawn, when Belden was awakened by a stir and rustle of papers in the outer room. He leaped from his bed, and saw Laurie seat himself at the writing table, dip a pen in the ink, and draw to him a sheet of his (Belden's) unfinished manuscript.

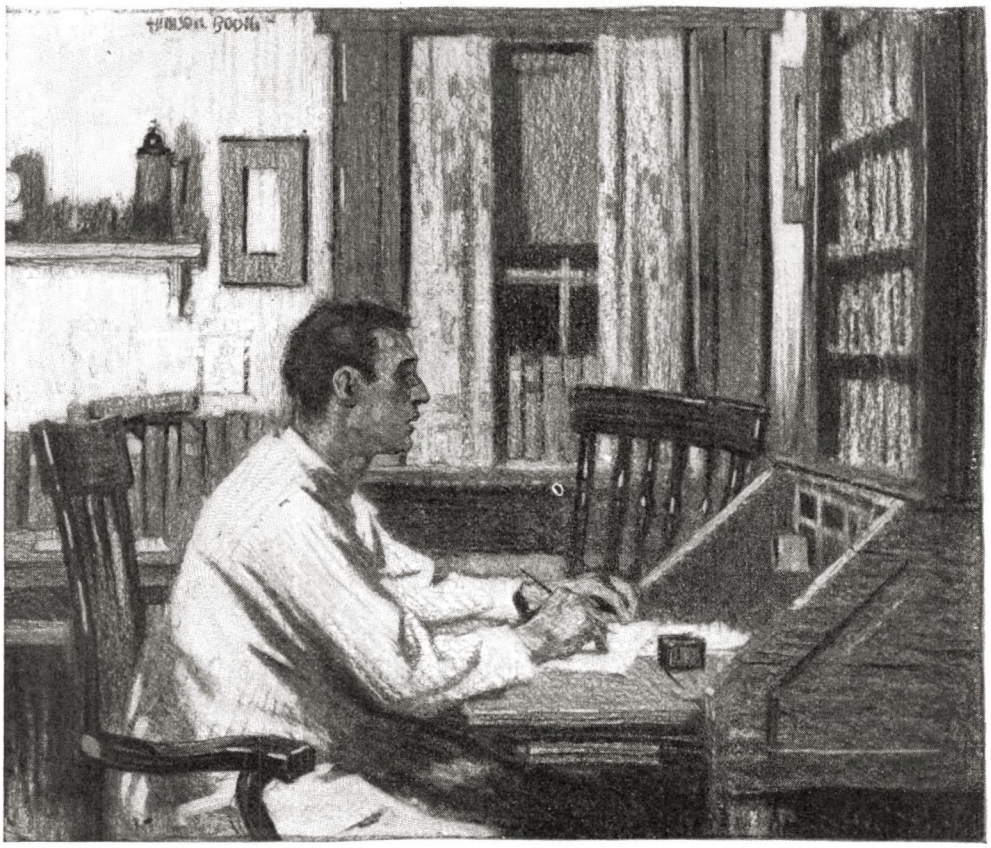
"Here! Drop that!" cried the astonished host.

Laurie paid no heed. He bent over and his pen met the paper. With a jump Belden was at his side—and drew back from the other's unseeing eyes. Very gently he laid a hand upon the writer's wrist. Laurie started up.

"What is it?" he said confusedly. "What have I been doing?"

"Walking in your sleep, I think," answered Belden.

Laurie did not seem to hear him. He stumbled back to the couch and lay quiet.



pen in the ink, and draw to him a sheet of his (Belden's) unfinished manuscript

For a time Belden stood watching him, then returned to his own bed.

The insistent clamor of the "first bell" called Belden back to consciousness. His guest was gone. Pinned to the couch pillow was a penciled note.

Thank you for taking me in. Forgive me for being such a troublesome guest. Au revoir! DONALD LAURIE.

With the paper in his hand, Belden turned to the desk. Slantwise across his essay manuscript ran a single broken line of writing.

Faith, dearest one. After all the weary ye——

Belden held the two writings up, side by side. He scanned them critically, looking from one to the other. They were utterly unlike.

II

By the end of the fall term, following, Donald Laurie had become something of a figure in college. Ripley Belden's fraternity, the "Arrowmen" (as they were called from the winged dart against the black background of their badge), opened to Belden's roommate. He was, in a quiet way, popular, and, even more, conspicuous. Frank and open-spirited as he was in all his relations there was, nevertheless, about him a certain air of reticence, of mystery, which piqued the interest of his eager-minded fellows. No man was more talked about, none less questioned; for Laurie maintained his own reserve, and college boys, rough though they be in formalities and externals, respect with a specific delicacy and restraint the intimate matters of their close-knit life. Only once was Laurie put directly to the question. That was when "Twink" Starr, the irrepressible member of the Arrowmen, scandalized the dinner table by blurting out:

"Who are you anyway, Don? And where the devil do you come from, and why? And

how do you know more about Ham-Coll than all the rest of us put together?"

There was a wrathful murmur about the table. But Laurie replied with perfect good humor:

"Me? Oh, I'm a revenant. And I came from the farther edge of last century. Because—well, because the place drew me."

"And now, Mr. Inquisitive Sophomore," rebuked Belden, with the severity of the grave and reverend senior, "if you'd use your face more as a receptacle for food, and less as a lever to pry into other people's affairs, you'd set a better example to the freshmen."

Starr muttered an apology. But Belden noticed that the last detail of his composite question—Laurie's profound, intimate, and, as it were, instinctive knowledge, of the many and often subtle traditions of the old classical college—had received no answer. The thing had often puzzled Belden himself. To be sure, Laurie had a passion for old records and Hamiltoniana of all sorts. But that alone was insufficient to explain how a man who had been in college less than a year, and whose ties of association were of the remotest, could have become a recognized authority upon the unwritten laws which are so potent a factor in undergraduate life. More than this, and stranger, Laurie had become, as by some miracle, a sort of embodiment of that intangible but potent quality, Hamilton spirit; a spirit tested and refined by the stress of high rivalry with other and, most often, larger institutions; a spirit which, time and again by sheer loyalty of heart and unflinching resolution of temper, had won victory from many an all-but-lost field; which, whether in victory or defeat, stood for standards of honor as unyielding as its stern old standards of scholarship. If the college had been called upon to pick its typical "Hamilton man," it would have selected Donald Laurie.

And Belden, his nearest friend, would have agreed with the decision; but he would not have comprehended how it could be so. He did not pretend to understand Laurie.

"You can no more *know* Don," he once said, "than you can know a dog or a star. He thinks with a different mind."

Reticent by nature, Belden had implicitly respected his roommate's reticence. He had never even shown him the somnambulistic handwriting, memento of Laurie's first night in North-North-Second-Front-Middle. Nor did the episode ever come to speech between them until one warm, still afternoon, late in April, nearly a year later. Laurie, now a junior, was working over material on early traditions, from which he proposed to make an article for the Lit. called "Campus Lore." Belden looked up from the baseball shoe he was lacing, and said:

"Don, did you dream of anything in particular, last night?"

"I often have vivid dreams," Laurie said. "Why?"

"You walked in your sleep. Are you given that way?"

"Never did it before in my life, so far as I know."

"Then you don't know. You walked the night you first butted in here."

"You never told me."

"Didn't see any reason to. What's more, you wrote."

"Wrote? Where did I write?"

"On my manuscript. Here it is."

Laurie took the sheet of paper. "Hoot!" he said, at the first glance. "That isn't my handwriting."

"Yet I saw you write it, with my own eyes. And you wrote again last night."

"What?"

"I don't know. I didn't look to see. When I spoke to you, you pulled the paper away and went back to bed. What I want to know is, in case you do this nocturnal authorship stunt regularly, do you want to be stopped or shall I let you go on?"

Without replying, the junior shuffled among the loose papers on his desk. Presently he held one up.

"The same writing as the other," he said. "It can't be! Yet——" He passed his hand over his eyes, with a strange, half-desperate gesture. "Here's the name again; Faith."

"Don't let it get on your nerves, Don," advised Belden, soothingly. "Sleep-walkers always do queer stunts, I'm told."

"But—but Faith. That's what I can't fathom. Rip, do you ever have strange, almost unbearable struggles to recall something that keeps just beyond your reach? Just over the farther margin of memory."

"It afflicts me chiefly in Math," remarked Belden.

"Don't joke," returned Laurie with unaccustomed sharpness. "I may not ever speak to you of this again. But I've got to speak now, and free my mind of it. Rip, I don't know and I never have known any girl named Faith. Yet the name, as it stands written there,—why, the very sight and sound and perfume of it catch my breath in my throat. Can you understand that, Rip? I can't. And yet I ought. My heart stirs with it and knows; but not my mind."

"See here, Don," said Belden, after some hesitation, "you said a queer thing just now. You spoke of the perfume of the name. Do —do you use perfumery yourself? Last night, for example?"

"Of course not!"

"Yet, when I woke and found you sitting there, I would have sworn to the scent— Don," he said, breaking off suddenly. "Does the name 'Faith' suggest the scent of white violets to you."

"Yes," said the other. "How in Heaven's name did you know that?"

"The room was saturated with the odor of them last night. Oh, come, Don! This is getting fairly uncanny. Get on your togs and let's practice that run-in for a bunt with a man on second."

Laurie shook his head. "No; I'm going for a long walk to clear my brain," he said.

Long, solitary walks became his favorite occupation, as the days warmed toward summer. And after them, as if by direct sequence, came the accesses of somnambulism. Once Belden plucked his roommate from the window, from which he was perilously leaning; and again he drew him, not without the exercise of some force, from the back of the old wood closet, where he was prying feverishly at the paneling. But not until a mid-May night did Belden hear the voice of the spirit that haunted his friend's slumbers.

An overpast thunderstorm was growling, as it withdrew, like a beaten but incorrigible dog. The trees, in the aftercurrent of the wind, swayed gently. The earth exhaled soft odors. Above them, intoxicatingly sweet, Belden smelt the perfume of the wild white violets which Laurie had brought home that day from his lonely walk. Suddenly he became aware that Laurie was leaning over the flowers, murmuring. He saw his friend's figure cross to the window. Fearful of startling him into a plunge, Belden slipped quietly to the floor and advanced, when the figure at the window spoke.

"The light! The light! Oh, my dear, my dear! I've come back to you."

The voice struck Belden motionless for the moment. Instead of the clear, high speech characteristic of Donald Laurie, the tones were deep, grave, and of a strange intonation.

"How long, how wearily long it's been, beloved," said the voice again, and Belden, for all his dismay, thrilled to the passion of it.

He set his hand upon Laurie's shoulder. With a quick, violent movement the other struck it aside.

"Do you stay me, sir?" cried the voice. Then with an abrupt change to Donald Laurie's crisp accent:

"What is it, Rip? What's the matter?"

"You've been dreaming again."

"Dreaming?" Laurie lifted a pallid face. "Oh, Rip, why did you wake me!"

The bitterness of that cry Belden carried into his own dreams. In the morning Laurie made no reference to the event. But he begged off from baseball practice that afternoon, and when he came in, it was with a handful of fresh white violets.

"Where do you get those, Don?" asked Belden.

"Aren't they wonders!" replied the other, evading the question. "And listen: isn't this a wonder, too?"

He dropped his voice a little, and quoted:

For the orange flower
Ye may buy as ye will; but the violet of the wood
Is the love of maidenhood;
And he that hath worn it but once, though but for an hour,
He shall never again, though he wander by many a stream,
No, never again shall he meet with a flower that shall seem
So sweet and pure; and forever, in after years,
At the thought of its bloom or the fragrance of its breath,
The past shall arise,
And his eyes shall be dim with tears,
And his soul shall be far in the gardens of Paradise,
Though he stand in the shambles of death.

"Say, that *is* something, isn't it!" commented Belden, impressed. "Where did you dig it up?"

"From a forgotten book of poems, 'Wishmakers Town.' I was delving in the library among a lot of miscellany for material on my 'Campus Lore' stunt. By the way, Rip, did you know we used to be co-ed?"

"Get out! Not Ham-Coll."

"Well; Hamilton Oneida Academy. I found a mention of it here." He held up a spineless and flabby volume. "Oh; and here's something I didn't see before. Roster of our early fellow-alumnæ. Listen: Alice Denning, Prudence Miller, Mary Esther Ripley (one of your lot, Rip?), Elizabeth Brent, Faith Woolsey." He laid the pamphlet down. "Faith," he repeated softly.

"Pass it up, Don," said the senior, with some uneasiness. "It's getting on my nerves. So are your 'violets of the wood.'"

"All right," acquiesced Laurie, with his customary amiability. "If they worry you, I won't bring any more home."

So profoundly did they worry the usually phlegmatic Belden that he rose that night

"Who was the midnight Molly you were showing the campus to last night, Don?"

after his crony was asleep, and tossed the blooms out of the window. Then his heart came into his throat for, as they fell, to scatter whitely upon the red shale walk below, Laurie stirred and moaned.

If he missed the violets he made no comment in the morning. Comment came, however, in startling form, at breakfast, from "Twink" Starr, the irrepressible.

"Who was the midnight Molly you were showing the campus to last night, Don?"

"Last night? What's the matter with your brain, Twink?"

"Nothing. Nor with my eyesight. Tak' thought to yersel, mannie. I was on my way to Carnegie, after a one o'clock session at the Psi Chi house, when muh startled eyes beheld you and the fair one Payson-Westoning in front of North."

"What a curse is rum!" observed Laurie, judiciously.

"One sarsaparilla," declared the sophomore. "Wouldn't I know that strut of yours, through a barrel of rum? Oh, Donnie! Donnie-Juannie Laurie!" Starr broke into song:

> "Like the dew on the snowdrop lying
> Was the fall of your fairy feet.

And, by the way, she had a big bunch of snowdrops or something, in the front of her dress."

"What's that?" said a voice from behind, sharply. Belden had come into the room in time to hear the last speech.

"Nothing to jump me for," replied the sophomore. "Just scurfing Don a little on his flirty ways."

"But, Twink," said Laurie earnestly. "There's some mistake. I wasn't on the campus last night, either with or without a girl." Speaking, he touched, with an almost imperceptible gesture, the arrow badge on his breast. Starr's mischievous face changed instantly. "All right, old man," he said. "I was wrong, of course."

"And see that you remember it, Twink," added Belden, in a low tone. "Don was in bed and asleep before midnight, last night."

"Well, I must have 'em," said Starr. "No more of the soul-destroying sarsaparilla for me. Beer, from now on."

Less than a week later, "the Kaiser" climbed the stairs to North-North-Second-Front-Middle. Officially, the Kaiser is Professor Max Marsh, head of the modern language department. In his thirty years' service, the quiet

cheery German has learned something of the inner nature of the undergraduate; and his relation to the "boys" is that rare relation of mutual respect, confidence and fellowship which exists between authority and the subject only in the small college. The "Kaiser" found Belden alone. Laurie was at the Lit. Board's afternoon council.

"Hello, Ripley," said the "Kaiser," seating himself on the senior's lounge.

"Hello, Professor!" greeted the other heartily. "Glad to see you. When can I tackle you for another round of golf?"

"When you learn not to take *more* than three puts on the home green," twinkled the "Kaiser," referring to a painful episode of the recent Union-Hamilton match. "But I came to talk to you about Laurie."

"What about Laurie?" queried the senior uneasily.

"He's been on the campus late at night, with a girl."

"Some one's been lying," growled Belden. "I've seen them myself."

"I beg pardon, Kai—Professor." Professor Marsh smiled. "Do you know who the girl was, sir?"

"No. A stranger to me. Whoever she is, Laurie should consider her—should consider her reputation. Mind," continued the kindly scholar; "I am not implying anything wrong. Laurie is thoughtless, but he is clean and honorable. And the girl's face was as pure as the violets she wears at her breast."

"When did you see Laurie and the girl, Professor?" asked Belden in a voice that made the other look at him keenly.

"Twice. I've been amusing myself, of nights, searching for the comet, from the observatory. The first time was—let me see—last Friday night; Saturday morning rather, about two o'clock. I saw them again last night, shortly after midnight."

"Professor, what would you say if I said it was impossible?"

"I should ask your proof."

"For Friday night I can't answer positively. But last night I worked here until two o'clock. Laurie was asleep at eleven. He never stirred from his bed in that time."

"You are certain?"

"On my honor, sir."

The "Kaiser" rose. There was the relaxation of unmistakable relief on his face. "I did not like to think of the boy as being so careless of a woman's good name," he said. "Ah, well! Aging eyes! Aging eyes! We'd best hurry that golf match before I go wholly blind. Good night, Ripley."

Hardly had he left when Laurie came in.

"What does the 'Kaiser' mean about my 'doppelganger'?" he asked curiously. "I just met him on the stairs, and he intimated that somebody had been taking my personal appearance in vain."

"Oh, a mistake of his about seeing you on the campus," returned the other evasively. "Going to the whist club to-night, Don?"

"No. I'm on noon chapel to-morrow, you know. I want to run over my spiel until I'm certain of it."

But when Belden returned the junior was not at work on his oration. He was poring over a number of old volumes of records which he had exhumed from some obscure nook of the library.

"Cut that," the senior advised curtly. "You waste too much time on that 'Campus Lore' stunt of yours."

"It's more than that," replied Laurie, looking up with dreamy eyes. "There's something in those musty pages that is calling—calling like a human voice, to me. You remember what I said about the striving to remember. Well, Rip," he swept his hand above the heaped-up prints, "I'm peering dimly across that farther margin of memory—just a little. Perhaps—perhaps," he added as if to himself, "I shall step over."

"Quit it," ordered the other, "you make me creep!" Then, curiously: "Aren't you at all—afraid, Don?"

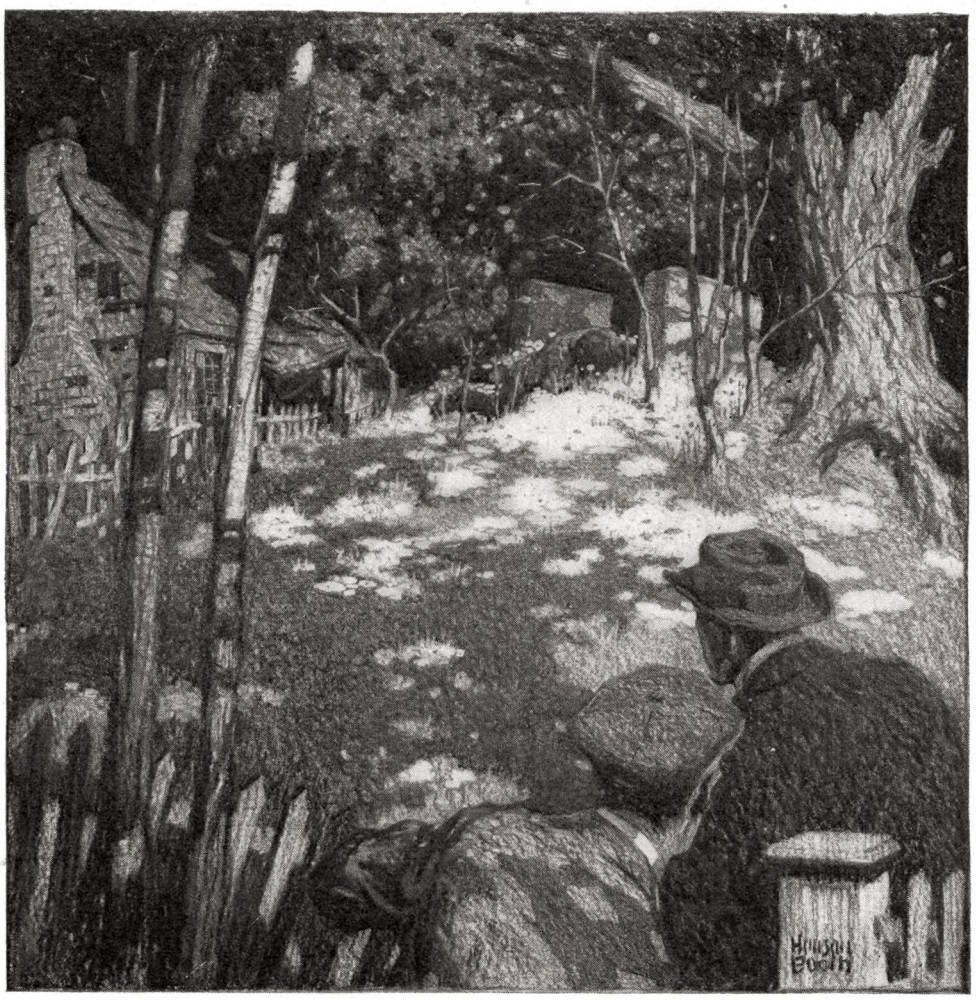
"Afraid!" cried Laurie, with a deep thrill in his voice. "I've never known what gladness was until I've had this glimpse." He lifted his face, murmuring:

"And his soul shall be far in the gardens of Paradise,
Though he stand in the shambles of death."

Belden undressed slowly and thoughtfully. Slowly he fell asleep, with the light of his roommate's research shining from the outer room across his eyes. The light was still burning when he awoke—awoke with the moist, fresh odor of white violets creeping into his brain. Laurie's bed was undisturbed. The outer room was empty. He ran to the window. Far above him a slow-surging current of wind moved, making deep music like the groundswell of a mightier ocean. The night was not black; it was gray, deep, fathomless gray. He leaned out into it, calling:

"Don! Oh, Don!"

A dim echo mocked his terror. There was no other reply. But it seemed to him that from the depths of the night a wistful and wonderful soul was striving to make answer; to tell him some unthinkable and lovely and



Laurie lay with one arm thrown across it, his smiling face pillowed on the other

awful mystery. The voice in the chapel spire spoke once, twice, thrice, and from the far-away, slumber-wrapped village another bell answered, confirming the measured message of Time.

Belden drew back from Infinity to the narrow limits of the room. Something compelled him to his friend's desk. A yellowed pamphlet lay open there. The page heading stood out, grim and ugly. "Report on a Case of Discipline Affecting the Morals of the Academy; in the year 1812." Belden read:

The decree of the instructor is filed and approved, that for the breaking of rules, in that the said Faith Woolsey, of the township of Vernon, N. Y., being a student of this Academy in regular standing, consorted at unseemly hours upon the academic grounds with a male student, shall be expelled with every circumstance of public disgrace; and that the said Donald Laurie——

The words blurred before Belden's eyes. And the moments blurred in his brain, until he found himself pounding at the doors of his fraternity house, across the campus, to rouse the Arrowmen to the search for Laurie, '12; Laurie who had gone into the night on his own search.

A stir went through Wednesday noon chapel when Laurie failed to answer to his name. Oratory, like classicism, is the cherished tradition of the old college on the hill, and to "cut noon chapel" is heretical. In

particular, as Laurie had been a sure candidate for prize-speaking appointment, wonder buzzed wordlessly across the seats. On the campus, it swelled and spread. Then Belden spoke out, and the college scattered to the hunt for the missing man.

All day Belden tramped, with an inexplicable drawing at his heart toward his own room. Something insistently told him that there lay the clue. At dusk, he obeyed the summons. As he entered the room, the scent of violets, very faint, but insistent, thrilled his nerves. It led him, inert and unresisting, to the old wood-closet, where once the sleep-walker had plucked at the panels. Blindly obedient to the impulse within, he beat and tore at the woodwork until it fell, disclosing an inner space and an old shelf. From this he took a brass-bound writing desk of dark rosewood. Unerringly he felt for the spring and released a shallow, secret drawer. From within rose a thin powder, making him dizzy and faint with the aroma of violets long, long dead. He staggered to the window with the letter in his hand. The ink was faded but still legible; the handwriting tall and quaint and girlish.

> Donald, my Beloved: Come back to me. The disgrace is hard to bear, but you know, and I know, my innocence. It is the longing for you that is breaking my heart. I trust you with all my soul. I know you will return to me though it were an hundred years. But come soon. The white violets that you loved are in bloom again. You know where. Come soon or you may be too late to find Your FAITH.

Across it was endorsed heavily, "Too late, indeed! May 26, 1813." The writing of the despairing endorsement was, line for line and slant for slant, that which Donald Laurie in the year of wonders 1911 had left, with his sleep-guided hand, upon Belden's manuscript.

From a numb wonder, Belden's mind sharply reverted to acute activity. The violets had led him thus far; they would take him to the end of the trail. He ran to the room of Starr.

"Twink," he said, "you're the naturalist of the crowd. Where do wild white violets grow around here?"

The sophomore considered. "Only in one place that I know," he said. "And that's three miles away, up toward Vernon Centre. There are the ruins of an old stone homestead there."

"Take me to it," ordered Belden.

The two men loped through the gathering gloom up the long hill. Starr slackened, and cut diagonally across a patch of woodland, coming out upon an all but obliterated road. It rose to a sharp knoll, crowned with oaks. A ruinous chimney reared and bristled among the leaves.

"They must have planted the violets long, long ago," panted Starr as they toiled up the ascent. "They've spread all over the place."

Indeed, the brow of the knoll was carpeted with the fragrant whiteness. It was thickest in one far corner, half encircled by shrubbery. Belden led the way thither. Beneath the shrubbery was a mound, whitened like snow with the blooms. Laurie lay with one arm thrown across it, his smiling face pillowed on the other.

Belden bent to touch the cold forehead; then straightened up, silently, to part the leaves of a rose bush which screened a toppling headstone. On the stained, chipped marble was inscribed:

> Sacred to the Memory of Faith Woolsey.
> Born Jan 7, 1796. Died June 30, 1812.

The leaves slipped back as Belden withdrew his hand. He gathered a handful of violets and let them fall upon the dead, happy face. A sob from Starr made him turn.

"He—he's gone, isn't he?" said the sophomore brokenly.

Belden put an arm on the boy's heaving shoulders. "I don't know, Twink," he said very gently, "I think he's come back."

NEW IDEAS IN CHILD TRAINING

REMARKABLE RESULTS OBTAINED IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN THROUGH NEW METHODS OF SOME AMERICAN PARENTS

BY

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

AUTHOR OF "BENDING THE TWIG," "THE NEW MIND CURE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

SINCE the publication in this magazine of the article describing the manner in which Dr. Boris Sidis, the noted American psychopathologist, so successfully educated his son as to enable him to enter Harvard University and undertake advanced studies at the age of eleven, I have received letters of inquiry from all parts of the United States regarding this truly remarkable achievement. Most of the inquirers seem to have a realizing sense that there is something seriously wrong in the prevailing educational system, but many express a skepticism, and even antagonism to a method, which, in the words of one critic, "would rob a child of its childhood." Some assert that the "forcing process," as they term it, can end only in the "collapse" of the "unfortunate victim"; others seem to think that the marvelous intellectual accomplishments of the youthful Harvard student are due, not to the peculiar education he has received but to his natural talents; while others, again, feel that however much they might like to follow Dr. Sidis's example, it is out of the question because they lack his knowledge.

LINA WRIGHT BERLE

A sophomore at sixteen in Radcliffe College, Miss Berle is the oldest of four children, all of whom display remarkable mental ability as the result of special training

As a matter of fact, there have been and there are to-day parents who, without any psychological training whatever, have had wonderful success in educating their children by methods which — although differing markedly in detail from his, and from

one another's—rest at bottom on the principles scientifically elaborated by Dr. Sidis. The results of their labors, in every case that has come to my knowledge, strikingly corroborate his theories, and the parents themselves, so far from feeling that their methods endanger the health and happiness of their little ones, are firmly convinced that they are in reality developing their powers as they should be developed, and are more truly equipping them for future life than would be possible through the educational system ordinarily followed.

More than this, they are a unit in agreeing that the amazing mental development exhibited by their children is attributable to environment and training, rather than to inheritance. Indeed, in at least one case proof positive has been obtained that such is the correct view.

WINIFRED S. STONER
An eight-year-old Southern girl, educated along novel lines, with the result that at the age of five she wrote a play, and at seven published a volume of poems

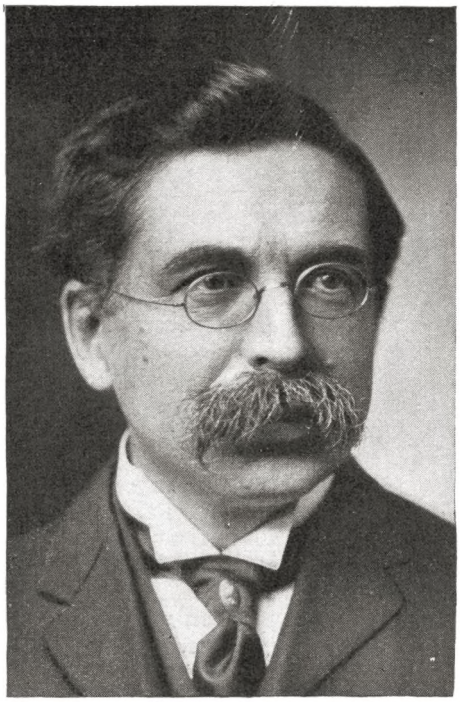
Learned His Alphabet at Two Years

This is the case of Ervin Palda, son of Mr. L. J. Palda, of Cedar Rapids, Ia. When Ervin's older brother, Lidmil, was five, his parents gave him some alphabet blocks as a Christmas present, and his mother used these to teach him the different letters. Ervin, then only two years old, was usually present when the lessons were given, and although he seemingly paid no attention to what was being said, he astonished his parents one day by showing them that he knew the letters quite as well as Lidmil. They immediately started to teach him to spell, and also began teaching him the elements of arithmetic, using for that purpose blocks with figures on them instead of letters.

In both spelling and arithmetic little Ervin made rapid progress, and in the learning of both he took intense delight. Precisely as William James Sidis did, he would sit for hours playing with the blocks, shifting them about to spell words or form simple arithmetical sums. In a few months he was phenomenally advanced, and gave every promise of blossoming into an "infant prodigy." But at this point—when he was little more than three years old—his parents became alarmed at the unexpected success of their efforts, ceased giving him lessons, and took away from him the stimulating blocks.

"I stopped my boy's education," explained Mr. Palda, "because I did not want to deprive him of the sweetest pleasures and memories of childhood. He very soon forgot the knowledge of letters, figures, and spelling, and when he began to attend school all this had to be learned over again, visibly with more difficulty than in his babyhood. He is now in his eighteenth year, and last June graduated from the high school, where, although he had a good record, he showed no exceptional talent. I am certain, however, that had his training been continued as his mother and I began it, he would have developed like Dr. Sidis's son."

It would seem even more difficult to dispute the supreme importance of environment and training in instances where whole families of children, after receiving a special education,



PROF. LEO WIENER AND HIS SON NORBERT

Professor Wiener, a well-known Harvard philologist, disapproves strongly of present-day educational methods, and has educated his children in a novel way, with remarkable results. Norbert, his oldest son, is a graduate student in Cornell, where he expects to gain the Ph.D. degree at a very youthful age. He graduated from Tufts College in 1909 at the age of fourteen

THE REV. A. A. BERLE AND HIS SON, A. A. BERLE, JR.

Dr. Berle is pastor of the Shawmut Congregational Church in Boston, and a firm believer in early education of the child. His methods of home education enabled his son, Adolf, to pass the Harvard entrance examination before he was fourteen

have developed with a rapidity and brilliancy little less astonishing than that displayed by the Sidis boy, and far surpassing the acquirements of children whose education does not begin until they are of "school age." I have personally investigated two cases of this kind. In one—the family of the Rev. A. A. Berle—there are four children. The oldest, Lina, at the age of sixteen, is a sophomore at Radcliffe College; the second, Adolf, is a Harvard sophomore at fifteen; the third, Miriam, twelve years old, is in one of the Cambridge high schools; while the youngest child, Rudolf, at the age of nine, is also attending high school. All four in early childhood were educated according to ideas originating with and carefully worked out by their father and mother, the former of whom is pastor of the Shawmut Congregational Church, one of the largest churches in Boston.

One Father's Success at Education

Dr. Berle's interest in the subject of child training was first aroused, it seems, by an address in which President Eliot, of Harvard University, outlined what he considered the four great processes or operations of the mind which education ought to develop if it is to fulfil its best purpose: observing accurately; recording correctly; comparing, grouping, and inferring justly; and expressing cogently the results of these mental operations. These are the things, President Eliot declared, in which the population as a mass must be trained in youth, if its judgment and reasoning power are to be properly developed; and he went on to criticize the American public school system as having lamentably failed to do these things. In this Dr. Berle agreed with him. But, as he said, in discussing the matter with me:

"It seemed to me that after all the fault lay largely with the father and mother, in shirking the responsibilities of parenthood and leaving everything of an educational character to the school teacher. Besides this I felt, as Dr. Sidis has expressed it, that the time to begin education is before the child goes to school, and when its mental faculties are most plastic, so that habits of accurate observation, correct recording, and sound reasoning can be readily formed. Mrs. Berle and I talked the problem over, and decided to see what we could do for our own children.

"Lina, our oldest child, was just three years old when we began to educate her. First of all, we undertook to teach her to express herself in several languages. We believed that by training her to speak correctly and fluently in different languages we would at the same time be training her in habits of attention, concentration, observation, and quick and correct thinking. All of this is involved in language study, especially if the languages are taught by the oral method.

"We began by teaching the little girl to repeat the Lord's Prayer in English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and after she had mastered this, we taught her some Greek prayers and Hebrew psalms, which we translated into English for her. Gradually we enlarged the language lessons, and, when she was between three and four years old, we began to give her some mathematical training, teaching her definitions of circles, angles, etc., in scientific terms.

"Of course, we explained these terms to her, and we made sure, by frequent questioning, that she comprehended them. Our object was twofold. In the first place, we wished to extend her grasp of forms of expression; and, secondly, it seemed a good method of increasing her reasoning powers, while familiarizing her with a terminology which she would have to learn anyhow when she went to school. After this, we taught her to spell, to read, and to write, all of which she could do well before she was six years old. By that time her faculties were so developed that, as we found, she had little difficulty in studying any subject given to her. And, mind you, there was no 'forcing.' We simply acted on the principle that Dr. Sidis has set forth—namely, that a child is essentially a thinking animal, and it is far better to train it from the start to think correctly and to good purpose than to let it waste its energies and acquire habits of thinking incorrectly.

"Nor did Lina lose any of the joys of childhood. She had her dolls and other toys. She played games with her little friends, she was full of life and vitality. Only, she found as much 'fun' in studying as in romping. This was not the result of any abnormality, but wholly of the efforts of her mother and myself to inspire in her the belief that work was quite as interesting a matter as play. Indeed, we both of us really took an intense interest in the lessons we gave her. Without this we assuredly could not have aroused and retained her interest, or the interest of the other children, whose education was similarly begun between the ages of three and four, and has been carried on in virtually the same way. All of them are strong, healthy, normal children. I would challenge anyone to find any-

thing 'freakish' in their appearance or manner; the only difference between them and other boys and girls of the same age is that they are more advanced intellectually."

There is, however, another important point of difference. Never have I seen another family of children of such uniform courtesy, kindliness, and good manners. Not only do they, from the oldest to the youngest, use the purest English in their conversation; their attitude toward strangers is one of modest respect, while in their relations with one another and with their parents they evince the warmest affection. They are frank, sincere, "genuine" children in every way, and it is quite evident that by no means all of the time devoted to them by their father and mother has been spent in developing their minds. Much of it must have gone to the strengthening of their characters. Unquestionably, they give promise of growing into splendid examples of American manhood and womanhood. It may be thought that I am oversanguine, overenthusiastic. But let anyone see them, as I have seen them, in their home life, and he will be of the same opinion.

Physically, they are all that Dr. Berle claims. They are alert and vigorous, full of the vitality of youth. The two boys take kindly to the roughest forms of exercise, and frequently box together. The girls are vivacious and exceptionally attractive. There is absolutely nothing about them to suggest the extraordinary mental development shared in common by all four. No one would suspect, for instance, that the youngest child, Rudolf, is making such progress in his studies at the high school that his father confidently expects him to be able to pass at eleven the preliminary entrance examination for Harvard, thus bettering by more than two years the record made by his brother, Adolf. As to Adolf, it would seem incredible, judging from his boyish appearance, that he has already put behind him the freshman year at college, and is now specializing in history and political science, taking six courses of lectures of two or three lectures a-piece every week. Besides which, to quote Dr. Berle again:

A Harvard Sophomore of Fifteen

"The best of it is that he is finding opportunity to participate in the undergraduate life outside of the classroom. He was only thirteen and a half years old when he took the entrance examination, and all my friends told me that it would be a great pity to let him enter Harvard then, because he was so young that he would be deprived of the companionships and social activities that count for so much in one's college career. Influenced by their advice, I kept Adolf out of college for a year, but it really was not necessary. His work as a freshman was hard, including as it did courses in English, German, Greek, history, botany, and zoölogy. But he none the less found time to make friends, and was encouraged to become a member of various college organizations.

"Thus, he was admitted into playing parts in the Harvard Dramatic Club, and filled a rôle in the performances given both years. He had not been long at Harvard when he had an article accepted by the *Lampoon*. He became a candidate for the Pasteur debating medal, winning a place in the finals, and was chosen as a member of the freshman debating team, for the annual debate with Yale. This took place at New Haven, and you can imagine how the audience stared when they discovered that one of the Harvard debaters was a youngster in knickerbockers. Adolf's sister, Lina, has had much the same experience at Radcliffe, where she has ample opportunity for recreation and social amusement, besides keeping up with her studies, which this year include history, psychology, and English literature.

"And," continued Dr. Berle, "surprising though all this intellectual activity and progress of my children may appear to most people, I am thoroughly satisfied that the same thing is possible to any normal child, provided that he is started right and is made to feel from the beginning that the gaining of knowledge is one of the most interesting things in the world. It is all a question of training him originally in the correct use of his faculties, and arousing his enthusiasm to keep them in use. I have proved this, I feel, not only by the results obtained in the case of my own children, but by very similar results secured by me in helping to fit other young people for college. Altogether, I have had a hand in preparing nearly sixty boys and girls, several of whom were considered so 'dull' by their teachers as to have no possible chance of meeting the college requirements. One of my best pupils was a young man who graduated from college last year, and every member of whose family had believed him incapable of performing academic work.

What "Backward" Students Need

"All that he needed, and all that many 'backward' students really need, is to have

the gates of their intellect opened by the stimulating of interest in the tasks they are set to do. This, particularly in the case of very young children—that is to say, of children at the age of three or four, when the beginnings of education may most profitably be undertaken—is a duty which obviously should fall on the parents. But how many parents are willing to give as much as thirty minutes a day to the education of their little ones?

"Some years ago, when living in Brighton —where, by the way, all my children were born—I used to go about among the schools, informally investigating their condition. At one school, having upward of a thousand pupils, the principal complained of lack of co-operation by the parents. I obtained from him the names of twenty-five 'leading citizens' of Brighton, who had children at this school. On my list were lawyers, bankers, and wealthy business men. I visited each in turn and asked him, not to spend a certain amount of time every day working with his children, but merely to pay two annual visits to the school, of an hour's duration on each occasion. Not one would consent to do even this. 'I am too busy,' was the answer invariably given. For all of that, these same people found plenty of time to go to their clubs, the theatre, bridge parties, and what not. The day must surely come, though, when parents will appreciate their duty in this respect, and when that day does come a new and more hopeful era in education will have dawned."

The Case of the Wiener Children

Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard University, a scholar with an international reputation, is another who believes that the secret of precocious mental development lies in early training. Like Dr. Berle he is the father of four children, ranging in age from four to sixteen; and like Dr. Berle he has had the courage of his convictions in making them the subjects of an educational experiment. The results have similarly been astounding, more especially in the case of his oldest son, Norbert.

This lad, at eleven, entered Tufts College, from which he graduated in 1909, when only fourteen years old. He then entered the Harvard Graduate School, where he spent a year specializing in scientific subjects, and is now at Cornell studying for the Ph.D. degree, which he will undoubtedly gain at an age when most boys are beginning their college careers.

His sisters, Constance and Bertha, promise to make almost as remarkable a record. Constance, aged twelve, is a high-school pupil in Cambridge, and will be ready to enter Radcliffe in a couple of years. Bertha, eight years old, has still two years in the grammar school, but her father is convinced that, after entering the high school, she will progress so rapidly as to be qualified for college before thirteen. Fritz, the baby of the family, is still so young that nothing can be predicted of his future, but his father confidently expects that it will be fully as striking as that of his brother and sisters.

"There is no reason why it should not be," he said, "for he will receive exactly the same kind of training that they have received, and I am positive it is to the training that we must attribute the results secured with them. It is all nonsense to say, as some people do, that Norbert and Constance and Bertha are unusually gifted children. They are nothing of the sort. If they know more than other children of their age it is because they have been trained differently.

Methods of Education

"Just what method have I used? Well, it is difficult to explain in a few words. I believe, to begin with, that children are naturally more intelligent than parents seem to regard them, and that if their natural intelligence is recognized and wisely directed they will display a most gratifying brightness and responsiveness. Instead of leaving them to their own devices—or, worse still, repressing them, as is generally done—they should be encouraged to use their minds, to think for themselves, to come as close as they can to the intellectual level of their parents.

"This is not so hard a task as one would imagine. It requires, though, on the part of the parents, a constant watchfulness over their words and actions. When in the presence of their children they should use only the best of English, must discuss subjects of real moment and in a coherent, logical way; must make the children feel that they consider them capable of appreciating all that is said. In a word, the parents must from the beginning surround their children with an intellect-stimulating environment; or, as you would perhaps prefer to say, must utilize the power of 'suggestion' as an aid in their development.

"What is no less important, every child should be carefully studied to determine aptitudes. One child will have a natural

bent for mathematics, another for reading, another for drawing, and so forth. Whatever it is, it can be utilized by the parent as affording a line of least resistance along which to begin the educational process. Take the case of my boy Norbert. When he was eighteen months old, his nurse-girl one day amused herself by making letters in the sand of the seashore. She noticed that he was watching her attentively, and in fun she began to teach him the alphabet. Two days afterward she told me, in great surprise, that he knew it perfectly.

"Thinking that this was an indication that it would not be hard to interest him in reading, I started teaching him how to spell at the age of three. In a very few weeks he was reading quite fluently, and by six was acquainted with a number of excellent books, including works by Darwin, Ribot, and other scientists, which I had put in his hands in order to instill in him something of the scientific spirit. I did not expect him to understand everything he read, but I encouraged him to question me about what he did not understand, and, while endeavoring to make things clear to him, I tried to make him feel that he could, if he would, work out his difficulties unaided. The older he grew the more I insisted on this, on the one hand keeping up his interest by letting him see that I was interested in everything he was doing, and on the other encouraging him constantly to think for himself.

Learning to Think—Not to Remember

"Above all things, I tried to avoid what I consider the great defect of the ordinary school education. As matters now stand, the schools put a premium on memory. It isn't the child who thinks best but the one who remembers most that gains promotion. As a consequence the thinking faculty is starved and stunted. My contention is that the way to teach a child is to train him first, last, and all the time, how to think; to ground him in the principles of reasoning, so that he can utilize and apply them in the study of any subject.

"When Norbert was six I set him to learning languages and history. When he was seven I engaged a tutor from Harvard to give him lessons in chemistry. Between seven and nine I myself taught him algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. I thus varied his studies because I didn't want him to develop in any one-sided way. When he was nine we moved to a small town near Ayer, Massachusetts, where he entered the high school, and, at eleven, graduated at the head of his class. In his first year at Tufts, among other things which astonished his instructors, he wrote a philosophical essay on 'Critical Monism' that was highly praised by the late Professor James. There was no subject in which he did not become proficient once he applied himself to study it. And the explanation is, as I have said, that he had been trained to learn things not by rote but by the exercise of his reasoning powers.

"Of course, this implies in the beginning a certain amount of tactful compulsion by the parent. The child must be made, in a kindly manner, to work out problems, in order that he may acquire that sense of mastery, that joy of triumph, which is of itself an incentive to further effort. I have followed the same method in educating the two girls. To-day, for instance, I gave the older, the girl of twelve, a Latin passage to translate. She did it well, but there were some mistakes. I told her so. 'What are they?' she asked. 'Oh,' I replied, 'that is for you to find out. You can do it, and you must.' The discovery that she really can do it makes all future study easier for her, and increases her love of study.

"But, let me add, I am far from laying sole stress on the education of the intellect. I have sought also to develop the moral and esthetic side. 'Children,' I constantly say to them, 'you must above everything else be honest with yourselves—not with other people merely, but with yourselves.' I encourage them to confide in their mother and me, to be sincere, frank, upright. And I think I have succeeded."

The Power of Suggestion

Testimony to the power of suggestion, oral and environmental, as a factor in the training of the child, is voiced by Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner, wife of Surgeon James Buchanan Stoner, of the United States Marine Hospital, Savannah, Ga., and mother of Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr., another "child wonder" at the age of eight, whose education began virtually as soon as she was born. Mrs. Stoner, who seems to have had ideas in child-training identical with some of those of Dr. Sidis, tells me that in their home at Norfolk, Va., she fitted up a specially prepared nursery, on the walls of which were hung copies of great paintings, while about the room were scattered sculptured models, so that her child's eyes from the start should rest on beautiful things. Her nurse, when putting her to

sleep, would scan from Virgil and other classical authors, instead of crooning the usual childish lullabies; while Mrs. Stoner, during the day, would repeat to her verses from some of the world's great poems, such as "Crossing the Bar."

This was continued almost daily until Winifred was old enough to speak, and it was then discovered, to her mother's gratification—though not at all to her surprise—that she could herself recite the classical passages and verses repeated to her. Mrs. Stoner now began to teach her to spell and to read, in both of which she attained considerable proficiency before her third year. At the age of three she started to learn typewriting, and was soon fairly expert in the use of the machine, a fact to which Mrs. Stoner is inclined to attribute much of her rapid intellectual growth. For, says she:

Using the Typewriter to Learn to Spell

"The typewriter is unquestionably a splendid help in training a child's mind. In writing on it the child not only learns how to operate a mechanical instrument, but also learns how to spell and memorize what is being written, and is stimulated to originate ideas."

Whatever the incentive, the origination and facile expression of ideas assuredly began, in the case of this remarkable tot, at an early age, for she was only three when, no longer content with reciting verses of others, she undertook to compose poetry of her own. At five she wrote a play called "Aunt Diana's Musicale," which she acted with several older children, herself taking the leading rôle. Meantime her parents had removed from Norfolk to Evansville, Ind., where she contributed verse to a local newspaper, and at seven made herself eligible for membership in the Authors' Club by bringing out a book containing nearly one hundred selections. It bears the modest title of "Jingles," and unmistakably reveals the possession by its little author of a rich fund of imagination, sentiment, and humor. Typical of its contents is a pleasing autobiographical fragment called "A Great Surprise," which was "Written for Mother and Daddy":

"On the nineteenth day of August, in the year of nineteen two,
Most kind and gracious Madame Stork right over Norfolk flew,
And brought to my dear mother there a wonderful surprise,
A little red-brown baby girl with huge blackberry eyes.
Now, Mother, she had asked the stork to bring to her much joy
And drop a bundle at her door containing a wee boy;
But when the stork made a mistake and brought just little me,
She thought that I was better far than any boy could be,
And wrapped me in a blanket which she'd planned for my wee brother
And which my dear "Ma Mie" had knit to help my busy mother,
And changed the name of Lionel to little Winifred,
And all the things for brother planned she gave to me instead!"

Here is another, in an altogether different vein:

"One day I saw a bumblebee bumbling on a rose,
And as I stood admiring him he stung me on the nose;
My nose in pain, it swelled so large it looked like a potato,
So Daddy said, though Mother thought 'twas more like a tomato.
And now, dear children, this advice I hope you'll take from me,
And when you see a bumblebee, just let that bumble be."

But not all her time was given to the writing of poetry, or the study of spelling, reading, and composition. Believing with Dr. Berle that the study of languages is a great aid in the development of the reasoning powers, Mrs. Stoner soon began to train her in linguistic ability, with the result that to-day, though not yet nine years old, Winifred can carry on a conversation in five languages—English, French, Spanish, Latin, and Esperanto. She was, in fact, far advanced in Esperanto at four, doubtless because her mother, who is president of the Woman's Esperanto League of North America, paid particular attention to her tuition in the universal tongue. She has already written a play in it, and many poems, and, at the International Esperanto Congress last year her proficiency as an Esperantist occasioned widespread comment.

She has made good progress in the study of history and geography, and is now turning her attention to mathematics, having advanced, after only a few month's instruction, to the mysteries of fractions and decimals. Withal, as her portrait shows, her health has not suffered from her devotion to learning, nor has she lost the ways of a child.

The question remains—Will this continue? Will Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr., and the young son of Dr. Sidis, the children of Dr. Berle and the children of Professor Wiener, grow up to a virile, brilliant manhood and womanhood, fulfilling the superb promise of their youth? Or will they come to grief, as so many seem to fear?

It would be manifestly absurd to attempt to return an absolute, precise answer. But as to the probable outcome considerable light is afforded, it seems to me, by the experience of certain other children who, in by-gone generations, were in much the same manner developed at an unusually early age. One particularly interesting case is that of a boy named William Thomson, who was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1824, of Scottish origin.

One Particularly Interesting Case

His father, James Thomson, a farm laborer who had fitted himself for college without the help of either skilled teachers or good textbooks, and had graduated with honors from the University of Glasgow, was at the time of this boy's birth Professor of Mathematics in a Belfast school. Looking back over the long years of effort it had cost him to prepare for college—he had been nearly twenty-six when he graduated—and feeling keenly the lack of education in his own childhood, James Thomson determined that from the first his boy should receive the care and attention which he had had to do without. Furthermore, he felt that if he only began the child's education soon enough, and persisted in it vigorously and systematically, he would be able to fit him for the work of later years more effectively than school-bred children are fitted.

Literally, as well as figuratively, he took his son to himself. He made a constant companion of him, even slept with him. He lavished on him a rich Celtic heartful of paternal love. As soon as the little fellow was able to speak, he began to teach him his letters. He never wearied of talking with him, always sensibly, always about subjects in which he believed it would be well for the boy to become interested. History, geography, Latin, mathematics—these were matters to which he turned his thoughts before he had reached the age of six. Then, having meanwhile been called from Belfast to Glasgow to occupy the chair of professor of mathematics in his old university, he encouraged his son to attend his lectures and the lectures of other professors, his wish being to discover to which department of knowledge his interest chiefly inclined.

Soon it appeared that the study of science, and particularly of physics, made the strongest appeal to the little lecture-goer. He frequently attempted, in a juvenile way, to repeat for his father's benefit the scientific demonstrations he had witnessed in the classroom. Before he was ten he constructed for himself electrical machines and Leyden jars, with which he enthusiastically administered shocks to his playmates. A few months later—to be exact, when he was ten years and three months old—he was admitted as a regular student in the university. In his first year he was twice a prize winner, an exploit which he repeated in his second year, while in his third and fourth he headed the prize list, graduating with the highest honors and a special medal for an essay on "The Figure of the Earth."

His future? It is written large in the annals of British science. For it was this same William Thomson who, at the advanced age of nearly eighty-four, died three years ago as Lord Kelvin of Largs, one of the foremost scientists of two centuries.

John Stuart Mill, the great economist, was another product of early parental training, as he himself has related in the opening chapter of his delightful autobiography. When he was three his father undertook to teach him Greek, and before he was eight he had read the whole of Herodotus, Xenophon's Cyropædia and Memorials of Socrates, a good deal of Plato, and some of the lives of the philosophers by Diogenes Laertius. In the same period he read many English works, mainly historical, and began the study of Latin and mathematics. By eleven—difficult of belief though it is—he was employed not only in teaching the classics to a younger sister, but in writing a history of the government of Rome. At twelve he began the study of logic, and at thirteen was "taken through a complete course of political economy," the subject to the exposition of which he was to devote his useful after life.

There are other instances which I might cite—such as the case of Karl Witte, born near Halle, Germany, in 1800, a university student at ten, a university professor at sixteen, and surviving with unabated intellectual powers to the age of eighty-three when he died renowned both as a writer on legal subjects and as an authority on the interpretation of Dante. But surely the records made by Lord Kelvin and John Stuart Mill are of themselves sufficient to demonstrate that the educational methods of the American parents whose innovations I have described are not necessarily detrimental to the future welfare of their children. Surely, for the matter of that, this cumulative testimony suggests the idea that it is high time parents in general asked themselves seriously if they are doing all that in love and conscience they are bound to do to prepare their boys and girls for the stern business of their later years.

The New Little Boy

BY WELLS HASTINGS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

CHILDREN are not innately cruel, they are rather, if I may say so, innately human; that is, in any group, as in any group of their elders, cruel individuals are always to be found. And at times this yeast of cruelty leavens the whole mass. This is the only way to account for the manner in which the boys of St. Stephen's welcomed into their midst the New Little Boy.

It was the olympian society of the masters and the masters' wives that had given him this somewhat unwieldy nomenclature. It is hard to say why they had done so. His name read upon the head master's lists as John Norman Selfridge, Jr. Every year of course there were many new little boys, but this one had come in mid-term. He had come in a broad white turnover collar, his rosy cheeks shining with past soap and water, and his fair hair brushed straight across his round little head, brushed flatly from its low part on the right-hand side to turn up bucolically in a barber's wave at the left. Perhaps it was this combination of circumstances that won him both his christening and the otherwise unaccountable enmity of the school. At any rate there could have been, poor as this was, no better reason, for although the New Little Boy was shy, he was very polite, polite even to boys as little and almost as new as himself. His eyes were very gray and set broadly apart; his nose, what there was of it, was as straight and true as a little boy's nose could be. His mouth was serious, for he had been dropped into a new world; but there was a little catch of dimple in one of the shining rosy cheeks that told of merry laughter in the world that he had left, and when he had smiled shyly as he had first shaken hands with Mrs. Dumfries, the head master's wife, she had taken him in her arms and kissed him, a thing which past experience with little boys had taught her was rash; but the New Little Boy had smiled again.

He was a well-grown child (for you must hear all about him at once) and the body under its neat suit of blue serge seemed round and almost fat, but the stockinged legs were

neither fat nor thin. In fact there was nothing very remarkable about him, unless you should happen to be interested in chins. It was not the strong chin of fiction and illustrative art, square and cleft and generally in real life weak, but rather that soft round chin so misleading in its delicate contour to the casual eye that failed to follow its clear lines to right and left to where, disguised beneath the velvet skin, the flat hard muscles lay below the ear. It was this chin, I think, that misled Bang Simonds, and in turn nearly the whole school. For the rest the New Little Boy was nine years old.

I am glad to have said "nearly the whole school." There were four or five boys too strongly decent, too individual, or too indifferent to take any part in the things that happened to the New Little Boy. But Clem Robbins, who by fortunate chance and the unguessed decision of Mrs. Dumfries herself had been given to the New Little Boy as roommate, was the only boy in school positively and avowedly on the side of the newcomer. But then, all the fellows knew that Clem was queer. In fact Clem was one of the school mysteries, for although he did not stand as high as Hazeltine, the school "grind," yet with less study he ranked him a close second. The rest of his time was given up to reading; not the ordinary reading of a boy of fourteen, but the rapacious browsing of your true book-worm; to reading, and to the composition of various songs, lampoons and sagas, in which the school delighted, with that uneasy delight that a crowd takes in seeing one of its number dancing before the sword of trenchant humor, a humor and a sword that may turn anywhere another day. And altogether, popular as he was, Robbins was not popular enough to save the New Little Boy, still from the first he took him to his heart and in spite of the difference in their ages the two became sworn friends; such friends that the New Little Boy swore him to secrecy and told him what he had been told not to tell. This was no breach of faith, be it understood; Damon betrayed no trust in pouring out his heart to Pythias. And certainly Clem was a boy to be trusted.

They had another secret between them too. Through some unfortunate oversight in his early training the New Little Boy's grammar was not quite all that it should have been. To be sure, his lapses were only occasional, but they were perfectly consistent, and all due, I think, to the oversight in training I have mentioned. On the whole he spoke clearer and much more intelligible English than the rest of the boys of St. Stephen's. From the very fact that he *was* a New Little Boy, and in the world that he had left had known few children of his age, his everyday speech was free from that delightful tangle of argot in which, outside of the classroom, the world of St. Stephen's phrased all thought. So Clem had set himself to remedy both deficiencies, to uproot the misplaced tenses and to cultivate in Jack (for to Clem alone of all the school the New Little Boy was Jack) the first rudiments of easy slang. For this the New Little Boy was duly grateful; for it had been a slip in grammar that had made Bang Simonds shriek about him on his second day, that had cruelly brought home to him the fact of a savage world, and given him a hateful and shameful baptism.

Bang Simonds had come upon him suddenly as he was returning full of the wonders of the classroom to his dormitory room to wash for dinner.

"You!" said Bang abruptly, as was his manner with the young.

"Yes, sir," answered the New Little Boy, standing very straight but looking respectfully before him.

"You're the new kid?" It was as much observation as question.

"Yes, sir."

"Real cute, too," Bang remarked, maliciously pensive, "have you seen Dum-dum anywhere abouts?"

"Dum-dum?" asked the New Little Boy innocently.

Bang laughed.

"Dum-dum. Old Dumfries, of course, Stupid. Turn your toes out and speak up."

The New Little Boy looked startled at this, and glanced from Bang to the two or three others who had come up, but nevertheless he did as he was bid.

"I seen Mr. Dumfries," he began, but Bang's roar of laughter interrupted him.

"*Seen? Seen?*" Bangs howled, for all the world to hear.

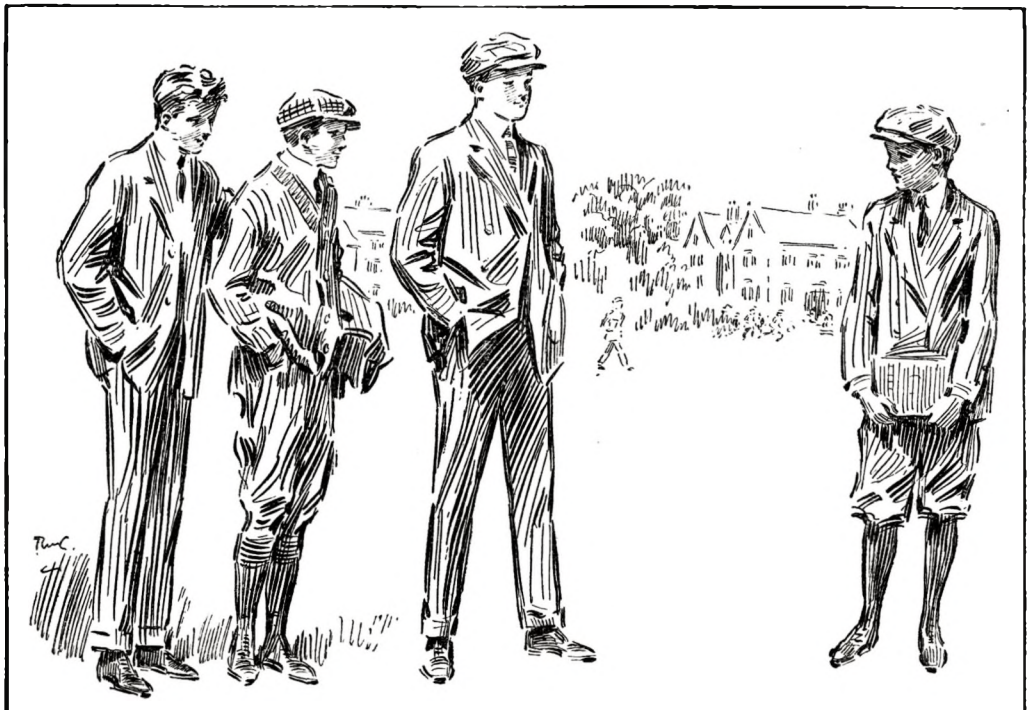
The New Little Boy blushed scarlet. It seemed as if all the school were crowding about him. With a gasp he collected himself.

"Saw," he stammered, a little doubtfully.

Bang was at his best with an audience. He dug his near-by fellows in the ribs.

"Well, Mr. Seen-saw," he asked gravely, "might I inquire where you have saw the mighty Dum-dum?"

This seemed humor to the rest of the school, and they laughed in joyous appreciation, but it utterly confused the New Little Boy. "Seen" perhaps was wrong, but "have saw"



The New Little Boy looked startled at this, and glanced from Bang to the two or three others who had come up

did not sound to him much of an improvement. He made a characteristic but unfortunate decision.

"Well," said Bang impatiently.

But unfortunate or not, the decision was made. The New Little Boy's face had grown a little pale with it, and the tender line of chin a little sharper. He made no answer at all, but began to walk with controlled slowness in the direction of his dormitory.

Bang was outraged. He bayed upon his heels all the way to the dormitory steps, and the school, of a sudden turned wolf-pack, true to their leader, bayed after him.

So it was that the New Little Boy was christened, baptized in the fire of the first hot ridicule that he had ever known, made in an unlucky moment an object of laughter with the world arrayed against him "Seen-saw" of course soon evoluted to "See-saw," but the name stuck, and the breach widened daily.

That night, in spite of the protests of his roommate, in spite even of a threatened lampoon from that dreaded, caustic pen, certain daring spirits haled him from his bed and dragged him forth to the candle lit dark of that time-honored hazing place, the squash court. The amount of savage effete civilization has left in our boys is almost inconceivable to one who has never seen it as the New Little Boy saw it that night. Perhaps on this occasion it was largely the fault of that determination he had taken. They started simply by calling on him for a speech, a speech which they explained was to embody an apology to Bang and to the school for his unthinkable freshness; an apology to the world for the mischance of his existence; the story of his past life and his hopes and aspirations for the future.

If the New Little Boy had made some attempt at this, perhaps he would not have been so badly treated after all, but instead of making it he smiled and said nothing. He even folded his arms, which I think was only a nervous copy of some one in that other world of his, but which the school took as defiance, and defiance in very bad form. So they stood him facing the wall and practised on him with green apples. It was the New Little Boy's own fault that he did not duck his head to safety, or indeed crouch his whole body into a smaller and less vulnerable compass. As it was, one particularly brilliant shot that took him just beneath the ear staggered him a little.

If he had only cried, an act not unnatural to his years, they would have dubbed him "baby" and let him go. They might have let him go in any case if Clem, who had followed indignantly, had not seen that stagger.

"That's enough, Bang," Clem had said very coldly, but Bang had laughed in his face and pushed him out of the way.

"We'll teach the whelp some manners," he said, "and you too, if necessary."

This last was uncalled for; as he well knew, Clem was beyond the pale of hazing; but boys grow as drunken on cruelty as their elders. In a flash Clem had struck him. It was thoughtless and quixotic, for Bang was well known as the strongest boy in school. The blow that Clem received in instant return made the place swim before him, and the pummeling he got in the next few seconds dazed him completely. In the end he was thrust outside and the door locked upon him.

Through all this the Little New Boy had stood stoutly facing the wall, still himself somewhat dazed. And with Clem outside, the unfortunate interference overcome, things inside the squash court turned to an orgy.

In the light of the next day, under the cold glare of morning, the youth of St. Stephen's regarded one another shame-facedly and askance. There was some bravado, some trumped-up insistence that a merry evening had been spent. But even the worst of them felt uneasy; the best skulked about restlessly before the pointing finger of realized shame. At noon a whisper of terror ran through the school. "See-saw" had fainted in his last recitation.

What the doctor said when they undressed him in the infirmary must be left out of the story of the New Little Boy. Suffice it to say that the doctor was a good man who had learned to swear with the Army. For the New Little Boy's condition surprised him. You see, save that his face was flushed with fever, and a little reddened by one or two open-handed slaps, it showed no mark at all. But his body caused the doctor, after he had apologized to the nurse for his language, to hurry off in search of Mr. Dumfries. And Mr. Dumfries swore by all his scholastic gods that some one should suffer, if he had to break up the school.

An excellent resolution, but hard to act upon. They decided at first that Clem must have had some hand in the matter, for Clem had appeared that morning with a very black

They stood him facing the wall and practised on him with green apples

eye indeed. But when the New Little Boy was a little better, he exonerated his roommate with such passion that this theory had to be given up. Nor upon the New Little Boy's recovery could they extract anything further from him. He said very little at all, and only seemed anxious that the matter should blow over as quickly as possible.

"I can't get anything out of him, my dear," said Mr. Dumfries in answer to his wife's indignant protest, "nor do I think that you could either. Somehow I can't help but respect the child's attitude. We can only watch and wait, and then——" There was fond anticipation in the head master's eye.

"I suspect that that horrid Simonds boy was at the bottom of it," Mrs. Dumfries observed intuitively. "I wish some one could give him a thrashing on general principles."

"I wish so, too," sighed the head master.

Certainly the New Little Boy had acted very well in the matter. He had only followed that code of honor common to masculinity of any age, but individually each boy in school admitted to his secret soul that it was very hard to be firm with Mr. Dumfries. If they all, or practically all, of them had not been so soured and tainted with unrelieved disgust of self, I think they would have been glad to have taken him to their hearts. If indeed some boy leader such as Bang could have found it possible to have openly admitted himself wrong, and the New Little Boy a very fine fellow indeed, the breach would have been healed upon the New Little Boy's first appearance. But Bang and the rest were, as I have said, ashamed of themselves, nauseated in reaction at those depths to which they had descended; and since they could not bring themselves to purge their souls by confession, the nobility of the New Little Boy, set in unconscious and scorching contrast, seemed to them, illogically enough, the last, intolerable insult.

Something, moreover, still held the New Little Boy to his resolve. Not a word had he for any of his fellows; for any that is save Clem, and to him he poured out his soul. It was almost happiness enough that Clem understood. It gave him the outlet that he needed; and, too, he was acting upon a definite determination.

Suddenly he caught Clem's arm with tight fingers, and whispered hurriedly in his ear

"If he will only let me," he had whispered to Clem, "but I am afraid that he won't. It was the last thing he made me promise."

"Do you think you could, Jack?" Clem asked doubtfully.

"I think I could," said Jack.

And between them they kept the secret, and waited in patience.

As the weeks went by things grew pleasanter for the New Little Boy. To be sure, the attitude of the school had not changed toward him, nor had he broken his silence, but the other world had come for a week into his life, sending its most beloved messenger. The New Little Boy's father was staying at the hotel, and in the New Little Boy's father's private sitting room Jack and Clem, by special dispensation of Mr. Dumfries, partook daily and regally of the best that the hotel could offer by way of evening meal.

Nor during the daytime was the New Little Boy as much harassed. The school had taken to itself a fresh interest; the doubtful pleasure of harrying a New Little Boy had given place to another, more healthy interest. A breathless youth returning in a glow from a stolen excursion to the town had whispered it about that with his own eyes he had seen the famous "Kid" Mack strolling about in the very life. There were few who really believed him. Presidents, foreign nobility, and famous pugilists are to boys almost mythological beings. Doubtless they existed, but they were people one read about, that one never saw. And as all the world knows, "Kid" Mack was a very bright, particular star indeed; the present champion of the middle weight class, a man who had fought his way, unbeaten, to his championship, whose fame eclipsed the fame of emperors, and whose financial winnings rivaled the wealth of dreams. Naturally, no one could have seen him; naturally, the school received

the announcement in hearty disbelief; and naturally, too, each boy in his heart of hearts pretended it was so. The thing swept through the school like an epidemic. Growing cold weather had put an end to football, and pugilism reigned in its stead.

Mr. Dumfries was an intelligent man. Instead of legislating against the "manly art," he safeguarded it and lent it sanction. That matches might not be fought with bare fists and by candle light, he decreed them legal, with proper gloves, upon the exercise-ground. Mrs. Dumfries rather doubted if all the boys' mothers would sanction such a thing, but the head master pointed out that it did the boys no harm, that this was a world of men, and that besides, he was running the school to suit himself.

"At least," said Mrs. Dumfries, "it will divert them from the New Little Boy. Has he spoken to them yet?"

"I believe not," said the head master.

But it did not absolutely divert them from the New Little Boy.

With Clem, he had come down very quietly one afternoon, to stand silently and shyly watching the afternoon's sport. The school leaders had graded the school into classes, classes not defined at all by age or scholastic rank. Limits of heavy, light, and middleweight had easily been set, but no one was exactly sure what a welterweight was. Some one had written for a book on the subject. The ranking in each class was being more definitely determined each afternoon; it was an enthralling pastime.

As usual, it was Bang Simonds who first saw the New Little Boy.

"Here's See-saw," he called out, "come to challenge for the light weight belt."

I think myself that Bang meant this in good part. He was to-day the acknowledged heavy-weight champion; champion therefore of the school, and therefore in a most happy and forgiving mood. But in the past Bang had expected the school to laugh, and they laughed now, a laugh which chemically changed his intention.

The New Little Boy, according to custom, said nothing.

The school laughed again, and Bang of necessity persisted.

"Deaf-mute See-saw, the Great Unknown," he announced in his best manner, "challenges all comers of his weight. Willis, I believe, is the present title holder. Will you put on the gloves with him now, Willis, or will he have to get a reputation?"

Skinny little Willis grinned.

"Sure thing I'll take him on," he said, for the New Little Boy neither spoke nor moved.

"Get the gloves on your man, Clem," said Bang.

But Clem only shook his head.

Little Willis, his stringy arms terminating in huge gloves much too large for him, was prancing about, lunging savagely and scientifically at air.

"He's afraid to fight," he jeered, and tapped the New Little Boy lightly on the chin.

Bang stood staring with open mouth, for the

The New Little Boy smiled, and looking up, saw his father watching them from the fence.

"Coward! coward! coward!" bayed the school.

The New Little Boy flushed to his hair roots. He had seen his father frown, and the insulting words rang deafeningly in his ears. Suddenly he caught Clem's arm with tight fingers, and whispered hurriedly in his ear. Clem glanced up and nodded in comprehension.

"Ask him, please, please, *please!*" whispered the New Little Boy, and while the school yelped in chorus Clem worked his way quietly out of the crowd, and bore his message to the New Little Boy's father.

The New Little Boy's father's face was very grim, for neither Clem nor Jack had told him of that horrid night, and he had had high hopes for his son. He heard Clem gravely, and gravely gave assent.

"He says you can," whispered Clem, upon

his return. "But O Jack, I am afraid for you."

But the New Little Boy laughed outright, and began taking off his coat.

"Ah, Lion-hearted See-saw," said Bang; "Willis, be on thy guard; 'ware thee of the deaf-mute!"

But the New Little Boy had not taken the gloves that Clem proffered him. Instead, he had pulled Clem's head close, and was whispering to him earnestly.

New Little Boy had stripped himself to the waist

"But he will KILL you!" Clem whispered back.

"Let him!" said the New Little Boy, softly, and smiled again at his roommate.

Clem yielded in despair.

"He says," he said, turning to Bang, "that he would rather fight you."

Bang stared.

"Me?" he chuckled. "Little hornet! I guess you'll have to get a reputation, See-saw."

The New Little Boy whispered again.

"He says you've got to fight him," Clem announced.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Bang; "I'm half again his size."

Clem had grown excited. He walked over to Bang, and looking him straight in the eye, said for all the school to hear: "You have to fight him! You weren't too big to haze him, were you, you low bully, you big, night-prowling cur?" Clem was white with anger, as the pity of that brutal night surged over him.

"I'll fight *you!*" roared Bang, but the New Little Boy was standing smiling before him, and the New Little Boy, still in silence, slapped him across the mouth. Clem laughed hysterically.

"Give me those gloves!" cried Bang.

"He says he would rather fight with bare hands," said Clem, softly.

Bang stood staring with open mouth, for the New Little Boy had stripped himself to the waist. The school gasped. It was a very unexpected New Little Boy that stood revealed. His skin, to be sure, was soft and pink as a baby's, but beneath it lay, not fat, but the softly pliant muscles of the athlete.

"Strip, Bang," called some one, and Bang stripped.

From his study window Mr. Dumfries was aware of an unwonted silence upon the exercise-ground. Uneasily, he took up his field glasses, glasses that experience had taught him were on occasion useful to a head master. Now he almost dropped them in surprise.

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Dumfries, from her sewing, as his hand was on the door knob.

"Bang Simonds and the New Little Boy are fighting bare-handed," he called back over his shoulder.

"Now we can expel him," said Mrs. Dumfries, with satisfaction, and picked up the field glasses.

As the head master raced across the lawn, the father of the New Little Boy vaulted the fence and met him. It brought Mr. Dumfries to a sudden halt. "They called him a coward," he was briefly told.

"I am very sorry about the whole matter, Mr. Selfridge, but—er—do you think it is best to let him fight for all that? This boy he is fighting is very much larger and older than he is."

Mr. Selfridge smiled, and pointed.

"Look!" he said. And as the head master looked he added: "He asked my permission first, you understand. He promised me when he left home that he would avoid all fighting. He knows I have a very strong feeling about the matter; but this time I could not refuse my permission."

These last words of explanation fell upon deaf ears, for the head master was witnessing a most extraordinary sight. The New Little Boy, head and body shielded well with muscular little arms, had fallen, as if by familiarity, into an attitude which Mr. Dumfries had seen portrayed on the sporting page as "The

Crouch." I say attitude, but this does not mean at all that the New Little Boy was motionless. He seemed to the amazed eyes of Mr. Dumfries like some unfamiliar, brilliant, flashing thing. Bang was flailing before him, angrily, and in earnest; and into this tempest of blows, miraculously unscathed, ever and anon the New Little Boy would dart, as a hornet darts upon a turning spider. And although Mr. Dumfries scarcely saw the blows, yet he recognized them, existent and telling. There would be a lightning counter, lunge, and feint; the New Little Boy's feet would shift ever so slightly, and the head master would note that Bang's left eye was closing. In a minute more Bang was spitting blood. Once one of the larger boy's blows landed; once and only once; full and fair in the pit of the New Little Boy's stomach. The New Little Boy grunted, and laughed aloud, and boring in, rained such a hail of blows about the head of his antagonist that Mr. Dumfries, like the ranks of Tuscany, could scarce forbear to cheer. "He is wonderfully agile," he observed.

"The fastest kid that ever stepped on canvas," the man beside him whispered, cryptically. "Look!"

Bang was on his knees, nose and mouth bleeding, his breath coming in great gulping sobs. Beside him, the New Little Boy stood coldly alert and watchful.

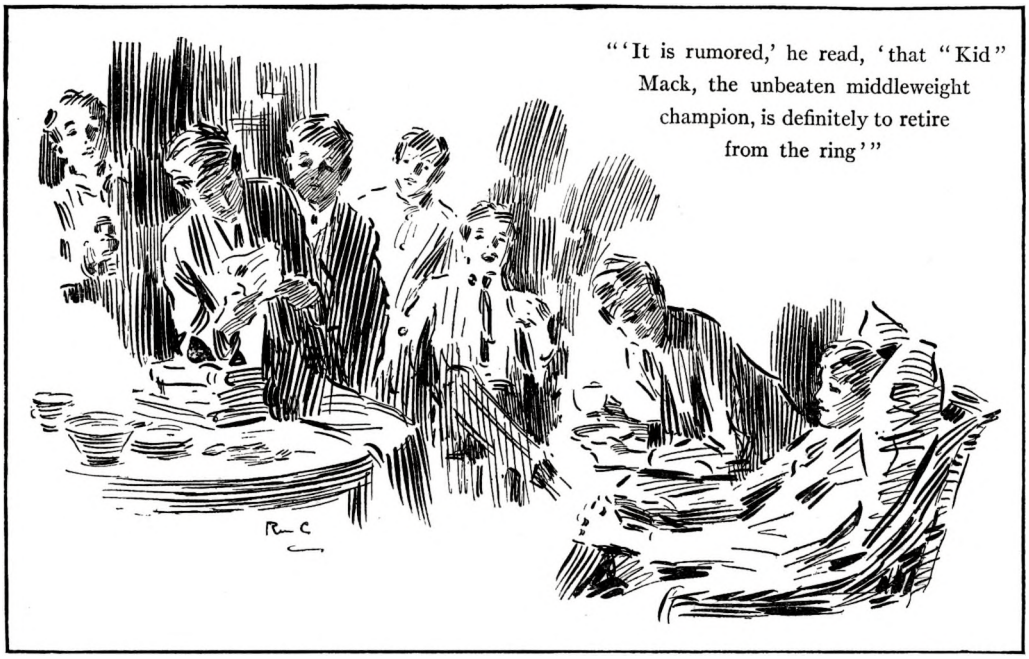
"Got a watch, Clem?" he asked without turning his head. "Please count time."

And half hysterically, Clem counted. At the count of eight Bang staggered to his feet.

Then, I think, if the New Little Boy had read "Eric," he would have stretched his hand to his adversary in a "hearty, forgiving grasp." But the New Little Boy had not read "Eric," and this was business, business licensed after weeks of waiting. The hand that he did stretch to his adversary caught Bang fairly on the chin-point, and the New Little Boy's other hand followed instantly to a chosen spot below Bang's ear. Although Clem, in his dancing excitement, this time forgot utterly to count, there was no doubt in the mind of anyone that the New Little Boy had won. Bang was decidedly "out." The New Little Boy turned to his gaping schoolmates and broke the silence of weeks.

"Is there anyone else?" he asked, "who would like to fight—who thinks I am a coward? I can't fight again; not any other

The New Little Boy grunted . . . and boring in, rained such a hail of blows about the head of his antagonist



day, that is; father has only given me permission for this once."

No one stirred.

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Dumfries, "I never saw anything like it!"

But he received no answer. The New Little Boy's father had gone. Mr. Dumfries himself turned and stole away from the field. His wife, field glasses still in hand, met him at the door. Her eyes were dancing.

"Are you going to expel that Simonds boy?" she asked, as they turned together to the study. The head master glanced at the glasses.

"I think that we may say that he has had enough," he said; "neither matter shall have any official notice taken of it."

Nor was any official notice taken of the orgy that night. Led by the bruised Bang, the school stole by twos and threes, bearing among them mysterious burdens, to the New Little Boy's room. Boys seldom apologize, but that night bumpers of cocoa were drunk, crackers, jam and olives were spread in riotous and propitiatory profusion. The school had taken the New Little Boy to its heart.

And late at night, as some last dainty was being unwrapped, came the final surprise of all.

"Oh, listen, listen!" shrieked little Willis, as he smoothed the crumpled bit of newspaper under the lamp. "'It is rumored,'" he read, "'that "Kid" Mack, the unbeaten middleweight champion, is definitely to retire from the ring.'" The boys groaned. Then followed an account of the life and battles of the great and glorious "Kid." But it was the last paragraph that brought Clem bounding from the divan to dance, dervish fashion, about the happy and honored New Little Boy. "'Kid' Mack," Willis read, "'is known to the census man as John Norman Selfridge.'"

"Oh, you sweet fools!" Clem howled; "it is great! It is marvelous! It is stupefying! Behold, I will write it ALL into a saga. I will call it 'The School and the Gladiator's Son.' Prepare to writhe, for I shall write it to-morrow." And he shook the New Little Boy affectionately.

The saga, however, was never written. The New Little Boy said that he didn't think his father would like it. And at St. Stephen's, what the New Little Boy says goes.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

Thomas F. Day, Perry D. Knapp, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Miller, Lawson Purdy, Jerry Moore

THOMAS FLEMING DAY

WHEREVER white men sail boats, even in the farthest corners of the seven seas, the name of Thomas Fleming Day is known. He is the guide, counselor and friend of thousands of men who own, or want to own, boats; mentor of the small-boat sailor; adviser and benefactor of the amateur builder; originator of long-distance racing for small yachts, both of the sail and the power fleets; founder of yacht clubs—in short, a leader of sea-loving men, through his devotion to the sport of sailing.

Mr. Day publishes a magazine, *The Rudder*, and other literature for yachtsmen. What most men would make a business, he makes a religion. He is ever preaching a better knowledge of the sea. His influence as a writer on yachting and navigation is due to his directness and sincerity—he "hates skulkers, fakirs, and sea-lawyers," he declares—and his mastery of his subject. Though not strong physically, he never proposes a venture he would not undertake himself. When, in 1903, he organized the first ocean race for small yachts, from New York to Marblehead, around Nantucket lightship, three hundred and thirty miles, he sailed himself the smallest boat among the starters. Such races are now sailed in various quarters of the globe—the longest being annually to Bermuda—and their originator has been given by his admirers the well-earned title of "Offshore Tommy."

As a navigator, Mr. Day stands with the first among amateurs. He names stars, planets, and constellations offhand, and can work his reckonings from them almost as readily as from the sun. The mysteries of ocean currents and winds are open to him. He is saturated in sea lore, and is always busy imparting its essence to others, in original prose or verse. Except when giving fatherly advice to young yachtsmen, his prose style is dignified and poetic. His verses are often pure poesy. He has published a successful volume of them, called "Songs of Sea and Sail."

It follows that the personality of Mr. Day must be unusual. To see him coming down Broadway, one would not pick him for a leader of men. His dress usually is distinguished by a short blue coat of reefer cut, and a soft hat, somewhat back on the head and to one side. There is a bit of a swing in his gait, and a stoop in his shoulders. But when you look into his face, you discover the quality of the man. It is seamed and weather-worn. There are depth and fire in his eye, and a rare, winning quality in his smile. His manner is gentle, and voice low. He draws men to him magnetically.

An incident at Weymouth, England, where in 1903 we were both watching the trials of Sir Thomas Lipton's American cup challenger, *Shamrock III*, illustrates this. Mr. Day had been there but a week when he was called away; whereupon half a dozen British writing men, canny Scots and sober Londoners, who had never known him before, saw him off in a sort of procession, and cheered again and again for "Tom" Day as the train drew out.

Mr. Day comes by his love of the sea and adventure from Dutch and English seafaring ancestors. The Hartsincks, of his maternal family tree, were noted sea officers of the Netherlands. The Day family has contributed not only distinguished sailors, but soldiers and judges, to England's public service. Mr. Day was born at Weston-

Photograph by Schloss

CAPT. THOMAS FLEMING DAY

Who, as a navigator, stands with the first among amateurs. He is the guide and adviser of thousands of men who own, or want to own, small boats

PERRY D. KNAPP

Chief of Police of Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Knapp does not believe in making indiscriminate arrests. He is making interesting and successful use of the Golden Rule

super-Mare, Somersetshire, something less than fifty years ago. When he was six years old, his father, a scientist, came to America with a collection of fossil remains from English cliffs. Fleming—as his family prefer to call him—came also, and New York has since been his home.

WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

PERRY D. KNAPP

WHAT do you think of a chief of police who loves Emerson, reads Walt Whitman, and believes in the Christ idea as a good working proposition every day in the week? Well, that's Perry Knapp, of Toledo, Ohio, ardent disciple of the late "Golden Rule" Jones, and faithful appointee and enthusiastic supporter of Mayor Brand Whitlock.

Big as the side of a house, with huge Westphalian hands and a square jaw, he looks like the real trade-marked article in thief catchers until you see his eyes—gray and amazingly keen, but shining with the steadfast light that one always notes in the gaze of those who have looked on the sorrows of men and women with sympathy and understanding.

But a description of his office is a better picture of the man. It is as different from the average "third-degree" room as he himself is different from the average chief of police. There are bookshelves here and there, some flowers on the desk, a lot of potted plants in the sunny window seats, and portraits of thinkers and doers hanging on the walls. And, prominent above all else, this plainly printed card:

PUNISHMENT SHOULD FIT THE CRIMINAL, NOT THE CRIME.

That's the Knapp idea! He doesn't divide humanity into "good" and "bad" classes, nor does he believe that justice is best served by malignant and relentless pursuit of every offender against some law. Instead of considering himself as a millstone for the grinding of human grist, he acts as a man dealing with men. While convinced that society needs protection *against* wrongdoers, he rejects the usual theory that society must be revenged *on* wrongdoers.

Long ago, before other and more spectacular men had a glimpse of the idea, he ordered his officers to take drunken men to their homes, or else lock them up simply for safekeeping. And at sunrise every morning he opened the doors of the "holdover," and released all those whose offenses constituted no more than trivial disturbance of the peace. How much better than the time-honored custom of holding the poor devils for trial, to the end that a lot of innocent women and children suffer from the wage-earner's lost job or liberty, and the community's flotsam be further added to!

"Golden Rule" Jones took clubs away from the policemen, and gave them canes. When Perry Knapp was promoted to be chief, he banished the canes, so that the Toledo bluecoats really express the majesty of the law, and are not mere threats of violence.

Chief Knapp realizes that "you can't get a Chesterfield for $80 a month." He doesn't want Chesterfields, but what he does want—and what he gets—is sober, honest men who will not throw kindness and politeness to the winds just because a little authority is placed in their hands. After sad experience in the average city, the visitor in Toledo finds it difficult to keep from falling upon the casual patrolman's neck in a burst of glad tears. It may seem a small thing to some, but Chief Knapp insists that the attitude of the policeman to the public has much to do with the public's attitude toward law and order.

And in addition to commanding sobriety, courtesy and consideration, he has also drilled it into his men that kindness is neither dangerous nor discreditable. He himself is not afraid of being called "soft." Instead of dragnetting unfortunates and dumping his catch before a police judge for rapid-fire consideration, he preaches against indiscriminate arrests, and follows this up by personal investigation of the arrests that are made. To his mind, the wretched, erring or unfortunate are as valid a part of the society he is paid to protect as the rich and good, and he gives them equal fairness.

Is the vagrant willing to work? Is the petty thief a criminal or unfortunate? Can the fallen woman be restored to her home, or the "street walker" put in a decent job? Was it really a murderous assault or merely a drunken row between friends?

And out of his pocket he pays many a railroad fare; out of his energy he finds many a job. Always one less for the workhouse or jail; always one more saved from the hopelessness and resentment that make criminals and menace society. And he has put this spirit into his men, and taught them that there is something more to the policeman's duty than "arresting."

Of course, there are those who believe that vice and crime must be dealt with by force, and that the slightest gentleness will encourage wrongdoing. As an answer to these, the percentage of crime is less in Toledo than any other city of its size in the country. And many a chief of police, scratching his head in perplexed fashion, has wondered why Perry Knapp has "so little trouble."

If they would put ancient traditions aside—quit clubbing, bulldozing and indiscriminate arresting—and come to some conception of what the Golden Rule really is, their perplexity would grow beautifully less. And the cities in which they hold office would become better and a whole lot happier, even though the workhouse superintendent and jailer have fewer unfortunates to herd.

GEORGE CREEL.

MRS. ELIZABETH SMITH MILLER

TO say of a woman that she invented the Bloomer costume, took part in the campaign for the abolition of slavery, and has been an active suffragist since her cousin, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, issued the Woman's Declaration of Independence in 1848, is equal to saying that here we have an incorrigible and aggressive agitator. But to say this of Elizabeth Smith Miller would be to give perhaps a wrong impression of her.

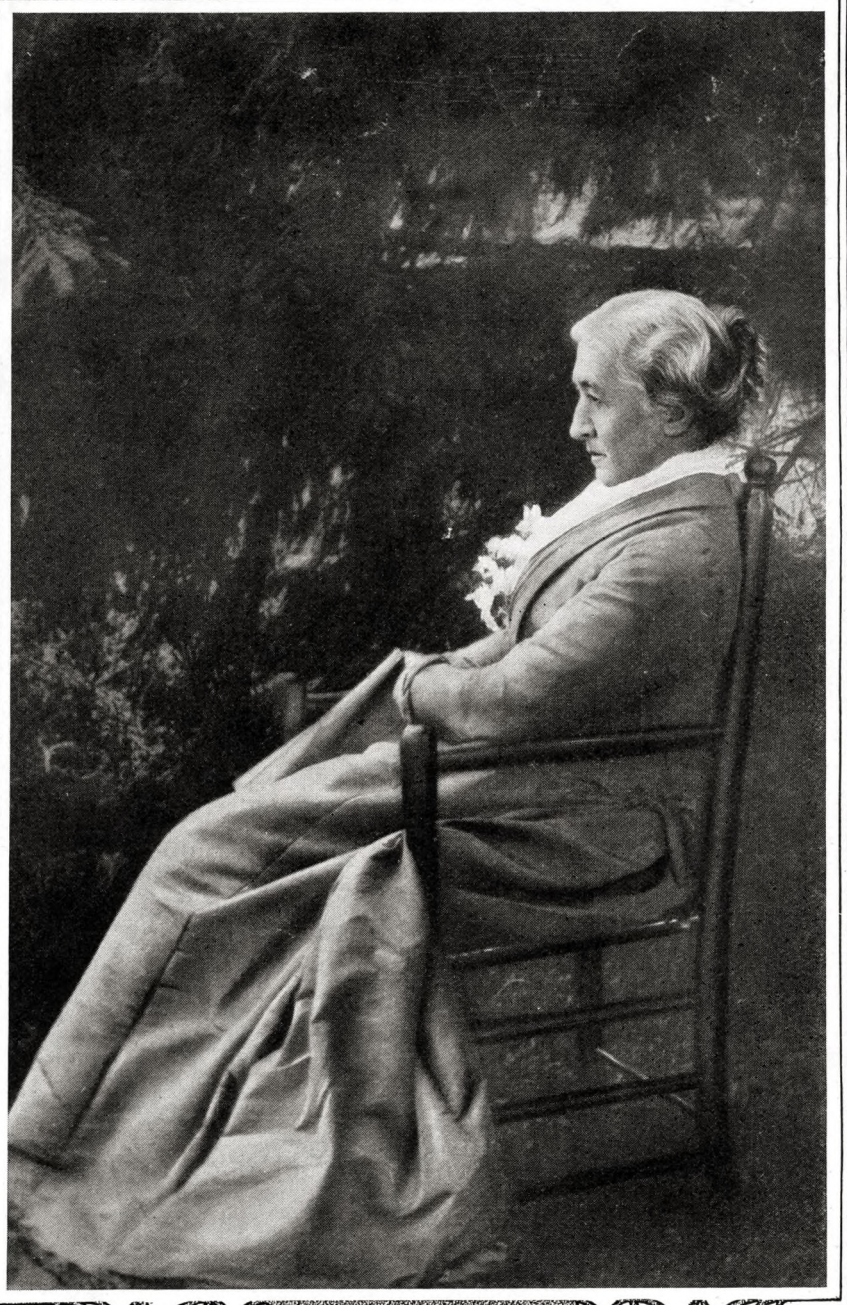
In spite of her home having always been a storm center of reform, the word which best describes Mrs. Miller's personality is calm. She is never perturbed. Her voice is rich and low, her speech always gentle. She is very slight, a mere feather's weight, and not more than five feet two in height. She is so demure, so retiring, so shy, that it is difficult for a stranger to understand that underneath is rare insight, courage, and determination.

She talks very little; with strangers is almost silent. But she is a great listener; not one of those listeners whose minds wander from the point being discussed, but keenly following the conversation. Among intimates she is noted as quietly analyzing the problem we have been nibbling at and swooping down upon us from behind her knitting and in one brief sentence exposing the kernel of the whole question. I have seen her, in the gentlest manner, with a word take the wind out of a soaring philosopher. She does it, too, in such a spirit of seeking for truth that the philosopher never feels sore from his fall.

Her experiments with dress well illustrate the patience and persistence with which she can pursue a subject. Long and painful has been the way she has traveled to bring into accord what she considers the two necessities of dress—beauty and comfort. When she was a young mother and felt the need of carrying her babies up and down stairs, and wanted to dig in her flower garden, she found skirts terribly in the way. In those days (it was 1851) she invented the dress which took the name of her friend, Mrs. Bloomer, who first described the costume in the *Lily*, a paper she edited. After wearing the dress several years, even at social affairs in Washington when her father was in Congress, Mrs. Miller discarded the Bloomer costume. She seems to shrink now from the memory, not because of the ridicule it brought down upon her, nor the howling mobs which sometimes surrounded her, but because it was "inartistic." Her dress ever since has been somewhat in Quaker style. The skirts of her evening dresses even clear the ground. She thinks "brooms, not skirts, should sweep the carpets." She gently ridicules us if we have not pockets, and often asks, with a twinkle in her eye, what we would think if we heard some son of Adam call out to his fellow to "come and hook up the back of his coat."

One of Mrs. Miller's favorite pastimes is what she calls capping verses. One person recites a bit of poetry, the last word of which must occur in the quotation chosen by the next victim. When she finds a worthy competitor—and none is ever found outside of her own generation—Mrs. Miller can go on for an unlimited time reciting one exquisite bit of poetry after another. When our cousin brought out her *Chimes Calendar*, we thought we would find in it all her old ammunition, but leaf after leaf revealed new storehouses of poetry. With the publication of the *Chimes* we sat at her feet in front of the big open fire in the drawing-room and acknowledged ourselves her poetic slaves. We all love the picture of our conqueror, enthroned in her armchair, the firelight playing over her face, capping her own verses.

And as I see her I must speak—for she would wish me to—of the majesty of her wrinkles. They are very striking. She loves to tell a story of a little girl who was often found quietly studying Mrs. Miller's face. When the child was told that her grandmother, whom she had never seen, was



MRS. ELIZABETH SMITH MILLER

A famous woman suffragist, now nearly eighty-eight years old, whose special enthusiasm has been dress reform for women. She invented the Bloomer costume

coming to visit her, she asked, "Will she be all crumpled up like Cousin Lizzie?"

From her parents Mrs. Miller learned the art of hospitality. Lockland, her home on the shores of Seneca Lake, has been famous for nearly half a century, as was Peterboro, for its hearty welcome to family friends and earnest reformers. When leaders want to confer over vexed points, they meet at Lockland; when friends need a rest, Lockland's big, quiet rooms, broad piazzas, green lawns, and lovely lake views brim with welcome. Over everything presides the calm, gentle hostess. There is order, exquisite cleanliness, perfect taste in every detail of the house. One custom is very characteristic—on retiring at night, Mrs. Miller puts on the floor, just outside her door, little notes of written instructions for each servant. What a blessing it must be to march under such a captain!

It is delightful for a suffragist to be able to conclude by saying that Mrs. Miller is a famous cook. I do not mean merely that she knows what good cooking is. She can cook. She used to hold cooking classes for young women, and her book, "In the Kitchen," is the guide in things culinary for many a household. All who knew Lockland before Mrs. Miller passed her eighty-sixth birthday recall how our hostess, in white apron and deep muslin cuffs, sitting with us as we read aloud, often suddenly disappeared. By and by she would return and quietly take up her sewing again. Then some hungry one would ask, "What did you make, Cousin Lizzie?" And to the reply, "Wait and see!" would come the chorus of the epicures, "No, we will wait and eat!"

HARRIET STANTON BLATCH.

LAWSON PURDY

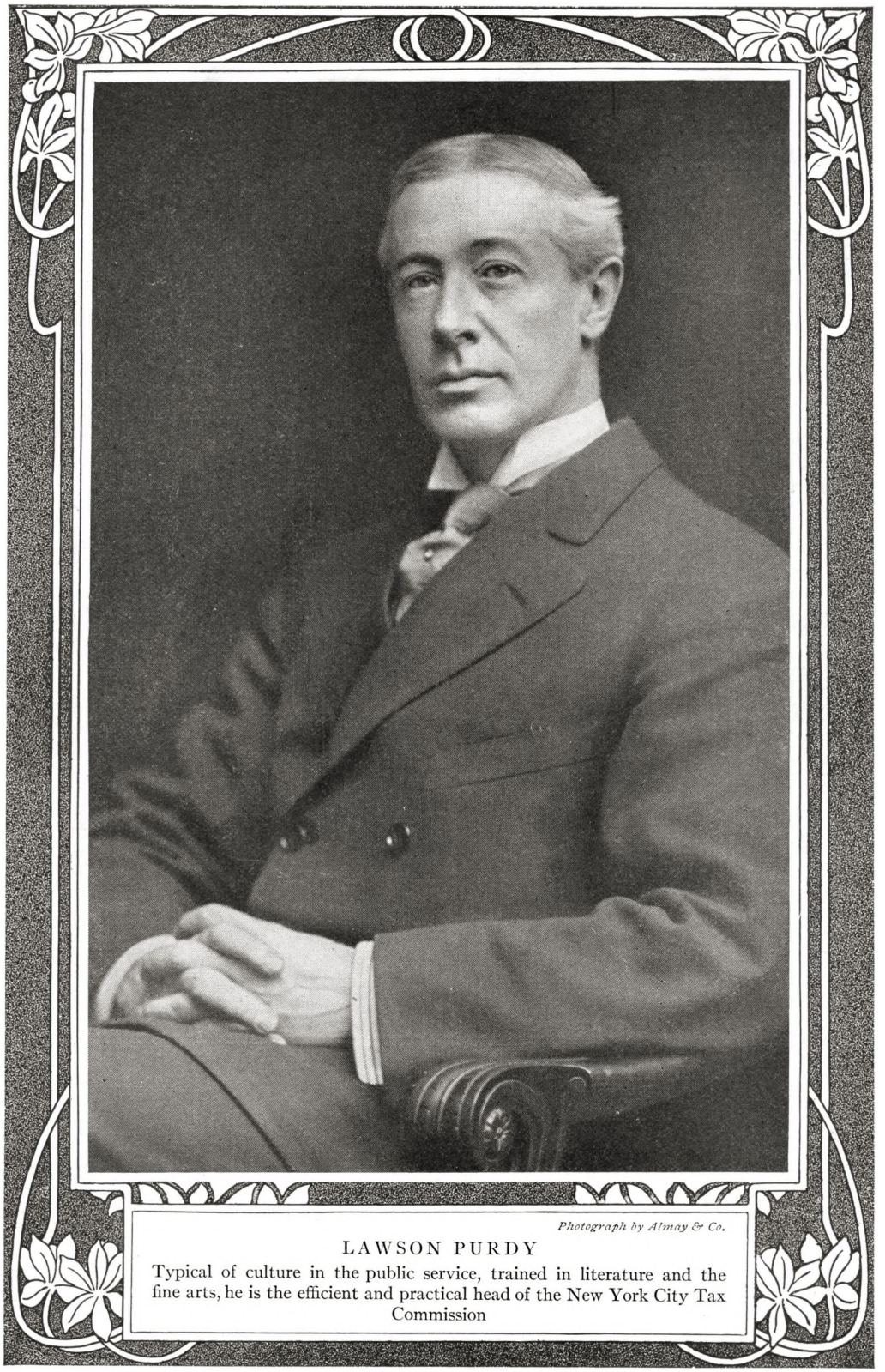
LAWSON PURDY is president of the New York City Tax Commission, and on the job all the time. He and Mayor Gaynor about measure up even strings on the length of a day's work. He is the son of a clergyman, which is a good start. He is a graduate of St. Paul's School and Trinity College, Hartford—not the modernized and elastic Trinity, but the stanch old Trinity of President Pynchon, "Sammy" Hart, and an ironclad literary non-elective course. Mr. Purdy's upward steps from the ground floor of Trinity were, first, the treasurership of the New York Bank Note Company. He left this to study law. Gravitating into a specialty in tax law and becoming interested in tax reform under the influence of Henry George, he took the secretaryship of the New York Tax Reform Association, where his distinguished services practically compelled his appointment as president of the City Tax Commission, first by Mayor McClellan and again by Mayor Gaynor.

In 1896, while secretary of the Reform Association, Mr. Purdy drafted a bill which in 1902, after years of effort, he personally conducted through the Legislature, providing that land values and improvements should be assessed separately and listed in separate columns of the tax report; land, so much, buildings and improvements, so much.

This simple measure was Mr. Purdy's masterpiece of public service. It gave New York a new view of the taxation of real estate. Fifteen years ago, Mayor Strong voiced a general public opinion when he said that it was unfair to tax unproductive land at its full value. That sentiment has now practically disappeared. Even Harlem real-estate men—which is saying the limit—are now realizing that the very best way to keep land unproductive is to favor it in taxation. Maps which show the assessed valuation of every foot of land in New York City have been prepared and put on sale by the Department; and last winter the Department raised the assessment of land values by nine hundred million dollars.

Under Mr. Purdy's direction some very interesting facts have been worked out and published. Every person moving into New York or born there, by simply being born or moving adds $849 to the value of New York real estate. He adds $528 to the city's general expenditure for building and improvements; and increases the demand for public utilities, street-car service, light, etc., so as to add $115 to the value of these franchises.

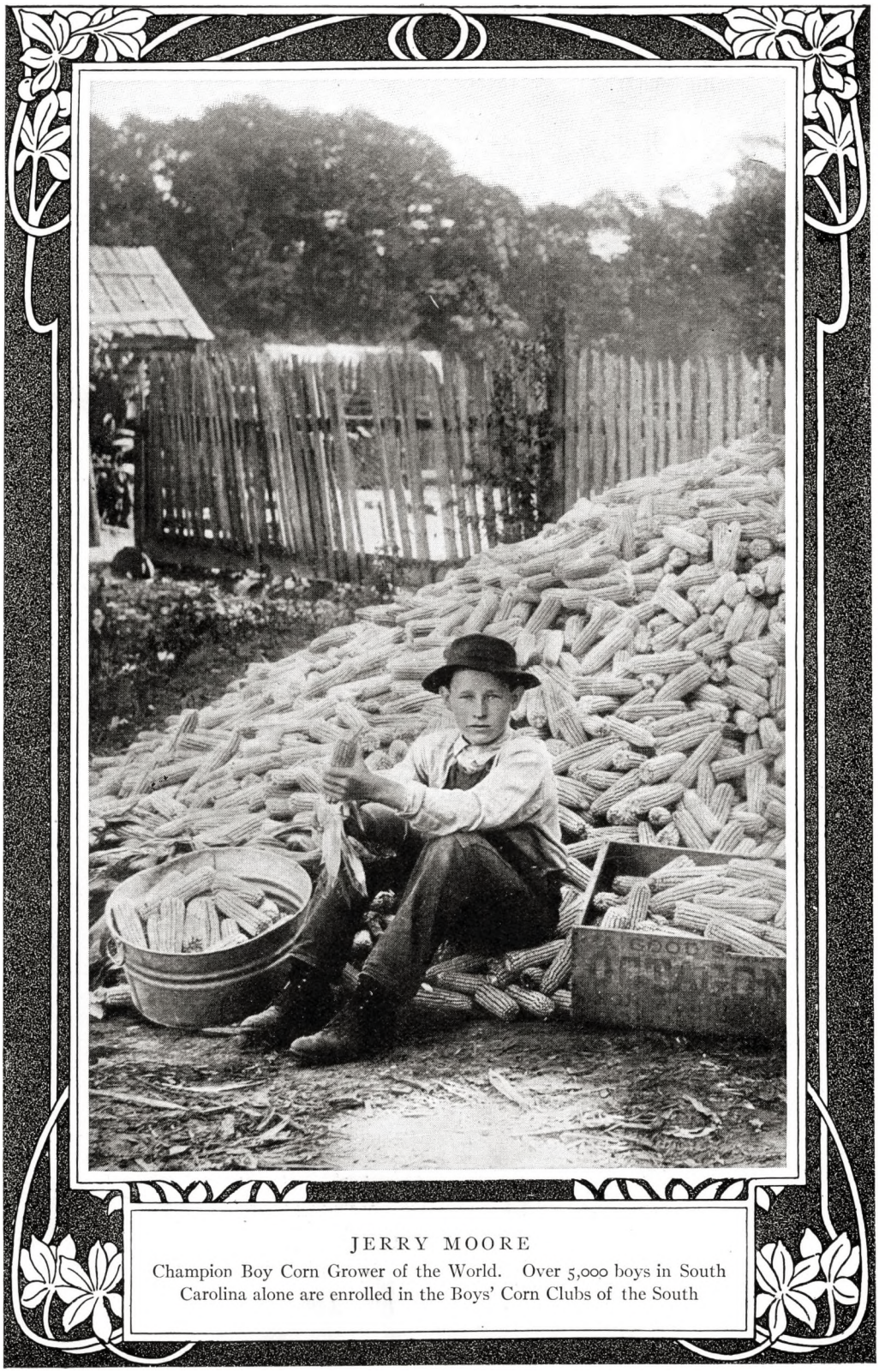
Mr. Purdy does not look like a tax expert. If he were dressed differently, you would say he was a French statesman-ecclesiastic. His manner is distinguished by every charm of urbanity and culture. He is an admirable speaker; he learned the art on a soap box in Madison Square, where for three summers he talked taxation to evening wayfarers. Although officially he serves New York, his advice is so much in demand that he is really a national figure. Wherever taxation gets into a worse mess than usual, constitutional conventions, legislative committees,



Photograph by Almay & Co.

LAWSON PURDY

Typical of culture in the public service, trained in literature and the fine arts, he is the efficient and practical head of the New York City Tax Commission



JERRY MOORE

Champion Boy Corn Grower of the World. Over 5,000 boys in South Carolina alone are enrolled in the Boys' Corn Clubs of the South

Boards of Trade and the like send out a C. Q. D. for Lawson Purdy to come and help them out.

But his tastes are still primarily literary and cultural. He lectures on Gothic architecture at the New York Episcopal Cathedral, or addresses the Church Congress at Washington, speaking on a theological topic with the same facility that he has in talking to a tax conference. Trinity's old literary course gave him his bent, and he can never quite get over it. He reverences the memory of his training at Trinity, and Trinity appreciates him. Trinity conferred on him her honorary degree of LL.D. in 1908. He is very modest, however, about his own attainments. I asked him once what line he was most interested in while he was in college.

"Lawn tennis," he said promptly. "I played in the intercollegiate matches."

JERRY MOORE

THE tourist into the Southern States, if he possesses an inquiring mind and mingles with his brethren, will discover that a fifteen-year-old boy is the reigning hero of the period. Jerry Moore, of Winona, South Carolina, in the autumn of 1910 won the title of "Champion Boy Corn Grower of the World." His achievement has made him a tremendous asset to his State. He produced on one acre of land 228 bushels and three pecks of corn. He has become the carnate symbol of a great future for the South in agriculture—the youthful Messiah of the soil.

It was an interesting and diverting experience in traveling throughout South Carolina in the early spring months for the writer to mention the name of Jerry Moore on the trains or in the hotels. The response to his name was a denial of any lack of enthusiasm in the South, and a proof of Jerry's importance to his State. A few years ago the average yield of corn to the acre in South Carolina was a fraction over eight bushels; last year the crop had grown to an average of eighteen and a fraction bushels. This shows growth in intelligence of culture as well as in quantity. The cause of the increase has been the boys of South Carolina—and, in fact, of the whole South.

Jerry Moore is the champion of an army of over five thousand boys in South Carolina alone, enrolled in the Boys' Corn Clubs of the South. They have not only been learning what can be done on the farms with a scientific application of fertilizers and a deeper furrowing of the plow, but they have taught their elders. Each year the boys in the public schools of nearly every county in the Southern States choose an acre of land and industriously engage in the competition for the honors of corn growing, and the boys of South Carolina have held the championship ever since they entered the lists. And each year the champion has scaled a higher maximum of production. They intend that there shall be no "going back." Various organizations in the counties add to the zest of the competition by offering prizes—a trip to Washington, a new plow, money sometimes. The Governor of South Carolina awards a diploma to each boy whose crop amounts to seventy-five bushels or more, and there were 142 winners of the honor in 1910.

Jerry Moore's father is a Methodist clergyman whose glebe comes as a portion of his reward for his service to his church. Last year the rains were uncommonly plentiful, and it was hinted that Jerry scored an advantage over his competitors in the prayers of his father; but Jerry's earnest labor and incessant guardianship of his precious cornstalks rose to the dignity of a religion. He has carted over seven hundred loads of rich earth on his acre, and he spent over $90 on fertilizers. But his profits, after paying all expenses, amounted to over $130. His distinction won him many hundreds more. No agricultural festival in the South and the near adjoining West has been regarded as a normal occasion without the presence of Jerry. He has been summoned as far as Columbus, Ohio, where a banquet was given to his honor—and to his great discomfiture also. When all the big farmers assembled around the tables rose to drink his health, one of them raised Jerry to his feet in his chair, and he hid his face in his arm, his boyish, blushing bashfulness being as charming to his hosts as it was agonizing to him.

Into the competition this spring of 1911, much to the surprise of everyone, Jerry has projected himself, aspiring, apparently, to beat himself. It has been generally supposed that his record could never be beaten. It may be, however, that this boy is wise enough to have learned the precept that the defense of so important a title as "Champion Boy Corn Grower of the World" may be best attained by entering himself as the competitor.

STANLEY JOHNSON.

What She Wore

OSKALOOSA MEETS STATE STREET AND TOGS IT

BY

EDNA FERBER

AUTHOR OF "DAWN O'HARA—THE GIRL WHO LAUGHED"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

SOMEWHERE in your story you must pause to describe your heroine's costume. It is a ticklish task. The average reader likes his heroine well dressed. He is not satisfied with knowing that she looked like a tall, fair lily. He wants to be told that her gown was of green crêpe, with lace ruffles that swirled at her feet. Writers used to go so far as to name the dressmaker; and it was a poor kind of a heroine who didn't wear a red velvet by Worth. But that has been largely abandoned in these days of commission. Still, when the heroine goes out on the terrace to spoon after dinner (a quaint old English custom for the origin of which see any novel by the "Duchess," page 179) the average reader wants to know what sort of a filmy wrap she snatches up on the way out. He demands a description, with as many illustrations as the publisher will stand for, of what she wore from the bedroom to the street, with full stops for the ribbons on her *robe de nuit*, and the buckles on her ballroom slippers. Half the poor creatures one sees flattening their noses against the shop windows are authors getting a line on the advance fashions. Suppose a careless writer were to dress his heroine in a full-plaited skirt only to find, when his story is published four months later, that full-plaited skirts have been relegated to the dim past!

I started to read a story once. It was a good one. There was in it not a single allusion to brandy-and-soda, or divorce, or the stock market. The dialogue crackled. The hero talked like a live man. It was a shipboard story, and the heroine was charming so long as she wore her heavy ulster. But along toward evening she blossomed forth in a yellow gown, with a scarlet poinsetta at her throat. I quit her cold. Nobody ever wore a scarlet poinsetta; or if they did, they couldn't wear it on a yellow gown. Or if they did wear it with a yellow gown, they didn't wear it at the throat. Scarlet poinsettas aren't worn, anyhow. To this day I don't know whether the heroine married the hero or jumped overboard.

You see, one can't be too careful about clothing one's heroine.

I hesitate to describe Sophy Epstein's dress. You won't like it. In the first place, it was cut too low, front and back, for a shoe clerk in a downtown loft. It was a black dress, near-princess in style, very tight as to fit, very short as to skirt, very sleazy as to material. It showed all the delicate curves of Sophy's under-fed, girlish body, and Sophy didn't care a bit. Its most objectionable feature was at the throat. Collarless gowns were in vogue. Sophy's daring shears had gone a snip or two farther. They had cut a startlingly generous V. To say that the dress was elbow-sleeved is superfluous. I have said that Sophy clerked in a downtown loft.

Sophy sold "sample" shoes at two-fifty a pair, and from where you were standing you thought they looked just like the shoes that were sold in the regular shops for six. When Sophy sat on one of the low benches at the feet of some customer, tugging away at a refractory shoe for a would-be small foot, her shameless little gown exposed more than it should have. But few of Sophy's customers were shocked. They were mainly chorus girls and ladies of doubtful complexion in search of cheap and ultra footgear, and—to

use a health term—hardened by exposure.

Have I told you how pretty she was? She was so pretty that you immediately forgave her the indecency of her pitiful little gown. She was pretty in a daringly demure fashion, like a wicked little Puritan, or a poverty-stricken Cleo de Merode, with her smooth brown hair parted in the middle, drawn severely down over her ears, framing the lovely oval of her face and ending in a simple coil at the neck. Some serpent's wisdom had told Sophy to eschew puffs. But I think her prettiness could have triumphed even over those.

If Sophy's boss had been any other sort of man he would have informed Sophy, sternly, that black princess effects, cut low, were not *au fait* in the shoe-clerk world. But Sophy's boss had a rhombic nose, and no instep, and the tail of his name had been amputated. He didn't care how Sophy wore her dresses so long as she sold shoes.

But Louie was not listening. He was gazing at the V in Sophy Epstein's dress with all his scandalized Oskaloosa, Iowa, eyes

Once the boss had kissed Sophy—not on the mouth, but just where her shabby gown formed its charming but immodest V. Sophy had slapped him, of course. But the slap had not set the thing right in her mind. She could not forget it. It had made her uncomfortable in much the same way as we are wildly ill at ease when we dream of walking naked in a crowded street. At odd moments during the day Sophy had found herself rubbing the spot furiously with her unlovely handkerchief, and shivering a little. She had never told the other girls about that kiss.

So—there you have Sophy and her costume. You may take her or leave her. I purposely placed these defects in costuming right at the beginning of the story, so that there should be no false pretenses. One more detail. About Sophy's throat was a slender, near-gold chain from which was suspended a cheap and glittering La Vallière. Sophy had not intended it as a sop to the conventions. It was an offering on the shrine of Fashion, and represented many lunchless days.

At eleven o'clock one August morning,

Louie came to Chicago from Oskaloosa, Iowa. There was no hay in his hair. The comic papers have long insisted that the country boy, on his first visit to the city, is known by his greased boots and his high-water pants. Don't you believe them. The small-town boy is as fastidious about the height of his heels and the stripe of his shirt and the roll of his hat-brim as are his city brothers. He peruses the slangily worded ads of the "classy clothes" tailors, and when scarlet cravats are worn the small-town boy is not more than two weeks late in acquiring one that glows like a head-light.

Louie found a rooming house, shoved his suitcase under the bed, changed his collar, washed his hands in the gritty water of the wash bowl, and started out to look for a job.

Louie was twenty-one. For the last four years he had been employed in the best shoe store at home, and he knew shoe leather from the factory to the ash barrel. It was almost a religion with him.

Curiosity, which plays leads in so many life dramas, led Louie to the rotunda of the tallest building. It was built on the hollow center plan, with a sheer drop from the twenty-somethingth to the main floor. Louie stationed himself in the center of the mosaic floor, took off his hat, bent backward almost double and gazed, his mouth wide open. When he brought his muscles slowly back into normal position he tried hard not to look impressed. He glanced about, sheepishly, to see if anyone was laughing at him, and his eye encountered the electric-lighted glass display case of the shoe company upstairs. The case was filled with pink satin slippers and cunning velvet boots, and the newest thing in bronze street shoes. Louie took the next elevator up. The shoe display had made him feel as though some one from home had slapped him on the back.

The God of the Jobless was with him. The boss had fired two boys the day before.

"Oskaloosa!" grinned the boss, derisively. "Do they wear shoes there? What do you know about shoes, huh boy?"

Louie told him. The boss shuffled the papers on his desk, and chewed his cigar, and tried not to show his surprise. Louie, quite innocently, was teaching the boss things about the shoe business.

When Louie had finished—"Well, I try you, anyhow," the boss grunted, grudgingly. "I give you so-and-so much." He named a wage that would have been ridiculous if it had not been so pathetic.

"All right, sir," answered Louie, promptly, like the boys in the Alger series. The cost of living problem had never bothered Louie in Oskaloosa.

The boss hid a pleased smile.

"Miss Epstein!" he bellowed, "step this way! Miss Epstein, kindly show this here young man so he gets a line on the stock. He is from Oskaloosa, Ioway. Look out she don't sell you a gold brick, Louie."

But Louie was not listening. He was gazing at the V in Sophy Epstein's dress with all his scandalized Oskaloosa, Iowa, eyes.

Louie was no mollycoddle. But he had been in great demand as usher at the Young Men's Sunday Evening Club service at the Congregational church, and in his town there had been no Sophy Epsteins in too-tight princess dresses, cut into a careless V. But Sophy was a city product—I was about to say pure and simple, but I will not—wise, bold, young, old, underfed, overworked, and triumphantly pretty.

"How-do!" cooed Sophy in her best baby tones. Louie's disapproving eyes jumped from the objectionable V in Sophy's dress to the lure of Sophy's face, and their expression underwent a lightning change. There was no disapproving Sophy's face, no matter how long one had dwelt in Oskaloosa.

"I won't bite you," said Sophy. "I'm never vicious on Tuesdays. We'll start here with the misses' an' children's, and work over to the other side."

Whereupon Louie was introduced into the intricacies of the sample shoe business. He kept his eyes resolutely away from the V, and learned many things. He learned how shoes that look like six dollar values may be sold for two-fifty. He looked on in wide-eyed horror while Sophy fitted a No. 5 C shoe on a 6 B foot and assured the wearer that it looked like a made-to-order boot. He picked up a pair of dull kid shoes and looked at them. His leather-wise eyes saw much, and I think he would have taken his hat off the hook, and his offended business principles out of the shop forever if Sophy had not completed her purchase and strolled over to him at the psychological moment.

She smiled up at him, impudently. "Well, Pink Cheeks," she said, "how do you like our little settlement by the lake, huh?"

"These shoes aren't worth two-fifty," said Louie, indignation in his voice.

"Well, sure," replied Sophy. "I know it. What do you think this is? A charity bazaar?"

"But back home——" began Louie, hotly.

"Ferget it, kid," said Sophy. "This is a

big town, but it ain't got no room for backhomers. Don't sour on one job till you've got another nailed. You'll find yourself cuddling down on a park bench if you do. Say, are you honestly from Oskaloosa?"

"I certainly am," answered Louie, with pride.

"My goodness!" ejaculated Sophy. "I never believed there was no such place. Don't brag about it to the other fellows."

"What time do you go out for lunch?" asked Louie.

"What's it to you?" with the accent on the "to."

"When I want to know a thing, I generally ask," explained Louie, gently.

Sophy looked at him—a long, keen, knowing look. "You'll learn," she observed, thoughtfully.

Louie did learn. He learned so much in that first week that when Sunday came it seemed as though æons had passed over his head. He learned that the crime of murder was as nothing compared to the crime of allowing a customer to depart shoeless; he learned that the lunch hour was invented for the purpose of making dates; that no one had ever heard of Oskaloosa, Iowa; that seven dollars a week does not leave much margin for laundry and general recklessness; that a madonna face above a V-cut gown is apt to distract one's attention from shoes; that a hundred-dollar nest egg is as effective in Chicago as a pine stick would be in propping up a stone wall; and that all the other men clerks called Sophy "sweetheart."

Some of his newly acquired knowledge brought pain, as knowledge is apt to do.

He saw that State Street was crowded with Sophys during the noon hour; girls with lovely faces under pitifully absurd hats. Girls who aped the fashions of the dazzling creatures they saw stepping from limousines. Girls who starved body and soul in order to possess a set of false curls, or a pair of black satin shoes with mother-o'-pearl buttons. Girls whose minds were bounded on the north by the nickel theatres; on the east by "I sez to him"; on the south by the gorgeous shop windows; and on the west by "He sez t' me."

Oh, I can't tell you how much Louis learned

"All you got to do, when you get home so tired your back teeth ache, is to haul your water, an' soak your clothes, an' then rub 'em till your hands peel, and rinse 'em, an' boil 'em, and blue 'em, an' starch 'em"

in that first week while his eyes were getting accustomed to the shifting, jostling, pushing, giggling, walking, talking throng. The city is justly famed as a hot house of forced knowledge.

One thing Louie could not learn. He could not bring himself to accept the V in Sophy's dress. Louie's mother had been one of the old-fashioned kind who wore a blue-and-white checked gingham apron from 6 A.M. to 2 P.M., when she took it off to go downtown and help the ladies of the church at the cake sale in the empty window of the gas company's office, only to don it again when she fried the potatoes for supper. Among other things she had taught Louie to wipe his feet before coming in, to respect and help women, and to change his socks often.

After a month of Chicago Louie forgot the first lesson; had more difficulty than I can tell you in reverencing a woman who only said, "Aw, don't get fresh now!" when the other men put their arms about her; and adhered to the third only after a struggle, in which he had to do a small private washing in his own wash-bowl in the evening.

Sophy called him a stiff. His gravely courteous treatment of her made her vaguely uncomfortable. She was past mistress in the art of parrying insults and banter, but she had no reply ready for Louie's boyish air of deference. It angered her for some unreasonable woman-reason.

There came a day when the V-cut dress brought them to open battle. I think Sophy had appeared that morning minus the chain and La Vallière. Frail and cheap as it was, it had been the only barrier that separated Sophy from frank shamelessness. Louie's outraged sense of propriety asserted itself.

"Sophy," he stammered, during a quiet half-hour, "I'll call for you and take you to the nickel show to-night if you'll promise not to wear that dress. What makes you wear that kind of a get-up, anyway?"

"Dress?" queried Sophy, looking down at the shiny front breadth of her frock. "Why? Don't you like it?"

"Like it! No!" blurted Louie.

"Don't yuh, rully! Deah me! Deah me! If I'd only knew that this morning. As a gen'ral thing I wear white duck complete down t' work, but I'm savin' my last two clean suits f'r gawlf."

Louie ran an uncomfortable finger around the edge of his collar, but he stood his ground. "It—it—shows your—neck so," he objected, miserably.

Sophy opened her great eyes wide. "Well, supposin' it does?" she inquired, coolly. "It's a perfectly good neck, ain't it?"

Louie, his face very red, took the plunge. "I don't know. I guess so. But Sophy it—looks so—so—you know what I mean. I hate to see the way the fellows rubber at you. Why don't you wear those plain shirtwaist things, with high collars, like my mother wears back home?"

Sophy's teeth came together with a click. She laughed a short cruel little laugh. "Say, Pink Cheeks, did yuh ever do a washin' from seven to twelve, after you got home from work in the evenin'? It's great! 'Specially when you're living in a six-by-ten room with all the modern inconveniences, includin' no water except on the third floor down. Simple! Say, a child could work it. All you got to do, when you get home so tired your back teeth ache, is to haul your water, an' soak your clothes, an' then rub 'em till your hands peel, and rinse 'em, an' boil 'em, and blue 'em, an' starch 'em. See? Just like that. Nothin' to it, kid. Nothin' to it."

Louie had been twisting his fingers nervously. Now his hands shut themselves into fists. He looked straight into Sophy's angry eyes.

"I do know what it is," he said, quite simply. "There's been a lot written and said about women's struggle with clothes. I wonder why they've never said anything about the way a man has to fight to keep up the thing they call appearances. God knows it's pathetic enough to think of a girl like you bending over a tubful of clothes. But when a man has to do it, it's a tragedy."

"That's so," agreed Sophy. "When a girl gets shabby, and her clothes begin t' look tacky she can take a gore or so out of her skirt where it's the most wore, and catch it in at the bottom, and call it a hobble. An' when her waist gets too soiled she can cover up the front of it with a jabot, an' if her face is pretty enough she can carry it off that way. But when a man is seedy, he's seedy. He can't sew no ruffles on his pants."

"I ran short last week," continued Louie. "That is, shorter than usual. I hadn't the fifty cents to give to the woman. You ought to see her! A little, gray-faced thing, with wisps of hair, and no chest to speak of, and one of those mashed-looking black hats. Nobody could have the nerve to ask her to wait for her money. So I did my own washing. I haven't learned to wear soiled clothes yet. I laughed fit to bust while I was doing it. But—I'll bet my mother dreamed of me that

On her face was a new, strange look, as of something half forgotten

night. The way they do, you know, when something's gone wrong."

Sophy, perched on the third rung of the sliding ladder, was gazing at him. Her lips were parted slightly, and her cheeks were very pink. On her face was a new, strange look, as of something half forgotten. It was as though the spirit of Sophy-as-she-might-have-been were inhabiting her soul for a brief moment. At Louie's next words the look was gone.

"Can't you sew something—a lace yoke—or whatever you call 'em—in that dress?" he persisted.

"Aw, fade!" jeered Sophy. "When a girl's only got one dress it's got to have some tong to it. Maybe this gown would cause a wave of indignation in Oskaloosa, Iowa, but it don't even make a ripple on State Street. It takes more than an aggravated Dutch neck to make a fellow look at a girl these days. In a town like this a girl's got to make a showin' some way. I'm my own stage manager. They look at my dress first, an' grin. See? An' then they look at my face. I'm like the girl in the story. Muh face is muh fortune. It's earned me many a square meal; an' lemme tell you, Pink Cheeks, eatin' square meals is one of my favorite pastimes."

"Say looka here!" bellowed the boss, wrathfully. "Just cut out this here Romeo and Juliet act, will you! That there ladder ain't for no balcony scene, understand. Here you, Louie, you shinny up there and get down a pair of them brown satin pumps, small size."

Sophy continued to wear the black dress. The V-cut neck seemed more flaunting than ever.

It was two weeks later that Louie came in from lunch, his face radiant. He was fifteen minutes late, but he listened to the boss's ravings with a smile.

"You grin like somebody handed you a ten-case note," commented Sophy, with a woman's curiosity. "I guess you must of met some rube from home when you was out t' lunch."

"Better than that! Who do you think I bumped right into in the elevator going down?"

"Well, Brothah Bones," mimicked Sophy, "who did you meet in the elevator going down?"

"I met a man named Ames. He used to travel for a big Boston shoe house, and he made our town every few months. We got to be good friends. I took him home for Sunday dinner once, and he said it was the best dinner he'd had in months. You know how tired those traveling men get of hotel grub."

"Cut out the description and get down to action," snapped Sophy.

"Well, he knew me right away. And he made me go out to lunch with him. A real lunch, starting with soup. Gee! It went big. He asked me what I was doing. I told him I was working here, and he opened his eyes, and then he laughed and said: 'How did you get into that joint?' Then he took me down to a swell little shoe shop on State Street, and it turned out that he owns it. He introduced me all around, and I'm going there to work next week. And wages! Why say, it's almost a salary. A fellow can hold his head up in a place like that."

"When you leavin'?" asked Sophy, slowly.

"Monday. Gee! it seems a year away."

Sophy was late Saturday morning. When she came in, hurriedly, her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes glowed. She took off her hat and coat and fell to straightening boxes and putting out stock without looking up. She took no part in the talk and jest that was going on among the other clerks. One of the men, in search of the missing mate to the shoe in his hand, came over to her, greeting her carelessly. Then he stared.

"Well, what do you know about this!" he called out to the others, and laughed coarsely. "Look, stop, listen! Little Sophy Bright Eyes here has pulled down the shades."

Louie turned quickly. The immodest V of Sophy's gown was filled with a black lace yoke that came up to the very lobes of her little pink ears. She had got some scraps of lace from— Where do they get those bits of rusty black? From some basement bargain counter, perhaps, raked over during the lunch hour. There were nine pieces in the front, and seven in the back. She had sat up half the night putting them together so that when completed they looked like one, if you didn't come too close. There is a certain strain of Indian patience and ingenuity in women that no man has ever been able to understand.

Louie looked up and saw. His eyes met Sophy's. In his there crept a certain exultant gleam, as of one who had fought for something great and won. Sophy saw the look. The shy questioning in her eyes was replaced by a spark of defiance. She tossed her head, and turned to the man had who called attention to her costume.

"Who's loony now?" she jeered. "I always put in a yoke when it gets along toward fall. My lungs is delicate. And anyway, I see by the papers yesterday that collarless gowns is slightly passay f'r winter."

BETWEEN GAMES

JOHNNY EVERS IN FRONT OF HIS SHOE STORE

Evers owns shoe stores in Chicago and in Troy, N. Y. When traveling with the Cubs, he is an omnivorous reader enjoying such works as "The Life, Times and Teachings of Savonarola"

HOW THE BALL PLAYERS OF THE BIG LEAGUES LIVE AND ACT WHEN OFF THE DIAMOND

BY

HUGH S. FULLERTON

AUTHOR OF "HITTING THE DIRT," "CLOSE DECISIONS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

TWENTY men, worth $165,000 to their owners in the open baseball market, but none of them for sale at any price, form one of the most valuable cargoes transported by rail. They are worth from $4,000 to $15,000 each in cash or trade. Sixteen such cargoes, some dearer, some cheaper, with retinues of trainers, wives, reporters, doctors, owners and admirers, move in checkerboard jumps around the circuit of the great cities of the United States every third or fourth day all summer. Applauded as heroes by immense crowds, discussed as intimately as if they were brothers by tens of thousands, their playing skill and records known by millions of men and boys (and some women), these players step out of the limelight the moment they escape from their uniforms and, disguising themselves in citizens' clothes, disappear—until the following day.

Boston, Monday and Tuesday; Philadelphia, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Cleveland or Pittsburg, Saturday; Chicago

or St. Louis, Sunday, the teams play hop-scotch over the country. The general traveling public gets only fleeting glimpses of them. They seldom are in evidence anywhere until they don the spangles for the day's game.

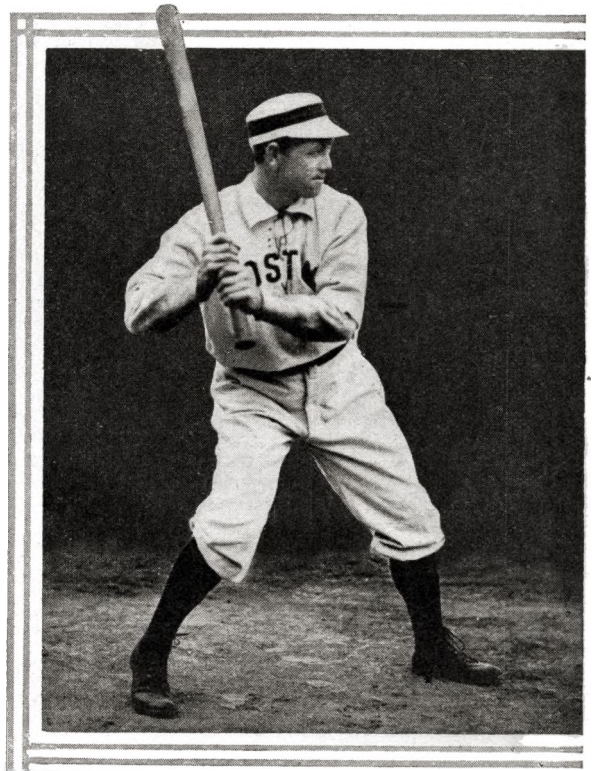
The major league player is the most pampered, best cared for and conditioned live stock in the world. He rides in special cars, or on special trains, stops at exclusive hotels, is hauled to and from grounds, hotels and railway stations in automobiles or carriages. His transportation and sleeping-car accommodations all are arranged for him, his baggage is hauled, checked and placed in his room, trainers wait upon him as valets. He has the best of everything. He is a much envied person by those who do not know that there are drawbacks.

In spite of the fact he is a public figure, and perhaps the best advertised person in America, in spite of countless columns printed daily about his doings, the general public knows little and sees less of the real life of the ball player. Club owners and managers seek isolated hotels and strive to keep the players away from excitable and "sporty" admirers. The player himself, after he seasons and ceases to strut in the pride of his importance as a big leaguer, shies from these "fans" as a country-bred colt does from a touring car. The effect of the "friends" upon players is bad. Most of them want to entertain the athletes (*i. e.* buy drinks) and frequently they worry the players to the point of despair. One would think Jimmy Sheckard, of Chicago, would be seasoned against such annoyances and immune from worrying, but before the world's championship series of 1910 Sheckard's admirers, who rushed down from his home town near Philadelphia, almost drove him frantic and upset him until Manager Chance seriously considered keeping him out of the games.

The absolute limit of boredom for a veteran ball player, who plays, talks, eats, and drinks baseball seven months in the season, is to be compelled to listen to a fanatic talking baseball and spouting enthusiasm and praise and airing his knowledge of the game and the players. One can tell the veteran by seeing how quickly he dodges for the elevators whenever a notorious "pest" appears. When, as in important series, crowds of enthusiasts gather in the lobbies of a hotel, the players usually are found locked in their rooms and refusing to answer telephone calls.

When a team is at home, of course, there is morning practice and family life for the players, and often they are better known by sight in every other city of their league than they are at home. They dodge the pursuing throngs of admiring men and boys, escape to their homes as rapidly as possible and avoid public places where they are likely to be recognized. The youngsters may strut and revel in the fickle admiration of the fans who follow them, but the old-timers know that the wildest admirer probably is the fellow who yelled "Take him out!" The year the Cubs won their first world's championship a crazy mob of enthusiasts pursued Chance, trying to raise him on their shoulders. Chance struggled to free himself. A big, red-faced man, purple from rooting, beat the manager on the back and yelled: "Don't you know me, Frank?"

"Yep," replied Chance coolly. "You're

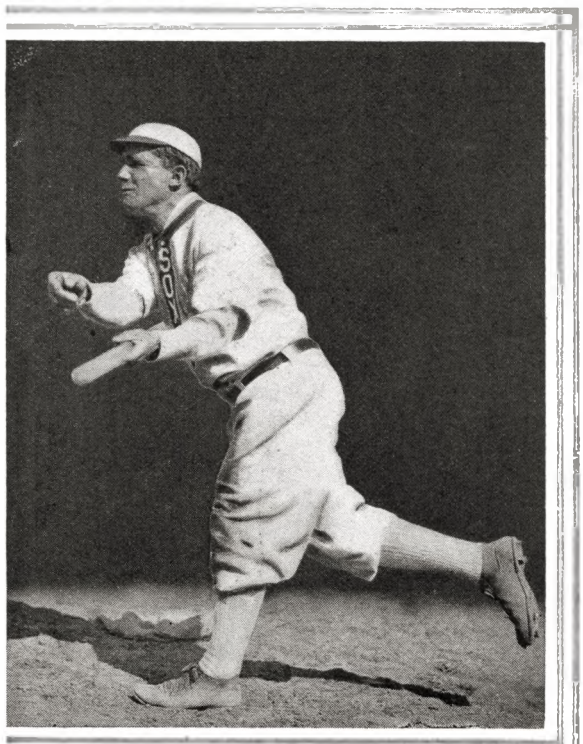


Photograph by Paul Thompson

HOBE FERRIS AND FRED PARENT FOR-
"One of the greatest pairs that ever played around second base, ing except when it was necessary in the game. . . . Yet . . .

the fellow who hit me in the head with a lemon last fall when the Sox beat us."

On the road time is harder to kill. Imagine months in hotels with only three hours of occupation and twenty-one hours without a thing to do except make the time pass. For theatres, parks, and regular amusements pall after many seasons of revolving around the same circuit. In Boston some of the studious slip away to libraries, or the old cemeteries; in New York they visit the beaches, occasionally the theatres; every trip to Cincinnati sees a squad of players at the Potteries and, oddly enough, what they admire is hardly the beauty of the ceramics, but the skill of the man who fashions the pieces. In Washington they visit the public buildings, although I have known players to go there season after season and never enter one. Tinker, who is a Turkish rug "bug," regularly trails around the circuit examining rare rugs and vowing never to buy another, even though he accumulates at least one every trip. But after a few seasons the player settles back to reading, playing cards, writing letters, eating and sleeping. Letter writing usually occupies the morning from breakfast to lunch.



Photograph by American Press Association

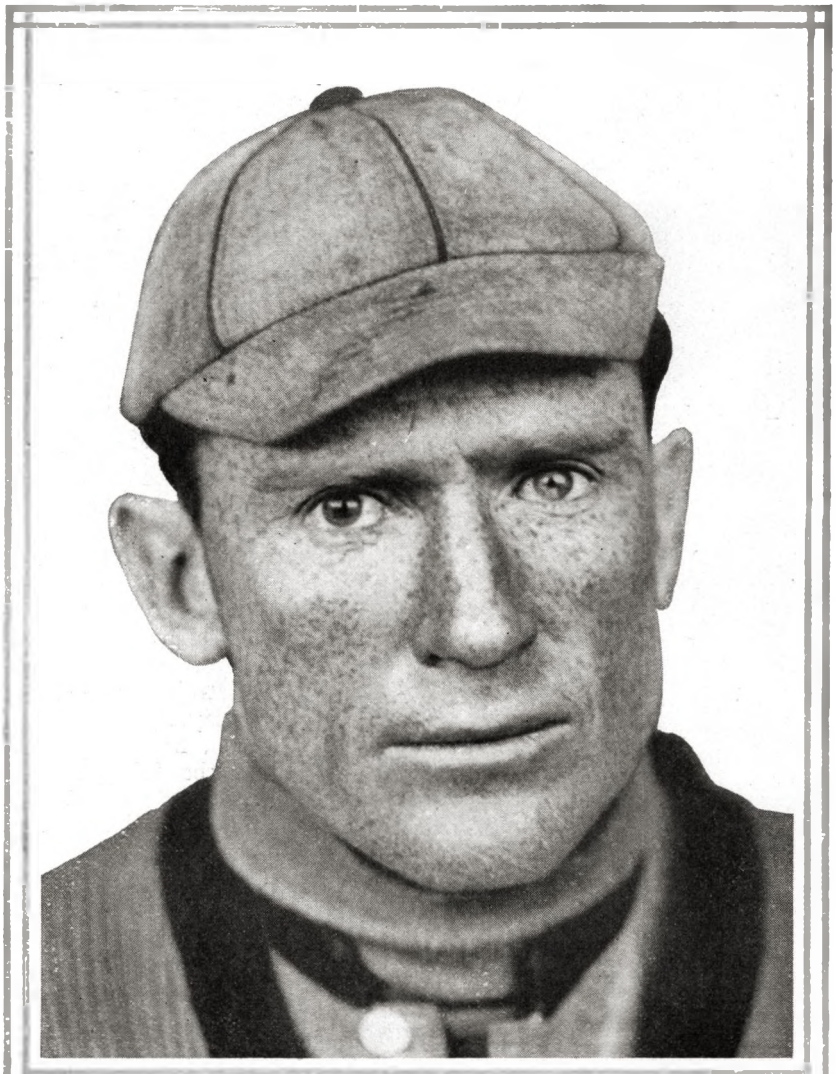
MERLY OF THE BOSTON AMERICANS
Hobe Ferris and Fred Parent played three years without speaking no trace of their feud ever showed in their playing"

Sometimes I wonder that any twenty-five men can live and travel, eat and sleep together without fighting. It would seem that they would weary of each other; that the passions engendered on the ballfield, the rivalries and jealousies, would destroy all friendship. Yet it does not. There is little trouble among players, they seldom even quarrel, and to me the good-natured tolerance of one another's whims and moods is astonishing. Perhaps the game itself teaches them to see things from the other fellow's viewpoint and to bear criticism without malice. It is well; for the amazing frankness with which players discuss each other's weaknesses, faults and personal affairs is refreshing. Nor must a person who travels with the live stock for a season imagine he can hide many of his frailties. He must walk straight and act straight, or some day, in the presence of a score of men, he may hear his deepest secret "bawled out." There is little sham among them, and it is give and take; and unfortunate is the man who cannot take as well as give.

Occasionally, it is true, a serious enmity arises. Sometimes men who hate each other live together and play together season after season and "for the good of the team" bury all personal feelings. The only way such an enmity can be detected is by observing that the men ignore each other. One of the greatest pairs that ever played around second base, Fred Parent and Hobe Ferris, played three years without speaking except when it was necessary in the game. Parent, a quiet little fellow, "got through" with Ferris. Yet Parent played shortstop and Ferris second base and no trace of their feud ever showed in their playing. Sometimes they even roomed together.

The good nature of teams is remarkable viewed from the standpoint of men in other businesses. Possibly the magnificent physical health and condition of the players is responsible. One seldom hears an angry word off the field, and the majority usually is ready to laugh at anyone who "crabs" and to ridicule him until he joins the mirth.

A five-o'clock call in a sleeping car after



Photograph by Paul Thompson

CHARLEY DOOIN

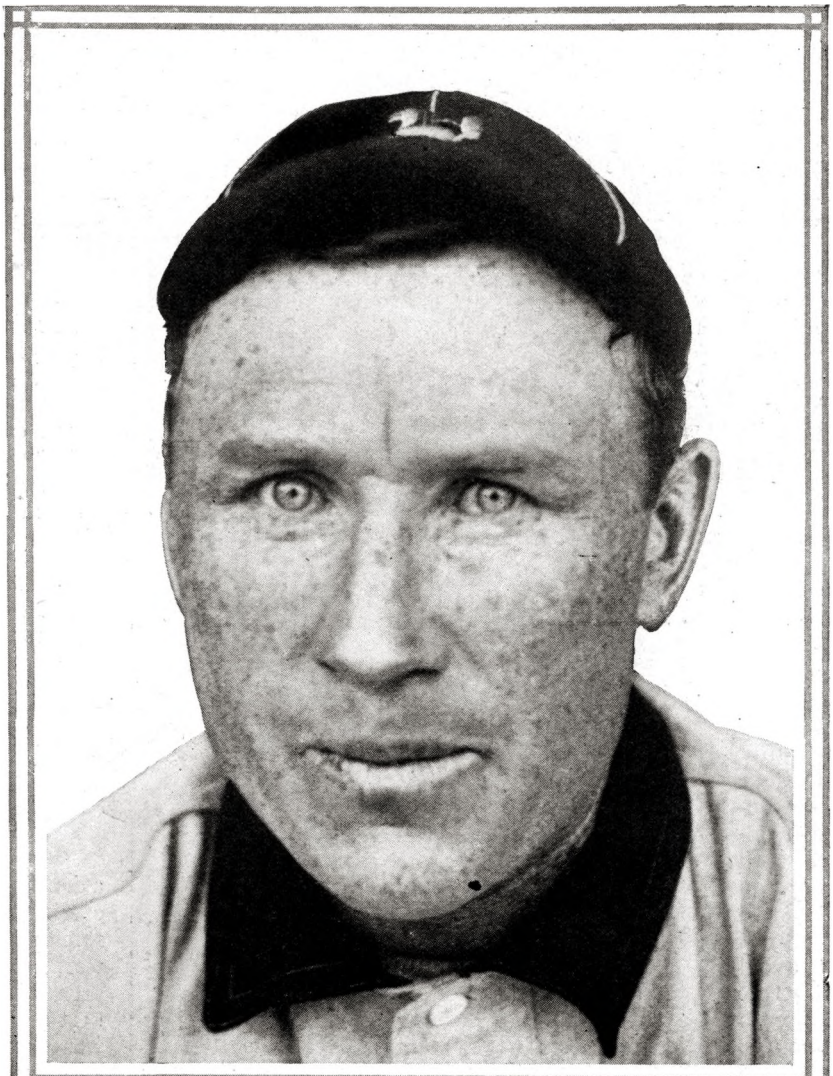
"He is one of the merriest, jolliest Irish boys in the business. You have seen him on the field, where his talk would make a Mississippi River mate blush, yet off the field he is quiet, studious, rather inclined to religious views, and he never permits an oath to escape his lips"

a hard, hot night ride is a fair test of a man's good nature, but even this fails to disturb the players long. One hears growls and groans, and a few muttered curses as the athletes crawl out of their berths, but soon a laugh rings through the car, and before they have finished dressing they are jesting over their own discomfort. Down in the end of the car a player nursing a sore "Charley Horse," and trying to get on his trousers, keeps on "grouching."

"Ah, cut out the crabbing!" calls some one further down the aisle.

"Morning, Jimmy," replies the growler, and subsides.

The private car of a major league club on a long, tiresome ride is about the best place to study the athletes, discover their peculiarities and learn what manner of men they are. They are experienced travelers and know how to make themselves comfortable. See Charley Dooin, manager of the Phillies, start on a



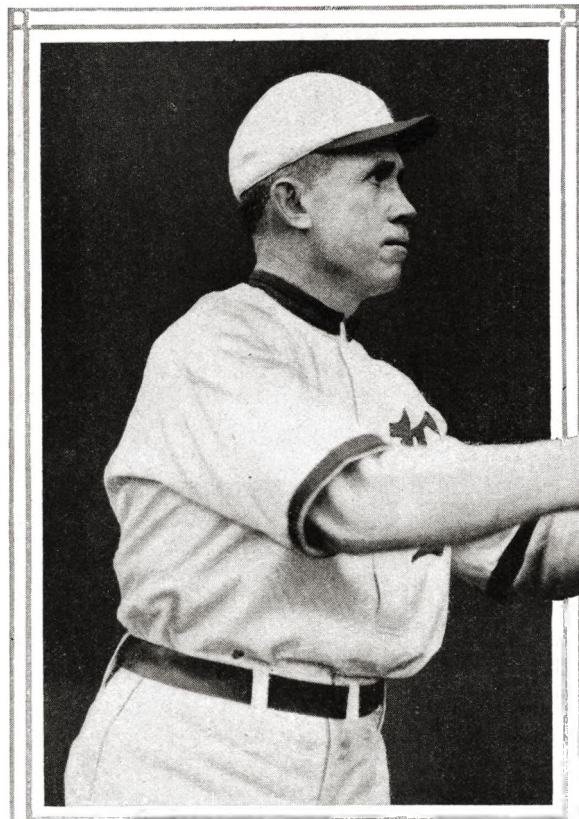
Photograph by Paul Thompson

HUGH JENNINGS

"When he is not leading his team . . . , he is the head of the firm of Jennings & Jennings, attorneys at Scranton, Pa. He is quite a skilful lawyer—and they say when he sticks up one leg, doubles his fists and yells 'E—Yah' at a jury the opposing attorney quits"

trip to St. Louis. Five minutes after he enters the car his suit-case is unstrapped and magazines, books, and a lounging jacket taken out. His coat is folded and placed in the case. Everything is stowed shipshape and he is at ease. He will be in his berth by ten o'clock, probably with the electric light turned on, reading or studying until he is ready for sleep, for he uses his time on trains for study. He will step out of the car at St. Louis as clean and fresh as from his dressing room. Strange lad—Dooin. He is one of the merriest, jolliest Irish boys in the business. You have seen him on the field, where his talk would make a Mississippi River mate blush, yet off the field he is quiet, studious, rather inclined to religious views, and he never permits an oath or a wrong expression to escape his lips. There would be many surprises for persons who judge players from their behavior on the field should they know them off.

Every player has some peculiarity in traveling. Chance, for instance, will not sleep except in Lower 13, and if the club gets a twelve-section car he takes the stateroom and writes 13 on the door. Trips during the early part of the season, especially before the youngsters are weeded out, are lively and considerable horseplay is indulged in. But, as the season progresses, as wounds and injuries, the wear and tear of hard games and harder traveling, and the nervous strain of the pennant race wear on the men they become more and more quiet and serious—except the few irrepressibles who overflow constantly with animal spirits. They sleep much on trains, and a rest of one day works wonders toward reviving them. In a hard campaign they are silent and the one subject they wish to avoid is baseball. One scarcely can get a veteran to discuss a game except to argue some fine point of play. They always will talk if there is a chance to learn a new trick. They want to forget and to relax. It is at this time they flee from the "fans" as from pestilence. I saw the entire Philadelphia Athletics team rush to cover in a minute because a well-known actor, famous as a "bug," entered the hotel.



PAT MORAN
"Beyond being something of a student of Irish art, music and traditional history, Moran is one of the best posted breeders of Boston bull terriers in the country"

Poker playing, with a low limit imposed by the manager, who fears that the loss of any considerable sum of money will cause ill feeling, is the commonest form of amusement in all clubs on the road. Sometimes when the gambling fever strikes a team it brings disaster, and in almost every big league club there are certain players with whom the others are forbidden to play, because they cannot control their gambling instincts. Whist, bridge, pinochle, cribbage, and checkers serve to while away the time and keep the minds of the men off baseball.

One day, a few years ago, I was making a long jump with the Chicago Cubs. From curiosity I went through the car, stopping at each berth to see how the men were occupying their time. "Doc" Marshall had a work on dental surgery which he had been studying, and Andy Coakley, who was a dentist, was discussing with him some point in the work. Carl Lundgren, then at his best as a pitcher, was explaining a system of ensilage to Chic Fraser, who had started the discussion by dilating upon the method of irrigating for alfalfa used on his ranch in Idaho. Chance and Kling were the only two talking baseball. They were talking over a play possible if perfectly executed. Kling argued the play dangerous, but was willing to try it merely because of his confidence in Evers. They dealt in feet and inches, the question being whether the second baseman could come from his position and reach first base in time to meet a fast throw from Kling. Two days later the Cubs saved a game at Philadelphia by the play. Chance raced forward as if to meet a bunt, apparently leaving first base unguarded. The runner edged off, and Evers,

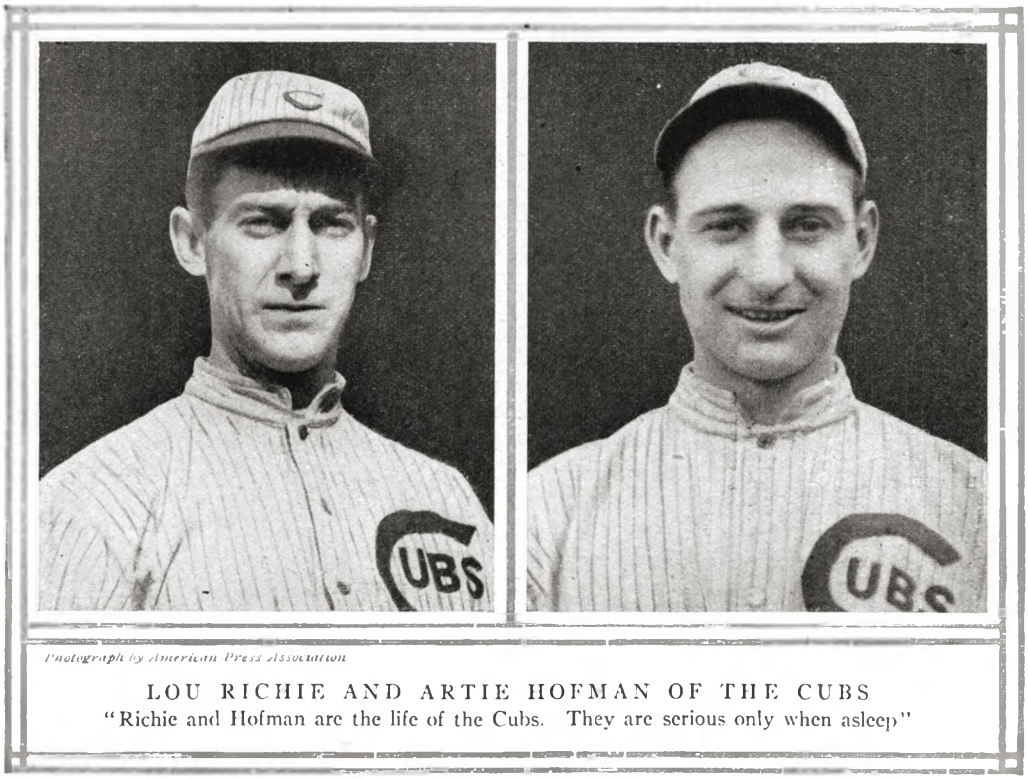
FRANK SCHULTE, THE RIGHT FIELDER OF THE CUBS
Whose interest off the diamond centers in horse racing on the ice. The picture shows him behind his ice-racer "Wildfire" which he raced two winters on the ice at Syracuse, his home

coming with a burst of speed behind the runner, covered first base, just in time to catch Kling's throw, and the runner was caught asleep fifteen feet from the base. A poker game occupied five players. Two were asleep and two, with their wives, were playing bridge. Reulbach was reading a work on his favorite subject, chemistry. Slagle was reading a popular novel and Sheckard and Steinfeldt were discussing the relative merits of Texas and Pennsylvania, Steiny winning by declaring if it had not been for Texas Mexico would have conquered the United States. Pat Moran, a devout Roman Catholic, was arguing earnestly with a reporter who, for five years, had been working on a history of the children's crusades. Moran was informing the reporter as to the part taken in the crusades by the children from Ireland, who, according to Moran, joined the French children in their ill-fated march to Palestine. Further, Moran stated that one of the two survivors afterward rescued from the bondage of the Moors was Irish.

And beyond being something of a student of Irish art, music and traditional history, Moran is one of the best posted breeders of Boston bull terriers in the country. Far back in the corner of the car a little fellow was doubled up in a seat, deeply absorbed in reading. When I arrived he pushed the book down behind the pillow and looked embarrassed when I drew it out. The book was "The Life, Times and Teachings of Fr. Girolamo Savonarola." The reader was Johnny Evers. He had been so interested in the book that he missed the last call for luncheon.

One of the most entertaining days I ever spent on a train was long ago, when Hugh Jennings, the volatile, noisy leader of the Detroit Tigers, was playing short stop for Baltimore, then the championship team of the country, and incidentally studying law. Jennings had come out of a coal mine, without much education or much of anything else. He saw in baseball a chance for something better and he worked both on and off the field to improve himself and his people. After he got through playing ball because his arm wore out, he coached Cornell, studying law at the same time, and eventually graduated. When he is not leading his team and tearing up grass on the base lines he is the head of the firm of Jennings and Jennings, attorneys at Scranton, Pennsylvania, near where he crawled out of an anthracite mine to become leader of two great baseball clubs. He is quite a skilful lawyer—and they say when he sticks up one leg, doubles his fists and yells "E—Yah" at a jury the opposing attorney quits.

In those days we joked "Chooey" sometimes about his law studies, not realizing how earnest his purpose was. It happened that the Chicago and Baltimore clubs were traveling westward together, their cars being coupled next to each other, and after the custom of players they were visiting back and forth. Jennings sat down and we began to discuss the law.



Photograph by American Press Association

LOU RICHIE AND ARTIE HOFMAN OF THE CUBS

"Richie and Hofman are the life of the Cubs. They are serious only when asleep"

I confess I was merely idling to see whether he really was studying for the bar, or whether it was "press agent" stuff. I was bringing home a beautifully illustrated edition of Mother Goose rhymes to a little friend of mine, and had been glancing through it when Jennings entered. To illustrate some point I was trying to make in regard to the trial of cases I read the story of Cock Robin, and asked Jennings if it would be possible to indict and convict the Sparrow on the evidence at hand. He thought it would. I took the stand that, although the evidence was sufficient to indict, circumstantial evidence must be relied upon to secure a conviction. We read the verses several times in support of our contentions and were having a lot of amusement from it when Walter Thornton, a left-handed pitcher, who knew some law and who now is prominent in the insurance field in Washington, proposed a trial of the Sparrow, and he agreed to act as judge. Jennings, as prosecutor, drew the indictment, and without much trouble we impaneled a jury of six—three Chicago players and three Baltimore men. The trial of the Sparrow on the charge of murder lasted all afternoon. I argued, taking the verses as the testimony of witnesses, that there was no eyewitness of the alleged crime. I admitted that the Sparrow, when charged with the murder, had confessed that he killed Cock Robin with a bow and arrow, but I assumed that this confession was obtained by pressure. The testimony of the Fly I held as inconclusive. The Fly testified he saw Cock Robin die, but did not state that he saw the fatal arrow fired. I defied the state to show any motive.

Jennings' final argument for the state was a clever oratorical effort. His attack upon the character of the Sparrow was a masterpiece. He charged that he was an English sparrow, and, claiming to put aside all Irish prejudice against the English, he analyzed the difference between the Irish and English sparrows, and drew a picture of the character of the English sparrow that impressed the jury. He charged jealousy as the motive of the crime, and claimed that the blatant, braggart English sparrow naturally would boast of his killing. The argument really was eloquent and although speaking impromptu Jennings held the crowd of players in close attention and at times brought rounds of applause. He reviewed the crime and the evidence step by step, closed with a demand for the extreme penalty, and secured a conviction on the first ballot. The demand for

a new trial being refused by Judge Thornton on the grounds that it was supper-time, I took an appeal. Two weeks later Jennings sent me his brief in the case and it showed he must have spent hours reading about sparrows, fish, robins and flies and in applying what he had learned to the case. His review of the hearing in the lower court was excrutiatingly funny, being couched in legal verbiage strangely mixed with baseball slang.

One finds lots of interesting men in baseball and men who, when not playing, have odd fads and know the strangest things and have been in the queerest places. I was sitting with Bill Burns, the Cincinnati left-hander one night, talking of dogs, and Bill began telling of the breeds of dogs in his own Texas, and in Honolulu and Japan and the Philippines, and of dog fights he had seen in China. John Ganzel was sitting near, and he began to ask about the Hawaiian Islands, and after a time mentioned casually that he fought in Dole's army. To see Jack Barry play ball, fight and argue and rave at umpires one hardly would expect to discover that he is a deep student of Hebrew literature and Bible history. It does not do to form an idea of a man from what he does in a baseball game. Del Howard, now manager of Louisville, usually is judged as rough, whereas he is one of the mildest mannered, most gentlemanly fellows in the business, and well educated. He has written things, which he carefully hides, and is a student of French history, reading everything he can find regarding the career of Napoleon. I have found him in the Boston Public Library half a dozen times, always reading some history of the Corsican or his campaigns. Christy Mathewson, who is one of the hardest players to find when not in uniform (also when he is pitching), specializes in chess and when on the circuit spends his evenings at chess clubs playing the local champions. He plays cards well, but never when he can find a worthy opponent at chess or checkers. Fred Clarke is much interested in farming, owning a big ranch out in Kansas. Orval Overall grows lemons and Chance oranges in California. Johnny Evers is a shoe merchant, owning stores in Troy, N. Y., and in Chicago. Tinker, Mike Donlin, Doc White and others are in vaudeville. I awakened late one night in a sleeper which contained the Chicago White Sox. A light was burning in the berth opposite. I pulled the curtains apart and White was hard at work composing the music for a song that had been intrusted to him and which afterward was sung with much success. When the White Sox are traveling one usually can find a crowd of them at the piano in the hotel parlor, with White playing and Walsh singing.

Music (or rather singing) is largely used by players to pass the time. Hardly a ball club in the country but has its quartette—most of them exceedingly bad. There are some who possess good voices, and a few who sing intelligently. Dooin of Philadelphia, White and Walsh of the Sox, Mathewson and others know music and appreciate good music.

The live stock has changed in character and in behavior in the last twenty years. In the old days it was "joy club" from start to finish of the season with many of the players, and the higher class men who entered the profession were more likely to drop out than to stay. The high spirits and the brutality of perfect health and condition made for high jinks. There was little managerial discipline and the government of the game did not control the players as absolutely as it now does. Baseball was not then a settled, commercialized venture, and the game, which did not offer as high salaries, attracted many youths who refused to consider it a steady occupation and looked upon a season on the road as a joyous junket, behaving accordingly. They did not expect to play more than a few seasons. As a cub reporter just starting to travel with the stock in their own cars, it seemed to me one of the chief amusements was to tear up beds, pour ice water upon me, drop me out of upper berths, leave five-o'clock calls and otherwise make life as miserable as possible. A fellow almost had to turn rowdy in self-defense and the managers hardly dared try to curb the players until the effects of late hours and dissipation showed in their playing. There were too many other clubs they could join.

Anson, I believe, did more to improve the social rating of ball players than any man. He had about as choice a crowd of joy riders as any, but he insisted upon good behavior in public and upon stopping at the best hotels. For many seasons his team was admitted to hotels no other club could get into. The players saw the difference and appreciated it. They were envied by other clubs. It wasn't long before the other teams began to see that about the easiest way to insure decent behavior on the part of players was to take them to places where good behavior was expected. Anson also was one of the pioneers in securing college players for his team, among the first being John Tener, now Governor of Pennsylvania. And it was the

college man who worked the greatest transformation in the conduct and manners of major league players.

For ball players are as imitative as monkeys. Once let the decent, well-dressed players get a footing in a team and rowdyism disappears. The "rough neck" who scoffs loudest is the first to imitate them in dress, manners, behavior and even speech. The table manners of players usually are above reproach, and quite too near the form advised by manuals of etiquette for perfect ease. This is because of the frank commentaries offered whenever one violates the niceties of eating in public. To get a reputation as a "sword swallower" is to bear the brand forever, because players seldom forget such things and never fail to remark upon them.

There are marks by which the major league player may be known beyond the disjointed and gnarled fingers. The invariable trade mark is a diamond about the size of the Light of Kinsale. That usually is purchased with the first major league salary check and there is much rivalry as to the size and color of diamonds. It is amazing how many jewels a crowd of prosperous players will reveal, but after they have been in the business a few years the majority of the gems disappear into wallets or are made over into something for the wives. The other mark by which they may be recognized is that their clothing is a little too good, a bit too near what "sporty" tailors think is the latest style, and a trifle too pronounced in cut. They are better and more richly dressed than successful actors and many of them take more care in grooming. Silken underwear and hose, diamond garter buckles, monogrammed linen and the finest (at least costliest) of tailored creations are common. Often a good-looking young player would puzzle a stranger to decide whether he is a college sophomore or a new leading man. Many of them carry wardrobe trunks filled with rare raiment of which they are so careful they will not trust any linen to hotel laundries.

Speaking of wives: in the early days a woman with a ball club was a rarity. Now it is common for seven or eight players to take their wives on long trips, and sometimes their children. These trips are enlivened with teas, dinners, card and theatre parties, and although managers admit that the women have a restraining and refining influence, they are not wanted. Often managers make wry faces when notified that some of the men are taking their wives. The women take the minds of the players off the game—sometimes a good thing, but more frequently a bad one, for there are times when a player must devote all his time, thought and attention to baseball. Besides, if there should be a quarrel the wives are certain to take sides, and after that a reconciliation is well-nigh impossible. Two of the Cubs lost their tempers one night and clashed. It was over in a minute and both were sorry. Chance, sitting as judge, passed this sentence:

"I'll fine you each $10 and if either of you dares tell his wife I'll make it $100."

There is one thing that the fans do not seem to realize; and that is that the players feel the abuse, the jeers and "roastings"—yes, and the cheers of the crowds. The players create this impression by pretending that they do not feel the thoughtless abuse, and that they are deaf to criticism, but it hurts. No actor that ever was "booed" off a stage feels worse than does a pitcher when the cruel "Take him out!" rises. Once in a while a player loses his head and turns upon his persecutors. When one does that it is a certain sign that his career in that city is about over. I have seen players off the field bitter and despondent for days because of some insult hurled at him by some unthinking bleacherite, who in all probability did not mean it at all, but was striving for a laugh from his fellows. Baseball crowds are thoughtlessly cruel. The spectacle afforded last season of the Pittsburg crowd turning upon Fred Clarke was a sad one. The fans who had watched him play for years, cheering his desperate efforts to win and his brilliant feats in the field and on the bases, turned upon him and hissed and jeered him from the field, crying for a younger man. The ingratitude of the crowd and its fickleness are proverbial. No matter what a player has done the crowd is against him the moment he weakens. There are rare exceptions. Last fall, at the close of the world's championship series, a Chicago crowd gave a beautiful demonstration. Brown, for years the mainstay of the club, failed wretchedly and the Cubs suffered the Athletics to wrest their honors from them. As Brown, broken by two defeats, left the field the immense crowd stood and applauded him and a swarm of sympathizers followed him, striving to lift him on their shoulders.

Late in the season there is a change in the players. Those whose teams still are fighting for position are serious and quiet. They are more weary than one could believe. The strain of physical effort is less than the mental and nervous exhaustion. The faces of play-

ers near the close of a fierce struggle for a championship are worn and haggard, they are weary in mind and body, and at times nerves jangle and they break out in senseless spasms of profanity. Then it is that the manager must watch them, for raw nerves are bad in hard games. Sometimes the men are given brief rests and care is taken to keep them away from the fanatics. Once in such a campaign Chance sent for the wives of half a dozen of his players to relieve the nervous tension and get their minds off baseball.

The clubs that are hopelessly beaten and cannot improve their positions relax and announce "joy club," which means doing as they please and celebrating the finish of the long grind.

It isn't all serious business, however, for there are irrepressibles in every club whose fund of high spirits and good feeling never seem to be exhausted and who amuse the others regardless of conditions. St. Louis has Steve Evans, who is as much a comedian on the last day of the season as at the start; the White Sox have Jimmie Block, who can raise a laugh (usually at his own expense) after the bitterest defeat; Brooklyn has Tony Smith, Washington "Germany" Schaefer, and the Giants "Chief" Myers, not to mention Latham. Chicago Cubs have Artie Hofman and Lou Richie, who played together under Rameses in the Nile Valley League and who give wonderful accounts of feats they performed in that incarnation.

Hofman and Richie are the life of the Cubs. They are serious only when asleep. One night after Manager Chance had laughed almost to exhaustion over Richie's antics he gasped:

"I'd keep that fellow if both his arms were cut off just to cheer up the crowd. He beats a night's rest."

One evening, late in the season of 1910, the Cubs were en route from Boston to Cincinnati. Suddenly from the smoking compartment appeared Hofman, who sat down and began singing in a cracked quaver: "The o-o-o-ld o-o-oo-ken buck-k-k-ket. The i-i-i-i-i-iron bound-d-d-d buck-k-k-k-k-k-ket."

In the midst of this surprising performance a rapping was heard. "Who's thar?" asked Hofman.

(Voice from without): "It's me."

"Why, son, come in and set down and make yerself ter hum."

(Enter Richie, who stands sulkily indignant.)

"No, father, I won't set down with that City Chap. He's after our Nell."

And so on; four acts, one minute each. The final act ran about this way. Richie and his father, driven from the old home, have started a saloon. Nell held up the City Chap for nine million dollars and lives in Newport. Scene, interior barroom.

Richie—It is a cold, bitter day, father. The till is empty. Not a stick of wood left on the woodpile. To-morrow the sheriff comes.

Hofman—Cheer up, son. P'raps someone will come in and buy a round of drinks.

Richie—I fear the worst, father. No one will come on such a night as this.

Hofman (deep sigh)—Who will buy a drink?

Richie (deeper sigh)—Yes, who will buy a drink?

(Loud knocking. Both start violently.)

Richie—Why, father! See!! The City Chap!!!

City Chap (voice by Hofman)—I will buy a drink.

Chorus—"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Curtain.

Who could keep a grouch through that?

They seldom act for outsiders. Indeed the "butting in" of one outsider often stops all the fun. The amusement is for home consumption, and I have seen players who performed all sorts of stunts for the "gang" stumble, falter and fail trying to say a few words after a dinner. Some of their impromptu entertainments, where each one is supposed to contribute something for the amusement of his fellows, are as laughable as any performance by professionals.

To hear Schulte, in his rich York State twang, auction a horse after the manner of his section of the State or "Germany" Schaefer do an Irish sketch in German is worth a weary week of travel.

But there is another side to the life. One day at Buffalo the car of a club of a rival league was coupled behind our car. An accident in the schedules made the meeting possible, and the players, who had not seen each other since the previous fall, swarmed back to greet the other team. One player seemed distant, and a player of the Chicago team, noticing this, called out: "What's the matter? Getting swelled that you can't see us?"

"Sh-h-h!" whispered a player. "Let him alone. His little boy is very sick. He came because we need him. We have to win every game of this series to have a chance."

And two days later, after he had pitched and won his game, a telegram was handed to him—and he went home to bury his boy.

"It isn't all a bed of roses," as Richie remarked.

FASHION

BY

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

AUTHOR OF "THE MOTHER"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I'VE had a terrible shock to-day," said a baby in blue.

"We've had a loss, too," said the child in white.

"Nurse isn't looking, let's sit down," said the baby in blue.

They put their dolls carefully on the seat, and then climbed up beside them.

"What have you lost?" asked the baby in blue.

"Just let me tell you from the beginning," said the child in white.

"Same sad story, I expect," said the baby. "Change of fashion?"

"Yes; isn't it dreadful? But just let me tell you," the child in white repeated.

"Go ahead," said the baby. "I'll keep an eye on Nurse."

"When Father came down to breakfast," said the child in white, "he was just in the ordinary bad temper. He banged about, swallowed his tea, and sighed over the paper."

"I know," said the baby; "they all do it."

"Well," said the child, "then Mother came in. 'Good Heavens!' cried Father, 'what on earth's happened?' 'Nothing, my dear,' said Mother. 'Where's your—your figure?' said Father. 'Don't be foolish,' said Mother, 'go on with your breakfast.' 'But,' cried Father, spluttering, 'where's your waist?' 'My dear,' said Mother, trying to soothe him, 'they are out of fashion.' 'Out of fashion be bothered!' said Father; 'I married a woman—not a silk umbrella!'"

"I know," said the baby in blue. "My Father gets like that. He was like it this morning."

"Is your Mother altered, too?" asked the child in white.

"I should just think so," said the baby. "She came down this morning in a soft muslin sheath, with her waist somewhere under her eyebrows, her hair all over the place, and her—well, her legs looked simply ridiculous."

A baby in a perambulator near by woke up and looked carefully at a lady who was passing.

"Doris," said the baby, screwing up his eyes, "do I see a tree or a parasol walking along over there?"

"You silly boy," said the child in white. "That is mother's great friend, Mrs. Vandaleur. She's the best dressed woman in London!"

"I didn't recognize her," said the baby in the perambulator. "She looks very different."

"Of course she does," said the child in white. "All well-dressed women do, regularly four times a year, when they change the fashions."

"No decently dressed woman wears them any longer"

"It isn't supposed to be taste, . . . it's supposed to be fashion"

"Oh!" said the baby, and went to sleep again.

"Well, then, what happened?" asked the baby in blue.

"Father said," the child in white replied, "'Of course you can't possibly go out in that.' 'Don't be absurd, dear,' said Mother, 'it's the new fashion.' 'If that's the new fashion,' said Father, 'then I'll be——' 'Hush!' said Mother; 'remember the children!'"

The baby in blue laughed.

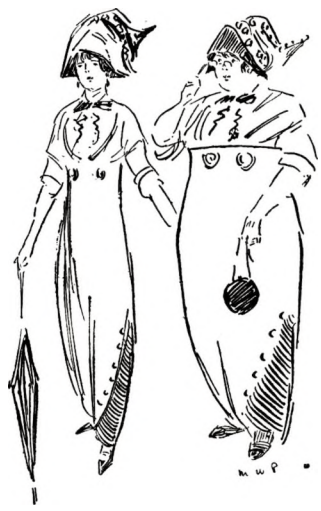
"'If you would allow me to finish my sentence,' said Father," the child in white continued, "'I was about to say, I'll be—glad when it's over.' 'Now, what do you know about women's clothes?' said Mother. 'For instance,' said Father, ignoring the question, 'where on earth are your petticoats?' 'My dear,' said Mother, very firmly 'no decently dressed woman wears them any longer.' 'Nor any shorter either,' said Father, in an irritating way. 'Yours is a very crude form of humor,' said Mother, getting up from the table. 'Yours is a very crude form of taste,' said Father, also getting up. 'It isn't supposed to be taste,' said Mother, crying; 'it's supposed to be fashion.' 'I know they are very different,' said Father. Then Mother went out of the room."

"You know what they are wearing instead?" said the baby in blue.

"Yes," said the child in white, "just like us. Absurd, isn't it?"

"My Father," said the baby, "says it is women's lack of individuality."

"So it is," said the child. "Like a lot of monkeys. Never mind what style of looks they have, whether they are fat or thin, short or tall, they follow each other like a flock of sheep. So Father said at lunch."



"Whether they are fat or thin, short or tall, they follow each other like a flock of sheep"

"I miss Mother's petticoats," said the baby. "She is so bony to lean against now!"

A little boy came up and joined them. He was crying.

"What's the matter?" asked the baby in blue, in a soothing voice. "Don't cry."

"I don't like my Mother any more," he sobbed. "She and a lot of ladies are walking about in the gardens with only colored nightgowns on."

"That's the new fashion," said the child in white, knowingly.

"I don't like it," he sobbed.

"Nobody does," said the child.

"Then why do they do it?" he sobbed again.

"Well, you see," explained the baby in blue, "ladies are very funny. If somebody abroad who sells things we wear says to somebody else abroad, 'How's business?' and they say, 'Bad,' then the first somebody and the second somebody think of the most expensive change they can make in the fashion, and then——"

"Then," said the child in white, "they give a lot of beautiful women dresses for nothing, and they walk about and tell all the women they meet that the new fashion is sloping shoulders, and no hips, and high waists, and small feet, and then they all run to their dressmakers and get altered."

"And spend a lot of their husbands' money," said the baby sagely.

"Father said this morning," said the little boy, who had ceased to cry, "'Where's that nice brown thing you had a week ago?' And Mother said, 'My dear, I'm simply in rags — that wore out days ago.' 'I'd sooner see you in rags,' said Father,

"I miss Mother's petticoats"

'than in that indelicate bath-wrap.' 'Oh, you don't understand!' said Mother."

"You see," said the baby in blue, "it's one way people have of pretending to be richer than they are. If ladies' fashions didn't change every year there would be no competition. Nowadays you need heaps and heaps of new clothes, or people would think you weren't smart, and to be smart is far, far more than to have good taste, or to be beautiful, or witty, or good, or even rich."

"Why doesn't every lady wear what suits her best?" asked the little boy.

The children threw up their hands in horror.

"My dear little boy," said the child in white, "that's got nothing whatever to do with it. People who are smart don't wear what suits them; they wear what suits smarter people. Just as you are getting used to this new fashion it will change."

"That indelicate bath-wrap"

"Will Mother change again?" asked the little boy, a little tearfully.

"Certainly she will change," said the baby in blue. "Next spring we may all powder our hair, and be fat, and wear ten petticoats. You never know."

"And what happens if you can't get fat?" asked the little boy.

"Then you're just old-fashioned and frumpy until fat goes out of fashion again."

"It seems rather hard," said the little boy.

"Next spring we may all powder our hair, and be fat, and wear ten petticoats"

"Women's lives," said the child in white, "are very hard. They never know what shaped figure will come in next."

"Oh, please, why?"

"Well," said the baby in blue, "I'll tell you a secret. No woman has the courage of her own opinions when it comes to dress. The straight-featured, classical women dare not dress to suit their particular form of beauty. Fashion says they've got to dress like Dresden shepherdesses. The pretty, fluffy women are terrified when a classical fashion comes in, but they do their best to look like Greek goddesses dressed in Paris. The big, rosy Englishwomen never see their own absurdity when they dress like skinny ladies of the First Empire."

The baby in the perambulator woke up again.

"Oh, oh!" he cried. "Doris, look at that roll of newspaper that's been out in the rain, walking about!"

"Hush! dear, hush!" said the child in white, "that's a lady."

"What's the difference between a woman and a lady?" said the baby.

"A woman, my dear, dresses to please herself, and a lady dresses to please her dressmaker."

"Look out!" said the baby in blue; "here's Nurse coming back."

"How she rustles!" said the child in white.

"Doesn't she!" said the baby. "She's got all Mother's silk petticoats on."

"Now, then, you children," said the Nurse, coming up to them, "what are you chattering about?"

"Dolls," replied the little girls truthfully.

WHY NATURE'S WAY IS BEST

BY

ALBERT JAY NOCK

ON the boundary line between the Canadian provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan lies the town of Lloydminster. Half of it is in Alberta and half in Saskatchewan. The boundary line runs down the middle of the main street. There is the same taxable area on each side. Local improvements requiring revenue—paving, sidewalks, fire protection, etc.—are the same. No better situation could be made to order to give example of two tax systems side by side.

Alberta, as we have seen, permits her cities, towns, and villages an unlimited freedom of the taxing power. Saskatchewan does not. Her restraint is very slight, but she does not trust local experience and knowledge to the full as Alberta does. She prescribes a few subjects of taxation for her towns, and among them are real-estate improvements, to be assessed at sixty per cent. of their value.

Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, therefore, among other taxes, levies against improvements. Lloydminster, Alberta, on the other hand, *taxes nothing that can move*. She taxes only her land values.

Hence everything that can move without sacrificing more than the advantage in taxation comes to, moves over to the Alberta side. The Saskatchewan town was started two years before the other, and many considerable investments remain there for the present; but even the men who own the businesses on that side are building their residences in Alberta. Men like Mr. Bell, Mr. Cumming, and Mr. Scott, who conduct respectively the largest hotel, general store, and hardware business in Lloydminster, reside on the Alberta side. New business locates in Alberta, as a matter of course. Mr. Ashton, whose business is in Alberta, tells me that if his building and stock (now exempt) were on the other side of the street, it would make a difference of about $12,000 in his assessment. I submit Lloydminster as a concrete showing of the effect of natural taxation upon prosperity.

The Whence and Whither of Prosperity

Well, you say, all this is rather to be expected. Prosperity depends largely on industry and industry depends on population. Population naturally gravitates toward free homes and untaxed labor, and these are the result of the land-value tax. We know this already.

Yes, but here is a point that is sometimes overlooked. If population and industry follow the land-value tax, as they do, they must follow it somewhere *away* from somewhere else. If population streams *toward* an economic situation that permits free industry and free homes, it must stream *away* from situations where these are not free.

Lloydminster shows in miniature the tendency that is operating very powerfully just now between British Columbia and the neighboring States of Washington and Oregon; between Western Canada and the Eastern provinces as a whole; between cities like Calgary or Lethbridge and Edmonton or Vancouver; and, finally, between the province of Alberta and the rest of the Dominion.

Mayor Gaynor had us all dipping into Epictetus a little last winter, so there can be no pedantry in recalling what Epictetus says about the advantage of the natural way of doing anything. If you once get hold of that, you can defy competition from those who are doing it in an unnatural way. Alberta has gotten hold of the method of *natural taxation*, and communities that try to compete with her on any other basis are out of the running.

Hence, sooner or later, she makes them

toe the mark. Self-preservation finally forces them into line. Sometimes the day of reckoning comes far sooner than one would think. Even after all I saw of the land-value tax in British Columbia cities, I was amazed when only the other day Victoria, the old, staid, conservative capital city, which everyone says is more purely English than London, voted in the land-value tax by a majority of eight to one.

Why did she do it? Because she could not compete with the other cities in her own province unless she did. She could not stand competition with Vancouver, Prince Rupert, Nanaimo, any more than Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, can stand competition with Lloydminster, Alberta.

Put the question to yourself. Other things being equal, would you subject your industry to conditions in the State of Washington where taxation covers everything but fruit-trees and credits, where assessed valuations are so discriminatory and capricious as to demand a local rate of three to seven per cent., if you could exercise it in the comparative freedom and equity of British Columbia?

Or, again, if you were in Canada, other things being equal or nearly so, why should you try to offset even the slight burden of provincial taxation on your industry in a British Columbia city or rural municipality, if you could settle in Alberta and escape it altogether?

How Washington Stands from Under

More and more are people realizing this situation. Here is a significant fact: For one year past, Vancouver, the largest city of British Columbia, has wholly exempted real-estate improvements. I was told—in fact, it amounts to a general understanding—that during the last six months an average of five families a week had moved from Seattle to Vancouver. I cannot vouch for this absolutely, for the figures are not official, but I am so far from doubting it that I only wonder there are not fifty. The Immigration Office at Ottawa, however, does inform me officially that nearly as many immigrants have left the State of Washington for Canada during the last year as during the three years preceding. The figures are as follows:

1907	3,829
1908	7,517
1909	9,366
1910	*17,734*

The doubling of immigration, at figures of that size, from one year to the next, is certainly interesting. Washington and Oregon together have in four years, since 1906, sped 43,979 citizens into the larger liberty of the Dominion of Canada.

And in the nature of things there is no earthly reason for it. Washington and Oregon, fairest of prospects, richest and loveliest of empires, holding every natural opportunity for all sorts and conditions of men—why should anyone, once having seen them, ever leave them? Only because they are blighted by monopoly, cursed by a feudalistic land policy, a most iniquitous tax system, and the spirit of speculation that springs from both.

What a pity it is!

Alberta's Lodestone

But going back to the conditions that chiefly make for Alberta's prosperity, we find that of the 329,409 who have emigrated from the United States to Canada in the past four years (and incidentally, that means also a minimum of $329,409,000 that went with them), 106,626, or approximately one third, settled in the province of Alberta. The tide of immigration to Alberta is swelling each year. Now Alberta has some natural advantages, it is true, but none that I know of over Saskatchewan, for instance, at the present stage of settlement. When population becomes more dense, Alberta may be found a little better off than her sister province, but even that is doubtful and certainly not to be considered at the present time. But *the inexorable economic advantage* is with the province of Alberta and will remain with her, operating powerfully against her competitors, until such time as they all fall into line.

And that time cannot be far distant because other communities are already feeling the pressure. British Columbia is feeling the economic pressure of her own cities within and Alberta without, and her few antiquated provincial taxes, which are really only survivals, cannot last long. I believe it would be possible to-day for an experienced politician to reorganize the Liberal party on a platform of land-value taxation, and carry the province; but whether so or not, the economic pressure and the education of public opinion, so powerful in Canada, will shortly bring about the reform, under no matter what political label.

The case of Lloydminster speaks for Saskatchewan. Some of her cities and towns are already demanding relief, and the Legislature is moving under spur. Motions for a

readjustment of the land tax on British Columbia's plan were before the present session, and other modes of taxation were discussed with a view to relieving the situation in the cities and towns. Winnipeg, the chief city of the province of Manitoba, has made important exemptions of personal property (merchants' stocks) and reduced the tax on real-estate improvements. She contemplates a progressive reduction of these, much after the manner of Vancouver.

Even in the province of Ontario there is a powerful movement for the land-value tax. There *has* to be. Thousands each year are moving west out of the province of Ontario, and something must be done to restore competition on an equal footing. In fact, it seems to me that the province of Ontario will be the scene of the final battle between the old and the new theories of taxation. The relentless logic of events will force the land-value tax on Ontario, and even Sir James Whitney's prejudice might as well give way gracefully first as last.

Necessity the Mother of Reform

Really, as far as Canada is concerned, since natural taxation has been once established in the Northwest, the logic of events may quite well be trusted to take care of the outcome. The friends of natural taxation need only stand and wait. In taxation as elsewhere, the force of one practical example amounts to more than all the academic theorizing in the world. Before aviation was an accomplished fact, opinions might differ as to whether it was a practical possibility—in fact, they did differ. But now, the best way to prove that men can propel themselves through the air is to go out and watch them do it. As long as natural taxation was an academic question, there was room for argument—even perhaps for the unintelligent person who said "Maybe it is all right in theory"—and the burden of proof lay on its friends. This time, however, is now past.

Happily the friend of natural taxation is no longer on the defensive, no longer an advocate or a propagandist. He has earned his release from that service. When his theory of taxation is impugned, he may now point without argument or explanation to the province of Alberta, to the cities, towns and villages of Western Canada that have applied the land-value tax. He may point out the economic effect upon less progressive communities—the evidence of it is writ large—and content himself with that. Natural taxation is no longer a matter of pure unapplied doctrine. It is a matter of fact—very hard fact—and one person's interpretation of matters of fact may be courteously assumed to be as good as another's.

One remembers, of course, the historic incident of the farmer who looked long at the elephant in the circus procession, and finally turned away in the assurance of impregnable doubt and said "Th' ain't no such thing!" But such cases are rare and perhaps negligible, although they do exist.

Shadows of Coming Events

With natural taxation once established in the province of Ontario, it is obvious that we would shortly see in our Eastern border States the interesting condition that now prevails in Washington and Oregon. With Toronto and Hamilton *taxing nothing that can move*, there would be an unending leakage of industry and population out of Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, that would compel attention. If Windsor, Ontario, established the land-value tax she would eviscerate Detroit. Detroiters will enjoy a hearty laugh at this statement, and on that account I cheerfully make them a present of it. When I was in Seattle, twelve years ago, anyone who predicted serious competition with Vancouver—especially upon such an unconsidered and apparently trivial basis as a tax policy—would have been roared down with Homeric laughter. At present, however, the case is somewhat different. This is the season of repentance, and he who laughs last laughs best—that is, if he is disposed to laugh at all.

One more brief observation concerning the province of Alberta. Her conditions of labor are better than in any other part of the Dominion. Wages are the highest, the eight-hour day is the rule, and there is a compensation law that is without parallel. All that is necessary to be proved in order to fix the employer's liability is that the workman was injured in service. No "fellow-servant" or "contributory-negligence" fiction, and no constitutional bar of "taking private property without due process of law"—such as the New York Supreme Court recently placed in the way of an employer's liability act in this country. If it be satisfactorily shown that the workman was injured while working in the course of his employment, he can claim compensation.

Now, how does all this come to pass? The result of unionism, strikes, the "arrogance of organized labor"? Not at all. It comes

to pass because in Alberta *the land is always in competition for labor in a free market.* No man will work for another for less money or under less favorable conditions than if he were working for himself. Very well, then—in Alberta he does not need to do so, for he always has the land to fall back on.

Where there is natural taxation, the labor question regulates itself automatically—or rather it disappears, because then there is no more labor question. A man always has the option of working for himself. If the tax policy of the province of Alberta were extended over the whole Dominion, Mr. Mackenzie King's Disputes Act, which has attracted such general admiration in this country, would be so much waste paper. Industrial slavery such as we see in our *Hell-holes*, as William Cobbett called our manufacturing towns, is possible only in a country like ours where natural opportunities are usurped and withheld from the people. It is possible, indeed it exists, in every State of the Union. It is possible in the Canadian provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and perhaps barely possible in British Columbia; but it is absolutely impossible in the province of Alberta.

In the province of Alberta, under the land-value tax, no man will hold more land than he can use; and thus the simple free competition with natural opportunity holds industrial conditions at a normal level.

The Long-Sought Answer

So when we ask at times, as ask at times we must, *why it is that in a country abundantly able to support a population indefinitely larger than it has, there should be so many of us who are involuntarily and undeservedly so very poor*—why there are such patent and enormous extremes of unearned wealth and involuntary poverty, with their attendant evils of idleness, degeneracy, crime, congestion, overstrain, and disease—why every ninth person in New York City's population is officially reported as accepting some form of public charity—why the other day at daybreak one hundred men stood in line outside a New York hospital on the chance of being chosen to part with a quart of blood for twenty-five dollars, for transfusion purposes, —we can find our answer in the economics of the province of Alberta.

These economics are now launched before the people, however, and the education of public opinion, once begun, sometimes proceeds very rapidly. I myself can remember hearing the conversation of kind, good, cultivated, humane people who conscientiously defended the institution of human slavery —now almost forgotten—and believed they were doing God service. Public opinion had simply not moved forward to the point where slavery was seen to be indefensible. No one defends slavery now, and one who speculated in human beings would be held in horror.

As the tax policy of Alberta wins its way, as economic necessity forces it upon the consideration of the whole continent, it will enlighten us upon the moral quality of land speculation. We will see that whoso speculates in land speculates in men's lives as truly as the slaver did, for he is speculating in the prime necessity of their physical existence, and also appropriating the fruits of their labor without compensation.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE KIND MR. SMITH

BY

WILLIAM J. LOCKE

AUTHOR OF "SEPTIMUS," "SIMON THE JESTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

ARISTIDE PUJOL started life on his own account as a *chasseur* in a Nice café—one of those luckless children tightly encased in bottle-green cloth by means of brass buttons, who earn a sketchy livelihood by enduring with cherubic smiles the continuous maledictions of the establishment. There he soothed his hours of servitude by dreams of vast ambitions. He would become the manager of a great hotel—not a contemptible hostelry where commercial travelers and seedy Germans were indifferently bedded, but one of those white palaces where milords (English) and millionaires (American) paid a thousand francs a night for a bedroom, and five louis for a glass of beer. Now in order to derive such profit from the Anglo-Saxon, a knowledge of English was indispensable. He resolved to learn the language. How he did so, except by sheer effrontery, taking linguistic toll of frequenters of the café, would be a mystery to anyone unacquainted with Aristide. But to his friends his mastery of the English tongue in such circumstances is comprehensible. To Aristide the impossible was ever the one thing easy of attainment; the possible the one thing he never could achieve. That was the paradoxical nature of the man. Before his days of hunted-little-devildom were over he had acquired sufficient knowledge of English to carry him, a few years later, through various vicissitudes in England, until, fired by new social ambitions and self-educated in a haphazard way, he found himself appointed Professor of French in an Academy for Young Ladies.

One of these days, when I can pin my dragon-fly friend down to a plain unvarnished autobiography, I may be able to trace some chronological sequence in the kaleidoscopic changes in his career. But hitherto, in his talks with me, he flits about from any one date to any other during a couple of decades, in a manner so confusing that for the present I abandon such an attempt. All I know about the date of the episode I am about to chronicle is that it occurred immediately after the termination of his engagement at the Academy just mentioned. Somehow, Aristide's history is a category of terminations.

If the head-mistress of the Academy had herself played dragon at his classes, all would have gone well. He would have made his pupils conjugate irregular verbs, rendered them adepts in the mysteries of the past participle and the subjunctive mood, and turned them out quite innocent of the idiomatic quaintnesses of the French tongue. But *dis aliter visum.* The gods always saw wrongheadedly otherwise in the case of Aristide. A weak-minded governess—and in a governess, a sense of humor and of novelty is always a sign of a weak mind—played dragon during Aristide's lessons. She appreciated his method which was colloquial. The colloquial Aristide was jocular. His lessons, therefore, were a giggling joy from beginning to end. He imparted to his pupils delicious knowledge. "*En avez-vous des-z-homards? Oh les sales bêtes, elles ont du poil aux pattes,*" which being translated is: "Have you any lobsters? Oh, the dirty animals, they have hair on their feet"—a catch phrase which, some years ago, added greatly to the gaiety of Paris, but in which I must confess to seeing

no gleam of wit—became the historic property of the school. He recited to them, till they were word perfect, a music-hall ditty of the early eighties—"*Sur le bi, sur le banc, sur le bi du bout du banc,*" and delighted them with dissertations on Madame Yvette Guilbert's earlier repertoire. But for him they would have gone to their lives' end without knowing that *pognon* meant money, *rouspêtance*, assaulting the police, *thune*, a five-franc piece, and *bouffer*, to take nourishment. He made (according to his own statement) French a living language. There was never a school in Great Britain, the colonies or America on which the Parisian accent was so electrically impressed. The retort "*Eh! ta soeur*" was the purest Montmartre; also "*fich'-moi la paix mon petit,*" and "*tu as un toupet, toi,*" and the delectable locution, "*allons êtrangler un perroquet*" (let us strangle a parrot), employed by Apaches when inviting each other to drink a glass of absinthe, soon became current French in the school for invitations to surreptitious cocoa parties.

The progress that Academy made in a real grip of the French language was miraculous; but the knowledge it gained in French grammar and syntax was deplorable. A certain mid-term examination—the paper being set by a neighboring vicar—produced awful results. The phrase "How do you do, dear?" which ought, by all the rules of Stratford-atte-Bowe, to be translated by "*Comment vous portez-vous, ma chère?*" was rendered by most of the senior scholars "*Eh, ma vieille, ça boulotte?*" One innocent and anachronistic damsel writing on the execution of Charles I. declared that he "*cracha dans le panier*" in 1649, thereby mystifying the good vicar, who was unaware that "to spit into the basket" is to be guillotined. This wealth of vocabulary was discounted by abject poverty in other branches of the language. No one could give a list of the words in "al" that took "s" in the plural; no one knew anything at all about the defective verb "*échoir,*" and the orthography of the school would have disgraced a kindergarten. The head-mistress suspected a lack of method in the teaching of Monsieur Pujol, and one day paid his class a surprise visit.

The sight that met her eyes petrified her. The class, including the governess, bubbled and gurgled and shrieked with laughter. Monsieur Pujol, his bright eyes agleam with merriment and his arms moving in frantic gestures, danced about the platform. He was telling them a story—and when Aristide told a story, he told it with the eloquence of his entire frame. He bent himself double and threw out his hands.

"*Il était saoul comme un porc!*" he shouted.

And then came the hush of death. The rest of the artless tale about the man as drunk as a pig was never told. The head-mistress, indignant majesty, strode up the room.

"Monsieur Pujol, you have a strange way of giving French lessons."

"I believe, madam," said he, with a polite bow, "in interesting my pupils in their studies."

"Pupils have to be taught, not interested," said the head-mistress. "Will you kindly put the class through some irregular verbs."

So for the remainder of the lesson, Aristide, under the freezing eyes of the head-mistress, put his sorrowful class through irregular verbs, of which his own knowledge was singularly inexact, and at the end received his dismissal. In vain he argued. Outraged Minerva was implacable. Go he must.

We find him then, one miserable December evening, standing on the arrival platform of Euston station (the Academy was near Manchester) an unwonted statue of dubiety. At his feet lay his meager valise; in his hand was an enormous bouquet, a useful tribute of esteem from his disconsolate pupils; around him luggage-laden porters and passengers hurried; in front were drawn up the long line of cabs, their drivers' waterproofs glistening with wet; and in his pocket rattled the few paltry coins that, for Heaven knew how long, were to keep him from starvation. Should he commit the extravagance of taking a cab or should he go forth, valise in hand, into the pouring rain? He hesitated.

"*Sacré mille cochons! Quel chien de climat,*" he muttered.

A smart footman, standing by, turned quickly and touched his hat.

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm from Mr. Smith."

"I'm glad to hear it, my friend," said Aristide.

"You're the French gentleman from Manchester?"

"Decidedly," said Aristide.

"Then, sir, Mr. Smith has sent the carriage for you."

"That's very kind of him," said Aristide.

The footman picked up the valise and darted down the platform. Aristide followed. The footman held invitingly open the door of a cosy brougham. Aristide paused for the fraction of a second. Who was this hospitable Mr. Smith?"

"Bah!" said he to himself, "the best way of finding out is to go and see."

He entered the carriage, sank back luxuriously on the soft cushions, and inhaled the warm smell of leather. They started, and soon the pelting rain beat harmlessly against the windows. Aristide looked out at the streaming streets, and hugging himself comfortably thanked Providence and Mr. Smith. But who was Mr. Smith? *Tiens*, thought he, there were two little Miss Smiths at the Academy; he had pitied them because they had freckles, chilblains and perpetual colds in their heads; possibly this was their kind papa. But after all, what did it matter whose papa he was? He was expecting him. He had sent the carriage for him. Evidently a well-bred and attentive person. And *tiens!* there was even a hot-water can on the floor of the brougham. "He thinks of everything, that man," said Aristide. "I feel I am going to like him."

The carriage stopped at a house in Hamstead standing, as far as he could see in the darkness, in its own grounds. The footman opened the door for him to alight, and escorted him up the front steps. A neat parlor maid received him in a comfortably furnished hall, and took his hat and great-coat and magnificent bouquet.

"Mr. Smith hasn't come back yet from the city, sir; but Miss Christabel is in the drawing-room."

"Ah!" said Aristide. "Please give me back my bouquet."

The maid showed him into the drawing-room—a pretty girl of three and twenty rose from a fender seat, and advanced smilingly to meet him.

"Good afternoon, Monsieur le Baron. I was wondering whether Thomas would spot you. I'm so glad he did. You see, neither father nor I could give him any description, for we had never seen you."

This fitted in with his theory. But why Baron? After all why not? The English loved titles.

"He seems to be an intelligent fellow, mademoiselle."

There was a span of silence. The girl looked at the bouquet, then at Aristide, who looked at the girl, then at the bouquet, and then at the girl again.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "will you deign to accept these poor flowers as a token of my respectful homage."

Miss Christabel took the flowers, and blushed prettily. She had dark hair and eyes and a fascinating, upturned, little nose and the kindest little mouth in the world.

"An Englishman would not have thought of that," she said.

Aristide smiled in his roguish way, and raised a deprecating hand.

"Oh, yes, he would. But he would not have had—what you call the cheek to do it."

Miss Christabel laughed merrily, invited him to a seat by the fire, and comforted him with tea and hot muffins. The frank charm of his English girl hostess captivated Aristide and drove from his mind the riddle of his adventure. Besides, think of the Arabian Nights' Enchantment of the change from his lonely and shabby bed-sitting room in the Rusholme Road to this fragrant palace with princess and all, to keep him company! He watched the firelight dancing through her hair, the dainty play of laughter over her face and decided that the brougham had transported him to Bagdad instead of Hampstead.

"You have the air of a veritable princess," said he.

"I once met a princess—at a Charity Bazar—and she was a most matter-of-fact, businesslike person."

"Bah!" said Aristide. "A princess of a Charity Bazar! I was talking of the princess in a fairy tale. They are the only real ones."

"Do you know," said Miss Christabel, "that when men pay such compliments to English girls they are apt to get laughed at."

"Englishmen, yes," replied Aristide, "because they think over a compliment for a week, so that by the time they pay it, it is addled, like a bad egg. But we of Provence pay tribute to beauty straight out of our hearts. It is true. It is sincere. And what comes out of the heart is not ridiculous."

Again the girl colored and laughed. "I've always heard that a Frenchman makes love to every woman he meets."

"Naturally," said Aristide. "If they are pretty. What else are pretty women for? Otherwise they might as well be hideous."

"Oh!" said the girl, to whom this Provençal point of view had not occurred.

"So if I make love to you, it is but your due."

"I wonder what my fiancé would say if he heard you?"

"Your——?"

"My fiancé! There's his photograph on the table beside you. He is six foot one, and so jealous——" she laughed again.

"The Turk!" cried Aristide, his swiftly conceived romance crumbling into dust. Then he brightened up. "But when this six

feet of muscle and egotism is absent, surely other poor devils can glean a smile?"

"You will observe that I'm not frowning," said Miss Christabel. "But you must not call my fiancé a Turk, for he's a very charming fellow whom I hope you'll like very much."

Aristide sighed: "And the name of this thrice blessed mortal?"

Miss Christabel told his name—one Harry Ralston—and not only his name, but, such was the peculiar, childlike charm of Aristide Pujol, also many other things about him. He was the Honorable Harry Ralston, the heir to a great brewery peerage and very wealthy. He was a Member of Parliament, and but for parliamentary duties would have dined there that evening; but he was to come in later, as soon as he could leave the House. He also had a house in Hampshire full of the most beautiful works of art. It was through their common hobby that her father and Harry first had made acquaintance.

"We're supposed to have a very fine collection here," she said, with a motion of her hand.

Aristide looked around the walls, and saw them hung with pictures in gold frames. In those days he had not acquired an extensive culture. Besides, who having before him the firelight gleaming through Miss Christabel's hair could waste his time over painted canvas? She noted his cursory glance.

"I thought you were a connoisseur," she said.

"I am," said Aristide, his bright eyes fixed on her in frank admiration.

She blushed again; but this time she rose.

"I must go and dress for dinner. Perhaps you would like to be shown your room."

He hung his head on one side. "Have I been too bold, mademoiselle?"

"I don't know," she said. "You see, I've never met a Frenchman before."

"Then a world of undreamed-of homage is at your feet," said he.

A servant ushered him up broad carpeted staircases into a bedroom such as he had never seen in his life before. It was all curtains and hangings and rugs and soft couches and satin quilts and dainty writing tables and subdued lights and a great fire glowed red and cheerful, and before it hung a clean shirt. His poor little toilet apparatus was laid out on the dressing table and (with a tact which he did not appreciate, for he had, sad to tell, no dress suit) the servant had spread his precious frock coat and spare pair of trousers on the bed. On the pillow lay his night shirt neatly folded.

"Evidently," said Aristide, impressed by these preparations, "it is expected that I wash myself now and change my clothes, and that I sleep here for the night. And for all that the ravishing Miss Christabel is engaged to her honorable Harry, this is none the less a corner of paradise."

So Aristide attired himself in his best, which included a white tie and a pair of nearly new brown boots—a long task, as he found that his valise had been spirited away and its contents, including the white tie of ceremony (he had but one), hidden in unexpected drawers and wardrobes—and eventually went downstairs into the drawing-room. There he found Miss Christabel and, warming himself on the hearth rug, a bald-headed, beefy-faced Briton with little pigs' eyes and a hearty manner, attired in a dinner suit.

"My dear fellow," said this personage, with outstretched hand, "I'm delighted to have you here. I've heard so much about you; and my little girl has been singing your praises."

"Mademoiselle is too kind," said Aristide.

"You must take us as you find us," said Mr. Smith. "We're just ordinary folk, but I can give you a good bottle of wine and a good cigar—it's only in England, you know, that you can get champagne fit to drink, and cigars fit to smoke—and I can give you a glimpse of a modest English home. I believe you haven't a word for it in French."

"*Ma foi*, no," said Aristide, who had once or twice before heard this lunatic charge brought against his country. "In France the men all live in cafés, the children are all put out to nurse, and the women, saving the respect of mademoiselle, well,—the less said about them the better."

"England is the only place, isn't it?" Mr. Smith declared heartily. "I don't say that Paris hasn't its points. But after all—the Moulin Rouge and the Folies Bergères, and that sort of thing soon pall, you know, soon pall."

"Yet Paris has its serious side," argued Aristide. "There is always the Tomb of Napoleon."

"Papa will never take me to Paris," sighed the girl.

"You shall go there on your honeymoon," said Mr. Smith.

Dinner was announced. Aristide gave his arm to Miss Christabel, and proud not only of his partner, but also of his frock coat, white tie and shiny brown boots, strutted into the dining room. The host sat at the end of the beautifully set table, his daughter on his right,

Aristide on his left. The meal began gaily. The kind Mr. Smith was in the best of humors.

"And how is our dear old friend, Jules Dancourt?" he asked.

"*Tiens*," said Aristide to himself, "we have a dear friend Jules Dancourt. Wonderfully well," he replied at a venture, "but he suffers terribly at times from the gout."

"So do I, confound it!" said Mr. Smith, drinking sherry.

"You and the good Jules were always sympathetic," said Aristide. "Ah! he has spoken to me so often about you, the tears in his eyes."

"Men cry, my dear, in France," Mr. Smith explained. "They also kiss each other."

"*Ah, mais c'est un beau pays, mademoiselle!*" cried Aristide, and he began to talk of France and to draw pictures of his country which set the girl's eyes dancing. After that he told some of the funny little stories which had brought him disaster at the Academy. Mr. Smith with jovial magnanimity declared that he was the first Frenchman he had ever met with a sense of humor.

"But I thought, Baron," said he, "that you lived all your life shut up in that old château of yours."

"*Tiens!*" thought Aristide. "I am still a Baron and I have an old château."

"Tell us about the château. Has it a fosse and a drawbridge, and a Gothic chapel?" asked Miss Christabel.

"Which one do you mean?" inquired Aristide airily. "For I have two."

When relating to me this Arabian Nights' adventure, he plumed himself greatly on his astuteness.

His host's eye quivered in a wink. "The one in Languedoc," said he.

Languedoc! Almost Pujol's own country! With entire lack of morality but with a picturesque imagination Aristide plunged into a description of that non-existent baronial hall. Fosse, drawbridge, Gothic chapel were but insignificant features. It had tourelles, emblazoned gateways, bastions, donjons, boulevards; it had innumerable rooms; in the salle des chevaliers two hundred men-at-arms had his ancestors fed at a sitting. There was the room in which François Premier had slept, and one in which Joan of Arc had almost been assassinated. What the name of himself or of his ancestors was supposed to be, Aristide had no ghost of an idea. But as he proceeded with the erection of his airy palace, he gradually began to believe in it. He invested the place with a living atmosphere; conjured up a staff of family retainers, notably one Marie-Joseph Loufoque the wizened old major-domo, with his long white whiskers and blue and silver livery. There were also Madeline Mioulles, the cook, and Bernadet, the groom, and La Petite Fripette, the goose-girl. . . . Ah! they should see La Petite Fripette! And he kept dogs, and horses, and cows, and ducks and hens—and there was a great pond whence frogs were drawn to be fed for the consumption of the household.

Miss Christabel shivered. "I should not like to eat frogs."

"They also eat snails," said her father.

"I have a snail farm," said Aristide. "You never saw such interesting little animals. They are so intelligent. If you're kind to them, they come and eat out of your hand."

"You've forgotten the pictures," said Mr. Smith.

"Ah! The pictures!" cried Aristide, with a wide sweep of his arm, "galleries full of them. Raphael, Michael Angelo, Wiertz, Reynolds . . ."

He paused not in order to produce the effect of a dramatic aposiopesis, but because he could not for the moment remember other names of painters.

"It is a truly historical château," said he.

"I should love to see it," said the girl.

Aristide threw out his arms wide across the table. "It is yours, mademoiselle, for your honeymoon," said he.

Dinner came to an end. Miss Christabel left the gentlemen to their wine, an excellent port whose English qualities were vaunted by the host. Aristide, full of food and drink and the mellow glories of the castle in Languedoc, and smoking an enormous cigar felt at ease with all the world. He knew he should like the kind Mr. Smith, hospitable though somewhat insular man. He could stay with him for a week—or a month—why not a year?

After coffee and liqueurs had been served, Mr. Smith rose and switched on a powerful electric light at the end of the large room, showing a picture on an easel, covered by a curtain. He beckoned to Aristide to join him and, drawing the curtain, disclosed the picture.

"There!" said he; "isn't it a stunner?"

It was a picture all gray skies, and gray water, and gray feathery trees, and a little man in the foreground wore a red cap.

"It is beautiful, but indeed it is magnificent!" cried Aristide, always impressionable to things of beauty.

"Genuine Corot, isn't it?"

"Without doubt," said Aristide.

His host poked him in the ribs. "I thought I'd astonish you. You wouldn't believe Gottschalk could have done it. There it is—as large as life, and twice as natural. If you or anyone else can tell it from a genuine Corot I'll eat my hat. And all for eight pounds."

Aristide looked at the beefy face, and caught a look of cunning in the little pigs' eyes.

"Now are you satisfied?" he asked.

"More than satisfied," said Aristide, though what he was to be satisfied about passed, for the moment, his comprehension.

"If it was a copy of an existing picture, you know—one might have understood it—that of course would be dangerous—but for a man to go and get bits out of various Corots and stick them together like this is miraculous. If it hadn't been for a matter of business principle, I'd have given the fellow eight guineas instead of pounds—hanged if I wouldn't! He deserves it."

"He does, indeed," said Aristide Pujol.

"And now that you've seen it with your own eyes, what do you think you might ask me for it. I suggested something between two and three thousand—shall we say three? You're the owner, you know." Again the process of rib-digging: "Came out of that historic château of yours. My eye! you're a holy terror when you begin to talk. You almost persuaded me it was real."

"*Tiens!*" said Aristide to himself. "I don't seem to have a château after all."

"Certainly three thousand," said he with a grave face.

"That young man thinks he knows a lot, but he doesn't," said Mr. Smith.

"Ah!" said Aristide with singular laconicism.

"Not a blooming thing," continued his host. "But he'll pay three thousand, which is the principal, isn't it? He's partner in the show, you know, Ralston, Wiggins & Wix's Brewery"—Aristide pricked up his ears—"and when his doddering old father dies, he'll be Lord Ranelagh and come into a million or so."

"Has he seen the picture?" asked Aristide.

"Oh yes. Regards it as a masterpiece. Didn't Brauneberger tell you of the Lancret we planted on the American?" Mr. Smith rubbed hearty hands at the memory of the iniquity. "Same old game. Always easy. I have nothing to do with the bargaining or the sale. Just an old friend of the ruined French nobleman with the historic château and family treasures. He comes along and fixes the price. I told our friend Harry——"

"Good," thought Aristide. "This is the same Honorable Harry, M. P., who is engaged to the ravishing Miss Christabel."

"I told him," said Mr. Smith, "that it might come to three or four thousand. He jibbed a bit—so when I wrote to you, I said two or three. But you might try him with three to begin with."

Aristide went back to the table and poured himself out a fresh glass of his kind host's 1865 brandy and drank it off.

"Exquisite, my dear fellow," said he. "I've none finer in my historic château."

"Don't suppose you have," grinned the host, joining him. He slapped him on the back. "Well," said he, with a shifty look in his little pigs' eyes, "let us talk business. What do you think would be your fair commission? You see all the trouble and invention have been mine. What do you say to four hundred pounds?"

"Five," said Aristide, promptly.

A sudden gleam came into the little pigs' eyes.

"Done!" said Mr. Smith, who had imagined that the other would demand a thousand and was prepared to pay eight hundred. "Done!" said he again.

They shook hands to seal the bargain and drank another glass of old brandy. At that moment a servant, entering, took the host aside.

"Please excuse me a moment," said he, and went with the servant out of the room.

Aristide left alone, lighted another of his kind host's fat cigars and threw himself into a great leathern armchair by the fire, and surrendered himself deliciously to the soothing charm of the moment. Now and then he laughed, finding a certain comicality in his position. And what a charming father-in-law, this kind Mr. Smith!

His cheerful reflections were soon disturbed by the sudden irruption of his host and a grizzled, elderly, foxy-faced gentleman with a white mustache, wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the buttonhole of his overcoat.

"Here you!" cried the kind Mr. Smith striding up to Aristide, with a very red face. "Will you have the kindness to tell me who the devil you are?"

Aristide rose and, putting his hands behind the tails of his frock coat, stood smiling radiantly on the hearth rug. A wit much less alert than my irresponsible friend's would have instantly appreciated the fact that the real Simon Pure had arrived on the scene.

He found himself appointed Professor of French in an Academy for Young Ladies

"I, my dear friend," said he, "am the Baron de Je ne Sais Plus."

"You're a damned impostor," spluttered Mr. Smith.

"And this gentleman here to whom I have not had the pleasure of being introduced?" asked Aristide, blandly.

"I am Monsieur Poiron, Monsieur, the agent of Messrs. Brauneberger & Compagnie, Art dealers of the Rue Notre Dame des Petits Champs of Paris," said the newcomer with an air of defiance.

"Ah, I thought you were the baron," said Aristide.

"There's no blooming baron at all about it!" screamed Mr. Smith. "Are you Poiron, or is he?"

"I would not have a name like Poiron for anything in the world," said Aristide. "My name is Aristide Pujol, soldier of fortune, at your service."

"How the blazes did you get here?"

"Your servant asked me if I was a French gentleman from Manchester. I was. He said that Mr. Smith had sent his carriage for me. I thought it hospitable of the kind Mr. Smith. I entered the carriage—*et voilà!*"

"Then clear out of here this very minute," said Mr. Smith, reaching forward his hand to the bell-push.

Aristide checked his impulsive action.

"Pardon me, dear host," said he. "It is raining dogs and cats outside. I am very comfortable in your luxurious home. *J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

"I'm shot if you do," said the kind Mr. Smith, his face growing redder and uglier. "Now will you go out, or will you be thrown out?"

Aristide, who had no desire whatever to be ejected from this snug nest into the welter of the wet and friendless world, puffed at his cigar and looked at his host with the irresistible drollery of his eyes.

"You forget, *mon cher ami*," said he, "that neither the beautiful Miss Christabel nor her affianced, the Honorable Harry, M. P., would care to know that the talented Gottschalk got only eight pounds, not even guineas, for painting that three thousand pound picture."

"So it's blackmail, eh?"

"Precisely," said Aristide, "and I don't blush at it."

"You infernal little blackguard!"

"I seem to be in congenial company," said Aristide. "I don't think our friend Monsieur Poiron has more scruples than he has right to the ribbon of the Legion of Honor which he is wearing."

"How much will you take to go out? I have a cheque-book handy."

Mr. Smith moved a few steps from the hearth rug. Aristide sat down in the armchair. An engaging, fantastic impudence was one of the charms of Aristide Pujol.

"I'll take five hundred pounds," said he, "to stay in."

"Stay in?" Mr. Smith grew apoplectic.

"Yes," said Aristide. "You can't do without me. Your daughter and your servants know me as Monsieur le Baron—by the way, what is my name? And where is my historic château in Languedoc?"

"Mireilles," said Monsieur Poiron, who was sitting grim and taciturn on one of the dining-room chairs. "And the place is the same, near Montpellier."

"I like to meet an intelligent man," said Aristide.

"I should like to wring your infernal neck," said the kind Mr. Smith. "But, by George, if we do let you in you'll have to sign me a receipt implicating yourself up to the hilt. I'm not going to be put into the cart by you, you can bet your life."

"Anything you like," said Aristide, "so long as we all swing together."

Now when Aristide Pujol arrived at this point in his narrative, I, his chronicler, who am nothing if not an eminently respectable, law-abiding Briton, took him warmly to task for his sheer absence of moral sense. His eyes, as they sometimes did, assumed a luminous pathos.

"My dear friend," said he. "Have you ever faced the world in a foreign country in December with no character and fifteen pounds five and threepence in your pocket? Five hundred pounds was a fortune. It is one now. And to be gained just by lending oneself to a good farce, which didn't hurt anybody. You and your British morals! Bah!" said he, with a fine flourish.

Aristide, after much parleying, was finally admitted into the nefarious brotherhood. He was to retain his rank as the Baron de Mireilles, and play the part of the pecuniarily inconvenienced nobleman forced to sell some of his rare collection. Mr. Smith had heard of the Corot through their dear old common friend, Jules Dancourt of Rheims, had mentioned it alluringly to the Honorable Harry, had arranged for the Baron who was visiting England to bring it over and despatch it to Mr. Smith's house, and on his return from Manchester to pay a visit to Mr. Smith, so

"Mademoiselle," said he, "will you deign to accept these poor flowers as a token of my respectful homage?"

that he could meet the Honorable Harry in person. In whatever transaction ensued, Mr Smith, as far as his prospective son-in-law was concerned, was to be the purely disinterested friend. It was Aristide's wit which invented a part for the supplanted Monsieur Poiron. He should be the eminent Parisian expert who, chancing to be in London, had been telephoned for by the kind Mr. Smith.

"It would not be wise for Monsieur Poiron," said Aristide, chuckling inwardly with Puckish glee, "to stay here for the night—or for two or three days—or a week—like myself. He must go back to his hotel when the business is concluded."

"*Mais, pardon!*" cried Monsieur Poiron, who had been formally invited, and had arrived late solely because he had missed his train at Manchester, and come on by the next one. "I cannot go out into the wet, and I have no hotel to go to."

Aristide appealed to his host. "But he is unreasonable, *cher ami*. He must play his rôle. Monsieur Poiron has been telephoned for. He can't possibly stay here. Surely five hundred pounds is worth one little night of discomfort?"

"Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed Monsieur Poiron. "*Qu'est-ce que vous chantez là?* I want more than five hundred pounds."

"Then you're jolly well not going to get it," cried Mr. Smith, in a rage. "And as for you"—he turned on Aristide—"I'll wring your infernal neck yet."

"Calm yourself, calm yourself!" smiled Aristide, who was enjoying himself hugely.

At this moment the door opened and Miss Christabel appeared. On seeing the decorated stranger she stared with a little "Oh!" of surprise.

"I beg your pardon."

Mr. Smith's angry face wreathed itself in smiles.

"This, my darling, is Monsieur Poiron, the eminent Paris expert who has been good enough to come and give us his opinion on the picture."

Monsieur Poiron bowed. Aristide advanced.

"Mademoiselle, your appearance is like a mirage in a desert."

She smiled indulgently and turned to her father. "I've been wondering what had become of you. Harry has been here for the last half hour."

"Bring him in, dear child, bring him in!" said Mr. Smith, with all the heartiness of the fine old English gentleman.

The girl flickered out of the room like a sunbeam (the phrase is Aristide's), and the three precious rascals put their heads together in a hurried and earnest colloquy. Presently Miss Christabel returned, and with her came the Honorable Harry Ralston, a tall, soldierly fellow, with close-cropped, fair curly hair and a fair mustache, and frank blue eyes that, even in Parliament, had seen no harm in his fellow creatures. Aristide's magical vision caught him wincing ever so little at Mr. Smith's effusive greeting and overdone introductions. He shook Aristide warmly by the hand.

"You have a beauty there, Baron, a perfect beauty," said he, with the insane ingenuousness of youth. "I wonder how you can manage to part with it."

"*Ma foi*," said Aristide, "I have so many at the Château de Mireilles. When one begins to collect, you know—and when one's grandfather and father have had also the divine mania——"

"You were saying, Monsieur le Baron," said Poiron, "that your respected grandfather bought this direct from Corot himself."

"A commission," said Aristide. "My grandfather was a patron of Corot."

"Do you like it, dear?" asked the Honorable Harry.

"Oh yes!" replied the girl fervently. "It is beautiful. I feel like Harry about it"—she turned to Aristide—"how can you part with it? Were you really in earnest when you said you would like me to come and see your collection?"

"For me," said Aristide, "it would be a visit of enchantment."

"You must take me then," she whispered to Harry. "The baron has been telling us about his lovely old château."

"Will you come, monsieur?" asked Aristide.

"Since I'm going to rob you of your picture," said the young man, with smiling courtesy, "the least I can do is to pay you a visit of apology."

Aristide took Miss Christabel, now more bewitching than ever with the glow of young love in her eyes and a flush on her cheek, a step or two aside and whispered:

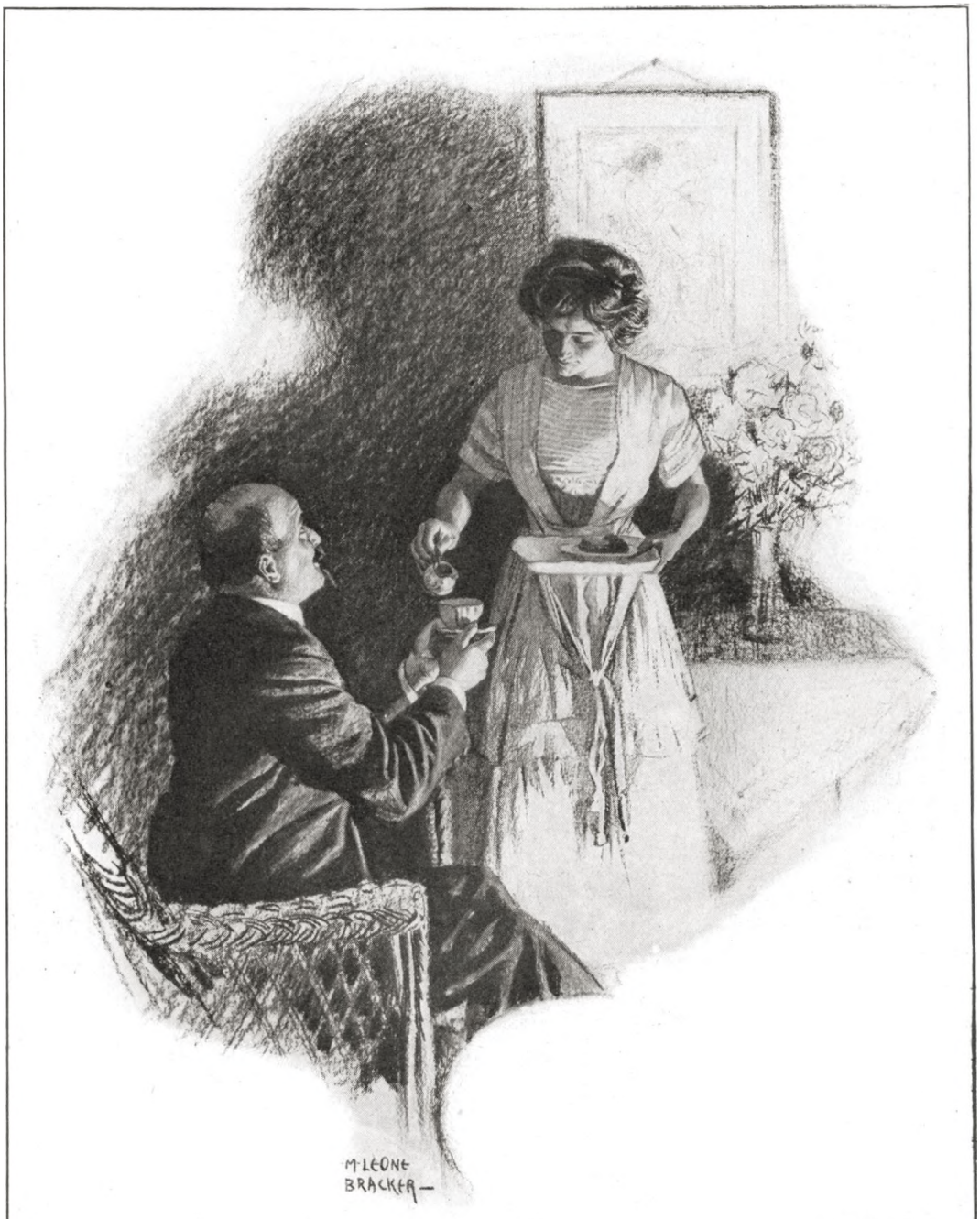
"But he is charming, your fiancé! He almost deserves his good fortune."

"Why almost?" she laughed shyly.

"It is not a man, but a demigod that would deserve you, mademoiselle."

Monsieur Poiron's harsh voice broke out.

"You see, it is painted in the beginning of Corot's later manner—it is 1864—there is the mystery which, when he was quite an old man, became a trick. If you were to put it



He watched the firelight dancing through her hair, the dainty play of laughter over her face and decided that the brougham had transported him to Bagdad instead of Hampstead

up to auction at Christie's it would fetch, I am sure, five thousand pounds."

"That's more than I can afford to give," said the young man with a laugh. "Mr. Smith mentioned something between three and four thousand pounds. I don't think I can go above three."

"I have nothing to do with it, my dear boy, nothing whatever," said Mr. Smith, rubbing his hands. "You wanted a Corot. I said I thought I could put you on to one. It's for the Baron here to mention his price."

"Well, Baron," said the young man cheerfully. "What's your idea?"

Aristide came forward and resumed his place at the end of the table. The picture was in front of him beneath the strong electric light; on his left stood Mr. Smith and Poiron, on his right Miss Christabel and the Honorable Harry.

"I'll not take three thousand pounds for it," said Aristide. "A picture like that! *Non, jamais!*"

"I assure you it would be a fair price," said Monsieur Poiron.

"You mentioned that figure yourself, only just now," said Mr. Smith, with an ugly glitter in his little pigs' eyes.

"I presume, gentlemen," said Aristide, "that this picture is my own property." He turned engagingly to his host. "Is it not, *cher ami?*"

"Of course it is. Who said it wasn't?"

"And you, Monsieur Poiron, acknowledge formally that it is mine?" he asked, in French.

"*Sans aucun doute.*"

"*Eh bien,*" said Aristide, throwing open his arms and gazing round sweetly. "I have changed my mind. I do not sell the picture at all."

"Not sell it? What the—what do you mean?" asked Mr. Smith, striving to mellow the gathering thunder on his brow.

"I do not sell," said Aristide. "Listen, my dear friends!" He was in the seventh heaven of happiness—the principal man, the star, taking the center of the stage. "I have an announcement to make to you. I have fallen desperately in love with mademoiselle."

There was a general gasp. Mr. Smith looked at him, red faced and open mouthed. Miss Christabel blushed furiously and emitted a sound half between a laugh and a scream. Harry Ralston's eyes flashed.

"My dear sir—" he began.

"Pardon," said Aristide, disarming him with the merry splendor of his glance, "I do not wish to take mademoiselle from you. My love is hopeless! But it will feed me to my dying day. In return for the joy of this hopeless passion, I will not sell you the picture—I give it you as a wedding present."

He stood, with the air of a hero, both arms extended toward the amazed pair of lovers.

"I give it you," said he. "It is mine. I have no wish but for your happiness. In my château there are a hundred others."

"This is madness!" said Mr. Smith, bursting with suppressed indignation.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Harry Ralston, "it is unheard-of generosity on your part; but we can't accept it."

"Then," said Aristide, advancing dramatically to the picture. "I take it under my arm—I put it in a hansom cab, and I go with it back to Languedoc."

Mr. Smith caught him by the wrist and dragged him out of the room.

"You little brute, do you want your neck broken?"

"Do you want the marriage of your daughter with the rich and Honorable Harry broken?" asked Aristide.

"Oh, damn!" cried Mr. Smith, stamping about helplessly and half weeping. "Oh, damn! Oh, damn! Oh, damn!"

Aristide entered the dining room and beamed on the company.

"The kind Mr. Smith has consented. Monsieur Honorable Harry and Miss Christabel, there is your Corot. And now may I be permitted?" He rang the bell. A servant appeared.

"Some champagne to drink to the health of the fiancés," he cried. "Lots of champagne."

Mr. Smith looked at him almost admiringly.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "You *have* got a nerve."

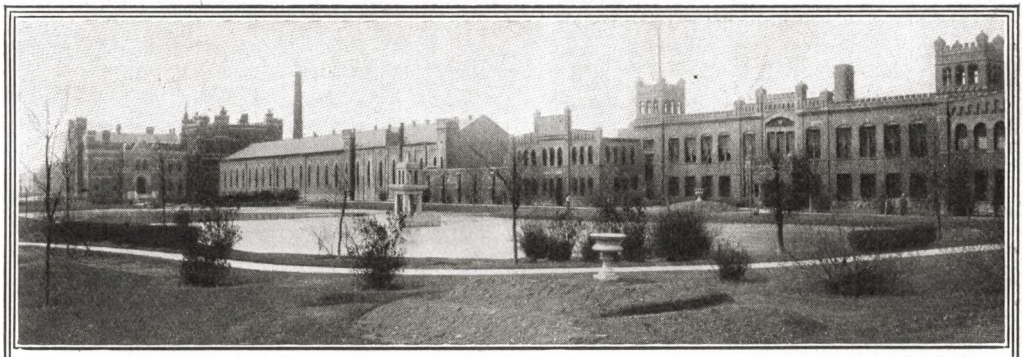
"*Voilà,*" said Aristide, when he had finished the story.

"And did they really accept the Corot?" I asked.

"Of course. It is hanging now in the big house in Hampshire. I stayed with the kind Mr. Smith for six weeks," he added, doubling himself up in his chair and hugging himself with mirth, "and we became very good friends. And I was at the wedding."

"And what about their honeymoon visit to Languedoc?"

"Alas!" said Aristide. "The morning before the wedding I had a telegram—it was from my old father at Aigues-Mortes—to tell me that the historic Château de Mireilles with my priceless collection of pictures had been burned to the ground."



The House of Correction, or Bridewell, at Chicago, where one hundred men work for the Western Chair Company at about 40 cents a day, with factory buildings, storerooms, heat, light and power free

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

How a Great Manufactory Gets Its Goods Made by Convicts in Five States for 34 Cents a Day

BY JULIAN LEAVITT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

GEORGE B. COX, the Cincinnati political boss, has long had an important interest in the Ford-Johnson Company, of Cincinnati, a great corporation which practically controls the whole furniture industry in our prisons. Indeed, until within about one year, he was president of it.

Yet so great is the secrecy hedging the prison contract system that during all the years in which Cox has been in the limelight of Ohio politics, it has never become known that he was also a prison contractor.

The Ford-Johnson Company is engaged (to quote its incorporation papers) in "manufacturing, buying, selling and dealing in chairs, chair frames, settees, furniture, lumber and other kindred substances." In the furniture trade it is known as the chair trust. Much of its wealth and prestige comes from its association with the two most powerful banks in Cincinnati. Its recent president (George B. Cox) and vice president (C. H. Davis) are presidents, respectively, of the Cincinnati Trust Company and the Second National Bank.

For many years this company, either in its own name or that of one of its many subsidiaries, has controlled the labor of convicts in several prisons, from Connecticut to Kentucky. This number has varied, of course, with the fluctuations of the convict market, but in the last five or six years the following prisons have answered the roll call:

1. Indiana State Prison, at Michigan City,

Ind. Here the corporation has, under its own name, some 200 men at 65 cents a day, the State of Indiana furnishing for this sum factory buildings rent free and tax free, guards and keepers and the labor of skilled men.

Here, also, the company has another hundred men at 75 cents a day, but this contract is held under the name of the United States Rattan Company; the change of name being necessary to meet that feature of the Indiana law which limits the number of prisoners hired out to any one contractor to 200.

2. Kentucky State Penitentiary, at Frankfort. Here a subsidiary, the New England Chair Company, has 250 men at about 75 cents a day. Until recently (December, 1910) another subsidiary, the Kentucky Furniture Company, had over 100 men here at 35 cents a day; but as these were only "seconds," *i. e.* cripples and weaklings, the contract proved unprofitable and was canceled in favor of the present one. ("Unprofitable" has a certain technical meaning when applied to prison labor, denoting merely a failure to pay the usual lucrative dividends in this field of enterprise.)

One of the directors of the Kentucky Furniture Company was Graham Vreeland, managing editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. A brother of his is also chaplain of the penitentiary.

3. The Kentucky Houses of Reform, at Greendale. Here the company has some 200 boys between fourteen and fifteen years of age, at three cents an hour. This contract contains some peculiar features which will be described more fully later.

4. In the House of Correction, or Bridewell, at Chicago, another subsidiary, the Western Chair Company, has some 100 men at about 40 cents a day, with factory buildings, storerooms, heat, light and power free. Until last year, and for many years previous, the rate was 25 cents a day.

5. The Milwaukee House of Correction operates ostensibly under the public account system; that is, it manufactures goods on its own account, like any private factory, and disposes of the finished product to the highest bidder. But during the last five years (so far as I know; it may be, in fact, during the last ten years) the Ford-Johnson Company, either in its own name or in the name of one of its subsidiaries—the Western Chair Company or the Carson Manufacturing Company—has managed to secure the entire output! The price paid, as I figure from the totals kindly provided me by the superintendent, Mr. Momsen, is about 15 cents a day for the labor of each of the 265 men who have been employed in chair-making at the prison for the last five years.

This makes it rather clear that the difference between the highly praised public account system and the highly condemned contract system is, in Milwaukee at least, no greater than the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee.

6. In the county jail at Hartford, Conn., the New England Chair Company has 200 men at an average of 10 cents a day.

7. In the county jail at New Haven, Conn., the same company has about 200 men at an average price of 8 cents a day. This contract is so remarkable that I shall describe it more fully later.

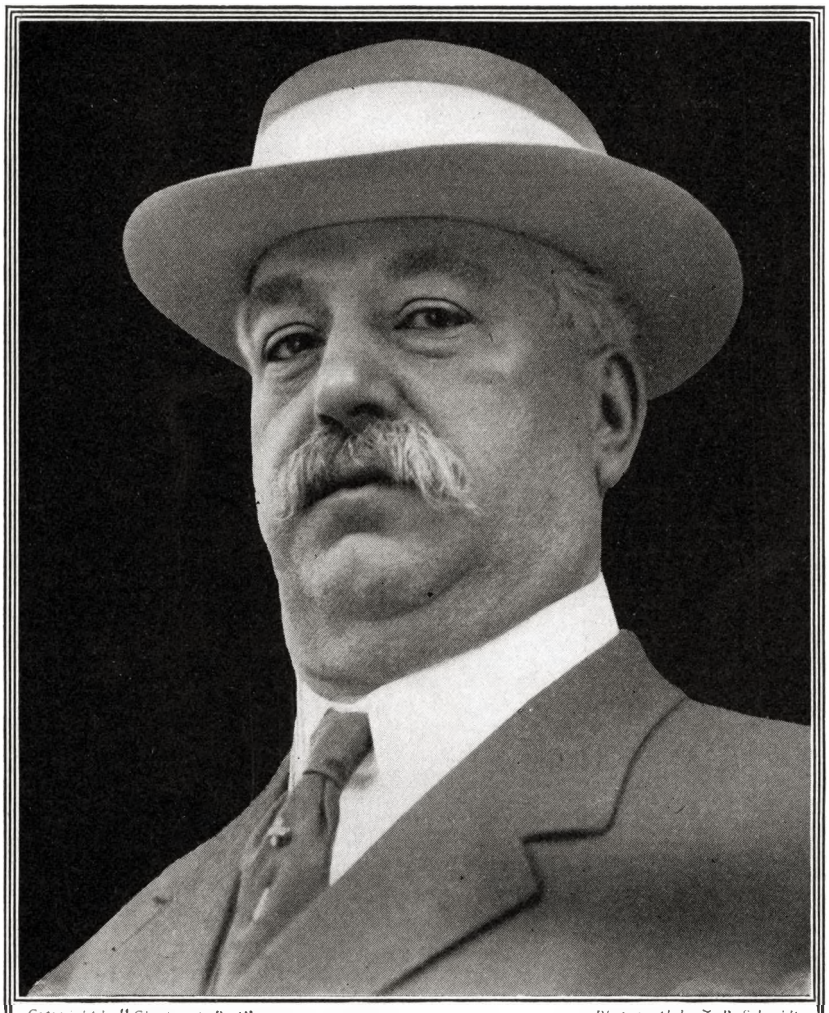
Labor for Eight Cents a Day

I have spoken of the extraordinary secrecy surrounding the contract system. No better proof can be needed than this: the facts here recorded will be news even to most furniture manufacturers and dealers who are directly involved in the bitter competition which the prison factory forces upon them. It is safe to say that not one manufacturer in fifty knows the secret of the Ford-Johnson domination, and not one in five hundred knows of Cox's connection with it.

But the chief interest of the story lies elsewhere.

Here are some 1,500 men and boys hired out bodily to this company in which Cox is interested, at an average price of 34 cents a day while competitors pay from $1.50 to $3 a day for the same labor. If slavery consists in "the involuntary servitude of one human being to another," then here is literal slavery. Every moment of the convict's day is under the control of his keeper. He has not one industrial right which his jailer need respect; he may not even *ask* for decent hours, decent food, decent shop conditions, or for any protection against the thousand and one accidents which may befall him in his iron-barred sweatshop.

Take, for example, the New Haven County jail. Here is a public institution in the heart of our oldest civilization, within a stone's throw of the second university in the land, visited annually by a sociology class whose professor is president of the Connecticut Prison Association. Yet this institution has been controlled for the last fifteen years by the New England Chair Company as com-



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GEORGE B. COX—BOSS OF CINCINNATI

Who was, until very recently, president of the Ford-Johnson Company of Cincinnati, which controls the furniture industry in many prisons

pletely as though a deed had been sealed and delivered to it. And because the state factory inspector has no power here the contractor even dared to do here, as you shall see, what he would never have dared to do in his own factory.

To understand how this was made possible you must know that the jail is controlled by a board of three county commissioners not elected directly by the people nor appointed by a governor who is directly responsible to the people. They are first nominated by a caucus of State senators and representatives from their own county, and this nomination is ratified by the General Assembly. They hold office until removed by the Assembly. The Assembly meets only once in two years. It would be difficult to imagine a better device for the perpetuation of a system of tight little rotten boroughs. And the logical consequences follow as far as the jail is concerned.

From a business standpoint—although that should be the very last consideration in appraising the service or disservice of any penal institution to its community—we find here a plant representing an original investment of over $200,000 and commanding the labor of about 300 workingmen during every working day of the year. Put this proposi-

tion to any business man and he will tell you that it ought to pay handsomely. Even if these men were utterly deficient when first caught—lazy, drunken, vagabonds and ne'er-do-wells—he will argue that they ought, when once sobered and under effective restraint, to be converted into fairly profitable work animals, if not into good citizens. And he would be absolutely right, for there is an institution in Michigan, the Detroit House of Correction, where the same class of prisoners is employed at the same class of work as these in New Haven, and *do* manage to earn a handsome profit to the city over and above the cost of their keep. They even put by some decent sums for their families, if dependent, or for themselves, against the day of their release.

But this great Connecticut plant not only fails to support itself but *actually mulcts the city and county of about $30,000 every year for its support.* Here are the official figures for the last four years, derived from the reports of the county commissioners:

	Average Population	Maintenance Receipts	Received from Ford-Johnson Co.
1907	270	Ab. $27,000	$2,500
1908	323	Ab. 39,000	3,750
1909	287	Ab. 38,000	1,250
1910	276	Ab. 38,000	13,000
	1,156	Ab. $142,000	$20,500

The meaning of this table is plain enough. It cost $142,000 to operate the plant for the last four years. The Ford-Johnson Company paid, during that period, only $20,500. Yet the whole plant was run either by or for this company, as no other contractor was permitted in the place, the majority of the prisoners working directly for the firm in the chair shop, and the others working indirectly for the firm by keeping the plant in good order. It is clear, then, that during these four years the city and county of New Haven lost about $120,000 by the transaction, or about $30,000 a year.

But how, you will ask, is it possible to achieve such a miracle of inefficiency, even in a Connecticut rotten borough? The secret lies in the contract.

The company is given great factory buildings rent free and tax free; it is given heat, light and power free; it is given about 200 human beings for 300 days a year; it is given guards and keepers to maintain discipline. And in return it pays the county an average of eight cents a day for every man employed.

Lest you mistake this last figure for a clerical error I shall repeat: *For the sum of eight cents a day the New England Chair Company, alias the Ford-Johnson Company, has been getting the labor of an able-bodied man: together with food, clothing and shelter for the man: together with a factory building in which the man might work: together with heat, light and power whereby the man might work: and armed guards and keepers to see that he did work.*

It costs the county more than eight cents a day to feed and clothe this man. It costs four times as much to run the plant. And even the trifling bill of $4,000 or $5,000 presented by the county annually was rarely met promptly, the accounts remaining delinquent for years. One such account of $8,500, collected in 1910, represented various overdue items running back as far as 1906!

No wonder that Jailer Donahue laughingly told a legislative committee the other day that they had no difficulty in contracting out their inmates at the jail. But the joke becomes rather grim when we find that Mr. Donahue is not only jailer but also the son-in-law of the sheriff and president of the state federation of labor. For a hundred long years organized labor has been waging a terribly one-sided war against the competition of convict labor. To find the president of the state federation conducting and defending a sweat shop like this of New Haven smacks of tragedy. But this is another story.

A Privately Owned Prison

It needs no keen perceptions to realize that the contractor who could secure the terms which the Ford-Johnson Company secured owned the whole institution body and soul.

When I visited the jail (May 15, 1911) I was flatly denied admission to the shops, Mr. Donahue plainly informing me that they were private, "absolutely private," and the jail authorities had nothing to do with their administration. And it was not without a hint of pressure that I prevailed upon the employee of the company, Mr. Sheehan, to give me a card of admission.

The company was permitted anything and everything. It was permitted to deprive the county of the use of badly needed land within the prison yard and to erect two flimsy warehouses at a distance of only fifteen feet away from the prison shops, and parallel with their length, filled with inflammable material. In the shops near by the company was permitted to keep

In the county jail, Hartford, Conn., two hundred men work for the New England Chair Company at an average of ten cents a day

several open dipping tanks, each filled with about fifty gallons of a dangerous benzine mixture. A year ago last April the inevitable happened. Had it occurred under slightly different conditions the barred and bolted windows would undoubtedly have claimed their toll of hundreds of lives. As it was, only six lives were sacrificed.

And only a year after this disaster I found 100 men and boys crowded into a very tinder box—a dark cellar littered with dry reeds, rush fiber, paper; and, near by, an open tank of glue large enough to dip a great armchair into. The only exit was a barred door, not three feet wide.

The company was permitted anything and everything. The power to punish the prisoners—a power which every civilized community reserves for itself—was turned over to the foreman of the shop, a private employee of the contractor. Here is some evidence as to the use of that power, furnished by a special committee of the Civic Federation of New Haven, of which Prof. Henry Wade Rogers, Dean of the Yale Law School, was president:

"Prisoners . . . were committed to the dark cell for an indefinite term, at the discretion of Mr. Sheehan, superintendent of the New England Chair Company. Once committed they were kept in the dark cell until Mr. Sheehan directed them to be released, which he did when they expressed a willingness to return to work and comply with the rules, but if stubborn were kept in the dark cell for periods sometimes exceeding six days, and during such confinement were fed upon bread and water, and slept upon the cement floor."

And these men and women, we must never for a moment forget, were very ordinary human beings. Of the 2,600 committed last year 1,500 were native-born Americans. Nor were the bulk of them criminals, in any ordinary sense of the word, as the following table shows:

OFFENSES FOR WHICH THE INMATES OF THE NEW HAVEN COUNTY JAIL WERE COMMITTED IN 1910

Adultery	7	Larceny	226
Assault	24	Lewd conduct	48
Assault with intent to kill	13	Making or passing counterfeit money	11
Attempt at rape	2	Manslaughter	3
Bastardy	3	Murder	3
Bigamy	3	Neglect of family	48
Breach of the peace	389	Obtaining goods by false pretenses	9
Burglary	52	Perjury	1
Civil process	11	Rape	2
Common drunkards	33	Resisting officer	23
Common prostitutes	8	Robbery	2
Contempt of court	1	Seduction	2
Cruelty to animals	3	Setting fires	1
Defrauding	15	Stealing from the person	20
Drunkenness	1,115	Taking horse without leave	4
Embezzlement	6	Tramps	3
Forgery	2	Trespassing on railroad property	187
Fornication	4	Vagrancy	161
Frequenting house of ill fame	21	Violation of liquor law	5
Horse stealing	6	All other offenses	73
Injury to property	20		2,591
Insane	5		
Keeping house of ill fame	16		

These Men Are Not Criminals

Note that nearly 400 were committed for a "breach of the peace"—which may mean merely street rows, family rows, clothes-line quarrels, and the like. Note that 1,115 were committed for drunkenness: these were not habituals—who are listed separately as "common drunkards"—but for the most part simple convivials who had had one glass too many. Note that 187 were sentenced for trespassing on railroad property, an offense which most of us have committed in the course of a cross country tramp. Finally, note that 161 were arrested for vagrancy—which means, as a rule, an unemployed workingman looking for a job; 20 were arrested and sentenced for injuring property, which may mean anything; 23 for resisting an officer (the officer's word is generally accepted by the court without question); 11 were condemned by civil process; and so forth.

Fully 2,000 out of the 2,591 prisoners had not committed any crime at all. They were merely misdemeanants, guilty of those minor offenses against manner and custom which more civilized communities have ceased to punish by imprisonment, using instead the suspended sentence or a period of probation or a small fine, payable in instalments. None of these methods of punishment robs the victim of self-respect or livelihood, as imprisonment does; and they are far more effective as a deterrent. But—they pay no profits to the prison contractor.

These men are not criminals. But once behind the bars they learn, all too quickly, that it is not really organized society, nor the majesty of the law which has laid its hand upon them, but rather an industrial system which borrows the law's machinery to minister to its need for profits.

And that knowledge, once acquired, lays the foundation for a career of criminality.

Worse still, they learn that most people in New Haven know, but remain silent. It is well known that when the Council of One Hundred, a special committee of the New Haven Civic Federation—a most influential body, whose membership roll reads like a Yale directory—demanded an investigation of the jail, and the county commissioners were forced to grant a hearing, the chairman, Commissioner Walter, after calmly admitting everything, asked the old, standard question: "What are you going to do about it?"

And nothing is being done about it. The jail continues as an endowed school of crime, even as Yale continues as an endowed school of culture. While Yale is teaching its students the civic virtues by academic lectures for a few hours a week, its sister institution, scarcely six squares distant, graduates, every year, some two or three thousand students upon whose minds has been branded the cynical conviction which William Dean Howells has formulated in words of fire: that "*thief for thief, robber for robber, the state which imprisons a man for years and then casts him out again without a cent of pay for the wages he has been earning all that dreadful time, is a worse thief and robber than he.*"

But I am dwelling too long on New Haven. It is true that so far as bankruptcy is concerned—sheer financial, moral, social bankruptcy—this institution is among the worst; but in other respects some of the other institutions furnish even sadder evidence of our criminal folly in dealing with the criminal.

How Kentucky Sells Its Children for Twelve Cents a Day

Take, for example, the Kentucky Houses of Reform at Greendale. Here is an institution established for the express purpose of providing schooling and decent home treatment for those boys and girls who have given sufficient evidence of waywardness to justify the State in assuming charge of them.

Most of them are mere children; yet 200 of them have been turned over by the great State of Kentucky to labor in the chair factory

—in payment for a debt which should never have been incurred!

The debt was incurred innocently, in a sense. When the State Legislature passed a juvenile court act, in 1906, all the good people of the State rejoiced. No longer were mere children to be railroaded to jail for some petty offense committed, thoughtlessly, by the spirit of youth against the letter of the law—there to consort with confirmed criminals and perverts and be definitively started on the road to criminality themselves. Henceforth they were to be given a kindly hearing by a friendly judge and be committed to an institution which would stand *in loco parentis* to them, guiding, with patience and wisdom, the erring feet of youth into paths of loyal citizenship.

But they had reckoned without the housing problem. During the very first year of the operation of this beneficent act the population of the House of Reform increased nearly fifty per cent. and the dormitories proved inadequate. Confronted by this situation the governing board at once (I am now quoting its own report) "made a contract with the Ford-Johnson Company by which that company erected two dormitories, one for white boys and the other for colored boys, the cost of the two being $10,189.64 . . . the Company being repaid by the Board in the labor of the inmates over fourteen years of age."

And since that day some 200 boys have been toiling in the dusty chair factory to redeem Kentucky's pledge to this company.

But this transaction also presents a curious problem in penological arithmetic which some readers may find interesting.

I find, on page 131 of the report of the institution for 1906–7, that this "boy labor" has been sold to the Ford-Johnson Company at three cents an hour—"it being agreed, however, that the Company are to have the Labor of 200 Boys for 30 days, without charge."

On page 9 of the same report I find that the boys are supposed to work four hours a day. Yet page 4 of the self-same report says plainly that "the price paid for the labor of these boys is at the rate of thirty cents a day."

Is it possible that the passage of the Juvenile Court act has repealed the multiplication table and that in Kentucky to-day four times three equals thirty?

Furniture-making in the Milwaukee House of Correction. Fifteen cents a day is all that is paid for labor here

More puzzling still, I find, upon examining the last report of the Prison Commissioners of Kentucky (1909, page 101), that in November, 1909, more than three years after the dormitories were erected, *there were still 175 boys hard at work in the chair shop, paying off a debt which, by all the rules of civic decency, should never have been incurred; and if incurred should, by all the ordinary rules of bookkeeping, have been wiped out a year before.*

These things are inexplicable. But one thing is clear: *A State which will rob its homeless children of the better part of their play time and school time in order to apprentice them to a prison contractor—especially in a trade as overcrowded and underpaid as chair-making—is committing a crime against childhood which youth and manhood will repay with deadly interest.*

And one other thing must be told the good people of Kentucky, if they do not yet understand it for themselves:

The clutch of a prison contractor upon a skilled workman, especially if he be young and strong, is a terrible thing, and not easy to shake off. If you have the same contractor exploiting your boys in the reform school and your men in the penitentiary you will discover sooner or later that too many of the boys are graduating direct from the one into the other.

Convicts must work. That is admitted by everybody. But it does not follow that they must work for a contractor. They may be—and are in most European countries—engaged usefully and profitably in work for the state, or for themselves, or for their dependent families, or even for the benefit of those whom they have wronged.

But the true answer is the old, historic answer: The prison contract system is slavery pure and simple; and slavery is a disastrous institution for the society which permits it. To prove that the present instance is no exception I propose to make a few simple audits of the Ford-Johnson enterprise.

The seven prisons controlled by the Ford-Johnson Company are, as I have already explained, great industrial villages, employing thousands of skilled workmen. The following table tells the whole story:

Here are seven industrial plants representing, altogether, an investment of over four million dollars. This is a very conservative figure because the latest estimates I could secure for five out of the seven institutions are from the twentieth annual report of the U. S. Bureau of Labor, which is six years old; and within that period all the plants have been enriched by the purchase of new land and the erection of new buildings. But if we accept this we certainly cannot be charged with exaggeration, so I shall let it stand.

To operate these seven plants costs about $800,000 a year. Adding to this sum the interest which is lost on the original investment (and counting this at 5 per cent.) the actual cost of these plants is about a million dollars a year.

The number of prisoners averages 5,852. Of these the Ford-Johnson Company controls about 1,500. Now if the labor of these prisoners was sold *at cost* the bill should foot up to about $263,000 a year. Actually, however, there has been paid only an average of 34 cents a day for every man employed. Assuming only 300 working days to the year (in fact, 310), this means that the company has obtained the labor of 1,500 convicts for about $154,000 a year—or something like $108,000 below the cost of keep.

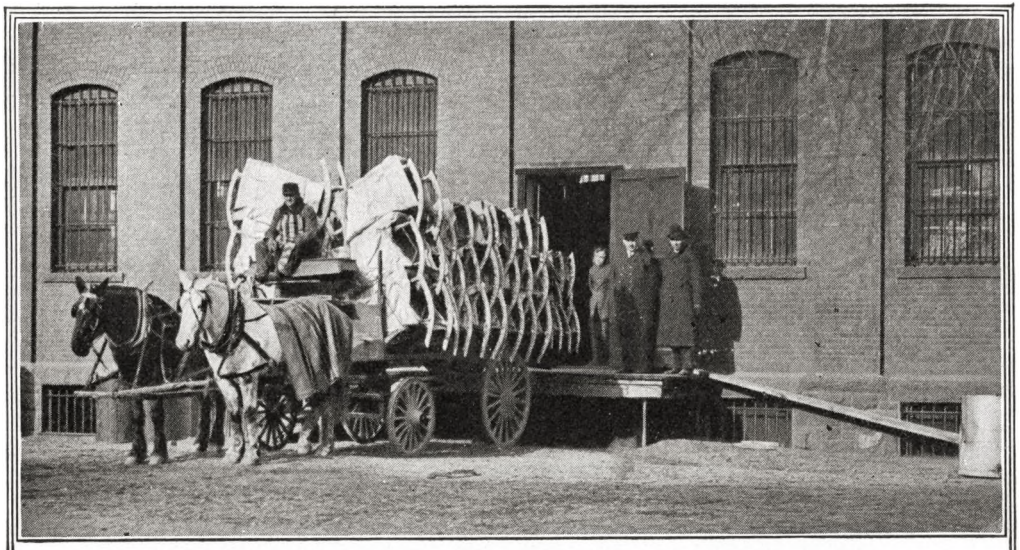
In other words, the States of Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, and Wisconsin have practically given this sum—not in cash, of course, but in goods convertible into cash—for every year that these contracts have run.

But this figure marks only the actual loss. There is also a potential loss to be considered, which, in the present case, is as real as the actual loss.

This labor which has been sold to the Ford-Johnson Company for less than nothing a day might easily have been sold at a good profit. In Minnesota, for example, the State prison not only supports itself completely by the labor of its inmates, without a particle of taxation, but produces an enormous profit to the State, averaging, during the last few years, about $150 per inmate. The same holds true of the Detroit House of Correction,

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

	Total Average Population	Average of Contract Convicts	Value of Prison	Interest at 5 per cent.	Annual Maintenance Charges
Indiana State Prison	1,113	300	$800,000	$40,000	Ab. $150,000
Kentucky Penitentiary	1,400	250	1,000,000	50,000	Ab. 200,000
Kentucky Houses of Reform	592	200	120,000	6,000	Ab. 60,000
Chicago House of Correction	1,766	100	1,600,000	80,000	280,000
Milwaukee House of Correction	404	265	200,000	10,000	50,000
Hartford County Jail	288	200	300,000	15,000	30,000
New Haven County Jail	289	200	200,000	10,000	35,000
	5,852	1,515	$4,220,000	$211,000	Ab. $805,000



A load of chairs ready to be shipped from one of our prisons

already referred to, whose 385 inmates made a profit for the city and for themselves of about $35,000 last year, or an average of $90 each.

Now, to coin money out of crime is, in the long run, too costly a process to be profitable for any community. From the standpoint of modern penology Detroit and Stillwater would be far better engaged in making citizens and men rather than chairs and binding twine. But that is beside the question, since I am, at present, striking a balance in terms of money only. Estimating the net value of convict labor, then, at $100 a year—which is only $10 above the Detroit standard and at least $50 below the Minnesota standard—the 1,500 convicts might easily have been made to earn $150,000 a year profit to these five States, instead of $108,000 loss.

Bluntly, I figure the money cost of these contracts to these five States to have been in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million dollars a year. Altogether, the loss must have footed into the millions—how many millions it is impossible to say.

The Human Cost

But this is only the opening of the account. In social bookkeeping, there are human souls to be considered as well as dollars; and they are more important than the dollars.

The prisoner is, very often, a husband and father. What becomes of his worse than widowed wife, his worse than orphaned children?

In some States we have already begun to perceive that to punish innocent mothers and children for offenses committed by the father is a cruel and stupid tragedy—a tragedy which must inevitably end in a cumulative burden of criminality. For while the father is provided for by the State, physically at least, the mother and children are forced to face hunger, cold, and that terrible burden of disgrace which even prevents them, in most cases, from laying bare their needs before a sympathetic charity agent.

In some States, therefore, we have undertaken, at this late day, to give these unfortunates a few dollars a month conscience money. But in none of the institutions contracting with the Ford-Johnson Company, so far as I am informed, does even this bit of decency rule. *Yet I figure, on the basis of such data as their own reports provide, that year in and year out at least 2,000 families are forced to the wall directly through the workings of these contract prisons.*

What the by-products of crime, disease, and destitution drawn from all this misery may be no one can tell.

Competition

Then consider what all this slave labor must mean to the free workingman and manufacturer who is forced into bitter competition with it. How can the ordinary manufacturer, who must pay rent and taxes

and overhead charges and a living wage to his workmen, begin to compete with the prison contractor?

He does not. He simply surrenders. "After being in the business about thirty years," writes the president of one large chair company, "we discontinued making this grade of goods. Labor enters largely into the cost of this grade and when a firm paying from $1.50 to $3 per day for their labor can successfully compete with a prison firm paying from 30 to 50 cents a day," he adds, skeptically "there might be some chance."

And if the consumer is foolish enough to imagine that this cheapening of labor results in a cheaper article for him, the following bit of evidence, furnished by an Illinois manufacturer to officials of the Federal Bureau of Labor, should serve to disillusion him:

"The case in point," he says, "is a certain rocker on which a proper price was $4 each to the trade. At that price the manufacturer would enjoy a comfortable profit and would be able to pay his workmen a fair wage.

"A similar chair was made in the Joliet Penitentiary and put upon the market at $3. The chair was not quite so good, . . . but sufficiently so to attract the trade and sell in large quantities.

"The effect was to compel us to reduce the cost of our chair. . . . In doing this the chair became poorer in quality and the wages of the workmen were reduced so that we were able to produce a chair that we could sell at $3.25 and . . . secure a portion of the trade. The convict manufacturer then reduced the price of his own chair somewhat and reduced the quality somewhat so that he was able to sell it at prices ranging from $3.75 to $2.50.

"In attempting to meet this we reduced the quality of our own chair again and reduced the wages again as low as we were able to, and by that means continued to sell a portion of our chairs for a while longer, until the prison contractor still further reduced the quality of his chair, and in the end . . . has practically driven the free manufacturers out of this class of business. . . .

"But, in doing this, the material has been taken out and the quality of the work so reduced that a very inferior article has resulted, and a customer who buys one of these pieces finds that in very many cases it is so weak in its construction that it will last but a little while, and the customer's impression is that the whole character of reed goods is weak . . . and the consequent result is a general injury."

Here is testimony which the legislative agent of the American Federation of Labor gave before a Congressional committee which was appointed to investigate this question.

Describing his unsuccessful efforts to organize the chair workers in a little town in Pennsylvania, he says:

"Those men told me, with tears coursing down their cheeks: 'Mr. Holder, it's no use; we are down and out; we are simply living on bread and molasses. We have to live two families in a small house where formerly we used to have a home of our own.

"'We used to get $1.50 a day; it came down to $1.35; from that it came down to $1.25, then to $1.15 and from $1.15 it came down to $1.

"'And last summer we were working for 90 cents a day.'"

Practically the same condition, added Mr. Holder, was found elsewhere. To reduce this item of the prison-labor account to figures is very difficult, because the thousands of workingmen who are thrown out of employment by the prison contractor do not stand up to be counted: they merely join the army of tramps or the dreadful workhouse colony. But it is safe to say that 1,500 convicts have displaced at least as many free workingmen permanently and reduced the wages of ten thousand others to starvation point.

To close the account, here is what the contract system in our prisons is costing us:

It takes from States and cities millions of dollars sorely needed for schools, parks, playgrounds, and other agencies of public welfare so necessary to us all.

It criminalizes and brutalizes thousands of men and boys.

It drives mothers to destitution and prostitution.

It deprives thousands of children of their fathers' earnings.

It robs thousands of workingmen of their living.

It forces thousands of other workingmen to face starvation.

It demoralizes great industries.

It sows corruption broadcast.

The Secret Garden

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XXIV

THE secret garden was not the only one Dickon worked in. Round the cottage on the moor there was a piece of ground enclosed by a low wall built of rough stones. Early in the morning and late in the fading twilight, and on all the days Colin and Mary did not see him, Dickon worked there planting or tending potatoes and cabbages, turnips and carrots and herbs for his mother. In the company of his "creatures" he did wonders there and was never tired of doing them it seemed. While he dug or weeded he whistled or sang bits of Yorkshire moor songs or talked to Soot or Captain or the brothers and sisters he had taught to help him.

"We'd never get on as comfortable as we do," Mrs. Sowerby said, "if it wasn't for Dickon's garden. Anything'll grow for him. His 'taters and cabbages is twice th' size of anyone else's, an' they've got flavor with them as nobody's has."

When she found a moment to spare she liked to go out and talk to him. After supper there was still a long clear twilight to work in and that was her quiet time. She could sit upon the low rough wall and look on and hear stories of the day. She loved this time. There were not only vegetables in this garden. Dickon had bought penny packages of flower seeds now and then and sown bright sweet-scented things among gooseberry bushes and even cabbages and he grew borders of mignonette and pink pansies and things whose seeds he could save year after year or whose roots would bloom each spring and spread in time into fine clumps. The low wall was one of the prettiest things in Yorkshire because he had tucked moorland foxglove and ferns and rock-cress and hedgerow flowers into every crevice until only here and there glimpses of the stones were to be seen.

"All a chap's got to do to make 'em thrive, mother," he would say, "is to be friends with 'em for sure. They're just like the 'creatures.' If they're thirsty give 'em a drink, and if they're hungry give 'em a bit o' food. They want to live same as we do. If they died I should feel as if I'd been a bad lad and somehow treated them heartless."

It was in these twilight hours that Mrs. Sowerly heard of all that happened at Misselthwaite Manor. At first she was only told that "Mester Colin" had taken a fancy to going out into the grounds with Miss Mary and that it was doing him good. But it was not long before it was agreed between the two children that Dickon's mother might "come into the secret." Somehow it was not doubted that she was "safe for sure."

So one beautiful still evening Dickon told the whole story, with all the thrilling details of the buried key and the robin and the gray haze which had seemed like deadness and the secret Mistress Mary had planned never to reveal. The coming of Dickon and how it had been told to him, the doubt of Mester Colin and the final drama of his introduction to the hidden domain, combined with the incident of Ben Weatherstaff's angry face peering over the wall and Mester Colin's sudden indignant strength, made Mrs. Sowerby's nice-looking face quite change color several times.

"My word!" she said. "It was a good thing that little lass came to th' Manor. It's been th' makin' of her an' th' savin' of him. Standin' on his feet! An' us all thinkin' he

She could sit upon the low rough wall and look on and hear stories of the day

was a poor half-witted lad with not a straight bone in him."

She asked a great many questions and her blue eyes were full of deep thinking.

"What do they make of it at th' Manor—him being so well an' cheerful an' never complainin'?" she inquired.

"They don't know what to make of it," answered Dickon. "Every day as comes round his face looks different. It's fillin' out and doesn't look so sharp an' th' waxy color is goin'. But he has to do his bit o' complainin'," with a highly entertained grin.

"What for, i' Mercy's name?" asked Mrs. Sowerby.

Dickon chuckled.

"He does it to keep them from guessin' what's happened. If the doctor knew he'd found out he could stand on his feet he'd likely write and tell Mester Craven. Mester Colin's savin' th' secret to tell himself. He's goin' to practise his Magic on his legs every day till his father comes back an' then he's goin' to march into his room an' show him he's as straight as other lads. But him an' Miss Mary thinks it's best plan to do a bit o' groanin' an' frettin' now an' then to throw folk off th' scent."

Mrs. Sowerby was laughing a low comfortable laugh long before he had finished his last sentence.

"Eh!" she said, "that pair's enjoyin' theirselves, I'll warrant. They'll get a good bit o' play-actin' out of it an' there's nothin' children likes as much as play-actin'. Let's hear what they do, Dickon lad."

Dickon stopped weeding and sat up on his heels to tell her. His eyes were twinkling with fun.

"Mester Colin is carried down to his chair every time he goes out," he explained. "An he flies out at John, th' footman, for not carryin' him careful enough. He makes himself as helpless lookin' as he can an' never lifts his head until we're out o' sight o' th' house. An' he grunts an' frets a good bit when he's bein' settled into his chair. Him an' Miss Mary's both got to enjoyin' it, an' when he groans an' complains she'll say, 'Poor Colin! Does it hurt you so much? Are you so weak as that, poor Colin?'—but th' trouble is that sometimes they can scarce keep from burstin' out laughin'. When we get safe into the garden they laugh till they've no breath left to laugh with. An' they have to stuff their faces into Mester Colin's cushions to keep the gardeners from hearin' if any of 'em's about."

"Th' more they laugh th' better for 'em!" said Mrs. Sowerby, still laughing herself. "Good healthy child laughin's better than pills any day o' th' year. That pair'll plump up for sure."

"They are plumpin' up," said Dickon. "They're that hungry they don't know how to get enough to eat without makin' talk. Mester Colin says if he keeps sendin' for more food they won't believe he's an invalid at all. Miss Mary says she'll let him eat her share, but he says that if she goes hungry she'll get thin an' they mun both get fat at once."

Mrs. Sowerby laughed so heartily at the revelation of this difficulty that she quite rocked backward and forward in her blue shawl, and Dickon laughed with her.

"I'll tell thee what, lad," Mrs. Sowerby said when she could speak. "I've thought of a way to help 'em. When tha' goes to 'em in th' mornin's tha' shall take a pail o' good new milk an' I'll bake 'em a crusty cottage loaf or some buns wi' currants in 'em same as you children like. Nothin's so good as fresh milk an' bread. Then they could take off th' edge o' their hunger while they were in their garden an' th' fine food they get indoors 'ud polish off th' corners."

"Eh! mother!" said Dickon admiringly, "what a wonder tha' art! Tha' always sees a way out o' things. They was quite in a pother yesterday. They didn't see how they was to manage without orderin' up more food—they felt that empty inside."

"They're two young 'uns growing fast, an' health's comin' back to both of 'em. Children like that feels like young wolves an' food's flesh an' blood to 'em," said Mrs. Sowerby. Then she smiled Dickon's own curving smile. "Eh! but they're enjoyin' theirselves for sure," she said.

She was quite right, the comfortable wonderful mother creature—and she had never been more so than when she said their "play-actin'" would be their joy. Colin and Mary found it one of their most thrilling sources of entertainment. The idea of protecting themselves from suspicion had been unconsciously suggested to them first by the puzzled nurse and then by Dr. Craven himself.

"Your appetite is improving very much, Master Colin," the nurse had said one day. "You used to eat nothing, and so many things disagreed with you."

"Nothing disagrees with me now," replied Colin, and then seeing the nurse looking at him curiously he suddenly remembered that perhaps he ought not to appear too well just

yet. "At least things don't so often disagree with me. It's the fresh air."

"Perhaps it is," said the nurse, still looking at him with a mystified expression. "But I must talk to Dr. Craven about it."

"How she stared at you," said Mary when she went away. "As if she thought there must be something to find out."

"I won't have her finding out things," said Colin. "No one must begin to find out yet."

When Dr. Craven came that morning he seemed puzzled also. He asked a number of questions to Colin's great annoyance.

"You stay out in the garden a great deal," he suggested. "Where do you go?"

Colin put on his favorite air of dignified indifference to opinion.

"I will not let anyone know where I go," he answered. "I go to a place I like. Everyone has orders to keep out of the way. I won't be watched and stared at. You know that."

"You seem to be out all day, but I do not think it has done you harm—I do not think so. The nurse says that you eat much more than you have ever done before."

"Perhaps," said Colin, prompted by a sudden inspiration, "perhaps it is an unnatural appetite."

"I do not think so, as your food seems to agree with you," said Dr. Craven. "You are gaining flesh rapidly and your color is better."

"Perhaps—perhaps I am bloated and feverish," said Colin, assuming a discouraging air of gloom. "People who are not going to live are often—different."

Dr. Craven shook his head. He was holding Colin's wrist and he pushed up his sleeve and felt his arm.

"You are not feverish," he said thoughtfully, "and such flesh as you have gained is healthy. If we can keep this up, my boy, we need not talk of dying. Your father will be very happy to hear of this remarkable improvement."

"I won't have him told!" Colin broke forth fiercely. "It will only disappoint him if I get worse again—and I may get worse this very night. I might have a raging fever. I feel as if I might be beginning to have one now. I won't have letters written to my father—I won't—I won't! You are making me angry and you know that is bad for me. I feel hot already. I hate being written about and being talked over as much as I hate being stared at!"

"Hush-h! my boy," Dr. Craven soothed him. "Nothing shall be written without your permission. You are too sensitive about things. You must not undo the good which has been done."

He said no more about writing to Mr. Craven and when he saw the nurse he privately warned her that such a possibility must not be mentioned to the patient.

"The boy is extraordinarily better," he said. "His advance seems almost abnormal. But of course he is doing now of his own free will what we could not make him do before. Still, he excites himself very easily and nothing must be said to irritate him."

Mary and Colin were much alarmed and talked together seriously. From this time dated their plan of "play-actin'."

"I may have to have a tantrum," said Colin regretfully. "I don't want to have one and I'm not miserable enough now to work myself into a big one. Perhaps I couldn't have one at all. That lump doesn't come in my throat now and I keep thinking of nice things instead of horrible ones. But if they talk about writing to my father I shall have to do something."

He made up his mind to eat less, but unfortunately it was not possible to carry out this brilliant idea when he wakened each morning with an amazing appetite and the table near his sofa was set with a breakfast of home-made bread and fresh butter, snow-white eggs, raspberry jam and clotted cream. Mary always breakfasted with him and when they found themselves at the table—particularly if there were delicate slices of sizzling ham sending forth tempting odors from under a hot silver cover—they would look into each others eyes in desperation.

"I think we shall have to eat it all this morning, Mary," Colin always ended by saying. "We can send away some of the lunch and a great deal of the dinner."

But they never found they could send away anything, and the highly polished condition of the empty plates returned to the pantry awakened much comment.

"I do wish," Colin would say also, "I do wish the slices of ham were thicker, and one muffin each is not enough for anyone."

"It's enough for a person who is going to die," answered Mary when first she heard this, "but it's not enough for a person who is going to live. I sometimes feel as if I could eat three when those nice fresh heather and gorse smells from the moor come pouring in at the open window."

The morning that Dickon—after they had been enjoying themselves in the garden for about two hours—went behind a big rose-bush and brought forth two tin pails and re-

vealed that one was full of rich new milk with cream on the top of it, and that the other held cottage-made currant buns folded in a clean blue and white napkin, buns so carefully tucked in that they were still hot, there was a riot of surprised joyfulness. What a wonderful thing for Mrs. Sowerby to think of! What a kind, clever woman she must be! How good the buns were! And what delicious fresh milk!

"Magic is in her just as it is in Dickon," said Colin. "It makes her think of ways to do things—nice things. She is a Magic person. Tell her we are grateful, Dickon—extremely grateful."

He was given to using rather grown-up phrases at times. He enjoyed them. He liked this so much that he improved upon it.

"Tell her she has been most bounteous and our gratitude is extreme."

And then forgetting his grandeur he fell to and stuffed himself with buns and drank milk out of the pail in copious draughts in the manner of any hungry little boy who had been taking unusual exercise and breathing in moorland air and whose breakfast was more than two hours behind him.

This was the beginning of many agreeable incidents of the same kind. They actually awoke to the fact that as Mrs. Sowerby had fourteen people to provide food for she might not have enough to satisfy two extra appetites every day. So they asked her to let them send some of their shillings to buy things.

Dickon made the stimulating discovery that in the wood in the park outside the garden where Mary had first found him piping to the wild creatures there was a deep little hollow where you could build a sort of tiny oven with stones and roast potatoes and eggs in it. Roasted eggs were a previously unknown luxury, and very hot potatoes with salt and fresh butter in them were fit for a woodland king—besides being deliciously satisfying. You could buy both potatoes and eggs and eat as many as you liked without feeling as if you were taking food out of the mouths of fourteen people.

Every beautiful morning the Magic was worked by the mystic circle under the plum tree which provided a canopy of thickening green leaves after its brief blossom-time was ended. After the ceremony Colin always took his walking exercise, and throughout the day he exercised his newly found power at intervals. Each day he grew stronger and could walk more steadily and cover more ground. And each day his belief in the Magic grew stronger—as well it might. He tried one experiment after another as he felt himself gaining strength, and it was Dickon who showed him the best things of all.

"Yesterday," he said one morning after an absence, "I went to Thwaite for mother an' near th' Blue Cow Inn I seed Bob Haworth. He's th' strongest chap on th' moor. He's th' champion wrestler an' he can jump higher than any other chap an' throw th' hammer farther. He's gone all th' way to Scotland for th' sports some years. He's knowed me ever since I was a little 'un an' he's a friendly sort an' I axed him some questions. Th' gentry calls him a athlete and I thought o' thee, Mester Colin, and I says, 'How did tha' make tha' muscles stick out that way, Bob? Did tha' do anythin' extra to make thysel' so strong?' An' he says: 'Well, yes, lad, I did. A strong man in a show that came to Thwaite once showed me how to exercise my arms an' legs an' every muscle in my body?' An' I says, 'Could a delicate chap make himself stronger with 'em, Bob?' an' he laughed an' says, 'Art tha' th' delicate chap?' an' I says: 'No, but I knows a young gentleman that's gettin' well of a long illness an' I wish I knowed some o' them tricks to tell him about.' I didn't say no names an' he didn't ask none. He's friendly same as I said an' he stood up an' showed me good-natured like, an' I imitated what he did till I knowed it by heart."

Colin had been listening excitedly.

"Can you show me?" he cried. "Will you?"

"Aye to be sure," Dickon answered, getting up. "But he says tha' mun do 'em gentle at first an' be careful not to tire thysel'. Rest in between times an' take deep breaths an' don't overdo."

"I'll be careful," said Colin. "Show me! Show me! Dickon, you are the most Magic boy in the world!"

Dickon stood up on the grass and slowly went through a carefully practical but simple series of muscle exercises. Colin watched them with widening eyes. He could do a few while he was sitting down. Presently he did a few gently while he stood upon his already steadied feet. Mary began to do them also. Soot, who was watching the performance, became much disturbed and left his branch and hopped about restlessly because he could not do them too.

From that time the exercises were part of the day's duties as much as the Magic was. It became possible for both Colin and Mary to do more of them each time they tried, and

such appetites were the results that but for the basket Dickon put down behind the bush each morning when he arrived they would have been lost. But the little oven in the hollow and Mrs. Sowerly's bounties were so satisfying that Mrs. Medlock and the nurse and Dr. Craven became mystified again. You can trifle with your breakfast and seem to disdain your dinner if you are full to the brim with roasted eggs and potatoes and richly frothed new milk and oat-cakes and buns and heather honey and clotted cream.

"They are eating next to nothing now," said the nurse. "They'll die of starvation if they can't be persuaded to take some nourishment. And yet see how they look."

"Look!" exclaimed Mrs. Medlock indignantly. 'Eh! I'm moithered to death with them. They're a pair of young Satans. Bursting their jackets one day and the next turning up their noses at the best meals cook can tempt them with. Not a mouthful of that lovely young fowl and bread sauce did they set a fork into yesterday—and the poor woman fair *invented* a pudding for them—and back it's sent. She almost cried. She's afraid she'll be blamed if they starve themselves into their graves."

Dr. Craven came and looked at Colin long and carefully. He wore an extremely worried expression when the nurse talked with him and showed him the almost untouched tray of breakfast she had saved for him to look at—but it was even more worried when he sat down by Colin's sofa and examined him. He had been called to London on business and had not seen the boy for nearly two weeks. When young things begin to gain health they gain it rapidly. The waxen tinge had left Colin's skin and a warm rose showed through it; his beautiful eyes were clear and the hollows under them and in his cheeks and temples had filled out. His once dark, heavy locks had begun to look as if they sprang healthily from his forehead and were soft and warm with life. His lips were fuller and of a normal color. In fact as an imitation of a boy who was a confirmed invalid he was a disgraceful sight. Dr. Craven held his chin in his hand and thought him over.

"I am sorry to hear that you do not eat anything," he said. "That will not do. You will lose all you have gained—and you have gained amazingly. You ate so well a short time ago."

"I told you it was an unnatural appetite," answered Colin.

Mary was sitting on her stool near by, and she suddenly made a very queer sound which she tried so violently to repress that she ended by almost choking.

"What is the matter?" said Dr. Craven, turning to look at her.

Mary became quite severe in her manner.

"It was something between a sneeze and a cough," she replied with reproachful rigidity. "And it got into my throat."

"But," she said afterward to Colin, "I couldn't stop myself. It just burst out because all at once I couldn't help remembering that last big potato you ate and the way your mouth stretched when you bit through that thick lovely crust with jam and clotted cream on it."

"Is there any way in which those children can get food secretly?" Dr. Craven inquired of Mrs. Medlock.

"There's no way unless they dig it out of the earth or pick it off the trees," Mrs. Medlock answered. "They stay out in the ground all day and see no one but each other. And if they want anything different to eat from what's sent up to them they need only ask for it."

"Well," said Dr. Craven, "so long as going without food agrees with them we need not disturb ourselves. The boy is a new creature."

"So is the girl," said Mrs. Medlock. "She's begun to be downright pretty since she's filled out and lost her ugly little sour look. Her hair's grown thick and healthy looking and she's got a bright color. The glummest, ill-natured little thing she used to be and now her and Master Colin laugh together like a pair of crazy young ones. Perhaps they're growing fat on that."

"Perhaps they are," said Dr. Craven. "Let them laugh."

CHAPTER XXV

AND the secret garden bloomed and bloomed and every morning revealed new miracles. In the robin's nest there were Eggs, and the robin's mate sat upon them keeping them warm with her feathery little breast and careful wings. At first she was very nervous and the robin himself was indignantly watchful. Even Dickon did not go near the close-grown corner in those days but waited until by the quiet working of some mysterious spell he seemed to have conveyed to the souls of the little pair that in the garden there was nothing which was not quite like themselves—nothing which did not understand the wonderfulness of what was happening to them, the immense, tender, terrible, heart-breaking

beauty and solemnity of Eggs. If there had been one person in that garden who had not known through all his or her innermost being that if an Egg were taken away or hurt the whole world would whirl round and crash through space and come to an end—if there had been even one who did not feel it and act accordingly there could have been no happiness even in that golden springtime air. But they all knew it and felt it and the robin and his mate knew they knew it.

At first the robin watched Mary and Colin with sharp anxiety. For some mysterious reason he knew he need not watch Dickon. The first moment he set his dew-bright black eye on Dickon he knew he was not a stranger but a sort of robin without beak or feathers. He could speak robin (which is a quite distinct language not to be mistaken for any other). To speak robin to a robin is like speaking French to a Frenchman. Dickon always spoke it to the robin himself, so the queer gibberish he used when he spoke to humans did not matter in the least. The robin thought he spoke this gibberish to them because they were not intelligent enough to understand feathered speech. His movements also were robin. They never startled you by being sudden enough to seem dangerous or threatening. Any robin could understand Dickon, so his presence was not even disturbing.

But at the outset it seemed necessary to be on guard against the other two. In the first place the boy creature did not come into the garden on his legs. He was pushed in on a thing with wheels and the skins of wild animals were thrown over him. That in itself was doubtful. Then when he began to stand up and move about he did it in a queer unaccustomed way and the others seemed to have to help him. The robin used to secrete himself in a bush and watch this anxiously, his head tilted first on one side and then on the other. He thought that the slow movements might mean that he was preparing to pounce, as cats do. When cats are preparing to pounce they creep over the ground very slowly. The robin talked this over with his mate a great deal for a few days, but after that he decided not to speak of the subject because her terror was so great that he was afraid it might be injurious to the Eggs.

When the boy began to walk by himself and even to move more quickly it was an immense relief. But for a long time—or it seemed a long time to the robin—he was a source of some anxiety. He did not act as the other humans did. He seemed very fond of walking, but he had a way of sitting or lying down for a while and then getting up in a disconcerting manner to begin again.

One day the robin remembered that when he himself had been made to learn to fly by his parents he had done much the same sort of thing. He had taken short flights of a few yards and then had been obliged to rest. So it occurred to him that this boy was learning to fly—or rather to walk. He mentioned this to his mate, and when he told her that the Eggs would probably conduct themselves in the same way after they were fledged she was quite comforted and even became eagerly interested and derived great pleasure from watching the boy over the edge of her nest—though she always thought that the Eggs would be much cleverer and learn more quickly. But then she said indulgently that humans were always more clumsy and slow than Eggs and most of them never seemed to really learn to fly at all. You never met them in the air or on tree-tops.

After a while the boy began to move about as the others did; but all three of the children at times did unusual things. They would stand under the trees and move their arms and legs and heads about in a way which was neither walking nor running nor sitting down. They went through these movements at intervals every day and the robin was never able to explain to his mate what they were doing or trying to do. He could only say that he was sure that the Eggs would never flap about in such a manner; but as the boy who could speak robin so fluently was doing the thing with them, birds could be quite sure that the actions were not of a dangerous nature. Of course neither the robin nor his mate had ever heard of the Champion Wrestler, Bob Haworth, and his exercises for making the muscles stand out like lumps. Robins are not like human beings; their muscles are always exercised from the first and so they develop themselves in a natural manner. If you have to find every meal you eat, your muscles do not become atrophied (atrophied means wasted away through want of use).

When the boy was walking and running about and digging and weeding like the others, the nest in the corner was brooded over by a great peace and content. Fears for the Eggs became things of the past. Knowing that your Eggs were as safe as if they were locked in a bank vault, and the fact that you could watch so many curious things going on made setting a most entertaining occupation. On wet days the Eggs' mother sometimes felt

even a little dull because the children did not come into the garden.

But even on wet days it could not be said that Mary and Colin were dull. One morning when the rain streamed down unceasingly and Colin was beginning to feel a little restive, as he was obliged to remain on his sofa because it was not safe to get up and walk about, Mary had an inspiration.

"Now that I am a real boy," Colin had said, "my legs and arms and all my body are so full of Magic that I can't keep them still. They want to be doing things all the time. Do you know that when I waken in the morning, Mary, when it's quite early and the birds are just shouting outside and everything seems just shouting for joy—even the trees and things we can't really hear—I feel as if I must jump out of bed and shout myself. And if I did it, just think what would happen!"

Mary giggled inordinately.

"The nurse would come running and Mrs. Medlock would come running and they would be sure you had gone crazy and they'd send for the doctor," she said.

Colin giggled himself. He could see how they would all look—how horrified by his outbreak and how amazed to see him standing upright.

"I wish my father would come home," he said. "I want to tell him myself. I'm always thinking about it—but we couldn't go on like this much longer. I can't stand lying still and pretending, and besides I look too different. I wish it wasn't raining to-day."

It was then Mistress Mary had her inspiration.

"Colin," she began mysteriously, "do you know how many rooms there are in this house?"

"About a thousand, I suppose," he answered.

"There's about a hundred no one ever goes into," said Mary. "And one rainy day I went and looked into ever so many of them. No one ever knew, though Mrs. Medlock nearly found me out. I lost my way when I was coming back and I stopped at the end of your corridor. That was the second time I heard you crying."

Colin started up on his sofa.

"A hundred rooms no one goes into," he said. "It sounds almost like a secret garden. Suppose we go and look at them. You could wheel me in my chair and nobody would know where we went."

"That's what I was thinking," said Mary. "No one would dare to follow us. There are galleries where you could run. We could do our exercises. There is a little Indian room where there is a cabinet full of ivory elephants. There are all sorts of rooms."

"Ring the bell," said Colin.

When the nurse came in he gave his orders.

"I want my chair," he said. "Miss Mary and I are going to look at the part of the house which is not used. John can push me as far as the picture-gallery because there are some stairs. Then he must go away and leave us alone until I send for him again."

Rainy days lost their terrors that morning. When the footman had wheeled the chair into the picture-gallery and left the two together in obedience to orders, Colin and Mary looked at each other delighted. As soon as Mary had made sure that John was really on his way back to his own quarters below stairs, Colin got out of his chair.

"I am going to run from one end of the gallery to the other," he said, "and then I am going to jump and then we will do Bob Haworth's exercises."

And they did all these things and many others. They looked at the portraits and found the plain little girl dressed in green brocade and holding the parrot on her finger.

"All these," said Colin, "must be my relations. They lived a long time ago. That parrot one, I believe, is one of my great, great, great, great-aunts. She looks rather like you, Mary—not as you look now but as you looked when you came here. Now you are a great deal fatter and better looking."

"So are you," said Mary, and they both laughed together.

They went to the Indian room and amused themselves with the ivory elephants. They found the rose-colored brocade boudoir and the hole in the cushion the mouse had left, but the mice had grown up and run away and the hole was empty. They saw more rooms and made more discoveries than Mary had made on her first pilgrimage. They found new corridors and corners and flights of steps and new old pictures they liked and weird old things they did not know the use of. It was a curiously entertaining morning and the feeling of wandering about in the same house with other people but at the same time feeling as if one were miles away from them was a fascinating thing.

"I am glad we came," Colin said. "I never knew I lived in such a big, queer old place. I like it. We will ramble about every rainy day. We shall always be finding new queer corners and things."

That morning they had found among other

things such good appetites that when they returned to Colin's room it was not possible to send the luncheon away untouched.

When the nurse carried the tray downstairs she slapped it down on the kitchen dresser so that Mrs. Loomis, the cook, could see the highly polished dishes and plates.

"Look at that!" she said. "This is a house of mystery, and those two children are the greatest mysteries in it."

"If they keep that up every day," said the strong young footman John, "there'd be small wonder that he weighs twice as much to-day as he did a month ago. I should have to give up my place in time, for fear of doing my muscles an injury."

That afternoon Mary noticed that something new had happened in Colin's room. She had noticed it the day before, but had said nothing because she thought the change might have been made by chance. She said nothing to-day but she sat and looked fixedly at the picture over the mantel. She could look at it because the curtain had been drawn aside. That was the change she noticed.

"I know what you want me to tell you," said Colin, after she had stared a few minutes. "I always know when you want me to tell you something. You are wondering why the curtain is drawn back. I am going to keep it like that."

"Why?" asked Mary.

"Because it doesn't make me angry any more to see her laughing. I wakened when it was bright moonlight two nights ago and felt as if the Magic was filling the room and making everything so splendid that I couldn't lie still. I got up and looked out of the window. The room was quite light and there was a patch of moonlight on the curtain and somehow that made me go and pull the cord. She looked right down at me as if she were laughing because she was glad I was standing there. It made me like to look at her. I want to see her laughing like that all the time. I think she must have been a sort of Magic person perhaps."

"You are so like her now," said Mary, "that sometimes I think perhaps you are her ghost made into a boy."

That idea seemed to impress Colin. He thought it over and then answered her slowly.

"If I were her ghost—my father would be fond of me," he said.

"Do you want him to be fond of you?" inquired Mary.

"I used to hate it because he was not fond of me. If he grew fond of me I think I should tell him about the magic. It might make him more cheerful."

CHAPTER XXVI

THEIR belief in the Magic was an abiding thing. After the morning's incantations Colin sometimes gave them Magic lectures.

"I like to do it," he explained, "because when I grow up and make great scientific discoveries I shall be obliged to lecture about them and so this is practice. I can only give short lectures now because I am very young, and besides Ben Weatherstaff would feel as if he were in church and he would go to sleep."

"Th' best thing about lecturin'," said Ben, "is that a chap can get up an' say aught he pleases an' no other chap can answer him back. I wouldn't be agen' lecturin' a bit mysel' sometimes."

But when Colin held forth under his tree old Ben fixed devouring eyes on him and kept them there. He looked him over with critical affection. It was not so much the lecture that interested him as the legs which looked straighter and stronger each day, the boyish head which held itself up so well, the once sharp chin and hollow cheeks which had filled and rounded out, and the eyes which had begun to hold the light he remembered in another pair. Sometimes when Colin felt that Ben's earnest gaze meant that he was much impressed he wondered what he was reflecting on, and once when he had seemed quite entranced he questioned him.

"What are you thinking about, Ben Weatherstaff?" he asked.

"I was thinking," answered Ben, "as I'd warrant tha's gone up three or four pound this week. I was lookin' at tha' calves an' tha' shoulders. I'd like to get thee on a pair o' scales."

"It's the Magic and—and Mrs. Sowerby's buns and milk and things," said Colin. "You see the scientific experiment has succeeded."

That morning Dickon was too late to hear the lecture. When he came he was ruddy with running and his funny face looked more twinkling than usual. As they had a good deal of weeding to do after the rains they fell to work. They always had plenty to do after a warm deep-sinking rain. The moisture that was good for the flowers was also good for the weeds, which thrust up tiny blades of grass and points of leaves that must be pulled up before their roots took too firm hold. Colin was as good at weeding as anyone in these days, and he could lecture while he was doing it.

"The Magic works best when you work yourself," he said this morning. "You can feel it in your bones and muscles. I am going

to read books about bones and muscles, but I am going to write a book about magic. I am making it up now. I keep finding out things."

It was not very long after he had said this that he laid down his trowel and stood up on his feet. He had been silent for several minutes, and they had seen that he was thinking out lectures as he often did. When he dropped his trowel and stood upright it seemed to Mary and Dickon as if a sudden strong thought had made him do it. He stretched himself out to his tallest height and he threw out his arms exultantly. Color glowed in his face and his strange eyes widened with joyfulness. All at once he had realized something to the full.

"Mary! Dickon!" he cried. "Just look at me!"

They stopped their weeding and looked at him.

"Do you remember that first morning you brought me in here?" he demanded.

Dickon was looking at him very hard. Being an animal charmer he could see more things than most people could and many of them were things he never talked about. He saw some of them now in this boy.

"Aye, that we do," he answered.

Mary looked hard too, but she said nothing.

"Just this minute," said Colin, "all at once I remembered it myself—when I looked at my hand digging with the trowel, and I had to stand up on my feet to see if it was real. And it is real! I'm well—I'm well!"

"Aye, that tha' art!" said Dickon.

"I'm well! I'm well!" said Colin again, and his face went quite red all over.

He had known it before in a way, he had hoped it and felt it and thought about it, but just at that minute something had rushed all through him—a sort of rapturous belief and realization, and it had been so strong that he could not help calling out.

"I shall live forever and ever and ever!" he cried grandly. "I shall find out thousands and thousands of things. I shall find out about people and creatures and everything that grows—like Dickon—and I shall never stop making Magic. I'm well! I'm well! I feel—I feel as if I want to shout out something —something thankful and joyful!"

Ben Weatherstaff, who had been working near a rose-bush, glanced round at him.

"Tha' might sing th' Doxology," he suggested in his dryest grunt. He had no opinion of the Doxology and he did not make the suggestion with any particular reverence.

But Colin was of an exploring mind and he knew nothing about the Doxology.

"What is that?" he inquired.

"Dickon can sing it for thee, I'll warrant," replied Ben Weatherstaff.

Dickon answered with his all-perceiving animal charmer's smile.

"They sing it i' church," he said. "Mother says she believes th' skylarks sings it when they gets up i' th' mornin'."

"If she says that, it must be a nice song," Colin answered. "I've never been in a church myself. I was always too ill. Sing it, Dickon. I want to hear it."

Dickon was quite simple and unaffected about it. He understood what Colin felt better than Colin did himself. He understood by a sort of instinct so natural that he did not know it was understanding. He pulled off his cap and looked round still smiling.

"Tha' must take off tha' cap," he said to Colin, "an' so mun tha', Ben—an' tha' mun stand up, tha' knows."

Colin took off his cap and the sun shone on and warmed his thick hair as he watched Dickon intently. Ben Weatherstaff scrambled up from his knees and bared his head too with a sort of puzzled, half resentful look on his old face as if he didn't know exactly why he was doing this remarkable thing.

Dickon stood out among the trees and rose bushes and began to sing in quite a simple matter-of-fact way and in a nice strong-boy voice:

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
> Praise Him all creatures here below,
> Praise Him above ye heavenly Host,
> Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
> Amen.

When he had finished, Ben Weatherstaff was standing quite still with his jaws set obstinately but with a disturbed look in the eyes fixed on Colin. Colin's face was thoughtful and appreciative.

"It is a very nice song," he said. "I like it. Perhaps it means just what I mean when I want to shout out that I am thankful to the Magic." He stopped and thought in a puzzled way. "Perhaps that *is* the Magic," he said next, "perhaps the Magic is *that*. Perhaps they are both the same thing. How can we know the exact names of everything? Sing it again, Dickon. Let us try, Mary. I want to sing it, too. It's my song. How does it begin? 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow?'"

And they sang it again, and Mary and Colin lifted their voices as musically as they could, and Dickon's swelled quite loud and beautiful—and at the second line Ben Weath-

With the ivy behind her, the sunlight drifting through the trees and dappling her long blue cloak, and her nice fresh face smiling across the greenery, she was rather like a softly colored illustration in one of Colin's books

erstaff raspingly cleared his throat and at the third he joined in with such vigor that it seemed almost savage, and when the "Amen" came to an end Mary observed that the very same thing had happened to him which had happened when he found out that Colin was not a cripple—his chin was twitching and he was staring and winking and his leathery old cheeks were wet.

"I never seed no sense in th' Doxology afore," he said hoarsely, "but I may change my mind i' time. I should say tha'd gone up five pound this week, Mester Colin—five on 'em!"

Colin was looking across the garden at something attracting his attention and his expression had become a startled one.

"Who is coming in here?" he said quickly. "Who is it?"

The door in the ivied wall had been pushed gently open and a woman had entered. She had come in with the last line of their song and she had stood still listening and looking at them. With the ivy behind her, the sunlight drifting through the trees and dappling her long blue cloak, and her nice fresh face smiling across the greenery, she was rather like a softly colored illustration in one of Colin's books. She had wonderful, affectionate eyes which seemed to take everything in—all of them, even Ben Weatherstaff and the "creatures" and every flower that was in bloom. Unexpectedly as she had appeared, not one of them felt that she was an intruder at all. Dickon's eyes lighted like lamps.

"It's Mother—that's who it is!" he cried, and he went across the grass at a run.

Colin began to move toward her, too, and Mary went with him. They both felt their pulses beat faster.

"It's Mother!" Dickon said again when they met halfway. "I knowed tha' wanted to see her an' I told her where th' door was hid." Colin held out his hand with a sort of flushed royal shyness, but his eyes quite devoured her face.

"Even when I was ill I wanted to see you," he said, "you and Dickon and the secret garden. I'd never wanted to see anyone or anything before."

The sight of his uplifted face brought about a sudden change in her own. She flushed and the corners of her mouth shook and a mist seemed to sweep over her eyes.

"Eh! dear lad!" she broke out tremulously. "Eh! dear lad!" as if she had not known she were going to say it. She did not say, "Mester Colin," but just "dear lad" quite suddenly. She might have said it to Dickon in the same way if she had seen something in his face which touched her. Colin liked it.

"Are you surprised because I am so well?" he asked.

She put her hand on his shoulder and smiled the mist out of her eyes.

"Aye, that I am!" she said, "but tha'rt so like thy mother tha' made my heart jump."

"Do you think," said Colin a little awkwardly, "that will make my father like me?"

"Aye, for sure, dear lad," she answered, and she gave his shoulder a soft quick pat. "He mun come home—he mun come home."

"Susan Sowerby," said Ben Weatherstaff, getting close to her, "look at th' lad's legs, wilt tha'? They was like drumsticks i' stockin's three months ago—an' I heard folk tell as they was bandy an' knock-kneed both at th' same time. Look at 'em now!"

Susan Sowerby laughed a comfortable laugh.

"They're goin' to be fine strong lad's legs in a bit," she said. "Let him go on playin' an' workin' in th' garden an' eatin' hearty an' drinkin' plenty o' good sweet milk an' there'll not be a finer pair i' Yorkshire, thank God for it."

She put both hands on Mistress Mary's shoulders and looked her little face over in a motherly fashion.

"An' thee too!" she said. "Tha'rt grown near as hearty as our Susan Ellen. I'll warrant tha'rt like thy mother. Our Martha told me as Mrs. Medlock heard she was a pretty woman. Tha'lt be like a blush rose when tha' grows up, my little lass, bless thee."

She did not mention that when Martha came home on her "day out" and described the plain sallow child she had added that she had no confidence whatever in what Mrs. Medlock had heard. "It doesn't stand to reason that a pretty woman could be th' mother o' such a fou' little lass," she had said obstinately.

Mary had not had time to pay much attention to her changing face. She had only known that she looked "different" and seemed to have a great deal more hair and that it was growing very fast. But remembering her pleasure in looking at the Mem Sahib in the past she was glad to hear that she might some day look like her.

Susan Sowerby went round their garden with them and was told the whole story of it and shown every bush and tree which had come alive. Colin walked on one side of her and Mary on the other. Each of them kept looking up at her comfortable rosy face, secretly curious about the delightful feeling she gave

them—a sort of warm supported feeling. It seemed as if she understood them as Dickon understood his "creatures." She stooped over the flowers and talked about them as if they were children. Soot followed her and once or twice cawed at her and flew upon her shoulder as if it were Dickon's. When they told her about the robin and the first flight of the young ones she laughed a motherly little mellow laugh in her throat.

"I suppose learnin' 'em to fly is like learnin' children to walk, but I'm afeared I should be all in a worrit if mine had wings instead o' legs," she said.

It was because she seemed such a wonderful woman in her nice moorland cottage way that at last she was told about the Magic.

"Do you believe in magic?" asked Colin after he had explained about Indian fakirs. "I do hope you do."

"That I do, lad," she answered. "I never knowed it by that name, but what does th' name matter? I warrant they call it a different name i' France an' a different one i' Germany. Th' same thing as set th' seeds swellin' an' th' sun shinin' made thee a well lad, an' it's th' Good Thing. It isn't like us poor fools as think it matters if us is called out of our names. Th' Big Good Thing doesn't stop to worrit, bless thee. It goes on makin' worlds by th' million—worlds like us. Never thee stop believin' in th' Big Good Thing an' knowin' th' world's full of it—an' call it what tha' likes. Tha' wert singin' to it when I come into th' garden."

"I felt so joyful," said Colin, opening his beautiful strange eyes at her. "Suddenly I felt how different I was—how strong my arms and legs were, you know—and how I could dig and stand—and I jumped up and wanted to shout out something."

"Th' Magic listened when tha' sung th' Doxology. It would ha' listened to anything tha'd sung. It was thy joy that mattered. Eh, lad, lad—what's names to th' Joy-maker?" and she gave his shoulders a quick soft pat again.

She had packed a basket which held a regular feast this morning, and when the hungry hour came and Dickon brought it out from its hiding place, she sat down with them under their tree and watched them devour their food, laughing and quite gloating over their appetites. She was full of fun and made them laugh at all sorts of odd things. She told them stories in broad Yorkshire and taught them new words. She laughed as if she could not help it when they told her of the increasing difficulty there was in pretending that Colin was still a fretful invalid.

"You see we can't help laughing nearly all the time when we are together," explained Colin. "And it doesn't sound ill at all. We try to choke it back, but it will burst out and that sounds worse than ever."

"There's one thing that comes into my mind often," said Mary, "and I can scarcely ever hold in when I think of it suddenly. I keep thinking, suppose Colin's face should get to look like a full moon. It isn't like one yet, but he gets a tiny bit fatter every day—and suppose some morning it should look like one—what should we do?"

"Bless us all, I can see tha' has a good bit o' play-actin' to do," said Susan Sowerby. "But tha' won't have to keep it up much longer. Mester Craven'll come home."

"Do you think he will?" said Colin. "Why?"

Susan Sowerby chuckled softly.

"I suppose it 'ud nigh break thy heart if he found out before tha' told him in tha' own way," she said. "Tha's laid awake nights plannin' it."

"I couldn't bear anyone else to tell him," said Colin. "I think about different ways every day. I think now I just want to run into his room."

"That'd be a fine start for him," said Susan Sowerby. "I'd like to see his face, lad. I would that! He mun come back—that he mun."

One of the things they talked of was the visit they were to make to her cottage. They planned it all. They were to drive over the moor and lunch out of doors among the heather. They would see all the twelve children and Dickon's garden.

Susan Sowerby got up at last to return to the house and Mrs. Medlock. It was time for Colin to be wheeled back also. But before he got into his chair he stood quite close to Susan and fixed his eyes on her with a kind of bewildered adoration, and he suddenly caught hold of the fold of her blue cloak and held it fast.

"You are just what I—what I wanted," he said. "I wish you were my mother—as well as Dickon's!"

All at once Susan Sowerby bent down and drew him with her warm arms close against the bosom under the blue cloak—as if he had been Dickon's brother. The quick mist swept over her eyes.

"Eh, dear lad!" she said. "Thy own mother's in this 'ere very garden, I do believe. She couldna' keep out of it. Thy father mun come back to thee—he mun!"

To be concluded

THE THEATRE

THE QUESTION OF SCENERY

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

AMERICAN theatrical managers are not artists; they merely sell theatrical wares. And, accordingly, they are not given to experiment. Slow even about trying the work of an unknown author, they have not in many years made any trials of new or revolutionary methods of production. They have simply gone on elaborating the old methods, till at last they have reached the point where they can go no further without bankruptcy. We may, of course, discount by at least half the managerial announcements that this musical comedy cost $70,000 to "put on" the stage, or that drama cost $25,000. But the fact remains, nevertheless, that the modern demand for realistic scenery, "real" carpets and vases and woodwork, elaborate costumes, and so on, has made the mounting of a play an absurdly expensive matter. Just as progressive inoculation with a drug or virus sets up immunity in the patient, so that a constantly heavier dose is required for reaction, so the progressive elaboration of scenery and production on the stage has set up immunity in our public, till now it costs a manager many thousands of dollars to catch our jaded attention. John W. Alexander, the well-known painter, has been the only man vitally to experiment with stage scenery in America along new lines. He did so out of friendship to Miss Maude Adams, designing for her the production of "Chantecler," and he came to the task without preconceived conventions. He made his scenery more illusive, but it can hardly be said he made it simpler or less expensive.

This overelaboration would not be so bad if there were any compensating gain to dramatic art, if the more elaborate scenery resulted in more effective plays. But such is not the case. It is well known that if you overload Shakespeare with scenery, you lose dramatic coherence and narrative speed. With modern and more realistic plays, also, the lasting successes have not depended on their scenery for their appeal; they have, indeed, most often been plays in which there was a minimum of scenery and a maximum of emotional truth and acting value. Among musical plays, the sources of lasting success are still to be found in humorous text and buoyant, melodic score. "The Merry Widow" raged on every German beer-hall stage, even in New York. "The Chocolate Soldier" towered above the most elaborate of Lew Fields' "productions." Offenbach, Strauss, Sullivan, Herbert and their like have not been, and never will be, superseded by scenery.

The pictorial setting, of course, has a vital place on the modern stage. We can no more go back to the Elizabethan theatre than to the Elizabethan stagecoach or Elizabethan surgery. But we can experiment with our modern scenic setting to discover if there is not some way of simplifying it, of making it a more effective aid to the drama as well as a less costly one, of making it more suggestive and truly pictorial. Such experiments are already being conducted in Europe. Here in America we have seen nothing of them. Our managers

have gone on elaborating realistic scene painting and stage dressing along the old lines, year after year, till they are beginning to stagger under the expense. They have given us nothing different, and so we cannot as yet appreciate anything different. But sooner or later, if there is to be any progress in dramatic art, a change will have to be made, the public will have to be taught something different; and the first managers who begin to experiment intelligently will win a page in history.

It is curious how far behind its sister arts the art of scene painting lags. Impressionism in art is an old story now. The veriest schoolboy has learned to laugh at the picture which reproduces a scene with the stiffness and minute fidelity of a photograph, and really says nothing at all about the subject, creates no mood for the spectator. Yet that is as far as our scene painting ever gets, and as much as we ever ask of it. Suppose a garden is to be represented on the stage. Here is what we see when the curtain rises:

A back-drop, palpably painted on a flat surface, depicting fields and streams in perspective. In front of this a canvas wall or fence, built on invisible wooden frames and covered with artificial flowers and vines, which rustle stiffly when the actors touch them and shine with an unnatural, vivid green. In the foreground, matting, dyed the same painful green, is spread to represent grass. More artificial flowers stand about. A pasteboard tree rises from the center. The top of this tree is painted on canvas, cut out, suspended on a net, and lowered till it joins, more or less accurately, with the trunk. The netting is always visible. To left and right the "wing pieces" are either canvas shrubbery or canvas houses, with "practical" verandas. The whole scene is flooded with electric sunshine, and we rapturously applaud.

Yet it no more gives us the mood of a real garden than a colored photograph—if as much. The expensive artificial flowers, the expensive artificial grass, the expensive artificial wall, the expensive artificial trees, deceive nobody. We could no more look at this stage picture with pleasure for five minutes, if the actors were absent, than we could look at a mid-Victorian chromo. It has no pictorial nor artistic value, it creates by itself no mood, it tells us nothing significant about that garden, or any other garden.

Take, again, the utmost development of a street scene according to the methods of realistic scenery—the only methods ever employed in this country. Such scenes may frequently be observed at the Opera House. There was one—a tenement scene—in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Salvation Nell" (altogether the best one of recent years). And this past winter, in "Everywoman," Times Square, New York, was depicted. In all such scenes, naturally, every inch of stage room is utilized to suggest space, but even on the great stage of the Opera House the actual space of nature is not realized. All kinds of buildings are constructed at great expense out of canvas on wooden frames, and erected behind the proscenium arch in an effort to simulate exactly the spot represented. But they never do simulate the spot exactly, because they cannot possibly be large enough. At great cost, realistic methods are employed to achieve a result that is neither realistic nor suggestive—that has to be forgiven by the spectator as a clumsy kind of symbol, after all.

The question arises, then, Why not be frankly symbolic, and be done with it? Why not devise scenery which shall suggest rather than attempt to reproduce? Since we readily grant that the players are only pretending to be the persons they are called in the play, since we readily grant that the play itself is only a pretense, valuable for the mood it evokes in us or the thought it stimulates, why not as readily grant that scenery often cannot be a reproduction of reality, but rather should strive to be an impressionistic picture, to evoke the mood of place? Perhaps the public would grant this; we cannot say, for no consistent and intelligent attempt has been made to ascertain.

Such attempts are being made abroad, however, especially in Germany, which leads the world in stagecraft. Gordon Craig, Ellen Terry's son, has also made many experiments, though he has usually had to go outside of England to get them tried. Professor Reinhardt of Berlin, the leading stage director of Europe, recently produced an Oriental pantomime, based on the Arabian Nights Entertainments, "Sumurun," at the London Coliseum (a music hall is a strange arena for revolution in the arts!), and the *Daily Mail* thus wrote of its scenic interest:

> The color, the character, live in the East, which is conjured up by legitimate artistic means, without an attempt at representation of reality. It is all more Eastern, more full of local color, than the East itself. Take that wondrously beautiful third scene—the most enchanting, perhaps, of the whole series. A back-cloth, painted with a flat black silhouette of an Oriental town, with minarets, bulb-shaped cupolas, and flat roofs against a luminous, sapphire, moonlit

sky, and the plain surface of an earth-colored wall extending right across the stage. Nothing could be more unreal, more demonstratively conventional, more boldly simplified—nothing more in accord with the spirit of the East, or at least with our conception of it. Along this wall pass in a long procession, dimly lighted and with their shadows thrown onto the wall, the sheik and his suite, and, indeed, all the characters of the play, each with his own conventionalized gait and accompanied by his own leit motif. And that is all. Two or three minutes at the most—but two or three minutes of indescribable, thrilling beauty.

This scene of two or three minutes suffices to demonstrate the futility of all stage realism. The beauty of the world cannot be satisfactorily reproduced on the stage. But stage art has the power to produce a beauty of its own—a beauty more intense, more intoxicating, for the time being, than the beauty of the real world. It has the power of a concentrated appeal to the senses, aided by the exclusion of all disturbing elements.

The conservative London *Times* also spoke in the warmest terms of the spell laid upon the spectator by this Eastern pantomime, and especially by this third scene, the procession of figures against a flat back-cloth. And the critic of the *Times* is not given to praise without a cogent reason.

Here we have evident simplification of scenery—just a back-drop, a wall, and a manipulation of the lights to shroud the rest of the stage in darkness. Yet to the newspaper critics, at any rate, and apparently to the audiences at a London music hall, the effect was more beautiful and more suggestive of Oriental atmosphere than a whole stage littered with "real" properties, wing pieces, and buildings—in short, an attempt to rebuild the Orient in canvas and pasteboard.

And why not? Can any combination of "water cloth" on the stage give one hundredth part the sensation of the tossing sea that we gain from a painting by Winslow Homer or Waugh's "Roaring Forties"? Can any arrangement of artificial flowers and dyed excelsior give us the sensation of lush garden peace which we feel in the presence of some small canvas Alden Weir has painted in his New England back yard? Let an artist who understands the stage design a back-cloth for street or rural scene, let it be fairly reproduced with his colors and perspectives, throw your wings into shadow behind draperies, and we venture to say that even unsensitive spectators, after the first shock of surprise had worn off, would not miss the artificial flowers, the formal pasteboard trees, the excelsior grass, or the canvas houses, but would accept the picture as a symbol of the scene, and follow the drama with as much interest as before. The sensitive spectator would probably find not only a new pictorial beauty in such a setting, but a heightened response to the mood of the scene.

Incidentally, the manager would enormously reduce his expenses.

During the two years of its experimental existence on Central Park West the New Theatre had umlimited resources, and a designer of scenery of the first rank—Hamilton Bell. Yet no conscious trial was made to simplify the scenic stage; rather was elaboration the rule. To be sure, the theatre had so many other problems on its hands that this is not strange. In the vast spaces of the New Theatre, of course, realistic scenery can produce much more illusion than on a small stage, but it is significant that from the most elaborate scenery designed by Mr. Bell—that for the California Indian play, "The Arrow Maker"—the net effect was a dwarfing of the drama. The actors shrank to insignificance before (or beneath) the mere size of the wing pieces, the canvas rocks and mountains. It is also significant that the most beautiful effect Mr. Bell achieved was his simplest—in "Sister Beatrice." The stage showed the dim, bare interior of a convent. A large door at the rear center was presently thrown open and through this frame you saw a single figure standing, in shining mail, and behind him a picture of young birches, misty fields, and the morning star. There were no foreground properties in this landscape, of dyed excelsior, pasteboard trees, and the like, to contrast rather absurdly with a painted back-drop. There was only the suggestive painting, simple, decorative, full of the "feel" of the dim night landscape. The audiences used spontaneously to applaud this picture, at once so lovely in itself and provocative of the proper mood.

There was one invention at the New Theatre, however, mothered by necessity, which may well lead to further experiment in stagecraft. When "The Blue Bird" was moved to the Majestic Theatre the scenery had to be cut down for the smaller stage. When the production was moved back, of course it was now too narrow completely to fill the New Theatre proscenium opening. Accordingly, some means had to be devised to screen the gaps at the sides. This was done by suspending long, graceful hangings of gray and lavender gauzy material behind the pillars of the proscenium.

Now, when the scenes were thus cut off on either side, not sharply by wing pieces or the straight line of the proscenium, but by the shadowy folds of the gauze, they tended to seem farther removed from the audience,

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THE FOREST IN "CHANTECLER"

Showing John W. Alexander's new scenery, with its softness and suggestion of atmosphere and space

A SCENE FROM THE DRA-

The conventional elaboration of realistic scenery, expensive and unconvincing. The shadows

a little mysterious, intangible. This effect was still further intensified by the method of lighting. First the curtain was raised on a dark stage; then the set scene behind the gauze curtains was illuminated; and lastly the space in front, bare of any scenery. The human characters in the play, and their companions, for the most part made their entrances upon this bare space in front, and thus for them as well as the audience the portion of the stage set with scenery had a kind of detachment, peculiarly fitted to the drama, for its scenes are supposed to be a dream, or fairy revelation, to the children.

The value of some adaptation of this method in most plays of poetic suggestion is surely great, deserving further trial and experiment. No one who has seen a play staged out of doors at night, where the darkness eliminates all need of wing pieces and proscenium, where the characters grow into the sight or melt out of it, can fail to have been impressed by the heightened, almost dream-like illusion. If, now, you hang in front of a suggestively painted back-drop—a real picture—some negative draperies on either side, eliminating formal wing pieces and sharp edges; if you light this picture from behind the draperies, so that to the audience they tell rather as folds of shadow, leaving between

Photograph by White

MATIC VERSION OF "THAIS"

of the awning poles cast upon the sky by the flash light also appeared in performance

your actors and the audience a transparent region of darkness, as it were, an intangible glass of illusion, you have achieved an effect of possible beauty and increased suggestiveness by the simplest of means. Certainly, by some such method, the production of Shakespeare could be greatly simplified, many of the scenes now omitted restored to the acting text, the "waits" cut down, the whole narrative made more coherent and rapid. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe at present are forced by the demand for elaborate scenery to clog their productions and either slaughter the text or keep their audiences in the theater till midnight. Without in any sense returning to the conditions of a bare stage, a stage devoid of pictorial illusion, they might by judicious experiment find a way out of their dilemma. It is to such artists as they, certainly—since Mr. Belasco seems wedded to the elaborately realistic—that we must look for experiment.

Mr. Belasco's settings are most persuasive when they are interiors. Because an interior, if it is supposed to be of ordinary proportions, can be, with care, exactly reproduced on the stage (minus the fourth wall, of course), there is less occasion here to quarrel with realistic scenery. To be sure, it is unnecessary and silly for a manager to insist on real Turk-

A SPACIOUS SCENE FROM

Here, on the ample New Theatre stage, a well-painted back-drop dominated

ish rugs, or genuine mahogany or authenticated Van Dykes for the walls. Belasco's marvelous "atmosphere" in his interiors does not reside in the "genuineness" of his properties; if they were good imitations they would do quite as well. It resides in the fact that he picks the right properties, the fitting properties for the room in question. If it is a musician's room, he has such pictures and ornaments as musicians collect; his properties are always in character with the people of his play. That is why his rooms look lived in. It is not because the rooms and furnishings are real, but because they are suggestive. Other managers could spend as much as Belasco and not achieve the same result. We fancy he could achieve it if he spent much less.

But even with interiors there is great room for experiment looking toward simplification and pictorial suggestiveness rather than elaborate realism. After all, the actors are the chief thing in a play, and the setting should be a background rather than a rival. We have all suffered in the theatre from electric lights on the stage, placed where they would be in the room depicted, but which painfully dazzle us and blur the faces of the actors. Here is realism carried too far. Take, again, interiors which are not supposed to represent the houses of to-day, in the drama of contemporary life, but cathedrals, vaults, vasty halls, what not, in opera or romantic story. What illusion do we really get from "stone" pillars that sway in the draught, from canvas arches, from a litter of elaborate properties of pasteboard, manufactured at great expense and necessitating long waits while being put in place? Here, again, one really suggestive picture of the scene, designed by an artist, and isolated by draperies and shadow, would be immeasurably more potent over the imagination and immeasurably cheaper. It is a fruitful field for experiment.

There are many scenes, of course, where a total elimination of foreground properties or of solid wing pieces would be impossible, because of the demands of the drama. *Juliet* must have her balcony. The characters in "Pomander Walk" must have their windows to peep through. There must be doors through which the characters may enter. There must be benches or sundials. But we venture to affirm that by proper lighting and screening, and a duly pictorial back-drop, the mechanical elaboration even of these needful solid sets and properties could be vastly reduced without loss of illusion and with a great gain in merely pictorial beauty. It requires but the fewest foreground properties to sug-

Photograph by Byron

"THE ARROW MAKER"

the scene, showing the Sierras, and was the most effective set in the play

gest that third dimension in which the living actors must move. Indeed, we are ready enough to grant it without any properties at all in Shakespearian productions, where alternate scenes are played on the stage "apron" before a drop curtain.

After all, it was not the Elizabethans who were stupid because they could enjoy the drama on a bare stage; it is we who are stupid because we cannot enjoy the drama unless the stage is littered with "realistic" scenery. We have no faith in our own imaginative powers. It would be a good thing for the drama if all scenery were abolished for the next ten years. Having learned to get along without it, we would perhaps keep it in its proper place for a while after it returned. Its proper place is as a pictorial and suggestive background to the actors and the play, and nothing but a background. John W. Alexander's work on Miss Maude Adams' production of "Chantecler" was revolutionary in the matter of material only. It ought to be followed up on still more radical lines.

Mr. Alexander discovered that if you represent a tree, not by painted pasteboard nor canvas tacked on wood, but by a piece of blue gauze, cut to the proper shape, stretched on chains, and backed by a piece of black velvet, your gain in illusion is considerable, provided your lights are properly handled. The blue gauze is partially painted, to represent the high lights and irregularities of bark. When the light is cast on, the black velvet of course shows through, giving the effect of solidity; but the now invisible blue gauze still tells as a kind of gray shimmer, like nature, and the painted high lights give the illusion of rotundity. If you have trees and foliage painted on a back drop, the method is the same, only the sky is painted with opaque blue and of course the velvet shows through only such objects as are supposed to be solid. Hang several sheets of gauze before such a backdrop, and by casting your lights on the first sheet only your trees will be shadowy and indistinct, your sky a dim radiance. Gradually bring the lights into play on sheet after sheet of gauze, and your landscape emerges clearer and clearer; day breaks over the scene.

Mr. Alexander maintains that here is a new kind of scenery, much softer and more suggestive than the old hard, realistic, wooden-framed sort. But it is at least equally expensive, and if there is to be no reduction in the number of set trees in the foreground, in the abutting wing pieces, in "realistic" grass and loads of properties, the gain is not nearly so great as it should be. He has softened and made richer the picture, but he has not yet

THE QUAINT SETTING

These small "practical houses," placed well back on the stage and prettily painted,

removed from it its taint of crude and childish attempt at reproductive realism; he has not yet made it truly pictorial. His methods, applied to the back-drop only, and to a few set trees and the like, well composed in the foreground to hint at the third dimension for less imaginative spectators, while wings and front are somehow screened with draperies and darkness, might conceivably make a picture of rare beauty and suggestiveness, wherein the actors could move without being dwarfed by their surroundings, which should be as a pictorial orchestration to the drama. We hope that Mr. Alexander will go on with his experiments. The chance to have such an artist as he working in our practical theatre is as rare as it is fortunate.

In a recent interview Mr. Alexander said: "We have made great progress in stagecraft during the last generation, undoubtedly, but it has been progress along old lines; we have never been able to get away from the difficulty of making things realistic while not having them jump at you. In real life furniture keeps its place, even in a brightly lighted room, but, owing to the necessities of lighting on the stage, furniture has got to seeming more 'real' in a play than it ever does in our homes. Composition, which is the most important thing in a picture, has

Photograph by Waite

FOR "POMANDER WALK"

represent realistic scenery at its best, though even they are too small to be really real

hardly ever been considered. A realism that faithfully copies details and fails utterly to give the effect of things as they strike the eye in everyday life is about the most hopeless failure in art. Much of our stage-scenery 'progress' has been along this line. At the same time, we have got too far away from the spirit of the Elizabethan times to be able to accept their simple device of a stage hung merely with a curtain. All of us who have worked over this new method put a great deal of heart into it because we all feel so keenly the value of the stage as a big, popular school of art. It is a way of educating the eye of the ordinary man and woman. If beautiful things are put before people they soon acquire a true standard of beauty."

These are wise words. "The effect of things as they strike the eye in everyday life," that is, in nature, is seldom caught by the camera; it is caught by the painter. It is not reproduced by a model, but by a process of selective art. True progress in stage scenery will not come till our managers and public realize this. It was enough for the Elizabethans to be told that the stage represented the Forest of Arden. We are to-day a people of little faith. We have to be shown as well as told. But we can be convinced much more readily by a true picture of that

Photograph by Byron

A SCENE FROM "THE BLUE BIRD"

Note the simplicity of the setting and the grace of the draperies at left and right; it is decorative, not realistic

forest than by a rather ridiculous pasteboard replica—and much more cheaply. The problem to be worked out is one of lighting, of screening, of removing this picture into a world apart, together with the actors, so that harsh mechanical details do not obtrude nor sharp lines break the illusion.

But it is too much to expect that the public be interested particularly in a pictorial stage for its own sake, that is, that they find a definite and conscious enjoyment of decorative designs made by groupings of the players, arrangement of the furniture, and composition of the scenery. Indeed, we are inclined to believe that while such decorative designs are all very well in their place, they do not belong to realistic drama at all, and, in any form of drama, are distinctly subordinate to the action, to the human story. The danger of innovations in scenery seems to be to run into esthetic extravagance. Certainly Gordon Craig has not escaped such extravagance. The problem, we must therefore confess, is twofold; it is not only how to simplify and make more truly pictorial our present scenery, but how to do it without pushing the pictorial element too far to the front, and losing sight of the fundamental dramatic element in all stage entertainment. It is thus a problem for artists to solve, but artists working with, and under the advice of, practical men of the theatre. It must be worked out under the eye of a theatrical manager. What manager in America will be the first to attempt it?

Ernest

LAYS DOWN HIS ARMS

BY

INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

AUTHOR OF "PHOEBE AND ERNEST," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

DEAREST SYLVIA:

Mother got a letter from Ern last night in which he announced that he was going to bring four boys home from Princeton for the Easter vacation. Ordinarily, it lasts only from the Thursday before Easter until the Monday after; but by a system of saving up cuts they've spread it into a week. With Ern, that makes five kid-boys in the house. *Five*—count 'em—FIVE. Isn't it sickening? I feel as if I were taking in a kindergarden to train. For, like you, Sylvia, I have nothing but indifference and an amused contempt for boys. However, they needn't interfere one atom with you and me. In the first place, boys of that age generally hate girls; but if the little beasts show the faintest sign of taking notice I guess I can hand them the best freezing-out act ever seen on this or any other stage. And you, too, Sylvia my love, can turn *a pretty handy trick* with the ice pitcher.

Mother and I have talked it over, and we've put five cots in the big room at the top of the house—the one we call the Gym. It looks like a hospital ward. You and I will have the floor below all to ourselves. We will breakfast in my room. Then you can work all morning on your thesis. I'll bring your lunch up to you—I have a great pull with Flora. And the girls will probably invite us out to dinner so often that we won't have to see the kindergarden only now and then.

Yours disgustedly,

PHOEBE.

"Say, Mart," said Cinders, addressing Ernest Martin, the night before the quintette left Princeton, "do I understand that you guarantee this expedition to the home of your ancestors to be absolutely non-fussing, as it were, so to speak, nevertheless *and* notwithstanding?"

"Child, you guess the truth," Ernest reassured him. "It is to be skirtless. In the words of the bard, there will be 'lack of woman's weeping, there will be lack of women's tears.'"

"*Io triomphe*, *banzai*, hail, hip, hip and loud cheers!" said Cinders.

Red-headed was Cinders—little and clever, always asking questions, and usually answering them himself.

"How can it be skirtless," Sandy Williston remarked, "if you have a sister?"

Sandy was long, lank and preternaturally solemn as to full black eyes behind huge round glasses. He now turned the double glare of his convex gaze on a picture of Phoebe which, framed in an oval of gold, had appeared in Ernest's room at Christmas-time. The others looked at it also and with varying degrees of an assumed indifference. As it happened, their semicircular group had made it the center of triweekly smoke-talks. And as they puffed, they considered it.

The picture—the last cry in fashionable photography—represented a slender girl in an evening-dress and a huge lacy mobcap. Perhaps—was it a trick of the artisan?—the innocent big eyes were a little sad, the prettily curved mouth a little drooped. And certainly the feminine note had been emphasized and accented. The portrait included, for instance, such details as toy hands—concealed by gloves, long, soft, prettily wrinkled—holding a rose, the tip of a satin slipper pointing from under a swirl of skirt. It included such feminine properties near by as a

"Oh, *Phoebe!*" he said in a careless voice. "Phoebe is not like other girls. She won't bother us any. I tell you, when a girl has brothers, she soon learns to leave his men friends alone"

triangular object that was a half-opened fan, a square of lace masquerading as a handkerchief. But on the whole the figure, of a robust lithesomeness, a delicate muscularity, connoted spirit, impulse and enthusiasm.

Ernest glanced at the picture too and realized for the first time since he placed it on the wall that it still hung there. Also, in passing, he was hit with the wonder that always struck him when he saw that other men considered a man's sister as a *girl*. To Ernest, the female sex divided itself automatically into two departments, his mother and Phoebe in one, the rest of created women in the other. "Oh, *Phoebe!*" he said in a careless voice. "Phoebe is not like other girls. She won't bother us any. I tell you, when a girl has brothers, she soon learns to leave his men friends alone."

"It is my opinion that none of them don't never learn to peacefully leave nobody alone," said Sandy. Sandy was a little older than the rest. He dealt deliberately in the double negative and the split infinitive. This gave an effect of verbal mutilation to his conversation. But that was as nothing to the insurgent quality which his cynicism gave to his opinions. Sandy had weighed woman in the balance and found her wanting. He made general statements about her.

"There are exactly one hundred reasons why girls are unfit for human companionship," said Art Turner. "The first is that they're women, and the other ninety-nine are that they aren't men."

Art Turner, thin as a whipcord, pompadoured and acidulous, was given to epigram. He looked about him now with the pardonable pride of one who has struck off a neat thing.

"That isn't it," said Cinders, who was nothing if not concrete. "The trouble with the female of our species is that they have no stuffing in their skulls. They are empty in the garret and vacant in the belfry. That is, if they're lookers. There must be some of them who have ideas, for you hear about them at the women's colleges. But there you are again! If they go to college, they are freaks. To find at one time, contiguous and adjacent, contemporaneous and consanguineous, a skirt that is good-looking and can talk sense to a man—it can't be done. That kind is a paradox. It doesn't happen—that's all. And damfiknow why, either."

"My brother said there was a college girl came to Rouncewell Center last summer that was a peacherine and the niftiest bunch of calico there," remarked Al Lawson.

Al Lawson was a slender, shy, poetic-looking lad—blonde. He spoke now in a casual way, but as one who will see justice done.

"Did you see her yourself?" Cinders asked with disconcerting abruptness.

"No," admitted Al.

"That's it. There are always rumors that sometime, somewhere, somebody saw a good-looking college girl. It's like the Flying Dutchman or the Fata Morgana or the *esprit de corps* or the *zeitgeist*—you never see it yourself. Take it from me, if women are pippins, there are *to let* signs in their think-halls, and if they have brains, their faces have once been stepped on."

Ernest seemed to agree to all this by an approving silence. He would have died rather than raise the faintest peep of dissent. But mentally it made him writhe, and physically it made him flush, to imagine what the others would say if they guessed the true state of affairs. For in the last year Ernest had undergone a complete change of opinion in regard to this girl question. He supposed that his experience was new in the history of masculine consciousness. It never occurred to him that Sandy, Cinders, Al, Art, *et al.*, might be passing through the same psychological change. And if it had been suggested to him that, in the foregoing conversation, they were trying, by concerted whistling, to keep their courage up, he would have flouted the theory.

As to Ernest's surprising face-about, many were the reasons thereof. First of all, there was the inevitable one of the mental growth and wider social experience in college life. But allying itself with the main current flowed many minor streams. *Vide:*

By accident, Ernest had become identified in his college course with a group of men professedly "literary" in taste and ambition. The accident was his personal lovability, the unexpected plasticity and adaptability which, in his high-school days, had made him the leader of his intellectual betters and would, doubtless, always insure him their companionship. He had become a little touched with the literary spirit. First and last, he had heard a great deal of literary talk at college—discussions of authors, plots, atmospheres, influences, the technique of style. He reeled off with astonishing glibness the patter of his sophomoric tribe. He read more poetry than ever before in his life—Byron, Shelley, Keats, Verlaine, Heine—and he was absolutely unconscious that it was his crowd who really translated it all to him. Latterly,

Goethe had become the god, Wilhelm Meister the hero of his mind-world. Indeed, Ernest had discovered many extraordinary resemblances between himself and Wilhelm Meister—but this was one of the many things that he never told his friends.

Following on the advice of his preceptor and in the footsteps of genius, Ernest now carried a notebook—number five. It bore the proud title "Women—Their Faults and Frailties." And Ernest was convinced that he would fill it with the subtleties of a Balzac-like study of the sex. But, somehow, though its predecessors filled up rapidly enough—stuffed as they were with Sandy's general cynicisms, Cinder's concrete observations, Al's epigrams and Art's questions—number five seemed to languish. And yet it had started with a bang—in a statement arrogant enough to predicate an endless flow of eloquence.

"*Woman,*" Ernest wrote, "*is not only the conservative, she is the reactionary force in life. She is not of the future. She is not even of the present. She is of the past. She is the deterrent, the deteriant* (Ernest was very proud of that bit of word-carpentry) *of progress. Woman deliberately blindfolds us and then leads us back.*"

The remark still glared up at him, alone and unsupported, from the first page.

He had reasons, other than literary, to urge him to the study of concrete woman. For the world of his mind was now haunted, and haunted by a being unmistakably of the woman-kind—a being whom he had never seen and thus could not name. Perhaps, for our purposes, the label *Ideal* will best serve. It was not that Ernest ever consciously exorcised her. She *appeared*—that was it—she appeared. At first, there was a sense of shock about it, as if, entering his room suddenly, he had surprised an alien thing there—a creature beautiful but yet faery—a ghost-being who blew out like a candle the moment he looked at her.

Sometimes, even, when people were actually about, talking, laughing, he would catch a glimpse of its ghost-occupant—not near, but in the far-away, dimly lighted reaches of his mind. And then his thought, taking the bit in its mouth, would go galloping—galloping—galloping lightly but swiftly galloping—galloping—off—away—on—and on—always pursuing and never catching up.

It tantalized Ernest to the verge of irritation that he had never seen her face. Or was that the fascination of it? And yet—here was a strange thing about it—in spite of her aloofness, he had a vision, vaguely actual, of her.

She was a contradictory creature, full at the same time of bubbling, sparkling spirits and strange vague languors, a creature of soft curves and iron muscles. She had the body of a woman, the spirit of man. She was compact of the various beauties he had noticed in others. Her long floating hair was thick, winglike, with jet-black curls. Those curls were the curls of Fay Faxon, the first girl Ernest had ever consciously looked at. Her eyes were the twin star blacknesses of a young girl-actor whose Boston openings Ernest had tried never to miss. Her mouth had the curved, tragic contours of an Italian poetess whose picture Ernest had once cut from a magazine. Her expression—but here she always evaded him.

Of all the things that she *was* he remained uncertain, except that she was tropically dark and Orientally curved. Of one thing she was *not* he was absolutely certain. She differed in every particular from the Maywood girl, the type of which Phoebe so perfectly represented. The Maywood girl was clean-drawn, cut-out, crisply carved and clearly colored, a flesh-and-blood, bread-and-butter creature. The *ideal* was shadowy, satiny, melting, of the sun and the wind, and yet a creature for poetry and the rhapsodies of confidence in the twilight and under the moon.

"What kind of skirts are the Maywood girls?" asked Cinders.

"Oh, just like other girls," Ernest answered.

"Well, are there many of them?"

"Oodles!" Ernest was laconic. "Each the exact duplicate of the other. All made in Grand Rapids."

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Cinders, touching the depths of dejection. "Already I see her face. Already I hear her talk."

"Well, what's the use of thinking about them," Ernest burst out impatiently. "You won't see any of them. There's only my sister, who, as I tell you, is trained to leave men alone. To be sure, she's going to have a friend staying there for a few days—a Radcliffe girl, Sylvia Gordon. But Phoebe says she's so busy working on a thesis that she won't have time even to eat with us. Which reminds me that I'll have to take an hour or two, here and there, to whack that essay of mine into shape. But you needn't be scared. I won't sic any girls on to you. When I guarantee you that we don't fuss, we *don't fuss.* See? You can't possibly hate to have

girls round more than I do. Now, this is to be the program of the week's games and sports. Weather permitting, we'll have tennis—perhaps some golf. Nights we'll beat it into Boston to the shows. If it rains, daytimes we'll bum round the city, seeing what we can see. You needn't look a female in the face during the entire week."

"What sort of a girl is this Gordon girl?" Cinders asked.

"What a foolishness!" Ernest commented. "No girl is ever any different from any other girl. She's girl—that's all—just girl! Have we no more intelligent subjects for conversation?"

Ernest's program gave every evidence of a conscientious intention to fulfill itself. Arriving just before dinner at the big old-fashioned house set in the midst of lawn and garden, the Princetonians found a family of three awaiting them.

The handsome gentleman, stout, slightly florid and iron-gray, who was Ernest's father, welcomed them cordially. Like the thoroughbred that he was, he piled their plates so full at the go-off that they did not have to come up for more than two extra helps. The tall, thin woman, soft-eyed and gray-haired, who was Ernest's mother—and who exactly met the sophomoric ideal of a mother—welcomed them cordially, too. She did not seem to notice the disappearance of three square yards of steak and a salad bowl full of hard sauce. Her guests did not notice, either, that, at the conclusion of the meal, she went to the telephone. "I want to add to my order, Mr. Jellup, three dozen more eggs, a dozen more chops, two more chickens and all the cream you can spare me for the next week." The startling young person, so magnificently handsome, so magnificently stately, so magnificently haughty, who was Mart's sister, also welcomed them. But hardly with cordiality. Her Majesty—Cinders immediately dubbed her that—never lifted her eyelashes—they were long, dark and level—above the height of their ties.

Her Majesty—otherwise Phoebe Martin—disappeared as soon as dinner was over—joining, they conjectured, the mysterious "grind" upstairs whom Cinders christened "the Captive."

For two days the quintette lived a life ideally masculine, in an Eden virtually Eveless. Her Majesty and the Captive breakfasted and lunched together upstairs. Both nights they went elsewhere for dinner. Once or twice, filing downstairs, the boys heard twin peals of girlish laughter ascending and descending the scale of girlish mirth. Every mother's son of them wondered in his secret heart if he were not the object of that heartless humor. Indeed, it was immediately after this that Cinders said: "By jiminy, Mart, it certainly is great the way you've cut out the female proposition for us. You wouldn't think there was a girl in this town."

And then, to Ernest's great disgust, his whole scheme of masculine segregation blew up, burst and disappeared before his very eyes. And the god in this infernal machine of chance was the person whom he had every reason to trust—his mother.

Returning from the theatre, Ernest noiselessly guided the car up to the Martin gate just as the town-clock struck twelve. At that identical moment, the Martin door opened and disgorged what Cinders afterward described as "all the girls in the world and then some." Substracting hyperbole and substituting exact statistics, it let out Her Majesty, a spark of mischief in her gray eyes big enough to melt the last icicle of her manner. It let out Molly Tate, a little bud of femininity, flaxen and demure. It let out the Gould twins, slender, brown, diabolic in their coquetry, as alike as paired pearls, except that, as Cinders sapiently remarked, "each was prettier than the other." It let out Mrs. Martin, who said in a relieved voice: "Oh, there you are, Ernie, at last. You can take the girls home in the car."

"All right, mother," said Ernest. "Say, fellers," he went on, sacrificing himself nobly, "you beat it upstairs. I won't be gone but fifteen minutes."

But, to his intense disgust and anxiety, the boys lingered, helping to pack the girls in the motor. Out of his own experience, Ernest could have told them that that was like playing with a trap whose working you do not understand. And Phoebe, traitor that she was, egged them on. You never could depend on any female, Ernest reflected—not even a sister—to play your game. And then, at the last moment, on one excuse or another, the Princetonians leaped into the car, sitting on the floor, the running-board, hanging on by their eyelids generally. They proceeded to "jolly" the feminine half of the cargo until their rush through the night trailed, like a banner, a continuous peal of girl-giggles. Not only that—and, decidedly, Ernest did not think this was playing fair—when they reached Molly Tate's house, they prevailed on her to see the Gould girls home. Arriving five minutes later at the Gould place, they wheedled the twins into seeing

Molly home. By a clever prolongation of this system, they saw Molly home six times and the twins five. Finally, to Ernest's relief, feminine rebellion asserted itself over feminine pliability.

"I tell you, fellers, what let's do to-day," Ernest said the next morning. "You haven't any of you been to——"

"Oh, see here, Mart," Cinders interrupted, "if you don't mind, I guess I won't go motoring this morning. You see, last night that Miss Tate got to talking tennis with me—say, what sort of a game does she play, Mart?"

"Rattling for a girl," Ernest replied with enthusiasm. "She and Phoebe won the ladies' doubles here."

"Well, she's crazy to learn that Lawford stroke—says she can't get it. And I said if the weather was good this morning, I'd go over and teach her."

"I was just about to say, Mart," Sandy Williston said in deep chest tones, "that I've got to cut this expedition out too. I was speaking about that glass-flowers exhibition over at Harvard and your sister said she could take me through blindfold. Her exact words were 'Forty billion Harvard men have forced the glass flowers on me.' That's one thing I ought to do while I'm here, you know. So if you don't mind——"

"Well, as long as you fellers are cutting out the Hub of the Universe," Art remarked eagerly, "I guess I will too. That Miss Gould—one of them; I don't know which—invited me to go on a motoring party her aunt is getting up. They're going to Wellesley. I'd like to see the college, because my sister is thinking of entering next year. I really think I ought to look the place over."

"Well," Ernest remarked, "that leaves you and me, Al, to do this Bunker Hill job all by our lonesomeness."

"You see, Mart," Al began in a hesitating manner, "the other Gould twin—I don't know which one, either; but the one that didn't ask Art—asked me to go to Wellesley too. And I thought as long as Art was going——"

"All right," said Ernest, smothering disappointment. "Oh, I know what I'll do. I'll take to-day to plug at that essay. Then to-morrow we'll go over to Bunker Hill."

In spite of the work piled up before him, Ernest found it a lonely day. The house was absolutely silent. Even Mrs. Martin went into town for a day's shopping. Delaying as long as possible the awful initial moment of work, Ernest collected all kinds of accessories, necessary and unnecessary. He sharpened his pencils to slender, rapierlike points. He hunted fifteen minutes until he found a special brand with a rubber on the end. Found—he spent another minute absently gnawing the rubber off. Having exhausted all the possible subterfuges, he settled down and worked hard for an hour.

Then suddenly a sound from downstairs, a sound, in all that solitude and silence, as brazen as a bell, brought him out of his absorption.

It was only that a door opened. But following its abrupt slam came the swish of a feminine skirt. This new sound rustled the length of the hall, subsided. A window opened. Followed absolute silence. Ernest walked softly to his window and looked out at the Maywood hills.

Spring had not come. It was one of those rare days, earnest of a golden summer, by which the New England climate annually fools the oldest inhabitant into believing that winter has gone. Skies washed clear and blue, feathery clouds lighted from within, grass shooting through steamy loam to jostle crocuses, mayflowers and violets.

The window shut. The skirt took up its rustle and swished down the hall. The door closed. Sylvia Gordon's personality, which had scented the whole house for an instant, faded into silence and nothingness. But the whiff of spring that she had let in on the fresh breeze persisted.

Ernest still stood at the window. Dreaming, he still gazed at the Maywood hills. Suddenly his thought caught sight, in the far-off twilit distance in his mind, of—how exquisitely evasive it was, that being of mist, how delicately evanescent! Lightly, but with intense speed, his thought galloped after—galloped—galloped—always pursuing but never quite catching up.

"How about Bunker Hill to-day?" Ernest said the next morning.

"I tell you what, Mart," Sandy said eagerly, "I wish you'd put that off till to-morrow. Your sister said she'd never seen the old North Church—you know the one. The first boy scout, Paul Revere:

> One if by land and two if by sea,
> Rubbering on the opposite shore I'll be—

that one. She said she'd show me all the high-brow historic places at the North End—Independence Bell——"

"That's in Philadelphia," Ernest remarked,

not in the pride of omniscience, but as one who states a fact.

"Is it?" said Sandy indignantly. "What a nerve to sacrilegiously move a fine old landmark like that. There ain't no real reverence for nothing no longer in this country. Is it not so? And then we'll see the House of Seven Gables."

"Salem," Ernest corrected politely.

"Well, anyway, the Old Manse."

"Concord," Ernest stated wearily. "Don't look for the Flatiron Building or the Metropolitan Tower, will you, little one? At last accounts, they had not been moved from New York."

"That little Tate girl is coming on fine," Cinders said with enthusiasm. "Say, she *can* play tennis, can't she? I said I'd stroll over this morning."

"Those Gould girls and their brother offered to take Al and me through Harvard to-day," Art began.

"And I really ought to go," Al ended it for him. "You see, my mother's brothers all went to Harvard and she'll be awfully disappointed if I don't see it."

"Kindly cut out fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, aunts and uncles for excuses," Ernest begged bitterly. "Who was the Indian who said he'd never dare look his father in the face if he didn't go over to Bunker Hill?"

"I did," Cinders threw in jauntily. "Well, I guess I'll be perambulating."

"I'll finish that blasted essay to-day," Ernest said. "But to-morrow—" he ended threateningly.

He ground lonesomely away all day long. But he did not finish the essay. At intervals, the door downstairs would open. The rustle of a skirt would fill the house with its subtle, exquisitely minute, gigantically reverberant thunders. Always at these times, Ernest would stop and dream. Dream—dream—and about nothing—dream until his dream broke in a vague irritation and impatience. "I'm not getting anywhere," he said finally to himself. "I guess I'll go into the Boston Public Library and clean up that research business. That will leave the rest of the week clear."

With Ernest thinking was slow, acting quick. Leaping into his coat, he tore to the Maywood station. Falling into the only vacant seat in the ten-fifteen train, he found Sylvia Gordon there.

"Greetings, fellow-prisoner!" Ernest said. "How goes the thesis?"

"Very badly, thank you, companion-in-misery," Sylvia replied. "How about the essay?"

"Pretty rotten, thank you," Ernest returned cheerfully.

"I'm going into the Boston Library to grind," Sylvia confided.

"Are you," said Ernest. "What a coincidence! So am I."

"What is the subject of your essay, Ernest?" Sylvia asked.

"'The Character of Wilhelm Meister.'"

"Talking about coincidences!" Sylvia said. "Mine is Goethe's 'Faust.' You know I simply *adore* Goethe."

"Another coincidence," Ernest admitted. "He certainly is the main squeeze in the whole literary works for me."

It was like that all the way into Boston—Ernest told Sylvia all those thoughts about Wilhelm Meister that he had not confided to his group.

"I'm glad you're going to the Library," he concluded. "You know the ropes; I don't."

Sylvia did know the ropes. She led him with an accustomed air to one of the big tables in the beautiful, arched, graystone reading room. She exorcised by her private magic a pair of book genii who fetched and carried until she and Ernest sat shoulder high behind Goethe. Then she fell to her reading and her note-taking. From that instant, she hardly looked up.

Ernest also worked hard, but not so hard as Sylvia. His glance, straying up from his book, occasionally hit the head opposite, caught, lingered there.

She had taken off her hat and jacket. She sat in an attitude deliciously feminine, her head bent, her shoulders drooped forward. Ernest recalled the little marble bust of Clytie of which Phoebe was so fond.

She sat in gloom at first; her brown hair took on its brown. It fell here into tiny eddies of shadow, there into tiny maelstroms of light. Suddenly a long-fingered sunbeam fell upon her; the shadow melted, vanished. Her hair brightened, became light itself, floating off into tendrils, the finest and silkiest, dissolving at the ends, evaporating, merging with the very air.

Her skin was satin—and white. On the soft contour of her cheek lay a bloom as delicate as if the faintest flame of spirit-fire had burned through. On this bloom lay eyelashes, satiny also, the color of the deepest shadow in her hair—lay eyelashes and their fairy film, fluttering shadows. Her mouth, like a little rose, tightly folded, seemed red above the white point of her chin.

How little she was, how slender and frail and yet how softly round!

How still she was! How concentrated!

How— She was something else. But what was it?

Pure! That was it. That was what she was. *Pure!*

After all, that was what girls were. They were pure. For the first time the word *purity* gained an abstract significance in Ernest's mind. You never thought of that word in connection with men. But purity in women was beautiful.

Sylvia was wonderfully pure—purer than the rest. She was purity itself.

Something in Ernest broke—some crust that lay between him and a knowledge of himself—a crust that, subconsciously, he had tried not to break. Suddenly he knew that he worshiped purity in Sylvia, that he must worship it wherever he found it the rest of his life. Many thoughts passed through his mind, detached, irrelevant. Perhaps he did not realize that he was thinking them himself. After all, girls were in the world. They could not longer be ignored. There they were with a blare of trumpets—to stay. They were the other half of creation. You could not beat their game. A man was handicapped from the start. They had you by a series of unfair advantages. Whoever planned the universe had loaded their dice. But perhaps there were compensations. They were beautiful. They were pure. It could not be denied—they were wonderful. There were some thoughts—precious ones—which a man could share with them only.

Ernest's soul emitted a long sigh. It was a silent sigh. Nobody heard it. Ernest did not hear it himself. Had the whole world at that moment been raised to disembodied spirits, not a female soul, contemplating the revolution in Ernest, but would have laughed in triumph, not a male soul but would have wept with regret.

For Ernest had laid down his arms to woman.

Sylvia showed him a place where they could lunch. Afterward they worked again. Mid-afternoon, Ernest pushed a note across the table:

My head is getting woozy. How would you like to go canoeing? We can cut across by trolley from Riverside to Maywood and get home in time for dinner.

She returned the note with a scribbled "I would love it."

I repeat, spring had not yet come. But she stood tiptoe at the door, her lap full of flowers, waiting to burst in with dance and with song.

Mid-afternoon, Ernest pushed a note across the table: "My
across by trolley from Riverside to Maywood
note with a scribbled

The trees made a soft chocolate-colored smoke against a sky that dazzled with its blue. The sun dropped red-hot ripples on the gray river. The grass had newly painted itself green.

Under the blue sky Ernest discovered Sylvia's eyes. They were blue—china blue—seemingly much deeper in color because curling lashes, always at half-mast, helped with their shadow.

"Now tell me," Ernest said, "about your thesis and how you came to like Goethe and how you happened to choose 'Faust' instead of 'Wilhelm Meister.'"

She told him.

Nobody who has not been through the same experience will understand what happened. He will not believe the wonders of coincidence in their thoughts, beliefs, opin-

ions, tastes, theories, points of view, that those two found, the miracles of coincidence in the mere matter of experience. He will not credit the number of vistas that Sylvia opened to Ernest, the number of doors that Ernest threw wide for Sylvia. For before their very eyes worlds were bursting, reforming, bursting again to spawn bigger worlds. Yea, æons were passing; universes were in the making. And, indeed, this outsider—perhaps he is a myth after all—might have missed most of the magic of it had he listened, unillumined by the memory of his own experience. For this is the sort of thing he would have heard.

"Sylvia, do you like Keats?"

"I adore him, Ernest. He's my favorite English poet."

"What an extraordinary coincidence! Which of his poems do you like?"

"'Bards of passion, bards of mirth.'"

"What a coincidence! That's the only poem I've ever liked enough to learn by heart."

They recited it together and laughed with delight when Ernest broke down on line six.

"What wonderful single lines Keats gives you!" Sylvia added. "'Forlorn, the very sound is like a bell!' and 'Beaded bubbles winking at the brim.'"

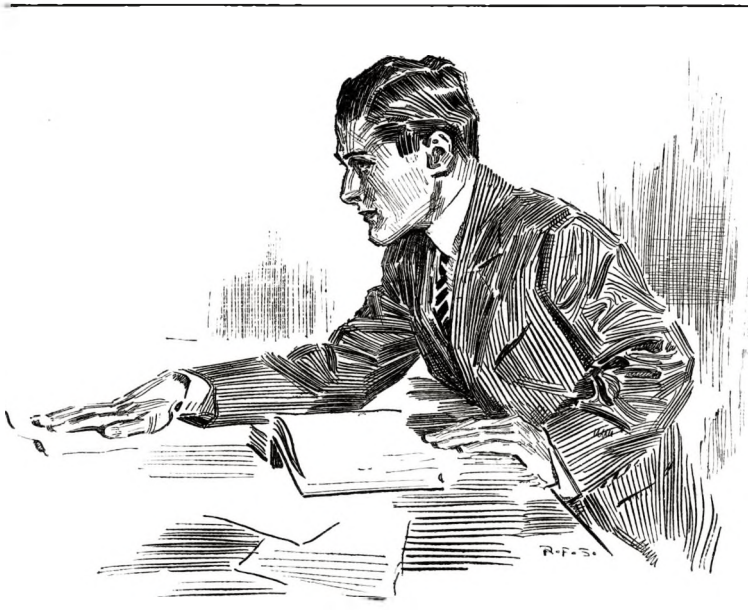
"I have them both in my notebook," Ernest answered.

"Have you read his letters, Ernest?"

"I eat them up."

That night the quintette, in the best of spirits, smoked and talked for an hour before going to bed.

"Well, Mart," Cinders announced cheerfully at last, "I've had enough fussing. How about cutting it all out and leading a man's life for a while? What do you say if this weather keeps up to some tennis to-morrow morning? It puts your game on the blink to play with a woman."



head is getting woozy. How would you like to go canoeing? We can cut and get home in time for dinner." She returned the "I would love it"

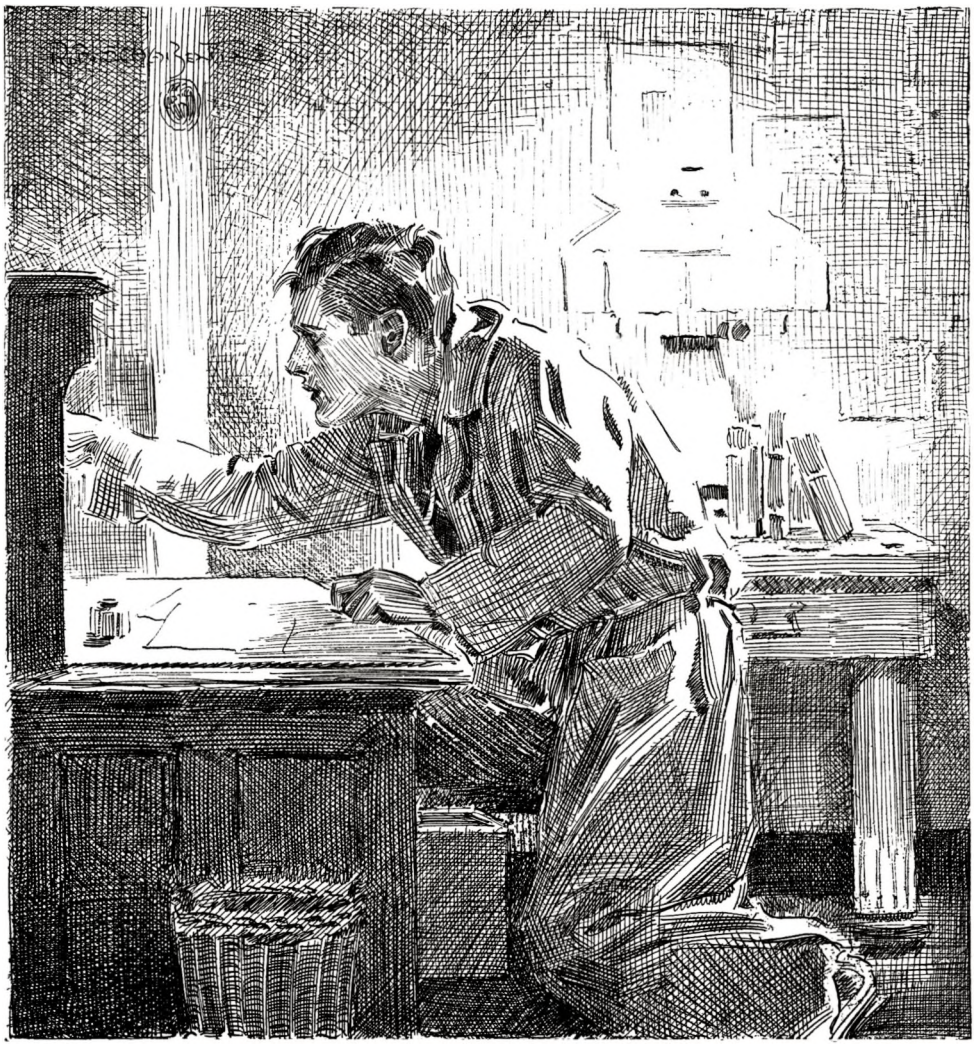
"All right for me and Al," said Art. "Those Gould girls are going away for a couple of days to-morrow and we still can't tell one from the other."

"Yes," Sandy chimed in. "Your sister says she's neglected Miss Gordon so long that she feels she must devote herself to her for the rest of her stay."

"Nothing doing," said Ernest trenchantly. "Not for mine! You fellows can play golf and tennis till the cows come home. But I've offered to take Phoebe and Sylvia Gordon motoring for the next two days. Come along, those who don't want to play tennis."

After the inevitable ante-retiring fracas, in which flying pillows, wet face-cloths, soppy sponges, soapy towels, played their inevitable part, the Princetonians settled down from libelous argument to mere casual abuse, to occasional sleepy sarcasm, to deep breathing, to complete unconsciousness.

Ernest remained wakeful far into the night. And, very late, a wonderful thing happened. His thought suddenly caught sight of its mystic occupant far off in the illimitable reaches of his mind. It galloped lightly but swiftly after, until for the first time it caught up.



From a pigeonhole he took a fresh blankbook. He numbered it six. He labeled it "Woman —Her Beauties and Virtues." And on the first page, he inscribed: "The woman-soul leadeth us upward and on"

And lo, the hair was no longer the hair of Fay Faxon; it was blonde, ethereal, melting into the very air. The eyes were no longer the twin star-blacknesses of the young girl-actor; they were china blue, shadowed by eyelashes always at half-mast. The mouth was no longer curved into the tragic contours of the Italian poet; it was like a little pink bud, tightly folded. Yet, though the face was the face of Sylvia Gordon, it had retained some subtle suggestions of all the others. Or was it that Sylvia was a divine, spiritual composite of all the beauty in the world?

He waited a long time, until everybody slept. Then he arose, stole out of the Gym and downstairs to his own room. He unlocked his desk and took out notebook number five. He looked with a frown at the title — "Women, Their Faults and Frailties." He glanced with a sneer at its solitary entry. Then he placed it with its predecessors, locked it up. From a pigeonhole he took a fresh blankbook. He numbered it six. He labeled it "Woman—Her Beauties and Virtues." And on the first page, he inscribed:

"The woman-soul leadeth us upward and on."

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

READERS' LETTERS, COMMENTS AND CONFESSIONS

A LETTER OF JOHN HAY

IN a recent advertisement of a little book of poems there appeared a few phrases from a letter of John Hay. They seemed to illuminate the page of strained and conventional book announcements. The author of the volume, Professor J. E. Spingarn, has sent me a complete copy of the letter, which I feel justified in sharing with your readers. In sending it, he says: "I am glad you share my pleasure in Mr. Hay's letter, which has always seemed to me like an epigram from the Greek Anthology in its restrained sadness and beauty."

NEWBURY, N. H.,
September 25, 1901.

DEAR MR. SPINGARN:

I thank you very much for your poem, which I have read with great interest and enjoyment. I am old and tired, but I still take pleasure in the dreams of other men when they treat of noble things—and are well told. Lines like

"For Spring finds Summer trembling in the root,
And the March mists are melting into flowers"

and

"Only the seeker worthy of the quest
Shall find the perfect land"

remind me of the days when I, too, dwelt in Arcadia.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN HAY.

CRITICISM FROM OREGON

MR. ALBERT JAY NOCK'S article in THE AMERICAN for May, in which he contrasts taxation in Canada with that in the United States, is very interesting and instructive, and shows plainly the iniquity of our system of discouraging labor and capital by taxing wealth. We wish every producer of wealth in the world could read that article, especially if the footnote on page 80 were eliminated. The footnote is as follows:

Oregon has just adopted a constitutional amendment abolishing the poll-tax and authorizing county option and providing that any legislative measure affecting taxation must be ratified by the people. This curious measure now awaits an enabling act. Although it has rather the look of work done by men in a panic, it must be commended as showing a sincere restlessness and desire for reform. Besides, constitutional amendments come so thick and fast in Oregon nowadays that they may be understood as "good for this day and train only"; so possibly this one may be essentially modified before it goes into effect.

First. The amendment mentioned by Mr. Nock does not await an enabling act; it does not need an enabling act; and an initiative measure is now being prepared, for submission in different counties at the election in 1912, to abolish all taxes on improvements and personal property and raise all revenues, within such counties as approve that plan, by taxes levied upon the unimproved value of land—which is the method so warmly commended by Mr. Nock.

Second. That amendment was neither prepared nor submitted by "men in a panic." The preparation of the amendment was begun in June, 1908, almost two years before the petitions were put in circulation for signatures; weekly meetings were held to discuss proposed drafts; and every step in the preparation of the amendment was considered carefully by men fully conversant with political conditions in Oregon, including some of the ablest lawyers in the State.

Third. There are good reasons for prohibiting the legislature from enacting tax laws without the consent of the voters. In 1906 the people of Oregon adopted at the ballot box two tax laws, both of which were subsequently repealed secretly by the Legislature. Taxes are paid by the people; tax laws should be made by the people. From the beginning of this government until the present time, our government has been chiefly the business of taxing the many by the few for the benefit of the taxing class. For proof of that assertion, read the articles of Miss Tarbell and Mr. Nock in THE AMERICAN. Control of tax legislation means control of taxation.

Fourth. Mr. Nock's statement in regard to the number and rapidity with which constitutional amendments come in Oregon nowadays would justify the uninformed in the belief that Oregon stands first among the States in that respect. In the five elections from 1902 to 1910, inclusive, the people of Oregon adopted eleven constitutional amendments; at the same elections the people of California adopted forty-six amendments to their constitution.

Fifth. The Oregon tax amendment gives the people of each county the power to adopt for themselves the system of taxing land values and exempting all improvements and personal property from taxation, thus encouraging industry and discouraging land speculation; which is the system in use in some parts of Canada and so warmly endorsed by Mr. Nock. With that amendment, by submitting in each county a proposal for taxing land values only—the unimproved or social value of land—and by submitting for the State at large a measure for the exemption of improvements up to the value of about $3,000 for each taxpayer, we hope to have better economic conditions in Oregon, abolish the tax system so deservedly condemned by Mr. Nock, and thus bring to Oregon some of the Americans who will otherwise emigrate to Canada.

Sixth. The Oregon Legislature of 1911, knowing that our amendment does not need an enabling act, submitted for the election in 1912 a counter amendment, the adoption of which would repeal all of the present amendment except the poll-tax clause. In view of that insolent refusal of the Legislature to abide by the expressed will of the people, how could anyone reasonably suppose a legislature would do anything to open the way for the Canadian tax system endorsed by Mr. Nock?

Seventh. Though our State constitution is not "subject to change without notice," yet we assert with no little pride that with direct legislation we are able to change or abolish constitutional and statutory provisions that hamper us, regardless of the consent or opposition of the Legislature. Thus, after a time, Oregon will be able to draw from her hand the sting of Mr. Nock's now truthful assertion that "it is not surprising that Canada puts up a little better article of democracy all round than we do, even in taxation."

C. E. S. Wood, W. S. U'Ren,
H. W. Stone, W. G. Eggleston,
G. M. Orton, E. S. J. McAllister,
H. J. Parkison, C. A. Chapman.

I presume these gentlemen are willing to let the amendment speak for itself, and I am more than willing. It is as follows:

"No poll or head tax shall be levied or collected in Oregon; no bill regulating taxation or exemption throughout the State shall become a law until approved by the people of the State at a regular general election; none of the restrictions of the constitution shall apply to measures approved by the people declaring what shall be subject to taxation or exemption and how it shall be taxed or exempted whether proposed by the legislative assembly or by initiative petition; but the people of the several counties are hereby empowered and authorized to regulate taxation and exemptions within their several counties, subject to any general law which may be hereafter enacted."

Students of taxation may form their own estimate of the justice or injustice of my comment on this measure. A. J. Nock.

MORE AMERICAN PRODUCTS THAT COST MORE HERE THAN ABROAD

THE interesting letter from Mrs. Solomon Berliner of Washington, which we published in the Pilgrim's Scrip for May, has stirred various of our readers to give their experiences. A letter from a lady in Charles River, Massachusetts, says:

"Another American product which sells for less abroad than in this country is a certain hook and eye. It is thrippence (or 6 cents) a card in London and ten cents here. All these things come hardest on the consumers of moderate means. They are the ones that the tariff hits every time."

From Las Vegas, Nevada, we have this testimony:

"Last November I saw purchased in the city of Durango, state of Durango, Mexico, American farming implements at the price in Mexican money that the American buyer pays in American money. Since the American dollar will buy two Mexican pesos and the Mexican peso will buy .495 parts of an American dollar, the price of these implements in Mexico is .495% of their price in the United States."

OLD AGE AT FORTY—A PERSONAL CORROBORATION

I WAS raised in Pittsburg, right among the scenes so aptly described by Mr. Fitch, and most earnestly verify every word he has said. I began in the coal mines around Pittsburg at the age of ten, and from there to the steel mills at fourteen.

When I got a shear on the nine-inch mill, and had a helper, I thought I was quite a man. The helper and I each got $1.37½ per day, of ten hours, and lost from one to two days per week at that. Board and lodging was $5 per week in a decent private house. You can figure it up yourself where we came out, and we were single. How did married men with large families come out? I recall one case in particular. He was a riveter in what was then the Keystone Bridge Company, at $1.75 for ten hours; was the father of fifteen children, the oldest a girl aged fifteen. I often met him in the morning as I went to work, staggering home drunk, and oh, what a home—two rooms in a cellar basement, one totally dark. The eyes of that fifteen-year-old girl haunt me yet with their misery. I lived

near them, and one beautiful summer night, while sitting at my window, I saw her come sobbing out of her cellar home, and ran to see what was the matter. "Mother is sick," she said, "and papa is not home." I ran in and there was the mother in childbirth, no doctor, no help, only fourteen children, some of them babies yet, to stare at her and cry. I met the father the next morning coming home drunk.

I finally got my trade of bricklaying. Had to struggle though just to get the chance to learn it.

One of the first jobs I worked on as a journeyman was the Homestead plant of what was then The Carnegie Steel Company. Our friend Andrew had just begun to give away his millions then, and I had my first actual demonstration of what was meant by "Robbing Peter to pay Paul." Mr. Carnegie had donated $15,000 for an organ to a church in a little town up the river. I cannot recall the name of the town, but remember how impressed I was with the article in the paper describing in glowing terms, "his great philanthropy and benevolence." Just two days after that there were notices posted around the Homestead plant of a reduction of wages of from ten per cent. to twenty per cent., to take effect at once, in all of the departments.

I was working at the Homestead plant up until the evening before the great strike began. The last work the bricklayers did at the plant was to build piers on which a bridge was erected across the railroad tracks to connect the offices with the plant. Fences fourteen feet high had been built around the plant, with three strands of barbed wire on top, which I understood were charged with electricity. They expected trouble, and it began sure enough the next morning, when the barges with the deputies came up the river.

That struggle has gone down in history, and need not be repeated here, but Mr. Fitch aptly describes its after-effects. The back of unionism was well broken then, and democracy and individual liberty too. H. C. Frick served then as the "club" that Carnegie used to beat the "Homesteaders" into submission, and with them cowed, the rest of the plants had little heart for revolt. Frick was well paid for it; look at his millions to-day.

Does it seem a farce for Carnegie to donate $10,000,000 to bring about international peace, when the money is made in trampling out all that makes life dear to American citizenship?

Mr. Fitch says: "Old at forty." Ah, thank God that I got away from that life while I was still young. I have passed the fortieth milestone, but passed it in God's country, where the mountains are big, where there is room to breathe, and where the man working next to you is not a spy and does not report you to the steel trust if you ask him to help you to better the condition of all; out in the "Golden West," where there is room and opportunity for everyone, where a man may take his wife and children and, with a few dollars, settle on a piece of God's green earth and in a little while call it his own. He may not find it a path of roses; it may take some toil and privation, but think what he is working for—a home of his own.

C. A. DALEY.

INTERCEPTED

HOW are you, Mr. Waste-Paper Basket? Full? Anyhow, I guess you have room for one more. Thanks, I will make myself at home.

Where did I come from? Why, a fellow wrote me down in Tennessee—never wrote to a magazine before, you know, but he thinks a lot of THE AMERICAN, so had to send me up here to tell the Editor what he thought.

You see, he is a college man, used to know this Lincoln Colcord in college, way up in Maine. Says he writes the best short stories there are going—that's how he got acquainted with THE AMERICAN a year or so ago. What say? No! No! That's not all he cares for in the magazine! You see, he likes all of it, it is different from the other ones—these people who get it up seem to be sincere and have an interest in the reader.

But, as I said before, what the fellow-who-wrote-me likes is the sincerity and the personality of THE AMERICAN, just as a person likes another person with a good character and good beliefs and who can see some good in the other fellow. What say? Grayson? Say, that's what I am trying to tell you, that's the kind of a man I mean or, rather, the kind of a magazine. He has a personality, a simple, straightforward faith and delight in the everyday things of life—makes us stop in this rush and scramble for fame and fortune and look around us for a minute and shows us how much we are missing—just the simple things, you know, that we rush past and never see. Makes us realize that it is good to be alive and in good health and that we would get so much more out of life if we would just let up once in a while and take a long breath and notice how green that tree is and how the water sparkles down the bay and how peaceful those big white clouds look off there in the blue sky. We want more men around like David Grayson to help balance up all these other crabbed natures—the fellow-who-wrote-me says Grayson reminds him of Joaquin Miller, whom he knew out in California.

Yes, all the articles in THE AMERICAN are good,—the good criticism and humor of "The Interpreter's House," the Baker articles and the work Miss Tarbell is doing. They are all good, and let me tell you, Mr. Basket, THE AMERICAN is building up peoples' lives and hopes.

H. C. P.

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter), and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

LAST month, as the more curious of our readers may remember, we attempted to give a character of one of Mr. Worldly Wiseman's most intimate friends, Mr. Wagg, the banker. It is our privilege this month to perform the same office for another illustrious member of this solar system, Mr. Wenham, the lawyer. We have been accused recently of writing "passionately" against Mr. Worldly Wiseman and his friends. Our critic seemed to think we disliked them very much. But this is not at all the case. How could anyone of the least leniency of mind (and we pretend to much) quarrel with the simple faith of these gentlemen in their own right and duty to rule the world, any more than he could with their easy affability of manner in dealing with members of the lower orders?

Mr. Worldly Wiseman and the Medicis of the Twentieth Century

No, indeed, Mr. Critic, we harbor no malice against these great men. We do not even blame them or condemn in them the traits and opinions which we have described or reported here. These traits and opinions apparently have carried them far in the course they wished to go. It is a part of their theory that the United States is a vastly enlarged Florence and that they are the Medicis of the twentieth century. This, at all events, is Mr. Worldly Wiseman's modest belief. A Florence with a population of 90,000,000, with thirty or forty Lorenzos the Magnificents, and no Savonarola in sight unless the Rev. Mr. Aked should elect to play the part in boiling oil.

So, with all the good nature in the world, let us go on with Mr. Wenham. To those parts of the United States which the Hebrew gentlemen from Cleveland, Omaha and San Francisco who operate the theatres of New York call "the provinces," Mr. Wenham's name is probably little known, and they will be surprised to learn that he is one of the leaders of the New York bar. Mr. Wenham's inconspicuousness is due, like the dimness of Aldebaran, not to his lack of magnitude or ardency, but to his remoteness. It is almost a maxim nowadays that a lawyer's real importance at the bar is in inverse ratio to his prominence in the papers. You read of Mr. Lazavinsky, the Essex Market Demosthenes, three hundred and sixty-five times a year, while you may read of Mr. Wenham not more than once. The truth is that lawyers of great importance seldom nowadays appear in court. In the old days the great lawyer was the eloquent lawyer; to-day, the great lawyer is the silent one. Then bar reputations were made literally at the bar. To-day they are made in the offices of the sky-scrapers neighboring on Wall Street.

We have often puzzled our heads over the reason for this change. In England a visit any day to the law courts will be repaid by the sight of some famous K. C. assisting the court in a dramatization of the trial chapter from "Alice in Wonderland." But you might prowl for a month within the precincts of the tottering Tweed New York Courthouse without encountering a lawyer whose name would signify anything remarkable to the historian of the New York bar. We asked Mr. Wenham to account for this phenomenon, and he gave us an explanation so simple and yet so artistic that we wonder it never occurred to us. "Why don't the great lawyers go into court?" we asked him. "There isn't enough money in it," he replied promptly. "The important and lucrative legal work of the present day relates almost entirely to business. Every leader of the bar is not only an attorney for numerous corporations, railways and banks, but he is also a director and very often a large stockholder. He hasn't got time to bother with matters that would bring him into a greasy courtroom. When such matters happen to fall into his office he turns them over to the

juniorest of the juniors. Why, I would retire from the bar if I had to appear in court five times a year.

"Take the case of my friend Mr. Wiggins. He is not only unqualifiedly the foremost member of the New York bar, but he is also a very rich man. He is a director and the real guiding spirit of the Amalgamated Prune Trust. You literary gentlemen who receive your chief article of food through the agency of this great organization have heard of Wisenheim, the president of Amalgamated Prune, and undoubtedly have cursed him often. But Mr. Wisenheim is merely a man of great and reckless enterprise, whose methods, controlled by no understanding of the law—in fact, inflamed by a dislike of the law—infallibly would have brought disaster on his head long ago but for the guidance of his friend and counsel.

"It was Mr. Wiggins' business to soften, ameliorate, civilize, legalize Mr. Wisenheim's actions and plans, to adjust them, I will say, in anticipation of future judicial opinion. He did not say to his client: 'That is wrong,' for Mr. Wisenheim is a truculent and difficult man. He said: 'That is the wrong way to do it. Let us try this way.' I recall his management of a very difficult legal business for the company. A rival concern had been set up to distribute prunes and, as it showed great aggressiveness and an intimate knowledge of the business, Mr. Wisenheim objected to it. As was customary with him, his first suggestion was a burly one; namely, that a trusted agent should be sent to Buffalo to set fire to the plant. Mr. Wiggins assented to this in principle, but thought there might be a better way. He had heard that the objectionable rival was in need of money. 'Why not,' he said, 'lend them the money through a friendly banker and call the loan at the right time. Then we will not only put them out of business, but we will save their property for ourselves.'

Guiding Men of Great and Reckless Enterprise

"I was present at the meeting and I shall never forget the look of intense admiration in Mr. Wisenheim's little eyes when the suggestion was made. 'My God, Wiggins,' he said, 'you would have been a wonder in the days when poisoning was fashionable!'

"But what I started out to say is that a brain like this would be wasted in a court of law. It demands the wider range and the loftier sky of great business. The position of such a man is higher than any judge's, except a member of the Federal Supreme Court, and I am not sure but that a majority of lawyers would consider it a condescension on Mr. Wiggins' part to take a place even on the Supreme bench. I don't mind telling you in confidence that there have been some pretty doubtful lawyers and some very weird business men on that bench."

SO Mr. Wenham went blandly on as he stood at Mr. Worldly Wiseman's hospitable hearth, dressed to the greatest nicety, slightly waving a gold-rimmed eyeglass to emphasize his points, and filling his manner to the brim with an air of good-natured frankness in which it was just barely possible to discover a note of condescension. A handsome, tall, lean, young-for-his-age gentleman is Mr. Wenham, who affects to discuss all subjects with cynical lightness and fails in only two instances.

There are two subjects on which it is not possible for this admirably balanced mind to dwell without emotion. One is the labor union and the other is the daily newspaper. The nearest approach we have ever seen in him to treating any subject with real passion was when these two enemies of constitutional government were mentioned. He did not permit himself the apoplexy that some of his less controlled friends manifest at such times, but we could see that if he had his way he would run all the labor leaders through all the presses of the country and so destroy them both.

Two Enemies of Constitutional Government

We have often been curious to know what kind of libel law Mr. Wenham would draw up if he had his way. But we have had an inkling from seeing the look of satisfaction that lighted up his face when he saw an old print of Daniel Defoe in the pillory, apprentice lads pelting him with decayed vegetables. As for the laborer, Mr. Wenham's appreciation of his position in the social scale is well exemplified by his celebrated argument in the now historical case of Dismal *vs.* Graball.

This was an action for damages commenced by a laborer in a junk shop against his employer, who, he alleged, had assaulted him with an axe handle. The defense set up the plea that the plaintiff had justified the assault by using insolent language toward the defendant and that it became necessary in the interests of discipline in the establishment for the defendant to chastise him. In

the first trial of the case a jury returned a verdict for $1,200 in favor of the defendant. The judge promptly granted a new trial on the ground that the verdict was excessive. The court held that as Dismal was employed in an occupation in which cerebration was of incalculably small value, and as he had only sustained a fracture of the skull in the altercation, he could not be said to have been greatly deprived through his injury. On the second trial the jury returned a verdict for $500. The defendant appealed and the Appellate Division reversed the verdict and sent the case back on the ground that the court had erred in not permitting the defense to amend their demurrer, by substituting the word "or" for "and" in the fourth paragraph. On the third trial the jury returned a verdict for $150. The case was again appealed, the verdict was confirmed by the Appellate Division and thence appeal was taken to the Court of Appeals. The case by this time had begun to attract some attention. It was discussed among the lawyers at the University Club and a paragraph about it got into one of the legal papers. It was here Mr. Wenham entered.

The Historical Case of Dismal vs. Graball

Mr. Wenham's interest in the case was the interest of a connoisseur, for he could have no hope of obtaining money from the defendant, who, in spite of his general excellence of character as keeper of a junk shop, was by no means of a prodigal nature. But finding Graball's lawyer enmeshed in denials of the assault and pleas of self-defense, Mr. Wenham's artistic sense impelled Mr. Wenham to offer his services gratis, and they were greedily accepted. That is, we believe it was Art that moved Mr. Wenham. He has always contended it was Principle. In any case, Mr. Wenham appeared before the Court of Appeals in this litigation and, sweeping aside all the makeshifts and devices of the humbler counsel, enunciated this doctrine:

That (as every one knows) the Constitution and the Statutes of the United States can only be interpreted in the light of the common law of England; that the relation of employer and employee (or, as he put it, master and servant) flow directly from the condition of villeinage and socage of the Middle Ages and cannot be modified by law, and therefore are controlled by the same rules that applied to the parent condition. These rules were codified during the reign of Henry VI and they not only warrant a master in beating his employees, but they make it incumbent on him so to do." In fact, Mr. Wenham argued that if Graball had not applied the axe handle or some other disciplinary wand to Dismal's skull he (Graball) might have had to answer to the authorities for a neglect of duty as a modern law of the Manor. The court was visibly moved by the argument, but while congratulating Mr. Wenham on his ingenuity and conceding that his theory was in accord with a number of decisions of the court, refused to accept it as binding (Mudge and Doolittle dissenting) and reversed the verdict on other grounds.

We have no means of knowing whether this defeat furnished the reason for Mr. Wenham's occasional recent epigrams on the judiciary. Mr. Wenham is an alert maker of epigrams for use in drawing-rooms, and recently it has been observed that the bitterest of his sayings have had to do with the shortcomings of the judiciary. Not that he extends the same privilege to all. If we in our artless way attempted even to insinuate that there might be imperfections in the law-making branch of the government, he would be quick to teach us our place. But we have heard that he did not hold himself too hard when discussing our rulers. We offer a few of his sayings:

Mr. Wenham as an Alert Maker of Epigrams

"I care not who writes the laws of a nation if I write delays."

"A judge is a lawyer who has been promoted for inefficiency."

"No great lawyer ever thinks of going into court in these days. A man who really understands the meaning and uses of the law is as much bored by arguing a case before the ordinary judge as Paderewski would be by teaching the five-finger exercise to a blacksmith."

"A lawyer's first business with the law is to find the hole in it. His second business is to remember where he found it. His third business is to pull somebody through it."

"A business lawyer should reflect that organization is but the necessary first step toward reorganization."

"When an enterprising man comes to me for advice, I tell him what he can do with safety, what he can do with risk, and what he can do with danger. If he is the right kind of man he does the dangerous thing—and comes to me again."

The world's greatest musical instrument

Variety in Victor Needles

Changeable needles enable any Victor player to control and modulate the music as an organist does with the different stops.

With Victor Steel Needles and Victor Fibre Needles, the Victor affords a variety and flexibility of tone utterly unknown to talking-machines with fixed, rigid points.

The **Victor Needle** produces the full tone as originally sung or played and is particularly suited for playing records in large rooms, halls, etc., and for dancing.

The **Victor Half-tone Needle** produces a volume of tone about equivalent to what you would hear if seated in the third or fourth row of the dress circle at the opera house or theatre—a splendid needle for general home use.

The **Victor Fibre Needle** is particularly suited to the discriminating music lover, and reproduces Victor Records with all their clarity and brilliancy in a slightly modulated tone. With this needle your records will last forever. Victor Fibre Needles may be repointed eight to ten times and used as often as repointed.

For 50 cents and 22 cents for return registered postage, we will alter your Exhibition Sound-box so you can use Victor Fibre or Steel Needles at pleasure.

Or, on payment of 50 cents and 44 cents to cover cost of registered postage both ways, your dealer will forward it for you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Victrola

there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

How the Flexible Blade Ensures Shaving Comfort

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

The STANDARD *of* SAFETY, EASE *and* COMFORT

A SUCCESSFUL shave depends on the angle at which the edge of the blade meets the face. Beards and skins differ individually. Therefore, a blade fixed at a permanent and unchangeable angle cannot possibly suit every face.

The GILLETTE blade, being *flexible*, can be *curved* to the correct shaving angle for each individual. A simple turn of the screw handle of the GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR automatically alters the curve of the blade and the space between its edge and the safety guard. The light or heavy beard and tender or strong skin can thus be shaved at the right angle, ensuring ease, safety, speed and comfort. The GILLETTE blade is absolutely rigid in the razor at any stage of its adjustment—it cannot wobble or vibrate, cannot cut, scrape or even irritate the tenderest skin.

Use the GILLETTE with a diagonal stroke, just as you would an ordinary razor. Shaving perfection and comfort always then assured. ***No stropping—no honing ever necessary.***

GILLETTE BLADES, packet of 6 (12 shaving edges), 50c; nickel-plated box of 12 (24 shaving edges), $1.00, are sold everywhere. Finest steel. Rust-proof and antiseptic. Keenest and hardest edge ever produced. They relieve you of the bother, waste of time and frequent futility of stropping and honing.

Send postal for our free 1911 Baseball or Golf Booklet

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY 24 West Second St. BOSTON, MASS.

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Standard Set, $5.00

Combination and Travelers' Sets, **$6.00** to **$50.00.**

"If it's a Gillette—it's The Safety Razor"

Ask your dealer to show you the GILLETTE Line

NO STROPPING ~ NO HONING

TRADE Gillette MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

King C. Gillette

No-Rim-Cut Tires

10% Oversize

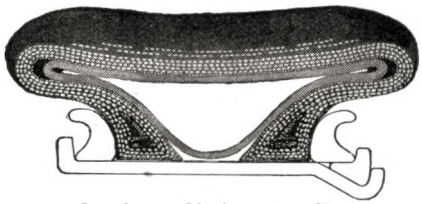
650,000 Sold to Date—2,200 Made Daily

A patented tire—a Goodyear creation—has lately become the leading tire of America. It has changed the whole tire situation.

In two years the demand has multiplied six times over. It is growing now faster than we can meet it, though our mammoth plant runs 24 hours per day.

This year's sales will reach $12,000,000.

Motor car owners, with amazing unanimity, are adopting No-Rim-Cut tires. And the average result is to cut tire bills in two.



Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire

The pictures on this page show the new and the old type—the No-Rim-Cut and the clincher—both fitted on the same standard rim. The removable rim flanges are simply reversed in changing from one to the other.

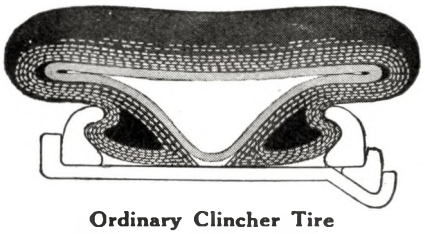
With No-Rim-Cut tires, these removable rim flanges are set to curve outward. Thus a rounded edge supports the tire when deflated. These tires have run flat for 20 miles without the least sign of rim-cutting.

With the old-style tire, these removable rim flanges are set to curve inward—to grasp hold of the hooks in the tire base. That's how the tire is held on. These thin-edged flanges digging into the casing often wreck a punctured tire in a moment.

No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. We vulcanize into the tire base flat tapes made of 126 braided piano wires. These make the tire base unstretchable. Until the flange is removed, nothing can force it off. No hooks needed—no tire bolts.

This braided wire, flat tape feature is controlled by our patents. And it forms the only way known to make a practical tire without hooks. Others have tried twisted wires—others a single wire. For this type of tire is the aim of all makers.

But this flat tape of piano wires, which can't break or loosen, makes the only safe tire of this class.



Ordinary Clincher Tire

The outward curve of the rim flanges gives an extra flare to the No-Rim-Cut tire. This enables us to make it 10 per cent oversize without any misfit on the rim. And we do it—without any extra charge.

This means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent greater carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

This oversize takes care of the extras—the top, glass front, etc. It avoids the blow-outs due to overloading. Nine tires in ten, if just rated size, are loaded beyond the elastic limit. And this overloading, on the average, adds 25 per cent to tire bills.

These patented tires now cost the same as standard clincher tires. Their two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions, will cut tire bills in two.

Tires that can't rim-cut cost the same as tires that do. Oversize tires cost the same as skimpy tires. That is why motorists, by the tens of thousands, are adopting the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Our Tire Book—based on 12 years of tire-making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, NINTH STREET, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 of the Principal Cities **We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires**

Canadian Factory: Bowmanville, Ontario **Main Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario**

(333)

WOULD you buy a musical instrument that limited your range of execution? Then why limit the scope of your camera when *perfect* reproduction demands the use of a

Bausch and Lomb-Zeiss TESSAR LENS

For portraits, groups and landscapes, for the swiftest things in motion, for the most perfect detail, for use in waning light when other lenses fail, the Tessar has no equal. If you are an expert photographer, you will quickly appreciate the many qualities of the Tessar; if you are a beginner it will help you to greater achievements. Booklet E treats of better photography in an interesting manner. Write for it to-day.

Our name, backed by over half a century of experience, is on all our products — lenses, microscopes, field glasses, projection apparatus, engineering and other scientific instruments.

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XS TRIPLE

CHARTER OAK PATTERN

This famous trade mark on spoons, forks, etc., guarantees the *heaviest* triple plate.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Send for catalogue "G 30."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
(International Silver Co., Successor)

NEW YORK CHICAGO MERIDEN, CONN. SAN FRANCISCO

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

The Magazine is Greater Than Any One Number

THIS month we are going to do something here that we have never done in all the five years that we have been engaged in building up this magazine. Upon going to the dictionary we find that what we propose to set down is a *retrospectus*, which is the reverse of a *prospectus*.

A Brief Look Backward

A very brief look backward may perhaps be invited once in five years or so, providing it is conducted with a reasonable sense of humor. At the outset, therefore, we desire to say that we have made many mistakes, all of which we regret, and many of which we have been able to correct in our pages. We desire also to add that in making this very short review we shall employ no useless superlatives. The object is merely to interest the reader, and to come to a point in conclusion.

WE have all been reading lately of the great liberal awakening in Mexico. Out of all that turmoil, there will emerge, one of these days, a freer and a happier people—just as we have been freer and happier since we as a people shook off slavery. Now the extended series of articles in this magazine entitled "Barbarous Mexico" preceded that great awakening and gave to the world its first full knowledge of the situation down there. The very phrase, "Barbarous Mexico," was created in this office and literally rang around this planet. "Barbarous Mexico," which was a just and descriptive phrase, did something toward bringing about a more civilized Mexico.

"Barbarous Mexico" is Recalled

The world has heard a great deal lately about Scientific Management. Scientific Management is here to stay. Its discoverer and creator, Frederick W. Taylor, gave the first authentic account of it to an eager public in a series of articles in this magazine.

David Grayson, author of "Adventures in Contentment," never wrote a single line for any periodical other than this one. He is now at work on a great new plan for this magazine.

W. J. Locke, the English novelist, was introduced to the American magazine public with his two serials, "Simple Septimus" and "Simon the Jester." His "Adventures of Aristide Pujol," a series of short stories, is now running in this magazine. The serials by Frances Hodgson Burnett, Josephine Daskam Bacon (Vaugham

Lovell) and Marion Crawford will also long be remembered.

The tariff, as a living issue, related closely to the cost of living for each of us, was brought down to the comprehension of the individual reader by Ida M. Tarbell in a series of articles in this magazine. A United States Senator said recently that he had felt the pressure of them through his constituents.

Hugh S. Fullerton's baseball articles, all of which have been published in this magazine, constitute the most complete and authoritative account of baseball ever written. These articles will take a permanent and important place in the literature of sport.

Ray Stannard Baker has published three great series of articles in this magazine, aside from numerous incidental contributions. These three great series were: "Following the Color Line," "The Spiritual Unrest," and the political articles. These political articles have had great influence as vote makers in many states. The truth of this statement is attested by political managers. Mr. Baker is at work on a new series. He and Miss Tarbell write exclusively for this magazine. They are numbered among its editors.

The Influence of Miss Tarbell and Mr. Baker

Inez Haynes Gillmore's whole series of Phoebe and Ernest stories were told first in this magazine.

Jane Addams's "Autobiographical Notes," Mr. Nock's tax articles, Stewart Edward White's "Cabin," and William Allen White's great contributions to national journalism have been notable features.

"Kin" Hubbard was a writer of humor on an Indiana newspaper for many years, but it remained for this magazine to present him to the whole national public.

One of the real achievements of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is its department called "Interesting People," in which many rare and genuine little articles appear. One tiny little article there about a woman who was doing a great humanitarian work brought a contribution of $50,000 to that work from an interested reader.

F. P. Dunne, author of "Mr. Dooley," has done a wonderful new thing in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. In the department entitled "The Interpreter's House" he has recreated Mr. Worldly Wiseman, whose comments on the world about us have made a tremendous stir.

READERS will recall other features which may have impressed them more than any of those we have mentioned, and, beyond the shadow of a doubt, after these pages are locked up in the presses, we ourselves shall think of more names and contributions that ought to have been included. Two more come even now to mind—Professor James's extraordinary article on "The Powers of Men," and Miss Tarbell's masterpiece of a story, "He Knew Lincoln." Then there are the following story writers whose names are remembered in connection with THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—James Oppenheim, Lincoln Colcord and Edna Ferber.

Ask the Continuous Reader

But enough has been recalled to give some sense of the importance, liveliness and variety of the magazine. There is a real point to be made, too, and that is—how much greater the magazine is than any one number! Ask the reader who takes THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE continuously what he thinks of it!

OPPORTUNITY

¶ "Opporchunity," says Mr. Dooley, "knocks at iv'ry man's dure wanst. On some men's dures it hammers till it breaks down th' dure, an' then it goes in an' wakes him up if he's asleep, an' aftherwards it wurruks f'r him as a night-watchman."

¶ In the advertising pages of *The American Magazine* are many opportunities. Some of them will tap gently, while some will knock loudly at the door of your needs or desires. Admit those that you most need or want, and all that you admit will serve you well.

¶ In many cases it will be necessary for you only to cross the threshold of the nearest store to get the opportune article. In other cases you will want to apply to headquarters for further information or for the product. A little effort is required to seize any opportunity.

LUGGAGE ought to be above suspicion—both in *looks* and *service*. INDESTRUCTO Luggage has class—quality—dependability sticking out of every line. It inspires confidence, suggests stability.

INDESTRUCTO

Trunks, Bags,
Suit Cases, Hat Boxes, Thermal Cases,
Golf Bags, etc.

Are the kind you'll be proud to carry with you anywhere. Goods of known quality—genuine materials and service. The INDESTRUCTO Trunk this year is canvas covered—the corners are doubly reinforced—Government Bronze finish, interior finish, tan linen lining, full paneled with cedar—beautiful—artistic—sold everywhere.

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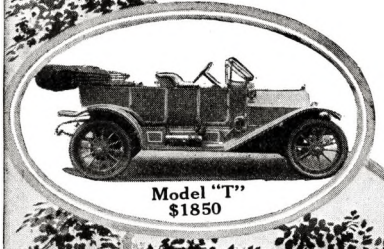
The "Henry" Book gives all the information you must have to get even a small appreciation of what magnificent cars make the name of "Henry" the grand old name of the motor car world in 1911. Send for a copy. Call on our dealer in your locality—his name on request.



Model "T"
$1850

Henry Motor Car Sales Company

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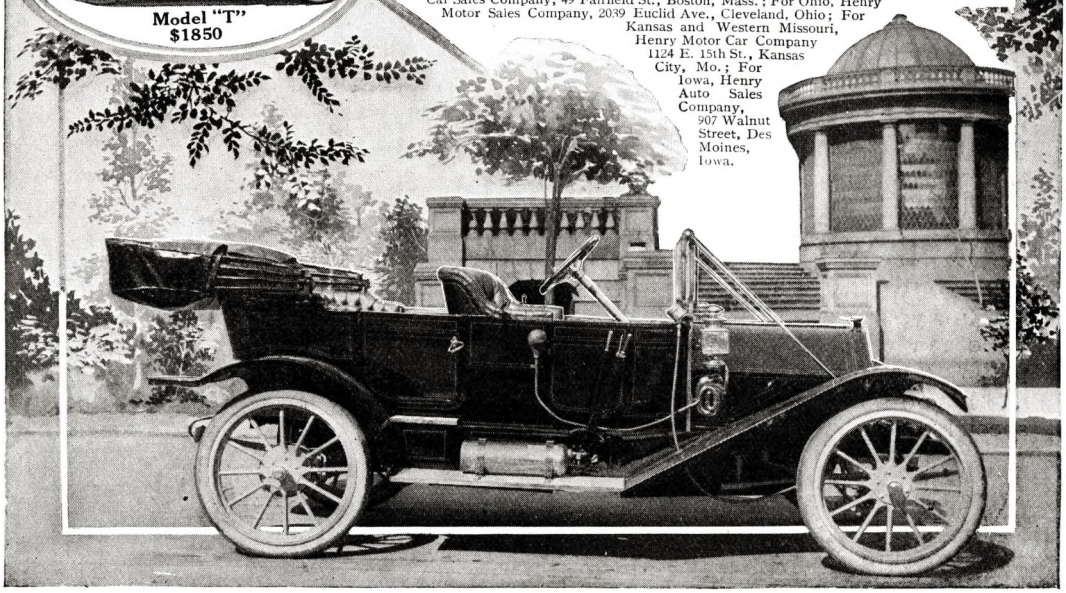
Distributors: For Eastern New York, Connecticut and New Jersey, Crawford-Thomson Company, 1849 Broadway, N. Y. City; For New England, Henry Motor Car Sales Company, 49 Fairfield St., Boston, Mass.; For Ohio, Henry Motor Sales Company, 2039 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; For Kansas and Western Missouri, Henry Motor Car Company 1124 E. 15th St., Kansas City, Mo.; For Iowa, Henry Auto Sales Company, 907 Walnut Street, Des Moines, Iowa.



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A delicate, toothsome morsel that we are sure you would like to know. Not a biscuit—not a candy—but a unique biscuit bon-bon that is as dainty and delicious as it is thoroughly pure and wholesome. Two chocolate wafers and a layer-center of rich vanilla cream.

Do not imagine it is *like this* or *like that* biscuit you may know, for Hydrox is totally unlike any other bakery product made in America or Europe. It is an ideal delicacy with ice cream, tea, chocolate, or any iced beverage. The recipe originated with us and it is guarded as a priceless treasure.

Sunshine Specialties

They can only be truly appreciated by a trial of their delicious taste. In no other way can you learn how entirely different they are from all other biscuits. We therefore urge you to

Send for the Sunshine Revelation-Box

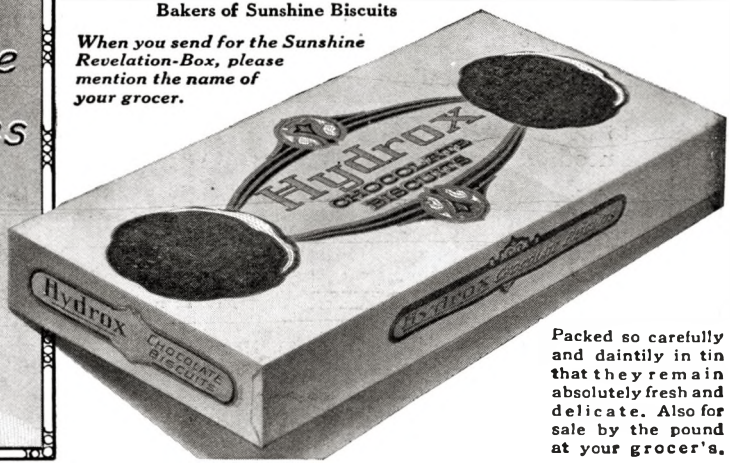
which costs nine cents postage to mail, but which we offer you, Free, with its examples of fourteen tempting varieties of Sunshine Specialties, for 10 cents in stamps or coin.

Sunshine Specialties, like all other Sunshine products, are made in the Bakery with a Thousand Windows. The influence of sunshine is reflected everywhere. We have spent millions of dollars in proving our theory that American bakers, working in ideal surroundings, can produce more palatable products than can be made anywhere else in the world.

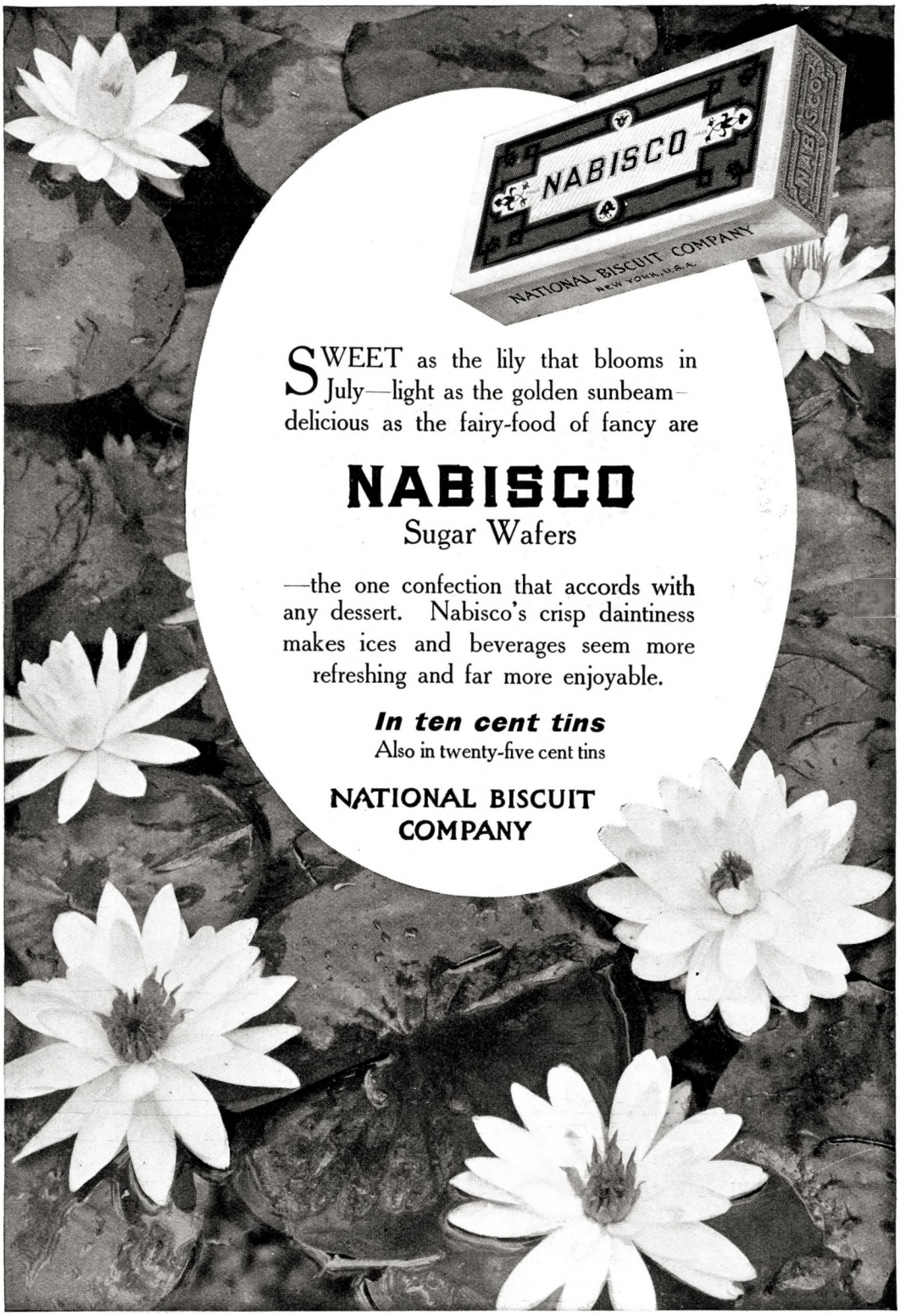
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co. 362 CAUSEWAY STREET BOSTON, MASS.

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

When you send for the Sunshine Revelation-Box, please mention the name of your grocer.



Packed so carefully and daintily in tin that they remain absolutely fresh and delicate. Also for sale by the pound at your grocer's.


NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
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NABISCO
Sugar Wafers
—the one confection that accords with any dessert. Nabisco's crisp daintiness makes ices and beverages seem more refreshing and far more enjoyable.
In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins
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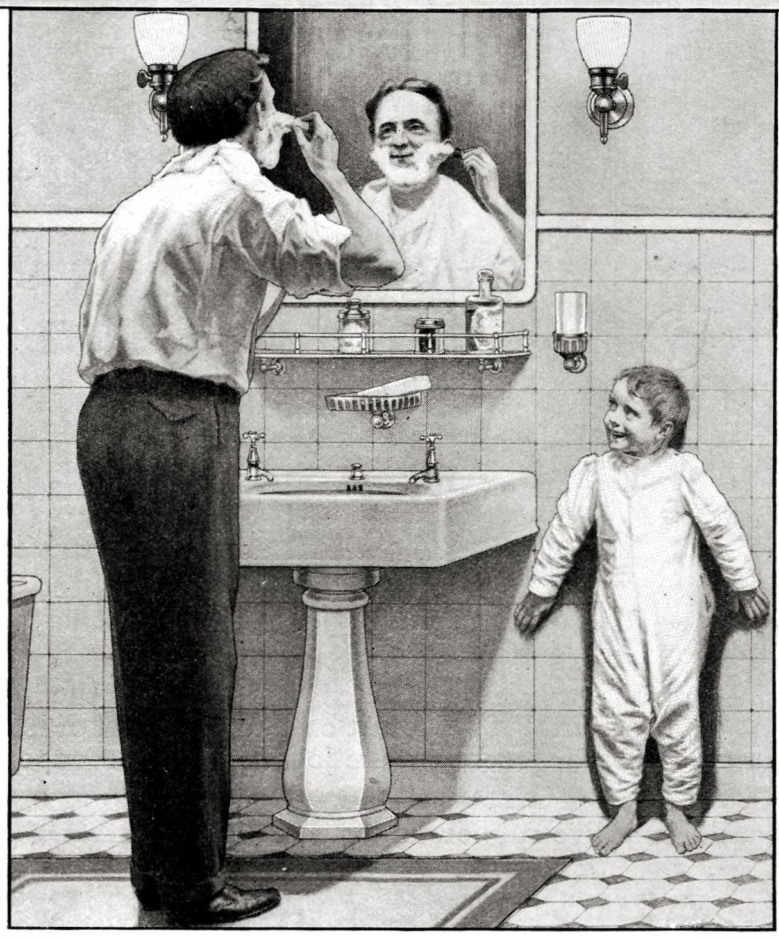
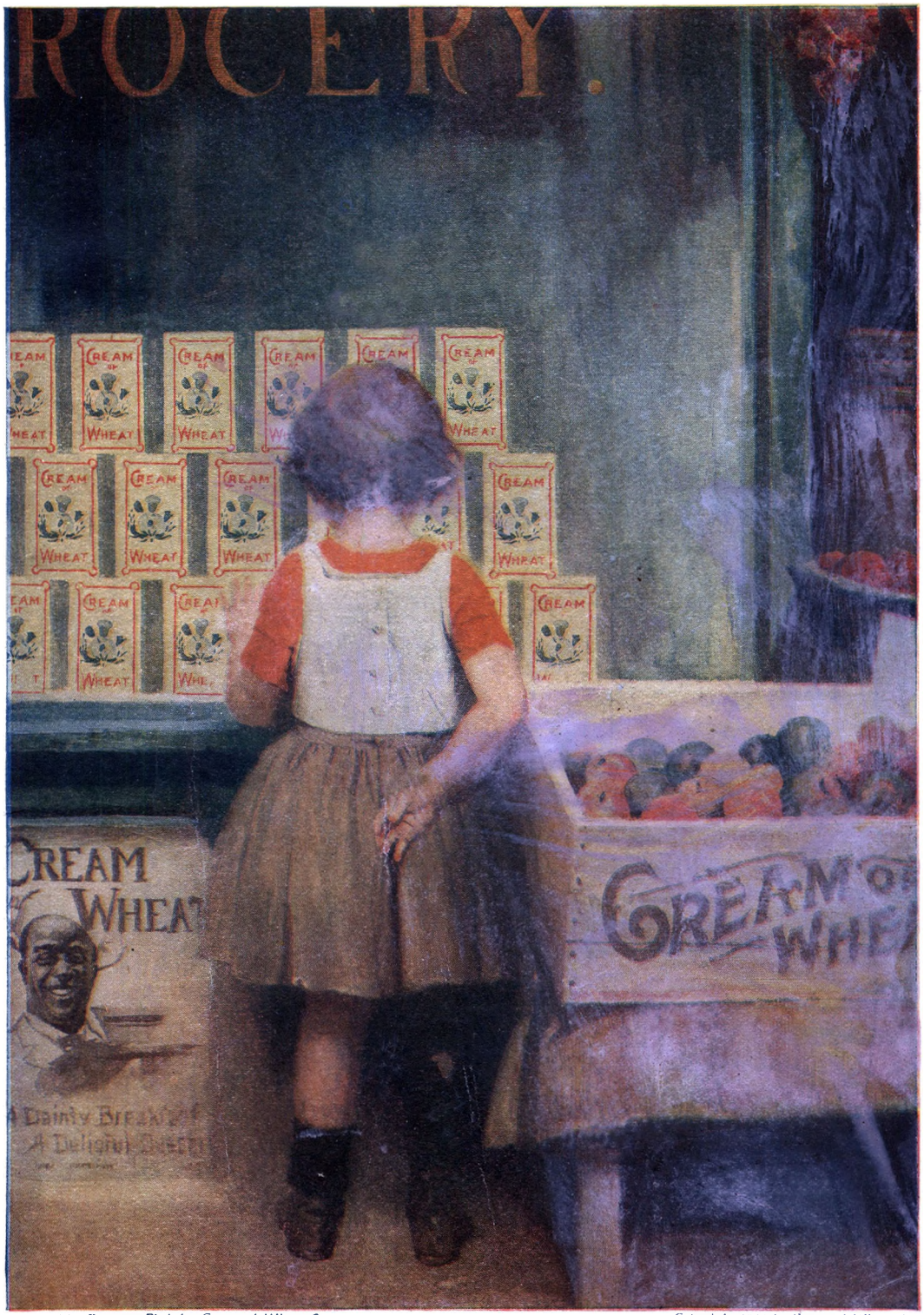


Follow these directions, and you can shave as well with Ivory Soap as with any shaving soap you ever used:

Moisten the face with lukewarm water. Rub on it a cake of Ivory Soap, manipulating it as you would a stick of shaving soap. Work up the lather with the brush. Rinse. Moisten the brush and reapply the lather to the face, working it up thoroughly. Shave.

Ivory's advantages as a shaving soap are: It is inexpensive; it is always at hand in the bath room; it contains no "free" alkali and leaves the skin *in better condition* than any other soap. The usual way of using Ivory Soap for shaving—applying the brush to the soap and then to the face—is not entirely satisfactory. The lather is light and dries quickly. But this objection is overcome if you adopt the method outlined above.

Ivory Soap . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure



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—food for Brain and Body

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